"Life's a fair and brimming cup, sparkling, fresh and mellow; Quaff it gaily, drink it up, Time's a surly fellow!"

Time looked up and gazed at him, Half contempt, half pity; Calmly smiling, grave and grim, Thus took up the ditty:

"All the world is growing gray. Ser and brown, and yellow. You'll be older, too, some day, Silly little fellow."

Love rose and ran away, Leaving Time in shadow, All the golden summer day, Singing through the meadow:

"Sille, silly, though I be. There's no need to flout me; Though the world may laugh at me, It cannot do without me.

### FASHION REPEATS ITSELF.

I, Robert Ogden, at twenty-four, was a tolerably good looking youth, with a position in Wells & Banker's wholesale store as book-keeper at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month. Nothing very brilliant about all this, to be sure; but I think that I should have felt very well satisfied with my lot in life had I never indulged in dreams of sudden wealth-in other words, if I had never heard of my rich Aunt Mahala, Now, unfortunately-or fortunately, just as you please to consider it-I had not only heard of her, but she was the oracle to - which our family listened on all occasions. She was a spinster of the severest type, but she was the possessor of two hundred thousand dollars in good securities, and this, as you may imagine, covered a multitude of defects.

When I was six years old, and my cousins, Bert and Jim Ogden, were about the same age, Aunt Mahala announced her intention of setting one of ns up in business to the extent of half her fortune when he, the lucky boy, should become twenty-five years of age. Whichever one of us best suited her in general behavior and in the choice of a wife should be the favored one, she deelared. On that day my trouble commenced. Of course the choice of a wife had not yet entered my youthful imagination, but as I grew into manhood I manifested a natural desire to have as good a time as other boys, and this was entirely contrary to Aunt Mahala's strict ideas of propriety.

When I was old enough to realize the immense help her money would be to me, I did for the time try to please her; but her whims and her almost constant interference provoked me beyond the bounds of endurance.

"Let her keep her money!" I declared, wrathfully, to my mother, who was always expostulating against my im-"If Jim and Bert want to get down on their knees to her they can do so, but I am resolved to be independ-

Now all this sounded very fine, and I felt every word of it; at the same time, one hundred thousand dollars was a nice sum, and nothing would have suited me better than to have it at my disposal. When I obtained the situation at Wells

& Banker's, Aunt Mahala for the first time acknowledged herself pleased.

"I like to see young men get into business," she said, emphatically. "There is nothing more disgusting than to see a young sprig like yourself sauntering around with a cane and a cigar, trying to make folks think he's a man when he don't know any more than a baby.'

Strangely enough, she advised all her nephews to get married.

'Men are poor, miserable creatures un'ess they have a sensible woman to look after them and keep them from making fools of themselves," she said to

I did not contradict this sweeping as sertion, but I might just as well have done so, for she took up her last remark as if I had.

"Yes, fools-perfect fools! They always will be, because they always have

"Was that the reason you never married one of them?" I ventured to ask, although I knew that my chance for the one hundred thousand would sink a trifle thereby.

"None of your impudence, young man! I refused better fellows than you before I was sixteen years old, because they didn't know anything."

This was very flattering, but I modestly refrained from making any reply whatever, and Aunt Mahala went on: "The worst of it is, the women don't

know anything nowadays-a shiftless, lazy set, with no more common sense than a peacock. Why, when I was a

But I recollected a pressing engagement and left the room.

It was about this time that I met Ray Ansdell. She was an only child, and although her father was not wealthly, he was in possession of a good income; so Ray dressed handsomely, went in the best society and bad every wish gratified. She was a beauty, strictly speaking, but she had a fresh, piquant face that was more attractive than mere regularity of features, and she knew how to make herself irresitibly charming to her friends. Gay, stylish, and inclined to flirt I found her; but beneath it all she was pure and true and womanly, and I loved her as I had never even dreamed of loving any woman. I plucked up courage at last and told her so, although I knew she could do better as far as money was concerned, unless, indeed, Aunt Mahala decided in her favor, which at present seemed very nn-

And now that Ray had promised to be mine, and I was looking forward to our marriage, I longed for one hundred thousand more than ever. It would enable me to place my darling in as good a home as I should take her from, and I could not endure the thought of anything less. I did not want to take advantage of Bert and Jim, however. Once

affairs, and not trouble myself about money which never would trouble me.

happened to be the one to inform Aunt Mahala of my engagement with Ray Ansdell.

"I tell you she's stylish!" I heard him say, in conclusion, and with a malicious intent, I was sure, for the word "stylish" always goaded the old lady into a furious humor.
"Stylish!" she snorted—excuse the

verb, but no other expresses her tone. 'Of course that's all he wants, then! Any little fool who can mince along and look like a fashion plate will do for him; no brains, no common sense-but, never mind, she's stylish!"

At this juncture I walked into the room, and Bert, who did not know of my proximity, looked a little crestfallen, and soon took his departure.

"So Bert was kind enough to inform you of my engagement," I remarked. "Oh, yes. It was nothing to me, of He only happened to mencourse! tion it."

This in her most sarcastic tone of voice, and I knew she was offended because I had not made a confident of

"It is only a few days since it was all settled, and I was awaiting an opportunity to inform you of it," I said, anxious to conciliate herself if possible.

"Don't trouble yourself to make excuses, young man. Of course no one expected you to think of your poor old aunt at such a time as this. She has nothing in common with lofty young gentlemen nor giggling little flirts, 'Aunt Mahala, please don't pass judgment on Ray Ansdell until you have

een her and become acquainted with her," I begged, feeling the occasion to be too important to lose my temper. "Well, bring her around," she condescended to say. 'I confess I'd like to are the girl who is fool enough to want

to throw herself away on you. It would never do to slight this courteous invitation, so I explained to Ray soon afterward that an eccentric old Hay aunt of mine desired to see her. expressed her willingness to go and pay

her a visit. "I dearly like eccentric people," she declared, enthusiastically.

I greatly doubted her liking Aunt Mahala, but I would not discourage her by

saying so.
"I will come for you early Saturday afternoon," I said, as I kissed her goodbye at the door. "And, darling, you must not mind if my aunt makes pecu liar remarks; it is her way.

"Oh, no! And I shall make her like me, in spite of your foreboding to the contrary

"Now, Ray, I never said-"No, you never said so," interrupted tay, "but you looked it all the time. You imagine your Aunt Mahala and I won't get on together; well, we shall

"I don't know how any one can help loving you," I cried, snatching a dozen kisses from the bright, roguish face so close to mine.

Saturday, immediately after luncheon, I informed Aunt Mahala that I should bring Ray Ansdell to see her that afternoon.

"Ansdell-Ausdell," she mused; used to know a man by that name a good while ago-a poor, shiftless, drinking fellow. What did you say her other name was?"

"Rachel," I replied, thankful that it was an old fashioned name, for Aunt Mahala persisted in liking anything dating fifty years back.

"Then why don't you call her Rachel instead of that silly nickname? But then I suppose it would not be stylish enough for her ladyship."

I kept my temper with an effort, and tried to say calmly: "Auntie, I hope you will say nothing to Miss Ansdell about your fortune or your intentions regarding it. She promised to marry me, believing me to be a poor man with my way to make in the world, and as she will probably have to

live with me as such, I don't want you to

raise expectations which may never be "Don't be alarmed," said Aunt Mahala grimly. "It's not likely I'd be bragging of my money to a little chit like her, who don't know the value of a dollar except to fritter it away on candy and ribbons. By the way, I should think it would be quite a come-down for the young lady to set up house-keeping on a salary of seventy-five dollars a month,"

sneered the old lady, in a manner that made my blood boil. "You will please be more respectful in speaking of her and to her," I retorted.
"I don't expect you to like her. If I brought down an angel from heaven, you would say she didn't know anything; but if you do not treat Bay Ansdell decently I will never forgive you, and when I have a home of my own you shall never

enter it. Now mark my words." "You insufferable puppy!" shouted unt Mahala, furiously. "You look Aunt Mabala, furiously. well talking about angels out of heaven! You look a great deal more like mating with an angel out of the other place, with your smoking and swearing and your disrespectful manner -

Here she choked for breath, and I es caped from the room. I reflected that I had been exceedingly foolish to lose my temper when talking with Aunt Mahala, for when this happened she never failed to get the better of me. She certainly had done so now, and this fact would put her into something as nearly resembling good humor as she ever allowed herself to indulge; consequently now was the auspicious time to present Ray.

I hurried at once to her home,

found her waiting for me.
"You don't say a word about my new suit," she said, as soon as we started. "It just came home from the dressmaker's, and it is quite too stylish for anything.

hate the dress and its owner, I thought, was greatly incensed, and told me not to as I looked down at it. It was a plain, full skirt of some silky material, with a queer, gathered waist, and puffs at the top of the sleeves; nothing fancy about how Aunt Mahala liked Ray. She did it, but if it was stylish, its fate was not keep him long in suspense, but sealed so far as Aunt Mahala was consourded her praises until he appeared cerned.

"Rob, something troubles you this afternoon," exclaimed far-sighted Ray.
"Do I look so very hideous, and are you sure that Aunt Mahala won't like

"You are charming, my pet; but I was aunt, and proposed that she divide the money equally among us three; but I have you ever reflected that with my salwas promptly told to mind my own ary I cannot provide all the luxuries to back the days of my youth—it did in-

which you have been accustomed in your

"Rob, have you ever reflected that so long as I have you I don't care a penny for luxuries or anything else?"

"But when you are deprived of them

you may miss them more than you im-

agine, my dear Ray, I urged.
"If you keep on talking in this ridiculous way, I shall think you are becoming tired of me, and in that case there is no use going to see your Aunt Mahala, exclaimed Ray, stopping short and pull-

ing her arm from mine. "There, there, Ray! I won't say an other word. We'll take each other for better or for worse, and I'll work-oh, how I will work to make a fitting home for von!"

We had arrived at the house by this time, and I led the way at once te my Aunt Mahsla's room. The old lady arose as we entered, and gazed steadily at Ray. "Where did you get that dress?"

demanded, without paying the least attention to my formal introduction. "Madame Guthbert made it for me, answered Ray, manifesting no surprise

at my aunt's abrupt question. "It's the first decent dress I've seen on a girl in fifty long years! Why, child, I had one made nearly like it when I was a girl; and a bead-work bag, too!" exclaimed my aunt, snatching at the dainty morsel of glistening steel which Ray held in her hands. "Just such a one as I had given to me on my eighteenth birthday! I used to carry it wherever I went, but one day I was out in a boat with a lot of young people and some one dropped it overboard, and that was the last of it. I can't understand how you happen to be carrying one so near like it in these days," Aunt Mahala said, in a dazed kind of way.

"This was Grandmamma Andsell's when she was young," Ray explained, brightly. "It's exactly like the fashionable ones now, and mamma said I might have it for mine. I'm knitting lace." she went on, as my aunt continued to gaze at her like one in a dream, thought I'd bring it along and work while we talked.'

"To be sure, my dear! Sit right here by me," said Aunt Mahala, drawing out the easiest chair and seating Ray in it. All this time I had stood by, so astounded by the old lady's amiability that I hardly comprehended what was being said. Had she suddenly lost her mind, or was Ray bewitching her?

They were soon deep in the mysteries of lace making, and Aunt Mahala brought out piece after piece of lace yellow with age.

"All my own work when I was a girl," she said; and Ray pronounced them lovely, and asked to copy some of the patterns. Never had I seen Aunt Mahala in such

a mood as this, and I could only be thankful and hope for it to last. I left, and only returned in time to take dinner with them, rightly judging that they would get along as well with-

out me. "Your aunt has given me the loveliest hand-embroidered handkerchief!" Ray "And she is going to informed me. teach me to do the same kind of embroidery. Oh, I have had a delightful afternoon!" she went on, turning to Aunt Mahala, "and I shall come again very soon."

Robert," said my aunt, as Ray tying on her quaint poke bonnet to go home, "Rachel looks very much as I did at her age."

I actually thought I saw tears in Aunt Mahala's eyes, when Ray threw her arms around her neck and kissed her good-night, and her voice certainly trembled as she said:

"Good-night, my dear child. God bless and keep you!" "Rob, has your Aunt Mahala any property?" inquired Ray, soon after we com

menced our homeward walk. "Yes; I believe she has some," I an

swered, hypocritically.
Then I am sure she intends giving some of it to you. She asked me how I expected to get along as the wife of a poor man, and I said I should be very economical. I told her we were going to work together and make money; that I should do most of my own work, and all that. She chuckled, and nodded her head, and kept saying, "We shall see— we shall see!" And I couldn't help thinking she meant to do something for you. I hope she will. Rob, for your sake. I don't like to think of your toiling behind that desk to make a bare living for

Then I told her all about the one hun dred thousand, which I had not the slightest doubt would now be mine.

'And all because you are the dearest, weetest, most sensible little woman in the whole world!" I declared.

"No," contradicted Ray; "it's because fashion, like history, repeats itself. If the old old styles had not become new, I shouldn't have had my new dress made in this delightful, old-fashioned way, nor should I have been carrying Grandmamma Ansdell's work-bag, nor should have been knitting lace such as your Aunt Mahala made so long ago; and you know very well, Rob, that it was all this which pleased the dear old lady."

"Then we'll call it Providence working in our behalf, and be thankful forever-

more," I said. "And you will do something for your cousins, who will be terribly disappointed?" pleaded tender hearted Ray.

"Certainly," I replied, "I always in-tended to help them if the money came The next day Aunt Mahala informed

me that I might get into any branch of business that I desired, and she would furnish the money. "You have some business tact," she

said, condescendingly, "and with such a wife as Rachel Ansdell, you can't go far wrong. I thanked her heartily, and kissed her My heart sank. Aunt Mahala would to emphasize my thanks, at which she

> make a fool of myself. Bert came over that same morning. fancied he was a little anxious to know

to grow tired of listening. "Wait until you see the girl I have my

eye on," he said, lightly. "You couldn't find one like Rachel Ansdell if you hunted the world over. Why, I shall never forget how I felt

deed!" declared Aunt Mahala, verging

on the poetical. The old lady has never lost her good opinion of Ray, but always looks upon her with especial favor. She is losing some of her sharpness of tongue and temper, too. I think she is ashamed to indulge before Ray, who is good-nature and sunshine itself. If she keeps on improving, she will be quite a lovable old lady; but however that may be, Ray and I can never forget how much we owe

### Fresh and Stale Bread

A famous Leipsic physician, in a late number of the Gesundheit, has ventured to say a good word on behalf of newly baked bread. The majority of the old people, dyspeptics and hypochondriacs, he observes, say that they can only eat stale bread; they find new bread too indigestible. The virtue, he tells them, is not the staleness of the bread, but in the care and thoroughness with which they are compelled to masticate it on account of its hardness. The tongue not only deceives the human race in speaking, says the learned physician-it is a great deceiver in eating. As soon as the tongue perceives that any morsel in our mouths is soft and yielding, we are persuaded that it may safely be swallowedno time for labor is spent upon its mastification. Hence so many people declare that sauer kraut, soft cakes, pate de foie gras, eel and other favorite delicacies of the Teuton do not agree with them. The professor declares that none of these are actually indigestible in themselves. As with new bread, it is the ease with which they are swallowed which makes them indigestible. Stale bread and biscuit, on the other hand, are not of themselves inherently so very digestible, but they give the eater so much trouble to soften them that they are not swallowed until they have been reduced into a fit condition for that process. Hence the stomach has not that trouble with them which it almost invariably has with the softer and more delicate food which has never received more than two or three turns with the teeth. Rapid eating and insufficient chewing are the two worst foes of the majority of dyspepties and hypochrondriaes, says our authority, and he advises such persons to transfer to their own carelessness and idleness nine-tenths of the blame which they are in the habit of laying upon their food or up their cooks.

## A thild Worth Her Weight in Gold.

A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of "Fire! fire!" suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The burning mass was headed for shore, which was not far off.

A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him-

"Please sir, can you swim?" A child's blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul as he looked down at

her. 'Yes, child, I can swim."

"Well, sir, won't you please save me?" "I cannot do both," he thought. must save the child and lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for this whole ship's company; now I am doubting whether I shall exchange human life for paltry gold."

Unbuckling the belt he cast it from him and said, "Yes, little girl, I will try to save you." Stooping down he bade her clasp her hands around his neck. "Thus, child; not so tight as to choke

to make land." The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them. Still, the brave man held out, and the dear child on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him sense less on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earnest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute but eloquent benedictions.

THE CREMATING OF GARIBALDI.-Something has been published about the details which Garibaldi carefully prepared for the cremation of his own body a matter in which, however, his will was overruled. "Let there be made," he said, 'a funeral pile two meters long, formed of acacia, lentisk, myrrh, and other aromatic woods. On this pile shall be laugh. "You come as usual, just at the placed an iron bed; on it, the remains right moment. We are discussing which adorned with a red shirt. A haudful of is the best of us at writing an improptu. ashes shall be put in an urn; that urn | and we cannot agree.' must be placed in the sepulchre of my children, Rosa and Anita." The patriot Dorset, struck with a sudden thought. made a distinction between a "cremation" and "burning." He wanted to be burned as Pompey was. . So he put the matter in his will to give his purpose sa-credness. "Having by testament determined the burning of my body," he wrote, "I charge my wife with the execution of this will before giving notice to anyone whomsoever of my death. The urn containing my ashes shall be put in post assigned him. the wall behind the sarcobphagus of our children under the acacia that shadows the tomb." He even selected, so it is close and sharp contest, but, to everysaid, a quantity of the spicy woods to be one's amazement, Dorset pushed his paused for the funeral pyre, had them cut up suitably under his own eye, and stored them in a convenient place ready | theirs. for use. This was really very poetic, but it was of no avail. Garibaldi belonged to Itally, not to Caprera.

Twenty-six Russian cavalry officers are declared to have paid a thousand judging from the time he has taken over roubles each for dinner about a fortnight ago at Warsaw. They had determined to have a dinner worthy of those Roman emperors who preferred luxuries out of season regardless of their cost, and they are said to have succeeded fairly in their attempt. For some eight hours when all the impromptus were finished they sat at the table consuming plate and handed in, Dryden, after a very brief after plate. One of their courses was a examination of them, astonished every ragout of African turtle, and another stewed nightingales. Each man had a wreath of roses around his head during first place himself, eagerly snatched up the entertainment.

A lady put her watch under her pillow the other night, but couldn't keep it there because it disturbed her sleep. Golden days.

## A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTRY.

One fine summer evening about two hundred years ago, just as the sun was setting over London, a crowd of idlers might have been seen gathered around the door of Will's coffee-house, which was then a kind of fashionable club where all the wits and fine gentlemen of the town were wont to meet.

These loungers were evidently waiting for some one of special note, for every now and then all heads were turned eagerly toward the corner of the street, and each man whispered to his neighbor:

"Ain't he comin' vet?" Suddenly there was a buzz of "Here he comes!" and a fat little old man in a rather shebby suit of black, with an eye as clear and bright as a hawk's, came slowly through the crowd, which opened

respectfully to let him pass.

And well it might, for this old man was no other than John Dryden, the most famous poet of his time, or (as many people then said and thought) of any other time either.

Little did they dream how small the name of John Dryden was one day to look beside that of another English writer, also called John, who had died in an obscure lodging only a few years before, old, blind, racked with gont and glad to get twenty-five dollars for the grandest epic poem ever written-a poem of which some of us have heard under the parce of "Paradise Lost."

"Hurrah for Mr. Dryden!' roared a brawny fellow with a butcher's blue don't known," be said, "but you bet I apron; "and long may be live to pitch shall try." into them Dutch lubbers as they de-

serve! The crowd heartily applauded the sentiment, for the war between England "Well, Charley, an' them's the things and Holland was just over, and Dryden's satires upon the Dutch were more popular in England than anything else that he had written.

"They said he was a-gettin' old," cried a porter, looking after the poet as he entered the coffee-house; "but to my mind he looks just as fresh as ever.'

Who d'ye say that stout gentleman asked a light-haired lad, whose ruddy cheeks and countrified dress betraved that this was his first visit to London. "Who's he, do you say, Chawbacon?" answered his neighbor. "Why, wherever

can you have been livin' all your life, not to know him? That's Mr. John Dryden, the great poet, as dines with the King every day." "Dines with the King every day!" echoed the countryman, in amazement.

'Eh, but I wish I was him.' 'You needn't do that, my boy," said a sharp-looking little journeyman tailor; for he's as poor as a rat, and owes a see the inside of a debtor's prison afore long, or my name's not Timothy folly. Smithson.

"Is that really so?" asked a tall, handsome man, in a very rich dress, who had just got out of his carriage at the door of the coffee-house. "Are you certain of what you say?"

"Quite certain, if it please you lordship," answered the tailor, doffing his cap respectfully-for Charles Sackville (Lord Dorset) was as well known in London as the dome of St. Paul's itself, being, in truth, the most generous, as well as the richest, of English nobles. 'It's our people he owes the bill to, and master says he means to get his money one way or another.'

The earl made no answer, but walked into the coffee house, murmuring to himself:

"I could pay the debt easily enough, but it wouldn't please my old friend to me. There, hang on now, and I will try know that his difficulties are public talk. I must find some other way.

The group assembled within was one which any painter would have loved to copy, for every man in it bore a name which will live as long as the history of England itself.

There was the brilliant, witty, heartless Sir Charles Sedlev, many of whose sayings are still quoted by men that have forgotten who said them. There were the smooth-tongued Arlington and the boisterous Etherge, and the ever laughing Montague. There, too, was the wild duke of Buckingham, upon whose handsome features the mad career that destroyed the largest fortune and the strongest constitution in England, had already stamped the impress of premature age and untimely death.

And there, somewhat wan and haggard from long excess, but still beautiful and graceful as ever, sat the wildest and wittiest and most reckless of them all-John Wilmot, earl of Rochester.

"Welcome, my illustrious namesake!

We will each write a piece of improptu verse or prose, and Mr. Dryden, whose judgment no one can question, will honor us by naming the successful one." "Agreed!" cried all with one voice.

"I'll settle that for you then!" cried

And to work they went at once, while Dryden, turning his chair around, watched them with a smile which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the

Among the most famous wits of the day one might well have expected a very per across the table to Dryden almost before any of the others had well begun

"Our friend must have thought," whispered Etherege to Rochester, "that the prize was to the quickest piece, not to the best. His contribution must consist of nothing but date and signature,

"He looks pleased enough, however, answered Rochester, in the same tone. Depend upon it, he has hit on some It certainly appeared as if he had, for

one by deciding in favor of Dorset. Rochester, who had fully expected the

a shout of laughter, echoed by all the rest as they read the prize composition which ran as follows: "Pay to John Dryden, on demand, the sum of one hunared guineas. Dorser .-

Dorset's paper, and instantly broke into

#### SHORT BITS.

The toper's song: "Give us a pull at your jimmy, John!"

"I guess I'll push along," is what the man with the wheelbarrow said. They do say that the first question

asked by a deacon visiting Egypt was: "Now what are the real facts of the Potiphar scandal?" An old tady, hearing that John Bright contemplated visiting this country, hoped

that he wouldn't bring his "disease" with We are always pleased to hear of a young man settling down, but it gives

us far more pleasure to record the fact of his settling up. "Ef yer want ter make a 'oman mad an' appear pleased, tell her ob a fault; but ef yer wanster make her pleased an appear mad, tell her dat she's good

lookin." But," continued Mrs. Fogg, "there is reason in all things you know." cepting, of course, most of the things you say," rejoined Fogg, the hard-hearted monster.

"Who was it that said it was not good for man to be alone?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his class. A bright boy answered: "Daniel, sir, when in the A chance for an inference; "Some cursed scoundrel tucked a plugged half dollar off on me," he said.

A woman lately looked at a printing press at work, turned to her companion. and in a most earnest manner inquired: that writes the papers. Be's them what they call editors?"

pass it?" asked his friend. "Well, I

A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it." The Burlington Hawkeye tells of a

heartbroken widower at Waterloo, Jowa, who erected a pine slab over his wife's grave and presented a handsome piano to the young lady who was so very kind to him during his sad affliction. Boys are very careless and impulsive where their pleasures are concerned.

Two Brooklyn juveniles were severely punished last week for stoning their mother's new bonnet, under the impression that it was a wasp's nest. Paris actresses, it is said, wear paper lace, which by night looks as beautiful and delicate as the best of real lace, while it costs but a trifle. To wear an expenhundred guineas into the bargain. He'll sive lot of lace, which may be ruined in one evening, is considered the height of

> A Texas husband had a pretty wife of whom he was exceeding jealous. As she was much given to frivolity, he determined to cure her; so he brutally branded her on each cheek with an iron used for marking cattle, and she will carry a star and cross the rest of her days.

> "Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! Impossible! exclaimed Uncle John; and then he asked: Whose baby was it? said the little girl. "Well," remarked a young M. D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing

> will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'Pa-tience on a monument.' "Yes," said a a byestander, "and it won't be long after you begin before the monument will be on the patients." Fred (just returned from a long journey) to his brother, who has got married: "I say, Jack, what in the world did you marry that frightfully ugly woman for?" "I did not look at her ex-

terior," said Jack, "it was for her inter-

ior, beauty I married her." "Then, for

goodness sake, Jack, turn her inside out." Of Mayor Cleveland it is related that when he found that the law of New York and the charter of Buffalo forbade an appropriation by the city for Decoration Day purposes he said so, and then he secured private subscriptions for the whole amount assuming one-tenth of it

himself. The late James Lysaght Finigan, Member of Parliament for Clare, was at one time a volunteer in the Papal Zousves, and afterward served under General Chanzy in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. For several years after that he was an active journalist, and only entered polities in 1879.

Ralph Ryder, aged eighty, insisted upon being allowed to kill a bear, which was roaming around Springbrook, Wis. The spectators hid themselves, and the old hunter, waiting until the bear was within a few yards, fired with a goodsim. But the beast lived long enough to hug and bite its slayer breaking both wrists and baring his skull.

Grover Cleveland, whom the Demo crats have nominated for Governor of New York, is described as a portly but well proportioned man, with square shoulders and erect carriage. His dark hair is growing thin, and is streaked with gray. His eyes are dark and brilliant. His face is smoothly shaven, save a heavy, dark mustache, which droops over his mouth and shadows his firm, rather prominent chin.

# A Statesman's Brother.

A prominent Chicago politician, more noted indeed for his politics than his culture, went through the Joliet penitentiary, accompanied by his rounger brother, a boy named Hugh, and a party of gentleman a couple of weeks ago Hugh acted as a cicerone for one part of the crowd and stopped to shake hands with a variegated gentleman whom he addressed as "Rooster." When "Rooster" had clanked away, the clergy man of the party turned to Hugh and

"What is your unfortunate friend here for?"

"Scratchin' de shingle." "What?"

"Why, totin' de chips." "I still don't understand." "He faked de casers out o' de work-

basket. "Really, I"-

"Oh," (tiredly), "can't you understand nuffin'? Tappin' de till."