SAD END OF JOSEINA

Twas love that, in the usual way, Made Jobkins th.ow himself away,

He, being not extremely wise. First on a maiden cast his eyes.

And, seeing she was fair and young. He tried to speak, but loss his tongue.

A little later, it appears. He lent the argel both his ears.

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And smitten with her many charms, Unto the darling gave his arms.

But not before, in cuchro play, He'd thrown two splendid hands away,

Of enume he let his treasure win; Then carelisaly wiped off his chin;

And on a handkerchief so gay He blew his nose then right away.

she looked, and then he, turning red, Became confused and lost his head;

And stumbled when she smiled so sweet, From under him slipped both his feet,

He argued, but her answer grand Left him no legs on which to stand.

Now was the time for her to part, And 10 ! she stole away his heart.

Affrightened in the darksome hall, ? His very fiesh began to crawl.

And then his terror made it known That he, alas! had no back-bone.

All that was left of Jobkins gay Began to quickly melt away.

And he, who might have lived for years,

solved completely into tears,

MAGNIFICENT MISS STANLEY.

It was a pretty scene. Tall forest trees, with sbining foliage, green hedges and lawn, and a large pond covered with rastic bridges and fantastic ornaments. A young girl sat in a half reclining position upon the grass, watching the gold fish as they appeared from time to time upon the surface of the water. She was not pretty, but there was something very piquant and pleasing in the expression of her face, which was unusually serious for one so young. The day was warm and sultry, and she was sinking into a quiet slumber, when a little dog sprung toward her, barking shrilly.

'Why, you horrid little thing!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if your master is as homely as you are."

'You can judge for yourself, miss,' said a voice close beside her; and, springing to her feet, she was confronted by a tall, good natured looking young man, who, although not very handsome, was by no means unusually homely, either. "Well, what do you tnink?" he asked, as she stood staring at him in utter amazemont.

"I think that you are very bold to intrude in this way," she said, at last, mak-ing a very palpable effort to be dignified.

"Intrude? Now that is pretty cool, considering that I am on my own ground."

"Are you Mr. Gresham?"

"I had no doubt of it until this moment. Are you Miss Stanley?" "Oh. my! no-what an idea! I am

only Miss Stanley's cousin. I will go and tell her that you have returned." "No, don't! I have seen my aunt, and

that is enough. Sit down again, if you please. "But we have not been introduced!"

"Yes, we have; we have introduced ourselves, and that is a great deal pleas-'Mr. anter than to have some one say: Gresham, let me present you to Miss

"No, no; Miss Stanley would say: 'Mr. Gresham, this is my little consin;' and she drew herself up in a stately manner, and spoke very slowly and precisely.

He laughed and said:

many a pleasant hour by your side, read-ing aloud to you, while you embroid-ered, knit or sketched." ont of pure kindness, and appreciated him all the more. Fortunately she did not hear their remark in regard to her-"But I never embroider, knit or sketch.'

"You do not?"

"No; my sister Emma embroiders and | easiness whatever. Mary sketches. There is not a cow in our neighborhood that has not posed for our neighborhood that has not posteri-her. And Emma made six big, histori-cal pictures in worsted. Oh, it is fearful "Emma," she said.""Walter and Amy

"Ob, no-she gains it-and that is her cross in life. But you can read to Miss Stanley."

"Hang Miss Stanley." "That is not polite. Have you ever

een her?" "No, and I do not want to. I asked little girl.

"Yes, I am just seventeen."

"Well, I think we can manage to have Stanley."

"You will not look at me after you have seen her."

"Why? Is she gorgeous?"

"Awfully, fearfully! She is nearly six foot tall; and when she wears her crimson velvet dress, you think of Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia."

'That is not a flattering comparison.' "Oh, I mean in sppearance merely; because Miss Stanley is as good as she is hand some. She is so admirable in every way that it makes me feel tired. I like people to be wicked once in a while -don't yon?"

"Yes, it makes more variety, of course.

"You will admire her beyond words to express. Everybody does. When she comes into a room it seems as if she fills every portion of it. I never see any one else.

"She never would prevent me from seeing you."

"You have not been tried yet." "I prefer violets to sunflowers."

"Oh, don't compare her to a great

sunflower. They are ugly, even if they are resthetic. Call her a dahlia." "I detest daalias."

"Well, wait and see;" and, turning suddenly away, she ran like a deer over the lawn.

Walter Gresham had just returned from a long European tour. He was twenty-four years old; and, his parents being dead he was now monarch of all he surveyed-that is, in his immediate neighborhood. An aunt had occupied his elegant home during his absence, and he had given her permission to live gayly as she pleased; only requesting her not to have any fashionable young ladies there when he returned.

But Mrs. Simcox was an inveterate match-maker; and she imagined that Miss Emma Stanley was the one woman to make him happy. Certainly, if regal magnificence could make a man happy, Walter Gresham should have been perfectly satisfied. It seems as if that imposing word had been especially coined for her. She was magnificent in beauty, toilettes and self-conceit-the last particularly. There was something abso-lutely sublime in Emma Stanley's ego-tism. It never deserted her. Nothing could modify it. The rude and ill-bred might amuse themselves in the most unblushing manner at her expense, and she, in her supurb unconsciousness, would never know it. The fear of rivals did not and could not disturb her, and the idea of little Amy Gladden ever appearing in that character was too absurd to be entertained for a moment. When

self; and when she saw them together so often afterward, she still ascribed it to his genuine good nature, and felt no un-

Mrs. Simcox, however, did not feel so well satisfied, and concluded to speak to Miss Stanley in regard to the growing

are together a great deal of the time." "Oh, yes," she replied calmly, "it is yery kind in him to amuse the child as

he does. He must be very fond of little girls." "He seems to be fond of this little girl, at any rate. I would send her home

if I were in your place." aunt not to have any young ladies here. "Why should I send her home? Do Oh! I beg pardon. But then you are a you dislike the child? Does she annoy you?"

"Certainly not. I like her very much." "I have always been fond of Amy, some gay times together in spite of Miss She is so quiet and inoffensive. She seems very happy hers, and her own home is so crowded. I pity the child." "I was not thinking of myself at all, for I like to have her here. She is a good girl, obliging and pleasant: but she seems a little too attractive. Walter is evidently much pleased with her.'

"She doubtless amuses him. She is truly unsophisticated, and really quite original in her ideas."

'And are you not afraid-"

"Afraid? What should I be afraid of? "Well, perhaps I am unnecessarily alarmed; but I had quite set my heart her?" on seeing you the mistrees here, Emma.' "I have seen no reason as yet to change my mind in regard to that arrangement. Walter is rather young, but he is manly and dignified."

"Yes, Amy thinks so."

"She has very good judgment, although her experience is, of course, limited.

And Mrs. Simcox left her in despair. Soon after this Walter was taken sick with slow fever, and almost immediately afterward Amy received a message from home, desiring her speedy return. She was obliged to go, without bidding the sick man good bye, and she carried away a very sad heart in consequence.

Miss Stanley was a splendil nurse, and she devoted herself unremittingly to the patient; but he longed for a sight of Awy's piquant face and girlish figure. He was very much in love; and his per-fect consciousness of the fact prevented his making any inquiries regarding her. At length, however, he could contain himself no longer; and one day, when Miss Stanley's splendidly-developed figure was turned away from him he asked: "Where is Miss Gladden? Is she well?"

"Oh, yes; but she had to go home They sent for her. But I want to thank you for all the notice you took of the little girl. It was very kind in you to do it.

"You give me more credit for unselfishness than I deserve. Miss Amy is a delightful companion."

fully;" and Miss Stanley resumed her embroidery, with a gracious smile, as if "Yes, her naivete is very amusing. She has lived in the country all her life, poor child, and knows very little of the ways of the world."

"Perhaps that is what makes her so charming."

"She has a great deal to learn, and I hope to have her with me again before long. She cannot have any proper advantages where she is, and her mind and manners both need cultivation.

the marriage took place. Amy received no handsomer present than the costly He said no more then; but he grew very impatient to be up and about again, diamonds bestowed by her benignantlyand as soon as he was able to leave the smiling consin. d the propriety of house he announced his intention of go her marrying Walter Gresham, she asing away for a few days, though whither they could not find out. Amy Gladden was seated one morning in a little rustic arbor near her father's nouse, looking even more serious than usual, when she heard a familiar voice pronounce her name in eager, questioning tones. Raising her head quickly, she saw Walter Gresham standing before her, looking very pals and thin, but with a glad, happy light in his eyes.

Her father at once gave his consent, and they were soon very happy. He remained a week, and upon his re-

Young Prima Donas.

The Detroit Free Press is responsible

ton Bell met in Colonel Mulqueen's boudoir of bibulation yesterday and ex-

changed the compliments of the season.

Each was stepping higher than a blind

"Good morning, Colonel Bell," said General Wilson; "how is your daughter

"Pretty well, thank yon," replied Colonel Bell; "she had a slight attack

last night, but she rallied toward morn-

ing, and when I left the house an hour

or two ago she was playing on the piano

"I am glad to hear it," said General

Wilson, "and by the way, I would be

very much pleased to have your daugh-

ter call upon my daughter and practice

ducts with her. We have a fine col-

lection of Chopin's etudes, and Men-

delasohu's songs without words. Has

your daughter a decided talent for mu-

"I think she has," answered Colonel Bell. "In fact, I feel safe in positively asserting that she has. Her penchant for vocal music is marked. I have

lain awake at night on numerous occa-

sions to hear her sing, and to me her

"My daughter, too, has a beautiful voice," said General Wilson. "With the

when she executes an aria about her bot-

"Ab," said Colonel Bell, with an in-

credulous smile, "you should hear my daughter warble and trill on the G cleff,

one time and three motions when there

observed General Wilson, philosophi-

"These girls are wonderful beings,"

"They are, indeed," replied Colonel

"Are you ever harassel," inquired

General Wilson, "by the fear that your daughter's head is going to fall off?

Frequently when I am holding and ca-

ressing my Josephine her head rolls

about in a manner that inspires me with

"That dosen't bother me so much,"

said Colonel Boll, "as the complexion

which my daughter has. So far from

inheriting the clear, fair complexion of

her parents, she has a dreadfully red

skin, and looks as if she had acquired

even at her tender age, habits of intem-

"On, that'll be all right in time," ex-

plained General Wilson; "they are all

that way at first. They bleach them out

as they get older. My daughter used to

"I am greatly relieved to hear you

speak so encouragingly," said Colonel

The Decoration of a Room.

Crude white is in favor with house wives for ceilings. "It looks so clean." That is just its fault. It looks so clean,

even when it is not, that it makes all else look dirty, even though it may be clean.

To paint the flat ceiling of a moderate-sized room by hand is simply a waste of

labor. It is only at great personal in-

convenience that one can look long at it,

whilst, as a matter of fact no one cares

to do so. You see it occasionally, by ac-

be so, but she's as fair as a lily now."

perance. It worries me a good deal."

a dread lest it fall off its neck."

tle of warm milk."

is a pin sticking her."

cally.

Bell.

Bell.

voice is the sweetest I over heard."

as chipper and natural like as ever."

horse.

sic?

this morning?"

several places where the passage dipped

and then rose again, forming a pit be-

tween each rise of the roadway. When

we reached this place the water was so

high that we had to swim across these

holes, and in doing so we jammed our heads against the roof. Almost fainting

from exhaustion, we at last came out at

the air shaft and were helped up the

stairs by willing hands. I forgot to say

that when I was nearly up to the shaft I

came across two boys who were swim-ming in the same direction I was going.

They cried out for me to help them, for they were fired out; but I knew my only

hope was in a rapid move, and so I was

compelled to leave them behind to

Smith was the last man who ever came

out of the mine alive, and he was as

happy a man as could be found any-

Commodore Phelps' Removal.

Probably nothing has happened here

for years that people have discussed more fully, without reaching satisfactory

conclusions, than the removal of Com-

modore Phelps from the command of the

Navy Yard and his orders to the South

Atlantic station. In the first place, Com-

modore Phelps was not in command of

the yard the usual time by some ten

months; in the second place he desired

to remain here, "moved heaven and earth" after his fashion to that end; and

yot all his influence, and he was accred-

ited with not a little, and ponderous peti-

tions bearing five hundred uames, availed

him not. The presumption that the

Navy Department had no other available

officer to order in command of the South

Atlantic squadron, seems to have been effectually exploded, and there certainly

was some other motive that lies at the

bottom of the commodore's strange re-

moval. It is said that young, designing

and powerful fellow-officers put the scrows to the commodore in the hope that he would ask to be retired and thus

cause their advoncement in grade. It is

talked at tea parties that Miss Dora Mil-

ler, daughter of one of the United States

Senators from California, was piqued at

treatment she received at the hands of

the commodore's family while visiting at

the Navy Yard last fall, and that her father has reseated it. It is the talk

furthermore that politics effected the re-moval and the accompanying unpleasant orders. It is said, in the same connec-

tion, that the commodore permitted him

to be too much of a tool in the hands of

politicians, and has thus brought upon

himself the visitation of that wrath that

men more powerful and hard to reach

than he, have failed to escape .- Vallejo

True Love.

A pretty story is told of the late Czar-

ina of Russia, who, as is well known,

was a most faithful wife, in spite of the

long continued harsh treatment and neg-lect of the Czar, and a wise and devoted

mother. Although a strict observer of

the rules of the Greek church, she al-

ways opposed the tendency to substitute

forms and ascetic coremonies in religion

in place of true feelings and domostic

While visiting the Smoinoje for girls

some years ago, the Empress, during an

examination of pupils, suddenly asked,

The young ladies blushed as though

an improper question had been asked,

became confused and were silent. Mme,

Times.

every day duty.

"What is love?"

to do so. You see it occasionally, by ac-cident, and for a moment, and, that ged leave to state to her majesty that all

perish."

where.

turn, going straight to bis aunt, with a for the following: face fairly radiant with happiness, he General Joe Wilson and Colonel Clifsaid "Cougratulate me, aunt!"

"Congratulate you?-what for? Has Em-

"Amy has promised to be my wife." "What is that? Amy? Are you crazy?

"Crazy? No, I am as sane as you are. "Did you say that you intended to marry that child?"

"That child will be eighteen in De cember, and we shall be married on her birthday.

"But Em-, Miss Stanley?" Mrs. Sim-cox inquired in a dazed, bewildered way, what will she say?"

Then Walter looked somewhat bewildered also-that is for a few moments. But he began to laugh immediately afterward, and said:

"I do not know what Miss Stanley has to do with it. She is not my mother, or guardian, or maiden aunt, or ----

"But I think she expected ---- "

"Expected what?" "She has been so attentive."

"Well, I certainly am very much obliged to her for her attentions.

"Think how she nursed you." "Yes, she was awfully kind."

"I think some explanation-"Aunt Ellen, what do you mean?"

"It is such a delicate matter."

"Hang the delicacy! Do you mean that she expected I would want to marry advantages I contemplate giving her she will make a great cantatrice. There can be nothing finer than her upper "Well, yes, 1 think--indeed I am quite sure-that she did." register at two o'clock in the morning

"I am very sorry, then, that I cannot oblige her, and I will go at once and tell

her of my engagement. "No, indeed, it will be better for me to do it," and she started at once to ful-

fill the dreadful duty. She found Miss Stanley looking very

imposing and elegant in a scarlet satin wrapper. After talking a while upon indifferent subjects, Mrs. Simcox said:

"Do you know what Walter went away for? "He went upon some business, I sup-

For the first time in her life, perhaps,

Miss Stanley looked surprised. More than that, she looked astounded. But

soon recovering her usual admirable

"I hope he will be happy with the child. She is very young and inexper-

ienced; but she is a good little girl. It is

an excellent thing for the family, as they

"Well, I must say that I feel greatly

"You need not be. Amy is very quick

to learn, and, with only a few hints, she

will fulfill her duties here very grace-

everything had transpired according to

As Mrs. Simcox went back to her room

"It is just as well. So superior a per son would not be likely to suit Walter."

Miss Stanley's manner toward that

young gentleman was the very perfection

of stately grace and urbanity; and when

pose "He went to see Amy."

"Did he? Just like his kind heart."

"It was not kindness at all; it was love.

to be married in December."

composure, she said:

are very needy."

disappointed."

her fondest wishes.

she thought to herself:

"I do not understand you." "He is ecgaged to Amy, and they are

"Bat you have not told me your name vet?" "Amy Gladden, at your pleasure."

"That is a very pretty name for a young lady,

"But I am not a young lady.,

"Not a young lady?" he repeated, with a look of surprise and disappointment in his face. You are not married, I hope?'

"Oh, dear, no-but I am only a little girl."

"A little girl?"

"Yes. How can I be anything else when I have three unmarried sisters older than myself?" she asked, in an aggrieved tone, which made him laugh heartily.

"True enough," he said at last; but how is it that your sisters are still unmarried? They cannot be as pretty as you are

'Pretty as I am, Mr. Gresham? I am the fright of the family.'

"Indeed! Then if you are the fright, I should like to see the beauties. They must be paragons.

'Oh, Miriam is lovely! She has the brightest golden hair!"

"I prefer brown," he said, glancing at the head before him, crowned with bands of shining chestnut-colored hair.

"And the loveliest blue eyes!" "I prefer brown," he said again, look-ing straight into the soft, liquid eyes of They areall crazy about her. She is re-

his companion.

"And she is so tall and elegant!"

"I like little women best."

"Pshaw!" she cried, impatiently, "you are just trying to flatter me. You know

that I am as homely as--" "My dog?" and then he laughed

again "How you do laugh. What makes you

haugh so much?" "Because I am young, I suppose. And

I wish you would laugh also," he said, growing serious all at once. "It pains me to see you look so grave."

"If you were a poor minister's daugh ter, with five sisters, I think you would look grave too. But I do laugh sometimes, just when I ought not to. If there is anything absurd, that should be world !" passed or unnoticed, I am sure to see it d laugh.

"You have a keen sense of the ridiculous,"

"I suppose so, and it is really dreadful. I think it is a great misfortune." "If you were a writer, you would probably find it a great advantage."

"But I am not a writer, thank fortune.

"Why thank fortune?"

"Because my sister Julia writes, and she is always tormenting me to listen to her articles-'outpourings of genius, she calls them-and I wish her genius would cease outpouring." "Don't you like to read?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! but I don't like to isten when other people read; I get so "impatient."

"I am sorry."

"Why?"

sented graciously. She was twenty five years old, and felt that it would be as well to establish herself now for life. Walter was a little younger; but then he was agreeable, cultivated and rich. His estate was old if he were not. Of course he would have no objections. That was a contingency of which she never dreamed. And when Walter was introduced he was so "completely stun-

Mrs. Simcox suggeste

ned." as he told Amy afterward, that Miss Stanley was convinced that she had made a great impression upon him.

"But your description was not quite correct," he said to his cousin. She did not fill all space; I saw you in spite of her; and really, Miss Amy, it was a great relief."

"Why?" the latter asked.

"Because you made me think of calm, pure moonlight, after the heat and glit ter of a hot summer day.'

"You certainly think her very hand some?"

"Wonderful ! Stupendous ! Terrible I

"How you do talk. Just wait a while, and you will be as eager as all the others are to carry her shawl, and fan, and bouquet. I know how it will be."

"Are they all so cager?"

ceiving offers all the time. I think it was twenty she had last year. "Oh, now, Miss Amy, isn't that a lit-

tle-just a little, you know-

"It is the solemn truth. She is as rich as she is wise and handsome, and money you know adds such a lustre to

beauty. "You call yourself a little girl; but that did not sound at all like a

little girl. "Well, hard experience has taught me a great deal; and I do not blame people

for liking money." "It must be very uncomfortable to be

without it."

"It is perfectly awful! I had rather be rich than anything else in this

"Do not say that."

"It is the truth."

"Would you marry a man you did not like, just because he could give you mone

"I do not know-I have never been tried."

"You would not do it, I know. Money does not always bring happiness."

"It brings an immense amount of comfortanyway. Mrs. Simcox is calling 115.

A humbler person than Miss Stanley would hardly have been satisfied with Walter Gresham's manner towards her. He was evidently impressed; but whether the impression was favorable or not was somewhat uncertain. She attributed his reserve to diffidence, and rather admired it as something desirable in a

"Why?" side and talked with her so unreservedly could not see anything funny in what as paste, will generally remove all stains "Because I imagined myself spending (as it appeared) she thought he did it she had said.

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, springing from her seat.

"Are you glad to see me, Amy?" he asked, watching, with a happy smile, the bright blushes come and go in her cheek.

"Yes," she said; "but you look so tired and pale. Sit down at once;" and she made him take a seat. "Are you quite well?"

'Oh, yes! And you-are you happy? "I am-just now," she answered frankly blushing again as she saw the beaming look come into his face.

"You blessed little darling!" he cried, throwing his ar ns around her waist. "Oh, but you musn't do that," she

said; although she certainly looked more pleased than angry.

"Yes, I shall-for I love you my darling, and I am going to-" and here Amy's face was completely covered for several seconds. "Ob, Amy," he said, A private letter from suddenly, "you do not think money is the most desirable thing in the world now, do you? Is not love a great deal maining in continement for more than better?

"Do you want me to tell you that I am sorry you are rich, Walter? I cannot do that. I love you dearly, dearly, with my whole heart; but I am just as glad as I can be that you are not a poor man."

"What a frank little thing you are, Amy. And of course you are right; I know I should not be contented without for three days he ate no solid food; but money; and it makes me very happy to think that I can surround you with lux- eighty to one hundred eigarettes per uries

"I have always longed for nice things, but I never dreamed that I should have them. Oh, Walter, I am so glad that it hours. This caused much alarm, and is you who will give them to me."

"I would like to see any other man dare to do it."

"How strange that you should prefer me to Miss Stanley."

"St ange? It seems the most natural thing in the world to me, Amy. I told you I liked little women the best.

"There is a good deal of Emma.

"She makes me think of the Sphinx. "Now, Walter, dear, you must not laugh at her, because she is good and kind to me."

"I know it, Amy; and she has been very devoted to me too. But your father, my darling, he will not object to this arrangement, will be?"

"He will be greatly relieved to have one daughter disposed of."

Here Walter burst into a hearty laugh, young man. And when he sought Amy's in which she soon joined, although she

After they had been married a year or two, Walter came into his wife's room on day, and said:

"Amy, I have some news for you." "Oh, tell mo, quick!" she exclaimed; what is it?".

"Miss Stanley is engaged to an English nobleman.' "Oh, that is splendid! What a sensa

tion she will make." "I hear that he is a very fine man."

"He ought to be. I hope that he is handsome, and good, and intelligentfor certainly no common man should ever marry our magnificent Miss Stan-

lay.' Poison in the Sultan's Palace.

In November last General Fund Pasina was arrested and tried by a tribunal in the palace of Yilditz. The charges against him were of a vague character, but they were founded upon some rash after-dinner talk attributed to Fuad, who is communicative over his champagne. The tribunal found nothing against him and he was released and resumed his duties as aid-de-camp to the Sultan. About three weeks afterward he was again arzine of Art. rested and confined in one of the kiosks in the palace grounds. No charges were brought against him, but he remained

under arrest until the 28th of January, A private letter from Constantinople

tells us how the hero of Katchielewo and Elena regained his liberty: "After rethree weeks, Fund declared to his attendants that he could endure it no longer, and that he would rather die than continue to live under such persecutions as that to which be was subjected; he was resolved to take no more food. His attendants thought it merely a "facon de parler." But Fuad stuck to his word and he smoked all day long, consuming from day. On the evening of the third day he had a sort of cataleptic fit, and remained in a comstose condition for some the first chamberlain teld the story to the Sultan, who exclaimed:

"'If he dies what will they say outside?

The chamberlain replied: "''If he dies it will be said that Fuad

Pasha was poisoned in the palace.' Wherenpon the Sultan ordered that

Fund Pasha should be sent home with a present of £500 to console him for what he had undergone."-St. James Gazette.

It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the hands of a woman to drive a tenpenny nail three inches. She misses the nail twice where she hits it once. How many blows does she strike in all, and how far can her voice be heard when she strikes her thnmb?

Raw starch, applied with a little water

cusual glimpse should not be a shock to the eye it is as well to tint it in accord-been prohibited by her, and that in all ance with the room, or even cover it with a simple distempered paper, which will, to some extent, withdraw the attention from the cracks that frequently disfigure the coilings of modern houses. What hand-painting we can afford may best be reserved for the panels of the doors, win-dow shutters and the like, where it can be seen-these doors and the other wood work being painted in two or three shades of color, flator varnished, according as we prefer softness of tone or durability of surface. Perhaps it will be best in this instance that the wordwork should fall in with the tone of the dado; but this is not a point on which any rule can be laid down. The decoration of the panels should be in keeping with the wall paper patterns. It may be much more pronounced than they, but

"When I was working in Coopers-town," Mr. Weed said,"I and two other young fellows were arrested for insultstill it must not assert itself. One great ing some girls while going home from point of consideration in the decoration of a room is the relation of the various meeting. I never was more innocent of anything in my life, but I had no friends patterns one to another. It may often be well to sacrifice an otherwise admirand was threatened with jail. A man whom I did not know stepped forward able design imply because you can find nothing else to go with it. A single and gave bail for me, and a lawyer I had pattern, once chosen, will often control barely seen offered to serve me as counthe whole scheme of decoration .- Magasel. My trial came off and the girls completely exhonorated me from having

A Miner's Thrilling Experience.

Thomas Smith, one of the miners at work in the Diamond Mine, at Braidwood, Illinois, where upwards of seventy men lost their lives by the mine's sudden inundation, gave his experience as follows:

She had felt rather shy and had not told "I went into the mine about 6 o'clock, me in all that time. But the next year and made my way at once to the 'west that lawyer was surprised by being nominated and elected Attorney General dip,' about one mile from the shaft. for that State. Not altogether because he had interceded for me; he was just When I arrived at my lay-out I went to work, after making some observation on the strength of the roof, as it is my cus-tom to do. With me there was working had a man elected or appointed to office a man whose name I do not know. Abcut for reasons personal to myself." 11 o'clock we ate our dinner and had just began to make a new insertion into the seam when the voice of the driver, Joe Keeley, was heard not far away calling kicked you twice. Now what did you out the water was coming into the mine. give him in return for these assots?' I had been in the mine when it was quired the Austin Recorder of the flooded in 1880, and so I knew of the accused. danger that we must run if we stopped to block up our coal, as some of the men him a liar," was the reply. did, affd so we made for the shaft, a mile distant, at the top of our speed. As yet emphasis with which he kicked you, and I had seen no water, and I was just on the same portion of his body?" ginning to think I would get out safe and dry, when I heard a rushing sound of moving water, and in a few seconds a as you got?" wave of water about one and a half feet high, came rushing around us, compelling us to retire before it to a place holds that where litigants among themnot far from where we started, and where another side gallery led to the air shaft. Sporred on by the belief that escape was almost impossible, we ran as hard as we selves harmoniously make a friendly exchange, each one receiving a valuable consideration for services rendered, the arrangement between them will not be could down the crooked passage, bobbing disturbed, the object of the law being to up and down in the undulating surface promote the harmonious relations alof the roadway. When we were about ready established."-Texas Siftings. 200 feet from the main shaft the water

The latest mathematical question runs again struck us and quickly rose to the depth of three feet, so high, indeed, it was utterly impossible for us to make any speed. Near the air shaft there are were exchanged? as follows: Two girls meet three other girls and all kissed. How many kisses

probability, the pupils did not know the meaning of the word.

"So far from The Czarina frowned. being a dangerous word, madame," she sold, "love should be the pure mainspring of a woman's life-first, love for her parents; then love for her husband; lastly, love for her children, and love for God always. If your pupils have not learned this, they are badly prepared for the duties of life."

The Empress left the institute, and the next day Madame Leontiff was removed as incompetent by the Imperial Ministry of Education.

Thurlow Weed and His Sweetheart.

anything to do with it. A year or two after this I fell in love with Catherine

Ostrander, of Cooperstown, and married

her, and a better wife no man ever had.

It was ten years before I found out how

I had been defended. Meeting the law-yer in Albany 1 asked him. 'Wby,' he

said, 'it was Catherine Ostrander's work.'

A Friendly Exchange.

"So you say he called you a liar and

"I just kicked him twice and called

"Did you kick him with the same

"Then you paid him back just as much

"Then I dismiss the case. This Court

"I did, your Honor."

"I did."