

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

Miss Verona Allison sat by the open window in her own little snugery, her eyes bent upon the letter she held in her hand. From the expression of her remarkably expressive face—an expression that curled the upper lip of a large, well-formed mouth, and caused a naturally turned-up nose to turn up still more—she was 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 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."

Phebe, with as much sternness as she was capable of, which wasn't much. "Never," answered the caller, with great coolness, as he slid down the tree again. "Oh, dear! what would young Gandy think of him?" almost groaned Miss Phebe. "And, Verona, dear, please don't whistle any more."

has only enough to keep herself comfortable, dear old darling. And in consideration of that fortune I have no doubt that had he seen me at my best, he might have condescended to have been 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!"

THE "JUDAS ISCARIOT." "She formerly showed the name Flying Spirit on her stern moulding," said Captain Trumbull Cram, "but I had that gouged out and placed off, and Judas Iscariot in gilt set that instead."

know, I'll tell ye," said the captain. "I hear that's a stone-wall famine over Machias way. I'm going to take mine over a peddle it out by the yard." On this fine sunny Friday morning, while the luckless schooner lay on one side of the wharf, looking as bright, and trim, and prosperous as if she were the best-paying maritime investment in the world, the tug 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 freshening as the day grew older.

come home to roost. She came sixty miles in the teeth of the wind. When the tug got back next mornin' thar lay the Judas Iscariot across my cove, with her jibboom stuck through my kitchen window. 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" an envelope may be marked, it does not go by the desk of the private secretary unopened. Letters from relatives or intimate friends are sent to the President 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.

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 fresher carried off the bridge the same year it was built."

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, or of misunderstanding his intention, while he has no doubt whatever that he is perfectly apprehending and taking it in.

Thus, when Shakespeare, in Henry VI., makes the noble Talbot 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 to that which Shakespeare, even with his unworthy estimate of the noble warrior maid, would have put into Talbot's mouth! But a "miscreant," in Shakespeare's time had nothing of the meaning which it now has. A "miscreant," in agreement with its etymology, was a misbeliever, one who did not believe rightly the articles of the Catholic faith; and it need not be told that this was the 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.

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 please."

On her next trip the schooner carried a 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 hope 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 order to smash the starboard bow of a Norwegian brig, and was consequently, libeled for heavy damages.

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 arrow. The weather continued fine. Every time the captain threw the log he looked more perplexed. Eight, nine, nine-and-a-half knots! He shook his head as he whispered to Deacon Plympton: "She's mediatin' mischief o' some natur' or other." But the Judas led the Pug a wonderful chase, and by half-past two in the afternoon, and before the demijohn which Andrew Jackson's son Tobias had smuggled on board was three-quarters empty, and before Lawyer Swanton had more than three-quarters finished his celebrated story about Governor Purington's cork leg, the schooner and the tug were between fifty and sixty miles from land.

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 the influence of the long swell. The Pug bobbed up and down half a hawser's length away.

"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, Verona."

"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 advertise it a little."

Conjecture was wasted over this unnecessary amount of balast. The owners of the Judas Iscariot stood up well under the consolidated wit of the village; they returned witticism for witticism, and kept their secret. "Ef you must

"I hope that feller's well underwrit," said the captain, grimly, "for the Judas 'll never go down afore she's scarched 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 the rocks. Across the mouth of the small cove back of his house, blocking the entrance to his wharf and fish-house, was stretched a skeleton wreck.