

A TWILIGHT SONG.

As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak flame...

THE DATE.

As Carmen sprang out of bed that morning she exclaimed with exuberant gaiety: "Today, today at last I am 20 years old!"

fer where he preserved all the letters of Consuelo like a priceless jewel—those of their courtship and those which the tenderness of the wife had inspired in her during her marriage of three years...

ALL NIGHT REVELERS.

IN AN UPTOWN RESTAURANT EARLY IN THE MORNING.

People Who Meet at an Eating House at 6 o'clock a. m.—Tea and Coffee—A Snorer at the Table—The Man About Town.

It is 6 o'clock in the morning, and this is an uptown restaurant which never closes, night or day, and where at 6 o'clock in the morning you may see all night revelers gathered about one table and at the next the diligent, early rising man of business, consuming his coffee and roll preparatory to his trip down town...

When you call for coffee there is something hopelessly exasperating in the habituated assurance with which the waiter grasps an inch thick rimmed cup, turns the stale fluid into it from the elaborately molded and polished fauce, and bangs it down on the table before you.

When you call for coffee there is something hopelessly exasperating in the habituated assurance with which the waiter grasps an inch thick rimmed cup, turns the stale fluid into it from the elaborately molded and polished fauce, and bangs it down on the table before you.

A customer enters, seats himself, orders coffee and cakes, and goes to sleep in his chair. The waiter stands by him, and his hands are of feminine delicacy. Their cuffs are not in the evening.

The snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

When the snorer asserts itself plainly at intervals amid the hiss of voices around. His coffee and cakes steam under his nose. He heeds them not.

A BUREAU OF BLACKMAIL.

London Vampires Who Make a Living Out of American Business Enterprises.

It has recently come to the knowledge of American capitalists and promoters that there is a systematic and carefully planned bureau of blackmail in existence in London, the workings of which are concealed from the public...

On the arrival of an American in London, to see to the bankers here any scheme of financial cooperation, he is called upon by the head of the bureau, who delicately proffers his services.

A splendid American promoter, who told of these things from experience, added this advice: "The best way to be rid of the vampire is to keep yourself and your project a secret."

For twenty years or more there has been a loud protest in New York, from the press and from the pulp, against extravagance at funerals, but it does not seem to have done a bit of good.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

It will be noticed that whereas the age of most retarded growth for the boy is about 13, and the age of most rapid growth after the first two or three years is about 16, the corresponding ages for girls seem to be about 12 and 13 respectively.

IN TWELVE MINUTES.

THE TIME IN WHICH PROFESSOR WOOD AMPUTATED A LIMB.

A Thrilling Contest Between Two Eminent Surgeons—Showing a Scotchman What a Yankee Can Do—A Pretty Piece of Surgical Work.

"Yes, gentlemen, I remember well the first time I saw Professor Wood, 'old Jimmy' as we used to call him for short, do the same operation. It was during my first six months service as interne in this very hospital, and the professor was at the head of our division."

"Well, about that time Langenbeck, of Berlin, described a modification of the old operation at the hip, and Dr. Wood was anxious to perform it before his students. It so happened that Dr. Callender, the famous Scotch surgeon, came over from London for the purpose of taking a peep into our hospital system, and naturally he became the guest of Dr. Wood, who was a crusty old bachelor and had an office on Irving place."

"One Friday afternoon—Saturday being our main operating day—the professor came in alone, and before going the round of the wards, as was his custom, he asked: 'What have you got for me to-morrow?'"

"That's all right, Glad to hear it. Looks like business,' the professor remarked laconically.

"Half an hour before the clinic the professor, accompanied by Dr. Callender, arrived at the hospital. Dr. Wood wore a white waist-coat, and the ever present red rose dropped from the lapel of his Prince Albert."

"Dr. Callender and I will each do one of the amputations at the thigh, just to see how quickly it can be done," he said carelessly.

"I was struck by the fact that the operation was done so quickly, and I was just applying the bandage after having removed the other dressing, when Dr. Callender took the knife in hand and began the operation. Exactly twenty-three minutes after he made his first incision he tied the femoral artery and vein, leaving us to attend to the minor details."

"The professor watched his Scotch colleague and followed every stage of the operation with great interest. As soon as we got the patient down stairs I had the other one brought up from the ward. He was already etherized, like the first one, and it only required a moment or two to empty the arteries and compress the big vessels, and mentally I called time."

"Dr. Wood picked out his favorite double-edged amputating knife, hobbled over to the left side of the patient and picked up the bruised limb. In a twinkling he made out the line of demarcation, and steadied himself by the femoral incision."

"With a single sweep the flesh was laid bare to the bone, and without losing a second the periosteum was scraped away. To all appearances the professor was working at the regular gait, but we could see the difference."

"Dr. Callender was fairly staggered, and his eyes bulged fearfully, so great was his astonishment. 'Click! click! click!' went the halberds as their sharp teeth closed on the ends of the bleeding vessels."

"The time, gentlemen, was exactly twelve minutes, or, in other words, he beat the Scotch surgeon eleven minutes."

THE MISANTHROPE.

Let me go on in my own way, Free and untrammelled; no hymned speech of yours, nor ought that lips can say...

Hope lived for one brief instant in my breast, And then it died like any flower Born of the earth and on the earth a part— So what is life to me? Or future life, that fairy boomer You call eternity?

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

There Are Twenty-four Reasons Why the Nine of Diamonds is Called 'Storky.' Every reader has at some period of his or her life heard of the nine of diamonds referred to as 'the curse of Scotland,' but why, perhaps, you have never taken the time or trouble to ascertain.

In my 'Repository of the Rare and the Wonderful' I find no less than seventeen explanations of the origin of the expression, while Southwick's 'Quizzion and Its Key' gives eleven, seven of which are wholly different from the answers given in the work above referred to, making in all twenty-four different accounts of the origin of the expression in the two works.

Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the enigma is that which refers it to the massacre of Glencoe. The order for that cruel deed was signed by the Earl of Stair, John Dalrymple, secretary of state for Scotland. The coat of arms of the Dalrymple family bears nine lozenges, resembling diamonds, on its shield. Thus it appears to have been with reference to them that the nine spot of diamonds was called 'the curse of Scotland.'

During the reign of Mary a thief attempted to steal the crown from Elizabeth. He succeeded in abstracting nine valuable diamonds from it. To replace these a heavy tax was laid on the people of Scotland, which impoverished them to such an extent that nine diamonds, whether on cloth, cards or real jewels, were spoken of as 'Alban's curse.'

In the game of Pope Joan the nine of diamonds is the pope, whom the Scotch Presbyterians consider a curse. It is also said that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his inhuman orders at Culloden on the back of a card, the front of which was marked with nine diamonds.

A Little Barren Kingdom. The little kingdom of Greece embraces a territory of about 25,000 square miles, and has a population of a little more than 2,000,000 Greeks and Albanians. Scotland has about the same territory and almost twice as many people.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

BILLIONS IN A CART.

HOW CUSTOMS RECEIPTS ARE TAKEN TO THE SUB-TREASURY.

From \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 Carried in a Modest Old Hand Cart—A Simple System—Daily Cash—A New Plan of Paying Customs

A heavy wheeled hand cart, with a thick wide gubbling wheel in front and pushed by two men from behind, entered down the steps of the William street entrance to the custom house at 3:35 the other afternoon. It was instantly followed by four broad shouldered laboring men, a smooth faced old man of clerical appearance and a stern looking man with a heavy brownish mustache, who quickly gripped themselves on both sides of it and in front of it and behind it.

Every reader has at some period of his or her life heard of the nine of diamonds referred to as 'the curse of Scotland,' but why, perhaps, you have never taken the time or trouble to ascertain. In my 'Repository of the Rare and the Wonderful' I find no less than seventeen explanations of the origin of the expression, while Southwick's 'Quizzion and Its Key' gives eleven, seven of which are wholly different from the answers given in the work above referred to, making in all twenty-four different accounts of the origin of the expression in the two works.

During the reign of Mary a thief attempted to steal the crown from Elizabeth. He succeeded in abstracting nine valuable diamonds from it. To replace these a heavy tax was laid on the people of Scotland, which impoverished them to such an extent that nine diamonds, whether on cloth, cards or real jewels, were spoken of as 'Alban's curse.'

In the game of Pope Joan the nine of diamonds is the pope, whom the Scotch Presbyterians consider a curse. It is also said that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his inhuman orders at Culloden on the back of a card, the front of which was marked with nine diamonds.

A Little Barren Kingdom. The little kingdom of Greece embraces a territory of about 25,000 square miles, and has a population of a little more than 2,000,000 Greeks and Albanians. Scotland has about the same territory and almost twice as many people.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.

Who do I think are the most successful smugglers? The sleek faced, moon eyed Celestians, most emphatically. There is no portion of a vessel or its cargo sacred to the manipulations of the rascal. They have their delectable drug plaited in their queues, quilted in their clothing, packed in the cork soles of their shoes, and tucked away in the soft, clinging folds of their silk handkerchiefs.