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Published every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year; $5.00 per month, 50 cents per week, payable on delivery by carrier.

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OPTIMISM.

Write to know what thinest not worth.
Impatient might we grow of fair every day
The wonted light thereon would cry dare
Earth's fairest eyes. Again turn to Eternal
Not mortal man. Be true, not worth. The Pride
Hate cross I our eyes, that our experienced days
Its cycle who may be spent, and visions, and years
Be tender who. Joys, rectifiers, not lapses—
Clods of the battle which are man's defense.
Children, what sickness means we cannot know,
And need not, if we could. To learn to grow,
Earthly pain, labor, and death—through these alone
To immortal life and—is given to mortals.
Who truly live, our clouds are large for death.
—Ernest Hawkers in London Spectator.

WANTED—A GOOD EATER

The advertisement read: "Wanted—Four young ladies. Must be fine looking and of engaging manners." I went. The establishment was an eating saloon. Over its door glaring fat letters of gold informed me and all passers by that it was a "Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen." Everything in it was brand new and quite tasteless—gaudy. A shiny, veneered partition to one side had another gold lettered sign glued to it, "Cash Department." Under this sign was a little window set upon a marble slab, and in the little window the face and shoulders of a man. The face was very red, very wrinkled and very fierce. The head to which the face belonged was very small, with scanty stiff black hair on end all over it. The shoulders upon which the head was set had a pigeon breasted trunk between them, and were very narrow and very sloping.

As I came in the man put his little head out of his little window and looked eagerly and fiercely at me. I walked up to his window and said him why I came. He could see but the upper part of me.

"Stand back," he said. I did so, and he looked me over.

"I want girls," he said; "but—can you eat?"

His question surprised me. Most girls can. I could. Just then I was very hungry. I was embarrassed, not by my ability to eat, but by his question. I hesitated.

"Can you eat—much?" Very fierce, fretted, did he look as he repeated and amended his question.

"Am I to eat here, sir?" I asked tremblingly.

"Eat? Of course!" said he.

Now, I did not understand whether he wanted me to scrub the floors, wash the dishes, take the money or what, but I felt "embarrassed." I thought that he was speculating (with a view to economy) upon my ability and inclination to devour much or to live upon nothing. So, always truthful as I am, I answered, "I am a very small eater, sir."

"Won't do!" said he.

"But" said I.

"Won't do! Don't suit!"

I was sorely disappointed. Tears came to my eyes. My eyelids and my lips, too, trembled.

"Don't cry—to here!" he said fiercely. "Don't cry! Sorry—very sorry—can't help it—don't suit—won't do!"

"Is my appearance not what you desire, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"Look well—you're a beauty—very sorry—can't engage you!"

Although I was somewhat doubtful of my rank as a beauty, I knew myself to be a pretty, and well looking girl, and I readily forgave him his exaggeration; especially as I did not understand my beauty to be a bar to my engagement.

"My manners, sir," I said, "are good—engaging. If you could see me walk at table, say for one day, if that is what you want help for"——

"Walk at table—nothing! Get waiters—lots! Don't suit—won't do!"

"You doubt my ability to please? You judge of my usefulness or my manners without having had opportunity"——

"No, no, no! Manners charming! But you don't suit—won't do!"

Queer, I thought. You're a beauty! Manners charming! Don't suit and won't do. Why? Wherefore? Curiosity, as well as want, stimulated me to ask the fierce little man: "Why don't I suit you, sir?"

Then, fiercer than ever before, he said: "Don't bother—any more! Small eater—don't suit—won't do!" And he slammed a book upon his marble slab and moved away from his little window—to get rid of me.

I reflected that it might have been well for me to have asserted that I did not eat at all, but I was bright enough, even in that moment of disappointment and vexation, to appreciate that he would not have credited the statement. Then I was outraged by his assumption that I must be a glutton simply because of my claim to temperance and moderation in eating. Angered by this and by his unreasonable rebuffs, knowing he would hear me behind his gaudy partition, I said while moving toward the door: "What measure? If I had opportunity I would eat you out of house and home!"

"Hey? What's 'at?" he yelled, as he bounced back into his little window and stuck his fierce little head through it at me. "What's 'at? Eat house and land? Hey? Hey?" He looked so alarmingly fierce that, in fear that he might cut me, my progress to the door—and out—was very much accelerated.

So that before I knew it he was at my side, on the adjoining sidewalk. He seized my hand, and half pulled, half moved me back again! "Come, girl! Please, girl—come in—come back—please, girl!"

In no time, before I could think or prevent it, he had me back into his place, and closed the door and had planted himself against it.

"Horse and house—you said, you—eat some one—out of! Did you! Didn't you? Hey? Hey?" His fierceness seemed transformed to a triumphant intensity as he spoke and guarded the door against my escape.

When I could gather a sufficiency of my scattered wits together to do it, I replied defiantly: "I would! I said I would if you employed me!"

"Hey! Hey! You would! You would!"

"Yes, I would, I would!" Angrily and defiantly I said it.

Then he darted toward me: "I'll take you! You're engaged! D'ye hear? Hey! Hey!"

I was perplexed—stupefied. In my consternation I made a feeble effort to think or reason, out of the inextricable, how my vicious promise to eat him out of house and home could determine this benign effect, my engagement. But the effort was vain. In my demagged condition I could only and with my back. I accomplished that.

"Good! Good! All right! You're engaged! But, say, you'll tell you're a small eater. You did tie—did you!—didn't you!—hey? hey?"

"Oh," I answered, when I could catch my breath, "that was a joke."

"Joke! No joking—in business. Business—business."

"Yes, sir," I said, "that is a maxim I have heard before, somewhere and I shall not again forget it." Then, in a doubtful voice, and ready on the instant to recall it, for I was by no means certain I understood him, I added, "I will eat all you want me to."

"You will! Good! good! All I want—hey? hey?"

"I will," I answered plaintily, for I was reassured.

"Good! good! You're engaged!" Then making another dart at me and running his hands deeply into his pockets, he continued, "How much—a week—hey? hey! how much?" After saying which he withdrew his hands with nothing in them.

"Now what, besides eating, do you desire that I should do sir?" I asked.

"Do! Eat! Nothing else! Eat—all day long—and deep into—the night."

"No waiting on the tables, no dish washing, no cleaning or scrub"——

"Nonsense! No! Get people for that—easy! Biggest hard dough—get good-looking—girls to eat. Been fourteen—here 'mouring—all small eaters—you're first one—big eater! You're engaged! Hey? hey? Are you?"

Now I began to have a glimmering of my importance. So emboldened, I asked: "How much do you pay sir?"

"Pay you—small! you're engaged!—pay you—four dollars—per week. You're engaged—see you! Hey? hey?"

"I am engaged to you, sir," I complacently replied, "if you will make it six."

"Too much. Can't do it. Four"——

I had moved toward the door. He bounded to it, and again put his back against it.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried; "Stand hard. All right. Make it six."

"Six dollars a week, sir," I replied, "secures my services, to eat being my duty." Then, in view of the odd, the seemingly fabulous nature of this bargain, my caution, of which I possess a stock, prompted me to add, "If paid weekly and in advance."

"Advance! All right. You're engaged."

"And when, sir, if you please, am I to begin?"

"Now! Sit here—this window—I'll wing. Waiter comes. You order. Here's a bill of fare. You eat. Go out. Walk around a block. Come in. Order. Eat again. Go out—come in. Eat—keep it up."

He touched a bell, a waiter appeared, I ordered something and ate it. Before been the proprietor of the restaurant—again retired behind his gaudy partition, and then his head and shoulders reappeared in the little window where they spent the day. During its course he, with my efficient aid, engaged (at four dollars a week and not paid in advance) three additional girls, who joined me in the arduous employment assigned me.

It was his plan to obtain customers for his restaurant, by demonstrating to the public that he did some business, he hoped to attract to and do more. He had opened the place just a week before I meekly, and had spent the week, so he afterward informed me, in devoting the contours of his little head to the elaboration of a plan to possess himself of the only thing lacking in the restaurant—custom.

He kept us four coming in, eating and going out. He had a friend and confidant a couple of blocks away, with whom he left an assortment of hats and wraps; we went there and changed our apparance between "eats." He enforced this routine: It was eat, go out, change costume, come in, eat, go out—all day and evening. It was a brilliant scheme of intricate conception and of masterful execution, but for all that it failed of its purpose. The sheriff closed us up in four weeks.

I did as I pleased, pretty much, while it lasted; only he stipulated that I should allow no love manifestations on the part of the waiters. And I never did. But he made love to me, and I allowed that; for, in spite of his fierceness, he was a dear, soft hearted little fellow, who obliged and favored me in all I asked of him.

And that is how I—at least helped—eat a man out of house and home.—J. C. Lavalliere in Pittsburg Bulletin.

His Appetite Unimpaired.

Boy (with basket)—Please, mum, give me some dinner for my poor, sick father?

Kind Lady—Look here, I've been giving you dinner for your sick father for two weeks, and I saw him yesterday on the street, and he is no more sick than I am.

Boy—Yes, mum, he isn't sick any more, but he eats just the same as ever.—Texas Siftings.

Awkwardly Put.

Franklin—Ah! my good sir, don't come to me with your professions of attachment; you are always making fools of a couple of girls at once.

Young Barrister—Pon honor, Franklin Elars, you are the only one this time.—Pinderbake.

Looking Out for His Friend.

Gimlet—Here, you boss! I don't mind giving you a drink to cool your suppers, but what do you mean by putting the glass in your pocket?

Dusty Rhodes—I have a friend who is a glass eater.—Lake Shore News.

The Boston Herald is moved to remark: "The fiend who employs himself in going about newspaper offices correcting the alleged mistakes of newspaper writers is one of the nuisances of the press."

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

A Touching Bit of Matrimonial Courtship Between Religious Women.

As hackers coursed on a west bound Madison cable car the other day which needs even the grizzled old conductor look with pride and respect at a sweet faced, gray eyed little woman and with contempt on a number of well dressed, well to do human swine who occupied about half of his car.

At the corner of Throop stood a young woman carrying in her arms a baby of about two years, very large and heavy for its age, hailed the car. When, after some difficulty, she succeeded in boarding the car, it was evident that she was hardly equal to the task of much longer holding in her arms her heavy burden. Every seat was occupied, however, and she was obliged to remain standing in the aisle, where she staggered at every birth of the car. Several times her big baby was almost thrown from her arms.

Her mute appeal for a seat that she might rest her burden of their precious freight was unanswered until the little gray eyed woman looked up from a book she was perusing. Instantly she arose from her seat and tenderly took the young mother to take her place. It was then noticed for the first time that this little woman was crippled and that she stood rather awkwardly in the aisle, at times compelled to hold to the seat railing to prevent being thrown to the flooring of the car.

This was noticed by the young mother, and without a word she got up, gently pushed the little woman into the seat, seating them with a smile. "You won't mind, will you?" placed her pretty baby in the lap of the little woman. With a look of scorn and pity unmingled the young mother glanced at the big beasts who lolled in their seats, and then turning to her baby and its guardian she looked as independent and as happy as a queen.

Meanwhile the little woman and her charge were getting well acquainted, and when she signaled the conductor to stop, that she might leave the car, the baby wore a very pretty gold rock candy, which had not been there before. As she stood up to depart the gray eyes of the little woman grew cold, and there seemed to be a dangerous glitter in them. She was determined that the young mother should have her seat, which she succeeded in securing for her. On leaving she handed the baby a card, which was read by the conductor amplified for with the fact that the crippled little woman was the maiden sister of one of the best known judges now sitting on the circuit bench in Cook county.

But the swine—they simply curled their lips into more curl-curlies and then, and talked louder than ever.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Suggestions for Dyspeptics.

A writer, evidently of a practical turn of mind, tells how easily the wakeful dyspeptic can be made to sleep off now the land of dreams. He says:

The dyspeptic of course eats a light supper, may resort to the use of a towel, wet with tepid water, and covered with a dry cloth, the whole then applied to the pit of the stomach. Before the sufferer knows it she will float into shadow land, such is the sympathy between the organs of digestion and the brain. Owing to the position of the stomach, a light sleeper ought to sleep on the right side instead of the left, never on the back.

If there is a tendency to cold feet, a thin woolen blanket may line the lower third of the bed. The limbs ought not to be greatly flexed, a position which prevents free circulation, and they should not cross upon the other tightly. The night light, where used, ought to be a tiny taper, and not gas or kerosene, both of which deteriorate the air.

A darkened room is the best. Nature puts out her light and draws the curtain of darkness for a purpose. With good habits, physical and mental, and a determination not to deal with anodynes, sleep may be won from its shyest lair to watch over the restless pillow.

A Strong, Bright Light Recommended.

One very great mistake which people make is not using enough light. There is a popular delusion that a good, bright light injures the eyes. A good strong, bright light is almost always the proper thing. Even in cases of weak, sore or inflamed eyes it is better to have plenty of light. The eyes should at such times have as much light as can possibly be borne, and the eyes will grow all the more rapidly.

But for the eyes that are not sore or inflamed the way to keep them well and to increase their strength is to give them all the light possible. The brighter the light the more the eye will be developed and strengthened. Weak eyesight and disabilities of the eyes from overuse are often seen, but a good, bright, strong light does not usually do any harm. It tends to do good, create health and give strength.—London Tit-Bits.

Mutilations.

That mutilation should ever have been adopted as a penalty by the Christian church one finds it difficult to believe, yet the ecclesiastical authorities inflicted it for comparatively trivial offenses, and several councils explicitly authorized it as a punishment. Thus the thirteenth canon of the Council of Merida, in 666, deprived bishops and priests of the right of mutilating the servants of the church. The sixth canon of the Council of Toledo, in 675, while forbidding bishops to exercise so shocking jurisdiction in cases involving the capital penalty, also ordained that them from ordering mutilation of the limbs, even in the case of their own serfs; and ordained that bishops violating this law should be deposed, excommunicated and cited the law. Five of the church were in attendance. The eighteenth canon of the Council of Frankfort, in 794, forbade abbots to blind or mutilate their monks, whatever might be the offense.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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