

The Hack Writer.

The hack writer in a country town is rather a pleasant fellow who wears dingy clothes and whose shirt bosom is stained with the blubbery spray from a large quid of tobacco. He has expressed so many opinions for other people that he has none of his own. He does nearly all the writing for the local paper, but gets no credit and but little pay for it. During the county political campaign, he writes communications for both parties. Ask a man who the hack writer is and he answers: "Oh, that's old Tom So-and-So. Sort of a literary man. Writes death verses and political editorials. Putty sharp feller, but he don't amount to anything. Never had a dollar in his life." Some one meets the hack writer and asks:

"Tom, are you busy?"
"No; why?"
"Wanted you to do a little writing for me."

"All right."
"Did you see the last issue of the Horse-Fly? Jim Dickleson comes out and gives me fits. I want you to write me an article that will tear him all to pieces. Come around to my office."

Several days afterward, Jim Dickleson meets the hack writer and says: "Did you see Lagson's come back at the article you wrote for me?"

"Yes, believe I did."
"Well, I want you to burn him up. Come on around to my office. I'll pay you for it."

The hack writer soon has about a column and a half of vituperation.

"How do you like that?" he asks, when he has read it to Dickleson.

"First rate. About how much do you think it is worth?"

"I don't know."
"Set your price on it."

"I don't like to price another man's work."

"But I don't know how much it is worth to you."

"Well, will seventy-five cents be about right?"

"Yes, I reckon so."
"Here's your money."

The hack writer is always ready to represent any paper at a press convention, but he never goes on press excursions. When asked why he cannot go, he replies:

"I cannot spare the time."
"Oh, you can spare three or four days. We'll have a first-class time, and will get out rates at the hotels."

"I don't mind the expense, but I really cannot spare the time."

Just then a man calls the hack aside and says: "I have just received a cutting letter, and I want you to answer it for me. Come on, dash it off, and then I'll set up the drinks."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A Midsummer-Day's Dream.
All summer long I have plied the law,
I really think I must recruit,
I dream I hear the ocean's roar
While in the courts I press my suit.

The tailor duns me for his score;
I need new tennis clothes for boot,
I'll boldly walk into the store
And have him press my last year's suit.

Ah! then I'll seek that ocean's shore,
Deserting courts, both real and moot;
I'll learn another kind of love,
As by her side I press my suit.

—*George E. Thompson, in Life.*

A Notable Event.
The biggest colored wedding ever witnessed in Louisiana was that celebrated at Soulouque plantation, in Iberville Parish, recently. Few white weddings compare with it. There was a special train from this city for the invited guests, a string band imported especially for the occasion and refreshments by the first restaurateur in New Orleans. By day the mansion of the bride's father was a mass of natural flowers; by night the grounds were lighted with lanterns and Japanese fire. All the cream of colored society graced the occasion and not a few white persons of standing were among the guests. As for the dresses, few ball-rooms have seen any thing finer or tastier.

The contracting parties were Miss Eladie Allain, daughter of a member of the Louisiana legislature, and Prof. Palmerston Landry, of Mansfield College, another legislator. The bride's father, originally a slave and coachman, bore in those days the name of Soulouque. He has not altogether forgotten that time, for his sugar plantation, one of the handsomest and prettiest in Louisiana, still recalls the old slave days in its name—Soulouque—whereas he himself is to-day Hon. Theophile Allain. Every prominent negro politician in the United States was invited to this event, and nearly all sent presents or congratulatory telegrams.—*Charleston Courier.*

Shears or Pair of Shears.
Perhaps some of our readers are critical enough in the use of language to decide whether the customer or the clerk was right in the following dialogue:

Customer (to clerk in hardware store):—"Show me a small, low-priced shears."

Clerk (facetiously):—"Perhaps you mean a pair of shears."

Customer (severely):—"I mean precisely what I said."

Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article):—"Are there not two blades here? and don't two make a pair?"

Customer (triumphantly):—"You have two legs. Does that make you a pair of men?"

The shears were done up in profound silence.—*The Homestead.*

Some Summer Girls.

The unlucky girl who is one of six or seven big sisters.

The giddy girl who wears short skirts, tight shoes and dotes on Saratoga.

The elephantine girl who bowls twice a day in an ineffectual effort to reduce her weight.

The engaged girl who, with an anxious air, is always expecting a telegram from "him."

The envious New York girl, who has more stylish dresses than anyone else in the house.

The subdued girl with older sisters who wishes they would marry off and let her have a chance.

The lively Atlantic City girl, whose craze is caramels, and who thinks the sweetest thing in life is dancing on the pier.

The sensible, modest girl who believes herself and will be married well when all the reigning belles will have become old maids.

The ingenious girl who, in the absence of young men, flirts with the hotel clerk and bathing-master just to keep her hand in.

The smart New England girl who goes botanizing and paralyzes the young men with long, Latin names.

The ugly girl, with a blue-blood pedigree, at Mount Desert, to whom every nice young man has to be presented as soon as he arrives.

The stupendous girl, in a lichen-green costume and a Rembrandt hat, who carries her chin in air on the front seat of a Newport drag.

The eccentric girl who sits on the bench at Sea Girl alone, or wanders in the woods and doesn't seem to want to know a soul in the house.

The shapely girl at Narragansett Pier who looks best in her bathing suit and spends her afternoons in the water or lounging on the sand.

The athletic girl who is camping in the Adirondacks, who has cultivated her muscles by smashing the pestiferous insects that abound there.

The inexperienced girl who is tickled by the attentions of a played-out beau, and thinks the other girls are jealous when they advise her to discourage them.

The happy girl who went to Europe early in the season and slipped several nice Paris dresses through the Custom-house, in which she now flourishes superbly.

The flirtatious girl who goes boating with gallants without a chaperone at Lake George and has been doing so for successive seasons without any appreciable result.

The desperate girl nearing 30, with an extra bottle of Bloom of Youth and a trunk-load of juvenile sashes, who feels that "now or never" is the time to decide her fate.

A sentimental girl who carries a yellow-covered novel to the breakfast table at Cape May, and whose stock of conversation is confined to a rehearsal of the latest silly fiction.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Going to a Wedding.

A young professor in an Illinois university was engaged to be married to the daughter of a wealthy farmer living in one of the eastern counties of the state. On the day of the wedding the bridegroom was driven in a buggy through a country road in the direction of his prospective father-in-law's house.

Not being familiar with the neighborhood he stopped in front of a dilapidated log cabin and inquired of a hank man who was leaning against a rail fence:

"Is this the way to Mr. Poddler's?"
The hank man hitched up his trousers and said:

"Be you going to Poddler's?"
"Yes."

"That's where the doin's is to-night. His daughter's going to be hitched."

"Yes."

"Who is she goin' to git?"
"A man named Tompkins," said the blushing bridegroom.

"Is he any good?"
"Pretty poor stick, I've been told."

"Has he got any style?"
"Not much."

"Well," said the old man, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad he's such a poor stick, for my gals has got an invite to the weddin', an' I hear nobody could go that couldn't eat with their forks. My gals can't eat with their forks, but I reckon I'll let 'em go. Poddler's is two miles ahead."—*Terre Haute Express.*

A Problem Solved.

Mother—"Carrie, if you don't study harder at school I'll have to tell your pa. Mr. Nicofellow says he has to keep you in every afternoon."

Carrie—"I study hard enough, but when it comes to recitation I always miss somehow—except when I forget."

"Forget what?"
"Forget to miss."

"I really can't understand you, child."

"Well, you see, we're—we're engaged now."—*Omaha World.*

Tonsorial Item.

An elderly gentleman, on whose head only a few lonesome hairs lingered, entered a drug store and said to the clerk:

"I want to buy a hair brush."

"For your own use?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter with a tooth brush?"—*Texas Siftings.*

DOMESTIC HINTS.

STEWED STEAK.

Take some slices of beef, pepper and salt them well, slice up a couple of onions thin and lay a piece or two of the steak at the bottom of a clean saucepan, then some of the onion and on that more steak, and so on alternately till you have put all in; shake and turn it about frequently to keep it from burning; let it stew in its own gravy all the meat becomes tender; then take off all the fat from the top, mix some flour in two tablespoonfuls of water and pour it gradually into the stew; stir well and when it boils up good remove from the fire and serve.

STEWED VEAL.

Lay a knuckle of veal in a saucepan with two blades of mace, an onion, a small whole pepper and some salt, with two quarts of water; cover it close and let it simmer for two hours.

BEEF BROTH.

Take a leg of beef, cut it in pieces, put it into a gallon of water, skim it, put in two or three blades of mace, some parsley and a crust of bread; boil till the beef is tender, toast bread and cut into dice, put it in a dish, lay in the beef and pour on the broth.

MIXED VEAL.

Cut the meat from the bones, and having minced it very fine with a small piece of lemon peel, grate over it a little nutmeg, sprinkle on some pepper and salt. Put the bones into a saucepan with a large onion chopped fine and water enough to moisten well; thicken with a little flour and butter and serve on buttered toast.

HARICOT MUTTON.

Make a good gravy by boiling the trimmings, seasoning it with pepper and salt. Strain and add carrots, parsnips and onions previously boiled tender. Slice them in, then pepper and salt the mutton, broil it brown; put it into the gravy along with the vegetables, and stew all together ten minutes.

BOILED CARROTS.

Scrape and wash them, then split them in two, if very large, into four, and cut them across; they require long boiling to make them soft.

TAPIoca PUDDING.

Take six tablespoonfuls of tapioca and soak it in milk for some hours before you intend to use it; when you are going to make your pudding, put the tapioca into a quart of milk, place it on the fire, and, as soon as it boils, sweeten it to your taste and let it simmer for a quarter of an hour. Pour into a basin and stir in a little fresh butter and three eggs well beaten. Bake one half hour.

LEMON PUDDING.

Take the yolks of six eggs well beaten, with a quarter of a pound of sugar; take a quarter of a pound of butter melted in as little water as possible; keep stirring it until cold; then mix all together with the juice of two lemons and the grated peel. Cover the dish with a thin puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake for half an hour.

CREAM SALAD.

Shave one-half head of cabbage, take three tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, salt and pepper to taste, one-half pint of vinegar. Mix thoroughly.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls each of butter and lard, three eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to roll well. Cut into shape and fry in boiling lard.

SPONGE CAKE.

One-half pound of sugar, three eggs, one-quarter pound of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-quarter cup of sweet milk. Bake in slow oven.

English, You Know.

When a man wears a collar that's high, And a round piece of glass on his eye, A coat—long as coats go, And white garters that cover each foot, Till he looks like a Chinaman's foot, Why, it's English you know.

She Did Not Wilt.

"Why, Ashley, old man, you look dejected. What's the matter with you, old fellow?"

"To tell the truth, old chap, I do feel rather rocky. Do you know, I've just had the most painful experience of my life?"

"Indeed, now you don't say so, dear boy. Well, I'm sorry for that. Come, now, how was it then?"

"Why, it was Miss Taberose, you know. I've been dead gone on her almost ever since I first knew her, and this forenoon, do you know, I plucked up courage and proposed. I flatter myself I did it in style, too. We were out walking on the rocks together, and when we came to a lovely, secluded spot I dropped my handkerchief on the ground, knelt gracefully down upon it, and told her all my undying passion. 'Beauteous creature,' said I with fervor, 'your eyes are bright as shining stars, and pierce my very soul. Your cheek is as the wild blush-rose, your brow as alabaster fair. My love for you shall never die, but I can and shall unless I have your pity and you, love, Oh, angel of my heart, wilt thou be mine?' That's what I said. Sort of blank verse, you see. Rather a neat proposal, too, I flatter myself. Don't you think so?"

"Perfectly immense, dear boy. Perfectly immense. And did she wilt? What did she say?"

"Oh, that's the trouble. She said 'Chestnut.'"—*Somerville Journal.*



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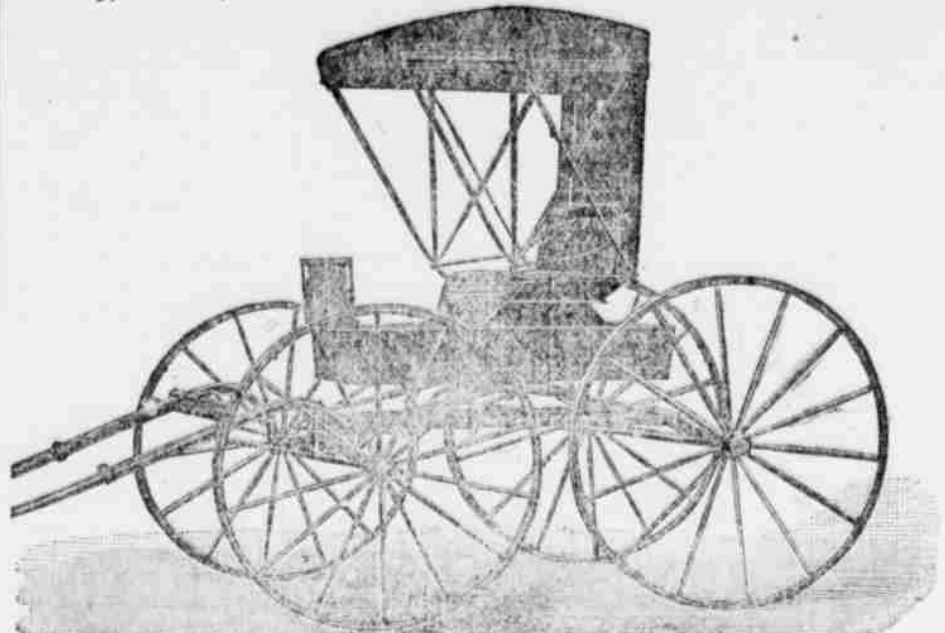
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