

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Six months, " 1.00
Three months, " .50

INTROSPECTION.

(George Arnold.)
Have you sent her back her letters? have you given her back her ring?
Have you tried to forget the haunting songs that you loved to hear her sing?
Have you cursed the day you met her first? Have you thought of her as you thought?
Have you ever seen her since you parted?
You have cast her off, your pride is touched, you fancy that all is done.
That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun.
You have washed your hands of passion; you have whistled her down the wind.
O Tom, old friend, this goes before, the sharpest comes behind.
Yes, the sharpest is yet to come, for love is a plant that never dies.
Its roots are deep as the earth itself; its branches are as the trees of life.
And wherever once it has taken hold, it flourishes evermore.
Bearing a fruit that is fair outside, but bitter as ash at core.
I see that you marvel greatly, Tom, to hear such words from me.
But, if you knew my inner heart, 't would be no mystery.
Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain;
It has taught me this, who once has loved, love never goes from the heart.
And I, too, have my closet, with a ghostly form inside—
The skeleton of a perished love, killed by a cruel pain.
I sit by the fire at evening, and you will sometimes sit.
And watch in the rosy light, the shadows of happiness flit.
I, too, awaken at midnight, and stretch my arms to the past.
A vague and shadowy image, with tresses of brown and gold.
Experience is bitter, indeed—I have learned at a heavy cost.
The secret of love's persistency; I, too, have loved and lost!

NERVE AND BARBARITY.

Horror of the Public Execution of a Sapiens.

(Cor. Pittsburg Leader.)
While I was in Yokohama I witnessed the public execution of a criminal. He was a fine-looking Japanese, in the prime of youth and strength, and was standing under a post in the middle of a posse of guards. The post was a cross-piece. Nearly nude, he was standing erect, but as motionless as a statue, and gazed straight before him. Presently his jailers moved aside and a gaunt, repulsive-looking native, the executioner, stepped forward, clad from head to foot in a dress of dingy yellow. Two assistants accompanied him, carrying half a dozen round bamboo rods. The assistants dropped the rods and stretched the criminal's hands over the cross-piece of the post. The executioner now dived with the bamboo, and the poor creature still looked into the shadowy distance as though he was dead. I watched him closely and thought I detected a pallor spread over his countenance.

The executioner now spat on the pointed end of one of the bamboos, and with a twining, pushing motion, thrust it easily into the dead about half-way between the hip and the arm pit. The poor wretch turned and looked at his tormentor and his lips slightly opened, but he did not struggle. In a couple of minutes, the bamboo seemed to have reached the bloody point of the instrument emerged from the sufferer's shoulder, and a slight exclamation of satisfaction escaped the crowd. Then the executioner went to the other side with another bamboo, and did the same thing. During all this there was not a single groan or cry for mercy from the man.

At this juncture, to my surprise, the executioner and his assistants picked up the remaining bamboos and walked away. I inquired what they meant and was told the execution was over. It was customary to leave the man that way, and he would die in a couple of hours or so. The bamboo would remain in him until he had expired. A Japanese executioner is taught to carefully avoid the vital organs so as not to bring death too quickly, and the executioner's reputation is gauged by the length of time his victim lives.

Bill-Posting on a Large Scale.

(Chicago Times.)
In the winter of 1890-91, a young sign-painter, of Brooklyn, finding his business very dull, amused himself by going along the Harlem road and painting his name, occupation and business on all the rocks and fences. Several business men were struck with the idea and employed the young man to blazon advertisements for them in various localities. Soon after, securing a large number of contracts for the work, he traveled with his brush and paint up the Missouri river, exercising his peculiar talents on the bare crags of the Rocky mountains. He journeyed into Oregon and daubed her pyramids. Down the golden valley of the Sac, over the granite cliffs of the Humboldt range, he went, leaving his name and address, legends of "liver pills," "ague pads," etc., to terrify the wondering savage and buffalo. We are happy to say he was shot at several times and had to run to save his wretched hide.

He was pursued soon after by a rival as fearless and unscrupulous as himself. Finally, the two went into partnership, and between them transformed the country into a vast bill-board. They established their headquarters in New York, and undertook, at specified rates, to advertise merchants, etc., in as few or many states as desired. In 1890 the manager of the business, a certain old Brooklyn sign-painter, now a millionaire, declared that he and his partner had traveled 1,500,000 miles, and painted 90,000 signs, and used 500 barrels of linseed oil and 150,000 of white lead. This was before the two retired from active participation in the manual part of the business. They now have this work done by their 1,800 agents, through whom they can work the whole United States on the bill-board plan. They charge for billing a patent medicine in seven states \$30,000.

Just Our Luck.

(New York Herald.)
Dr. Farr, an English scientist, says that if one were to watch the march of 1,000,000 people through life, he would observe that nearly 150,000 would die the first year, 59,000 the second, 28,000 the third, less than 4,000 in the thirteenth, and at the end of 108 years there would be one survivor. Then we shall not undertake to watch the march of 1,000,000 people through life. The occupation would be too gloomy—something like reading a London comic weekly; and it would be just our luck not to be the one survivor at the end of 108 years.

THE COLUMBIAN.

MISS MARIAN.

(San Francisco.)

Shocked at the course of two or three passing acquaintances, who, when fortune left them, preferred an indolent life to an industrious one, I plainly expressed my views in a daily journal in which I cited a few instances of woman's capacity and success when she was willing to work. A seamstress in my employ at the time had given me a history of her life, which, with a few variations, I wove into my article after the following fashion:

"I saw the folly of waiting at home for something which might never be, so I got the agency of a dressmaker's chart for the Pacific coast. My family was horrified. Couldn't my brothers take care of me in case my parents died? Couldn't I always have a home with them? But I silenced them with my answer that I was over age and determined to fulfill what I had set out to do; that I might always have a home with my own relatives, but it was not a dependent one. I preferred to be independent."

"The first year I had laid up \$700 in the bank besides paying my own and family expenses; for in the meantime my father became involved in business, and my brothers had nothing so far to assist with. I can tell you they were mighty glad of my help then. I might have gone to teaching or doing 'something respectable,' but it would only have paid me my own expenses, and what would I have done? I tell you they never said again 'Marian has lowered the family with that nonsensical chart.'"

"The second year I was as successful as the first, and the third I sold my right for \$1,000. I put my money in a logging house and rented the entire concern out at a good profit, and in one way and another have managed to so use my money that in stocks, money loaned out to me, and bank I have about \$15,000. When old age comes on I shall feel comfortable."

I could not resist adding to this sketch: "Though rather advanced in years, Marian is yet a pleasant and agreeable woman. If any one wants a wife of this description, let him apply at the office of The Post, and he may be able to receive an introduction and full particulars." To the horror of The Post management, this terminating jest was received in sober earnest by a multitude of excited individuals. They besieged the business department, there overran the office, and for a few days the chief editor's hair stood erect.

It was surprising to note that however diverse the personal appearance of this excited multitude—long noses, short noses, crooked noses, crooked noses, blue eyes, black eyes, pig eyes, dusky skins, freckled skins, tall and short—all were unanimous upon one point, in seeking an introduction to Miss Marian. They sought only a wife, they scorned her money. They were simply delighted to find that after all these years the right woman and a vision of happiness had dawned upon them at last. As fifteen or twenty despondently left the office one day, the news spread abroad that The Post had been mobbed on account of an incendiary editorial.

Besides those brave ones who personally sought an interview with Miss Marian, numerous admirers sought her hand through the bashful lover's convenient go-between, the postoffice. Within a week fifty or one hundred letters were received by the ghostly Marian, all more or less alike, they scorned her money. They were simply delighted to find that after all these years the right woman and a vision of happiness had dawned upon them at last. As fifteen or twenty despondently left the office one day, the news spread abroad that The Post had been mobbed on account of an incendiary editorial.

for Miss Marian who had the agency of the ladies' dressmakers' chart. The letter ran: "MISS MARIAN: I flatter myself that the integrity of my intentions will excuse the freedom of these few lines whereby I am to acquaint you of the name and esteem I have for you, hoping you will answer this in my favour. I am a young man myself and is of a steady habit, hoping to meet with some one whose disposition is as follows:—

"No more at present, but remains yours truly, JOHN JONES.

"City hotel, first street, San Francisco."

Another good penmanship: "SAN FRANCISCO, April 10, 1875.—

"MR. GEORGE—DEAR SIR: I was this evening deeply interested in reading 'Less Miserables' in your evening paper, particularly the last part, which reads: 'Though rather advanced in years Marian is yet a pretty and agreeable woman, etc.' Allow me to say that I am just spilling my agreeable wife with good common sense, but I have not checked enough to call at the office of The Post for an introduction. But if Marian will correspond with me I shall feel greatly favored and pledge my honor as an Englishman as to the sincerity of my motives for asking the favor.

"Respectfully yours, F. L. T.

"Address F. L. T., O."

Others were as follows: "SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 12, 1875.

"MISS MARIAN: I hope you will pardon me for my boldness or audacity for thus addressing you unsolicited, and I know you'll do it when I inform you of the reason. I was in the Evening Post of the 10th inst., which was my beautiful idea of a wife. It struck me forcibly, indeed, so I thought I would send you a note, having come to the conclusion that a faint heart never won a fair lady. I am a bachelor over 35 years of age, and it behooves me to make hay ere the sun fades away."

I would respectfully exchange photographs with you, if it is congenial to your ideas of propriety. And I assure you that this has sprung from motives of the purest and kindest intentions—matrimonial.

"If it meets your approbation please address immediately,

"S. A. JONES, RUSS HOUSE, S. F."

"SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, '75.—MISS MARIAN: I am a clergyman—a widower with five children needing a mother's care. To what better use can you appropriate your talents and time than in bestowing them upon me and mine? I need not inform you that I am

much sought after by single ladies, not only of my own flock, but of other denominations, having had in the past three months over seventy proposals.

"I flatter myself that wherever my hand is offered it will not be refused, not only on account of the social distinction with which my calling is crowned, but on account of my personal attractions as well."

"I impatiently await your answer, appointing an interview, where all arrangements can be made. Yours for eternity," "REV. JAMES A. MORROW."

After reading a bagful of such missives, I determined to end the jest which these good folks were so earnest about; so in the next issue there appeared this notice:

"Marian would state to her numerous admirers that she has decided away her entire property, to take effect on her wedding day."

In a twinkling the kaleidoscope of "seekers for a true woman" was broken into dissolving views of disappointed masculines. Alas, poor Marian—had she been a married woman! All her life she poured in a flood of letters from former correspondents, retracting their matrimonial offers. The minister said:

"While my offer was made solely on account of your merits, I could not but regret that you were not a married woman. I regret that this defect in your character compels me to withdraw from further communication with you."

Rev. J. A. Morrow.

S. A. Jones, Russ House, says:

"You would not send your photograph. I bet you're a wrinkled-up, homely, bad-tempered old maid, anyway. I wasn't earnest from the first, but thought I'd have a little fun with you. Only let me give you a little advice: Wait until your own husband comes along. Then you'll be a married woman."

But the mail also brought something else addressed to Miss Marian, which, in a moment of frivolity, I carried to my seamstress:

"You may do as you like about answering it," I said, laughingly, as she put on her strongest glasses and reads:

"SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1875.—

"In a late issue of The Post I saw an account of you. At that time I dare not address you, owing to the fact that you were reported to possess, in last Evening's issue I find that there is one woman, and as that is what I am in want of I address you Now about myself."

"I am 40 years old, five feet five high, weigh 150 pounds, a little gray hair, dark brown hair, blue eyes, of perfect form; am considered by my acquaintance good company. No stain of any kind on my character. I am a native of Oregon, standing, perfect health, Able and Willing to make a home for a pure wife. In fact I want no doll but an Equal I ask for nothing more than I can give I should like to know if you would accept of me. I have lived in one family for the last 17 years. I am about to leave in a few days for a tour through Nevada, Idaho, Washington Territory and Oregon. I am in the firm I am connected with. Will you please answer this on receipt, as I mean business, yours CAPT. T. G. PRATT."

"Harrison st., one house below 2nd st."

Miss Marian pushed back her glasses reflectively.

"If you will leave this with me for a few days I think I will answer it."

I was not surprised. I left it.

A few weeks after Miss Marian called on me. Her face was radiant as she invited me to her wedding with the captain.

"He doesn't spell any better than the law allows, and he has a horrid way of commencing every other word with a capital; but that doesn't worry me a bit, because I always expect to see him everywhere, and there'll be no occasion for writing letters. Besides, at my time of life a person can't expect everything as a husband, and he is just as good as gold. I can't describe him, but I'm sure I can drive him to the point of his happiness."

That was in 1875. Circumstance prevented my going to the wedding. Marian gave up sewing after her marriage, and I never saw her again. I saw the captain and rarely met the captain's wife. But last week she came to me—not at all in a spirit of thankfulness—dressed in deep mourning.

"Your husband is dead?"

"Worse than that," she said. "My mother, I wouldn't put on mourning for him."

"No?" I incredulously interrogated.

"Not by a great deal. He may be dead now, for all I know or care."

"You shock me. I supposed you were the happiest of the happy."

"So I was for a few weeks. Then his hands itched to hold the purse-strings, and I had no peace until I gave them to him. One morning I got up and he was gone—taking and only my purse and a washed blonde Market street milliner. I was divorced three months ago, and now I've gone back to the beginning. When shall I commence sewing for you again—to-morrow?"

"He wasn't as good as gold after all?"

I could not resist saying.

She turned on me with considerable asperity.

"Take for granted that a man isn't worth selling to a junk store who proposes to a woman in that fashion; and the woman who accepts him ought to be put into a straight-jacket. Every one has to play the fool at some period of life. My time was late, but I acted my part well and long. Let us never speak of it again. I told you I intended to commence at the beginning."

My sewing-room has regained a long-lost picture. Marian sits there, playing on her needle and adjusting her glasses. As her ten years stronger than when she sat there before—so quietly as though she not only had never indulged in a lover, but as if a dream of romance had never entered her humdrum thoughts.

Delighted Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull visited Fort Snelling the other day. Writing to The Boston Journal, a correspondent thus describes the famous chief: "He was regaled at the commander's table with canned peaches. He sat up to the table like a gentleman, and helped himself with his silver fork, but no one could make him smile. Finally Mrs. Col. Andrews came into the room, and the moment he saw her he jumped to his feet, clasped her hands, and beamed all over with delight. Is this not the way to treat Indians?"

Always Ailing.

(Buffalo Express.)

When Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's children are ill, she has the medicine prescribed for them put in candy. In consequence the Vanderbilt children are never quite well.

The Widow's Flock.

"Chippewa," Chief Ouray's widow, has 6,000 sheep located on Douglas creek, near the line of Utah, that have not been shorn for three years, and is willing to give half to some one who will shear them.

THE MEN WITH THE PIG.

The "Bait" "Just From Scotland" "What We Forgot."

(Detroit Free Press.)

A few days ago two men, who were afterward found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about fifty miles to the west of this, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night, one of the men explained:

"A awful careful with that pig. He's a quaky—a new breed just from Scotland. We've sold him to a farmer out here for \$50, and we don't want anything to happen to him."

The landlord looked the pig up and then began to think and cogitate and suspect. When the strangers had gone to bed he called in some of the boys and said:

"I've twizzled the racket; them two fellows are sharper, and they're guessing. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at his weight at 10 cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't! As the fellows sleep we will weigh their pig and beat their guess."

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scales and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to a hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dreamed of pigs and scales and sharpeners through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and before starting off on his journey, one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on his weight? I'll take all guesses at 10 cents each, and whoever hits it gets 50 cents."

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks and smiles, but no one walked up until the pig man said that any one person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A justice of the peace took thirty. A lawyer said about twenty would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about 600 guesses had been made. The pig man, however, was not to be outdone. He could sit in judgment upon the acts of Brahmins and even sentence them to imprisonment, but he could not sit at the table with them after quitting the court room.

California's Worst of Money.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

"California has such big hearts," remarked one who had lived there a score of years, and ought to know. Yet the country is far from perfect, even though it is many respects a marvel. In the first place, the worship of money, particularly in San Francisco, has reached a formidable pass. If a gentleman descends on the city, he is met by a young lady who has not in society, he rarely describes her as bright or interesting or intelligent or pretty, but simply as the possessor of so many hundreds of thousands. Every man and woman young woman is distinctly labeled as to her market value. Without a large fortune you are a bigger nobody than you are in New York, and with it you can envy the destinies of the entire state.

It is no great exaggeration to assert that the whole of California is owned by half a dozen rich men, and, of course, such a condition of affairs conduces neither to the public nor the private weal. Money is always a power, but in California it becomes a god, and character suffers a consequent demoralization. Still, no one should judge a young country severely. There is always an amount of blundering of error, and the state is going through with it. Perhaps, with her exuberance of life and spirits, she never will; but by and by she will see them more quietly, more definitely and in order, as New York or Washington does now; and then the world will cease to be shocked. Society never troubles itself with any manner of wickedness, and the state is the best way is to take no notice of them.

"I presume you have lots of cranks visiting the Broadway office?"

"Scarcely a day passes but some one has got a pet scheme to develop. Not long since a man sent me a letter, proposing to build a new city, and to put a car couplet something of that sort. Not receiving any answer by mail he came here for the drawings. They couldn't be found. Then he wanted \$500 because we failed to return them. But that's only one out of a dozen such instances."

Wages of Circus People.

(New York Herald.)

Salaries of circus and heads of departments range from \$20 to \$200 a week, according to ability; leapers and tumblers, from \$15 to \$50 a week; bareback and somersault riders, from \$75 to \$250 a week; paid riders, 50 per cent; less; trapeze performers, gymnasts, wire walkers, clowns and animal trainers, from \$15 to \$75 per week; while canvasmen, grooms, property men and drivers receive from \$20 to \$50 a week. Board, lodging and transportation are included in the above scale.

English as She Is Pronounced.

(Burlington Hawkeye.)

A Kansas correspondent wants to know how Mr. Gladstone's name is pronounced. Heaven, this is a new thing, only knows, anxious one. It is an English name and the spelling thereof is not ever so remotely connected with the pronunciation. It is pronounced Glaston in England, and Glaston in Manchester. Gladstone down in the country, and Chumley in London.

A European Scandal.

(Chicago Journal.)

One of the greatest scandals of the day is, that of the 4,000,000 francs subscribed by the public charity of Europe for the benefit of the survivors in the Casanovilla earthquake, last July, not a cent has been distributed. The contributions are at Naples, in the hands of a central committee which renders no account of them.

The Strawberry Box.

(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

Horticulturalists inform us that the largeness of the improved strawberry and the diminutiveness of the nightgown and the size of the nightgown box will not for this season prevent the latter from accommodating at least one specimen of the fruit.

The Kind She Wanted.

(La Vie Parisienne.)

A lady entering a circulating library asked for a novel. "I don't know how to tell you exactly the kind I want," she says. "Oh, I think I shall be able to suit you." Is the reply. "I mean something lively," exclaims the intending reader; "the sort of book that would not be precisely suitable for the library of a young girl." "Marie," cries the keeper of the bookstore to her assistant, "Novel for a woman of 85."

Street-Cars as Misnomers.

(Foreign Letter.)

"When the question of introducing street-cars in India first came up, nearly twenty years ago," said John Stephenson, the famous car-builder, "one of the greatest obstacles to be considered was caste. It was easy to devise a method of separating, within reasonable limits, the various classes, for the cars could be made with two interior compartments, and with seats on top for passengers of inferior classes. But how to collect the fares was the question that puzzled everybody. A Brahmin conductor could not receive coins from the hands of his inferiors, nor could a Brahmin passenger receive change from a conductor of lower caste. There were many other regulations growing out of caste distinctions which threatened to make street-cars a failure in the cities of India. But the cars were sent out, and matters were left largely to adjust themselves. The result is that instead of caste making the street-cars a failure, the street-cars have made caste to a considerable extent a failure. They are now a utilized in the flooding process of India very much as they are in New York."

Besides doing away with caste obstacles to their success, the street-cars have removed the restriction of caste which caste put upon the transaction of business generally in that country. I am told that they have produced a very noticeable change in this respect. They may be regarded, indeed, as among the chief instruments with which the changed order of things was brought about. Street-cars are a necessity, and whatever stands in the way of their use will be done away with by the people."

When the British government made it impossible to enforce forfeitures and other penalties by reason of the loss or renunciation of caste, a considerable step toward the abolition of caste distinctions was taken. No laws for the government of persons have been more rigid or more speedy in their penalties than those of caste. In the first place, the provinces of India, when under native rule, it was regarded as justifiable homicide for a man of high caste to strike dead a person of inferior caste who should touch him even by accident. One of the steps toward the present state of things were permitting Brahmins to engage in pursuits which had been followed only by persons of inferior grade, while still prohibiting persons of low caste from taking upon themselves functions which belonged to those above them in rank.

In the present stage of the decay of caste very embarrassing conditions arise. Not long ago a man of good ability, but of inferior caste, was made a judge. He could sit in judgment upon the acts of Brahmins and even sentence them to imprisonment, but he could not sit at the table with them after quitting the court room.

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Each subsequent insertion, 1.00

The Woman's Toothache.

(Lewiston Journal.)