THISTLE-DOWN.

BY JESSIE F. O'CONNELL.

O thistle down! Soft thistle-down!
A breath dispels thy dainty snow,
The softest of all winds that blow
May carry wide from each roadside
The treasure of the thistle-down.

O thistle down! Fair thistle-down!
A host of winged fancies spring
Into my thoughts, and with them bring
Uncontrolled memories old
Of days as rare as thistle-down!

O thistle-down! White thistle-down!
In olden, golden Summer hours
Through meadows sweet with woodland flowers;
My light hath blest with peaceful rest,
I walked amidst the thistle-down.

O thistle-down! Light thistle-down!
Your barbs have stung my careless breast,
You fill my soul with wild unrest:
Tearful I gaze these Summer days
On silver of the thistle-down.

O thistle-down! Barbed thistle-down!
Your beauty mocks my sense of pain;
My faith, my trust, your barbs have slain;
For friends, who seemed as true I dreamed,
Are false and light as thistle-down.

O thistle-down! False thistle-down!
Scatter thy flakes o'er hill and lea,
Thy barbs alone remain with me:
Love, friend-ship, faith, joy, life and death,
Are but barbed thistle-down.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Twenty years ago, and while the present populous city of Denver was known as Cherry Creek, when Pike's Peak was to the adventurous soul what Leadville and the camps of the Gunnison are today, there lived on the "Gold Trail," running from the settlements at the foot of the mountains, a rancher by the name of Ralph Lathrop. He was a young man, who, with his young wife, had come to this far away western country from Illinois, willing to work and determined to win a home among the blue peaks of Colorado. He had built a small log cabin a little off from the main trail, and was engaged in raising cattle and sheep for home consumption at the time of which we write. His family consisted of himself and wife and a single hired man.

Indians were neither plenty nor dangerous, the wild beasts of the country had retired to escape being shot, and the travelers to and fro upon the trail, although often rough, were seldom ugly, so that when business demanded, Mr. Lathrop did not hesitate to leave his wife alone at the ranch for a day, and sometimes for a day and a night at a time.

One evening at supper, a spring night, with the odor of the fresh grasses and the budding leaves perfuming all the air, the hired man, Johnson, delivered a most startling piece of news.

"Did we hear o' the robbery at the Peak?—killin', too, I understand. Jim Bartlett, from the Creek, passed to day, an' he was a-tellin' me. Seems a gang o' these plains fellows, rough riders, I reckon, dropped into a camp last night and took all the boys' gold and shot two o' the miners. They've made for the mountains, it's s'posed, but the hull Peak is after 'em. They'll swing the crowd if they catch 'em."

"Who were the desperadoes?" asked Lathrop.

"There were only three o' 'em, an' Black Dan, him as was hung in New Mexico, was one. I guess they don't know the other," replied Johnson.

"Black Dan!" said the master. I thought he was on the Pacific coast. He's one of the worst men ever in this state. I hope they will catch the party and serve them with border justice, quick and sure. I shall feel better to know that that rascal is under the sod."

"Why, Ralph!" said his wife, Nellie, "you are surely not afraid of the man. Why should you wish him evil?"

"He's a terror to any community and a danger to any state," returned her husband. "A murderer, and worse; hanged in New Mexico for revolting crimes, but rescued by his comrades; a man whose heart is as black as his flowing beard, and whose hands are red with human blood. I wish him no evil—only justice and a short rope! And he'll get it if the Peak boys catch him."

Quiet Mrs. Lathrop looked wonderingly at her husband. Surely this noted desperado must be of the worst, that Ralph should speak so of him. And the memory of her husband's words came to her afterward.

Night fell, the shadow of a departing winter yet rendering chill all the world behind him, and as the doors were closed and barred—for this ranch was miles from the nearest neighbor—fresh logs were thrown upon the fire, while the little household still talked of the tragedy at the Peak and the fleeing pursued by the vengeful miners.

"Well," said Johnson at last, as he rose to go to the loft and his bed, "I only hope with you, Mr. Lathrop, that they may catch 'em."

An hour later sleep ruled, and not until the early dawn, fresh and rosy, crept over the eastern hilltops did the little household unbar its doors again. With the return of day thoughts of the evening before were forgotten. What had they to do with wolves? They must care for the sheep.

Breakfast was over and the hired man had departed with the herd for the hills, distant some three miles, and where he would be absent until night, when suddenly Mr. Lathrop called to his wife from the long barn. The young woman ran to the door.

"Nellie, dear," said her husband, "I have just found, greatly to my surprise, that we are all out of salt. The sheep need it, and we must have a barrel today. I've got to go to the Creek for it, and will not be back before night. Johnson will be up with the sheep early. Good bye!"

A wave of his hand, a rattle of the heavy wagon, the quick beat of horses' hoofs, and Frank Lathrop was gone, leaving his young wife alone in the roadside ranch. But the frontier's woman turned back into the cabin after she had watched her husband out of sight, and not a thought of danger and hardly one of loneliness amid all the work which her busy hands could find to do.

The hours crept on. Without the road lay silent and undisturbed by the passing hoof or wheel; far away on the distant hillside the sheep wandered, indistinct as snowflakes; within the housewife worked and sang and thought of Ralph. Over all hung a sky as blue as that of Italy, illuminated by an unclouded sun.

It was high noon. For a little the young mistress had rested, while the soft warmth of the springtime almost lulled her to sleep. Then she had prepared and eaten a plain dinner, all alone, and now she was engaged in washing the few dishes used, humming a low love song as she worked and counting the flight of the moments that intervened before her husband's return by the creeping shadows upon the distant mountain side. As she worked her back was toward the open door, and she did not see the darker shadows that suddenly fell athwart the rough floor, nor note the crunch of heavy boots upon the fresh grass, until a resounding footfall upon the step startled her and she turned quickly to meet the first caller who had appeared that day—a tall, fierce-looking, bearded man, who stood before her.

"Missus, who lives here?"

The tone was harsh and threatening, but the question was a common one and Nellie replied:

"My husband, Mr. Lathrop, and myself."

"Where's the boss?"

"My husband? He's gone to the Creek for a barrel of salt."

"Where's your hired help?"

"We only have one man, and he is not here now. Can I do anything for you?"

The questions of the intruder were becoming impertinent.

"Yes," growled the black-bearded one. "Yes, yer can. Yer can do this fer me. Git a good dinner for three hungry cusses as hadn't had time to git their own. Come in, boys," he continued, turning toward the door, "it's all clear. The cock's away, naught but the hen at home, and we'll have dinner."

For a moment poor Mrs. Lathrop felt faint, and the world, sunlit and warm, danced before her eyes, then full strength came again as she saw this burly stranger fling himself into a chair and lay two enormous pistols beside his elbow on the table, while a pair of others, each as wild and tattered and fierce looking as the leader, followed him; full strength, even while she realized who it was that sat within her kitchen; the man whose "heart was as black as his beard"—Black Dan, the ruffian of New Mexico, who only two days ago, with these very companions, had committed robbery and murder. This was the man who demanded dinner, and Mrs. Lathrop knew it.

"Don't waste yer time, missus," suddenly spoke the leader, turning quickly and fastening his fierce, bold eyes upon the young hostess; "don't waste yer time, nor yer words. Git dinner!"

There was no mistaking the command, and the tone in which it was uttered meant far more than the words. Mrs. Lathrop began at once to lay the table.

"We're busted miners, missus," began Black Dan, with a wink to his comrades; "completely busted, an' can't pay. What ye give us to eat must be for charity. We ain't even got no weepins, except these pistils o' mine, an' them we're keepin' to help us out up at the Creek, an' beggin' to git thar."

Poor Nellie heard all this, believing not one word, but working steadily on, frying pork and eggs, making tea and supplying the table with bread and butter and cake. When all was ready she placed chairs and told her enforced guests that dinner was prepared for them. Awaiting no second invitation, they hastily seated themselves and began to eat.

Suddenly the leader of the trio paused and turned sharply toward Mrs. Lathrop.

"Missus, are ye scared at such wild-looking chaps as we 'uns? Did ye ever see our likes before?"

It was a test question. Black Dan wished to know if this little woman who fed them so willingly knew aught of the robbery at the Peak or suspected who she entertained. Even while her heart leaped in fear, Nellie answered:

"Oh, indeed, no, I'm not scared! Why should I be? I've seen busted miners before. I'm glad to be able to help you."

"Yer a little brick!" ejaculated Black Dan, "an' when I marry I'll look around first and see if you're a widdy! Here," he continued, lifting his pistol from the table and extending them to her, "I'll ask one more favor o' ye. The charges in them weepins is wet, an' ef ye can draw 'em an' reload 'em it will be a great blessin'."

Mechanically Mrs. Lathrop took the pistols and turned toward the chest where her husband kept his arms and ammunition.

But even as she did so a sudden idea, an inspiration almost, flashed through her brain. These men were now unarmed; her husband's double-barreled shotgun, loaded, stood in the corner; why not capture the murderers herself?

Instantly the brave woman put the thought into execution. Dropping the pistols she quickly seized the gun, raised both hammers to full cock, and turning presented at it the trio about her table.

"Black Dan, you and your comrades are my prisoners?"

It may be her voice trembled; it would hardly have been strange if it did, but her hand did not, and the three desperadoes looked with paling cheeks into the black muzzles that covered them and knew the little woman meant what she said.

For an instant silence reigned, then slowly turning toward the table again Black Dan growled out half a dozen oaths, supplanted by the statement that he would finish his dinner anyway, and began to eat with much composure. His companions imitated him.

Mrs. Lathrop stood motionless, the gun still at her shoulder. She dared not lower it, yet she could not hold it there much longer.

The ruffians ate steadily and silently on.

The little woman began to grow faint. Not alone with fear but from excitement and the weight of the gun. Her hands trembled.

Suddenly there rang a wild shout mingled with furious curses. Chairs and tables were overturned, and in the flash of an eye Mrs. Lathrop saw three men spring toward her, each with a knife in his hanp.

She saw, and then, with a wordless prayer, pressed the trigger.

A tremendous roar shook the air; two outshooting flames followed by two puffs of blue smoke; two heavy falls, then a dark figure drawing himself out of the open doorway. That was all. And as the brave woman leaned back against the wall of her cabin she heard the songs of the birds outside; she saw the mellow sunlight fleck the rough floor, but she did not see her enemies. Then she fainted.

But close upon her, doubly fierce in death, lay the forms of two men, while without, upon the green grass, writhed Black Dan, sightless and filled with wounds.

Twenty minutes later the hired man, Johnson, appeared, alarmed at the sound of the shot, and saw what was done. Three days later Mrs. Lathrop received the thanks of the Pike's Peak camp and a golden reward. But she would no longer live alone, and her husband is now a merchant in Denver, while she is known as the brave woman who caught Black Dan.

Paid to be an Old Maid.

I sat down on the velvet cushion at mamma's feet, rumpling her snowy white wrapper in the attempt to put my head in her lap.

Mamma passed her soft, small hand over my disordered hair. "What's the matter, my child?" she asked.

"I think it is this picture. I can't look at it without envying Laura Desmond."

"But why? You surely do not envy Laura her appearance."

"But I do, mother. I don't like to be called dark and piquant. I want to be fair, and calm, and quiet."

"Why, Ada, I am amazed. Don't you know that a certain gentleman admires brunettes?"

"Don't quote Theo. Rounsaville to me?" I said shortly. Who cares for his opinions?"

Now the truth was I did care for his opinion, and cared for it a great deal too much. At one time he had been very attentive to me, and he was not only the handsomest and wealthiest, but the most accomplished bachelor in the neighborhood. But I had affected to be indifferent to him until he transferred his attentions elsewhere.

"But we were talking of Laura," I said. "She has every luxury and I am so dependent."

"You know, my dear, said her mother, in a grave voice, "that Uncle Adam's house is yours as long as you choose to remain here. I do not wish to have you marry, my daughter, except for love."

"Fiddlesticks," said I, inelegantly. "I tell you, nine women out of ten marry for homes, or for fear of being old maids. I believe Uncle Adam is miserly. If he would die and leave me a legacy, or leave me a few thousands, I would live single all the days of my life."

A door opened and Uncle Adam walked into the room. Uncle Adam was a rather old gentleman, but always good-natured. I jumped up thoroughly ashamed of myself. But he only said:

"Come, come, my little girl; this is pretty hard on your old uncle. I'm sorry you think me such a miser."

"Oh, uncle," I pleaded, "please forgive me. I don't mean that at all. I'm out of spirits, and that makes me unjust."

"Well, never mind," said Uncle Adam, bustling across the room and taking a seat. "Come here, Miss Ada. Suppose I bribe you to be an old maid, eh? I will settle $10,000 on you now, on condition you live and die Ada Lyon, spinster. There!"

"If you will forgive and forget all my ugly speeches, uncle," said I, "I'll agree to the condition with pleasure."

"Ada!" said mother, faintly.

"Let her alone, Agnes; let her alone," said Uncle Adam. "She shall take the matter into due consideration. See here, Ada, I'll give you till to-night to think about it. Don't be rash. In order to escape being a miser I'll bribe heavily." And Uncle Adam marched out of the room.

"Ada, come here," mother said almost in a whisper. "Look out; isn't that Theo. Rounsaville?"

An open landau, drawn by two superb horses in gold mounted harness, and just been driven up the avenue.

"He has come to ask you to drive with him," said my mother; "at least it looks so!"

What a delightful day that was! We drove down to the beach. Then we went round through the pine woods. Then we came home with the sunset. My accepted lover bade me good-bye at the door and went down the avenue.

"Well, Ada?" was mamma's inquiry.

"All's well, mamma," I answered, laughing and blushing.

"You will be a portionless bride, remember, my darling."

"Do you think Uncle Adam meant all that?"

I jumped up. "I am going now," I said.

I laughed all the way down to the study. Uncle Adam was busily writing.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he said, without looking up. "I'll have everything ready in a few minutes. What is your conclusion?"

"I'll sign it, uncle, but I'm afraid it will make me very unhappy."

"Why, Ada, I thought it was the very thing to make you happy."

"Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief; "but then I don't want to live single."

"Oho!" said he. "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?"

"Yes I do," I exclaimed with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry him without anything of my own. I'm ashamed."

"Ada," he said severely, "tell me straight up and down—whom do you love?"

"Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly.

"You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, gently patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming to-day. If you marry Rounsaville I'll give you $10,000.

"Will you, uncle?" I cried in ecstasy.

"Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother."

And Uncle Adam gave me, on my wedding day, the $10,000 check with which, originally, he had bribed me to be an old maid.

Canestrini, the French scientist, has cut the heads off flies, ants, grasshoppers and butterflies, and observed that decapitated insects retain their sensibility for a very long time. Flies calmly rubbed their bodies with their legs and behaved as if nothing had happened. Butterflies continued to fly for 18 days, and grasshoppers kicked thirteen days after being decapitated. This shows the superior intelligence of the grasshopper. It knows when it has reason to kick.—Bos. Post.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—Fielding.

Beating the Lawyers.

The late Alexander H. Stephens used to tell with great gusto the following story, in which he and Robert Toombs figured.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs, then in the United States senate, was for the doctor. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the doctor had made out his case and there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, and the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that a case was made out, and it was. Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told Peter to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised he would not, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer or doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now, this man Royston was no doctor, and I went for him to come and doctor my wife's sore leg, and he come and put some salve truck onto it, and some rags, but never done it a bit of good. Gentlemen of the jury, I don't believe he is a doctor, anyway. There are doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did for a negro boy as is worth $1000, he just kills him and wants you to pay for it."

"I don't!" thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was saying, gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and doctors ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this 'ere Sam Royston is a doctor, nohow."

"Look at my diploma, if you think I am no doctor!"

"His diploma!" exclaimed the orator, with great contempt, "his diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it don't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it; nor does it of the man as now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I p'int out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all."

The doctor was now in a fury, and screamed out:

"Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter. "She said she thought he was not."

"Ask my other patients," said the doctor.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied, with a look and tone of unutterable sadness

"That is a hard saying, gentleman of the jury, and one that requires me to die, or to have powers as I have hearn tell cease to be exercised since the apostles. Does he expect me to bring the ange! Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud: 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Sam Royston's practice!' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb and say to 'um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor's bills: 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some of the doctors!' He says ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beasley's man, Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard, where he lies. Mr. Peak's woman, Sarah, was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he, the doctor, had the corpse ready. Where is the likely Bill, as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory, expressing his opinion of Royston's doctoring. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephens'? She is where doctors cease to trouble, and the infants are at rest. Gentlemen, he has eaten chickens enough at my house to pay for his salve. I found the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for making her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curing her, and I am humbly thankful he never gave her nothing for her innards, as he did his other patients, for something made 'um all die mighty sudden."

The applause was great. The doctor lost, and Peter won.—Presbyterian Observer.

A Thrilling Prairie Incident.

What is that?

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods toward a buffalo calf gamboling around its mother.

Raise your eyes a little more and you will see that the prairie beyond it is alive with buffalo. Count them! You might as well try to count the leaves of a great maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly sweep on. Afar out to the right and left, mere specks on the plain, are the flankers—brave old buffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well they can be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer.

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll—now drawing himself over the grass—now raising his head above a thistle to mark the locality of his victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame and spiteful and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left to get along as best he may; and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws near to his unconscious prey.

Creep—creep—creep! Now he is twenty feet away—now fifteen—now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him, and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs.

Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Sharp, short bellows—notes of alarm—and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood, that flying mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror.

The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away; again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front, who want to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders, and further than the eye can see the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall, the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannons had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which had been gored or crushed, here and there older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, where the herd was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt and dust and ruts and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the bank of a winding and growling river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles. Men, women and children stand about, peering over the distant mountains at the setting sun, and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily in the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and afar off comes a din which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnees dared ride down where those barreled rifles could speak in defense of the peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are held ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon wheels to see the strange procession gallop past.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rifles, and a shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-brown body, rushes through the camp. Then another and another. The men shout and wave their arms, the women and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. New another shaggy head! another! half a dozen! a score! a hundred! a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of heaven. Nothing to be seen, no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot, over the bank, into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd has passed the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of wood or iron, of cloth, or bone, or flesh, to prove that a dozen men, women and children were there wiped out of existence and reduced to shreds and dust.

Saved on Account of Being Homely.

A Galveston man tells how the Indians captured in 1838 a Mr. Chism, who was then a blacksmith at San Felipe, and regarded as the ugliest or homeliest man in Texas. The Indians kept Mr. Chism a captive about three days, and during that time, as he related himself to my informant, as he was able to understand their language, he was made the subject of their ludicrous jests in regard to his ugliness, and was compelled to run foot and mule races for his life and constantly threatened with shooting if he got beat in the race. He was finally, at the close of the third day, told to ride away on his mule, as he and the women were too ugly to kill, unless it was done in self-defense. Mr. Chism never claimed to be good-looking after that, and accepted the Indian verdict, and thought it extremely fortunate that he was ugly, especially at that important juncture, as it saved his life. This escape enabled him to live to a good old age and to die a natural death. It paid that time to be ugly.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pretty Surf Nymphs.

A Long Branch letter says: The Philadelphia girl is the favorite in the surf. She is so pretty and sensible, and then it is nice to see a real modest little maiden in bathing. She comes out of her dressing room clad in a neat, well fitting costume, and walks as if not trying to attract attention. As the first breaker strikes her she does not scream, but takes the duck like a little lady, and disports in the cool water as though she enjoyed it immensely. And then the Philadelphia girl is so brave, too, "under fire," and never alarms the bathing-master with blood-curdling screams for help if a small crab gallantly pays a little attention to the pretty foot. When she comes out of the bath her cheeks are pinker than ever, her eyes sparkle more brightly than before, and she is even sweeter and more lovable than when she entered the surf.

ALL SORTS.

The oldest "open letter," according to ancient almanacs, is O.

A society for the prevention of blindness has been established in England.

Massachusetts ought to persuade Butler that he can swim the Niagara rapids.

Diamonds are still worn as much as ever on state occasions—by pawnbrokers' wives.

The London News talks vigorously about "Slavery in Morocco." It is nothing about tight shoes.

A Milwaukee woman has kept a kettle of hot water on the stove every night for twenty-two years past in order to scald burglars.

Assumed qualities may catch the affectations of some, but one must possess qualities really good to fix the heart.—De Moy.

The Pittsburg Telegraph doesn't doubt that if Frank James had been run for governor of Missouri he would have beaten Crittenden.

"I am making a display of fall goods," remarked the fruit vender, as he threw down a lot of banana skins, orange-peel and apple-parings.

"Fresh air, plain food, early hours, and plenty of exercise," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, "are worth all the doctors' rostrums in the world."

"How shall we stop the great evil of lying?" asks a religious weekly. Don't know; give it up. It's a habit you ought never to have fallen into.

De man what tells lies for de 'musement ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what lies ter make hisse'f 'portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.

A country boy drank a pint of whisky, went in swimming, ate a lot of green apples, drank some ice water, went to bed, and was found dead in the morning. Too much ice water.

An exchange aptly remarks that next year at this time the fires will be lighted under every political pot in the land, and we religiously add, the Lord help the poor parboiled candidates in the pot.

It is the sagacious remark of a keen observer of tourists, and he offers it to the traveling public, that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the husband when a fly alights on the wife's butter.

"I tell you," said Poots, "there's an indiscribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet?" exclaimed Poots' friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell."

The difference between a tooth and a watermelon is that one is improved by plugging it, and the other isn't.—Baltimore Every Saturday. There is also a difference in the aches of the two. One is the toothache and the other—isn't.—Richmond Baton.

The most unkind cut of all. Mr. Tralala (to barber after enjoying haircut and his first shave and receiving his "check")—"I think you've made a mistake. Isn't a shave 20 cents?" Barber (depreciatingly):—"Really, I couldn't think of charging for that, sir."

S. J. T., Greystone.—1. No, the fo'ca'sl is not the apparatus by which a ship is steered, nor is it advantageous to a ship to be able to "clew up the bilge in case of a squall." 2. There is no need of our announcing that you love athletic sports. Mr. Dana has kindly acted as your advance agent.

Dr. Swift of Rochester, N. Y., thinks he has discovered the first comet of 1883. It is small affair, scarcely worth the $200 which Dr. Swift will get for his discovery, and as an advertising medium for patent medicines will not begin to equal a space at top of column next to reading matter.

The velocity at which a man can move varies under different circumstances. Going to a dentist's, a quarter of a mile can be easily traversed in three and one-half minutes, while in chasing a train, or hurrying to bank just about closing time, a man who can run 800 yards in twenty minutes has to have wings to do it.

The government tea farm at Summerville, S. C., has been restocked, and a new effort to get funds to run it will be made at the next session. By all means let them keep at it. LaDue succeeded in raising an article that didn't look like tea, and made the man who drank it feel like Hades. Perhaps they may succeed in producing an even greater curiosity.

"No, Clatinda, you can't rhyme "Wolsey' and 'bulls eye.' No dear. Not here. Not in this journal of civilization. But you may work us a neat little title strip for our hat, with our initals in it all mixed up with daisies and lilies of the valley and other modest things, and the secret of your poetical ambition shall go with us to the grave."

A country editor undertook to ride on a pass belonging to one of his subscribers who had an advertisement in his paper. After examining it the conductor looked at it and the editor, and said: "This pass is crooked." "Guess not," said the editor, blandly. "But I say it is," "That's just where you are fooling yourself; it's me that's crooked. The pass is all right enough."

A Very Bad Temper.

One of Jonathan Edwards' daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said the stern individual, "you can't have my daughter.' "But I love her, and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her!" said the father. "I'm well-to-do, and can support her," exclaimed the applicant. "Can't have her!" persisted the old man. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No!" thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her! She's got a very bad temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her!" The lover, amazed, said: "Why, Mr. Edwards, I thought Emily was a Christian. She is a Christian, isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientious parent, "but, young man, when you get older, you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't!"