I drank in the glories before me, As only a thirsty soul can; I feasted my eyes upon beauty, Surpassing endeavors of man.

The artist supreme held the palette, The canvas was wide and high, The colors were perfectly blended. The theme was the sunset sky.

Afar shone the beautiful river, Reflecting the glow of the skies, A-near rose the pride of the forest, Afiame with autumnal dyes. This picture is mine, I whispered.

To have and to hold for aye,

No price have I paid—for the Master

Bestows what we never could buy.

Harriet Nevell Swa wick in the Current.

### HER BOATMAN.

It was a moonlight night. The river, dark and sullen, moved in its rocky bed like some gigantic serpent half overcome by the lethargy of sleep.

Here and there the moonbeams fell apon the surface of the water, great spots of silvery whiteness, amidst the dark shadows east by the heavy foliage of the cedar shrubbery which grew between the almost perpendicular rocks of the high banks.

Fifty feet above the surface of the water they reared themselves, and at one point they jutted forward as if to salute each other, while the river beneath them deepened and narrowed.

At this point a bridge had once been thrown across-a bridge which had become a complete ruin, one timber alone remaining to mark the spot. one long and narrow beam-it could not have been more than six inches in widthstill maintained its place, and in mute language informed the stranger that once there had been connection between Rocky Hill and the mountains on the other side.

Upon the surface of the river there was a small rowboat, containing a slender, crouching form wrapped in a dark elosk.

From the top of the bank upon either side this rowboat would have been invisible, but it was there, making its way up and down past the rocky buttress which upheld the beam, always avoiding the moonlit spots upon the

The sounds of carousal were usurping the place of the quiet of the night, the drunken jest and the course laughter breaking in upon the sentimental notes of "Home, Sweet Home" sung. you would have averred, by some lonely youth who was far from the scenes of his boyhood-came plainly to the ears of this silent watcher upon the river, who, it seemed, could not tear herself away from the sounds which came from the saloon upon the river's bank. Once only did the moonbeams fall

upon her fair, upturned face. It was the face of a woman who should never have been in that wild, a voice that had grown to address her contact. with refined words which were the cruelist of the cruel, waiting there up-

Muriel Warner was the daughter of wealthy parents. She had married, when very young, a man whom she had worshipped as the embodiment of manly worth and the perfection of manly beauty. Friends and relatives had crowded about her with envious congratulations, and for a time her

life was perfect happiness. But a change had come. Fred Warner was not what he had seemed. Only a few short weeks of happiness, and the handsome husband plunged into the wildest dissipation. Friends remained to her as long as the money remained, and then they began to hint that perhaps Muriel was not altogether

This was something which the spirited wife could not stand. She broke with relatives and friends, and clung to the dissipated man who was her husband. From one city to another he had dragged her with him, and now he had deserted her and she had followed him.

His was the cultured voice, which warbled of "Hom2, Sweet Home." while his wife was a penniless, halfcrazed creature, out upon the river.

And she was penniless, for, regardless of food or shelter, she had paid out her last cent for the use of the boat which brought her, unseen, yet nearer to him. A quick, sharp report broke in up-

on the mellow voice of the singer. It was repeated again and again. It was the report of a revolver. Meriel could hear the excited shouts,

the heavy trampling of feet, the banging of a door, and then the weird cry, "Murder!" Half paralyzed, the frightened wo-

man rested upon her oars just under the beam which had once belonged to the old bridge. The sound of heavy feet, rapidly approaching, came from the bank

close at hand, and then a dark form

rushed out between her and the moonlit sky above her. It was a man's figure, and he was attempting to cross the river upon the

narrow beam. hurried feet followed him to the river's that rare but delicious creature, a

"Stop!" shorted a voice. "I arrest

you for murder " No reply can te from the escaping

figure, which sped nimbly along its narrow way. A sharp chorus of revolvers follow-

ed; shot after shot was fired, and then drowned state. the dark figure wavered, the hands grasped wildly at the air, and then there was a fall. The water deluged Muriel with a

shower of drops as the body entered the water. Shouts and the exultant re- man. treating voices held her attention until she felt something creeping into the boat behind her. She turned and uttered a faint

shrick. A man, and more than likely the murderer, had taken possession of her

little craft.

"Give me the oars," said a storn, murical voice.

"Y vir are not wear at hear," at said, saraking away from the drapping

"I am not woundled." returned the voice, and then s lentl the boat was mur-

the stream. Moment after moment crent by The moon went down, narkness fell entirely over the singgish waves of the river, and yet the strange pair were

The high banks d sapp ared, the stream grew narrower, and at length

the stranger drew the boat close up to "Madam," said the figure, bending close up to Muriel, "tell me what you

think about this affair." "I think that you have shot some one," replied Muriel, awakening partially from the tran-clike feeling

which had erept over her-"You are right. To night I became the murderer of Fred. Warner.

"Fred. Waraer is my husband, and l was on the river listening to his voice, she said in the same calm ton :. "You will listen to his voice no more

The woman that he brought to Rocky hill is my w fe. And then Mariel knew the name of the man who had rowed her boat that

It was Ralph Ressegu'e, the banker and the millionaire, whose home and happiness her husband had rained. She had never met him before, but she had heard often of his generosi y

and of his great wealth. "God have merey to-night upon four of his miserable creatures," she said

still calmly.
"Three," corrected Resseguie, grim-"Muriel Warner I know the entire history of your life. I learned it while I was hunting your husband down. I ask no sympathy. I have done a deliberate murder. I do not wish you to conceal the mode of my escape. Fred. Warner was your husband. He would have returned to you after a time. I have made this impossible. You have neither home nor friends. I have money, the accursed stuff with which I bought my false wife. In a short time I shall be hung for this murder. I have no relatives upon whom to bestow my wealth. It will all go to strangers. Accept this packet, then; it is yours to do with as you think best, and I cannot but be thankful for the chance which

has thrown you in my way. A packet dropped into Muriel Warner's lap as these words were spoken. The boat rocked slightly as the tall figure sprang upon the shore, and then she was alone in the darkness upon the

After this she wandered about the world, a woman whose life and feelings seemed benumbed forever. She knew what had happened at Rocky hill, but she had no desire to return there and gaze upon the dead face of her husband. She had no wish to return to the friends who had grown cold when misfortune come upon her. Sha knew that Ralph Resseguie had made her a wealthy woman, but she felt none of the scruples which she once would have felt about accepting his money.

She never spoke of that night in the lonely spot. I stening for the sound of boat with any to whom she came in

She never heard whether Ralph Resseguie was enplured or not. She never on that lonely river, for -she knew not knew what became of his miserable

Her past life seemed a half forgotter dream, and she was only dimly conscious of the real ty of anything.

At thirty-five years of age Murie Warner was a beautiful and cultured woman. She had visited nearly all the countries of the Old World. Acqua ntances she made, but never friends, and these often wondered when in reply to

their inquiries she would say: "I never read a newspaper. I never write nor rece ve a letter.

But her time of awakening came, and the one to stir the dorm int emotions of her woman's heart was a stranger, and a man-It was at the Bahama Island where

she first met Norman Van Ness. He was forty years of age-a Hercules in the fullness of his manhood.

and he seemed to be attracted, pay, to

love Ler from the very lirst. Her deep blue eves soon grew to watch for him, and became soft and tender beneath the 1 ght in his dark ones, and with the growth of her new love many of the feelings of her youth came back to her.

Father and mother, long forgotten, became dear once more to her, and often she caught herself thinking.

"If he ever speaks, and if after I have told him all, we are ever married, I will get him to take me home to my parents

But he did not speak. Weeks grew into months, and the longed-for lovewords never came. Muriel's heart again began quivering with pain. She knew not that its numbness had de-

parted forever. Sometimes she felt that she ought to move on; to get away from influences which more likely would prove saddening to her, but she could not at once

bring herself to do this. While she was debating the subject in

her mind the cris s came. A storm had been sweeping over the Bahamas, a vessel was going to pieces upon the reaf. Muriel was out upon the wave-washed shore, her eyes bright and her cheeks rosy with excitement. Her golden brown hair had been loos-Excited shouts and the tramp of ened by the driving wind, and she was

woman beautiful when she is mature. Norman Van Ness was by her side, and Muriel expressed a wish to row out near to the life-saving boats. which were battling with the waves and overladen with human beings whom they had rescued in a half-

"Let me be your boatman," pleaded Van Ness, and Muriel could not repress her thoughts which whispered to her of that long-forgotten night when her cent. husband's murderer had been her boat-

The strong man took his place at the oars. Out over the waters they rowed together, the dreadful past rising so | Press. strong before the woman that she had no thought of the man so near her.

"Muriel," said he, in a low voice: "Muriel, Muriel, I love you, but I have no right to say these words to you. Muriel, have you never thought that I News. might be Ralph Resseguie?"

"Can it be?" she said, slowly. "I did not see your face by daylight, you

"Yes, it is I, a married man and a murderer; but still I love you, Mu-"And I love you," she said in a tone of despair.

They were nearing the life-boats now, and one of the crew shouted: "Van Ness," we cannot go back just ret, and here is a man and woman who need immediate attention, if they are not already dead. We will put them in your boat, and you can take hem ashore.

Ready hands laid the dripping bodies in the bottom of the boat, and with strong strokes and averted head Ralph Resseguie pulled for the shore. When they were nearing land be

planced for the first time at his burden.

"My God, my wife!" he cried.

"And Fred. Warner," sald Muriel, with a thrill of relief and horror. It was true. Fred. Warner had not fied, and the deed which had made hese two wanderers upon the face of he earth, had been a farce, after all, The days of the guilty pair on earth were numbered. Mabel Resseguie never recovered consciousness. Fred. Warner lived a few days, long enough to ask the forgiveness of the two he

had wronged, and then expired. Ralph Resseguie and Mur.el Warer were married and returned to Muriel's old home, where, in the sunshine of happiness, the dark days of their lives were forgotten. - Chicago Mail

#### Art in New York Salcons.

What with turning groggeries into art galleries, confronting the customer with mahogany and mirors at every turn, and even abolishing the bar itself and compelling him to drink at a sideboard, the drinker must begin to feel compelled to maintain his dignity and experience much discomfort at the thought of behaving improperly in the presence of such elegant furniture. Mahogany has become so common as to be vulgar, and piano-makers recognizing the fact, long since abandoned the brighter shades in cases, and now put out only dark structures in this wood. But the saloons are catching this point, too, and at least one down town l quor dealer has modeled his business place accordingly. Instead of brilliant mahogany the interior walls are sheathed with subdued walnut. In other respects this saloon is unique. It is very small, about twenty feet by eighteen, but it is divided into three departments: Bar proper, soda-water and other temperance drinks, and c gars. Besides these there is a special desk for the cash er, and a little private office. The bar proper is separated by partitions from the other departments, and a fat, gorgeously-arrayed cash boy travels between it and the eashier for the convenience of customers who are disinclined to walk across the room. There are stock and news tickers in the corners, one or two comfortable arm-chairs, a shelf full of directories, and the polite attendants. Incandescent lamps, in clusters, illume the place. A particularly interesting feature of the furnishings is the cigar-case. The glass panels, instead of being fastened into nickel-plated brass ralls, are inserted in pearl rails, which glisten and glow with all the colors of the prism. But the most interest ug thing of all about this little establishment is that it is on that acre of land that is the most valuable property in the country, and it is frequently asserted that no site in the world is rated higherthe immediate neighborhood of the stock-exchange along Wall from Broad street to Broadway. - Cor. Indianapolis

The Principal Topic of 1386. "In the retrospect of the year just closed the most prominent topic of public thought which appears is the Labor question," says The New York World, "Numerous strikes, large and small, have occurred. Several of them mering away in the region of the heart; were of great importance. The whole a blow under the chin or behind the business of the country felt the effect car will knock out a man quicker than of the railroad strike in the Southwest, and the wholesale trade of St. Lon s was in large part suspended for weeks. The vast packing houses of Chicago were twice closed, and in the later instance the mil tary were called upon to preserve order. The people of this kept hammering away at that spot. city and of Brooklyn were seriously incommoded more than once by 'Tieups" of the street railways. The list of these interruptions in the regular course of things m ght be extended in-

definitely. "All this has involved a great loss both to capital and in wages, but it is not without its compensating features. The employed have in consequence, as a class, a clearer insight of the fact that there are influences which regulate earnings which employers cannot alter. and that it is futile to ask more than a business will justify. The employers on the other hand have a better understanding of the importance of paying fair prices and of extending considerate treatment generally to their men. It appears that these descriptions of wisdom cannot be acquired without being paid roundly for. There has been an important acquisit on of this character. and matters rest on a better basis than they did a year ago. It has been pretty well established that neither injustice nor violence is a wise quality.'

# Not a Monoply.

"Bub, what does your father do?" inquired a farmer of a lad who had 'caught a bob' on his sleigh.

"On the railroad," was the reply. "Then you git off or I'll lay the whip on you! Railroads are blamed monopolies!

But my father's a brakeman, and he's just had his pay reduced ten per "Oh, well, that alters the case, and

you may stick. I've just lost a bag of

# The Truth, the Whole Truth, Etc.

A man may sit in your office all day and not be a bore, provided he will listen while you talk .- New Haven

#### CULTURE OF THE TOES.

How Young People Are Specially Educated in the Graces of Dancing,

While all other sorts of education are going on, the culture of the toes of the rising generation is also receiving instruction. There are in this city quite a number of private instructors in dancing, and two regularly established "academies."

"Dancing is coming into favor again," said Mrs. E. V. Thomas, to a reporter, "especially since skating rinks have gone out. At what age may children begin taking lessons? I should say at 5 years. I have some years old, but they are exceptions; 5 is early enough. Children are very apt scholars. I class them as children up to 15-above that they are ladies and gentlemen. I start them first with and and feet positions, a very necesary thing, A great many children, like grown persons, don't know how to use these members. Instruction of this kind makes them easy and graceful. It is also a gymnastic training that improves the r health. Most of my scholars take but one lesson in a week, and any ordinarily bright child can be taught to waltz in two months. B fore they get to the wallz they are, of course, taught plain polkas, with reverse, Highland schottische, and the Danish polks, which is next to the waltz as a difficult movement. Its movement is much like that of the waltz. One of my specialties is the cadet schottische. It is on the military order. They are at once interested in it, and learn it rapidly. I have a great many more girls than boys. Boys do not take to dancing, preferring skating and more active exercise. Besides this, small boys are timid about girls. They grow

out of it as they get older. "Dancing is rapidly acquired. It is astonishing how much a child will learn in three or four weeks. Grown people may learn as quickly, but are not so graceful; it is more of an effort for them. The children especially like the sailor's hornpipe and Highland fling. These are more difficult than regular dancing, and are given as specialties. The lessons occupy from three-quarters of an hour to an hour of active exerc se, according to the strength and endurance of the child. Quite a number of children are sent by their parents to take lessons in the way of medical treatment. It is recommended to little sufferers from nervous diseases. The treatment is certainly pleasant, and they are greatly benefitted if they are given smooth and not hopping movements. All the children dance in slippers. I have them in the beginning dance to piano music, which is plainer and more readily caught by the inex-perienced ear. Of course, when they get older, the violin is the music for the dance. At my socials I have the piano, violin and flute. There certainly s beginning to be a greater interest aken by parents in having their chiliren taught dancing than before, for four or five years. They begin to see that it is an accomplishment that does not have, if properly conducted, the dangers and associations that attend some other amusements."-Indianapo-

#### lis Journal. Essentials of a Good Fighter.

In answer to the question, "What are the essentials of a thoroughly good fighter?" Sullivan said.

"Pluck, skill, endurance, and a good head on his shoulders. I tell you sir a man fights with his head almost as much as he does with his fist. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it.'

"What portion of your antagonist's body do you aim at when you are in the

"I endeaver," said Sullivan, "to hit my man above the heat, or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hama hundred blows on the cheek or any other portion of the face. Now, the Mar ne has a scar on his left check which he received in his fight with Dempsey, and which he will earry to his grave. He told me that Dempsey If Dempsey were a long-headed fighter he would not have wasted his time and strength in getting in there. That fact alone proves to me that he is deficient

in generalship.' "You can tell pretty well when your

man is giv ng in? "Certainly I can," said the pugilist, "I watch his eyes, and I know at once when the punishment is beginning to tell on him. And, when I talk to a man before I stand up before him at all, I can make up my mind whether he is a fighter or not. There is more intelligence in this business than outsiders give us credit for." - Sucramento (Cal.)

# Not Prepared to Say.

An old fellow with a plush cap drawn down over his ears and a big comforter round his neck sat in a Grand River avenue car the other day and spit his tobacco juice right and left until the man behind observed:

"Maybe you are getting ready to swear off on the New Year?"

"On what?"

"On chewing tobacco." "Wal, I'm not prepared to say," replied the old man as he spit right and left with great vigor. \*but maybe I'll change to some other brand!"-Detroit

#### Free Press. But Few Succeed.

An old merchant said years ago that not more than one per cent, of the best class of merchants succeed without failing in Philadelphia. Not more than oats off the sleigh, and I know how to two per cent, of the merchants of New sympathize with him."—Detroit Free, York ultimately retire on an independence after having submitted to the usual ordeal of failure, and not more than three out of every hundred merchants in Boston acquire an independece. In Cincinnati, out of 400 business men in business twenty years ago, five are now doing business. - Dry Goods Chronicle.

#### Princes Out of Work.

while thrones have been very frequently well filled, the cadets of the royal houses have not distinguished themselves in proportion to their opportunities. Charles of Hohenzoliern has as yet done best. The Archduke Maximilian and Prince Amadeo both failed, and the Prussian "Red Prince" was known only as a severe though competent disciplinarian. The Archduke Albrecht showed himself a good general at Custozza, or at all events he won; and the French believe the Duc d' Aumale to be a first-rate officer-but there the list seems to end. The princes are very numerous, but they are undistinguished. There is reluctance, except perhaps in Russia, to employ them, for the kings have ceased to be afraid of their kinsfolk; but whether from want of will or want of power, they do not come to the front, even as much as they did when "Turenne," who, as son of the Due de Bouillon, was a child of France, found his ablest opponent in Eugene of Savoy, semiprince of three nationalities. They seem for the moment to be without ambition. There was some difficulty in filling the throne of Greece and it is said by men who have a special interest in making the search successful. that there is not a prince in Europe, outside the five families who are barred by treaty, who is bold enough, or adventurous enough, or original enough, to accept the Bulgarian throne. Yet the next prince of Bulgaria, if he is competent, will be genearalissimo of the Balkan federation, and perhaps, in the end, emperor of Constantinople, the place which King Leopold of Belgium regretted all his that he had thrown away. These are large prizes for young men whose only natural business, in their own eyes at all events, is ruling, and who, when without such business, have to lead lives which would be very monotonous and distasteful. Indeed, they are bored to death, and marry all kinds of piquant women not of their own class just to escape suffocation from their own rank. One would have thought there would be endless intrigues with this

court and that to secure a nomination to Bulgaria, but the princes lack even the audacity of the king of Roman'a, and ask for "guarantees," and "assurances," and civil lists, and all manner of proppings which just now they can not have, but with which, in a year or two, they might be well able to d spence. We suppose that, like every body else nowadays they disbelieve in themselves, doubt if they can be necessary anywhere, and want to be sure before-hand of physical comfort; but there must be a sad lack among them of the spirit which tounds dynasties. Nobody is asking for a statesmanurince, or anything else very wonderful. The thing wanted is a young man with some head, some m litary training, and the nerve to think that with a throne before him some risk of life for a few years is not to be considered a final obstacle. It is run every day by young soldiers and old statesmen, and kings can not be d sgraced except by themselves. We know nothing more curious, or in its way more disheartening, in the modern history of Europe than that princes should enjoy a monopoly of this particular section of the world's work, and that, never-

theless, there is no one among them with audacity enough to accept the throne of Bulgaria unconditionally. Five years of it might be made worth fifty years of ordinary princely life, choked and trammeled as it is with etiquettes; and if the prince failed, he could fall fighting, and say, with Charles Albert, after Novara: "At least I have not died as kings die." thing is quite certain; if this kind of want of spirit lasts, the princes will not long retain their monopoly of reigning. The people can make princes f they want them, and eastern Europe may ultimately be distributed among men whose newness and success will teach mankind that, after all, there is not much in pedigree. King Milan

does not do much to dissipate that old illusion; but one successful prince sprung from the people would cure all applicant nations of wandering about Europe to dispose of a throne. -London Speciator.

# Migratory Humans.

It has remained for the American civilization of the nineteenth century to develop the genius tramp, that migratory human whose flight to the South can be gambled on to a certainty as a forerunner of cold weather.

When winter puts on his ulster and begins to do a song and dance on the heart of the great lakes, the tramp Life. takes out a Crosstie & Great Southern railroad ticket (unlimited) catches on to a brake-beam sleeping berth, and turns his face toward the Gulf of Mexico. He humpeth himself like a dromedary, and lingereth not by the roads de to toy with the rural wood-pile. but hastens on with a swiftness that causes a note in bank to grow exceedingly weary.

That is the only time that a tramp does any thing swiftly, except to get over a fence to avoid the yard dog. But when old winter sticks an icicle down the collar of the summer tramp he has a sudden yearning to go down and rest under the orange trees of Fiorida—and he goeth.

Tramps generally follow the lines of ra lroads as the most direct, running through the most thickly populated districts, and then as affording an opportunity for an occasional lift. They have long since learned how chilled steel is the heart of a freight conductor, and what elequence of expostulation his boot-toe possesses, and their sensitive, shrinking natures rewil at thoughts of the brutal refusal that will meet an humble petition, and

sneak into a box-car. It is surprising to note the number of able-bodied men who tramp-great, stout, bulking fellows, who are physically able of doing a hard day's work without any inconvenience. And the hardihood they show in stealing a ride that is whirled up under the cars -Life.

should stand them in good need if shown in an earnest search for work. Prince Alexander's career is the more remarkable because of late years.

In Winchester county, New York, recently a resolution was introduced in the board of supervisors providing for the addition of a wing to the almshouse which should be especially provided for tramps. The apartments are so arranged that they can be flooded to the depth of six feet. A tramp is put in, provided with a bucket, and the water turned on. He has to bail or be drowned. And just about the time he pours out the first bucketful the hole in the wall freezes solid and he has to kick it out. The scheme is almost as good as a rock pile or a saw and cord of wood to cure tramps of a disposition to stop and rest their weary limbs. - Nashville (Tenn.) Union.

#### Manuscripts and Copyists.

The writers of manuscripts among the Hebrews were savants, commentators on the holy writ, rabbis endowed with a special habitation; among the Greeks and Romans, slaves, who were to their masters what a well-filled bookease is to a wooden spoon; Calvisius Sabinus, mentioned by Seneca, having paid the exorbitant sum of \$100,000 sesterces (about \$55,000) for eleven slaves, each one of whom could recite a Greek poem, a faculty that would not have enabled them to hold a candle to Joseph Scaliger, who had learned by heart the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in twenty-one days, or to Christian Chemnitus, who knew the bible so well that he could tell the chapter and verse of any quotation that might be made from it. Besides slaves, there were in Rome, also, professional copyists who were freed men, and others foreigners, these mostly Greeks, who, though they were the Gascons of antiquity for their fine talking, could lay claim to the credit of having created the art of illuminating manuscripts. The great edict of Diocletian on the "max mum" tabulated the price paid to copyists, but the great ed et of Diocletian, as it comes to us. has 'a good measure, pressed down and running over," of information that is not wanted, and would provoke a saint in search of knowledge. It only tells that the scribe's work was valued by the hundred lines. As it needed attention to detail, and was one to put one's heart into, there were women copylsts. Gruter has been to the pains of publishing a Latin inscription to tell it, and the Hebdoma is of Varro, an illustrated b ography that is at the point of the pen of everyone who writes of manuscripts, was the work of a woman, Lala, who had come from Asia Minor. In the middle ages the copyist did his work as penance, and Thedoric liked to tell the monks of his abbey that a friar had gone to heaven for having copied a volume containing one letter more than the number of his sas. Antiquarians are in accord on the point that the oldest manuscript extant is not older than the third century, according to Montfaucon. Aulus Gell us had seen a manuscript of the "Ene d," and Quintilian tells of manuscripts that he had seen of Cicero and Cato and Censor, and Venice claims that it possesses the original manuscript of the gospel of St. Mark, and the British museum has a Greek copy of the evangelists that is attributed to St. Theela, one of St. Paul's v rgin converts; but the weight of evidence is rather in favor of Father Hardonin's absurdity, that our so-called classics, with three exceptions, are the works of monks of the thirteenth century .- The Art Amateur.

# The New Drinking Device.

"What is that small book entitled 'Tanglewood Tales,' by Hawthorne, about, I see sticking out of your pocket there? ' inquired Smitherkins of his alter ego, Boodleby.

"Nothing, only a little treat-ise, showing the effect of liquor on the human system. Consume some of its contents," answered B., and simultaneously he touched a spring in the false bottom of the bogus volume and there popped forth a suspicious looking flask. That's first rate brandy," remarked S., on taking a swig; "but there ought to be a trifling change in the name of the work."

"What to, chummie?" "Tanglefoot Tales." - Texas Sift-

# A Short Conversation.

"Ah! Mr. Scribelerous, how are you? I bought your last book, and have been reading it. I can't say I like it as much as some of your others. I s'pose you're here, at this reception, picking up character.

Scribelerous: Ah! is that you, Butterine? By the bye, that last lot of eggs you sold my boarding-house mistress were more than half bad. I suppose you're here drumming up custom. -

# Very Natural.

Excited Depositor with heavy check. stands astonished to see it promptly paid. What's the matter? says the paying teller.

Excited Depositor! Oh! nothing! Hem! I thought you'd broke. If you've got the money, it's all right, but if you haven't got it, I want it right away. - Life.

# Was She a Boston Girl?

"Did you enjoy yourself while away. Amy?" asked the high school girl.

"No, I didn't, Mildred," replied Amy; 'my aunt lives in such a dull one-horse "You mean 'single quadruped muni-

#### cipality,' dear; 'not one-horse town.' -Pittsburg-Chronical.

A Complete Stock. Old lady (to clerk): Have you gentlemen's gloves? Clerk (glancing at the old lady's

#### hands): Yes, ma'am but I think we have ladies' gloves large enough to fit you .- Life.

# Not That Kind.

Got that sitting in a draught, ch?" sald old Drakes. "Well, keep away from draughts. I put myself on to one on a brake-beam smid the st fling dust a month ago, and it cost me \$15,000."