MOSS.

Strange tapestry by Nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grots
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest—
O moss, of all your dwelling spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?
Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
The great prone pine trunks, rotted red?
Or when you dim, on somber tombs,
The "requiescats" of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past,
On some gray, crumbled basin's brim,
With conches that mildewed tritons blow
While yonder, through the poplars prim,
Looms up the turreted chateau?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,
Above where pink porch roses peer,
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh—and you can hear
The beatings of the heart of home.

—Edgar Fawcett in American Garden.

STORY OF A DUEL.

"I remember it," said our old friend, "as though it had happened yesterday. I was a youngster then; I am getting to be an old man now, but I shall never forget it—never. Poor lad, poor lad!"

I was about five-and-twenty, and on my travels for the first time. In leisurely fashion I had traversed France and Belgium, and crossing the German frontier had reached and taken up my abode for twenty-four hours in a small town with a river and a bridge; a confused mass of red roofed houses, with sheltering forest covered hills that favored and shut in its remoteness from the common highway. It was one of those places whose antique air, inherited straight from the Middle Ages, charms and invites the passer by; the inn charmed me also, a gabled house on the old market place, with a fruitful garden reaching down to the river at the back. The town was not unknown to tourists, but lying apart from the usual track, it was little frequented; and for one reason or another the inn, when I arrived, was almost empty. It depended for its prosperity, however, less on the custom of passing strangers than on its clientele of commercial travelers, and on the excellent ordinary it provided for the townspeople and the officers of the small town garrison. The table d'hote, I found—for my stay was prolonged from the one day I had proposed to four or five—was always full. The guests came dropping in one by one, hanging each his cloak and hat on a peg by the door, and with a friendly greeting to one and another, took each his accustomed seat at the liberal board. Each tucked a napkin under his chin; men and maids flew round the table; a clatter of plates and tongues began. The scene amused me, I don't know why; through its novelty, I suppose.

On the evening of the second day, returning from some excursion in the neighborhood, too late for the public meal, my supper was served in a small room adjoining the salle-a-manger. A door communicated between the two apartments; it was closed, but a sound of talking acquainted me that though the table d'hote might be over, the guests were not yet all dispersed. Some dispute was apparently in progress. I could distinguish no words; the speakers, as I judged, were at the further end of the long adjoining room; but the raised and vehement voices, a sort of angry clamor, rising and falling, argued a quarrel of some kind. Presently the clamor fell; the voices died away, amid a scraping of chairs on the wooden floor; silence succeeded. I had nearly finished my supper, coffee had been brought, and I was preparing to light a cigar, when the door between the rooms was thrown open and a young man entered. Without noticing my presence, he flung himself into a chair against the wall and sat motionless.

He was a mere lad, not above twenty, I decided, on considering him more attentively, a boy with light, shining hair, a fair complexion and a girlish delicacy of feature; a faint yellow mustache alone testified to his manhood. He was dressed in a light colored tourist suit; there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, nothing to distinguish him especially from any other fresh young fellow abroad on his travels; but something in his attitude, as he sat without movement in the chair into which he had flung himself, arrested my attention. He sat with his legs stretched out, his hands thrust into his pockets, his head dropped on his breast. His face, which should naturally, I imagine, wear the pink and white complexion proper to fair haired youth, was empty of even a tinge of color, his brows were drawn together; he looked miserable, overwhelmed, desperate; I could not tell how he looked. He might, I conjectured, have been losing money in some bet or game of chance—a man who has left his fortune at a gambling table might wear just such an expression. Twice I thought of addressing him; but I was deterred by his complete unconsciousness of my presence and by my ignorance of his nationality; for I had no better skill in languages than an imperfect knowledge of French and a still more stumbling acquaintance with German. I finished my coffee, therefore, in silence, and as he still made no sign, took up my hat and silently left the room.

On the way through the hall, I accosted the gray haired head waiter, an old man, grown old in the service of the inn, and asked him if he knew anything about the young fellow. He was an Englishman, the man answered; and opened the visitors' books to show me his name. His name was there, Charles Holmes, of Foxholme, Surrey, England, and Magdalen college, Oxford; he had arrived the previous night; he had come from Frankfort; he was on his way to Brussels—all this inscribed with boyish love of detail in a round, boyish hand. He was a fellow countryman then, and alone apparently; for, with the exception of my own name, none other of English nationality appeared on the list for many days back. His pale look as he dropped into his chair passed before my eyes. Almost I turned back into the little parlor to speak to him; and I wish I had—I wish to heaven I had—all might have turned out differently. But the indomitable stupidity and reserve of an Englishman stood in my way, and instead of going back I addressed the waiter again. Had there been any quarrel, I inquired, among the guests at the supper table that evening? He shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly—possibly," he said; "he had heard raised voices, he had not been in the room. These gentlemen (meaning the officers) often had disputes among themselves. No one thought much about it; it was no one's concern but their own."

I left the man, and started on an evening walk through the town, before retiring to rest. It was already dark, a warm and starless August night; the sky, heavy with one cloud that spread from hill to hill, seemed to weigh upon one's head; now and then a drop of rain fell; I could see the sultry splash on the dusty paving stones by the light of an occasional oil lamp flickering here and there. A street led from the old market place down to a steep, one arched bridge that spanned the river, and connected the town with the opposite heights. I crossed the bridge, then returning on my steps, stood leaning on the parapet looking down upon the river revealed through the darkness by its slow onward rush, and by the rare lights reflected on its back surface. A belated barge came swinging down stream, its lantern sending long yellow gleams across the parting water; it passed and was lost in darkness beyond. Lights shone from the clustered gables of the darkling town. Close at hand, on the river bank, a girl sat at an upper window mending a stocking by the light of a candle set on the sill. The flame hardly moved in the heavy air; it lighted up her fresh young face, her yellow braids of hair and busy hands. So she had sat many a night before, so she would sit for many a night to come; but I—the thought passed through my mind—should have no consciousness of her. For between her and me it would be always night.

I lingered, I remember, on the bridge; it was one of those hours becoming rarer with every day of travel, that hold in them some realization of fresh and strange impressions. The town clocks were striking 10 as I made my way back to the inn. I had left a book in the room where I had dined, and I went to fetch it before going up stairs to bed. The young Englishman was still there, seated in the chair where I had left him. Had he never moved? I could not tell, but he was not now alone. A young girl stood opposite to him leaning against a wooden press, her head thrown back, her arms folded under a long colored apron that she wore over a dark blue gown. I knew the girl by sight; once she had waited on me at table, once or twice I had seen her gathering fruit in the garden; she seemed to have no fixed service in the house, but to make herself useful as occasion required. Without much beauty, something singular in her appearance drew attention. She was a brown faced girl, with masses of sun faded brown hair, and sleepy blue eyes that had a trick of opening suddenly to accompany a sudden smile which revealed two rows of small white teeth; otherwise her expression was sullen and rather scornful. So much I had noticed, paying little heed to her, however, as she came and went about her work. Her presence in the room now surprised me. She was speaking as I came in, but ended or broke off abruptly on my entrance, and stood as I have described her, leaning against the wooden door of the press. She shot a glance at me from her half closed eyes as I took my book from the table where I had left it, but did not change her position. The young Englishman, on the other hand, sprang to his feet.

"I tell you," he said, facing her and speaking with a certain vehemence, "you have nothing to do in the matter—nothing. Keep out of it."

He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and swung out of the room. The girl looked after him. I did not like her look, but it was no affair of mine. I took my book and quitted the room, leaving her standing there with her folded arms. At the foot of the stairs I met my acquaintance, the waiter.

"Who is that girl?" I said, describing her. "I have seen her several times about the house."

"You mean Lotte?" said the old man. "Have nothing to do with her, young sir; she is a bad one. The master took her in out of charity, but to-morrow she leaves. There is nothing she likes better than to set on the young men who come here to quarrel about her. There have been two duels fought already in the twelvemonth she has been in the house. No great harm done, to be sure; but the master won't have it, and so to-morrow she goes. He has found her a place where there will be no young men to set by the ears. Oh, I know her ways; I've seen her at it. She treats them like dogs till they turn and insult her, and then she gets one of them to take her part. When the mischief is done she rubs her hands. Oh, I've seen her at it, I know her ways. No, no, she'll come to no good wherever she is."

A bell rang and he left me. I made my way up stairs to my own apartment on the second floor. At an open window in the passage, I saw the young Englishman standing and gazing out into the darkness. He started at my approach, and preceding me rapidly along the corridor, opened the door and disappeared within the bed room next my own. I heard a bolt drawn as I passed and a match struck, and saw him no more.

I was tired, and although the night was oppressive, I fell almost at once into uneasy slumbers. I woke again restless with the heat. The room was perfectly dark; I struck my repeater; it was nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. My window stood open, and I could hear the even, temperate sound of heavy summer rain; the lowering cloud was descending in a steady downpour. I got up and groped my way to the window, hardly visible as a square of fainter black opening from the blackness within. A church clock struck the single stroke of the hour; it was answered by another and another; then far off like an echo, a chime from some hidden village in the hills. Moist odors rose through the darkness from earth and herbs and leaves in the garden below; the damp and odorous coolness, the steady sound of the rain refreshed and calmed me. I was returning to bed with a better prospect of sleep than before when my attention was arrested by a noise in the adjoining apartment. A door communicating between the two rooms made it easy for sound to pass from one to another; it was a sob I heard now—yet less a sob than a kind of shivering moan, as from some creature trapped and held by mortal anguish. It came again and again; I listened until listening became impossible. The room was occupied, as I knew, by my young compatriot; I recalled his pale and desperate looks some few hours before, and lighting a candle, I dressed hastily and went out into the empty corridor. A streak of light shone below the door of the neighboring apartment. I knocked quietly and waited.

My knock was quiet, as befitted the silent hour; but that it was audible to the occupant of the room was immediately apparent. I heard a chair pushed back, with a movement as of some one suddenly springing to his feet; then silence. I knocked again. This time a hesitating footstep crossed the floor, the bolt was withdrawn, the door was opened an inch, then thrown back entirely; the young Englishman stood before me.

He was dressed as I had seen him the previous evening, except that he had removed his necktie and exchanged his boots for slippers. In his hand he held a candle that feebly lighted up the sparely furnished room, the bed standing in a dusky corner, the painted wardrobe and half dozen chairs, the small table set near the window. It illumined his white face also, and hair hanging loose and damp over his forehead. There was something disheveled and miserable in his whole appearance, and a scared look in his eyes as they met mine that made me hasten to explain my appearance there.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "for intruding at this hour, "but I feared you might be ill. I wanted to know if I could be of any use to you."

He gazed at me uncertainly for a moment in silence, then, standing on one side that I might enter, he closed the door, bolted it, and advancing to the table, set down his candle among a litter of papers and letters with which it was strewn. A chair was pushed back from the table close by, propped up against another chair, was an open portmanteau. The young fellow motioned me to a seat, and sank himself into the one from which he had just risen. For a moment he sat without speaking, gazing fixedly before him, then turned his head, as though to address me. But any words he might have spoken died away in a fit of shivering. He grew even paler than before, his teeth chattered, he looked at me helplessly, as a child might, as he sat there grasping the table with both hands, in a vain effort at self control. I felt in my pocket for my traveling flask, and going up to him, got him to swallow some brandy. The effect was good; the shivering ceased, some color returned to his cheeks and lips.

"That is better," I said, contemplating him.

He did not at once answer. His lips trembled a little, as he sat looking at me; the tears rushed to his eyes.

"You are an Englishman," he said, holding out his hand with an affectionate gesture that touched me deeply. "I didn't think I should see any one here that would care about me."

"My dear lad," I said, "what's your difficulty? I saw you down stairs last evening; I saw that you were in trouble of some kind. Tell me about it. If you have got yourself into a scrape, it will be hard if between us we can't pull you out, whatever it may be."

"It's no scrape," he said, with difficulty, and paused. His face grew white again. "It's no scrape," he said at last. "I've got to fight a duel to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, and I—I"—his voice failed altogether.

"A duel? Nonsense," I said. He looked up. "Nonsense," I repeated. "Who fights a duel these days? The thing can be put an end to at once."

I stood up as I spoke, and made a step towards the door, with I don't know what idea; since at that hour of the night nothing could be done. He stopped me, however.

"It can't be put a stop to," he said; "it must go on. I'm pledged on my honor that it shall go on."

I faced round on him.

"Look here," I said; "I know all about it. I saw that girl this evening; I heard about her. She leaves the house to-morrow. But you've fallen into a trap, my dear fellow; your honor has nothing to say in the matter. I give you my word of honor that the whole thing may be arranged without the slightest difficulty."

"How?" he said, with a certain eagerness, but checked himself immediately. "It must go on," he repeated; "it is all settled, I tell you. I don't know what you mean about the girl. There was a quarrel among a lot of officers down stairs; I got mixed up in it, like a fool; but there were some good fellows among them, and they'll see me through. After all," he went on, trying to smile, "what is a duel? Hundreds of men have fought and no great harm come of it."

He broke off as the shivering seized him again, and the pallor. A light dawned on me. It was fear that held the boy as he sat there, cowering and trembling, before me; the lad with his fresh complexion and pretty girl's face was a coward; and as I recognized the fact, something of contempt for him rose in my mind. I had in those days the brutal stupidity of a man to whom, constitutionally, fear is unknown. I had never considered, as I have had occasion to do since, the tricks that a vivid imagination may play with a sensitive organization, and I looked at the trembling lad before me with the amount of intelligence a bull dog might have brought to bear upon the subject. Nevertheless, I laid my hand on his shoulder good naturedly enough.

"Look here," I said, giving him a friendly shake. "Take some more brandy first, though." I got him to swallow another mouthful. "Look here, my dear boy," I said, "you don't like the notion of fighting, I see. Well, don't give the thing another thought. Go to bed and sleep soundly; when you wake to-morrow morning you'll find it all arranged."

He shook his head.

"It can't be—it can't be," he said. He sprang to his feet and paced the room once or twice, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "You think I'm afraid," he said, standing in front of me and speaking rapidly. "You're right, I am afraid, I'm sick with fear"——

He dropped into his chair again and flung out his arms across the table, burying his face in them. In a moment he looked up.

"I've been afraid all my life," he said, speaking low and very quickly. "I can't help it. I can't see things any other way. They used to bully me at school. Once I shrieked something, and the boys"— He broke off. "Only one fellow was good to me," he went on. "He was older than I was, and he made me promise I'd never shirk a thing through cowardice again; and I never will."

I looked at him with a new sentiment. "Where is your friend now?" I asked after a pause.

"He is dead," he answered. "He was killed last year, fighting in India."

He buried his face again, and there was silence for a while. I heard the rain still falling steadily outside; now and then the candle flickered a little in the breath of night air. At last I spoke.

"That is no reason—it is no reason at all," I said, rising and pacing the room in my turn. "The thing is an absurdity. I tell you, no one fights duels in these days. Why, to begin with, do you even know what you are about? Can you fire a pistol, if, as I suppose, it is with pistols you propose to amuse yourselves?"

He answered almost inaudibly. "I can handle firearms," he said. "I had to learn."

I sat down and contemplated him for a moment. "Look here," I broke out again, "the whole thing is nonsense, sheer nonsense; it can't be allowed to go on. You've no business, my dear boy, to be coming abroad for your holiday and getting yourself entangled in miseries of this sort. What would your family say? Think of them."

He raised his haggard face. "I can't get out of it," he said; "I can't; not without leaving them to say that an Englishman shirked, and lost his honor because he was afraid. And it would be true."

"Oh," I said, "there are ways of putting things. Tell them that you've thought better of it; that in England we're too civilized for such barbarous Middle Age practices; that when a man is offensive, we kick him down stairs and there is an end of it. Anything would be good enough for a set of brutes who would entrap a lad like you into a duel."

I had touched his dignity, perhaps. "I was not entrapped," he said, then broke into a sob. "Don't," he cried, "don't tempt me. I oughtn't to have told you anything about it, I suppose, but I couldn't help it. I don't want to think of it; I shall get frightened again, and feel I can't face it all. Besides, there's something else I want to say." He began hurriedly turning over the papers on the table. "If I'm killed"——

"Oh, come," I said, "there's no question here of being killed. Duels are fought every day abroad, and no one is a bit the worse. To-morrow night you'll be laughing at your fears."

"I think I shall be killed," he said simply. "I began a letter to my mother," he went on quietly enough; "I don't know how to finish it. I think I'll sign it, and get you to give it to her. I'm glad you're here. I thought there would be no one for me to speak to again."

He took a sheet of paper with a half filled page and wrote; then folding and directing it, put it in his little writing case. "You will find it there," he said. "And this portmanteau," he continued, "can go as it is. There are some things in it for my little sister Maggie; "I've got them at different places I've been to; please see that she has them. And there are some books for my eldest brother; he likes old books."

"You have brothers?" I inquired.

"Two; they're both older than I am. My father is dead. He died in Germany; we were living there at the time. That is how I come to know German. I wish I didn't."

He sat silent, his head resting on one hand, the fingers of the other idly tracing figures on the table; now and then he gave a shivering sigh. At last he looked up and spoke.

"Do you—do you"— he began in an uncertain voice. He went on more collectedly. "Do you believe, you know, in a future life, and all that? Some fellows don't. They do at home."

"Your mother does?" I said. "Trust to her."

"Yes, she believes," he said, with a sigh. He fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a small New Testament. "She gave me this at school," he said, "and told me to bring it abroad with me. That is her mark in it."

He opened it and turned over the leaves; but in a moment laid it down and passed his hand over his eyes.

"I can't see," he said, "the words are all dazzled. Read me something, won't you? There, where the mark is."

He pushed the book to me across the table. I took it up. A blue ribbon divided the leaves; the book opened of itself. I read as directed, where a verse marked in pencil first caught my eye.

"'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye have heard how I have said unto you, I go away'"——

A mist passed before my own eyes; I closed the book. "My dear lad," I said, "I'm neither clerk nor parson; more's the pity, if it would be any help to you. But if you follow my advice, you will take the comfort of your text and sleep upon it for the next few hours. You'll be all the better man to-morrow morning for a night's rest."

He did not immediately answer. He had taken up the book and was letting his eyes stray over the pages. I spoke again.

"Could you sleep, do you think, if I left you?" I said.

"I don't know—I'll try," he said rather vaguely. He closed the book and rose. I rose also, and stood irresolute. I hardly liked to leave him alone, yet his chance of rest, I thought, might be greater so than if I remained. He understood my doubt apparently.

"I'm all right now," he said. "I dare say I shall sleep as you say. Thank you for coming in; I don't know what I should have done without you."

He smiled faintly and held out his hand; there were tears in his eyes; his hand was cold as ice. I asked him a few questions, brief as I could make them, about the morning's arrangements. The meeting was to take place, I found, at a spot I knew, in a wood just without the town walls, where the ruins of an old abbey stood on a grassy lawn. "I shall see you in the morning," I said, and with the promise wrung his hand and left him.

I went back to my own room, and, dressed as I was, threw myself on the bed. Not for a moment did I intend that this iniquitous duel should go on. At earliest dawn I proposed to rouse the landlord, to stir up the city guard, if needful; nay, to call out the town garrison itself, rather than permit an act of criminal and unnecessary folly. All this, I say, I intended. For a while I lay wakeful and attentive; I heard a chair pushed back in the adjoining room, and footsteps moving uncertainly to and fro; then deep silence. The young fellow, I concluded, had followed my advice, and betaken himself to bed for an hour or two. The town clocks struck three, and with the determination to rouse myself at half-past 4, I passed into a profound sleep. Alas! I was young; I was tired out. At half-past 5 I fell into uneasy dreams. I dreamed that I had risen, that I had dressed in haste, that I had made my way to the poor lad in the adjoining room. He was seated in his shirt sleeves on the edge of the bed. "Surely it is not time to go yet," he said, and began to cry like a girl. I I dreamed that I awoke, and turned to dream again. This time it was the boy who came in to me as I was dressing hastily. "It's all over," he cried joyously. "Not a soul was hurt. I start for home at once." "Thank God," I answered, and with the words I woke with a start, woke in truth this time, sitting up on my bed bewildered for a moment. It was broad daylight. I looked at my watch; it wanted but twenty minutes to 6. I caught up my hat and burst into the adjoining room. It was empty. On my headlong way down the stairs I stumbled over my friend, the old waiter. In a breath I told him what had happened, and rushed from the house.

I rushed from the house, across the steep arched bridge, through the town gate and out into the wood beyond. Deep in the heart of the wood stood the ruin; I had not a moment to lose. The rain had ceased, but the clouds were still low and threatening. I remember still—I hardly noted at the time—the damp, gray morning air, thick with mist, the drenched weeds and grass, the trees weighed down with moisture, powerless to rally in the dense atmosphere. The road, a grassy, cart rutted track, lay before me, winding among the trees. It lay plain before me to follow, but I thought it would never end; it seemed interminably long; I thought that it never would end. I came upon the scene suddenly at last; a cleared space, some walls and high springing arches on slender columns, a grassy level in front, stretching from tree to tree on either hand. I had visited it but yesterday and found it empty of human life. Today a scattered group of men occupied the foreground. I saw my poor lad; I saw him stand as he had been placed, and raise his pistol with a shaking hand. I uttered a cry; he turned his face for a second, a trembling smile on his white lips. "I am here, you see; it's all right," he seemed to say. The next moment there was a report. The pistol dropped from his hand; he turned and fell face downward, dead.

The smile was still on his lips. Poor lad, poor lad!—Temple Bar.

When a Train Is Flying.

An official of the Lehigh Valley railroad is in favor of maintaining high rates of speed in railroad travel. He says accidents come no more frequently at fifty miles an hour than at ten miles an hour. He admits that the smashups are worse when they do occur to swift trains, but he is rather inclined to think the best way to avoid them is to run fast. He explains it in this way: "When a train is flying," he says, "you will notice the engineer and fireman are both very alert and wide awake. Their every sense is keyed to extraordinary alertness. When a train is crawling the contrary is true. The men in the cab are curled up, and are so drowsy that when they pull the bell the clapper seems to stick to it, and when they whistle the sound is slow and dreamy."—New York Sun.

A Pretty Garden Ornament.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vines, maurandia, sweet pea or anything that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning glory, canary bird vine and other twenty footers, are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seed, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorative, and to see such an object standing there week after week, waiting for its clothes, does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella; and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some member of the family, however, may be able to produce one, and then it should be immediately stripped of the few tatters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that every one exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright colored phlox or candytuft. With a long spouted watering pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their highest green tips, and this would keep them fresh.—Harper's Young People.

Couldn't Bore Him.

Miss Thumpit (pausing for breath)—I fear I weary you.

Mr. Heavyweight—Not a bit of it; play on. I can't tell one note of music from another.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Oscar Prefers to Wait.

"Oscar Wilde expects to be buried in Westminster Abbey," says a floating item. Well, we are willing. Is there any reason for this maddening delay?—Somerville Journal.

Less Costly in the Long Run.

"How do you manage to keep your water pipes from freezing this weather, Dobson?"

"Easy enough. I have a yearly contract with a plumber."—Hartford Post.

Look Hard and You'll See It.

There is a young lady in a girls' school in Georgia who goes by the nickname of "Post script." Her real name is Adaline Moore.—Burlington Free Press.

In the Theatre.

"But why do you weep? The acting is certainly not so touching." "Excuse me, I am bewailing the money I paid to come in."—Fliegende Blatter.

A Definition.

Counsel—What is the plaintiff's attitude as to this question? Witness—Recumbent. Lies about it constantly.—Tid Bits.

One That Never Gets Tired.

The person who is always talking to himself is sure to have an interested listener.—Lowell Citizen.

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