

OLD MR. RATTLE.

A Strictly Veracious New York Boarding-House Episode.

Everybody knew that dinner was nearly ready as the combined odor of boarding-house vegetables had become so painfully intense.

Old Mr. Rattle wandered down stairs on the early bird principle and took his seat. It may have been owing to the rain and wet weather outside, but the old man was not in the best humor.

He acted as though the world had hustled him some and he wanted to drown sorrow in dinner. The bell rang as he sent a pair of foraging eyes about the table and the other boarders began to drop in.

The Two Maiden Ladies were the first to arrive, then the Young Lady Boarder attended by the Bank Clerk and with every body following.

No one noticed old Mr. Rattle's gloom. The Bank Clerk was in such high spirits that his sallies with the Young Lady Boarder occupied the attention of the table.

The elder Maiden Lady was shocked at such a flow of spirits and remarked it to her companion, who ate three olives and said it was scandalous.

As for the Bank Clerk he was in a reckless state. He devoured two plates of soup without scrutinizing the composition, and chatted affably across the table with the Young Lady Boarder.

"Had quite an adventure to-day," he remarked, spilling some cranberry sauce on the table-cloth and rubbing his butter-dish over the spot.

The Young Lady Boarder was all interest immediately, and so was every body else, except old Mr. Rattle.

"You see when I was up in Connecticut last month," said the Bank Clerk, "I lost my umbrella. It rained so I had to sail into a country store and invest a dollar and eight cents in a family cotton. I had trouble with that umbrella right off. It wasn't spread ten minutes before the dye began to run and the water fell off the ribs in great brown drops, just as though it was raining molasses. I hurried to catch a train, and when I tried to furl that umbrella the stick was swelled. I had to climb on the back platform and it took me twelve minutes to get that Connecticut cotton together. To-day I whittled the stick down and tried the umbrella again. There was a crowd on Wall street, but I was hurrying along and thinking pretty hard when a seedy old cove in front of me calls over his shoulder as angry as can be: 'Hey there, you young rascal, get your umbrella out of my collar, and sure enough,' added the Bank Clerk, chuckling immoderately, 'in the crowd a rib of my cotton umbrella had got wedged between the old party's neck and collar and was dripping molasses-colored rain down his back.'

At this point old Mr. Rattle turned red and suddenly put his hands to the back of his neck.

"You young wretch," he exclaimed, in tones that trembled with anger. "Not content with poking your umbrella into me on the street, you make a jest of it in public. The rudeness and flippancy of the rising generation is past endurance," and choking with indignation and soup the old man hurried out of the dining-room.

There was an appalled silence for some minutes. The Bank Clerk's hilarity was already two miles and a half away, and still moving sixty miles an hour. At length the Young Lady Boarder said she preferred dark meat and the Landlady asked every body to keep their spoons for the next course. N. Y. Tribune.

Courting With a Brass Band. "Charley, I hear your girl has gone back on you."

"That's right."

"What was the trouble?"

"She got mad because I courted her with a brass band."

"Well, that was a peculiar method; but I should think she would have felt complimented rather than angry."

"She didn't. She said she wouldn't have any thing to do with a fellow who couldn't come to the front with a solid gold ring."—Washington Critic.

Plantation Philosophy. De ignunt man, no matter of he has got mo' money den er smart man, ain't high ez much use ter de curmunity.

Ever' yeah I see mo' an mo' vineed dat yer kain't guage de 'cerity o' er man by whut he says. De hang squeals jist ez loud w'en he ain't hurt ez w'en he is.

De man whut has de mos' frien's is de man whut uses 'em de least. De only way ter hab er nice coat fer Sunday is not ter w'er it mo'n once er week.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Successful Boycott. "Say, Titmarsh, it's about time you changed that shirt."

"Oh, I'm boycotting my washerwoman."

"What for?"

"Why, she struck for fifty cents a dozen, so I'm boycotting her."—N. Y. Sun.

A prominent junk dealer recently received an order for ten thousand old tomato cans. The dealer explained that much of this kind of tin is used for corners and edge pieces on a low grade of trunks, while many people use it for flushings on roofs. The dealer is obliged to melt the solder off, straighten the cans out into flat sheets, pack the pieces in flat bundles for shipment, and only gets about \$10 per ton for his trouble.—Iron Age.

The profits of the Chicago stockyards are said to have reached the enormous sum of \$55,000,000 during the past ten years.

A SARDINES STORY.

A Commercial Fraud Exposed in a Novel and Amusing Way.

I was in a first-class restaurant dining with a friend, and feeling in a generous mood, called for a box of sardines.

"Mind, now," I said to the waiter, "I want the genuine article—none of the down East imitation."

"Very well."

He disappeared and soon returned, bringing what seemed to be the real thing called for, picked up our check, replaced it with one calling for fifty cents more, smiled and retired.

"Ah!" I said, tipping back the lid, which had been skillfully opened by the waiter, "here is food fit for a king. Look," I added, turning the box about so that my companion could read the legend neatly inscribed on the gilt band encircling the sardine box—a l'huile d'olive—no imitation about that, eh? Try one."

My friend thrust his glittering fork into one of the tempting morsels, when, to the astonishment of both of us, it began to work its gills and wiggle its fins and tail. Its eyes snapped viciously. My friend was about to drop his fork in amazement, believing the fish to be bewitched, when, to our wonder, it suddenly spoke out in a low but intelligible voice:

"I am no sardine."

"What are you?" I asked excitedly. "Only a herring, a harmless little herring," it replied innocently. "I never saw France; I don't even understand the language of the label on the box that recently contained me; I don't even know what an olive is, but if you want any information about cottonseed you can consider me an authority."

By this time my friend had somewhat recovered his self-possession, and, laying the talking fish tenderly upon the plate, waved his hand and said, in an interested way: "Go on; you seem to be quite entertaining."

"Entertaining? O, no," replied the little herring, with a diffident look; "not at all; I never had a college education; if I had I might not have been boxed up here with my unfortunate friends, but might have been editing a grocery journal, exposing canned goods, frauds and other abuses. No, I am only a little herring—a very small fish from the coast of Maine."

"From Maine?"

"Yes, Maine. I would not have to be naturalized even to vote, but then, you see, there aren't many people who know the difference. There's many a young fellow in this country who cuts off his horse's tail, drives and talks English, who would pass for a genuine cockney in Zululand. Yes, I am a down East Yankee from Eastport."

"Eastport?" I ejaculated.

"Yes, close to Canada, where a good many so-called sardines would like to be in certain emergencies. I wish I was back there to-day frisking in my native element; but I am doomed, it seems, to not only be devoured by our good friend here, but to tickle his palate as I go down with a genuine sardine flavor. No, I am no sardine. I am only a herring, a harmless little herring from Maine."

We were fast growing interested.

"You see," continued our fishy little friend, "some smart fellows down East found out by experiments how they would make me taste so much like the real French article that no American could tell the difference, so they went into the business on a large scale. The cotton-fields of the South furnished the seed—this makes the oil in which we are boiled, spiced and made to taste so delicious. Take a nip at me! There now, you would not dream that you had the taste of cotton in your mouth, would you? But in this there, all the same? No, a l'huile d'olive—only cotton-seed oil and harmless little herring."

"Money in us? Yes, I should think so. Let me see; we cost five cents a box—a whole box of us, just think! The packer sells us at a profit of from five to seven cents, the retailer sells us at about thirty cents, and by the time we get to you on the restaurant table we are worth fifty cents. Not bad for a poor little Yankee herring, is it? And the l'huile de cotton in which we are immersed is none the best either."—Grocers Criterion.

An Adventurous Journey. Three young Englishmen, one an officer in the army, another a member of the British consular service, and the third a member of the Indian civil service, have just succeeded in accomplishing an adventurous journey on the Russo-Chinese frontier to the north of Corea, and in obtaining information about a region which seems likely to be even now of great political importance. They visited the furthest Russian stations, and thence crossed the frontier to the Chinese posts, traveling down the Korean frontier through Manchuria, reaching Mukden, the capital of this great province, towards the end of December. With the exception of Russians, these gentlemen are the first Europeans who have visited this district, and their journey, which was kept secret, has caused much displeasure to the Russian authorities in Eastern Siberia.—Manchester Guardian.

The fiftieth anniversary of the mission to the Kols of Central India, established by Pastor Gossner, of Germany, in 1836, has been celebrated. In 1885 it had seventeen missionaries, eleven ordained native helpers, 31,328 native Christians, and 11,868 communicants, with a boys' school, normal school and a theological seminary with 283 students.

THE TOMB OF JULIET.

The Ill-Fated Maiden's Apocryphal Resting Place at Verona, Italy.

My first stroll through the town was in search of the supposed tomb of Juliet. Shakespeare's drama it was which naturally suggested to me such an idea.

The story of the ill-fated lovers had made such an impression on my mind that it was with a veritable enthusiasm I sauntered out in order to pay my devotions to the mortal remains of her who, in the hands of England's greatest dramatist, contributed as much to idealize the sweetest and tenderest of human passions. On my way to the tomb, however, all my fervor evaporated after half an hour's conversation with several ancient antiquarians, with one of whom I happened to be on intimate terms during my residence in Milan, having been informed by them that the tomb in question was a rank imposture; that if ever there existed such a person as Juliet, there is not the slightest shadow of proof for supposing that her ashes are in Verona; and finally, that the whole story of her burial in that town was invented by a set of tradesmen and hotel proprietors, eager to catch and fleece unsuspecting or credulous tourists. My feelings at being thus rudely woken out of my cherished illusions can be better imagined than described. However, as it was not by any means the first of my Spanish castles that toppled over into the nether abyss just as I found myself in the act of admiring its stately grandeur and fine proportions, I soon managed to put up patiently with the inevitable and resolved to see at any cost this apocryphal dwelling of the dead.

After a half hour's promenade through noisome lanes and alleys, I happened at last on a gateway some twelve feet high, on the summit of which were written the following words in large rough characters: "Tomba di Giulietta." The iron door stood ajar, and I entered an inclosure of half a square acre, overgrown with weeds and dog nettles, that seemed to me to have been at one time a garden. And I was subsequently informed that the roses bloomed here and the marigold and hyacinth kept watch and ward over the solitary tomb hard by. If Juliet had been really buried here, when the flowers were in blossom and the trees had their wealth of frondage and the zephyrs thrummed their melodies through the overhanging foliage, her last resting place would have been certainly in thorough harmony with her character and temperament; but at present there is no scene so incongruous as this black barren wilderness—no casket so unworthy of its gem. A group of artisans out for a holiday were playing at skittles within a stone's throw of the tomb, and their oaths, curses and other ejaculations were quite the reverse of poetical. The tomb lies in a kind of an outhouse, and presents a decidedly antique appearance. It is somewhat in the shape of an open mausoleum, the sides of which are rather irregular, owing, I was told, to the chips stolen from the block by enthusiastic tourists. Around the mausoleum stand broken pillars and roughly hewn pedestals, while on the wall to the left, as you enter, hangs a very old painting of Friar Lawrence. The stones here and there are covered all over with autographs of Europeans, Americans and English, prominent among the latter being that of a certain Edward Shakespeare, a gentleman who, according to the well-informed porter, was a very near relative of a very great poet who was a very near relative of Romeo's betrothed.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Roaring of an Alligator. Probably few persons have ever heard of the roaring of an alligator. "I heard it myself," says Mr. Simson, "on one occasion in the case of a huge beast who appeared to be following a female of his species." The animal was swimming very rapidly, diving and rebounding up to the surface of the water. Mr. Simson was in a small Rob Roy canoe, and remained still to watch his manoeuvres. Immediately the alligator saw the canoe, he "came towards it, roaring like a bull at each bound above the water." As he was diving, Mr. Simson (who was unarmed) forced the canoe straight over him, and so escaped. "Curiously enough," he writes, "not half an hour after this episode, an alligator jumped from a steep bank over my canoe, and only just cleared it, as I was distractedly paddling along under the shore, and inadvertently startled the reptile above me."—Travels in Ecuador.

An Incurable Habit. How is it that when a friend of yours shows you a new watch you invariably open the cases and examine the works critically, remarking that it's a "dandy," and that the "works are very fine?" What in the world do you know about the works of a watch, anyway? You only make the owner of the watch nervous when you look at them, you don't care a snap about seeing them, and everybody knows that you see you'll go jabbing away at it in the same way, just as though you hadn't read this, until you tear half your thumbnail off and then borrow a knife to open it. I would advise a man with a new and valuable watch to have the case covering the works hermetically sealed.—Chicago Journal.

The initial velocity of the 1,800-pound projectile, recently fired twice with 1,000 pounds of powder from the new 100-ton gun intended for the British ship Ben Bow, was 2,128 feet per second.

FATHER ANDERLEDY.

The New Jesuit General's Career, and His Stay in the United States.

"Just imagine the incalculable power of a Fraternity at the mere mention of whose name—that of Jesus—every head is forced to bow!"

This exclamation was uttered some three hundred years ago by Pope Sixtus V., one of the most remarkable Pontiffs who ever sat on the Papal throne, in alluding to the Order of Jesuits—otherwise known as the Company of Jesus. The new General of the company—the twenty-third since its foundation—to whom every member thereof owes the most blind and unquestioning obedience, is Father Anderledy. He was born on the 3d of June, 1819, at Berisal, a little hamlet of the Canton du Valais in Switzerland. He was brought up at the Jesuit College of Brigue, on the slopes of the Simplon, and as soon as he was old enough, began his first novitiate for entering the order. Appointed to a professorship of literature at the immense establishment of the order at Freiburg he soon attracted the attention of his superior. Perceiving that the remarkable talents of this son of a poor Valais peasant might eventually be turned to the great advantage of the order, he was sent to Rome, where he spent some time studying philosophy and theology under the personal supervision of Father (now Cardinal) Pecci, the elder brother of the present Pope. His constitution, however, accustomed to the mountain air of Switzerland, became seriously injured by the pestiferous climate of the Eternal City, and he was obliged after a time to leave Rome and return to Friburg for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health. Just at that time the Sonderbund revolution was in full force in Switzerland, and the Jesuits were driven out of the country and their establishments closed. Father Anderledy was arrested at Avenues in the Canton de Vaud, and after running a great risk of losing his life at the hands of the fanatical and infuriated populace, was cast into prison. Managing to escape, he made his way to Chamberg, where, however, he was not allowed to remain long; for the troubles which broke out in the spring of 1848 all over Europe forced him and many other members of his Fraternity to seek refuge in the United States, where he was at length ordained a priest. During eighteen months he devoted himself to Catholic mission work at Green Bay, Wis. His health again giving way he was recalled to Europe, and took up his quarters at Tronchiennes, in the Belgian province of Gand, where he devoted all his time to a searching examination of the history, policy and aims of the great order to which he belonged.

Just about that time the Jesuits began to devote their attention to Germany. Establishments of the order were successively founded at Cologne, Munster, Aix-la-Chapelle, and in fact throughout the Kingdom of Prussia's dominions, where toleration was the order of the day. Each one of these establishments constituted a kind of center of action, whence a throng of zealous missionaries spread out in every direction to proselyte the people. If their efforts were crowned with success, it was in a great measure due to the marvelous eloquence of Father Anderledy, who, apparently indefatigable, made his silver voice heard in almost every place of importance from the Rhine to the Russian frontier. But suddenly his overtaxed forces gave way altogether. He fell dangerously ill and for a time was entirely deprived of the power of speech. The physicians insisted that he should give up preaching—a severe trial to so eloquent a man—and he now resolved to devote all his abilities to the administrative work of the society. Successively rector of the Jesuit districts of Cologne and Paderborn, he founded in 1863 the college of Maria Laach, which soon became one of the most renowned establishments of the order. A few years later he was elected a member of the Supreme Council of the Society, and owing to his profound knowledge of the political and religious situation of Northern Europe was appointed to the high post of "Assistant for Germany," with jurisdiction over the latter, as well as over Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia. There are only five of these "assistants" to the General, who are each intrusted with a distinct jurisdiction, and who together with the General's confessor, or "admonisher," constitute the Supreme Council of the order. So remarkable were Father Anderledy's services in this new branch of administration, and so completely did he succeed in winning the admiration and confidence of his colleagues, that when, in 1883, the advancing years of Father Beckx rendered it necessary to choose a coadjutor to the General, Father Anderledy was at first ballot almost unanimously elected to fill the office.

The new General is one of the cleverest and most adroit superiors the society has ever had. He is a born diplomatist; a man of polished manners but autocratic temper; a profound theologian, an incomparable administrator, and a wonderful linguist. Besides Greek, Latin and Hebrew, he speaks and writes perfectly English, German, French, Italian and Spanish. His long connection and intimate acquaintance with Germany are not unlikely to have an important influence upon the present and future relations of Berlin and the Vatican.—Rome Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

"Jones must be a very dear friend of yours?" "Ya-as, he does come pretty high; just lent him a twenty."—Judge.

GOLD IN TRANSVAAL.

An American Consul's Report on Extensive Discoveries Made Recently.

Mention has been made in the dispatches recently of extensive gold discoveries in South Africa. Vice-Consul Knight, representing this Government at Cape Town, has forwarded to the State Department an interesting report upon the developments, in which he says:

Gold mining in the Transvaal has been carried on in a desultory manner for something like fifteen years. The fact that a large portion of the north-eastern territory of the republic is highly auriferous had been ascertained years ago, but the failure until quite recently to discover any thing like payable gold has kept the fame of the Transvaal, as a country of great mineral riches, in the background. It was only in June last that the now famous Sheba reef, in the De Kaap Valley, was discovered. The quartz from this reef yields from ten to thirty ounces of gold to the ton. The amount of gold that mining experts claim this reef contains is fabulous.

But even this wonderful reef has been eclipsed by another reef discovered shortly after and known as the Thomas reef, samples of quartz weighing 3,000 pounds from which, it is claimed, yield 148 ounces of gold. These discoveries naturally gave an impetus to prospecting on a large scale, resulting in the discovery of marvelously extensive and rich gold-quartz veins. The territory within which gold quartz has been found extends from Witwatersrand, 30 miles from the capital, Pretoria, easterly 200 miles to the De Kaap valley, with a varying width of from 30 to 150 miles. These gold-bearing veins or reefs occur in patches of more or less rich or payable character. Quartz taken from the Witwatersrand gold fields has yielded from four to thirty ounces of gold to the ton. It is, of course, impossible, considering the embryonic state of these gold fields, to give any thing like an accurate account of their extent or capabilities. This much I am able to state, from the best information obtainable, that the Transvaal fields when fully developed will prove among the richest in the world. These discoveries have naturally given rise to no end of speculation and mining ventures, and a great rush of capitalists, miners and adventurers has set in for the fields. Near the Sheba reef, a city, Barberton, has sprung up as if by magic, numbering already 7,000 to 8,000 population, and is rapidly increasing. As an illustration of faith that men of capital have in the stability and future of the fields, I may mention that three cargoes of lumber which arrived in Cape Town within two weeks were purchased for shipment to the fields.

Barberton, the center of the fields, is situated in the De Kaap Valley in the northeastern portion of the Transvaal, between latitude 25 degrees and 26 degrees south. The nearest seaport is Delagoa Bay, in the Portuguese possessions on the east coast from which it is distant about 200 miles. This route is only available in the winter months, the prevalence of fever in the summer time effectually closing it to traffic. A railway between Delagoa Bay and Pretoria is in course of construction, and its completion will greatly facilitate communication with the fields. The next nearest route to Barberton is via Port Natal, distant 481 miles, of which 189 miles is by railway and the remainder by wagon. The best and most popular route at present is by way of Cape Town to Kimberly, 640 miles by rail, and from Kimberly to Kitoria, 360 miles by wagon. The journey is made by this route in from six to twenty days, at a cost from \$75 to \$120, according to class and style of traveling.

While these fields offer many opportunities for successful ventures to men of capital, I can not too strongly point out the futility of men without means venturing here, unless they be thoroughly practical miners. In the first place, no payable placer-gold washings have as yet been discovered. The result of successful prospecting has thus far been invariably the discovery of gold-quartz reefs, the workings of which requires large expenditures for machinery. While a few have, and others undoubtedly will, continue to reap riches by the discovery of payable gold reefs, thousands, who, in the absence of alluvial diggings, will follow prospecting, will, I fear, be doomed to bitter disappointment. The large influx of population has already raised the price of food to famine prices. The time that must elapse before companies will be in working order, owing to the want of machinery and the difficulties of transport, makes the employment of large bodies of men impossible for some time to come.

The Transvaal mining laws are fairly liberal. Aliens enjoy the same rights as citizens as to prospecting and mining. The fee for a "digger's license" is five dollars per month. This entitles the holder to prospect upon Government lands or private lands with consent of the owner. A license digger is allowed to hold one alluvial and one reef claim, and may buy claims from other claim-owners. An alluvial claim is 150x150 feet, and a quartz reef 150 feet in the direction of the reef and 400 feet broad. No claim marked off by a digger can be "jumped" until the holder shall have ceased working, or caused to be worked thereon, for fourteen consecutive days.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

To the well-balanced mind, fame consists in knowing one has so lived as to deserve the praise of others.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mayor Filter, of Philadelphia, was a poor boy in that city, and has won his way to wealth and honor by his own exertions.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, who died recently in Pittsburgh, Pa., aged seventy-nine years, missed but one communion in fifty-three years.

The word "it's" is said not to occur at all in the King James translation of the Bible and but three or four times in Shakespeare.—Boston Globe.

Yung Wing, a Chinese convert, has been elected President of the Connecticut Congregational Church Club. He is a naturalized citizen, and married a Hartford lady.

Prof. Edward Olney, late of the University of Michigan, had a great head. His brain weighed sixty-one ounces, five ounces more than Webster's and twelve above the average.

Mrs. Patten's wedding present to her daughter, who recently married Congressman Glover, was a magnificent full service of silver, accompanied by a check for a hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Grant is in possession of about two hundred letters written to her by the General during his courtship, which form, it is said, "the most exact and accurate history of the Mexican war ever made."

A gentleman who wanted to consult the poet Tennyson about some literary work wrote twenty letters. When the answer came it tersely stated: "Dear Sir—It is a fact, alas, but no fancy, that half my letters are unopened."

"Mummy" Wilson, who has kept a fruit stand in New Orleans for sixty years, is dead. She was a marvelously successful yellow-fever nurse, and had labored in every epidemic since 1847, and had many medals and diplomas to attest her skill.

General Greeley, chief of the weather bureau, does not look like an adventurous hero. He is tall and slender, with dark hair and whiskers parted in the middle, and which, with his eyeglasses and curious accent, gives him the bearing of a very languid man of fashion.

A drama, entitled "Le Chateau de Kronburg," and written by the King of Sweden, is shortly to be produced at the German Theater at Buda-Pesth. It is in one act, and is founded on an episode of the war between Sweden and Denmark in the seventeenth century.—N. Y. Sun.

In his address at the dedication of the new Branch's library building at Brattleboro', Vt., Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, of the Boston Public Library, said that "before 1700 there was not in Massachusetts, so far as known, a copy of Shakespeare's or Milton's poems; and as late as 1723 whatever may have been in private hands, Harvard College library lacked Addison, Atterbury, Bolingbroke, Dryden, Gay, Locke, Pope, Prior, Steel, Swift and Young."—Christian Union.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Queer, but true— We saw a horse fly up the creek, A cat-up at her food; We saw a chestnut-burr, and heard A shell bark in the wood.

An Irish editor, when refused permission to fight a duel with spectacles on complained that he could not see to shoot his father without them.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Western paper announces that upon the occasion of a recent boiler explosion in the neighborhood, "between three and four men were killed."—Little Giant.

"Ida says you can't come to see her any more," remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"

A citizen always believed to be a little "near" bought a horse, and after a trial complained to the seller, a neighbor, that the animal "sometimes over-reached." To which the other party responded, "Well, they say the same of you."—Worcester Home Journal.

—Ida says you can't come to see her any more, remarked a boy to the admirer of his sister. "Why not?" "Because you come seven nights in a week now, and how could you come any more without spreading the week like blazes?"