ONE LIFE.

Her white little hand is resting
On the hand that held it of old.
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so son and cold.

Her eves into his are gazing— Eves ever so faithful to him, And he thinks it the shadesy twilight That makes them so strange and dim.

Her preity face turns toward him; Ah, when did her face turn away? And he thinks it the silvery moonlig That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and falters, Take coarage and whisper "Good-bye," A lifet why, a life is nothing. When millions each minute die. With millions each minute dying. What matters one life or death!
One fragile and tender existence!
One fremuleus passing breath?

A life? Why, a life is nothing! What matters tho' one burn dim what matter folly of reason—
one life is the world to him!
—The Argosy,

#### ETHEL MERLINE.

TAT

We were seated, seven of us, and all medical students, near a bot stove in the office of the genial Doctor Planches one snowy afternoon in January chatting and smoking.

The subject that for a time occupied our minds and tongues was an unusual surgical operation which had been performed in the earlier hours of the day at a clinic held in the theater of the college.

Doctor Planchee had been the leading operator, and this may account for the unusual number of students gathered in his bureau.

The case was the replacement of a part of the intestinal capal, a few inches above the colon, which presumably, by strain ing, the patient being normally costive had become partially twisted, thus preventing the fecal waste from passing to its final discharge.

The experiment, for such, with entire propriety. I may call it, was most dangerous-one rarely attempted and which usually ends in the collapse of the exhausted subject, and although the operation in itself was entirely satisfactory, it yet remained to be seen whether inflammation would supervine and dissolution

Dr. Planchæ was sanguine of good re-

"The patient, although a woman, was in excellent health otherwise," he remarked, "and her constitution was as sound as a dollar. But while I was handling the knife, gentlemen," he continued, upon lighting a fresh cigar and placing his person comfortably in his cushioned arm-chair, "it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my eyes on the work. They would wander to the face of the afflicted creature and that recalled to my mind a painful experience in which, however, I was rather a lookeron than actor, when, like you, I was read ing up therapeutics and surgery. But,' here the doctor paused, and on knocking the ashes from the burned end of his ciger forgot to put it between his lips. He was evidently in a "brown study"-

pondering some recollection that was far from agreeable.

At length he murmured, but in a tone that was sufficiently distinct for all to

"Of course it could not be her. She was dead, and even if she had revived she would be years older. The knife that for Johnson's sake. Yes, it was taken out of the grave by the resurrectionists. This patient could not have been her daughter, for Ethel Merline was not married. She was betrothed; that was all. And yet how like-how very like! Pshaw, away with such phantasms! And yet-and yet-roll the years back-back to that horrible night, and I would be sworn this woman of today's clinic was the fair Ethel Merlineif alive-that lay in the unconscious repose of death on the dissecting table."

Then the good doctor, with a sudden start, looked half vacantly around him, like one rudely awakened from sleep. Again putting the cigar in his mouth, he resumed smoking it in silence.

"Ethel Merline." repeated one of his listeners—a rough, good-hearted Tennesseean, known to us as Jack Burtwhat a pretty name. It smacks of coral caves and of fairy grottoes-of their inhabitants, I mean -pray, doctor, who was this. Ethel Merline, and what of Student Johnson?"

"I was thinking of them," answered the doctor. "Did I mention their names? I have contracted an unfortunate habit of giving voice to my meditations of late. Well, I will say that Ethel Merline was a young, beautiful and betrothed girl-one whom I had never seen until I looked on her fair form, rigid in death, lying on the marble slab, ready to be cut and carved, that those who assisted as students, of which I at the time was one, might add new and important facts to the sum of our physiological knowledge. Johnson was my friend and fellow student. He was a handsome lad -bright, quick-witted, honest, strong mentally and a gentleman.

"Is he dead?" demanded Burt. "Would to God he were," answered the doctor fervently. "Poor Dick!"
The doctor looked in a particular

direction at the wall opposite him, and nodding his head, said: "That is Dick's face-or rather the counterfeit presentment of it-hanging

up there. A fine intellectual face, is it All looked at the portrait, and all sdmired the features. He must certainly have been exceptionally handsome. Our

interest in his story increased. "Was there any treuble about this oung fellow, doctor," remarked Edward Turnbull, "that you care to conceal? Is

his history interesting?" "More sad, shocking, terrible than in teresting," answered the surgeon. "To me it is a reminiscence I can never for-

"And a secret?" asked Burt. "Well, no," replied the doctor. "It is only painful to tell, that is all. I do not know that I have ever spoken of it before, and would not now, if the young woman I operated on to-day had features east in any other mould than Ethel Merline's. That is accidental, of course, but, really, I saw in the patient what seemed more than a family likeness to the long-

dead girl." The doctor here consulted his watch, and then glanced through the window at | Fla." A week latter a second letter was

the thick falling snow. remarked. "I have been summoned to a and forwarded it to its destination. consultation at 6 o'clock, and between I received no more from Ethel Mer-

this and that hour I shall have to attend on one or two callers, dress, dine, and drive to the residence of the gentleman whose condition we will, in all probability, definitely pronounce upon. For the reminiscence, and to gratify our curios-

ity I will devote say, fifteen minutes."
We gather about the surgeon, first lighting fresh cigars, and prepare to give all attention to his words.

"I will not begin my narrative at the commencement," remarked the doctor, as he leaned back in his chair and looked intently at the portrait to which he had called our attention. "It is not necessary. I will, however, say that Richard Johnson was one of those light-hearted, level-headed young fellows noted for doing an immense amount of mental work without much apparent study. He was what might be called, metaphysically speaking, intuitively minded. He had the faculty of grasping a thought ere it was well out of the mouth of the lecturer, and of comprehending and analyzing it before ninety-nine out of a hundred of his classmates could get at the particular point the professor was

endeavoring to elucidate. "We were chums," pursued the doc-tor. "I liked him from the first hour I was thrown into his society. After awhile we succeeded in engaging a suite

of rooms, which fact brought us into more confidential relations tha never, if that were possible. Dick was a persevering letter-writer. I found after a little time that he had an idol, and that it was not one of wood, brass or stone, or 'born of the imagination,' but a veritable flesh and blood idol in the shape of a woman, who was not only young, but of more than average loveliness in both form and feature; that is if one may be permitted to determine a woman's beauty by her portrait. To this idol, named Ethel Merline, my friend never tired sending long and loving missives daily, to which in return he daily, by post, re-ceived answers. What the two could find to write so much about was a puzzle to me; but then, you know, I was never in love, have had no one on whom to lavish my affections, and of course, not possessed of the necessary experience, have no right to critisize lovers. I dare say they traveled over the same ground and used the same expressions many times, but that didn't trouble them. To lovers, stereotyped phrases are new-are original every time they are uttered. But I will not further comment; it is unnecessary. Richard Johnson was, I saw, profoundly in love. It was a deep, earnest passion with him. I often thought what effect would it have on him if this young girl—this Ethel Merline, should prove to be an arrant coquette, who, tir-ing of her student lover, should encour-age some other aspirant for her hand. I say I thought this. For the world I would not have made the suggestion. To do so would be to forfeit his confidence, his esteem, and place him on a rack of mental torture, possibly culminating in moroseness, jealousy or suspicion. He was very happy in his love and I sincerely prayed he would never have cause to

experience a change in his sentiments. We had lived and studied together two sessions, and were about entering our third term, when one morning Richard, with a bright, cheerful face, came to my place in the hall of the medical school and whispered:

" 'Jervis, I am about to take a recreation. I have an invitation to run in the did not touch her body. I took care of | yacht of a friend to the Florida coast, and Gulf and the Carribean Sea, visiting St. | uberant. Thomas, St. Domingo, Cuba and the Lesser Antilles. We start this afternoon. I have written to Ethel informing her of my acceptance of the invitation. I know my darling will second my resolution. When I receive an answer to my missive she will insist on my prolonging my journey, as it may prove beneficial to my health. Just as if I were an invalid who needed coddling,' and Riched laughed in his low but usual hearty manner.

"'This is sudden, your determination?'

"'Made up on the instant,' he answered.

"'How long will you be absent?' I continued. 'You will lose ground in your studies.' "'No, my dear mentor,' he playfully

answered. 'In a month I will be alongaide of the cleverest of you. I will cram to make up for wasted time.' "Then the question of absence?" I

again asked.

'Three, four, five, six weeks. I cannot tell you. Suppose 'like a painted a girl of apparently not more than 18 ship on a painted sea,' we should be years. Even in death her features were anchored for many days? Yachts, for the most part, are wind-propelled craft, and in making southings and northings, going and returning, we shall have to court Boreas and the gentle zephyrs." "'I did not think you could keep from

communicating with Miss Merline so many weeks,' I remarked, playfully. "'Ah!" he sighed, 'that is the hardest part of it. I would she were here, as my dear wife, my companion thither and back. It would then be a voyage to Paradise. She would make it paradisaical

anywhere-in the breezy north or in the calm south.

"When do you sail?' I asked. "'To morrow,' was the quick answer. I have already packed my wardrobe. Such things as those dusty and distraught treatises on medicine, as I do not require, I leave, my dear Jervis, in

your friendly keeping. And I want you to act in another matter as my agent. The duty will be light. It will consist in enclosing whatever letters Miss Merline may address to me in envelopes, and superscribing them, until you hear further from me, Jacksonville, Florida. "'With pleasure' I replied. The following morning I rode with

Richard Johnson from our quarters to the dock, where a boat lay waiting his embarkation. We pressed each other's hands, and the next moment he was out in the stream on his way to the yacht-a clean, trim-looking boat that was hovering the offing. It was a pleasant, sunny, out-inviting morning, and I remained near the water until the tiny vessel had sunk hull and masts far below the hori-

On the day succeeding Johnson's de parture a letter directed to my friend, in the well known chirography of the lady I have so often referred to, was left at our rooms by the postman. This I at once placed in a second envelope and re-mailed it, superscriping it "Jacksonville, put in my hands from the same source. "I have two hours left for leisure," he This I also treated as I had the first,

line. I wondered at this, but it occurring to me that it was possible Richard John-son had written his lady correspondent to mail direct to Jacksonville, I gave myself no further thought upon the sub-

The fourth week of Richard's absence brought a letter from him. It was directed to myself. It surprised me when I opened and perused it. In it he broadly intimated that I had neglected him; wondered why I should do so, but wind ing up his reproaches by begging me to not longer neglect forwarding him all the letters Miss Merline bad mailed to the New York address. He acknowledged the reception of the two mailed by me. "You may rest assured that I was puz-

zled. I instantly answered his reproaches by writing that all the packages sent to or received by me were those duly forwarded, and were those which he had given the post dates of in his note.

"I heard nothing further by mail from

my friend. "At the close of the sixth week Richard entered our apartments. He looked, physically speaking, well; but I could not help noticing that he was mentally anxious-in fact, nervously disturbed.

"When our brief greetings were over,

" 'Jervis, I cannot understand why it is I've received but two letters from Miss Merline. She is betrothed to me, and we are to be married on my receiving my doctorate degree. I wrote several times to and begged her, if she declines putting you to the trouble of remailing her letters to forward direct to Jacksonville. Her conduct is strange. You know how faithful she was as a correspondent before I left on the sea trip.'

"I suggested indisposition as a possible reason for her seeming negligence. "Johnson thought the suggestion over a moment and replied:

"No; that cannot be. Ethel is in splendid health. There is no reason for indisposition, for her surroundings are the best-those in which she has been brought up from her infancy. She lives in a mountainous region, where the atmosphere is charged with invigorating ozone and the natural drainage of the country such that malaria or fevers of every character are all but unknown.

"My friend chafed all the forenoon at the seeming negligence of Miss Merline, and he finally came to the determination that on the morrow he would take cars northward and by seeing his betrothed end his surmises and apprehensions."

"It happened on the night of Johnson's return from the south that the class to which we both belonged would have an opportunity of assisting at the dissection of two cadavers which were lying covered on the dissecting tables in the theater. These bodies our resurrectionists, it was rumored, had succeeded in bringing from a distance in the interior, but from what particular locality I am fully persuaded every student and professor was ignorant.

"I mentioned the fact of the presence of cadavers to Richard and suggested his being present, as it was just possible we should not have another such treat at least for weeks to come.

"Johnson at once assented, and when the hour arrived for our departure for the college and the scene of operations, he became as joyous as of old. He was himself again. "By a great mental effort he had put

away his depressed feeling, and, mermay perhaps extend our trip to the | curial-like, his spirits became quite ex "We entered the theater together. Upon the marble slabs we saw covered

with large sheets the outlines of two human forms-one much shorter in stature than the other. "The professors, surrounded by the

class, but so placed that all could see the operation of cutting as it progressed, first approached the smaller form. It was that of a light or mulatto boy child. An hour was spent over the cadaver, operations being confined, leadingly, to the muscles and nerves of the face.

"When the anatomists had here closed their present inquiries the body of the boy was again concealed from view, and preparations were made to operate on the yet concealed form of the second subject

"Johnson had momentarily left the hall, intending to return in a minute at furthest, but something detained him much longer."
"In his absence the covering was re-

moved. Before our eyes lay the body of beautiful. They were classical, and there was an expression of sweetness about the lips which gave proof that when animated by the soul that had inhabited the body they were of a most winning nature. I am not qualified, gentlemen," the doctor continued, "to depict by words of mine the exceeding loveliness of the subject that was before us. As a corpse there was nothing

repulsive about it. While we stood grouped about the table, admiring and commenting upon the youth and physical perfectness of the cadaver the door opened and Johnson entered the hall.

"I saw him as he approached us.

"He looked for a moment wonderingly over the shoulders of a stalwart member of the class who stood near the table, then with a low exclamation that sent a thrill of surprise through my entire being, he pushed quite rudely the man aside and placed himself near the corpse. "My God! what a look of horror filled

his eyes! "He had recognized the features "'Ethel! my Ethel!' he shricked. "Throwing his arms about the inani-

mate form, he sought to lift it from his table. "Some one grabbed his hands. He fought desperately with a half-dozen athletic gentlemen to free himself and

seize the body. "His struggles made him wild, furious, uncontrollable. His eyes had an unsteady look in them, and his shrieks were so harrowing, at times so mournful that more than one face blanched, and

more than one eye filled with tears. "Poor Johnson! his reason was un seated, dethroned forever. He was a raving mapiac. Efforts were made to calm him. It was love's labor lost. Today he is as violent as when first attacked on that fatal evening with madness. On this side of the grave he will die as he now lives, a mere animal, in an asylum for the insane. On the other side-well, who knows, who can declare that in the unknown world he will be united to his of it is disintegrated by the sure process of nature.

"Gentlemen, my fifteen minutes are up. What I have told you is a reminiscence awakened in me by operating on a patient to-day at the clinic who resema quarter of a century ago.

His listeners drew a long breath when

he brought to a close his story.

Without a word of comment they went this day any of them has forgotten the sad romance of Ethel Merline.—James Reynolds.

#### The Household.

Copperas mixed with whitewash put on the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

To polish stained floors rub them thoroughly once a week with beeswax and turpentine.

The yelk of an egg mixed with a little molasses makes a rich brown blaze for the top of rusks and buns.

Green tomatoes sliced and fried in butter, a la egg plant, are much relished by some people. The slices should first | fearful disease that comes to a human lie in salt and water for two hours. Sardines picked up fine and mixed with cold boiled ham, also minced fine, and all well seasoned with a regular

mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious filling for sandwiches. Hard-boiled eggs pressed with chicker or veal add to the relish and the appearance also of these dishes when cut in

slices. Pains must be taken not to press the eggs out of shape. This is said to be a very good remedy for hoarseness: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff forth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of one lemon and a

glass of warm water. Brown bread, which may also be served as a pudding, is made by taking one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of boiling water; stir this in the molasses until it is thoroughly mixed with it; then add three parts of Graham flour to one of corn meal in sufficient quantities to make a batter; to this add a teaspoonful of melted lard. Steam this four hours. If you wish to eat it while hot in place of bread, dry it in the oven for fifteen minutes; if for pudding, serve it fresh from the steamer with a sour sauce.

To make quick molasses candy take one cup of New Orleans molasses, one-half cup of light brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a piece of but-ter the size of an egg. Boil steadily about ten minutes, then try in cold wa ter; if it hardens it is done. Just before taking it from the fire, add one fourth of a teaspoouful of baking soda; do not dissolve it but put it in dry. Pour on buttered plates to cool as soon as can be handled. Very nice pop-corn balls are made by having the corn roasted and leaving the candy in the bottom of the kettle; pour in all the pop-corn it will dampen, stirring carefully until it takes up the candy.

If plastered walls be painted they will not absorb odors. You can easily clean them with soda and water. Soap and water spots them. When paper and plaster become saturated with effluvia, nothing but entire removal will clean them. Insects will not harbor in painted walls. Before paint or calcimine is applied to walls every crack and crevice should be filled with plaster or cement made of one part silicate of potash mixed with common whiting. For the calci-mine put a quarter of a pound of white glue in cold water over night and heat gradually in the morning until dissolved. Mix eight pounds of whiting with hot water, add the dissolved glue and stir together, adding hot water until about the consistency of thick cream. Use a calcimine brush and finish as you go along.

If you wish an excellent lamb or veal pot pie, choose a kettle to stew the meat in on which a steamer will fit. When your meat is nearly done make a crust from directions given for chicken pie, using only half the amount unless you have a large family. Lay a cloth on the bottom of your steamer or put in a plate. Make your dough out in two long narrow rolls and lay them in. Have some thickening ready, and when the crust is done (it will take about twenty minutes to steam), set the steamer in the oven a moment while you re-move the meat to your platter and thicken the gravy. If preferred, the meat can be left in until ready for the table. Break your steamed crust into small pieces, two forks are convenient to do this with, and drop into your boiling gravy. Let it boil up a moment and pour over the meat you have taken on the platter. It will not injure the crust if it steams after it is done should the dinner hour be delayed, only do not break it up and put it in the kettle until you are ready to have it served.

# Smoking Cigarettes.

In one of the schools of Brooklyn a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be grow ing dull and fitful. His face was pale and he had nervous twitchings. He was obliged to quit school. Inquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears and said he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application, all are impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette," is really "It is nothing but poison." man and French physicians have recently protested against it; and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was re-cently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an emineut surgeon of a royal eye infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Parents, save your chil-dren from this vice if possible. Do not allow them to deceive you. In future years they will rise up and bless for restraining them. It is now known that old cast-away eigar stumps are used in the manufacture of cigarettes. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalksfrom wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them of the boys and send them to the manufactories by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence

"Ethel Merline's body was respected. | they are picked-whether from the spit-No rathless knife made incision in it. It | toons with its filth-the foul refuse finds was returned to the earth, where undis- its way into the mouth and nostrils of turbed it will repose until the last atom the cigarette smoker. Many a smoker throws away the stump of his cigar because he does not like the flavor of it. He does not know why the flavor is unpleasant to him, but it is caused by nicotine-the active principle of tobacco, and patient to-day at the clinic who resembles the beautiful cadaver of —— nearly the base of the cigar with every draft of the smoke, and the man, noticing the unpleasant flavor, throws the stump away. This reservoir of nicotine finds its way Without a word of comment they went into the cigarette, and the person who their several ways; but I question if to smokes it gets in a condensed form the poison which so often works mischief on the brain of habitual smokers. Again, these cigar stubs—or any tobacco, for that matter, that is made into cigarettes -is wrapped with paper which contains a very large per cent. of arsenic or other deadly poisons, the powers of which exert a deleterious effect upon the tonsilsin fact, the whole throat-of all those who use them; indeed, it has been found impossible to cure catarrh in inveterate cigar smokers. But even this is not the worst of it. These eigar stumps have been in the months of all sorts of mendrunkards, fast young men, rotten old roues, whose very kiss, or touch, or even the pencil they hold in their mouths,

### A Surprised Englishman.

being.

might communicate the foulest and most

A good many years ago an English clergyman traveling through this country was struck by the beauty of a church which was nearly completed in one of our larger cities. Entering an open door, he observed a group of workmen in the chancel, and addressed the cne

"Where is the palace?"

"There," pointing to a plain brick dwelling across the street.

The Englishman was perplexed, being used to the pomp and luxury of the lord bishops at home, who, in their aprons and lawn sleeves, held an imposing place in the house of peers. "Ah-h! Now this church? Very good, indeed. Pure style. Better than

expected to see in America. Who designed this stone work?" "I did," modestly replied the man.

"The master mason, eh? Who was your architect?"

"I was the architect, too," smiling. "Indeed! Why you are a jack of all trades. You will tell me you designed

the windows next."
"I did."

The Englishman was amused. He chatted with the workman awhile, finding him to be singularly modest and quiet in manner, but he said at last, "I am going to pay my respects to the bishop. At what hour will I probably be the admitted?"

"You will find him at home now; I am the bishop.

Afterward the Englishman, in telling the story said: "I learned to know and reverence him well after that, and I never knew a man so lacking in selfesteem. Whenever in the canticle I thank God for the 'holy and humble men of heart,' I think of the American

Charles Dickens, when in this country, large school. He simply said: "Do all you can boys, and make no fuss about it," which is the sum of it all .- Youth's Companion.

# Girl or Boy!

There is no doubt that in the true order it is just as well to be a girl as a boy; just as well tobe a woman as to be a man. In the true order, life must be as full, as rich, as compensating and as complete for a woman or for a girl as it is for a man or a boy. But now, and in all the centuries that lie behind us, the disadvantages which have beset and do still beset the way of women are palpable to all eyes, and make the average boy quick to see that not for any sum would he be a girl. The wonder is that each boy, when he becomes a man, does not set himself to make life as rich and free for his sister as it is for

Among wild cattle, the old the feeble and the sick are set upon by the strong oces of the herd and killed. Is it something of the brute still remaining in the human race that makes the majority of men not only content to leave the woman hampered and hedged in by unequal conditions, but to oppose any and every effort made for just and equal conditions?

The girl early finds the odds at which she is placed. She either resents and strives to conquer the difficulties, or seeing no escape, gives in, to go with the current.

he is a boy, and not a girl, should appeal rection and smillingly asked: "Is this to all that is noblest and best in him to seat engaged, miss?" "No, sir; but I help remove the obstacles which make am, and he is going to get on at the life so much less free and valuable for her than for himself.

Meantime, let no girl give in or despair. The forces are active which are to make it just as desirable to be a girl as to be a boy. We, who co-operate with those forces, look forward to the time of our great great-granddaughters. We rejoice for them, and that we have been able to promote the better time for them. Let us all help. - Woman's Journal.

WITH AN ANECDOTE.-Senator Vance, of North Carolina, frequently illustrates his speeches with anecdotes, or, rather, parables, which he relates in a manner that seldom fails to bring down the house, no matter how much the majority may disagree with him politically. Speaking net long ago against a bill which he considered "penny-wise but which he considered "penny-wise but pound foolish," he said it reminded him its hospitality and conveying his desire of a kind old man who lives at the top of a hill in North Carolina. One day a wagener came by and unluckily got his team "stalled" at the foot of the hill. To the old man's house he went, asking the loan of a pair of mules a "fifth chi to help him up the hill. Said the kind old man: "My friend, I have not got a pair of mules or a fifth chain to save your life. But I am always anxious to help a man in distress; I can lend you the best fiddle you ever drew a bow

What can equal the regularity of the Brooklyn man who shoved the hands of his clock twenty four hours ahead, be-

### ALL SORTS.

A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaetons for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here!"

Extract from a letter from Angelica: 'Dear Henry -You ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By, by, Henry.

The Boston high school girl condemns the phrase "tumble to the racket" as vile slang. She says "precipitate in the di-rection of the clamor," is a more elegant expression.

The published report of a benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year. An exchange has an article entitled "A

Half Hour with the fathers." That's what the rising generation needs, and it should be out in the back shed and thirty-one minutes long. A country girl wrote to her lover: 'Now, George, don't you fale to be at

the singing school to-night." George wrote back that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as "fale. A celebrated organist slipped off his bench recently while playing a Bach fugue as a postlude. He was immedi-ately expelled from the church as a Bach-

slider, and is now a fugue-tive. "William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "Can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know sir," replied William, "cept if be that the 'east makes everything rise."

A boarder at Kennebunk Port writes us that she went to the circulating library who seemed to be directing the others:

"Bishop Blank resides here, I believe?"

"You"

"You"

The Biblical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to display his learning, would occasionally use the word "curriculum," and as often as he used it. some one of the sisters said "Glory!"

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a man when the subject was broached, "what more rights do they want? My wife bosses me, my daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied, adding: "I hope so, if you think of getting off there."

"No, George, can never return your love; I never dreamed you loved me so -you should have spoken of it before. But I cannot return your love. "No," moaned the brokenhearted lover as he grasped his hat, "nor the oysters and ice-cream neither," and George went out into the wet.

"Yes," said Mrs. Snaggs, "I left my husband at home to take care of the baby while I went to the theater. He did not say anything much when I came home except that I never before looked so handsome to him, but I found out the next day that our parrot had learned same horrible words."

Something usual: "I feel so worried about Charles!" sighed Mrs. Wildhusband. "Its getting late, sure enough," said sister Kate, looking at the clock; "but I guess nothing unusual has happened." "That is what frets me," re-plied Mrs. Wildhusband: "I am afraid something usual has happened to

Charles. Too old: "I understand that you referred to me as a pig, sir," remarked a pompously elderly gentleman to a young man who had spoken disparagingly of him to a third person. "You have been misinformed," replied the young man; "I hope that I know better than to refer to a person of your advanced age as a pig.

A campmeeting convert, rather rough specimen of humanity, recently delivered himself of the following speech: "Brethern and sisters! I have been a very bad man; have led a bad life; indeed, I have been the chief among sinners, and the one altogether lovely!" His confession was received with some grains of allowance.

He had at last scrowed his courage up to the sticking point and had come termined to pop the question. "Is Miss Blank in?" he asked of the new girl. "Indade she is that." "Is she engaged?" 'Bless yer sowl, but you'd think so if yer could see her and a young man on the parlor sofa just now. Do to see her?" But he had fled. Do you want

A traveling men, noticing a pretty That which makes the boy rejoice that girl alone in a car, went over in her dithe next station." "Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon—" and he picked up his feet after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone for a while.

# The Polite Hotel Clerk.

It has been quite a busy week for local hotels. More than the usual notable and distinguished transients have been here, to say nothing of Ching Ling, Ding a-Ling-a-Ling and Hard Pan Shan and the rest of the Chinese Embassy at the Grand hotel.

"Intendee stoppee here longee?" said young Mr. Smith to a celestial swell who making a puzzle out of the wooden tooth-picks on the counter.

"Sir," said the Peking man "Stopee long in New Yorkee?" re-peated Mr. Smith with a smile broad in

to be pleasant. "We shall remain in the city but a brief period," replied the celestial, "prior to resuming our journey to Wash-

ington. Then he walked away, not until he had left with the junior proprietor of the Grand one of his choicest diplomatic grins and rarest Hongkong bows.

When Mr. Smith ascertained that he had been talking to a Harvard graduate and one who was "up" in air languages besides broken China, Le was dumb-founded, and went on the Broadway side, walked and looked up, and down as if in search of one of those boys who kieks a Gordon press.—Hotel Mail.