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GUILTY.

How gladly for a good, great cause
We struggle, shoulder set to shoulder!
How cautiously, when Our Cause is lost,
Our weapons, narrow to no betterment,
We bear the inactive corpse!

"Land of the Flight," we cry, "we adore
The cheery comrades, tried and trusted.
We share the valiant stranger's lore—
We may not, sweetheart, grave rusted,
Partake the soldier's bier!

"Fear us," we pray, "where we may lead—
Not wait to enter above children
Give us to serve some pressing need,
Until, the enemy overridden,
Then shall we King indeed!"

Yet no man's place is fixed by chance
On open field, in lonely thicket;
The more of valiant
May rest with that unsettled picket
Who sees the foe advance!
—Walter L. Sawyer in Yale's Companion.

HICKMAN'S MISTAKE.

He Wished Two Hotels for a Dinner but Chose the Wrong One First.

Some time ago, reading an interesting article about Mr. Hickman, the Bean Brummel of Washington years ago, reminded me of a story which I know to be true of him, and which, I think, never was published.

When he had not a cent in his pocket he always contrived to have the appearance of a man faultlessly attired, even though his clothes were shiny and almost threadbare.

One evening, with no money in his pocket and not knowing where his dinner was to come from, he sauntered forth with a hat well brushed, perfect fitting gloves and his usual bonhomie.

Walking down a well known street in Washington, he entered one of the principal hotels, noted for its excellent cuisine. Slowly walking toward the dining room a waiter rushed to meet him, with the words, "Will you dine, sir?" Slightly bowing his head, he followed the waiter, who conducted him to a table, relieving him of his hat, cane and gloves.

He dined sumptuously, not even omitting his favorite wine and a good cigar.

Having finished the waiter presented his check. Taking no notice, he called for his hat and gloves and proceeded to walk out of the place. The waiter stopped him and said:

"You have not settled your bill, sir."

"I have no money," said Mr. Hickman, "but I thank you for a very fine dinner."

The proprietor was called, was very angry and insisted upon the bill being settled.

"Look here, my friend," said Mr. Hickman, "I came in here and this young man asked me to dine, asked me what I would have, and said I could have anything I wished. I have enjoyed it very much, am very much obliged. It was a capital dinner."

The landlord, seeing the nature of the joke, and that he had been fooled determined to turn it to good account. "See here," he said to Mr. Hickman, "I will tell you how we will arrange this and say no more about it." Taking him to a window he pointed across the street, saying: "Do you see that hotel over there? Well, that man is running in opposition to me. You go and serve him the same joke you have me and I will give you fifty dollars."

"You my word," says our friend Hickman, "I cannot eat another such dinner tonight, but I will tomorrow." So the bargain was closed.

The next evening Mr. Hickman entered the hotel agreed upon and the same performance was gone through. The waiter and cashier, finding they could get no money, as he insisted upon it that they had asked him to dine, finally called the proprietor, who was very angry and insisted upon being paid.

At last, finding he could get no money, he said: "Look here, I will not arrest you, and if you will go across the street and play the same joke on that hotel opposite I will give you $100."

"Oh, what a mistake I have made!" said our friend Hickman. "Why did I not come here first! He only gave me fifty dollars for playing it on you."—Cor. New York World.

Fat People and Perspiration.

Fat people are less able to resist the attacks of disease or the shock of injuries and operations than the moderately thin. In ordinary everyday life they are at a decided disadvantage; their respiratory muscles can not so easily act; their heart is often handicapped by the deposit on it, and the least exertion throws them into a perspiration. This last fact is curiously misunderstood; it is almost universally looked upon as an actual "melting" of the subcutaneous fat, and is considered to be nature's method of getting rid of the superfluity.

But this is not correct, for in spite of its greasy appearance sweat only contains a trace of fatty matter, rarely more than .01 per cent., and this comes of course from the cells of the sudoriparous glands, and primarily from certain constituents in the blood. A person whose limbs and body are covered with adipose tissue is in the position of a man carrying a heavy burden and too warmly clothed.—London Hospital.

The old German Lutheran church at Walsboro, Me., has stood 100 years, and there has never been a collection taken within its walls.

BREAKING THE CORD.

It Is a Long Friendship That Has No Interruption, as This Story Shows.

Deacon Jones and Elder White had lived on adjoining farms for over thirty years, and never a word of dispute had passed between them. Their wives had passed between them rakes and other utensils were used in common. They had lots side by side in the graveyard, and more than once they had loaned and borrowed chairs for a funeral. Two brothers would not have agreed as well as these two men did in politics, religion and all else. One afternoon as the elder was mowing his dooryard the deacon came over to trade newspapers with him, and they sat down under a cherry tree to talk. Pretty soon along came a stranger who announced that he was a surveyor, and he asked if they didn't want the line run.

"Why, bless you!" replied the elder, "we've lin livin by that line for thirty years!"

"That doesn't make it right," replied the surveyor.

"I guess that line is right on the spot," said the deacon.

The surveyor wanted a job, and he kept talking and talking, and finally offered to run the line so cheap that the elder said:

"We might do it just to hand up the old landmarks."

"Well, I'm willing to pay my share," replied the deacon.

After the stranger had seen their deeds and dug out the old stakes as a starting point he got down to business, and in about half an hour he announced that the line fence was four feet over on the deacon.

"I allus suspected it," said the deacon, "but I didn't keer about them four feet."

"And I've knowed for over twenty years that you was over five feet on to me," replied the elder. "I had the line run that time you went to Ohio, but I didn't want to say nuthin."

"I'll warrant my work to be correct," said the surveyor.

"Can't be," replied the elder.

"He orter know his business," put in the deacon.

"What! D'ye claim that I'm four feet on to you?"

"I've allus suspected."

"Well, 'tain't so, and I'll bet the farm 'tain't! You've lin harvin five feet of my land all this time!"

"Can't use it that way."

"But I kin!"

"Might as well call me a liar!"

"If anybody lies 'tain't me!"

"Of course not! It's me, I s'pose! Elder! I'll git right off your land!"

"And you kin stay off till you git some sense!"

"Sense! I've got more sense in my little finger than you have in your whole body!"

"Git off! I hain't no use for land stealers!"

"Nor I, either, and don't you rile me or I'll lay hands on you!"

"Come and lay!"

"I would if you wasn't sich an old man! Don't you never dare to speak to me again! I've just found out what a snake in the grass you are!"

"Speak to you! I'd see you dyin first! Go home and pay yer honest debts!"

And the surveyor shouldered his instrument and went off down the highway softly singing, "All Is Peace Over There." He had accomplished his mission.—Detroit Free Press.

Squaring the Circle.

The origin of the problem squaring the circle is almost lost in the mists of antiquity, but there is a record of an attempted quadrature in Egypt 300 years before the exodus of the Jews. There is also a claim, according to Rome, that the problem was solved by a discovery of Hippocrates, the geometrician of Chios—not the physician—500 B. C. Now, the efforts of Hippocrates were devoted toward converting a circle into a crescent, because he had found that the area of a figure produced by drawing two perpendicular radii in a circle is exactly equal to the triangle formed by the line of junction. This is the famous theorem of the "lunes of Hippocrates," and it is like gladder's salts out of the philosopher's stone, an example of the useful results which sometimes follow a search for the unattainable.—All the World Round.

Fee at the Use.

An officer swallowed a fish bone. It was a large one, and after struggling to draw it out the officer fell back in his chair, turned black in the face and appeared to be in great danger and, indeed, was so. Every one looked aghast, not knowing what to do. The doctor alone preserved his presence of mind. From the opposite side of the table he saw what had happened. Not a moment must be lost.

Spring across the table, with one hand he opened the mouth of the unfortunate officer, with the other he seized his cue and rammed it down his throat. Away went fish bone and every other obstruction. The young officer finished his dinner, having practically experienced the use of a cue.—Dombs of Fingesl.

What a Question for an Infant!

"Mother," said a child of six years, "do you think when I go to heaven that if I am a good little girl and play all the morning with the angels I may have some fun in the afternoon and play with the devil?"—London Truth.

An Irish Bull.

I want to ask you if you ever heard Mike's own definition of an Irish bull, when a lady asked him if he could tell her what one was. "Yes, mum, I can do that, mum," said Michael. "If you are drivin along the highway and you see three cows lyin down in a pasture and one of them's standin up, why that was is an Irish bull."—Washington Post.

The Exercises of Eyes.

The handling of beautiful and effective fires is not an well understood as it ought to be by the mighty army of home beautifiers. The ability to be obtained from fires are worth the study of all who love and yet very strong and deep, when that is required. They usually need strengthening, water only being used, thus rendering the process not overmuch easy.

With these one can touch almost any shade in wools or silks for which means are required patterns. For painting tints, picking out these dyes is to be thought of. A friend of a neighboring city has upon the round glass globes in her green room, and a friend of mine has painted the deep flowers of pure dragon of a soft yellow tint, having used an inch wide hair, and a small pencil round the top, green by narrow yellow ribbon. The effect is prettier than one can imagine who has not seen them. Of course these could have been painted on the outside, but the designer's fancy and to suit the room in which they were placed. The dye used in this case was Irene de sienna Watanite, a dye which is very popular. Mrs. Mrs. H. Ramsay in Good Housekeeping.

A Queen's Influence on Fashions.

Marie Antoinette had as much influence upon the fashions of her time as any woman who ever lived. Those who visited Paris in 1779 she waved her hand to a milliner—one Mme. Bertin—who made her fortune by it. The queen was one day making her toilet when she observed some peacock's feathers, which had been placed on her dressing table by accident. Mechanically she picked one up and put it in her hair. The effect was so pleasing that she added another. She called for guess, and on hearing her decision exclaimed every one in her entourage of her headdress. The king admired, all Europe applauded, and thus the custom of wearing feathers spread.

In 1783 she was one day dressed in a material of brown feeling, when the king observed, in a happy moment, that it looked like the hair of a fox. Immediately the color of fox became fashionable, and such was the rage that the different shades between old and young fox were separately, and the whole gamut of foxdom was run. Finally the ministers of state presented a new suit of mourning to the queen, of a gray color, and the king this time remarked of one that it was the color of the queen's hair. This color quickly superseded all others, and in order to get the exact shade some of her majesty's hair was obtained through bribery and sent to Genoa, Lyons and other places where the silk were made.—Cook and Bell Review.

A Tribute to American Women.

The freedom enjoyed by American women in the world seems to be a thorn in the side of foreign fashion. They do not copy any other women; they are original. I can recognize an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or walk out and you know for her Canadian's daughter. Married or unmarried her air is full of freedom, of a self possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you or talks to you her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

A Frenchwoman will answer to justice of another woman's conversion. She will for some reason begins this quality than beauty. "Oh, how I should like to be a man!" sigh exclaimed a French lady to her protector. An American lady would probably have said to her, "My dear, you are as much a man as I am myself."

Of all the ladies I have met, I have no hesitation in believing that the American ones are the most cultured. With them, I repeat it, I feel at ease. I love this another woman in the world.—Max O'Rell.

Milk and Water for Children.

Neither tea, coffee, cocoa nor chocolate, nor in fact any stimulant whatsoever, should be given to children. While the brain is developing it is extremely sensitive and easily deranged. Children are also extremely liable to inflammatory affections, sudden in their attacks, rapid in progress and often fatal to termination.

Any unusual influence upon circulation may disarrange the delicate adjustment of vital processes, and disease quickly follows in consequence. All have doubtless remained the extreme excitability of children from the excess of vitality. If the nervous system becomes deranged by any power fully acting cause, the trouble does not stop there, but so strong is the sympathy which exists between all the important organs of a child, that nervous excitement may induce organic disorder and even disease.—Boston Herald.

Something About Flour.

In these days of high grade patent flours some housekeepers regard it as very necessary to have two grades for family use—one strong and rich in nitrogenous matter for bread, the other light and rich in starch for pastry. The different brands have nothing whatever to do with the quality or grades of various flours. One hundred grocers, all purchasing flour from the same mill, package from the same lot, may each have their individual brand put upon the barrels. This is done perhaps to save confusion, and the grocer feels confident that he has always the same grade of flour under the same name. Buy a spring wheat flour, or a mixed flour, for bread, and an all winter wheat for pastry. Bread flour may be slightly greenish, pastry flour must be soft and smooth and easily crushed.—Washington Star.

A Monopoly of Funerals.

One great company has a monopoly of Paris funerals, the idea that has led to its establishment being that enough money might be made out of the costly funerals to permit of a great many for little or nothing. The funerals are divided into ten classes. The first six only are remunerative. They vary from 8,000 francs to 100,000 francs. The eighth class costs twenty-two francs; the ninth, eight francs, and the tenth is free. There are about 33,000 annual free interments. There is talk, however, of abolishing the monopoly.—Chicago Herald.

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