#### SISYPHUS.

The flush of the dawning day Steals up o'er the brow of night-The wood-thrush's tender lay Is the echo of lost delight. Slave to a mercless code, Again up the tollsome road I roll the burden of pain Number my heart and brain Numbing my beart and brain, While the clank of my cruel chain Riees, a sad refrain, To the goas in the r blest abode.

Rouse, heart! the sunlight falls In a scintillant, golden shower; The scent of leat and flower The radiance that entirells, The radiance that entirells, They all are mine again. He only is servile slave Who diggeth for Hope a grave; Who wears as a jewel rare His burden of toil and care, Who meets defeat with a song, Who suffers and still is strong, Outwitteth the fiend Despair.

Throbon, oh dauntiess heart! Wake birds with jubilant voice! Thou sorrowing earth rejoice! Crush back the tears that start! Freed from burden and chain In my strength I shall rise again Where the billows of silence roll; By the hope in my inmost soul At last I shall reach the goal: Where the palm of victory Bods That stands in the holy place, I shall meet the fateful gods And brave them face to face! —Sarah D. Hobart, in The Current.

# THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

She was one of those beautiful girls, born as if by mistake of destiny, into a family of laborers. She had no dowry, no prospects, no way of becoming known, loved, and married by a rich and distinguished man; and she gave her hand to a petty clerk of the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was as wretched as a disinherited princess. A woman's beauty and grace take the place of birth and fam-Her native refinement, her instinct for elegance, her facile wit, are the seal of royalty, and make a daughter of the people equal with the greatest lady.

She suffered constantly from the wretchedness of her abode, the bareness of its walls, the age and ugliness of its furnishings. She dreamed of silent ante-chambers, hung with Orien-tal stuffs and lighted with lofty bronze lamps; of great drawing-rooms draped with ancient silks, and of coquettish, perfumed little parlors, for long and intimate talks with close friends.

When she sat before the round table, covered with a thrice-used cloth, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen with the delighted exclamation, "Ab, good soup! there is noth-ing better!" she thought of delicate dinners, of gleaming plate, of tapes-tries to people the walls with ancient personages and strange birds in the depth of enchanted forests; she thought of whispered gallentries received with a mysterious smile, while the fair listener partook of the rosy flesh of a trout or a wood-hen's wing.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and that was all she cared forall she was made for. She had no irresistable longing to charm, to be envied, and admired, and courted. She spent days in weeping with regret and despair.

One evening her husband came

home with a proud look bearing an invitation to a ball at the residence of the Minister of Public Instruction.

Instead of being delighted, as he had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully to the floor, murmuring: "What do you expect me to do with it.p\*\*

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and this will be a fine opportunity. I have been at infinite pains to get it."

She sooked at bracelets, at pearl necklace, and a Venetian She tried on the jewels becross. fore the mirror, and could not make up her mind to give them up. She kept asking:

"Have you not something else?" Suddenly she discovered in a black satin box, a magnificent chain of diamonds, and her heart began to beat with immoderate desire. She seized it with trembling hands. She clasped it around her throat, over her high dress, and looked at herself in ecsta-Then she asked, hesitating, full of trouble :

'Can you lend me that, only that?' "Why, yes; certainly." She rushed to her friend, embraced

her passionately, then bore her treasure away. . . .

At the ball Mathilde was prettier than all the others, elegant, smiling, and intoxicated with pleasure. All the men looked at her, asking her name, and begged to be presented to her. She danced with abandon, in the freshness of her beauty, in a sort of cloud of happiness.

She left about 4 o'clock in the morning. Her husband threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, modest garments of every day life, which assorted but poorly with the elegance of her ball toilet. She felt this, and wished to escape without being noticed by the other ladies, who were wrapping themselves in rich furs. Her husband tried to restrain her, but she was already descending the stairs. When they came into the street no carriages were visible. They walked shivering toward the Seine. At last they found upon the wharf one of those old coupes, seen only after nightfall in Paris. It brought them to their own door, and they entered gloomily. For her it was all ended. He was thinking that he must be at his desk at 10 o'clock.

She took the wrappings from her shoulders before her mirror, that she might see herself once more in her glory. Suddenly she gave a cry and turned to her husband in distraction. There was no necklace about her neck.

They looked in the folds of her dress and cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

"You are sure you had it when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes; I had my hand on it in the vestibule. "If you had dropped it in the street

we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab." "Yes, that is most likely. Did you

take the number?" "No; didn't you notice it?"

"No.'

They looked at each other in con-

sternation and Leoisel began to dress. "I will go over the whole distance we walked," said he, "to see if I can find it."

He went out. She sank into a chair and remained there in evening dress, without fire, without strength to go to

Her husband returned about o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went out again, and she waited all day in the same state of terror before this fearful disaster. Leoisel returned at night with a

pale and hollow face. He had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend, said he, "that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and have sent it to be repaired. That will give us time to turn around."

At the end of a week they had lost ll hope. Leousel, looking five years

where she had been so lovely and sc admired.

What would she have been had she not lost her necklace? Who can tell? How small a thing can make or mar a destiny!

One Sunday, as she was taking a quiet stroll, she noticed a lady leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young and lovely. Should she speak to her? Yes; certainly. And since it was all paid she would tell her the whole story. She drew near. "Good day, Jeanne!"

But the other was astonished to be

so familiarly addressed by a peasant woman, stammered: "Why! Madame --,I do not know

-You must be mistaken. "No; I am Mathilde Leoisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! my poor Mathilde! how you are changed!"

"Yes: I have seen hard days since I met you last, and many privationsand all because of you." "Because of me! How so, pray?"

"Do you remember the diamond necklace you lent me to wear to the ball? Well, I lost it." "Lost it! Why, you brought it back

to me."

"I brought you back another just hke it. We have been ten years pay-ing for it. You can see that it was not easy for us who had nothing. It is all over at last, and I am in a measure content.

You bought a necklace to replace mine?'

"Yes. You didn't notice it, did you? They were just alike.'

Mme. Forestier seized both her hands with much emotion. "Oh, my poor Mathilde! Mine were

false. They wer worth at the most 500 francs."-Inter-Ocean.

## Cowboy Fun.

"I shall never forget an experience of mine in Montana a little over two years ago," said Brakeman Schultz, of the Northern Pacific, "There were Andrews, the conductor; Wylie, the engineer; Colby, the fireman, and myself running No. 3 passenger on the Montana division, and one night about dark we were getting out of Miles City, when a red light was seen by the engineer, and he stopped the train. Just as it stopped about a dozen cowboys, togged up in full uniform, each with a brace of revolvers in his belt, got into the coaches, while a few guarded the engine. I knew more trouble was coming as soon as I saw them get on, and I took a seat among the passengers. The conductor did not appear at first to realize that any. thing was wrong, but went to the forward part of the coach, when half a dozen of the buckskin-clad boys grabbed him and set him upon the coalbox. He protested, but the boys paid no attention other than to tell him not to move a finger, as they were going to shoot the heels of his boots off. I rather enjoyed the fun, though I lay mighty close, fearing that they would notice me, but they didn't before the conductor was short the heels of his boots. He was white as a spowflake. but he held up bravely, fearing a mis-calculated shot. Then they caught me and tied me and a passenger back to back and set us over a seat, and then commenced betting among themselves which would pull the other over. The stakes were put up, and then two of them got prongs and began touching us up with them. The fellow I had pitted against me was a Swede, and neither of us had any show to pull the other over; then I resorted

to a stratagem, and when they gave the Swede a prong and he jumped \$10,000. This, I knew, would not about a foot, I pulled hard and he leave him more than \$100 in cash. He

Young Married People.

### A QUEER CLIENT.

A Practical Common-Sense Man Suddenly Developing Amazing Freaks.

them only on Christmas day. demand for all kinds of goods fell off Among the brilliant army of counsel which Col. Rogers, whose unsettled rapidly, for two or three years after mental condition recently got him into the Centennial, but for the past five trouble with a Staten island hotel-keeper, had called to his relief, was years it has steadily increased, and this year I think will show a general Ira D. Warren. The colonel fancied increase all over the country. I don't believe that there was ever before so that a great many people were earnestly engaged in doing him serious injury, and had intrusted a variety of many fire crackers exploded as on Saturday. From all the data obtainlitigation to Mr. Warren, Clark Bell, able 1 should say that there were dis-Roscoe Conkling, Lucas L. Van Allen, tributed over the country over 500 .and others. In regard to this remark-000 boxes, worth about \$500,000. Then able case of dementia, Mr. Warren, the big crackers, which have risen rapidly to favor, have been more ex-

"The case of Col. Rogers is nothing the patriotism of the young men who are too old for the old-time fire crackto the extraordinary insanity that befell a client of mine some years ago. He came of a tine family, and was well known about town. He was quite as much my friend as my client. I knew him and all his family intimate-Of course I judge at least \$500,000 ly. His affairs had been in my hands nearly twenty years, and during all that while I knew him as one of the most practical, common-sense men I had ever met. Indeed, he was the tion of firecrackers, but the young peoembodiment of vigorous and robust manhood.

said:

"One day he came into my office and told me he had contracted to purchase ten houses. I thought I knew his financial condition almost to a dollar, and I was surprised at the announce-ment, for I did not see how in the world he could carry it out. He spoke very decisively, however, and as he did not seem disposed to confide his plan to me I assumed that he had got hold of some money somehow or other, and knew what he was about. He wanted me to search the titles of the property that he intended to buy, and added that the men would be in my office at noon the next day to sign the agreement of purchase. Sure enough, at noon, they were on hand, and ac-cording to his instructions I drew up the papers for both of the contracting parties to sign. Then to my infinite

astonishment, he said he was going to pay \$5,000 down on the bargain. "'This is absurd,' I said. 'It will take me a week to look up those titles,

and these people are strangers to us. What if the titles are not good?" "O never mind that,' he answered, of to-day, like his predecessors of old, wants just as much noise as possible indifferently; 'they're all right. Besides, I have plenty of money, lots of it, oceans, more than I know what to do with. Pay up, pay up.' "I knew that this was all nonsense,

but I supposed that he had his reasons for wishing to impress the men with his presumed wealth, so I said no more but reluctantly gave them his check. A day or so afterward he rereturned and said briskly, Warren, do you want to make a fortune?'

"'How?' I asked.

"'I'll let you into it,' he said. have arranged to buy all the lots in Central park from Fifth avenue to Eighth avenue up to Seventieth street, and I'm going to erect a building on them thirty stories high.'

ginning to feel the effects of civiliza-"I looked intently at him as he made this bewildering proposition. His face was as straight and as serisocial propinquity. they were few in number, under the ous as if he were considering to buy necessity of hard work and wholly a simple building lot in Harlem. I was forced to believe that he was seunoccupied with the thought of amusement, they are now numerous, well-to-do, more or less gay, and they accordingly feel in its fullest measure rious, and, consequently, that his mind was disturbed. So I answered that I thought well of his plan, and the workings of the great instincts of expansion. Accordingly they have would see what money I could raise to earry it out. 'But just now,' I added, 'I'm a little short, and should like to Peter when he felt himself an imperborrow a few thousands of you. How much have you on hand?'

really had nothing to say. With a " 'Half a million,' he answered as great many, perhaps with most swearcoolly as could be. I knew well ers profanity simply means the arti-culate expression of thought or emoenough what he had, and asked for

# blow up on the Fourth, not a dollar is

The

spent by the people south of the Po-tomac and Ohio rivers. They use

tensively sold than at any other time,

er expending itself in producing the

uncarthly din these big crackers make.

more were blown into smoke and frag-

ple appear to have renewed the loyalty

to these time-honored explosives, and

Roman candles, and the various col-

ored fires have struck popular fancy. There have been sold this year, I

think, fully \$5,000,000 worth of these

for consumption on the Fourth alone,

so that Saturday witnessed the disan-

pearance of fully \$6,000,000 in smoke

as an evidence of the patriotic feelings

of the country north of the Ohio river.

"This does not include the new-fangled Japanese fireworks, which are

hibitions. Every visitor of a country fair now thinks the show lacking if the

committee does not set oll between

each heat of the races a lot of these

Japanese constructions. Their use,

however, is almost entirely confined to

such occasions. But few are sold for

the Fourth, as the celebrating patriot

by day and just as handsome a show by night as money will buy."-New

The Increase of Profanity.

respondent with the general spread of intelligence, the distribution of wealth,

the increase in the number of grad-

uates of the public schools, the gener-

al expansion and activity of the people.

It is certainly in many individual

cases the mevitable concomitant of the

imperious instinct of expression and

self-assertion. This instinct is becom-

ing more and more developed in an

entire class of our people, who are be-

tion, of increased population, and of

"begun to curse and to swear" like

ious desire to say a great deal and

Whereas once

It seems as if this increase were cor-

York Times.

extensively used for daylight ex-

ments on the Fourth.

The Perfect Bartender. gentleman whose nose had the ruddy hue which is sometimes ascribed to the lavish absorption of spirits leaned familiarly over the bar of an uptown cafe as he said:

"Perfect bartenders are rare. It takes as much genius to run a bar satisfactorily as it does to become a lawyer. Of course, I do not say what kind of a lawyer, but I will say a fair-ly good lawyer. This is a busy age we live in, and men do not like to take unnecessary trouble. I have often noticed a crowd of men who walked into a barroom chatting agreeably, and who have been utterly broken up andknocked endwise by the questions of a stupid bartender. Right in the midst of a good story, or just as the point of some good anecdote has been arrived at, the stupid bartender gets the orders mixed up and has to ask everybody over again or forgets what you ordered. He interrups you without the slightest compunction of con-science, and the whole of your story "The fireworks manufactures do is knocked in the head. He never their best to discourage the consumpremembers the sort of drink you like, forgets your name, gives you Vichy instead of seltzer to mix with your liquor, and makes you feel under cerour opposition seems to have made tain restraint while you are near him. He is almost as bad as the very flip-pant bartender, who places his knucbut little headway. The fireworks now mostly in demand are of a kind decide lly superior to those mostly in vogue in the past, and the demand for kles on the bar, leans forward, smiles sweetly, and says, 'Whats your pleas-ure, gentlemen?' before you have had them is not by any means confined to the big cities, but Oregon and Montana want just as good fire goods as we can make. Of these, rockets, time to draw your breath or come to

a full stop. "I tell you a good bartender is a jewel. The best one I ever knew retired from business with an independent fortune. He has gone oves to Europe to see the country, and will keep his eye peeled, and if any large opportunity is floating around loose there he can be depended upon to gather it 'n. There are a great many men who con-sider drinking worthy of culture and intelligent study, just as a great many epicures cease eating oysters and take to eating clams on the 1st of June. They drop whisky cocktails on the 1st of June and take to whisky punches. This perfect bartender of whom I speak had heard me remark about Christmas time-he was then keeping bar in a well-known up-town hotelthat it was my custom to change my drinks on the 1st of June, just as it was other men's custom to go from oysters to clams; and when I walked in on the 1st of the month of roses I was startled and pleased to have him put up a whisky punch on the bar instead of the hotter concoction. This was many years ago, but I knew then that that man would succeed. He was quiet, gentlemanly, and never forgot a name, and hung up drinks with such deference and respect that even pronounced beats made it a point to pay him. They did not humiliate bartenders in those days with any of these patent, bellringing, self-checking, automatic detectors, and we all rejoiced to see Billy start a place of his own before he had been in the business two years. Until he gave up the business he al-ways worked behind the bar. 1 don't think this is because he distrusted any of his bartenders, but because he thought so much of having his customers well served that he could not depend upon any one but himself."-New York Sun.

#### Preserved Walnuts.

Preserved walnuts are delicious, and well repay the trouble of preparing them. The nuts should be gathered before the end of June, and must be without the inner shell and free from spots. There is an old saying that nuts gathered on St. John's day, June 24, will be in prime condition. For each pound of walnuts take one pound of sugar, some cloves, and einnamon. Prick the nuts with a sharp wooden skewer in several places; lay them in a large bowl and cover them with fresh water, which must be changed three times a day; leave them in the water for fourteen days. At the end of this time cook them quite soft, changing the water once; let them remain in cold water over night, and the next morning let them drain thoroughly by placing them on a sieve. In one side of each nut stick a clove without the blossom, and in the other a piece of cinnamon. Then clarify the sugar in this way: To each pound of sugar add a gill of water and cook until quite clear, taking off any scum that may form; for each pound of sugar add the juice of one lemon; then boil the nuts for a few moments in the sugar. Let the nuts remain in the sirup for three days, and then pour off the sirup and boil it for five minutes. Put the nuts in jars and pour the sirap, cold, over them. Should bits of the sheli separate from the nuts strain the sirup before the second boiling, so that it may be perfectly clear, although no harm is done by leaving the bits in.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

She looked at him with irritation. and demanded impatiently:

"What do you expect me to put on my back?

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you wore to the theater. It looks very well to me

He stopped, stupefied, overwhelmed, at seeing his wife in tears. Two great drops rolled slowly from the corners of her eyes to the corners of her mouth.

"What is the matter, dear "" he

began. But by a desperate effort she her distress and anovercame swered calmly, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only, I have no dress, and, consequently, 1 cannot go to the ball. Give the card to some some friend whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was in despair. He tried once more

"Let us see, Mathilde. How much would a suitable dress cost; something simple, which would be useful to you on other occasions?"

She reflected a few seconds, countung up the sum, taking also into the question the amount which say instion the amount which she could

At last she replied, hesitatingly:

"I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that I could get along with 400 francs."

He turned quite pale, for he had saved just that sum, intending to buy a gun and join some hunting parties the following summer. He replied, how-· ever:

"Very well, I will give you 400 francs. But you must get a handsome dress. . . .

The day of the ball drew near and Mathilde seemed sad and anxious. She chad not been like herself for three days. To her husband's inquiry as to what troubled her she

.replied: ...I have no jewels, not a single stone to wear. I shall make a very mean ap-pearance. I had almost rather not go at all.'

But he exclaimed:

"How foolish you are! Go to your friend, Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You are quite intimate enough with her to do that."

The next day accordingly, she told her perplexity to her friend.

Mme. Korestier brought a large case from her cabinet, and told Mathilde to take her choice.

der, declared: "We must contrive to replace the necklace."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went from shop to shop, ill with chagrin and anxiety, looking for a necklace like the lost one. They found, at length, a chaplet of diamonds which appeared to them exactly what they wanted, It was worch 34,000 francs. They begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days, and made the condition that it should be taken back if the lost one should have been found before the

end of February-Leoisel's father had left him 18,000 francs. The rest he would have to borrow. He obtained

1.000 francs from one man and 500 from another, 5 louis here and 3 louis there, he incurred ruinous obligations with the whole race of usurers. He risked his signature without the least

or it; and oppressed by anguish in view of the future, by the black poverty he saw settling down upon them, by the prospect of physical privations and mental tortures, he called for the new necklace, counting out to the

merchant 34,000 francs. When Mme. Leoisel took the neck lace to Mme. Forestier the latter said

with annoyance: "You ought to have returned it sooner; I might have wanted it.

But she did not open the casket.

Mathilde now became acquainted with the life of the necessitous. She took up her share of the burden heroically. She was going to help pay this frightful debt. She dismissed her servant and changed her lodgings for an attic. She learned to perform the coarse and odious tasks of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, and wore her rosy nails to the quick on the bottoms of greasy kettles. She washed the soiled linen and dried it on a cord at the window. She carried the ashes

sweepings to the street every and morning, and carried up water, stop-ping at each landing of the stairs to breathe. She went to the grocer and the butcher, her basket on her arm, defending her miserable money, sou by sou.

Her husband worked evenings, clearing a merchant's account, and often did copying at five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years. At the end of that time they had paid all,

with accumulated interest. Mathilde looked old. She had become the rude, strong, hardened woman of the poor, with unkempt hair, rough hands, and gown awry. Ske talked loud and scrubbed the floors with great splashing of water. But at times, when her husband was out, she sat before the window and dreamed of that ball, so long ago, Quiver.

far over that he nearly broke my back. We were loosened then, and they took the Swede's boots off and stood him on his head, and then played the bastinado on the soles of his feet. Well, you'd died laughing to hear that

poor fellow bellow, entreat, pray, and cuss those cowboys, and, although my legs were smarting from some dances I got, 1 just roared. After they had done enough mischief they shot out the lights, and left the train."-St Paul Globe.

"Drive gently over the stones!" This piece of advice, which is frequent-ly given to inexperienced whips, may be respectfully suggested to the newly married. There are stony places on the road to happiness, which, if not idea whether he would be able to honcarefully driven over, may upset the domestic coach. The first rock ahead which should be marked "dangerous," is the first year of married life. Here, especially, it is the first step

that costs; as a rule, the first year either mars or makes a marriage. During this period errors may be committed which will cast a shadow over

every year that follows. On awakening suddenly from sleep we feel put out and rather cross. May not the young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship and the fascination of the honeymoon? Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered and settled. For the first time husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married state to which the other has to grow accustomed. They have now to live no longer for themselves, but for each other, and the lesson is not learned in a moment. In all things indifferent the husband and wife must be willing

to yield, however new it may be to them, however different from what they themselves thought. Self must be sacrificed in order thereby to gain the help of another beloved existence.

A lady once asked Dr. Johnson how in his dictionary he came to define "pastern," the knee of a horse. He immediately answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commencement of the matrimonial journey. The young couple have not yet learned the dangerous places of the road, and, as a consequence, they drive carelessly over them.-The

came flying over the seat, and went so gave me his check and left the office, and within five minutes I had it certified and secure. I then wrote his wife, and her reply was convincing that he was clearly insane, his mania being that he was immensely rich. A

day or two later he came into my office in company with another man whom I recognized as a picture-deal-er. Then, for the first time, I saw symptoms of insanity in his face. eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his features contorted, as if in rage. I immediately concluded that we were to have a live time over that \$10,000,

and quickly rose to my feet to prepare for it "He walked rapidly up to me,

grasped my hand, pulling me toward him, whispered Old man, lend me \$500 till to-morow?'

"I wasn't prepared for that, and hardly knew what to say, but reaching into my safe took out an old check book, long since disused, and point-ing to a stub that showed a balance in bank of less than \$100, I answered 'Does that look as if I could?'

"'No,' he replied, 'it don't,' and wheeling around, he darted out of the office as suddenly as he had come in. "The picture-seller remained, and

asked him what all this meant. He answered that my client had bought a cart-load of chromos of him to be sent to his friends. I told him he had better keep his chromos. In a week my client became violently insane, and we removed him to Dr. Barstow's asylum in Flushing, where he died only a few weeks later. We found that he had been buying jewelry, diamonds, pictures, bronzes, houses, and any vari-ety of things, all of which we re-turned upon slight compromises. My action in obtaining that \$10,000 check saved his family from poverty. But what a remarkable case of sudden and inexplicable insanity!"-New York Tribune.

#### Six Millions Gone in Smoke.

Of late years the impression has been gaining ground that the old-time celebration of the Fourth of July was falling into desuetude, and that in the not-distant future the bonfires, fireworks, and other accessories of the day would be given up. A visit to the various manufacturers tends to dispel the delusion that firework on the

Fourth are going out of date. "The fireworks season," said a leading dealer yesterday, "begins early in February, when the far west sends in its orders. The factories are busy with these until early in the spring, when the states east of the Mississippi begin to stock up. It is a curious fact that, although the north, from Maine o California, lays in a full stock to the most healthy.

people expression are slight, who have only recently come to feel the need of any, profanity has the attraction of seeming to be very expressive. We shall never as a nation, swear any less until our society in general insists more on adequacy and accuracy of expression and definitely makes up its mind what is mere interiectional exuberance and what is grossly indecent .--Philadelphia Press.

## An Angel Rat-Catcher.

There is at present in the county hospital a professional rat-catcher, named Angel. He is a half-witted. low-browed fellow, and his looks indiate that he is anything but what his name would imply. As a rat-catcher, he is a success, and late yesterday afternoon he gave an exhibition of his powers that was simply wonderful. Several of the best rat terriers in the city were procured, and against these Angel was pitted. The first exhibi-tion of his beastly work was at the hospital, where twenty-five rodents were dispatched. Angel killing a majority. The party then went over to Gerber Brothers' slaughter-house, where the "game" was found to be more plentiful. The rodents had congregated by the score under bales of ay, and the exciting contest was kept up for over an hour. The dogs and man would gather about a bale, some one would give the hay a sudden tip, and the rat-catchers would rush in. Angel, with the rapidity of lightning, would grasp a rat with his left hand and with his right gave the rodent's head a quick twist that would break its neck instantly. At other times he would grasp a rat in each hand, dash them together, and both would tall to the ground lifeless. Over one hundred were killed here, and Angel killed two to the dog's one. Prior to Angel going to the hospital, he gained a fiving solely by killing rats, and on one

occasion slaughtered forty-five in one hour in the basement of a K street establishment. - Sucramento Record-Union.

LUCY LARCOM recently lectured in her native town, Lowell, Mass., on her lite and the life of all mill girls thirty or forty years ago, when she worked twelve hours a day and edited The Operatives' Magazine in her "leisure hours."

A Toronto paper has printed twenty-five and a quarter columns of a speech by a member of Parliament. This will make our congressmen restive. The Toronto paper should be remonstrated with.

In an address to young men, Dr. W. Pratt, of London, says that married life is by far

#### A File Wanted.

He had a wizz-wazzy, go-as-you-please gait as he approached a citizen standing in the door of a drug store, and he took off his hat and made an old-fashioned "kerchy" before asking: 'Say, be you a lawyer?"

"Well, I know something of law!"

"Say, then you can help me out. I was out last night. Indeed, I'm out vet.

"Been on a spree?"

"K'rect. Just sobering off to go home. When I git there she'll say 've bin off'n a tear and she'll jaw and ile a dozen affidavits." "Who? Your wife?"

"Of course. Say. I, want to file something. I don't know what you call it, but a lawyer ought to know. Suppose I said you was a thief? What would you do?"

"Punch your head."

"No! no! What would you do in law?

"File a general denial."

"K'reet, again! That's exactly what I want. She'll roar and take on. and I'll file a general denial and plead privilege on facts. That's what I was after-that's what'll humble her 10 no time. Say-have sunthin'?"

"All right-just the same. Let's see. General denial, and the burden of proof is on her. Jury trial-verdict of not guilty, and 1 come out whiter'n a spring lamb. Awl right -much objeeged-hic-a-long. Detroit Free Press.