

THE DIFFERENCE.

GRACIE S. WELLS.

Only a few more notes, Only a finer tone, And lo! the world bows down Before the singer's throne.

AN UNGATEFUL WRETCH.

Algernon Augustus Deboward stood upon the extreme seaward end of the New Montgomery street wharf, feeding a pocketful of bird shot to the seals that sported below in the first blush and freshness of their young love.

The man had not far to fall, and was soon submerged, the bird-shot still in his pocket assisting to take him down.

Suddenly a woman's shrill scream rent the air from top to bottom. She was rich, no end. Early in her youth Arabella Decourcy had—but no matter; this was not early in her youth.

Behold these two—the wet man and the dry woman—alone in the gloaming. "Noble lady," he exclaimed, laying his dripping head upon her shoulder and permitting her arm to enircle his waist.

"That is what I said," he remarked; "it is mine." The lady regarding him for a moment with a look of pain and distrust.

"We do not seem to understand one another, but your idea doubtless is that I, having saved your life, you will devote it to making me happy—you will give yourself to me in marriage."

"Are those your terms?" asked the rescued Algernon Augustus Deboward, coldly.

"That," said she with a stony stare, "is the usual price." He pulled aside his obscuring forelock, dashed the sea-water from his eyes, and attentively considered her.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoonendyke.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoonendyke, as he hurried in, hot and breathless, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-night?"

"It's all ready," replied Mrs. Spoonendyke, beaming, "you go as—let me see. I go as a Spanish guitar girl, and you as—as it's either Louis Fourteenth, or Oliver Cromwell, or Sir Robert Burns—I've forgotten which the man called it."

"I do?" said Mr. Spoonendyke, glaring around; "I go as one of them, do I? As they are all dead, and I will do for all three, praps you've got a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs. Spoonendyke. "It's a doublet and—"

"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoonendyke, it was a triplet. I told you to get me a bandit suit, didn't I? Fetch out this man Burns. Any sword go with it?"

Mrs. Spoonendyke brought forth a worn red velvet jacket, trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow knee-breeches, slashed up the side. This she supplemented with a felt hat and a pair of jack boots armed with spurs.

"Maybe it's a bandit suit after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis Fourteenth end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoonendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element of the schedule! If I am going to get into this thing chronologically, I must begin with the measly king and wind up with the dod-gasted poet; which is the king part?"

"Don't the boots come up to meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoonendyke, in some trepidation.

Mr. Spoonendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of nearly a foot.

once rang. The oarsman spoke modestly of the days of his success, and did not appear to have taken greatly to heart his misfortunes, from which he still hopes to emerge. Elliott was born thirty-two years ago at Hayfarm, Northumberland, England, where his father was a shepherd. He worked with his father until 19 years of age, when he went to the "pits" at Blythe, near Newcastle, and began to work there.

The above letter is but one among the numerous testimonials given to Dr. Henley's Rheumatic Neutralizer.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS. Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles L. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home.

His feats of strength are no less remarkable. About twenty years ago he found a cow in no uncommon predicament in those days—mired in a slough.

A Very Eccentric Scotchman. The will of a recently deceased Dumfriesshire laird has been causing considerable discussion in the south of Scotland, and it will probably come before the court of sessions.

Mr. Elliott, the Oarsman. The once celebrated oarsman, William Elliott, was one of the firemen of the British steamship Critic, which reached quarantine from Newcastle, England, late Saturday night.

She put him back in the water.—Boston Times.

Mistake About the Goat. The following story is related by an exchange:

The list of sworn brokers in the city of London contains a number of the aristocracy, including a duke's younger son, Lord Walter Campbell, and also the following: The Hon. Albert Petre, the Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, the Hon. Richard Strat, and Sir Hector Maclean Hay.

Carlyle's Tobacco.

Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan before he came to Edinburgh University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of an allowance. Carlyle's allowance, in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much.

"Oh, we find that this suits our customers very well," said the man.

FOUND AT LAST. A Positive and Never-Failing Cure for Rheumatism.

DR. HENLEY'S RHEUMATIC NEUTRALIZER. Having suffered for years with rheumatism, and especially during last winter and until July—enduring great pain most of the time, I wish to certify that I met with relief, and for a few days took your Rheumatic Neutralizer, which you were kind enough to give me on trial, and after three days I quit taking it, and have had no suffering from that cause since.

PHOSPHATE SOAP. UNRIVALLED FOR CURING SKIN DISEASES AND FOR PRESERVING A HEALTHY SKIN.

DR. SPINNEY, YOUNG MEN. YOU MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF YOUTHFUL EXCESS OR INDULGENCE, AND BE SO WEAK THAT YOU ARE UNABLE TO PERFORM YOUR DUTY.

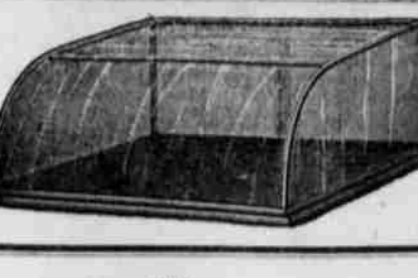
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DOBYNS' "SUI" GULL CATARRH. Neuralgic and Nervous Headache, Cold in the Head, Stopping of the Nasal Passage, etc.

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