10 VICTIS.

W. W. STORY.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who falled, acting bravely a silent and desperate prt;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands had slipped the prize they
had grasped at, who stood at the dying of

With the work of their life all a ound them, an pitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er the failure, and
and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus its paen for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumpha nt, and
high to the breeze and the sun day banners are waving hands clapping, and

hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victorsstands on the field of defeat,
In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and

wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper,

"They only the victory win
"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high: Who have dered for a high cause to suffer, resist fight-if need be--to die,"

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say-Are they those whom the world called the vi tors, who won the success of a day? The Martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fel

at Chermopyle's trest, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Sec rates? Pilate or Christ? -[In Blackwood's.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, bu united the striking characteristics of a brilliant fresh complexion and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which was wound on the top of her head after the fashion of Madrezo's "Marquise," belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, a good talker, and I must confess, I contrived to occupy the larger part of her attention with that tendency towards monopolizing the best which the moment affords that I am told is often observed by my familiars.

After bidding adieu to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponser at these incidental gay--, and casually remarked, after talking somewhat of my new acquaint-

"By Jove, what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to achieve it young?" My friend removed his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I am inclined to think, taking things by and large, that she was. I doubt, however, if she wouldn't say to-day that the price was rather large. And it was a pretty, big price. Do you like stories? m minded to tell you one, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel and some thing like this my friedd told me:

You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to slide up to Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the Presbyterian church the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, toe, are people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells represented us a few times in the legislature and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property. The marriage was in every way a suit-

able one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had one time the reputation of being wild, he sobered down, and was at any rate such a frank, manly young fellow that he was gener ally forgiven any indiscetion.

As I say, the marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusual good send off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, the old man thinking his political experience might serve Harry in that way and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and about two miles from old Jack's. He had built for them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there

they lived as happily as two birds. Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally through his father he became trustee for the minor beirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half crazy mother and no end of coal lands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton and now and then leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people and that four-mile stretch of road was generally kept pretty warm. Harry had to go away Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town and there was always some of the young poople ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay at home. For a law-abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and although we haven't had much to to complain of here, there is a general

unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold their property and had been making

money and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day and begged him to wait until the day

"But, my dear child. I haven't time even to go town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers and handed her a canvas bag, in which was the \$4,500 belonging to the minor heirs. "Where will I keep it, Harry? Be-

tween the mattresses? "Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is necessary, with your life, for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not. to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarab not even to allow them to stop long enough to eat a biscuit."

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure. Harry bade his wife good-by and Ma-

mie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another tel egram saying he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seedbeans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room. The afternoon of the tenth day was a

hot, murky afternoon. Mamie had gone up-stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah come up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who wouldn't be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him and I will come down and send him off. She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also another messenger with another disappointment, but the next day, without fail, Hsrry wrote. he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard them and Sarah in evident dispute.
"Yes," said the fellow, "when that

time comes your mistress will have another ironing table, helpin' you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do, ever. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarab, not indisposed to have a chat over her

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give mesomething to eat, at least I've waited to ask you in person.

Women are soft-headed creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat, herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst one of those terrific thunder storms that gather so suddenly and with such force in this country. After its strength was spentand I remember that it was the most violent of the season-there fell steady sheets of rain that brought Rock creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a " said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm. "I'm sorry, but I've no place for you,

"What? In a place like this it's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to be able to hold three people.

"You are very impertment. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away.

As she spoke even the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked

the heavens. "Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dogkennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that, after all, they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to do civilly what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortaside.

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good night, and they fastened the young man, a stranger in New York, in a padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged various collections, which left about in her bedding and made a pallet on the safet the custom of had to go off at a few moment's notice he women, they examined the closets, looked wrapped up a bundle of papers and this under the bed and piled the chairs fication-desparation-shoots himself.

against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night as black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed, and although worried and

anxious, finally went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake and a bright light shining in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and cording to their ability. went to the window. The moon was in-deed shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw way down the road, for it was bright as day, several horsemen. It was an unusual sight at this hour and she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading towards their house, and often the most secure. Any place dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if that they were masked. The truth almost on reaching the gate came into the yard. blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money, and they I am responsible. I don't really sup-pose there is the least danger, for no one was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's

"You must guard it with your life if

She ran to sleeping Sarah and awak-ened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to necessary." use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramps that's done it." "The tramps; no, Sarah, the key, the key of the attic.

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the | youd the Hesperides Islands. house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped. "I have a large sum of money in the

house and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded. "What have you, pistols, shot-guns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situa-

tion. "Here is my husband's rifle. It is

loaded. "Hist! Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front-door.

"Get behind me. I will fire at the first man that enters. How many barrels are there?" 'Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me in case I need it." There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened and a man, followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and

ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.
"Don't faint, madam; there's work yet

the other two turned and fled. Sarah

to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support and then went into the room. "Get candle, Sarah.

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Raise the mask and give air first, nadam. Mamie raised the mask and fell back

"Do you want to know now why he hair is white?" he asked.

"It was Harry Wells!" I answered 'It was that smiling, popular, young

"It's no use to ask why he did it. don't care. Motives don't matter much in such a case. But she, Mamie-Mrs. Wells-she has her gray hair, but there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in

"I believe she was ill for a long time, answered my friend. 'They say smallpox cures one of other diseases. Well, some griefs are like the small-pox; they cure you of lesser weaknesses -tenderthink, was one of them,

"And the tramp--" "He and Sarah were, of course, the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since.

The intellectual and moral connections of sleeping have, I think, not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for "burning the mid-night oil." Now this "midnight oil" is a delusion and a snare. The student who is fast asleep at 11 o'clock every night and wide awake at 7 o'clock every morning, is going to surpass another student, of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and arises before five. In sleep the plate on which the picture is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation, and it is plain that that which is the best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the widest awake when they are awake.

Great workers must be great resters. Every man who has clerks in his emdoy ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till two, three and four o'clock in the norning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain ble. It is closed with a trap door, and shakiness coming into his system, which you may sleep on the lounge there if you he will endeavor to steady by some deluwill allow us to lock the door on the out- sive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to "Bless my stars and garters!" he said ruin. He need not necessarily have been looking at her curiously. "I don't care in bad company. He has lost his sleep; when you look the door."

grace. Here is the outline of the history of a suicide within my own knowledge: A good situation, in a large boardinghouse, has pleasant young companions; spends his evenings out; goes to midnight parties, from eleven to seven; his nerves become disturbed, then a little drink-a little mistake in business-another drink-reproof from employermore drink-more mistakes-loss of situation-no help from irivolous companions-money all gone-then credit all gone-then turned out of the boardinghouse-wandering in the street-morti-

Origin of Popular Phrases.

Mortgage.-Derived from two French words, which mean "death-grip."

Scot-Free .- "Do as much for this purpose, and thou shalt pass Scot-free."

[Sir Walter Scott.] The word "scot" is an old Anglo-Saxon word, meaning tax. In the old law scot and jot was a customary contribution laid on subjects ac-

Money Makes the Mare Go .- At a Kentacky horse race, a long time ago, a man had a mare which was noted for its fleetness. An effort was made to induce him to permit a trial of speed, but until a purse was raised to his figure he refused, saying, "Money makes the mare go.

The Age of Chivalry is Gone. - The ex pression occurs in the edition of Burke's works published in 1826, and it refers following an eloquent preamble-to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, who was guillotined during the horrors of the French Revolution. In the addition to the preface to Childe Harold, dated London, 1813, Lord Byron says: "So much for chivalry, Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though the title deed of Mells Abbey and lands; Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honors lances were shivered and knights unborsed."

Jack Horner unwittingly become possessed of. The Abbot Whiting was Utopia .- This is a word derived from

the Greek, and signifies "No place." Sir Thomas Moore first used it to desig nate his model State, and feigned it to be located among the Atlantic isles. From this fletion the term Utopian is chemes and places. The Republic of Plato was, in like manner, situated in the happy regions of the West, even bemay have been, in the days of Plato, some knowledge of the American archipelago, and here his republic may have arisen and flourished.

phrase is generally assumed to be in the scriptures, and not long ago it was quoted by a well known English speaker, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, thus: 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness, said the apostle." But the expression is In Chamber's Book of Days, vol. ii, p. 206, at foot of second column, Rev. Row-land is made to use it thus: "Good Mr. Whitfield used to say, 'Cheanliness is next to Godliness,' The idea is said by some writers to be derived from a Hebrew sentence.

Hymen-A beautiful youth of Athens who, for the love of a young virgin, dis-guised himself and assisted at the Eleusinian rites, and at this time he, together with his beloved and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates, who, supposing him to be what he appeared, was lodged with his mistress. In the dead of night, when the robbers were all asleep, he cut their throats. Thence, making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore them their daughter and all her companions if they would consent to his becoming their son-in-law. Their consent was given. The marriage proving very happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

Comparisons are Odious.-No earlier instance of the use of this proverbial expression is given than from Swift. Dogberry's version, in "Much Ado about Nothing," iii, 4, is "Comparisons are Lengo na above is to be found in George Herbert's 'Iacula Prudentum" (1640). It occurs also in Lilly's "Midas," iv, 1, "Comparsons cannot bee odious where the deities are equal." And again, in his Euphues (ed. Arber, p. 68), "But least comparisons should seeme odious chiefly where both the parties be without comparison, I will omitte that, and seeing that we had both rather be talking with them, than talking of them, we will immediately go to them."

Buncombe. - A generation or so ago a North Carolina member of Congress got the floor one day and delivered a speech so long, so windy and full of high-sounding phrases of so little meaning, that the ness of the heart, for example. This, I hall was deserted of hearers. When asked why he made a speech of so little interest to his fellow members, he replied that he was speaking "for Buncombe," the county which sent him, intending to distribute his speech, when printed in the Congressional Globe, to his constituents there. Ever since, when an orator delivers a very windy speech with which he hopes to win renown from people of little understanding, he is said to be speaking for Buncombe.

"Hail Columbia"-Written by Joseph Hopkinson, in 1797. at that time the war between England and France was raging, and it was believed that the United States would have to take up arms. Congress was in session at Philadelphia. The people were divided, some favoring an alliance with France and some with England. One Saturday af ternoon a young actor came to Hopkinson and said that he was to have a benefit on the following Monday night, but that no boxes had been taken, and he feared that he would lose instead of gain by the The setor thought he could fill up the house if he could get a patriotic ong to the tune of the "President's He asked Hopkinson to write him one. Hopinson promised to try, and the result was "Hail Columbia." ong was ready on the night of the benefit and soon gained popularity.

Little Jack Horner.-The world-re nowned nursery rhyme of

Little Jack Horner
sat in a count.
E. ling of Carlatmas pie.
He put in his thum?
And pulled out a plum.
And said. "What a good boy am l?" has connected with it a curious tradition as to its origin. It is as follows: When the monasteries and their property were seized, orders were given that the title deeds of the abbey estates at Mells, which were very extensive and valuable,

grange, built by Abbot John Selwood, should be given up to the commission-

Horner, who was the son of poor parents living in the neighborhood of the Grange. The lad set out on his journey on foot, laden with his pasty. It was a weary is the veroad, and England not being so thinkly ing it. inhabited as now, he sat to rest in as snug a corner as he could find by the wayside. Hunger, too, overcame him, and he was at a loss what to do, when he bethought himself that there would be no harm in tasting ever so little of the pasty which he was carrying. He there-fore inserted his thumb under the crust, when lo! there was nothing but parchments. He could not read or understand these parchments, yet he thought they might be valuable. He, therefore, took one of them and pocketed it,

and pursued his journey with the rest of his party. Upon his deliver-ing his parcel it was discovered that one of the chief deeds-the deeds of the Mells Abbey estates—was missing; and as it was thought that the abbot had withheld it, an order was straightway sent for his execution. But the sequel was, that after the monasteries were despoiled, there was found in the possession of the family of Jack Horner a piece of parchment, which was in fact and that was "the plum" which little executed for withholding the deeds.

God Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb. - This phrase is not, as many suppose it to be, of Bible origin. It is found in Yarick's "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," by the celeused to denote theoretical or imaginary brated Lawrence Sterne, and in the tenschemes and places. The Republic of der and touching story of "Maria." Maria was a dissappointed and demented maid, who sometimes strayed with her goat along the road to Moulines. It seems that Mr. S. had met her upon a previous occasion to the one in which the above quoted language was used. Referring to her, he says: "She had since Cleanliness is next to Godliness.—This that, she told mo, strayed as far as Rome and walked around St. Peter's once, and returned back; that she found her way alone across the Appenines; had traveled all over Lombardy without money, and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes. How she had borne it, and not to be found in the scriptures, nor can its origin be traced with certainty. how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb .- [Globe Democrat.]

Talleyrand's Correspondence. Prince Talleyrand was undoubtedly

the most successful and magnificent liar of modern times. He was, in that grasp of politics which affects nations far down their destinies, an unfrocked Richelieu, with a more indelicate finesse and in power only a shade below the great cardinal. Born noble, he had in him, as most children have, the possibilities of growth into a good man. But his youth was so deserted and wronged by his kin, and he was so foully flung from his careeras the head of the Talleyrand family, against his will, into the priesthood, that at a very early age, heart and conscience seemed to die in him. As a priest, his life was such a chronic contempt of all virtue, that his vices can be hardly more than hinted at, As a far-sighted and almost infinitely adroit statesman and manager of men in high places, he had no peer in his own age, and few equals in any. So bland, so keen, so patient, and so full of resources, it is no wonder that Napoleon gave him charge of the empire's foreign relations, or that he secured for France, parisons are at the Emperor's downfall, by his own abilities, most of the privileges that one great Bonaparte of history had failed to maintain with the sword. Bishop of Autun, he refused in any way to uphold troupe, and her manager was just fresh in the revolution his own religion, and was excommunicated. The only man he never betrayed was himself; and yet, in an age of revenges, he managed to die peaceably in his bed, and rich. There s hardly in history so colossal a monument of the prosperity of the unrighteous. Yet over his ashes the world is slowly but firmly meting out to him his dues.

This, and more, must be clearly seen by any one who wishes to understand Talleyrand at Vienna. His correspondence, by the terms of his will not to be published till thirty years after his death without the illumination of his consistent but utterly unscrupulous career, would certainly mislead the reader to praise the undoubted master of that briliant but dangerous assembly of the governing forces of Europe. Talleyrand's career is a first-class les

son for all statesmen, but proffers this carious problem in ethics: How far s a man, who sees the fact clearer than as it serves his selfishness, a blessing or a curse to mackind? Talleyrand had the | your bill. elearest political vission of any man of his age; but he had no conscience. There fore, history will not write him down among her shinning ones.-[Literary

Marriage.

Some marry for love; others wed for money; some to escape an uncomfortable home; some to keep their carriage; some for rank, and some for carelessness. None of these are legitimate motives; none of them likely to produce happiness. But there is a feeling which requires worth to satisfy it, and experience of that worth to fix it, which is irrespective of age, of time, or even sex, which seeks for one love and spirit for its minister, and only asks for one, which united Jonathan to David: "For Jonathan's soul was knit unto the soul of David, and Jonathan loved David as his own soul." Attachment, adhesiveness or affection, are the synonomous terms which describe this feeling, and friendship is the result. Most men have but few friends, many have none. Lord Byron had but one, and that was a dog. Happy were we all if, in choosing a partner for life. we were to take care that, although there must be differences, there should be no discrepancies; although opinions might and partly consisted of a sumptuous vary, they should never clash; that high pride should not be united to the lowly in spirit, nor great purity to the offensive ers. After some delay, it was determined or the vicious; that mean selfishness by the Abbot of Glastonbury to give should never chain down, into perpetual them upr and for want of a safe mode of companionship the generous and the just; conveying them, it was decided that the nor that the deceitful and the false most likely way to svoid their being should destroy the happiness of the noble seized by any for those for whom they and the true. Let not the quick unite were intended, was to send them in a himself to the sulky or the dunce. Let pasty, which should be forwarded as a not the delicate and the pure defile itself present to one of the commissioners in by contact with the vulgar and the gross; London. The safest messenger, and and then, if care be taken by both, each who can yank such language as this New least likely to excite suspicion, will come to each with an ability and a Orleans critic, must earn at least \$9 s was considered to be a lad named Jack desire to comfort one another.

SHORT BITS.

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals compon-

Every man is bound to tolerate the et of which he himself sets the example. Tommy asked his mother if the school teacher's ferule was a piece of the board

of education. Civilization consists in teaching men to govern themselves, and then letting them do it.

The usefulness of a thing depends upon the good that it does, not upon what it might do. The Japanese, we are told, take kindly

to the game of draw pozer. The Japa evidently know a good thing when they see it. It costs New York \$270,000 daily for

intoxicating drinks. But if this money wasn't so expended the poor police justice couldn't make a living.

A Yale student was badly beaten in a fracas at a ball a few nights since, and is unable to leave his room. Yale men are very elegant in their society enjoy-

A Texas editor omitted accounts of two shooting affrays to make room for an editorial on the question: "Is Texas really to adopt the theories of Oscar Wilde?"

Enquirer: A polar expedition is a means of getting rid of, a lot of men for several years. Unfortunately, John Kelly and Secor Robeson can't be induced to go in one. When a Buffalo man asked a thief to tell him how to prevent being robbed on a sleeping car, the reply was: "Make the

porter think you are deaf."-Detroit Free Press. Two Cheritrees in Brooklyn have obtained legal permission to change their names. They probably found the boys in the neighborhood disposed to throw

things at them. It is considered vulgar in New York to count your change for purchases, and you can take your choice between being thought vulgar by a counter jumper, or being swindled by him.

A Younkers woman calls her husband Moon, because he gets full so regularly, - Younkers Gazette. And also because probably he frequently gets to his last quarter. The autograph hunter is rarely an admirable being; but when he craves the

autograph of the miserable wretch who slew President Garfield he becomes dis-Says the Albany Argus: "Great truths are often said in the fewest words." Do you mean the remark of the Italian who,

on sitting upon a wasps' nest, arose and remarked "Heap hell!" An Irishman on board of a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish

to go on deck to see himself drowned. The New York Sun defends the word 'trousers" and sneers at the word "pantaloons." We don't see as it makes any difference which name you call 'em, about their bagging at the kees, which is the

main point. Those Princeton College students must have worked like heroes to grease four miles, of railroad track. If they wanted exercise why did they not saw up a few cords of wood for some poor widow. - [Philadelphia News.

Citizens of Salt Lake City worked off counterfeit silver dollars to the emount of \$75 at the box office of the Alice Oates enough not to keep quiet about it and work them off on the hotel keeper.

A lady overheard her three servants discussing the merits of their respective lovers. "Well, I don't care what you say," spoke up Ellen, "my beau can beat them all, for he sings base ball in the choir.

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a Parisian remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife." replied his friend, with a melancholy smile; "she's always finding something for me to do."

A package in a basket was left on the doors-step of a cantious Newport woman, who, having no desire to adopt a foundling, took the basket to the police station and there found that it contained a 20 pound turkey. Under the laws of Wisconsin a hotel

not supplied with fire escapes cannot col-lect a bill of a guest. If you happen to be in that state take a healthy run other men and yet only respects the fact around the building and make sure the fire escapes are there before you settle "Young man," said the revivalist, ad-

dressing a profane swearer, "how hot do you think hell is?" "Well, Mr. Finney, I suppose it's so hot there that if some body brought you a spoonful of melted iron, you'd swear 'twas ice cream." Mr. Finney had nothing more to say. "Doctor," said Mrs. Pepper to her pas-

tor, "do you think a little temper is wrong in a woman?" "Certainly not," replied the gallant cla gyman. "On the contrary, it is a good thing; and you should be very careful and never loss "How far is it to Tub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman. "Only shoost a little vays." "Is it four, six,

eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yes, I dinks it is," said the unmoved gatekeeper sercnely. "I have left all my fortune to my wife," says a philosophic spouse of a Xantippe, "on condition that she shall

marry again," "What is that for?" "I wish to be sure that there will be some one to regret my death when I am gone. An Ohio paper says that a young lady who graduated in a calico dress a few years ago is now married to a railroad superintendent who bas an income of \$500,000 a year. This reminds us of a Mills Seminary girl, who wore an alpaca dress when she graduated in 1875, and

own washing. "Some of her trills are affame with passionate intoxication, others are white and wet with the tears of grief" writes a New Orleans critic of Gerster, After all, we have a sufficiency of resthetic genius in this country. It was not necessary to import Oscar Wilde. A man

married a stock operator worth \$1,500,

000. He is now broke, and she does her