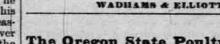
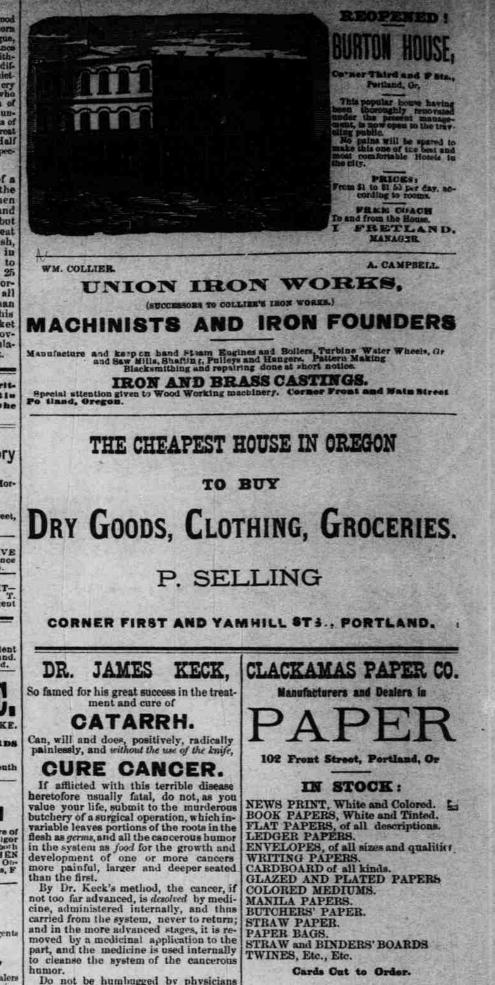
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The second se

Have moved into their Splendid Establishment Union Block, on Stark and First streets. An

family. They can be used with equa-in boiling, as it is increased with equa-

ers and love, what perseverance ! I see er sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has a word of love for her father,"

## "And you commit suicide ! Are you

'Dare I murder that angel? The now get ready that we may go." While she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl Traft (for the old man, sobbing.

young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing in the book, and I see \_\_\_\_\_ in open yonder. Come, tell me your tory, and I will tell you mine. There is no occasion for your lesp into the river. I am a rich man; your daughter will no longer have to and shall not starve."

dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were sented at a table in the tavern, with refreshments before them, and each examining counts before sem, and each examining curiously the estures of the other.

suhed by the viands, the old man My history is soon told. I was a mer-

cantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and loved and married a poor girl. I never could hegin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. "I do not know, but I trust in ahall work the whole night through "I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through." and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happi-ness was complete. My wife, an angel of love kindness and fondness, was good and pious, active and affectionate; and my danghter is a true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my con-science revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old and useless fellow. I can-not have much longer to live, and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life in order. "You are a fortunate man, my friend," "You are a fortunate man, my friend," "You are a fortunate man, my friend," "Tou are a fortunate man, my friend," eall misfortune is abeer nonsense and call misfortune is abeer nonsense and call misfortune is abeer nonsense and misfortune is abeer nonsense and misfortune is abeer nonsense and the then his scanty earnings. "No. sir!" the lady replied, "it is mine. I would know it among a thou-

few days or weeks from my life in order to preserve that of my dear Berths." "You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man. "What you call misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured. To-morrow I shall make my will, and you shall be the heir of my possessions, and to-morrow night I shall take the leap from the Main bridge alone. But before I leave this world I must see Batha for I say any interest to look more

Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy of the name of human

Sir, what could have made you so un-py at this early age?" said the old moved by compassion. am the only son of one of the rich-

died five years ago, and left me heir to an immense fortune. From that moment every one that has come in contact with me. I was a child in innocence and confiding. My education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. My friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashiona-ble accomplishments. I adored her with with enthanism, and love, I thought bankers in Frankfort. My father I five yoars ago, and left me heir to irens, possessed of all memoria mplishments. I adored her with thusiasm, and love, I thought, repay me for every disappoint-"I am Karl Traft, one of the wealthie men of this city.

with enthusiasm, and love, I thought, would repay me for every disappoint-ment. But I soon saw she wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men beside to her triumphal chariot. I broke the engagement, and selected a poor but a charming girl-a sweet inno-cent being, as I thought, who would be In Candahar, when a young woman becomes sweet on a young man she sends him a hairpin, meaning, "that is the kind of a hairpin I am." If the young man is like Barkis, he pins a handker-chief to his cap with the hairpin, signify-iing: "You can bet your sweet life I am on it worse then so I being "This my life's own angel. Alas! I found her bidding adieu, with tears and to a youth whom she loved. She ad accepted me for my wealth only. It peace of mind vanished. I sought iversion in travel. Everywhere I found on it worse than an Injun." amounts to an engagement and a notifi-cation to all the folks of the fact, and the same hollowness, the same trea In short, I beca then they get married. This plain and simple way of doing the business, saves a deal of swinging on the gates, burning kerosene oil of nights, buying ice-cream, and standing off the liveryman for

the same holowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce." "Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy; "I pity you. I confess I have been more fortu-mate than you. I possessed a wife and daughter, who came forth pure and im-maculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the

that your secrets are not profaned. But My third editorial was entitled "Musi

in the Home." My remarks on this subject had reference to the influence of music in promoting harmony in the family circle. I also gave this a near glanced over the writing in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart. And when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, ion during this warm weather.

citizens will do injury to their reputatio miration. They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly Mr. Traft valued this praise higher than the money he had asked. They pawned the book and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overloved. If the trunk manufacturers do not quit for musical enthusiasm and social hosp tality if they do not turn out en masse t

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit "But if you spend all that money tomaking so many thousands of valises ex-actly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some remarked the young man, "on time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court

evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings. About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha: "Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and up-right." Barthe bluehed and cast her eves to right." Bertha blushed and cast her eyes to and asked:

A few days after the young couple, "Whose is that ?" "It isn't mine," said the traveler: "it i

simply but respectably attired, and ac-companied by Herr Schmidt, went to just like it, but this is mine."

simply out response is the sequence of the seq

the other.

nobody knows the name of. The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech. "Madam," he said, "you are right. The values is yours. I owe you a thou-

sand apolomen. But the lady had fainted, and the trav-

eler relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barrett House to murk a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half

long.-Hawkeye. Dr. L. is cautiously treating a sick man

Dr. L. is cautiously treating a sick man concerning the nature of whose disease he is quite in the dark. "Well," he says to the nurse, on making his usual morning visit, "how do we find ourselves to-day? Did he sleep well? How did the medicine act?" "Yes, sir, he slept, but I left the gas burning, turned down very low." "Ah, he slept well, did he? I thought he would. And you left the gas burning, turned down low? Very good, very good; all is going very

well foot on the floor, and the foot which

-coward !"

He earnestly enjoined me to say it for

the man he mentioned never rose any higher in rank, and was shortly retired

his name, for he is still living, and to pain

him would do nobody any good. And McClellan, whose chef dœuere of

Antietam, Fighting Joe criticised so se-verely, probably smiled grimly a few months later, when Hooker was in com-

A GENIAL FELLOW'S DEATH .- Some of

-a-damned-

had been shot through in battle, on the cot. I interviewed him for the New

General Hooker in Hospital. I remember the first time I ever saw

General Hooker-at a reception given by President Lincoln in the year 1861-62-A young lady carries a sun umbrella to parry Sol's rays. Unlike the flea, when you finger on a hornet he is there. Isaac Ream's suffering from consump

President Lincoln in the year 1861-62— a tall, handsome man, keen gray eye, a proud, sensitive nose of the Roman-Hebraie mongrel type, a soldierly and chivalric bearing. The imagination lin-gered on him, and looked ahead, and saw him at the head of affairs. He had all the qualities of a good leader, except one —patience. Napoleon lacked that, too, but he was such a master that he didn't need natience any more than the sun Kearney has plenty of sand in his lots, but not lots of sand in his craw. New York policemen are evidently English extraction as they are fers.

"Now I am undone," as the package of sugar said when it fell from the grocer's need patience any more than the sun needs a watch, or lightning a pair of I next saw Hooker on a little cot in the It was the man who wrote his final be Insane Asylum Hospital, across the East Branch, opposite Washington. It was in the fall of 1861, just after Antietam. He was "mad." He half reclined, with his

quests on a piece of stove plate had an iron will. One half of the world don't know how

the other half live and it's none of their A train of cars may run on a standard

A train of cars may run on a standard guage, while a train of thought runs on language. James Redpath, the lecture bureau man, has been missing for three weeks. Not strange.

ought to have driven Lee into the Poto-mac and captured all his artillery and half his men. And you can say for me," he added, rising upon his elbow, and accenting every word by pounding his crutch on the floor, "you—can—say that—General—Hooker—says— that—General—H \* \* \* \* —is It hardly seems credible that the great Roscoe Conkling's poolitical grave should have for a head stone a Rhode Island clam. What a miracle it would be to feed a

multitude upon five loaves of such short weight bread as Toronto bakers sell nowadays. We know of a man, a victim to

tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1832. Im. I scarcely remember now, but I be-lieve I did not say it, for I considered that the man was suffering from his wound, that he was irritable and unrea-sonable, and very likely unjust. But the man he mentioned never was and Bob Ingersoll is trying to start a new party. There is a certain wicked old party. party who will start some day if

loesn't look out. The only line that a woman takes when she starts out on the journey of life is

to a position where personal courage was not required. I have omitted to mention usually a masculine. A Mr. Olds, of Columbus has invented an improved refrigerator. He must be a gentleman of the Olds cool.

The admittance fee to the Long Branch pier, is nothing more nor less than species of modern wharf-fare. Tis passing strange that amid all the mistakes of the world, nobody ever

months later, when Hooker was in com-mand and lost a big battle at Chancel-lorsville, and had his right wing rolled up like a carpet by the midnight onset of Stonewall Jackson.—New York Letter. passed a quarter for a twenty-cent piece. "No more" is a sweeping angel; "to late" is a mocking fiend. Sorrow is the oncomitant of the one, remorse that of

Parch brown a tablespoonful of rice; put into a cup of cold water and let it come to a boil; sweeten a little.

We see no excuse for having let the race called sharp-shooters die out. There are still book agents in the land.

These are the evenings for courting strolls.- Yonkers Statesman. Better for courting girls. We've noticed that's it's most always

the aggressor in a dog fight that gets licked, and it's a good deal so with Show us the man who hasn't indulged

in a picnic. We want to shake hands with him as a gorgeous exception to the general rule, and kill him. A young man who lost a bet of the oysters with three of his friends, said he wouldn't pay unless he was four

How doth the busy bee? Oh, well as can be expected under the circumstances. We've just smashed him for unfolding

for years has excited more interest, and man Luciani." A recent visitor to the certainly no trial has ever shown more hulks of San Stefano found him a dandy plainly that in modern Italian life there still may be found those vices which Juvenal scourged in ancient Lome.

were as smooth and white as when he used to gesticulate with them to demo cratic audiences in Roman cafes Such or similar is the lot Pietro Car-

dinall evidently promises himself-should he be convicted. But has not the lax prison discipline on which he counts the reverse of a deterrent effect on crim inals like himself? and does it not (along with those "accursed extenuating circumstances" which Italians themselve denounce)-does it not, I say, in some measure explain the fact affirmed by the Liberta that "there are more murder

every year in one Italian Province than in the whole United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland ?-London News. Living in Hopes.

There is no particular reason why a tramp should wear a polished white shirt, but they had one at the central station one day last week with a shirt so terribly in want of a soap-suds bath that Silver and Plated Ware, the oldest man on the force gathered around the fellow and declared that they At

never saw anything like it under the blue canopy of heaven. When asked how long he had worn it without washing the man seemed hurt, and re-

"Give me a chance, won't you? You see, I had this shirt on seven months ago, when I broke my arm. I couldn't get it off then, of course." "But your arm got well," protested one "Shall I say that, General?" I asked of the officers.

"Yes, it got well, and then my sister died 'What of that?'

plied:

"Why she made this ere shirt with her own blessed hands, and I kinder thought it was my duty to wear it in memory of her for a while. I'm a hard-looking pill, I know, but I loved my sister. Poor Sarah! she's up there where they don't

need clean shirts and never have their hair cut.' "Well, haven't you worn it long

enough to ease your sister's spirit?" "Gentlemen, I should have got this washed some time this week, but last night I lost my dog-an animal that had tuck to me three years." "And what had the dog to do

with it?" "If I should get washed up, and eleaned up, and seem to be somebody, and should come across the dog, he'd

look at my hair, give one sniff at my clothes, and then he'd turn tail and keep up the search till he fell in his tracks. I my readers who have had the entry to don't want to go back on my own dog,

artistic and high class Bohemia in Lon-don will remember a square headed and tible tricks on a canine which has turned

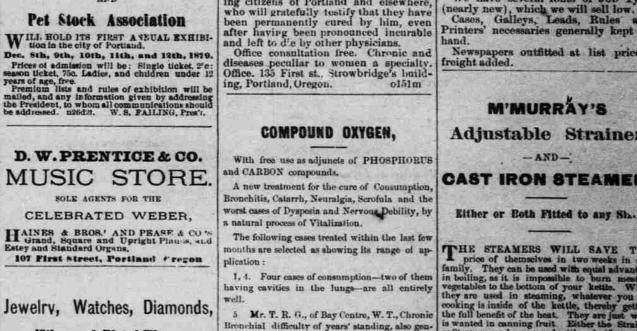
the eidest son of Hepworth Dixon, and a godson of Donglas Jerrold, after whom he was christened Jerrold. A few weeks ago he came rushing into my house in his hopeful, sanguine way to say "Good-bye, old fellow, I'm off to Dublin by the night mail." He had been appointed Secretary to the Dublin Sanitary Com-mission. A week ago I heard that he was going well and making his way to the hearts of some of the leaders of society in the Irish Capital. Recently I saw a telegram announcing his death. The

telegram announcing his death. The Commission had completed its work a very short time afterward. Young sake of having a clean shirt to spit to

Dixon (he was 31 years old) had post ALL SORTS.

up his work. He was not quite well. He died before any member of his family could get over to see him. He was a genial and pleasant fellow, and his death is much lamented among a large circle of other genial and pleasant fellows.

other genial and pleasant fellows. Though a barrister by profession he preferred to walk in the hard and thorny paths of literature and jour-nalism. He wrote occasionally for the *Examiner*, contributed several short, lively stories to *Belgravia* and the *Theatre*, and for a little while con-tributed a London letter to a New York evening paper. One of his comedietta was produced at the Opera Comique, and he had, in collaboration with Julian Hawthorne, written an unacted comedy.



grave.

who will show you a number of caucer tumors, cut from patients and preserved in glass jars. True, the cancers are there, but too often the patients from whom they were cut, can be found only in the

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The little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister he was a six-button kid.

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