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Baby's Name.

What shall we call her, our sweet maiden fair,
With her soft, dreamy eyes and her bonny brown hair
She came with the beautiful roses of June,
She is sunny and bright as the Summer noon,
And her laughing song, as she dances in glee,
Is soft as the rippling waves of the sea.

Oh call her not Rose, though she's queen of the flowers
That revel in beauty 'mid garden bowers,
For the bloom of her freshness is gone as the breath,
Or the mist of the morning that sweeps o'er the heath
When her leaves strew the pathway, her sharp thorns abound,
When buds and sweet roses once clustered around.

What think you of Heart's-Ease, so dear to us all?
That is sweetest and freshest when evening dews fall;
It loves the bright sunshine, yet blooms in the shade,
And springs in fresh beauty in wildwood or glade;
When Autumn's pale sunshine on roses unfold,
The bloom of the Heart's-Ease is purple and gold.

O then, dearest maiden, thy flower name shall be
An emblem of life in its sweetness for thee;
If the skies smile above thee, reflect in thy smile
The sunshine of Patience, earth's cares to beguile;
If clouds gather o'er thee, behind their dark fold
See the lining of silver with fringes of gold.

The weary and way-worn, the sad hearts to cheer,
Be thy mission of love when the pathway is drear;
When evening shades gather around thy dear home,
Let the calm of Contentment dispel all the gloom:
And at last, as the stars crown the glory of night,
So thy peace be reflected in Heaven's own light.

—Good Housekeeping.

THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

When the evening boat, quite crowded with passengers, swept gracefully up to the pier at Highbeach, one of the first to cross the gangway was Mr. Willis Tracey, youngest partner of the well-known banking firm of Tracey, Stokes & Tracey.

He was a substantial-looking man of 35, with a fresh, healthy complexion, clear, blue-gray eyes, and light auburn mustache. His whole appearance was suggestive of good nature, prosperity, and content; but at the present moment he betrayed a little nervousness, as his eyes ran rapidly along the long piazzas of the hotel, where people were promenading and enjoying the sea-breeze and the sight of the bathers on the beach.

Evidently his search was unsuccessful until his attention was attracted by a voice, which called out in shrill and juvenile tones:

"Lor', ma, if there ain't old Tracey! What's he doin' here, I wonder?"

Looking up, the gentleman thus prominently presented to public notice lifted his hat to two ladies, who were smiling down upon him from the piazza, while a small boy, in a Lord Fauntleroy cap and jacket, grinned a patronizing recognition.

As he passed on, a faint and conscious blush suffused his face. That lovely creature with the golden locks and rose-and-lily complexion, who had so radiantly greeted him, was Miss Juliette Bessamy, to whom he disigned that very evening to offer his hand and heart.

The blush had not quite faded from Mr. Tracey's face, when he found himself accosted by two ladies, who were just descending the hotel steps to the beach. He stopped and shook hands with them in a cordial, unembarrassed manner.

In fact, the elder of the ladies was the widow of his deceased uncle, and had, since his mother's death, been living with him and taking care of his house.

He had sent her to Highbeach about a week previous, partly to meet Alice, her daughter by a first marriage, who was there as companion to an invalid lady; for Mrs. Tracey's husband had died insolvent and left her poor.

It was Alice who now stood by her mother's side, quiet and smiling, as she gave him her hand.

"Why, Willis, this is a surprise!" Mrs. Tracey said. "I received your note to-day, and did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Yes, I know that I said something about being detained by business, but I managed to get through in time for the evening boat. I am glad to see you looking so well. How are you enjoying yourselves here?" he inquired, as he held a hand of each.

"It is delightful, now that mamma has come," Alice answered. "And it was so good of you to send her—indeed, the very kindest thing you could have done for either of us."

Though she spoke smilingly, her soft, dark eyes were suffused with tears, and Mr. Tracey's heart was touched.

He felt that he had not done half enough to deserve this grateful feeling.

He looked into the moistened eyes, and wondered why they seemed to sink before him, and why she drew away her hand so shyly.

Even when he had passed on, promising to join them presently on the beach, he found himself speculating on this new expression on Alice's face.

It was a sweet, fair face, which he had liked and admired ever since he had first known her as a little school-girl.

He had been accustomed to treat her almost as a cousin, lavishing upon her books and flowers and birthday and Christmas presents; but to-day, after a long absence, he had discovered something new and strange about her, and now it dawned upon him that she was no longer a mere school-girl, but a woman grown—almost 20 years of age, in fact. It was something of a surprise to Mr. Tracey.

"She is not looking well," he thought, "not as bright and rosy as she used to be. I fear she is too much overtasked. I wish I could persuade her to make her home with her mother in my house, but she prefers to be independent, as she calls it. I suppose she will marry soon. If I had ever thought of her as a woman and had not met Juliette——"

And his thoughts went back to his golden-haired love.

He was the last of the newly arrived to enter the clerk's office, and here was met with the information that there was not a vacant room to be had in the hotel, or indeed in the whole place.

It was an unpleasant situation, and at first seemed hopeless, but at length one of the female employes came to the rescue.

In the east wing, which was exclusively devoted to the accommodation of "ladies unaccompanied by gentleman," was a short passage-way opening upon a rear piazza. This passage, being of little use, had been shut in by a door and converted into a linen closet.

If the gentleman would be satisfied for one night with a cot in this limited apartment he should be properly attended to on the morrow, when some of the guests would be leaving.

Mr. Tracey was only too glad to secure a sleeping-place of any kind, so the arrangement was made, and with a mind relieved, he repaired to the beach and the society of the ladies.

That was a blissful evening to Mr. Willis Tracey. When he had paid some proper attention to Mrs. Tracey and her daughter, and attended them to the supper table, he was at liberty to seek the society of his charmer, the fair Juliette.

With her plumb, white arm resting on his and her blue, languishing eyes ever and anon glancing up into his own, while her soft, low voice mingled with the murmur of the ripples at their feet, they wandered away up the moonlit beach, where other couples were also strolling, and intent upon the same old story.

Mr. Tracey, shy and inexperienced in the lover's role, had carefully thought over and fixed in his mind all that he had to say. He had got as far as "No man's life is satisfied without the blessing of some pure woman's love," when he was interrupted by the unexpected presence of Master Bessamy, who came flying after them along the beach.

"Why, Rudolph! Where is mamma? Why have you left her?" his sister inquired.

"Oh, I guess she's lookin' for me! She wanted me to go to bed, jus' like a baby, and I wouldn't. I'm going to stay with you all.

"But, Dolphy, darling," said Juliette sweetly and persuasively, "you should not have run away from mamma. She will be very uneasy, and perhaps think you are drowned."

"I don't care!"

"But they will have the trouble of getting the boats out to look for you," said Mr. Tracey, gravely.

"Oh, my! what fun!"

"Won't you go back, my precious, like a dear, good little boy, and let mamma know that you are safe?"

"No, I won't. I'll stay here."

Mr. Tracey, though by no means a cruelly disposed man, could have seized the little wretch, and flung him into the sea. As it was, there was no help for it. He must wait for another opportunity for concluding his love story. And he wondered at Juliette's patience and sweetness, and felt more than ever anxious to secure for a life companion one whose amiable disposition seemed a pledge of future happiness.

After bidding his fair companion good-night, he sauntered about a little until the obliging linen mistress could show him to his closet—which she did with many warnings to keep quiet and not let his presence in this part of the house become known.

The place was more convenient than he had expected, but he had scarcely disposed himself for a night's rest when he became conscious of voices on the other side of the door against which his cot was placed.

He tried not to hear, but the speakers were close to the door, and the mention of his own name attracted his attention.

"It was too provoking for anything! Mr. Tracey was on the very point of proposing—the words were actually almost upon his lips—when that aggravating boy rushed in and spoiled it all. Really, mamma, I could have boxed his ears soundly."

Mr. Tracey started. Could that be his Juliette's voice, speaking in those high and angry tones?

"I will send him away to-morrow with his Aunt Louise," said Mrs. Bessamy, in tones of vexation. "It is too bad that, after all the trouble we have had in bringing that man to the point, this unfortunate contretemps should have occurred."

"I won't go home!" said Rudolph, defiantly. "You daren't send me, anyhow!"

"Why not you bad boy?" said his sister.

"'Cause I'll tell on you. I'll tell old Tracey that you d[illegible] your hair, and put that red stuff on your cheeks and lips. You guv me a dollar once not to tell anybody, but I will, now. And I'll hide your front teeth, like I did that time you was going to the ball, and ——"

"Hush, sir—hush this instant!" said his mother, apparently with an admonitory shake, for the amiable youth set up a howl, which was presently hushed by the promise of a popgun and a velocipede.

When peace was restored the voice of Juliette again became audible.

"Mamma, I made a discovery this evening. Alice Lee is in love with Mr. Tracey, and he is actually too stupid to perceive it!"

"Fortunately for you, Juliette. I have feared all along that he might fancy that girl, and if you don't hurry up matters she may yet steal a march on you. By the by, that Tracey house will have to be remodeled and refurnished, I suppose. It is all very handsomely fitted up, but not in the latest style."

"Indeed, mamma, I've no idea of living in the Tracey house. I shall insist, after we are married, upon moving into the new west end. I know it's expensive, but he can afford it, I'm sure. And I must have a more stylish carriage than that with which the Tracey girls were satisfied. Oh, trust me to have all I want and to enjoy myself now that I am going to marry a rich man! I owe it to myself for giving up poor Fred. If only Fred had Mr. Tracey's money——"

"Hush, Juliette! Positively you must not talk in this way. Suppose Mr. Tracey could hear you? What would he think?"

"He would be rather surprised, I suppose," she answered, laughing. "But don't be alarmed, mamma. I am not silly enough ever to let him suspect that I married him for his money."

"But how late it is! and I must really try to get a good sleep, for you know I must look as charming as possible to-morrow."

Mr. Tracey indeed was surprised. So surprised that long after all was still he lay in a half-dazed condition, which gradually gave place to an emotion of intense thankfulness at having escaped the snare laid for him. He could have taken Rudolph to his breast and hugged him in real affection.

But his pure and beautiful ideal of womanhood—was that destroyed forever? Juliette—the Juliette of his fancy had proved a myth; but—there was Alice. He knew Alice to be good and true. And could it really be, as Juliette had said, that Alice loved him?

Long before sunrise Mr. Tracey was up and miles away on the beach nerving himself to meet this new condition of things.

The Highbeach gossips who had taken an interest in his affairs were surprised to observe that on this evening not Miss Bessamy, but Miss Lee, was the companion of his moonlight stroll.

Some set him down as a flirt, while others asserted "on the best authority" that he had been discarded.

But what else could the Bessamys do, after being informed by Master Rudolph—who had peeped through the keyhole of the linen-closet—that Mr. Tracey had passed the night in that apartment?

Mr. Tracey is very friendly toward Rudolph to whom he considers himself indebted for his sweet young wife—Alice.—*Saturday Night.*

Holland's Youthful Princess.

The heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, the Princess Wilhelmina, is a few months past her ninth birthday. As the only Queen Regent of the future she is a very interesting personage, the most important young lady that now figures in European politics. Young as she is, the question of her marriage has already been mooted and widely discussed, and it is probably that very few more years will pass over her childish head before she will be solemnly betrothed to some one or other of the many pretendants to her hand. She is at present a pretty, fair-haired little girl, very closely and carefully guarded by her watchful mother, Queen Emma, who superintends herself the course of education which is destined to make the future Queen of Holland one of the most accomplished princesses of Europe.—*Paris Letter.*

GENERAL NEWS.

The Sun on Mirror Lake.---Foxes in Australia.

$13,000 FOR A HERD OF BUFFALOS.

Mark Twain's Income.—Discover of Cocaine Still Alive.

Canvas-back ducks are very scarce in Chesapeake Bay this season.

The Vatican is said to be preparing a new catechism for universal use.

The opossum is said to have practically disappeared from American game.

The sun does not rise on Mirror Lake, Yosemite Valley, until 11:30 o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Cleveland has taken up a new fancy in dressing her hair. She now parts it on the left side.'

A Michigan man who officiated as groomsman for a friend afterward sent in a bill for $2 for his services.

Foxes increase so rapidly in several districts of Australia that they are nearly as great a pest as the rabbits.

Frederick E. Weatherby wrote the famous Nancy Lee in an hour while waiting for a pupil he was tutoring.

The Duc de Morny has prepared for the press the memoirs of his father, the famous Minister of Napoleon III.

A calf whose back is covered with fine fur instead of the regulation hair is one of the curiosities of Appleton, Me.

A statement is made on the best authority that the Czar of Russia has read George Kennan's papers on Siberia in the *Century*.

Cardinal Newman is reported to be in better health than for several months past. The Cardinal is now in the 88th year of his age.

Austin Corbin paid $13,000 for a herd of Manitoba buffaloes with which to stock his hunting park in the mountains of New Hampshire.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is now in Paris and intends to make that city his permanent residence. He will live privately and abandon politics.

The novelist Bulwer's wife once wrote to Wilkie Collins that he did not know how to describe a villain: "Now," she said, "if you want a genuine villain, write up my husband."

James Whitcomb Riley is spoken of by the irreverent editor of the Peoria *Transcript* as "the gentleman who travels around with Bill Nye is not the homeliest man in the world."

George Ebers, at 59 years of age, is Professor of Egyptology at Leipzig University, and says he writes novels because persistent illness prevents his doing harder work for a living.

Speaker Reed is the largest man in the House. He weighs as much as ex-President Cleveland and is taller. He is an accomplished French scholar and reads every new book published in Paris.

Amelia B. Edwards, the famous English woman now lecturing in this country, divides with the Princess Dora d'Istria of Italy the honor of being the most learned woman in the world.

It is thought that the estate of the late Allen Thorndike Rice who was supposed to be worth $1,000,000 when he died a few months ago, will not, when it is settled, be worth more than $50,000.

One of the leading hymn-writers of the country is Fannie J. Crosby of New York, author of the popular hymn "Sweet Hours of Prayer." Miss Crosby is an invalid and has been blind from birth.

The labor question is said to be pushing every other out of public interest in London, the demands of the laboring classes for the betterment of their condition having become so loud and frequent.

The largest infant ever born in Connecticut was that of Mrs. Lewis Duke, of Meriden, which weighed twenty-five pounds [illegible]. It lived only a few moments. Physicians say it was a phenomenal babe.

Emanuel Louis Cartigny of Hyeres is supposed now to be the sole survivor of the battle of Trafalgar. He was a cabin boy on board the French ship Redoubtable, which carried a crew of 800 men, of whom only 130 survived.

William Dean Howells writes from 1,000 to 1,500 words daily, and after his pages have been copied on the typewriter he goes over them again, adding a word here and erasing a line there, until they are perfect.

Some experiments were made recently by the Nothern Pacific car-builders at Tacoma to test the strength of fir and oak timber. The first-named proved one-third stronger than the eastern oak, and more than one-half stronger than eastern white pine.

A Naples correspondent writes that a terrible storm in the Province of Catania was marked by a curious phenomenon. Near San Matteo a rent was formed in the earth from north to south nearly a mile long, nine feet wide and from six to thirty feet deep.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes slowly and fastidiously, revising and correcting the most unimportant article with poetic care; all his articles before they reach the printer are written and rewritten at least three or four times.

Despite his more than 86 years, George Bancroft sits down at his desk at 5 o'clock in the morning and labors until 8, when he breakfasts; after this he returns to his desk and remains till 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when he considers the day's task ended.

Mark Twain's income is said to be $80,000 a year, derived from royalties on his works and from the publishing house in which he is a partner. Yet he is more or less unhappy, because his wife fails to appreciate his alleged jokes.

Henry James, the novelist is growing very fat, and is more like the Prince of Wales in consequence; as a writer his popularity is said to be waning, but as a London society man he is a bright, particular star in certain circles.

James S. Carlton, an aged man now now living in Baltimore, Md., claims to have been the first discoverer of the peculiar effects of cocaine. He says that as early as 1849 he knew the properties of the drug and made use of them in his own family.

Edmund Gosse declares in the *Forum* that Herbert Spencer's books do not cover the cost of their publication, to say nothing of leaving a profit for the philosopher himself; neither Mr. Swinburne nor Leslie Stephen derives any considerable profit from his writings.

An autograph lately sold in London was a note from Tennyson, reading thus: "I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph."

At the French exhibition there was a second edition of the example of Peter the Great, who went to Holland and worked as a journeyman in the dockyards to learn the art of ship building, so that he might teach his subjects on his return. In this instance it was an extensive shoe manufacturer of Montevideo, who, with his shirt sleeves turned up, was working as if for a wager on a sewer and stitcher, so that he may be able to instruct his people when he gets home.

New South Wales is about to make some extensive and important experiments by sinking artesian wells. Drought is the great plague of Australia, and the dark spot in its future has been the fear that, owing to the scarcity of water, the land could never support a large population. But, according to the experts, it has now been discovered that there are several rivers flowing under the surface of New South Wales, and if this water can be "struck" and then stored the whole face and future of Australia would be changed.

Bathing in Sweden.

Baths in Sweden are of a character to embarrass a modest American at the start, but they are described as highly enjoyable by a writer in the Boston *Globe*. He says: "The first day I was in Stockholm I passed an arched way upon the central island there and observed half a dozen women with bare arms loitering around the portal. Raising my eyes to the lintel above I saw the word 'Bad,' which means bath. On this occasion it conveyed not a bad idea, and I wheeled about and went in.

"Some slight emotion ensued among these females, rather of a competitive sort, and presenting myself at an office, a modest-looking female there granted me a ticket for a small sum of money—about thirty cents, I think—and consigned me to a creditable-looking woman 30 years of age or thereabouts. Passing into the open court or paved place in the bath, I was shown upstairs to a small parlor with two windows, at the farther end of which a door opened into a bath-room, much larger than we are accustomed to. The female immediately began to draw water from two spigots into the large tub, and mixed up the required degree of heat. I waited some time for her to retire, but it was soon apparent that she was not of a retiring disposition. So the customs of the country had to be observed. In a few minutes I was undergoing a scrubbing with soap in that sort of attire which I faintly remember to have been the domestic habit upon my mother's knee when Saturday night, if not oftener, she deemed it a Christian duty to scrub me, fill my eyes with soap, tantalize my hair, and finally discharge me yelling, but clean, to be put to bed as an extremely bad boy who did not love to be washed.

"The Swedish female adhered to all her clothing. In addition she tied around her neck and waist the strings of an oil-cloth, to prevent the splashing water, or possibly the resisting hands, from taking the starch out of her dress. With a scrubbing-brush and soap she traversed me like a lawyer in his replications. Having been soused and scrubbed I was turned over and rescrubbed and bound in full calf. This, however, was only the commencement of the exercise. The next thing was to get some Mexican hemp, or Swedish shavings, and with clean water recommence the process. At last I was stood up in a state of Adam and showered and needle-bathed, wearing only a smile. I was at last compassed with a long, warm towel, and after that rubbed again with a softer towel and was then tucked up in my little bed—a bewildered but clean being.

"The next process was to bring in some beer. If I had hoped, however, to get a nap, as in similar baths at home, I was mistaken, for in a few minutes the lady appeared and handed me some articles of my clothing and expressed a desire that I should get out, which she, being unable to speak my vulgar tongue, emphasized by pointing to the ticket which had brought me there, which indicated that I was only to have that bath between certain hours of the clock, say from 1 to 3 o'clock. I was then told to ask for No 9 the next time I came as a matter of loyalty and gratitude."

Waiting to Hear the Gong.

So much has been written about the country guests at a big hotel that their akwardly original breaks are generally rated as naught but the dreams of reporters. Yet every day some "Joshua Whitcomb" will do some outlandish thing at the large hostelry where he is stopping. Recently a young man—evidently a farmer—walked into the Palmer house with a young bride upon his arm. He registered self and wife from Shelbyville, Ind. As they both stood at the crowded counter they looked as though they had been married at least fifteen minutes.

"Are you the clerk," he asked of Mr. Brobst.

"Yes, sir."

"I want to whisper privately to you."

"Well, cut the cards."

"The secret is that I've just got married. We want to stay here a day, then go back to Shelbyville, I'll be honest. I'm as green as old Sam Hill about hotels, so I want you to help me out. Give me a good, cheap room, and tell me all the points about staying in a hotel."

"With pleasure, sir. I'll do all I can for you. I'll have you shown to 642 now; then at 6 o'clock supper will be ready;"

"Bully for you. When the time comes you will tell me about supper and where the dining-room is?"

"I'll take care of you."

Mr. Brobst had forgotten all about the former at 8 o'clock, when the latter came skating into the office.

"Thought you said you would look out for me," he crossly exclaimed.

"I will."

"Then why under heavens didn't you come up and call me for supper, We've been waiting since 5 o'clock and hadn't heard no gong yet."

"I told you supper would be ready at 6 o'clock."

"Well, I kinder thought you would tell a fellow about it. I don't like such treatment anyway, and I want to get out. What's the damage?"

"Two dollars for the room."

"Two dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young fellow, that's too much. I've traveled and know what's right. The idea of of paying $2 for such accommodations. Why, there an't even a comb and brush in the room."—*Chicago Times.*

Aged Men in India Jails.

The number of aged men among the prisoners in the jails of India is said to be very large, and the explanation is this. It is a common practice when a theft is brought home to a man by the police for him to get an old father or uncle to take the blame on himself, or he puts up a young brother to do so. Before the court they make full and circumstantial confession. They are convicted and the real thieves get off. It is done to benefit the family. A sturdy young man is able to do more for the family support by honest labor or by thieving than an old man or boy.

Sir Walter's Popularity.

Abbotsford is still so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists usually exceed £400 year, so that it is twice as profitable to show the place as to let it, for the rent paid by Mr. Thorburn, who has has taken it for five years, is only £200 a year.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A man's debts will overtake him no matter how far they run behind.—*West Shore.*

Favorite song of the milkman: "Shall We Gather at the River?"—*Binghamton Republican.*

Proud Father—"Do you think he looks like me?" Sympathetic Visitor—"Yes, poor little thing."—*Life.*

Speed the parting guest slowly if he is a pleasant one; but be sure to "rush the growler."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

He—"Why is it that strong-minded women seldom marry?" She—"The reason is obvious."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It may be that love makes the world go round, but an overdose of whisky will do it more successfully.—*Boston Courier.*

Angry Father—"Another tailor's bill, I suppose. Well, what's to be done about it?" Son (meekly)—"That's for you to settle."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

While they are producing an elixir to make old people younger, it would be a great blessing if they could get up something to make some young people older.—*Epoch.*

"I see that Joughnes is dead." "Yes. Poor Joughnes! He wasn't half a bad fellow. I owed him a few dollars, but I forgive him."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Money talks," of course; but a couple of nickels in the contribution-box—from philanthropists in the front pew—make more noise than five dollar notes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

First Robber—"Goin' to rob Bronson's house tonight?" Second Robber—"Naw." First Robber—"Why not?" Second Robber—"Ain't nothin' there. Bronson paid his gas bill yesterday."—*Life.*

"You are the manager of the British syndicate?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I represent the Associated Tramps of New Jersey. What'll you give us for our cord-wood sawing industry?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

A large motherly hen has been discovered holding down three Waterbury watches in New York. It is supposed that she was to hatch out the World's Fair for that city—on tick.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Miss Nottaken—"I have concluded not to accept Mr. Carlton's proposition." Miss Tobetaken—"Why not? His worldly prospects are good." Miss Nottaken—"Yes, but those are all he has."—*West Shore.*

Old Neighbor—"My goodness, Mr. Arden, you back, after all these years? Don't you know your wife has married again?" Mr. Arden—"Yes, I heard of it afore I started. Guess I kin live here in peace now."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The man who mixes up business with his friendship may not have a good reputation among his neighbors, but the chances are that he will get rich faster than the man who mixes up friendship with his business.—*Somerville Journal.*

Mrs. De Fashion (in full dress)—"What! Not ready yet? I sent both my dressing-maids to tell you to hurry." Mr. De Fashion—"Ready in a moment, my dear. I've got only one more button to sew on."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

She—"Who is that meek, dejected looking man in uniform? He can't be one of the company's officials?" He—"Yes, he is a Pullman porter, but he has just discovered that there's a base-ball reporter on the train."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Yabsley—"I guess there is a deal of truth in the saying that a man lucky with women is unlucky at cards." Wickwire—"There is sound reason in it, too. It takes a man of good hard sense to be a successful card-player."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Wiggins—"Phew! What kind of cigar is that you are smoking?" Stiggins—"That, sir, is a clear Havana." Wiggins—"I thought it was what we call a Soft Coal brand." Stiggins—"How's that?" Wiggins—"Smoke nuisance."—*America.*

Mrs. De Style—"Have you had any experience in attending pet dogs?" Applicant—"No, mum, but I useter be a child's nurse." "Well, you may try it; but I warn you that if you treat him as some nurses treat children he'll bite you."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Doctor—"Even if your wife, my dear sir, does not seem quite cured of the malady for which I recommended the baths you must remember that she has gained ten pounds. You will know how to value that." "Exactly; precisely; every pound cost me $100."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Inventor—"I have just patented a new 'nickel-in-the-slot' machine, which I would like you to take hold of. It is an entirely new design, and will never get out of order." Nickel-in-the-slot Capitalist—"Never get out of order? Huh! No money in a machine like that."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Jipson—"You remember Jimson, Jobson?" Jobson—"I do. I remember him as being an out and out bad one, constantly beating his wife and children and making his home miserable." Jip.—"Well, he is making his home happy now." Job.—"Yes, he's dead."—*Boston Courier.*

Editor's Wife (2 a. m.)—"John! John! There's a burglar in the house. I hear him down-stairs. O! do get up." John (half awake)—"A burglar? In this house?" Wife—"Yes. Listen! Don't you hear that? John (rolling over again)—"He must be an amateur."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Quevedo—"Who is your lank friend? He seems to always be broke. Told me he hadn't placed a winner in a week." Curtis—"Yes, he's always playing, but I never knew him to hit anything. You see, he furnishes the newspapers with tips on the winning horses."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Minnie—"Did you attend the surprise party given on Jennie Figg?" Mamie—"O, yes, and we had a splendid time. We danced until nearly 1 o'clock. It would have been perfect if it hadn't been for one thing—Jennie was so sick that she couldn't come down-stairs."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"There is one thing, dear madam, about your charming little boy which pleases me particularly," said the visitor, who had patiently submitted to having his corus trampled and his whiskers pulled out by young hopeful. "And that is?" smiled mamma. "Dear madam, that he is not a twin."—*N. Y. Truth.*

The old lady from the country had priced nearly everything on the 10 cent counter, and the salesman was growing a little weary of her custom. At length she reached for a bundle of wire tea strainers, and asked: "Land! What's them for?" "Those are muzzles for bologna sausages, ma'am."—*Springfield Union.*

Physician (diagnosing the case)—"You say you feel an inordinate desire to lie in bed mornings and to oversleep? Sir, you are a sick man. Your liver is badly affected and you must ——" Patient—"Say, I'll give you $50 if you'll tell my wife that! She declares it's nothing but laziness!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Miss Walnut—"O! Claire, George and I are to be married next month. All the arrangements have been completed, and——" Miss Chestnut (who has had designs on George herself)—"I'm so glad, dear, and I do so wish that you will be happy. How good of George to say 'yes,' wasn't it?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Jaggs—"Here comes Raggs." Baggs—"Let's turn the corner. I don't want to meet him." Jaggs—"How much do you owe him." Baggs—"I don't owe him a cent, but he's turned out to be a terrible crank." Jaggs—"A crank? How?" Baggs—"Why the man has actually stopped drinking."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A MEAGER REWARD.

The Pay Received by Hay and Nicolay for Their Life of Abraham Lincoln.

"What is to be the ultimate form of the publication of the life of Abraham Lincoln which you [Col. John Hay] and Col. Nicolay are publishing serially?"

"It is to be published by the Century company in ten volumes, and I have just been reading some of the proofs. It has now been nearly twenty-five years since you first announced in one of your newspaper letters that we were to write this book. I told you at the white house just after Mr. Lincoln's death that we were resolved to undertake it. At the time we commenced this publication a great deal was said and printed about the large sum of money we received for the manuscript. It is true that the $50,000 we were paid between us was probably the largest sum that a serial publication had paid for any series of contributions, but I made a computation a few days ago upon what had been paid for our time in preparing this book. We have received $1.50 a day each and no more. The rest has gone for expenses. I have been compelled to buy hundreds of books and manuscripts, of which individual volumes have cost me $25 apiece. Look here." Col. Hay showed me from a dozen to twenty volumes of manuscripts bound carefully.

"These," said he, "are the original archives and letters of Jefferson Davis, his cabinet, and the confederate government. I bought them from Col. Fickett, the same officer who sold to the United States for $75,000 a similar set."

The colonel opened one of the volumes and showed me an indorsement in lead pencil by Jefferson Davis to Judah P. Benjamin, his secretary of state. The whole penciling was in Mr. Davis' handwriting. He orders Benjamin to write a state letter to Mr. Mercier and Lord Lyons, calling them to take action upon Mr. Seward's revealment of his policy toward the French under Maximilian in Mexico. The letter was written in Davis' generally passionate or oratorical style, with abundant adjectives.

"Why, I thought that these letters were in the state department."

"They are; you see these official papers were very often issued in duplicate or in triplicate, because a good many of them had to be sent by blockade-runners between the south and Europe, and if one set was to be lost another set would be preserved. In that way the papers which I bought are frequently originals, while those in the state department are copies, and in other cases the state department papers are original and mine are copies. I have thought that after we finish the publication of Mr. Lincoln's life I would issue a limited edition of these dispatches in a particular book."

"Then you have not been getting for all your original contributions and compositions upon this work of 25 years more than a laborer's wages up at the new Library building by the Capitol building."

"Just that. Our partial papers in the *Century Magazine* will come to an end next February and will have occupied three years in their publication. Everything has been cut out of the magazine chapters which did not directly bear upon Lincoln here in the east. All reference to Sherman's campaign and important matters in the west have been omitted, which properly come within the compass of Lincoln's life. In the book publication this excepted matter will be contained."—*Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Secret of Gordon's Power.

What was the secret of his wonderful power. Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great.

He could ride, shoot and tinker and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course such a man takes command. Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities.

When steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him, writes Colonel H. G. Prout in *Scribner's*. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor General nor monkey.

When a nugger was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped into a skiff and went alone. To be sure, the skiff upset and the Governor General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson.

On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast and tried by a display of beads and wire to induce the savages to come and talk with him.

They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed.

I was amused to see on the table at Khartoum handsome spoons and forks with his crest half effaced by rough scratches. I could fancy Gordon, vexed by some unusual flummery, seizing a rat-tail file and proceeding to put out of his sight one more vanity.

It was not that he was not proud of his family. On the contrary, he could pay a man no greater compliment than to say: "You are like a Gordon;" but all the marks and signs of rank sometimes became intolerable to him.

Caning on the Hand.

A father sued an English schoolmaster for assault, because he had caned his boy on the hand. The magistrate before whom it was first tried thought that the father was right, for the reason that caning on the hand was attended by a risk of injury, and there were "methods of corporal punishment quite as available, efficacious, and not necessarily attended by any risk, which the defendant might have used." The higher court, though decided that it was not actionable.

FAMOUS!

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N. W.