A joy in childhood's playthings, A custing of them aside; A flash of golden youthhood's hour, When joy breaks through the passing showe A castle-building in the air, A cherished hope defeated; A smile, a joy, a doubt, A gleam reflected from the past; sigh upon its bosom cast; A mystery of a world unknown; And then-a -oul has flown; Chamber's Journal

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 suc cession; and in saying her prayers when she came to the words, "Bless every-" it was a good while before she could bring herself to repeat them without a mental exception of Kenneth's cruel uncle.

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 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 de-ferred 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, ures. her devoted knight, used to guard her pathway home against the besetments of surly dogs and butting billy-goats.

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 whose sait, it was rather more than whispered, she had lent a not unwilling ear. But whether it was through filial obedience, or because she was prudentenough prospects, Miss Grace reluctthe new suitor with a promptness which poor Seth, like the 'deposed Wolsey, though "somewhat sudden."

between Warde and Grace Dandridge, even to the setting of the wedding day, his financee's presence, bethought him of heroic sulks over his separation from that foolishness.

I suppose it was an accident-at any rate it so happened—that Kenneth's first visit in the old place was to the Denes'. hardly realize, indeed, that the yellow-headed tomboy, whose quarrels he used to quarrel now and then himself..could have grown into so bewitchingly beautiful a woman.

Katie seemed a litte hurt that Kenneth should have so totally forgotten She would have known him, she said, had they met on a deserted island. He hadn't changed a bit-only to grow ever, so much handsomer, she was on the point of adding, but checked herself with a blush.

The time passed swiftly, and Kenneth's visit was prolonged till prudence whispered it was time to think of returning f be would not be a laggard at his own wedding. If the truth must be told, it would hardly have broken his heart if something had happened to keep him away altogether; for he and Kate were spending the days very happily, barring now and then a regretful sigh as they thought secretly of what might have been. But Kenneth was a man of honor, and struggled manfully to maintain his loyalty. He had promised to marry Grace Dandridge, and must keep his word; and Kate Dene respected him too highly to wish him to play a traitor's

It was the day before Kenneth's departure, and he and Katie were taking their last walk in a neighboring wood, the scene of many a former ramble. Both were unusually silent. It was likely to be their final meeting, and it was strange they could find so little to

At last Kenneth stopped suddenly. Katie looked up and saw that his face was deathly pale, while his frame trembled violently. Grasping her hand with a quick, nervous movement, he ex- the buggy quivers like a thing of life claimed in a voice quivering with emo-

'It is a sin to marry without love. fancied, when I asked Grace Dandridge to be my wife, that I loved her-at least that I loved no other. But now that I have seen you again, a love that I had learned to look upon as a childish fancy has come back with the augmented fervor of manhood. Oh! Katie, it is you I [Cheek. love, and you only! Will you not be mine? It is not yet too late!"

For an instant her eyes sparkled with an inexpressible joy. But the next able emergencies, befits an earlier age moment the joyous light faded; and the than ours.—[Horace Greeley.

look she turned on Kenneth was almost

"You have solemnly engaged your word," she said calmly and firmly, "and I should despise you if you broke it!" Kenneth Warde 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 murmared, despairingly; "I must keep my promise, though it break my heart!" Neither spoke again till they parted at Katie's mother's door with the single

word, "Farewell!" Kenneth found his uncle in a fine possion on his return the evening before the

day set for the we lding. "Bear it like a man, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, thrusting a letter into Kenneth's hand; "I suppose this will explain all, and relieve me from the

Kenneth opened the letter and read: "MR. WARDE:—I trust you will for-give whatever pain this will cause you. I esteem you too highly to give you my hand without my heart. The latter has ong been bestowed upon my cousin, Seth Ransen; and it was only the importunity of friends that induced me, in a moment of weakness, to accept another's offer. But at the last hour, I found myself unequal to the sacrifice of a true love to a feigned one; and yielding to Seth's persuasion, I consented to his plan of a secret marriage, and am now his wife. I remain, with much respect, your friend,

"Bravo, Kenneth!" cried his uncle, as the young man broke into a hearty laugh; 'I'm glad to see you treat it so! loss is her's not yours."

It was the day after the wedding that was to have been, that Kenneth Warde, dusty and travel-stained, presented himself before Mrs. Dene, and asked for Katie.

"She has gone for a walk in the wood," was the answer. "She hasn't been quite well for a day or two past."

Kenneth waited to hear no more. He head the rush in every bout at football hurried along the old familiar path; and there, where he had spoken the rash, impassioned words, which Katie had answered so nobly, he found her seated, leaning her head pensively upon her hand, the picture of despondent sorrow. He was quite close before she looked up; and when she did so, he was startled to see how wan and haggard were her feat-

"Wish me joy, Katie!" he cried. "I do wish you joy, Kenneth-Mr. Warde," 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

Katie started to her feet, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kenneth

caught her in his arms. Then he told her all, and never did mortal man before relate with so much gusto the story of his own jilting, and when he kissed Katie at the end, whyshe let him.

Overdosing.

Children should consume as little Ransen, a handsome cousin of hers, to 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 to discern the superior advantages of a the small ailments common to childmatch with a man of Kenneth Warde's hood. To dose infants with drugs is aliminal. I am myself one of a most cr antly dismissed her cousin and accepted 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 When everything had been arranged of rheubarb during our childish distempers. We were up with the dawn and in bed at twilight; we were fed with Kenneth, who was not so foolish in love regularity three times a day, and but he could exist a brief season out of only three; there were no luncheons between meals allowed in our going to spend a few weeks in his native home. Oatmeal and milk for breakfast, village, which he had not seen since the meat and vegetables for dinner, with day he had been carried off in a fit of some plain, wholesome pudding and seasonable fruit, bread and milk at five Katie Dene. Of course he laughed at o'clock-this was our bill of fare, vasied 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 He didn't know Katie at first-could coffee until we had reached "years of discretion," and could decide for ourselves. The result was our good health he was always taking up, and with whom | 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 perpet ually "purging" 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 phenomens of health and disease. The use of cordials and drams is dis time such yer a foot high. simply a reckless play with poisons.

> 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. 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 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 to the bank." riding is cold and distant, buggy riding is the thing, and the longer the ride and the more lonely the road, the better .-

what was said by the Press in memor- has always respected me for it. That's Little Johnny Dow had brought his A history which takes no account of

A Rich Man's Hasty Marriage

A woman of common appearance, 30 wears old, who gave her some a Mrs. as a rip o the mastrels. Last week May Shibley, went to pone wealquare, we took a spin ver the Michigan Centers recently and made inquiries for her tral, and during our waking moments 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 Her name before her marwax flowers. riage 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 gen. 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 steamsnip 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.
"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 P. 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

to the men. 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. 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

A Man Ought to be Arrested for Procrastinating.

ceremony had been performed.—N. Y. Special to Cincinnati Commercial, Oct.

24th.

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: "Jedge, kin I git a 'dictment writ agin dat wuffless nigger, Pete?'

"What's he been doing?" "He's a procrastimator. He's bin a prograstimatin'. "Procrastinating? There's no law

against that." "No law agin procrastimation? what's de law fur? Ain t procrastimation de thief ob time?" "Certainly, I believe it has been so

stated: "Well, den, ain't Pete a thief?" "Yes, you might so construe it, but you cannot convict a man for stealing

"No, but when we hab got de proof on him for stealing time, we hab got de circumstantial ebidence agin him fur stealin money, fur don't flossify say dat time am money? Got yer dar, jedge And the old man went out chuckling to himself: "Got him dar. Got de jedge

A Sagacions Sou-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, your wife turns over her plate she will find a check for \$50,000 under it.'

"Do you really think so?" "Oh, I know it. That's the prevailing style now a days. The check will be passed around and finally given to you to pocket.

"And the next day I will draw the money on it?"

"Oh, no, you won't." "Why not?"

"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dolt of yourself by rushing

"No matter what you thought. the check to frame and hang up. When friends the benefit of a doubt?"-[A I was married, thirty years ago, my wife found one under her plate. I've got it yet. I thought too much of her father to mortify his feelings, and I know he all, my son. If you run short on your bridal tour, telegraph me."

The 'ray led Lady.

A jaunt over a railway is often as good were highly called, amused and instructed by the tone and conversation of two ladies in the seat fornist our own, across the aisle and abaft 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 the window with a bronze green plume in her hat.

"Oh, yes, they run 'em now on all trains.

"What are they for?" "Oh, they are to ventilate the car and give 'em more fresh air. I heard they intended to put 'em on cattle cars so the poor animals could get plenty of oxy-"Indeed! This is a wonderful age.

Did you ever ride in a chair car?" "Oh, yes, they are just the nicest kind of cars. Some of 'em are real easy, too; have rockers on 'em. But I like a sleeper

the best." "Yes, they are more homelike and comfortable. If any accident happens they unhook the sleeper and leave it at the last station."

"Why, my! How nice!" "Yes, and the sleeper is much more comfortable to ride in because it don't go as fast as the rest of the train.'

'It don't?" "O, no. Charles says the Pulman Company won't allow the railroads to haul the sleepers near so fast as the balance of the cars.

"Why how strange!" "Yes, very." "What do you suppose makes the cars

way so, back and forth?" "O, I heard the company had been experimenting lately with rockers on the cars. It's something to do with concussion and retraction of the expansive compression, or something of that kind.

"What a wonderful age!" "It is really. And these accident insurance companies are a great improvement over the old style of traveling. Charles says that all first class roads carry them nowadays, and it makes one so much more secure to know that they are on the same train with one of them. They are worked by electricity, and must cost awful high, don't you think

"Yes, they must that."

Oddities of Klasing.

The Providence Transcript alleges 'that no man has kissed Susan B. Anthony for 30 years." Much blame attaches

An Italian image peddler was sent to prison for kissing a Cleveland woman. Wonder how she found out after the kissing that he wasn't a count?-[Philadelphia News.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days," was an old Connecticut Blue law. Herein we see the origin of going Sunday night to kiss the grown-up children of other people.-| Boston Globe.

Young men, don't pay the minister over \$10. You will need all your currency the first time Belinda puts her dimpled arms around your neck and ries to trade off two kisses for a spring bonnet .- New Orleans Picayune.

An excited old maid in a temperance lodge a few evenings since read an original poem entitled, "The Lips that touch Liquor Shall Never Touch mine, and the young men present gave her three cheers but no kisses .- Jersey City Journal.

of his return. It was possible, she thought, he might be wondering about the city intoxicated. The Rev. Mr. Furguson stated that he noticed that The Atlanta Constitution has never found a farmer wise enough to explain Shibley was under the influence of liquor how red ears of corn can come from white kernels. What's the odds, so long on Friday evening, after the marriage as finding a red ear at a husking bee entitles you to kiss the best looking girl in the crowd?- Detroit Free Press.

Talk about your outside kisses. Give us the kiss of the good housewife, which is always preceded by a wipe of her mouth by the nice and virtuous kitchen apron. (Of course by this we don't mean the kiss of any other fellow's housewife. Kentucky State Journal.

The young lady to whom her lover sang "Darling, Kiss My Tears Away, was just leaning out into the moonlight for that purpose when a No. 12 bull-dog happened around the corner. Talk about "unkissed kisses," there was a back yard full of them while the town clock was striking one .- | Rochester Post Ex-

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 .- [Norris. town Herald.

"A Paper Bors no Good Till It Pay-."

"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 countinghouse. Not at all! But I do contend that when the counting room protests against a certain course the editorial room is taking, it ought to be respectfully listened to. Suppose all the newspapers pitch in-as they sometimes doand denounce a certain public enter-prise, a projected scheme of railroad legislation, or a co-operative mining inter est, 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 Modern Instance by Howell.

The pop pistol disturbed the congregation in a church at Gleucester, Mass. revolver as a plaything with which to while away the long hour of worship.

Maxims for the Thoughtful.

A burnt moustache dreads the short

There's many a slip between the pulpit and the church door. A sliver 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 the sooner the deadlock is

ended. Piety is often but knee deep.

You can't make a portemonnaic out of two-legged calf. Like the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing and is always ready to drowning ones do. interfere with the kissing of others. When the spring bonnet comes into

the house, money flies out of the pocket-Oh, that mine enemy had been at

home during spring cleaning. A eigarette in the mouth snows which way the money goes.

Lonesome is whom handsome does. The man who pleads his own cause is unloyed of lawyers.

The man who saves five cents by walking gives ten to the shoemaker. It is a short layin' that has no turn in it.

The boot-tree is known by his boot. The scissors 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 Speech is cheap, but votes are what

tell A woman after his own heart is what pleaseth 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.

A Concatenated 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 enthusi sm. "Any chills?"

"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 hain't shook none

"Is your family well?" "Splendid health, sir."

Next day the man again approached Cackston and said: "You have misrepresented your place to me and I'm going to whale you right here."

"I made no misrepresentation," he nervously replied. "I asked you how health was down

"And I said that health was good. Now, sir, health is good. Everybody wants health, and its good wherever you

"You said that on old man who had palsy-"I said that an old man who had palsy

came to my house and hadn't shook none since. He died." You said that your family was well. I found that your family are all sick." 'My f mily is well. Them peo ple living in that house is not my family;

my folks live in town."
"I ought to whale you," said the man, "for I know you have lied somewhere. I'll see you again in a day or two, and if by that time I have found the township, section, and range of the lie you told,

look out."-Free Press. Alex. Stephens and the Countryman.

The Atlanta Post-Appeal prints the following:

Soon after the entrance of the train containing the great commoner a countryman was sighted on the rear end of the back car, prominently perched on top of the bumber, gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the face of Henry Grady, who was making his exit through the doorway. After a minute and gratifying survey of the noble physique of the Apollo of the local noble physique of the Apollo of the local said, "I want a masher," every man in press, he lost all consciousness of his the shop, from the boss to the office-boy, humble station and gave way to the herole promptings of a patriotic spirit. He ventured:

"Governor, can I have the honor of shaking hands with you, seein' 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 gov ernor-here he comes.

"Is that him?" "That is Governor Stephens." "Well, I'll be durned!"

"What did you remark?" "I'd heard he 'was a progedy; but if that's the biggest man they could trump up for governor of Georgy, I think we'd better leave the State, for the country's

degeneratin'." We don't estimate a statesman by his physical developments, it's the brain; the governor has the greatest brain in Georgia.

"I don't care nothin' about brain; but the idea of a man bein' governor that's got to be carried aroun' like a bundle o' clothes.'

FALLING IN LOVE.-The Burlington Hawkeye is responsible for the following: Mrs. Howe says, "Women do not fall in love any more." "Ah, well, Perhaps Mrs. Howe's charming and beautiful daughter is better authority on that subject than her gifted mother. You see, Mrs. Howe, there comes a time when we-when we are apt to-well, the plain fact of the matter is, others do not grow old at 18 just because we do at 45. There are girls falling in love, headlong, every day, in the same old impulsive, romantic, beautiful, unquestioning fashion that used to prevail when their mothers' mothers' mother wore dimples try clergyman. Very learned man, they twenty years old. When the time comes that men and women do not fall in love you may just nickel-plate this poor old world and sell it for a moon. There will be nobody on it when that time comes. Women don't fall in love any more? Of course not; they can't perform impossi-bilities, and they cannot fall in love any everything there was in the house and more than they do, unless the years are left him presents to the amount of sixty made longer. | Holidaysburg Standard. made longer.

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. Labouchere say that France is

now one gigantic gamb'ing establish ment. An English financial critic says significantly that England never hawks her

wares abroad. New York Commercial Advertiser: Thirsty men catch at straws oftener than

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 German voters in Massachusetts, and 47,000 Irish voters. Plantation philosophy: "Misery may like company, but I'd rather hab de

rheumatis in one leg den ter hab it in bofe." "When my cousin was married," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, "I gave her a handsome water giraffe and two goblins."-

London Saturday Review: After all, most friendships come lightly; so, if they also go lightly, we ought not to be as-

tonished. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett owns the smallest pony in the world. It stands thirteen inches high, and is five years of age.

Alligators are now raised in Florida for their hides, which bring high prices. Farms have been started in various parts of the States.

A Hoboken miser, Joseph L. Lewis, bequeathed \$950,000 in government bonds toward the extinguishing of the

national debt. It is proposed in Chicago to introduce a text book on good behavior into the public schools. The school board has

not yet passed on the matter. "Neuralgia" is the name borne by a charming girl of Iowa. Her mother found it on a medicine-bottle, and was captivated with its sweetness.

As Ingians never mutilate a suicide, and as Custer's body was the only one of his murdered force unmutilated, Buffalo Bill is confident that Gen. Custer shot himself. In a particular field are ninety-seven

water-melons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninetyseven go into five?" - [Detroit Free Press. In every tobacco factory at Key West

there is a "reader." Cubans can not talk without gesticulation, and in order to keep them from talking a person is hired to read aloud to the hands during working hours. An advertiser offers to send an article

free by mail on receipt of one dollar." Such a generous individual would probably give a brick house away for nothing on the payment of four thousand dollars .- | Detroit Post. Graphic: The latest and most ingeni-

ous novelty in headgear for gentlemen of artistic tastes and slender incomes is said to be the tall white "plug" of last summer, with a base burner painted on the front side and a coal hod behind. "Married but six weeks and in tears! exclaimed a friend to a weeping bride.

Yes the first cruel shadow has fallen

athwart our pathway. It is settled at

last; either I must give up eating taffy or George must cut off his moustache. This is progress; this is civilization. To level to the earth the mighty incubus of mental and moral wrong-not by smiting with the sword or by the hurling of cannot shot, but by the golden shaft of thought, winged from the bow of pure

and lofty wisdom. Some Englishmen recently got up lawn tennis at Schwalbach, Germany, and after a day or two the mayor requested that the gentlemen would play with their coats on, as the ladies of the place were shocked at the want of decency shown by the foreigners.

This slang does raise the very mischief. When a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of these wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and started to wait on her.

The ruling passion strong in death: "John," feebly mouned a society lady, who was about shuffling off this mortal coil, "John, if the newspapers say anything about my debut 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 fend father to his son, who was beginning to earn money by doing errands and odd

for that day .- | Boston Globe. Fortuge in Men Hath Some Small Dif-ference Made.

johs. "Not any, pa. Ever since I saw you shaking out a dime from it I have re-

garded it a blind pool. I have no faith in it." That ended the boy's catechism

"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 Slugger, 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 beneat the other night that netted him \$500."

"Indeed; he is very lortunate." "Oh, yes, a very fortunate fellow; ranks high in his profession, you see." "Who is that white headed, wearylooking old man close behind the pugilist and his friends? Poor man, he seems thinly clad for this wintry weather. Do

you know him?" "Oh, yes; that is old Faithful, a counsay. Been a preacher of the gospel all his life, but poor as a rat. He had a benefit too, the other night."

"Oh, indeed! Did it net him much?" "I don't think it did. You see, it was a sort of a surprise party. His parishion-