

A SUMMER SONG.

O, lovely sunbeams, through the meadows dancing,
On golden pinions, all the livelong day,
Kissing young leaves, on crystal streamlets glancing,
Changing to living gold their silver spray.
Woe amorous elves, coquetting with the roses,
Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed,
Till the shy flower unconsciously uncloses
Her dew-dimmed leaves, and blushes rosy red!

Gliding gray rocks, on rugged mountains screaming,
Bidding the flowers in sheltered nooks awake,
Calling young song birds from their happy dreaming,
Waking the laughter of the dimpling lake!
Playing "Ho-pee" amid the white buds blowing
In peacely clusters on the Hawthorn tree,
To the round eyes of wondering childhood showing
The rapid journeyings of the wandering bee.

Shedding a halo bright on youthful tresses,
Bidding young hearts for very rapture sing,
Touching the brow of care with kind caresses,
Or glinting lightly on the skylark's wing!
Ah, merry sunbeams, like sly cupids straying
In the glad footsteps of the rustic lass,
On sun-kissed cheeks and snow-white kerchiefs playing,
Twinkling like fireflies in the emerald grass.

O, lovely sunbeams, like blest angels gliding
Through courts of squalor, sickness, want and gloom,
Telling of clouds like golden chariots riding
Proudly majestic over a world of bloom!
Of winding lanes, and milk-white meadows peeping
Like modest virgins from secluded bowers;
Of shallow pools, and lily streamlets leaping
In giddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flowers.

Dance, lovely sunbeams, through fair country meadows,
Bathe hill and cottage in your holy light,
From city slums go chase the mournful shadows
That fill poor homesteads with eternal night.
To those who pine in ignorance and sorrow
May all your tenderest, holiest gifts be given,
That sorrowing hearts one ray of hope may borrow
In the sweet knowledge that ye come from Heaven!

—Penny Forester in Argosy.

"A TRUE HERO."

The Tragic Story of Two Ill-Starred Lovers.

He was only a poor artist; she was an opera singer, playing a long engagement in one of the popular theaters of a great city. She was admired, petted and spoiled—was the recipient of fine presents—and had only to smile to bring the wealthiest to her feet. He lodged and toiled in the garret of a miserable tenement in a crowded portion of the metropolis. He ate—which he did only about six times during a week—at a cheap restaurant.

He had no friends, but he had a pure soul and a noble heart. He had genius, too, but people were slow to recognize it, and so he had to starve and freeze and go without decent clothes in consequence. He was a remarkably handsome man, and to those he liked could be very charming. He was engaged on a picture that, when finished, would bring him both fame and fortune. A certain art firm, very popular with the fashionable world, had seen some of this artist's work and were quick to recognize the merit in it, and had engaged him to paint a picture for them, for which they had contracted to pay a fabulous price—and the picture was nearly complete. Poor as he was, he always managed to attend the opera—especially since Celestine Bordelon had been playing.

This Celestine Bordelon was an uncommonly pretty woman—small, but graceful as a swan, and the glorious golden hair that fell down and around her in shining, clustering curls, had stirred many a masculine heart with the fire of love. Her eyes were the most beautiful ever set in a woman's head—so large and tender and brown; so changeable in expression; so bewitching always. As we have said, her admirers were legion—all kinds, conditions and classes bowed in willing homage at her feet. Lovers, too, she had—rich, aristocratic and proud. A thorough star in the theatrical firmament—she was born for that and that alone.

Nightly she held her vast audiences spell-bound. With a voice like an angel, she would draw tears from the most stony-hearted. Her reign was imperial. The country, far and near, resounded with her name. Presents, smiles—aye, and hearts—were showered upon her. But, with all her marvelous success, her heart remained pure and her soul unshaken.

The poor artist loved her when she first appeared before him in the glare of the foot-lights, with a love he had never experienced before. A month had gone by and she was still playing, and his love all the time grew stronger. He always occupied the same remote seat in the crowded theater, and he failed never to send the beautiful actress a bunch of blue-eyed pansies. Inspired with her beauty and his love, he was painting the picture that was to bring him a fortune.

Celestine, touched by the unassuming flowers—so different from the other gifts that were showered upon her—had fathomed him nightly in his lonely seat; he heart went out to him something like pity; but one night as she watched him, with his face all aglow with love and enthusiasm—far handsomer than any human being she had ever seen—the feeling of pity was changed to love—they are so near akin. This was the beginning. It was not hard to effect that which two loving hearts so much desired, and the brilliant and popular actress and the almost unknown and humble artist met and exchanged vows of eternal love.

Nightly would he escort her to her sumptuous lodgings in the most brilliant portion of the great, gay city. One by one the wealthy suitors were rejected and their costly offerings of love returned. All the city wondered and many tongues were set a-wagging. Little Lucien and Celestine cared for the gossip and scandal-mongers. They knew that they loved each other, and that the love was pure. The poor artist, raised to the seventh heaven of bliss, worked with an inspired brush, and day by day the wonderful picture that was to bring him wealth, fame, his Celestine and happiness grew. Only one more week of labor lay between him and all this. His Celestine, with love-impassioned eyes, gave him sweet encouragement.

The minutes lengthened into hours,

the hours into days and the days into a week, and at last the painter pronounced his work complete. With a sigh of infinite satisfaction and relief he laid his brushes and palette aside. Now was his struggle with grinding poverty at an end. The happiness that he had so long coveted, but never hoped to gain, was almost within his grasp. How cheerful the world looked; how brightly the sun shone, and how deliciously sweet the birds sang all around. As he gazed in rapture on his beautiful picture tears of joy coursed down his cheeks; his heart swelled with pride, and a prayer of thankfulness ascended to Heaven from his moving lips.

When night at last moved the world within her sable arms, and the lighted lamps of the city gleamed like so many stars, the artist sallied forth to the theater, and took his accustomed seat. Never was such a crowd packed within the spacious hall before. Celestine Bordelon closed her engagement on this night, and her friends, of all classes, had gathered to honor her. The orchestra sounded, the curtain was raised and Celestine, in all her dazzling, glittering beauty, stepped upon the stage.

As she gazed on the many upturned faces her heart thrilled with a happiness she had never felt before. The happy face of her lover, turned upon her from his distant seat, filled her with a new enthusiasm, and she sang as she had never sang before.

Hark! What sound is that that interrupts the song upon the singer's lips, and causes every face to blanch and every heart to stand still with sudden terror? It is a voice telling in alarmed tones that the theater is on fire. The voice ceases, and then the panic breaks forth. Every avenue of escape is assailed. Great, strong men, in their agony of fear, dash weak women and children to the ground and trample upon them. Wives, relatives and friends are nothing now—every life is battling for itself.

The red glare of the flames; the great volumes of smothering smoke; the shrill screams of the women and children; the hoarse curses of the men; the groans of the injured; the cries of those endeavoring to command and rescue—altogether make a terrible and heart-rending scene.

In all this confusion and distress where is Lucienne Le Ferre, the artist? There he is, with smoke-grimed face and tattered clothing, assisting that old terror-stricken man to escape the burning building. One of the first to escape the flames himself, he has returned again and again to aid those who could not aid themselves. At last all are saved, and he turns to see if his Celestine is among the number. No, she is not there, and no one in the mighty crowd can tell him aught of her.

A sudden chill envelopes his heart, a terrible thought takes possession of his brain. Surely she can not—but, listen! Hear that terrible scream—a woman's scream of mortal agony—borne shrill and piercing to the artist's ear, and causing the blood to turn like ice in his swollen veins. Looking upward in the direction of the cries, at a window of the burning building, surrounded by crackling flames, he sees Celestine Bordelon, waving her hands and calling for help. The sash of the window is down, and the poor girl in her terror has not the strength to raise it. Even had she, it would benefit her none. As leave die in the flames as to be dashed to death on the stony pavement.

For an instant the multitude, looking on from below, is silent, and then a mighty shout arises. Something must be done to save the perishing woman, and that quickly. It is a dangerous undertaking. Already the walls of the building are shaking, and the flames grow fiercer and fiercer.

"Who will risk his life to save yonder woman?" some one shouts; but there is no time given for answer, for Lucienne Le Ferre steps forth from the crowd, with compressed lips and determined face, and taking a ladder that is lying near, he plants it firmly against the trembling wall. Celestine sees him, and her heart grows stronger; but when she hears the well-known voice shout up to her: "Have courage, darling, I will save you," her nerves grow strong as steel.

Slowly, step by step, does the heroic artist toil upward. Everything depends upon the utmost care. Again the crowd is silent. Every lip is moving in prayer for the success of the artist. Higher and higher he goes! Angrier and angrier grows the fire. The great building is now one vast sheet of flame, which roars like ten thousand demons turned loose from the infernal regions.

Now! Lucienne has reached Celestine. It is but the work of a moment for him to tear the sash of glass away and stretch out his arms and take the trembling girl. Whispering a few words of encouragement in her ear, he clasps her firmly and begins his tortuous, perilous descent. The walls tremble and shake; huge pieces of burning timber fall about him; volumes of smoke surge around him, almost blinding and smothering him. Silently he prays to the God he has always trusted in, to lead him, with his precious burden, safely to the ground. Life has just become of value to him; the future looks so redolent with hope and happiness. Hard, indeed, it would be to die now.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, he toils downward with his lovely burden. To the anxious crowd below every second seems an age. O, he will soon reach the ground. Only a little space lies between him and safety. No sound is heard save the roaring of the flames and the hacking of the axes of the firemen on the adjoining houses.

Merciful heaven! The wall against which the ladder is resting shakes more and more, and is bending outward. The hushed, expectant multitude now realize that the descending couple are doomed to death. A smothered cry breaks the stillness, followed by a tremendous crash and the quaking walls part and fall forward; a cloud of dust and dense black smoke fly upward, and Lucienne Le Ferre and Celestine Bordelon disappear forever from life.

place of the ill-starred pair, and tells the tragic story of Celestine Bordelon, the famous opera-singer, and Lucienne Le Ferre, the "True Hero."—*S. Wilson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

REBUKING CURIOSITY.

How a Stranger in a California Town Baffled Impertinent Inquiries.

The other day a mysterious-looking stranger appeared in Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town lay awake at night worrying over the matter. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the Sheriff volunteered to interview the stranger in behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor, as he sat in the office of the hotel, the functionary remarked:

"Fine day, sir."

"Is, eh?" said the stranger, dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"Just four days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a timetable.

"Then—may I—er—ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the Sheriff, as the crowd gathered up closer.

"Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger, confidentially; "but I'm a Russian Nihilist."

"You don't mean it?" gasped the official.

"Fact," replied the man, mournfully. "But—er—what brings you here?" asked the inquisitive Sheriff.

"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe that Government is on Nihilists, don't you?"

"O—yes—of course; go on!"

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia, or a week in Petaluma, and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma."

And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted in to dinner.—*Petaluma Times.*

TOURISTS' BAGGAGE.

A New and Convenient Construction of the Immediate Transportation Act.

A recent circular issued by the Secretary of the Treasury appears to have put a new construction upon the Immediate Transportation act of 1880 relative to the baggage of passengers arriving in this country from foreign ports. Heretofore passengers have been subjected to the delay and annoyance of having their baggage examined at New York, whereas, by this finding of the Secretary of the Treasury, this baggage is shipped through in bond direct to forty-four cities named in the act as inland ports of entry, which includes Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, and others. A bond of \$1,000,000 is required, however, by the Government from the express companies, and the American Express Company is the only one which has as yet given it. Tourists and others who may come from Europe to the United States will thoroughly appreciate this new order of things, as it will be the means of saving much time and vexation heretofore occasioned by the delay of baggage at the New York barge office. Of course the baggage, when shipped through to the interior port of entry, is examined at the latter place, for the Government rules as to this are very rigid in order that nothing dutiable shall escape. Should it be the desire of a passenger to have his baggage shipped to an interior point which is not a port of entry he can have it directed to the port nearest his destination, and after examination by the proper officers it will be forwarded by the American Express Company. In case a passenger resides too far from a port where the bonding privilege applies, the company's agent, after the usual examination in New York, will see that it is shipped through to its destination in good order.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

Description of the Place Where Richard Cœur de Lion is Buried.

The Rouen Cathedral itself, though defaced by an elongated iron nutmeg-grater which has the impudence to call itself a cupola, is magnificent as a mass when first seen from the corner, and finer still when examined in detail from the wonderful gallery of carvings around its great gate to the long-necked gargoyles that stretch their misshapen heads like hungry giraffes from the angles of its mighty tower.

The interior is somewhat disappointing after the grand outside, but beneath its smooth white pavement lies buried many an eventful chapter of history. Here the "Iron heart" of Richard Cœur de Lion lies cold and still forever. Here John of Bedford, the destroyer of Joan of Arc, sleeps in the same earth that hides his victim. Here Prince Henry of England, cut off in the flower of his youth, rests in the heart of the fair land that England has lost forever. And here, in the ground that his own right hand wrested from the terrified King of France, molder the bones of grim old Rolf, or Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, who, when King Charles the seaboard of Normandy on condition of his becoming a Christian, answered with a business-like frankness and promptitude natural to the most eminent pirate of the age:

"I take the maid, or foul or fair, a bargain with the coast,
And for thy creed a sea king's gods are those
That give the most."
—*N. Y. Times.*

—A Georgian lost a society badge some twenty years ago and the other day saw it upon the straw bonnet of a negro woman who was passing along the street. The woman said she had been given it some months before by another negro woman, and that it had been worn as a highly prized bonnet ornament.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is proposed to have an elevated railway in operation in Paris by the time of the opening of the exposition four years hence. It will have, according to the present design, two tracks, one above the other, and will cost about fifty million francs.

BEGGARY INCREASING.

Balking Tramps Who Dog Women Until They Get Money from Them.

"I doubt very much," said a gentleman who recently returned to town after a long absence, "if New Yorkers realize what a pestiferous nuisance street begging has become. Before I went to Europe, in 1879, there were old men and women grinding organs on New York street corners, with old cigar boxes resting on the gutters for such pennies as people chose to throw them. Occasionally people saw rag pickers collecting bits of bread and the like from door to door, and now and then an able-bodied tramp soliciting assistance. But all this is vastly different from the begging which one must endure on every side now. If I come out of my hotel in the morning and stand on the corner waiting for a stage, I am beset by two or three men before I can climb into the vehicle. There are gangs of tramps who lurk about in the vicinity of the Union and Knickerbocker Clubs and regularly annoy the members. Public parks are also affected by the beggars.

"Another thing which struck me yesterday was the number of big bulking tramps who beg from women. These dirty and disagreeable-looking specimens actually intimidate and annoy women into giving them alms. One of them yesterday followed my wife for two blocks along Fifth Avenue, just below Twenty-third Street, walking beside her and annoying her so that, finally, she was obliged to give him a dime to get rid of him. At the foot of the elevated railroad stations at Twenty-third, Fourteenth, and nearly all of the up-town stops, one can always find one or two of these men. They do not beg from every passer by, but single out their victims and approach them with apparent respect.

"But if the men are bad, the children are worse. There are gangs of these young mendicants who are fit subjects for police attention. They cry and whine about having no place to sleep and nothing to eat, and so succeed in reaching their victim's pocket. If a man is in a hurry he has to push these little beggars aside before he can get away. Some of them sell evening papers, but the majority are simply mendicants. I suppose some of this is the result of hard times. But with New York's ample charity institutions it should be possible to keep these street beggars at least under control. There can be no doubt in the minds of men who know anything about it that two-thirds of the street beggars are fronds of the most palpable description."
—*N. Y. Sun.*

SNAKES.

Ophidians That Abound in the Penjdeh Valley.

Remittent fever has of late years played sad havoc among the Jamschidis of Kusk. All the neighboring valleys, including Penjdeh, are infested, and are only habitable in spring and summer by the acclimatized. Another drawback to this valley is the number of snakes which infest it. In spring the country must swarm with them; at present they are to be found, when there is occasion to dig some eighteen inches or two feet below the surface, hibernating in sleepy torpor.

Before winter closed in, one of the Lancers—a strong, healthy young fellow—very nearly fell a victim to one of these reptiles. When picking up a stone he was bit in the back of the hand, and he owed his life to his own prompt presence of mind and Dr. Charles' care and skill. Tearing off a strip of his turban he bound it tightly—so tightly that in the hospital they could not tighten it—round the arm above the wrist. He then made off for the hospital, and half an hour after being bitten he was under Dr. Charles' care. But already there were signs of paralysis in the left leg, and this gradually spread till both extremities were completely paralyzed. He suffered from great heat, followed by intense cold, tingling and numbness in the arms and legs, and much pain over the heart—his heart was "on fire," he complained.

Altogether his case, after an hour or so, seemed hopeless. He was plied with brandy and ammonia, and made to walk till his legs were deadened by paralysis, and then he was put between hot blankets, and hot bricks were applied to his feet. Hypodermic injection of ether was found very useful, and at last, after three hours of unremitting care, he slowly passed out of danger; and Dr. Charles has the satisfaction of being one of the few who have successfully treated a snake bite. However, the man did not completely recover at once. He suffered from blood poisoning, and it was three weeks before he was discharged from hospital.—*London Times.*

The German Ahead.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in every part of the commercial world Germans are supplanting the English as merchants and business men. The reason for this superiority is obvious on its face. The German is highly educated; this makes him intelligent, and then he is patient and thrifty. The number of Germans who can not read or write is smaller than in any other country, while the university graduates are more numerous, and hence they are supplanting the British trader because of their greater intelligence and economical habits. Americans are out of this fight for commercial supremacy. We have neither colonies nor trade with other nations. If we had we would probably hold our own with the Germans except in the matter of education and economy. Our people are reckless spenders, even more so than the English, but this now makes no difference as we have no commercial ambition, and the new administration does not seem to favor any departure from the traditions that have been handed down to us from a past generation.—*Democrat's Monthly.*

—After repeated trials penny dinners in London and Birmingham are becoming successful, though it is admitted that, to a great extent, the "children of the very poorest classes are not reached. Half-penny dinners are now being tried in Birmingham.

SELF CONFIDENCE.

Some Sensible Advice to a Boy—Proper Self-Esteem.

Self-esteem is a good thing, my boy, but you don't want too much of it, no matter of anything is enough, and no matter how good a thing is, too much is more than you need, and self-esteem is no exception to the rule.

It is all well enough for a man to hold his head up, and step around with an air of considerable importance, if he is really doing any good to the world by living in it. But if he has never done anything to be proud of, or anything to win the esteem of others, he shows a want of sense in being too proud of himself. Of course, a man wants to possess self-confidence, and he wants to think that he is just as good as anybody, but he don't need to think that the welfare of mankind hinges on his action, or that the world rests on his shoulder. That is too much of a responsibility for any one man to assume, and besides other people would want a say in the matter, and everything might not go on peacefully.

While it is all well enough for a man to have a good opinion of himself, and feel that he is able to go it alone, he should be careful not to go too far. Self-esteem is like mince pie, all right in moderate quantities, but seven or eight slices is all one should indulge in at a time. A man has to assume an air of some importance in this world to get along, but the trouble is, too many sloop over.

This is a big world, my boy, and no man is imperatively necessary to its success. Presidents, Kings and school-directors may die, but still the old world goes round. Governors may resign, road-oversers may move away, but the great mass of mankind never stop to weep. Mary Walker, Yesselt Dudley, Ben Butler and other noted men may pass away, but the old world will still swing around the circle as though nothing had happened. When you and I pass off this stage of action, my boy, there will be several people, perhaps, who will not miss us.

The man who has self-confidence, and who starts out in life confident of his ability to perform great deeds, and who has the nerve to try, and keep trying, will eventually succeed. But before he achieves success he is apt to get a great deal of self-conceit knocked out of him. There are young men who have an idea that the world is very much in need of their services, and grand positions are standing open just ready for them to step right in, and that all they will have to do will be to reach forth, and grasp great fame, honor and riches at one fell swoop. But in the course of time they are pretty sure to wake up to the cold knowledge that things are not so.

Many a young man, my boy, has an idea that the eyes of the world are fixed admiringly on him, when in reality his neighbors are keeping a lookout to prevent his getting in debt to them. Many a woman imagines the eyes of her sex are gazing with envy on her beauty, when in truth they are only looking at the mole on her nose. Mankind is queer, my boy, and appearances are deceiving. When you think people are applauding your wisdom they may only be giving you taffy and laughing at your ignorance.

Don't bank too much on your self-importance. Remember that the dignified citizen is just as liable as any other to slip up on the banana-peel, and that a dog with a can tied to his tail is just as apt to run between the legs of the most pompous individual as any. Have faith in yourself, and have confidence and self-pride, but at the same time keep a lookout for sharpers. Remember that there are plenty of other men who know as much as you do, and some of them may know more.

It is not well to debate in your mind, whether or not you will accept a seat in Congress, when you do not know that you could secure a nomination for justice of the peace. If you do you are liable to be disappointed. And this reminds us that much of our disappointment comes of our expecting too much of ourselves.

The world is full of young men who rate themselves at about four hundred cents on the dollar, when they are not actually worth over ten cents on the dollar. Such men have got to come to a knowledge of their true worth, and it takes them a long time to do it. They have to be knocked down a great many times before they will stay down. There are men who feel very important, and who seem to believe that the world sways at their command, who attract attention by the aroma of their feet and the smell of their breath.

My boy, remember that this is a big world, and that spread yourself as you will—gain all the name and fame possible—reach as far to the front as you can, and still you have succeeded in attracting the attention of but few. And when you die millions of eyes will never shed a tear, and millions of tongues will never speak your name. Your children will quarrel over your wealth, the lawyers will gobble it, and the world will soon forget you.—*Thomas P. Monfort, in Peck's Sun.*

An Unkind Reply.

There is a slight misunderstanding between McGinnis and his wife's mother. It came about in this way: Hostetter McGinnis is thinking about taking a trip to El Paso for his health, but his mother-in-law has been telling him that there is danger of his being scalped by Indians, and that he had better stay right here in Austin.

"Nonsense," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "there used to be Indians on the El Paso road, but they have all been driven off. I don't believe there is an Indian in the whole country."

"Well, well," replied the wife's mother, "when you get out on the plains, and one of those wild beasts comes at you whooping and yelling, then you will think of me."

"I don't doubt it; anything of that kind is calculated to make me think of you," replied Hostetter McGinnis, and now the *entente cordiale* has been spilled and there is a coolness between them.—*Texas Siftings.*

—If compelled to choose between the two, always prefer a good teacher to a fine school house.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A DETERMINED POSTMASTER.

The Owner of the Postoffice at May Bloom Refuses to Give It Up.

[Arkansas Traveler.]
"Squire Zangford is displeased with the present administration. The 'squire, who was postmaster at May Bloom, was recently removed, or rather, was informed that hereafter his public duties will be discharged by some other citizen. Upon receiving information of his dismissal, the 'squire addressed the following letter to the president:



The Postmaster at May Bloom.

"I reckon you think that you've done a mighty sharp trick, er sendin' 'em here an' tryin' to have 'em put outen my own house. This here postoffice belongs to me, I want you to understand. I built the shanty an' dug the well. That never wur no mail in this here curmudgity till I started this here office. My oldest son fetches the stuff over from the railroad, twenty miles from here, so you see we've got everything in our own hands. I think you've jumped up on the wrong rabbit. You can set up there in a rockin' chair an' chaw your tobacco an' spit over the banisters, but you can't get nobs up the back o' me. Tamper along with me an' you'll think you've trod on a wild cat's tail. Oh, I'm here, an' my name's n't Dennis, neither. My father could split five hundred nails in a day an' my sister married the man that showed the steer off on a ferry boat. Garland knows me, an' I nuster know him when he wears naxen britches an' a hickory shirt. Ef you had spoken to him about the matter he would have told you not to progie with him. I don't kere nothin' for the money that's in the office. A dollar an' a half a year ain't no more to me than seventy-five cents is to you, but I don't want to be fool-witted. No, it ain't for money that I kere for, but I do kere for the standin' that the office gives me in society. I am a great hand in society. Presidents is ungrateful. It ain't been mo'n two weeks since I named one of my boys arter you. He is 19 years old an' up to two weeks ago we called him Buck, but thinkin' that you would do the squar' thing we changed his name. Now, sense you have turned out to be agin us we are going to call him Buck agin. Shortly arter you tue: your seat a man wanted to bet me you wouldn't be in office mo'n a year till you would make some big mistakes. I bet him a cow. Arter I got your notice tellin' me to git out, I driv the cow over to the faller's house an' told him that he had won her. You not only out a man's pride, but you break him up in business. I believe you take pleasara in makin' a fellow feel bad. I wish you would consider all this, an' let me know as soon as possible. Write the letter as soon as you git this an' give it to the mail rider early the next mornin'."

Novel Reading.

[Louisville Journal.]
Young Society Belle—Oh, Dr. Portman, I am so glad I met you, I have such an important question I want to ask you. I am so anxious, you know, not to do anything that I do not think my pastor could fully approve, and I do want to know if you think novel reading is wrong?
Dr. Portman—No, my dear young lady, I think I may say that I do not deem novel reading a sin.
Young Society Belle—Oh, I am so glad. I told the girls I did not think you would.
Dr. Portman—No, my dear young friend, I think that the reading of history and science, and works of travel, is highly salutary to the youthful mind. And I am quite sure that that would be novel reading to you.

A Marine Band.

[Life.]
The chief of the fire department was dead, and the boys determined to give him an imposing burial.

The "Marine band" was hired for \$50 to lead the procession.
As they passed the postoffice the band played with extraordinary vigor. Amid the sequence of explosions from the horns and the clash and booming of drums and cymbals it would have taken a musical expert to distinguish the tune.
"Why do they call it the Marine band?" asked Pete Lathrop of his friend Oliver.
"D-d-d-d-d know," was the stammering reply; "unless its b-b-b-because they're all at sea-sea."

A Hammock for Two.

[New York Times]
Girl—I will look at your hammocks, please.
Dealer—Yes, miss. Now, there is something nice. Not expensive, but at the same time pretty and strong.

G.R.—It doesn't look very strong.
Dealer—I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of 300 pounds, miss.
Girl—Let me see; 120 and 165 would be just 385—very well. I will take that one.

A Resurrected Joke.

[London Judy.]
Musical Amateur (to Irish fiddler)—My good friend, do you play by note?
Irish Fiddler—Divil a note, sar!
M. A.—Do you play by ear, then?
I. F.—Divil an ear, your honor.

M. A.—How do you play, then?
I. F.—By main strength, be jabbers! and it's moighty dry wor-r-k!

Under a Cloud.

[Courier Journal.]
"Is your pa at home, little girl?" "Yes, sir, do you wish to see him?" "But you won't know him if you do see him?" "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you see, out in the country on our farm, a man and his wife got fighting, and he was tried to stop them." "Oh, indeed?" "Yes, you'd better call again. You wouldn't know pa now."

Newman Independent; "What and When to Eat" is the title of an article in an exchange. The "when" never gave us any trouble in our eating, but we have been compelled to do a thundering sight of skimming after the "what."