TWO OF THEM. CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

In the farm house porch the farmer sat With his daughter, having a cosey chat; She was his only child, and he Thought her as fair as a girl could be; A wee bit jealous the old man grew, If he fancied any might come to woo; His one pst 'amb and her loving care He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you," said he-There should be two to welcome me When I come home from the field at night; Two would make the old home bright There's neighbor Gray, with his children four To be glad together. Had I one more, To be glad together. Had I one mo A proud old father I'd be, my dear, With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the o'd elm tree, Donald waited alone; and she For whom he waited his love call heard, And on either cheeks the blushes stirred, "Father," she cried, and knelt her down, And kissed the hand that was old and brown "Father, there may be two if you will, And I-your only daughter still.

Two to welcome you home at night,
Two to make the old home bright,
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer, "and who may somebody be? Oh, the dimples on Bessie's cheek, That played with the blushes hide and seek! Away from his gaze she turned her head-"One of neighbor Gray's children, sir,"she said.

"H'mt" said the farmer: "make it plain, Is it Susan, Alice or Mary Jane?" Another kiss on the aged hand, To help the farmer to understand—
"H'm!" said the farmer; "Yes, I see;
It's two for yourself, and one for me."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one For me an a my heart till life is done."

IDLE HANDS.

Mr. Thornton returned home at his usual mid-day hour, and as he passed the parlor door he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hand. The whirr of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ears at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor door, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bend. ing close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her sometime with-

out speaking.
"Oh,dear! exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest upon the treadle, and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance. "Then why do you sit killing yourself there?" said Mr. Thornton.

Mr. Thorton's aspect was unusually sober.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife. "Has anything gone wroug?" Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned the occurrence of disaster.

"Things are wrong all the time," he replied with some impatience of manner. 'In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke faintly.

'No; nothing especially wrong there; but it's wrong at nome.' "I don't understand you-what is the

matter, pray?" "Wrong for you to sit in pain and ex haustion over that sewing machine while

an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor! That's what I wish to say.' "It isn't Effle's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her

have a little ease while she may." "If we said that about our sons," re-

plied Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for life's trials and duties! You are wrong in this-all wrong, and if Effie is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be contented to sit with idle hands, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it should not be."

"And it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker, who had entered the room unobserved, and had been a listener to nearly all the conversation we have recorded. "It shall not be!" and Effie came and

stood beside Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson, her eyes flooded with tears through which the light was flashing.
"It's not all my fault," she said. "I've

asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I'm a little dull-but everyone has to learn, you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that machine for two or three weeks; I am certain that it won't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it I could help her a great deal, and, indeed, father, I'm will-

"Spoken in the right spirit, my daughsaid Mr. Thornton, approvingly. "Girls should be as useful as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become woand mothers. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard and be felt

as very burdensome.' "And you would have her abandon all self-improvement," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Give up music, reading, society,—"
"There are," said Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, "some things besides the calls of fashion which should be attended to. My daughter, how did you spend the day yesterday?"
"I rose at seven," replied Effie, "and

after making my toilet and breakfasting, I practiced two hours on the piano. It was then 11."

Mr. Thornton shook his head and inquired: "After 11 o'clock how was the time

spent?" "I dressed myself and went out a little after 12.

'An hour spent in dressing?" "Yes, sir.

"Where did you go?"
"I called on Helen Boyd, and we took a walk down Broadway."
"And came home in time for dinner?

I think I met you at the door." Yes, sir. "How was it after dinner?"

"I slept from three until five, and then

took a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea time I sat at the parlor window."

"And after tea?" "Read the Cavalier till I went to bed." "At what hour?"

"Eleven o'clock." "Now we can make up the account,

said Mr. Thornton. "You rose at 7 and retired at 11-16 hours. And, from your own account of the day, but two hours were spent at anything useful—these were at the piano. Now, your mother was up at 5:30, and went to bed room her sheer inability to work any longer at 9:30-16 hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time?"

And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife. "Don't talk to me of reading. I've no time to read," Mrs. Thornton answered, rather impatiently.

"And yet," asid Mr. Thornton, "you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or two spent with your books. Did you lie down after dinner?"

"Of course not." "And you didn't take a pleasant walk down Broadway, nor sit at the parlor window with Effie? How about that?"

There was no reply.
"Now the case is a plain one," continued Mr. Thornton. "In fact nothing could be plainer. You spend from 14 to 16 hours a day in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new adjustment were to take place, and Effic to be usefully employed helping you eight hours out of each day, she would still have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation; and you, relieved from your overtasked condition, might get back some of your health and spirits, of which these too heavy duties have robbed you."

"Father," said Effie, speaking through her tears that were falling over her face, "I never saw things in this light. Why haven't you talked to me before? I've often felt as if I'd like to help her; she says that 'you can't do it; I'd rather do it myself.' Indeed, father, it isn't all my

fault." "It may not have been in the past, Effie," replied Mr. Thornton, "but it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets daughters become idlers, while mothers, fathers and sons take up the daily burden and bear it through all the business

hours. Mrs. Thornton did not come gracefully into the new order of things proposed by her husband and accepted by Effie. False pride in her daughter, that future lady ideal, and an inclination to do herself rather than to take the trouble to teach another, were all so many impediments. But Effle and her father were both in earnest, and it was not long before the overtasked mother's weary face began to lose its look of weariness and her languid frame to come up to an erect bearing. She could find time for the old pleasure in books, now and then for a healthy walk in the streets, and a call on some valued friend.

Our Own Christmas Eve.

And now, before we settle down to the 'Small Change," we hope our kind readers will pardon us if we indulge in a little personality at this season of the year, when all the good readers of the Dispatch from the border to the gulf, and om the Atlantic to the Pacific are, or should be happy.

We have been with them for many years past, and as each blessed Sunday dawned upon us we have endeavored to do our duty to our employers, to our editor, to our readers, and to ourself. We wish one and all a merry Christ-

mas and a happy, bappy New Year. We hope that all will receive presents that will make their hearts glad.

Our present came a little before the usual time, but it was just as welcome; more so, in fact, because during the year and a half of our married life we have longingly watched for the advent of the stranger.

It is here at last. It came yesterday, and "Me Too," presented it with a full heart and eyes, and willing hands. We cen't remember when we were so

pleased before, and our readers will pardon us if we appear too joyful. It is the brightest, whitest, purest we have ever seen, and "Me Too" is happy

and we're another. Once more, a very merry Christmas and a great, big, happy New Year to all.

W. Q. P. S .- Lest our readers might misinterpret the cause of our joy, perhaps it would be as well to add that our present was one that every editor in the land rejoices in the semi-occasional acceptance O. and E. of-a new, clean shirt. - N. Y. Dispatch.

LEGACY FOR IDEL-WORSHIP .- At the judicial committee of the Privy Council, on Saturday, says the London Telegraph Sir Richard Couch gave judgment in an appeal from the Calcutta Court in "Sumati Janoki Debi against Su Gopal Achairha Goswauxi and others," which the question was as to the management of the large estates dedicated to the worship of idois. Mr. Herbert Cowell was for appellants, and Mr. Arathoon for respondents. The point was men in the responsible positions of wives whether a woman, under the Hindoo law, could succeed as "Sebait," or manager of property. The property was valued at Rs. 2. 59.995, and consisted of several villages left for the worship of an idol named Kishab Roy, and others. Their lordships held that the appellant, a woman, could not be manager, and the respondents had exercised the right for a long time. The appeal was dismissed with costs.

A ONE-LEGGED WILD MAN .- A wild man of fierce aspect and peculiar shape has been discovered by travelers in a forest sixty miles west of Onkaparinga. The trunk of his body terminates in a single leg, which is more than twice the thickness of an ordinary leg. The heel of a single foot projects some five or six inches behind the ankle bones, while the foot itself is broad and flat and of extraordinary length. So quick is the man in his actions that he can get over the ground with much greater rapidity than a man blessed with two stout legs. He moves in a series of long hops, and he has been seen to hop across streams twelve and fifteen feet wide. The attempt of travelers to effect the man's capture proved ineffectual,—South Australian Chronicle.

Hoffenstein's Bugle.

folded up a pair of pants and placed

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied other dog that had come into the office. Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill dell you vhy. Von day vile I was in Vicksburg, during the var, a cockeyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his pants, und he buys a couple of under-shirts. Den he dells me to keep his bundle and de bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After the cockeyed soldier vent de store out some more soldiers came in und valk all around vile

dey look at de goods.
"Shentlemens,' I says, 'do you vant

anyding?" "'Ve are shust looking to see what you haf,' said one uf dem, und after avile anodder says: " 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle-de very ding de captain told us to get. You know we don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. How much you ask for dot bugle?"

"I dells dem dot I hain't self de bugle, because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out.'

"'I vill gif you \$50 for it,' says de soldier, pulling his money out.
"I dells him I don't can sell it because

it vasn't mine. " 'I will give you a hundred dollars,'

he said. "My gr-r-acious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile dey wos leaving de store dot if I buy de bugle from the man vot owns it, dey will gif me one hundred and dwenty-five dollars for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know Herman, to make some money by the op eration. Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back, he says:

"'Get me my bundle and bugle; I got to go to the camp.' ' "I says: 'My frent, don't you want to

sell your bugle?' "He tells me no, und I says, 'My little boy Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, and he goes all around, crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six dimes I dakes him in de yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man will haf mit a family. I will gif you \$10 for it shust to please little Leopold.'

"De soldier won't take it, und at last I offers him \$50, und he says:

" 'Vell, I vill dake \$50 because I can't waste any more time; I haf to go to de

"After he goes away I goes fo de door and vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street und I say:

"My friends, I haf got de bugle, und

dey say:
"'Vell, dam it, vy don't you blow it?"
"Herman vat you "My gr-r-acious, Herman, vat you din's? All dem soldiers belong to the same crowd, und dey made de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink how I vas swindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

Shaving the Beard.

The more I reflect upon the mysteries of neurology and animal chemistry, the more confident I am that, while we are the least suspecting it, trifling errors in our daily life are producing important effects upon our corporeal systems; and I declare it as my deliberate conviction that the habit, which may almost be styled American, of using the razor upon the face, is sufficient to cause a large proportion of the lamentable evils which affect the human race in this country, It appears by experiment that the beard, if shaved, grows four or five times faster than if unshorn. In this calculation an item is omitted which it is difficult to estimate, i e,, the stimulus given the beard by the first application of the razor in adolescence, the experiments being made upon beards after they have acquired an unnaturally rapid growth. The effect of this stimulus may be fairly counted at double the natural growth; then reckoning the difference in size and weight of the fiber, which is treble, and we find the frightful truth to be that we raise thirty times the natural quantity of beard. Thus, it is evident that the true beard is exhausted at a very early age, after which the system is forced to supply a substitute. Now, nature will not sub mit with impunity the extraordinary de mand upon her vigor, and that which requires her to produce in a lifetime thirty times as much beard as she was first inclined to, must certainly be considered as such. She is fatigued in proportion to the effort, let the particular kind be what it may. Although her recuperative powers are great, she insists upon having repose, even when working at a rate chosen by herself. If that repose is denied her, she takes revenge by breaking down the mechanism.

The Results of Throwing Hot Water on a Bloodhound to Ponish Him.

S. E. Merwin & Co. have for some time past kept a large and powerful bloodhound in the office of their packing house on Crescent street. The animal had several times lately shown symptoms of treacherous ferocity, which the watchman has taken upon himself to cure by throwing hot water from the office kettle upon him. Until two weeks ago this treatment had effectually coerced the brute into submission.

But one night, when the watchman had attempted to punish him, the dog showed fight and drove the man behind the desk railing and kept him imprisoned there for two hours. The watchman had a revolver in his pocket, but he was loath to shoot the animal because of the value set

upon him by the firm. Charles H. Nichols, the book-keeper. had always treated the dog kindly, and the brute had apparently none but the friendliest disposition toward him. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Nichols fooled with the dog a little after four o'clock and then went to work at his desk, and the dog fell fill the kettle on the stove with water. Accidentally he touched the dog with his

the dog by the throat. The now excited beast bit at him right and left, in-"Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he flicting severe wounds on his arms and shoulders. Mr. Nichols fought and dethem on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections, I vould like to get from the store away von efening, und go mit the soldiers to the Spanish Fort." * upstairs heard the noise, they supposed the bloundhound was fighting with some and not until after fully five minutes, when James Farrell, a customer of Merwin, came in, did the true state of affairs appear to anybody but Mr. Nichols. Mr. Farrell immediately called upstairs for help, and when an employe brought in a clever, he snatched the weapon and struck the dog over the nose, cutting it open. The dog turned on him. struck at him again and again, cutting off one of the brute's legs. The dog still jumped at his throat, and not until his skull was split open did the struggle cease. As soon as the dog left Mr. Nichols, that gentleman fainted with fright and exhaustion. Dr. Dibble was sent for. He brought the young man to consciousness and cauterized the wound. One of the arteries of the left arm was severed, and it was only after much time that the flow of blood was stopped. A bite in the left wrist was fully an inch deep, and there were other bad bites. The doctor started to take the young man to his home, 189 Wooster street, but before they had gone any distance, Mr. Nichols lost his consciousness again and had to be carried back to the packinghouse and restoratives had to be applied again. He was finally brought home between eight and nine o'clock last night. -New Haven Register.

Girls in White Gowns.

A debutante always wears white, and there is a fashion now of making the dresses for the first season with the utmost simplicity, so that they look as much like the robes for the confirmation as for the entrance into the gay world. India muslin this year has been the favorite fabric, and its ornamentation is confined to the silken belt or sash, lace, and the mass of roses at the waist. Very little jewelry is worn-sometimes none at all-and the high lights, if any, come from the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, and the red, red lips of the bright young face. In such sweet simplicity of dress the "chromo" girls, as they are called, have decidedly the best of it. The blue eyes, the golden hair and the natural red which might become florid under harsher circumstances, have it all their own way. It is only when costume is suitably adapted to individuality that the type appears to the

best advantage. Where there are older sisters who are already experienced from having had the advantage of several season's training, they assist in doing the honors, but it is not etiquette for them to wear white. They may wear pink or blue, or pale green, or a colored satin coat with a white skirt, but they must not wear all white. Indeed, all white, unless it is very rich, has a significance which limits its functions. It may be worn as a morning dress at home, but abroad it denotes a bride, a debutante or a candidate for confirmation. Very rich and very original white dresses are, of course, an exception to this rule .- Corr. Washington Star.

Cold Iron.

"An Experienced Horseman" in the Kentucky Live Stock Record, reminds those who have the handling of horses of the cruelty of which they may be care

lessly guilty: "Let any one who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be to the human, and, if not the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed

with it in freezing weather.' Ex-Governor Hendrick's letter to the Indianapolis editors is generally regarded as a confession on his part that he has no expectation of any farther political

honors being thrust upon him. The Danger of Cold Drinks.

There is a practice, says the London Lancet, against which many persons need to be put on their guard-namely drinking cold watery beverages in cold weather. Cold drinks are depressing in their influence, and the result of taking such draughts when performing more than common feats of strength and endurance, particularly in middle age and advanced life, is to lower the tone of the nerve centres at a time when it is most desirable that they should be in exceptionally good working order, so that they may retain the vitality necessary to meet unusual need. So far as we are aware, the physiological effect of iced potations taken hastily when putting forth special strength and making a peculiarly large demand on the vital force of the nervous system, is either not understood or is forgotten. For the sake of the many zealous statesmen and politicians who do not seem to have given the need of special precautions in this particular a single thought, it is desirable to point out that the worst illness may, and do, proceed apparently from insignificant causes. This is one of the petty causes which may lead to sad results.

A strange and pitiful sight was seen on New Year's morning at Reading, Penn., by a few persons who chanced to be near the bank of the Schuyikill. Kneeling in the water, which was not frozen, owing to its rapid current, was a man with uplifted face and arms, prayasleep beside the stove. After half an ing earnestly. He proved to be a Readhour or so Mr. Nichols had occasion to ing carpenter, Richard Richards by name, and he persisted that the Lord had commanded him to pray in the foot. The dog looked up at him with his water. He was taken home, but escaped eyes half shut, but on seeing him with the from the house and soon afterward was kettle in his hands, he growled viciously and sprang at the book-keeper's throat.

Nichols dropped the kettle and grabbed river and has not since been seen.

Itching Palms.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that "shopkeepers complain of well-dressed people who purloin from the counters, and whom they dare not arrest." A salesman in a big up-town dry goods store, to whom the statement was shown, shook his head very decidedly. "I don't think," he said, "there would be any squeamishness in this establishment about arresting a thief, no matter how well he might be dressed. And I tell you it takes a sharp lookout to catch them. Of course, we have detectives, both male and female, and floorwalkers who are supposed to have eyes in the backs of their heads, and the clerks keep the best lookout they can, but for all that the thieves get away with a good many things, especially in the holiday season, when we are all so busy and the throng of shop-goers so great. You would be astonished to see how easily a woman can find her pocket when she wants to slip into it some little thing that she happens to fancy. When a woman nips a pair of gloves or a piece of lace, or some little thing like that, her hand will dart into that mysteriously elusive pocket and out again like a flash. Then their large circulars and muffs afford them chances to get away with things, and the opportunities are improved to such an extent that the storekeepers get fairly wild sometimes. It is true that in some cases they do not bother to have shoplifters arrested, simply because of the excitement that might be caused and the inevitable loss of time and annoyance of prosecution. But you find that the majority of a matter of principle. I'm sure, how-ever, that I cannot imagine why anybody should be afraid to eatch a thief and at least get his goods back. I have heard it said said that one sharp chap on Sixth avenue makes quite a good thing out of well-dressed thieves by catching and then compromising with them. A woman who is fairly and squarely caught, and sees the dock of a police court and newspaper paragraphs and a prison all before her, will pay well to be let go." "Dare not arrest! Well, I don't know

about that," said a storekeeper in one of the avenue stores. "But it certainly is the fact that sometimes women are allowed to carry off without interference small articles that they have nipped from our counters. If you will examine you will find that in such cases the people so favored are persons who have running accounts with the stores where they perpetrate these little robberies, and that the storekeeper calmly puts the purloined articles into the bill, which is all the more sure to be paid promptly for having them there. A few years ago there was quite an excitement about kleptomania, which was an inspiration of the doctors to account for stealing on the part of well-to-do people. I had a case several years ago in which a rich woman used to steal at certain times, and could not help doing so. Her husband knew it, and by arrangement with me privately paid for all she took. She was clumsy in her thefts, was always seen at them, and I don't think I lost a dollar by them, thanks to the husband, so I never told her that I knew anything about them, nor did my clerks, I should say from my experience that the number of thefts known to storekeepers in which the stolen articles are not returned or paid for is exceedingly small."-[N.Y.

How Would You Like It?

Young man! How would you like it if you had to stay in the house nine days in the week and hear nothing but dissertations on shirt buttons and historical reminiscences about busted suspender buttons?

How would you like it if every time your wife saved a few dollars she would your wife saved a few dollars she would come home at 19 o'clock in the morning with her back teeth affoat, and pulled every door-bell in the neighborhood out Ochiltree, who is well known in Washby the roots?

How would you like it if you met her on the street with her hat cocked on the back of her head, while she was doing her utmost to make sausage-meat of every ash-barrel on the sidewalk? How would you like it if she stood on

the street corners, or in front of theaters on matinee day and winked at all the fellows as they came out? How would you like it if she chucked the handsome waiters under the chin

and called them "dear?" How would you like it if she went out

to the club every night and came "home with her breath smelling like a decayed skunk?

How would you like it if you had to have all the children of the household attend to all their wants, and then receive only looks blacker than a ton of coal for your pains?

How would you like it if you had to live all your life with such an amalgamated brute as yourself?

Young man, do you ever stop and think that your wife has a tender, loving heart right under the left wing of her corset that must have been terribly tender and loving and brave to have said "Yes" when the minister asked the fatal conundrum?

Drop it, young man, or one of these days that tender, loving, brave heart will break, and then you'll have to take the children and go live with your mother-in-law.

Then God help you! We're safe. We have neither motherin-law nor children.

THE ART OF DANCING .- Augusta Sohike, once a favorite danseuse of Paris and Berlin and the principal attraction of the Viceroy of Egypt's imported ballot troupe, is past her dancing days and is directing the terpsichorean entertainment in a Philadelphia variety theatre. She says American girls would would make the most superb dancers in the world if they were not too lazy to go through with the requisite course of training. They practice an hour and then begin to cry over their aching toes. English girls are fully as bad, and usually awkward, too. German girls, as a rule, are clumsy. The Italians and French make the best dancers, as they are generally graceful and not afraid to work. "The dancer's toes," she asserts, "should not get tired, if she loves her art. No one ever hears that the fingers of a good piano player are so stiff and sore that he is unable to play well. The dancer's toes should be like the piano-players

SHORT BITS.

Vienna completed in October its new Rathhaus, containing 500 rooms, built at a cost of \$6,000,000.

The girl who goes to church merely to show her sealskin sacque is looked upon as sacquereligious.

Don't you think, Clara, that you could love me a little?" And Clara answered with her most engaging smile: "Yes, Fred, a very little. After the clergyman had united a

happy pair, not long ago, an awful si-lence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakaby happy." "I never pretend to know a thing that do not," remarked Brown; "when I

don't know a thing, I say at once, 'I don't know.'" "A very proper course," said Fogg; "but how monotonous your conversation must be, Brown." Two sons of the Emerald Isle discuss ing a certain colored man, one remarked: "But he was mighty smart, d'ye moind."
"Phat are ye talkin about?" replied the
other. 'If he was so smart, how did he

come to be a naygur?" "That butter is all right," said a boarding house keeper, "it's firkin but-ter, and tastes a little of the wood; that's all." "If that's the case," replied the border, who is a contractor, "I would border, who is a contractor, like to get some of that wood to make

railroad bridges of." High classic-"Can you comprehend me?" "I am, perhaps, a little obtuse, but you may be assured that I shall get at your meaning presently." Low classic — "Can you catch on?" "Well, perhaps shopkeepers are opposed to such lenity as I don't drop as suddenly as some, but a matter of principle. I'm sure, howage.—Adv.

"Yes," said the man with the big necktie, "yes, I think Charley's play is a work of decided merit. The characters are entirely original. No one ever saw, heard or dreamed of such persons, and no one ever will see, hear or dream of such. Yes, Charley is original, dreadfully original,"

A Fairhaven five-year-old, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much. "Why not, my dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was!"

A party of young reprobates recently entered a Methodist church at Waseca, Wisconsin, and began a night's carouse with whisky and cards. As there was no police force that could be called in, the pastor wrapped himself in a sheet, emerged from behind the pulpit, and spoke in such a ghostly fashion that the intruders fled in dismay.

"During the early part of last October, I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my left knee, says Mr. J. C. Connor, of the Royal Opera House, Toronto, Can-ada. "I used many so-called rheumatic remedies without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacob's Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I had used twothirds of a bottle I was entirely cured.

Says the Gazette: "Fashionable New York society is anxious as to the capacity of the leaders of the german during the coming winter. The retirement of Col. Delancey Kane has made a gap not easily filled, and the marriage of Mr. Gerald Hoyt, and Mr. Louis Theiband's departure for South America, in search for health, leave no experienced guides for the difficult work." This is indeed a horrible calamity. The hard times were nothing to it.

Finley, the Democrat who got left in the Seventh Texas district, is the author of the somewhat famous Texas bell punch law. The men who don't like to have a ington under the pleasing title of "the champion American liar." There are There are many worse men than Tom Ochiltree, all the same, and some of them live in Texas.

And She Rose Up.

It was coolly planned and deliberately executed in cold blood. They sat by the fire, and as he perused his paper she was busy with thoughts of Christmas. By and by he waked up and said:

"Did any parcels for me come up today ?" "No, dear," she replied, as her face rew white as snow. "Have you been grew white as snow.

buying anything?" "No; nothing much. I happened in at Blank's this afternoon, and, as he was selling out his slippers at cost I bought me three pairs. Guess I'll be fixed for the next ten years to come."

"You—bought—slippers?" she gasped, as she pressed her hands upon her heart. "Yes; and Dash came to the door as I was going past, and asked me in to look at his stock of dressing gowns." "And-and-

"And I bought me # couple. Rather handy garments, you know; and these are something extra nice.

"Do you mean to tell me that you went and-

"Why, dear, how you tremble," he interrupted. "Yes, I bought two of 'em, and when Dash happened to mention that I ought to have a smoking cap, twelve new shirts, and a smoking set and a cane, I told him to go ahead and send em up. I'll order a new silk hat and wristlets, gloves, sleeve-buttons, and six neckties to-morrow, and then I guess I'll be provided for. Come and kiss your

But she didn't. She rose up clawed and gasped and rushed out of the room with tearful eyes and clenched

Mme. Materna, who took such an interest in the fire department of Cincinnati when she visited that city last spring, has sent to its Chief, as a souvenir, one of the safety cloths used in the German Fire Department. It a a stout, closely-woven sheet of coarse linen, eleven feet square, strengthened by broad strips of girth sewed on at intervals of a foot. A stout rope is fastened around the edges and looped for handles, so that eight men can take hold on each side. In two of the corners Mme. Materna's name is worked in red silk.