

SHADOWS.

A burst of golden sunshine, A whispering of the leaves, A ripple on the brook, A joy, a wonder in each nook, A sweeping shadow o'er the land, A flushing of the tree tops, A crimsoning of the lakes, A peaceful stillness in the air, A thought of hidden mysteries there, A glorious fading of the sun— A summer's day is done.

look she turned on Kenneth was almost stern.

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it!" Kenneth Wardle let drop the hand which a moment before had lain trembling in his clasp, but which was now firm and steady. He had received his answer, and knew it was irrevocable. "You are right," he murmured, despairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it break my heart!"

A Rich Man's Hasty Marriage

A woman of common appearance, 30 years old, who gave her name as Mrs. May Shibley, went to police headquarters recently and made inquiries for her husband, Henry Frederick Shibley. She says that she was married to him on Friday evening last, and that he disappeared on Saturday. He had been acquainted with her only two days previous to their marriage. In reply to questions, she said that her husband was a farmer of Newell, Iowa, and that he was a native of England, and was 30 years old. She herself was born in Jackson, Miss., but she had lived in this city several years, supporting herself by making wax flowers. Her name before her marriage was May Evans. On Wednesday evening she met Shibley in the Atlantic Garden in the Bowery. He had arrived from Iowa only a few hours previous to the meeting, and he was much under the influence of liquor. Two men, who appeared to be acquaintances, were with him. He introduced himself to her in the garden, and treated her to lager beer. When they had talked together some time, he said that he had come to New York to meet a sister, who would arrive from Europe on a steamship of the White Star Line. Women were appreciated in Iowa, he added, because they were so scarce. He had a large farm at Newell, and was well off financially.

The Grayed Lady.

A jaunty over a railway is often as good as a trip to the matadors. Last week we took a spin over the Michigan Central, and during our waking moments were highly amused, amused and instructed by the tone and conversation of two ladies in the seat front our own, across the aisle and about the binnacle. The variety of their intelligence and a vast fund of general information attracted our attention, and we just sat there and drank it all in like cold truth from a living spring. "Do you suppose they have air brakes on this train?" inquired the one next to the window with a bronze green plume in her hat. "Oh, yes, they run 'em now on all trains."

Maxims for the Thoughtful.

A burnt moustache draws the short cigar. There's many a slip between the pulpit and the church door. A silver in your hand is worse than two thousand in the hand of your friend. Never build castles in the air. They are ever liable to be overthrown. Put a rich man on mule-back, and the mule will throw him just as quickly as he would a beggar. Least said is soonest mended. Piety is often but knee-deep. You can't make a portmanteau out of a two-legged calf. Like the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing and is always ready to interfere with the kissing of others. When the spring bonnet comes into the house, money flies out of the pocket-book. Oh, that mine enemy had been at home during spring cleaning. A cigarotte in the mouth snows which way the money goes. Lonesome is whom handsome does. The man who pleads his own cause is unloved of lawyers. The man who saves five cents by walking gives ten to the shoemaker. It is a short lay-in' that has no turn in it. The boot-tree is known by his boot. The scissers has two blades, crying steal, steal. Honest tea furnishes its own grounds. Of two women, choose the one that will have you. The beauty is not so bright as she is painted. Speech is cheap, but votes are what sell. A woman after his own heart is what pleases the man. Money is the principal thing; therefore get money, and with all the gettings get it well invested. The coal-hole goeth before destruction and a banana skin before a fall. The race is not always to the swift, but to the pool-seller. A short note soon goes to protest.—[Boston Transcript.]

VARIETIES.

Connecticut now has but one active gin distillery. London Queen: The bridegroom provides house linen. Mr. Tennyson's new play is called "The Promise of May." Miss Louisa M. Alcott has been forbidden by her physician to write. Mr. Labouche says that France is now one gigantic gambling establishment. An English financial critic says significantly that England never hawks her wares abroad. New York Commercial Advertiser: Thirsty men catch at straws oftener than drowning ones do. Drunkenness is increasing in France just in proportion as wine is ceasing to be the national drink. The Boston Herald estimates that there are not more than 6300 Gorman voters in Massachusetts, and 47,000 Irish voters. Plantation philosophy: "Misery may like company, but I'd rather hab de rheumatism in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."

JILTED TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT.

Kenneth Ward and Katie Dene had been boy-and-girl sweethearts; but the death of Kenneth's parents and his adoption by a wealthy uncle who took him away to live in the city, separated the juvenile lovers, leaving them both for the time inconsolable. Katie whispered her griefs in her dollie's ear as they lay with their heads on the same pillow, and cried herself asleep several nights in succession; and in saying her prayers when she came to the words, "Bless everybody" it was a good while before she could bring herself to repeat them without a mental exception of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

"I never loved a woman before," he said, "but I really love you. I will give you \$40 a month and pay your traveling expenses if you will go to Iowa and be my housekeeper." The woman said that she accepted his offer, and they went to the rooms of Mrs. M. D. Wilson, on the top floor of the tenement house at 69 James street. Shibley knew Mrs. Wilson, and she provided a room for the woman. He drank heavily that night, and was drunk on Thursday when he proposed that the Evans woman should be his wife instead of his housekeeper. They went to the National theater, in the Bowery, in the evening and sat in a box. Shibley scattered silver coins among the boys in the gallery and produced schooners of beer for the orchestra. He was still very drunk on Friday, but he went with the woman to the Mission Chapel of the Five Points of Industry at 8 v. s. m., where they were married by the Rev. S. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Wilson and her husband being witnesses of the ceremony. Shibley said that an uncle in England had died, leaving him about £200,000. He gave to his bride for safe keeping a large roll of bank notes, of which four were of the denomination of \$1000 each. When Shibley awoke from sleep on Saturday morning he appeared to be more sober than at any time in their acquaintance. He took his roll of bank notes, saying that he wished to get one of the \$1000 bills changed. The marriage certificate and a wedding ring which he had given to his bride, he took also. The certificate lacked a date, and the ring had no inscription. He promised to return both to her, together with money enough to buy a wedding outfit. His wife did not see him again. It was her belief to-day that thieves had murdered him. Mrs. Wilson and the police thought that Shibley had repented of his marriage and fled from the city. There was no information about him on the police records. When Shibley reached the city on Wednesday he registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It was said at the hotel to-day that he was not there. The two men who were his companions at the hotel had gone away. The record of Shibley's marriage is filed in the Bureau of Vital Statistics. His wife said that she would remain at No. 69 James street for the present, in the hope of his return. It was possible, she thought, he might be wondering about the city intoxicated. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson stated that he noticed that Shibley was under the influence of liquor on Friday evening, after the marriage ceremony had been performed.—N. Y. Special to Cincinnati Commercial, Oct. 24th.

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Children should consume as little medicine as possible. If properly fed and cared for, they throw off illness readily. Some simple remedy, known and tested in the family, is all they require in light attacks of cold, colic, or the small ailments common to childhood. To dose infants with drugs is almost criminal. I am myself one of a large family, all grown to maturity, and all enjoying good health; yet I never remember the administration of anything stronger than castor oil or sweet tincture of rhubarb during our childish distempers. We were up with the dawn and in bed at twilight; we were fed with regularity three times a day, and only three; there were no lunctious between meals allowed in our home. Oatmeal and milk for breakfast, meat and vegetables for dinner, with some plain, wholesome pudding and seasonable fruit, bread and milk at five o'clock—this was our bill of fare, varied only by special indulgence, or on holidays or birthdays. Pickles, rich sauces, cake and pastry, were unknown except by name; and we never tasted tea or coffee until we had reached "years of discretion" and could decide for ourselves. The result was our good health then and in after life. But many mothers and nurses seem never to feel satisfied as to the health and well-doing of their little ones unless they have them "under treatment." They are perpetually "pinching" or "cooling" or "strengthening" the helpless victims of their solicitude. This is the more to be deprecated because the great majority of the so-called ailments with which very young children are troubled are the direct effects of bad feeding or of ill-management of some sort, or are in themselves efforts of nature to get rid of the stomach-hardening, or irritating masses with which children are fed or physicked. The practice of administering sedatives to infants is particularly reprehensible, and ought to be strongly denounced. There is no sedative which can be used with safety in the case of infants, except by medical men versed in the action of drugs and familiar with the indicative phenomena of health and disease. The use of cordials and drams is simply a reckless play with poisons.

A Conjectured Narrative. Cackston, who wanted to sell his farm, was approached by a man who wanted the place. "How's health down there?" "Health is good," exclaimed Cackston with enthusiasm. "Any children?" "I tell you what's a fact: Sometime ago an old man who had been shaking for years with palsy came to my house, stayed a week, and ain't shook none since."

At first Kenneth's mind was filled with desperate schemes for carrying off Katie to some undiscovered island, where, without molestation, they might play at Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and live a pair of happy hermits to the end of the chapter. But time soon effaces the sorrows of the young. Kenneth was put in a boys' school, where ambition to excel, and to head the rush in every bout at football gave ample occupation to his thoughts, and left little time for brooding over bygone ills. The Crusoe plan was either quite forgotten, or its carrying out deferred till some indefinite period in the future. And Katie, too, before a month had passed, could play and romp, and laugh and shake her yellow curls as gleefully as in the days when Kenneth, her devoted knight, used to guard her pathway home against the besetments of surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

"I wish me joy, Katie!" he cried. "I do wish you joy, Kenneth—Mr. Wardle," she answered listlessly, "but I hardly expected to see you here; and where is your—your wife?" "Wife?—the best of it is I have no wife."

The Texas Siftings prints the following: There is an old negro in Austin who claims to have studied "flosify outen a book." He went to the justice court and said: "Judge, kin I git a tictment writ agin dat wifless nigger, Pete?" "What's he been doing?" "He's a procrastinator. He's bin a procrastinator."

Victor Hugo is said to be troubled with poor sight. It is also said that he kissed the party of female dry goods clerks from Boston who recently visited him; and it may be that the hinge on one of their eye glasses gouged him in the optic, and impaired his vision.—[Norristown Herald.]

"Governor, can I have the honor of shaking hands with you, seen as I've come a good ways to do it, and might never have the chance of approachin' you agin?" "Certainly, sir; but I am not the governor—here he comes."

Years went by, and Kenneth Ward, after a brilliant career at college and a couple of years of travel, returned to fill his uncle's heart with pride. He must have quite forgotten the little Katie of his boyhood; for not only did he fail to go and seek her that they might set about their search for the enchanted island or some retreat equally romantic, but he had actually courted, and was in due time engaged to Miss Grace Dandridge, a dashing belle, whose father and Kenneth's uncle had long been laying their canny heads together to bring about that precise result. Miss Grace had been the idol of Seth Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to whose suit it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience, or because she was prudent enough to discern the superior advantages of a match with a man of Kenneth Wardle's dazzling prospects, Miss Grace reluctantly dismissed her cousin and accepted the new suitor with a promptness which poor Seth, like the 'deposed Wolsey, though "somewhat sudden."

THE DANGERS OF BUGGY RIDING.—An editor who probably knows what he is talking about says that buggy riding is conducive to the tender feelings. We don't, for our part, see how it could very well help being so. When a young man in a soap-dish hat and polka-dotted socks drives up in his side-bar buggy in front of the house where she lives, and she comes to the door all rigged out in things which we haven't time to enumerate, and trips down the front step, and the young man just tosses her into the narrow seat and gets in beside her and then taps the horse with the whip, while the buggy quivers like a thing of life and a joy forever, and the young man beside her doesn't know but every minute will be the next one, why, we don't see why buggy riding should not be the most conducive to the tenderest feelings of anything extant. Horseback riding is cold and distant, buggy riding is the thing, and the longer the ride and the more lonely the road, the better.—[Check.]

A Man Ought to be Arrested for Procrastinating.

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A Sagacious Son-in-Law.

One of the old veterans of Wall street was giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks about to be married, and in closing his sermon, he said: "Directly after the ceremony, there will be a banquet, of course. When your wife turns over her plate she will find a check for \$50,000 under it."

A Paper Does no Good Till It Pays.

"Look at the churches themselves! No church can do any good until it's on a paying basis. So long as a church is in debt it can't secure the best talent for the pulpit or choir, and the members go about discouraged and out of heart. It's just so with a newspaper. I say that a newspaper does no good until it pays; it has no influences, its motives are suspected, and you've got to make it pay, by hook or crook, before you can hope to forward any good cause for it. That's what I say. Of course," he added, in a large, smooth way, "I'm not going to contend that a newspaper should be run solely in the interest of the counting-house. Not at all! But I do contend that when the counting room protests against a certain course the editorial brain is taking, it ought to be respectfully listened to. Suppose all the newspapers pitch in—as they sometimes do—and denounce a certain public enterprise, a projected scheme of railroad legislation, or a co-operative mining interest, or a peculiar system of banking, and the counting-house sends up word that the company advertises heavily with us; shall we go and join indiscriminately in the hue and cry, or shall we give our friends the benefit of a doubt?"—[A Modern Instance by Howells.]

Overdosing.

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Fortune in Men Hats Some Physical Developments Made.

"Who is this well-dressed man with the seal-skin overcoat, hat and gloves? He carries a gold-headed cane and is followed by a bulldog in a scarlet blanket. Do you know him?" "Oh, yes; that is Sluggier, the pugilist. Fine man. Hard hitter. Very popular. Always surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends, as you see him now. He is very well off, was given a benediction the other night that netted him \$500."

When a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of those wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and said, "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office-boy, started to wait on her. The ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly moaned a society lady, who was about snuffing off this mortal coil, "John, if the newspapers say anything about my debt into another world, just send me a dozen marked copies."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.] "I trust you are putting a few pennies aside in your savings bank," said a fond father to his son, who was beginning to earn money by doing errands and odd jobs. "Not auy, pa. Ever since I saw you shaking out a dime from it I have regarded it a blind fool. I have no faith in it." That ended the boy's catechism for that day.—[Boston Globe.]