

THE LAWYER.

Who money gains through others' weep? Who's paid for telling what he knows? Who for advice gets "quid pro quo?"

THE MYSTERIOUS B-X.

We noticed him, I remember, from the very first; and we had three good reasons for doing so. In the first place, he was the very last passenger to come on board, arriving, indeed, just when the bell was ringing as a signal to clear the ship.

"More likely a bank-clerk absconding with specie," grunted a big, red-faced cotton-planter from Lancashire.

A Heroic Deed.

On the night of the 14th of October the steamship Cyrrian, Capt. John A. Straehan, left the Mersey, bound for Genoa and the Mediterranean ports.

Farm and Garden.

No system of agriculture can be profitable that does not make grass an essential part of a rotation of crops.

How Mr. Gold Was Murdered.

Lefroy made five different confessions as to the manner in which he murdered Mr. Gold on the Brighton Railway.

The New Attorney General.

A Washington letter writer says of the new United States Attorney General, Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster:

He Exp ated.

"Now, then, Mr. Cashmere, are you ever going to get those trousers done?" exclaimed the promising youth hurriedly.

Never Tried to be a Mason.

Mr. Thurlow Weed laughed heartily when a Sun reporter read to him the following remarkable statement published in the Washington National Republican lately:

Latest from Josh Billings

I have never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation.

The Successful Man.

When our Successful Man was a boy, and lived in a manufacturing village of New Hampshire, a widow's son, the greatest luxury he knew was to eat apples; so he told us the other day, when we fell into conversation about old times.