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PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Prince passed by. A careless boy,
As he watched him ride away,
Thought, "Oh, for a taste of the bounty
That he has."
Where the Prince must feast each day,
And a great hope burned in his youthful
heart
To something play a Prince's part.
The Prince passed by; his heart was sad
With a thousand sorrows oppressed.
To be open more like the best happy lad
And freed from this dreary fate,
I'd give all the sorry hopes of men,
Alas that youth comes not again.
—[Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.]

A HAPPY MAN.

The doctor did not have an easy time of it in the East End parish, where he had bought a cheap practice and settled down with his youth, his aspirations, his skill, to fight the battle of life. His youth seemed to slip from him in his first year of work, his aspirations changed their nature, his skill developed. He acquired vast experience in those poor homes, where he fought valiantly against disease, the result of intemperance and vice and poverty and ignorance—diseases of which the victim was often an innocent sufferer. The sins of the fathers were visited upon infants—the sins of by-gone generations upon brave girls and well-meaning young fellows—sins of children on patient women and hard-working men. Dr. Murray was a thinker as well as a worker. He might have easily become morbid in that dreary place, where there was nothing beautiful to charm the mind, and little enough to charm the eye or the ear. But he did not become morbid. He had the remembrance of a happy country home where his boyhood had been passed, he had the thoughts of his dear old mother who lived there still, and the lessons she had taught the boy had not left him in his manhood; above all, he had thoughts of another woman—her letters, sometimes—the promise of herself before long. When he walked through the muddy street to his solitary home he did not let his mind dwell on the room he had just visited, where three children lay sick in one bed, shivering with cold, and with no one but a drunken mother to attend to them, and give them such food as was provided for the family by a lazy father, whose earnings, scanty enough, were chiefly spent at the "Royal George." He did not let himself meditate on the details of his cases when he had left them; that would have unfitted him for his work. No; he tried to imagine what home would be like when North was really there, when the opening door would disclose her to him and draw him into the warm room, where there would be fragrance and lamplight and herself. She brought warmth and light and sweetness to him, to his life, to Millwall. She brought that now. What would it be by-and-by—and by-when—

He reached home. He let himself into the unlighted hall. The house felt cold. He set his lips together and thought, "I'll go and by." He laid his umbrella, took off his coat, strode into the barely furnished, rather uncomfortable dining-room, and rang for dinner.
A middle-aged woman presented herself.
"Oh!" she said, "I'm sorry the fire's out, sir."
"Never mind," said Murray, "I shall have to go out again after dinner, I expect."
"Oh! that reminds me, sir. An old gentleman comes to see you. But he said you wasn't to trouble to-night if so be you were tired."
"Who was it, Mrs. Hawker?"
"He was unknown to me, sir; but he was a respectable-looking gentleman, quite clean, and a nice face to him—a bit of gray whiskers, too."
"Did he leave his name?"
"Yes, I laid it on your consulting-room table. He penciled it on the back of an envelope I had in my pocket. I'll bring it in with your chop."
The doctor looked at it. In illuminated, but fairly legible letters, he saw the words:

Please call at your convenience.
JOHN TEMPLE,
14 Plebea Street,
St. Paul's Churchyard, (top).
It was not a cheerful night. But within—what was there within? And every day must bring its duties. Besides that, "at your convenience" was so delightfully agreeable after the usual messages that reached him. He went into the hall again, pulled on his coat, took his umbrella, put on his hat badly as doctors usually do, and banged the front door behind him.

By-and-by the doctor came to a narrow street which seemed to be less well lit, noisier, dirtier than those through which he had already passed. He had several patients in this road, but he did not know exactly where 14 was. He went right up to the nearest door peered; that was 11. He crossed over, presuming the numbers were odds and evens. He found 14.

His knock brought a fat, untidy woman to the door, and several large-eyed children into the hall. As the children and herself were at the time in the enjoyment of what they considered health, Mrs. Bickle did not feel it incumbent to be extra polite. Mrs. Bickle held the candle, and she and the children watched the gentleman's ascent of the narrow, winding stair. The house being only two-storied, he had not far to go. Mr. Temple, who had apparently just started to meet him, stood waiting till he reached the top.

"Sir," he said, "I take this kind of you."
Dr. Murray could not at first discern his face, but the tone of the voice struck him pleasantly. It seemed to accord with the "At your convenience."
"In here, please, sir."
The man led the way into the room.
Dr. Murray had seen many such rooms—rather, he had seen many much worse rooms. This was small, it gave evidence of poverty; it was barely furnished. But it was a bright room. Especially it gave the impression of brightness it was difficult to say, perhaps because Mr. Temple was in it. That was the punctuation the doctor came to afterwards.

There was a small fire in the grate. A lamp was on the round table. There was a chair—only one chair—which was put by the bedside. In the bed lay a woman. Mr. Temple introduced her briefly, "My wife."
The woman turned her eyes in the direction of the doctor. That was her recognition of his presence.
"I thought I'd like you to step round and have a look at her," said Mr. Temple. "I've feared she isn't quite so well to-day. There ain't much the matter, is there, Lucy? But I fancied it'd be a comfort to me if you'd see her."
When Mr. Temple said there wasn't much the matter, it has to be borne in mind that he had been wont to see her for five-and-twenty years like this.

"She had a stroke, and she has been paralyzed ever since," said Mr. Temple simply.
He did not speak in a particularly sad voice, or as if he pitied her or himself. The doctor looked at Mrs. Temple.
It would have been difficult to say what her age might have been, she was such a wreck of a woman. She was, as a matter of fact ten years younger than her husband, and he was going on for seventy. She was perfectly helpless. She could not move any part of her body without aid; she had lost the use of her hands. Her face was drawn to one side by the paralyzed muscles, and thus distorted was bereft of any beauty it might have possessed. Speech was difficult to her, and the few words she uttered were scarcely articulate. There was no light or color in her face; only her eyes showed that she was a living woman. They looked straight out, blue and shining, vivid against the parchment skin, the scant white hair.

"I fancy," said Mr. Temple, "she's had a bit of a chill. Do what I will this room's draughty, and she naturally feels the cold. She never complains, but I know she feels the cold. Don't you, Lucy?"
She muttered something.
"Yes," said Mr. Temple, "she does. You may be sure if she owns to it there's a reason. The only thing we ever quarrel about is that she won't ever say what ails her, unless I worry it out. She's an obstinate woman, is Lucy?"

The idea of applying such a word to the poor creature would have seemed ludicrous to the doctor if it hadn't been for Temple's tone and the look in the eyes of his wife as she turned them in the direction of the old man.
They were always turned in his direction when he was in the room. That was one of the things the doctor found out before very long.
"Who attends to her?" he inquired, when he had asked Temple a few questions and written a prescription.
"I wouldn't let any one else touch her."
"Do you mean you do everything?"
"Why, yes, sir. Who should I not be a bit clumsy at first, but I've had time to learn. I manage pretty fair now, don't I, Lucy?"

Again the grateful, devoted eyes shone upon him. The doctor had seen how a woman could look when she loves. There were times when the remembrance of shining, long-lashed, upturned eyes thrilled him almost to pain, but would North ever look at him like that?
He cleared his throat before he spoke again. "But you go to work. What then? Is she alone?"
"Why, she is, sir, so to speak. I wouldn't leave her if I could help it. But I always commend her to the Lord before I go out, and He ain't never failed us yet."
The doctor had a man's hatred of cant. But he had sufficient insight by now into the character of those with whom he dealt to know that these words were as simple and sincere as those which had preceded them.

"I get up early of a morning, you see, sir," said Temple, "and make our breakfasts and attend to her. Then before I start for work—I'm in an engineer's employ—I just boards her up in bed so as she can't fall out. I'm back at dinner hour, and we have it together. Then, when I leave work, my evenin' soon passes. There's usually a bit of cooking to be done, and washing up, and the room to be seen to. A invalid must have things clean about her; it isn't agreeable to just lie and look at everything dirty. I like Lucy to keep bright—but here she always is; and if occasionally she gets down I soon cheer her up, don't I, Lucy? Me and Sunny together. Sunny—that's our bullfinch. He's asleep now, covered up, you see, and I won't disturb him. But by day he's that lively! He chirps and talks away to Lucy; he's company for her, Sunny is, bless his little heart!"

He told the story of his great unselfish life without any idea that it was either the one or the other. Indeed, he would have been surprised

if the doctor had followed his inclination to wring his hand and tell him he was proud to make his acquaintance. And the doctor did not know the extent of his self-sacrifice. He could not, even if he had known, realize at once what it meant to the third waterman to rise early, to cold water mornings that everything might be ready for the day before he started off; the room was tidied, the fire was lit, the breakfast was made, and Lucy fed, before he touched a morsel. Other men leave their wives to attend to them, roughly perhaps, but to some extent kindly. Temple, however, received no help. He even did some of the washing that money might be saved from the household. He got up at five. When his wife had been fed he ate the tastiest morsel from which all nourishment had been extracted, and he enjoyed it the more the more tasteless it was, for then he knew it was likely the best he was good. If she protested it was useless; she had given up protesting long ago. He did it, and she took it as a matter of course. But she was not ungrateful.

His reward? Ah, he had his reward. He loved her better than he had ever done in the days of her youth and health and beauty. And what does true love ask but the opportunity to serve? And she? What she felt for him it would take a better pen than mine to describe; rather I defy any pen to describe it. I believe even the angels who looked into that garret could not understand it, for angels do not suffer nor need the tender ministry of man. They do not know what it is to be a burden where one would be a burden-bearer, and yet to find not gloom nor reproaches, but chivalrous devotion. Only He who gave the heart of women its needs and its powers could have understood how this one regarded her husband—He, and here and there another made wise by suffering.

When Dr. Murray had gone, the old man got ready for the night. He was obliged to retire early whenever possible. He brought warm water to the bedside and washed the hands and face of his wife, and tied on her white night-cap. In the morning he would perform her toilet again, and do her hair for her. And he took pride in doing it, as he said, "as stylish as a hairdresser." Then he arranged on a chair, so as to be within reach, a glass of water and a biscuit. After that he fetched a large prayer-book and the Bible, and read the Psalms and the second lesson for the evening, and afterwards prayed. He thanked God for the many mercies vouchsafed to them that day, for food and power to work, and for a home. He remembered those without these blessings, and begged that they might receive them. He commended himself and his wife to God's keeping throughout the night.

Then his day was over. In the night Mrs. Temple was thirsty. She did not disturb her husband; but he awoke, lit the candle, and held the glass of water to her lips.
Dr. Murray kept his promise to call. He got into the habit of looking in on the old couple pretty frequently. He wrote and told North about them, and one day she sent Mrs. Temple some flowers, and the simple act gave such happiness that it was repeated, and during the winter the garret was never without a chrysanthemum or two.

The spring brought hope to the doctor. He knew that Mrs. Hawker's reign was drawing to an end, and that the "by-and-by" would soon be here. It had been a hard winter. Strikes had brought about poverty to many a home, and the infant sickness and mortality had been terrible. And then there had been the influenza! But he had battled on, working all day and sometimes half the night, and kept himself brave with the thought of North. And now it was April. And on the 1st of June!

He called on the Temples before he went away. They had known that his marriage was approaching, but not exactly the date of it.
"I am going off for a month," he said to John. "The over-riding, 'When I come back I hope to bring another friend to see you.'"
"Sir!" The old man looked at him. Then grasping his meaning held out his rough yet gentle hand.
"God bless you, sir! You couldn't tell me anything that would make me more rejoiced. The dear young lady! We seem to know her now, already; but we shall really see her and love her. I am sure."
"Oh, yes," said Murray, "you'll love her, Mr. Temple. Everybody does."
"Lucy, did you hear? The doctor's going to fetch the dear lady."
The woman unclosed her eyes. She looked at the doctor, and the drawn face seemed flooded with sweetness. Her lips moved.

"She says, 'God bless you, sir. And when she says it she means it. Ah, we know that a blessed thing married life can be; don't we, Lucy? It's a solemn fact, sir, to take a woman to be your wife. It's a solemn fact. But when the blessing of God rests upon a union, marriage is a sacrament that brings you added grace. It is, sir. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens. You learn many things. I'm old and I've lived, but the part of my life that has helped me to the best knowledge is—just that I took Lucy. I said I'd love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health.' I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, you'll have to honor her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more." From the bed there came a strange

sound. It was something between a laugh and a sob. And the doctor turning, looked away again. Her husband's words had moved the wife to tears, but her face was radiant with joy in her upturned eyes.
Temple laid his hand on hers—hers, which could give no answering pressure. "Sir," he said, "I can't wish you better happiness than I've had. I wish you as much. And I take it I'm about the happiest man in London." —[Cornhill Magazine.]

HUNTING PYTHONS.

Natal Natives Burn the Forest and Drive the Python into a Pit.
The colony of Natal, South Africa, abounds in boa-constrictors and pythons. While they do not attack men they are especially destructive of cattle, sheep, and oxen, and for this reason have been formed by hunters and natives to burn the bush and forest in order to exterminate the pests.
Some of the soldiers at Pietermaritzburg were recently informed by a party of neighboring Zulus of the whereabouts of a huge python that had been destroying their oxen. The soldiers, with 200 natives, started off to capture the snake, and having located it, the forest was fired for about a mile round about, and the python having been previously dug in towards the centre of the inclosed space. What with the burning brush and the shouts of the excited Kaffirs they soon drove the reptile towards the pit where, closing in upon him, they forced him into it. The python proved to be of enormous size, being thirty-two feet long and forty-one inches in circumference. It appeared to be quite stupid or dazed, having just eaten a young ox that had been let into the inclosure.
An enormous cage with iron bars half way down the front having been constructed, the snake was got out of the pit and taken to Macitzburg in the cage. Here it is kept on exhibition at the barracks, and is fed a week, two Kaffirs go to each meal. It will not eat anything that has been already killed for it, preferring to kill its food itself. The goats are thrust through a small door at the end of the cage alive, when fixing its great eyes upon them, the snake suddenly lunges forward and crushes them in its powerful folds. After covering them with a thick slime about two inches thick, before swallowing it flattens them out by squeezing them, and then devours them almost at a gulp. After this the python goes to sleep and does not wake until it is time to feed again.

A gentleman in Maritzburg owns a python that has been confined in a cage for over thirteen months. During this period the snake has not eaten a mouthful of food of any kind, although every conceivable delicacy of likely snake diet, such as frogs, birds, rats and meats, has been set to tempt its appetite. Its fast seems not to be broken and the owner has at last abandoned the idea of coaxing the coily prisoner with food. It drinks a very small quantity of water. In a dormant state this fasting would be better understood, for in this state reptiles of this description have been known to exist for periods of eighteen months, or even three years. —[New York World.]

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shalbar, standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Ficus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitae; the lightest, cork. The tensile strength of the best-known woods is set forth in the following, the words "tensile strength" meaning the weight of power required to tear asunder one square inch of each: Ash, 14,200 pounds; beech, 11,500; cedar, 14,400; chestnut, 10,500; cypress, 6,000; elm, 13,400; fir, 12,000; larch, 29,000; lignum vitae, 11,800; locust, 20,500; mahogany, 21,000; maple, 10,500; American white oak, 11,500; pear, 9,800; pitch pine, 12,000; larch, 9,500; poplar, 7,000; spruce, 10,200; teak, 14,000; walnut, 7,800; willow, 13,000.

The weight in pounds per square foot (without fractions) of the well-known woods (dry) is as follows: Butternut, 25; cedar, 35; cherry, 44; chestnut, 38; cork, 15; dogwood, 47; ebony, 83; box elder, 43; elm, 41; blue gum, 52; water gum, 62; white hickory, 49; shalbar hickory, 48; holly, 47; juniper, 35; lancewood, 45; larch, 34; basswood or linn, 37; mahogany, 66; hard maple, 46; white maple, 34; mulberry, 35; white oak, 53; persimmon, 44; pear, 41; pitch pine, 41; red pine, 36; white pine, 34; yellow pine, 33; plum, 49; poplar, 33; spruce, 21; sycamore, 38; tamarack, 29; black walnut, 41; white walnut, 33; the willows, from 80 to 88, and the yew, 49.

Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the different States and Territories, and of this number, 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada. —[St. Louis Republic.]

The great fortifications at Quebec, which first and last have cost \$20,000,000 or \$40,000,000, are crumbling down, and no effort will be made to restore them, for their military significance has passed away.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Truthful Johnny—No Bias—Folled Again—Slightly Absent-Minded—His Landlady, Etc., Etc.

TRUTHFUL JOHNNY.

"Johnny," said the lad's father, "where have you been? Your head's 'Is it?" exclaimed the boy, his cheerful expression vanishing. "It certainly is. And your hands and face are cleaner than they have been for a week."
"Well, I josh washed 'em."
"And that isn't your shirt you are wearing."
"Father," said the boy, "the beautiful story of George Washington which you and mother have so oft related to me sank deep in my heart. I have heeded the lesson. Father, I cannot tell a lie. I have been in swimming." —[Detroit Free Press.]

NO BIAS.

Johnson—I have been chosen as arbitrator in the matter of those labor troubles on the X. Y. and Z. road.

Thompson—Why, you are a stockholder in that road.

Johnson—That's just it. Everybody wanted a disinterested party, and the stockholders haven't received a dividend in fifteen years.

FOILED AGAIN.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"Digging for clams, kind sir," she said.

"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"But you're already dug," she said. —[Puck.]

SLIGHTLY ABSENT-MINDED.

A well-known Oxford professor of mathematics is so completely absorbed in his profession that he is becoming more and more absent-minded every day. One day recently he remarked to one of the students:

"Something very stupid happened to me the other morning—I believe I am becoming a little absent-minded."

"What is it?"
"You see, I wanted to take my wife out for a drive and give her some fresh air, and when I came to think over it, I remembered that I never had a wife."

HIS LANDLADY.

I am weeping all alone,
Sweet Marie;
And my heart is like a stone,
Sweet Marie;

For I cannot pay a cent
On my lodging or my rent,
Though you've sent and sent and sent
Bills to me,
Sweet Marie.

WHAT HE LEARNED AT COLLEGE.

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college, I see."
"Yes," growled the old man.
"Has he learned anything?"
"More'n I ever could," said the old man. "He's learned how to smoke cigarettes."

ONE HAPPY HOME.

Customer—I want a quarter's worth of Paris green to kill rats.

Useful Clerk—Does anybody in your house sing "Two Little Girls in Blue?"

"No."
"Then I guess I'll let you have it." —[Texas Sittings.]

ONLY A DREAM.

"Here is some money, my love," said the husband.

"I don't want any," replied the wife.

"Come now, darling, take this fifty-dollar bill and go shopping."
"Thank you, dearest; but I really don't care to; I would rather stay at home and help the hired girl."

Then the husband awoke and found, as the reader has already suspected, that he had been dreaming. —[Boston Courier.]

TURNED.

Her voice was full of laughter
And her eyes were merry, too,
But when she went into the surf
They say she got quite blue. —[Life.]

A REPORT OF THE SERMON.

Grandpa—Well, Willie, you have been to church, haven't you?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Grandpa—Well, what can you tell us about it?

Willie—Why, sir, the man that sat in front of us had ears that wasn't alike. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

THAT TIRED FEELING.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair upon reaching home, "I am almost tired to death."
"What is the matter, love? Where have you been?" asked her husband. "I've been shopping all day long."
"Shopping? And what did you buy?"
"Oh, I didn't buy anything. I only went to see the styles and get the prices." —[Texas Sittings.]

THE GIRL'S OWN.

"Has your daughter really been studying to it herself for college next year?"

Mother—Yes; she's read nothing but fashion books the whole summer. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

BETTER LOGIC.

Small boy (in fish market)—Have you any dry fish?

Fisherman—Yes, zowie.

Small boy—Well, give them a drink and see if they don't die. —[Puck.]

NOT A MAN OF HIS WORD.

"He said he would die if I refused him."
"And did he?"
"No; I saw him at the picnic yesterday."

POOR SHOW AT PRESENT.

"Well," said the moody philosopher, "this world ain't anything but a fleeting show, anyhow."
"That's so," said the chronic pessimist. "An' jes' at present the performance is a mighty doggone poor one."

IT DIDN'T WORK.

She—Doctor, what do you do when you have a cold?
Doctor—Sneeze, madam!
She—Oh, but I mean what do you take?

Doctor—An extra handkerchief. —[Truth.]

FRIENDSHIP'S TEST.

Willis—Is the man who gave you that cigar a friend of yours?
Wallace—I don't know. I haven't smoked it yet. —[Judge.]

THE FIRST FACT AT HAND.

The lady witness had become quite picturesque in her testimony, and the attorney had called her down in a way that had made her mad all over.

"Confine yourself to facts, if you please, Madam," he said in conclusion.

"Very well," she replied tartly; "you are no gentleman. How does that strike you?" —[Detroit Free Press.]

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

"Well," said one apple to another, "are you going to vote?"
"No," replied the other, "I'm pared."

MOUSTACHE FIRST.

She—Do you think of me as much as you did?
Cholly—No, not quite. I'm raising a moustache now. —[Life.]

NEVER MORE.

The youth stood on the burning deck
For all about him in a dream,
For all about him in a dream,
"Come treat us to ice-cream." —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

HALF INSURANCE.

"I wonder if I couldn't collect at least half of the insurance on my wife," remarked Col. Percy Yerger to his friend, Major Witherspoon, as they were sipping their mint juleps in an Austin saloon.

"Why, is your wife dead?" asked the friend.

"Well, not exactly. But every night when I come home late she says she's half dead with fright and anxiety. It seems to me that in law and equity I could collect half the insurance money." —[Texas Sittings.]

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

He—Marriage is a lottery, to be sure, but there's a difference between the ordinary lottery and marriage.

She—Why, of course there is.

"Yes; in the ordinary lottery a man has to give up his money before he takes his chances; in marriage I don't give up until afterward." —[Yonkers Statesman.]

WOULD EAT THEM HIMSELF.

Schoolmaster—Now, my boy, if you sold 3,000 cabbages at five cents apiece, how much would that be?

Boy (puzzled)—Don't know, sir.

Schoolmaster—But suppose now, you kept a shop and sold those cabbages at five cents each, what would they come to?

Boy (thinking he sees a way out of the difficulty)—Shouldn't sell them at five cents; should sell them at one cent.

Schoolmaster—But that would not pay you.

Boy (triumphantly)—Then I'd sell 'em at ten cents.

Schoolmaster—But they would not fetch ten cents.

Boy (now rendered desperate)—Then I'd eat 'em myself. —[New York Recorder.]

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

"Beautiful scenery here, isn't it?" asked the young man of a solitary traveler whom he found pacing along the seashore.

"Well, no," replied the stranger. "I can't agree with you. I think the ocean is too small. It is no such ocean as my mother used to have."

"Your mother's ocean was superior, then?"

"Oh, yes; vastly superior. What tumbling breakers! What a magnificent sweep of view! What amplitudes of distance! What fishing there was in my mother's ocean!"

"But the sky is magnificent here, is it not, sir?"

"Too low and too narrow across the top," replied the stranger.

"I hadn't noticed," said the young man.

"Yes," said the stranger, "it is too low, and there ain't air enough in it, either. Besides, it doesn't sit plumb over the earth. It is wider from north to south than it is from west to east. I call it a pretty poor sky. It is no such sky as my mother used to have."

"Pardon me, but did your mother have a special sky and ocean of her own?"

Here an old resident came up and drew the young man aside.

"Don't talk with him," said the old resident. "He is a hopeless lunatic. He is a man who always used to tell his wife about 'the biscuits my mother used to make,' 'my mother's pie,' 'my mother's plum-cakes,' and 'my mother's plum-cakes.' He habit grew on him so much that he became a confirmed idiot, and now he does nothing but compare everything he sees with the same things his mother used to have."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

I am not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see.
I had some ice-cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea;

I also had some caramels,
And sugar almonds, too,
And when I met with Tommy Wells
A stick of fine tulu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate.
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before;
They've never left me feeling bad
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda-water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat.
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

—Harpers's Young People.

BUBBLE TO LAST HOURS.

The great sorrow of little bubble-makers comes when they fly into the air and disappear. Bubbles can be made to last as long as ten hours if you try this. You must make a fluid this way. Fine shavings of palm oil soap are shaken in a large bottle with distilled water until a concentrated solution of the soap is obtained. Mamma or some grown up person will have to help prepare this. Then filter this through gray filtering paper, and then mix with one-third its bulk of pure glycerine. The fluid is to be shaken up before use. Have a small glass funnel of two inches diameter connected with a tube of India rubber, and soap bubbles may be prepared with this fluid that will surpass the rainbow itself. They may be kept for a long while by putting them carefully upon an iron ring which is slightly rusty and thoroughly wet with the soapy solution. Just imagine bubbles twelve inches across! But they have been blown this way, and will last five or ten minutes. A string of bubbles two or three inches across can be kept for ten or twelve hours. It is the finest way there is to make bubbles. —New York Journal.

A BIG BATH.

Now this is true, every word, for Harry and I both saw