CASH.

Oh, the wind from the north shakes the leaves from the trees;
There's a chill in the air and it's going to freeze,
What a comfort to-day in the thought of the old
Sad but glorious days when I feared not the cold;
Of the calm, restful days that I plead for in vain.
Now the song of my heart is a hollow refrain,
Just as joyless and cheerless as music can be,
Like the heart-rending moan of the pitiless sea,
Now the loss of a stove is a serious joke
On the one who is flush or the man who is broke;
But that grief isn't half as distressful to bear
As the letters from men having pencils to spare.
It has troubled me now for a wearisome spell
What to do with the men having burners to sell,
Every man in the lot is supplied with the best,
Most attractive and cheapest coal stoves in the West;
And they all are so sad at my loss it is quite,
A hard task not to cry when I read what they write,
They are very kind men to the sad and bereft,
But they all sell for cash, and that's where I get left.
—Nebraska State Journal.

LAGE CURTAIN MYSTERY.

We all know that appearances are deceitful. Every one can look back in his life to more than one occasion when, led away by that most delusive thing, circumstantial evidence, he has been firmly convinced, for the time being, of the guilt of some innocent person. The melancholy experience of Mrs. Crumpet is a case in point. She was a kindly, jolly, middle-aged woman, happily married, plenty of money and plenty of friends. The most intimate of these numerous friends was Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Crumpet had been school friends together, and although Mrs. Crumpet now lived in Baltimore while Mrs. Brown lived in New York, the old intimacy had never been allowed to cool. Mrs. Brown was a stately, dignified woman, with a suggestion in her manner of the old school. At the time this episode in their lives begins, Mrs. Brown had been in New Orleans and was thinking of returning home when she received a letter from Mrs. Crumpet.

"Do you know, dear Jane," it began, "it is now over a year since I have seen you. Do manage to give me a little time on your way home. We are just getting the house in order for the summer, and preparing to go to the country. If we are at the country place when you and John pass through Baltimore, come to us for as long a visit as you can, we will make you comfortable there; if we are still in town, come to us, I beg, and take us as we are; if you do not come, I shall feel as if it is because you do not care to make any exertion to see your old friend. You always had such determination, I remember," etc., etc.

Which letter Mrs. Brown answered by saying:

"Dear Amelia—We will come to you Thursday of next week. We can stay only the one night, as George is now very anxious to complete the arrangements for the new house. I hope you will be in town and allow me to study the proportion and arrangement of the mahogany room. I am quite determined to have one in the new house exactly like it," etc., etc.

Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrived in Baltimore and found their friends still in the town house; the carpets were up, the curtains were down, the sofas and chairs done up in covers, the chandeliers swathed in the ghastly white bags that delight the heart of the good southern housekeeper; a fearful odor of tar, turpentine and campor pervaded the whole house. After such a cordial greeting from Mrs. Crumpet that Mr and Mrs. Brown quite forgo. the momentary feeling of discomfort caused by the aspect of the house, they were shown to the room, called "the mahogany room," by Anne, a maid who had been with Mrs. Crumpet long enough to feel that she owed Mr. and Mrs Crumpet as well as the whole establishment. This room was the joy and pride of Mrs. Crumpet's life. It was furnished with rare pieces of rich old mahogany, which had been in her family for generations. The ceilings and walls were tinted soft, mellow shades of a lighter tone of mahogany color. The room was generally hung with curtains, a combination of delicious shades of tawny yellow, richly embroidered and heavily lined; these were now put away in preparation for the move to the country, which took place next day.

That night the two old friends had a long talk, each feeling that as Mrs. Brown would be obliged to take the early train the next morning they must improve their opportunities. When Mrs. Brown finally went to her room, tired out, she found Mr. Brown already in bed in rather a perturbed state of mind. With a bed it certainly is "handsome is that handsome does." Now, the stately mahogany four-poster was unquestionably good to look at, but Mr. Brown had found it was not good to lie upon; the mattresses settled into an obstinate hollow in the middle. Mr. Brown, who took a serious view of life in general, and his night's rest in particular, was sitting bolt upright, the picture of woe and despair.

Mrs. Brown, being a woman of resource, proceeded to try to remedy this state of things. "Now, if I only had one of those Marseilles quilts, George," she said, opening and peering into the recesses of a heavy drawer, "I could fold it up and fill that hollow by putting it between the upper and lower mattress. Ah, just the thing!" she cried, triumphantly. "Come, hold the candle, George," and she proceeded with great energy to lift a long pile of what she thought was smoothly folded quilts, and carefully removing two long pins stuck in the top, arranged the pile in the hollow between the two mattresses. After her unwonted exertion she went to sleep and slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning all was hurry and confusion to be in time for the early train. The trunk firmly declined to shut, and only yielded to the united efforts of Anne, the maid, and Mr. Brown, when Mrs. Brown majestically sat herself upon it until the key was turned in the lock.

As the parlor car was nearing New York, Mrs. Brown, who was indulging in a nap in her comfortable chair, awoke with a start.

"George," she said, "we omitted to remove the quilts from between the mattresses."

That afternoon Mrs. Crumpet was putting on her bonnet, preparing to drive to the country place, when Anne dashed into the room with little ceremony. She was in a state of great excitement. The curtains had disappeared from the guest room!

"Nonsense, Anne," said Mrs. Crumpet. "Look again."

"It's no use it will be to look again, ma'am," said Anne, smoothing her apron nervously. "Yisterday, with me own hands, ma'am, I folded thim blessed curtains in an old quilt and put thim in the lowest drawer of what you call the 'chiffonear.' With two big pins I pinned thim. Yisterday with me own ears, ma'am, I heard Mrs. Brown a-saying as she meant to have a room the very likeness of ours. When I was a-tidying the room just now I sees the two big pins on the dresser. 'What's that?' says I, and I turns to the chiffonear drawer. The curtains clean gone! It's a warrant I would be sending, ma'am."

This was poured out without a breath, while Mrs. Crumpet stood aghast.

"A warrant after what, Anne?"

"After Mrs. Brown, ma'am, as has our curtains, ma'am," answered Anne, undauntedly.

"Leave the room Anne," said Mrs. Crumpet in an unusually sharp voice for that amiable woman.

"Leave the room it may be," Anne went out muttering; "it's Mrs. Brown has thim curtains, and she a-seeting on top of the trunk so grand like to shut it over our curtains!"

Mrs. Crumpet pinned her bonnet with trembling hands, and mechanically tied the ribbons in a jaunty bow under her left ear. What could it mean? Anne had been with her for over twenty years; in that time nothing of which she had charge had been mislaid. The woman was faithfulness and honesty personified, but the idea that Jane could take her curtains was, of course, not to be entertained for one minute. Jane was most determined; if she wanted a thing she had it, but in no such way as that.

Every servant in the house was summoned and, superintended by Mrs. Crumpet, carefully searched the room. The curtains were not there.

Mrs. Crumpet drove to her country place in a subdued and melancholy frame of mind.

In the little sitting room opening out of her bedroom, in the country house, was a photograph frame in which was a collection of photographs of Mrs. Brown. The first was taken with Mrs. Crumpet when she and Mrs. Brown were at Mme. Chicare's school together, two simpering school girls hand in hand. The last was very recent. Mrs. Brown was taken in a black velvet, and was most imposing and dignified. As Mrs. Crumpet looked at this one she seemed to hear Anne's voice saying:

"And she a-sitting on top o' the trunk so grand like to shut it over our curtains!"

She turned away from the photographs with a puzzled, worried look, but the next morning found her studying Mrs. Brown's face again.

During the summer Mrs. Brown wrote to Mrs. Crumpet as usual, and was surprised at receiving no answer.

In the autumn, however, a long letter from Mrs. Crumpet arrived. This letter distressed Mrs. Brown. She feared her old friend, who was really getting on in life now (Mrs. Crumpet was two years older than Mrs. Brown), must be breaking up! No one could have denied that the letter was incoherent. It began with a burst of affection for her old friend; it spoke of Annie; it dashed off from Anne to mention that they had only come in from the country the day before—only, however, to return to Anne, to say that she feared Anne was not as careful in turning the mattresses as she should be! It ended with more expressions of undying affection—but the postcript (which is the moral of this episode), was what Mrs. Brown found the most puzzling. What rhyme or reason could there be in Mrs. Crumpet's writing:

"P. S.—Remember, Jane, remember, never allow yourself to forget the truth of the old saying: believe nothing you hear, and only half you see."

Frenchwomen as Wives.

Max O'Rell considers that Frenchwomen make better wives for poor or struggling men than do the women of other nationalities. Their ambition and keen sense, he says, are great helps to a man's efforts, and they never allow themselves to weary in their endeavors to be cheery and charming. Mr. O'Rell says that the women are naturally exceedingly energetic, and endowed with that vivacity which is so great a support to their own spirits, and that this enables them to impart animation and courage to others. Other writers have noticed this peculiarity of temperament in French women. It has been said that Americans have it to a certain degree that which compels a constant activity; but that lack of true balance makes womanly energy in the western continent fitful and uncertain, while the Gallic women will be found of more equable natures.

The Difference.—In warm and dry weather, slippers become a woman. In icy weather, woman becomes a slipper.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Bits of Poetry to Advertise the "Spike" Cigar.

"I have called, said the successful looking man, "to see you in regard to having a little poetry written about my wonderful 'Spike' cigar. I have read with a great deal of pleasure and profit your verses in the street cars on the 'Thick Rind Hams,' the 'Soap Bubble Lamp Chimneys' and the 'White Lead Baking Powder.'

"Certainly replied the poet, who was trying to help his father support him by doing a little advertising rhyme. "Just take a chair. I don't mind standing at all."

"Well," continued the business man producing a box of cigars, "here it is. They are absolutely the best cigar ever sold for five cents. Why, the lithographing on that box costs more than most men would put in to the cigar As I said before, they are absolutely superb. They are better than any ten cent cigar you can pick up, and equal to most that can be got for fifteen. Besides, as you can see, they are a thing of beauty to look at. I brought them up so that you might look them over and be assured that anything you may write in praise of them cannot be exaggeration."

"They are certainly fine," said the poet, inserting a new pen in his holder. "I think I have an idea now. How would something like this strike you?"

"'You may search everywhere, you may do what you like;
If you once get our brand, you'll be struck on a 'Spike!'

"There," he said, ending with a flourish, "how about that? Oh how is this?" he went on, without giving his patron time to consider.

"'If you're used to smoking cigarettes,
For home and country strike;
Give up those fearful coffin nails,
And smoke a 'Spike.'"

"Ah," said the manufacturer, "that's superb! That's just what I wanted. That's really fine! That idea will attract people. I declare, I never thought you could do it. Come across to the drug store and we'll get a good cigar. —N. Y. Journal.

Wanted a Divorce.

When Squire Balkcom called the court to order this morning in the spacious umbrage of the trees that shadow his yard, says the Jones County, Ga., News, he noticed a dusky son of Ham and his wife standing among the spectators with an anxious look upon their faces.

"What can I do for you?" asked his Honor.

"Ise come to get you to 'vorce us, ledge."

"Don't you know that such an act is beyond the pale of this court?"

"Yes, sah, shore; she 'tacted me wid de pail, an hit waz full of watah, and busted hit over mah head, and I ain't gwine lib wid her no moh—she shore did, ledge."

"I say, you wooly-headed imp of Ethiopia, don't you know that the Constitution of the United States, embodied in its laws, denies to a justice court the power of annulling the marital vows; that it belongs to a higher tribunal? Is that any plainer?"

"Yes, sah, boss, she shure did null my constitution; why—"

"Oh, go to Gehenna. I say I can't and I won't separate you. Do you understand now?"

"Say, ledge, Ise go' de money to pay you, boss, for God's sake—"

"How much have you got?" asked his Honor.

"Six dollars and a half, boss."

"Then I fine you one dollar and fifty cents for taking up the time of the court, and five dollars for attempting to sully its judicial ermine by a bribe."

The Ruling Passion.

Some years ago there died in Paris, Cadoudal, an odd and quarrelsome character, whose anxiety to fight with anybody on any pretext or none was not less absurdly excessive than that described in "Romeo and Juliet." The reams of paper he consumed in writing challenges, the thousands upon thousands of friends he sent to thousands of opponents, who would be bold enough to compute? As the old man lay dying in the hospital, a priest was sent to afford him the last consolation of religion. The worthy father did not spare to tell him frankly in what condition he was, how obnoxious to Heaven was the desperate life he had led, and the necessity for his prompt and thorough repentance. When the good priest had left him, Cadoudal beckoned feebly to a friend who was watching by his bedside, and whispered, hoarsely, "Take down that priest address. He has used language to me that I won't take from any man living. If—I—get—over—this—I—will—send—a—couple—of—friends to him—with—a—chal—" And before he could finish the sentence the veteran duelist was dead.

The Proofreader's Nemesis.

"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, puffed, red eye, and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall down stairs?"

"No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shinning face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed."

And the foreman read, "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony bald physiognomy.'

"Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief into the waste basket and feeling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—but just send that fool of a proofreader in here! There's fight left in me yet!"—Typographical Journal.

A Case in Point.

"The chief end of man seems to be to get something for nothing," said the young man who was striving to conciliate his best girl's father.

"Too true," mused the old gentleman. "For instance, you're trying to get my daughter for yourself."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

NOW
Jim Bug Was Frightened

"The police are after you!" cried Butterfly to Jim Bug.

"What for?" asked Jim Bug.

"They say you climbed the fence around Farmer Jones' orchard and bit a piece out of one of his apples."

"Oh, my!" cried Jim Bug. "I am discovered! What will they do with me?"

Then he began to run for his home. When he finally reached the house he rushed in out of breath.

"Oh, ma," he cried, "what am I to do? The police are after me for taking a bite out of one of Mr. Jones' apples."

"Hide in the cellar under the washtub!" exclaimed his mother.

So down into the cellar Jim Bug hurried and crawled under the washtub. He kept just as quiet as he could be-

HE BEGAN TO RUN FOR HIS HOME.

cause he expected a big fat policeman would come along at any moment and carry him off to jail.

Presently he heard his mother coming down the stairs.

"It's all right, Jimmie; it's all right!" she cried. "They are not coming to do anything with you."

"How do you know, ma?" he asked.

"Caterpillar has just been here and told me," she replied. "They were going to punish you, but changed their minds."

"Why, ma?"

"Because they found that you had only bitten a crab apple. They thought that would make you very sick and that would be punishment enough for you."

"I do feel rather sick under my shirt," said Jim.

"Well, I'll give you a dose of ginger and you'll be well in a little while," said his mother.

"That was the greatest scare I ever had in my life," said Jim. "I guess I won't eat any more apples that are not mine."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

THE
Frog Makes Love to the Moon

The frog fell in love with the moon and made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him. He put on his best clothes, and when night came and the moon rose high in the sky he sat down beneath a tree and began to

HE PUT ON HIS BEST CLOTHES.

croak out his story of love. Just as he reached the point where he was going to ask the moon to marry him she hid behind a cloud.

When she reappeared he began his courtship all over again; but, just as he got to the point of proposing, away she went behind another cloud. Then he tried a third time and a fourth time, but whenever he was ready to "pop the question" the moon disappeared.

He was a very persistent fellow, however, and at last he was successful in asking her the very important question. He smiled his sweetest and spoke in his tenderest, most loving tones.

"Will you, oh, will you, dear moon, will you be"—

And before he could say "mine" the moon had disappeared behind a hill, and the poor, foolish frog shed a few frog tears and went home. He is a bachelor yet if he has waited to marry the moon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

How a Grasshopper Won

A grasshopper because he had won a jumping match from the champion challenged a bullfrog who lived near by. When the date for the match came on, the grasshopper wagered very heavily on his side. The grasshopper wagered very heavily on his side. He was to jump at the proper moment. He would run a mile or two, jump over fences, until he was nearly tired

DOWN THE THROAT OF A TURKEY GOBBLER.

greatest jumper that had appeared in the neighborhood for years. At last everything was ready for the contest.

The bullfrog toed the mark and sang a sort of refrain like this:

Watch me jump!
Watch me jump!

Then he jumped at least six feet.

"That's nothing," said the grasshopper. "I told you all that I'm the greatest jumper on earth. After this jump I intend to go with the circus and do my jumping act."

Then he threw out his legs in one grand leap and would certainly have won the match, but through a faulty steering gear he jumped right down the throat of a turkey gobbler who had been watching the performance.

Moral.—Look before you leap.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

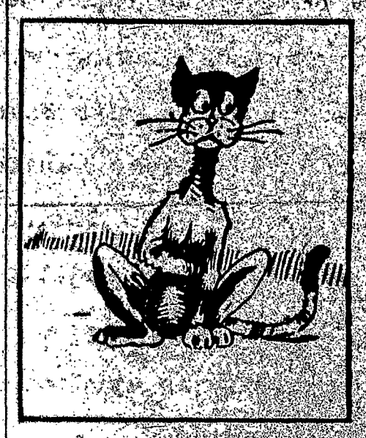
An Animal Story For Little Folks

HOW MR. TOM CAT CULTIVATED HIS VOICE

There were few cats in all animal land who had better voices than Mr. Tom Cat. He knew all the latest songs and could sing them with an energy and vigor that aroused the admiration of his friends and the envy of his enemies. It was his proud boast that nobody within three blocks of him could sleep through one of his nightly open air concerts.

If Mr. Tom Cat had been given a penny for every window that had been opened, for every head that had been stuck out, for every missile that had been thrown at him while he was singing, he would have been a very wealthy cat indeed.

But, like a great many people, Mr. Tom Cat was not satisfied. He was not contented to let well enough alone. He wanted to become still more famous. He wanted his voice to swell out upon the night air until its volume was so great that it would sound like two cats singing instead of one. As he did not know exactly how to attain



HE SAT DOWN AND BEGAN TO THINK.

this end he decided to consult some one who could enlighten him. And it was just here that he made his mistake.

Instead of going to a friend for advice he sought a rival, a cat that could sing as well as he. This cat naturally did not want Mr. Tom to improve, and so he was not liable to give any good advice.

"Eat a pound of sawdust," he said to Tom, and Tom very foolishly went off to a carpenter shop and bought the sawdust and ate it.

Then he sat down and began to think, and the longer he sat the more he thought. And while he thought he suffered the worst pain that he had ever been called upon to suffer in all his life. The sawdust weighed on his stomach like a ton of lead. The tears came into his eyes, and he could not stop them. It was almost enough to kill him, and it is a great wonder that it did not kill him.

It was three whole days before he could resume his nightly songs, and he found his voice had not improved one whit. But there were two good results. He learned first to be contented with what he had, and, second, never to try to make a meal on sawdust.—Pittsburg Journal.