

A Legend of New York.

Many years before the war of the revolution, there stood a time-worn edifice, of mouldering brick and crumbling stone, in the now magnificent pleasure ground which we call the Central Park of New York.

Before this hideous figure was spread upon a table, a goodly store of gold and silver coins, which their owner, perchance, was counting when the hand of death smote him sudden and sure.

The honest burghers of New Amsterdam, as its first white settlers defiantly persisted in calling New York, smoked their pipes for three months in deep agitation and resolved unanimously that the hunter was a tremendous liar, until a tall, gaunt and evil-eyed man from France set the town in an uproar by declaring that he intended to penetrate to the spot and make the house his abode.

But Hugh Garbolt, with a sneer that had been grooving his thin, hard face for sixty years, defied all known and unknown demons, with a scoff that made the good burghers' hair bristle over their heads, and went alone to "the house of the skeleton."

"I searched about the place," said Garbolt to a score of listeners, as his sneer deepened around his lips, "and found some mummy papers which told me that an old buccaneer had lived there, and where to dig for this. I dug these 20,000 golden crowns from under the table."

"But," said Hans Von Schlooper, the innkeeper, as he slowly filled his pipe, "the skeleton?"

"Is there," said Garbolt, "My dear friends, you are all welcome to that." The burghers smoked several hundred pounds of strong Jamestown weed during the following week, and on the eighth day resolved to claim the 20,000 golden crowns for the township.

Ten years more had passed, and though the sad hearted widow held her head drooping, as she thought of the time past, her soft eye sparkled with joy as she gazed upon her manly son. Kind, generous, handsome and affectionate, with his tall, lithe frame, keen blue eyes, and bounding step, he never paced the street ungreeted by gossip glance or smile from the rosy damsels that festooned the windows like living garlands of beauty on either side.

one evening slowly rolling arm in arm, and puffing with placid joy, as the frisky lads and gigantic 'traulien's rejoiced at the wedding of Albert Vandemeer and Ella Avail.

A MINISTERIAL MISTAKE.—The Carson, (Nev.) Appeal is responsible for the following: An amusing incident occurred at one of our churches on Sunday last, which it will do well to make a note of.

When you make a suit of clothes for little boys, finish the coat first, and by so doing, you will make their trousers last it is the only way the thing can be done.

A young pupil of the New Orleans grammar school was scolded by his mother. "Sammy, Sammy," said she, "why did you do that? You might have known you would hurt yourself."

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At a recent party meeting in Troy, an enthusiastic brother prayed that the meeting might be associated with the "Isle of Patmos."

Grandpa, did you know that the United States has been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging "territories?"

Never lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honorably and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over it and laugh at you afterwards.

John Onion is the suggestive name of an Illinois editor. When he peels himself and gets down heartily to his work he must bring water to the eyes of his readers.

What is that which a man does not want and struggles against as long as possible, but when he once gets it he would not part with it for all the world? A bald head.

At Lansing, Iowa, thirty young men have formed themselves into a club, and vowed a solemn vow that no member shall marry any except a widow. The husbands of the place are also cultivating clubs—mostly of hickory—and swearing that there will be a multiplicity of bachelor funerals forthwith.

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VARIOUS ITEMS.

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