FAREWELL.

The boat went drifting drifting over the sleeping And the man that I loved the dearest, sat in the boat with me.

The shade of the coming parting hung over the

great grey swell, And the winds that swept across it, sobbed on, farewell, farewell.

The boat went drifting, drifting in the lingering northern night, And the face that I loved the dearest, paled with

the paling light.

We strove to join light laughter; we strove to wake a jest; But the voice that I love the dearest, rang sadly amid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down, And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the darkening sky, For the man that I loved the dearest, the prayer

rose silently.

Oh, true, strong hand I touch smile I may not see: Will the God who governs time and tide bring him back to my life and me? -[All the Year Round.

Profits of Patents.

Probably the most valuable patent in the toy line every taken out in this or any other country is that which secures the Plympton roller skates to its holder. The choleric old gentleman who gets knocked about by a score of urchins when walking up fifth avenue on a sum-mer day, has but a faint idea of the number of these articles in use throughout the world. The streets are full of them, but these represent but a small quota of the vast number manufactured and sold. The idea upon which the patent is issued is simply the attachment of rollers on skates, and on these, patents have been secured in England and many of the South American countries. Skating on rollers bears but a faint resemblance to skating on ice, but it is exhicarating sport, nevertheless, and sprang at once into popularity with the young of both sexes. It Brazil and other tropical countries where ice is unknown and skating is impossible, except upon artificially frozen ponds, the rollers were treated as a veritable God send, and rinks with

smooth, open floors sprang up like magic. The value of the patent on roll-cr skates to its holder is estimated at over \$1,000,000, and he expended over \$125,000 in legal expenses alone to pre-vent the patent from infringement in England. The dancing negro which can be seen in any toy shop, and which is simply a figure of Dinah or Jumbo, balanced by a wire, which is moved up and down by a system of clock work in the box upon which it dances, provides an income for its inventor of \$30,000 a year. The common needle threader is to be found for sale at nearly every street corner is worth \$10,000 a year to the man who thought out the problem which might easily have been solved by a boy of ten years only it was not. Green's drive well is now very extensivily used throughout the country wherever water is to be drawn from the ground. The

thought suggested itself to Col-onel Green while engaged with the army during the war. The troops were suffe ing for want of water, and it occurred to him to relieve their wants by simply driving a two-inch tube into the

official dinner given by her husband she lost so many spoons and forks that there were hardly any left that evening. Though there is no other city of any size near this; though the streets swarm with policemen and the custom officials search -or have the right to search -- all merchanise arriving and departing through the city gates, property once lost is rarely recovered. Even in the event of the identification and the arrest of the thief, it is so difficult to recover stolen goods that they are, in the majority of cases, left with the magistrate.

Hospitality in War.

The cry of "On to Richmond!" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the third Ohio one day, when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland. The 54th Virginia regiment was en-

camped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the Yanks.'

"Had your coffee?" asked one, of a blue coat stretched disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other. "Ain't you had any rations to-night?" "Only a crumb or two from the bot-

oms of our haversacks." This was told to the boys of the 54th

and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee kettles, corn pread and bacon cooked; the prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the 3d Ohio ever after-wards, for the generous 54th.

A fresh slide on the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pic-tures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the 54th Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners, as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The 54th Virginia," was the reply." In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The 54th Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they ran in among the tents of the 3d Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quick in motion Boxes from home and all the reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches, and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yanks enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

New Smith College Art Bullding.

The new art building of Smith College to be erected from the fund of \$25,000 given by Winthrop Hillyer, of Northampton, is to be located just north of President Seelye's house, where there is a commanding view of the surrounding country. It is to be of brick with stone trimmings, and will correspond with the other college buildings, it being of the secular gothic slyle of architecture. The structure will be 104 feet long by 45 feet wide, two stories high. The lower story is to be divided into large rooms with alcoves for studios and the exhibition of sculpture, the rooms being will be devoted to the exhibition of paintings, the central gallery being lighted from the roof. The corridors running around this gallery are to be lighted from side windows for the exhibition of smaller paintings and engravings. The building will be constructed so as to secure the best light and ventilation, and the plans have been elaborated according to the suggestions of the best teachers of art in the country. Presi-dent Seelye has personally visited the various schools of art at New York, Boston and New Haven, in reference to the plans, and it is thought that it will be one of the best arranged buildings for the purpose in the country. As soon as this building is completed all the works of art now belonging to the college will be at once transvide the best facilities for the study of art in every department. This year the art school of the college will be associated with the Yale art school of New Haven, the teachers and professors comand carry forward the work according to the methods practiced at Yale. Besides the \$25,000 given for the building, friends of the institution have given \$8000 to furnish it with additional works of art. The contracts have been awarded, but the building will not be completed before another summer. Meanwhile the foundations are going in for the new music hall building on the other side of the main college buildings. So many students have made applications for entrance at the approaching term that it is already a serious problem with the trustees whether or not to build another dwelling house upon the grounds during the collegiate year .- [Springfield Bopublican.

Indian Religions.

The world has long been familiar with the stories of barbarity, cruelty and ra-pine in connection with Indians. Good men have leisure to write humanitarian letters thousands of miles away from where scalps are lifted. Whatever the inscrutible purpose for which the Indian was created, he is doomed. He lacks the instict of self-preservation. He would rather be aggressive and die than

be peaceful and live. There is no free-hold for him save under the laws of civi-lization. In the time to come the terri-out with the ship. tory of the world will be lawfully claimed only by those who use it for God's first purpose, the tilling of the soil. The westward march of civilization, with all its attendant evils and final results, is foreordination of the Almighty, and in this piece of bad theology but stubborn fact lies in the final solution of the Indian question. The name of the Great Spirit figures largely in all reports of Indian oratory, just as the name of Deity is freely used in the stirring appeals of second class politicians. The Great Idea is as much a myth to the one as to the other. The system of theology which prevails among the Indians is merely a superstitious fear of something they cannot understand. Bob Ingersol defines religion as the dread of a hereafter. In common with every race, the Indian believes in the immortality of the soul, and in a hereafter. What kind of a heaven or hell he has imagined for himself no man can tell. There are no strictly religious forms among them, and nothing that is regarded as especially sacred. The religious idea is far from prominent, and seems almost entirely included in the "medicine" business Superstition is a different thing, and of that there is plenty. The Indian is a great braggart, and he who can boast longest and londest is the greatest man. It is to obtain an opportunity for this that a "da ace" of some kind is always in progress. Their names and purposes are nearly innumerable, but I have never been able to perceive any great difference in the screams, leaps and horrible hootings which characterize them all. Some of these dances are said to be religious but all there is of religious sentiment is condensed in the word "medicine." Every-thing in Indian life belongs to one of two classes-it is either good or bad influence. Camping places where calamity has befailen them are ever afterwards avoided as "bad medicine." The days and places which witnessed some defeat in arms are classed in the same category and all things which are fortunate are classed upon the opposite side. The high-priest of this religion is the celebrated "medicine man." The "medicine man" is usually raggeder, lazier and dirtier than any one else in the tribe. I helped Little Raven and the Arrapahoes make "medicine" preparatory to a raid upon the Osages in September 1857, in the Indian Territory, south of Fort Dodge. This high honor was permitted because I had a Spencer repeating rifle. The Arrapahoes were mostly armed with bows and arrows or muzzle loaders; had never before seen a breech loader. My rifle was "big medicine." In the tepee I declaimed "Rienzi's Address to the

Romans" to them in grandiloquent style and then touched off a music box concealed in my pocket. The Arrapahoe were successful in their raid and captured many ponies from the Osages; hence my "medicine" was good. I read the other day that the high priests of the Zuni Indians make a journey once a century to the Atlantic ocean to get water from the source of the rising sun for use in their religious ceremonies. I have been through the Zuni villages of extreme Western New Mexico. They live, I used to be taught by Mitchell's geography, as the people of Kamschatka do. They believe that Montezuma will visit them when he has worn out his golden slippers, and they keep the sacred fire burning awaiting his return. To let the fire go out would be "bad medicine," and their hereditary enemies, the Navajoes, would come down upon them like wolves upon the fold. To use any water but ocean water in their annual ceremonials would also be bad medicine. But these are not observances of religion. The Moquis, to the westward of the Zunis, live in caves in cliffs, like sand s wallows, but choose these elevated habitations for the same reason that birds build their nests in accessible places, the instinct of self-preservation. The Navajoes used to depredate upon them generations ago. The Moquis would now prefer to live upon the plain below, but such would be "bad medicine," and they still perch. Anything contrary to tradition and conservatism is "bad medicine. -Troy Times.

off to themselves, green citrons with their royal gold color, groups of boat-men and hunters with their swartby faces and picturesque attire, lending a hand wherever it was needed, a negro

with a banjo strumming rude tunes to which the crowd gave casual accompani-ment, the ladies all watching curiously and sampling an orange now and then-these were some of the elements that made up the scene, the whole being en-livened with the haste and bustle of get-

Carlo alias Eden.

A writer in the Cincinnati Commercial speaks of Cario, the town at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, as follows: "The town of Cario is distressing looking. It is said to contain 11,-000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 have had their homes overflowed this spring. The ground on which it is built is so low that when you walk in the streets. night." horses and carriages moving along the levce are as far above you as if they were on top of the walls of a four story building. That is what they made me think of. When you remember that the Mississippi, at the height of the flood, was about even with the top of this levee all along the front of the town, while all behind the place the river has broken in and submerged acres of ground, you will realize the situation Cairo has been in for many auxious days and nights. Recall your geography sufficiently to remember that it is built in a long narrow angle just where the Ohio comes into the Mississippi. Only for the levees this whole angle would be overflowed every year, the ground is so low. And now the levees have been tried and found wanting. It was a mis-take ever to try to put a city in such a place. Given high ground where the rivers come together and one of the magnificent cities of America would have been there. As it is, the streets are filthy and sticky with black mud, where here and there serves as a pig wallow. The town reeks with malaria-fairly glistens with it. The countenances of the inhabitants are sicklied o'er with the pale, greenish cast that marks the 'chills' as infallibly as a mouth that turns down at the corners marks a sanctimonious hypocrite. Unhappy Cairo! I wouldn't live there if I had a gift of the whole town." Cairo is the town where Dickens sends Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley to settle. He called it Eden, and his account of it is really dismal.

Material Progress in the United States

An English essayist concedes that in no other country has there been any thing like the rapid progress in inven tion and all that pertains to material progress that has been made in the United States during the last half cen-tury. He says that the Americans have profited by the lessons which the producers of Europe taught them; that many ideas which had their inception in the old world have been supplemented and improved upon by the quick witted and ingenious Yaukee, to say nothing of the productions of purely American origin. The world, he tells us, is indebted to the genius of the people of the United States for the electric telegraph, a science which has brought the remote sections of the world into instant communication ;for the utilization of steam upon the ocean, the first vessel crossing the Atlantic having been of American construction; for the present monitor system of naval architecture, now employed by the lead-ing maritime nations of Europe; for the sewing machine, one of the greatest labor-saving implements ever con-structed, and also for innumerable other inventions and improvements in machinery employed on the farm, in the factory, and in the workshop. During the last quarter of a century, in particular, the American people have been gradually emancipating themselves from dependence upon the older nations for a great variety of the necessaries of life, till at length they are in position to maintain a successful competition with them in some of the most important departments of mechanical production, while, as regards agriculture, the United States stands pre-eminent.

Horace Greeley's Shoes.

About the year 1870, when Arthur Barret was president of the Fair Association, Mr. Greeley accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address in the amphitheater at the fair grounds. Colonel Todd was chairman of the reception committee, and after the close of the address escorted the speaker to his room at the Southern Hotel, where he bade him good-bye, as Mr. Greeley was to leave the city early on the following morning. Before leaving him, however, Colonel Todd said:

Well, Mr. Greeley, I trust that during your stay here everything has been done for your comfort and that every thing has been satisfactory to you."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley, slowly and with considerable hesitancy, "every thing has been as pleasant as I could have desired, except"-here the old gentleman looked sadly down at his feet, and after a brief pause resumed, "except that some one stole my shoes last

"Stole your shoes!" echoed Colonel Todd in astonishment, also surveying Mr. Greeley's feet.

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley, with sigh, and moving his feet uncomfortably. "Yes, I left them outside my door last night and some one walked off with them. But a new pair was left in the place of the old ones, and that's what troubles me. The old ones were easy and comfortable, but the new ones hurt

my feet." "One might be pardoned," said Colo nel Todd, "for wanting to step into your shoes. Perhaps some one wanted them as souvenirs."

This was intended for a compliment but Mr.Greeley was too much interested in his feet to notice it. He only said "Perhaps so, but 1 would very much prefer my old ones to these, and wish they had taken something else as a souvenir."

The next morning the old gentleman limped down stairs and took a carriage for the depot, carrying away with him probably a very unfavorable impression

of the souvenir hunters of St. Louis. Several weeks elapsed before the mystery of the stolen shoes was solved. It was then ascertained that a colored man named Wilkinson, who was one of the barbers at the Southern, had really taken Mr. Greeley's shoes as mementoes of the man who had worked so actively and earnestly for the freedom of the negroes. In speaking of the matter to Colonel Todd, Wilkinson said that he was walking along the hall near Mr. Greeley's room, and seeing the shoes standing outside the door, the idea struck him that they would be just the things to give to the children to remind

them of him who had done so much for the colored man. He therefore took them, hurried out of the hotel and went to a shoe store, where he purchased a pair of much better shoes of the same size as the old ones, and, returning to the hotel, put the former where the latter had stood. He thought that a fair exchange was no robbery, and felt that he was giving much more in actual value than he was receiving. Wilkin son is dead, but the shoes are probably now in St. Louis. It is understood that several relic hunters are looking for them.

Sarah Wasn't There.

e, was grinning the box office the other day, when in walked a chap with an agricultural bronze on his face, and asked: "Does any one perform here?"

From that time on Pat called the number of every street in very distinct and insinuating way, with flattering comments upon them as desirable places of residence; but his efforts continued in vain. A few unfortunates who had been obliged to stand like himself, from time to time left the car, but not a vacant seat was to be seen.

Finally poor Pat became discouraged and subsided for awhile. But at sixtythird street he broke out in one last appeal.

"Sixty-third street!" He looked around the car, saw that his announcement had no effect, and then exclaimed. in serio-comic despair:

"For the love of God, have none of yez homes?"

This had its effect. Amid the general laugh a man got up and insisted upon the tired Irishman taking his seat .- N. Y. Herald.

SHORT BITS.

Onions are frequently strewn upon the grave of love.

Jesse James' war comrades have started subscription for his widow.

Hartford, which is largely in debt, is eating strawberries .- | Danbury News.

A Kansas town is named Scandalia, and immigration is just pouring in there.

Boston mourns the loss of its oldest printer. His successor has not yet been appointed.

The Reverend Spencer Drummond. Byron's last surviving school-fellow, died lately, aged 92.

There are 15,000 brass bands in the United States. And yet we send missionaries to the heathen.

Paris has now 45 English or American bars. There's no more need of going thirsty in Paris than there is in Maine. We have received a good deal of rheu-

matic poetry this spring-at least we judged it to be so from the lameness of the verses.

In Germany railroad conductors get \$340 a year. In America the roads em-ploy men to find out how much the conductors do get.

"Where are our girls?" anxiously inquires a religious exchange. We don't know. We can't keep track of all the girls in creation.

A young lady being told by a friend that silk dresses were very much worn, said she knew it, for hers had two or three holes in it.

We are told that "missionaries are wanted in the Italian quarters of New York." Never knew before that the Italians were cannibals.

"San Francisco is clamoring for brass bands in churches." Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently.

The best way to beat a Niagara hackman-With a club.-Puck. And yet when a Niagara backman meets a club man he generally beats him.

An esteemed contemporary, whose name we suppress for fear of the broom brigade, says that fans and girls are hand-painted this season.

Carlyle once said to Frewde that he was the best read man he ever met. Probably Froude was thoroughly familiar with Carlyle's writings.

"Yes," said the traveler, "I hope the Charley Shaw, of the Detroit Opera train robbers will go through the train. to see that darned pelled to disgorge our property!" A Washington writer says: "The prettiest and most favored children of the congressional group are the bright-eyed, fair-headed boy and girl of Congressman Skinner.' The venerable Kossuth has completed his memoirs, the last volume having just appeared. He makes in it a prediction that Hungary will shortly separate herself from Austria. It was Dr. Hammond who, during the president's illness, invented the word "Syggignocism," and yet congress thinks he should receive less pay for his services than Dr. Bliss. "Why are your loaves so much smaller than they used to be?" asked a Gal-veston man of his baker. "I don't know unless it is that I use less dough than formerly," responded the baker. Cucumber infernal machines, according to the Chronicle, are in the market in Philadelphia. There is but one antidote, a remedy known to the ancient Irish people. It is called "whishskin-WBTT. A rural Democrat writes us to ask: "Are red noses hereditary?" We believe they are more acquired than hereditary; but still the majority of the most successful Democrats have been born that Fav. "Yes," said the county member, "I went to that variety show because I felt sure there'd be nobody there who knew me. Durned if pretty much the whole legislature was'nt there!"-Boston Post. It is said that walls have ears. Therefore, don't trust them. They are twofaced things .- Bos. Trans. And the way that the barefaced things get themselves papered and painted is too horrible for words. Resonance in public halls can be modified or prevented by stretching wires across the ceiling, so that the vibrations are absorbed, conveyed from one wire to another, and spread over the building. Truth would like to see a palatable temperance drink invented. This is something that Faxon and Neal Dow never thought of. There is very little water in the country that is fit to drink .- Boston Globe. Harvard student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence) to Professor-Thou tea-chest-" Professor (farious) "What! you dare to -- " Student (calmly proceeds) "Thou teachest a most difficult language." Emerson says a man ought to carry a percil to note down the thoughts of the moment." Yes, and one short pencil devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on it. After writing the "Charge of the Light Brigade," was it absolutely necessary for Tennyson to produce a "Charge of It is strange that, of all possible tasks, simply to be what we are shoald prove not the easiest, but infinitely the hard-not the easiest, but infinitely the hard-not the satisfield. The foine houses?" said Pat. And wet nobody stirred. Hood got much fame for his "Song of the Shirt," but he didn't supplement it in his last days by a "Song of the Under-shirt."- Cincinnati Saturday Night.

ter was reached and drawn to the surface by means of a pump attatched to the up-per end of the tub. This simple contrivance was patented after the war, and the inventor charged a royalty of ten dollars on each well driven. As the western farming lands were filled with the driven wells, some idea of the immense value of this patent can be obtained. An entire revolution was practically effected in casts can be displayed. The second floor well digging, and a moderate estimate of the money value of the patent is \$2,000,-000. The ordinary spring window shade which is to be found now in almost every house, so cheaply is it manufactured and hung, is patented and yields annually to the inventor an income equal to that of \$1,000,000 judiciously invested. The stylographic pen patent is also worth \$1,000,000 to its holder, and that of the marking pen, for shaping in different colors, and of ordinary rubber stands \$100,000 each .-- [Stockton Mail.

Mexican Propensity for Stealing.

Washerwomen pawn the clothes of un-suspecting and trusting Americans when given them to be washed, and more than one engineer has had to visit some empeno and pay down the cash for garments peno and pay down the cash for garments that were already has to get them out of It is the intention of the trustees to propawn. Either one by one or all in a lump, these garments are gathered into the may of the Mexican "uncle." The statement of my friend, may be colored by a sad experience, bet there is much truth in what he says. It is only fair ing up every week to give instruction toward those of our countrymen contemplating coming here to give the actual coloring of the dark side as well as the bright. In regard to stealing. this I know that nothing along the line of the great Mexican railroad from Veta Cruz to the City of Mexico is left outside after dark; nothing that the strength of two men can lift. Even the car couplings are taken inside the station and locked up. The road once introduced air brakes on their cars, but the workmen punched holes in the pipes and stole the tubing, so they were taken off. On the National road, and doubtless on all others also, they stole the bolts that fastened the rails to the ties, until they were finally rivoted on. One of a gang of workmen undertook to steal the cap of a cartridge of dynamite, and the result was that he and several others went to their reward.

Instances might be multiplied to show that the bulk of the population of Mexico are thieves and beggars. It is impossible to mention the term stealing without finding a victum. Two evenings ago I was at the house of a prominent Ameri-can here whose wife that very day had had a valuable gold watch stolen from her. They were in consulta-tion that same day with the chief of police about the possible recovery of some furniture stolen from them a few weeks before. That afternoon I met a missionary well known See here, who showed me a watch that had been stolen from him, and which he had only regained by paying fifty-five dollars to recover it from pawn. The wife of a high American official in Merico told me that same evening that at the first

As Usual.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said:

"Are you going on this train?" "I am.

"Have you any baggage?" No.

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two rousing big trunks and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll eachre them.

"Yes, but I haven't any ticket." "But, I thought you said you were going on this train?"

"So I am. I'm the conductor."

"Oh!"

He paid extra, as usual.

Orange Wrapping in Florida.

One night our party of tourists went to an "Orange wrapping." A large warehouse belonging to the Wilkinson place was lighted up with candles placed along the walls, and all the "help" of the neighborhood was gathered. In one corner of the room there were huge boxes filled with oranges. They were rigged with handles at each end, and it took two men to bring one of them in. On the opposite side of the room were long tables, behind which sat the "wrappers." The fruit was supplied to them by small boys, who carried it in breadtrays; putting a tray to every three men. Before each man was a package of tissue paper. By a dextrous movement, an orange was enveloped in a leaf of paper by one motion. As the fruit was wrapped it was dropped into another tray, which was carried to the "packers," who stood before a pile of empty crates. Each orange was placed in the crate separateeing packed in close rows. A crate holds from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty oranges, and sells bere for about three dollars. The oranges are not brought direct from the grove to the packing-house, but rest a day or two in the drying house. There they are spread over lattice shelves, where they go through a sweating process before they are ready for shipment.

The scene in the wrapping house was a pretty one. The golden fruit piled in rich profusion, the men and boys langh-ing, as they handled it so rapidly, t e orderly crates with their tempting contents, a heap of pine-apples in an odd corner filling the room with their ex-quisite flavor, huge branches of bananas with just a fleck of yellow here and there amid the green, clean-looking lemon-, almost as large as the oranges, heaped

How Jesse James Showed His Gratitude.

Six years ago the James brothers sacked the express car and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific at Gad's Hill. and stole the money box at the Kansas state fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking into the bank with the receipts of the day, about two thousand dollars, they pointed their pistols at his head seized the box and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight in the midst of a great crowd.

Some time afterward one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said it was the most daring deed in highway men's record. A few nights afterward one of the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office and, calling the reporter out, presented him with a handsome watch and chain. He said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude. "But I don't feel at liberty to take this

watch," said the reporter. "But do it to gratify us.

steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperado.

"No, you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied Mr. James, regretfully, "what can we do for you? Perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!"

"Bad cess to it!" exclaimed Mike O'Flaherty, upon learning that Garfield was elected. "Shure an' now we'll be ruined by Chinese chape labor." When asked where he worked, Mike replied, When "I haven't wrought a sthroke for five years, but me old woman takes in washin', and Garfield wants the haythen Chinee to take the bread out of our months.

"Oh, yes." "This afternoon?"

"No; to-night."

"How much to see 'em?"

"Well, I can give you a seat for half dollar, and you can hold your girl on vour lap.

'Wouldn't anybody laff?'

"Not much! We don't allow any laughing in this house." Well, maybe we'll come. Has this

theater ever burned up? "Never."

"Any danger of fire on the stage!"

"Not a bit."

"Any pickpeckets around?" "None.

"Does anybody peddle lemonade?"

"No. "Any prize packages given out?"

"No "Take a half dollar with a hole in it?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a play is it?"

"It's tragedy." "Tragedy? Then that lays me out ! Sarah was to a circus last year, when some one hit a feller who crawled under the canvas, with a neck yoke, and she fainted away that they had to unhitch her corset and jerk off her shoes. Let her see a play where fellers are jabbing with pitchforks, knocking down with crowbars and slicing each other thp with swords, and she'd tumble kerplunk and stop the show dead still. I hope you'll do well and all that, but I don't bring no Sarah to see no tragedy,'and dont you forget it! She

fainted on me once, and my hair turned gray at the rate of a bushel a minit!"-Detroit Free Press.

He Got a Seat.

It was a Third avenue car, and it was very crowded. A good natured son of Erin had boarded the car near the City Hall, but was too late to get a seat. He carried a tin dinner pail and wore the dress of a bard-working man. There was a humorous twinkle in his eye, but it was plain to be seen that he was tired. He hung on to a strap near the door in a commanding position, where he would be sure to see the first vacant seat. Not

a single passenger got out until Houston street was reached. Then there was a momentary glimpse of a vacant seat, but it was filled before he could reach it. At Fourteenth street the car stopped. The man's eye brightened and he kept a sharp look ont. But no-

it was to let a lady get on. The car dragged its way slowly on to Twenty-seventh street, and slowed up.

with his eye on a woman who looked as if she wanted to get out. But she didn't and the car went on.

when that thoroughfare was reached,

We didn'

"Twinty-sivinth sthreet!" called Pat,

"Thurty-fort' sthreet" shouled Pat.