Love makes the solid grossness musical;
All melicus in the marvel of its breaths,
Life's level facts attain a lyric swell,
And inquid births leap up from rocky deaths,
Witching the world with wonder. Thus, today,
Watching the crowding people in the street,
I thought the obbing and the flowing feet
Movel to a delicate sense of rhythm alway;
And that I heard the yearning faces say,
"Soil, sing me this new song!" The autum

leaves
Throbbed subtly to me an immortal tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon
soft melodies slid down on me from the caves,
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.
—Richard Realf.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

The waves break on the shore of the Norti sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over its surface, driving the waves high b fore it. On their crests rises and sinks the white foam. How the water surges forward, as if it would rush far into the land. But again and again it retreats from the white sand, only to return in haste the next morn-

On the shore lies stretched out they illage of Husom. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally de into a garden, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husom manage to get their living. They are all fishermen, and the sea is their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhibarating occupation by when a suidon storm springs up a tibe to sair far from land and a few retter lower upon the water to broad, then one up and

Theset rows up h and most of the south ng to have their property in the same may. They are both young, large, vigorous m, with sun burned faces and toll hardened

At last their loats too rest on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up and buttoning his short jucket, "mis will be a fleree blow to-night." The other modded: "It is lucky that none

Meanwhile they have started homeward, and strile along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint light gleaming from a

They are passing a small house, and, almost by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white bair and beard sits in a large arm chair; his head has failen forward on his breast—a picture of the life fast sinking to rest. At the table, on the opposite side, sits, in bright contrast, a young girl, sewing-a fresh, lovely face, with rous rosy cheeks and luxuriant, fair hair. Kate Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most industrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with earnest glance. Early and late she is busy, supporting herself and her aged father by her own hands.

The lotterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Gosd night, Christoph," and crossed the street to his home. He had heard the reply to his greeting, and now waited and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground. Christop's had not gone on, but had turned back-for what? Lars felt a misgiving. He, too, hastened back. The wind drives full in his face, but he does not beed. Now he hears Christoph's steps before him, but cannot see, for it is very dark. There stands the little house where Knti Mason lives. Christoph stands by the window. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls full upon him. He hears a tap on the window, and now Christoph has his hand on the door, and it opens before

Thou, Christoph? What brings thee so late?" asked Katie, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking. I was passing and saw thee satting, so

stopped to bid thee "leep well." "Thou dear!" sine said, putting out her

The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Christoph, using all his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the door, Lars grew bot under his course jacket; hot in spite of the bluste ing wind. He stepped close to the door and bound speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jeniousy. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him. At last the door opened and Christoph stepped out, "Sleep well, dear girl, he whispered, "Goodby, dear Christoph The key was turned in the lock. Christoph went home, the joy of love requited in his heart. The other, too, turned homeward, but a long time passed before he reached the

They had grown up together-Lars, Chris-

toph and Katie. The three had played to-

gether continually as caldren, and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn or the sled by none but Lars or Christoph. When they grew larger they went to school together and were confirmed together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever come between them, never had the girl shown whether she had preferred one of the lads to the other. As these developed into strong men, Katle bloomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village, and Rob Steffel ventured to intimate as much, in a rough fashion, to the girl. The following day his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said—the truth was, Rob would not show his discolored face. From that time the young fellows held themselve from Katie Mason. But between Lars and Christoph the old intimacy began grad-ually to diminish. They went with Katie to her first dance. Who should be her first They disputed long over it out of partners the giri's hearing, and at last, with heated faces, appealed to her to choose between Katie looked at them, and for the first time felt a misgiving that if she chose one the other would be deeply hurt. So she said: "It makes no difference to me which I dance with first, but if it is of so much account to you draw cuts." They did so, and Christoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter Katte looked on with apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast under her bodice, and when it was decided she almost unconsciously smiled with evident pleasure. Lars saw it, and from that day ealousy began to take root deeper and deeper in his heart, and there was no lack of occasion to develop it. Margrit Hermensen. Katie's best friend, went to the altar to plight her faith. Katie was chosen to carry the wreath, accompanied by Christoph. When

Both young men grew violent, and only Katle's presence of mind in declaring she did not wish to go to the wedding prevented perhaps the very worst outbreak of Lars' passionate storm of anger. After that the two avoided each other as much as possible, but sought to be with Katie. Each knew that the other loved the girl, and both felt secretly

Lars heard of it he opposed it vehemently.

onscious to whom Katie's heart inclined | HOW FOLKS SHAKE HA! Christoph, the calmer and more self possessed, felt a silent, blissful happiness taking posses-sion of his heart when the girl looked at him with her blue eves so sweetly and kindly. Lars, more vehement, believed at times that Katie loved him, her manner was always so cordial. But, again, when he saw her with cordial. But, again, when he saw her with Christoph, a voice within told him that he was not the favored one, and he suffered litter torment. So it had gone on till the evening when the young thermen returned together from the shore. Christoph's heart beat fast at the quiet, peaceful scene in old. Mason's cottage, and it drew him back with irresistible power to heave a greeting for the beloved one But after he had entered the half, in his effort to close the door, a violentity thurn mean by to close the door, so violently flung open by the storm, he suridenly became conscious of Katie in his arms. And while it regol and Katle in his arms. And walls stormed without he kissed her, and in wild shappiness he whispered: "Katle, do you love the paint he in your hand, as thou me?" She did not answer, but her lips pressed were handling that which may be face of the

The next morning Lars stood on the shore mending his boat, when Rob Steffel came by "You are early, though you came home ite. Were you with your sweetheart?"

Lars, and there is may, resuming his work, and offers and there is a many the state of the digits in your outawar but the string that he When the other saw our of sight he flung down his ax, and went back to the village. Slowly, with downcast head, he walked. Before the house of old Muson he paused, then with a suiden resolution be entered. But, as if bound, he stood in the doorway-in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Christoph. A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Christoph stepped toward Lars, put out his hand, and said: "Katie is my since last evening. I intended to come di-rectly to you and tell you."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quiv-ered on his lips. It was excessively painful to the girl. Size felt wint a blow sie had given him, though blameless herself. She longed to say something to him, but could not find the right word. So she only looked at hira, and without speaking held out her hand to him, but he turned away and left the

Toward noon tipe shore was alive with men.

The sea gleamed in the sunshine again, the

waves blayed gently, and a soft wind was The day was favorable for a large baul. All the fishermen of the village were gathered together, the nets and ears were out into the boats, the sails spread wide, and the little flest sailed far out into the broad, beautiful sea. Katie stood on the shore, sending greetings to her sweetheart as long as his boat was in sight. Then she went home, smiling happily to herself. She had much to After she had seen to her old father, who sat quietly in his chair and smeked a short pipe, she went about her work. How it flew under her hands today, though frequently she stopped, gazing down lost in sweet dreams. Then she worked so much the faster again. So hour after hour flew by unheeded. At last the day's task was ended and Katie went to the door. weather had changed, the sun had disappeared behind thick clouds and the sky hung in gray folds over the sea. The fishermen also had duished their work. The rich booty lay in the boats, promising a fine reward for their hard labor. But in the east it was black and threatening. They must reach home be-fore the storm came on. The little sails spread out, the ships flew over the water, spread out, the ships flew over the water, causing the foam to break over the deep dripping shies. Then came the first blow strong against the sails; the loaded boats threatened to upset. The men were forced to take in the day seems all the brighter for the gleam. The Dignified Shake.—Much affected by You are may be, immersed dark, and the sea lifted itself restlessly into huge, far folling waves. Then the storm broke loose with wild force; it howled and lashed the sea till it reared in short, foam capped waves. The men rowed with all their might; the shore could not be far away, though it was not visible in the darkness. Abead of all the others shot Christoph's boat; close behind him was Lars'. It seemed as if the two were running a race for the safety of the shore. A wave seized Christoph's bont, lifted it high and flung it with its broad side against the end of Lars' vessel, breaking it in. Lars saw it sinking before him. A thought shot through his heart, frightful and vivid: "Let the waves bury Christoph and Katie is yours." But the thought was gone in a moment; in the next he had leaned far out, grasped the constant friend of his youth, now struggling with death. But he lost his own balance, sitting on the extreme edge. He flung out his hand to catch hold of something,

last, desnairing ery was lost. At last the fishermen had painfully reached guish stood waiting the returning ones, "Katie," cried a voice from the darkness

arms.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are here!" She led him to her house. He was silent all the way, only holding her fast. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house, she noticed for the first time that his clother were saturated, and asked the reason. his mouth quivered with repressed pain, Journal.

while he answered: "Kayo, the storm destroyed my boat. Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and"-

"What?" she asked, breathlessly "I could not save him," he said, almost in

After a few days the sea washed the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day. Lars had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Katie and Christoph when he was buried in the little The thought of him, the conchurchyard. sciousness that his sacrifice had secured their happiness never left them.

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars.-Translated from the German by L. V. Stur.

The Universal Custom.

only custom which seems to be universal, according to a gentleman who has just commenced a trip around the world, is he use of tobacco. In many places he saw the weed used by women as much as by men.

Everybody found smoking on the streets of Sangutock, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.

A FEW TYPES WITH WHICH OF US ARE FAMILIAR.

descension-A Cold, Clammy Gr Pump Handle-Gushing-Dignifi Grip of Priendship.

The bony stake is not confined ex; it may be found able in tall an stout and thin; and consists of an offe bones only of the right hand; not unt band closes round the shaker's palm c feel the coldness, the lack of fervo greating; there is no responsive grip own, but the inneces only of the flug arribed as belonging to one of the spacezors of society, one who is a wet on edge, and in whose unexpressive

Lars looked at him, red with anger. He struck the wood with his ax, and the object flew far around.

"Hobo!" continued the other, "you did not have good luck, it seems."

"Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to you whether I have good luck or not?

Rob Steffel stepped nearer. "You are unjust to me," he said. "A big fellow like you should not take it so meekly. Christoph has plainly taken the fish away from you."

Lars made no answer, but his hand clasped the ax convuisively. "You and I have no love for Christoph," continued Rob; "let us join together against him," and he held out his band. "I want nothing to do with you," replied windfall, and curious isn't it, the are, and it is not away, resuming his work.

Rob Ste tel laughed scornfully, an went

the hand you grasp, giving you a feeling of dissatisfaction and discust as you has finelively think of Ucah Heep, and, under one prefext or another, furtively take out your pecket handkerchief to wipe off the moisture which seems to have passed from the palm of the shaker into yours. Possessel, as a rul, by those whose tempers have gone wrong, whose milk of human kindness has turned sow, or whose hidden purposes it is impossible to fathom, the clammy hand frequently belongs o those with whom it is not pleasure to lead In all fiction the glostly hand is key cold, or slss a fishy, clammy grasp—either will to to fill up the barrowing detail. Even grim dath himself is supposed to touch us with a similar grasp. Take warning in time; never tryand perpetrate a joke with a man who has a fairy

and shake for a greeting.

The Mechanical Shake,—Who is not familiar with the action of a pump bandle is it is pushed up and down, and in some hand is no soul in it; the lifting up and down of the arm, which, when it is released, falls flown flat against the owner's saie; the neclassical atterance of a few commonplice words spoken like an automaton, all these tell you enough of the character of the man sho stands before you. You cannot gather graces from thorns, or else you might expect minries to occur again on carth; and if you think there is any enthusiasre below the sir-face in the mind of the mechanical shaler. why all we ask is try and force it out of him if you can.
The Gushing Shake.—The how-are-ton

shake, with the how very large and loud, the sort of greening that fairly takes your breath way and makes you fear you will be eaten before you know it—the jolly man or the jolly woman, to whom life is a pleasure and whose existence is a series of delights, who wants everybody to be as happy as he is himself and whose flow of spirits fairly infects you with some me sure of the same good lumor; your usual sobermindedness, may be, comes to the rescue just in time, however, and you get

the professions. You are, may be, immersed in some pursuit for the good of mankind at large, or for your own special town (for we trust you are respectable and belong to some where); big with importance, you stroll along, and, so strolling, you meet the dignified shake, you had thought of communicating your opinions to the lady or gentleman you have now met, but-one touch of the hand. and away fles the fancy! Like the frozen mutton of the antipodes, you will want thawing in the warmth of friendship before you can talk to any one again; and, as the gush-ing shaker gave you life and light, so the dignifled shaker gives you a douche of cold water, which takes away your energy and

spirits for the day.

The Friendly Shake.—The hearty grasp, which, without being too violent, either to crush the bones or to hurt gers, is yet warm enough, fervid enough, tell you that the shaker's heart is but found nothing, and plunged headlong. A right. You have only to look into the eyes huge wave seized the boat, threw is far from of such a one to be able to read the honesty place, and in the roaring of the waves a of purpose that shines through the lamps of the soul; a grasp that tells of a loving heart, in whose recesses there are sympathies that the shore. Women and old men full of an- can share the woes as well as the joys of others; that can afford to laugh at the narrow minded, the selfish and the wicked; but can and the girl felt herself embraced by two offer to those whom they respect the genial hand shake, wherein every muscle, every nerve, tells of a desire to do all they can to cheer the path in life of those they meet, and inspire within their fellow creatures' hearts the knowledge that there are among us still those who are ready to offer at all times and seasons the fervial grasp that tells of friendship, of fellowship and good will.-Home

A Professional Beggar's Generosia A friend of mine tells me that late to one of the kind who represent themselves as sorely in need of a night's lodging and beeech the gift of a few cents to make up the price required. Thinking to turn the tables upon the mendicant, my friend pull d a lugrubious face, heaved a sigh and said: "I wish I could help you, but I'm out of work, I'm too lame to walk to my lodging and I am looking for some one to lend me five cents to get there in the horse cars," Quickly diving his hand into his pocket and exclaiming, fervently, "You shan't suffer if I can help you," the beggar produced a nickel, which he thrust the man sat."-Youth's Companion. into my friend's hand and was off before a protest could be made. - Boston Post.

A Use for Banana Skins.

The other day I saw a boy give a banana skin to a horse which helps street cars up the Incline from Cornhill to State street Washington. It was eaten with evident rel-Isb, and it struck me that I had rarely seen a happier use of a very dangerous article. Kind hearted people should make a note of this for the benefit of draught horses which stand on the sides of our streets. The poor things receive so much ill treatment from svil disposed passers by that the better dis-posed should be glad to make them some comnsation. - Boston Post.

rickles foun out who stoll me marefron an' cum ober an' licked Whalebone widin

inch of his life besides.
"Take de case of Bermuda Jones, who libs nex' doah to Condensed Cunningham. Berminda sot down wid a piece of chalk an' figgered up dat wickelness paid 200 per cent. an' he went ober to de grocery, backed up agin a cracker bar'l, an' while he ingaiged de groeer in a religus discushion wid one hand, he filled his hind pecket wid crackers wid de le started out of dat grocery feelin' dat he was seben cents ahead an' still gamin', but what was de result! A smail boy, who was in dar to buy a cent's worf of tally, seed de hull performance an' told de grocer. Besmuda was follered home, knocked down in his own kitchen, an' made to give up de fo cane seat cheers in his parlor to settle de case. Did be profit by his badness! Did he make any 200 per cent, on dati

Agin, take de case of Kurnel Leffingwell Kabar. I had six Leghorn hens in my coop, an'he coveted 'em. Instead of comin' to me in a frank, honest way an' offerin' to buy dose hens at deir value an' gibin' me his note due in thirty days, he steals upon my coop in de gloom of midnight an' forcibly captivates my He chuckled to hisself ober his smartness an' he figured up his 200 per cent. profit, but a Nemesis war' on his trail. He lefs one of de ole blue patches on his pants on a nail in de coop, as' when I found my hens gone I walked ober to his humble cabin an took him by de neck an' drawed him out Some of you hev probably heard dat he went into a decline soon arter dat, an' dat when de post mortem was held three of his ribs war' iound stickin' out of his back,

"I hey figgered on goodness an' badness an' I tell you dat badness doan' pay. Some of you may hev lifted a ham at deco'ner grocery out bein caught at it, but yit how did you feel when you met a policeman, or when a strange knock cum at de doah! Guilt was sich a burden on yer soul dat de ham tested like sawdust, an' you woke up at midnight to see spooks standing by yer beds. De good man goes aroun' wid his hat on his ear, afeared of nobody an' leokin' eberybody squary in de eye. If he happens to see de-patra wagon gwine along he doen' turn pale If anybody happens to lay a hand on him he donn't sink inter his butes.

"How ar' it wid do had man? He's allos lookis' fur b'ar traps an' spring guns. He's allus 'spectin' to be 'rested an' sent up. A strange knock at his cabin doah sends a chill. up his back. Go whar' be will, he feels guilty an' afeared, an' some fine day when he am out injoyin' de balmy breeze 'long cums a detective an' claps de handcuffs on him, an away he goes to state prison fur ten y'ars. You kin figger an' figger, but goodness am bound to come under de wire a full length

The president's address created considerable excitement, and Waydown Bebee was ready with the following preamble and resolution

"Whereas, Goodness ar' moa' profitable dan badness, an' also easier on de conshience; now, dar'fore
"Resolved, Dat it ar' de sense of this meet

in' dat we stick to goodness," The resolution was adopted by a unanimous rote, and the meeting adjourned with much good feeling. - Detroit Free Press.

A Sensitive Monkey.

Dogs and other pets are often keenly alive to praise and blame, and seem to know al most infallibly whether they are being well or ill spoken of. The extremest case of which we ever read was that of a canary which died from grief at being harshly addressed by its

Here is an anecdote which shows that monkeys are not wanting in sensibility of the same interesting and amiable sort. moted from Mr. Bates' "Naturalist on the He calls the creature "most ridiculously tame," and adds;
"It was an old female, which accompanied

its owner, a trader on the river, in all his voyages. By way of giving me a specimen of its intelligence and feeling, its master set to and rated it soundly, calling it scamp, heathen, thief, and so forth, all through the copious Portuguese vocabulary of vitupera

The poor monkey, quietly seated on th ground, seemed to be in sore trouble at this display of anger. It began by looking earnestly at him, then it whined, and lastly rocked its body to and fro with emotion, crying piteously, and passing its long, gaunt arms continually over its forehead; for this

was its habit when excited. "At length its master altered his tone. "'It's all a lie, my old woman; you're a angel, a flower, a good, affectionate old

"Immediately the poor monkey ceased its wailing, and soon after came over to where

How It Is Done.

Omaha Capitalist—Do you call that a survey of a new railroad? Why, it looks like a pumpkin vine. Kansas Speculator-Well, you see we had

to twist it around a good deal so as to take in all the points at which we could buy land cheap.
"A road like that will never pay. It don't

start anywhere or go anywhere."

"Oh! We can keep it running a while on
the profits of our town lots; that's easy

"But what will you do after the lots are

"Straighten it out."-Omaha World.

CHAS M.

Brick Store.

RSES HOEING and CENT

Special attention gives

HEISLER has removed

NWARE

And numerous other ar of which are sold cheaper tha

Fine display of gor

CAREY'S BUILDING,

freed people not far away, and said is tender tones; "But they don't have dem over there," A great gespel of divinity and of tender bumanity seemed spoken in two brief sentences. Great souls can move other souls

"AS THE SPIRIT TOLD HER." In the winter of 1871-72 I spent some time

in Washington, and about mid winter barned that Solourner Truth was in the city. not known her ways this would have been a surprise, for the long winter's journey from her home at Battle Creek, in the ter of Michigan, was a serious undertaking for a woman near her 100th birthday. But I knew that she always went "as the good pirit told ber," and that some strong feeling of duty to be done led her to the capital city Her way opened, not long after, for some good service among the freedmen at the hospitals. I soon went to see her and she said, with great earnestness: "I believe de good Lord sent you, for you are do very one I wanted to see." Asking what was specially wanted, she said: "I want to see Presentation Grant, and you can get me there." I told her that was easier said than done, but I would try, and the next day wrote a note to him, saying she wished to see him at some fit time, took it to the White House, and it in to the business office, and a verbal message soon came back to me in the waiting room that any morning would sait.

In a few days Sojourner, with two lades, a venerable friend of Quaker birth and my seif, went to meet the appointment and I will in a card, "Sojourner Truth and friends," which brought back in a half hour a messee ger to escort us to President Grant's office. He sat at the end of a long table in the center of the room, with documents piled before rim, and just closing an interview with other ersons. I stepped forward to introduce th sarty and to bring Sejourner beside the table. She had met President Lincoln, and he, a born Kentuckian, could call her "Aunty" is the old familiar way, while Grant, though mally, was reticent, and all was not quit easy at first. But a happy thought came to dened some bill of new engrantees of instithe colored people. Sie spoke of this will gratitude; the thin ice broke and words cam freely from both, for Grant was an easy and

Standing there, tall and erect while stirred in soul by the occasion, her wonderful eyes glowed as she thanked him for his good deeds nd gave wise counsel in her own clear and quaint way.

FINE AND SIMPLE DIGNITY. Her words came in tones full of deep power and tenderness, and he listened with great interest and respect, and told her that he "hoped always to be just to all and especially to see that the poor and defenseless were fairly treated." His voice and manner tob. low his heart was touched, and his sofience tones showed how "the bravest are the ten derest." She told him how his tasks and trials were appreciated and how much faith was placed in his upright doing of duty to the oppressed, and be quietly, yet with much feeling, expressed the hope that he might ever be wise and firm and never forget the inalien-

able rights of all

Only great souls can comprehend true greatness, and these two understood each other. Nothing in the illustrious career of Gen. Grant gave me a fuller sense of his largeness of heart and mind than his unpre ending simplicity and appreciative respect in this interview, while the fine and simple dig nity of Sojourner Truth also gave me a fulier sense of her large womanhood. She said to him: "I have a little book here that I call my sook of life. A good many names are in it, and I have kept a place on the same page with Lincoln's for you to write your name He replied: "I am glad to put it there," wrote his autograph in her little book. She then said: "It will do me good for you to have my photograph," and with evident pleasure he thanked her and selected one from several laid on the table,

The conversation had lasted beyond the sual time, others stood by, waiting their turn, yet listening with great interest, and fit time came to leave. The president rose from his chair and gave Sojourner his hand with a parting word of good will. This mutual respect and appreciative sympathy between the president of a great republic and a woman born a slave and representing an oppressed people was admirable and inspir -G. B. Stebbins.

Strange Control of Horses Since boyhood I have always had a strange

control of horses. I can no more explain it than I could tell you why my eyes are back; but it is a fact that before I have handled a horse long he will follow me like a dog and answer my command. I once had the four sorses that pull the engine at Broadway and Almond under such control that at the dis-tance of a block they would answer my whistle and race like the wind to see which could reach me first. An old fire horse was one sold to an ashman. He was hitched to a post a block away, and I thought I recognized him, and I whistled. I had not seen him for two years, but he recognized my whistle, and, breaking the bitching strap, he came tearing to me, with the cart rattling behind him. A few minutes later the excited owner came up and thanked me warmly for catching his runaway borse,—Assistant Fire Chief in Globe-Democrat. BILL NYE

Gives His Version of the Story of Cha

A constant resider of The Globe has well ten to know something of Charlotte Cordsy and as the letter has been referred to make great pleasure in stating briefly, as in glowing terms, what I am able to read of this escentric young woman's life.

Charlotte Cordsy was born on a foreign

SHOEING and GENI honor of the large speckled gray horse with thick, piano legs and gross needs, that come from there to engage in hauling beg wagers in the land of the free and the home.

FIRST-CLASS II of the brave.

Here Charlotte Conday was born on a foreign control of the large speckled gray horse with thick, piano legs and gross needs, that come from there to engage in hauling beg wagers in the land of the free and the home.

Here Charlotte Was born in the year 1762.

Here Charlotte was born in the year 1722. Like the record of Mr. Spartacus, who, is speaking of his own experience, said that he early life ran quiet as the clear brook by which he sported, the childhood of Charlotte Corday was almost devoid of interestating monotonous and unanimous, as a said made man said to me not long since, referring to the climate of the south.

She early turned her attention, however, to the matter of patriotism, hoping to the tain a livelihood in the patriot line some day. She investigated the grievances of France, and gave her attention almost og clustvely to the invention of some way by which to redress these grievances. Some of them had not been redressed for centaries, and they ought to have been ashamed a themselves.

themselves.

According to all accounts, the grievance of France were, at that time, in full dress and short sleeves, ready for the ball to

It fell to the lot of Charlotte Corday is open the ball.

open the hall.

She was a beautiful girl, with clear by eyes, placed at equal distances from a tailight referred nost which was pale when a repose, but flushed delicately, when she was in tears. Her ripe and ruddy Franch mean opened and closed readily when she was engaged in conversation, and her white m beautiful shoulders, ever and anon, while in talked, humped themselves like a hired ma

on his way to dinner.

She had, also, tresses of hair of that pers far Titian variety which is supposed to g with freekles and a high temper. The in-torian says that her hair tooked black as divided over her fair forchead and has back across her shapely head, but at night as it was draped across the righty cares or the Norman Hose company could play upon it, you would have thought it a beign and inflammatory red. Charlotte Cords was tall and graceful, and when her class step and heroic fest followed the light menure of some gay French tune at an Octobe pumpkin peeling, she could dance on to ours without jarring the glass in the wis dows very much.

Her costume was simple and did not cos a great deal. It consisted of a Normanly cap made of cheese cloth in shape like th tail of a setting ben, and trimmed in free with real French lace from the ten est counter. Her dress was all wood delais with a pin stripe in it and trimmed with the same. Her other dresses were different Her stockings were tall and slender as see hanging on the weman clothes line at Cam but her heart was gay and happy as the day

Charliste Corday was one of a large family whose descendants were called Cor-duroy. They were the instigators of a styl-of read that has done more to shorten the spinal column and jolt the jejunum in chaos than any other line of invention throughout the United States.

Charlotte Corday had a voice which a companied her in all her rambles, and it i said that it was very musical and sound first rate.

Her parents were poor, so she had ver few advantages, as will be noticed at one by the careful student who reads her MSS. to day and notices where she has frequently spelled calibage with a k. She spoke Frest finently, but was familiar with no other for eign tongue whatever.

She took a great interest in politics, but not induce the administration. She did not indorse the administration. Sister felt more especially bitter toward a gentle man named Marat, who was rather literary in his habits and who also acted as a kin of chairman of the National Central co mittee. To his other work he had also al ded the tedious and exhausting task of pick-ing out people and indeesing them as suits ble persons to be beheaded. Being a jour nalist he had to write nard all the evening to get the hock full of red hot political ed-torial copy, and then when he should have gone to bed and to rest, he had to take the directory and pick out enough people for

mess the following day. In this way Marat was kept very bus, with the foreman on his heels all day as the guillotine on his heels all night, and every man was afraid to see the deputs sheriff coming, for fear he had a subports for him. It was no unusual thing in these days for a Frenchman to turn off the gas and go to bed, only to find his shirt collar all bloody where the guillotine had burged his hair just above his Adam's apple in the morning.

Those were indeed squirming times, as M. de Lamartine, a humorous writer of Prance, has so truly said. No man felt perfectly safe when he saw Marat at a sociable of caucus. It was impossible to tell whether he had come to write the thing up for he paper or pick out some more people to be killed by the administration. They got to that Marat could induce any of them to sub scribe for his paper, and people advertised in his columns for things they did not want in order to show that they felt perfectly

friendly toward him.
*It was at this time that Charlotte Corday called one morning at the apartments Mr. Marat with a view to assassinating him She sent in worl that a young lady from Caen desired to see Mr. Marat for the pur-pose of paying her subscription. She was pose of plying her subscription. She was told that the editor was taking a bath. She laughed a cold, incredulous laugh, for she had seen a great many French journalist, and when one of them sent word to her that he was bathing she could ill repress a low, gurgling laugh.

Finally she was admitted to his private apartments, where he was indeed in the bath with an old table cloth thrown over him, engaged in writing a scathing criticis on the custom of summer fallowing o buckwheat lands and sowing Swedish turnips on them in July, when the country

was so crowded for cemetery room.

Churlotte apologized for disturbing the great journalist at such a time, and remarking that we were having rather a backward spring produced a short stab knife with which she cut a large overcoat button hole in the able journalist's thorax.

She then passed into the office, and leaving word to have her paper stopped she went to the executioner.

Let us learn from this brief bit of history never to assassinate any one unless it be done in self detense.—Bill Nye in Boston Globs.

Pointed.

Isaac—I vants to write my name upos your heart, Repecca, but it was so hard as

Rebecca—Vy don't you try, Isaac, to write your name my heart on wid a five hundert tollar tiamond ring, ch?—Tem

Siftings.