Lisits Anconi lifted her soft Spanish eyes wistfully to the doctor's blunt, kindly face, but answered nothing, Poor child! her command of the English mind be so uneasy. language was insufficient enough at the

best, and how could she tell all the weight that lay on her girl heart? "I will try to be quiet; I will en-deavor much," she said, piteously, as Dr. Atheling paused, as if expecting a

And the doctor went away, thinking what strange, velvety eyes Spanish girls

"She is very pretty," said he to him-self, "and so utterly alone in the world. I wonder if I couldn't get her a situation omewhere as governess, when she gets a little stronger ?

Meanwhile the doctor's step had scarcedied away on the staircase when Lista sat up in bed.

'Quick, Maria !" she cried to the honat Irish girl who was all the nurse she had, at the odd times and seasons when he could be spared from the down-stairs a flourishing boardingdrudgery of "Quick-the pillows at my back and the sketching-board and crayons!

These Winter afternoons grow shorter, and each moment of daylight is a coin to "But, miss," pleaded Mary McCarty,

the doctor says—"
"Never mind what he may say !" interrupted Lisita, nervously. "He knows not all—how should he? Listen Maria," with a soft, musical intonation on the name, "you put yourself in my place.
if your dead sister's husband—" But I haven't any sisther, miss," said

Mary, innocently. "Ah, but we must suppose that you have, Maria. If he was sick, in debt. saffering, and you could help him !" "Sure, miss, I'd do it wid all my

heart!" declared sympathetic Mary.
"I don't like Antonia Caro," Lisita said, gravely; "but he was Zanita's hus-band, and for him I work. His landlord will put him out of the doors, with his poor violin, and his piles of manuscript music, if rent be not paid next See! the Madonna is almost You will sell it for me at the picture bazar, Maria, I will send the money to the cruel landlord, and all will be well. Zanita will rest quiet in her grave, and I-what matters it if I do not get strength so quick? It will come

Honest Mary crossed herself as she looked at the sweet-eyed Madonna, shose brows were like Lisita's own. "I'll do all I can, miss," said she.

Lisita sat up late until the last rosy fush of sunset had faded away from the walls, to finish the picture. And the next day when Dr. Atheling called she was prostrate.

"It's very strange," said the disciple of Esculapius. "You were well yesterday; to-day you are all in a tremble, with your pulse up to ninety. oes it mean?" "Nothing," faltered Lisita. "It must

e of the weather." "Weather's splendid," said Dr. Atheing, gazing keenly down into his patient's dark, averted eyes. "Couldn't e better, Miss Anconi!'

"I shall send up some wine this evenng,and some fresh eggs. See that Mary ests them well together, and take a glassful twice a day.

Lisita held up a thin little purse, smil ng faintly. "I have no money, doctor. Wine costs

silver, and eggs are of an expense I cannot afford. "The wine is in my own cellar, and the eggs are laid by my sister Susan's pet Houdan fowls. I shall not charge

you for them, Miss Anconi; but I feel my professional credit involved in this slow covery of yours.' And he went away before Lisita could

forbid his well meant intentions. And he drew the reins of his faithful id gray horse before his office door, his agent came down the steps.

"Well," said Dr. Atheling, descending om the odd, hooded little phaeton. "It's no good," said Jaycox, chewing a end of straw as he spoke. "The reign fellow hasn't any more money than a squeezed sponge."

'If he does, I don't see any signs 'Clear him out then!" said Dr Atheg, sharply. "I lost just about as h rent out of that tenement property I intend to.'

"Don't he mean to pay?"

Very well, sir," said Jaycox, and off went. Lisita was sketching busily away the next day, when Dr. Atheling came in.

Usually his visits were made late in the afternoon; to-day he had purposely deviated from his time. She dropped her crayons, with a slight

"Aha!" said the doctor, "so I've caught you, have I? This is the way you keep that low fever going. No you shall not hide it away! I am determined to see it." "Pardon! pardon!" lisped poor Lisita, "but I could not help it. I was forced

'Indeed! and may I ask why?' Ah, now you are offended; but you rely will not be when you listen to all! Well, I'm ready to listen. Speak said Dr. Atheling, critically sur-ing the spirited little crayon sketch. And Lisita in her broken mixture of anish and English, twittered out the ole story of the cruel landlord, and sad Zanita's luckless husband, who ad lost his engagement as violinist to he orchestra of a fourth-rate theater, in

equence of his long illness. "Poor Antonio cannot starve," pleaded ita. "He writes grand music, but publishers shake their heads; they not buy. They say there is no urket-alas! And so I work for anita's husband's sake. The cruel andlord will surely relent if Maria takes im half the rent to-night. My Madonna

sold yesterday for ten bright dol-Dr. Atheling rubbed his nose. "Do you know the name of the land-

Lisita shook her head "I do!" said Dr. Atheling, smiling, law of yours is, by all accounts, a shiftess sort of fellow.

"He was Zanita's husband," sighed poor Lisita. "Keep your ten dollars," said Dr. Atheling, more moved than he cared to have visible. I'll speak to the fellow that owns the house! He won't be hard city of Cambridge into the rich domain on this Caro, or whatever his name is!"

Lisita's face grew radiant. But, doctor, I never can pay you. "Perhaps so-perhaps not. Wait and see, child-wait and see,"

Antonio Caro weut on composing incomprehensible music in his garret, peaceful and undisturbed. Neither butcher, baker, nor landlord troubled him with their bills any longer; and Elijah, fed by ravens on the shores of the brook Cherith, could not be more bless edly indifferent to where it all came from than was he. And Lisita throve like a fair, blossoming rose, in the sunshine of renewed peace

"Susan," said Dr. Atheling one day to his sister, "I wish you would have the house cleaned and put in order!"

"It is always clean and in order, brother," said Miss Atheling, primly. "Because I'm going to be married, said the doctor.

Miss Susan dropped her knittingneedles in dismay.
"At your age, John!" she at last found

breath to gasp.
"I am only nine-and-thirty," said the

doctor, brusquely.

"And she the lady?"

"She is nineteen," said Dr. Atheling.
"Her name is Lasita Anconi." So the physician brought the fair young Spanish girl into his heart and

The day after their return from somewhat lengthened wedding tour, Mrs. Atheling came up to her husband hold-

ing out a pink, dimpled palm.
"Money John," she said, laughing.
"How much?" he responded, putting his hand in his pocket.
"You won't blame me," she whispered

"You won't blame me, she whispered,
"but I do so want to pay the wicked
landlord who so persecuted Antonio
Caro. You promised him to speak to.
But I would him pay."
Dr. Atheling laughed.

"You have paid him already, little Lisita contracted her brows.

"Now you laugh at me -you know not how deep it lies in my heart." "Be at rest, Lisits; that bill is settled

"But I did wish to settle it myself, she answered. "Tell me-who is his

"His name is Atheling," the doctor gravely responded, "and he stands be-fore you. Now, Lisita, I was the hardbearted creditor."

And he burst out laughing at the look of blank incredulity on Lisita's face. "And while we are in the spirit of confession he went on, gaily, "let me tell you a little more. I was the man who bought the Madonna, and the little group of crayon cherubs-and I have got you at last. Do you regret it, Lisita?"

And her radiant smile answered him. Death of Two Misers.

A lawyer of Troy, N. Y., was called at midnight recently to draft a will for Lawrence Ager. The attorney found Ager and his wife at the point of death. Ager informed the lawyer that he had over \$2,000 to dispose of. On Saturday Ager sent for his landlord, and placed in | not devote to teaching them I devote to his keeping four small bags containing teaching myself. I am studying hard The clerk advised a ride on the street severe toil, and no one supposed he had money. He had also \$640 secreted. The will directs that \$100 shall be equally divided between five cripples-one a girl-neighbors of the testator. Sixty dollars are reserved for the burial of his wife. The remainder is to be given in equal sums to the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Catholic Male and Female Orphan Asylums. Ager said that when a young man he was a school teacher in Ireland. The woman who was dying at his side was his second wife. He had no children, but there are relatives of his at Hoosic Falls to whom he left nothing, as he thought they were 'well enough off." When asked why he had not used his money to obtain the comforts of life he replied, "Money is a good thing to have." Mrs. Ager died at about 1 o'clock, and at 6 o'clock her husband expired. They had lived for weeks without a fire, and their deaths are attributed to the effects of the cold weather. They admitted that they had dispensed with fuel, preferring the money it would have cost to the comfort it would have given.

Annie Louise Cary Not Engaged.

And so Miss Cary is not to be married after all. The Cincinnati Times-Star says: We are also glad to be able to state on the authority of Mrs. Osgood that Cary is not engaged. Mrs. Osgood says: "She told me of the origin of the story the other evening. It seems that Miss Cary and and a friend were sitting, a short time since, in a Boston theater, when the former discovered that a lady near was straining her ears to catch their conversation. Miss Cary said, 'There is some one listening to us, let us amuse her.' So she went on telling about her engagement, (a purely imaginary one), and wishing to name some one who was known she imposed the responsibility upon Mr. Lorillard, whom she had never met. Miss Cary is extremely fond of a joke, and she carried this so far as to go into all minute details as to when and where the engagement was made, gifts she had received, and the prospective wedding. The next day it was all pub-lished, and a week later had gone like wild-fire over the country. So that is the truth of the Cary engagement," said

Mrs. Osgood, The uniformity of toilet which has now become the fashion in London and Paris owes its origin to the Queen of Italy. At a special ball got up for her on a recent visit to Vienna, the young beauties of that graceful capital all wore white in her honor, and she herself was draped entirely in white satin, trimmed with silver gauze, looped with gardinias, and set off by strings of the seed pearl, which is the latest fashionable revival. The white Austrian uniform, too, chimed in appropriately. So in remembrance of the compliment Queen Marguerite, at the first ball on her return, made it known that her fair guests were to imitate the beauties of the Austrian Capital. And so at the latest balls in London and a little confused. He isn't such a Paris the "uniform toilet" is the rage, hen like their own, and this brother in stated tint.

Professor of Chinese.

"Ah, yes, walk right in." And with one step I crossed the threshold that seemed to separate America from Asia. In one second of time I was transported from the modern republican

of an Oriental professor.
"Right this way, sir," said the magician who effected this wonderful transposition, as he conducted me with the courtesy and grace of an Elizabethan

nobleman, into his study.

The speaker was Prof. Ko-Kun-hua, the celebrated teacher of Chinese at Harvard; and rs he led the way for me, I took the opportunity to observe his dress and bearing. Clothed in the flow-ing robes which have for long ages been the distinguished costume of the Chinese dignitaries, with a little round, black skull cap on the back of his head, and the fabled, white wooden shoes, turned up at the toes, on his feet, he looked all the world as though he had just emerged from the Eastern Empire.

Had a stranger been led blind-folded

to the room in which I now stood and the bandage suddenly removed from his yes, he would surely have imagined that he had fallen into the storied tunnel of Jules Verne, through the center of the earth, and had now reappeared again on the other side of the world. On the wall, on the table, in the chairs, and, in fact, in every portion of the room, were mementoes of the professor's native home. Boxes, papers, pictures, swords, and all the little knick-knacks were well calculated to impress the observer with the idea that he was in the land of Confucius.

"This seat, sir," said the professor, as he pointed to an easy, lounging chair, at the same time seating himself near by. The words were uttered in broken English, to be sure, but without the slightest approach to what is called "pig English," so commonly used by the lower class of Chinese. Indeed, Mr. Ko speaks and understands our language remarkably well, considering that he has been here only a little over two years. He now never calls into service his interpreter.

"Professor," I began, "if you have no objection I would like to obtain a few facts about the study of the Chinese here for the World."

"Anything that I can tell you I am glad," he instantly replied. "I believe you came to this country in

1870, did you not?" "Yes, I was engaged by Mr. Francis P. Knight, of your city, Boston, in June of that year, and came right over the next September. I used to teach in Ningpo. I taught English, French and Italian gentlemen there.'

"What nation, do you think, learns Chinese the easest?" "Oh, they all learn about the same. It takes one about a year to learn to speak it, and in three years the scholar can read it very readily. I have one scholar here, a gentleman from Springfield, who leasned in six months to talk very well. He takes lessons every day. The others not so often."

"How many scholars have you now?" "I have three. Besides him I have a lawyer who lives in Worcester, Mass., a gentleman who knows a great many languages, ancient and modern, and also a Junior in the college. That is all the scholars I have. The time which I do every day. My children, too, go to school and study there, so they talk English very well now."

"What method do you use in your teaching?"

"We have instruction books in Chinese and English both- the English, you know, take a great deal of interest in China; more than the Americans do.

The officers of the government who go to China from there are obliged to pass an examination in Chinese, and the authorities also devote much time to the study. But, as I say, we study from these books, reading and speaking. At the first lesson I read some lines in Chinese, and the pupil repeats them after me, parrot like, just to get the pronuneiation, without knowing what they mean. Then he has to commit to memory the signs or characters-these characters, you know, each represent a word.'

"It must be hard to remember all the characters one has ever read." "Yes, but you have to. It is all by the memory. Then we have two sets of characters, too, like you do-one for printing and one for writing. Have to

learn both. "You teach the official dialect, do you

"Yes, the Mandarin. Every part of China has a different dialect, and if I go 100 miles from home and talk my own dialect the people probably would not understand me. The Mandarin, though, is the language of the Court, and every official knows it. So one can use that everywhere."

"Do you like America, Professor?"
"Very much, indeed. The people are

very pleasant."
"I think all the Chinese boys who were at school in this country liked here, too. By the way, may I ask if you have heard anything about them since they were so suddenly recalled?"

"I believe some of them are at Shanghai. They were very sorry to go, I suppose, but they had to," he added, smiling significantly.
"There was something in the Herald

I just received, but I haven't had time to read it yet." "The Herald?" I repeated, inquir-

"My Herald from China," he an-

"You wait one moment and I will show it to you. While he was getting the paper I picked up from the tablea copy of Presi-

the origin of the Chinese professorship. It seems that in 1877 Mr. Knight, who had been many years a resident of China, being for some months in this country, raised a subscription of \$8750 (mostly payable by annual installments), for the purpose of maintaining at Cambridge. for a term of five years, a native teacher of Mandarin Chinese. Returning to China in 1878, Mr. Knight endeavored to find some educated Chinese gentleman willing to go to Cambridge on this service. After having been long unsuc-cessful in this search, he finally engaged

vard promptly on September 1, 1879, but as his arrival at that time was unexpected, he was at first obliged to seek rooms at the little college hospital. He now resides in a large, double house on Cambridge street, not far from the col-

lege. "There," said he, as he returned, "there is my paper," and he *pread out on the table a sheet of nice paper about to hearts that love you now as then.

No matter though your hair is silverprinted only on one side. "The lines, you know," he continued, "in Chinese ren up and down the page, instead of across. All this half of the paper is the business half, while this other half is the

news. That's a terrible looking thing to read." I said, at which he began to laugh heartily, seeming to enjoy my bewil-dered look as I glanced over the paper. "Oh, not so very hard," he replied. "See, here is something you can read," and he pointed out a cut of a sewing machine, with the name of the English manufacturers below it. This was the only English thing in the paper, though I confess I half expected to see the familiar face of Lydia Pinkham peering up benev olently at me from one of the pages.

"Two dates, you see, to the paper," continued the professor, as he pointed out a double set of hieroglyphics around the heading; "one the English date, the other the Chinese. Our year, you know, begins about forty days after yours. About every two years, also, we have a leap year, and that leap year has thir-teen months instead of twelve. A little more than two years, though, we get in the two extra months every five years. "I believe you are a writer yourself, Professor," I said, referring to the vol-

Harvard library.
"Yes, a little," he replied. The book alluded to was his. "Verses Composed in the Hall of Longevity," a small oc-tavo, printed privately at Ningpo in 1879. It is unaccompanied by a translation, and therefore hardly intelligible to any

one except the prefessor's pupils. Just at this moment the door opened, and one of his children, a handsome boy dressed like his father in the historical costume of the Ocient, cutered. The father addressed him in his native language, to which he promptly replied. I glanced at my watch and saw that it was nearly 7:30, and I had been there an hour. Remembering that the Professor is accustomed to retire about this time, I rose to depart. He, as serupulously courteous as before, accom-panied me to the outside door, and with pleasant nod bade me "good-night."-'Eastmane" in Boston World.

A Street-Car Romance.

"Oh! how are you? It's a long time since I've seen you," exclaimed a fine-looking gentleman to the conductor as he jumped aboard an Albia street car the other day. The conductor responded like an old friend, and remarked that it was nearly two years since they had met. The gentleman went through to the front platform to smoke his cigar, and the car went on. Ten years ago one oppressive summer night the same gen-tleman, who was then and is now a dealer in teas and spices in New York, was a guest at the Troy House. He asked the clerk if there were any amusements that evening, and receiving a negative answer, inquired where he could find a cool spot to spend an hour or two. ars to Albia and back. The gentleman gentleman led to an informal conversathe conductor called her attention to the fact. After she had gone the gentleman asked the conductor who the lady was. The conductor, who had supposed the two were old friends, gave the young woman's name. Said the gentleman, "I would like to meet her again. I am a New York. I have never met a lady in my life who looked, talked, and acted so much like my wife as the young woman I accidentally met on your car." The conductor, taking an interest in the romantic case, answered the varied questions of the widower, and finally agreed to take his card to her and ask for an interview at her home on the following evening. On the following evening a formal introduction took place, which was followed six months later by a marriage, investigation of the gentleman's statements concerning his standing having verified them in every detail The former widower has now five children and a happy home in every respect. He was recently paying a visit to his parents-in-law. We must not omit to state that after the wedding the bridegroom met the accommodating conductor and said that the latter might expect a chest of choice tea as a little personal token. The conductor, who is not only a man of sturdy common sense, but also a man of bluff independence, politely begged that no such favor be extended bim. "For," said he, "I only acted as a friend, and did what I thought was right;

it turned out well .- Troy Times. Early in the year 1880, a circular was sent to the parents or guardians of the 828 undergraduates of Harvard, asking if they held daily family prayers in their households. The number of replies received was 741, of which 211, or twosevenths, answered yes, and 530, or fivesevenths, answered no. Nine persons who answered yes expressed the desire, nevertheless, that attendance at college dent Elliott's report for 1879-80, and prayers should be voluntary, and thirtyglancing through it I saw an account of six of those who answered no expresse the desire that attendance should be compulsory. Some of the negative replies stated that the practice had been discontinued, and gave reasons for the discontinuance. The object of the inquiry was to ascertain how much support morning prayers at college had in the habits of the families from which the students came.

He-May I call you Revenge? She Why? He-Because "Revenge is sweet." cessful in this search, he finally engaged She—Certainly you may, provided, Mr. Ko-kum-hua (pronounced, I may though, you will let me call you Vensay, Ko-kun-quar, and according to the geance. He—and why would you call English method would be written me Vengeance? She—Because "Ven-K. H. Ko.) Mr. Ko reached Har-geance is mine."

Visit Mother.

Ah! boys, you have gone out from the old homesteads into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to you arms that are powerless to draw you back to the old home nest? Arms that

streaked, and Dot in the cradle calls you grandpa, you are "the boys" so long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home, nothing can crowd you out of your mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life, your manhood may have been crushed out against the wall of circumstances; and you may have been prosperous, and gained wealth and fame; but mother's love has followed you always. Many a boy" has not been home in five, ten, or twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting. Ah! who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may be even saying, "I dreamed of John last night. Maybe be will come today. He may drop in for dinner;" and the poor, trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus, day after day, month after month, year after year passes, till at last, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick,"aye, sick unto death; the feeble arms are stretched

out no longer. The dim eyes are closed, the gray hairs are smoothed for the last time, and the tired hands are folded to everlasting rest, and the mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant she may not bave to wait vainly ume of his poetry, which is now in the for his coming in heaven. Once more say unto you, boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgetten her. Her days may be numbered, next winter may cover her grave with snow.—[Watch Tower.

Russian Punishments.

During the proceedings of a court martial recently held at St. Petersburg upon five hussars of the Imperial Guard, accused of having assassinated a sergean of the squadron, it came out in evidence that the murdered man, in obedience to orders received by him from his superior officer, Prince Chowansky, had tortured the men under his command with the most revolting barbarity. He was wont to drive them, barefooted, about a barrack yard bestrewn with sharp flints, and then to steep their wounds in petroleum. Other torments of an altogether inde-scribable character were inflicted upon his victims by this heartless miscreant. Prince Chowansky, examined by the court with respect to these horrors, avowed that they had been perpetrated by his order, and had the audacity to add "that nobody but a person utterly ignorant of military matters could expe rience any surprise at his method of dealing with insubordinute soldiers." comrades took occasion to disavow this assertion publicly; the court acquitted the accused from the charge of murder, and the colonel of the regiment, Baron Meyendorff, forwith resigned his commission. Chowansky has been placed under arrest, and will be shortly tried for inciting his subordinate officer maliciously to wound the soldiers of the

Eating Between Meal .. If your children are disposed to be greedy and desire food between meals. boarded a car. Next to him sat a young | reason with them on the subject. A wolady, the daughter of a poor but re- man who has even a very superficial spected Englishman, then a resident of knowledge of the working of the stom-Albia. The young lady was not very | ach can explain it to her children in such young, neither very handsome, but was a way that it will make a strong impresattractive and bright. Her occupation sion on their minds. To represent to an was school teaching. A remark by the imaginative child that the stomach is like a man who, when he has eaten his tion, which became so interesting that breakfast goes to work upon that with all when the young lady's residence at Albia his might, and does not rest til he has was reached she was not aware of it until ground the food up, and given the good part to the blood, so feeding each portion of the body, not forgetting the fingers and toes even, and who rejects all the bad, keeping you from sickness and pain, will awaken intense interest in the child's mind, and be a great aid to obe-dience. Put it before him, and ask him widower with two children, and live in if it is not unkind and even cruel to give out another task before the first is finished, and a little time for rest been given. It will help you greatly in enforcing it upon his mind that he must not eat at iregular intervals. A child's digestive organs may be weak; he may need to eat more frequently than grown person, but should invariably be at some stated time. Cake or pastry should be given him but seldom, if at all; there is nothing which is more ruinous to the digestive organs.

A Home.

Dr. Holmes says: I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too fine for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sir in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sun, imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of house, garment and furniture are tawdy ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would rather give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsters in the world can gather.

A gentleman in Warren, R. I., who has sometimes assisted in the transmission of messages by telephone, owns a beautiful pet dog named Pat. The dog, having lost sight of his master, went to the telephone office in search of him, and the operator, understanding the object of Pat's visit, called for his master at a place where he thought he might be, and informed him that Pat was looking for him, and was immediately answered, and jolly. Not but what it was a fine boy, placing the instrument to the dog's ear, and Ragbag was wealthy, so a family he at once evidently recognized his was no burden to him. But he said: master's voice, and started for the door, greatly excited, and asked, in a dog's language, to be let out that he might go in pursuit of him.

"Good Lord, old friend, just think of it! Here at the early age of twenty-three I've got to begin setting a good examine pursuit of him. in pursuit of him.

KENSE AND NONSENSE.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

People's intentions can only be decid-ed by their conduct.

The pecan crop of Texas this year is valued at \$2,000,000.

An effort for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them. The best way to silence a talkative

person is never to interrupt him. Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

He who throws out suspicion should at once be suspected himself. Said he to the physician: "What do I want with a lung-tester? I've got a tele-

phone in my office." The country paper having said: "Great credit is due Mr. Smith," etc., Smith showed the paragraph to his

grocer. A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it. A New Jersey couple who had been

married 49 years recently got a divorce, and so spoiled a first-class golden wed-A correspondent wants to know where the expression "let up" comes from. We believe it comes from the fellow who

isn't on top in the fight. "Cheese it," said the rat to the trap.

"I will," said the trap, "and with baited breath I await your coming." "All right," responded the rat, "and I'll wire you the result." A woman whose first husband had eloped with a pretty servant girl, vaccinated the second as soon as she got him

with mucilage. She thought that would make him stick.—Phil. Com. A fashion writer says "raised figures" produce excellent effect. Well, that depends. If they are on a check they sometimes produce the effect of sending

the raiser to the State Prison. Humility is a virtue all preach, few practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, the clergy for the laity.

Wasn't Adam the first man to sell the race?—Cincinnati Saturday Night. It looks to us more as though he gave it away.—Elevated Railway Journal. That is the way he got Eve-in with him. Eight out of every ten men in this country will do more hard work to trace

back the pedigree of a horse or a dog than to establish the fact that they were related to the most noble Kings of Europe. "Why, you dear little girl. claimed the other day, seeing one of our little friends with her head tied up. "Why, you dear little girl!" we ex-

'Have you got the headache?" sir," she answered sweetly, "I'se got a spit curl." A fellow who courted a dozen women in a twelve month, promised to marry each, borrowed money and jewels of each and fled, has been arrested in Lon-

don. He acted under an inspiration .-Hart, Post. We do not agree with Professor Phelps when he says that clergyman weep to conceal the weak points in their ser-mons, for if they did there would be a

than there is now. England, says the London World, is more prolific of beautiful and pretty women than any other country in the world. And quite a good many English-men will agree with the London World in that opinion.

More bibles were printed and circulated last year than during any previous year in the history of Christianity, and the inspired word now exists in the languages of over four-fifths of the inhabitants of the globe.

Altoona Tribune: Darwin acknowledged himself matched when his little niece asked him, seriously, what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave the matter mature deliberation, and then the sly puss answered, "Kittens."

In the recent cow boy fight at Caldwell, Kansas, over 300 shots were fired, and the only man killed was one who took no part in the affair. Watching a cow boy fight is almost as dangerous as looking at a New York policeman killing a mad dog.

A New Jersey boy blew a bean into a horse's eye and blinded him, and the cabman struck at the boy with his whip, and the lash came back, blinding his left eye. Couldn't have happened in any other State in the Union.- Detroit Free Press. Dr. Lawes, the highly educated and highly cultured English agriculturist

has invested in Trustees the magnificent

sum of \$500,000 for the carrying out af-ter his death of the most valuable series of experiments in agriculture ever undertaken in any country. A man who signed himself "Philopropheticus," wrote a letter to the Buffalo Courier, but the Courier is a very respectable and conservative paper, and wouldn't encourage a man who would spring such a nom de plume on the pub-

lie, by printing his stuff. As far as our experience goes we can not see that a young lady's hand is any warmer in a seal skin muff than it used to be in the old fashioned "mush-quash" kind. To be sure our experience is more limited now than formerly-but what's the use of torturing ourselves with sweet memories of the sleigh-rides of the past.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., is mentioned as a possible occupant of the prospective vacancy in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mr. Holmes is a man of high character and profound legal learning, and, if he has not his distinguished father's humor, has many of his other valuable and delightful qualities.

Mr. Ragbag was only twenty-three when his eldest son was born. We remember the day well. We congratulated him. But he didn't seem very