

But the "Spring-Loek Hid in Ambush There 'Didn't Fasten' Her Down For ever."

The fair Imogene's father had been wedded to the kind and noble...

Her newly found husband looked under the table, but she was not there.

The guests gathered to see her. Some looked down the well-ornished cellar...

A detective was called in. He looked at her old shadow, measured the length of her shoes...

When the coy Imogene slipped away from the feast it was to see if her husband would miss and follow her.

The old man's eyes walked up stairs and made his way to the garret through the same trap-door the bride had used.

"Why, pop, is this you?" cried the fair Imogene as she sprang up and ripped her bridal dress clear down the back.

"Yes, this is me," growled the old man, "and what the devil are you doing here?"

"I'm a tarantula to box your ears, big as you are. Here you've raised a regular row of mischief in the house."

"You get down yourself, though that trap-hole, skip down there and tell the crowd that you don't know beans when the bag's tied."

And the bride gasped. And her husband was so mad that he burned up a row railing pass to Chicago, and her mother cried, and her father went off down town to play poker...

"Of course there'll be an accident!" "Yes, I presume so."

"It will." "I've saved a revolver without wanting to handle it. Let me look at that weapon. Ah! I'm satisfied now that it doesn't contain any stray bullets."

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BOB TINKHAM'S LITTLE TADDIE.

Why the Old Lawyer Shoved Back From the Table and "Didn't Feel Like Playin' Keerds."

After the hand was played, and while the old woman and the justice were discussing as to whose deal was the best...

"There's your hand." The words aroused the old lawyer, and he raised his head, but his eyes held fast their gaze on the table top.

"Boys," said he, roughly brushing the tears from his eyes, and wiping his spectacles. "I s'pose it's awful foolish like for a big fellow like me to sit here cryin'."

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THE MAN ON THE LEFT.

The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently towards you.

"Who is he?" "I cannot tell. I have not seen him."

"Not any, I exclaimed at some time ago." "My ladyship was telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset."

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becoming, childish toilet, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning.

"My dear, do you know I have not seen him since we were married, and I think even then, my appearance was far more agreeable than the one which I have now."

"I never saw my father alive again, he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief."

"Not any, I exclaimed at some time ago." "My ladyship was telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset."

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ward country girl; but now, my lord, we would be laughing at it." "Then, Kate, let us be laughed at, for one ain't longin' for it—dyin' for it. If time should run back and fetch the age of gold, why not love? Let us go back four to gold years and a half. Will you, Kate—dearest and sweetest Kate?"

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THE STORY OF "BLIND TOM."

Early Life of the Musical Prodigy—Eccentric, but Not an Idiot as Currently Reported.

A few days ago I accidentally learned that a lady, whose home is in New Orleans, but who is temporarily visiting in this city, could tell me something about Blind Tom's early life, and I accordingly went to see her.

"Yes, I can tell you all about him. My father owned him. Blind Tom's father was foreman on my father's plantation in Georgia. A foreman, you will understand, is one who is placed over the other slaves on plantations where they do not have white overseers."

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"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

SURPRISE OF THE AUTHORSHIP WHEN SHE RECEIVED HER FIRST CHECK FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

"Cornwall" in Inter Ocean. "How did you come to be publisher of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'" I asked of John P. Jewett, the first publisher of Mrs. Stowe's famous work.

"I suspect it was principally because I was a rabid anti-slavery man, although the fact that I had previously been the publisher of a book by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher may have had something to do with it."

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MICA BOOT SOLES. Mica has been applied to a new use—that of fashioning it into midsoles to boots and shoes.