

TIT FOR TAT.

A ROMANCE OF TWO PLACES.

They were coming back from Observatory Rock. The setting sun was casting long shadows athwart the waving fields of grain and stealing slowly down the rocky hillsides.

She was a fascinating woman. Her face was beautiful beyond description, and her voice had a subtle power, a caressing undertone that sent a thrill through every fiber of her companion's being.

She and her widowed mother were staying at a spacious farm-house in a lovely Connecticut valley. She had come there to recuperate from her social dissipations of the past winter in New York, and to gain strength for new dissipations and triumphs in the fast approaching autumn.

It was rumored that she had broken many hearts and ruined more men's lives than she cared to count; but, then, rumor often lies.

He was a tall, sunburnt man, with dark blue eyes, and a mass of waving blonde hair. He was clad in the garb of a simple farmer, but he did not look wholly like a tiller of the soil. His brown hands were too shapely and his carriage too elegant for a man country-born and country-bred.

Still, he had been working on the Meadow farm during the summer, and in all his leisure moments had been the constant shadow of the woman at his side.

He was a man of passionate impulses, and his heart was capable of an all-absorbing love or an all-devouring hate.

As they walked slowly down the hillside in the rich evening light, the lady chatted half familiarly, half condescendingly with her companion, while he listened with the partly eager, partly abstracted air of a man plunged in some deeply interested experiment.

She talked with an air of conscious social superiority, and he listened or replied like a man with a hidden purpose and a hidden strength.

As they came to a low stone wall he took her hand to assist her in surmounting it. Upon the other side of the wall he still retained her hand. She turned upon him with a look full of astonishment.

"Thank you for the assistance, Mr. Chapman," she said, coldly, striving to withdraw her hand from his. "I am quite able to proceed alone now."

He made no answer, but still held the little hand in his strong grasp, while with his eyes he seemed trying to search the innermost depths of her heart.

A crimson flood illumined her face.

"Mr. Chapman, you will be kind enough to release my hand at once." This with freezing hauteur.

"But suppose I want it," he said, quietly, with a look full of meaning; "suppose I tell you that I want you for my wife; suppose I declare that I love you, that your beautiful face enslaves me, that your soft voice sets my heart on fire, that I can not, I will not live without you."

His eyes were glowing like living coals, and his face appeared transfigured with the passion of the moment. Then losing all his cool self-control, he burst forth in the full tide of his overmastering love.

"Ah, Christine, my darling, my queen, my life," he cried passionately; "let me claim you as my own, let me take you to my heart, let me make you my wife. I am starving, Christine, actually starving, for a little love from you. Say you love me, darling, or," he added hastily, "if you do not love me, say you will try to. Give me a fragment of hope, dear, a little crumb with which to appease this terrible hunger at my heart."

He had dropped on his knee at her feet, and was looking eagerly, longingly into her flushed face.

With a great effort she wrenched her hand free. Then, with gleaming eyes and a tone that cut him like a knife, she said:

"You could hardly have chosen a more fitting opportunity or better place in which to insult me, sir. A gentleman, I know you are not. Whether you are a brute or a driveling fool I cannot tell. I hardly know whether to feel pity for your ignorance or anger at your audacity. You marry me—you!" she exclaimed with an insulting laugh.

"Do we mate crows with canaries, or jacksals with lambs? Come, sir, I will allow that your speech is a little better than the average country clod; I will acknowledge that your manners bear some degree of refinement; in short, that you are a little above your station in life. But to marry you, to live on carrots and turnips with you, to contemplate a life of patch-work quilts and rag carpets, why surely you are insane, raving mad!"

She burst into cruel laughter at the picture she had drawn, and then, not even deigning to glance at the bowed head of the man beside her, she turned upon her heel and moved slowly away.

With a bound he was before her again.

"Miss Cannel, Christine, hear me," he cried eagerly, "you wrong me, you do me cruel injustice. I am a gentleman, every inch your peer," he added proudly, "and I am rich, very rich. I can gratify your every wish, I can surround you with every luxury. I—"

She cut him short.

"Enough, I thought you were crazy before, now I know it. You are a wealthy man! Do men of means masquerade in homespun, in cotton jeans? Do men of means toil day after day in the broiling sun for mere pleasure? An inspiring pastime truly, for a rich man."

"But let me explain my position to you, Miss Cannel," he cried as a last resort. "I came to this place—"

"To work; that is obvious. Do not prevaricate further, Mr. Chapman," with a scornful accent upon the title. "It makes no difference to me what you may say, for I will not believe you. I tell you by its glitter. You have served to amuse me in my idle hours, and for that I thank you; but I now see I was wrong to be so familiar with one below my station in life. I cast you from my mind as I do this glove, and will forget you as soon." Without another word she left him.

Chapman watched her till she gained the house, a world of misery shining in his eyes. Then he mechanically stooped and recovered the glove from its hiding

place in the grass, and placed it in a pocket next his heart. The following day Miss Cannel and her mother departed for New York.

A brilliant evening reception was in progress at Mrs. Goldrim's fashionable mansion on Fifth avenue. A throng of beautiful women and distinguished men surged up and down the spacious drawing rooms. A dazzling light from the crystal chandeliers fell upon the gay crowd, and the dreamy notes of a serenade by Schubert stole softly into the rooms from the overhanging conservatory where the musicians were concealed.

Prominent among the galaxy of beauty shone Christine Cannel's fair face and bewitching eyes. She was leaning upon the arm of a man who was consoled, even by jealous masculinity, to be the lion of the occasion.

He had just returned from a four years' sojourn in Europe, where he had achieved fame as a pungent and witty correspondent of several prominent journals in London and New York. Unlike the ordinary journalist, he was reputed to be immensely rich; therefore, it had not been fortune but fame that had induced him to take up his pen.

Since his return to New York he had been markedly devoted in his attentions to Miss Cannel.

He had met her two months previous at a fashionable watering place, and it was rumored that the erstwhile adamant heart of the beautiful woman clinging to his arm had succumbed to his manifold attractions of person and mind. Envious gossips would have it that his purse was the subtle influence that had metamorphosed Christine Cannel from the cold, impervious being of old into the gracious, almost lovable, woman of the present.

A keen observer would certainly have declared, seeing Miss Cannel at this moment, that her heart was aroused; that a warmer feeling than that of selfish interest had at last been awakened in her breast.

As they slowly threaded their way through the crush she was talking to her companion in that magnetic voice that had hitherto been her greatest weapon, but was now her greatest friend.

He seemed entirely absorbed in her sparkling conversation, and a smile lingered now and then upon his usually firmly compressed lips as she entertained him with sparkling bon mots or indulged in caustic repartee.

He said but little. When he did speak, however, the lovely woman seemed to listen to his words with her soul in her ears.

"By Jove!" said an important looking youth, who with a companion of his own set had been glued to the wall by the great crush, "there goes that fellow Chapman again, with Christine Cannel. I am decidedly glad she has at last met her match. If she ain't gone clean out that newspaper chap I'll go without my coat for the rest of the winter. You ought to have seen the way she froze me last summer at the Grand Union. I made a casual remark to her on the piazza one evening about the stars, and by thunder, the way she turned those eyes on me—simply looked at me, you know—made the cold chills come all over my vertebrae. I can feel 'em yet. See the way she's looking at that prig now. It beats me out of sight. Suppose he has got money and all that? ain't other men just as good?"

And young Hatstraw squared his shoulders and looked into his inaccurate shirt front with a ridiculous air of ruffled complacency.

Mrs. Grundy also waved her fan perplexedly, and society in general wondered what was going to happen.

Mrs. Goldrim was giving one of her famous fete champetre at her magnificent country seat on the Hudson. Chinese lanterns and elegant transparencies gleamed out from among the trees upon the lawn; and through the loz, opened French windows of the villa a gay throng whirling hither and thither in the intricacies of the dance was visible.

Outside, in secluded nooks under the trees, were various couples engaged in all the stages of that highly mysterious occupation—"flirting."

In a rustic summer house on that side of the grounds overlooking the majestic river, a lady and gentleman had just seated themselves.

Apparently they were the best of friends, for the lady placed her hand familiarly upon her companion's arm and called his attention to the lovely scene, faintly lighted by the rising moon, spread out before them.

For a moment the gentleman said nothing, but looked straight before him, with a gloomy expression on his face. Suddenly he turned to his companion.

"Christine, does the name of Chapman ever recall to your mind an unpleasant episode of some years ago?"

"Unpleasant episode? Why, what can you mean, Carl? You know nothing connected with your name can be unpleasant to me. Are we not engaged to be married?"

The gentleman's face looked strangely contorted in the glowing light of the moon, and his eyes seemed filled with a smothered fire that might break out at any moment into a fierce flame of passion. Looking full into his companion's face, he said shortly:

"Your memory is strangely remiss, Miss Cannel."

"Something in the altered tone of his voice frightened the woman.

"Merciful heaven, Carl, what is the matter?" she cried.

He sprang from his seat as if unable longer to control his words and planted himself directly in front of the now terrified woman. Then with blazing eyes devouring every change of her features, he said:

"Christine Cannel, to-morrow I sail for Europe for another absence of four years."

His companion seemed for a moment stunned by this abrupt announcement. Then she said slowly in a dazed manner: "You are going to Europe; and I?"

"And you," with bitter sarcasm, "why you, perhaps, will remember me better during the coming years than you have during those that are passed."

She looked at him in dull amazement, repeating slowly to herself in a strained, unnatural tone:

"Going to Europe. Going to Europe."

He interrupted her impatiently, hastily.

"I see I must refresh your memory, Christine Cannel. Most people will

think what I have done and am going to do is fiendish, devilish; I know better—it is an act of mere justice, the sequel to a charming little comedy enacted six summers ago among the Connecticut hills. Do you remember, my dear Miss Cannel," with a bitter laugh, "the poor day laborer, as you were pleased to term him, with whom you amused yourself during the idle summer days nearly five years ago?"

Do you remember how you aroused his love, and how, in return, he sued for yours? Ah! I see you begin to recollect. Does my name recall to your mind now an unpleasant episode connected with it? Do you recollect how you treated that poor farm laborer's honest avowal of his love for you? Do you remember how you scorned and spurned him; how you called him a brute and a driveling fool; how you declined a life with him of carrots and turnips, and patchwork quilts and rag carpets, as you picturesquely put it? Ah! you do remember now, I see you do—"

"Oh, Carl! spare me! spare me!" the woman moaned as if in agony.

"Spare you; did you spare me then, madam?" When I was on my bended knees before you; when I begged you to listen to an explanation from me; when I promised you a name, riches, love, everything a man holds dear, did you spare me?"

"Oh, my God, my God, he has no mercy! Carl, you will kill me. I shall go raving mad if you continue."

"Ah," he sneered, "it is my turn now, madam. You did not know the poor laborer was a man of wealth working quietly, patiently, day after day, in search of that greatest of boons, good health. You would not listen to my explanation then; by heavens, you shall hear me now."

He looked at her for a moment without saying a word, as if gloating over his present triumph, while she shivered beneath his gaze as if stricken with an ague. Then she murmured with trembling lips:

"Why did you not tell me your true position at first? Why did you leave me in ignorance of your station?"

"Simply, madam," he replied bitterly, "because I wished to win your heart and not your hand. You saw fit to make a plaything of me and cast me off. Even then my poor deceived love triumphed over my reason, and I tried to make you understand, tried to buy you, but you would not hear me. You said that you told gold by its glitter. Very well; I resolved to let your motto work its own result. I banished myself to Europe for four years, and then returned to find you still unmarried, to win what little heart you have, to become your affianced husband. Was not the finger of fate in all that? You had forgotten completely the miserable man whom you had crushed."

"Ah, Christine Cannel, my nature is an evil one. I am a true lover and a hard hater, and I hate you so bitterly for the insult you put upon my manhood, I detest you so thoroughly for your false, heartless character, I despise you so cordially for your lack of all that is womanly, that I wonder how I could have had the patience to perfect and carry out this just retribution—for I know that you love me, know that for the first time your cold heart has felt the nearest approach to the divine passion of which it is capable; and I glory in the thought that I am the instrument of punishing you for the scores of manly hearts you have broken by your abominable siren ways and manners."

The poor woman sat huddled in her chair, limp, almost inanimate, the moon shedding its cold rays upon her white, despairing face. From time to time she moaned, almost inarticulately.

"Carl, you are killing me, killing me!"

Chapman laughed hoarsely.

"Killing you!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever think of how you killed, murdered the best and purest of my possessions—my love? Did you ever think of how you emptied my heart of its warmest feelings and filled it with black, bitter, misanthropical hate? And you talk of my killing you! Christine Cannel, only my revenge upon you, they may say that it is unmanly, less than human; but you know in your heart of hearts, you know only too well that you are but receiving justice. You know that you have wrecked my life as completely as you have done the lives of others."

"Do you see this?" he continued, drawing a glove from his pocket; "you wore this once, and the last time it left your own hand was on a beautiful September day six summers ago. You threw it from you with these words: 'I cast you from my mind as I do this glove and will forget you as soon.'"

"Ah you remember now. Well, madame, as I have said, I sail for Europe to-morrow. There is little Christian charity in my composition, nothing but poor, weak human nature, and before I go I think it my duty to return your glove and with it your own words: 'I cast you from my mind as I do this glove, and will forget you as soon.'"

He threw the glove at her feet, and without another word, without a backward glance, strode from her presence.

Half an hour later a merry couple passing by the rustic summer house noticed a white heap lying motionless upon the floor. It was Christine Cannel in a dead faint.

And society wondered what had happened.

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it's not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed I could; but I promised mother no-never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't, sir, no-never—and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that it brought out with it a pocket-flask, a black cutty, and a pack of cards; and somehow or other the professor took no more stock of that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image."

George Eliot once said that girls are delicate vessels, in which are borne outward through the ages the treasures of human affection. George, you don't know anything about it. Did you ever take a week's salary into a restaurant and try to fill one of those "delicate vessels" with ice cream, cake and chocolate caramels? George, it can't be done.

Butter and Its Counterfeits.

Congress has at last taken hold of this slippery subject, in compliance with a demand from the dairy interests of the country, and is considering a bill which provides for an inspector to reside in those parts from which oleomargarine, butterine and suet are mostly exported, under the name of Westchester, Western Reserve, or other good brands of butter. The duty of the inspector is indicated by the name of his office and in the selection of a man to fill the place, the civil service plan will give due regard to the strength of his olfactory organs. Statistics of the export trade show that the products of the dairy stand third in value in the list of articles sent abroad. Butter has become the rival of pork. Hence the effort of lard to check its progress, as it does in oleomargarine. America is celebrated for its bad butter. It is well that it should become famous for its good suet. We import better butter than we can make from Sweden, but we export better butterine than they can make to England. They send us grand cows from Holstein, but we ship tons of oleomargarine to Holland. So, after all, there is a great law of compensation in butter, as in all things mundane. There are not enough cows in the world to supply its people with butter of any kind. Half of these are dry or refuse to give down, even to a patent milker. What is to be done? Science is equal to the emergency, and it boldly steps to the front with a firkin of butterine in its hand. But the real butter makers object to the counterfeit article and urge Congress to give them protection. They say, Let oleomargarine travel on its own name and fragrance and all will be well. The same may be said of other members of the same. Let every tub of butter of butterine stand on its own bottom. A Chicago paper demands that the makers of these substitutes for butter be indicted, forgetting that the offense lies not in the making but in the false pretense that the compound is butter. It is no offense to make, sell or eat dog-fat worked up into the appearance of butter, provided there is no deceit about it. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* A good article of oleomargarine is more palatable than much of the butter which is thrown on the market. Its offense is not half so rank, nor does it smell so near heaven. Furthermore, its makers have shrewdly christened it with a mellifluous name, which compensates not a little the consumer. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but not so with oleomargarine, and the makers know it.

The decline and fall of butter is a theme upon which the future statistician and political economist will dwell with pensive thoughts. The day must come when butter will be only remembered as a food of the ancients, like some of those strange oils and *outré* dishes wherewithal our ancestors regaled themselves. But it is well enough. We hear no more of milk-maids, bare-legged and ruddy-checked, dancing over the lawn, pail in hand. Milk trains, with regiments of battered and foul-smelling cans, mark the new era. Dairies down by the spring, a rippling rivulet running through sweet-scented milk crocks and cream jars, are things of the past, for huge cow stables with long rows of stanchioned cows, the last of their race, and they know it and look it, have taken their place. Now is the day of swill milk. The Swiss *Vaches*—has no significance anywhere now, for the cows are no longer members of the family, and they know it. This commercial age has degraded them into lacteal machines—pedigreed, registered, weighed them. They are only prized for their butyraceous qualities—the per centum per gallon—not their social characteristics. The poet who writes about "the breath of cows" has no readers now, for the gigantic stench which rises like a huge horror from the great foul stables where hundreds of suffering cows linger out a wretched existence, dreaming of clover fields and happy calfhood, have made it impossible to realize that there can be anything sweet or redolent of green grasses and spring flowers about a cow.

Knave When to Quit.

"I think I may be excused for a little show of pride in saying that I know when to quit Wall street," he observed as an elevated train carried him over that thoroughfare.

"So you used to speculate, eh?"

"Yes, I was on the street for seven years."

"Made your pile, I suppose?"

"Yes, I made and lost money the same as the rest. At one time I could draw my check for \$33,000, and that wasn't too bad for a man who went into Wall street with only \$40 in his pocket."

"And you knew when to quit?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was when—when—"

"That was when I had enough left to pay my fare to Elmira and hire a boy to carry my satchel up to my father-in-law's house!" was the quiet reply.—[Wall Street News.

One little Long Island town is said to number among its residents 75 persons whose ages average 95 years, sortentoon of them being over 90.

Almost Insensible.

The most remarkable escape on record occurred in this city several nights ago. Jack Juckles committed an act, which according to law, would send him to the penitentiary. He concealed himself in the third story of a building, hoping to escape until the next day, when a friend would procure a disguise for him. He sat in the room meditating.

"Yes," he mused, "if I am arrested, I will go to the pen. I shot a fellow in self-defense, but hang it all, I have shot several, and the State of Arkansas is getting tired of excuses."

A rap on the door startled the muser. "Who's there?"

"A deputy sheriff. Open up."

"Gone up," he thought as he opened the door.

"You are my prisoner," said the deputy.

"Yes," replied Jack; "but don't you know that it won't do to take me through the streets—I'd be mobbed? I tell you what to do. Go out into the hall, lock the door, and stand there until several other officers can be summoned. You can send the porter after them."

This seemed fair enough, and the officer, calling the porter, sent him to the sheriff's office.

"Stand outside," said Jack. "A break might be made at any moment. There is no possible chance of escape. I'm honest with you."

The deputy went out and locked the door. There was not the slightest danger to be feared from a mob, but an idea had occurred to the prisoner. No sooner had the deputy taken his place in the hall than Jack softly raised one of the windows. Two gas-burners were in the room, and approaching the one not in use he placed his mouth over it and turned on the gas. Presently he began to wave. Then his feet left the floor and he blew out some of the gas and came down lightly. He took a little more, and by holding to the wall he managed to reach the window. He went through and floated out into the air. He floated in a westerly direction, and then, blowing off gradually, he came down lightly, tipping along several yards before he could exhale the entire amount of gas which he had taken into his "meterized" system. Shortly after the officers arrived the gas man came over and promptly charged up the extra amount of the gas consumed.—[Arkansas Gazette.

The Non-Essentials of Faith.

The Scotch divines are at present discussing a very fine point, namely, the amount of insincerity that is legitimate in subscribing assent to their confession of faith. It appears that on assuming their offices they declare publicly that they "sincerely" own and believe the "whole doctrine" of the confession, and "renounce" all doctrines, tenets and opinions whatsoever contrary to or inconsistent with the said doctrine. It might be thought that this formed a wall high enough and thick enough to keep out the boldest heretic, but several of the Edinburgh divinity professors seem to have got a whole procession of coaches-and-six through it the other day with perfect ease. According to these gentlemen the "whole" doctrine merely means a good deal of the doctrine, the remainder, in short, after deducting what they call the "non-essentials." Asked what are the "non-essentials," they tell us that they are those doctrines which do not form a necessary part of the "system." Asked what the system is, they inform us that it is what each subscriber regards in his own mind as the system; and if one thinks the system to be one thing and the other thinks it is to be something entirely different, the divinity professor assures us that it is of no consequence, for "who is authoritative to judge between those two men, and say to the one, 'You are right,' and to the other, 'You are wrong?'" After this it was scarcely necessary to express a disbelief "that every minister who was not ultra-orthodox was going about with a conscience burdened and troubled with a sense of a broken vow." Why should he, if his vow meant whatever and however little he chooses to regard it as meaning? Only we should advise the divinity professor not to interpret any other of their contracts in this way, as the other party might not always be satisfied to accept their views.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Story of a Mormon Wife.

There is a comic as well as pathetic side to Mormon polygamy. Among the Mormon women at Utah was one who accepted in full faith the polygamic revelation. She found in polygamy ample compensation in the supposed right of the first wife to choose her husband's succeding wives.

This was her argument.

"If this first wife selects the other wives, it has the effect of showing them that the husband thinks much of her judgment and is willing to abide by it, and that they will have to do the same. This, of course, as it should be. But if she lets her husband choose his own wife, he is almost certain to take a fancy to some one whom the first one does not like at all, and consequently her authority is undermined. The first wife ought to retain all the power in her own hands."

The sequel of this lady's story is extremely ludicrous.

After she had chosen two other wives for her husband, he was so perverse as to choose a fourth for himself, the fourth being not at all to her liking, as she herself admitted. This is her own account of the matter:

"I tell you," said I, "I am quite disgusted with you, a man with three wives—and me one of them—to go talking twaddle to a chattering hussy like that with her cat's eyes and red hair!"

"Golden hair, my dear," he said; "Charlotte's hair is golden."

"I say red—it's straight, staring red—as red as red can be," I told him, and then we had a regular fight over it.

"I don't mean to say we came to blows, but we had some hot words, and he went out and left us two alone. Then that young hussy was impudent, and I don't know how it was, but somehow when we left our conversation I found some of Charlotte's red hair between my fingers."

"And there," she said innocently, holding out a good-sized tuft of auburn hair—"there, I put it to you, Sister Stanhouse, is that red, or is it not?"

The bore is no sooner trained to shut an office door than the weather changes and you want your door left open.

The Queer Fisherman.

The otter is admirably adapted to aquatic habits. Its body is long and flexible, with a long, tapering tail, which serves as a rudder in the performance of the evolutions of the animal under the water. The limbs are short, but very muscular and powerful, and the feet which consist of five toes each, are webbed so as to serve as paddles or oars. The eyes are large, the ears short, and the lips are provided with strong whiskers. The covering consists of two kinds of fur—an under vest of close, short water proof wool, and an outer vest of long coarse, glossy hair. Shy and reclusive the otter is nocturnal in his habits, lurking by day in his burrow, which opens near the water's edge, concealed among the tangled herbage. Voracious, active and old, it is notorious for its devastation among the fish in our rivers and lakes, which are not protected from this voracity either by the rapidity of their motion, or by the depth of their home in the water, swimming at any depth with the utmost velocity. Many instances upon record of the successful employment of tame otters for angling purposes. Bishop Heber relates that at Pondicherry on the banks of the Matta Colly, he saw a row of nine or ten very large, beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank uttering a shrill, whistling noise, as if in play. The bishop observes that most of the fishermen in the neighborhood keep one or more of these animals, who were of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the net, and sometimes bring out the larger fish with their teeth.

Anecdote of His Royal Highness.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Sun tells the following story: The hero is no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. The thing happened during one of the Prince's visits to the capital of the Czars. Count Alderberg had given the Prince a supper, which lasted till daybreak. About 4 o'clock in the morning the prince took leave of the company, jumped into a carriage, and started for the Winter Palace. His Royal Highness had done such honor to the wines that ideas were a little mixed. He was passing the place of the Holy Synod he thought he recognized the facade of the Imperial Palace, and he halted the carriage, got out, dismissed the coachman, and then walked up to the door. A monk opened the door and asked him what he wanted, but the prince did not understand the monk's Russian. Without answering his questions he advanced, not too steadily, into the interior of the edifice, thinking that he could find his way to his apartment. The monk undertook to stop him. The prince is one of the best boxers of the United Kingdom. His first blow laid out the monk, who shouted lustily for help. The police were soon on the ground. As the prince couldn't make himself understood, and was not recognized, he was taken to the nearest police station. Fancy stupefaction at court in the morning when it was discovered that the prince had not returned to the palace. The Emperor was very uneasy. He scolded the governor of the palace roundly for having allowed the prince to set out alone. Orders were given for a search among the police stations, and the heir of the crown of England was found fast asleep among the revellers of lower degree.

Going Slow.

During the financial squeeze last week, a stranger stopped at the corner of Broadway and Vesey streets to have a shine distributed over his boots. The boy made very slow progress, and the victim finally observed:

"Why, sonny, there isn't any blacking in your box."

"It's gittin' purty low, and that's a fact," replied the boy.

"Are you broke?"

"O no."

"Then why don't you stock up?"

"You don't live here, do you?" queried the boy.

"No."

"Then you can't begin to realize the situation. Russell Sage, he's short and tryin' to jay; Jay Gould, he's short and tryin' to grip the money-market; and when Wall street bears is growin' till it makes yer hair stand up. Dad is holdin' off on his new butes, man's holdin' off on the next ton of coal, and I've got a feelin' up and down my spine that I'd better go slow and do a heap of rubbin' till we see the end of the squeeze."—[Wall Street Daily News.

ALL SORTS.

Two men started out to see who could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor"—No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

An Iowa farmer says: "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't raise insects enough to eat 'em all up."

The papers make a great bother about the number of people who escape at a railroad accident. Wouldn't they have escaped just the same had there been no accident?

Although very early this season, it has already been discovered that during the present winter ice will, as usual, freeze with the slippery side up.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

The Ottoman gendarmier scheme has totally collapsed, and after this there will be an end of the English gendarmier in Turkey, about which there has been so much cry and so little wood.

Snooks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then