

ONLY A TRAMP.

From the Portland Telegram.

A crowd had gathered. I pushed my way, and asked, what was the matter?

No one answered. I looked again, and found a dead man, in tatters.

None seemed willing to touch the dead. So ragged, so poor, and old.

"Only a tramp," the neighbors said. "Who died in the street, in the cold."

No one to mourn him, or shed a tear. No hand to pity raise.

Not one to follow the lonely bier—The Tramp, to his pauper grave.

Not one did say, "Yes, I forgot. There was one, who was true to the last."

And he drifted along, so sober and slow. On the crowd, not a look did he cast.

In the storm, and the rain together they slept. They shared the same food that was given—The ground was their bed for many a night.

Together they wandered, together they lived. Friends faithful, and true to the last. Dividing their joys, and sharing their ills.

The dog and his master cared little for friends; Through life they had journeyed together. A woman had broken the heart of the man.

His love for a woman, an outcast had made him. And a wanderer, far from his home. Dying, and dead, in the cold, cold street.

A Tramp; with his dog all alone.

AN ARDENT LOVER.

BY KATE TRICE.

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The inhabitants of Putneyville were not all conservatives of the Storm order. Sons of rich farmers were in college.

No wonder Jacob Storm, junior, loved Sallie. He had lived near her for years, had carried her dinner pail back and forth for her.

Sallie liked it; she was full of bounding fun; she hated silly airs; and as her brothers were, with one exception, older than herself, it was quite proper that she should do as they did.

"Why, Jacob," said she regretfully. "I never thought of you in that way. I should as soon fancy Tom marrying me."

"You think I am clumsy and slow," he said, "or perhaps stupid and ignorant, because I remain here when others go away; they have educated themselves, with fate and fortune to aid them.

"I believe you, Jacob," said Sallie, "and I am proud of you; but love is something I know nothing of, and until I have finished my course as a student, I must put pleasure of all kinds out of my head.

"Yes, father, and you shall have me. I can work hard, and come home to spend every vacation; and won't you be glad to see me?"

"Why not?" he said to himself; "why shouldn't she have a fair chance? I suppose I might sell off the meadow to old Storm, and send my only girl away in good shape; but it will spoil the farm, and I hate it."

He could not think of the house without her; he dreaded the long winter evenings, and the warm summer days, without his darling; and at last he sat down in one corner of the barn on an old grindstone, which Sallie had often turned for him.

"I shall miss him terribly. We have read and studied together all winter. Jake knows a heap. He surprises me all the time. He is having your picture painted for me, from the one you sent home. I wish I could go with him; but, as you say, it would never do to leave father and mother alone. I am reading the books you ordered, but I can't pin myself down to hard study after working all day."

"Going, Miss Rivers?" asked a senior, as she peeped in at the half-open door of Sallie's room.

"No, I think not. I shall employ the time in writing home."

"Do go. They tell me Professor Storm is quite remarkable, and Darwinism has its attractions for all of us."

"Professor Storm was closeted with the Prex to-day," said another senior, and I understand the light of his countenance will illuminate the college to-morrow."

"I think I will go," said Sallie, suddenly.

down there and work among all sorts, and never have any music evenings, or any home, or—"

Dike paused; his feelings were too much for him, and yet he would not let Jake Storm see a tear in his eyes.

"It's a chance to make yourself something better than a drudge,—a chance to see and know what is going on in the great world. Reading is good, Dike, but seeing is a million times better."

Jacob read early and late, he thought and studied; but after all, he knew that the discipline which Tom and Joe Rivers were having would be a great blessing to him.

"She shall not get before me if I die trying," he said.

Sallie's room was not so bad after all; Mrs. Mora had done her best to please her old friend Mrs. Rivers.

A room-mate was impossible, as she desired to spend all her spare moments in preparation for her future work.

About this time she wrote to Tom: "It is a hard grind, dear old boy; and sometimes, when my head whirrs about with the noise, or the associations vex me, I feel like running away to China or Japan; but I don't, I only go home when I am free, and take a good dose of Chopin or Beethoven; they tone me up. By careful management, I shall be able to save some money. There is a little French girl here, who is anxious to study English; every week I give her a lesson for a lesson; I speak and read French with her; then, two of Mrs. Mora's children take lessons on the piano, and my board bill is light. Who do you think comes here every Sunday? Why, Jacob Storm. His father will not let him go to college, and he walks down here after work is done Saturday, and returns Sunday night. He is a great friend of John Mora's, and I have to be teased about him, but I don't mind that. Jake seems like one of you and every week he questions me about my lessons."

"Sometimes he brings a few flowers, or some chickweed for Glory, sometimes a piece of new cheese in a dainty box, and generally a note or message from mother or Dike. When he drives down, Dike comes with him; and I can work harder all the week after seeing his rosy face."

"Jake gets books from the library here, and leaves them for me to read first; then we talk them over afterward, and Dike is getting quite interested."

Brave little Sallie! The days and weeks flew by, and found her at her post. She only saw the hard daily toil, only felt the bonds which kept her close until she could join the girls who quietly and easily walked the paths of knowledge.

She did not know that her example gave Joe new courage, and kept Tom from many a "college lark;" she never dreamed that Jacob Storm was making a man of himself for her sake; she could not see the power she exercised over Dike, who was inclined to be a little wayward; she never guessed that her devotion to self-culture and study had stimulated some of her associates to go and do likewise. Her brief vacations were seasons of joy. Jacob Storm wished they might last forever. He, too, was hard at work; and one day, when he and Sallie had discussed the merits of various authors, and compared notes concerning their studies, Sallie's outburst of praise for his achievements drew from him an avowal of his love.

"Why, Jacob," said she regretfully. "I never thought of you in that way. I should as soon fancy Tom marrying me."

"You think I am clumsy and slow," he said, "or perhaps stupid and ignorant, because I remain here when others go away; they have educated themselves, with fate and fortune to aid them. I have done it thus far against fate, and without fortune. I shall some day make the world hear of me; how, when, or where, I do not know, but it will come."

"I believe you, Jacob," said Sallie, "and I am proud of you; but love is something I know nothing of, and until I have finished my course as a student, I must put pleasure of all kinds out of my head. Don't sulk, Jacob; I am not heartless, only ignorant. Come, saddle Tam O'Shanter, and let us have one of our mad rides to Sparkling Spring; it will be something to remember when I am grinding at the mill again."

Jacob obeyed her. Her wishes had been his law for years, and he was manly enough to be proud of it.

At last the goal was won. Sallie was in college, devoting herself to her cherished books, and Jacob still worked as he had done before, now blaming himself for his folly in regarding his father's wishes, now working at his books with the desperate energy of one who has staked all on success.

Every Sunday he visited Glenmore with Dike, but no longer spent his time with Sallie. At last a change came; Jacob Storm, Sr., was gathered to his fathers, and his son was free.

Dike wrote to his sister in boyish fashion: "Old Storm has gone, and Jake mourns for him as if he had been loving and tender, instead of a stiff old miser. Jake will leave here soon; he does not say where he is going."

"I shall miss him terribly. We have read and studied together all winter. Jake knows a heap. He surprises me all the time. He is having your picture painted for me, from the one you sent home. I wish I could go with him; but, as you say, it would never do to leave father and mother alone. I am reading the books you ordered, but I can't pin myself down to hard study after working all day."

Sallie's last year of college life was drawing near its close, and the students were arranging for their separation, when an invitation was sent them to attend a lecture by an eminent gentleman who had been recently appointed to a professorship in a Western university.

"Going, Miss Rivers?" asked a senior, as she peeped in at the half-open door of Sallie's room.

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"Professor Storm was closeted with the Prex to-day," said another senior, and I understand the light of his countenance will illuminate the college to-morrow."

"I think I will go," said Sallie, suddenly.

denly, "it will not do to miss such a treat."

In her rebellious little heart she was saying, "I will go for the sake of the old name and my childhood's friend, but poor old Jake will never know anything of it."

The hall was crowded, and on the platform sat the college President, with several distinguished gentlemen. The speaker's face was partly hidden by the desk before him. When he rose, at last, Sallie's heart gave a quick bound; for there before her stood her neighbor, friend and lover.

He did not seem to see her; his subject engrossed his entire attention. Sallie listened with pleasure. The physical training of the past added strength to his mental acquirements, and his clear, manly voice charmed all who listened to him.

"Isn't he fine looking?" whispered one. "What a splendid type of manhood!" said another. "He understands himself perfectly, as well as his subject," said a third.

When the speaker closed, the applause was emphatic and prolonged. Sallie sat motionless. Surprise and pleasure mingled with a thousand memories. Professor Storm did not heed it. He was looking at a bright face just before him, and answered the congratulations of his friends in an absent manner.

"Pardon me," he said to the president; "I recognize an old schoolmate yonder."

"Ah, indeed! that is Miss Rivers, a young lady of remarkable energy and unbounded perseverance; she stands at the head of her class."

"I'm so glad, so very glad," was all Sallie could say.

"Are you? Then help me to escape from all these eyes, and let me give you the latest tidings from home."

Miss Rivers was envied by her friends as she passed out, stopping now and then to introduce the popular scientist as an old schoolmate.

Of what they talked, and how, it matters not to us; we only know that a certain professor was absent from his post in order to attend the exercises at a certain college, where Miss Rivers graduated, and we also know that a wedding took place soon after, and the bride's toilet did not cost her weary days and nights; for, like a wise woman she purchased it in New York, and enjoyed the last precious days with her friends.

When the bridal party went West, Dike joined them, and is now fitting himself for his future work in life.

Mrs. Storm, nee Sallie Rivers, is also a professor in the same institution with her husband; and her excellent parents spend a portion of each season with her. When any of the family joke Professor Storm about his love-like attentions to his wife, he always answers, "I owe all my prosperity to the fact that I have been her life-long, ardent lover."

A Stranger's Mistakes.

A few days ago a Western merchant who wanted to do some sight-seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry goods jobbing house on Broad ay, and accosted the first person he met with, "Are you the proprietor here?" "Not exactly the proprietor," was the reply. "At present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement."

The stranger passed on to a very important-looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked: "Are you the head of the house?"

"Well, no; I can't say as I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travelers just now, but I'm laying for a \$2000 per in an up-town church, and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six months."

The next man had his feet up, his hat back and a 20-cent cigar in his mouth and he looked so solid that the stranger said:

"You must run this establishment."

"Me?" Well, I may run it very soon. At present I'm the bookkeeper, but I'm expecting to get into a church choir with the old man's darling and become an equal partner here."

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around until he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and he said to him:

"The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see."

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"But I suppose you are planning to invent a Gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the quiet reply. "I'm the old man himself."

And all that the stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was: "Well, darn my buttons.—[Wall Street News.]

A LINE OF CHANGE OF DATE.—In passing around the earth a day is lost or gained, as the course may be west or east. Thus, if one goes west, with the sun, when he has gone completely around the earth he has overtaken the sun, so to speak, but in reality he has neutralized the motion of the earth in its revolution from west to east as much as is equivalent to a whole day or one revolution, and it is the same in effect as though the earth had been motionless for one whole day and the sun had not appeared to move. In this way the traveler would arrive at his starting-place a day sooner than would appear to be right by his reckoning. And the contrary would happen if he went east, for he would have one more sunrise and one more sunset than if he had staid at home. This will be apparent if one can imagine himself going east as fast as the earth revolves. He will clearly make two revolutions in space, and would pass the sun twice in twenty-four hours. In going west the sun would appear stationary, because the man moving as fast as the earth, would neutralize the motion. In one case a day would be gained, and in the other it would be lost. To equalize this difference, sailors add or drop from the almanac one day in passing the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

The Princess of Wales, when at Sandrigham, has little tea parties for which she herself makes the butter in a silver churn and spreads it on slices of bread which she cuts with her own hands. While she is at her work she wears a white dress and a little white apron.

Discoveries Made by Accident.

Valuable discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the most ordinary accidents.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had actually made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church-spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass cutter. By accident, a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass corroded and softened when the acid had touched it. That was his hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotint owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

The art of lithography was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper.

After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made, was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of the glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a London tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely increased its pungency and aroma.

He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had waded through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of the blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter.

After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr. East sent it to his agent at London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price.

Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint exceeded his ability to supply it.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show-window with piles of writing paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and, to finish his pyramid off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point.

Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern.

As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose.

The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

A SWELL SMASH UP.—The team attached to the family carriage of a rich Galveston family ran away a few days ago. The lady and her daughter were in the carriage, and the street was full of vehicles. She asked the coachman if he could stop the team. He said he could not, but he thought he could steer it. "Then," said she, leaning back with great composure, "run us into some fashionable turnout. I want to be thrown into good company." Fortunately the team was halted just as it was about to demolish a swill cart.—[Galveston News.]

Just as the visitors in the country and at the seaside get fairly used to washing their faces in a tin basin of water and wiping them on a very familiar towel, it is time to pack up and go home where the comforts of life are abundant. The season isn't quite long enough to permit of having a real good time.

If spiritualistic seers happen to discover the ghost of a tramp journal printer who recently set up "abdominal sounds" for abominable sounds, they will confer a life enduring favor by reporting such appearance to this office.—[Rome Sentinel.]

With a Pistol in His Pocket.

If there is one pursuit which above all others is so peaceful in its nature as not to call for the services of armed men, it is the climbing of a tree for the purpose of gathering chestnuts. Hardly any two things can be more thoroughly incompatible than nuts and pistols. The club which is a weapon altogether different in its character and its aims from the pistol, has a sort of relation to the business of gathering chestnuts. But the club is used not so much by the boy who climbs the chestnut tree as by the one who stands on the ground and awaits the fall of the nuts. To fling a club up among the branches of a chestnut tree sometimes has the effect of bringing chestnuts down. More often the effect is not felt on the chestnuts, but rather on the head of the boy who sends the club up. When in its descent it stuns him by a blow on the skull or sets the blood flowing from his cruelly bumped nose, the boy mutters a quotation from that old proverb which is to the effect that whatever goes up is sure to come down. The club is as clumsy a weapon as it is antiquated. Clubs cannot be carried in hip-pockets with any great degree of convenience. According to the pictures in the Sunday school books, Cain slew Abel with a club. But the pictures do not represent Cain as drawing the weapon from his hip-pocket. Even New York policemen do not carry clubs in their hip-pockets, but hold them in their hands ready for instant service.

The hip-pocket is a fashionable necessity, and no clothier is up to the demands of the age who makes trousers without it. All classes and conditions of masculine society must wear this pocket. The octogenarian grandfather, the peaceful clergyman, the scholarly professor, the boisterous politician, the growing youth and the little boy in his first trousers, must alike have a hip-pocket. While there are many purposes for which a pocket of this kind is exceedingly convenient, there is no denying the fact that it was originally invented by some war-like person as a handy place for carrying a pistol. Although there are many wearers of this kind of pocket who carry no pistols, yet there are many, especially young men, who think the pistol quite as much of a necessity as the pocket. Therefore, they seldom go unarmed. The pistol is at much at home in their hip-pocket as eye-glasses are on the noses of near-sighted men, or bangs on the foreheads of pretty girls. The young men who thus stuff pistols into their pockets are not bloodthirsty fellows. They have no desire to murder anybody. Most of them are poor shots in pistol practice and could not with the most approved form of modern weapon hit a cat across the street. They have no definite idea that ruffians will attack them with a view to taking their lives, nor have they positively come to the conclusion as to what they would do in the event of any such attack being made. They think they would bravely stand their ground and discharge from four to six balls into the vitals of the intruding ruffian. The probability is that they would run away.

A day or two ago the youthful son of a New York capitalist inflicted on himself a needless and dangerous wound. He had gone up a tree to gather chestnuts. He fell, and in his fall discharged the pistol which happened to be in his hip-pocket and which he had taken up the tree with him. At first it was reported that he was dead, and for some time it seemed probable that he would die. Had he died his life would have been sacrificed to a foolish and unnecessary practice. If he lives he will carry with him the indelible mark of his folly. Had there been a bear up the chestnut tree or a squad of hostile Indians concealed among the branches the pistol might have been a necessary instrument of self-defense instead of being one of self-torture. There are thousands of lads all over the country who carry pistols just as this unwise youth did. They go armed to school, to the store, to see their girls, to walk on the streets and to engage in the various duties and pleasures of life. When they have nothing else to do they pull out the pistol to see if it needs cleaning or to be sure that the trigger works properly. Then they point the weapon at their little brother or sister, purely as a bit of the most hilarious fun. When the inevitable bullet crashes through brother or sister, and a bleeding little corpse lies on the floor, there are tears and remorse and exclamations of "didn't know it was loaded," and all that. The carrying of a concealed pistol is by law an offense against the public peace. It is a great pity that the law is almost a dead letter. Especially about election times it is bad to carry pistols. The angry passions may rise and shots may be fired with disastrous effect. There is not one case in ten thousand where a man who carries a pistol has reasonable need to use it. As for the boys, they have no more need to carry pistols about them than to arm themselves with Gating guns. The hip-pocket is a handy appendage to the raiment; but it serves quite as well for the stowage of the peaceful handkerchief as for an armory. Better sew it up than carry a murderous weapon in it.

A top, who was sauntering about a country village, saw a pretty face at the window of a house near which a little boy was at play. "Bub," says he, "who is that fair lady looking out?" "Sis," was the laconic reply. "Will you not tell me if she is a maid or a matron?" asked the exquisite. "Neither; she's a tailor's," answered the lad, resuming his play.

A dentist never uses profane language nor gets arrested for assault and battery. When he feels particularly ugly he just holds on till he has a customer, and when he once gets his forepaws on that customer's molar, his fiendish wrath is let on at full head. Oh, think of the amount of venom a man could work off under such circumstances.

It is said that Queen Olga, of Greece, "is in love with Copenhagen." The Queen should come to this country, and attend a Sunday school picnic. She would get enough "Copenhagen" in three hours to last her a week. The boys would not slight her just because she is a Queen. In this country a Queen is considered as good as the daughter of a champion pedestrian.

How many young men there are who, like corn, turn white when they pop. Pride in a woman destroys all symmetry and shape—of a man's pocket-book. If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon find that you are better off.

In matters of prudence last thoughts are best; in morality, your first thoughts are best. Gardeners nine times out of ten marry widows. They seem to have a passion for eradicating weeds.

"None of your jaw," is what the baller said when the shark tried to scrape an acquaintance with him. The conservatism of most people is nothing more than radicalism gone to seed.

The man who can distinguish between good advice and poor does not need either. The man who is ready to take the chances will very probably take his last one in the almshouse.

A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his power as an infant. Bigotry knows of but one way to reach heaven, while faith knows of a hundred.

It is well to give heed to your doubts for they are very often the dawnings of truth. It is much more difficult for a man to make a circumstance than it is for a circumstance to make a man.

It requires wisdom to be able, and it requires an honesty to be willing, to call things by their right names. Man is the only creature that laughs; angels do not, animals can not, and devils will not.

A Cincinnati dyer recently went insane from political excitement. We suppose the more he read the madder he got.

New Orleans Picayune: Burglars never wait for an opening in their business. They go to work at once and make an opening.

A little girl, noticing the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper, tooth teeth like yours."

A school boy in Detroit who was requested to write down as many saints as he could think of, could only remember two.

There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its almighty maker.

"How shall we get the young men to go to church?" is the title of an article in a religious paper. Get the girls to go, my sainted brother; get the girls to go to church.

The worst slander often has it in some truth from which we learn a lesson that may make us wiser, and if we will be, better, when the first smart of it is over.

He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die will have the sin but of one day to repent of. Even reckoning make the longest friends.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. A Milwaukee girl married a barber and he turned out to be a rich baron in disguise.

Two more excursion boat accidents in the East river. The steamboat men have evidently been studying the problem, what to do with the surplus population of our city.—[Puck.]

Professor Huxley alludes to a corollary of dicotyledonous oxygen, with a monocotyledonous corolla and a central placenta; but he doesn't say whether its bite is fatal or not. It will probably travel with Barnum's show next season, and have its name on a six sheet poster.—[Norristown Herald.]

"If you was a man, Jimmy," said a little shaver to his chum, "who would you vote for, Hancock or Garfield?" "I'd go with the biggest procession, you bet."—New Haven Register. That boy will probably grow up to be the editor of an independent paper.—[Philadelphia News.]

"I don't think I like these mosquito-ing places," said Job Shuttle, as he gazed long and mournfully at his face as reflected by the mirror. "I declare, I never met so many bills in one of 'em with a fore. Honored every one of 'em with a draft, too. Blood money, by jingo."

The boy was still through the long day. He made no harsh, discordant outcries; he tore not around the rooms; he jumped over no tables nor tipped over no chairs; he stood not on his head nor turned somersaults against the door. No, he was perfectly quiet, still. He was dead.

A hotel is to be built at Quebec on the spot where Montgomery fell when leading the charge of the American troops on the citadel in 1775. There will probably be charges made on that spot which for recklessness will throw that of Montgomery entirely into the shade and, as before, the Americans will be the sufferers.

SHORT BITS.

The great American desert—Pie. Silence is a hard opinion to beat. A dime novel is of course in-tent-ent-station.

Forced politeness—Bowing to necessity. 'Tis very easy to re-cover an old man'srella. He who does a good deed makes heaven his debtor.

A thoroughly good man is invariably a brave one. Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world. No man is envious of what he can equal, or even imitate.

There is arrest for the wicked, as well as rest for the saint. Lies go by telegraph; the truth comes in by mail three hours late. In 300 years five Sundays in February can only occur nine times.

Motherly wisdom—Stick to your fan-nels until they stick to you. How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second. Tramps are gorge-us when they sit down to a well-filled table.

The man who lives for others must expect most of his pay in self-satisfaction. How many young men there are who, like corn, turn white when they pop. Pride in a woman destroys all symmetry and shape—of a man's pocket-book. If you would be wealthy get upon a mule. You will soon