### "HER LETTER."

## DT BEET HAUTE

Pm sitting alone by the fire, Dressed just as I came from the dano in a robe even you would admire— It cost a cool thousand in France. Pm bediamoned out of all reason. By hair is done up in a cue— An short, sir, the belle of the season Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements l've, broken, I left in the middle of a set, Mikowise a proposal half spoken, That waits on the stairs for me yet. They say he'll be rich when he grows up, And you, sir, are turning your mese up, Three thousand miles off as you read.

And how do you like my position ? And what do you think of New York ? And now in my higher ambition With whom do I waits, first, or taik ? And inn't it nice to have riches, And inn't it nice to have riches, And so it is nonge from the ditches And si it is change from the ditches And tunnels of Poverty Flaf?

Well, res, if you saw ms out driving, Each day in the park, four in hand; If you may poor dear manmas contriv To look supernaturality grand; If you naw pape's picture, as taken hy Brady, and tinted at that, You'd never suspect he sold bacon And flour at Poverty Flaf!

And yet just this moment, when sitting In the glars of the grand chandeller, In the busile and glitter bedting The finest serve of the year, In the midst of a gauge de chambery, And the hum of the smallest of talk, Somehow, Joe, I thought of the Forry, And the dance that we had on the For

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster, Of flag festooned over the wall, of the vandles that also their soft luster And tallow on head dress and shawl, Of the steps that we took to the fiddle, Of the steps of my gars sizes wie. And how once I went dewn the middle, With the man that shot Sandy McGes.

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping On the hill, when the time came to go, Of the few haby reals that were peeping From under their bed clothes of snow; Of that ride that to me was the rarest; Of the something you said at the gate; Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an hoirces To the best paying lead in the State.

Well, well, it's all past-yet 'is funny To think, as I stood in the giare Of fashion, and Disuty, and money, That I should be thinking right there Of some one who breasted high water. And swam the North Fork, and all that, Just to dance with old Foliabees daught "The Lily of Foverty Fist."

Good night-bere's the end of my paper, Good night-if the longitude please-For may be, while wasting my taper, Your sun's climbing over the trees. You know, if you haven't get riches And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that. That my heart's some where in the ditches, And you're struck it on Poverty Fist.

# A TRANSACTION IN STOCKS.

money." "No ye didn't," answered Mrs. Bron-son, sharply, from within the house. Mrs. Bronson, a care-worn, sharp-disturbed, and her fingers worked nerv-oualy as she gathered up the few dinner "I know; but then I thought I'd bet-

else to do, so he did that while he awaited the Judge's pleasure. "Quite a cosey little office I have here, haven't I?" queried the latter gen-tleman, pleasantly. "Take a cigar, Bronson," producing a case. "Perhaps they are not as good as you are accus-tomed to, but they are imported, and I think them very fine." Silas meekly accepted a cigar, lighted it, and then said, "They are very nice" —applying the remark to both office and cigar. For a few minutes the Judge puffed away in silence.

"To be sure it is not a very large sum for a man of your means," continued the Judge ; but it is nice to get such things, and it will do to get a suit of clothes and a few knick-knacks, maybe. And that makes me think, Bronson—where is it you get your clothes? My wife often says: 'Now, Judge Fay, if you *only* had the taste of Mr. Bronson about dress!' But then, bleas me! I haven't or I would look as tasteful on Sunday as you do." The Judge wascareful to say "Sunday," for if he had included week-days it would have been more than even Silas could swallow. swallow.

"Jerry Markle, he made my last suit," answered Silas, surprised and pleased that his dress should thus attract admiration,

"Jerry Markie, ... answered Silas, surprised and piece his dress should thus attract admiration, and from so distinguished a source, too. The Judge passed another few minutes in meditative smoking. "The fact is, Bronson," he resumed, taking the cigar from his mouth, "the fact is I wanted to see you about a little matter that is—well, I may say of mutual advantage. You see, I was over in Penn-duate the set week, and through the oil "the set week, and through the oil" "Great Petroleum Company' that has struck oil?" made a good thing by selling it again, but I concluded not to be selfish but to come home and form a stock company of a few of our influential men, like yourself and others."

A TRANSACTION IN STOCKS. "Well," drawled Silas in his weak, uncertain way, "may be I don't know beans—folks say I don't, an more'n likely they know; but then 'taint my fault if I don't. I was born that way, an' I don't see as how I kin help it." Mr. Silas Bronson was standing on his portico, or what passed for one, when he uttered the above. The bouse to which the portico belonged was a tottering, tamble-down affair, very much awry, and looking not unlike a man ithioticated who is uncertain about his standing in the world. And the surroundings were in keeping with the house.. The fences and straggled about without regard to division lines, while the garden-patch was laid out with the mathematical pre-is did the best I knew 'how with the more." "No, 'taint my fault," continued Silas; "I did the best I knew 'how with the more." "No ye didn't," answeged Mrs. Bron-son, sharply, from within the 'house.

his papers a onaly as she gathered up the few dinner dishes. "Ye did know better, Ye had sonse enough to know your family were out of clothes, the house an' place needed fixin' up, an' ye kept prominin' ye'd get all these things when ye got some money. But ye didn't get the money, and ye never would have got it if Providence, as it were, hadn't a just chacked it into your face by that uncle dyn' of there in Cali-fornia an' leavin' ye a thousand dollars. And then, like a born tailot, you must meeds give it all to Judge Fry to sink in that oil well of hish; where ye'll never would a swell as I could," again pleaded Silas. "Of course ye did well!" emplexed on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your conversation with us. But you can't have more than four shares, Bronson !"—with a playful to on the back—" and you need't part of your on the sail that is so talked him. "Pardon me, sir," said the new-comer, "but I heard part of your conversation with the gentleman who has just gone. I understood you to say that you owned several shares in the well that is so talked hout this morning?" "Yes, I've got four shares," replied slas with complexent prompties. "What will you take for them ?" "I know :

New York Fashions.

He entered the office as requested, and sat down in an awkward way by the stove, and stretched out his hands toward it as if he were cold. To be sure it was a warm day, and there was no fire in the stove; but then Silas didn't know what else to do, so he did that while he awaited

For a few minutes the Judge puffed away in silence. "That was a comfortable little wind-fall you had—your anclé dying off there in California and leaving you that money," he said at last. "Yes," answered Silas, beginning to feel complacent. "Toler ble nice little pile on t—a thousand dollars. Got it this mornin'." "To be sure it is not a very large sum for a man of your means." continued the

been boring for oil for some time past, and with no prospect of success. But just as they were about giving up, and considering the money invested as money lost, then it was fortune smiled upon them. In a moment, as it occasionally happens, they had struck the oleaginous fluid, and the despised well became a flowing fountain of wealth. And, of

"Why, of course it's a petroleum com-pany," replied the man, hastening on. "I jest knew it! Hoorray for Gineral Jackson!" shouted Silas, throwing his best hat recklessly into the air, much to the surprise of the bystanders. Then he hurried back to the hotel, scarcely know-ing whether he stood on his head or

ing whether he stood on his head or heels. After he reached that place he didn't know what to do with himself. He walked around, and then he sat down; then he got up and walked about again. Presently he entered the reading-room, and as he did so he heard a gentle-

man near one of the tables say: "Well, last night I would have sold my four shares for fifteen cents on the dollar, but now I hardly know what I would take for them."

would take for them." "Have you got shares in the Great Petroleum? So have I," exclaimed Silas, rushing straight up to the stranger as if he were his long-lost brother. "Bully, ain't it? Hoorray for—" "Don't get excited," interrupted the stranger, laughing. "Perhaps you are mistaken. Let me compare your stock-certificates with mine." As he spoke he placed his own certificates on the table, and Silas did the same with his. The and Silas did the same with his. The

Among topics most discussed at the late opening was the rumored revival of crinoline. It was said at one house that some of the most fashionable customers had ordered hoop skirts, and large tour-nures were readily cold every where. Some of the most fashionable modistes have no faith in the return of crinoline, as all the newly imported dresses have narrow skirts, and the Parisiennes at present are wearing very moderate tour-nures. The preference here is for elab-orate bouffant tournures that extend far orate bouffant tournures that extend far down, making the dress project sharply out quite a distance behind, but so slend-erly that nothing is added to the sides, and leaving the clinging sheath-like front of the dress unchanged. Wide rich fringes with fanciful head-

Wide rich fringes with fanciful head-ings trim the basques and over skirts of two-thirds of the French dresses im-ported this season. Lace-like crocketed headings are on some, while others have the broad latticed headings of the fringes usually seen on Canton crape shawls. There are also -braid fringes of silk or wood in many new designs.

There are also braid fringes of silk or wool in many new designs. Worth refuses to abandon jet trim-mings, and uses them on all his hand-somest black silk dresses, over dresses, and wraps. Pingat uses it very spar-ingly, preferring the popular Titan wool braid for trimming the rich wraps for which he is famons. which he is famous.

which he is famons. Among the most stylish over dresses are tabliers and fischu-jackets made of alternate stripes of Titan braid and beaded yak lace. They are ornamented with a sash and bows of double-faced satin ribbon, black on one side, and pale blue, cream or scarlet on the other.

Batiste of pure sheer linen is now im-ported in pale rose, light blue, and navy blue for suits, wrappers, and children's dresses. It is trimmed with open Engdresses. It is trimmed with open Eng-lish embroidery done in white on the garment. The suits of this fine lawn are charming for afternoon in summer. Morning wrappers of pink or blue batiste are Gabrielles, with basque backs, and sometimes ahirred waists. They have insertion and edging in rows down front and back, and a flounce on the edge is also embroidered.

also embroidered. Byron or sailor collars of the dress

material or of the silk used for trimming are on many new dresses. Sometimes

there are two collars, one of the plaid wool like the basque, the other of silk like the sleeves. Other Byron collars of silk are made of fine knife pleatings laid around the neck, while still others

are rows of crimped pleating passing downward, and alternately of silk and

Dogs in Tennessee. T. Redfield, of the Cincinnati Corriteries and Gen. Spinner. Sormal letter of the multitude of worthless curve, which are the hogs and cost as the schools, and produce othin in the rural districts there are the schools and produce othin of tikelf a state of civilization not the other multitude of a state of civilization not the other schools and produce other to be advise to knowline. To the supersort of the circle is a state of civilization not the other schools are produced to the circle is a state of civilization not the other schools and produce the dogs and that they ware in a starving conther schools and count and the schools and found more dogs than people. What is business being to enumerate the dogs and the schools and found more dogs than people. What is conther schools are schools and the proceed school and wool, too with schools and the proceed school and wool, too with schools and the proceed school and wool, too with schools and the proceed school and wool, too with schools and schools and schools and the proceed school and wool, too wool, and wool, too wool are done to the schools and of all the schools and produced for home context. The schools are school to school and wool, too worthe schools and schools and schools and schools and the proceed schools and schools and the proceed schools and the schools and the proceed schools a

sumption. In twenty-seven counties of this State, average counties, the dogs last year killed 11,469 sheep. In the one county of Giles they got away with 1,750. A northern farmer who settled in Cof-

fee county was telling me a few days ago of the fine location he had for sheep rais-

they kept. The Cardinal's Hat.

Anne Brewster writes from Rome to Parlone, in and programmes and over-skirts are that can be plaid is made to meet a marker plaid is made to meet a more have retired from their labors retired from Anne Brewster writes from Rome to the Philadelphia Bulletin: "The Car-dinal's hat, that is the cappellone, is

der to you the sincere thanks of a truly grateful heart. Most respectfully and truly your friend, F. E. SPINNER. To Gen. U. S. Grant, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY. MY DEAR GENERAL: Your letter of resignation of the office of Treasurer of the United States, of yesterday, and your very kind private note of the same date, are received, and in return I wish to say how much I, in common with the great mass of the people of this country, all the profits of wool growing. He was powerless to remedy the matter. The country was fairly alive with dogs, every family having from two to a dozen, the poorer and more wretched and ignorant and worthless the family, the more dogs they kept. for your welfare and happiness, and my confidence in your patriotism, zeal, and ability. But few men have performed more labor for the public than you, and none have retired from their labors re-

THE TWO THRUSHES.

Th

(A PABLE FROM THE SPANSARA rush, whose venerable age served to make him shrewd and sage A tornani, whose vanarable age Had served to make him shrews and sage. His callow grandson thus addressed: "Come i have awhile your idle mest, And try your wings, for coose, with me : Such luscious grapes as you shall see Will surely giv: you groat idelpht: Come on ? Ms out a moment's flight To where an ancient vineyer! Here Whose wondrous wealth will gled your eyes: I'll show you, lad, the very vines Whence Bacchus draws his choicest wines !" Away they fly—the easer pair— Till lighting on a vineyard where The grapes in purple clusters hung. As fine as ever poel sung. "Fie !" succred the youngeter, "do you call Such things as these, so poor and small. Such things as these, so poor and small. Such things as these, so poor and small. Such things of such prodigions size 'Twill surely fill you with surprise : So large that one, upon my eath. Will make a dinner for m bolh " With that he quickly led the way 'See there !" he eries, and proudly shows. What wondrous thing, do you suppose ? A culabush—which, all-agape, The fool had taken for a grape! The soilly threak was just as wise As the suppose the source of the source of the source of the Must has a suppose ? A culabush—which, all-agape. The soilly threak was just as wise

The silly thrush was just as wish As those who deem a volume's size, (Despite its literary dearth.) The real measure of its worth i

-John G. Saz.

Wit and Humor. BIRR gardens-cemeteries.

HEELING mediums shoemakers.

WHAT animal comes down from the clouds? Rain, dear.

WHEN sweet oil is put into a castor does it become castor off?

WHAT is that which, by losing an eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

PARTY ties those little white chokers worn by blonds gentlemen who part their hair in the middle.

Mr. SPINES is not going to do any more in conundrms. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so. He says the answer is very different from that.

PATIENT to doctors, after consultation: "Tell me the worst, gentlemen. Am I going to die?" Doctors: "We are di-vided on that question, sir. But there is a majority of one that you will live."

AT a printers' festival lately the follow-ing toast was offered: "Woman: second only to the press in the disseminating of news!" The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment

His Honor of the Police Court wanted to use a boy as a witness the other day, and he inquired : "Bub, do you know what an oath is?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "father's used 'em ever since I can remember !"—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Bronson with an priconcious pun. "That old oil well will keep the money cafe enough, I reckon; ye'll never get it

back." Then Mrs. Bronson said no more, and Silas was quite willing to keep silent on a disagreeable subject. A well-meaning but shiftless man was Mr. Bronson, not inclined to work, with little knowledge Clark, and others should give heed to his views on any subject was, to say the least, extremely complimentary. In fact Silas began to think his self-estimate had been placed altogether too low in times past, and he presently smoked and talked himself into a very pleasing state of com-placency indeed.

each.

hut shiftless man was Mr. Bronson, not inclined to work, with little knowledge of business, and no practical sense to di-rect what knowledge he had. On Mrs. Bronson fell the real burden, and had it not been for her segacity and essentive ability poor Silas would have fand badly. In spite of her efforts, however, the for-tunes of the family ware getting st a low ebb, and her complaints of her husband's amiable inability were becoming frequent —more frequent than Silas liked. "Don't be always a frettin', Maria," he said one day. "Luck's agin ns, I allow, but it'll change pooty soon." "Not unless ye work for 't," answered Masia, not reliabing such secone resigna-tion. "They do say that Providence takes care of hary people and fools, but I do not set no great store on't." But "Inck" did change after a while, An uncle of Mr. Bronsen died couven iently off in California, and among other bequests left one thousand dollars to his nephew. Then Mrs. Bronson's face brightened. Visions of a home fired up, of comfortable clothing for rerest and family, began to fift before her eyes. But they proved to be only visions after all. When the letter came containing the long looked for check Silas went up to the village bank to get the money, and there he fell in with a certain Judge Fay. They looked nice, and Silas placed them in his pocket fully convinced that he and Judge Fay, Col. Clark and the others were very important men and shrewd financiers withal. Then the Judge mildly intimated he had business to attend to, and Silas took his departthere he fell in with a certain Judge Fay. That smooth, glib-tongued specialator met Silas just as he was, coming out of the bank and immediately button-holed

"Halloo, Bronson ! How do you do? Glad to meet you; just the man I wanted

Glad to meet you; just the man I wanted to see." "Pooty well, thank ye," answered Silas, smiling weakly. He felt consider-able awe of the Judge, and began to wonder what possible business that great man could have with him. But the Judge did not seem to notice his embarasument; he locked arms with Biles, and began talking in a very family. Brousen t By the way, those are mighty smart children of yours-mighty smart. With mine were equally se. My children frequently atteind the same school." "I haven't any boys; they're all girls; jested Silas. "On-yes' Jennie; so it is \_ Sum

gested Silar. "Oh-yes I Jennie; so it is. Strango

I should forget the name when I heard it so often," answered the Ju fushing a little. And then as they

"Here's my office, Broundn. Come in a little while, I want to see you." Still wondering Silas obeyed. If the Judge had asked him to take off his boots it is probable he would have done so.

Silas with complacent promptaces. "What will you take for them?" "Don't know as I keer about sellin' answered Silas.

And what could poor Silas say to all this? With a nature weak and yielding, he was surprised and flattered to learn of his own prominence in the community, and that such men as the Judge, Col. The stranger picked up the certificates and looked at them carefully, and then, apparently satisfied, he said : "I will give you three thousand dol-Clark, and others should give heed to

lars cash for fhem." Silas shook his head. "Four !" Another shake of the head. "Five!"

Silas began to waver a little, and he stopped to think. "Give me six thousand and you may

placency indeed. The Judge's tongue was not idle the meanwhile; he piled on the "soft-solder" to a remarkable thickness, and after a time, somehow—Silas didn't ersetly know how—the Judge took pos-session of 'the one thousand dollars, and Silas found himself the owner of four beautiful lithographed certificates of stock, calling for five hundred dollars each. have 'em," he said, finally. It was the stranger's turn now to hesi-tate. He scrutinized the certificates very closely, meditated a moment, and then

said : "I will take them." The exchange was quickly made, the stranger took the stock-certificates, and Silas placed six new, crisp bank notes in his wallet, and the two then separated. Elated and excited over his good fortune, Silas paid his hotel bill at once, and set out for the depot just in time for a home-ward train. ward train.

out for the depot just in time for a home-ward train. And when he reached home what a sensation his story produced! Every-body in the little village talked and won-dered, and strangely enough, too, Silas-was the only one of the "Great Union Petroleum Oil Company" who realized anything on the stock. People wondered about that, too, and Judge Fay explained it by denying the statement of Silas altogether. Indeed, in a moment of ex-citement, the Judge forgot his usual caution and gave his reasons. He said, firstly, the "Great Petroleum" had not struck oil; secondly, the company had not commenced to dig yet; and, thirdly, the "Great Petroleum" didn't own any land in Pennsylvania, nor anywhere else; therefore Silas's story must be false. But then Silas had the money, and how did he get it? to attend to, and Silas took his depart-ure. But when outside, and on his way home, Silas, like the prodigal son, "came to himself," and he began to think the investment not so good a one after all. He tried to recall the arguments and brilliant promises of the Judge, but some way he couldn't remember them, and the more he tried the more he forgot, while, facing him was a very important question :

f while facing him was a very important question : What would Maria say ? Yes, there was the rub! And Maria had a great deal to say when she heard of it, as her words, at the first of this story, do in part testify. But her words could not bring back the money, and with heavy heart the poor woman placed the stock certificates in a bureau drawer, hoping against hope that something might come from them after all. Vain dalmion! Days and weeks to its stockholders at least, Silas didn't receive any. In answer to his questions the Judge always talked learnedly about the Judge always talked learnedly about the geological formation, the various strata to be gone through, and would describe with great minuteness the ma-chinery used, until his bewildered listener thought digging oil wells a very deep then Silas had the money, and how did he get it ? Between you and me, gentle reader, I have my theory. I am inclined to think when the stranger placed his cer-tificates on the table to compare with those of Silas, and then went away so suddenly, in his haste he accidently made an exchange and took away with him the "Great Petroleum" certificates. Silas, of course, was innocent in the transaction, and sold the genuine article to the speculator. Be the case as it may, Silas never heard anything more about the matter; neither, under Maria's care-fal management, did he thereafter in-veit in any more oil-stock.—Hearth and Home.

chinery used, until his bewildered listener thought digging oil wells a very deep business. And so it was. Altogether too deep for Silas. One day in the early autumn Silas came home with a new idea in his head. He had been talking with the Judge, and that great man had told him the com-pany were on the eve of striking oil—a Home.

pany were on the eve of shi story Silas had frequently he but this time a sudden they him. He would go to Penn look for himself. He me

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a man with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle? Or than Peter Hurrison, a commendator on the Penta-tench, who, in explaining about the tables of stone on which Moses wrote the commandments, said, "They were prob-ably made of Shittim wood?" Or than the English Major, who, when he was superintending the hanging of a rebei Irishman in 1798, and the rope broks, and the poor wretch fell to the ground, seized him by the throst, crying out: "You mescal, if you do that again Th kiek you as sure as you breaths?" Or than a correspondent of the English Boyal Society, who talked of an earth-fuced by the said society? Or was there ever a bull more enquisite than that of an Englishman, who, speaking of his nurse, asid: "I hase her, for she changed in was it not a bull of the first order that was perpersuited by a Frenchman, who in a quarrel with his father, said: "I'

m German and is over. Berlin, as the Misder been born, I should have inherited my the Misder brandither's projective.

I can swar !"

can swar!" "How can you swear?" "How?" repeated the father, indig-antly. "Goodness gracious! wasn't I

nantly. "Goodness gracious! wasn't thar?" "Well," returned the son, with prov defiance, "wasn't I there, too ?" The young man voted.—S. C., Jr., New York Ledger.

ented to the Mas A partness was presented to the Mas-sachussetts Legislature last week asking that the sentence of banishment against Roger Williams, passed in 1635, he re-voked. As he has been dead about 200 years, it is not likely that he takes a very personal interest in the success of the ap-

excited him. I have not seen it in print from that day to this, and think it worth reproducing:
In the times when the political warfare between the Whigs and Democrats waxed hot and releatless there was a town out we have other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be a nearly equal that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other, might be an actual occurrence, which the independence, or andacity, to differ political ware the elaimant first appearance in the very neighborhood in A independence, or and and the independence. The an newspaper, his eye was caught by an advertisement stating that his father half died, the title and property falling to himself, and offering £200 for his dis-covery. This shepherd-lord actually managed to get the money offered for the discovery of himself, drank it up, but has refused to leave Australia. Knowing the family banker, he sends pretty regu-larly for money, but he has never, like the claimant now in prison, sent to s dif-ferent banker from the one which he himself had ordered his money to be de-posited.

ON THE WAY .--- It was night. orman was pacing his lonely beat, ondering if it would ever be his luck to wondering if it would ever be has inca to find a fat wallet when no one was around. Through the gloom and darkness a boy appeared, some bread and meat under one arm, an old army blanket under the other and a butcher-knife in his belt.

And through the dark shadows which were hiding the boy from sight came the "Off for the Black "Ils."-Det