The long, grey, graceful mess fil weldly droots from white megnolia bloom; to the air myrtic and orange toss Their rich perfume.

From starry jasmine bowers bumming-birds with radiant plumage Theo dark green leaves, the red pomegranate flower like jewels beam.

With note of wild delight
The meeking bird pours out his thrilling song,
I hear the whippeorwill thro'all the night
His walls prolong.

But with what tear-dimmed eyes
I greet thy birds, thy flowers, so sweet and gay
From the glad light of thy blue sunbright aktes
8 cm faint and grey.

With heavy heart I come,
Weeping my hopes foriorn mourning my dead:
Old. worn and sad, back to my southern home,
Youth's joys all fied.

Dear mother! on thy breast,
Wearied of toil and care, Life's lamp barnt low.
I seek once more the tinder, peaceful rest
Of long ago.

—J. A. Dickron.

A CLEFT STICK.

No, there was no doubt about it; I had drank a great deal more than was good for me, as my aching head and parched mouth only too painfully proved. It was not the lobster salad—I scorned the deception; it was the champagne. I had always maintained that denics were a mistake, and now I was cartain of it.

Do not misunderstand me when I say denies are a mistake. Your real, rural, half-impromptu picnic with a few intimate friends in some pleasant spot, away from the hum-drum of every day life is pleasant enough; but what I inveigh against is that set feast of luxuries, conveyed in a perfectly appointed luncheon basket to some backneyed feasting-place by "pampered menials," and in which the only variety from every-day lucheon consists in that it is eaten in an uncomfortable position, instead of the ortholox comfortable one. And this had been the case yesterday. Besides, the company had not been to my taste. Imagine a single man, or, indeed, any man, pienicking with three engaged couples. Could the most contented of mortals have been happy under such circumstances?

True, there had been a few odd middle-aged outsiders, but what of that? Ah! what indeed? And as my memory began to collect its scattered particles I had more cause than ever to curse that pienie.

We had been up the river, a party of twelve-yes, that was it-and finding that no blandishments on my part could distract the course of true love of any one of the three engaged misses from their faithful swains, I had e'en been obliged to fall back upon one of the "odd" members of the party. Urged on my wild career by desperation and frequent glasses of champagne, I had made violent love to a maiden lady of-well, of a certain age. She had been too agreeable; that was her only fault. What might I not have committed myself to in my efforts to drown enuni! knows? Perhaps I had proposed to her. Well, she had been very charming, why not? Great heavens! she was forty if she was a day, and perhaps—bah!-per-haps she was "made up." At least, I remember she appeared to possess a certain amount of good looks, but how was I to know that those dark lashes were not the result of antimony, those lan-guishing glances, bella donna; that complexion, arsenic; those delicate white hands, bismuth? and now, I remembered that I had promised to call upon her. She lived at Kensington. Happy thought; perhaps I had mislaid her address. I jumped off my chair with more alacrity than I had thought poscible, and rummaged in my pockets for the card she had given me. She was quite sure I should forget the address unless I had that card. No such luck, there it was, only too

palpable to the naked eye. I sat down again to the pretense of breakfast I had been making during these reveries. An unwelcome knock at the door followed by a most unwelcome intruder, put an abrupt end to them.

"Hello, Charlie, old man," exclaimed my hated visitor, "how are you? Look seedy; been up all night, or what?" "Oh, go to the dence," I answered tostily.

"Thanks; you always were a hospital kind of fellow, but I had bardly expeoted so warm a reception as this.

41 should not add that the spokesman was my cousin, which may account, perhaps, for the lack of ceremony between

"Well, I tell you what it is, Ralph, I am awfully down on my back, and don't want any of your chaff this morning."

"Oh, if it's a matter of a fiver or so, why did you not say so before? You know you may always count on me to

oblige you at a pinch."
Bosn, my dear fellow, it is not that. I am a little off color, that's all. Don't

"Whew-w, I think I do see now A woman in the case, of course. What an awful duffer I must have been not to have seen it at first!"

(How I hate the familiarity of relationship which seems to arrogate to itsalf the right to pry into and expose all one's personal affairs. Believe me, relations are a great mistake. I felt at this moment that I would gladly have attended the execution of one and all of mine. There was the governor-dear old man! -he niways took a savage delight in telling me that I should live to make a fool of myself one day, and there is generally a half truth in what the old man observes, but the suspicion that disagreeshome truths are true does not make them any the more palatable to the re-

"Look here, Ralph," I said, "I am not in the humor for humbug this morning, so let us drop the subject of my appearance and its cause altogether.

Have you seen the gov?" "Yes, saw him just as he was going out for his morning constitutional.

looked 'fit' enough. I winced at this overt dig at my ten-

der spot.

"Well, suppose you go downstairs and smoke while I finish breakfast, and then we'll see how to pass an hour or two." dness, but what was the torment of his presence to that of my own mind?

There was no getting out of it. I must call upon my elderly charmer, and that without delay. The longer matters were put off the worse they would appear. I went downstairs and found Ralph

smoking. Bah! I could not have smoked this morning to have saved my life. "I suppose you have nothing to do up till luncheon time. Ralph? Will you come for a drive? I have a morning call

"Thought so; but why wouldn't you speak the truth at once? Who is she?" "Time enough for you to know when you've seen her," I answered surlily. "Will you come? I shall have to leave

you outside." "All right, old man; anything to further the interests of a friend. I don't mind playing Leporello to your Don

Juan for once. We drove to Kensington. The brilliant sun seemed to mock my gloomy thoughts, and my spirits fell to zero as

we approached the house.
"Was Miss Damian at home?" "Yes, Miss Damian was at home. My last loophole of escape was closed. I entered the house, and had not been scated five minutes when the door opened, and a perfect vision of loveliness

greeted my astonished gaze. Picture to yourself the most beautiful creature your eyes ever rested upon, or your imagination conjured up in the form of woman, and apply the result to the present case.

Her eyes, her complexion, her figure! But I will not attempt to describe them for fear they should clash with your individual ideal of beauty, and so destroy the illusion. She could not have been more than

nineteen or twenty. Was this my "elderly charmer" of yesterday? No there must be some mistake. The vision came forward with a ser-

aphic smile of ill-disguised amusement at my evident astonishment. "Miss Damian?" I stammered. "I am Miss Damian, Miss Ethel Da-

mian in my aunt's house, and my aunt desires me to express her regret at being unable to see you this morning. She caught a slight cold on the river yesterday, but she hopes you will call again very soon."

That voice! What can I liken it to in order to convey an idea of its mellifluous sound? All the old similes of nightin gales and running water pale before such

"I am deli-I mean I am distressed beyond measure-er-what an extremely

"You appear to find it so; I had thought it rather cool."

"What I meant to say was" (I was becoming more confused, and stumbling deeper into difficulties at every step)-"what I meant to say was that I ought to be indebted to almost any accident which was the means of introducing me to Miss Damian's niece, although I had no idea of expressing anything but regret at Miss Damian's illness. "'Qui s'excuse, s'accuse;' so no more

compliments to me at my aunt's expense. How did the picnic go off? I was pre-

vented from going, unfortunately."
"It was delightful!" (Heaven forgive
me for the falsehood!) "Indeed, I am indebted to your aunt for all the pleasure I extracted from it. Without her it would have been dull enough."

"Ah, my Aunt Barbara has been adding yet another victim to her train of admirers, I see!" "What do you mean? Surely-"

"Yes, it is my painful duty to inform you that Aunt Barbara is a confirmed flirt. Papa used to say that his sister Barbara would flirt with a pair of tongs for lack of anything better, and she has gone on practicing her amiable weakness through life. Indeed, I always tell her that my time is spent in following her around like a sheep dog to play propriety. Do not be alarmed, she means nothing serious. It is her only foible. We are very much attached to one an other, and she is always in all things my very dear Aunt Barbara.'

The charm of the speaker's manner entirely carried off any sense of brusquerie that this unconventional declaration might have otherwise impressed me with. The ice once being broken, I sat on, talking with my vision, quite oblivious

to the threes of impatience that Ralph might be feeling seated outside in his hansom. At last it was time to go. "I may call again, may I not?"

"I hope so, or Aunt Barbara will feel greatly disappointed at your lack of fealty to her. I left the house over head and ears in

love. I had been in love many times before; in fact, I had always been falling in love ever since I was fifteen, but this time there was no doubt acout it.

"No need to ask what luck, Charlie," exclaimed Ralph, as I bounded into the hansom, "for 'Accepted' is written in huge capitals all over your face."

"Ralph, she is an angel!" "Ah! they most of them are, I notice,

until they are married." I deigned no reply to this insulting remark, but drove back in silent ecstacy, leaving Ralph to his own meditations.

But every sweet has its accompanying bitter, and the reaction of my miserable position upon the last blissful hour was harder to bear than before. Why, it was ever so much worse! Here was I pledged perhaps to the aunt, while I was desperately in love with the niece. I recalled the words that my vision had uttered regarding her aunt's foible, as she termed it, but even this could not offer any strong solace to me. How could she know to what extent matters had gone? There was no help for it, I must go to the governor like the returned prodigal and confess my dilemma even at the risk of being called every epithet expressive of the plain and ugly word

fool" in his extensive vocabulary. He was sitting in the library. I felt an intolerably sneaky sensation creeping over me, and an inexpressible desire to get behind myself as I opened the door and walked, or rather edged, myself into the room. All my courage was oozing out at my finger tips like Bob Acres's, The sooner the matter was over the better for me, however, so I broke headlong into my confession.

At first, of course, the old man was furious. "I always had been a fool, and now I was going to commit the greatest folly of all, and tie myself up to some woman old enough to be my mother, of whom nobody knew anything, and who, for all we could guess, might not be re-My tormentor was gone at last, thank spectable," and so forth, in the usual manner of irate fathers, when they have got the whip-hand of their erring cons.

I bore it all meekly enough, and at last calmed the explosion by throwing myself upon his mercy and asking him to help me out of the fix. The ruse was

successful. "We must see my elderly charmer to-gether; we had better call to morrow. No? Well, the the next day, and he would see what there was to be done." And so ended the interview between

the governor and myself. I felt relieved, but I could not feel at rest until this dreaded call was over. The governor was very good all that day. He generally turn up trumps at a

real crisis. The next day after lunch he proposed a scroll in the Row, as he said, to distract my attention from this painful and ab-

we had been walking up and down, stopping now and then to greet some passing friend, when I suddenly saw my Vision before me. It could be no other; there was not a face among all the beauties present that could be compared with, or be mistaken for, hers. She was sitting under the shade of one of the great elms, daintily dressed in some diaphanous, creamy-white material, and looking more bawitching than ever. And myself engaged, my elderly charmer.

In my self-accusing hour of remorse I had done her injustice. There was no 'make up" there. She was dressed in good taste, as became her age; any disinterested person would have pronounced her a decidedly elegant woman, well preserved for forty, if, indeed, she were as much, and with no small pretensions to good looks. I started involuntarily and the gov-

ernor observed it. "Well, Charlie, what's amiss now?"

"Why," I answered, growing suddenly scarlet all over, "there she is!"

"Where?" "Over there, sitting under that tree and talking to that lovely girl in white." "Now for it, my boy; introduce me."

I walked forward and raised my hat. Miss Damian-

"Oh, so we have met sooner than we expected, Mr. Carew; accept my apologies for having a cold yesterday when you called, yet I can hardly blame the cold, for it was caught at the picnic and is now gone, and had it not been for the picnic we would not have met you and you would not have called at all. I dare say my neice did the honors for me better than I should have done them myself." All answer that I could make to this was to look rapturously at Ethel, and mumbled inarticulately to Miss Damian.

There was certainly a touch of coquetry in Aunt Barbara's speech, but it was the permissable coquetry, of a lady who knew her position and could maintain it.

I introduced the governor by way of my idiotic confusion, and the conversation became general, or rather broke up into twos, for I selected the vacant chair next to Ethel, and left the governor to Miss Damian altogether.

You may not believe me, but it is perfeetly true that I forgot all about my dilemma from the moment I plunged into that heavenly tete-a-tete with Ethel, and was oblivious of all surroundings. At last my trance was broken. Miss Damian leaned forward and point-

edly addressed me. that he must change places with you and give me a chance of renewing our of these degenerate habits to influence pleasant acquaintance of the day before yesterday.

The governor did not seem to have exerted himself much in my case; he was ful odor of smoke, sir-Miss Damian's beaming all over with an expression of gratified vanity, evidently not the result of a battle fought in my favor.

I tore myself away from Ethel's side

and changed seats. "Do you think I am going to let my preaux chevalier of the picnic imagine he is going to shelve me in that easy fashion o-day? Had you a very bad headknow you attacked that champagne a great deal too severely, nasty as it was, but no matter; compliments aside, confess that inordinately bored at the feast, and that you only fell back upon me as a pis aller, pour passer le temps. Engaged lovers are the most selfish creatures in the world, certainly. No, you won't-well, then, I shall keep you to every word that you uttered to me on that occasion." (Good heavens, now it was coming; then I had proposed to her!) "Do you remember all that passed as vividly as I do? If so, your head is a stronger one than most young men's of

What in the world was she driving at, I wondered-had I proposed to her or not? If so, why did she adopt this maternal tone toward me (I was 25!) and if not, what did this occasional coquetry of

manner portend? "Do you know, Mr. Carew, that although I have directed several remarks to you, and asked you at least two very plain questions within the last five minutes, you have remained absolutely mute?"

What had been the use of my intro ducing the governor if this was the quagmire of embarrassment in which he had left me? He had not even smoothed the way for an explanation.

I collected my senses -there was no escape. "Miss Damian," I began seriously, "believe any ill of me that you ously, please; perhaps the champagne was not very good" (I had not stopped to consider the quality at the time); "but my memory is not so faulty as you imagine, and at least accept my assurance that anything I uttered to you the day before yesterday I am prepared to stand by now, and if the devotion of a life can-She interrupted me with an incompre-

hensible smile. "Ah, that is what you all say, but how can I place any dependence on such expressions when you seize the first opportunity to leave me for the society of my niece?

"Miss Damian, believe me-" "Mr. Carew, I will believe nothing now, but see, your father is going, and it is time for Ethel to be reurning with me. Good-by for the present, and if you or your father care for for our society, come and lunch with us one day next week."

Here the governor came up in time for the invitation, which he accepted with a

positive chuckle of delight. So I had committed myself and could not now retract. Farewell, Ethel, my vision of light, farewell to all my hopes and dreams for the future, henceforth— the expression of delight on my counts— York Letter to the Albany Journal.

"Father," I exclaimed, with a dignified sneer, as soon as we were left alone, permit me to express my gratitude for the able manner in which you have helped me upon the most trying occasion of my

"Why, you young cub; you don't know when you are well off. Miss Damian is a perfectly charming woman. I had no idea from your description that she could be such a delightful creature. 'Made up,' indeed, you puppies of mod-erus seem to think that no woman who has outgrown the follies of the school room can retain a vestige of natural beauty.

"Thank you," I replied, sullenly, "but whatever Miss Damian's preservative qualities may be, I have no wish to marry a woman old enough to be my mother.

"You have only yourself to thank in the matter, and must abide by the consequences. Don't blame me. As it happens, you have done by accident perhaps the wisest action in your life, and selected a wife in every way fitted to enhance your position and keep you out of mischief."

I clearly saw it was no use to go on arguing with the governor while he was that lady sitting beside her—why that, in this mood, so with a half-smothered of course, was she to whom I believed ejaculation, which was not a blessing. I

let the matter arop for a time. For several days after this I went about with a hang-dog expression which seemed to cause no little amusement to my cousin Ralph, who was forever popping in upon me and rallying me upon my appearance in a manner which he,no doubt, thought very witty. I wonder I did not kill Ralph when I look back at

that time. He richly descried it.

The governor and I had accepted Miss Damian's invitation to lunch for the following Wednesday. I was rather at a loss to understand his evident impatience for the starting hour to arrive as soon as the day came round.

He had disappeared unusually early to make his toilet, I thought, as I sat smoking in the library and feeling far from comfortable at the prospect of this luncheon with my elderly betrothed.

While I was engaged in this manner, the governor entered, dressed to a state of discomfort that almost looked like anticipating the wedding. "Why, dad," I exclaimed, "I never

saw you look so young before! You seem to have cast off twenty years of your life with your old coat, just like a suake. Where did you get that gardenia from? "Nonsense, my boy, nonsense; there

is nothing unusual, I suppose, in making one's self look respectable; but what are you doing here, Charlie, at this hour? You ought to be ready to start, and for goodness sake throw away that eigar. I don't want to go to Miss Damian's reeking of tobacco." (The governor never used to object to tobacco at any time of his life; he was an inveterate smoker himself.)

"It wants more than half an hour to the time," I replied, nonchalantly; "no hurry; we shall be there quite soon

enough. "There, that's just the way with all you modern young men; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. When I was young it was considered an atrocious breach of good manners to keep a lady waiting, but you youngsters are all so stuck up in your own conceit that I believe it is a part of religion to go late everywhere for the satisfaction of cre-"I am telling your father, Mr. Carew, ating an excitement, just like a parcel of oung misses, but me. Go and make yourself presentable at once, and for heaven's sake use some eau de Cologne to banish that disgrace

> is not a pothouse. I slunk upstairs without further parley and made the necessary alterations in my dress: then we drove off together to

Kensington. Who shall say that acting is only acquired by practice? I belive Charles Mathews himself could not have schooled his natural instincts to affect a greater ache yesterday morning, Mr. Carew? I air of polite empressement than I managed to infuse into my greeting to Miss

Damian. And Ethel-I was obliged to command my feelings still more severely with her, perhaps not quite so successfully, for I felt the tell-tale blush mount to my face, and my hand trembled visibly as I clasped her dainty fingers for the space of the orthodox few seconds.

Luncheon was over. It had not gone off so badly as I had anticipated, all things considered. The governor had been more animated than I ever remembered having seen him, and he most considerably monopolized nearly all Miss Damian's attention during the meal Now he had, apparently with some re luctance, given up his seat next Miss Damian to me. We were sitting halfshaded by a screen, and Ethel was making conversation in her graceful manner with the governor.

"And so I am really to believe that "Can you doubt me? Did I not repeat it to you in all earnestness in the Row

only a few days ago, Miss Damian?" You are a very chivalrous young man, the apt pupil of a chivalrous father still more I wonder if you distinctly remember what you really did say at the pienie. I have always had my doubts on

that subject." "Miss Damian, do you wish me to repeat it now?"

"Certainly not, for I am sure you could not if you tried; but to relieve you of all further anxiety on the subject, I will tell you, not all that you said, for that would be to repeat too much goodhumored nonsense, but the one important declaration which evidently weighs so heavily upon your conscience. "I am all attention."

"Well, you confided to me, of course in the strictest secrecy, that you never could marry any woman if you thought she were capable of consuming as much lobster salad as any one of those three young ladies did, against whom you seemed to bear such a grudge for refusing to flirt with you in the very presence of their "flances." There, I thought you would feel relieved, but it is a very

bad compliment to me to let it be so ap-

Good heavens! and was this all? Had I been making myself miserable and ob-

parent.

nance no doubt deservedly called forth

Miss Damian s reproof. I was a free man again, yet honor forbade me to jump at the position too

"You cannot think," I said, "that this little misunderstanding can alter the re-

lations between us?" "Relations! what relations? I don't un-

derstand you, Mr. Carew." "Surely, you could not have mistaken the nature of .ny offer to you the other day in the Row?"

She burst into a little fit of laughter. "You foolish boy, do you take me for an ogress? Could you not see that I was only amusing myself? I value the freedom of my maidenhood a great deal too much to part with it so easily. An old maid I am, and an old maid I mean to be to the end of the chapter. Besides, de you think I have no eyes? I am far too experienced in reading 'the signs of love' not to have observed where your heart is fixed, perhaps not without good grounds." And she looked expressively across the room to where Ethel was sitting. "Love at first sight is no such uncommon occurrence after all, is it, Mr.

I raised her taper hand and reverently kissed it. "Miss Damian, you have taught me a most gracious lesson, and I should be most ungrateful not to profit by it. Believe me this time when I assert that my allegiance to you is, in another form, stronger than ever."

Carew?'

"That is wel!, and now go and talk to Ethel, and leave me to amuse your father, that is more in the fitness of things.

And I was in a delirium of delight for the rest of the afternoon. What need to say how often I called at the house in Kensington after this? Indeed, I could not, if I attempted. Enough that I at last "screwed my courage to the stickingplace" and obtained the one word from Ethel that was wanting to make my happiness complete.

Our wedding took place in the following month, with the usual orange blossoms, white lace, fees and frippery. That abominable Ralph was my grooms-man. The laugh was all on my side now, and he has never to this day suspected the real facts of the case, when he drove with me to Kensington that morning after the pienic, and waited outside the house in a hansom.

"Oh! Charlie," exclaimed my Ethel as we started for Paris on our wedding trip. "what a good thing it is you married me, for now I shall make such an excellent chaperone for Aunt Barbara!"

When we returned to London, the old governor was the first to greet us. I could not make out what had come over him, he seemed embarressed, and anxious to avoid meeting my eye, and turned the conversation whenever it

touched upon home topics. At last when we were alone he came up to me and put his hand shyly upon my shoulder. "Charlie, my dear boy, don't call your father an old fool, but you see the house was lonely after you left it, and I had no companion to amuse me in your absence, and so, and so-in fact, Charlie, Miss Damian is now Mrs.

Carew, and your stepmother.' "Bravo, governor!" I exclaimed, "and a charming stepmother, too; accept my

best wishes. So, you see, Aunt Parbara did not re quire Ethel for a chaperone after all!-

Temple Bar.

A Religious Vanderbilt.

and melodiously sung, stopped me along

side of the Grand Central depot. There was a noisy banging of baggage on the sidewalk, where a wagon was being unloaded of trunks with reckless celerity; street cars were rattling past, travelers were making a train time hubbub; bus the devotional vocalism made itself heard over all opposition. A brief investiga tion enabled me to locate it underground. Descending by a stone stairway, between one that led to a barber shop and other that was the entrance to a restaurant. I was astonished to find myself in a church right under the big railroad station. It was of a size to accommodate two or three hundred persons, A platform held a lecturn and a cabinet organ. The walls were neatly frescoed in an ecclesiastical style, and an inscription said "Live in deeds, not years." The floor was carpeted and the pews were in walnut. Altogether it was a handsome place of worship, and the congregation was correspondingly good looking, though evidently containing a wide range of financial conditions. It was about evenly divided as to sexes Young fellows and girls in clothes that fell a little short of prime fashionableness, or if cut just right were made of cheap material, were in a decidedly sightly predominance. In a front seat is a Swede," replied the other. were a row of contrastingly dressed persons, though their richness of apparel was all in quite good taste. In their midst was a bearded, ordinary man of they were doubtless made for some good you hold to the declaration you made to mearly forty, to judge by appearances. I end. "Foat may be," said the boy, "but me up the river last week, Mr. Carew?" recognized him as Cornelius Vanderbilt, I don't like the end that I feel at any the eldest son of William H. Van- rate. derbilt. His presence was nothing un-usual. That cellar church is his own. Cornelius is a Presbyterian, with strong indications of devoutness. Religion is -I wonder if you mean all you say, and | not plentiful in the Vanderbilt family, and he has nearly all there is of it. He believes that it is wicked to run trains on Sunday, but has made no progress in bringing his father to that way of thinking. Failing in his efforts to Christianize travel on the Vanderbilt lines, he concluded that the next best thing to closing the Grand Central depot on the Sabbath was to open a church in it. William H. readily gave him a cellar, and this be fitted up in the manner described. It was a prayer meeting that I went to. A girl of fourteen kert the singing well together by her clever use of the organ, and I have seldom heard revival hymns more inspiringly rendered. Much less confident and telling were the words of a young minister, who made the only considerable address. He told us that he was from Kentucky, and all that was pertinent to the Vanderbilts in what he said was that Christ did not come to the rich and powerful, but to the poor and He thanked God for that. Whether it was the boldness of such an whether merely ordinary fervor dis-

FOREIGN NEWS.

Fish dinners are fashionable in England.

Education in England is estimated to cost \$14 per head.

The pope gave audience a few days ago to 5000 Italian priests.

The French government has placed about 170 judges on the retired list, The United States exhibitors obtained wenty-seven of the 5223 awards at the

Dutch exhibition. One of the Marquis Tseng's dispatches to the Chinese government is said to have cost \$25,000.

In some parts of Russia it is believed that if the bride tastes the cake on the eve of the wedding her husband will not love her.

Paris bonnets are now provided with a mansard, in which is stored the knot or coil into which the hair is twisted on the top of the head. Paris is to be delighted by bull fights after the Spanish fashion. The director

of the hippodrome has imported a party of bull fighters from Madrid. The Empress of Russia has just ordered a cloak of sable fur trimmed with

gold and enriched with precious stones. the whole cost being placed at \$43,000 The Mongols have at last invised Paris. A Chinese restaurant has been established there, at which one may feast on dessicated eggs and bird's nest

soup. Millocker's operetta, "The Beggar Student," is fast approaching its threehandredth night in Berlin. It has already yielded the composer a profit of 50.000 floring.

Queen Marguerite of Italy, was recently so courteous to a westerner who was presented to her that the latter now calls her a "democratic daisy." The power of compliment could no further go.

Professor Huxley, on hearing recently that there were many new houses in the best part of London which had no connection with the main sewer, remarked that he hoped the London sanitary protective association might soon obtain power from parliament to hang a few builders.

At Deptford, England, the other day, when a coroner was about to swear a jury, he opened a book which was supplied by the landlord of the tavern at which the inquest was held, and discovered that, instead of the New Testament, it was a copy of "Tristram Shandy." It was some time before a copy of the right book could be found.

Just for a Joke.

Philadelphia ladies are learning base ball. One of them has caught her husband out several times already.

Statistics show that triplets occur only once in 7,900 births. The Rochester Post-Express imagines that a poor man with 6,999 children might feel very un-

A Boston housemaid, who, about to leave unexpectedly, was urged to give a reason for it, simply said: I can't stay, the young ladies speak such bad gram-Teacher: Define the word excavate.

Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt." "Did you notice the æsthetic A Moody and Sankey hymn, rousingly ance of Miss Giddigush, Amy?" the high school girl. "I noticed a pim-

ple on her nose," replied Amy, but I didn't know the dictionary word for it." "What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a teacher of a slow boy. 'I'm going to be a school teacher and

make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply. "Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four year old Annie: "one geese is goose, and a

whole lot of gooses is geese. "Why, Smith, what a dreadful state of intoxication you are in!" "This a dre'ful state of 'toxication? Just oughter seen me th'other night. This's only a ter-

Old gent .- "Ah, Mrs. B., did you keep a diary during your visit to the country?" Mrs. B., indignantly—"No, sir, I didn't. The family bought milk from the neighbors.'

It was on the piazza of the Grand Union, Saratoga: "How beautifully that woman sings," said one lady to another, who was in gorgeous attire and blazing "Is she a mezzo-sowith diamonds. prano?' "No, I guess not. I think she

A minister hearing a boy saying, "Bother those mosquitoes," reproved him, saving that like all other creatures "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Blossom, as

she laid down the paper, "it does seem to me as if those state militia fellows are always in trouble. He e's an account of a recent inspection where the company turned out fifty-three men. Too bad, ain't it." "No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never had any chil-

dren; I never liked children you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the sea shore. It's so stylish, you know." CEDAR DISTRICT, NEVADA .- A new mining district has recently been organ-

ized in the Antelope range of mountains, about eighteen miles from the Humboldt House, and named Cedar District. Years ago rich float rock was found in that section, but nothing was done towards following it up or prospecting the range. This summer Jehial Smith found some galega ore partly oxidized near the bluff, which led him to prospect for a mine. He succeeded in finding a body of galena ore twenty feet wide, and carrying from \$100 to \$200 in silver to the ton. He utterance in a Vanderbilt's church or has been at work for some weeks prospecting his find, and he is of the opinion that it is one of the largest bodies of ore tracted his mind from temporal surroundings, it is certain that he lost sight ever found in the state. The mine is about two miles frm Big Antelope jectionable to all my friends for the past ly stepped off the edge, nearly jerking Springs, in a range of mountains heavily week, and for nothing? Even my his head off his shoulders by the sudden covered with cedar timber, and frem of the platform's limits and inadvertentwhich the district derives its name. change of six inches in his level .- New Winnemucoa Silver State.