- coachman, in the moonlight there, Looks through the side-light of the door; hear him with his brothren swear, A. I contd do—but cally more.
- Flattening his nose against the pane, He envise me my brilliant lot. Breathes on his sching fists in vain. And dooms me to a pince more hot.
- He sees me in to suppor go, A silken wonder by my side. Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row Of flounces, for the door too wide.
- He thinks how happy is my arm
 'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load;
 And wishes me some dreadful harm,
 Hearing the merry corks expicede.
- Meanwhile I inwardly curse the bore. Of heating a ill the same old com;, ad easy him, outside the dow. In golden quiets of the moon.
- I covy him the ungyved prance

 By which his freezing feet he warms,
 And dreg my lady's chains and dance,
 The galley slave of dreaty forms.
- Oh could be have my share of dis,
 And I his quiet—past a doubt.

 'Twonte, still be one man bares within,
 And just accorder bored without.

 —James R. Lowelt.

IF MY F.RST WIFE-

"Ah, my darling little sis, how are you? Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

"My dear Frank! I am glad to see

There was an embrace, and the lady burst into tears.

"Lesbia has not a beaming eye!" cried Frank Reston, barrister, who had just leaped down from the dog-cart after a cold drive from the station at Ramford, to his brother in law's handsome place, the Coppices, Calkston, where that new relative had settled after his return from Australia, where he had been sent -the younger son of a good old country family-to see what he could do as what is cuphoniously termed a squatter. He had squatted to some advantage, the Fates having been kind; and, after making a moderate fortune, he had suddenly doubled it by marrying the widow of a colonial magnate.

At the lady's desire-her will being paramount-they were on their way to England, when one night they were awakened by an awful crash, and, rushing on deck, they found all in confusion. Some vessel had run into them during a fog, cut the great Australianer down below the water's edge, and during the next half hour there was a fight for life.

John Audas behaved admirably. When the rush was made for the boats, he knocked down half a dozen cowards one after the other, and by sheer strength helped the captain to send off the first boat properly manned, with half the women passengers, merely stipulating that his shricking, elderly wife should be one. Then he helped with the next, and got that off safely, before being over-powered, for a mad rush ensued, the other boats were filled anyhow, and at last the captain, second mate, half a dozen men and the brave young passenger were left alone upon the deck of the sinking ship, with just time enough to lash a few spars together, throw them more days. overboard, and trust themselves to this frait support before the vessel went down.

hausted, half dead, by a passing ship, having seen no more of the boats, all of which were lost, presumably, in the gale which came on before many hours had passed; and thus it was that John Audas found himself a widower at thirty five and far from inconsolable, for report said his existence with the relict of the colonial magnate had been of the kind to which some people give a very unpleasant term.

From this raft they were picked up ex-

So little indeed was the handsome young colonist affected by his loss that, after settling down at the Coppices,

where he revelled in the life of a country gentleman, a year had hardly passed befere he was a suitor for the hand of Lesbia Reston, the daughter of the old vicar of Calkston, and the belle of the county ball.

Matters followed one another in the most prosaic way. John Audas was beyoud reproach for a son-in-law, his wooing was downright and honest; and the lady found the bluff, sun-browned, from clever-quite a contrast and relief after the insipid "locals" of the neighborhood; so the result was that, after rather a short intimacy, John Audas proposed, was accepted, Frank Reston came later, he had run down to spend a few shooting, he found her thin, pale, care worn and ready at a word to burst into

"Why, it!! Leaby," he cried with all his old petting way, "what is it? Surely, Jack is not behaving badly to you?" "No. Oh, no! It is nothing, Frank.

I am a little hysterical." "But it is something!" he exclaimed.

"I'll have it out with John. "My dear Frank, you'll make me

wretched if you say a word." "Oh, well, if you take that tone, course I will not," said her brother; "but I came down here for a rest and to

have a bit of enjoyment and find you in

"Yes, yes, and it's all my nonsense, Frank, dear. There, it's all gone now. It's the weather, I think." Where's John?

"Either in the stables or down in the garden, dear. I'll send for him." "Oh, I'll go and look him up. I suppose he'll be glad to see me?"

"Why, of course, dear. He has been talking about nothing else since he heard you were coming, and making no end of plans."

"Ah, that's right," said Frank Reston,

"And I'm so glad you've come, Frank,

dear. You see, I'm afraid I'm not much company for dear John-not such good company as-as I think his first wife

"Well, you're a deal better company than she is no." "I'll try very hard to take an interest

in his pursuits; but I am so stupid, Frank, that I'm afraid he gets out of pa-

"I'll tell you what it is, Lesby," said Frank Reston, bluntly; "if you two peo-ple can't be happy in this glorious place, ith every luxury about you, and only to speak to have whatever you please, you deserve—you deserve—there I don't know what you don't deserve!"

"Yes, dear, we do," said the lady meekly. "Ab, here comes dear John. I'll run away; don't tell him I've been erying."
"Stuff! Is it likely?"

"And, pray, pray Frank, don't let him think that I have been murmuring. It

would make him so unhappy. As she spoke she ran off, and Frank Reston crossed the hall to meet his stalwart brother in-law, who looked the bean ideal of a country gentleman, and striking contrast to the pale, careworn student, fresh from his gloomy chambers

in town.
"Ah, Frank, my boy, I am glad to see
you. Why, you pale, bleached bookworm—hero, come out in the open air, and let's get some color in your cheeks Come and have a look at the dogs."

They went and had a look at the splendid setters and retrievers in their kennels, and as Reston admired them— "Ah," said Audas, "if my first wife

had been alive, how she would have idolized those dogs," "Better have idolized you," said Res-

ton bluntly.

"Yes, of course," said Audas, in no-wise appeased. "We'll have a grand ride or two while you are here. Come over to our stables. I've got a mare that will suit you to a T. There," he said, as he patted first one and then another satin-skinned beauty, as it turned its head round with a rattle of the headstall for the expected bit of sweet carrot or cake, "they're right, aren't they? Ah, if my first wife had been alive, she would have loved a few gallops over some of the wolds."

"Humph! would she?" said Reston. "Yes; she was a splendid woman on horseback. Well, come in now and dress, and let's get to dinner."

"Well, I shan't be sorry to have it," said the London guest; and with his brother-in-law's hand affectionately resting upon his shoulder, they went in, and in due time dined.

But somehow that was not so pleasant a meal as it might have been, and the acute barrister was not long in finding that the grit that showed itself in the cooking, the acidity in the wine, the jar in the conversation was all due to one thing which found voice in the words. if my first wife," etc.

"Jack loves her," said Frank Reston to himself, as he lay in bed that night, "she worships him, and they are not happy. Jack Andas is a good fellow, but not over-wise. Lesby is the most amiable little darling that ever breathed, and yet they don't seem as they should be. Hang his first wife! Humph! well, no; she's deceased. What a fool the fellow is to poison his cup of happiness like this! By jove, what a good thing it would be if Lesby had a dangerous fit of sickness; it would bring Jack to his senses, and-heigh, ha, ha, hum, how sleepy I am-and-

That was all, for he dropped off to sleep at once. But he had similar thoughts to these every night during his stay, and again on his way back to London, after doubling the length of nis visit, and even then his brother inlaw being half offended because he would not, as Audas said, "make it a few

"If my first wife had been alive! If my first wife had been alive!" the very beat of the train seemed to pour those words in Frank Reston's cars as he sped outh, and thought over the matrimonial Ituation at the Coppices.

Poor little Lesby? He'll break her heart," he said to himself. "I do not wonder about it. She feels jealously miserable about that first wife. I wish

he said after a little "No. I don't," he said after a little more thinking, "it would not have been

"Perhaps something may happen to bring him to his senses," he said, after another pause; "something always does happen.

And then he read the Times till he reached town.

Frank Reston sat in his dingy room hard at work over a brief-not his first; but these documents were sufficiently rare visitants to make him study those which came with the most intense appli-

Probably from a desire that the deep well-informed fellow-albeit he was far truths that he gleaned from the carefully written folios before him should not escape after being once taken into his head, the young barrister was resting his brow upon his hands, his elbows were upon the table, and his thumbs from the temple to be present at his sis-ter's wedding, and now that, six months time he read a few words out aloud, it seemed in the semi-obscurity of the days at the Coppices, to have a little gloomy room as if he were addressing himself to a venerable gentleman on the other side of the room, till a more penetrating look showed that the said venerable gentleman was only the young barrister's wig block with the time-honored grizzled head-gear, which betokened the

regular wearer's position in a court. "Gentleman to see you, sir," said his clerk, entering the room

"Name?" said Frank laconically. "Wouldn't give no name, sir. Must see you directly.

"Hullo?" exclaimed the barrister, as a well-muffled up traveler forced his way bag and rug in hand.

"Hush! only me; send away your clerk. Frank Reston nodded at his wondering

aid, who left the room.
"Why, my dear John, what is the matter? Lesby?"

"She's all right; God bless her!" cried Audas, throwing himself in a chair, and gazing wildly, with blank, endayerous face, at his brother in-law. "Give me something, for heaven's sake

-brandy-wine-I'm done up."
Reston opened a cupboard, brought out his spirit stand, and Audas hastily gulped down a glass of spirits, returning the glass to the table with trembling

"Why, John, old fellow," said Reson, "what is it." ton, "I'll-I'll tell you directly. I hardly dare; but, oh, Frank, I swear to you I did it in all innocency. Oh, my poor

darling! Don't blame me, Frank. I swear to you I believed it all." "Here, herel come, come, old fellow. Don't give way like this. Why, hang it, man, what is it? You look as if you

had committed a crime. "I have Frank, I have, and against the dearest, sweetest girl that ever blessed a man with her tender love.

"Why, John Audas," said Reston flercely, "if you have dared to raise your hand against my sister-

Andas, in tones of withering contempt.

Why, I would sooner hew it off." "Then what the dence is the meaning of all this? You haven't been such a fool

as to take shares in a gold mine?" 'Bah! Don't be absurd.' "What is it then? Crime? What do you mean?"

"Road that," cried Audas, tearing his pocketbook from his breast with trembling hands, opening it and producing one of those disty, discolored pieces of paper which a paternal government considers good enough for the taanscription

of a telegram. "Eh! Why, what's this?" said Reston, reading. "From Grace Andas, Ultramarine hotel, Folkestone, to John Audas the Coppiees' Calkston, Calksbire. Come to me at once. Our boat drifted to an island. Very ill."

John Audas wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead.
"Well, but-" began Reston in puzzled tones.

"I believed she was dead, Frank. On my soul I believed she was, "And on the strength of that, sir, you have won a sweet girl's affection, and

committed bigamy. "Yes, yes," grouned Audas. "And I was so happy."

"You scoundrel!" cried Reston fiercely. 'Don't for God's sake, don't turn upon

me like that, Frank." "There is one comfort," continued the young barrister, "the law can be pretty hard upon a villian who blight's a young girl's life in such a way as this; and the

"Curse the punishment!" roared Au-"What care I for the punishment? I'd go through fourteen years punal servitude with pleasure if it would spare my darling pain," "Then she doesn't know it yet?"

punishment-'

not tell her," groaned Audas. "And pray what do you intend to do? Of course the only thing is for you to make my poor sister a very large settlement. But I shall insist upon that. I'll go and fetch her away at once."

"Know it? Of course not. I could

"What! and separate us, Frank? No. no, for heaven's sake, don't think of that! As for money, all I have is hera—bless her; but we must not part. Frank, I swear to you, that if you take her away, I'll blow my brains out at the botel.' "Humph! I wouldn't do that," said

Reston, coolly. "But perhaps you have some plans? "Plans? Yes," cried the other, excited-"I brought her up with me. She's

at the Graud." "What, here in London?"

"Of course. I am going to take her to

curse to me. My life was one long torment, and here, now that my life has been one long bliss, like a spoiled fool. But I have been hipped and gloomy; and, Frank-would you believe it?-I was such a brute, such a scoundrel to poor Lesby, that I found fault with the dinner, and I said-I wish my tongue had been out."

"What did you say that for?" "No, no, I did not say that. I said if my first wife had been alive we would have had a better dinner." "I should hardly have believed it of

you, John Audas, "No, you would not, Frank; but I'm such a fool at times. You see, I'm not like you, all brains. I'd give anything to be as elever and-and-

"As ugly?" "No, old fellow; I was going to say wise as you are. Ah! Frank, that woman was nearly fifty when I married her and she only had me out of spite, I believe, so as to annoy some one else. never had a moment's peace with her. I was a bigger fool when I married her than I am now. I say, you won't think of my being separated from Lesby?"

"But your wife? She has the best right to you-of course, the right." "I don't care," said the big fellow, set ting his teeth and growing stern and dogged now. "I'd about lost my head. That telegram was a regular crusner. But I'm coming round now, and I should like to see the man who'd step between

me and my wife." "But she is not your wife, sir," said

Reston, sternly. "And I say she is," cried Andas, rising with his fists elenched and a fierce, menacing look in his eyes. "I say she is my dear wife, and no law shall come between us to separate us. Oh, Frank, I do love her dearly, and I never knew how much till I received this awful news.

"Humph!" said Reston, drily; "some men don't find it out till their wives are dead. Here, let's see that message again, We must look at this matter in a cool,

business-like way."
"Of course. You can. I couldn't; it

nearly drove me mad." "Um-um-um," buzzed the barrister, reading the telegram. "Bigamy is an

awkward offence against the law. Umum-um. Let's see. You received this telegram this morning?" "Yes, and packed up and came off at

once. Lesby thinks it's important business regarding money affairs."

"Humph!" said Reston, holding the telegram first on one side, then on the other, and then between himself and the finely built and splendidly decorated, light, as if expecting to obtain brain illumination that way, while John Audas watched his movements, with speechless anxiety.

"Look here, Jack," Reston said at last, "it's one of the principles of law to believe nothing until it can be proved."

"Yes, of course," said Audas, "Well, look here then, old fellow, how do we know that this telegram is true?" "Oh, its genuine enough.

"How do you know?" "How do I-eh? What! how do I "Yes. I will repeat my question a

dozen times if you like, my good sir,' said Reston, involuntarily dropping into the cross-examining style, "how do you know that this telegram is true? It may be a heax." "What?" roared Audas.

"I say it may be a hoax."

John Audas got up, drew a long breath, had been sent him from Rome, which cleuched his fist, and began walking up was a square white banner charged with and down the room. "I say it may be a trick," said Reston

"If it is, and I get a hold of him

"Raised my hand against her!" cried did it, I'll treat him like I would a nut,"

growled the great fellow. "flumph! I wouldn't do that," said Reston, quietly watching him. slaughter's worse than bigamy." "Here, I say," panted Audas, implor-

can't bear it." "Besides, it might have been done by jealous woman. It's rather a feminine-

looking trick." "Couldn't be, Frank, old fellow, for I never take notice of women. I'm all for

horses and dogs. I've neglected poor Leaby for them. "Hah!" said Reston. "Well, you want

my advice, ch?" 'Yes, old fellow, if you will help me. Look here; go down to Folkestone and see what you can do with her. Promise anything, only tell her she can't have me again. I'll blow out my brains first." "Don't be a fool, Jack. You'd like me

to see her then, ch?" "Yes, yes, do, Frank, for Lesby's sake as well as mine.

Frank Reston rose and touched the "Here, go and get a sixpenny Bradshaw," he said to the man who ap-"I know what time the trains are,

said John Audas, excitedly. "You leave matters to me," said the brother-in-law abruptly; and the country squire sank back in his chair.

"Thanks, that will do," said Reston. taking the little fat square book from the clerk and turning over the pages. here it is-Ultramarine hotel, Polkestone, James Thompson. Now we'll see.

He took a telegraph form and wrote a message: "From F. Reston, Emperor's Chambers, Temple, London, to J. Thompson, Ultramarine hotel, Folke-stone. Is Mrs. Grace Audas or Mrs. John Audas staying at your hotel? Answer paid. Wire. "Now we shall have taken our first

step," said Reston, ringing. "Send that telegram directly. "How long shall we be getting an an swer?" said Andas gloomily.

"Depends on the amount of business Perhaps in an hour, perhaps in three. There, take the paper. I must go on with my brief." "That you shan't," cried his brother-

in-law, snatching away the papers. "You

must talk to me. This is a consultation. I'll pay. Reston saw that it was of no use to combat his brother in law, so to make the time pass more easily he lit a cigar, and sat and listened to the great earnest fellow's long winded details of how badly he had behaved to his "little darling," as he called her. "But she must never know of this, Frank," he kept say-

good looks and manly ways had won her

But it was a tedious time, and it took the young barrister's skill in tempting his brother-in-law into fresh navratives to keep him from rushing back to his hotel and taking flight to avoid the police who would soon be on his track. At last, though, the telegram arrived,

and there was a curiously puckered appearance about Frank Reston's eyes as he opened it and held it, gazing at it for a few moments without speaking. "Why don't you put me out of my

misery?" cried Andas at last, and seiz-

ing the teleSram, he read the one word, "What! Why, what does this mean?" "I asked if Mrs. Audas was at the UI tramarine hotel," said Reston, slowly, 'and the answer came back, 'No.'

dear boy, it's a hoax." "Hah!" ejaculated John Audas, drawing in and expressing a long breath, and then striding toward the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked the barrister. "First find out who did that." "Nonsense, man! Some fool who

thought you were not happy with your wife to try you-"It was that Miss-" "Never mind who it was, man. Go back to Lesby, and take her for a run

on the Continent. It will do you both "By Jove, I will", cried Audas. "I say, come and dine with us, and see us off afterward."

"To be sure I will," said Frank Res ton, and he did, spending a pleasant evening with his brother in-law and sister whose palor seemer to wear off as she saw her husband's high spirits and heard his plans.

"Not a bad bit of work," said Frank Reston, as he watched the train steam out of the Viaduct station, for John Audas would not go by Folkestone. "Do him good. Bring him to his senses. Deuced unprofessional trick, though. Ha-na-ha!" he laughed, as he lit a cigar. "If my first wife had been alive! I wonder what Jack would say if he knew who eent him the telegram!"-By Manville

The "Mora," A. D. 1066.

and was presented to him as a parting gift by his Duchess Matilda. The sails were of different colors, which gave the vessel a very gay appearance. Upon them was painted in several places, according to M. Thierry, the three lions, which was the device of the Norman ensign. This seems, however, to be a mistake, since armorial ensigns were not introduced until long after the Conquest. At the bows of the ship was an effigy or figure-head, according to one account, representing William and his second son shooting with a bow. This was the acinterest in seeing his son acquire. The arrow was drawn nearly to its head, iudicating great strength in the little arms which were guiding it, and it was just his flag ship, and hoisted at her masthead the consecrated banner which a gold cross within a blue border. The

tapestry, worked by the fair hands of Matilda herself. She is somewhat larger than the rest of the fleet, and contains ten men. At her stern is the efligy of a boy blowing a horn and holding in his left hand a genfanon, while the prow is ingly; "don't say that last word again; I ornamented with a lion's head. There is a contemporary manuscript account preserved in the Bodiean Library at Oxford, which literally translated, reads: "Matilda, afterwards Queen, wife of the Duke, in honor of the said Duke caused a ship to be built called Mora, in which he was conveyed; on the prow of which ship the said Matilda caused a golden boy to be placed, pointing to England with his right forefinger, and pressing an ivory horn to his mouth with his left In return for which the Duke granted to said Matilda the County of Kent." Wace, another annalist, places this figure of the boy at the prow, while the picture on the Boyeux tapestry undoubtedly places it in the stern. Wace speaks, moreover, of a gilt brass vane and lantern at the top of one mast, but neither appear on the ship in the tapestry. The sail in the tapestry is in three stripes, red (or brown), vellow and red. Southey, in his "Naval History," from what authority does not appear, calls the sails crimson, says the Pope's banner was white, and speaks of the figure of the child with a bow and arrow. In the picture the helmsman holds the sheet in one hand and the clavus in the other. It does not appear which of the men was intended for the Duke, unless it be the one standing with his arm around the mast; but his dress is precisely like that of the steersman and some of the craw. Round the gunwale on one side thirteen shields are placed, and supposing the same number on the other side, the vessel must have carried more men than the fair artist has intrdouced, and which may safely be presumed. The captain of the Mora, who was named Stephen Fitz Erard, was afterwards exempted from paying tax on his house in Southampton. His son, fifty-four years afterward commanded the vessel in which the Conqueror's grandson was wrecked on the coast of Normandy.—Rear Admiral G. H. Preble in the United Service.

He Was Forgiven.

The Philadelphia Press tells the following amusing story of the late Dean Richmond, President of the New York Central railroad, a well known railroad and steamboat man: One of his sons at the time was a conductor on the Central, and very strict orders had been issued it is supposed emanating from the old gentleman, that no passenger should be 'deadheaded" on any excuse whatever without showing a pass from some offi-cer named. Mr. Richmond, the elder, an assumed name. We'll travel for a few years, till that fiend of a woman might have done much work and the sat back in his easy chair, looking grimly amused, was once on his son's train, when the young man was collecting tickets, and making no move to show a tight. 'But my orders are strict," said the conductor, "to let nobody ride without a pass or a ticket." "Well, no matter," said Dean, "I'm president of this road and don't need either." "Can't help it, father; you see how I am fixed. Shall have to put you off if you don't do one or the other." The old man looked at him square in the eyes, but the son didn't The old man looked at him quail and looked a look that meant mischief, the president deemed it best to come down with the "spoudulies" and did, amid the merriment of those around. But, as it showed the young man's mettle in the line of duty, he was soon forgiven.

A Straight Man.

A chap who plunged off the wharf at the foot of Randolph street the other day was promptly pulled out by three or four men who saw the action, and when the victim was safe on the platform one of the men remarked:

"Did you fall in?"

"No, sir, I jumped in."
"Did you intend to commit suicide?"

"No. sir." "But you must have been tired of life to take that leap. Tell us your troubles and perhaps we can assist you,"

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, after wallowing a glass of whisky which a boy had run for, "I'm a man of straight business principles. I've jumped off the dock along here some six or seven times this spring. I'm always sure of being pulled out, of securing a big drink of whisky, and the cash collection runs from seventy-five cents to three dollars."

"Well, you won't get no cash out of

this crowd," said one of the men. "I realized that as soon as you pulled me out and I sized you up," replied the stranger, "and I may as well add that the whisky you sent for is the poorest stuff I ever drank. Take it altogether, I'd have made more to faint away or had

Is He Legally Dead?

a fit in a saloon."-Free Press.

The report, probably untrue, that a man who was hanged in Arkansas ten days ago was afterward resuscitated by his friends and is now alive, opens up an interesting question. The sentence of the court was that he should be This was the vessel in which William dead, and the officers may insist that the Conqueror embarked on the 27th of it is their strict legal duty to hang him September, and from which he landed in again, and to keep on hanging England at Pevensey, near Hastings, on him until the fact of his death is undisthe 28th of September, 1066. She was | putably established. On the other hand, his friends may claim that he has already complied with the demands of the law. He was hanged by the executioner until the physician appointed to that service pronounced him dead. He was cut down as dead, transferred to his friends as dead, and in the eyes of the law he was dead. What right therefore, has the law to execute a man twice for the same crime, or to hang a man who is legally dead?-Cincinnati Times Star.

When Rachel, the famous tragedienne, died she left a life annuity of \$1200 to Sarah Felix, known to fame as the patentee of cosmetics, and bestowed the reversion upon her own natural children. When, however, Sarah Felix died, the two surviving sisters of Rachel stepped in and objected to the reversion going ready to fly. William made the Mora to the children, urging that the clause in Rachel's will was a covert means of favoring her natural children, while echoed: "Yes, tell us how your paps eluding the law. The Tribunal of First says grace." The unhappy father could Instance dismissed the claims of the sisters, but this decision has now been name "Mora" is supposed to mean reversed on appeal, and Rachel's chillooks at mamma and then says: "Well, "mansion" or "habitation." A picture dren will not get what she intended for this is a — of a meal to set before a of this vessel is preserved in the Bayeux them.

ALL SORTS.

Lost at sea-The sight of land. The key-note Wife, let me in!" They all come to grief-Funeral

A sole-stirring article-A peg inside the boot.

Deeds without words convey no real estate. Rock and wry-The oradle and the

sour-faced baby. A work of fiction-The weather prophet's almanac.

The fly is a happy thing, and goes about trying to tickle everybody. The store maple sugar is known as the oleomargarine of the forest.

Why are bores like trees? Because we love them best when they leave. The cyclone is an escaped earthquake

laboring under temporary insanity. The Bey of Tunis has caught the dynamite-scare disease. Bomb Bey, ch?

Two things to be carefully kept apart

A forward boy and a backward mule. It was an apple that made Adam tell; and the same fruit made William Tell. Paradoxical but true. A stormy day makes fare weather for the horse-cars.

In one respect a boot black resembles the sun. He can't shine when it rains, Because horses are used to reinsit does not follow that they are unaffected by wet weather.

As long as postal cards are popular the rural postmasters will have no time to read novels.

There is a town in Missourl named

Nodaway. It must be a perfect paradise for snoozers. A cocumber sauce is something recently put forth as new. It is a sort of

condensed cramps. When a young lady sees a gentleman she admires she naturally wishes to be maid acquainted.

What is the difference between a dull razor and a bad boy. None; for they both need strapping. Unlike the American milkman's can,

the Venezuela cow yields a liquid with the flavor of cream. "Be jabers!" exclaimed an Irishman "I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at 8 and got up at 8."

The man who stole a chronometer was on time, but the policeman who nabbed him was on the watch. When the deputy sheriff sent his sweetheart a love letter he called it

'serving a writ of attachment." A mosaic monument erected to the memory of the many victims of mines pie wouldn't be a bad idea.

A wise man once said that "to-morrow never comes." He no doubt lent an umbrella at some period in his life. A Rockford, Ala., girl gets up in her sleep and goes out in her back yard and chops wood. According to a local paper

her father regrets her somnambulism, but he always leaves the ax handy. An exchange says: "New uses are daily discovered for leather." The small boy fervently hopes that the uses will become so numerous that even the sole of a slipper will be turned in another direc-

"Johnny, what are you going to be when you are a man?" asked a minister of a parishioner's little son. "I'm going to be a preacher,"he replied. "A preach-er?" "Yes siree, you can bet yer sweet life I am." Genius is not encouraged in Russia, A

man in that country who invented a con trivance to make a snorer consume his own snores was arrested, charged with concocting an infernal machine to blow up the czar. Ann Eliza writes to ask why a poor man always keeps dogs. We have not

but we have concluded that a poor man keeps dogs "to keep the wolf from the "I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young mar-ried lady, "but I put up with it, for the tip foil is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps."-Columbia

given the question much consideration,

Spectator. Liberty is represented as a female, and yet a woman doesn't have half as much liberty as a man. The proper figure for Liberty should be the man who doesn't care a continental about style, and who won't wear a coat and stiffy starch-

ed collar during hot weather.

"Yes, sir," says the Deadwood man, "Parson Rounder is a saint. He's always willing to sacrifice himself. He threw down a straight flush hand the other night to go and pray with a dying man who sent for him. I call that true martyrdom. Parson: "I'm sorry to hear, Fullocks

you have parted from your wife." Ful-

locks: "It warn't my fault, sir. First

she gi' me three months for breakin' her

jaw, then she gi' me six for 'arf killin' ou her, then she bound me over to keep the peace-and I couldn't stan' it no longer." A negro hurrying with a sack of cotton on his sholder, struck a beam with his head. The blow was like the stroke of a sledge-hammer, and the whole building trembled. "That must have hurt your head, Jim!" said his boss, pityingly "No, sah!" was the reply. "Didn't hurt

my head a bit, but sprained my neck

The Poland newspapers have a story. not in the funny columns either, of a woman who eloped from that city with a young man. Her husband took it calmly, and did not try to find her. On Monday he received a letter from her, dated at Boston, in which she said, "So far God has blessed us with health, but John has not regular work yet.'

A minister from the city was dining with the son of one of his old parishioners, who is now a prosperous operator in the oil regions. After asking grace at the dinner table the bright little daughter of the host said: "That's a pretty grace, but that isn't the way my father says it. "And how does your papa say it?" asked the minister, expecting to hear one of the bright replies for which the child was famous, while the rest of the guests not reach her, and she said sweetly: "Why, when he comes in to dinner he