

Here's to Our Starry Flag.

Here's to our starry flag, no matter where it flies,
Over the polar snows, under the tropic sky,
On the silent prairie, or on the restless waves,
Over the lonely camp, over the marching brave,
Or in the busy city, where'er men fling it forth—
In the East, or the West, or the South, or the North,
Here's to the starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!
Here's to our starry flag! Over our homes it flies;
Oh, dear is it to our hearts, and pleasant unto our eyes;
Over the little children, over the maiden sweet,
Over the toiling men in the city's crowded street,
Over the court and market, over the rich and poor,
Fair is our flag of freedom, beautiful everywhere.
Here's to our starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!
If you would know how dear, wander away from home;
Far, far east to other lands, just for a season roam,
Suddenly wake to see, some lovely autumn day,
The starry bunting flying free over New York bay;
Oh then with throbbing heart, oh then with happy tear,
You'll say: "Dear flag of my country—dear flag, so dear, so dear!"
Here's to the starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!
—Harper's Weekly.

A SUMMER IDYL.

The train was approaching Rhinebeck. Miss Barrow raised her eyes from the novel between which and the river, the cloudless sky and the green banks opposite, fresh in all the freshness of early June, she had been desultorily dividing her attention, and her maid began gathering up her wraps. One or two passengers in the same car did the same for theirs, and among them a young man of twenty-eight or so, with a fair mustache, who had traveled opposite Miss Barrow from New York, absorbed in a scientific magazine. He was a handsome fellow, but more distinguished-looking than handsome, and dressed with quiet, unimpeachable correctness. These two qualities Miss Barrow had noticed in a casual way when her eye happened once or twice to fall on her fellow-traveler, for she thought a great deal of both of them. The latter, indeed, is a subject to which women pay more attention than men are wont.

As the young lady alighted on the platform at Rhinebeck an urban servant met her and announced that Miss Hamersley's carriage was waiting and that Miss Hamersley regretted not feeling strong enough to drive down herself. The man remained behind to see to the luggage and the carriage drove off. In rounding the corner to the other side of the platform Miss Barrow saw again her fellow-traveler with the fair mustache; he was speaking to Miss Hamersley's man, the latter having possessed himself of his portmanteau, and as they passed she heard him say: "Never mind; I'll take another vehicle."

Apparently, then, the gentleman was a guest of Miss Hamersley. Two or three years before the knowledge would probably have afforded Miss Barrow some gratification, very natural under the circumstances. The prospect suggested possibilities which were certainly not to her solitary visit to an elderly maiden lady in delicate health at an isolated country house. But a disappointment which Miss Barrow had experienced not long since, through a man to whom she had been engaged, had changed all such feelings. As she herself had said to her old friend, Miss Hamersley: "I not only feel as if I never again would care for any man, but the whole sex has grown indifferently to me."

"The drive was quite a long one, and the sun was shooting rays of slanting light between the trees and across the lawns of the well-kept grounds when the old Hamersley mansion came in sight. On the vine-clad porch stood Miss Hamersley herself, looking like a picture of Revolutionary times with her small, delicate face, her gray silk dress and wealth of puffed white hair.

"Well, my young friend," she said, "so I have you at last. Let me look at you." She raised Miss Barrow's veil and kissed her cheek. "As pretty as ever. Now let me take you to your room—why, what's this? Jack Travers, I declare!"

It was Miss Barrow's fellow traveler, whose vehicle had followed hers at a little distance, and who now drove up and sprang to the ground.

"I expected you to-morrow," said Miss Hamersley, laying her hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "I should have telegraphed—"

"Never mind. You're always welcome. Maud, let me introduce my nephew, Mr. Travers, Miss Barrow."

A few minutes later, when Miss Hamersley had joined Maud Barrow in her room, she said: "I hope you will like Jack Travers. But I know you will. He's a splendid fellow."

"I declare I shall like him," replied the young lady.

"I know, of course, that you will not except in a friendly way, and that's just why I asked him up while you were here. The fact is you are very similarly situated. Jack has not gotten over an unlucky love affair, and if I had him meet some girl who would have fallen in love with him it would have been a bad thing for the girl, as it would be a bad thing for any man who I should invite and who would fall in love with you. As it is, you and Jack are both unvulnerable to the tender passion, and can be the best of friends accordingly. You will get on nicely, and your visit

will be less of a bore than it would be in the solitary society of an old woman like me."

A little later Jack Travers came upon his aunt and asked: "Who is this young lady you have with you, dear aunt?"

"Some one," was the reply, "whose heart is full of a memory—though, really, why she should still think of that brute of a man who treated her so outrageously is a mystery to me—and who not only will not expect you to fall a victim to her charms and begin a flirtation instantly, but would think anything of the sort a great bore. So you need not exert yourself."

"Indeed? That's a comfort. But what a singular girl," and if he had spoken his mind he would have added, "and what a beautiful girl, too," for just then Maud entered, having laid aside her traveling dress and thick veil for a long dinner dress of pale blue, which showed to remarkable advantage the brilliancy and the piquant charm of her face; the warm fairness of her skin, and the light glossy brown of her soft hair.

Miss Hamersley's explanations to both her guests had the effect of putting them thoroughly at their ease with each other, and the dinner was a gay one. By the time it was over they had discovered that they had many ideas in common, and many points of sympathy. The long June twilight had not yet faded, and Miss Hamersley suggested that her nephew should take Miss Barrow to the parapel to see the view.

"For," she said, "I can't go about much, and you must entertain each other."

The view was extended, for the Hamersley place stood high. Jack Travers leaned against the parapet, while Miss Barrow looked around her. Suddenly she glanced up and caught his eyes fixed on her.

"I often think what a delightful existence your aunt's is in this place," she said. "There is such a harmony in it. She fits the place, and the place fits her."

"My aunt is a charming woman. It is a pity she never married."

"A pity. I don't see that her condition as it is could be bettered. If she had married she would have run the chance of getting some obstinate man with not a thought in sympathy with hers, who would have been putting down his foot eternally and making her life a bore."

"You don't take a sentimental view of marriage," remarked Travers.

"No. I am not sentimental. Perhaps I am hard."

Travers glanced at her, with the black lace she had thrown around her head as a protection from the dampness clinging about her soft, piquant face and white throat, and thought she did not look so.

But Miss Barrow did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further. She turned to go back to the house. In doing so she brushed her fan from the parapet. Travers stopped to pick it up, and noticed that it had a large metal ring attached. Instead of laying it in Maud's outstretched hand he slipped the ring over her wrist. The wrist was very pretty, and so was the hand, and Travers experienced a subtle pleasure in performing this familiar little act.

He glanced up quickly; but the young lady's eyes were averted.

The next morning Travers proposed to take advantage of the cool, fine day for a horseback ride. Miss Barrow was willing, and a couple of hours later they were under way. The roads were in good condition, the air was exhilarating, and Miss Hamersley's horses were capital. The color came into Maud's cheeks and her eyes shone like stars. As for Travers, it did not seem to him that he had ever enjoyed such a ride before. By-and-by, however, he said: "Don't you think we had better turn back, Miss Barrow? It may be too much for you."

"Oh, I am not tired. I am thirsty, though."

Travers looked around him. "I think I could get you a glass of water at that little house on the top of that slope, but I don't like the idea of leaving you alone."

"Oh, I shall go, too. It will be a change from riding," said Maud. "You can tie the horses here."

The climb proved to be a rougher path than she had imagined, but she would not be persuaded to take Travers' arm.

"No, no," she laughed, and stepped quietly to one side. In doing so she stumbled over her habit and uttered a little cry of pain.

"Miss Barrow! what is the matter?" exclaimed Travers.

"I—I'm afraid I have sprained my foot. Let us turn back," she murmured faintly. She took a step or two, and then stopped again, flushing and paling alternately.

Travers looked into her face.

"You meant," he said, "that you can't walk a step. You must let me carry you."

"Oh, no, no."

"Miss Barrow, this is really unreasonable. I must insist." And without more words he raised her in his arms and began descending the slope again. Maud crimsoned and a faint flush rose in Travers' cheeks also. The wind blew a stray wisp of her hair against his face, and with it the faint perfume of violets she had on her handkerchief. When he reached the foot of the slope and lifted her on her horse his heart was beating rather fast, and Maud was trembling a little.

"Does your ankle still pain so much?" he said, softly. She shook her head.

They rode slowly home through the green fields, almost in silence. Travers, while constantly watchful of his companion, seemed to be distraught. "I suppose he is thinking of that girl he was in love with," said Maud to herself, and for a young lady to whom the masculine sex had grown indifferent she certainly allowed the supposition to give her a considerable pang.

Miss Barrow, for the next week, lay on a couch which was wheeled from the house to the grounds as she felt inclined to sit indoors or out. Miss Hamersley and Travers took turns in reading to her, but the latter's office in this respect was rather a sinecure. He always found after a few moments that it was much

more pleasant to have Maud talk to him, and to be able to look at her. This tendency, indeed, in a few days grew into such a distracting wish to be always near her that Travers might have been alarmed had he chosen to question himself and his feelings. But he did not choose to.

One warm afternoon he came into the library, where she lay on a lounge near the open window, with a cluster of red moss-roses in his hand.

"They are the first of the season," he said. Maud raised her hand for them, and he stood looking down at her. She wore a thin white dress, and looked prettier than he had ever seen her. Her cheeks were a little flushed, and her hair tossed about a trifle as if she had just been asleep. She seemed too listless and comfortable to move, but thanked him with a bright glance, and pressed the moss-roses against her face. Presently his persistent gaze appeared to embarrass her, for she said, not a little uneasily: "How hot it is! Why don't you sit down?"

Travers sat down mechanically, still without speaking. Miss Barrow glanced at him, and her eyes began to sparkle mischievously.

"Perhaps I should not have asked you to sit down, though," she said demurely. "You might have been contemplating a speedy exit for the purpose of smoking a cigar."

"I assure you, I was thinking of nothing of the sort, Miss Barrow."

"Not thinking of smoking? I fancied there was no hour of the day a man did not think of that."

"He may make an exception when he is in the society of ladies."

"Indeed he does not, or I have yet to learn it. Oh, women are not of as much importance as that to men!" Her tone had changed, and she spoke the last words bitterly.

"That is what that brute of a man she was engaged to has taught her," thought Travers. "I should like to—!" He started up, and completed his pious wish with regard to the said man at the window.

But Maud was in a strange mood this afternoon. When she spoke her tone was quite different again.

"Are you angry?" she asked, softly.

"Angry—no," he replied, coming back and standing before her. "How tantalizing you are to-day," he broke out after a pause.

She took no heed.

"To show you I did not intend to be rude, I will give you a rose," she said—"shall I?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Scoop down," she murmured. He knelt beside the lounge, and she passed the stem of the rose through his button-hole. Her little white fingers were very near his face, and he saw that they began to tremble. Suddenly he caught them both in one of his, and before she could stir, without knowing himself what he was doing, he threw his arm around her and kissed her.

The next instant he was on his feet, Maud, crimson and palpitating, stood before him, supporting herself against the lounge.

"You have insulted me—"

"Miss Barrow—Maud! Forgive me! Pardon me! I did not know what I was doing. I love you so."

"It is an insult," she cried again. "Leave me—leave me!" And throwing herself back on the lounge she burst into a passion of tears. Travers, cursing his folly, left the room.

That evening he told his aunt he should have to go to New York for a few days. Maud heard the announcement calmly and took leave of him very coolly. During the days that followed she never spoke of him to Miss Hamersley, except once when, in an elaborately careless way, she inquired whether the girl to whom Mr. Travers had been engaged was very pretty. On the other hand she did not seem at all averse to hearing her old friend's eulogies of her favorite nephew. This Miss Hamersley noticed, as well as that, as the week wore on, her young niece grew very restless and nervous. But, whatever her thoughts were, she kept her own counsel.

After Travers had been gone a fortnight Maud came out of the house one evening toward sundown. She was slowly crossing the lawn, with her long dress trailing over the grass, when she raised her eyes and saw him standing not six feet from her. She stood quite still, not startled; she was too overwhelmingly glad for that. She had just been thinking of him—indeed when, for days had she not?—and saying to herself that of course he would not come back, that she could not expect it when she had dismissed him so summarily; and now there he was before her. Still she spoke lightly as he came forward and took her hand.

"You reappear like a ghost," she said. "Did you spring from the ground or drop from the skies?"

Travers laid the hand she had given him on his arm and led her toward the parapet where they had stood together on the first evening of her arrival. When they reached it he said: "You know why I have come back, Maud. I love you with my whole heart and soul and strength, and I have come back to tell you so; to tell you that I cannot live without you—Stop," he continued, as she was about to speak, "I know what you will say, that it is too sudden, that I have not known you long enough. Well, I don't ask you to accept me now. I will wait—only let me think that you will care a little for me by-and-by. Will you, Maud?"

He leaned over her and looked into her eyes.

Alas! Maud could have said that she cared much more than a little for him then. But she was wise and knew that a man should never be given more than he asks for, but rather less. So she only murmured, "Perhaps I may," and Travers, with his eyes fixed on her sweet face and the roguish dimples at the corners of her mouth, was content. Presently he said: "Am I pardoned my misdemeanor of the other day? Yes? Then you should let me repeat it to show that I am forgiven."

But this time Miss Barrow drew herself away with much dignity.

"Not at all. For shame, Jack. Give

me your arm and we will go back to the house. And, mind you, let me explain to your aunt first."

And she did. But, to her surprise, Miss Hamersley was not surprised at all. Indeed, some months later, when they were both talking about Miss Barrow's approaching marriage, such a gleam of mischief came all at once over the older lady's face that the younger one suddenly said she believed Miss Hamersley had invited Jack and herself to her place in June with an ulterior motive. "Well, frankly, I did," owned Jack's aunt. "You were the two nicest young people I knew, and it was my opinion you should make a match of it. As to the fact of your both having been in love before being a barrier, that was absurd, of course. All you needed was a chance to unfold a charming little idyl, and I knew no better place than this for such an idyl."

Something Curious Happened.

A boy ten years old pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and lath taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our cities. Tired and exhausted he halted under a shade tree. His feet were bruised and sore, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. What must be the thoughts of such a child as he looks out upon the world—the fine houses, the rich dresses, the rolling carriages—the happy faces of those who have never known what it was to be poor? Does it harden the heart and make it wicked, or does it bring a feeling of loneliness and wretchedness—a wondering if the rich man's Heaven is not so far from the poor man's Heaven that he will never catch sight of their pinched faces?

The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was sound asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled to the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food—of nights when the body shivered with cold—of a home without sunshine—of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened—A laboring man—a queer, old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, was poor. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tip-toed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but hastening out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks. Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human heart is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread.

A woman walked down and left a goodly pile of the old one. A child with a pair of shoes and a boy brought a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece.

Something curious had happened. The charity of a poor old man had unlocked the hearts of a score of people. Then something strange occurred. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread—the clothing—the money—the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all those things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a grief-stricken child. They had read him a sermon greater than all the sermons of the churches. They had set his heart to swelling and jumping until it choked him. Poor, ragged and wretched, and feeling that he was no more to the world than a stick or a stone, he had awakened to find that the world regarded him as a human being worthy of aid and entitled to pity.—Detroit Free Press.

"Cranks" in New York.

A New York correspondent avers that "two of the prominent citizens of New York are now generally known to be insane—not hopelessly, perhaps, but positively. One is a lawyer whose services are so much in demand that he has been paid a \$50,000 fee within a year for pleas in court since his reason went astray. He holds a prominent public office. The other is a bank president and a most capable financier. He has not walked a block in the street for six years, for he imagines that he is a cherry and if he is exposed the birds will eat him! In this delusion he is immovable; and accordingly he always rides to and from the bank in a close carriage, and never exposes himself out of doors. On all other matters he is perfectly sane, and his counsel is taken in the investment of millions on millions. To a visitor from the "provinces," it must seem as if a good many New Yorkers are insane. Nowhere have I ever seen so many people who indulged in that curious habit known as talking to themselves." About every tenth person you meet on the down-town sidewalks practices this self-communion. Every hour of every day you will notice men go hurrying by, looking neither to the right nor left, talking in excited tones and gesticulating violently. I have seen men in an omnibus carrying on a lively dialogue with themselves, and laughing vociferously at the "hits" made, as unconscious of the presence of others as if they were alone in the moon. The same queer phenomena are frequently seen in glimpses through carriage doors—men with faces all aglow, swinging their arms and exclaiming in loud voices—driving a sharp bargain with a wholesaler, maybe, or wildly and hopefully bidding for the stocks that are to go up ten per cent. to-morrow."

"We'll shake once more for the quinine," as the ague said to the victim.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A new revolutionary society has been formed in Russia. The members of the society are to associate with the people and industriously indicate revolutionary ideas, but are to attempt no revolution without orders from their leaders. One of the revolutionary measures to be advised is a refusal to pay taxes.

Edward Barr, of Missouri, was at the head of the late graduating class at West Point, with an average of 1,934.5 out of a possible 2,000. The father of young Barr, who has thus graduated with such distinguished honor, said to his son, some three years since, that if he would graduate with distinction he would make him a present of \$10,000. The incentive had its effect, and young Barr starts out in life with educated brains and a plenteous pocket.

James L. Loring, a civil engineer, suggests that tornadoes be fought with cannon. He says: "It would be cheaper to put an iron cannon in every town in Iowa than it will be to pay the losses of Saturday. If one of these clouds were seen forming near a town the cannon would tell the news to the next town, and the concussion of the air from a succession of firing certainly ought to effect the same result in Iowa that it does on the equator."

The question of capital punishment, whether it is for the best interests of society to maintain or abolish it, appears as far as ever from a final settlement. Several States have tried the experiment of dispensing with the death penalty, but there is no general agreement as to whether human life within their borders is more or less safe than before, and a strong party in each seeks to re-establish the gallows. The Swiss republic has had very much the same experience. Capital punishment was abolished in that country some years ago, but several cantons have gone back to it, while others have voted to keep on without it. On the whole it is probably fair to say that public sentiment in the most enlightened countries is just now so uncertain on this question that it seems almost an even thing whether the movement against the gallows is to make further progress or yield to a reaction.

A Senate resolution calling for information about pensions has brought out some interesting facts. There were close upon 270,000 pensioners on the roll last September, when the annual statistics were made up. But about twelve thousand pensions had lapsed through not being called for during three successive years, and five thousand were those of sailors whose residences were not known. The actual number paid was 252,351, the amount being \$51,224,204. New York State heads the list. To her 32,024 pensioners the annual sum of \$3,423,532 was given, but arrears brought the amount up to \$6,510,411. Pennsylvania's 23,292 pensioners required \$5,746,500. Ohio's 24,683 had \$4,911,520. Then there was a clanking and rattling of two million dollars each for Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts and Michigan; more than one each for Kansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, New Jersey. The Third Congressional district of Maine surpassed all others in the amount it received.

The importance of agriculture as a factor in our national prosperity can best be appreciated by visiting New York city and observing the steamers and ships from all quarters of the globe loading with products of American soil. In a single week, recently, upward of \$6,000,000 worth of agricultural products were shipped abroad from New York alone. Among the exports of that week were 2,126 barrels apples, 1,647 pounds beets, 84,202 barrels wheat flour, 1,391 barrels corn meal, 481,252 bushels wheat, 2,652 bushels oats, 46 bushels barley, 2,023 bushels peas, 427,241 bushels corn, 13,537 bales cotton, 462 bales hay, 492 bales hops, 10,967 gallons lard oil, 1,082 gallons linseed oil, 3,993 barrels pork, 804 barrels beef, 1,060 tierces beef, 5,548,291 pounds cut meats, 74,414 pounds butter, 675,151 pounds cheese, 3,854,680 pounds lard, 88 barrels rice, 577,620 pounds tallow, 439 hogsheds tobacco, 1,226 packages of tobacco and 49,887 pounds manufactured tobacco.

Although the sanguine De Lesseps makes frequent announcements that the Panama canal enterprise is in a most flourishing condition, unprejudiced observers who have been over the route take a very different view. Captain Belknap, of the United States navy, who crossed the Isthmus a few weeks ago, reports that \$200,000 has been paid for a hotel to serve as offices, and \$30,000 more in fitting it up; that another \$200,000 has been expended in buying buildings and grounds for hospital use, and that houses have been built for the officials, but that the only real work yet done toward the construction of the water-way consists in the clearing away of shrubs and trees from the track. Captain Belknap found that intelligent residents of the Isthmus region believed the project feasible, but they agree in the opinion that it would take a great deal more time than the enthusiastic engineer calculates upon. The captain's conclusion that people familiar with the Isthmus, and expecting returns for capital invested, will not be likely to put money in such an enterprise will only strengthen the disinclination of Americans to take stock in the scheme as now conducted.

Professor Reese, of Philadelphia, has made an important discovery touching the effects of drowning upon the human lungs. In an autopsy of the body of a woman, found drowned, it is reported that he found no water in the lungs, nor any evidence of water having been there, nor was a y found in the stomach. It is also said that the dead body bore no marks of abuse and violence, and there was nothing found in the oesophagus to indicate that water had crossed the woman's lips. As the body was taken from the river near the wharf it is presumed that the woman

jumped overboard, which leads Dr. Reese to infer that persons plunging into the water, especially from an eminence, can come to death from suffocation or shock without taking water inwardly. It is well known by bringing together the posterior arches of the palate and pressing the root of the tongue against the palate both the mouth and the nostrils are completely cut off from the air tubes, as is done in holding the breath. It is quite conceivable that the shock caused by sudden immersion in water under a temperature of sixty-five degrees might induce this movement, and also cause a muscular contraction of lungs and air tubes, precluding the passage of water into the lungs of a person while drowning. The case investigated by Professor Reese is of great interest to the medical experts, and the correctness of his conclusions will be tested by other examination of the bodies of drowned persons.

It is quite generally known that Scotland and Ireland with their potatoes and Germany and Italy with their beans have been most prolific to their contributions to this country's drought-shortened supplies since last fall, but it is not so generally known that Egypt, or properly speaking the Levant, has begun to furnish us in abundance with that useful garden product, the onion. Of this valuable bulb, which is so inseparable from the dressing of a dainty canvas-back duck or the ingredients of a popular Irish stew, there have recently been imported into this country from Egypt 10,000 barrels. After the domestic crop has been consumed by winter use or exported it has long been the custom to import large quantities of onions from the sunny gardens of Bermuda, Lisbon and Oporto, but the Levant was never before called upon. The cultivation of onions on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean extending from the western part of Greece around to the western border of Egypt is reported as a great industry. It has been computed that the last crop there was over 200,000 tons. It is asserted that Levant onions keep better and longer than those grown in any other part of the world. This is an important feature, for many onions are needed in ships' supplies for long voyages on account of their excellence in preventing scurvy and other diseases incident to life on shipboard. In this country it is remarked that the consumption increases yearly. This is due not only to the enormous increase of the foreign elements, who always use vegetables freely, but also to the enlarged use in populous cities of the coarse parts of meats, in the preparation of which the onion figures prominently.

Story of a Bedstead.

It was night. The boarding house was wrapt in tenebrous gloom, faintly tinted with an odor of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed by wild objurgations and furous anathemas.

Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an overturned picket fence, and another yell, with more anathemas. The fatted boards listened, and, ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room, he of Buffum & Bird, second-hand furniture dealers. As they stood there there was a whizz, a grinding, a rattling and a bang, and more yells. They consulted and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

"Open it."

"I can't."

Convinced that Buffum was in his last agony they knocked in the door with a bedpost.

The sight was ghastly. Clashed between two sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum, pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they said.

"Bedstead—combination. New patent. I was telling' you about," gasped Buffum.

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing desk, had opened it out and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dream land, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a quaking water. Then he struggled; and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would show off some more and straightened out and shot up in the air and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he didn't like to be clothes, and he would get the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try. They didn't want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously. They waited all around it. Then the commission merchant laid his little finger on the top end of it. The thing snorted and reared as if it had been shot, slapped over with a bang and became an extension table for ten people. When they recovered from the panic they came back. They found the commission merchant in the corner trying to get breath enough to swear, while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him and incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs with his head jammed into the mattress. Nobody dared to touch it. The handily got a club and reached for its vital parts, but could not find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she got through and dropped the club in despair the thing swung out its arms with a gasp and a rattle, turned over twice and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully among the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the floor just in time to save himself from being a folding screen.

A man with a black eye and cut lip told the *Wasp* editor about it yesterday. He said he owned the patent and Buffum had been explaining to him how it worked.—Wasp.