PREVARICATION IN LOVE.

It was a lover loved a maid That had a father who
Was thought to be by all the world
Exceedingly well-to do.

be my wife," the lover cried-"My bride, my queen, my own:
"You do not love me," she replied,
"I feer, for my self alone.

My po, he is a wealthy man; His only child am I, Whenever he shall die.

But riches, the apostle says, Unto themselves take wings; oh, Hpa were poor would you love me?"; "I would," he cried, "by Jingo!"; I am so giad-i knew you would-

I in your love are blest;
Pa failed last night," she sobbed and sank
Upon her lover's breast. "That makes not a bit of difference."

That guliant lover cried, So I have you I care not who May take all cise beside." That night when her lover took his leave

At twenty minutes to one, she whispered sottly in his ear, "Darling, I was in fun. "True, pa has failed, but he his pile
Had duly salted by;
Iosly wished to try your truth—
Darling, how glad an I,
For now I know you would love me well,

Even in poverty."

And as he went home, the lover, Who was by no means green, Blithely hogged himself and sang "I know what failures mean." -ICincinnati Commercial.

POOR LITTLE SUT.

Up in Tompkins County, N. Y., lives well-to-do farmer, named Pitkins, with his wife and two daughters. Having no sons he is dependent on hired help, the supply of which is regulated according to the season, a number of farm hands being necessary during planting and harvesting of crops, while one being usually the only assistant needed in the winter. Realizing the need of a boy on the place to do the chores for which it did not justify to hire a man, Pitkins talked the matter over with his wife, and they decided to select a waif from the poorhouse and raise him up as one of the family, which, of course, meant food and clothing until he was of age, and three months schooling in the winter.

With Farmer Pitkins, to decide was to act, so the next day he and Mrs. Pitkins drove over in the buggy to the county poor house and made application for an orphan. The superintendent, always willing to dispose of his charge to farmers, ordered out the boys in line for a reriev, and Pitkins and his wife eyed the boys closely and talked with them. He, with an eye to service, selected a large, strong boy; but she, with a motherly instinct, more akin to sympathy, picked out little Sut, the subject of the

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Pitkins, "he's too small!" 'But he'll grow, John, and then I like his looks better.

"Looks! tut, tut! What have looks got

to do with it?" "A great deal. If we are to adopt him and raise him up as a son, and even if he is only to be a farm hand, we do not want a boy to grow up dishonest and vicions. I don't like the big boy's

So, Farmer Pitkins grumbled a little as ne litte a Sut into the buggy between them and drove home. The boy was indeed small for service on a farm, but he seemed grateful for the home, and was willing to do all the busy tasks his hands were put to, and would put his little hand on his tired back without a murmur, after a long time sawing wood. Mrs. Pitkins seemed drawn toward him by his very diminutive size and strength, while Pitkins seemed almost to dislike him, and was always grumbling about the boy's being too small, although the farmer's wife very sensibly would remark that she believed the willingness of a small boy would accomplish more than the unwillingness of one twice his size. As little Sut wasn't large enough to wait on the

pleasant by teasing him. Thus matters went on for a season or so, while one farm hand after another came and went, and although colts and calves and pigs and chickens all grew and fattened on the place, little Sut seemed at a standstill and failed to come up to Mrs. Pitkin's assertion that he would grow.

girls, they rather sided with their father

and made the poor boy's life rather un-

"It's no use, Mary, waiting for this boy to grow. I must take him back to the poorhouse and get a larger boy. You can go with me and select the boy, but he must be larger."

Mrs. Pitkins, with a feeling of tenderness toward the little homeless waif she had selected, hadn't the heart to go and pick out a boy to supplant him in the home that now seemed as dear to him as if he had been born in it, so Mr. Pitkins drove over alone, while the farm hand took the wagon and drove to the mill for lumber, leaving Mr. Pitkins, the two girls and little Sut on the farm alone, except a little dog which Sut had been allowed to adopt from the roadside, the cuttle on a farm scarcely being counted as company by lone women who can not look to them for the protection which even a boy or small dog can at-

Tramps, miserable, dangerous outcasts, seem to be the constant menace of unprotected farmers, especially the women who are so often left alone. Little Sut was in the barn, with his dog, sorting potatoes, when his attention was called by hearing one of the girls scream, and looking out, to his surprise and terror, he saw a man rush out at the kitchen door in pursuit of one of the girls. With a boyish impulse, Sut ran out with a basket of potatoes in his hand, followed by the dog, which he urged to a flerce attack on the man. The little dog went galiantly into the fight and set his teeth so vicorously into the legs of the tramp, that the girl was enabled to escape from him and run to a neighbor's for assistance. Little Sut realized that there was work for him to do. The screams which came from the house blainly indicated that the one man was not the only enemy on the place, and with a shout little Sut rushed in to find another tramp on the point of overcoming Mrs. Pitkins and the other daughter in a fierce struggle, in which he had al-most torn their clothing off.

vigorous fusillade of potatoes that he hurled at the tramp so disconcerted him that it allowed the two women a chance to escape and lock themselves in a room up stairs. Poor little Sut and his dog were left alone to contend with the two enraged tramps; the fight was uneven and short, the dog was drives from the field, and little Sut stood alone at bay. Suddenly one of the tramps, who had been keeping an eye open for danger, saw approaching the farmer, to whose house the other daughter had fied, and giving the alarm, the two desperadoes rapidly made their escape to the thick woods

near by.

They had done their work cruelly and well. Little Sut lay in the corner mo-tionless where he fell, and the neighbor had him on the bed, while Mrs. Pitkins and her daughters went over to him and frantically called his name. There was a gurgling sound in his throat, and a little stream of blood trickled down the side of his mouth and stained the white ruffled slip of the pillow. Just then Sut opened his eyes as Mr. Pitkins returned from selecting another boy to take his place. A little cut on Sut's breast showed where the knife had penetrated his lungs, and the gurgling sound was the blood that was forcing its life tide inside.

"Did I drive 'em off?"
That was all little Sut ever said, but with a smile on his face and the blood streaming from his mouth, he died in the arms of Farmer Pitkins, who had gone to swop him off because he was too small

to do anything. A little grave down at the village churchyard, kept green by three grateful women, and fragrant with perfumes of flowers, is all now left on earth of little Sut, but somewhere we know he has gone where they do not think him too small.

Women's Walsts.

Women, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose after middle age (sometimes earlier) a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down, mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays, and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears stays that press upon these muscles, and restrict the free develop-ment of the fibres that form them, relieving them from their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed, in-capacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent, and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the piece of pipe that does duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and seamed skin. Most women from long enstom of wearing these stays, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty, in-tended by nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder-breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the nat-ural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waists of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by stays. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and as flexible. But while endeavoring to make clear the outrage upon good sense and sense of beauty, it is necessary to understand and admit the whole state of the case. A reason, if not a necessity, for some sort of corset, may be found when the form is very redundant. This, however, cannot be with the very young and slight; but all that necessity could demand, and that practical good sense and fitness would concede, could be found in a strong, elastic kind of jersey, sufficiently strong, and even stiff, under the bust to support it, and sufficiently elastic at the sides and back to injure no organs and impede no functions. Even in the case of the young and slight, an elastic band under the false ribs would not be injurious, but perhaps the contrary, serving as a constant hint to keep the chest well forward and the shoulders back; but every stiff, unyielding machine, crushing the ribs and destroying the fiber of muscle, will be fatal to health, to freedom of movement and to beauty. It is scarcely too much to say that the wearing of such amounts to stupidity in those who do not know the consequences (for over and over again warning has been given), and to wickedness in those who do.— The Nineteenth Century.

Finding a Father.

About 30 years ago there resided upon farm, a few miles northeast of the city of Oakland, a man named Thomas A. Fairbanks, who, if not in affluent circumstances was, as the saying is, "comfortably fixed," with a good home, a happy family, consisting of a wife and two childron. He was proud in the strength of his manhood, and had a panorama of his life for the twenty years to come been spread out before him he would have scoffed at the picture. Sickness came, and after years of unavailing care, in 1857 he laid the mother of his children away in the grave. The long illness in his family and consequent expenses made it advisable for him to dispose of his homestead, and his children, then quite small, were taken in charge by a sister of his deceased wife, who, says the San Jose Mercury, shortly returned with them to her home in Massachusetts. Fairbanks came to this valley soon after to make a new home, fully expecting in a little time to again be able to gather his children under his own roof. But man proposes and God disposes. Soon after his arrival here, while engaged in his vocation as a farmer, his team ran away and he was thrown under a wagon and had one of his sides literally crushed. His wounds were very pain ful, and trouble him even yet. During his long illness physicians sought to alleviate his agonies by the use of opium and with the usual result. He became an opium fiend. At times he struggled against the habit, which he knew was deadening both body and mind. He might still have recovered had he not

again been the victim of misfortune.

The noise that little Sut made and the But again he was crushed and his limbs were mangled-this time by the caving of a well which he was digging. Then his courage left him, and he abandoned himself to the use of the baleful weed, and for the past twelve or fifteen years he has been most of the time an inmate of the county infirmary, and constantly so for the past six years, until ten months ago, when Dr. Kelly, one of the visiting physicians, became interested in the quiet, patient old man, and determined to give him a better home. Since then, Fairbanks, now upward of seventy years of age, has been thoroughly content, and has striven earnestly to make all possible returns in the way of light chores, for the kindness of the doctor, whom he regards in the light of a benefactor. A week ago he received a letter. An event in itself, as he had not received a letter from any one in a half a score of years, and did not suppose that outside of this valley there was a friend anywhere who remembered him. His memory was weakened by the drug which had been his sole luxury for years, and he scarce-ly remembered that he had children somewhere in the world. The letter was opened with trembling hands. It was signed with a name that he had never heard, but it contained queries which agitated him greatly, although it was very brief. It merely asked if he had ever lived at Fruitvale, in Alameda county, and if he was the father of a daughter named Albertina.

He recognized the name of his daughter, of whom he had not heard for many years, but Fruitvale he knew nothing of. He showed his letter to his best friend, and described to him the location of his former home, which is where Fruitvale Station now is. By the advice of the doctor he answered the letter, giving as full account of his own and the history of his family as he could recall. A few days ago he received a letter from the I just happened to be out of it now," same man, stating that he was the hus- and he placed the memoran lum upon band of Albertina Fairbanks, for whose band of Albertina Fairbanks, for whose father they had spent ten years in unavailing search, and that they believed him to be the man. He will be sent to all right. I've learned a lesson. I'll Oakland in a few days for an interview. but the circumstances are such as to leave no room to doubt that the old man has found a home for his declining years swindled, and wanted others to know it. and that the few years remaining to him will be made as happy as possible. Dr.

Dancing With Vim in It.

Let us present ourselves at a genuine country dance in Vermont. The musicians have just come in and taken the seats provided for them on a slightly raised platform at one end of the long hall. About fifty or sixty "couples" of young people are scattered about through the hall, some in merry groups, talking; others, more bashful, clinging to each other's arms and waiting in silence for the music to strike up. After the usual prelude of shrilling and tooting the leader of the little orchestra nods to the floor manager, who promptly steps for-ward and shouts: "Gentlemen, please take partners for ——," as the dance may be. If it is a waltz, the expectant swain awkwardly and blushingly encircles the fair one with his arm and begins to swing, with a sort of rhythmic apology for the prematureness of the embrace. She timidly places her hand in his and undulates slightly in sympathy with his impatience.

At last the leader of the orchestra looks significantly around his little band of artists, nods his head upon his violin, draws his bow with an emphatic gesture, and the music strikes up. About half the couples in the room have caught the rythm of the music; the others swing hopelessly round, changing step and bumping into each other, till something like a conglomerated dead-lock ensues in one part of the room, and the dancers composing it disengage themselves, and wander away with many blushes to a more open space, where they try it again. Nobody seems to notice the little by play. All are dancing or trying to dance, and have enough to do to attend to their own motions. Here is a couple, neither of whom knows how to waltz or has the slightest idea of the magic power of rhythm; but that does not seem to disturb them in the least. Round and round they swing, executing the simplest kind of a circle with endless repetition. Presently they both grow so dizzy that they stagger against the wall, and stand there panting and perspiring, till their equiibrium and their breath are recovered when they launch upon a new series of revolution.

But there are plenty of good dancers on the floor whom it is a pleasure to watch. They do not adopt the limp, esthetic attitude and lazy lope of the fashionable city waltzer, but go whirling down the floor at a good lively pace, and even where the crowd is thickest carrom from couple to couple like billiard balls. The young lady does not lay her cheek affectionately on the young gentleman's shoulder, nor stretch out her lily white arm and feathered fan in the direction of the Polar star, where it meets her partner's at an equally inconvenient and ridiculous attitude, but she dances in a natural position, slightly inclined forward and supported by her partner's arm, while one hand rests firmly on his shoulder and the other is clasped by his disengaged hand. There is a spring and spirit, an endurance and evident enjoyment about these country dances which you will look for in vain in the enervating and perfumed air of the fashionable salon. These young people will dance all night long, and be ready for another ball the next night .- Burlington, Vt., Letter.

BEER AND RAILBOAD BUILDING .- The consumption of beer in the camps of railway builders is enormous, observes E. V. Smalley, in The Century. At Bis-marck I saw an entire freight train of thirty cars laden with bottled beer from a Chicago brewery, bound for the town nearest the end of the track. The chief engineer of the construction force said that an average of one bottle for every tie laid is consumed, and that the tres and the beer cost the same-fifty cents. Thus the workmen pay as much for their drink as the company for one of the important elements of railway construction

English hotel proprietors write to the London Daily News that their efforts to prevent guests thinking it necessary to give fees to servants prove utterly un-

A Story of a Quarter.

"I gave you a quarter, sir," said an elderly woman with an acid smile last Saturday, as she glanced through her glasses at an old sea captain who had just deposited her fare in the cash box of Madison Avenue stage, says the New York Sun. He started up and rushed to the box just in time to see the quarter disappear through the trap. He turned around in confusion and said that he did not notice the money, and that he thought it was all right. Then he hammered at the glass opening for the driver, and asked for twenty cents in change, but the driver wanted to know how he was going to get down into the box and get the quarter. He was sure he was not going to pay it out of his own pocket and trust to luck to get it back from the company. If the passenger wanted it she should go to the office and get it.

The old mariner said: "Blast your eyes, if you be so mean, I'll pay for my mistake, and he began fishing in his pockets for the money, while the woman looked like a picture of injured innocence, and asked another passenger in a bitter tone of voice if the one who had taken her quarter was not connected

with the company.
"Me!" exclaimed the honest old blun derer, whose confusion was increased because he could not find his change; "bless you, I do not belong on land. I'll pay you back this money, though; but l

don't believe I've got a cent."

He completed his vain search, and, picking out an old memorandum book, asked for her name and address, saying that he would call there that night and leave the money.

"Oh, never mind," said she, in a mine ing way; "it only teaches me a lesson. Hereafter I will pay my own fare." "Oh, I'll bring you the money, ma'am

pay my own fare hereafter.'

She repeated this several times with the air of one who knew she had been The old captain, with flushed cheeks, trious and faithful, having but the one vice, and that the result of his injuries.

length gave it, but as a parting shot, repeated that she had learned a lesson.

"Well, ma'am," be said. asked again for her name, and she at

"Well, ma'am," he said, I am ready to make all amends, but I get a lesson, too; and while I'm not a-saying what it is so much, I've got it all the same." A pretty young woman, with eyes that began to snap beneath the shade of a big

fur hat, could not repress her delight at this, and she said in the softest tone of voice, to the old captain: "I'll tell you, sir, what to do. We'll collect all the fares that come into the

stage now until we make up this sum, and that will save you from further trouble.' The old captain took off his hat and

looked volumes of thanks. He was too happy to speak, and he kept an eager lookout.
"Here's one coming," he said.

The stage stopped, and a well dressed woman got in and opened a sealskin purse. The young girl explained what had happened, and the new passenger said, "Why certainly." Five cents went into the purse of the

woman with an acid smile. "Fifteen cents more, now," said the old captain, shaking his head, "and we're

safe. He sighted two more passengers, and his glee increased. They both laughed heartily in sympathy with the joy of the old captain, as he saw his debt decreased to five cents. The remainder was soon collected from another passenger, and finally the injured woman alighted with out a softened glance or a parting courtesy. The old captain looked after her

and said "That wor a stress of weather. I didn't go to do it, but I'd got her money to her this night. I didn't tell her the lesson I learned, but I hope she'll remember the one she learned.

There was a laugh, and as the young woman who first suggested the way out of the difficulty was about to leave, she smiled a good-bye at the hearty old mariner, and he took off his hat and said 'Thank you. Merry Chris'mas, miss.' Then he leaned over and said in a hoarse voice to a man sitting opposite:

"What a difference there is women; wonderfal, ain't it?"

Alcohol.

Colonel R. G. Ingersol, in speaking to jury in a case which involved the manufacture of alcohol, used the following eloquent language:

'I am aware that there is a prejudice

against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against that liquor orime. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death; of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ance, of the destitution; of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the talented men of genius that it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff that is called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extingushes natural affections, erases conjugal loves, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholers, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almhouses a present of the and demands your asylums. It entold her she is genders controversies, fosters quarrels it on his bill.

and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the sport of the midnight incendiary. It counte-nances the liar, respects the thief, es-teems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, de-files the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poison felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more-it murders the soul. It is the son of all villainies, and the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

Identification by Handwriting.

A good handwriting is getting to be ne of the lost arts. The fathers and grandfathers of the present generation, as a general thing, wrote a handsomer and more legible hand than do the children and grandchildren. There is one point in penmanship to which I have ust been giving some attention. It relates to the testimony of handwriting. Not long ago a man was hanged in New England by handwriting experts. As a class such experts ought not to have influence enough to hang a cat. And now it is claimed that some Brussels murderers have been run down by tell-tale tricks of their penmanship. The readers of this little note may be assured that the writer of it knows individuals who can write other people's names so cunningly that these other people cannot decide whether the signatures are their own or not. I have actual cases in mind where this puzzle has been tried. One notable instance I must mention. The State of Massachusetts not many years since had two of its bonds presented for redemption, which seemed precisely alike. One was a forged bond throughout. The officers whose names appeared upon these bonds could not tell "which was which." But this is nothing. I have a man near me who can write your signature and mine, or the signature of any person that may be placed before him as a study, so cun-ningly that neither you nor I can tell which is which. It is lucky that he is an honest man, or he might do dangerous work with your name on a big check or note. Bankers in the United States place little reliance upon signatures as a means of identification in payment of checks, etc. The person who presents a check to a Boston bank for payment must be positively identified before the money will be paid to him. It is in vain for him to offer in evidence that he is the right man any handwriting testimony. marked difference from this way of doing business. The paying teller of a London bank tries to assure himself that a check is all right both in point of signature of drawer as regards the drawer's balance, and then slaps out the money to who ever presents the check. It matters not whether the check is payable to order or bearer; he demands no identification in either case. He only looks on the back of the order check to see if it has the name indorsed. This check-paying custom did not always prevail in England. At one time the English practice in these premises was the same as ours is now. have since progressed out of it. We remain tied to their old style. We shall get out of this rut one of these days. The great bankers of London long ago found they could never get through their business if the identification responsibility was to remain upon them. They press the matter upon the attention of Parlia ment. Parliament came to their relief. It said, pay checks to whoever presents them, and your whole duty is done. If I to day drop my check in London, made payable to the order of W. B. Morrill, the first rascal that picks it up in the streets and puts Mr. Morrill's name to the back may collect that check —and get imprisoned for life for so doing. It is, of course, the imperative duty of any person who has lost a check to have its payment stopped at once.— [Boston Banker in Exeter, N. H., News

A Model Report of a Hauging.

"Ivison Slade, colored, was hanged at noon to-day for the murder of Dora White, his sister in-law, last June, for creating trouble between him and his wife. Last night he made an unsuccessful attempt to kill his death watch. He was firm on the scaffold. He dropped five feet. The gallows was in a valley near town. An immense crowd was present, many coming from South Carolina and Virgina. Some came fifty miles. They camped all night. The procession to the gallows was a solemn scene Slade confessed his crime. He died with a few convulsions." For a report of the hanging there is some busines like style about the above. No blubbering, no monkeying, no dull thud. All neat and sweet and prompt, and the platform cleared for the next candidate. -Kansas City Journal.

A plain tapioca, suitable for delicate stomachs, is made by boiling half a tea-cupful of tapioca in half a pint of water; when the tapioca is entirely dissolved or melted, add gradually half a pint of milk; just before taking from the fire (and, by the way, this should not be done till the milk is thickened with the tapioca), add a well-beaten egg, and sugar and flavoring to suit your taste. This is nice, either warm or cold.

A Brooklyn landlady recently dropped her false teeth into one of her boarder's cup of coffee. He immediately made her a present of the coffee, and generously told her she needn't give him credit for

ALL SORTS.

It's getting so that one will feel safe only when living in a cave.

What we've got against India is that they let Joseph Cook come home.

The dead beat, poor in the goods of this world, is generally rich in taffy. Neither interest nor friendship, to please any man, should cause us to do

Although too much "chin" is not a thing of beauty, it is apt to become a iaw forever.

"The young man who says "yes?" with an interrogation is to be married to the young woman who says "no!" with an exclanation.

About the safest way to spend a night at a Western hotel is to stand out on the steps and have the porter play the hose on you till morning, says the Rochester Post Express. The prohibition amendment now be-fore the Missouri legislature, says the

Globe-Democrat, contains enough material for litigation to keep all the courts in the State busy for twenty years. Jimmy's 25 cent watch not running satisfactorily, he pried it open and dosed

it from ma's bottle of peppermint, ex-plaining to her that "I des it dot tomack ache."-Watchman. The music for a Sunday bull fight in Arizona was provided by a band of a United States cavalry regiment, with disastrous results, as it scared all the

fight out of the bulls.—Boston Post. When a Toronto man can't achieve fame any other way, he sails in to be the meanest man of the town, but there's so

much competition that he doesn't always get there. - Boston Post. "Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned woman, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper

"Divine Amelia Brown," story." "you occupy my upper story." Aunt Esther is trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to

roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddie "but then, auntie, the old hen always goes with them." For the information of strangers who inten I to spend the Sabbath in this city,

we would state the penal code is pegging out and the back doors of most of the saloons are neither locked nor bolted .-N. Y. Com. Adv. A few words properly used express a

great deal. How do my customers like my milk?" The youth, the fearfully precocious youth, looked into the milkman's face with a perplexed expression and asked: "Your what?" A telegram from Boston states that on

the 4th there was a storm at Moun-Washington, and the wind traveled at the rate of 144 miles an hour. This is the way in which a Mount Washington wind differs from a district telegraph messenger boy.—Puck. On the first Sunday in December or

thereabouts such an amount of snow feil in Madrid, Spain, that the like thereof had not been known for 20 years. It is said the depth of the snow in the Spanish capital after a single day's storm was more than eleven inches.

It has been claimed that using coffee and tea caused nervousness, and now comes along a doctor and denies the And it does not make any difference statement entirely. The real cause of whether the check is payable to bearer the greatest nervousness among married or order. Identification in both cases is men is the expectation of finding their demanded. In England one finds a most wyses awake when they come home

late. "You may talk about your mean men, said one rustic to another on the ferry-boat the other day, "but we've got a wo-man over there in Alameda who beats all." "Kinder close—is she?" "Close? Why, last month her husband died fourth husband, mind-and I'm blamed if she didn't take the doorplate off the front door, had his name added, and then nailed it on to his coffin. Said she guessed likely she'd be wanting a new name on the door soon anyway.'

A Practical Minister.

The pastor of St. Chrysostom's church, Philadelphia, has hit upon a plan for de-tecting unworthy persons soliciting alms at his door, and for the nearly two years it has been in operation but one individual has circumvented him. The pastor accepted the request of the Society for Organizing Charity to make inquiry into the needs of applicants for alms, and he set about his work in this manner: He obtained a freshly-coined silver dollar, and to all persons who applied to him for assistance he held the shining coin before them and said it would be theirs if they would remove a cartload of gravel that had been dumped in the ministerial back yard. An hour would have sufficed to perform the work, but the applicants were unable to find a spare hour in which to remove the obstruction. The first case was a man ou his way to Baltimore, who wanted only a little more to aid him. The minister produced his dollar, and the traveler's eye brightened as he spied the shining

"Here, sir, is a dollar;" but holding on to it, he added:

"You are a strong man, and honorable, and you would rather work for it, would you not?" "Indeed I would," was the response

"I have a load of gravel which I would like to have removed; it will take you an hour. I will give you this.' The traveler left to change his clothes.

and, not finding them, he never returned. The next was a man who had nothing to eat for two days. He had a dinner given to him, and then wanted a little money for his sick wife. The bright dollar was produced, and many blessings were invoked as it met the gaze of the poor man. The gravel heap was delicately hinted at and the man started immediately for his tools; but a spade was offered on the spot. Then he suddenly remembered his sick wife, who needed his attention, and that man failed to resppear. This course was continued for nearly twenty months, and in that time 113 persons were relieved in the manner described. The one hundred and fourteenth customer was a match for the minister, and put a stop to that system of outdoor re-lief. The man had noticed that the dirt heap had been nearly leveled with the ground in the course of time; so, on accepting the offer, he merely kicked about the heap for a few minutes, and the obstruction was removed to the satisfaction of the minister, who paid the dollar to the witty knave.