During the months of February and center to the circumference by daily reports of burglaries committed of the most daring nature. Forty houses were entered on as many nights, and from each articles of more or less value taken. Such a state of alarm had not existed in this usually peaceful comnunity since the advent of Wilson's ever memorable raid in 1865. The streets were patrolled at night by armed squads of citizens, and the police force was increased by putting m extra men. These burglaries were all of the same nature, the entrance or breaking being generally effected through the from windows, which in this city almost invariably open on a veranda and often open down to the foor.

HANDSOME "JOSEPH SUTTON,"

About this time a careful observer might have noticed at one of our best hotels a mar strikingly handsome and faultlessly dressed. whose classic features and polished manners ould have adorned any circle of society. le was about 30 years of age, remarkably rell proportioned, dark hair, large, full, dark eyes full of intelligence, that seemed to look you from head to foot as soon as their owner east them upon you.

A complexion that would excite the envy of a girl, long, dark mustache, slightly urned up at the ends, covering lips of coral siness, which, when parted by a smile ten illuminated the owner's countenance, disclosed teeth of great evenness and pearly whiteness. This most enchanting smile, once een, can never be forgotten. The voice well modulated, each word and accent as clear as the chime of a silver bell.

I had met this man, and he was introduced to me as Mr. Joseph Sutton, of Texas. He freely discussed the frequent burglaries then nightly occurring, and even suggested some plans by which the midnight marauder might be apprehended. Sutton was passionately fond of card playing (poker), and frequently made considerable losings. At times he would excuse himself from the game in which he was playing, saying he would take a walk for exercise, leaving what mone and checks he had before him on the table. After an absence of an hour or two he would return, resume his seat and play, apparently very much exhilarated by his walk and the fresh air.

Should any one of the players be in bad uck, and, consequently, in bad bumor, he would smilingly recommend the same course by a short walk and fresh air, stating that he always was greatly benefited by so doing. At other times, when his finances were apparently low, he would absent himself from the city for three or four days, always returning flush with money. These periodical absences at first did not attract my attention, until one day a stranger standing on the sidewalk heard me introduce Sutton to a friend of mine. After Sutton and my friend had conversed a while and then walked off together the stranger called me to one side and sked me what S.'s name was, I unhesitatingly told him "Sutton."

"You are mistaken," he said; "that is James Chastaine, one of the most noted thieves that ever lived. I know whereof I

POLITE TO THE LAST.

I was so horrified and dumfounded that I did not notice that the stranger had walked away, and from that day until this I have ever seen that stranger, nor do I know his ame. Recovering my wits I began to think an it be possible that the gentlemanly Sutton is the thief that is causing so much alarm in this city! My suspicion being thoroughly aroused, from this time on I kept close watch over Sutton and his movements. I noticed another important fact, that when Sutton was absent from the city there were no burglaries committed. He left one day to visit Eufaula, Ala., and remained there one night. That night the residence of Mr. Guice, a wealthy citizen of that place, was burglarized and a large quantity of valuable jewelry stolen. Sutton returned the next morning to Montgomery loaded with plunder. Having in the meantime been busily engaged in tracing up Sutton's antecedents. I found out that his real name was James Chastaine, that he formerly lived in Memphis and was the trusted bookkeeper of a large mercantile firm of that city, and had defaultd to them in a sum of several thousand pliars; also, that he was an escaped convict om the Missouri State prison, where he was ndergoing a sentence of twenty years for burglary, and was also wanted in Texas.

I was now thoroughly convinced that Sutton was the man that was causing such onsternation among the citizens. I commudeated the facts to Capt. John W. Martin, nd located Sutton in a room. Capt. Marin proceeded there and had no difficulty in placing Sutton, now Chastaine, under arrest. As he was on his way to police headquarters Chastaine made a desperate break for liberty nd was fired upon by Capt. Martin, strikng him twice, both bullets passing entirely through his body, and either would have proved mortal. Chastaine lingered a few ours and died, never revealing his identity his confederates, if he had any. His oliteness never forsook him even when the y hand of death was upon him and the isty film glazed his eyes. Asking a byander for a drink of water, which was en him, he faintly murmured, "Thank u." Those were the last words of Chasaine. The famous burglar was dead. "He was as mild a mannered men &

ver scuttled ship or cut a throat." Upon his person was found a quantity of metter perongang to Mr. Guille. Minong is effects were articles of different value om almost every house that had been enred. It was when he excused himself from he card table to take a walk and get fresh ir that he committed his burgiaries. His rips of were for the purpose of disposing of is plunder, converting it into cash, gener-

derable quantity was recovered. This man was an anomaly of his class, e very embodiment of gentility, liberality personal beauty. He neither smoked ak, swore, nor indulged in obscenity, and and all of the modesty and reticence of a oman. - Montgomery (Als.) Advertiser,

By in New Orleans, from which place a con-

RED LILIES.

Strike fuller chords, or let the music rest! Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth, Which scarce survive the moment of their birth Be thine in passionate cadences expressed, And banish morning glories from thy breast

A purple dream flower of the woods is worth So little in the gardens of the earth: If gift thou givest, give what we love best. Since life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs Let these red lilles typify thy songs. f with full fame thou would'st be comforted.

Since life is red with wrongs, and wild with tears, Oh, move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears, And we will praise thee-after thou art dead!

The Barber's Sponge.

Barbers have entirely discarded the sponge in all first class tonsorial establishments for the more cleanly and more pleasing towel. and every customer is now treated to a sort of facial Turkish bath for the small sum of fifteen cents. The idea of applying to the face a towel dipped in boiling bot water originated in Boston and became immensely popular at once. After removing the hirsute growth the barber instead of mopping the ace with an ill smelling sponge now dips a fresh towel in hot water, wrings it thoroughly and wraps it around the bleeding jaw of the victim. The sensation that follows is one of unmixed misery, as if a cauterizing iron had been passed around the face, completely searing it. The towel is hastily removed, again plunged into the hot water basin, and once more applied. This process is continued as long as the patience of the helpless subject lasts. When the last towel is removed and the face is allowed to cool down from its glowing and boiled lobster state a delicious feeling of freshness follows, and the sharp, stinging pain, due to the remorseless passage of cold, sharp steel over the face has disappeared. This is the great advantage claimed for the system, and it really seems to possess it. The towel is altogether preferable anyway, as the soap which soaks into a sponge soon becomes malodorous, and the small hairs which collect in it rasp the face like so many pins.-St. Louis Republic.

Monkeys Stealing Corn.

Dr. Hopkins does not seem ever to have heard of the way in which monkeys prepare to rob a corn field. Let us describe it. When they get ready to start on their expedition, an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all fours. had the bill in his hand. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in all directions, till the party arrives at the corn field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respective posts. All being now in readiness, the rest content. When they retire, each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on ar- that night.-Detroit Free Press. rival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view, and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference that really exists is in degree; otherwise, it is much the same.-Popular Science Monthly.

Benjamin Franklin's Watch. Levi W. Groff, of Lancaster, Pa., has in his possession a very old fashioned looking silver watch shaped like a biscuit and which was the property of Benjamin Franklin. The watch is of the open face pattern, and there Philadelphia;" and Mr. Groff says it was the personal property of the great philosopher and was carried by him. It still keeps good time. The watch was made by W. Tomlinson, of London, and it is numbered 511. In the inside of the case is Thomas Parker's advertisement of his jewelry business, No. 13 South Third street, Philadelphia, on which is written "Mainspring and cleaning, January 24, 1817." The owner of this relic has been offered \$1,000 a year for the use of it in a jew-

Purging Melancholy. A druggist recently received a visit from a lantern jawed, hollow eyed man, who asked, in cadaverous tones, if he could give him any remedy that would drive away a nightmare like care that was preying upon his health. The man of drugs nodded, and compounded a mixture of quinine, wormwood, rhubarb and epsom salts, with a dash of castor oil, and offered it to the despairing patient, who

Youthful English Mail Carriers.

taste out of his mouth.-Boston Globe.

anything except new schemes for getting the

It appears that in the little Cumberland village of Adderston Low Mills the work of her majesty's postoffice is largely performed by the school children. The letters are intrusted to the youngsters by the village postmaster for delivery on their way from school, but sometimes the recreative instinct overdelayed or lost in transmission. The villagers to whom the receipt of a letter is still an epochal event, are consequently agitating for a reform in the postal system.-Baltimore

Where Respect Is Due. We owe respect to the man who, however gnorant, makes no false pretense, but strives to repair his deficiencies by attentive listening or modest questions; but we can have only scorn for the conceited assumptions of one who strives to make his narrowness appear broad and his shallowness deep.

A Safeguard.

An old ledger has recently been brought to light in Edmburgh, Scotland, having at the top of the inside board, written by the book indict very nice for a change.—The Epoch. geoper, this inscription, which might be a safeguard to many a bookkeeper and cashier of today: "God bles this buik, and keip me and it honest."- Youth's Companion.

on the strawberry shortcake. His mother explained how it was made, and pretty soon he said, feelingly: "Please give me another *poonful of the spanked cream."

The gold on the dome of the Massachusetts state house is twenty three carat fine-which makes every true Bestonian look up to it with a sense of satisfaction that there is no pinchbeck about it.

The Right Ownership.

Stranger (in Boston street car, to aged citn)-Excuse me, my venerable friend, but I think you have dropped your spectacles.

Aged Citizen—That's something I never

Young Lady-They belong to me, sir. was about to ask the conductor to kindly come to my assistance.-New York World.

A Man of His Word.



"Promise me, John, that you will not get into any terrible railroad accidents, or be burned to death at a hotel. Promise me that, John, or my heart will break!" [John promised faithfully that he would

A Suspicious Man.

There were half a dozen of us smoking and talking on the veranda, one evening, when a young man came along with a bank note in his hand and asked: "Can any of you gentlemen break a twenty

for mef" If we could we didn't care to, and when he had gone the man at the end of the row said: 'I've got plenty of small bills, but he looked like a sharper to me."

"On the contrary, he had a very honest look," observed a Boston man,
"Well, the bill was probably counterfeit." "Come, now, but don't be so suspicious of

human nature.' "But I'll bet it wasn't a bankable bill Why didn't be go to the hotel officef' "My dear sir, I should hate to be suspi-Have you any money to lose?" cious.

"How!" "Any money which says the bill is bad?" "Yes-\$50."

"Done." The young man was coming back down the street and we called to him. He still

"Let me see it," said Boston. He scanned the bill closely for ten seconds and then handed it back with the remark: "I see. Served me right. I'll pay the

It was a busted Canadian bank bill, and of the tribe ravage and eat to their heart's the man on the end and the bearer of the bill were confederates. Boston didn't raise

A Fund of Information.

Countryman (to the celebrated Hindoo snake charmer)-I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, mister! Hindoo Snake Charmer-Snakes, sir, have

been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them.
Countryman—The hull business?

Hindoo Snake Charmer—Yes, sir. Countryman—Well, I wish you'd tell • feller where the body leaves off an' the tail

begins.-New York Sun.

The Woods Are Full of Such Men. A "Blizzard" representative witnessed novel sight in a country store yesterday where a farmer actually refused to buy his wife a calico dress because he couldn't afis engraved on its back, "Ben Franklin, 1776, ford the expense, but before he left the store invested half a dollar in cigars for himself. Our judgment upon such a man is that be should be kicked to death by wooden legged women or stoned to death in the streets of Gaza -Oil City Blizzard

The Great Atlantic Cable.

Every day brings us fresh proof of the great advantages afforded by the Atlantic cable. For instance, a New York daily paper prints a cable dispatch stating that "a new Dutchman and the phantom crew. device is a Louis Philippe cravat, like those elry window.-Washington Cor. New York our great-grandfathers wore." If the cable and not been laid we should have been longer without this vital bit of information. had been. -Norristown Herald.

Tramp-Yes, sir! J .- And did you know that you violated the law? T.-No, sir! It was a case of necessity,

apathetically gulped it down. History avers and necessity knows no law.-Boston Budthat for six months be could not think of get.

"Have you any data on which to base a prognostication of the duration of the present period of excessive caloric in the circumambient atmosphere?" asked a young woman with spectacles of a man at the Union station yesterday. "Yes'm," was the reply, "the next train for Boston leaves in half an hour." -Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

His Great Misfortune.

Teacher-Try to remember this: Milton, comes the sense of duty, and the missives are the poet, was blind. Do you think you can ember it! 'Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfort-"He was a poet."-Lincoln Journal.

A Smart Office Boy. "Is Mr. - in?" asked a visitor, of the

Naw. "Do you know where he is?" "Nope; his aunt's dead, an' I guess he's either at the funeral or at the ball game."-

Exchange,

Miss Nannygote, of Harlem (visiting in the country)-Isn't this cow's milk, Aunty? Aunty-Yes, dear; don't you like it!

Not Taught Right.

A somewhat unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Mme. Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now, I don't know so very much myself, but I never would tell my child that IX spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."-Harper's Magazine,

Dentist-Well, how do the new teeth work! Patient-Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

Dentist—That is perfectly natural. They belong to an entirely different set, you know. San Francisco Examiner.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

Somebody whispered to me yest're'en,

Somebody whispered to me; And my heart goed a flutter, and flew awa clear As somebody whispered to me, And the rose, that I fand in my tangled hair, Was a token o' love, I ween,

An airm gaed roun' my waist yest're'en, An airm sae strang an' true An' I laid my heid on his breast yest're'en, For what could a pair thing do? An' my heart is his forever mair, An' naething will come between

-Donald Ramsay

THE OLD HULK.

My father was cantain of the English coast guard service for the district, so on this account, that be might be near his men, we fived on the water's edge, near the barracks, and when I had been very good he would give me in charge of Bres lin, the old pensioner, who would row me about the harbor and tell me strange stories of the sea. Then we would row over to the old black hulk of the Bellona. which was chained there in the harbor many years before I was born. The masts were gone long since; the tall sides were dented with the marks of battle and the loglect of years, which is still more destructive, and Breslin would tell me how his vessel had been with Nelson and the Victory at Trafalgar. He would hobble up and down the deck, talking loudly and pointing out to me the beauties of the old man o' mar. Here, on this spot, the captain had stood; over there was the place where the shot came through that killed him-and I would fall on my knees and begin looking to see if there yet remained any of the hero's blood that the rain and me had not washed away.

Breslin would take me forward and hold me over the bows so that I could admire the figurehead-a beautiful lady, with gold eyes and blue hair. The nose had gone years ago, but there seemed a ertain majesty in the look even then. What a piece of art it was! Breslin agreed with me fully that there had been nothing like it since. But, indeed, with Breslin the good old days were long passed, and he would have placed the decadence of the English navy with great exactness at 1840—the year he left it and got his

Yes, it was pleasant to row about the old ship and listen to the old sailor's stories of her-stories of the times when she sped through the waters like a swan, with a merry crew and her white sails net in the breeze, a terror to the enemies of England wherever met-poor thing! she

was so helpless now. But even now there was some mystery connected with the Bellona, as she lay, a broken and useless old hulk, chained in the harbor. Brestin hinted strange things. It was known throughout the town that my father had given strict orders that no one should go on board except Breslin and myself. Vague conjectures were indulged any row over it, but he retired very early in by more than one village gossip. There was some mystery, no doubt an awful

> Each time I had visited the ship I had noticed the hold full of long black bones, all stamped with the government seal. What the cargo was I would have given my ears to find out.

At length I could contain myself no longer and so made known my suspicions to Breslin as we sat together on the quay one sunny afternood.

"Why don't people go on board the Bellona?" I asked. "Is it haunted? Please tell me." But the old sailor puffed at his pipe very sagely for a moment or two and ventured his opinion that he had no doubt that there were ghosts there, no doubt whatever, such things were natural, most natural. Had I never heard the story of the "Flying Dutchman" And thereupon he began to relate a tale of such a horrible and bloodthirsty nature that I was frightened near to death of the phantom ship and the ghosts who had to appear by night and as misty forms set the airy sails and clear the deck for action and act over the fight again until some kind mortal would release them from their dreadful task:

It seemed to me an awful story, but Breslin said it was true, for he had sailed once with a man who had seen the Flying

more proof could I ask? That evening I went home in a strange state of mind. At dinner my father obliged to worry along nearly two weeks noticed my silence and asked me where I I told him, and he inquired if Breslin had left his pipe on shore, a question which seemed to me at the time to be most singular, and only strengthened my Justice-Do you know that you are belief in the old sailor's tale of the charged with the theft of a poor laborer's ghosts. My father knew the facts, too, then; but what relation could there be between ghosts and pipes? Did he wish to turn my thoughts from so terrible a subject? Truly, I must learn more about ghosts. To-morrow I would ask the cook, who was an authority on the sub-

> That night I went to bed early, but not to sleep; visions of cloudy spirits haunted me continually. All the terrible stories of Breslin came unbidden to my mind. I began to count a hundred in hope of bringing on sleep; it was useless. The village clock began striking the hours as I lay there awake. Eleven-twelve! I arose timidly and approached the window. There in the moonlight stood the old ship; a slight mist seemed hovering around it. My breathing on the window pane had hid it a moment. I looked again. No; I could make out nothing. Perhaps the clock was not right; perhaps the spirits were invisible except from the deck of the ship, Truly, it was a hard, hard task to see them—so I went to bed full of great ideas for the morrow.

Next morning I arose rather early and immediately sought the cave of the sibyl -or, in plainer words, the kitchen. The cook seemed rather astonished at my

question. "Did she know of ghosts? Faith, why shouldn't she? She was a lowly Chris tian woman, and her own sister's husband, Mike Doogan, had seen ghosts often, till Father Tom McGonigle wint out and laid them." I had sought the

'How did he lay them?" I asked. "Faith, I dunno; but he tak two blissid candles an' some howly wather and spake in Latin, and they just were laid and nivir throughed the family from that

What did he say in Latin? "Begorrah! I'm no schollard. Shure, isn't Latin Latin, and isn't it all the same, the only thing the divil can't understand? And if he can't understand one Latin, how will be know another?"

The logic was irrefutable. Any Latin, then, would do. I would get my "Cosar, which I proposed to take up soon, and The great question was at last solved Now I had some idea, I don't know from

what source it rose, that Sunday, being a day of holiness, would be better fitted for my undertaking, so made my preparations accordingly but with great secrecy and

care Two wax candles I stole from my adviser, the cook My Latin 'Cæsar' never left my pocket, and one afternoon,

just at dusk. I peeped cautiously into the old Catholic church upon the hill and, finding no one there, filled a small bottle with hely water from the font near the door Now I was perfectly equipped.

For the next two or three days I alternated between feelings of doubt and fear. but at last the Sunday came O' how tri-umphant I felt as I looked around in church and thought of what a hero I was soon to become! How people would want to notice me then and not be blaming me for everything that took place, as they did now Failure in the great attempt never entered my mind

At supper I was very quiet. I obeyed implicitly and refused the third piece of cake which was kindly offered to me by my mother, a circumstance never known to have happened before. My mother was considerably astonished, and more so when I announced my intention of going up to bed and kissed her a fond night. As I lingered on the steps I could. hear her make some kind remark, to which my father very cruelly answered,

Bosh!" and went on with his reading. Ten o'clock struck on the church clock. I could hear them about to go to bed; now they were coming up the stairs; now they had gone into their room. Here was my opportunity, so I stole softly down stairs with my boots in my hand, looking more like a thief than a hero, a fact which I acknowledged to myself as I came face to face with the mirror in the hall. To unlock the side door was short work; to run down to the summer house in the garden and get my candles, water and matches was the next task. Then I went to where my father's small boat lay under the garden on the rocks.

The rope was easy to undo and the tide pretty high, so I was soon rowing out to-ward the black mass in front. The spirits at last would have their rest.

That I was frightened! will not deny, but the night was so clear and the moon seemed so friendly that I took courage, and besides, it was only half-past 10 and nothing would appear until 12. I had nearly two good hours yet.

The old man-o'-war seemed very lonely when I approached it. The figure head appeared to regard me with a less friendly glance than in day time, but I did not care. I got up to the deck slowly and with great quiet. I could hear my heart beat as I looked around and realized for the first time my utter loneliness. Could I bear to meet the ghosts if they should appear? Clearly I could not. And it was getting later, too; what if anything white should come before midnight? Why, it would be terrible! My courage was fast failing; I wouldn't have stayed there until 12, not even to be Lord Nelson him-

But stay: something might be done

even in my absence. A brilliant idea, and a safe one! I went to the center of the ship, trembling in every limb. I lit my two candles and set them down, and then, in a voice broken with fear, I began slowly to read the opening chapter in "Cæsar," "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres"—and so I kept up until I finished the first page, and laid the book down open at the place. Then I poured the holy water around in great profusion.

"Now," thought I, "what more can I do? Here is everything ready, all the materials at hand, and if the ghosts come and want to get released let them go through the ceremony themselves. candles are lit, my 'Cæsar' is at their disposal-I shall say I lost it; and now I'm going home." And thereupon I ran quickly to my boat and rowed as if a thousand fiends were following me, no longer a hero, but a much frightened boy.

As good luck would have it I got in safely. I gained my room, undressed, and then, with a feeling of great restfulness, took my position at the window. Twelve o'clock struck. Nothing could be seen on board the Bellona, but I had no doubt that strange things were taking place there. I watched carefully, I was getting sleepy-so sleepy-and finally, without my knowing it, I dropped on the floor asleep.

"Great heavens!" what was that?" The whole house seemed to rock and sway and a mighty noise as of thunder sounded in my ears. I rushed to the window. There where the man-o'-war had been a mighty sheet of flame burst forth. It was a frightful sight. The villagers were crowding on the quay in abject terror. My father rushed down and called out in anger: "Breslin, some misereant has fired the gunpowder stored on that old hulk. See that no one leaves here to-night."

I saw it all now; gunpowder had been the mysterious cargo, after all. That was why my father had asked about pipes. My candles had done the work. The old ship was gone; the ghosts had been laid! And I hid my head under the sheets and made no movement that night, and in the morning, when every one was talking about the explosion, there was one young gentleman who had no theory and who had slept through it all—and that young gentleman was myself.—"J. E. S." in Philadelphia Times.

"Endurable Life" for Children. The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has, after several years of careful study of the needs of street children, prepared a bill for their relief. It makes it a penal offense to send child into the streets to beg, directly or indirectly. That is, no child must sing or play or sweep crossings to attract charity, under 14 years of age. The principle is that every child "shall have an endur-able life." The old common law principle that a father owns his child is about worn out. The state has stepped in to interfere and act as a supreme protector. The little victims, when they are done for, after a brief career of suffering to support their parents, are to be found suffering and dying on floors of attics nd cellars or in hospitals." The tale of beggar children is too terrible to be told. It is murder of the worst sort. It is high time law stepped in everywhere to prevent the pauperizing of children and to protect "even the children of tramps."

At the Naval Academy. Perhaps it may not be out of place to give some Annapolis localisms, or slang

Globe Democrat.

terms. "Sux" is nice. "Spuds" are po-tatoes. "Skinny" is chemistry. To be "projected" or "hung on the Christmas is to be posted for a low mark. "Sat" and "unsat" are short for satisfactory and unsatisfactory. "Tag Ends" is the name of a book of jokes recently issued at the academy. The "yacht" is the santee, where a man is sent for light imprisonment, in punishment for smoking, drinking, etc. It is three-quarters of a mile from quarters, and the men who get there have to walk back and forth to recitation, etc., twelve times a day. The 'brig" is the berth deck of the santee, where a man is sent for serious disobedi-ence of rules. To "shake a leg" means to hurry.—New York Tribuns. THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Toung Philosopher Tackies an Egg

Problem. Master Bobby's papa is the happy owner of

hatching machine. The other day, as the former was watching a chick energetically breaking its way

through its shell, be inquired: "I see how he gets out, but however did he go to work to get in "-Judge.

Misfortune Rather Than Fault.

An indignant parent, in rebuking a re-

fractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" To which the youth rejoined: "Oh, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that."-Troy Times.

yourself to strike your little sister? You ought to know better. Tommy-Yes, ma, I do; but we're playing school, and I'm the teacher. It's all right -

The Correct Thing.

Mother-Tommy, ain't you ashamed of

Reaffirmed. A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. "Don't! don't!" said the boy; "I won't do it again, sir, never! I never will say what I think again in my life!"-Milw _kee Sen-

Lowell Citizen.

A Birthday Present. A boy was teasing his little brother about the shape of his nose, when the little fellow quietly remarked: "I can't help it; I didn's buy it myself—it was a birthday present."— New York Evening World.

Hard on the Young Man.

The younger society element of Philadelphia are laughing heartily over an adventure that befell one of their number some time since. It appears that during a local boat race this young gentleman took occasion to express in no measured terms his disapproval of the decision of the referee, who ruled out the boat that our hero was interested in on account of an alleged "foul." A few nights afterward this doughty champion, in telling of the affair while sitting around one of the tables of a prominent cafe, expressed his intention of interviewing the offending referes on the morrow, for the purpose, as he stated in classic language, of "doing him up." Judge of his astonishment when on awakening next morning (with, it is true, a rather misty recollection of the last night's conversation), he was handed a letter from the gentleman against whom he had cherished these hostile intentions. The letter stated that the writer had learned of his expressions and insisted upon an immediate apology or satisfaction, where and when he pleased. Here was a dilemma truly, and, sad to state, our young friend did not feel equal to the encounter. The paternal advice was sought and the young fire eater, aided by his father, a prominent lawyer, concluded that, as discretion was the better part of valor, it would be best to prepare an humble letter of apology, which was sent by the office boy, with the favor of an immediate reply. It soon came. The other party knew nothing whatever of the affair, and it slowly cawned upon them that the challenge was got up by some outside wag for the purpose of obtaining a little harmless amusement. The explanations all round are said to have been very funny.--Philadelphia Times.

A distinguished physician who recently retired from practice has built himself a fine house in the suburbs of Paris. Over the portico he placed the following simple but

significant inscription: Who would have thought it? Melous and cucumbers bought it! -French Paper.

He Was No Night Hawk. "Young man," he said sonorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning, when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic

and brilliant glory?" "Well-er-yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man, "but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."—New York Sun.,

Hard Luck.

"Poor John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "he's lost nearly everything. But George says he's got lots of creditors left, and that's some comfort. 'Tain't as if he didn't have absolutely nothin' left."-Harper's Bazar

A Voice from the Heart. Chloe (as they stroll by the silvery seal-How beautiful de moon am to-night, 'Gustus. Augustus-Jus' lubly; looks like a big slice ob watermelon!-Judge.

Old Mrs. Litany (anxiously, stopping car)
-Do you go to Trinity church, conductor? Conductor-Sorry; I don't get no time for church, lady.-Life.

Lay in Your Stock Early. Ostriches are down to \$1,000 each, and poor family should be without one.—Detroif Free Press.



Miss Breacher is giving little Mr. Duvey a spin along the ocean drive. Small but enthusiastic Merchant-Los zengers fer der kid, lady!-Judge.

Bill Nye on the Washington Ply. Washington is a beautiful city, but malaria assassination and bluff lurk here on every hand. The flies of Washington are peculiar to the capital, I believe. They are a grown phiegmatic insect, with cold feet. Their cir culation is poor and their lives seem alo destitute of praiseworthy motive. When s Washington fly alights on one's !person one feels a slight congestive chill, followed by a soft shell crab sort of bite, and one naturally slaps at the place with one's hand, only to the nawsty little insect simply meanders over to one side and goes on with his business. He is a dignified insect and moves with great deliberation, reminding one very much in that respect of the supreme court.—Bill Nys.