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The Paragon Aunt

"Aunt Nancy's come," Nannette announced to her bosom friend in a tremulous voice. "What do you mean?" asked her bosom friend.
"Well," hesitated Nannette, "of course she's as fat as can be, but her clothes look as if they were made for Mrs. Methusalem."
"If it's only her clothes you needn't worry," remarked the bosom friend. "You don't have to wear 'em."
"It's not only her clothes!" shrieked Nannette. "It's her notions! They are simply appalling!"
"For instance?" suggested the bosom friend, taking a look at her back hair in the mirror with the help of a hand glass.
"For one thing, she objects to my name," explained Nannette indignantly. "The very first thing she did—after taking a comprehensive view of the family—was to stare at me through her spectacles—steel rimmed ones at that—and ask: 'Is this one Nancy, my Godchild?'"
"Dad, who is as proud as he can be of his enormous family, looked a little sheepish at that."
"I-y-yes," he stammered. "We had her christened Nancy, of course, but she has taken a fancy to be called—er—Nannette."
"Thump!" said Aunt Nancy. "Haven't I always heard you speak of your Aunt Nancy as a paragon?" demanded the bosom friend. "Haven't you told me time and time again that your father looks upon her as the salt of the earth?"
"He does," acknowledged Nannette. "And so do I at a distance. But because she is dad's favorite sister why must I follow her old fogy notions?"
"Why, she was perfectly scandalized at the idea of my entertaining Charles all the evening without the assistance of the other members of the family! The ideal!"
"Of course when the bell rang at the accustomed hour that horrid Tom had to bellow out, 'It's Nan's Tuesday night bean, Aunt Nancy. Parlor's pre-empted for the evening.'"
"You should have seen her stare."
"Am I to understand, Maria," she asked, fixing poor mother with her eye, "that this child has visitors from whose company her parents and her brothers and sisters are barred?"
"Times have changed, Nancy," said dad, looking silly.
"And Aunt Nancy," prompted the bosom friend.
"In my time," said Aunt Nancy, "it was our greatest pleasure to have our parents and all the family enter into the enjoyments and help in the entertainment of our friends. Hospitality meant something then, and I believe our guests enjoyed themselves. It seems to me anything but dignified for parents to be excluded or for any room in their house to be shut away from them."

THE HEART BOWED DOWN

Only One Thing Could Save the Sympathetic Magnate.
Of two boys born in a country town in Iowa, one went to Chicago and became very rich and the other stayed at home, and when he was sixty was very poor. The stay-at-home had heard of the success of his boyhood friend and he went up to Chicago to age him one day, thinking to obtain a loan to tide him over the winter. He went to the rich one's office, found him installed in a magnificent suite and was held up by an office-boy in livery.
"Just tell my old friend that Bill, the friend of his boyhood days, is outside and wants to talk over old times with him."
Presently the visitor was admitted. "Howdy, Bill," said the millionaire, "I am glad to see you."
"Oh, I've had a terrible time. I had a business, but I lost that a while ago. You see, my wife's father died, and her mother and then we lost our daughter. Right on the heels of that my mother died, and soon after, my father. It was tough."
The millionaire too, out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "It certainly was," he commented.
"Yes," continued the visitor, "and that wasn't the worst of it. Early the next spring my boy, on whom I had set so many hopes, he died, too, and then, with all that expense, I lost my business paying doctors' bills. Then, to close it all up, it wasn't six months before my faithful wife died, and I was left all alone."
The millionaire was sobbing by this time. He leaned over and touched a button on his desk, and a big porter came in.
"Jim," said the millionaire, "throw this man out. He's breaking my heart."



EASILY SETTLED.

"Well, I declare!" said the bosom friend.
"Now do you wonder that I was frightened at the idea of Charles meeting her?" asked Nannette. "But I haven't told you the worst, with gloomy emphasis. 'I slipped away while she was holding forth, hoping that she would forget all about it. But I couldn't shake off my forebodings and the conversation ended.'"
"Nothing unusual in that, is there?" wickedly interposed the bosom friend.
"Charles actually began to look bored," continued Nannette, "and then we both had such a shock! If you will believe me, who should come marching into the room but—"
"Aunt Nancy!" breathlessly interrupted the bosom friend.
"Aunt Nancy," repeated Nannette. "Wasn't it awful? I had been so afraid of something of the kind. She planted herself in the only straight-backed chair in the room and sitting bolt upright gave me orders!"
"Now, Nancy, introduce to me your friend."
"Charles had been lounging in his chair, and I assure you, Isabel, that the way she looked him over through her spectacles made him straighten up in short order."
"I felt as if I should sink through the floor when she came in wearing her plain blue dress and white collar and cuffs, her hair parted in the middle and plastered down on each side, looking for all the world as if it had been varnished, she had brushed it so smooth. You know how stylish and exclusive Charles's people are?"
"Well, before I knew it, they were talking together in the most animated manner. I don't know when I have seen Charles so interested. It was strange talk to me, too, for, as dad says, I have neglected to cultivate my mind."
"They talked about literature, art, politics and even science, and I had to sit there like a dummy and listen to them. Even while he was holding my hand to say good night he was looking at and talking to Aunt Nancy."
"Now, what do you think of that?"
"I think you're lucky that your Aunt Nancy is too old for Charles to marry," said the bosom friend.

DOCTOR MADE A NEW THUMB.

Whittled it from Patient's Leg Bone and Covered it with Skin.
Dr. K. Kooske has described in a German medical publication some remarkable results in plastic surgery.
"In one of his cases, which, as far as he is aware, is unique in surgical literature," says the International Journal of Surgery, "he replaced a thumb which had been entirely lost in an accident, by a section of the tibia (leg bone) with its attached periosteum and by skin taken from the chest. The transplanted parts united without undergoing subsequent contraction and degeneration."
"The case is of special interest because hitherto transplanted bone has always been interposed between healthy sections of bone, while in this instance the piece of tibia was directly implanted into a funnel-shaped excavation in the head of the first metacarpal."
"An excellent substitute for a normal thumb, in spite of the absence of the terminal and proximal phalanges, was obtained in this way, the patient, a boy of 15 years, being able to bring it in contact with the other fingers as in writing. There has also been a gradual establishment of the sense of touch. Later, the author intends to transplant the nail, with matrix and surrounding soft parts, from one of the toes to the new member."

The Art of Life.
It was remarked in a recent article upon woman's dress in our columns that when a Frenchwoman plans a costume she plans it as a whole, and that every part has to bear its proper relation to the whole; whereas an Englishwoman at the dressmaker's is apt to say: "That will do," and to choose each particular item of her dress just because she takes a fancy to it and without considering its relation to other items. In fact, the Frenchwoman puts more fundamental brainwork into her choice. She plans and foresees, and considers not only the fashion but her own peculiarities, with the result that her dress has character and seems all of a piece.
The French have this superiority in many things besides dress. They have it, indeed, in nearly all the minor arts of life, which they take far more seriously than we do. Perhaps that is the reason why we are apt to think of them as a frivolous nation.—London Times.

His Proper Field.
A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard. "Huh wouldn't be no use, Judge," said the man, "to try to explain this thing to 'em all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascally, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Measured Her Deeds.
How in the name of common sense could Johnson, Poe and other great minds have turned out even a fraction of their work had they been the lazy loafers that common opinion and report would have everybody believe? If a genius does things he would the scope of genius then they always can find out things about it to prattle of, because, as Shakespeare says:
"There's none so foul, and foolish, therefore, but does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do."
Primitive Philosophy.
Animism is the name of a theory originally propounded by Stahl, about 1707. It asserts that the soul is the vital principle and only cause of life, and that the functions of plant and animal life depend upon this principle of vitality, and not mere mechanical and chemical action. As the word is now used, it denotes the general doctrine of spiritual beings. It is not itself a religion, but a sort of primitive philosophy.



HE HAD SAMPLED IT.
Mrs. Bryde—Look, dearie, Dave's a fly in the preserves I made this morning!
Bryde—Poor thing! I bet it's the worst jam he ever got into!—Western Telegram.
Every Reason.
"Why does your new baby cry so much?"
"Say, if all your teeth were out from hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself!"
The Idiots.
"Just think of it—a full table of four dinner for thirty folks: oysters, soup, fish, roast duck, salad, ice-cream, fruit, dem-tasse!"
"Where? I!"
"I don't know—but just think of it!"
As Bad as All That.
The Doctor—Nonsense! You have got got a cancer. Don't be what you are. You must stop drinking at once.
The Nurse—Good! Is it that serious? Why, Doc, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation.

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