#### SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

Miss Verona Allison sat by the open window in her own little snuggery, her eyes bent upon the letter she held in her

eyes bent upon the terretain of her re-hand. From the expression of her re-think of him?" almost groaned Miss Phebe. "And, Verona dear, please that curled the upper lip of a large, well-don't whistle any more. formed mouth, and caused a naturally jurned-up nose to turn up still more one watching her might have been led to think that the contents of the letter awakened no pleasurable feelings-a thought that would have been confirmed myself. In fact, I'm afraid I rather like when on reading the last line our scornful young woman threw herself back in her much beribboned willow rocker, and exclaimed: "Simplicity, indeed! The

man's an idiot." What man?" asked Miss Phebe, com-

ing quietly into the room.
Your friend's son, Mother Phebe,
Mr. Peter Gandy. Why, his very name nakes one think at once of a goose—I

pean a male goose. "My dear," said Miss Phebe, mildly, s she seated herself in another highly secorated chair, and folded her bands in her lap-a sign that she was ready for a long and confidential chat-"I see no eason why you should call the young man an idiot. Idiots, to give Webster's nildest definition of them are 'unearned, ignorant, or foolish persons.' Peter Gandy is none of these. Neither less he, in my opinion, at all resemble a male goose. I met him at his father's bouse, last winter, just after his return from Europe, where he had been for three years, most of the time in London; and speaking of male geese reminus me that he brought with him the loveliest poodle that I ever beheld - worth a forne, my dear. But that is not what I tarted out to say. Let me see-where was I? Oh, yes; he had just returned from England, and I found him goodooking (in a poetical way), well educated, and as you must have discovered from the letter I gave you to readnever dreaming it would lead to idiots mate friend at school. Our braids-"pigtails" rude boys called them-were always tied with the same colored ribbon, and our sunbonnets trimmed with the same colored silk. People laugh at school friendships, my dear, but they often outlast those-but that's neither here nor there. Where was I? Oh, yes; we were inseparable friends, and

you, my dear "and springing from her chair, she flung both arms around Miss Phebe, and kissed each of her plump, rosy cheeks.

after she graduated, a man considerably

sisted upon transmitting to his only son,

"And no real daughter, I am sure," the elderly lady went on, when Verona itively sallow, she pinned a spray of the bad again seated herself by the window, brightest blue larkspur. 'could have brought me more happiness and comfort. And now, my dear, if you will only make up your mind to receive this young gentleman in a nice and friendly manner, perhaps you may find him a very agreeable person, and he may find in you the realization of his dreams. And if you should fall in love with each

"But, oh, Mother Phebe," interrupted Verona again, "in spite of all you say, I can't help thinking he must be such a -such a -idiot! Just listen." And she receeded to read from the letter, in a drawling, affected manner: "I, like my glorious teacher Oscar Wilde, love nature, and in loving nature, love beautybeauty unadorned, beauty pure and simple. I would have the maiden of my choice owe naught to art. If she wear flowers, let them be the blossoms of the fields and meadows rather than the costliest of artificial blooms; and if some slight blemish mar her loveliness, let to the dining-room. her not seek to conceal it by rouge, or powder, or any other lie, but by the sunhine of her smiles so dazzle the betelder that he will see it not. As for ber dress, better in my eyes is the plainest of home made gowns than the richest robes of silk and satin disfigured by all the paraphernalia of the mantua-maker. Ab, could I but find such a maiden?" Now, Mother Phebe, the idea of his writing such stuff-for it is stuff-to you! But of course be thought I would see it, and being a truly rural young woman, would be much impressed thereby. "My dear, you are severe-" began Miss Phebe.

"There, I knew it. You've caught the infection-speaking poetically.'

"I didn't mean to, I assure you, my dear, though in my youth I wrote and published a number of verses that were But no matter. You will behave nicely to Peter? Promise me you will,

"I will do more. I'll try to be all he would have 'the maiden of his choice.' And if he don't like me, you'll be con-

"I'll be content." And Miss Phebe ted loud and clear. "What's that?"

"The first bar of 'Charlie is my darreplied the girl, mischievously; and she proceeded to whistle the second berself, in a bird-like manner, as she leaned out of window. A slender, lithe Young fellow stood in the garden below. On catching sight of her face, he nimby climbed the old pear tree that stood etly in the garden path, and reaching the bough that brought him opposite the snuggery, he seated himself thereon

with an absence of formality refreshing "Moonlight row to-night, Verona," he aid. "I just stopped to tell you, though about it.
In in an awful hurry-going down to "Oh, d the depot to meet the governer. Hello,

"Arthur, are you never going to leave your monkey trick?" asked Miss

Phebe, with as much sternness as she was capable of, which wasn't much.

"Not whistle, you darling! how can I help it? I whistled when I was a baby girl, and I never knew you disliked it before.

"Well, I don't know as I do dislike it But don't whistle before Peter, that's all. And, Verona, couldn't youyou seem to have some influence over him-induce Arthur Wills to behave with a little more dignity? A young man of two-and-twenty climbing trees like a squirrel or a monkey is really too absurd

"Mother Phebe, have you known Arthur from before he was born his mother was an old school-mate of yours too, remember-until the present time not to know that he can't be anything but himself? And I shouldn't want him to. For my part, I think he's too awfully cunning for anything."

"Too awfully cunning!" repeated Miss Phebe. "Well, perhaps he is. He's a good young man anyhow, and very kind to his parents-though I do object somewhat to his calling his father 'governor.'

"His father don't," laughed Verona. But bye-the-bye, darling, when do you expect this id-I mean this good-looking, well-educated, simplicity-loving

gentleman?" "On the next train. He will dine with us, and I have told Betsey to serve dinner earlier than usual. So you had better begin dressing at once," Miss Phebe left the room, and Verona did "begin dressing at once." Oh, what a sparkle came into her lovely black eyes, what a saucy tilt the turnedup nose took on, and what bright smiles chased each other over the full red lips! and ganders-intensely devoted to "beau- And no wonder, for never made maiden ty usadorned," which, as you know, the dressing to meet a would-be lover, so elpoet Thomson says "is adorned the lish a toilet before. First she dipped most." His mother was my most inti- her hair-brush into a basin of water, and vigorously brushed the fluffy curls that lay upon her forehead (which, unshaded by them, seemed a trifle too high), and the waves that rippled over her head, until there was no hint of wave or curl left. Then she undid the coils and puffs of her luxuriant hair, made to look more luxuriant by being arranged in these same coils and puffs, and gathwe promised each other faithfully, hav- ering it all together into one hard knot. ing read a great many romances where she fastened it with one hair-pin high such promises had produced the happi- on her head. An accident a year or est results—that if we married (and we two before had cost her one of her pret both certainly expected to do so), and ty white teeth-a front one, most unforone had a son and the other a daughter, tunately; but, thanks to the dentist's we would endeavor to bring about a mar- skill, no one had ever even suspected riage between them when they had at- that the one which replaced it bore no tained a suitable age. She married soon relation to its neighbors? This tooth she removed, and her mouth lost its elder than herself, with the decidedly symetery, and her smile its charm. unpoetical name of Peter—a name he in-Phebe's, some twenty years old, and though, I hear, my dear, that among his conspicuous by reason of the green dearest friends young Peter is known as leaves and blue flag-lillies of enormous Aurelius; but he (the elder Peter) was wealthy, and Matilda was fond of but it, which, Miss Phebe being rather no matter about that. Where—Oh, yes; short and quite stout, and she rather I remember; she married. A son was tall and quite slender, effectually contended the result. I did not marry, and consequently have no results. But I found concealed her feet in stout low shoes two sizes too large for them. About "A motherless child, forsaken by an her neck, which was long, slender and unloving father," interrupted Verona; graceful in the soft ruches and laces she lar, and just behind her left ear, so that it drooped over against her cheek, mak-

> And thus she presented herself before the much astonished Miss Phebe and Mr. Peter Gandy. If the latter were also much astonished, as beyond doubt he was, having heard a glowing account of her adopted daughter from his hostess, he never betrayed it farther than by a slight opening of his dreamy, half-shut eyes. He was a willowy youth, with fair, willowy hair falling nearly to his shoulders, a forehead low but not broad, and a chin decidedly the reverse of his friend's and teacher's. And he wore a dark purple velvet coat, and a white lace and lavender silk scarf, and there floated about him the delicate perfume of the violet. He rose when Venora entered the room, and greeted her with a languid bow, which she returned with an awkward courtesy, while Miss Phobe's face became a marvellous study from the wonderful commingling of expressions there, as she led the way

ing her brunette complexion look pos-

"You-ah-you like country life?" said Peter-I should say Aurelius-when they were seated at the table.

Oh, yes," replied Verona, with infantile fervency. "I dote on cows." "Cows? Oht ah! yes. They-they-

"Don't bite you, and they give milk and cream and butter,' explained Verona Peter - that is, Aurelius - almost smiled. "And do you dote on horses too?" he asked, patronizingly.
"Yes; but sometimes they kick. I'm

afraid of them when they kick. But Ioh, how I"-clasping her hands-"love chickens!"

"Chickens!" repeated Aurelius, in dazed way. "Yes; they lay omelets and custards

and eggs," said Verona, nodding her head with the air of one who imparts useful information. And there the conversation ended.

Mr. Peter Aurelius Gandy left for home on an early train. "Your adopted daughter is simplicity itself," he remarked to Miss Phebe, while bidding her good by, "but I fear we are not affinities."

"Oh, Verona, how could you-how could you be so-" began Miss Phebe, as soon as he was gone; but an uncontrollable fit of laughter prevented her finishing the question. And before the laugh was done, away danced Verona to the snuggery to do her hair in the usual style, replacing the larkspur with an orange and maroon nasturtium flower, put back the tooth, and exchange the loose green and blue figured gown for a natty gray flannel boating suit, with dark

red trimmings. And at the rowing party-she and he had a little boat to themselves, and somehow or other it was always very much behind the others-she told Arthur all

"Oh, dear me, how funny it was!" said she. "But it served him exactly right, for I happen to know that he thought Mother Phebe had a fortune present disguised as one of "the friends with which to endow me, whereas she

has only enough to keep herself comfortas capable of, which wasn't much.
"Never," answered the caller, with ation of that fortune I have no doubt great coolness, as he slid down the tree that had he seen me at my best, he again. pleased with me. But he was wholly unprepared for the vision of rustic loveliness that burst upon him. Oh, Arthur, you can't imagine what a fright I was!"

"I can't imagine you 'a fright' under any circumstances," said Arthur, thinking how beautiful she looked framed in the moonlight. "Oh, but I was!" holding up her hand

and looking at the sparkling drops that fell from it. "I wouldn't have you see me that way for anything.'

"You wouldn't?" capturing the hand so suddenly that the boat nearly upset. 'Why? Can it be? Dare I hope that you-that you --"Of course I do, and always have, and

always shall, whether you propose or not "My angel!" exclaimed Arthur. "You ought to have seen me at dinner

time," said Verona. Twould have made no difference to me," declared the lover. "And, oh, my darling, I should have asked you to you were an heiress, and I have nothing but the hope of succeeding to the govenor's business, which isn't a very money-

making one." "Well, do you propose now? No time, no place could be more appropriate; the moon looking down from starry skies, the water all silvered by her light, a faint fragrance of water-lilies preparing to 'put off sleep in the cool air, and somebody, or several somebodies, in the other boats whistling 'Charlie is my darling' as a signal that we'd better hurry

up."
"Verona, will you be my wife?" "Arthur, with the greatest pleasure And dear Mother Phebe's school-girl dream will come true after all. She only exchanges the son of one old friend for the son of another.'

## A Mournful Story.

"If you've got time I'd like to have you write a little something about the deceased," said the little man, quietly, something pretty mournful, if you

"Who is dead?" inquired the managing editor, scratching his head and put-ting his pen in the ink pot. "Friend of VOUES?

"Well, yes," replied the little man, leaning over the table. "She was my wife. Her wings sprouted yesterday, and we turfed her over this P. M. She was a very superior article of remains. and I thought I'd have you speak a good word for her to the public, with something about other papers copying it at the bottom.

"Where was the plant?" asked the edtor, trying to think for some melancholy "We set her out up in Cypress Hills," replied the mourner, wiping his eyes.

"Oh, yes, we had a \$10 discourse and \$40 funeral. You might speak of the casket. That cost \$15 alone, and there must have been \$8 or \$10 worth of flowers and shrubs and one thing or another.

"I might say she was popular and generally beloved by all who knew her in life, eh?" suggested the editor.
"You bet! And that'll make her sis-

er mad. You might say that she was the handsomest woman in the ward, and that there were four carriages choke full. If you want a nice piece of descriptive, you may add that I rode on the hearse with the driver." "An affectionate wife and mother?"

hinted the editor.

"Well," coughed the little man, "if you've got plenty of time and room. Perhaps you had better pay more atten-tion to the handles on the casket. I'll show 'em to you. Genuine plate!" and he drew them from his pocket: "The screws were all silver-headed, but I thought I'd better leave them.'

"Was she prominent in any of the charitable rackets? Much in the Sunday school business?" asked the editor.

'Yes, some. She belonged to a gross or two of old women's homes and a couples of dozen of children' temperance societies, but that didn't cut much figure at the funeral. You might speak of the number present and say that several friends of the remains were jammed about a good deal trying to get a good sight at her. We showed her at the house and at the grave, and though I say it myself, I think the coffin plate was generally admired."

"Then she was a worthy, Christian woman, charitable and kindly disposed, and departed sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends.

"Oh, yes," sighed the bereaved. "I have lost money on the headstone, cost \$15, and I lost \$10 to my brother-in-law betting that the hearse could beat the mourner's carriage to the first tollgate on the old road coming home. I'd like to have it known that I did the fair thing, though I don't care to look like I was blowing about the expense."

"Did she leave any children ?" "Yes, oh, yes! she left 'em. They went with her as far as the grave. It stood me in twenty-seven dollars to fit them out with grief for the occasion. But I don't begrudge it. When I spend money I calculate to get the worth of it. and nobody hears me complain. I paid \$18 for the clothes she was shoved under

in. "Did she leave any property?" "A couple of houses and lots, but you needn't mention them. Just speak of it as the social event of the season in funeral circles, in which no expense was spared to make it a gratifying success, and you'll hit it about even. The neighbors are all watching for the paper and you'll make a little something out of the sales if you do the right thing. You might say in to-day's paper that the notice will appear to-morrow, so as to adhusband put on his hat and buttoned up

his cout. And the managing editor wrote a memory of the woman whose qualities were buried under the funeral bills, and the prostrated husband showed it around, explaining that he couldn't facts unless it was that a reporter was

of the remains."-[Brooklyn Eagle.

### TAE "JUDAS ISCARIOT."

"She formerly showed the name Flying Spirits on her stern mouldin'," said Captain Trumbull Cram, "but I had thet gouged out and planed off, and Judas Iscariot in gilt sot thar instid. "That was an extraor linary name,"

"Strornary craft," replied the captain, as he absorbed another inch and a half of niggerhead. I'm neither a profane man or an irreverend ; but sink my jig if I don't believe the sperrit of Judas possessed that schooner.

I ventured to inquire in what manner this vessel had manifested its depravity. The narrative which I heard told of a demon of treachery with three masts only the captain's pasture wall, but also and a jibboon.

last. People shook their heads over the stronger than fear. "You all know what the critter air," the captain had birth. Instead of launching decently such a load. She seemed suddenly into the element for which it was deshare my life six mokths ago, only I signed, the three-masted schooner thought, as the other fellow did, that slumped through the ways into slumped through the ways into mud and stuck there the for three weeks, causing great expense to the owners, of whom Captain Trumbuli Cram was one to the extent of an undivided third. The oracles of Ne

waggen were confirmed in their forebod-"Two masts is masts enough, ings. they said; "the third is the devil's hitch-

in' post.

On the first voyage of the Flying Philadelphia, loaded with ice belonging | legend: to himself and lawyer Swanton; cargo uninsured. Ice was worth six dollars a ton in Philadelphia; this particular ice had cost Captain Cram and Lawyer Swanton eighty-five cents a ton, including sawdust. They were happy over the prospect. The Flying Sprite cleared the port in beautiful shape, and then suddenly and silently went to the bottom in Fiddler's Reach, in eleven feet of salt water. It required only six days to float her and pump her out, but owing to a certain incompatibility between ice and salt water, the salvage consisted his head as he whispered to Deacon exclusively of sawdust.

On her next trip the schooner carried deck load of lumber from the St.Croix river. It was in some sense a consecrated cargo, for the lumber was intended for the new Baptist meeting house in southern New Jersey. If the prayerful tope of the navigators, combined with the prayerful expectations of the consignees had availed, this voyage, at least, would have been successfully made. But about sixty miles southeast of Nantucket the Flying Sprite encountered a mild September gale. She ought to have weathered it with perfect ease, but she behaved so abominably that the church lumber was scattered over the surface of the Atlantic ocean from about latitude 45 deg. 15 min, to latitude 43 deg. 50 min. A month or two later she contrived to go on her beam ends under a gentle land breeze, dumping a lot of expensively carved granite from the Fox Island quarries into a deep hole in Long Island Sound. On her next trip she went deliberately out of her course in

libeled for heavy damages. It was after a few experiences of this from her quarter, and substituted Judas Iscariot. She seemed animated with the spirit of purposeless malice and of malignant perfidy. She was a floating tub of cussedness.

A board of nautical experts sat upon the Judas Iscariot, but could find nothing the matter with her, physically. The lines of her hull were all right, she was properly planked, and ceiled, and calked, her spars were of good Oregon pine, she was rigged taut and trustworthy, and her canvas had been cut and stiched by a God-fearing sailmaker. Yet she always did the unexpected thing, except when bad bahavior was expected of her on general principles. If the idea was to luff, she would invariably fall off; if to jibe, she would come round dead in the wind, and hang there like Mohammed's coffin. Sending a man to haul the jib sheet was like sending a man on a forlorn hope; the jib habitually picked up the ventursome navigater; and, after shaking him viciously in the air for a second or two, tossed him overboard. A boom never crossed the deck without breaking somebody's head. Start on whatever course she mignt, the schooper was certain to run, before long, into one of three things, namely, some other vessel, a fog-bank, or the bottom. From the very day on which she was launched for a good, sticky mud bottom was unerring. In the clearest weather fog followed and enveloped her as misfortune followed wickedness. Her presence on the banks was enough to drive every codfish to the coast of Ireland. The mackerel and porgies were always where the Judas Iscariot was not. It was impossible to circumvent the schooner's fixed purpose to ruin everybody who chartered her. If chartered to carry a deck load, she spilled it; if loaded between decks, she dived and spoiled the cargo. In short, the Judas Iscariot was known from Marblehead to the Bay of Chaleur as the consummate schooneration of malevolence, turpitude, and treachery.

Nearly at the end of a season, when the wretched craft had been even more unprofitable than usual, a conference of the owners was held in the Congregational vestry one evening, after the monthly missionary meeting. No outsider knows exactly what happened. On the forenoon of the next Friday there was a general suspension of business at Newaggen. The Judas Iscariot, with her deck scoured and her spars scraped till they shone in the sun like yellow amber, lay at the wharf by Captain Cram's fish-house. This time her cargo was an extraordinary one. It consisted of nearly a quarter of a mile of stone-wall vertise it a little," and the prostrated from the boundaries of the captain's shore pasture. "I calklet," remarked the commander of the Judas Iscariot, as the rocks. Across the mouth of the he saw the last boulder disappearing small cove back of his house, blocking simple, touching little tribute to the down the main hatch, "thar's nigh two the entrance to his wharf and fish-house. hundred's fifty ton of stone-fence aboard | was stretched a skeleton wreck.

thet schooner." Conjecture was wasted over this unthey returned witticism for witticism, coast of Maine was piled onto her, and and kept their secret. "Ef you must her hull bottom knocked cleap out. She

Machias way. I'm going to take mine over'n peddle it out by the yard." On this fine sunshiny Friday morning, while On the luckless schooner lay on one side of the wharf, looking as bright, and trim, and prosperous as if she were the bestpaying maritime investment in the world, the tng Pug of Portland lay under the other side, with steam up. She had come down the night before in response to a telegram from the owners of the Judas Iscariot. A good land breeze was blowing, with the promise of fresh-

ening as the day grew older. At half past seven o'clock the schooner put off from the landing, carrying not a large number of his neighbors and The Flying Sprite was the first three- friends, including some of the solidest master ever built at Newaggen, and the citizens of Newaggen. Curiosity was last People shook their heads over the stronger than fear. "You all know base improbity at the very moment of its Never had the Judas Iscariot carried struck with a sense of decency and responsibility, for she came around into the wind without baiking, dived her nose playfully into the brine, and skipped off on the short hitch to clear Tumbler Island, all in the most proper fashion. The Pug steamed after her.

The crowd on the wharf and the boys in the small boats cheered this unexpectedly orthodox behavior, and they now saw for the first time that Captain Cram had painted on the side of the vessel in conspicuous white letters, each Sprite, Captain Cram, started her for three or four feet long, the following

> THIS IS THE SCHOONER JUDAS ISCARIOT. N. B -GIVE HER A WIDE BERTH!

Hour after hour the schooner bounded along before the northwest wind, holding to her course as straight as an arrrow. The weather continued fine. Every time the captain threw the log he looked more perplexed. Eight, nine, nine-and-a-half knots! He; shook Plympton: "She's meditatin' mischief o' some natur' or other." But the Judas led the Pug a wonderful chase, and by half-past two in the afternoon, and be fore the demijohn which Andrew Jackson's son Tobias had smuggled on board was three-quarters empty, and before Lawyer Swanton had more than threequarters finished his celebrated story about Governor Purington's cork leg, the schooner and the tug were between fifty and sixty miles from land.

Suddenly Captain Cram gave a grunt of intelligence. He pointed ahead, where a blue line just above the horizon marked a distant fog-bank. "She smelt it, an' she run for it," he remarked sententious-

ly. "Time for business."
Then ensued a singular ceremony. First Captain Cram brought the schooner to, and transferred all his passengers to the tug. The wind had shifted to the southeast, and the fog was rapidly approaching. The sails of the Judas Iscariot flapped as she lay head to the wind; her bows rose and fell gently under order to smash the starboard bow of a the influence of the long swell. The Pug Norwegian brig, and was consequently, bobbed up and down half a hawser's length away.

> Having put his guests and crew aboard make everything ship-shape on the decks of the schooner. He neatly coiled a loose end of rope that had been left in a snarl. He even picked up and threw son's Tobias's demijohn. His face wore an expression of unusual solemnity. a discount, explaining: The people on the tug watched his movements eagerly but silently. Next he tied one end of a short rope to the wheel, and attached the other end loosely, by means of a running bowline, to a cleat upon the rail. Then he was seen to take up an ax, and to disappear down the companionway. Those on the tug distinctly heard several crashing blows. In a moment the captain reappeared on deck, walked deliberately to the wheel, brought the schooner around so that her sails filled, pulled the running bowline taut, and fastened the rope with several half hitches around the cleat, thus lashing the helm, jumped into a dory, and

sculled over to the tug. Left entirely to herself, the schooner rolled once or twice, tossed a few bucketaful of water over her dancing bows, and started off toward the South Atlantic. But Captain Trumbull Cram, standing on the bow of the tugboat, raised his hand to command silence, and pronounced the following farewell speech, being sentence, death warrant,

and funeral oration, all in one: "I sin't advancin' no theory to 'count for her cussedness. You all know the Judas. Mebbe thar was too much fore an' aff to her. Mebbe the inickerty of a to that which Shakespeare, even with his vessel's in the fore an' aff, and the var- unworthy estimate of the noble warrior tne in the squar' riggin'. Mebbe two maid, would have put into Talbot's masts was masts enough. Let that go; bygones is bygones. There's a hole, peare's time had nothing of the meaning good two foot serost, stove in her belly, and unless —. Oh, yer makin' straight for the fog, are ye? Well, its your last misbeliever, one who did not believe fog bank. The bottom of the sea's the fust port you'll fetch, you critter, you. Git, and be d—d to ye!"

Meanwhile the fog had shut in around

the tug, and the Judas Iscariot was lost to view. The tug was put about and headed for home. The damp wind chilled everybody through and through. Little was said. The contents of the demijohn had long been exhausted. From a distance to the south was heard at intervals the hoarse whistling of an

"I hope that feller's well underwrit." said the captain, grimly, "for the Judas 'Il never go down afore she's sarched him out'n sunk him.'

"And was the abandoned schooner ever heard of?" I asked, when my informant had reached this point in the narrative. The captain took me by the arm, and

led me out of the grocery store down to

"Thar she lays," he said, pointing to the blackened ribs. "That's the Judas. around, explaining that he couldn't necessary amount of baliast. The own-imagine how the paper got hold of the ers of the Judas Iscariot stood up well ter, where she could do no more damunder the consolidated wit of the village; age? No, sir; not if all the rocks on the

know, I'll tell ye," said the captain. "I come home to roost. She come sixty hear thar's a stone-wall famine over miles in the teeth of the wind. When the tug got back next mornin' thar lay the Judas Iscariot acrost, my cove, with her jibboom stuck through my kitchen winder. I say schooners has souls." New York Sun.

#### The White House Mail.

Serval hundred letters are received every day at the White House. They are delivered by a special messenger. The correspondence addressed to the President is not opened by him, and it is very rare that he reads one of the thousands of letters addressed to him. All of the letters are first opened by his private secretary. The majority of them are simply referred elsewhere, and never in any form come to the attention of the President. It makes no difference how "personal, private, or confidential" experiment. "No good can come of sech a critter," they said. "It's contrairy to natur. Two masts is masts enough." they said, in reply to numerous applications for passage. "Ef you're a mind to resk they are secretary unopened. Letters from relatives or intimate friends are sent to the President." an envelope may be marked, it does not just as received, but all other letters of a character worthy of being called to his attention are simply "briefed," so that the President can see at a glance what is wanted. Applicants for office who write to the White House are always referred to the departments. It has been the custom of late years to send out to every such applicant a polite formula saying that the application has been referred to such and such a department, Some of the simple-minded correspondents of the Executive construe the receipt of this formula as one of the most important steps in the way of securing the desired office. One happy man who recently received one of these formulas wrote in reply that his gratitude over the receipt of the same was "as big as an Elephent."He then added that when he should get his place his gratitude would be "as big as 2 Elefents." This formula of answer is in reality as full of encouragement as the editor's polite "rejected with thanks," sent under seal with a pile of returned manuscript. But no amount of ill success has any effect upon the people who write to the President for information, advice, money, or office. Out of the 50,000,000 of people in this country there is always a daily number who flatter themselves that they are not wasting good paper, pens and ink by writing to the President.

#### The Baltimore Plan.

A Baltimore capitalist one day went down into Virginia to collect the interest on a \$500 bond which a town had voted to build a bridge. The bond was five years old, and no interest had ever been paid. Seeking an interview with the village president, he made known his errand, but the official sadly shook his head, and replied:

"A freshet carried off the bridge the same year it was built."

"But the bond stands good for all that.' "Yes, I suppose so, but we have no money on hand."

"Can't you pay this from some other fund?" "We haven't a cent in any fund." "Can I sell the bond to some one

here? "Nobody got anything to buy with." For the next four hours the man with the bond was very busy. He attached the old hand are engine, garnished three or four of the taxpayers, locked up the vilsort that Captain Cram erased the old name from the schooner's stern, and the tug, Captain Cram proceeded to lage graveyard, attached the safe in the down he had arranged for so many injunctions that no one dared stir abroad. The sun was hardly up next day before overboard the stopper of Andrew Jack- his interest was ready, and in less than an hour a citizen purchased the bond at

> "I shan't never get nothing on it, but we can't have wicked speculators coming here to cast reflection on Virginia's hon-esty.—[Wall Street Daily News.

# Changes in the Meaning of Words.

During part of the seventeenth century and earlier, a Dutchman meant a German, Mynheer being called a Hollander. A modern reader, ignorant of this change, when he found a dictionary compiler pronouncing English based on Dutch, might be apt to doubt the author's fitness as a judge of language. Less technical writers suffer from the changes in the meaning of more common words; and a reader, not aware of the changes which have taken place, may be in continual danger, of misreading his author, of misunderstanding his inten-tion, while he has no doubt whatever that he is perfectly apprehending and taking it in.

Thus, when Shakespeare, in Henry VI., makes the noble Talbott address Joan of Arc as a "miscreant," how coarse a piece of invective does this sound! how unlike to that which the chivalrous soldier would have uttered, or which it now has. A "miscreant," in constant charge which the English brought against Joan, namely, that she was a dealer in hidden magical arts, a witch, and as such had fallen from the faith. It is this which Talbot means when he calls her a "miscreant," and not what we should intend by the name.

SHAMEFUL SOCIETY SHAM .- A St. Louis burglar broke into a house where a nigh toned wedding had occurred and stole the silverware that had been given as presents to the happy couple. The next day, after he had tried several pawnshops, he wrote an insulting letter to the bridegroom, accusing him of palming off plated ware on to an innocent burglar, and telling him where he could find his confounded pot metal in a lumberyard. The man went and got his presents, and he says he will whip the burg-lar on sight. - Milwaukee Sun.

The woman who talkaloud in the horse cars, is, on the whole, the most disagreeable specimen of her sex. When a person rides in one of those "millennial vehicles," as Olive Logan calls them, he wants to pay his entire atten-tion to it; he doesn't want to listen to an imprompta lecture on culinary art, or coast of Maine was piled onto her, and yet a discourse on the glories of the milliner's productions.