AMICE'S WEDDING DAY.

I was always glad when my rounds d through Sandridge-bythe P orn many places where e fends enough, who the old peddler, who for ever so many years, where children themselves on, but somehow I I ked the andridge best of all my jour-

was a queer little village; one straggling main street leading up from the shore, with the fishermen's huts one built apon another, up the cliff, until it made you wonder how you ever got into them at all.

It was surprising to find how ready the Sandridge people were to buy my goods too; I always took a large assort ment there and chose the brightest colors to please the fishergirls, who like to be gayly dressed when they can, and don't gradge what money they spend on themselves neither. But there was one cottage in Sandridge where my gaudy wares fell rather flat, but I was always sure of abright, sunny welcome, and I usually made my way there first of all.

It was a steepish walk up the cliff to ben ityder's cottage, and I was always glad when I reached the top and saw Anice standing in the doorway laughing at my efforts to struggle up. Beautiful Amice Ryder, she was called, and rightly enough to my mind. She wasn't pretty, like many of the Sandridge girls were; she was too big and quiet-looking for mers prettiness; she was just beautiful, neither more nor less, and she didn't need an clothes to show it off neither. called her proud but she was never probleto me, but used to laugh at me and but me welcome, as though I had been a king instead of a two-penny-hapunty peddler.

bright spring day I came to Sand in the afternoon, and as I neared be place I stopped to speak to an old omrada of mine, who was breaking ones by the roadside.

"Any news up you?" I asked, when we ad passed the time of day to each other. "Naws!" he grunted, wiping his mouth rith the back of his hand; "news, you Well, there's more news than I are for, anyhow," and then resumed his

"Come, Sammy," I said, laying down my pack, "you're put out a bit. What's

'What's up?" he repeated he always had such a tiresome way of doing that, had Sam Penfold—"well, a billet's up." What's that?" I asked.

Why, just this: They ain't got room or the soldiers that are quartered at Ley so they've handed them on to us, and neither with yer leave or by yer leave, in stalks a great six foot fellar, right in to yer house, with a piece of paper in his hand. That's his billet, says he, and there he stays as free as you please, whether you want him or not." I laughed at Sammy's grievances, and

reshouldering my pack prepared to walk "Going to Bon Ryder's" asked Sam

with a parting grunt. "Aye."
"Then you won't get lodgings there, he said with a grim satisfaction; "he's

got a billet, too."
Somehow I did not like the idea of a jugh soldier being quartered at Ryder's buse, though it was no business of

'ans it wasn't any fault of his. Anyhow, I would wait before I came o any hasty conclusion on the subject. as I neared the top Amice came out to meet me as usual, but whether it was laney or not I couldn't tell, her face seemed to look paler and graver than it used to. She wore her usual fish girl's itress of coarse homespun, but stuck in front of it was a cream colored rose, a thing I never saw Amice wear before in my life. She wasn't given to frippery of

any sort. Come in, Paul," she said, holding out her hand towards me. "You're as tired

as can be, I'm sure."

Just the same welcome as ever; but there was something in the ring of her voice that told me that I wasn't altoleast I thought so. However sitting down in the porch, I stopped on for some little time, making her tell me all the gossip of the village. Of course, the arrival of the soldiers came up among other things, and by the flush that greespread the girl's pale cheek, as she told me this bit of news, I felt lure that the mischief was done, and that Amice Ryder was heart whole no go on!"

Did your soldier give you that rose,

my lass?" I asked, suddenly.
For the first time in my life I saw Anice angry. She did not vouchsafe any answer to my question, but rising from he seat she turned abruptly away and busied herself in the house getting some rereshments ready for me, which I hadly deserved after my impertinence. a I smoked my pipe peacefully in the porch I thought it all over, and made fatier could look after her interests beter than I could; only soldiers were sun queer chaps; they so often pretoned what they never meant, and I was too ond of Amice to see her treated in it.

thatway.
8 ddenly, as I sat in the quiet spring sunnine, I saw a man toiling up the ascentifinat led to Ryder's cottage. His red coat hanging on his arm showed him to be a soldier. His hat was off and I

could see his face distinctly.

"Amice," I called out, loudly, "Amice, come here." Then, as she neared me, continued: "Is you the man that is quartered here, at your father's house?" For a moment she looked out a little anxiously, then said, quickly:

'Yes, that's him, Paul." Without another word I left her and walked down the steep road to within a short distance of the approaching figure; then I stopped dead and waited for the man to come towards me. He was looking down on the ground as he swung himself up on the steep way. Suddenly he raised his eyes and they met mine

Ah, me! how his face changed as 'What do you want now?" he gasped

"Only to let you know that I am here,

member that, you're safe from me. For- in the tower rang out and the wedding get it, and I shall keep silence no

With a rough laugh he turned away, and left me standing alone; then I slowly remounted the rocky path, with a heavy weight at my heart, and prepared myself for what I could say to the girl who was waiting for my return above. She stood watching me from a porci, where the roses were growing in their wild beauty, and I could see a wonder-ing sort of look in her face as I came near her; but she never spoke a word or asked a single question. I was a bit out of breath after my tng up hill, and as what I had to say wanted all the calmness and quietness I could muster, I waited silent for a time; then took her

hand in my withered one.
"Amice, my lass," I said, "I've known you since you were a wee thing toddling bout here, and seen you grow up into the woman you are with near as much pride as your own father could do, and on the strength of that old friendship I

want you to make me a promise.' No answer, only she held her head a bit higher, and looked me straight in the face unflinchingly.

"Will you grant an old man's whim, Amice?" I said again.
"I must wait until I hear what it is

first, Paul," she replied.
"Well, it's this. I've a fancy, a strange fancy, to be one of the guests at your wedding, Amice, and the promise I want from you is this; five days before your marriage send me word to come to it. She laughed merrily, her old uncon

"Oh, you silly old Paul," she said, blushing slightly, "is that all you've been making such a mystery about? Well yes, I promise."

scieus laugh, that somehow it hurt me to

I looked at her earnestly. "Amice, I said, "you've given me your promise, and I trust you. Whatever persuasion you may get to the contrary, you give me your honest word that old Paul, the peddlar, shall come to your wedding?"
"Yes," she said, "I do, Paul, really

And then I was satisfied, for I knew a girl with such truthful eyes as here

couldn't stoop to deceit. After telling her how to let me know when I was wanted, so seriously that she again began to laugh at me, I left the he nodded his head and laughed; so she self, and being very busy, one Saturday ottage, refusing all her invitations to just ran after me, and putting her arms stay, for I knew the same roof couldn't around my neck, kissed my weathershelter me and the man she had chosen' for her lover, without some harm coming | make off as quick as possible, for fear of it. So I went down into the village | the salt tears of an old man should bring for the night, and tramped next day, ill-luck to Amice's wedding day. feeling more downcast than I had ever done before at leaving Sandridge behind

Only a few months passed away before the summons I had been fearing came. Amice was going to be married, and wrote to bid me come to the wedding As luck would have it, the message was delayed, notwithstanding all my care that it should be forwarded to me directiy it reached the place I had told Amice to send it to, and I only got it a day and a half before the affair came off.

There were few railroads in those days,

remember, so I had to start on foot, and walk day and night in order to reach Sandridge in time; and a heavy jaunt it was, for I was none so young as I used to be. At last the wearisome journey neared its end, and the little flahing village came in sight, lying quietly among the hills in the late autumnal buse, though it was no business of sunshine. I did not walt to go up to ine. It didn't seem altogether right Ben Ryder's cottage, for I could tell by Ben towards his motherless girl, but the way most of the houses were deserted and by the aspect of the women who re mained, standing at their house doors, that a wedding party had gone into the Up the cliff I toiled with my load, and church, and that they were waiting their return.

Many greetings met my ears, and many a laugh was raised at my sorry appearance, for I looked travel-stained and weary enough, I warrant.

At last I reached the little lynch-gate

leading into the old churchyard, and there my spirit almost failed me, for on the ground lay the pretty flowers that the children had thrown before the bride as she had walked up the path. But nerving myself for what was before me, entered the open door almost unnoticed Then I saw Amice as she stood in her soft gray gown with her beautiful hoad drooping on to her breast. I only looked gether wanted there that day, or at at her I say, and the sight gave me courago; no man living should harm her while I lived to prevent it, but my task was a hard one for all that. Stepping forward through the little crowd of lagers that looked on, open-mouthed, to e me, I made my way toward the group in the chancel.

"Stop!" I called out aloud, holding up my hands. "This welding must not

Amice, I know, looked up at me with a look I shall never forget, but it was too late to heed that now. "For what reason am I to stop!" said

old Parson Leigh, who was a-marrying them, startled by my voice and not knowing how to act.
"Because," I said, covering my eyes
with my hand, to shut Amice's face from

my sight, "because that man is my son, and he's married already!"
"Is this true?" says Parson Leigh, his upmy mind that it was nothing to do with me if Amice had a lover. Her felt for the girl, whom he had known voice shaking a little with the sorrow he since she was a baby, and turning to the

man who stood before him.
"It's just a down right he, sir," he said simply enough, "and I'm ready to prove it. My father's here to speak for himself, and Heaven knows why any one should want to come between Amice and

me like this." I looked up bewildered as the man spoke, and then in an instant the awful mistake I had made flashed across my mind; this was not the man I had seen coming up to Ben Ryder's house at all: this was not my son, but a younger man, and different in every way to that poor wandering fellow. For a minute some thing seemed to come into my throat and prevent me from speaking. But presently the words came: "I withdraw what I said entirely, sir," I said, solemnly, "and humbly ask pardon for the mistake I made, which I will explain

later on. Then falling back into the ranks of the astonished lookers-on, I listened to the words that made Amice Ryder a happy wife, wondering, with a sad heart, whether she would ever forgive the blunder I had made in my effort to secure her happiness.

was very pale and still, and a tear trembled on her cheek, but she made her and can guess the game you are playing," I returned. "As long as you refull of trust and hope. At length the bells the old folks?

party began to prepare for starting, but I hung back, ashamed to meet Ben Ryder or his daughter, and still more ashamed to meet the gossiping folk who had heard all I had said. But Amice had not forgotten me; she saw me watching her from the back of the church, and

came forward directly on her husband's "Come home with us. Paul," she said gently, "I want you." And notwith-standing the queer looks given me by her soldier I followed them at a dis-

tance towards the old home. beckoned the two out into the golden

"Amice," I said humbly enough, "! have to ask your pardon for my behavior towards you and yours to-day. The man who lodged at your father's house was my son, and it never entered my head that it might be another soldier who courted you. I only thought of him, and, knowing his ways, made up my mind to save you from him, though he were a dozen times my son. He never has caused me anything but trouble tion of men to office; because, since he was a lad, and such trouble if He does, I shall be compelled to questramp the country from one year's end of mean men who hold office, and the in one place, knowing that he would cellent men of my acquaintance who fail only bring disgrace on me if I did so. It to get office, I should question the wisis from this man I tried to save you; dom and beneficence of the Divine and you must forgive a half blind old Arbiter of primaries and the Supreme man's mistake, when you remember how

The tears stood in Amice's eyes; she always had a feeling beart, and she saw now I was wellnigh overdene. She would not have me say good-bye, but pressed me to join them in their simple wed-ding feast. But I said no, and kept to it. Somehow, it would have jarred on me to self, but they were gone and the shadows that fell around me should have no place in their innocent mirth. So I shouldered saw my girl following me with her eyes sent tull of pity, so I turned and waved my hat to her cheerily enough; then she spoke a word to her soldier husband, and beaten cheek gently. Then I had to

Parragut at Ten

I preached one Sunday in the parlors at Long Branch. The war was over, and Admiral Farragut and his family were spending the summer at the Branch. Sitting in the portico of the hotel Monday morning, he said to me:

Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after the tresson of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive, I was great at cards and fond of

cabin, locked the door, and said to me:
"David, what do you mean to be?" " 'I mean to follow the sea.'

" 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a po miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.

" 'No, I said, 'I'll tread the quarter deck and command, as you do. " 'No, David; no boy ever trod the the evidence of the truth of the miracle quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course

of life if you ever become a man.'
"My father left me and went on deck. was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital. That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, and I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, I

will never gamble. "And as God is my witness, I have Sabbath was made for man, and kept those three vows to this hour. not man for the Sabbath? And is "And as God is my witness, I have Shortly after, I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal as it settled my eternal destiny."—[Leaves from The Tree of Life.

Got Their Ciothes Mixed.

Mark Twain, in his new book called "Tramps Abroad," tells how a party of tourists got wet and what they did when they came back to the hotel; We stripped and went to bed, and sent our clothes down to be baked. All the horde of soaked tourists did the same. That chaos of clothing got mixed in the kitchen, and there were consequences. I did not get back the drawers I sent down, when our things came up at 6:15; I got a pair on a new plan. They were merely a pair of long white ruffled, cuffed sleeves, hitched together at the top with a narrow band, and they did not come quite down to my knees. They were pretty enough, but they made me feel like two people, and disconnected at that. The man must have been an idiot that got himself up like that to rough it in the Swiss mountains. The shirt they brought me was shorter than the drawers, and hadn't any sleeves to it-at least it had inothing more than what Mr. Darwin would call "rudimentary" sleeves; these had "edging" around them, but the bosom was ridiculously plain. The knit silk undershirt they brought me was on a new plan, and was really a very sensible thing; it opened behind, and had pockets in it to put the shoulder blades in; but they did not seem to fit mine, and so I found it a sort of uncomfortable garment. They gave my bobtail coat to somebody else, and sent me an ulster suitable for a giraffe. I had to tie my collar on because there was no button on the foolish little shirt which I described a while ago.

Nothing like an honest quill. A St. Louis paper starts an editorial with, to the baker for his loaf? Then, again, Boston Transcript. "Our ancestors, the baboons of Africa," what became of the little brown hen? etc. Don't you ever get lonesome to see

Rev. Joseph Rowell's Miracie.

While the war of the slaveholders rebellion was in existence I was at times quite impressed with the idea that Presient Lincoln was subject to the guidance and direction of a special providence. His conduct did at times appear to be from God direct, and his utterances to have been divinely inspired. But when I reflect that the same providence that than could liberate the slave made him a naut. slave; that the breaking of shackles once towards the old home.

Outside the cottage I stopped, and grope. When I recall the death of Lincoln and of Garfield, I question. When I think of Democratic politics, I doubt that is, I doubt if God busies himself in the special-direction of political affairs, either in the grander field of molding institutions of government and preserving national organizations, or in the lesser affairs of directing who shall be Prosecuting Attorney in Virginia, or Governor, or Senator from California. I hope that He does not direct by

never should cross your path from one tion some of his most important attriof mine. It is on his account I have to butes. When I recall the vast number and it is on his account I dare not settle disappointed ambition of some most exnaru it was for a father's heart to de-nounce his own son. Now, good-bye, and Heaven bless you both."

The writing. I will great the elections. And that I am flippantly irreverent in my writing. I will great the Manipulator of general elections. writing, I will quote the incident nar-rated by the Reverend Joseph Rowell, pastor of the Mariners' Church. This incident he told gravely, with the approbation of a convocation of clergymen who claim for themselves that they are called by divine authority to teach the writer of this article the sublime be there. I had had happier days my- truths of the Christian religion; that they are guarded in their lives, directed in their actions, provided in their needs, by in their innocent mirth. So I shouldered the special providence of God, and are my pack and walked off down the hill to- inspired in their instructions, and auwar is the town. Once I looked back and thorized by divine commission to represent to a sinful and ignorant world those things which spiritually concern them, "I was at the time," said the Reverend Joseph, "boarding myevening, had failed to lay in provisions for Sunday. The bakeries were open, but I would not break the Sabbath by

buying on that day. I had nothing to

eat except a little stale bread, so I prayed

for divine support and blessing in re-specting the Lord's day. While I was on my knees a strange brown hen came slowly up the steps into my room. I drove her out. Presently she re-turned, and I drove her out the second lion's share of the profits. And as he stood there, his broad back braced against the boat, dressed in a brown beret, woven Jersey and leather boots up to his thighs, was every inch a man, and I could imagine him playing any heroic part except the one that he was time; but, having occasion to go into the acting-that of a Romeo. inner room for a moment, I found, on my return, that she had come back and Our new comer was the last of her party to step into the water, and, as she laid a large egg on my door-mat; and, hesitated, did not notice the huge wave with this food, which I firmly believe was from God, I got through the Sunday approaching, but Jerome, the bather, did, and, just as the wave struck, grasped very comfortably. Of course, many would obstinately refuse to see the diher in his arms as the water closed over them. There was a shout of laughter and vine hand in such things, but God is unscrambling on the beach, for the tide had turned, and bathed the feet of sevchangeable, and as He once sent the ravens to feed Elijah, I do not see why, eral unprepared. The wave receded, in such a case, He might not be believed unveiling the pair, the English lady and to have sent that brown hen to feed me. the bather, a handsome group in color and modeling; Jerome, a tall, well built Now, I am one of those illiberal-minded persons who absolutely refuse to see the Norman, with clear-cut, large features, divine hand in the miraculous per-formance of the little brown hen, and and honest eyes, shaded by the sailor's gaming in every shape.

"At the close of dinner, one day, my the God-head. I am prepared to believe beret, resembling the Scotchman's bon-net, and wearing a red flannel shirt and father turned everybody out of the that it is just as possible and sahin locked the door, and said to me: just as probable that the all-wise and held my lady like a child across his ever-living God sent a brown hen arms, hers were about his neck, and her to lay a miraculous egg for the Reverend white feet incased in pretty canvas shoes, Joseph Rowell in San Francisco, as that hanging down close together, presented He sent bread by the ravens to Elijah in a pretty finish to the composition. the desert of Arabia Petraea, or the land This all happened years ago. And Miss Graham lingered in the village after most of the summer guests had departed, being among the bathers, and forming about Jordan, or wherever it was; that it is just as likely to have occurred in the nineteenth century as in any of the ages that ante-date the birth of Christ; that

one of the small group which still dined at the end of the hotel table that had been is just as complete and just as satisfacso overcrowded only a few weeks before. tory as any of the best authenticated She lingered until the herring fishing miracles of the Roman Church of these began. One morning, when I had with latter days. But as I endeavor to take in much effort, prompted by curiosity, this marvelous story I find myself encrawled out of a warm bed just before tangled in a snarl of inextricable theodaylight to see the boat's return, I found ogical complications. Dogmatical conher on the beach before me among the undrums arise on every side, and I ask, fishwives, who did not think it strange was it really wicked, and is it wicked, to go out to the bakery on a Sunday mornthat an English lady should be eccentric How it came about I never know, aling to purchase a loaf of bread baked on though I heard several versions of the the preceding day? Did not Christ story, but they married. Yes, an English lady married a Normandy fisherman. cornfield on a go through the cornfield on a Sabbath, and did He not pluck and eat? Did He not say that the Sho was tine looking, young, rich and more than ordinarily agreeable and in-telligent. He was, in the language of his comrades, au beau male, a good felit not true that this whole business of low, honored by his comrades for his Sabbatarianism is the growth of modern frankness in speech and his extraorditimes-modern ecclesiasticism-that it nary strength. He had a full, rich was not favored by the Christian fathers. voice—richer, perhaps, as it was of pure Normandy patois. The wedding day was a holiday in Etretat; not a boat nor held in reference even by Martin Luther, but that the present idea of the rigorous observance of Sunday is the growth of Scotch Presbyterianism and went out, but all were hauled upon the beach and decorated with flags; the church was crowded; all wished to shake New England Puritanism? And then the strange brown hen that came boldly hands with the bride and groom, and set up the steps, and laid the large egg on up a hearty shout as they started on the the door-mat. Perhaps it was one of the journey in a carriage from the church of enlargement of the heart. He lives in neighbors' hens that flew over the fence, and finding a good, soft door-mat, improvised it for a nest in a natural way. They returned to Etretat and built a If so, then it was his neighbor's egg, and

was it laid hot or cold? It

"cottage by the sea," the prettiest one of the group to the North of the Gasino. he was not guiltless in taking that which And here they seemed very happy, and was his neighbor's, even if he had neif the bride ever regretted her own glected to lay in his eggs on Saturday. relatives she had enough of his to con-And was the egg boiled? If it was boiled, sole her, for her husband was related to half the village.

Do you want the end of this story a miracle for a hen to lay a cold-boiled egg. It is a greater miracle to lay a hot-boiled egg. It is a miracle if the It is short. During the first year of egg was fried, or boiled, or scrambled. this strangely assorted couple's life, Monsieur, wishing to adopt the man-But if it was a natural egg, laid in a nat-

ural way by a neighbor's hen, I see no special providence in it, unless it was an ners of his new position, went out hunting with a party of gentlemen, and was wounded by an accidental discharge of attempt on the part of God to ascertain whether the divinity student, who was about going into His sacred service, widow still mourns his loss, comes would take eggs that did not belong to every summer to the pretty but lonely him. If I accept the statement of the cottage, and heads the list of village Reverend Joseph Rowell, that he recharities. garded the egg -which was a large one-

All the fishermen speak of him as "un as food from God, and really believed bon gareon," and would be very much that it had been sent to him by the spe- surprised and perhaps show resentment cial direction of Providence for his sus- if one should suggest that it was a in sight. tentation, I demand to know whether he strange affair.

took it raw—that is, whether he sucked it, or whether he cooked it? If he made real names of the lovers. You will find a fire and cooked it—boiled it for the true ones on the window in the four minutes, or fried it, or scrambled church at Etretat, the third on the right. it, or made an omelet of it, did he not It represents the Virgin with the child sin as directly in making his fire getting in her arms, but on this St. Sauveur, out his salt and pepper, and preparing Day strangely reminded me of the first his egg for eating as though he had gone time I saw Jerome and Miss Emily.—

Did it fly back over the fence, and go Men who swing the home. like any common hen, to its corn ally swarthy fellows. Men who swing the scythe are gener-

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

and crumbs, and with tell-tale cackle in-

form its owner that it had been divinely

inspired to take an egg to the hungry

divinify student, or did it go flying up the golden ladder to its celestial roost, to

be dispatched by some breakfastless

brother in this or some other world, whe

provision before the earth had revolved

itself into holy time, and whose piety prompted him to ask God for eggs rather

than pay his baker for bread? -Argo

A Strange Affair.

It was the bathing hour on the beach

at Etretat, and the bathers were making

merry in the water, descending and as

cending the long line of planks which were laid over the pebbly beach from the bath-houses to the water's edge.

comer, closely wrapped in a white peignoir, with her face almost concealed

by the broad, straw hat tied down by a

narrow strip of searlet; at the water's

edge she threw aside the peignor show-ing a fine, tall figure, and the bathing

costume, which was made after the fash-

ion adopted in the place-sleeveless and

only to the knees. It was evidently her first bath at Etretat, and as she stepped

into the water she looked around with a

prudish, half-timid took-not to be won-

dered at-upon the crowd of witnesses

for as the beach is very stiff and pebbly and the tides form terraces with the rocks, the spectators lounge within a few

feet of the water's edge, and friends-one

swimming in deep water, the other re

She was warmly dressed, and wore

This morning Jerome's boat was near-

est me, or perhaps it was because Miss Graham was nearest Jerome's boat that I

happened to be there, and when I re-

marked to her on the manly appearance

of Jerome, and added that there was a tradition that the inhabitants of these

parts were descended from the Danish

kings, I was surprised at the warmth of

her acquiescence in what I had only said

for the sake of making conversation, and

more so when I saw the smile of recog-

owned his boat, was captain, and had the

nition that passed between the two.

Jerome was a "master fisherman;

with each other.

was too negligent to lay in his Sunday

Miscellaneous reflections: "I don't care for money," said George

and, "but for spending it. When you make love to her the cold woman says, "No;" the passionate "Yes;" the capricious "Yes and no," and the coquetish neither "Yes"

Do not marry, because your wife will be ugly or she will be pretty. In the former case you won't like her; in the

latter some one else will.

Services to be rendered reconcile friends whom services rendered have estranged. Consolations console only those who

From Francesque Sarcey's feuilleton

are willing to be consoled.

the bath-houses to the water's edge. In Le Temps, describing the first per-Down the planks walked, following a formance of "Odette":

party of well known English, a new "Every one held his breath. This drama, clean-cut.rapid, almost brutal, reminded one of a duel in which one of two sword blades, after a brief engage-ment burnes itself in the bosom of the other!"

Two oldest inhabitants, who are always remembering something, discuss th

weather. "Yes, sir," says one, "for real, unadul-terated cold weather give me the winter of 1826-27. The rivers were all frozen solid, and the fish in 'em, and I recollect that I chopped out an sel and used him for a walking stick. Of course stood it up against the door outside whenever I went into the house."

"Do not." said a clever dramatic artist clining upon the dry shingle-can, by raising their voices a little, converse to a journalistic friend who had called to inquire about his health-"do not say that 'his condition is such as to inspire his friends with ure sainess.' People might think I owed my friends money." beret, which, although tied down with a veil, gave her something of a sailor-like appearance not out of keeping with the

An author deposits his precious manuscript for a prize competition, and takes the customary receipt. "How many pages did you write?" asks the official, with kindly interest.

"About eighty."
"About eighty, eh? Well, here is your receipt, but I don't think you stand much chance of a prize. Why, there are some manuscripts of 120 and 130 pages in!"

Once upon a time a Turkish Sultan and a French Abassador were discussing the history of 1793 and the great French

Revolution.
"I could never," said His Majesty, with some warmth, "wish to inaugurate in Turkey a system under which a handful of men arrogate to themselves the right of disposing absolutely of the lives and fortunes of all their fellow countrymen. No, sir; if there must be a Reign of Terror I prefer being it myself."

Two dramatic authors attend at the first performance of a third's new oper-A number is encored. etta. "I don't see what they encored that

"Oh," replies the other, "it wasn't because it was funny, but because the people wanted to see if they could make head or tail of it."

Once upon a time two Japanese were engaged in a heated discussion in the streets of Pekin, in the course of which one exclaimed: "There can be no mistake about it-

the Emperor is an ass!" net, and wearing a red finnel shirt and black pants, that, being soaked, showed the modeling of his athletic figure. He the modeling of his athletic figure. He arrested.

"But," pleaded the Japanese, "we in tended no disrespect to the Brother of the Sun-may he live nine hundred and ninety-nine years!-it was our imbecile Emperor of Japan that we said was an

"Tut! tut!" replied the official, stern-"tell that to the horse marines. Whenever any one says an Emperor is an ass we know that it is our imperial master he has in his mind. Come along!

WISDOM FOR CHICAGO INFANTS.

Is this the Great Eastern? No, it is a Cincinnati girl's shoe. See how easy it is to be mistaken.

How happy the Man looks. He is going to have his picture taken to send to his girl. Poor girl! how sad her Christmas will be. Here is a Poet. He is going up in the

elevator. How happy he looks. Pretty soon he will walk down looking sad. He has seen the editor. See the Boot. How large and shiny it

is. A man owns the Boot. Call on his daughter some evening and see what it is made for. This is a Horse. It can go very fast. The man who is standing by the Horse looks sad. He is broke. Do not go to

horse-races, Tommy, or you will be broke What a fine-looking Old Gentleman. Is he rich? Yes, he is very rich. See how healthy he looks. He will not die

Chicago Here is Miss Lucy. How proud and fine she looks in her new sealskin sacque. It cost three hundred dollars. Lucy's father will fail next week.

What have we here? It is a Young Man who wears a yellow ulster and a bigh collar. Does he smoke cigarettes? Yes. Let us all take a kick at him.

The Man is at the Desk. He is an editor. What is that in his hand? It is a microscope. What does the editor want of a microscrope? He is looking at his

This is a Young Lady. She is sitting at a piano, and soon will begin to sing 'Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone.' Run away quickly, children, and per-haps you will miss some of it.

Where is Tommy? He is playing base ball in the lot. Can Tommy play well? Yes, indeed, for he sometimes makes a home run. This is when his father heaves

The Dog and Cat are fighting. Is this wrong? Yes, it is very wrong for the Dog and Cat to fight, because they are not married. When you grow up, children, you will see the point of this

What a large Dog. He is going swiftly up the street. So is a tin can. It is tied to the Dog's tail. Will the Dog win the race? I should smile. It is wrong to tie a can on a Dog's tail if the owner of the dog catches you.