

She Got Him.

"Twenty years ago, sweetheart." As Daphne McCarthy spoke these words she looked into the face of the man she loved so well, and the dimpled arm, whose pearly whiteness and beautifully rounded curves shone so bewitchingly through the soft, fleecy dress that the girl wore, clung more trustingly than ever to that of George W. Simpson. The day was indeed a beautiful one—a symphony of sound, and light, and scent. Up from the maple trees came the sweet voices of the birds twittering to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom. From far below came a murmur of waves breaking softly on a shingly beach, and, mingling with this murmur, the shouts and laughter of the fisher lads as they sported in the waters. The dim fragrance, and dappled lights, and pleasant sounds made a threefold joy to Daphne as she stood beneath the trees that June morning with her lover by her side. She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow. Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft, green mosses, full of the sweetest rain that had fallen the previous night. With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to bend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about the girlish face, and the hazel eyes shown with a wistful look beneath the shading hand.

Standing in the center of the little dell into which the girl was looking, was a stately marble shaft, around whose base the violets and pansies were clustering, and showing by their presence that loving hands had placed them there. For an instant Daphne did not speak, but the tears that trickled down her cheeks told all too plainly of the grief that was racking her young breast. Finally she turned to George, and, smiling through her tears, placed her head confidently on his shoulder, and seemed perfectly content.

"It is not strange, darling," she said, "that I can never look on the grave of my mother—that mother whom I never saw, and who yielded up her young life when I was born—without a sense of bitter grief and desolation? Twenty years ago to-day, sweetheart, she died. It is a long time, dear, is it not?"—and again the girl smiled.

"Yes, my pet," replied George. "Goldsmith said was a cold then," and bending down his shapely head with its coronal of shoebrush hair, he kissed the little rosebud mouth. Then, pressing the little form more closely to him, he spoke with a grave tenderness that showed how much his words meant of a subject that was very near to his young heart:

"But though your mother is dead, Daphne," he said, "you have still my love to comfort and uphold you. And cannot you speak now, darling, here beside that mother's grave, the words that will make me happy for life? Will you not promise me that when the autumn comes you will crown my life with the halo of your love and become my wife?"

For a moment the girl was silent, looking down and twining nervously around her fingers the tendril of a rose that she had plucked from a band of the scarlet beauties that blossomed near the grave.

"Will you marry me, Daphne?" asked George again. Still no answer.

"I cannot bear this silence, sweetheart, indeed I cannot," exclaimed the young man, his pallid face betokening the tense agony from which he suffered. "You must end this terrible suspense in some way. Tell me truly, Daphne, do you love me?"

Placing her arms about his neck and looking into his face with eyes from which the glad light of love was streaming, Daphne said to him, in tones that thrilled his very blood:

"I should gasp to gurgle."—[From "None Get Away" by Murat Halstead.]

Thrones.

The New York Times has the following: King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, has lately had his palace thoroughly cleaned and calcimined, and is about to put entirely new furniture in the front bed room—the one in which his majesty usually sleeps. He has sent to Boston for his furniture, and among the articles ordered by him are two thrones.

Thrones have been in use since the beginning of history, and frequent improvements have been made in their pattern and manufacture. The original throne of the Etruscan and Roman kings was simply a block of stone with a hollow scooped in the upper part of it. The most luxurious monarchs of Asia were in the habit of furnishing their thrones with silk cushions, a fashion which was adopted by the Roman emperors after the time of Tiberius. The same throne with silk cushion, remained in general use until modern times, and the first conspicuous departure from the ancient pattern was made by Louis XVI of France, who had a throne built somewhat after the pattern of an arm chair, covered with velvet and stuffed with corn husks.

The throne of Queen Victoria has been enlarged several times during her reign and greatly strengthened with steel braces and extra legs, the queen preferring it to a new throne on the ground that it was given to her by Prince Albert on their wedding day. It is furnished with an extension on which the queen can rest her feet, and it can be tipped back until it forms a couch. This has proved to be a great convenience of late to her majesty, for when Mr. Gladstone calls to see her to explain Irish affairs the queen simply tips back her throne, closes her eyes and remarking, "I can always listen better with my eyes shut," sleeps for two or three hours and wakes up quite refreshed by the time Mr. Gladstone has finished the opening sentence of his remarks.

The Spanish throne is a very elaborate piece of furniture. It is in the shape of a large sofa, and Spanish etiquette requires the king to lie at full length on it with a cigar in his mouth when receiving the visits of his ministers or of foreign diplomats. Underneath the throne is a place for the royal guitar, and in each of the arms are drawers opened by concealed springs and filled with the best

cigars. The springs of the cushion were somewhat injured during the reign of Queen Isabella, but the government is about to contract a loan in order to send the throne to the upholsterers, where it can be thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

The throne of Napoleon I. was a most ingenious and useful structure. It consisted of a pedestal six feet long, six wide and four high, on which was placed a luxurious chair with a head rest, to be used when the emperor was undergoing shaving, and a writing desk on the right arm on which he could write bulletins. The pedestal was filled with drawers and lockers in which were contained toilet articles, maps, guide books, canned peaches and other provisions, Tauchnitz edition of popular novels, an extra suit of clothes, a spare crown, and a mattress, together with a sufficient quantity of bedding. The pedestal was so constructed that it could readily be converted into a bedstead, and the emperor carried it with him through all his campaigns, including that of Waterloo, during which it was unfortunately entrusted to Dodd's Express Company, with instructions to send it to Brussels, where, of course, it has not yet arrived.

The throne of the king of Italy is of the arm-chair pattern, and though plain and inexpensive in appearance, it has a hand-organ concealed underneath the seat and operated by a crank, which the king turns with his foot. It also contains a little kennel for the royal monkey, but unfortunately the kennel is at present vacant, the last of the royal monkeys having died of pneumonia in February last.

The German emperor, in his love for soldierly simplicity, always uses a common camp stool instead of a throne, and it is only recently that he has consented to add to it an india rubber air cushion—presented to him by Peter Cooper—to relieve his mind of the strain which he necessarily undergoes when listening for two or three hours to Prince Bismarck.

The Greek throne is a home-made affair. The late King Otto made it himself out of a barrel, and it was upholstered in a very creditable way by his queen. The whole expense of the affair was only three drachmae.

Street Signs of Para.

The Brazilian women are proud of their beautiful hair, and frequently arrange it in the open street. I have never yet seen a single shop-keeper with even a semblance of a coat on, and it is not common to see vests worn. Sometimes even the skirt is wanting, and the only visible apparel is pants and slippers. With servant women the usual costume is a long, trailing skirt, whose short waist is cut very low in the neck and made with short sleeves. Often this vest is simply an elegantly trimmed chemise (for these women make a very beautiful kind of lace, weaving it on cushions while they sit on the floor of their houses) and the skirt is of print or linen. They are fond of gay colors, and especially delight to make dresses out of the kind of calico designed to imitate patchwork. Children are not dressed at all, as a rule, though some are provided with a single long-sleeved, saque-like, cotton garment, which reaches below the knee. Boys frequently are not dressed till twelve years old, but as a rule girls begin to wear clothing before reaching that age. Most girls marry at fifteen years. There is but one express wagon with springs in the city of Para. Cartmen are at hand like lackmen, waiting to be hired for the delivery of merchandise. The common job wagon is a clumsy affair, without springs and but two wheels, the whole guiltless of paint. The harness found with this vehicle always consists of a little, square, wooden saddle resting on a cushion, traces of chain, collar and head-halter of leather, and no bits—the animal being guided by a long rope fastened to the head. As wells are not common in Para, water is drawn about the city in hogsheads mounted horizontally on wheels. There are no milk carts. Morning and evening the milkman puts on the cow's neck a leather collar to which are attached three musical bells of brass. A long rope is fastened to her horns, and she walks with her master through the streets to the various dwellings to be supplied. The proprietor carries several tin measures, into one of which he milks whatever quantity may be desired by the women, servants or children who stand at the door or window to watch the process. Bread is sold on a similar plan. Instead of having bread-wagons, the Brazilian roll is carried about the streets by the baker himself, or his employee. Sometimes the crisp, brown crusts rattle in a print bag, which is slung carelessly over the shoulders of the slippers pedestrian, sometimes they jostle together in a basket on his head, but the most common thing is a little blue and gray bandcart, whose motor calls out his customers by a low blast on his little tin horn. As stoves are almost unheard of here, the bread is invariably made by the baker, who often makes his morning visits before the family are out of the hammocks where they sleep at night, in which case he swings open a blind and ranges his wares on the window sill.

AM UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—A London actress, who wanted to discover, for professional reasons, the effects of drunkenness, thought she would try it on her maiden aunt. But after the second glass was nearly empty she declined any more. While her back was turned the niece poured a liberal amount of whisky into the glass, which the aunt swallowed. "Now we'll see what she'll do," said the young woman, as her aunt's eyes began to glisten. What the aunt did was to lie down on the sofa and go soundly to sleep for three or four hours, and the young woman is still in the dark on the subject.

New York City has the youngest burglar on record. He is eight years old, and his plain, unvarnished name is George Johnson. He was arrested in company with thieves much older than himself, and when questioned as to what part he played in the deprecations, said: "I'd be a fly an' pipe off the perlice while de udder fellers were working the inside racket." When asked what he did when strangers approached, he replied: "Yell 'Cops,' an' skip de gutter." Instead of locking the boy up, the "perlice" sent him home to be spanked and put to bed.

Frogs as a Luxury.

In all the city hotels frogs now are considered a staple article of food. Some serve them only during the summer season, but in the majority frogs are included in the bill of fare through every month in the year. Frogs, unlike oysters, are not only good in the months with an R, but in all the others as well. In some seasons the demand for this dainty is so great that it even exceeds the supply, and at times the hotels are unable to obtain all their trade demands. It may be a surprise to many to know that one hotel alone requires nearly eighty dozen of frogs daily to supply the demand. It is getting to be just the thing to have a few frogs for an after-theater lunch. At the larger markets in the city there is also a growing inquiry for them, and it is not an uncommon thing for a customer to include among his other purchases for his home supply a dozen or more frogs. It is safe to say that if people could be induced to make a single trial of a skillfully prepared dish of well fattened frogs legs, this demand, from simply not being uncommon, would soon become general. The business of catching frogs begins in May, and continues without interruption throughout the summer. The outfit of the professional frog-catcher is a pair of long-legged rubber boots, a scoop-net attached to a long pole, a small gun and a suitable bag for conveying the booty home. Frogs are found in abundance, and the sportsman in this line of business, if he possess even ordinary skill—unlike those who hunt for other game—need never return empty-handed. No frogs are killed at the time of capture if it can possibly be avoided, as it is especially desired to secure them alive, in order that they may be properly fattened for the markets. A first-class catcher, who was fortunate in striking a good hunting ground at a favorable season of the year, has been known to bring back over sixty dozen of frogs as the result of his day's labor; but if an average of thirty dozen is taken each day, it is considered satisfactory. In preparing them for the market the heads are cut off, and the body is split down the under side and the skin carefully removed. Then they are carefully washed several times to cleanse them of all particles of spawn or other extraneous matter. The legs are generally separated from the body, because most places serve only the former to their customers; but others purchase the frogs whole, and use the bodies and fore-legs in stews and fricassees. The business has already been injured by inexperienced parties delivering frogs which have been improperly dressed. The living animals are placed in large hogsheads filled with fresh water, in which they are allowed to stay for several days, and during this time they are regularly fed with chopped fresh meat and fish, celery, cabbage and other green vegetables. At intervals of every two or three days all the frogs are taken from the water, and allowed to exercise themselves within prescribed limits, and to enjoy a thorough sun bath. After having lived upon dry land for a while, they are again placed in the tank. These operations are continued for some time, or until they are well fattened and in condition to be killed and exposed for sale. The handling of the frogs during these operations requires more than ordinary care and experience. One peculiarity about the animals is the fact that they do not breed when in the water tanks in a state of captivity.

A Gallant Rescue.

Madame Adelle made an excursion from Oswego in her balloon, Columbia, on the Fourth, and had an awful experience. The Columbia passed through a snowstorm in mid-air, and afterward descended in Lake Ontario, the arduous being dragged through the water over an hour, until nearly exhausted. At the last moment the tug Morey, Captain Papa, which had seen the danger and was in chase, came up and rescued the venturesome lady and her unmanageable cruiser.

Madame Adelle's account of the trip was a thrilling one. Of the accident and rescue she says: "When I struck I plunged in nearly to my shoulders; the sudden chill nearly strangled me. I knew my only hope was in keeping in the basket. At this time the basket was on its side; I was on my knees in the basket with both hands over my head, holding on to the ring from which the basket is suspended. The balloon dragged through the water at a fearful rate, answering for a sail. I thought my position very precarious. Something seemed to say to me, 'Now don't be frightened,' and I remained as self possessed as I am now. In cases of extreme danger I have an unusual feeling of calmness and resignation and trust in an over-ruling Providence. I am unable to say, I cannot learn a tune, but there came to me a voice of sacred song which I have heard in meetings:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my hope from thee I bring; Cover my delinquencies broad With the shadow of Thy wing."

I sang it drifting through the cold waters of Lake Ontario, out of sight of boat or sail, and night fast approaching. After dragging through the water in this manner for half an hour, I looked back over my shoulder and saw the tug, like a faint speck in the distance. If ever a mortal was glad, I was then. I was becoming chilled and exhausted, and knew that unless help was at hand, I would soon perish. I saw the steam from that tug. I knew that they were gaining on me, and I shouted, "Oh, glory!" Then there came the chorus of that old song, "He saves, saves me now," and I sang it. I watched the tug, continually looking back to see if she was still in sight and gaining on me. She very slowly grew plainer, but I thought my strength should become exhausted before it could reach me.

After dragging about an hour longer, I heard their whistle, and indeed it was a joyful sound. In a few minutes I could hear the puffing of the engine. I saw the men waving their hats. I reached one arm up out of the water and waved it at them, and in a few minutes they came alongside. I shouted to them to see that the gas in the balloon did not catch fire. They then seized hold of the cordage and lifted the balloon on deck. I was so chilled that I could hardly speak. They slit the balloon from the top to the bottom, and it immediately

collapsed and fell a shapeless mass on the deck. The captain and some ladies assisted me to the cabin, and the ladies took good care of me and dried my clothes. The captain told me that he saw the balloon descend, and that he could see the top of it on the water all the while. He said that I had floated about an hour and a half when he picked me up, and I was then seventeen miles from Oswego and seven miles from shore.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The Moorish Slave Girls of To-Day.

A correspondent of the London Standard, writing from Morocco says: By the Mohammedan law no man is permitted to have more than four wives; but there is no limit but that of the purse to the number of female slaves who may be added to his establishment. The Sultan's ladies are numbered by hundreds, if they do not indeed reach the four figures; and in proportion to his position and wealth the well-to-do Moor in like manner has a large or small harem establishment. The Sultan has the privilege of conferring the honor of entering his harem upon whom he will, and any girls in his provinces who are more than ordinarily pretty are sent up to the court for his inspection or sent to him as a complimentary present. Men in high positions as the Vizier, are also often presented with ladies, and being frequently very wealthy, complete their establishment by private contract, paying, perhaps, \$200 for a girl they may admire.

The ordinary well-to-do Moor, of whom there are a large number of the merchant class, have to content themselves by buying in the open market, and, consequently, the slave market is a highly patronized institution. The court in which this is usually held, on three days in every week, opens out of a labyrinth of small, narrow streets, which forms the bazar or general market of the city, a place in which the higher class of Moor would not on other occasions deign to be seen. As the afternoon wears on, however, they may be seen ambling down on gaily caparisoned mules, with a slave walking behind them, to the entrance of the court, where they dismount and recline in picturesque groups around the enclosure. About the same time arrive by twos and threes those who are to be sold, being placed by the salesmen in some small recesses or stalls opening on the court.

There were about fifty or sixty persons for sale of both sexes and all ages, most of them black as jet, and from their features evidently natives of Soudan, some of whom were to be sold in lots, with two or three children. These were the drudges for house and field work, the price of whom always moderate, and strictly commensurate to the amount of work they are likely to be able to perform.

But besides these were two female figures who evidently excited no small amount of interest in the gaily bearded old Moors who formed no small proportion of the purchasers. One of them was a closely veiled Moorish girl, whose features were revealed only to inquiring customers, but who from a passing glance did not appear to be remarkable for her beauty; the other was a really pretty girl from the province of Sus, whose rose-colored caftan and green silk head-dress contrasted pleasantly with her olive complexion and long, dark lashes. They were all neatly and tidily dressed, bearing no sign of ill-treatment or scant nourishment, and were treated with all consideration both by salesmen and purchasers, though the examination made by the latter of teeth, arms, etc., of those they bid for was very repulsive to those unaccustomed to such sights.

National Peculiarities.

An Englishman who recently visited this country has considerable to say concerning our customs and methods of doing business. He says: Business is pursued differently than amongst us, though international comminglings and competitions are hourly bringing commerce and trade to similar methods. Yet our drapers' assistants, for example, would find themselves out of their element in the dry-goods stores of America. Here, our shopmen spend much time in panegyrics upon the fabrics they vend, and he who is most mellifluous in praise of his master's goods gets promotion. In the United States this specious volubility would cause the shopman's speedy dismissal. Customers judge for themselves, and any attempt to gild the pill excites contemptuous suspicion of the vendor. The average American, however poor, is compelled to be a gentleman. Workmen in England are not always careful of personal appearance, though our young men are becoming so. But in America, after business hours, it is impossible to distinguish a man by any external marks of his occupation. Artisans are dressed neatly, stylishly, splendidly according to individual ideas and income. I have lived in hotels and boarding houses with working men whose clothes, deportment and conversation gave not the slightest clue of their employments. Good manners are not only expected from, but are insisted upon. Except in mining regions, where a conglomeration of intertropical rudities set up a local code of behavior, all Americans are urbane. Even in these lawless spots women are treated with courtesy. Refinement of manners is nowhere more conspicuous than in the treatment of children. Anglo-American boys and girls have indulgences, pleasures and intimacies with their elders quite unknown to their cousins in the east. I was struck with the extraordinary good conduct of children in school. There is a code of high behavior ruling teachers and pupils that comes favorably with that of England. It was curious to remark, as I had occasion to do, how soon an immigrant's turbulent, irascible, unruly, opinionated boys were subdued to the prevailing behavior.

A Cath dra sinking.

The celebrated cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, which was finished in 1859 at a cost of \$25,000,000, is giving indications of sinking into the ground. As is well known, the Russian capital is constructed on a marsh, and the site of the cathedral was selected in one of the softest portions of it. Upon the foundations, at the outset, \$1,000,000 was spent in driving piles; but at no period has the building maintained a rigid attitude, and at present it manifests a disposition to topple over at one corner altogether. A short time ago an examination revealed that on one side of the structure the columns had parted from the architrave and left a space of three inches between, which the application of tests has shown to be regularly increasing. In consequence of this discovery, the advice of engineers was taken as to lightening the roof, and workmen were engaged to remove the heavy corner bronzes, but as the work proceeded fresh fissures displayed themselves, and the engineers grew so alarmed that they gave up the undertaking altogether as a bad job. Since then nothing has been done except hold consultation after consultation, with no result except the expenditure of a great deal of talk, and the rejection of a number of fancy projects of improvement, more or less impossible to carry out.

It has been asked by some theological student whether the poor negro, when engaged in the arduous task of whitewashing, is consciously obeying the golden rule, and doing unto others what he would like to have them do unto him.

Annual Apple Crops.

The question how to obtain annual crops of apples is frequently discussed in pomological conventions and papers without giving sufficient attention to the preliminary questions of the cause of the tendency of the apple tree to bear only alternate years. The true cause of this once understood, the remedy for the evil will be clearly indicated. Young orchards just coming into bearing, produce fruit every year, when frosts do not injure the crop. When the period of full bearing is reached we have learned to expect little or no fruit the next year after a large crop. This results wholly from a tendency to over-production. Fruit-bearing is exhaustive to all trees and plants. When loaded with fruit the forces of the plant are not sufficient for the formation of fruit buds for the next year's crop. The result is, trees left to themselves acquire the habit of bearing only on alternate years, one year being given to the formation of fruit buds, the next to the production of fruit. If the crop was never injured by the frosts of winter or spring, we would have some trees bearing one year and others the next. But destructive frosts are of frequent occurrence, and when they occur the summer following is given to the production of fruit buds. All of the trees in the area of the frost are subjected to like conditions, will bear fruit the next year, and from thence continue to bear, each alternate year, until this order is interfered with by a killing frost in the bearing year. There is not, and can be no remedy for this state of things as long as over-production is permitted during the bearing year. If the apple grower will thin out each crop in the early spring, to such a moderate quantity that the trees will be able to mature the crop and at the same time perfect buds for another crop, the trees will bear continuously unless interfered with by frosts. Or if in a bearing season, he will strip each alternate tree of its fruit leaving it nothing to do except the production of fruit buds, he will secure an orchard, one half of the trees bearing one year, and the other half the next, and this state of things will continue until interfered with by a frost. But thinning out the fruit in early summer is much the better plan. Thoroughly done it will become much more valuable than if the thinning was omitted, and with the benefit of an annual crop on all of the trees. Under our usual management, in a bearing year, apples are abundant, poor and cheap. Under the plan suggested, they would be of good quality and command a good price every year.

The Wickedest Man in New York.

When Oliver Dyer sought out a man for his sketch of the wickedest man in New York he selected John Allen, a dog fighter—the type of the brutish sport and the protector of thieves and thugs. Now such a sketch would have for its subject not the keeper of a low-down gin mill, but a man of accomplishments, a leader of fashion in the fast set, a rich man who had hopelessly fallen from that preferred realm of respectability where the true self is hidden behind the veil of the good opinion of men and a fair rating in the commercial respects, who has no respect for virtue except for its market value, who fears vice only because of its possibilities of pulling a trigger upon it, or weaving a network of destruction about his career; who can deal with equanimity with the kings of crime for service from their subjects, and can plan the ruin of a young man or woman as coolly as he can make bets on a horse race; who can corrupt with as little conscience as he can make his toilet, and can build up a backing of judges, lawyers and politicians, rich club men, and even preachers, who can be counted upon for service on a pinch. Such is undoubtedly the type of the wickedest man of New York to-day. The Bowery tough, with a broadcloth coat and plug hat, that in response to Thackeray's remark that he wanted to go to Grand street said: "Well, go right along, sonny, but hurry home," passed away in the wake of the old volunteer fire department. The Owny Geogheons and John Allens are as natural members of metropolitan life as camp followers are of an army. They are dangerous, like tarantulas—if you go where they are, but if you keep out of their path they will keep out of yours. The modern wickedest man of New York has the appearance of a gentleman, and might take a seat in the Concord School of Philosophy with exciting other comment than that he is a New Yorker. But he is more dangerous in his contaminating effects upon society than any of his predecessors in the city—the world in wickedness.—[New York Corr. St. Louis Republican.]

A News item says that the best female circus rider in Russia is Dornedretsky, who "turns a double somersault through a hoop, and carries her name, which is painted in the center, along with her."

To turn a double somersault through a hoop may not be a very remarkable feat, but to get her name through, without knocking off some of its corners, is certainly an astonishing performance.—[Norristown Herald.]

Anxious to be Neighborly.

The Detroit Free Press says: He was a small boy with dirt on his nose and a faded straw hat on his head, and feet long unwashed. He walked boldly up the steps, pulled the bell, and when the lady came to the door he said: "Say, can you lend me your telephone for a few minutes?" "Why, I can't," she gasped out. "We'll bring it back in half an hour." "But I can't lend it, child. You don't seem to know what a telephone is. Who are you?" "We live around the corner—just moved in, and we want to be neighborly. I tried to borrow your wheel-barrow and shovel, but your boy wouldn't lend 'em, and our hired girl has been over to borrow tea and sugar and couldn't get any. We kinder thought we might borrow your telephone or something, and ma would bring it back and get a chance to see your style and ask you to run right in with your old clothes on!"

SHORT BITS.

Trust and you will not be trusted. Time wasted is existence, used is life. He that grasps at too much holds nothing fast. An honest man is the noblest pursuit of women. He that lendeth to a tramp giveth to a saloonist. One is never more amiable than when one is loved. Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. Innocence and mysteriousness never dwell long together. The man who is always right finds every one else always wrong. Be graceful if you can, but if you can't be graceful, be true. To boast about one's relations is to publish one's inferiority. Hypocrisy becomes a necessity for those who live scandalously. An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter—every one can read it. Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows. It isn't the girl who is loaded with powder that goes off the easiest. The cheapest advice is that which costs nothing and is worth nothing. Who is lavish with promises is apt to be penurious in promises. There are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of love. If a dog has money he is called "Your lordship the dog."—[Kroumir.] A Christian should show his religion over a counter as well as at the altar. "There's no place like home." "Thank God!" said the man who boarded with his mother-in-law. The health of the fine old journalist, Thurlow Weed, has been quite poor this year. He is 85 years old. When a man refuses to excuse himself for a mean act he has taken a long stride toward becoming a Christian. The conversation of most scholars with each other is nothing more than a mutual, private, polite examination. Perhaps the reason why the voice of truth is so rarely heard is because, living in a well, she is apt to have a cold. The fewer friends one has, the better. In good times they make use of you; in bad, you can't make use of them. There are men in all stations who are able to make a fortune, but it takes a gentleman to squander one becomingly. When friends applaud your sudden wealth, be on your guard. The hungry dog wags his tail because he thinks you have something in the sack for him. "What is the national fishery question?" pompously exclaimed an orator; and a squeaking voice in the audience responded: "It is have you got a bite?" A St. Louis boy drank milk without taking the chow of tobacco out of his month. The milk washed the tobacco down his throat, and he died of nicotine poisoning. When you have found a man who thinks it is his duty to tell you of your faults, you have also found a man who never thinks it his duty to tell you of your virtues. Many years ago four doctors of Erie, Penn., agreed that Captain John H. Walsh could not live twenty-four hours. Since then he has attended the funerals of three of the medicos. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe felt a little embarrassed at the recent reception in honor of the 70th anniversary of her birth, since it was the first birthday she ever celebrated. The meanest man on record sent through a postoffice prosided over by a woman a postal card on which was written: "Dear Jack: Here's the details of that scandal." And the rest was written in Greek. Joseph Greco and his wife, of Swanton, New Hampshire, are aged 101 and 90 years respectively. They have celebrated their diamond wedding, have twelve children, and have had eighty-four grandchildren. "Don't you think Jerseys are just too lovely for any use?" she sweetly inquired, referring to the garment so popular now. And he answered dreamily, as he clasped her soft hand in his: "Yes; their milk makes the best smear case I ever o't in my life. You're liable to get the yellow jaundice if you eat too much of it, though." A prominent granger from Onion Creek was in Austin recently. Desiring to obtain some reliable figures about the oat crop, we asked him if he could tell us precisely how many acres he had in oats, and how many bushels he raised to the acre. "I can't give you the precise figures, but I raised a heap, sold right smart, and I've got a powerful lot left." A news item says that the best female circus rider in Russia is Dornedretsky, who "turns a double somersault through a hoop, and carries her name, which is painted in the center, along with her." To turn a double somersault through a hoop may not be a very remarkable feat, but to get her name through, without knocking off some of its corners, is certainly an astonishing performance.—[Norristown Herald.] Anxious to be Neighborly. The Detroit Free Press says: He was a small boy with dirt on his nose and a faded straw hat on his head, and feet long unwashed. He walked boldly up the steps, pulled the bell, and when the lady came to the door he said: "Say, can you lend me your telephone for a few minutes?" "Why, I can't," she gasped out. "We'll bring it back in half an hour." "But I can't lend it, child. You don't seem to know what a telephone is. Who are you?" "We live around the corner—just moved in, and we want to be neighborly. I tried to borrow your wheel-barrow and shovel, but your boy wouldn't lend 'em, and our hired girl has been over to borrow tea and sugar and couldn't get any. We kinder thought we might borrow your telephone or something, and ma would bring it back and get a chance to see your style and ask you to run right in with your old clothes on!"