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A RAILWAY GHOST.

An Explanation to Set Myself Right Before the Public.

As there is a ghost in this story, according to all established rules it ought to commence with "once upon a time," but as I am somewhat of an iconoclast, not even such a venerable figure of speech can escape annihilation at my hands.

Let me be exact in chronology at least. I had been hastily summoned from Cornwall to the bedside of a wealthy old uncle from whom I had expections, and as the telegram informed me that he could not survive his present attack of gout, I thought it might be as well for me to be "in at the death," and so one foggy day in November, 1866, found me traveling to Ashbourne, a little, out-of-the-way place, where the old gentleman lived. There were but few passengers on the train, and I had the comfort of a carriage all to myself. We stopped to coal at some little way-station, when a passenger was hurriedly ushered, or rather banged, into my compartment by the conductor.

The stranger was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, with a face lean and withered like a shriveled apple. In a dress tight-fitting and of an ancient and faded black, he looked like a man who had run very much to seed, which perhaps accounted for the luxuriant growth of his arms and legs. Observing his clothes steaming with the damp air, I began to realize that it had suddenly become very cold.

"Quite a change in the weather," I remarked. "Very cold to night, is it not?"

"Don't feel the cold myself. Perhaps you would like to change places with me; there is no draft here."

I replied that I would be glad to do so if it did not inconvenience him, and accordingly we changed seats.

It was cold and no mistake. I must have taken a chill, for I felt the cold creeping over me in a most unaccountable manner. Looking at my companion on the opposite seat, on whom the lamplight now shone full, I saw that his face was so sophisticated in its features so withered as I at first supposed; and I must have made a mistake as to his age, for he was by no means as old as I had previously judged. How cold it was, to be sure. As I looked at him, I noticed that his aspect changed momentarily—that he was growing younger; that the wrinkles in his face were filling out and smoothing down, and that he was gradually becoming like some one I had seen before. As his cheeks grew round and ruddy, and his hair changed from gray to brown before my very eyes, I became nervous, and endeavored to cry out, but could not. I was paralyzed with the cold—cold that seemed to make my limbs rigid and benumb my vitals, for I saw that the man sitting before me was no longer a stranger—no mere friend or acquaintance—he had become Me!

I held up my hands to try to shut out the sight, and, as I did so, saw that they were withered, and thin, and old. I pressed them to my brow, to see if I were dreaming, and I found it shriveled, and seamed, and puckered. And then I knew that this man—this fiend—had stolen my body and given me his. Maddened with the discovery, I rose to my feet—his feet—which tottered beneath me, and I struck wildly at the vision of myself on the other seat. But I found my arms light as vapor, for they passed over his body, which went through them, giving me the impression of pain. It was a body of shade that had been given me for my own body of flesh and blood, which this wretch had stolen. By some sorcery or another, we had indeed changed places.

"Sorcerer—demon," I cried out, only to hear myself speaking with his sharp, cracked voice. When I saw myself sitting opposite to me, coolly addressing me in my own voice, I could no longer credit my senses—if, indeed, I had any of them at all left of my own.

"Dare you think you are speaking loud now," he said.

I answered by shouting for the conductor as loudly as I could.

"Ah, you might call a good deal louder than that. Why, if the carriage were full of passengers they could no more hear you than they could see you," he continued, chuckling, and screwing my features up into a hideously knowing grin, such as *I* could never have made them assume. "You see, my friend, yours is a body of air, of shadow, insensible, impalpable to all but myself, just as it was to all but you when I entered the carriage. You wish, perhaps, to know who I am. Well, two years ago to-night I was a passenger by this train. There was a collision with a stupid freight-train, you see, and the result was that several passengers were injured. One of them was—well, it's no use mincing matters—killed on the spot. Quite so. It was I. Yes, I am what you would call a ghost, although we do not consider that just the correct term among ourselves—we have a better word for it. Now I have told you what I am, you will, doubtless, like to know what I want. Very good; you shall see."

The ghost in my body then began to feel in my pockets, from which he drew out my meerschaum, which he filled from my pouch and lit with one of my matches.

"Ah," he proceeded, puffing like a steam-engine, "you smoke very good stuff—natural leaf and Old Judge; not a bad mixture, though I prefer a little Cavendish with it myself. Not at all a bad body yours, either," he went on, eyeing the form in which he was sitting; "not at all a bad body; and it fits me to a T, only a little short in the arms. By the way, I find one of your front teeth a little loose, so don't go and say I did that when you come to yourself again; and your nose is a little long for me, but I dare say it blows none the worse for that." I shuddered as I saw him take out my pocket-handkerchief and use it on that cherished organ of mine.

"Yes, I dare say now you feel the cold a little; I did at first, but it's nothing when you are used to it. I find your body very warm—being heavier than I am accustomed to wear; but it won't be for long. I require it 'positively for this night only,' as you say in your play-bills; and will return it uninjured by the time we get to Ashbourne. by the by, let me beg of you to be a little careful how you throw your arms about so much as you did just now, for my body is of a more delicate construction than yours; and being so thin in substance, I am afraid you will chafe it under the arm-pits. You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, in lecturer's style, "that if I take a lighted match and insert it in the corner of the patient's eye, he will feel no pain." Saying this, my dreadful companion proceeded to illustrate his remark by making a dive at my shadowy eye with a burning match. I certainly felt no pain as the match burned in my head.

"You will allow, after all you see, that my shape has its advantages," the ghost proceeded; "but it also has its disadvantages. Try the pipe now." I tried to take the pipe—it dropped through my vapory fingers. He placed it in my mouth; I could not hold it, nor get a whiff from it. "Precisely so," said the ghost. "Now, this is just what has brought me here to-night. A great smoker all my life, doing my twelve pipes a day regularly, I have been defunct these two years, and during all that time I haven't had a smoke! Not a blessed draw. I miss my 'bacca dreadful. There is a provision made for smokers down with us, you will understand; but we are governed by a Board of Directors whose general incapacity equals that of many of your city boards. There is a stock of bodies kept for smokers, so that if you want to enjoy a pipe you must go into one of the bodies to get it. But if you will believe me, the supply is so notoriously insufficient to meet the demand that there is no chance whatever for a new ghost to get a smoke. When I entered the society all the bodies were out in use, and booked for three years in advance. My name has been down on the books for two years, and there is no chance of my getting a body allotted to me for a twelvemonth. Fancy two years without a smoke! Why, sir, the incompetence of our board is something awful. I can only explain the reason why we put up with such gross mismanagement in the other world is because we have become so used to it in this. Our constitutions, however, are being undermined to that extent that the board has at last been coerced by popular feeling into passing a measure, empowering ghosts to render themselves visible to a single individual at a time, in order that they may effect a change of bodies for short periods, always with the consent of the person in question, for the purpose of indulging in a habit which the directors say they can not, however, but characterize as pernicious and injurious. George III. and George Washington, both members of the board, opposed the measure; they, however, were left in a ridiculously small minority. Under this new act, I obtained your body."

"You never had my consent, fiend!" I cried.

"It is vulgar to call names, my friend," the ghost replied, smoothing my mustache with my fingers; "but you are trifling. I asked you to change places with me, and you agreed, as you must be well aware. But, dear me! here we are at Ashbourne; but, however, I must finish my pipe—think of two years, and not a blessed draw, my friend!"

The train was slackening speed. My companion leaned out of the window puffing fast and furious.

"Plenty of time to change bodies," he said; "it shall be done in an instant, as soon as the train stops," and he continued blowing great clouds of smoke, till we pulled up at the depot. He hurriedly knocked out the ashes of the tobacco, as the conductor cried: "Change here; all change here, please."

A sudden glow of warmth seemed to pass over me as I rubbed my eyes, and found to my great delight my own smooth hands against my own unwrinkled cheeks. I looked up for my companion; he was gone; I was alone in the carriage.

I was greatly surprised, as I stepped on the platform, at being asked for my card by a very officious person; still more so at being summoned to the police court the following morning. The officious person stated that he was the Secretary of the Anti-tobacco Alliance, and applied for a conviction against me, under one of the by-laws of the company, for smoking in a railway carriage contrary to their regulations. He deposed to having seen me (only think, *me!*) leaning out of the window smoking a meerschaum pipe. The conductor testified that the carriage smelt very strongly of tobacco on our arrival, and that I was the only passenger. A meerschaum pipe answering the officious person's description was found on my person. Case was clear, and I was fined two pounds. Nay, more—the case of smoking in a railway carriage has been placarded at all the stations along the line, where I am hung up as a caution to the public, in a black frame, with my name and address and the amount of penalty enforced at full length.

It would have been useless to attempt any explanation to the Justice. It is something to have set one's self right with the public.—*W. G. Kelly, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

On the Safe Side.

"Tom! Tom!" yelled a boy on Griswold street yesterday to another a block away; "come here as fast as ever you can! Here's a boy up the alley who has found a nickel!"

"What of it?" queried the other as he came up.

"Let's take it away from him."

"Sure there ain't a hole punched in it?"

"Dead sure."

"Is he a big boy?"

"No—smaller'n us. Come on."

"Say, don't you be in such a hurry," cautioned the other. "If the nickel is all right, and we kin lick the boy, that's so much fur our side, but let's circle around a little. May be he's a chap who's got political influence and belongs to our party. Things is right down clus in politics, and we don't want anybody to bolt our nominations."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WAR DECLARED!

Printers Strike at Last—Every Prospect that they will be Successful!

For some time past it has been generally conceded that the firms who, in order to secure and hold their trade are obliged to resort to the system of sending drummers on the road, are not the firms for a business man to deal with, unless he is satisfied with seventy-five cents for a dollar. A business man (and printers and publishers are generally good business men) can readily understand that a traveler's expenses have to be paid, and out of the profits of his sales. A drummer's expenses average about ten dollars per day, when upon long trips of three and four months. That means simply *ten per cent. added to price of your goods.* **The drummer figures in this way:** He calls upon a publisher, who, we will say, wants a power press, and has made up his mind to buy the best, thinking (and rightly, too,) that the best is, in the long run, the cheapest. He has decided upon a Campbell, or perhaps a Cottrell press (and couldn't have made a better choice), and figured carefully upon the freight, etc.—forgetting, of course, the drummer's ten per cent.; but the drummer doesn't forget it. He talks all round, nibbles first on one press and then upon another, until he at last finds a machine that may be $100 or $200 less in price than the publisher's choice, and finding that the publisher is not familiar with the *price, make* or *working qualities* of the press, he then exerts his entire chin-power upon eulogizing this power press. Perhaps it is a "Prouty"—it will grind out anything, from quartz to sausages, in three colors. The publisher orders a press—gets a quartz crusher; drummer makes ten days' expenses—hurries along to reach some pleasant loafing town—thinks he's smart—has not time to see this publisher next trip. In short, the drummer for second-class houses (for such are they that will foist inferior type and machinery upon printers and publishers, under the plea that they are "cheap," knowing that they *must get ten per cent. more than any other house*, in order to pay the drummer) aims to make his expenses by plausibly representing goods for what they are not, at a reduced price.

Now, there is a difference between this second-class firm's drummer and the first class. You take the largest house, for instance, in the business. They figure that they have four-fifths of all the trade; they make more sales, though on smaller margins; they are reliable; they don't lose customers; their aggregate profits are larger; they say, "We can afford to devote the profits of a portion of our business to securing new business, or to establishing a branch where it will be an accommodation and a help to our customers;" or, if the trade is limited and will not support a branch house, they can send out their traveler. The firm handles *only the best* type, presses and machinery in the world. Their traveler is required to sell only the best and always at one price. There is no chance for publishers being imposed upon if they are determined to buy the best. Then buy from the best firm in your line of business, and you will buy from PALMER & REY.

If you are located in Oregon or Washington Territory, buy from the Portland house, where you can purchase *lower* than the drummer can sell you *by ten per cent.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—New South Wales produced 35,220,640 pounds of sugar last year.

—Professor Bain says that "the possession of a spot of land is the most powerful of all known motives to industry."

—A picture of Abraham Lincoln worth $2,000 has stood boxed up in a dark and dingy corner of the Capitol at Albany for over four years.—*Albany Journal.*

—The New York police recently arrested a professional beggar who, when "at home," lived luxuriously in elegantly furnished apartments.—*N. Y Mail.*

—The mean duration of life in France, which was twenty-nine at the close of the eighteenth century, and thirty-nine from 1817-1831, increased to forty from 1840-1859, thanks to the progress of sanitary science.

—"Here's a musical salesman advertised for. Why don't you apply, Ned?" "I? Why, I'm not musical." "Perhaps not; but I notice that you can blow your own horn, you're familiar with the bars, your remarks are full of slurs, you're always giving notes, and all the rest."—*Hotel Gazette.*

—Laying pipes under ground is usually done to drain water from the soil instead of to bring water to it. But sub-irrigation has some obvious advantages. The pipes once laid deeply enough do not need renewal. The water is just where it is needed for the roots of crops or trees, and does not bake or harden the surface. It is said that a company is making cheap cement pipes, which obviate the greatest difficulty in irrigation, which has heretofore been its excessive cost.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Presbyterians have in Utah 33 schools, 54 teachers, and more than 2,000 pupils; the Congregationalists, 30 schools, with 47 teachers and upwards of 1,800 scholars; then the Methodists, 11 schools, 10 teachers and about 700 pupils; the Episcopalians, 5 schools, 25 teachers and an attendance of 850; the Catholics, 3 schools, 35 teachers and 450 scholars enrolled, and the Baptists, 2 schools, 3 teachers and 175 pupils. Total, 85 schools, 188 teachers, and an enrollment for the year of 7,500.

A LUCKY SAILOR BOY.

A Crippled Inmate of the Marine Hospital Wins a Fortune.

Learning that Henry Orban was the name of the lucky San Franciscan who drew part of the second capital prize in the last drawing of The Louisiana Lottery, a reporter started to hunt him up and soon learned that he was an inmate of the United States Marine Hospital. Driving out to that institution, it was quickly ascertained that Orban, overjoyed with his sudden good fortune, had packed up his few belongings and departed for his native England.

From G. H. Brock, the courteous hospital steward, the brief history of the fickle goddess' latest protege was obtained.

"It was a very funny thing," said that gentleman, "how Orban got into the thing, or rather how he was forced into it, for he was a very unwilling participant in the transaction.

"But first I will tell you what we know about the boy's life. It seems that he has been a sailor ever since he was able to do anything until about two years ago, when he accidentally fell while at duty on board the bark Enoch Talbot, which resulted in badly spraining both his ankles. Not receiving proper treatment, he never recovered the full use of his limbs and so is a permanent cripple. He eventually came to us in the latter part of 1883, and after doing all that could be done for him, so that he got as well as he ever will be, we employed him here as hospital attendant, so that he could at least have a home.

"He is a very bright young fellow, being now 18 years old, and passionately fond of reading, perusing everything that comes in his way with avidity. He was a general favorite with us all and every one in this establishment was rejoiced at his good fortune.

"Now as to the way he got the ticket: It seems that one of his old shipmates owed him a dollar or two. Orban met him down on the water front a few weeks ago and asked him for the money, as he needed a little money very badly, not having a cent.

"'I haven't any money,' said his friend, 'but I've got a couple of lottery tickets and will give you one if you will call it square.'

"'No,' said Orban, 'I wouldn't give five cents for a lottery ticket; what I want is my money.'

"But after a good deal of talk, finding his chum really had no money, and fearing that he might never see him again, he consented very reluctantly to take the ticket. Returning to the hospital, he importuned everybody in the house to buy the ticket, offering to sell it for 75 cents, but there were no believers in the conscienceless jade, Fortune, out here, and he was compelled to retain the valuable pasteboard. He constantly renewed his attempts to dispose of the ticket, and on the very morning that the results of the drawing were announced, but before the news had been received here, he used every effort to get the assistant steward, Mr. Petterson, to buy it. A little later in the morning he was chatting with the cook when the paper came and almost immediately his quick eyes saw the familiar figures 55,818 and he was soon capering all over the building, mad with delight at his great good fortune. That day he gave his ticket to Wells, Fargo & Co. for collection and on Tuesday last received his money in full. He immediately bade farewell to his many friends here, starting overland next morning to New York, from which place he will sail for England on the next steamer.

"He has neither father nor mother living and his only known relative is a sister, Beatrice Orban, a sixteen-year old girl, living in Yorkshire, England, and attending school there, and young Orban thought when he left that he should go to school awhile himself after he got home. He has no bad habits, is very intelligent and industrious and I have no doubt the money will be of great benefit to him and we all here wish him God-speed and prosperity."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, May 3.*

Wouldn't Forget Him.

A benevolent gentleman, while waiting for a street car was approached by a negro who asked him for a nickel. The gentleman only had a nickel, but there was something so appealing about the negro that he gave him the nickle and decided to walk home.

"Thankee, sah! Thankee. De Lawd aint gwineter furget yer fur dis."

"That's all rigat."

"Yas, sah, yas."

"Just then the car came along and the negro hopped on with agility.

"Here," exclaimed the gentleman. "You are an old scoundrel."

"Yas, sah, yas, but de Lawd aint gwine ter furgit yer."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The aggregate number of car-loads of peaches shipped out of Delaware from 1867 to 1884 was 58,063, the greatest year being 1875, with 9,072 car-loads, and the smallest 1881, with only 78. A car-load is 550 baskets. The bulk of the crop is shipped by vessel to Baltimore. During the past year evaporators have been erected throughout Delaware and Maryland, which are both profitable in themselves and useful in preventing gluts in the market. The crop for 1885 promises in both States to be large.

—A grand old man said at the bar of the Supreme Court the other day that the life of a gentleman included "not only good manners, but good morals, courtesy, kindness and honor and high-minded principles."—*N. O. Picayune.*

MATRIMONIAL FISHING.

The Place for the Young Man Who Desires to Acquire Wealth by "Marrying Rich."

New York is the place to go for the aspiring young man who desires to acquire wealth by the easy and expeditious method known as "marrying rich." The daughters of the wealthy men of the metropolis are as romantic in their natures as the young girls are elsewhere, and the bold, manly young fellows from the country, if they are smart, can beat the young dudes of the city in bearing off the matrimonial prizes every time. Girls are girls the world over, and they can't help liking a manly man.

The young woman who marries a dude is either forced into it or else she is poor and thinks the fellow has got money.

One of the reasons of the success of the ambitious matrimonial aspirant in New York is the ease with which he can make the acquaintance of a young lady, and manage to meet her without the knowledge of her parents. Miss Eloise Lord, the daughter of the head of the great dry-goods firm of Lord & Taylor, went over to Williamsburg one day last week and was quietly married to a young man, her family knowing nothing of the transaction until they saw the notice of the wedding in the next morning's paper. Stranger still, the family knew nothing about the young man until the lady acknowledged that she was his wife, and then told them who and what he was. It seems that she had met him at various places where she visited and an attachment sprang up between them. He was poor, and realizing the insurmountable opposition to him if he asked for the hand of his affianced from her father, he conceived that it would be better to get married-privately and then face the parental storm. It is to be hoped he is worthy of the prize he has won, and that the young lady will have no cause to regret her peculiar action.

But it is not altogether fair weather sailing for the adventurers in Gotham's matrimonial sea. Not all young ladies who shine in fine clothes at the Astor balls are heiresses, by any means. There are female anglers, and plenty of them, who are fishing for rich husbands. A sad, but not an unusual result is that a young couple find after they are married that both are victims of misplaced confidence. Perhaps neither has cared for the other but only married in the hope of securing the wealth which it was supposed the other had. The thousands of blighted homes and suits in the divorce courts testify to the frequency of such ill-assorted matches.

A lady correspondent thus pathetically paints the poor girl in society. Families with big fortunes usually have impoverished relations in plenty. This is true of some of the folks most conspicuous in the society which gets the most attention in print. And the parents of the girl thus allied to wealth, but owning none of it, are anxious that they should have every opportunity to acquire it by marriage. Therefore the straining to put the youngsters among the scions of millionaires, and to maintain their share in a seemly manner, is one of the interesting characteristics of New York life. The dresses of fortunate cousins, carefully disguised by radical alterations and additions, are frequently worn by these husband-hunters, whose equally clever use of such attractions as nature and culture have provided not infrequently carries them to the goal of golden matrimony ahead of more favored competitors.

"Oh, but it's an awful responsibility to put on a young girl," said an experienced dowager, with whom I talked about an individual instance. "There she is at the further end of the quadrille, looking as placid and ingenious as a child. Her partner is heir to wealth enough to satisfy the costs of the position which she wishes to occupy as a wife. He is just the catch she'd like to make. The task is imposed upon her of making him propose. She may not love him—that's no matter. The eyes of her father and mother are on her. She is keenly aware that every movement is scrutinized by those two interested and able critics. In fact, she isn't the light-hearted, careless, blithesome girl she seems, but a cool, calculating adventuress. However, if she should entrap the fellow she'd undoubtedly make an excellent wife, and he couldn't claim to have been victimized. There is a peculiar reason for celerity in her case, by the way. She belongs to a family who age early. She is only eighteen. At twenty-five she will look to be thirty. She knows this, because she is a counterpart of what her mother used to be. The shortening of her available time is one of the considerations forced forced on her by the determined parents, and they are making every possible sacrifice to advantage her quest. Should she let so intangible a thing as her heart stand in the way of her progress? Of course, not.'"—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Kidnaping Children.

The *St. James' Gazette* remarks that at the beginning of the present century it was commonly believed that master chimney-sweeps used to kidnap the children of well-to-do parents and force them to the slavery of climbing chimneys. There was a perfect scare about the matter at the time, and it was not altogether without foundation. That gypsies have frequently been in the habit of stealing children when they can, there is no doubt; and a case which has just been heard at Middlesex Sessions shows that kidnaping is even now not extinct. A Mr. Jackson, a blind gentleman, and a mendicant by profession, was pursuing his calling when he came across a little girl, whom he first asked to lead him over the road, and then persuaded to accompany him home. Here Mr. Jackson and his wife detained the child, taking her out with them to beg. Six months' hard labor for the man and three for the woman was the sentence for the offense.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Wendell Phillips left only about $25,000, though once wealthy. Mrs. Livermore says that the day before he died he burned a small fortune in notes he held against people for whom, as he said, his executors might make trouble. —*Boston Journal.*

TWO QUEER TRADES.

A London Salad Maker and a Professional Beetle-Hunter.

There exists in London a gentleman who makes his whole income by mixing salads. A few minutes before the commencement of a dinner party he drives up in a hansom and proceeds to the mixing of the ingredients, which are ready prepared for him. In a short time the salad is finished, it is placed on the table, it is an incredible success. Such an ethereal concoction seems as if it can not have been made by hands, but rather as is it hovered between two hemispheres, partaking of both while belonging to neither. The greater part of the materials are found for him; some he uses, some it seems good to him to reject, but it is surmised that he must bring with him some singular flavoring or mysterious herb which gives to the salad its magical flavor. Any way, the salad is a success; the maker pockets a guinea fee, and flies off in another hansom possibly to dream of inventing another salad. No one has ever seen the salad-maker at work. He demands perfect solitude for his artistic employment, and he has a preference for silence while it is going on. He has a bland, mysterious, and almost unctuous expression, which seems somehow to suggest a person who takes especial delight in the mixing of oil. He has a manner so quietly polite, so calm, and self-contained, as perfectly to baffle any inquiry which could be put to him as to his history or the secret of his trade. Were his hostess to be even as impetuous as the Princess in "Der Asra," she would get no information out of the salad-maker. The apostrophe, "Tell me quickly, what thy name and what thy country?" would meet with no response beyond an oily smile, a deprecatory bow, and a gentle shrug of the shoulders. In what country he discovered the secret of his salad, whether there is a secret at all or whether the flavor lies in the faith of the partaker, where he lives when he is at home, and what he does when he is not making salad—all these things are mysteries, and will never be known during the lifetime of the salad-maker.

Not to be mentioned in the same breath with the salad-maker, yet having a certain affinity with him through the mysteries of his occupation, is the professional beetle-hunter. He also demands to work in secret, he also demands a tolerable fee, but his manner (unlike that of the salad-maker) is somewhat grim and unresponsive. He will come whenever you send for him, and will rid your house of the intruders instantaneously, but what he rather prefers is to be paid by the year and to come whenever he thinks fit. For a small annual sum—thirty shillings or thereabouts, if the writer's memory does not deceive him—he will undertake that not a single beetle shall be seen in your establishment during the time it is under his care. He appears particularly to like the air of respectability which is given him by this yearly income, considering himself probably as thereby getting into the position of a person with rents coming in, and who might even have to pay income-tax one of these days. What is the subtle communication between him and the beetle, and how he does his spiriting, is as deep a mystery as the great salad question spoken of above. Like the salad-maker, he allows of no witnesses to his performances, and the manner of them must ever remain a matter for conjecture. He comes at night, in the storm or the rain, but what he does no one knows. Probably he is a successor to the Pied Piper of Hamlin, and parades the basement playing on a pipe, by which he lures his victim to destruction.—*London Standard.*

AN HONEST MAN.

Suppositious Integrity That Did Not Pan Out Satisfactorily.

"Good morning, sir, good morning," said a well appearing man, entering the Welcome Call saloon, and addressing the proprietor. "Sit down here a moment and let me refresh your memory. Several years ago I came in here and got a dollar's worth of whisky on credit. Here is your money, sir," handing over a dollar.

"I don't remember it."

"That's all right. I got a quart of whisky and told you that I would pay you the following day. That night I received a dispatch stating that my father was dangerously ill. I hurried away, having borrowed the money. When I got to New York, I found that my father was not so bad off that he did not remember his interests, consequently I was sent abroad. I remained away several years, attending to the duties of a commission house, and only returned a few weeks ago. I hope you will excuse me for not paying you sooner."

"That's all right," said the saloon-keeper, "but really I don't remember that you ever got anything of me."

"Yes I did. Put that dollar in your pocket. Nobody can say that I ever failed to pay a debt that I owe. Sometimes I have money and sometimes I haven't."

"Well," said the saloon-keeper, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Don't say a word, my dear fellow. I could not sleep at night if I thought I owed anybody. Well, I must go. Say, have you got any first-rat brandy?"

"Got some of the best in the country."

"What's it worth?"

"Eighteen dollars a gallon."

"That's cheap enough. Just put me up a gallon, please. I haven't any money with me, but I'll pay you in a day or two. I am making my home here now."

"I can't give it to you without the money."

"What! Didn't I pay you for the other stuff I got?"

"That's all right. You'll pay me for the stuff you get now or you won't get it."

"See here. I didn't owe you a dollar. It was a mistake. Give me my money."

"Never mind; I'll keep it. The time I've wasted on you is worth about that much. Good morning."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Japanese law compels people to sell fish alive. They are vended in tanks.

The Bride of Oscar Wilde.

MISS CONSTANCE LLOYD.
(Photographed by Downey.)

Mrs. Wilde is a very charming young woman, very modest, excellently well-bred, educated to the tips of her fingers, and—she believes thoroughly in her husband. She inherited a fortune of $90,000 from her father. One who knows her well thus rapturously describes her: "A lovely head that droops as though it were a flower kissed by amorous rain-drops; her hair a chestnut, such as Tasso would have sung to; eyes so soft, so luminous, as to appear like twin stars set in a heaven of soul; and a mouth that innocently wonders at the rosebuds. When she plays the birds stop their warblings to listen, while onlookers are dazzled with the lustrous whiteness of her taper fingers"—and thus and thusly. Such is the lady upon whom Oscar has conferred his hand, heart and æstheticism.

He Had the Old Man.

[Texas Siftings.]

Colonel McLeod, although not a bad man at heart, uses very rough language in his intercourse with his family. On returning to his home from his place of business a few days ago he found his wife very much excited over the outrageous conduct of a tramp, who, being dissatisfied with the food given him by Mrs. McLeod, had abused her in the most outrageous manner. "Johnny," said Colonel McLeod to his ten-year-old son, "when you heard that cowardly scoundrel abusing your mother why didn't you run to the store quick and let me know? Didn't you hear?" "Yes, pa, I was out in the stable and heard what he said about the victuals ma gave him and how he abused her, but—" "But what?" "I thought it was you scolding ma. He used the same words you do when the dinner don't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare to talk to ma that way."

A Great Living General.

[Blackwoods Magazine.]

GEN. VON MOLTKE.

Moltke the Silent—der Schweiger—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest, and is certainly the most successful, of living soldiers. His achievements at Koniggratz, Sedan and Paris have never been surpassed, and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quite, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing room, when everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—so he stood on the battlefield, his cold, clear eye passing slowly from one point to the other, and his cold, clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and serenity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem.

No one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the two most powerful empires of the continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, and there is something strange about that silent, lonely old man. His wife died some years ago; he never had a child; his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and niece, seem to be kept at a distance by him. Who are his companions and his friends? To whom does he ever talk in a friendly, familiar way? Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often inquired.

An old man of 84, General Field Marshal Count Hellmuth von Moltke remains one of the strangest characters the world has ever produced. It is well worth going to Berlin to see that great historical personage.

LIEUT. A. W. GREELY.
(*Photographed by C. H. Harlow, U. S. A.*)

To those who remember the refined, handsome face of Lieut. Greely as exhibited in the published portraits of him before he went north, the above engraving of a recent photograph of the brave lieutenant, made by Ensign Harlow on the steamer Thetis, will tell the story better than columns of type, of the hardships he has survived. That he may long enjoy his hard-earned laurels is a universal wish.

A Quaker City Romance.

[Norristown Herald.]

Twas midnight in the Quaker City. A silvery sheen of moonshine bathed the vernal beauties of Fairmount Park in a flood of pale and ghostly light. The tall steeples threw long shadows athwart the adjoining buildings—when all of a sudden, as if by magic, the Keely motor continued to refuse to mote.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Smoking is said to prevent cholera. It is doubtless the street-car cigar that puts the microbe to a horrible death.