

LEGISLATIVE NEWS AND NOTES.

A Record of Proceedings in Both Branches of the U. S. Congress.

SENATE, August 5.—Allison moved to take up the final adjournment resolution. The time was fixed at 4 o'clock. Edmunds and Harrison were appointed a committee to wait on the president and inform him that congress was prepared to adjourn. The house bill for the relief of soldiers of the Twelfth Michigan volunteer infantry, dishonorably discharged, was amended and passed. Edmunds reported that the committee of the two houses appointed to wait on the president to inform him that the two houses had completed the business of the session and were ready to adjourn unless he had some further communication to make, had performed their duty and were informed by the president that he had no further communication to make, and that he congratulated the two houses on the termination of their labors. The hour of adjournment having arrived, the chair said: "Senators.—Before announcing the termination of this session, I beg leave to return to each of you my grateful thanks for your uniform courtesy and kindness to me as your presiding officer, and especially for the resolution of today in which you have expressed your approval. This session has been distinguished by the great number and variety of subjects which have been considered and by the marked absence of political controversies. The varied needs and aims of the rapidly growing country have occupied most of the time of the senate. A short recess will enable you to greet your constituents and I hope and trust that each of you will return next December with renewed health and strength to your important duties. In pursuance of the resolution of the two houses of congress I now declare this session closed sine die." Hurried leave-taking among the senators and employees took place and half an hour later the chamber was empty.

HOUSE, August 5.—While the clerk of the house was reading the presidential veto on a pension bill the president's assistant secretary, Pruten, appeared at the north door of the chamber. When he announced the president's approval of the deficiency, sundry civil and harbor bills there was a round of applause and the gloom which had settled upon the members by reason of rumors that were rife that the river and harbor bill had been vetoed was dispelled. At 2:25 the committee to wait upon the president and inform him that congress was prepared to adjourn, appeared at the bar of the house and announced that it had performed its duty and that the president had nothing further to communicate to congress. On motion of O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, the senate bill was passed accepting the gift of the Great relief. In the midst of business, the hour for adjournment having arrived, the speaker, without any preliminary remarks, declared the house adjourned sine die.

INTERIOR GREASERS FOR WAR.

They Want Revenge for Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista.

City of Mexico dispatch: A party in northern Mexico is in for crossing swords with the United States. It is reported on good authority that General Casas, who has recently depopulated in the vicinity of Sabinas, has offered to join hands with the federal government and clean out the Yankees. Government dispatches from Victoria, the capital of the state of Tamaulipas, received in Nuevo Laredo, are to the effect that the town is much excited over the El Paso and Eagle Pass complications. Public opinion as to the justification of Mondragon is divided, some claiming his acts were justifiable and others condemning him. The governor of Tamaulipas is said to have asserted that if he were in the position of General Hornet, of Chihuahua, he would never give Cutting up. The people of his state appear to uphold him in his opinion.

From Parras, Linares, news comes that the prospect of war with the United States is hailed with delight as many in that section wish to wipe out the memory of the branch of their defeat at Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista. Their inborn antipathy and intense hatred for Gringos creep out daily, as is shown by their insulting and annoying treatment of Americans who are so unfortunate as to be living in their midst. The governor of Coahuila seems to be more conservative than either of those of Tamaulipas or Nuevo Leon, and is said to be in favor of peace and conciliatory measures.

A private telegram from San Antonio says that a brigade of infantry arrived in that city this morning. The future destination is not known. Stock men arriving from Mexico state that news of the trouble with the United States has just reached remote regions in the interior, causing great excitement and making it dangerous for stock buyers to enter their midst. Buyers in Nuevo Laredo are countermarching orders for goods in contemplation of trouble, as they are confident Cutting never will be given up. The present suspense is paralyzing business on the border.

LET THERE BE REFORM.

Brutality in the Hospital for the Insane Near Indianapolis.

The brutality of some of the attendants employed at the insane hospital near Indianapolis, Ind., has led the superintendent to put a lady in each ward to report such cases and to investigate complaints. Several of the attendants have been discharged within the past ten days and reform has been inaugurated. The posts of the G. A. R. have entered upon an investigation, and the following evidence is given by an old soldier who was in the hospital. It is a sample of the statements of a number of witnesses: "Patients are afraid to complain of abuses committed. I saw it. A patient in G ward, Charles Merrill, and Fred Ausden attendants, made a complaint to Dr. McClure. The attendants swore he was a liar, and as he was insane the testimony was not acceptable. After the doctor had passed through the complaint was taken to the bath room, the door locked, and was kicked and stamped upon until worn out, when he promised never to complain again. There was a patient in G ward named Albert Brown, from Wabash, an epileptic, generally quiet, but given to wild, restless spells. One day when in one of these spells the attendants, Ausden, was instructed to take him to H ward. The patient lunged back and did not want to go. Ausden tripped and threw him face downward on the floor, jumped astride him, grasped him by the ears and beat his face on the bare floor until the blood came from his nose. I reported the case to Dr. Thomas the same day, but nothing came of it. One night in February, 1883, Eli Boham, a Decatur county patient, became restless and talked loudly to himself. Merrill, the attendant, took him into the bath room, and I heard him beat him until Boham called out: "For God's sake, give me my life!" He was then bound, his clothes changed and he was seated in the hall where I could see him. He was crying, and blood was running from his mouth and nose. Merrill stood by him with a wet towel wiping the blood away and repeating and cursing him for crying. I also reported this case without result."

THE WILL OF MR. TILDEN.

Relatives Liberally Remembered and a Good Deal for Public Benefit.

New York dispatch: The will of the late Samuel J. Tilden was read at Greystone this afternoon by Lawyer James C. Carter, of this city, in the presence of all the relatives. Colonel S. J. Tilden, who spoke for the family, said that not a word about the will could be given to the press. The family had decided, he said, that no intimation of the terms of the will should be made public until it was offered for probate, and as the date had not been fixed for that, he could not say when it would be given to the press.

LATER.—Hon. John Bigelow was seen by a reporter at his home, No. 21 Gramercy Place, and from him was learned the following facts about the will:

Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith are named as executors and trustees. All of Tilden's kindred are generously provided for in this way: The whole estate is placed in the hands of the executors as trustees. Each heir is to receive an equal share in the line of his or her consanguinity; that is, nephews and nieces equal amounts, but they are to receive only the income derived from an equal separate, specific sum, the principal at the death to be disposed of in a manner which Bigelow could not state. None of his relatives, he said, except Mrs. Mary B. Pelton, his sister, are given any specific bequest forever. To her he bequeaths the residence, No. 38 West Thirty-eighth street, and the sum of \$100,000 to live upon. All of his real estate except this is placed in his executors' hands to be disposed of as they see fit, either by sale, rental, or exchange. Greystone and Gramercy park property falling under the same rule. The executors are first charged with the duty of setting apart for his relatives the same amount for them from which the several incomes are to be derived. This done, it becomes the duty of the executors and trustees to carry out his wishes regarding certain public beneficiaries. They are charged with the duty, first, of establishing a free library in his native village, New Lebanon, also in Yonkers, and, if in the discretion of the trustees they choose to establish a free library in this city, they may do so, and if not, they are at liberty to use the funds that a free library would cost in the promotion of the educational cause. A great deal is left to the discretion of the trustees. In general terms relations are handsomely taken care of by receipt of special incomes, which consume, Bigelow says, an amount not to exceed his estate. All the rest and residue is devoted to the public good, and the trustees are charged with the responsible duty of choosing such methods as shall prove of the greatest good to the public in the disposition of this property. The estate is not as large as estimated by some people. Its value had been placed at \$10,000,000, but Bigelow says this is double its actual value.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF FORM.

Mary Carrier sues William Benson, a Detroit capitalist, for bastardy.

An Irish loyalist delegation is coming over to explain their position.

Fowler Bros., of Chicago, lost \$13,845 in checks stolen from a messenger.

A Fairchild, Wis., Methodist church was burned down by incendiaries.

The unionists are charged with the responsibility of the Belfast riots.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund association has \$58,000 in a New York bank.

The Connecticut state democratic convention is booked for September 28th.

"Buffalo Bill" is likely to win his suit for \$15,000,000 worth of Cleveland property.

Six lumber, hardware and furniture firms failed in Boston. Combined liabilities, \$500,000.

George Lester, of the well known minstrel company, is charged by his wife with aban donment.

Miss M. Cole, of Shenandoah, Ia., jumped between the cars of a moving train and was killed. Insane.

An effort is being made to boost pine lumber prices on the strength of the Wisconsin conflagrations.

T. D. Sullivan, M. P., counsels the Irish to feed and clothe their families and pay the landlords afterwards.

Ex-Governor John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, died suddenly at his home in Covington, Ky., aged 78 years.

Zimmer, Herman & Co.'s brewery at Woodstock, Ill., burned. Loss, \$70,000.

North Carolina republicans will do without a state convention this year.

The boiler of a threshing exploded near Lake Mills, Wis., and killed Anthony Klein and his son, Joseph Lester and his boy and Joseph Haas. Two others were fatally scalded.

The state department has not received Minister Jackson's resignation, but it is earned from some outside source that Minister Jackson has for some time been anxious to be relieved, as his family are disinclined to remain in Mexico and he does not wish to be separated from them.

CUTTING'S TRIAL TAKES PLACE.

The Court Takes the Case Under Adversity for a Few Days.

El Paso dispatch: Cutting's trial took place yesterday. By advice of Consul Brigham he denied jurisdiction of the court. No evidence was introduced, but the prosecuting attorney addressed the court in Spanish, demanding Cutting be sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor, that being the longest term given by the states of Texas. He also demanded that Consul Brigham be censured for officious interference. Medina spoke in Spanish, demanding speedy punishment. Then the law student appointed by the court to defend Cutting spoke a few words, claiming Cutting did not know he was breaking Mexican laws by publishing statements in Texas, and asked the court to assess the lowest penalty. The court took the matter under advisement and said he would give judgment within fifteen days. The people in all this section are excited over the affair.

Senor Nicolas Migo, Mexican federal judge for Paso del Norte district, came from Chihuahua Wednesday night to El Paso, resident of Paso del Norte, came up on the same train and says Migo showed him a full pardon for Cutting, signed by President Diaz, and explained to him that the intention was to convict Cutting, sentence him, report the case against the president, and then have the pardon nullified. This was thought would nullify the United States without denying the right claimed by Mexico to punish Cutting. Judge Migo declined to talk.

THE NAVY'S WAR STRENGTH.

New York special: Commodore Chandler, of the navy yard, takes a happy view of the probability of a naval or military conflict between the United States and Mexico. When questioned by a reporter he pleaded ignorance of preparations being made to ship ammunition from this city to San Antonio, Texas. If it is true, he remarked, that a number of gun carriages is to be forwarded to-morrow, I know nothing of it. I do not attach any importance to the shipment of it as it is a frequent occurrence. The report that a gun was shipped from the Gulf of Mexico, I feel certain is untrue. There is neither cannon nor ammunition there. We fell easy over here on the possibility of war with Mexico. It would be a one-sided combat and no honors or credit could be claimed by this country. We are a trifle sorry for them and I dare say they know it.

"In the event of war is this country prepared?" "Decidedly. Within a fortnight after the declaration of war we could have at least a dozen war ships in the harbor of Vera Cruz and the Gulf of Mexico. The North Atlantic squadron is within easy call. The fleet is composed of the flagship Tennessee, first rate; Brooklyn, second rate; and Tawatawa, Alliance, Galena and Yantic, of the third class. Then we have at the yard here the Powhattan, Enterprise, Meteor and the new Atlanta. All of these can be gotten in readiness at short notice. The new cruiser Boston, building at Chester, could, in an emergency, be ordered to sea in a month's time.

JUMPED TO HIS DEATH.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 11.—The Times says: About 7 o'clock yesterday morning John Powers, a wealthy cattleman, killed himself by jumping from a fourth story window of the St. James hotel. Mr. Powers arrived in the city Sunday and registered at the St. James, giving his residence as Moberly, Texas. He had been drinking heavily, and at once placed himself under the care of a physician. Monday afternoon he had recovered somewhat, but his physician ordered him not to drink anything. Monday night, he is said, Mr. Powers disobeyed his physician, had a drink and fell into bed. Yesterday morning he was in a bad condition again, and was locked in his room. About 7:30 o'clock he called to a chambermaid who was passing along to unlock the door. She did not do it, and a few minutes later a porter who was standing in the basement area in the rear of the hotel saw Mr. Porter climb out of his window and attempt to grasp the waterspout which ran within a few feet of the window. He failed to catch the spout and fell to the pavement a distance of sixty feet, striking on his head and shoulder. He was dead when picked up. His body was removed to Corlies' undertaking rooms, where it was embalmed. It will be shipped to Texas to-day.

A FEW GOOD REASONS.

Twenty-six Married Men Tell Why They Married.

We lately sent out postal cards to the married men of a small town in western New York, says *Tid-Bits*, with the inquiry: "Why do you marry?" We give a few of the responses:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out. X."

"Married to get even with her mother, but never have. W."

"Because I was too lazy to work. I. V."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. C."

"The old man thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough. B."

"I was lonesome and melancholy, and wanted someone to make me lively. N. B.—She makes me very lively. D."

"I was tired of buying ice-cream and candles, and going to the theaters and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. J. C."

"Please don't stir me up. J."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. E."

"I think it was because I was cross-eyed; now I am afflicted with two pairs of cross-eyes daily. PETER."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. G."

"The governor was going to give me his foot, so I took his daughter's hand. H."

"I thought it would be cheaper than a breach of promise suit. A. C."

"That's the same old question that my friends and neighbors ask me. C. H."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with. J. D."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P. S.—She is still opposite. A."

"Don't mention it. F."

"Had difficulty unlocking the door at night, and wanted somebody to let me in. B. H."

"I was embarrassed, and gave my wife the benefit of my name so that I could take the benefit of her name signed to a check. S. H."

"Because it is just my luck. P. J."

"I didn't intend to go to do it. S."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. K. A. L."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at. OLD MAN."

"I married to get the best wife in the world. SIMON."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. I think she's got me. BLYVINS."

Pay or Pass.

There is a general interchange of passes among railroad men, and the president and vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad have passes all over the country. President Roberts is a very strict man. One stormy day in winter he got on the New York division and took a seat in the middle of the car. The conductor knew him, as we all do, and when he passed him, as he did, and he simply nodded. It was a catch, and Roberts was only trying to see if his man would break the rules and not make him show his pass. The conductor fell into the trap. When he passed through the train again, Roberts arose from his seat, and tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"See here, you have not seen my pass."

"No, sir," faltered the conductor, "but—but I know you are."

"That makes no difference," retorted Roberts with a frown; "the rules are made to be obeyed and not to be broken. The rules laid down for your guidance say that any passenger who has neither a ticket nor a pass must pay his fare or you must eject him from the train."

"I know it," replied the conductor, "but—"

"No 'buts.' Now you may go."

"I haven't seen your pass yet, though," demurely remarked the ticket-puncher, wishing to demonstrate the thoroughness of the lesson.

"That's right," replied Roberts approvingly, "make no difference between the president of the road and the poorest passenger."

THAT LOVE-MATING DAY.

Like vision elysian, A golden-haired grace, With beauty and duty, A flame in her face, Glides ever before me— A light in my way— Since she swung in the hammock That love-mating day.

All sadness to gladness, All tints to full flower, All wavings to coasters, Were changed in an hour: All nature grew radiant; Work seems to be play Since she swung in the hammock That love-mating day.

As story of glory, Enkindles the soul, Subduing and wooing, If lofty control, So she hath inspired me, That spirit so gay, Since she swung in the hammock That love-mating day.

Like vision elysian, A golden-haired grace, With beauty and duty, A flame in her face, Glides ever before me— A light in my way— Since she swung in the hammock That love-mating day.

—W. De Witt Wallace, in the *Current*.

A Painful Editorial Career.

My name is Archimedes Hardpan. Until recently I was editor of "The Wayback Horn of Plenty." My journalistic career was short, sad and painful. I am now brooding over the painful past. I have so much painful past to brood over that I haven't time to do much else.

Let the frivolous and trifling pause here and turn to another column. These remarks are not for them. They are for those who can weep a couple of tears over my painful past.

My wife's name is Maria. She is a woman of an economical turn of mind and great force of character. In her domestic walks "waste nothing" is her maxim, and her constant efforts to have me help her "waste nothing" have been the cause of much of my painful past.

The advertising patrons of "The Horn of Plenty" paid me, mainly in sad-irons, cork-screws, garden seeds, health food and a variety of other things which congress has thus far neglected to make a legal tender. In this respect my paper was truly a Horn of Plenty. It was more of the nature of a hollow horn.

My first advertising contract yielded me a dozen liver pads. I tried to trade them to the grocer for a piece of bacon, which, I thought, would give my liver more joy than a pad, but he looked at me coldly and said that liver pads had gone out of style. When Maria found them on my hands she insisted that I should wear them, and when Maria insists I usually give in to save trouble and loud talk. For twelve weeks I wore a large, scarlet-trimmed pad over an innocent and well-behaved liver. Then Maria gave the cast-off pads to the local benevolent society for the poor.

My next important contract brought me an artificial leg. That rather stumped Maria, as we were both fully supplied with legs. The old wooden limb caused her a great deal of mental pain. Sometimes she seemed to almost wish I would lose a leg somehow or other, so that the artificial limb could be turned to use. I know that she was grieving herself sick because I couldn't wear it and wouldn't try. I oft found her weeping over the old unavailing leg, and I was sorry I had told her anything about it. She worried over it for months, and then a bright idea struck her. She sent it to a dear relative on the occasion of her wooden wedding. The dear relative had a full set of legs of her own, but Maria said that did not matter, as an anniversary gift was not valued for its usefulness, but for the giver.

Then a traveling agent traded me a case of horse powders. That sort of health food nonplussed Maria for a time, as we had no horse to feed them to. She often gazed on me in a way that seemed to say I ought to end her perplexity by taking the health food myself, but she did not speak out, and I was glad. After some months I ventured to ask about the horse powders, and then Maria told me frankly she had mixed them in my griddle cakes, and that I had seemed to like them thus. She couldn't think of having them go to waste, she said, and as I complained so much about taking any little thing of that sort, she had decided to smuggle them into me in disguise.

I had another sort of respite from keeping things from going to waste, when a mustard plaster maker sent me six dozen of his biggest and strongest plasters, with a request for a write-up.

"Dear Archimedes," said Maria, with a tender look at me, "we cannot afford to waste these excellent plasters. You must let me put several of them on you every night. A man of your build and habits is liable to have some sort of sickness at any moment. These six dozen mustard plasters may save your life."

I kicked, but to no purpose. I went to bed with six or seven large, warm, thrilling mustard plasters stuck about here and there on my person. There was one on each foot, a large one covered my gothic backbone and another warmed my bosom. When all these work-made mustard plasters got to work they made things lively for poor old Archimedes Hardpan. They filled me full of intense excitement. I am a tough old fossil, but I couldn't stand a great deal of that sort of thing, so I rose up in bed with a wild, blood-chilling warwhoop and filled the air with mustard plasters.

I said "The Horn of Plenty" soon after that last painful event. Maria has given those vigorous, thrilling mustard plasters to the missionary society to send to the heathen, and when the heathen adorns himself with nine or ten of them and a stovepipe hat, and goes to church with a triumphal air, I shall want to hear how he departs himself. I am, therefore, anxiously awaiting advice from the heathen. I don't know the heathen, but I am well acquainted with those mustard plasters.—Scott Way, in *Detroit Free Press*.

A Practical Suggestion.

Mamma, what are you looking for?" asked little Mamie Flapjack of her mother, the widow Flapjack.

"I'm looking for my wedding ring. I've hunted for it high and low. I wouldn't lose it for anything."

"I wouldn't bother about it, mamma. If it comes to the worst you can get married again. That's what I'm going to do when I am a widow."—Texas *Siftings*.

PERSIAN HORSES.

Wonderful Speed or Very Short Measurements.

Mr Wolf von Schieberbrand, whose bubbling pricking letters from Persia were not relished by the subjects of the shah, is back again in the United States, and one of his early visits after his arrival in New York was at the office of *The Turf, Field and Farm*, where he got his first lessons in incisive journalism. The Persia of reality is far different from the Persia of romance and imagination. It is a land without roads and without civilization. The rough bridle paths speak unmistakably to the tourist of a non-progressive people. The saddle is in general use, and the best horses are the Arabs, and after them come the Turcomans. Some of the latter attain to great size, and are used by the rich for display. The average Turcoman is a fleet and hardy horse, capable of going from 100 to 150 miles without rest. He is educated to get along with a very little water, and to subsist on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredients of which are suet and barley-flour. When the master contemplates a raid he gradually reduces, for a period of thirty days, the food and water allowance of the horse, and thus inures it to privation. Grass does not grow in the vicinity of Teheran, and the principal food of the horse is barley, except for two months each year, when the daily ration is of herbs possessed of laxative properties.

Outside of the gates of Teheran is the race-course, the longer circuit of which is about five miles. Only one meeting is held each twelve-month, and at the beginning of the Persian New Year, the opening of spring. Arabians, Turcomans, and a cross between the Cosack and Turcoman compete, and the chief race is five circuits, or about twenty-one miles. Mr. Schieberbrand saw the distance run in 27 minutes 47 seconds. Either the time taken was not correct, or the winner was a wonderfully good horse. The purses were of gold and silver coins, tied up in little bags, which were pitched to the successful jockeys, who caught them in their turbans. No entrance fee is charged to the races, and no betting system is carried out. About two hundred thousand persons cheered the contestants, the walls of the city being dense with people. The outer walls overlook the course, and from them the spectator gets a grand view of the horses. The shah witnesses the sport from a pavilion, as do also his officers and members of the different legations. The jockeys are mainly boys, but sometimes a heavy-weight, a full-grown man, acts as pilot.

The Arab from Bagdad is prized more highly than any other breed of horses. The ordinary saddle-horse has an easy canter, and he is sure-footed, but lacks to a striking degree. The tourist has to use the lash freely to make any kind of speed between the rade stations which mark the course of the rough bridle paths.—*Turf, Field, and Farm*.

OLD WHIMSICALITIES.

Dream of eggs, sign of money. Dream of snakes, sign of enemies. Dreaming of muddy or rushing water brings trouble.

Finding a horseshoe or a four-leaved clover brings good luck. If you cut your nails or sneeze on Saturday you do it "for evil."

She who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry. If you cannot make up a handsome bed your husband will have a homely nose.

If you spill the salt some one will be "mad" with you unless you put some in the fire. Stub your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted.

If the rooster crows on the fence, the weather will be fair; if on the doorstep, he will bring company. If the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant, there will be but one pleasant Sunday during the month.

If your right ear burns, some one is praising you; if your left, your friends are raking you over the coals. Returning to the house for a moment after having once started out will bring back luck unless you sit down.

When, in dropping a fork, it strikes the floor and stands upright, it will bring a gentleman visitor; if a knife, a lady. While at the washboard, if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing, you will have a drunken husband.

If you drop your dishcloth you will have company; also if you sweep a black mark; or if two chairs stand accidentally back to back.

If a baby sees his face in the glass it will be the death of him. If his nails are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles out of bed it will save his being a fool.

Break a mirror, sign of death. Death is also foretold by a dog howling under a window; hearing a mourning dove, a strange dove hovering about, or dreaming of a white horse.

If you see the new moon through the glass you will have sorrow as long as it lasts. If you see it fair in the face you'll have a fall. Over the left shoulder had luck—over the right good luck.—*Chicago Ledger*.

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Gus De Smith, while somewhat under the influence of tonics, met Mrs. Pete Suiverly, with whom he was once on very intimate terms before she married Suiverly.

On this occasion Gus so far forgot himself as to ask Mrs. Suiverly to be his dove, his only gazelle.

"Mr. De Smith," said Mrs. Suiverly, "I am now the wife of another. It is not proper that I should listen to such suggestions from anybody but my own husband. You must remember I am a married woman."

"Well, ain't I a married man?" exclaimed Gus, who seemed to think that a mitigating circumstance.—*Texas Siftings*.