

How the Old Man Lost His Satchel.

An old man carrying a corpulent satchel disembarked from the steamer City of Cleveland one morning this week and started on his way up town. At the corner of Water street a young man in glasses rushed up to him, seized him by the arm and exclaimed:

"Ah, my dear Mr. Dumpkins. What an unexpected meeting!"

"Very unexpected, very," said the old man, wearily. "But my name is Sagsby, John K. Sagsby, of Bucyrus, O."

"A thousand pardons," said the stranger, very much mortified. "You are the very picture of him. What a misfortune to be so near-sighted!"

"Don't mention it," replied the old man, adding to himself as the spectacled gentleman disappeared around the corner, "Same old game."

At the corner of Water and Superior streets a clerical looking gentleman, with side whiskers, grasped his hand warmly and exclaimed:

"Is it possible? My old friend Sagsby of Bucyrus. It must be."

"The very same," replied the old man, "and you—why you are Sam Jimson, sure as guns," and the old man, setting down his satchel, slapped him on the back with a cordiality which loosened his back teeth.

"I—I—that is—yes, of course," stammered the side-whiskered gentleman. "And how is dear old Bucyrus getting on?"

"Bully," replied the old man, taking the other's arm with a grip that made him wince. "And just to think that you are Sam Jimson that used to come and see my sister Maria years and years ago."

"And Marie, how is she doing?" asked the stranger eagerly. "Tell me of the companion of my boyhood days."

"Dead," replied the old man in a choking voice. "Dead and gone."

"Dead?" cried the other, taking out his handkerchief and swabbing his eyes. "No, no. It cannot be. Maria dead? How inexpressibly sad. Cut down in her blooming womanhood like a tender flower. Pardon my excess of grief. When did the sad event take place?"

"Let me see," said the old man, tightening his grip on the other's arm. "That was in the spring of '62. She was just 2 years and 3 months old the day she died. Cholera infantum was what did it. Cut down, as you remarked, in her blooming womanhood like a tender flower."

"I—I guess I'll have to leave you now," said the gentleman of the side whiskers, struggling to get away. "I have an appointment across the river."

"So have I," said the old man, "and on the way we'll talk about that \$25 I loaned you when you came up to Cleveland? Haven't got it with you? Well, perhaps that policeman across the street yonder will lend it to you. Suppose we—"

But just at this point the clerical-looking gentleman slipped out of his coat, galloped off down Superior street, turned under the Viaduct and disappeared.

"Cur'us," muttered the old man, going through the coat to see if there was any change in the pockets. "This is the third time, and they always leave me just when the conversation is at the most interesting point. Guess they'll leave me alone after this. Hello! Where's my satchel? Where's my—"

But it was gone. The young man in spectacles had not been idle.—*Cleveland Sentinel.*

Was St. Patrick a German.

Karl Blind, in an interesting essay in the *Neue Freie Presse*, denies that the ancient "Feinier" were Irishmen in the present sense of the word. "The old Fenian heroes," he says, "as we see them in the poems that have come down to us in Celtic language, are evidently no Celts or Celt-Ibernians. They are described as golden-haired, red-cheeked, blue-eyed and white-skinned. They drank beer out of drinking-horns." He contends that no ethnographer will doubt that the men so described can have been any other race except the German. The true "Fenians" were, consequently, Teutons—let us say "Saxons"—who forced their way into Ireland and filled it with their fame at some pre-historic date! But this conclusion does not rest on the ethnographical type of the Fenians alone; there are philological evidences to its probability. Words plainly German—such as "fetzen" for instance—are found embedded in the midst of the Celtic texts. "St. Patrick himself," says Herr Blind, "was not an Irishman by birth.—*St. James's Gazette.*

She was Engaged.

"Ma can't see you," said a Cass avenue girl of 10 as a peddler ascended the front steps.

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir, but she is very busy."

"Will you ask her to step to the door?"

"No, sir. She's up stairs trying on her bathing suit before the big mirror. When she gets it on she is going to pose. If she looks statuesque we're going to the sea-shore. If she just seems to be common we're going out in the country to Uncle William's. Please go away and don't disturb the poses."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA.

He is Presented with a Sword of Honor by an Envoy from Queen Victoria.

Capt. Harrison Smith, paymaster, R. N., was sent by her majesty's government to the king of Abyssinia to present to him a letter and sword of honor from her majesty the queen. On April 10, says the captain, we arrived suddenly in sight of the king's camp and Lake Ashangi. As we neared camp we were met by the soldier whom I had sent on. The king requested me to come at once to him. The soldier added that the king had threatened to punish him should he fail to bring me into camp that evening; but he begged me to wait a few minutes, till an escort of two hundred men should arrive to accompany me. The officer commanding the escort informed me that they had been ordered to conduct me directly to the king.

I was obliged to change clothes on the road, unpack the letters from her majesty and Lord S. and the swords for the king and his son. These proceedings entertained the soldiers greatly. The soldiers took up a sort of formation in the center of which I and the persons who were instructed to carry the presents rode. Thus we crossed a plain, and then climbed the hill on which the king is building a new palace. There I was the beholder of many hundreds, having dismounted and walked to the door of the coked-roofed building in which his majesty was seated.

About to enter I was abruptly stopped, because at the last moment the king had sent for a chair, which had not yet arrived. The chair was brought and placed with its back against the pole which supports the roof in the center, and exactly facing the king. As usual he was seated on an angerib (a sort of bedstead), supported on either side by a large cushion. On my entering he extended his arm to its full length, and received me in the most cordial manner, with his shamma nearly down to his waist.

At first I thought he was beckoning me to a chair, to which his outstretched hand was pointing, but I soon perceived his meaning, and having taken his hand and bowed, I presented her majesty's letter, enveloped in an imposing embroidered cover which I had brought from Cairo, and which appropriately had a gold lion resembling the king's seal worked in the center. Then I laid before the king the sword in its case with the lid opened, and afterward the sword for his son, Ras Aria Selassie. At the conclusion of the brief announcement with which I accompanied each presentation the king bowed and expressed thanks. He then said he had ordered a camp to be prepared for me, and that I must go and rest. I found a large, but very thin tent pitched, and furnished with an angerib covered with a carpet and having the two usual cushions. Other carpets were laid on the ground, and for some time I sat in state till my escort was marched off, and I was left only with the small guard.

In the evening presents of goods, consisting of a cow, bread, ghee, tedge (liquor made from honey), red pepper, firewood, and fireplaces, and a spoon for my use arrived, and were continued regularly during my stay.

On April 15 the king came. He wanted to know why duties were imposed. I replied that his merchants had never requested that they (the duties) might be remitted.

On the 19th I called on the king at 7 A. M. Talked and wrote an addition to the letter for the queen. Then was taken out and arrayed with shirt and trousers. I do not mean that at the time I wrote neither of these useful articles, but these were special garments of honor. I was also presented with a lion's mane, the king's own mare, a horse, a mule, twenty-one spears, and a shield. At 11:20 got on the march, and continued till 5:40, when we reached our old camp near Bebbah.—*London News.*

Katy Did.

Katy did! I am surprised
To hear such a thing of her!
Never her own love disguised!
Never made the last demur!
No! He kissed her finger-tips,
Like a knight who'd favor won;
Then he kissed her on her lips—
Katy! Katy! And what then?
Katy did! Pray tell it all
If you will, and I will hear!
Well, at first I heard him call
Her his "love" and "Katy dear."
And she said: "My dearest John,
Do you not know it is a sin?"
And then—well, she kissed him on
His lips once—and once again.
Katy did! How dreadful! And
You beheld it all, you say!
Yes—he held her by the hand,
And they came this very way!
In a leafy bower above
Like a thief the while I hid,
But I heard him say "My love!"
And she kissed him—Katy did.
—*Helen A. Mansfield.*

Why He Knew.

"So, Uncle Jack you don't much believe in the idea that men are called to preach?"

"Well, sah de Lawd mout call some niggers ter preach, but that sorter 'peers ter me dat whar de Lawd calls one old man Lasness calls er dozen. Nine nigger preaches outen ten is de ladies' pussens in de worl'."

"How do you know, Uncle Jack?"

Case I'as er preacher merse't, sah."
—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Singular Adventure.

A gentleman stopping at a summer boarding-house near this place for the season had a singular and unpleasant adventure yesterday afternoon while out driving, writes a Rockland Lake, N. Y., correspondent of the *New York Times*. He had been to Nyack, about four miles distant, and returned by what is known as the old Rockland Lake road, a highway partly abandoned now by travelers between the places named. While driving down one of the rough hills with which the road abounds the tire one of the wheels of his buggy broke, and he at once stopped his horse so as to make temporary repairs that might last until he reached his destination. He led the horse to one side of the road, close to an old stone fence, so that approaching vehicles from either direction might pass, the road being very narrow at that point. After working for a very short time he succeeded in fastening the tire temporarily in place with a strap, and jumped in the buggy to drive on. Just after he had taken his seat he was sure he felt something moving under the blanket which was on the cushion, and he put his hand down to raise up one side of it when he touched the cold and clammy body of a snake. He jumped up instantly and grasped the whip, determined to kill the reptile. He then had an opportunity to get a good view of the snake, and found it was a large and poisonous copperhead, which had doubtless crawled into the wagon from the stone fence where the man had stopped to fix his broken tire. He struck at the venomous reptile, and the snake at the same time sprang toward him, but he was knocked aside by the blow from the whip, and landed in the bottom of the buggy at the man's feet. The man jumped at once to the ground, and picking up a large stone stepped up into the buggy from the other side. The snake, apparently very angry, darted his forked tongue at the man, but a hard blow from the stone prevented his further fighting, and the man finished him in short order. The man, although not at all cowardly, was considerably shocked by his adventure, and he says he will never forget it. He threw the snake out of his wagon, and after he had told his friends of his fight, some boys went after the dead reptile and exhibited it in the village.

Advantages of Staying in Town.

Assuredly one of the advantages of staying in town lies in the fact that you have not to come back. If the act of starting is depressing, that of returning is equally so. And it is so, not only because the process of unpacking is about as tedious as its contrary, but because one is no sooner in one's favorite chair than one realizes how futile has been one's absence from it. Those who stay at home have at least this satisfaction—that they have no regrets that they have been pursuing the even tenor of their way. They have been enjoying themselves after their own fashion. But, on the other hand, how transient is the impression made upon the holiday-taker! There is nothing more doleful in the annual flight from home than the rapidity with which it leaves the memory. No sooner has one set one's foot within one's own doorway than one drops at once into the old habits both of act and thought. The interval since we left appears a dream. We can scarcely believe we have been away. It seems only yesterday since we set out on our pilgrimage. And now all is over. It is a sad reflection. It may be said: "At least we have had a change, and will be the better for it." And physically, we may, though that is by no means certain. But mentally—not much. It is both singular and melancholy that when we resume our ordinary course of life it should be with so little recollection of the immediate past—so small a sense of permanent refreshment.—*London Globe.*

The Widow.

The other day a very dainty young woman in black, with a mourning veil—not too mourning, just about mourning enough—so draped as to set off her shapely head and neck to advantage, entered a large stationary store on Washington street and said sweetly to a clerk behind the counter:

"Do you have all kinds of mourning cards?"

"Yes'm; we have the cards, and can get them engraved for you."

"Oh, I don't want the kind they get engraved—I want playing cards, you know."

"Mourning playing cards?"

"Why, yes, don't you think they would be real nice and tasty?"

The clerk was obliged to confess that the trade hadn't yet reached the point of supplying playing cards with mourning borders for bereaved lovers of whist and draw poker, and the lady left the store visibly disappointed.—*Boston Record.*

In a Bad Fix.

Fashionable Lady—Don't you think, doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering place for my health?

Doctor—Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique.

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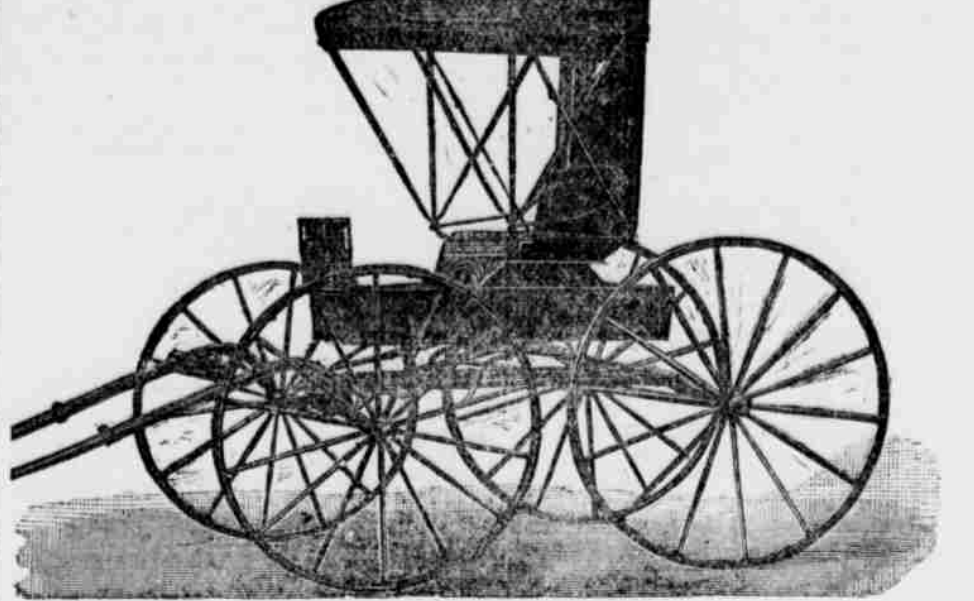
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