THE DETIL'S REVENGE.

It was toward the end of November; the Imperial garden of Vienna was deserted, a sharp breeze was whirling the saffron-colored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold; the rose bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial garden was not without a certain melancholy charm. The long ailey prolonged far away its reddening arcades; beyond the view stretched over the Prater and Danube; it was such a promenade as a poet would have de-

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience. His costume, somewhat theatrical in its elegance, consisted of a frock coat of black velvet with gold der amalgram of characteristic types. facings and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantaloons, top-boots with tassels coming half way up his legs. He might have been twenty-seven or twentyeight years of age; his pale and regular features were full of finesse, and irony lurked in the creases around his eyes and the corners of his mouth; at the University, which he appeared to have quitted recently, for he still wore the student's cap with oak leaves, he must have plagued the "Philistines," and shone in the front ranks of the "Burschen" and

The narrow limits within which he circumscribed his walk showed that he was waiting for some one, probably a lady, for the Imperial garden of Vienna in the month of November is hardly propitious to business rendezvous. Soon a young girl appeared at the end of the avenue; a turban of black silk covered her rich blond hair, whose long ringlets had been slightly uncurled by the dampness of the evening; her complexion, or-dinarily of waxen whiteness, had taken a rosy tint from the bite of the cold. Grouped and wrapped as she was in her mantle trimmed with marten skin, she resembled ravishingly the statuette of La Frileuso; a little terrier accompanied her, a convenient chaperon, on whose indulgence and discretion you could

"Imagine, Heinrich," said the pretty Viennese, taking the young man's arm, "I have been dressed and ready to go out for more than an hour, and my aunt kept on with her sermons on the dangers of waltzing, on recipes for Christmas cakes and carp with bine sauce. I went out on the pretext of buying some gray boots, of which I have no need whatever It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell all these little lies which I am constantly regretting and constantly beginning over again. What an idea it was of yours to take to the stage. What was the good of studying theology so long at Heidelberg? My parents liked you, and we might have been married to-day but for that. Instead of meeting on the sly under the bare trees of the Imperial garden, we should be seated side by side before a fine porcelain stove, in a nice warm room, talking of the future of our children. Would not that be a happy lot, Heinrich?

"Yes, Katy very happy," replied the in and fur the dimpled arm of the pretty Viennese; "but I cannot help it. The ture he can make an entire theater shudtheater attracts me invincibly; I dream | der. of it by day, I think of it by night; I Every role that I play makes me a new ilfe; all these passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othelo, ingenues." Charles, Moor. When one is all that, he

for a son-in-law.

"No, certainly not an poor ambulant artist, the obscure actor, a puppet of man-it a great actor, agers and the pul covered with glo earns more mo will not refu ome to sak may be. hand in a varnish of which as a looking with gold lace. for me, do you think fuse me?"

"I do not think they will But who says, Heinrich, that you will ever come to that? You have talent, but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. the time that you shall have become the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Katy, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all the princesse of the theater, so joyous and so gayly decked?

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an ad-

that I do not like to see a Christian asevery moment I was afraid that a verit- trivial. able hell-fire would issue from one of

last performance, and I shall no longer ances. put on the black and red costume which

so much displeases you.' "So much the better! for my mind is profitable to your glory will not be profitable to your salvation; I am afraid, too, "It is not so, sir, no that you will contract bad habits in the company of these horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers, and I dare wager that you have

the little cross, which was still shining

on his breast. While they were talking thus the two lovers had arrived at the Thabor-Strasse in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker who was famous for the perfection

of his gray boots; after chatting some time at the door, Katy entered, followed by her terrier, not without having abandoned her pretty slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to catch a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty boots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the brass rods in the window; but the fog had silvered the glass with its moist breath, and he could only distinguish a confused sil-houette; then taking a heroic resolution, he turned on his heel and went with de liberate step to the inn of the Two-headed Eagle.

II.

That night there was a numerous company at the Two headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description, and the caprice of Callot and that of Goya could not have produced an odblessed cellars celebrated by Hoffmann, with steps so worn, so greasy, so slippery, that you cannot put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on the table, a pipe in your mouth, be-tween a pot of beer and a measure of new

Through the thick cloud of smoke that almost choked and blinded you at first, all sorts strange figures appeared after a few minutes. There were Wallachians with their cafetan and Astrakhan cap, Servians, Hungarians with long black mustaches, caparisoned with dolmans and embroidery; Bohemians with coppery complexions, narrow forehead and arched nose; honest Germans with laced coats; Tartars with eyes turned up like those of Chinese; all imaginable populations. The East was represented by a fat Turk coiled up in a corner and peace-fully smoking a pipe of Moldavian cherrywood, with a bowl of red clay and a monthpiece of vellow amber.

Everybody was eating and drinking. The drink consisted of strong beer and a mixture of new red wine with old white wine; the food, of slices of cold veal,

ham or pastry.

Round the tables turned unceasingly one of these long German waltzes which produce on northern imaginations the same effect as hashish and opium on the Orientals; the couples passed and repassed rapidly; the women, almost fainting with pleasure on the arms of their cavaliers, to the sounds of a waltz by Larmer, swept away with their skirts the clouds of smoke and refreshed the faces of the drinkers. At the counter some Morlacean improvisators, accompanied by a player upon the guzla, were reciting a sort of dramatic complaint which seemed greatly to divert a dozen strange figures clothed in sheepskin and coifed with tarbonkhs.

Heinrich went to the end of the celler and sat at a table where were already seated three or four other personages of joyous mien and merry humor.

"Ab, Heinrich!" cried the eldest of the band; "mind yourselves, my friends; foenum habet in cornu." You know you had a truly diabolical look the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, and who does not draw back before a slice of cold ham, could young man, as he pressed under the sat- put on such venomous wicked and sardonie airs, and that with a single ges-

"Eh! why that is the reason why feel the desire to live in the creation of Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comthe poets; I seem to have twenty exist edian. There is no glory in playing a role that is in your character; the tri-

Heinrich sat down modestly, and called can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor."

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents will never have an actor

"Ah! if the great Wolfgang Gothe had seen you!" said one. "Show us your feet," said another. "!

am sure you have a forked hoof." The other drinkers attracted by these exclamations, looked at Heinrich seriously, all happy to have the opportunity of closely examining so remarkable a man. The young men who had form-erly knew Heinrich at the University, and whose names he hardly knew, came up to him and shook him cordially by the hand, as if they had been his intimate friends. The prettiest valsenses as they passed shot at him the tenderest

glauces of their blue and silvery eyes. One man only, seated at a neighboring table, seem to take no part in the general enhuthusiasm; his head thrown backward, he was thrumming distractedly with his fingers on the crown of his grand actor of whom you speak, the hat a military march, and, from time to time, he attered a sort of humph, singularly dubious.

The aspect of this man was of the strangest, although he was dressed as an burgher of Vienna, enjoying a modest fortune; his grey eyes were shaded with green tints, and shot out phosphoric lights like the eyes of a cat. When his vantageous engagement at the theater of pale, flat lips parted, they showed two the Carinthian Gate, and the manager is rows of teeth very white, very sharp, so satisfied with the manner in which I and very wide apart, of the most canniplayed my last role that he has made me | bal and ferocious aspect; his long nails, a present of 2000 thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the my only appeared by rapid flashes; to the shining and ourved, took a vague apnew piece. I confess to you, Heinrich, eye that watched him fixedly, his face that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the hu- air" appearance of a retired Vennese man race and pronounce words at blas- merchant, and you felt astonished that phemy. The other day I went to see you could have suspected of villainy you at the Carinthian theater, and at and deviltry a face so valgar and so

Internally Heinrich was shocked at the the traps where you were swallowed up indiference of the man. This disdainful in flames of spirits of wine. I returned silence took away their value from the home all confused, and dreamed horrible panegyrics which his noisy companions lavished upon him. It was the silence "My good Katy, that is all imagnia- of the old "connoissenr" who did not tion; to-morrow, too, will take place the allow himself to be deceived by appear-

Atmayer, the youngest of the com-pany, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and ada prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I dressing the strange man, as if taking fear that the role which has been so him to bear witness to an assertion that

"It is not so, sir, no actor has ever played the role of Mephistopheles better

than my comrade here?" "Humph," said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp lost the little cross that I gave you." teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man Heinrich justified himself by showing of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he is wanting in many things neces

sury to play the role of the devil. And suddenly drawing himself up: "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?

He put this question in such a strange

and mocking tone that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theater of the ing man with a big mustache, a big Carinthian Gate, and I was not satisfied glass diamond, and a plug hat, to anwith your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a other gentleman of the same species as is the way you ought to laugh":

And thereupon, as to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so strident, so sardonic, that the orches tra and dancers stopped at that very instant; the glass in the windows trembled. The stranger continued his pitiless and convulsive laugh for several minutes, and Heinrich and his companions, in spite of their terror, could not help the farmer. imitating it.

When Heinrich recovered himself the vaults of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble echo, the last notes of that looking gold note. broken and terrible titter, and the stran- "What's the quantum of the control of the ger was no longer there.

Some days after this strange accident, which he had almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a joke of an ironical burgher, Heinrich was playing his part of the demon in the new piece.

On the first row of scats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word he pronounced, he shook his head, winked his eye, smacked rested. his tougue against his palate, and showed signs of the liveliest impatience. "Bad! bad!" he murmured softly to himself:

At the end of the first act the stranger rose, as if he had taken a sudden reso-Intion, strade over the big drum, the cymbals and trombone, and disappeared over to my friend here. through the little door that leads from the orchestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting until the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see as he turned, standing in the narrow corridor, a mysterious personage, clothed exactly as he was, and who looked at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had a strange profundity in the darkness; and

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two-headed Eagle, or rather the devil in person, for it was he.

Ah! ah! my young friend, you wish to play the devil! You were very middling in the first act, and you would decidedly give too poor an idea of me to the good citizens of Vienna. You will allow me to replace you this evening, and as you might interfere with me I will send you to the cellar below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness and felt himself lost; putting his hand mechanically to the little cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help and to murmur his formula of exorcism, but terror choked him; he could utter only a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by the shoulders and pushed him by main force through the door, then he entered upon the scene, when his cue gun. came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, biting, venomous and truly diabolical acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced great effect was the sharp titter just fork over that plunder. like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming the joys of Paradise. Never had an actor attained such power of sarcasm, such a depth of "Well, the fact is, boys, I'm a detecvillainy; the audience laughed, but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted from the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling flame ran from his feet; the light of the lusters grew pale, the footlights shot out reddish flashes; a sort of sulphurous smell reigned in the theater; the spectators were, as it were, delirious, and thunders of frantic applause greeted each phrase of the marvelous Mephistopheles, who often substituted verses of his own invention for the verses of the poet, and the substitution was always happy and accepted with transports.

Katy, to whom Heinrich had sent a box, was in a state of extraordinary alarm; she did not recognize her dear Heinrich; she presaged some misfortune with that spirit of divination which love gives.

The performance ended amidst indespribable enthusiasm. When the curtain fell the public called for Mephistopheies with loud cries. He was sought for in vain; but at last a scene-shifter came and told the manager that Heinrich had been found in the cellar, where he had probably fallen through a trap. Heinrich was unconscious; he was taken to his home, and when he was undressed they saw with surprise that he had deep scratches on his shoulders, as if a tiger had tried to crush him with his paws. Katy's little cross had preserved him from death, and the devil, vanquished by this influence, had contented himself with flinging Heinrich into the cellar of the theater.

The convalescence of Heinrich was ager of the theater offered him a brilliant engagement, but Heinrich refused it, for he was by no means anxious to risk his salvation a second time, and he knew, too, that he would dever be able to equal his terrible duplicate.

After two or three years, having come into a little fortune, he married the handsome Katy, and now the two sitting side by side in front of a percelain stove in a nice warm room, are talking of the future of their children.

Play-goers still speak with admiration of that marvelous evening, and are astonished at Heinrich's caprice which made him abandon the stage after so great a triumph.

House Without an Owner .- It is a curious circumstance that there are two Times, "that simple ballads are the easblocks of unfinished brick houses on Sixteenth and French streets, in Philadelphia, for whom no owner can be found. They are six in number, and were begun poetry gives me greater pleasure than in 1875, for F. R. Williams, but were abandoned after \$12,000 had been ex- Robert Burns, and the many simple, pended. Since that time they have been an eye-sore to the neighborhood, and that live in English homes. I regret have been an enlarged "play-house" for all the children thereabouts. The cellars are partly filled with stagnant water, decaying carcasses and debris of all kinds, and they have become a nuisance. They have changed owners several times, and the present owner not being ascertainable the board of health has ordered the owner of the land to remove

A Scientific Experiment.

"Yes, sir; it is one of the most singular scientific facts," said one hard-lookglass diamond, and a plug hat, to ansly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this an unsophisticated-looking stranger entered the card room of a Market street saloon and took a seat.

"I don't believe it-it don't seem natural," objected the other ingenuous party fumbling with his two pound oroide chain.

"I'll bet you twenty on it, and I'll put the money up in this gentleman's hand's" said the first speaker, motioning toward "Guess I'll have to go you," said the

other fishing out a consumptive buckskin and producing a rather dubious-"What's the question, gentlemen?" said the granger timidly, as he brushed

some hayseed off his sleeve and ordered

"Why, just this," explained the first Kearney street chromo. "I was telling my friend here that if a man ties a bandage tight around his head he can drink friends, more in jest than in earnest, all the beer he can hold without feeling it-can't get drunk, in fact.'

"Then s'posin' he takes the band age off?" asked the farmer, much inter-"Why, then, of course, it all flies

his head, and he gets fuller'n a tick in less than s'teen minutes. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do, stranger. We'll pay for all the beer you can stretch yourself over, and if the experiment doesn't turn out as I say, you hand the stakes

"Am I to be stakeholder, too?" said the rustic, as the coin was turned over.

"All set—fire away."

"'Here, waiter, twenty-five beers!"

shouted one of the sports, while the backer of scientific facts tied the granger's red bandana so tight around his head the delegate from the tomato counties couldn't get his eyes shut.

Thirty-five glasses disappeared down the agricultural beer trap, but still the whose white, sharp, wide-set teeth gave importation from Petaluma smiled something ferocious to his sardonic blandly at his entertainers, and conversed without the slightest signs of a hiccough, much to the delight of the instigator of the test.

'Now," exclaimed that individual, much excited, "he's had enough to make a horse drank. Let's take off the band-

his head began to wabble, and, presently, he slipped down on the floor a hopeless case of "roller."
"That's all right, Ned," said the first

conspirator, with a chuckle. "He's clean gone; hurry up and go through him. Open his vest-these stockmen generally carry money belts."

"I believe I've got everything now," said the other pal, diving into the last pocket, "all except his six-shooter. He's a queer old chicken to go heeled." "Oh, hurry up-we don't want his

"I'm glad to hear it, gentlemen," said the inebriate, suddenly sitting up and cocking the weapon referred to. stir, boys. I've got the drop on you, so

"Great Scott!" gasped the spots, as they laid the stranger's effects on the Yanks that day." tive, and have been spotting vou for a couple of boodle-ringers ever since you

struck the town. Let me see; I win that \$40 and I guess I'll assess you fellows about a tenner apiece extra for expenses—diff it out lively. That is all right, now, my men; where do you hail "Chicago," growled the disgusted con-

fidence men. "I thought so. You'll be allowed just 48 hours to shake the town-don't forget. Ta, Ta! Ain't you going to set up the beer before you go?" "Well, you have gall," muttered one

of the bankrupt firm, as they pulled their hats over their eyes and filed out, "asking us to put up more beer—how's of that fight."

"asking us to put up more beer—how's of that fight."

But Mac's feelings were too deep for utterance,-S. F. Post.

A Beautiful Tribute to Woman.

Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly-annoyed at a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or rattling of a window at night, overpowered by the perfumes of a rosebud. But let a real calamity come, arouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle, give ber a child, a bird or anything to protect, and see her in a relative instance lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to help the helpless. Translong; as soon as he was better the man. plant her to the dark places of the earth. call her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence is a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when the strong, the brave, the noble, pale and affrighted shrink away. Misfortunes haunt her not; she wears away a life of silence and endurance; and goes forward with less timidity than for her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting for the wings of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the center from which radiates the charm of existence.

SIMPLE BALLADS .- All great singers do not despise simple music. Nilsson is one of the exceptions. "It must not be supposed," she said to the Philadelphia jest tasks which fall to the singer's lot, I may say that I sing them from choice, because I love them. No lyric the melodies of Moore, the ditties of touching ballads of nameless authors that there are so few genuinely excellent modern ballads, although there is much that delights me in some of Sullivan's. English and American andiences are alike fond, I find, of this simple music. After all, there is not much difference between the peoples."

To a communist in a beer saloon the ship of State is a schooner.

An Austrien Monarch's Pleasantry.

The Hungarian uprising for independence in 1848 resulted in much good for that dependency of the Hapsburgs. Kossuth, although defeated, did not rebel in vain. Almost all that he fought for has since been yielded by the Vienna government. Reforms have been granted to the Magyars, who are no longer restless under a grinding despotism, but who, with their local Parliament, have something in the semblance of freedom. Eminent Hungarians have been called to high places in the Austrian cabinet, and even to leadership. They have been trusted by the emperor, and have not been ungrateful for distinguished favors received. Count Julius Andrassy is one of these. He has been loaded with honors and covered with decorations. A month or two ago his house was entered by burglars, and the numerous imperial and royal decorations that had been bestowed upon him were carried off. The loss was certainly annoying, if not serious. At a recent dinner given by the emperor, to which the ex-minister had been invited, a number of Andrassy's condoled with him at the disappearance of all his chivalric insignia in a single night. Andrassy, without perceiving what might have been half raillery, replied that few people could realize how many petty, but keenly vexatious troubles were inflicted by such a robbery on a victim. At this moment the Emperor joined the group, and having overheard the remark, laughingly said: "I can very well imagine how desperate the Count must have felt when he was informed of what had taken place, Moreover, I know what was the real cause of his despair. But I shall not reveal it unless I have his promise not to take my disclosure in evil part." The Count declared that he could not but learn with respectful gratitude whatsoever his Majesty might have been pleased to discover; whereupon the Emperor continued: "What really drove the Count beside himself when he was apprised of the robbery was his inner con-sciousness that he did not know in the least what orders, or how many, he was the possessor of, and therefore could not venture to make the declaration required party or set does.— Emerson. by the police in such cases, specially describing the property stolen from him." And then, turning to Andrassy, playfully asked him-"am I not in the right?" "You are, indeed," replied the This was done, and, sure enough, a surprising change came over the subject. His eyes grew heavy, his tongue thick,

Willing to Come Down a Little.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta I came acro-s a young man who was digging post holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that fight myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four hours. I rested my gun right there on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight "No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it." "Let's see! This battle was fought in

1864?" "K'rect von are." "That's about eighteen years ago?"

".Tist about." "And you are about twenty-five years

old?" "I was twenty-five this spring." Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar?" "Perhaps you were, but you see you

he continued in a serious voice, "and I'll

tell you what I'm willing to do." "Well?" "I'll call it twenty-four instead of twent-eight dead Yanks in front of my

position! That's fair isn't it?" I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once established.

He Bida't Catch Oa.

He was a tender-foot, new to the scenes, lounged in among the miners and cow-boys of Eastern Oregon, and when he was slapped on the shoulder and asked to "irrigate," he said:

"What?" "Moisten your larynx?" "How?"

"Smile?" "I don't catch your meaning."

"Drive another nail?" "You have the advantags." "Try some of the hair of that dog that

bit you?"

"I cannot grasp-"Nominate your poison."

"What's that?" "Crook your elbow?"

"I'm in the the dark."

"Belly up."
"Do what?" "Test the tipple?"

"Don't-

"Cut the phlegm?" "The-

"Sample?" "Sample what?"

"Paint your nose?" 'Paint my nose?"

Take some whisky-gin-cognacdrink something strong with me. You don't seem to catch onto no kind of a hint. Won't you drink some whisky

and sugar?" A new contrivance for heating freight itself to the outside temperatue and to 45 degrees inside the car. If it is cold outside, the fire burns more briskly, if parties brought the papers to Lexington oil stove of peculiar construction and the heat is conveyed under the floor and up and get the approval of the grand jury. the sides of the car on all sides. of apple, potatoes and vegetables in the divorce was of no account and not freezing weather.

ALL SORTS.

When a pretty Irish girl is stolen some boy-cotter is suspected.

Black wool dresses remain the favorites of American women for ordinary

The wearer of patched trouzers is a firm believer in the efficacy of patched

ulsters.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions, when she is adding up a grocery bill.

Marriage makes men thoughtful. About half their time is spent in forming excuses.

It is a popular error to look upon the wearer of the "mutton-chop" whiskers as mutton-headed.

Children wear Jerseys, and red is a stylish color for their whole costume, from cap to slippers. Some pretty fancy wall pockets come

in the shape of an old-fashiond bellows for blowing the fire. New servant: "Oh, if you haven't any children I can't come, because whenever

anything is broken there will be nobody to blame it on but me." "Need a new hat?" he said. "No, but I'll tell you in confidence why I bought it. I want folks to think I'm a Demo-

Making fun of English fun: North countryman to tourist: "Ah!" Tourist to North countryman: "Ab, hah!" North countryman retires much disconcerted. -Arkansaw Traveler A man at Omaba found \$3 on the

crat."-Boston Post.

extent of \$7, and made the loser foot the bill. It is sometimes disagreeable to deal with an honest man. A Binghamton mail bag was found in a New York lager-beer saloon last week.

street, and he advertised the find to the

Nobody who is at all acquainted with Binghampton males will consider this strange. - Rochester Express. But one may run a risk once too often. They stay away from the polls, saying that one vote can do no good! Or they take another step, and say one vote can

do no harm! And vote for something

Us Boys.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right them all now? Your fathers own them. do they not?"
"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this

property then?"

"Us boys." "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along a street notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors wanting for some one to treat them?"

'Yes, sir; lots of them.' "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead."

"And who will be the drunkards then? "Us boys," shouted the unabashed youngsters.—[Albany Press.

Too Talkative. A Clevelander owns a parrot of brilliant talkative ability. Poll was hanging in the porch one day,

when a strange dog came along and settled himself down in a snug corner for Poll let him get well curled up, and

then began to whistle and shout: "Sie him, sir; sie him." The dog raised his head lazily at first,

but at Poll's persistent calls got up and looked ready for business. Seeing no-body about, but espying Poll, he made a dash for her, and managed to give her about the worst imaginable shaking up, when she yelled excitedly: "Let me go, d-n you let me go."

The now astonished beast dropped the bird and ran off. Poll surveyed her dismal aspect ruefully, and was heard shortly after scold-

ing herself lowly:
"Poll yeu talk too much, Poll, you talk too much."

A Great Mistake.

During a marriage ceremony the bride was sobbing immoderately while the knot was being tied. "What is the matier, my young wo-

man?" asked the official.

"Oh, sir," replied the bride, "it's lecause it's forever.' "No, no," replied the parson, "that's a mistake-a great mistake-it's not forever. Death puts an end to the engage-

ment. On hearing this the bride dried her ears and was consoles.,

An engineer employed on some of the public works at Szegedin, Hungary, bought four eigars one day not long ago and began to smoke. He had finished one and laid another, half-smoked, upon his writing-table when suddenly it exploded, throwing him from his chair and wounding his cheek, ears, lips and left hand. Investigation showed that the cigar had contained a glass tube filled The fact that with nitro-glycerine. tobacco is a monopoly, manufactured and sold by dealers licensed by the Government, makes the mystery deeper. If the officer's eigar had been in his mouth when it exploded he would doubtless have been killed, a circumstance which does not add to the pleasure of smoking in Szegedin.

A COMMUNITY AS A DIVORCE COURT .-Not so very long ago a man and his wife in this county came to the conclusion that they needed a divorce. Consequentears been put in use on some of the New Is athey divided the property equally, England railroads. The apparatus is an drew up an agreement and sent for three automatic heater, the flame regulating or four of their neighbors to come in, who heard the statement of each and apmaintaining an even temperature of 40 proved the agreement, and man and wife separated. The next court one of the warm, it dies away. The heater is an and placed them in the hands of an at-It is then in session, it being with difficulty useful in the North to enable shipments that the lawyer made her believe that