S. A. HECKETHORN, Proprietor.

Subscription Rates:

THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land of cotton, Ole times dar am not forgotten; In Dixie land whar I was bawn in, Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

Ole missus marry Will de weaber: Will he was a gay deceaber; When he puts his arm around her He looked as tierce as a forty-pounder

'His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber

"While missus libbed she libbed in clober. When she didd she died all ober; How could she act de foolish part. An' marry a man to broke her heart? "Duckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter Makes you fat, or little fatter; re's a health to de nex' ole missus, An'rall de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to dribe away sorrow Come an' hear dis song to-morrow; Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel, To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

How a Father's Obstinacy Was Overcome by a Simple Shepherd Couple.

[Paris Morning News.]
A little shepherd of the forests of Palneca loved a young girl of Santo-Pietro, the cool mountain village where the fashionable ladies of Ajaceio go to spend the summer. The young girl also loved the youth. At the first word of mar-riage the father of the young girl flew into a terrible passion, so terrible that for several days after the flocks of Palmeet did not dare to wander near the fillsides of Santo-Pietro. But on the fifth day the young girl fell ill, and at law on yer.

last the father relented.
"We will see about that," he said, "after he has drawn his conscript's number and has served his time. I do not want you to have a husband who will be of a man. compelled to leave you as soon as you are married.

How came it that in this country, where there is no telegraph, the shepherd in an hour afterward knew what had been said? The fact is that on entering the village he had only one idea uppermost in his head—escape from his term

The next day, while cutting wood in the forest, he, as if by accident, gave his right hand a smart blow with his hatchet and severed three fingers. Now let the military examination take place! He went home and tended his hurt as well as he was able; and when the wound was healed, and he had been rightly and duly exempted, he went to Santo-Pietro

"I am not going to serve in the army," can so read he said, "for I am sure they never will to the boy take me. You can marry us now."
But the father stopped him by a word.
"Never," he cried, "will I give my
daughter to one who is maimed."

And it was apparent by his tone of voice that he meant what he had said. this old man did not like a maimed son in-law. He made but one reply to the prayers and tears of this young girl.

"Never, you thoroughly understand, never! And don't let him come hanging around here any more. Cripples ought to marry cripples. Let him marry the little blind girl of Palneca, or the hunch-

back of Sant' Andrea."

The young girl did not reply, and not once during her illness did she speak of her shepherd. When she was convalescent she was seized with a longing for the forest and the open air, and every day took long walks by the hillside of Palneca by the road that her flocks knew so well. One morning, after a long search, she again came across the little shepherd, pale and haggard, like a shepherd tired of the world.

"Show me your wounded hand," she

He showed it to her bashfully, and piously she pressed it to her lips.
"Show me," she said to him again, "the hatchet which wounded you." He took it and showed it to her. Then, raising it and placing her hand on a

'This is how you did it, isn't it? This is how the accident happened?"

And before the shepherd was able to reply the hatchet had fallen, the stone was reddened, and beside it lay the three fingers of the pretty maid of Santo-Pie

"Now, shepherd," she said, "show me how you healed your wound."

And together they returned to Santro-

Pietro, he with tears in his eyes and she What could the father do? Had he not imprudently said that cripples ought to marry cripples? He cursed them and married them. The wedding was celebrated two months ago.

French Advertising.

The proprietors of a French shoe store are publishing in continental newspapers an ingenious advertisement based on the public interest in duels and dynamite exolosions. Capt. Cracson and Engineer Metrokins were to fight a duel, and the latter, having the choice of arms, decided on a dynamite combat. At the appointed time the combatants arrived, each having five cartridges. The seconds mounted on the highest trees, and the duel began. The first two cartridges produced no effect, but the third resulted in a fearful explosion. onds dropped from their tree tops to find that Crakson had been torn to pieces, and that Metrokins had disappeared from view. Nothing but the boots remained. These, on examination, were found to have come from the well known shop of Y. & Co.

Superstitions of Science.

[London Graphic.]
While the old mystical superstitions are dying out, the superstitious of science are beginning to haunt ignorant or half-edueffect. People are no longer afraid of bo-geys or portents in the sky, but they quake at the mention of miasmas or acids in the The man who is too wise to se

BLUKE STOVALL.

been dead for ive years, but he lived in happy retirement with his boy, a bright boy of 10 years reach into human existence. Stoyll was, a man of some education; at east of some reading, for the old books a his house were marked by the fingers of honest search.

One day, while Stoyall and his son a seven with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as as even with such illustrations of that fact as the Sharon trial before them, our eastern friends can hardly understand how absolute said rule is here, we can hardly expect the following perfectly true incident to be believed out of our own state:

One night not long ago the daughter of one of our best citizens was awakened by a noise in her room, and, upon sitting up, discovered a man disquisited in a black mask standing

mg up a scho l, are you?"

"Wait till I get through. I ain't a man o' much rammar, and I ain't got of fine way o g ttin' at a pint, so what we got ter as a, i'll hafter say it right ut. How lo g have yer been livin' on his place?"

"Why, my father lived here before the contrary, white is very becoming the contrary."

this place?"
"Why, my father fived here before me. You out to know that."
"Yas. Wal, and did it ever strike yer that the le man didn't hev no title

"What do you mean?"
"I'll tell yor. Tuther day when I went ter town I dropped in at the state

"Now, lookhere," said old Spillers, ismounting, "thar ain't no use'n yer ulkin' that vity. Ef yer father before er, and yer liter him, didn't have no use'n yer think th talkin' that

ver, and ver t au ter negleck this prop-te consequences must be al.

ad yer grammar. I know at man, but I've got the n to say that you would

home? I didn't know a anything wrong with the had felt the promptings told me, so t at I could have come and the neglect of so many years." see I'm not tellin' pe s; but rer see I'm not tellin peo-out the own bus ness. Thought

obr an' give yer warnin' ee, brat, hele this hoss till deymints."
a crage man of fondest aforali was a man of violent casionally he would seem all control of himself, and I show the d Like the vas a man of violent control of himself, and hty effort, he would with when Spiller threw, but when Spiller threw, prative gesture, which ig-ts twin brother, cruelty, ssume, the bridle reins rusting insult on him while robbi s father-Stovall could

sped Spillers; "stop; folded arms, Stovall d him over the wood. The old man's eyes

with horrible stare, from were start his head. cried the little boy. rangling a glastly title Stovall v to real estat left by the There, uzzards lea

sensation the country noon lit up the leaf-He had passed his was nearing Johnson's

and was nearing Jonsome one met him. 'Hello. tovall?" "That you

Yes; the

sobbed al

"I am on Come he said Johnson, taking his arm.

u, Johnson?"

"Stovall, bere's your boy."
Stovall as alone, with his face buried in the damp earth of a newly great tree and cried in how.

Two little one at the head and foot, marked the grave. the other s girl put them there. mson's

"You are up. The sheriff and Stovall 1 his posse l rrounded him.

id, in an agonized voice. "Wait." "The ligh life has been hidden nder thi

He was

A Hat in Tombstones.

cago Herald.] onnecticut has a lot con-A town in es, one in the center and taining five at the four points of the others 1 ne center grave bears the compas while the "My IV wife. III wife,

Henry Beecher: Men are born

WOOED BY A BURGLAR.

Midnight Courtship of a Belle by an Enterprising Housebreaker.

Bluke Stov. I lived among the mountains of a sparsely settled district. His farm bordered a little creek, following, with its fertile points of rich soil, the curves of the stream. His wife had seven with such illustrations of that fact as a seven with such illustrations of that fact as

the old books in his house were marked by the fingers of honest search.

One day, wile Stovall and his son were standing at the rude gate in front of the house, helling corn to a lot of young pigs, Dick Spillers, an old fellow who live. In the neighborhood, rede up and bailed.

"Won't you light, old man?"

"Wall, ef I o yer'll wish I hadn't."

"How's tha 2" balancing an ear of corn on the race and regarding the old fellow curously.

"Yer know I ain't a man o' much grammar, Blue."

"Well, you are not thinking of looking up a schol, are you?"

"Wait till I get through. I ain't a man o' much rammar, and I ain't got was in the role of light hair and dark eyes on of the your you of thin's ta a pint so what.

to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's tellin'," said the gas.
"No, but are you—honest Injun?"
"Well, yes, I am—to a young lawyer; but I don't care for him so very much." "He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully.

Napoleon in Europe.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.] s Napoleon everywhere in Europe Canvas and paint, marble and stone, clay and terra cotta, wood and wax have all been utilized to produce his form and features, and even the rocky wall that juts into the Rhine where the Lurlei nymph once kept house, is said to portray the very likeness of the great emperor, but as far as I could see the jagged edge might have represented Robin Hood, or Benjamin Butler, with as much correctness, had not the guidebook assured me I was mistaken. Thesalons of Versailles and the Louvre w his wrath with a picture him as a pretty featured boy like a patient, who is posing at his mother's knee; as the wallow the most nauhis fellow ministers; as the husband, sur-rounded by Josephine and her crimen; as the determined and almost unconfiderable soldier at the pyramids, at 'usterlitz, at

Wagram, at ena.
But Brussels caps the climax. In one of is father—Stovall could the rooms of the Weirtz gallery is a stretch of canvas which for blood-curdling awfulnd seized Spillers by ness and condensed horror cannot be equaled shoved him against a by some of the martyrdom paintings in the The stomach of great Roman galleries. In the midst of hissing, darting flames stands Napoleon—in heill clad in a military costume, gay with its reving up the non-digested reving up th Crowding him are scores of wild-eved creatures who. with an impetuosity of revengeful grief and intense hatred, are reviling him as the author

of all their misery and unhappiness.

I saw Napoleon still again in London at Madame Tussaud's exhibition on Baker street. An extra fee admits the visitor to the Napoleon room. In its center, lying in hich, ghoul-formed and state on what was his own camp bedstead at med to be within his St. Helena, rests Napoleon, clad in his chasman's tongue came out, seur uniform, and covered with the cloak he s, swollen into shocking wore at Marengo. In one corner of the ke the blistering tracks along the first state of the blistering tracks along a deadly serpeut.

I along the first state of the ing to his terrified son, combination of secret drawers, writing desks, combined by the Run over to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way, power to John-dining-tables that fold out of the way to John-dining-tables that fold out of t me. Run over to John-ere till I come for you."

created an indignant sheriff's posse secured Once they drove Stovall in piche, but he shot two ed. His soul's aim, e his boy again. One moon lit was the leaf, moon lit up the leaf-made his way toward his war atlas bewilderingly marked and remarked; his knife, fork and spoon used at St. Helena, and his shirt and drawers even.

JUDGING PEOPLE BY WHAT THEY

New York Tribut A news-stand at a central point or a way to your house to said Johnson, taking I him a short distance, I, and whispered:

On the news-stand at a central point of a much traveled thoroughfare is a good criterion of the intellectual character of the people who pass that way. Eake Fulton and Hamilton ferries, for in stance. On the news-stand at Fulton ferry, by which the better class of educated Brooklynites, pass to and from the production of a short stories are not numerous, either in this country or in England. The production of a short story requires quite cated Brooklynites, pass to and from best weeklies, and the gro minstrel song books, exposures of freemasoury, adventures of highway-My boy," and again he in the damp earth. He the poverty rather than the taste of his men, and the novels of Dumas and Sue "Now, gentlemen," he customers dictates his sorry collection, arising. "I will go with but the newsn an at Hamilton Ferry has The sheriff and his not a high opinion of the intellectual calibre of the customers.

The Drunkenness of Wealth.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.] A man can be as drunk with leading idea of the immunities of wealth as under the flery juice of the grape. He can accustom himself to thinking that it is The center grave bears into a constitution, "Our husband," as are inscribed, respectivife," "My II wife," "My II w

Directory Ditto Marks.

ned, unreadable; never-man born into this life with a new wrinkle. When there are more mething of his father and surpames than one of a kind the first is nis mother, with a new printed in full and the following are the mingling of the two.

Decoy Baby Cradles.

(Exchange.)
Three gardly painted and improbable looking cradles stood blistering in the sun yesterday afternoon near one of the Jersey City ferries, and were tenderly watched over by a tall man with long hair and odd boots, polished, with a too blacking and oots, polished with stove blacking and otted with red clay. The cradles were evidently not strong or large enough to hold a healthy baby, and when a young couple camoup and gazed intently at them the tall man talked rapidly and with great

animation.
"Certain sy are not for babies," he said, "and his der to understand the use to which these cradles are put you must first call to your mind the nature of musquitoes, and the fact that a great many provide chiest to sleeping under musquito. ople object to sleeping under musquito tting, because it gives them a feeling of flocation

"Very well. A gentleman living in New Jersey (that's where I was born and raised) buys one of these cradles, which are very light and easy to carry. He takes it home, stretches a piece of musquito net-ting tightly over it, puts it into his bed-room and govern sleep. n and goes to sle

om and goes to sleep.
The musquito is fond of baby, and has an excelsion nature—that is, he always tries to do the hardest thing. He imagines there is a baby in that cradle and he works there is a baby in that cradle and he works hard all night trying to get at it; too busy even to sing. In the morning the man wakes up refreshed, without a pimple on his nose, and finds the musquito panting and exhausted on the window still. The thing is never known to fail. They are only 85 cents apiece, and I will sell the right to manufacture them in any state but New Jersey for \$15,000. No, I haven't sold a great propy yet, because true genius needs time. As the delication of the steam of t

went ter tow land office.
Lookin' roun' over the books I disk reed that his farm was public lan', so I entered it. Don't wanter cause ver no oneasiness, Bluke, but yer'll haf ermove off."

"Great Go. man. My father, mother and wife died here. You certainly don't mean to say "That's the "To perdi on with such a law."

"To perdi on with such a law. I won't go; an I let me tell you, if you bring any of your pre-emption papers around here, "Il hurt you."

"Now, look here," said old Spillers,"

"Oh, awfully."

"Chaet Go. hard the state ("Ch, awfully."

"Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my described business? You don't want to peg along nursing babies in some stuffy back room for the next ten years, do you?"

"Nn-n-o," murmured the girl?

"Then why not let this fellow sude and take me? I'm pretty comfortably fixed. Business has been good this season, and our profits are large. Our firm is now running a tunnel under a Marysville bank, and I've got a fourth interest. Besides, I'm secretary of the Burglars' Protective association. We not a fled.

"The Cowboy's Sinecure.

[Mexical Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.]

We often hear the people complaining of severe winters and desiring to remove to a warmer clime. Others have vivid dreams of fortunes to be made in such a land as this. If there be any such among the readers' this let them heed a few words of advice. If you are a man of capital and wish to engage in mining be assured that the mountains here are full of the cowboy's Sinecure.

[Mexical Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.]

We often hear the people complaining of severe winters and desiring to remove to a warmer clime. Others have vivid dreams of fortunes to be made in such a land as this. If there be any such among the readers' this let them heed a few words of advice. If you are a man of capital and wish to engage in mining be a sunfly and the cowboy's Sinecure.

"The Cowboy's Sinecure.

[Mexical Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.]

We often hear the people complaining of severe winters and desiring to remove to a warmer clime. Others

the Burglars' Protective association. What d'ye say?"

"Couldn't we go abroad next summer," asked the girl, thoughtfully.

"Why, certainly. I expect to have to. Just think over the matter, and I'll brop in some night later in the week. I know how to get in. And, shouldering his kit, the secretary stepped out of the window and went off to open a jewelry store for an engagement ring.

And the next day the young lawyer received back his letters and photograph.

Our girls know on which side their bread is buttered, and you can bet on it. too, it taker capital to irrigate successfully. Perhaps you sigh for ranch life. Would you be contented to have your ambition limited to a pair of leather breeches, a slouch hat a revolver and a saddled mus

tang? For without means to invest you could be nothing but a cowboy.

To one and all I would say, in conclusion, even wore you sure of the greatest material prosperity in coming here, it would not be worth the greatest sacrifice those countless associations which you now enjoy and which may not be four here for generations to come. I asked a young man who had been in the country four years if he had seen much improve-ment in that line. He replied naively: "Not any to speak of in the country; but it is getting easier to live here now-they

The Macon Messenger.]

"Would you like to see the buzzard dance?" aid Mr. Clay, the gentleman whose lawsh hospitality I was enjoying. Whatis that?" said I

"Wait | minute, and I'll show you," he balls perfumed snow. To our rights vast grove of pines were softly soughing in the summer breeze, and be-yond then the glare of the blazing knots, which lithalf a hundred cabins, proclaim the presidee of the "negro quarter." the presence of the "negro quarter." We were on the Huguenin plantation, in Sumter count, a modest farm of 8,000 acres.

Ere the minute had clasped, Mr. Clay walked or the end of the veranda and gave waiked the end of the veranda and gave a whoop which would have invoked the envy of a Commanche Indian and the prompt at and are of a Macon policeman. An any ding shout was heard; and he a minutes a long line of dusky forms came stealing through the wholes of the pipes and population. the shadews of the pines and ranged them-selves in front of where we sat. The song begin and the musicians commenced Suddenly into the center of the open ring leaped the sable dancer who was to personate the buzzard. Though dancing in perfect time to the wild but musical paniment, he yet managed to imitate model. Its tottering, tip toeing gait was faithfully delineated, as was also its sudden spirites from right to left, its timid approach, its ravenous peck and sudden re treat from the craved but dreaded carcass, which, in his homely drama, was represented by a hat that looked indeed like the

buzzards had been after it. A Good English Idea. [Arkansaw Traveler.] Prominent newspapers throughout the country are now making special features of short stories from prominent writers. This is the English idea, but like many cated Brooklynites pass to and from as much literary skill as the production their homes of more than the average of a novel; in fact, more dramatic ability in style and comfort, there may be is required, since the incidents of a found all the daily papers, the short story cannot be drawn out, even first-class though the writing be pleasant. magazines, together with cur- violent political papers are passing away. rent and standard navels, bound and in paper. By way of Hamilton Ferry the working classes pass to humbler six or seven columns of political "stuff." homes; and the newsman there finds his Newspapers, as the rapid ducators of profit in selling the penny and 2-cent the hurrying masses, should contain papers, and such light literature as negood literature, even though it were to exclude the history of a bloody crime.

In the Coke Regions.

[Exchange.]
Ex: Mayor Powderly, of Scranton, thus describes one of the women who work in the coke regions of Pennsylvania: "The a pair of heavy shoes, and her legs were exposed from the knees down. Her babe, which she brought to the works with her, lay in front of the car with scarcely any covering except the shadow of a wheelbarrow, which was turned up in order to protect the child from the rays of the sun.

They have neither goats nor cows in apan. How the milkmen explain their presence there is not stated.

Arsenic does not usually kill a person who has taken a poisonous dose in less than ten or twelve hours.

AN UNFORTUNATE OLD MAN,

Wanting His Photo, Falls Into a Deaf Mute Dentist's Clutches.

teeth with his finger nail and said:
"I want a picter tuck, mister." The dentist, understanding the sign to mean severe toothache, conducted the old fellow to the torture engine and eased him back on the cushioned head-rest. What followed is thus detailed with: by the old fellow in his statement be-

fore the court: "Airter he got me down on the thing that looked liker seat on a railroad car, he commenced ter fumble aroun' my face. I told him that I wanted the picter ter be good lookin', as I wanted ter send it to my married darter, an' I thought he was smoothin' out the wrinkles on my face, but when he prized open my mouth an' 'gunter look down my throat, I thought it a mighty strange proceedin', still I didn't say nuthin', as I 'lowed he knowed more 'bout his business than I did. I sorter shivered when he poked a iron thing inter my mouth, but didn't move, as I 'lowed he done it to make my jaw stick out nachul, but the fust thing I knowed airter this, he grabbed aholt o' the arnly soun' tooth I had in my head. I struggled an' hollered, but it wan't no use, fur he swung himself roun' an' twisted the tooth out. I jumped of en his arrangement when he turned me turned me loose, an' was gitten' outen thar when signs an' fool motions ter him, he said:

"'That's a fine way to cheat a man,' says he. 'It he'd a tuck yer pictur then you'der said you wanted a tooth pulled,' an' he cotched me by the skuff o' the neck an' led me out, and shoved me erlong the street. A whole mob jined in, an' they tuck me ter jail. The mob howled till I thought they was goin' ter hang me. I stayed in jail fur three days, charged with assault an' hattery. Now, jedge, that tooth was worth \$100 ter me an' I want that town ter pay me for it, an' moreover, I want a little small change fur stayin' in jail."

Hebe Turned into Bullets.

[Charleston (S. C.) News.]
About thirty years ago Col. W. B.
Johnston built a large cistern on Mulberry street, in Macon, Ga. The cistern was ornamented in the center with a fountain consisting of a beautiful lifesize statue of the charming goddess Hebe, as she appears in art, a cupbearer, dispensing nectar at the ban-quets of the gods. Hebe was perfect in form and lovely in the graceful manner in which she held the tankard in one hand and poured the unceasing flow of water into a bowl held in the other hand. On one occasion a serious objection was made to her appearance by an elderly widow from Wilkinson county, who was the guest of Peter J. Williams, the landlord of the old Washington hall, which was near the fountain. he asked Mr. Williams what the figure meant. He described it, and was enthusiastic in praising the beauty of Hebe's form and graceful attitude. pa'd him." will subscribe \$1 to buy eight yards of calico to have a frock made for her. Several years after, a new council, who seemed to be less æsthetic than their predecessors, was elected, when they predecessors, was elected, when they passed a resolution ordering Hebe to be removed to a more secluded place. Thus the beaut ful statue of the young goddess was consigned to darkness in a cellar until during the late war. When the wondering cowboys of the mountains the wondering cowboys of the mountains and the state of the wondering cowboys of the mountains the state of the wondering cowboys of the mountains the state of the wondering cowboys of the mountains the state of the wondering cowboys of the mountains the state of the wondering the wondering the state of the wondering the state of the wondering the wo ead became scarce it was presented to the Macon arsenal by Mr. Johnston, where it was melted and produced 2,500 pounds of lead, which were moulded nto Confederate bullets.

A Society Episode of Leap Year.

[Washington Cor. Philadelphia Call.] Society, as a sort of jest, has decreed that any young man who refuses a leap year proposal from a lady is in honor bound to present her with a silk dress. There are a number of "old maids" in town who have already accumulated enough silk dresses to stock a dry goods warehouse. But that is not what I desire to say. One day last week a young man in society here paid a visit to a young lady friend. They were not engaged, but he had given ample evidence that he would like to be, if he could only muster up sufficient confi-

He had been fooling along on the outside edges of an engagement for six months or more, and the lady began to grow anxious. It was one of those cases where both parties floundered around in the sweet meshes of love, without ever coming to an open understanding. On the evening in question the lady, half in jest and wholly in earnest, proposed to him. He said that silks were unusually high-priced, and that if she would be married at once he would accept. Much to his surprise, she did accept, and the couple visited the parsonage of a neighboring clergyman, where the bride produced the license, showing that her determination was not a sudden freak of fancy, and the pair were made man and wife

A Feed and a Fuddle.

Funerals in England are often made occasions of feasting and revelry. A workingman observed in my hearing the other day that "he had many a time had more fun at funerals than at wed-"The I asked. "Oh, a feed and a fuddle," woman stood in the doorway and was dressed in a rough, loose-fitting outer garment and an apron. Her persor from the tween handle the coke, she caught her hair between her teeth in order to keep it out of her way. Her feet were encased in a pair of heavy shoes and her less were a pair of heavy shoes and her less were to be the cost of funerals, besides detracting from their funerals, besides detracting from their solemnity.

> St. Paul Pioneer: The state needs citizens, but she needs, above all, selfsupporting citizens. And that system of education is politic and most perfect which best meets and fulfills the higher requirement.

find it profitable in more ways than one if their correspondents were allowed to sign their names in full to their work.

Amending the Verdict.

[Detroit Free Press.] The train was just entering Erin, Tenn.
when we heard the sharp toot! toot! of th Mute Dentist's Clutches.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A very remarkable case has just come up before an Arkansaw court. In a small town not far from the state capital, a photographer and a deaf mute dentist established an office together, and a short time ago an old fellow from across the bayou entered the place to have his picture taken. The photographer was out at the time and the polite dentist, not slow in picking uplittle jobs of work, met the visitor with a smile. The old fellow, in his embarrassment, began picking his teeth with his finger nail and said:

"Gentleste sharp toot! toot! of the whistle, and such pass-angers as looked from the windows saw an aged African with a bundle over his shoulder straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung, but he paid no attention, and all of sudden the cowcatcher picked him up and flung him fifty feet to one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village a coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the Louisville & Nash-ville road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the coroner observed:

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verdict. You haven't said anything about

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the coroner received us

"Very good, gentlemen, so far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be well to amend the verdict ac-

cordingly.
"We went back and amended to make we were not through yet.

"You haven't got the name of the county in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or passenger

train," observed the coroner.

We returned to the room for another tussle, and were just congratulating our

selves on having everything ship-shape, when the coroner put his head into the door-way and called out:

"Gentlemen, amend your verdic! The confounded nigger has come to life!"

And when we rushed out to the freighthouse he was sitting up on end and asking if anybody had seen his bundle.

He Meant to Be Kind.

[Detroit Free Press.] There were three of 'em in the depot -a young man and two ladies - and the train was two hours late. The young man looked out of the window steadily he grabbed me. I fit him, but he still for ten minutés. The same time was held me. We made sich a racket that occupied by one of the women in a feller come up from down stairs, an' searching her reticule for a clove, and when the tooth thisf made a lotter the other in wondering if there was any gns an' fool motions ter him, he said:
"'Why don't yer pay him fur pullin'
or tooth?"
"I didn't want no tooth pulled,' s'I. each suddenly sprang up. But he hurriedly opened his valise and took from it a novel. It was by Dumas, and was entitled. "The History of a Crime— Part Sixth." Dividing the book in half, he cut it through with his knife, and advancing to the ladies he handed a portion t each with the remark:

"Allow me. You will find it very interesting." He then walked out and sat down on the edge of the platform, with a feeling that he had made two souls perfectly happy. It was only as the train whistled that he suddenly jumped up and gasped out: "Land sakes! but it has just occurred to me that neither of

on may have read the first five parts.

Bryant's Tender Conscience. [Philadelphia Call. A very pretty anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the good man's simplicity of heart. Says the na. "tor One morning, many years ago, after reaching the office and try ng in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked:
"I cannot get along this morning."

"'Why not?' I asked.
"'Oh,' he replied, 'I have done wrong When on my way here a little boy fly-ing a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I could not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have

throughout the land.

[Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.]
At Missoula, Bandmann, the tragedian at Missoula. He was not quite satisfied with the Missoulan dramatic editor's arti-lee on "Hamlet," in which Ophelia was characterized as a serio-comic character, and he gave an amusing account of the Missoulan "opera house." It has a stage, but no dressing-rooms, and the company were obliged to use dressingrooms across the street in the rear of th opera house, and walk through an admir-ing out-of-door crowd in all their theatrical ing out-of-door crowd in all their theat real toggery to reach the stage. The night that "Hamlet" was produced there was a heavy rain, and "the buried majesty of Denmark," armed in complete steel, or Denmark," armed in complete steel, or Ophelia, with "fantastic garlands of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples, scudding across the street under an un brella, was a spectacle highly interesting to the small boys of Missoula who couldn't raise the funds to get inside the theatre, and excited their rapturous applause.

Publishers and Printers of 1780.

[London Society.] Of English newspapers we read, "in the year 1780, in Loudon, alone, 63,000 were printed every week," and we are told how "Woodfall, the printer of The Advertiser, "Woodfall, the printer of The Advertiser, once the famous newspaper" in London," defeated the attempt made by the government to discover who "Junius" was. The captain says: "It is not at all uncommon to see a 'printer put in the pillory or dragged to jail," and although by naming the author they would escape these indignities they never did so without his consent. "The Rev. Mr. Horne Tooke, curate of Brentford, was so generous as to ayou of Brentford, was so generous as to avow himself on an occasion of this kind in the year 1778." Our author once saw a printer in the pillory surrounded and protected by a countless multitude of people, who cheered him and crowned him with garlands and flowers, and gave him refreshment, putting it into his mouth, as his hands were fastened. Persons of rank stood by and talked familiarly to him with cheering and movements, words

cheering and encouraging words

Thought-Reading.

Mr. Labourchere, M. P., in a letter to Mr. Stuart Cumberland, has the following to say concerning mind-reading: "Your explanation of thought-reading—so called—was very interesting. As I had always supposed it to be, it is the perception of a thought in the mind of a subject by watching carefully its effect upon his muscles. In order to succeed, it is, of course, necessary for the operator to have trained himself to note these physical indications. I am glad that you are engaged in dispelling the nonsense which surrounded the experiments, and that you are proving that you can equal the mystic powers of the quacks who have hitherto made money out of fools, while at the same time you are able to give a natural and reasonable explanation of what you perform. Thought-Reading.

A French writer, who estimates that The Current: Daily newspapers would the world contains 193,000 doctors, and it profitable in more ways than one complains that two of our most exasper-

you perform.

ABOUT LAUGHTER.

Many Different Varieties-Commercial Value of a Good Laugh.

A laugh may convey all manner of sentiments—joy, seorn, or anger; it may be the most musical or most discordant of sounds, the most delightful or the most horrible which can fall upon our ears. Contrast the happy laughter of merry children with the gibbering cry of the maniae, or the hoarse laugh of a defiant criminal; the musical ripple of cultivated mirth with the roars of a

tipsy crowd at a fair.

A really musical laugh is, perhaps rarer than a really musical voice. The giggle, the snigger, the half-choked laugh are common enough; but how seldom do we hear that melodious sound, the laugh in its perfection. It should not be shrill, nor too loud, nor too long. It should not bear any double meaning, any hidden sarcasm in its mirth. It should not be so boisterous as to exhaust the laughter

and deafen the listeners.

Peg Woffington is said to have been celebrated for the music of her laughter on the stage—a most difficult accomplishment, for nothing (except, perhap, a sneeze) is harder to counterfeit than a laugh. There are many variet'es of laughs. There is the musical, cultivated, and extremely rare one, pleasant to listen to as a chime of bells. There is the glad, if somewhat shrill, merriment of children, the hap-

piness of which condones its noise. piness of which condones its noise. There is the loud guffaw of the vulgar, and the laughter which appears likely to tear the laughter in pieces, causing him to wipe his eyes after the explosion is over. There is the laugh of embarrassment, when a shy per at a loss what to say next, "remarke," as Artemus Ward describes it. There is the schoolgirls giggle; and the schoolby's snigger, as he reflects the schoolboy's snigger, as he reflects on some recently-perpetrated, but still

recollected, piece of mischief. There is the chuckle of the successful man.

All these bear some family resemblance to each other; they all, in their degree, express sensations of pleasure. There are darker descriptions of laughter. There are laughs more cutting than the bitterest speeches, more alarming than the cruelest threats. Satirical laughter is most offensive. A laugh can convey contempt which words would fail to express.

Is any one proof against being annoyed by ridicule? Even a dog is ensible when he is laughed at, and resents the impertinence. Some animals are indeed quite as ensitive to deris on as human beings. The laughter of the underbred, which finds open amuse-ment in the minor troubles of their neighbors-say the ridicale lavished on sea-sick arri als at a pier, or on hapless foreigners in an altercation with a cab-man, or an old gentleman who falls down a slide-also ranks among "laughs offensive.'

Then there is the laugh of incredulity. When Tom goes to his rich old uncle, full of glowng descriptions of the perfections of the lady to whom he is engaged, or of the appointment which he e pects to obtain, old gentleman damp his nephew's ardor by a long harangue? No, he only gives a dry laugh; and Tom's hopes of a check fall rapidly.

Too rare laughers are as unpopular as too ready ones. A teller of good stories never forgives the man who does not laugh at his jokes. Many persons have made their fortunes by laughing at judicious moments; applauding some poor jest, or becoming convulsed with mirth at a dull pun. To be duly appreciative of his patron's wit was an important part of the duty of a hanger-on. With what ready laughter are a schoolmaster's witticisms

received by his class! There is a story of a dramatic author, whose play had been accepted, tions to suit the taste of the actors. Among other changes the manager suggested that "a laugh" should be introduced in the conclusion of a speech of an out going performer; "it would give him a better exit." The author plea led that to admit this alteration would spoil the whole dialogue, but the manager was urgent still. over and do what you can. B—'s position in the theatre demands it!" When laught are thus privel it is not won lerful that persons who rarely use

their risible muscles are unpopular. California's Worship of Money. [Helen Bartlett in Pioneer Press.] "Californians have such big hearts," re-

"Californians have such big hearts," remarked one who had lived there a score of years, and ought to know—Yet the country is far from perfect, even though it is in many respects a marvel. In the first place, the worship of money, particularly in San Francisco, has reached a formidable pass. If a gentleman descants on the desirability of any young lady he has met in society, he rarely describes her as bright or interesting or intelligent or pfetty, but simply as the possessor of so many hundreds of thousands. Every marriageable young woman is distinctly labeled as to her market value. Without a large fortune you are a bigger nobody than you are in New York; and with it you can envy the destinies of the entire state.

It is no great exaggeration to assert that the whole of California is owned by half a dozen Irishmen; and, of course, such a greatitist of affairs conductors neither to the

dozen Irishmen; and, of course, such a condition of affairs conduces neither to the public nor the private weal. Money is always a power, but in California it becomes a god, and character suffers a consequent demoralization. Still, no one should judge a young country severely. There is al-ways any amount of blundering, of eru dity, that youth has to go through with. San Francisco has not sowed her wild oats yet. Perhaps, with her exuberance of life she will sow them more quietly, more de-cently and in order, as New York or Washington does now; and then the world will ceased to be shocked. Society never troubles itself about any manner of wick-edness; if only it is all done under cover, and with a strict regard for the pro-

How He Suicided.

[Chicago Times.]
A coroner's jury in McLean county had oc-casion to render a verdict in the case of a lynched horse-thief. They reported that the man had committed suicide by riding under a telegraph pole, throwing the rope over the cross-piece and fastening it about his neck, then spurring his horse onward, leaving him with nothing under him and looking up the ope.'

The Paragraphist's Offspring.

[Burlingt n Free Press.]

"Oh, ma, I fell through a hatchway and hurt me awfully," sobbed a little Burlington boy, as he came limping into the honse. "Why, there isn't any hatchway on the premises that you could fall through," replied the mother. "Yes, there is, ma. I fell through the manger where pa set the black hen."

The Black Poodle.

The black poodle is again becoming fashionable in Ingland. These animals, to be in correct style, must have their hair shaved into knots and knobs, and be rendered generally hideous.