

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

Lightly I hold my life with little dread,
And little hope for what may spring therefrom.

ROSE FORRESTER'S ESCAPE.

"Everybody envies Rose Forrester."
The pale girl in rose-colored silk lifted her broad lids from her clear eyes for a moment as the speaker's words reached her ear; then she bent over the photographs upon her lap again.

As she rose in the full light it revealed that she was very young, scarcely twenty, yet full of stature and with a certain marked repose of manner.

It seemed to her that it was the pleasant intonations of the opening spring that made her daily ways so light; the tender colors, sights and sounds surrounding her daily walk with Manley in the park that made them so enjoyable.

"No, sir, not a one."
"Then, if there is, I'll have him till he feels like a family rudder."
"Dr. Wingrove proposes for your hand. You are aware that it will be a very admirable match."

"I should like to write him favorably, Rose. Have you any objection?"
She found herself upon her feet, shivering in the May sunshine.

"I am sure of her, but I don't like to urge a hasty marriage. She has an old

fox of a brother, who may be inconveniently curious regarding my affairs. If we could wait till the autumn, now, I might enter some respectable business."

Was Dr. Wingrove piqued by this reception of his proposal? No, he was too generous and tender-hearted for that.
"Your child," he said in a tone so soothing and so full of sympathy, was helpful to a relieving burst of passionate weeping.

Together they climbed the rocks, drank in the free air, watched the sunsets and the sea. Of old they had been congenial, and now they seemed more happily so.

"You old villain," exclaimed the overseer, hooking a hand in the old man's collar, "haven't you got more sense than to run away with a white man?"

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A Famous Affair of Honor.

Yes, sir, I recollect as if it were yesterday the exciting scene of the famous duel between Congressman Potter and Roger A. Pryor, said Ex-Governor of New Mexico, the writer of the other exciting scene of the same nature at his side. It was during the memorable contest for Speaker when Gen. N. P. Banks of Massachusetts was elected only after many weeks of incessant balloting.

This was kept up for three days, Blackman and Big Falls, the noted duelling grounds, being specially watched, but no trace of the sanguinary Congressmen could be found. Excitement ran high, and rumors of the wildest kind were abroad. It was learned afterward that the two men were in a vain search for the knights of the duello, they were snugly quartered in a room on the top floor of the National Hotel in the city of Washington, in a lively way.

"I will not fight that way," said Mr. Pryor. "It is an unheard of proceeding, and not tolerated by the code of honor."

"Do you mean to say that I am no gentleman?" quickly responded Mr. Landers; "my principle is out of the way, and I will fight you on any terms you propose."

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A TALE OF THE JUNIATA.

It was night. One of those dark, gloomy periods when the very stillness of the solitary thinker and causes him to conjure up sights the most horrible. Awful murders, fearful tragedies, bloody assassinations and kindred scenes rush past his mental vision with such painful rapidity and vividness as to make him fondly wish the early approach of dawn, with its cheering, horror dispelling light.

The scene of my sketch is a few miles southwest of Waynesburg (now McVeytown, Penn.), a small settlement on the historic Blue Juniata, a stream justly famed for the rapidity of its waters and the grand and sublime scenery of the valley through which it winds its sinuous course.

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SHORT BITS.

Crow ditties—Boat songs.

The great question in Congress—Should we go out and have something.

When the farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he setting a good egg sample.

What is that which asks no questions but requires many answers? The door-bell.

I reckon him a Christian indeed who is neither ashamed of the gospel nor a shame to it.

When a tooth begins to feel as if it were a chicken scratching at the root, it's time to pull it.

"Flour is rising," said one dealer to another. "That shows it is good," was the quick reply.

"Put your trust in Kings and Princes—Three aces and a jack will skin them every time.

A gentleman in conversation said that his dogs were A-1. Shouldn't they have been rated K-9.

A fellow who was detected stealing cotton said he hooked it because it was a great staple.

"Bare and for bare," as a bald-headed man said when he bought a front seat for "The Black Crook."

"Every man has his prejudices," said a wife. "And every woman her bias," was the husband's reply.

A man should make it a part of his religion to see that his country is well governed.—(Wm. Penn.)

"Where yer bin, Billy?" "Bin fishing?" "Ketch anything?" "No, but I expect to get some of the best fish in the lake."

Paris is an iron-founder in Troy, N. Y. We do not know whether there is any Helen round there or not.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to the latter part miserable.

Faber has made a great deal of money from lead pencils; which is the difference between Faber and reporters.

An old maid's advice to young ladies. Don't marry until you are twenty-five—unless you get a good chance.

"Does your mother know your route?" asked a rival when the bride and groom started on their wedding tour.

Our Burlington girls—ahem! young ladies—are like "the frog who would a wooing go," they leap to the year.

The French ladies have a saying that a man should keep his eyes open before marriage, and shut them afterward.

Bismarck is entitled to wear 466 decorations. When he is dressed for ceremony he looks like a speckled hen.

A Derby farmer sat down on a piece of hot iron in a blacksmith shop, and on rising broke a hole in the ceiling.

The greatest man living may stand in need of the meaneast, as much as the meaneast does him.—(Thomas Fuller)

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

The Omaha Herald says a drink of Council Bluffs whisky will make a man go off to some secluded spot and rob himself.

Minerva's baby was probably spoken of by the old women of the neighborhood as "nothing but a bundle of 'Nerv's'."

When an Indiana woman addresses her husband as "old corpse" he goes and applies for a divorce and the court grants it.

I never had a man cum to me for advice, but before he got thru he had more advice to offer than to ask for.—(Josh Billings)

"What will the harvest be?" asks an exchange. Well, just wait till the harvest bee crawls up your trousers leg, and you'll find out.

An eccentric old Georgian, Wm. Wilson, of Newton county, recently died, leaving his estate, worth \$10,000, to his former slaves.

Lately a gentleman of nearly ninety years had the grief of losing his wife. "I cannot complain," he said, for she was nearly sixty-five.

The only instance of leap year privilege yet noticed in this vicinity was that of a woman being seen down town at midnight after her husband.

Four of the widows of Brigham Young have found rest and consolation with second husbands. The rest are so homesly that they are waiting to die.

It was a Chicago woman who first invented the idea of placing a canny bird stuffed with sawdust in a place where a cat would have to work two hours to get at it.

"What I want," said a pompous orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is good common sense." "Exactly!" was the whispered reply; "that's just what you need."

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D. B. BENNETT.

Latest Medical Endorsements.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Truss, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it to practice, and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trusses are worn it is the best Truss ever offered to the public.

Yours truly, H. H. LARSON, M. D. Endorsed by a prominent Medical Institute.

MARTINEZ, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Truss Co., 702 Market Street, S. F.—Sir: I have tested your California Elastic Truss, and in regard to its mechanism, I am satisfied and happy with the comfort it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me, and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merits. I remain, yours respectfully,

D. B. BENNETT.

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I am sure that all will be thankful who are providentially led to give your truss a trial. You may refer any one to me on this subject. Yours truly, W. H. GARDNER, M. D. Proprietor Hygienic Medical Institute, 653 California Street, San Francisco.

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