

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

When angry count ten before ever you speak; The tug of war comes when the Greek meets Greek. There's many a true word off spoken in jest; Of all kinds of policy honesty's best. In at one ear and out at the other; Invention necessity has for its mother. 'Tis a very poor rule that won't work in two ways; Don't kill off the goose that the golden egg lays. Penny wise and pound foolish; first come is first served; By another a good turn is always deserved. Who tries to please all finds he pleases not one; Who knows his own father must be a wise son. Your best foot put forward; two wrongs make no right; Who fights and away runs again lives to fight. As old as the hills and as sharp as a knife; A tongue that is loose stirreth up endless strife. Willful waste woeful want makes; waste hot and want not; The kettle is called very black by the pot. The tongue cuts two ways like a double-edged sword; Virtues its own and its only reward. Tell boldly the truth and the devil you shame; A rose smells as sweet by a different name. As you make up your bed so you in it must lie; If you first don't succeed just again try and try. When cooks are too many they ruin the broth; Your coat you must cut with regard to the cloth. Patient waiting's no loss; practice what you may preach; He never takes any thing—out of his reach. Whistling girls and hens crowing both come to bad ends; Judge a man by his enemies more than his friends. Old trust is all dead, for bad pay killed him quick; Up like the rocket and down like the stick. A place for each thing and each thing in its place; He a fool has for a client who pleads his own case. Brag may be a good dog, but Holdfast is better; As poor as a church mouse and true to the letter. He swallows the oyster and hands each a shell; If you give him an inch he'll take from you an ell. —H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

MILLIE, THE ORPHAN.

The Story of Mrs. Reddick's Birthday Present.

[Written for this Paper.] "Say, Mandy—" "Yes, Rube." "I've an idea." "Well, what is it?" "It kem to me quite a bit ago." "Ye've bin keepin' it to yerself all this time, hev ye?" "Yes; sorter fig'rin' on it." "Very well, then, I don't want to hear it." "Don't git so huffy 'bout it, Mandy, an' I'll tell ye." "No, ye needn't! It wouldn't be the first time ye moped round with some idee in yer head, keepin' it to yerself until ye couldn't figger it out, an' then ye come to me to help ye, don't ye?" "I reckon I'll have to say yes, to please ye." "Ye needn't try to please me now, Rube Reddick, it is too late in the day for that!" and Mandy rose, slammed the kitchen door, and sat on the back door-step. Mr. Reddick remained in the kitchen and quietly continued his smoking. He knew his wife's curiosity would urge her to return as soon as her fit of anger was over. A prosperous farmer was Mr. Reddick, and one of those who are not content to follow in the old rut of their grandfathers, but endeavor to keep abreast of the times, testing the worth of every new theory advanced in the line of agriculture, and invariably succeeding where their less energetic neighbors fail. Now he had a comfortable home and a considerable sum placed to his credit in the village bank. Sixteen years of wedded life found him without an heir, and to this cause might be attributed the little "spats" occurring now and then at the Reddick farm, which the curious neighbors construed in various ways. Some shook their heads and said: "Rube's tuk to drinkin' ag'in, I'm s'most sure. He abuses the poor critter of a wife most shamefully." They were wrong, however. Over twenty years had rolled away since Rube had had his last "spree." Since that time he had not tasted a drop of any intoxicant, not even the hard cider of which his slanderers seemed so fond. Others would say: "Rube would be all right if it 'twan't fer the pesky wife o' his'n." Here again they were wrong, for Mrs. Reddick was a quiet, industrious housewife, minding her own affairs, and striving to make home as cheerful as possible. Her husband knew this, and therefore entirely ignored the idle comments of his neighbors. Certainly, they had a word at times, and what family does not? During the day Mr. Reddick revolved a question over and over again in his

my Brownie's white hands moving swiftly over the ironing-board.

"But my hands are not all hard and and roughened by drudgery. I think my hands and head are the more easily

the matter. His first trial resulted as we have seen.

Now, while he sat quietly smoking and thinking, five minutes had worn away, with Mrs. Reddick still sitting on the back door-step.

In a few moments more the door opened softly and Mrs. Reddick entering, returned to her chair by the window. Neither broke the silence for a time. Then the good woman, unable to bear the suspense, mustered up courage and renewed the conversation.

"Well, Rube, air ye goin to tell me what that idee of your'n is?"

"Mebbe," said Rube, with a tantalizing air of indifference.

"What is it, any way, much importance to us?"

"Perhaps it is, and mebbe it isn't," replied Rube. "But I reckon I'd best not tell ye an' make it a surprise like."

"Now I want to know—a surprise!" and Mrs. Reddick wondered what the surprise would be. In a few days her fortieth birthday would be at hand,



HE FELT THE CHILD'S HAND TREMBLE.

"an' he intends to make me a nice present," she thought, a smile fitting over her handsome features. Mrs. Reddick was still a handsome woman. "All right, Rube," said she, arising to prepare the supper.

After supper Mr. Reddick said he would go towards town as he had some business to transact, and that she might sit up and await his return, if she wished, adding that he would be pleased to have her do so, as he intended to be away but an hour.

"I do wonder what he intends to surprise me with," Mrs. Reddick asked herself over and over again.

"Poor Rube, he's always tryin' some new scheme or other, an' I'm sure he does it to benefit me as well as himself," she reasoned, looking vacantly out the kitchen window.

Thus she occupied her mind while tidying up things generally, and so absent-minded was she an hour afterward that she never heard the roll of carriage wheels up the drive, nor the footsteps on the gravel walk until the verandah was reached.

Rube had returned, and with him was a little child.

He hesitated before opening the door, holding the trembling orphan by the hand.

"What'll Mandy say," he thought, and looking down upon the sweet face before him, he resolved to "face the music" and have it over with.

He felt the child's hand tremble and bade her have no fears, that he had brought her to a nice home where she would have a new papa and mamma and lots of good things.

They entered the little parlor, when Mrs. Reddick turned and discovered them. For a moment she was speechless.

"Rube! what in all creation does this mean?" she asked, looking from one to the other with dilated eyes.

"It means, Mandy," he replied, "that I hev brought ye this poor little orphan, an' we'll adopt her, an'—"

"Never! sir, never!"

Mrs. Reddick was one of those women who, not having the blessing of little ones conferred upon them, seem to hate the very sight of others' children.

"Never, Rube; I couldn't do it," she repeated in a husky voice, the tears ready to flow at sight of the pleading face before her.

"Mandy," said Rube, softly, "remember what Jesus said—"

"I know, Rube; but I can't take a mother's place. Ef it wuz a boy, I mightn't mind it so much."

"Boy! tut, tut!" exclaimed the big-hearted man, beginning to feel hopeful.

"Why, Mandy, boys is no account any way you take 'em. Soon's they're growed up they start off an' leave the ole folks to shift for themselves. Not so with the gals. This is a right smart little critter, so they tell me at the poor-house."

The little orphan felt she was not wanted there and the thought gave her pain. She looked up in Mr. Reddick's face and burst into a fit of weeping.

Millie Morewin, or "Little Millie," as she was called at the poor-house, was left an orphan four years previous to the opening of our story. She had

will spend their time in useless labor, like stepping on a perpetual treadmill, always going but never getting to any real good that is to be enjoyed and done in the world. So few persons,

Mr. Reddick often visited the place, bearing fruits of all kinds to be distributed among the children. He never allowed himself to forget them on his way to town.

Millie pleased him most with her sad eyes and winning ways.

The idea of adopting her took complete possession of him. So on this day he had left word that he would call in the evening and take Millie home with him. He had asked the child if she wished to go, and the orphan, looking upon Mr. Reddick as the only friend she had outside the poor-house, eagerly consented, as she had long since become deeply attached to the rough-looking but tender-hearted farmer.

Now, as she wept and clung to the one she loved as a father, Mrs. Reddick, who was not a hard-hearted woman by any means, was touched with a feeling of remorse that she had spoken as she did.

"My poor little dear," she cried; "come to me an' I'll try to be a kind mamma."

Millie ran to her and threw her arms about the good woman's neck.

"God bless ye, Mandy," said Rube, in a voice choked with tears. "I knowed ye'd be pleased with yer present."

And Mrs. Reddick was pleased, for Millie proved a great help to her.

Nine years rolled away and Millie grew to be a handsome and accomplished young lady of seventeen.

"We'll give her a first-class education, anyway," said Mr. Reddick, when the question of sending the little orphan to school was brought up.

So from the village school to a ladies' seminary Millie found her way in time, and, having acquired a good education, returned to the old folks on the farm.

One evening they were all seated on the verandah, Mrs. Reddick busy with her knitting, Rube nodding in his arm-chair and Millie reading aloud from a favorite author.

Some one appeared at the gate. "Who's this comin', Millie," asked Mrs. Reddick, as the gate was heard to swing and a tall man was seen coming up the gravel walk.

As the person drew nearer, Millie answered: "I don't know, mamma, a stranger, perhaps."

A stranger it was, and nearing the verandah he raised his hat to the ladies and inquired:

"Is this the Reddick farm?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Reddick, giving her dozing husband a nudge in the side.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old man, "I've bin dreamin', sure's yer born."

He saw the stranger and excused himself, inviting the gentleman to a seat.

The visitor might be described as a man of forty, dark hair and eyes, features well formed, wearing a heavy mustache. He was well dressed and appeared to be a gentleman in good circumstances.

"Mr. Reddick," said he, "I have traveled a long distance—from Australia—and am here at last. You will be surprised, no doubt, when you learn who I am."

Millie was all attention now.

"I don't recognize ye, thet's sure," said Mr. Reddick.

"There's somethin' about ye thet tells me ye air some long-lost friend, ef I'm not mistaken," said Mrs. Reddick, glancing at Millie.

"For the present I'll say I am a friend," the stranger said, with a smile.

"I reckon I've placed you now,"

M. J. ADAMS.

Wholesale Execution.

Eighty-eight men, who are called "rebels, belonging to a certain religious sect," have been beheaded at one time in Chang Chou, China. The offence of this sect seems to be that they appear in the streets as vendors of children's toys, the chief of which are cash swords, daggers and dragons, each formed out of 180 of the cash coins, strung together in various shapes. They are said to have annoyed the people a great deal by cheating the children, and to have caused much disturbance by higgling about prices, and a Chinese paper naively adds:

"Since the above-mentioned cases have been so severely dealt with not one of them has been seen on the street. The people highly appreciate the enforcement of stringent laws and prompt action."—N. Y. Sun.

An Infallible Remedy.

In a Chicago photographer's gallery. Customer (after looking at negative)—Not a single hair is shown on the head.

Photographer—No, for you are entirely bald.

Customer—Yes, I know that, but I intended to have my picture taken with a good crop of hair.

Photographer—What difference does it make?

Customer—Makes a great deal of difference. I am the manufacturer of the celebrated Never Fail hair restorer and I want to put my picture on the bottle.—Arkansas Traveler.

How Women Spend Money.

It is said of women that they delight to haggle over a bargain, and show a miserly spirit in all their dealings—that they patronize cheap restaurants—

"There, Mandy, ye've played a smart trick, ain't ye?"

"I couldn't help it, Rube."

"No harm done at all," Mr. Morewin assured them. "I thought it would be nice to surprise her; that's all—ah, here she is now," said he, as Millie came out with a pitcher of milk and a glass.

"Thank you, Miss!"

"Millie, sir—Millie Morewin."

"Ah, the same name as mine," said Mr. Morewin, with a glance of admiration at the handsome girl before him.

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"Thank you, Miss!"

"Millie, sir—Millie Morewin."

"Ah, the same name as mine," said Mr. Morewin, with a glance of admiration at the handsome girl before him.

"Yes, sir, and it seems to me I remember seeing you when I was a child," said Millie with a blush.

"So you did," said Mr. Morewin.

"Then you must be"—

"Your uncle, Millie, and I have traveled all this distance to find you."

"Oh how happy I am!" exclaimed Millie, kissing her uncle and running to Mrs. Reddick for a good cry.

"Well! I'll be switched ef thet ain't a curious way ter show yer happiness," said Mr. Reddick, shaking with laughter.

Mr. Morewin told his history, from the time he had left home to seek his fortune in far-off Australia; of the many hardships he had endured ere fortune favored him. Once he had received a letter stating that his brother and sister-in-law had died and left one child. He wrote, inquiring about the child's whereabouts, and was told that she had been sent to the poor-house.

Knowing that she was in good hands, he toiled on to increase his fortune, for Millie's sake, always postponing his visit home, until at last he concluded that it was wrong to remain away any longer, and so started, and here he was.

It was a joyous gathering at the Reddick farm that night.

Next day they all took a drive through the country, Mr. Morewin being well-pleased with its appearance. He said he had intended to return to Australia with his niece, but did not know what was best to do.

"Oh uncle," pleaded Millie, "don't think of taking me away from papa and mamma after all they have done for me."

"Can't we all go?" asked Mr. Morewin, with a smile.

"We could not leave the farm, Mr. Morewin, said Mrs. Reddick, with tears of gratitude in her eyes for the kind words spoken by the orphan she had leaned to love so dearly.

So it was arranged that Millie's uncle should remain with the old folks on the farm. He sold his interest in Australia, and with a large fortune at his disposal, made many improvements about the place, built a handsome residence near the old home, furnished it in the latest style throughout and presented it to the old folks. The old home was held for the use of hired help.

"Nor were the children at the poor-house forgotten. Every child received a gift, and the keepers each were surprised with a handsome check for their kindness to the fatherless and motherless ones left to the world's pity.

Millie has a number of suitors but Harry Brown, son of a neighboring farmer, stands the best chance of winning her hand and fortune.

They are all happy now, and the old folks bless the idee that came to them in the long ago, when they adopted Millie, the orphan.

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an elegant manner, have not the necessary means to do so. To all such I would say: Do not despair. In the absence of the money, which would make it easy to purchase the articles desired, you must use your brains and economize.

To a woman about to go to house-keeping with limited means, I would recommend the example of a friend of mine who recently went to Florida to live, and who had to make the best of a not plethoric purse.

She had not the means to purchase a cupboard, but she took the big box her piano came in and set it in the corner of the kitchen, with the opening in front. After papering it inside and out with comparatively inexpensive wall-paper, at forty cents a bolt, a carpenter was called in, at only three dollars and fifty cents a day, to nail narrow strips of board inside for cleats, with boards sawed the right length placed across for shelves.

The space underneath made a nice roomy place for the firkins of raspberry jam, guava jelly, imported marmalade and other necessaries. The carpenter also made a smaller box, placed on the top, and corresponding in length with the lower one. That was similarly papered, and a shelf put in about halfway between the upper and lower part.

So she had three deep long shelves for her silver, besides space at the bottom for her china.

Covering the whole front of this neat and convenient cupboard was a brocaded silk plush curtain, arranged to slide easily back and forth by rings running on a brass rod. The rings cost but five cents each, the brackets fifteen cents each, and the rod two dollars. She obtained the silk plush at a bargain—four dollars per yard. Eight yards sufficed, making the total cost only about thirty-five dollars.

As chairs were scarce, she covered soap-boxes and the like with silk plush of a handsome shade, which made quite stylish-looking seats.

Her work-stand is made of a little deep, narrow box, one side being used for the top, of course, with neat strips of board, painted dark brown, nailed on the ends for legs, and a stand cloth of antique lace over satin was sufficient to hide the interior. This stand cloth cost but eight dollars and twenty-five cents.

The box that her statuary group—"Coming to the Parson"—came from the factory in, has always been kept as a pedestal for that statuette, as it is as high and large across as a suitable stand would be. It was covered first with stiff paper, to give a smoother surface, and then with an elegant plush and gilt cover, which cost but seven dollars and fifty cents. Altogether, it forms as pretty a piece of furniture as a stand made at the factory would do.

One not used to any thing but the regulation chamber sets would be surprised to see what pretty substitutes can be got up after the same general style—the tables, with their dainty toilet accessories; the stumps, with their pretty covers and splashes. My friend prefers the real articles, of course; but when they are lacking she will have as pretty and convenient substitutes as she can get.

Barrels are also utilized in a pretty way. The one upon which Daisy keeps her music looks quite pretty, covered as it is with antique lace over satin. Of course, the inside is used for storage.

If it were not for taking up too much room I would speak of her shelving in detail. There are so many places where a shelf or bracket, even of carved walnut, is an added convenience, and all unsightliness is removed by putting on a crocheted cover or a China silk scarf.

It makes me inwardly groan sometimes in visiting friends to see their unhandy housekeeping arrangements, making their work so needlessly hard, when a little planning and contrivance on their part would make such a difference, and be so economical.—William H. Sivilor, in Puck.

—In the early days only a few scholars and priests knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, at the same time saying "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the handmark, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression used in modern documents.

—Teacher—"Bobby, what do you know about the ocean?" Bobby—(loudly)—"Big ships sail on it."

Teacher—"And what do they do on the big ships when the sea runs high in stormy weather?" Bobby—"Drink brandy and lemon juice."—Town Topics.

—The salary of a judge in the mountain districts of Kentucky is \$500 a year, of a county attorney \$500, of a clerk \$750, and of a sheriff \$300.

—Over \$20,000 a year is spent by Quakers for tobacco.