- I was the last new boy at school; i must pay my "initiating fee, i must pay my "initiating fee, i must pay and a thieving tool—The latter the reason, the former the plea. With boast and bluster and bully air, finef won consent for the "last boy" there.
- A sizatiby walk 'neath a allver moon,
 Then an orchard wall looking e er so high;
 Next—"Here's the plunder; climb like a coon,
 yrom the bigsest boy with the bigsest eye,
 what a ninny you are, and how you mare!
 Nobody will hurt you; nobody's there."

They knew the place for scaling well, and pushed me up with their eager hands. Till trembling and wear their victim fell On the broad ledge goarding the Bellair lands A crooked true leads down like a stair," They told me, and there it was—right there.

Right there, and on that slairway swung I crouches like a toward amid the leavest foright, to left he ripe fruit hung. On the first and fairwat of autumn eves; Crimson and gold in a silver air, Apple on apple, pear on pear.

Just within reach of my tempting hold.
The air astir with their fruity breath.
Glube of crimson, pendant of gold:
What was to hinder loitering Seth?
Silent I hung on 'he old-tree stair;
As stient the crehard—nobody there.

high in the heavens hung the harvest moon, birange—but it brought me mother's smile; "je! me at! that happens, and write me toon, the said through smiles and 'ears the white, There were two of us only; God took one—A sister, the sweedst under the sun.

Somehow into that silvery hush Came the murmur of muther's prayer, and a little stream amid banks of rush caught the gleam of my sistet's hair. Still crimson and gold in a sliver air Hung apple on apple, pear on pear.

Down in the dark some tiny thing.
Under the dashies sliken atood,
Smote the quiet with bell like ring.
Bringing an answer out of the wood.
Two together—they made me reel—
Chiming in chorus: "Thou shalt not steal!"

The twelve in waiting saw me bound
O'er the wall with empty hands.
Panting, breathiess, they fied the grounds—
Far behind lay the temping land.
"Was it Bo.," asked the buily, "or old Bedair?"
Neither "I answered, "God was there!"

THE VALLEY OF MATRIMONY.

There is no more thankless task that can fall to the lot of a middle-aged spinster with quiet tastes than that of engineering a young woman of any considerable personal attractions across Europe. The trouble began on the ocean steamer in the shape of a captain of the United States navy. At Paris it was a big Frenchman with a nature like that of a Newfoundland dog; at Marseilles it presented itself under the guise of a dreamy eyed German; at Rome it was a silvery tongued Italian; at Naples it concentrated itself in the most violent and virrulent form in the person of a young American doctor.

Miss Sutherland was troubled with a cough-an entirely natural and appropriate thing to a young woman who exship-board simply to know how the sea boked in a storm. The idea that that cough needed a physician's care was entrely preposterous; but, all the same we had not been in Naples ten days before hiss Sutherland's lungs were as much a object of solicitude to Dr. Manning s if she had been in the last stages of consumption. What a delightful thing acough is-one, that is, which is quite stfleiently slight, does not keep the sutfeer awake at night, or otherwise interfee with the comfortable progress of mistence! There was just enough realsurney up Vesuvius, but not sufficient wilfulness of one. His recovery from number of small interfere with any excursions to San Martino, Capo di tions appeared complete. He had Monte, or anywhere else that might be administered a cough mixture which accomplished within a reasonable number of hours. That cough contributed to Miss Sutherland just the one element | nursed with an enthusiasm and devotion of attraction she did not need. The not to be described. I doubt if any rather firmly set lips took on quite a gentle piteons expression when the irritated throat was trying to relieve itself by a fit of coughing, a slight fever gave the usually colorless cheeks and clear eyes a brilliancy, and the exhaustion that followed reduced the young lady

from her usual attitude of sturdy independence to a most fasciating condition of womanly weakness. It very soon came to be understood that Miss Sutherland's carelessness in regard to her health, her ignorance, and mine also, of native "patois" the viciousness of donkeys, and the cupidity of guides, made a male escort almost a Decessity in the neighborhood of Naples. Whether the necessity grew out of the ready provision to meet it, or the provision out of the necessity, it is not worth while to argue. Judging from the inde-pendence of other lady travelers, the ormer theory seems the most tenable. During the first of these excursions Miss Sutherland had something of a body-guard about her. Three or four hands at least were put out to help her over every rock and up every height. Presently the number was reduced to one. Dr. Manning had, in fact, assumed the same jurisdiction over the rest of Miss Sutherland's movements that he did over the cough. That ailnt had been his especial charge from be beginning, and he seemed to be rapy assuming the responsibility of whatr else appertained to the young lady. tters had been in this shape for about onth when it became apparent that ething had begun to go wrong. By og the united intelligence and experithe conclusion that as Miss Sutherad had regained her health she desired discharge her physician. I was not

ent that she intended to change her irters to the island of Capri. Unhappily my relations to Miss Suth-land are such that for me to hear is to ey. I looked at the bleak mass of from my window and shuddered, it g February, and the vaunted climate Italy being in fact as chill as an Enh May. The effect of the announce t upon me was, however, mild to which it produced upon Dr. Man-They were sitting very quietly a it came—she half buried in a big chair, he playing with the tassels of shawl

apared, however, for the manner in hich she undertook to do it. The plan

s revealed in the simple announce-

'Agnes!"-it was a daring venture with her first name -"you are not ing over on that bleak rock? It will olutely dangerous for you. As physician I will not allow it." wat this moment the doctor had

vantage. Had he pushed it, dainty Sutherland, with her assumptions mity and firmly carved mouth,

stage. Miss Sutherland is a thorough and the donkey women are calling our looming up front the San Jaun range, English or a French girl would have fled after me. The young lady in queswas quite personal to herself, and required no interference from outside parties. The doctor went on blundering unquestionably; for an hour later, when she came into my room, we had the fol-

lowing conversation: "Yes."

"Again?"

"I believe so." This with a yawn, after which, to all appearances, her whole attention was given to getting the hair-

pins out of her hair.

Capri is a beautiful island. The old
Romans had good taste; and Tiberius
built twelve villas on it wherein to
built twelve villas on it wherein to the same time middleaged women will get the rheumatism in damp places. We had not taken more than a dozen donkey-rides, ascended Mount Solario, and made the trip to Anacapri, when certain twinges in my joints warned me of the probability of being laid up six weeks in a little pension perched on one of the steepest rocks in the Mediterranean. My experienced eyes also informed me that Miss Sutherland was not precisely herself. My diagnosis of the case was soon made out to my own satisfaction. She was trying to live up to the lines of her mouth and at the same time giging way round the heart. The doctor's stapidity had undoabtedly cost him a rejection. But when a young lady flees to an almost desert island to avoid the proximity of an obroxious suitor, and then spends most of her time gazing across the sea in the direction of where he is supposed to be, it may explain the matter perfectly to say that she is admiring Vesuvius; but if it does, the person who ac cepts the explanation has not much experience of young women.

Is there anything in this world much more excruciating than an attack of inflammatory rheumatism? This was precisely what Miss Sutherland's caprices in regard to her lovers had brought me to. For two weeks I lay upon my bed a hideous mass of red flannel, racked with pain, and hating Capri with the intenity of one of the captives of old Tiberius. During this time Miss Sutherland developed into one of the gentlest and tenderest nurses that ever took care of the victim of her own imprudence. The process of torture was going on, six weeks being the alleged period for the inflammatory demon to hold sway, when one morning the familiar face of Dr. Manning appeared above my bed. For two minutes I positively lost sight of the pain in my joints to wonder if he had been sent for. Miss Sutherland took the first opportunity to inform me that he had not. We were indebted for his presence to the fact that some resident of Capri had told him that both the English ladies at the pension were ill, the elder one very ill.

If anything will alleviate the pangs of acute rhenmatism it is having two young people about one both of whom are clearly in love with each other, while each is ready to die rather than make the first sign. The attitude of the doctor was magnificent. He had clearly come iy to Miss Sutherland's cough to pre-to Capri to save if possible the lives of two women imperiled by the abominable nauseated the young lady, but took no further interest in her ailments. Me he rheumatic spinster in red flannel was ever so cared for before. For four weeks I was the object of the most assiduous attentions from two young people scarcely on speaking terms with each other. At the end of two weeks more I was able to walk about. Another fortnight and I was pronounced able to ride a donkey. By this time it might have been supposed that as Dr. Manning felt no interest whatever in Miss Sutherland the attendance of a physician might have been dispensed with. The Baroness Burdett-Contts had just married a man forty years younger than herself, to be sure, but the case was not parallel. body on earth would have imagined for a moment that the docter was in love with me.

There is nothing to do at Capri but make excursions on donkeys. My re tarn to health was to be celebrated by a donkey excursion, and the arrangements for it finally brought out from the doctor that after the day was over he would betake himself to Naples. Up to this time Miss Sutherland's imperturbability had been almost equal to that of her lover. This announcement brought a feverish color to her cheeks, and from the magnificent repose of her usual manner she took to exhibiting what in an elderly woman would have been described as "fidgets."

The objective point of our excursion was the villa of Tiberius that is in the best repair. There is a great choice of them, each one more like a mass of dilapidated brick cellars than the last. We started on a sunny morning, on two of the most obstinate and refractory don that have fallen to my lot I arrived keys that Capri produces. The doctor preferred to walk, which he did by my side. Each donkey was conducted by peasant woman with immense ear rings and no shoes. Now to these creatures had been given the directions by an obliging landlady to take us through the most beautiful portion of the island to the villa. The donkey woman of Capri is an indescribable mixture of man, woman and beast. They are as strong as men, as loquacious as women, as stupid and obstinate as their own donkeys. this instance, however, they did as they

were bid. We had been riding an hour or more, Miss Sutherland in advance, and the doctor with his band on my saddle, exhibiting all the devotion that a young man naturally feels toward a wrinkled spinster of fifty, when there was a halt on the part of the donkeys and a chorus from the women: "Signora! Signora! Val di Matrimonia, signora! val di Mat-

rimonia!" Miss Sutherland had not caught the words, and indignant at the additional outburst of patois, inquired: "What is the matter with them? Is it anything

extraordinary?" I have a wholesome terror of Miss He blundered, for he added, very apparently survived his, for he answered lested, and at last, weary and worn, as the chill shadows began to creep across the room. I always do at this the verge of the Valley of Matrimony, the great white plain behind me, I saw Sutherland's moods, but the doctor had

There was a silence that under the cirtion thought it quite proper that I should retire. The matter in question of her donkey—an impossible the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal to be a question of her donkey—an impossible the land tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the top was quite personal tried to look dignified from the look digni for her. The doctor succeeded without trying in looking savagely bitter from his position at the tail of mine.

To relieve the situation I opened Bae deker. "The so-called Val di Mitromonio, sometimes called Matrimony by the islanders, descends eastward to the se

at the base of the Tuoro Grande." "Ab," said the doctor, "it certainly does descend eastward."

I went on:

" 'The Grotto di Mitromonio, or Grot-

with a remark. "We must see the grotto, by al

means. To this I objected on the score of the one hundred and thirty steps, and the doctor agreed with me.

I shall always think that it was the peculiarly chilly and disagreeable tone of the doctor's voice that sent Miss Sutherland so precipitately toward the brow of the hill. In half a moment she was off her denkey and explaining in her choicest Italian to a group of women and small boys that she would not have either their assistance or their company in descending the ragged steps. peasants shook their heads doubtfully, and shricked, half in warning, half in fury, at being disappointed of their soldi. The doctor never moved a muscle, and in two minutes more the girl was out of sight. By way of relief to his mind and my own nerves, we began to discourse eloquently on Italian scenery. Finally the subject could not be avoided any

take to descend to that grotto and come back again."

The labor of this investigation was dreadful. The doctor talked and the women screamed. Time enough was consumed to have lost a dozen lives, when he announced as the result of his struggles that Miss Sutherland should

have returned long ago.
"Doctor," I exclaimed, "that girl has broken her neck."

"Well!" I shricked. "Is it possible you don't care anything about it?"

"On the contrary, I am rather pleased at such an appropriate denouement. She has broken my heart, nearly lost you your life, and what could possibly more suitable than for her to fluish by breaking her own neck?"

This was a pretty speech from a man

"Will you go down and look for her?" "Certainly, if you will go with me. We will probably find her sitting on a rock politely indifferent to our feelings, and meditating on her next new bon-

He positively declined to go unless I went with him. Further solicitude on Miss Sutherland's behalf it was not in Dr. Manning's programme to bestow. Hand in hand, and assisted by a sturdy of Miss Sutherland's presence.

Presently, looking over a small cliff, we saw the young woman half sitting, half lying, on a rock.

"Is anything the matter?" the doctor called out.

"No, nothing-not exactly." The words were exactly those Miss Sutherland woul I have liked to utter in her firmest tone. The tone she did utter them in was one that denoted an agony of suppressed pain.

The doctor heard it quite as well as I did, but he did not move. Will you come up, or shall I come

down to you?" By this time we could see the white, drawn face. The doctor took two steps

forward and stopped. Miss Sutherland, Spartan that she was, had borne all she could bear. Both arms were stretched out, and the weakest kind of a voice answered:

"I cannot come. Come to me." There was really "nothing—not exactly" the matter with Miss Sutberland but a broken ankle and a dislocated shoul

What a piece of work it was carrying her up that dreadful hill. And how ever did we manage to get her all the way back to the pension without killing ber Tears stood in the doctor's eyes as he handed her first to one and then the other of the stout peasants that helped him with his burden. That was the only sign of weakness on either part.

The doctor manages his wife; there is no doubt about that. Just precisely what system of discipline was inaugurated among the lemon groves of Capri, when Miss Sutherland's ankle was fully mended and her shoulder settled in its right place, I don't pretend to understand. It is all very well for him, but as for me, when I undertake my next charge, I hope she will be a commonplace young person with red hair and cross-eyed.

A Miner's Story.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to tempt the desperate journey across the San Juan Range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to Animas, and return with food, or a rescuing party. Failing in that, spring time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, there fore, we well men, to decide who should undertake this perilous journey, and the risk fell upon me. It was best perhaps, that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared my-self for the journey, and, thoroughly primed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, I bade good bye to my comrades and started. Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star, and at a brisk pace steered south ward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with watchful eyes for Indian signs-for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity-but all day unmolested, and at last, weary and worn, as

through that horrive garave—for it was comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, tound myself just at the mouth of the carrow which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot, I soon gathered a neap of dead and limbs beneath an overhaning rock the where the snow had not yet come, built mean a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night I felt little fear, for the narrow, from ing canyon walls would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened, but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drauk a little melted snow water, lit my pipe, and rolling myself in my blanket, crowded close to the wall behind me. now well warmed by my fire. And so, in the flickering light, protected upon all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand, but even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and opened my eyes slowly, and didn't

The fire was all but out and the ghost ly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and

barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppres-"Doctor," said I, "find out if you can denly from just beyond my smoulder-ing from these women how long it ought to and hefere. I had time even to move and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous painted face-the face of a savage. And in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping knife.

To describe my sensations is impos-sible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was but a single enemy-if I should spring upon him I might kill him and so be free; but although the reasoning was all right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible kuife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more all would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic radle sounded, as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side-a long, scaly, snaky body shot out to meet the on-coming arm There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly tor was magnificent. He had clearly come to Capri to save if possible the lives of two women imperiled by the abominable wilfulness of one. His recovery from the effect of Miss Sutherland's fascination of Miss Sutherland's presence.

Hadd in hand, and desired by a said of the Uncompander, with his those for whom of the blood slowly unipping from his preparing such the effect of Miss Sutherland's presence. darkness. The rattler which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters had saved my life and the lives of my com-

panions. A week later, with a party of good fellows, I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians; and it is because of what that snake did for me in Devil's Pass, nigh on twenty years ago, that I let the critters live to-day.

A Singular Rail way Accident.

Now let me tell you of the most remarkable railway accident man ever looked at, says a newspaper correspondent : I haven't seen anything about it in the papers. We left St. Louis at 7 o'clock Saturday evening, by the Van-dalia line. At four o'clock the next morning, when we were 20 miles west of Indianapolis, I was awakened in my Pullman car by a great knocking and bump-ing, and in a few moments the car came to a stand still. When I got out I be held this: The engine was two hundred yards ahead by itself, the tender being off the rails. At the place the track is on an embankment eight or ten feet high, and there is a vacant space of land between the bottom of the line and the fence. The ground was covered with long grass, snow and ice. The whole train was spread out back of the engine, the cars retaining their relative positions, but the line extending down the bank and along the bottom in a curved line like a snake. The two mail cars were on their sides and without wheels; the express cars and two freights had no wheels, but stood on their bottoms. passenger car came next; some of its wheels were gone, one end was on the line and the other at the bottom of the bank. The Pullman I was in, had just left the rails, as had another, and two that followed it were on the tracks. The mail bags had caught fire and were burning, but were afterward saved. Now for the strangest feature-not a single person was burt. The ground was so hard that the wheels ran on it until they were torn off, and then the cars began to slide and went down like boys a coasting. The cause of the accident was a sharp frost, which had broken the steel rail as sharply as a piece of glass. A train came for as at eight o'clock, and we made such good time after that, that we were only four hours late in New York. The American gentleman didn't seem to make much of it. The conductor stayed abed.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Few persons know that there is a law in Pennsylvania punishing profaulty with a fine, and that one-half of the fine goes to the person making the charge. But such is the fact, and Charles Holst, a tight-fisted citizen of the first ward. remembered it to his own profit and the discomfiture of an honest neighbor, Charles Gibbs by name and a shoemaker by profession. Gibbs had a bill of \$7 60 against Holst for shoes made and mended. Gibbs is much inclined to profanity, and interlards his conversation with words that do not look well in

print. Gibbs is excitable. Holst is cool as a cucumber. Gibbs dunned Holst, who replied that the shees were good for nothing and retuses to pay thibbs got mad and began to sweat

down hutiti

Chas, am sorreif or pay the su-sixty seven couls for every such pro suc-ourse or oath." And then to the law giving the informer half of the fines. warrant was issued, Gibbs was arrested; Holst testified to the number of oaths, and the fines, amounting to \$16 08, colbe ed, one half of which, \$8 04, was paid to Holst, the informant, who then paid the shoemaker \$7 60 in his own money, and had forty-four cents left, with which he "set 'em up" for the constable in the nearest beer saloon. Holst ought to apply for a position under the Law and Or der society. He possesses rare qualities for an informer which that association might utilize. - Philadelphia Item.

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the telegraph line, and copied somewhere and soon forgotten, But after all was quiet again I leaned my dinner than appetite. head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere-a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by a mother's arms tonight. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June, dropped tonight beneath white lids that po voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in confined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as a trill of forest bird, to night unresponsive to kiss or call of love. A tiny mound in some quiet grave

yard. A silent home-the patter of baby feet forever hushed-a cradle bed unspread. Little shoes half-worn-dainty garments - shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching

heart away.

A mother's groping touch in uneasy slumber for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awaken to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled laughing, strong, and this one gone. The present agony of grief; the future empti-ness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and

soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and sound them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our eareless pen-stroke is preparing such a weight of grief .-- De-

A Potent Argument.

A man died at Evergreen the other day, from the effects of intemperance, whose case is a far more potent argument than any we can advance in favor of our board of supervisors standing firm by the license ordinance recently adopted by that body. The person re-feired to had fallen under the liquor habit, and having some money had no difficulty in obtaining at the corner doggery all the liquor he could hold.

The whisky-seller, who would sell whisky to a poor, belpless inebriate, thus drifting down to a drunkard's death, would, we doubt not, for a considera-tion, furnish a child a lighted bomb-

shell for a toy. This is by no means an isolated case. There are many such within the knowledge of every observant citizen. The work of ruination and death is going on all around us; and our boards of supervisors are responsible for it. In this county they have the power to close many of these dens of damnation and death, by enforcing the ordinance they have manfully and wisely adopted. trust they will allow no influences to cause them to retrace the brave step they have taken.

A Gentle Horse.

"Are you sure that this is a gentle horse?" asked a man of a colored gentleman, from whom he wished to purchase a buggy horse.

kin dribe him. My wife is a mighty skeery 'oman, but she ain't afeard ob

"Sorry to hear it," said the white man. me for office, gave me money to buy a horse for him. I don't want you to say anything about it, but I want to get a horse that will run away wish him and kill him.

"Den dis is yer hoss, sah. Tore a tidy, and killed a colored gen'leman. Jee' suit yer, sah, fur he will kill de cufortunate white man lessen a week

"You trifling liar, I wanted the horse for my wife, and merely tested your hon-esty. I don't want him." "Who's a triffin' liar?"

"You are." "I sin't no wuss den youse'f, boss

'case youse'f tole a lie jess ter see ef I'd tell one. White man's got ter git outen de bed mighty soon in de mawin, ter beat me tellin ob a lie, lemme tell yer." -Arkansaw Traveler. Wipows .- Widows don't fare so badly

in the matrimonial market as some people suppose. The great Napoleon married a widow. Scarron's widow became a court favorite. Rousseau went crazy after a widow, and Gibbon, the bistorian, made himself ridiculous over one. Disraeli married a widow, and three of the most distinguished widows in Europe to-day are the Empress Eagenie of the French, Queen Isabella of the Spanish, and Queen Victoria of the English.

WIT AND WISDOM.

mye best rule for good looks is to appy and cultivates kind dispa-

entoney lender never neglects his tos. He takes all the interest he

o daughters of the poet Longiellow on mr. d as students at Newabam

re, Lingland. ere are only two beautiful things world-women and roses; and two sweet things-women and mel-

birth to a desire, to nourish satisfy it—this is a whole

es of the tennis lawn: She "Yours away yours! - London Punch. If there is may good to a man

bound to come out; but it should us come out at once and leave the man empty. "Yes, my wife is a good poker player," says a Long Island farmer; and then he

adds: "She is also just as handy with the tongs." A woman is never displeased if we please several other women, provided she is preferred; it is many more tri-

umphs for her. Society is composed of two great classes-those who have more appeute than dioner, and those who have more

"A baby," says the New York Journal, "is the easis of married life." This does away with the notion that an oasis is a quiet place.

The life of a woman can be divided into three epochs; in the first she dreams of love, in the second she experiences it, in the third she regrets it.

"Dar is many a rule," says Uncle Sam, "wat won't work bole ways. Whisky will produce a headache, but a headache won't produce whisky."

"No," said Mr. Byrnesmonkey, "I shall not vote. I'm bound to be on the off side, and for the life of me I can't tell this year which side that is."

It is only a coward who reproaches as a dishonor the love a woman has cherished for him, since she cannot retaliate by making a dishonor of his love for her, "Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of my marriage appear in the papers under the headline Hogg-Peau."

A scientist says that, properly speak ing, color is not a property of matter, but of light. We remember when color was a property of matter, and that was about twenty years ago down south.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

On Oct. 15th Jupiter's moons were all hidden by the planet for the fifth time in the present century.

Herr Holtz has found that steel tubes retain more than twice as much magnetism as steel rods, and are therefore better for permanent magnets.

Recent investigations by Dr. L. J. Clarke fail to confirm the idea that atmospheric electricity is generated by the evaporation of sea water.

Dr. Koch, who claims to have discovered the germ of cholera during investigations into the spidemic in Egypt, re-ports that the minute organism resumbles that seen in cases of consumption. An Italian writer asserts that some

minutes before the first shock of the great earthquake was felt in the teland of Ischia symptoms of terror were exhibited by the domestic animals, rabbits, birds, fishes and even ants and reptiles.

Professor Huxley thinks that three Having, seemingly, no power to resist years may be regarded as the adult age the influence of the habit, he continued of oysters. Their natural term of life is to patronize the bar until he drauk himlieving that it may extend to twenty years, or even considerable more in some

A Dog's Sagacity.

The other day some Wisconsin people were astonished to see their dog come into the house with a piece of paper tied to his tail. They paid no further attention to it, except to laugh at his comical appearance, until he began going around to different members of the family, always tail first, and sticking it at them. This ludicrous action at last made them see that there was writing on the paper, which proved to be as follows: "My legs are broke. Please help

They carefully examined his legs, but found them all right, when somebody recognized the writing of a woman who lived half a mile away. They went to her house and found her helpless from a fall which broke her legs.

She could not stir, nor attract _ny-body's attention, and she might have starved or frozen to death, but luckily the dog came in and crawling to a table, she managed to write the note and fasten

A relic from the battle of the Wilderness was discovered by Mr. R. A. Lar-kins of this city, who has just returned from Chancellorsville, where he has spent a few weeks. Mr. Larkins stated to a Bepublican reporter yesterday even-ing that while he was forcing his way through a dense thicket on the tragic battlefield last Thursday, digging bullets out of trees, he suddenly came across the skeleton of a confederate soldier, who had evidently crawled into the thicket after bring wounded. The skel-eton was bare and white. The clothing had decayed and the only mark of iden-tification was the waist-belt, with its "C. S. A." buckle. The skull still rectined on a knapsack and the remaining por-tions of a gray blanket. A Catholie Bible was also found, but the inscription on its fly leaf was illegible. The ske'e-ton was buried near by the gloomy thicket where the soldier died.—St. Louis Republican.

Mrs. Thomas Cooch, the wife of a wealthy retired powder manufacturer of Pottsville, Pa., died recently from the effect of burns received while she was boiling apple butter. Knowing that she could not recover, she requested that the marriage of her daughter, which had been set for October, should take place at once. A minister was sent for and the couple united. A few hours later Mrs. Cooch was dead.