

He Did Not Write It.

I remember a story that I did not write, says a reminiscient reporter in the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is not a pretty story. You must go to the slums with me if you wish to hear it. For there is gilded vice in such a little city as ours. There is only the thinnest, yellow veneer, flp-specked at that, over the revolting bareness. In the bygone years, among the women graced with the name of women by sex, though seemingly by no other attribute, was one, notorious. Viler than she there was none, and more than one crime stands opposite her name in the police records. Theft, murder and suicide take the police reporters day after day into the quarters of the city that such as she inhabit, and it was while making my daily rounds of news points that I soon scented a mystery. On two afternoons each week a closed carriage would wait at the street corner nearest the house of this harriidan. A woman gowned in black and wearing a thick crape veil would leave the house, walk hurriedly to the corner, enter the carriage and be driven westward. The problem was an easy one for a reporter to solve. A bribe to the driver of the carriage, a trip down town, a plausible lie to one of the good sisters in a Catholic institution, a chat with one of her pupils, and I had the chief facts of the story. The scarlet woman and the crape-clad one were the same. Each visit of hers to the convent was to see a pretty child, fast growing into womanhood. And there in the dimly-lighted room the pure girl in her demure conventual dress would sit by the hour listening to stories of her mother from the lips of the woman who called herself that mother's friend. They were stories of a happy childhood spent in a country town, of girlish merry-makings, of life in an old farm house among the elms after a youthful marriage, and, last, of an early death.

And they were true, these stories—all true. For there are deaths and deaths.

These visits and these talks had been going on for years before I knew of them. They lasted for several years afterward. And during all that time the veil of the visitor was never lifted in the convent parlour; the lips of the woman never touched those of the girl. Trained with jealous care by good women, the child grew into womanhood, and it was time for her to leave the only home she knew. About this time the notorious woman disappeared from Louisville. The police here knew she was continuing her career in an eastern city, and within the year came the news of her death from morphine poisoning. Long before that, however the girl in the convent had been told that her mother's friend was dead and by will had left her a little cottage in a town far west of here, and an income large enough to keep her from temptation and want.

The sisters knew the wretched woman's secret. No others did. It was a good story for a reporter's view-point. But somehow I kept thinking of the veiled woman whose face was never shown, whose lips never touched her child's, who never felt the responsive arm clasp of a daughter drawn to a mother's breast, and I did not write the story.

Dehorn the Calves.

By all means dehorn a calf during its first two or three weeks, by applying a stick caustic potash. Clip the hair closely over the button, and wet the surface, not wetting around the horn. A little soap in the water removes grease, so that the potash will act more readily. Dip one end of the stick of potash in rain water, and wait till it becomes slick and softened; then use it like a pencil to rub the surface of the little horn. Do not fail to cover all the surface and do not extend farther out. Paint one horn and then the other, then the first again, etc., till five or six rubbings have been given, so as to thoroughly fill the surface. 'Tis all done in a few minutes, and is much easier and neater if the little thing is held firmly by an assistant, and especially if taken when quite young—as soon as you feel the buttons forming. A scab will form over the spot which will come off in a month or two, and the calf's poll will be as smooth as a muley. It has cost about one cent, and is a perfect job and humane.

Michael Burns is exceedingly happy these days, and his face is prolonged with a constant smile. He is an old Crimean soldier and, after passing through the war and receiving his discharge, he was granted a pension of nine pence per day. This pension has lately through the efforts of Lt. Col. Vince and Dr. Hand, been increased an additional sixpence per day. Hence Michael's smiles.—Sentinel.

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