

THE RETURN.

Into thy gates once more. The golden gates I pass, my own fair land!

A CLEFT STICK.

No, there was no doubt about it; I had drunk a great deal more than was good for me.

Do not misunderstand me when I say picnics 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.

True, there had been a few odd middle-aged outsiders, but what of that? Ah! what indeed?

We had been up the river, a party of twelve—yes, that was it—and finding that no blameworthy on my part could distract the course of true love of any one of the three engaged misses from their faithful swains.

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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 twenty-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 mandsar, 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 \$45,000.

The Mongols have at last invaded Paris. A Chinese restaurant has been established there, at which one may feast on desiccated eggs and bird's nest soup. Millocker's operetta, "The Beggar Student," is fast approaching its three-hundredth night in Berlin. It has already yielded the composer a profit of 50,000 florins.

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 on 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 uneasy.

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 grammar."

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 aesthetic appearance of Miss Giddigush, Amy?" asked the high school girl. "I noticed a pimple 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 geese is geese."

"Why, Smith, what a dreadful state of intoxication you are in!" "This a dreadful state of 'toxication' just oughter seen me 'other night. This's only a ter-'tory."

Old gent.—"Ab, 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 with diamonds. "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a Swede," replied the other.

A minister hearing a boy saying, "Bother those mosquitoes," reproved him, saying that like all other creatures they were doubtless made for some good end. "That may be," said the boy, "but I don't like the end that I feel at my rate."

"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'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 children; 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 organized