THE PHANTOM SHIP.

J. W. DE IONEST.

We stood on the haunted island, We stood by the haunted bay: The stars were all over the skyland, But the moon had loitered away.

The lights of the fisher boats glimmered, The baseon glowed steady and red. The calm was icily shimmered Lake the eye of one who is dead.

Then, all alone on the ocean, The ghost of the island came-The ghost of a vessel in motion, The ghost of a vessel of flame.

It shone with vaporous brightness A glamour of tremulous rays; It was not fire, but the whiteness Of a ghost of a perished blaze.

We watched it with all our vision, We watched it doubting and dumb , We had heard of the thing with derision, But we surely beheld it come.

We saw it glide o'er the water, A phantom of pallid fire; We saw it tumble and totter To ruin, and then flash higher.

Again and again to leeward Its ghastly rigging foll o'er ; At last, far away to scaward, It foundered, and rose no more.

We had watched it with all our vision, We had watched it with eye and glass ; And gone were doubt and derision, For surely we saw it pass.

Through many a winter and summer, As the sons of the island know, The cleam of this ghostly comer Has prophesied storm and woe.

This ghost of a great three master Which went in the days of yore To fall and flery disaster Right off the Block Island shore.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

Nina, Ida and Jack Grant were three lovely children, residing in a nest of a cottage fanned by breezes from the beau-tiful Mohawk. They were as happy as bobolinks and as busy as bees, all the day long. Ida and Nina were twins. Their kind mother had provided them with an abundance of toys. The little with an abundance of toys. The little girls' tastes ran to dolls, as little girls' tastes generally run; and being fond of large families, they had as many as forty dolls, large and small, rag and China, between them. You may be sure that they had a great many visitors to share their sports. It was really amusing to watch them play. One day, when there watch them play. One day, when there were two or three little girls spending the afternoon with them, Ida, a grave, original creature, proposed a new play: "Let's have a funeral."

"What do you mean? We don't un-derstand," cried the children, with one

"I'll tell you. Some one mu die, and it shall be my big doll Kitty." must "Yes; we'll have her so sick the doctor can't cure her, try all he can," assented Nina.

"So we will, and we will give her castor oil, and piera, and pills, just as our mothers do us, sometimes," said Emma Powers, with a comical gesture of disgust, and a half nauseated, half radiant

"And then, by and by, when she is dead, we'll lay her out, as they did grand-mother Bridges," put in Susy Colby. "Won't it be real fun," asked Emma, giving two or three hops across the

"You mustn't talk so; it ain't the way

to behave when folks are sick and dying. It don't look well," said Ida, with the solemnity becoming a miniature hearse. "I won't then, but we are only making believe.

You mean boy!

"I guess I've a right to feel had when one of the family dies," (sob, sob, sob,) said Jack, making frantic gestures of grief.

"You only do it to bother us." "Don't you think I have a heart to feel as well as you?"

"But you don't feel bad a bit."

"How do you know?" "O, dear! it's too provoking. We'll

stop playing entirely, if you don't let us alone, Jack." "And leave the corpse unburied! I'll leave instantly then; but it is hard that I

am denied even the privilege of going even as a mourner. Good-by." And And again Jack was off.

It was no part of his plan to stop the play, for it would end his fun also.

The girls went on with funeral atter a short delay in the proceedings. Dolly was consigned to the grave that was hastily dug for her under the overhanging branches of a neighboring tree. After covering her with dirt and sods, the children left her and went into the house to partake of a nice supper Mrs.

Grant had prepared for them. While his sisters and their companions were so engaged, Jack made himself very busy indeed, as they found on returning to the play-room. On the closet door afore-mentioned was written with chalk, in round, school-boy hand, the following:

"Don't open the door during my ab sence. It holds a secret you must not fathom. Whoever dares disobey my fathom. mandates forfeits her head.

BLUEBEARD." "It's Jack's doings," said Ida.

"I know, but I wonder what he's up to now," said Emms, with a touch of true feminine curiosity. "We'll soon find out."

They tried the door at once. It was locked, but on a chair near at hand was a key with a piece of paper attached. "Don't use this, to your sorrow," was the warning it held.

The door was quickly ajar, and there were the thirty-nine dolls strung up by their necks on separate hooks.

"Tried, found guilty and promptly

executed, was written over them. "O, dear! did you ever see such a plague?" they all cried with one voice. The next thing in order was a simul-

taneous rush to the garden, to see what other mischief had been perpetrated. A tombstone manufactured out of a board stood at the head of Dolly's grave. It was lettered thus:

"And Kitty is not, for Jack took her."

"There, did you ever see such a boy." They removed the sods and dirt and found Dolly's coffin empty as they suspected. In it was another paper: "Room to let; occupant gone abroad for health."

You may be sure Jack was on hand now, looking fierce, and brandishing a rusty jack-knife menacingly. He had been watching them from a convenient hiding place, and chuckling to himself, and this moment he regarded as the fitting one in which to make his appearance

"Now see what the sins of curiosity and disobedience have brought you to. Who dies first?"

"Where is Kitty, Jack?" "My name is Bluebeard," he said,

scowling. Ida and Nina went to their mother,

erving. "What is the trouble?"

"It is Jack. Come and see what he has done.

As the thirty-nine little unfortunates draped in black met her eyes, Mrs. Grant found it impossible to resist a smile, but as nature's anæsthesia.

The Course of True Love.

"Tell Beryl to come here."

The Lady Agatha Frelinghuysen spoke these words in the commanding, decisive, I-will-get-there-or-break-a-suspender tone that was habitual to her, but as Mud Lake Maude, who had been a faithful servitor of the Frelinghuysens for forty years, and had seen Beryl grow from a cooing babe to a spiendidly-beautiful woman, turned away, she fancied that the lips of her mistress quivered slightly, and that her breath came in quick gasps. "It may have been carrying the bucket

of coal upstairs," said Mande softly to berself as she hurried away to obey the mandate given her, "but I fear that my lady's emotion hath another and more serious cause, and that Beryl, whom I oft have tossed in these arms, will think she has struck a blizzard belt when the

old lady begins to paw the air." Just then Maude fell over a coalscuttle that had been carelessly left in

the corridor, and on rising met Beryl,

intently reading a note. "Your mother would speak with you," said Maude, and then, to conceal the sorrow that filled her bosom, she began eating an apple. "Do you wish to see me, mamma?"

asked Beryl, tripping lightly into the room where her mother was scated. "I

"Yes, my child," was the reply, fain would speak with you on a matter that doth nearly concern your future happiners-your marriage." The girl shrank back instinctively,

and the happy look faded from the pretty blue eyes. Plunging her right hand impulsively into her pocket she discovered that the last letter from Vivian Perkins, the man whom she loved with all the passionate intensity of a last-chance affection, was still there.

Her secret was safe. "I am ready," she said to her mother, in respectful tones, which ever charac-terized her speech, "to hear you twitter."

"I know," said the mother, speaking calmly, "of your love for Vivian Perkins.

Beryl's corns were throbbing now, but she mastered her emotion bravely, and gave no outward sign of the great battle that was being waged in her soul. "You wish to marry this man?" said

the Lady Agatha.

"I do," replied Beryl, "and nothing but his word, his act, shall ever keep me from his side. I love Vivian with a wild, four-track-and-a-sleeper-on-every-train love that will brook no restraint, and some day, even though the fiery jaws of hell itself were opened to stop me, I shall be his bride.'

"I know all this," said the mother; know that you will marry Vivian, and I have but one request to make.'

"What is it?" asked the girl. "It is," said the Lady Agatha, "that you will arrange the nuptials as soon as possible.

"But why?" asked the daughter.

"Because," was the reply, "I am thinking of making a similar break myself."- Chicago Tribune.

The Painlessneys of Beath.

At birth the babe undergoes an ordeal that, were he conscious, would be more trying than a most painful death; yet he feels it not. Born in an unconscious state, the brain incapable of receiving conscious impressions, his entrance into this hitherto unknown world is accom-

window. And, Sergeant, I have thirtywindow. And, Sergean, I have unity five cents I made selling papers to-day. If I give you that, don't you think they would let me go until I could make enough to pay for the glass? It is every cent I have, but I don't want to go to

jail.' "Keep your money, my boy," said the officer, "I will see that the store is guarded, and if you go and tell the owner to-morrow I don't believe he will take a cent from you. Anyhow, I can trust you.'

"Thank you," said the boy, "I will be sure to go to see him, and I will try to save all the money I can to pay him, if he wants it." And drying his eyes, he went on, probably to a cheerless home .---Detroit Free Press.

Spitting Fire.

A Chicago dispatch says: The interest created here by the report that a man named Underwood could ignite handkerchiefs by merely blowing upon them has resulted in experiments which disclose that what he has done has been the revival of an old school-boy trick with phosphorus. A physician thus explained to a reporter: "You see, when I read the articles in the papers, I went out and got some phosphorus. Now, you know that it is a poison, and you also know that to prevent its taking fire it must be kept in water. As long as you keep it in your mouth and moisten it. there is no danger. You saw what I did. J would wash out my mouth all day long, drink water, gargle-as you saw me do-but, mind you, I would not like to swallow the poison. Now, look at it. I put it alongside my gums and show you my mouth, let you look at my gums, gargle my throat, drink water, do everything except let you see it. But, suppose you did see it? You never would imagine what it was. It might be a relie of my dinner. You see how small it is. Then I take this handkerchief and put it to my month, and while I breathe on it I put the phosphorus out on it. Then I rub a little, and there you are," and, sulting the action to the word, the doctor placed a handkerchief to his mouth, ane instantly a flame shot from it, and had he not snatched it from his moath and trampled it under foot, the handkerchief would have been entirely consumed.

The Chinese Plan.

A young St. Louis doctor, tired of waiting for patients and of starving, published the following card: "Family practice contracted for at the rate of \$4 per year for each person, payable one-fourth at first visit, when date of contract begins; one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in nine months, remaining one-fourth at end of year. Confinements and surgical operations extra." Business, he says, is just booming in consequence. He already has thirty-three families, averaging five in a family, under contract, and over one hundred more promised whenever they need a doctor. So he has \$700 assured him, and over \$2000 more in prospect. He collects quarterly. There are extreme eases both ways. In some he has not yet been called to a single case; in another he has already made \$150 worth of visits in four months, and will receive only \$12 for the family of three. It is simply medical insurance for one year at \$4 a head. The Medical Society threatened to expel him, but he attended the meeting and cited the name of one of the most distinguished physicians who has an annual contract with a school, and they concluded to let

The Stage Bald Head.

Most everyone who was not born blind knows that the stage bald head is a delusion and a snare. The only all-wool, yard-wide bald head we remember on the American stage is that of Dunstan Kirke, as worn by the veteran Couldock. Effic Ellsler wears her own hair, and so does Couldock, but Couldock wears his the most. It is the most worn, anyhow. What we started out to say is that the

stage bald head and the average stage whiskers make us weary with life. The stage bald head is generally made of the internal economy of a cow, dried so that it shines, and cut to fit the head as tightly as a potato sack would naturally fit a bil-liard cue. It is generally about four shades whiter than the red face of the wearer, or vice versa. We do not know which is the worst violation of eternal fitness, the red-faced man who wears a deathly-white bald head, or the pale young actor who wears a florid roof on his intellect. Sometimes in starring through the country and playing ten or fifteen hundred engagements. a bald head gets soiled. We notice

a bald head gets soiled. We notice that when a show gets to Lara-mie, the chances are that the bald head of the leading old man is so soiled that he really needs a sheep-dip shampoo. Another feature of this accessory of the stage is its singular failure to fit. It is either a little short at both ends or it hangs over the skull in large festoons, and wens and warts in such a way as to make the audience believe that the

wearer has dropsy of the brain. You can never get a stage bald-head near enough like nature to fool the average house-fly. A fly knows in two mo-ments whether it is the genuine or only a base imitation, and the bald-head of cloves made of wood, and the go-between-the-acts young man is doing his best to the theater fills him with nausea and disgust. Nature, at all times hard to imitate, preserves her bald-head as she does Fall River for the championship of em-bezzlements is getting interesting. This her sunny skies and deep blue seas, far beyond the reach of the weak, fallible

human imitator. Baldness is like fame, it cannot be purof directors. chased. It must be acquired. Some men may be born bald, some may ac-quire baldness, and others may have adulteration act, refused to permit 80,600 packages of tea to be landed. Most of it baldness thrust upon them, but they generally acquire it.

The stage beard is rather dizzy as a rule. It looks as much like a beard that grew there as a cow's tail would if tied to the bronze dog on the porch. When you tie a heavy black beard on a young actor whose whole soul would be churned up if he smoked a full fledged cigar, he

looks about as savage as a bowl of mush and milk struck with a club.

Tramway Fares in Italy.

All that common sense can possibly pronounced promisenous kissing unhealthy, but he doesn't state whether his say on the subject of reduced fares on your street railways having been exwife caught him kissing her pretty sister hausted in your columns and elsewhere, or the hired girl. anything more would be useless. But it "Why are things on your dress called bugle trimmings?" George wanted to know. "Oh," replied Emily, lightly, "because papa blows so over the bill." may interest your readers, and amuse the directors of the city railroads, to know the rates at which cars and omnibuses can be run without loss to the cities of northern Italy. In Milan the fare in both cars and Let women be brought up to habits of industry and economy and learn to sup-

omnibuses is two cents, and they make money at that.

In Genoa the fare is four cents, but the work is much heavier.

Here in Florence the cars charge four cents and the omnibuses two cents.

heavy on your hands, you can go and amuse yourself trying to get the thing to They all have conductors as well as drivers, and the horse are very good and in excellent condition. From what I can learn, horses feed is dearer here than in America.

ALL SORTS.

True wit is mighty and 'mighty scarce. Advertisers rush in where Rip Van Winkles fear to tread.

Dickens tells us of "a day to make home doubly home."

McClare's Morning-Glory stamps Mr. Arthur as the best President on recordas a figure for a dress suit.

Five millions of dollars is the funded pile of Bowen of Colorado, just elected to the United States Senate.

The last poetical attack upon us begins : "They say that I must die." This is encouraging .- | Cincinnati Saturday Night.

The New Orleans Picayune suggests if a weak young man finds that choss-playing hurts him, he had better buy a chest-protector.

"You are always prying into other people's business," said the policeman to the burglar, who was endeavoring to open a jewelry store with a jimmy.

A poet in the New York Sun compares Freddie Gebhardt to a goat. This is frightfully absurd, as everybody knows that a goat's weak point is not his head.

Mrs. Craik says wedlock is a lane that has no turning. Hasn't it? Well, Dinah Maria Muloch, you dear little thing, will you tell us how the divorce court originated?

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have a little heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.

Yankees are now making counterfeit

aid in destroying the forests of this

The contest between New Jersey and

is the result of a go-as-you-please board

was shipped to this country, hence "gift"

An Ohio town has had the same post-

master for over half a century. It is be-

lieved he can tell what is written on the

back of a postal card simply by reading

Said the Colorado man: "Eastern peo-

ple call the Atlantic ocean 'the drink.'

They know what's right, they do; they

understand what the size of a drink

A recognized medical authority has

Why bugle trimmings are so called:

port a husband, says the wise editor of

the Texas Siftings, and the tramp nui-

A telephone is a very handy thing to

have in the house. When time hangs

The Lexington, Ky., Press says that

sance will soon cease.

work .- [Boston Post.

England, in 1880 and 1881, under an

country.

tea stores.

the address.

ought to be."

"Yes, I know; but we want it to seem real."

The children were very busy for the next hour making a coffin out of an old pasteboard box they found in the garret, and preparing monrning garments for the numerous relatives of the deceased. At last their preparations were all com-plete. The mother doll lay shrouded in white in her coffin, and all the small mourners were ranged around it, according to the nearness of their kinship. Ida held the responsible position of preacher, the other little girls choir and congregation. Ida gave out a hymn gravely:

"Doily, thou wast mild and jovely, Gentle as a summer breeze."-"And the picra, and the cordial Have done her dead as sure as fleas. Sing, Tral la la, trai la la la la la tico.

The last part of the stanza was chir ruped by a gay, mocking voice, and the voice came from a closet near at hand.

"It is Jack," said the children, very creatfallen indeed.

"Yes, it is Jack," repeated the boy, issning forth. "Why didn't you invite me to be preacher or something. Ida ?'

His eyes danced with fun and his head dipped so low that he came near losing his balance.

"You always spoil our fun, you great plague !" said Nina.

"Dear ! I wish there weren't any

boys," said Emma. "Boys are better than girls any day, and know more," quoth Jack. "But, to go back to your troubles. 'Who'll dig the grave? I, said the owl, with my spade and my shovel, and I'll dig the grave."" grave.

"Go away, or I'll tell mother. I think you are too had to act so."

"You think I am too bad to act so. 1 am just bad enough to do it, Ida."

'Go away, I say!" indignantly.

"Going, going,gone," taking a sudden leap through the window, and disappearing around an angle of the house.

It was some time ere the little girls could recover their equanimity so as to be able to go on with the funeral; and indeed, Ida did not recover it entirely but occasionally looked over her shoul-der apprehensively while pronouncing, her enlogy over the remains of poor Dolly. At last the sermon was ended, and the sad procession got into line of march for the place of interment. Ida aded it as minister; Emma Powers and Susie Colby came next, bearing the coffin, and Nina drew an old baby carontaining the thirty-nine mournors. It hore a striking resemblance to the remarkable shoe the old woman and her numerous progeny contrived to in-habit. The procession moved slowly on to the garden, and would have moved to the garden, and would have moved silently, too, if Ida had not looked back and beheld Jack stalking along behind with a piece of crape flooting from his hat, and shronded from head to foot in an old black shawl. As soon as he be-came aware of the observation, he began to tear his hair and wall violently. "You great plague!"

she looked somewhat displeased, nevertheless.

"Jack, my son!"

"Mother?" with an enxious glance. "What made you?" "Ida is so fond of funerals, and makes

such a famous preacher, I thought I'd give her a smart chance to exercise her abilities. Thirty-nine corpses in thirtynine coffins-why, she can enjoy a whole graveyard.

"I wish we didn't have any brother, said Nina and Ida, with their eyes full of "Susie's brother Joe don't act so, tears.

does he, Susic?" "No," said Susie. Jack was very tender-hearted, and didn't intend to make his sisters cry.

"Don't, girls, and I won't be so bad again-I think I won't anyway. If you'll stop crying I'll give you Jim.

Nina and Ida smiled through their tears. Jim was a very black crow, Jack's one pet and favorite, and they knew it was almost like cutting off his right hand

to part with him. "We'd rather you'd tell us where my doll Kitty is than to have Jim," replied

Ida, restored to good humor. "She is in your traudle-bed," replied

Jack*

"Come with me, my son," said Mrs. Grant; "I want to talk with you." When they were alone: "I am sorry you are such a great plague, Jack. It is wrong to tease your aistors so."

His two arms were around her neck, and a rousing smack fell on her lips, while his head, with his thick, dark curls, rested on her shoulder.

"It is awful hard work to be good, mother; but I'll try."

And so it always ended. Jack sorry and full of good promises for the future, she more in love with him than ever. He was so generous, fine tempered and gay that none coull help loving him. In spite of his teasing propensities, he was the darling of the honsehold. It could hardly be called naughtiness, because his love of the fun was never malicious or cruel in its outward expression; it was simply an effervesence-a bubbling over. It is because he is a favorite of ours, in spite of his faults, that we have written out these trifling incidents in the life of "that great plague" for the amusement of little people.

A point in eliquette recently decided a lawsuit in a queer way. A traveler on a German railway train attempted to eat a lunch while on the journey. While pat-ting a piece of Bologne sausage in his mouth the train suddenly stopped, causing his check to be badly cut on the edge of the knife which he was using. The man sued the company for damages, but his claim was not sustained, on the ground that it is a breach of etiquette to cat with a knife.

The floods in the Ohio are charged up to the denuding of the Allegbeny mountains of their forests, causing a sudden melting of the snows. It is in these mountains that the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, which unite to form the Ohio, take their rise.

"Painlessiy we come, whence we know not --Painlessly we go, whither we know not."

From the earliest period of human history death has been considered as necessarily accompanied by pain. So general is this belief, that the terms "death agony," "last struggle," "pangs of death," etc., have been in almost univer-"pangs of sal use in every age and under all conditions of society. Nothing can be more erroneous; the truth is, pain and death seldom go together-we mean the last moments of life. Of course, death may be preceded by weeks or even months of extreme suffering, as occurs during cer-

tain incurable diseases. So exaggerated has been this notion that it has been considered an act of humanity to anticipate the "death-struggle" by violence; for ages it was customary among the lower classes of Europe to hasten death by suddenly jerking the pillow from beneath the head of the dying, thus throwing the head backward, straining the pharyngeal and thoraic muscles, rendering the respiration, al-ready difficult, shortly impossible. A Venetian ambassador, in the time of Queen Mary, asserted that it was a common custom among the country people to smother the dying by means of a pil-low placed over the face, upon which leaned or sat the nearest relative. This was founded upon the pious belief that a short road was the best one. This custom was handed down from generation to generation, parents performing it for their children, and vice versa. But, perhaps, the saddest privilege ever allowed the near friends of a dying man, occasionally occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when through executive elemency-in executions by hanging-they were permitted to grasp the feet of the suspended criminal, and, by clinging to the extremities, percipitate their addditional weight on the body, thereby hastening strangulation. It is needless to say that these theories are false in both conception and practice. Death is a physiological process, and like all other animal functions, should

True Manilness as Revealed in a Young Street Arab.

be painless .- [Popular Science Monthly.

"Sergeant," said a diminutive specimen of the street Arab, as he met an officer wearing a sergeant's uniform on the street about 10 o'clock the other night; "can you send an officer to guard some

property to night?" The urchin's clothes were tattered, his face was dirty, and he was soaked with rain; but there was a manly air about him for all that. The officer looked somewhat astonished at the request coming from such a strange source, but asked

"What do you want an officer for, my

boy?" The Swan Bro "Because," answered the child, and tears filled his eyes, "I was leaning arainst a store window on Chestnut street, and the glass broke, and I could not make anybody hear, so I started as fast as I could to find an officer, to keep anybody from stealing the things in the million dollars.

him alone.

Buennas for American Girls.

Wealthy New York families are fast forming their habits upon French and English models. Motheriand daughters each have their own maid, and the "own" maid never loses sight of her young mistress. She sleeps in an alcove or a small room separated only by a portiere; or if her quarters are in another part of the house, she is the last to leave her at night and the first to see her in the morning, for she makes her clothes, prepares her toilet for the day, she superintends her bath, dresses and undresses her, accompanies her on all her walking, shopping and other little expeditions. The oversight exercised is constant, and so minute in the nature of the case that the young girl can do nothing-not even post a letter-except under surveillance. In society, and especially in the ball room, this is removed. The maid may be in the dressing-room, the chaperone chatting with some other matron within a few feet of her, but the feeling of perpetual restraint is in a measure removed; and the joy in it, and the temptation to avail herself of it, is all the greater for its contrast with her daily life.

A Surprise for Her Lover.

Miss Matilda Snowball, who is blacker than the ace of spades, has been filling an appointment as "a cook lady" in the family of Colonel Yerger. A few evenings ago Matilda came into the parlor where Mrs. Yerger was sitting sewing by the fire. Matilda had a very sly expression on her face and something hid under her apron.

"What have you got there ?" asked Mr. Yerger.

de fust families ob Austin has been paying me 'tenshions, and I 'lowed ter s'prise him wid my picture tuken fur ter

Mrs. Yerger looked at the picture and nearly fell out of her chair with amaze-"Why, this can't be you, Matilda. It is the picture of a white woman with

"Dat's whar de s'prise comes in.

An important fact of the year 1882 to be noted is that not a single bushel of grain was shipped to Europe from New York in a vessel under the American flag. As Americans find agriculture and cotton and iron manufacturing more luerative than ship building, it may have been as well for the United States to have secured some of this carrying business by allowing their citizens to run and register foreiga-built ships.

The Swan Brothers, who started in the cattle business fifteen years ago with less than \$10,000, are to-day the wealthiest cattle men in Wyoming, their herds be-ing in the central part of the Territory. Their shipment last season aggregated 12,000 head, amounting to over half a

Of course their profits are not so large as with you, where five or six cents are charged, but they are very flourishing.

But this is a benighted old country with a king and all that, and is not blessed with bosses or rings.

In Geneva, Switzerland, the car fare is two cents, and the company is very prosperous .- [Viator, in Philadelphia Times.

A Nice Young Laiy.

Miss Hattie Crocker, who stands as the richest young lady in the United States. was dressed more simply than half the poor and ambitious girls at the ball. Miss Crocker is tall and slender, with a fine clear complexion, blue gray eyes and auburn hair. Her expression is one of great dignity and sweetness, and her fine delicate features and modest and graceful bearing are indicative of anything but the supercilious and flamboyant spirit that has brought so many of these Western heiresses into disfavor. Miss Crocker is one of the most natural and unaffected young girls, a devoted church member, and given to many charitable works and serious pursuits. Miss Crocker wore a short dancing dress of pink satin, with high corsage, and drapery of white satin brocaded with daisies. The pointed neck was filled with Valenciennes lace, and the elbow sleeves ruffled with the same fine web. A single strand of large pearls encircled her throat, and the richest young lady in the United States was as quiet and pretty a picture of maidenly grace as one could wish for .-- [St. Louis Globe Democrat.

COLLEGE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY .-Four hundred Harvard professors and student formed a co-operative society nine months ago, and opened a store, where books, sporting articles, stationery, fuel, pictures and clothing were either kept in stock or sold by sample. The price for everything was 5 per cent above wholesale cost, and members only could buy, but on no other terms than cash down. They also pay \$2 a year. The experiment has thus far been highly satisfactory, and Lo reason for failure in the future is apparent. There is no capital at risk, the 5 per, cent. and yearly paid de fotographic man two bits far dat ar picture.--[Texas Siftings.] dues cover expenses, and the members, now increased to 636, get their supplies at an average of 20 per cent. less than they would have to pay elsewhere. A novel branch of the business is the sale of second-hand books and furniture, by which students get pay for their dis-carded things, instead of throwing them away.

> AN "ACT OF GOD."-A Nantaskett, Mass., man bought a piano on the instalment plan, agreeing to give it back uninjured if he couldn't pay for it. A tempest blew down the house upon the piano, and now the seller sues for damages, the defendant setting forth that the instrument was damaged by an act of God, for which he is not responsible.

"Jersey lightning" is generally bolted --[Boston Commercial Bulletin. And before its victim has forked over.

never before at this time of the year has wheat looked so bad in that State as it does now, and much of it will have to be plowed up in the spring.

The governor of Virginia offers \$50 reward for the arrest of a murderer. It is believed to be the same rascal who after killing three or four people threw a stone at the governor's dog.

In answer to a query the Chicago News states that Elizabeth was the "bonniest" Queen of England. She may have been the boniest ; but "bonniest"-bah !-- N. Y. Com. Adv.

The Washington Post says that much of the butter sold in that city is fit only for the soap factory. If this is a true statement we don't wonder that some of our statesmen are slippery fellows.

Queer how things work! Gebhardt makes an ass of himself and achieves fame. If he had possessed any common sense and behaved himself like a decent man, he would be wholly unknown.

Rev. Mr. Deems says there are a thousand stupid hearers to one stupid preacher. If such be the case the "stupid hearers" in this country must aggregate something like countless millions.

General Sheridan has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket, and already a number of Democratic papers have discovered that he wasn't much of a general anyhow.

When a South End man and his wife engaged in a debate the other night and the dog got up and scratched at the door to be let out of the room, they concluded that it was about time to stop the discussion.- Boston Post.

A reason: Earnest Spinster-"Since you sympathize so much with the Blue Ribbon Army, why don't you join us, Miss Masham?" Frivilous ditto-"So I would; only the ribbon is really such a very dreadful blue!"-London Puncd.

A colored man in Texas has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. When the term expires he will hobble through the country and claim that he is the only surviving member of George Washington's body guard.

By the aid of a telephone, a Boston banjo-player was heard a distance of twenty-five miles. If the music is intensely aggravating, the listener can't throw stones and things. Even a rifle won't carry twenty-five miles .-- | Norristown Herald.

"Then you think," said Wittiboi to the insurance examiner, "that I am a good risk?" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "a first-class one." "Then what in thunder do I want to get insured for?" said Witti-boi. "Much obliged for your examination. Good-day.'

It remains to be seen whether the citizens of a Mexican town think enough of mayor and aldermen to pay a ransom for them to the brigands who have cap-tured them. If they do, Philadelphia will ship them a car-load of leather medals and a trap to set to catch the fool-killer when he comes to that town. - Boston Post.

"A young gentleman belongin' to one s'prise him wid."

ment. red hair and blue eyes."