A STORY OF COUNTERPARTS.

A quiet, uneventful life was mine unin Gorham, and accepted the desk of a chantress favored me with another kiss, book-keeper in the wholesale clothing which, this time, I repaid with compound interest, and then blushed boiling hot to think of it the busy little city of Weston.

But there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian sum-I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk

in the park with me. Her little hand in its delicate primrese-colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the gorgeousness of the distant hills, clothed as they were, in their mantles of crimson foliage, when I was brought to a stop by paring my name pronounced in a tone

wither sweet nor agreeable. "Mr. Smith, I'll jest trouble you top a minute!"

I looked up. A woman of fifty or thereabout, effectually blocked up the idewalk before us; indeed her proportions were colossal. If ever I have seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her expressive countenance.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing gray eyes which she brought to bear upon

"You needn't madam me?" cried she waxing redder. "I'll jest trouble you to settle this little bill." And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read substantially:-Richard Smith to Juliana Diggins, Dr For six months' board\$196 00

I returned the bill to her.

"I owe you nothing, madam. I never saw you before in my life."

"You needn't lie to me!" cried she, setting her arms akimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding house fifteen year for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot, or I'll take the law!" "Take it," remarked I; "you're welcome to it.

"You think to sarse me, young man! Remember what you promised! I'll have you took up for it as shure as my

'Madam, you insult me! I-"Oh, it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all to once! You've forgot the cream flapjaks I used to make you and the kisses you used to give me every even-ing after the rest of them was gone to bed! You've forgot the half dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent! You've forgot that you solemnly promised me that you'd marry me last Tuesday morningl You've forgot that, have you?'

"Yes-yes-I never! no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm in conster-

"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she, n a rage. "Yes; forever and a day afterward!" 1

roared out. "Dou you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd sooner wed my grandmother!'

I saw the fire flash up in her eyes The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head, and fell over backward as she charged upon me with her half-mourning parasol. Miss Tillie turned and I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by a large watch dog that sprung out of the kennel near by. seized a dahlia pole, and hurling it at the beliggerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best pace I could command.

I was resolved that I would not remain in Weston a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith, for whose notorious self I was mistaken.

I penned a hasty note to my employers-giving my reasons for leaving them-packed my trunks, paid my board, and, marking my baggage "Richard Smith, New Hamrton," I entered the cars for the locality specified on my trunks.

In selecting New Hampton as my destination, I had no very definite purpose in view, but in a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation, and the office of "Boots" was better, if I could be left unmolested than the station of president, if I must loose my identity, and be attacked by viragos in the streets.

It was near noon of the next day when

the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady in a brown silk walking dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eye, she threw up her veil and sprang toward me. As the veil swept back it revealed the loveliest face I had ever looked upon. I had never even dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms -her arms fell around my neck-her velvet cheek touched mine and such a kiss as she planted full on my lips! My been stewed in houey, with lavender for

She repeated the kiss-the munificent little angel!—exclaiming:
"Dear, dear Richard! How delighted

I am that you have come at last!" I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I her brother. dared not speak lest I should dissolve

'We have been expecting you for four whole days! Only think what a period of suspense!" went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in wait-"There; make yourself easy. I am going to drive. Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"

The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur-lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly

"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard, but his rheumatism is forse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand or the bride. But I would come! I dear Richard! Alice is so beautiful! and his employer will have to haul him out the poor girl. wanted to be the first one to greet you, so deeply, beautifully happy! Richard, bed by the feet to get his eyes open.

you ought to be the most grateful man alive!

"I-1-believe I am!" exclaimed I, as A quiet, and accepted the desk of a in Gorham, and accepted the desk of a chantress favored me with another kiss,

At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine old mansion on an aristocratic street, and mechanically I alighted and lifted out my companion. The hall door was flung open. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me gently within the vestibule—her musical voice called softly at the door of a bondoir:

'Atice, Richard has come!" Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with unutterable tenderness, and then embraced me, with a mingling of fervor and shyness absolutely bewildering.

Verily, I was a favored individual! An elderly gentleman, supporting himself by a cane, now came forward and saluted me, calling me his "dead son," and cutting short everything I attempted to say by his joyful volubility.

The folding doors separating the sitting room and parlor were thrown apart. I heard the subdued hum of voices, the rustling of heavy silks; and waiting in the alcoved arch of an east window, I saw a clergyman in gown and bands.

The elderly gentleman took the hand of the dark-haired Alice and placed it in mine

"Take her," he said, with emotion dinner afterward. The guests are already getting impatient."

I glanced at Alice's dress. It was a bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crowned with a wreath of orange blos-

The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice, for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed into my face with painful anxiety.
"What is it, Richard? Are you ill?

Merciful heaven! Helen, look at him! He is ill!" "It is nothing-nothing! I gasped. "Only, I cannot-cannot marry you!

have you took up for it as shure as may name's Diggins. I'll larn you better than to deceive a trusting widder woman in that way! You desateful hypocrite!" I flung my arm around her for support. At this moment the hall door opened and, turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the

room. My exact counterpart! Richard Smith, No. 2. His fierce eyes took in the scene at one glance. He rushed toward me with a wild ejaculation, and tearing the half fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. I put my hand on the same locality of his body.

"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear. "What are you doing?" I thundered in

esponse. "Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed, with mad violence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Hereford's love shall die!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called "be patient; there is some mis-Helen, "be patient; there is some take. Which of you is named Richard Smith?"

"I am!" replied I.

"I am!" replied my counterpart.
"But which of you is Bichard Smith the son of Archbald Smith? "I am," said my second self.

"And I am not," said I; "my father was named Robert." Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, how to treat me after

what had occurred. Finally she held out her hand. "I beg pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all careless mistake of my own. Can you

forgive me?" I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise

enough not to make known my wish. "Let me explain," she said frankly. 'We were just expecting my brother Richard home from the South, where he has been some four of five months past and were quite sure he would arrive on the train which brought you; he has been some years engaged to Miss Hereford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately after on his ar-I went down to the depot to welrival. come him, and because of the striking similitude in your respective personal appearance, I mistook a stranger for my brother. That is all. Brother Richard. Mr. Smith is entirely blameless of any wrong. Let me present you to each

other as friends." My counterpart shook hands with me and begged my pardon for dislocating my neck-tie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depredation on his neck-tie.

And then, at a sign from the elderly gentlemen, we all walked into the drawing-room, where in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of the blushing Alice. The acquaintance so singularly begun

with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me. Helen Smith had kissed me, and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him-it hardly matters face was in a blaze. I felt as if I had in what way—he has a charm on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the

memory which stole over her. Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again and called me "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her

Is it a fortunate or an unfortunate thing to have a counterpart? When I think of the boarding-house keeper. say "No;" but when I look at Helen and recall the circumstances of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer, "Yes.

Learning that five inches of snow fell at Sheboygan, Michigan, a few days ago, a newspaper observes that it was once spoken of as a place where the "sleigh ing ain't first rate for a spell in August, Maybe the town is on the same isothermal line as the locality where it is 'eleven months winter and one month mighty late in the fall."

That New Yorker who has not closed his eyes in sleep for the last thirteen years has determined to hire out on a farm this summer. Inside of two weeks

THE BLUE ROSE.

Some thirty years ago there lived in the faubourg of Bressigny, at Angers, the horticultural city above all others, an old retired custom house officer who was greatly interested in the cultivation of roses. Jules Allain had not married

until after he had left the service. His wife presented him with a daughter and two years later she died, leaving him alone in the world with his child. The task was a heavy one, but the father had for the fruit of the love of his old age such an adoration that he showed himself equal to the maternal role which this death imposed on him. He got up earlier in the morning and went to bed later at night, so that his garden might not suffer from the constant care that the little Jennie needed at almost every minute in the day. When she was old enough he made her the companion of all his movements. She used to accornpany him to the market place where he carried his vegetables, flowers and fruit, and while he was working in his garden she occupied a place on his heavy coat near at hand. The people of the neighborhood were so occustomed to seeing them together that he had received the nickname of Papa la Nourrice.

We have said that he took his fruits and his vegetables to the market; in fact, it was at a later period that he de voted himself to horticulture. rather large garden had originally resembled one of those old-time places, with narrow paths, wide beds, boxed off and latticed, and filled with a strange "and may God prosper you! We will mingling of vegetables, fruit trees and have the most important thing first, and gooseberry bushes. A somewhat curigooseberry bushes. A somewhat curious circumstance had aroused the last fancy of Papa la Nourrice, and brought about a revolution in the old garden. The old fellow had found some seeds in a little clump of rose-bushes of different sorts that grew in front of their little He had planted these in flowerhome. pots, and when the little garden shoots appeared, transferred them to the sunny side of the garden. The third year some buds appeared, and when these unfolded among the numerous single and double flowers was a rose, perfect in form, very full, and of a dark purple shade, and which at certain points of the petals

became black. After the first emotion of sarprise, Father Allain thought of the pleasure he was going to give his Jeanne, now young girl of fifteen. He carefully transplanted it and triumphantly pre sented it to the one person in the world that he loved, and wao was truly delighted over its many beauties. This rose was greatly talked of in horticulture circles of the country. All the amatures called to see the curious flower of Jeanne's papa, and a great rursery man offered him 12,000 francs for it, which was accepted. This unexpected wind-fall inspired M. Allain with ideas which had never occurred to him before. He had reserved the right to name his rose, and had called it Le Deuil de Simplice, (the morning for Simplice) less on account of its somber hues as a memorial of his still regretted wife. Some one expressed surprise because he did not give it the name of his daughter, where-

upon he answered:
"Oh, she will have her turn. The flower that is to be named after her shall be so handsome and so rare that it will speak of my Jeanne to those who live a hundred years from now!"

And from that day the good fellow devoted himself day and night, body and soul, to the great work. The fruit bearoul, to the great ing trees fell one after another under the pick, the flowers and vegetables were uprooted, and soon only rose-bushes were to be seen in the garden-beds. Poor Jeanne witnessed, with a heavy heart and damp eyes, these daily disasters. She was still too young to think about the material coasequences of the hecatomb. She regretted the victims because they were old friends whose rich crops she had admired and whose delicate perfumes she had enjoyed from her earliest childhood. Several times she had attempted to intercede for some fruit-trees with twisted branches and loaded with blossons, but great as was his love for her the old man showed himself withoutpity. He shook his head, and as he went on lestroying, his child heard him saying:

"Your dowry, nignone-you must let me earn your dowry, my darling Jeanne. It is not in these pear-trees, however fine they may be that we will find the 20,000 francs which I have dreamed of for you; I must and the blue rose!"

When all was razed to the ground Papa la Nourrise had no longer fruit, vegetables or fowers to send to the market-place, ard with them had disappeared his lttle home. The construction of a green-house (so necessary to his young sheets) and the purchase of needed articles absorbed his savings, and he ran into debt. The little house and contents were buried under mortgages, and the blue rose still refused to bloom He came across some new varities in the thousand of young plants that blossomed every year, but none were as strange as the first ore. He was offered ridiculously low prices for them, but he disdained at such offers following his chimera with the tenacity that characterizes the concentration of all the powers of the brain on a single idea.

Not only did he make use of all the resources of hybradation, but also all the recipes of empiricism, stale powder, oxide ofiron, sulphate of copper, etc., mixed with the soil in which the seedleaves vere growing, and the more his roses persisted in coming out red or white the more he appealed to new ways of projucing the flower of which he had so often dreamed. The poor man kept up the struggle for five years-it ended

in a ctastrophe.

Jemie, who was in her twenty-first year fell dangerously ill. The young womin had begun to realize the abyes to which this particular madness and the pasprial ambition of an old ex-officer wasleading them. She clearly saw the ruii that lay behind the mirage which so dazled her father. She would have bem strong against a misfortune of this sot, but she loved him and was loved by a good honest fellow, a journeyman connet-maker, who, when he asked her faher for her hand, had begged him to gve up the chimerical blue rose and the bwry which it was to furnish, declarng that Jennie's love was all he wanted. Jufortunately, the young man was aken by conscription, and had to leave for the army. This was too much for the already badly weakened health of

She lingered on for a month, and when

he saw that she was in danger the old gardener became once more the nurse of the child. He never once thought

of his roses. One day a sheriff's officer came to give him motice that beauty lay in his ugliness, we suspect an execution was put upon his house. The good old man shrugged his shoulders and hastened back to his daughter's bedside. Day and night he nursed her without taking any rest, living on a little bread, that he ate in se- which abounded in the Highlands at one creey and haste. All his care was of no time; while the soft-haired blue or blue avail, for poor Jeanne died. It seemed and tan, is a cross between the old breed the coward!-and didn't open his mouth; to the old man that his own soul had and the French poodle. It is said that so I kept getting madder, and madder, taken flight along with that of his daugh- the poodles were left on the island by a ter. He remained for twenty-four hours French vessel which had been stranded motionless beside her body. He saw her on the Skye coast. The curious part of remains nailed up in a coffin. He fol- of it is that an intermixture of blood so lowed the little procession to the village dissimilar should piece in so nicely with churchyard, and there he heard the sin- the other. ister sound of the earth taking possession of the new corpse given it to devour. Not a muscle of his face betrayed the feelings he was experiencing; not a tear started from under the eyelids that were neighbors led him to the house out of been, the same. The smaller size arose

The old man made up a little package of the clothes he had worn, and was allowed to take away with him a single rose-bush. He selected one at hazzard, there as often as in the Hebrides. It is and then with his two packages hurried to the churchyard.

A year later in the mouth of June, the rose-bush which Mr. Allain had planted on the mound of earth, under which lay hunting the otter. But while this is the all he loved, gave forth flowers whose singular color attracted the attention of in Skye, their duties were different on a visitor to the place. These flowers the mainland, where fox, fournart, marwere of a pale blue, as though washed ten and wild cat once abounded; and with white, and yet distinctly marked. hence the necessity for breeding the He called the keeper and asked permis- mainland dog of greater strength, besion to take some cuttings from it. When the latter refused, the visitor offered him for tackling with vermin that he is rea sum of money for a single slip. By chance he had run against an hones! man who told him that no one but the father of her who slept in the shadow of this excelled for pluck, nose, or endurance. rose-bush had a right to dispose of a single leaf. However, yielding to the persistence of the stranger, the keeper consented to send for father Allain, then an eccupant of the poor-house not far

The old man soon arrived, the keeper opening a way for him through the crowd of curious persons that had formed around the marvelous rose. The stranger renewed his offers; but Father Allain did not seem to hear him. He contemplated with feverish eye the blooming flowers, and a look of pain was seen in his pale and deeply-wrinkled face. All Skyes, and credited with all the merit pled it under his feet.

"I would have given 20,000 francs for it," exclaimed the amateur. 'What use are blue roses," mournfully exclaimed the poor old man, "now that she is no longer here?"

He dropped on his knees besides Jeanne's grave and began to weep. Suddenly he fell forward, and when kind men and women stretched out their hands to lift him up again, he was dead.

A Strange Story of Death.

There is a very strange story reported nearly a year, and the disease of which she died was clearly of a consumptive nature. Many of the circumstances following the death and preceding the burial of the young lady are of a peculiarly interesting if not of a distressing nature. On the morning of the 12th the long-suffering patient seemed to be rapidly nearing the end and at 11 o'clock she appeared to have breathed her last. The eyes of the young lady were tenderly closed by her sorrowing grandmother and the body was left alone with the weeping father. He remained for about half an hour in the chamber of death and then took his leave with reluctance. Just as he had turned his back upon the beloved form he was startled by a movement of the body and an exclampapa, please don't leave me."
When he turned around he saw with delight and astonishment that his daughter was not a corpse, but an actual, living and conscious being, endowed with as much intellect and strength as at any time during the last part of her sickness. Of course there was now great joy and consternation throughout the house hold. When she had become somewhat calm Miss Craig, with a smile and countenance angelic beyond description,

"Oh, papa, dear, do you know where I

have been? "No, Hattie; tell me where you have been; let me know all about it," answered the overjoyed father.

"Oh, papa, I have seen heaven, and I am to have my health restored to me on certain conditions," she answered in great glee.

"What are these conditions, and are you willing to submit to them?" asked the father.

"Yes, papa; certainly I am." "But what are they, dear?" still queried the parent. "I cannot reveal them to you now,

papa. But, oh, I saw such beautiful things in heaven." "Tell me, won't you, all about who and what you saw? Come now, that's a

good girl. "Oh. I saw them all, I saw them all. papa, and I'm going to heaven again, and when I go don't let them put me into the ground until you are sure I am

dead. During the rest of the day, up to six o'clock in the evening, the poor girl was alternately in a conscious and swooning condition. At six o'clock she seemed to have died. There was no change in the body for three days and several physiciens counseled that the body be kept from the tomb. On the fourth day, however, there were unmistakable signs of death and the interment took place .-Boston Herald.

A Washington correspondent describes Mrs. Blaine as having the best possible manners for the wife of a public manjust enough cordiality, just enough dignity. She knows what the ex Empress Eugenie never learned in the French court-namely, how to show the exactly proper degree of recognition to each per-

son she greets.

The Scotch Terrier.

Whether there is truth or not in the old saying that the Srotch terrier's that the silkies were in greatest repute. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt as to which was the native breed. The wiry-haired had been reared to hunt and go round and after the wild animals As regards the difference between the

wiry Skye and terrier peculiar to the mainland, it may be said it lies only in size, and not in any essential particular. and I had almost succeeded in saying, which he was driven the next day by the undoubtedly from a desire to have the terriers of suitable form for hunting the otter, to bolt him from his holds and strongholds. The Skye coast is so well adapted to the otter that it is to be met not to be wondered at then, in a country among them were two dirty-faced urwhere sport is comparatively limited, that gentleman residing in Skye should keep packs of those hardy terriers for sort of work for which terriers are used cause it was not so much for bolting as quired; these wiry dogs, with their pushing heads, no matter whether small or large, prick or drop-eared, could not be They had courage to attack anything, and often paid dearly for their temerity, the mutilated fa ces of some of the

dogs we have seen amply testified. The purest bred Scotch terriers are now to be had in Skye, where those who appreciated the qualities of the native breed, and knew the origin of the silky dog, took care to keep the two kinds apart. While this was the case with some sporting breeders, however, others went on breeding up the blue and tan until they became a distinct breed, and at once, with a movement so sudden that which belonged to the old breed. In no one had time to stop him, he tore up fact, fanciers of all sorts, even farmers the bush by its roots, and broke it into and gamekeepers on the mainland, knowtiny pieces between his hands and tram- ing nothing of their origin, and confounding the one variety with the other, must have long haired Skyes, and then they recrossed them with their pure dogs until they deteriorated and reduced the breed of the Scotch terriers to a parcel of mongrels.

We have no doubt the circustance of four-footed vermin being deciminated by trapping, which had become general all over the country, was another reason for keepers being less careful to breed a strong, courageous dog. At any rate, good specimens of the old type have become scarce, and were it not that some itinerant fox hunter in the west of from East Boston. On Friday, the 12th | Perthshire have kept the purity of the instant, there died at the residence of true breed, they would have run out alto-Amos R. Lovejoy, a young lady named gether; but more is due to the exertions Hattie G. Craig, lacking a few days of the secretary of the Highland Society only of being twenty-four years of age. and a few Aberdeen fanciers for bring-Her death was preceded by a sickness of ing this old and true type of the Scotch terrier into notice than to any other in

fluence. What makes these terriers so commend able over and beyond their indomitable pluck, is their docility and attachment. They are admirably adapted for work, and being of a placid disposition, make delightful companions. It will be no-ticed at dog shows that while fox terriers. Dandies and Bellingtons are invariably struggling to get at each other, the Scotch terrier is ever quiet and submissive.

A Talkative Man.

I met him in an apothecary's store. It was a warm summer day, and I had just stepped in to drink a glass of soda water. He was a man of middle age, on whom, it seems, fortune had seen some good reason for not smiling. He was one of those demonstrative people who have a vigorous way of recounting their personal grievances to slight acquaintances, and even to strangers.

Well,he told me all about it. In a cer tain legal transaction a selfish and scheming neighbor of his, in whom he had placed unusual confidence, had taken a technical advantage of him-it may have been in some such matter as a mortgage-and so robbed him, he said, of nearly all his possessions, amounting to four or five thousand dollars.

Although I have never seen him before, and on this occasion merely formed his acquaintance by remarking that it was, 'a hot day," he beguiled me into conversation before I was aware of it, by some unaccountable allusions to the uncertainty of things in this world-without stating what other worlds he had visited-and of mankind in particular, then suddenly got into the middle of a narrative of his wrongs. In fact, I lean to the opinion that he commenced somewhere near the middle of a story, but I am not sure, because my memory begins to grow confused when I recall that sad interview, and all that is very distinct is to the effect that I listened to the recital with that deep and absorbing interest which one feels when poring over the pages of a public document.

When he had expatiated and gesticutated five minutes and paused a mere second for breath, I felt called upon to offer some comment, and laconically remarked:

"He certainly treated you very harshly.

"And didn't I tell him so?" he exclaimed, with an emphatic wave of the right hand, and a wild look in his eye.
"Why, sir, I said to him, right to his teeth, says I"—here he raised his voice —"'You haven't an atom of principle in you, and you know it!"

This loud exclamation attracted the attention of a man who was passing along the street, who, thinking the language addressed to me in earnest, stopped and gazed in at the door-not hoping to see a fight, I trust, yet wishing, in case one should occur, to enjoy the innocent pleasure of looking on.

soon finish his story and set me free, ventured to ask, in a low, timid voice,

"What did he say to that?" The man shook his index finger in my face with a succession of quick, sharp gyrations, and in a guttural tone, inau-

dible at the door replied:
"Ah, what could be say?" Not being prepared to answer this question, I merely smiled in a sickly

way, and he continued: "Why, sir, he trembled like a leafand says, 'You're a swindler!' "
The last three words were shouted

rather than spoken, and the excited man shook his fist in my face to show me how he had menaced his foe, who, I will venture to say, did not wince more than I did. Indeed, I began to feel faint, and I looked despairingly toward the door, vearning for freedom. Once or twice I had essayed to escape,

"Well, good-day!" when he intercepted me with, "And look here one moment!" at the same time adding weight to his words by mildly yet firmly seizing my arm. To increase my discomfort, quite a group of persons began to collect at the door, all evidently thinking that I was the object of the man's wrath; and

chins, one of whom, while rattling a lot of marbles in his trousers pockets said to the other: "Whew! Jist see that a little man a-bullyin' that big feller! I wouldn't stand all that from nobody!"

"Guess the big baby's afeared," said the other, scornfully. "He ort to wallop six like the little

'un At this point my interlocutor, not observing the speculators, got fairly wild with thinking over his wrongs, and seizing the lapel of my coat he shook his fist under my nose, saying in a low tone:
"I just g-r-abbed him in this way, and

says I,"-here he raised his voice almost to a shrick-" 'Plunderer! don't sneak off in that way! If you have a spark of manhood in you, just step out in the lot and I'll give you the worst beating you

There were now at least a dozen of excited persons at the door, all expecting a speedy tragedy, and I noticed that the proprietor of the drug store, who evidently knew the demonstrative man and fully understood the situation, appeared somewhat annoyed. A cold perspiration stood on my brow.

and while my interlocutor once more paused for breath I heard the sound of an approaching street car, and feeling that I could not stand it much longer, I determined on a bold stroke for liberty. 'Yes that was right there comes my

car good-day!" I burst forth in a breath, ignoring all points of punctuation. With one wild rush I reached the street, and sprang upon the platform of the passing car. As the vehicle rolled on I heaved a sigh of relief, and casting one glance back at the disappointed crowd I perceived that they were gazing after me with looks of utter contempt, evidently supposing my sudden flight to have been prompted by the most abject cowardice.—| Waverly Magazine.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

President Arthur was accompanied on his yachting trip with Mr. Bennett by Mrs. Craig Wadsworth, the lady to whom he is reported engaged. Colonel Delancey Kane wears his bu

ton-hole bouquet under his chin. He would have to wear it higher than his chin if Georgia mules compesed his fourin-hand. "My dear son," exclaimed old Mrs.

Jenkins last evening, "I wouldn't go out without something over me. Put on your overcoat or your cardamon jacket, or you'll ketch your death of amonia. In an editor's room in Fleet street, London, a skull is nailed up against one

of the desks. Underneath is written in large letters: "This is Smith, who did not like an article about himself and was rash enough to say so.' A negro witness at Pittsburg testified that he did not board with Mrs. Reynolds, but that he "batched" with her.

Pressed to explain, he said: "I buys de wittles, Mrs. Reynolds cooks 'em, and dey calls that 'batching.'" "Yes," said a fresh arrival from Bodie, the other day, "the gal I married upon the lode, last month, is a perfect lady-a perfect lady, sir. I don't suppose I've heare her swear real hard

more'n twice this spring!" Brown pointed his gun at a partridge; the cap snapped and the bird flew off. "Just my confounded luck" exclaimed Brown; "miss fire every time." "Have patience," counseled Fogg; "you may have better luck in the next world."

Georgia claims a genuine Bluebeard in a man 100 years old, who has had seven wives and has killed them all. A Southern paper calmly adds that "he has not yet been apprehended, but the officers are tracking him through the mountains."

Speaking of Lafayette, an old Boston-ian says: "I can recollect him perfectly well to-day. He was a good average-sized man, and very upright in appearance, but the particular thing I remember noticing was the size of his ears. They were very large," Mrs. M. M. Ricker, who was recently

admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, "passed," says a United States senator, "the best examination among seventeen applicants, all men but herself. She was found to be particularly well versed in the law of real property, a branch supposed to be beyond the reach of the female intellect."

Ernest Haeckel, Germany's great disciple of Darwin, is now in Egypt on his way home from Ceylyon. During his four months' stay in that island his explorations were favored by exceptionally fine weather. The fauna of the island did not meet his expectations; but of its flora he speaks only in terms of unqualified admiration and delight.

A sad young man, after taking a meal, at a New York coffee house, after much searching in his pockets, produced a \$2 greenback frem his watch fop, and with sigh, said: "Here she goes." After his departure the note was examined, and on the back appeared, written in a fine I wanted to get away, but I was completely in the meshes of the talkative never play fare bank. The last of a forman, and with a faint hope that he might tune of \$10,000."