

The Newsboy.

Want any paper, Mister?
Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
Ten years old, an' a family,
An' bizness dull, you see.

ALL FOR LOVE.

THE STORY OF JAMES SAMUELS' LIFE

One of those stories, so prolific in the West—romantic in the extreme, full of love, jealousy, attempted murder and a happy finale—has just been made public in Denver, Col.

Since the time, three years ago, when James and William finally returned from college and found their lovely cousin domiciled at their home, they had both been violently in love with her and both had made every manifestation of the feeling, but so far the cunning witch had avoided showing the slightest preference for either, treating them as brothers rather than lovers.

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that he had done, and believing that he had killed his brother, a complete revulsion of feeling came over him, and, casting a last hurried look at the prostrate form and the white upturned face, he fled.

At once the almost unknown camp became famous, and his name all unconsciously to him became almost as a household word in all mining communities as associated with one of the largest strikes of the year.

At last the invalid awoke, weak and helpless as a child, but in his right mind. Instantly the cause of his illness was by his side, and taking his hand tenderly in his own said, "William, my poor brother!"

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"But Hattie?" asked William, with a wistful look from his eyes.

"She is well, and would be happy were it not for worrying about your fate."

"She and you got married, of course?" There was pain in the very tones in which this was asked.

"No, indeed. After you left she confided to me her secret—that after all she loved you and always meant to marry you."

The Grass Tree.

Down in Australia, that great island where the Creator seems to have planted the seed of many of His wonders to be found in the vegetable kingdom, grows a tree that is little heard of by the outside world, but which is of inestimable value to the native, who depends more upon the productions of nature for existence and happiness than upon the creations of art and science.

Knowledge Worth Having.

The knowledge which we crave and work for, which we look for and find, which we think out or dig out for ourselves, which we rejoice in as a newly-found treasure—that is the knowledge, be it small or great, that is worth having.

Paper Doors.

"Feel the weight of that door," said a New York builder to a Sun reporter, who was looking at an unfinished apartment house uptown.

New York streets are overrun by artistic musicians playing all sorts of instruments for small change.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A higher duty is won by kindness than can be secured by fear.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits. No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honesty, manly principle will daily accumulate.

A cucumber is bitter: throw it away. There are briars in the road turn aside from them. This is enough! Do not add, and why were such things made in the world?

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by the folly of others has attained the soundest wisdom.

Happiness dotes on her work, and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first instance, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us.

The head truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart, and the heart really affected with goodness will conduce to the directing of the head.

Claimants of Thrones.

Among the most curious and obscure chapters in history are the claims of certain living persons to the thrones of the greatest empires in the world.

A woman alleged to be the granddaughter of King George the Fourth and Mrs. Fitzherbert is still living in England, and from time to time puts forward her claims to occupy the place of Queen Victoria, founded, as she asserts, upon the legitimate marriage of the King, which was never legally annulled, and the certificates of her own and her father's birth.

After the execution of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette, the fate of the Dauphin was veiled in mystery for some years. The place of his imprisonment was concealed, and contradictory reports as to his escape or his sudden death were circulated over Europe.

Some persons have asserted that the legitimate heir to the Russian crown, when the Czar Nicholas died in 1855, was not Alexander, who actually succeeded, but a poor boy, who was kept

Spoken After Sorrow.

I know something sweeter than the chime Of fairy bells that run Down mellow winds; oh, fairer than the time You sing about, in happy, broken rhyme, Of butterflying and sun.

I knew of something sadder than this nest Of broken eggs you bring, With such sweet trouble stirring at your breast For love undone; the mother bird's unrest, That yesterday could sing.

HUMOROUS.

Good figures—A dancing master. A deep laid scheme—an ocean cable.

A coachman is the saddest of all men for his life is full of "whoa." Latin is a "dead language"—when an inexperienced drug clerk fools with it.

Sometimes when a man falls down he is said to have slipped up. Such are the inconsistencies of our language.

Professor Proctor says the earth is still in her youth. That explains why she goes around so much and is out so late of nights.

"Holdup" is the name of a new Arizona postoffice. It is scarcely necessary to add that road agents look after the males out there.

Some one says that the most direct way to some men's pocketbooks is through their stomachs. The doctors evidently discovered this some time ago.

"Which side should a person sleep on?" asks a correspondent. Well, if she hasn't locked the door you might as well sleep on the inside.

Life is like a harness. There are traces of cares, lines of trouble, bits as good fortune, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

An American lady married to an Italian prince a year ago has already left him. Some American girls are too proud to travel around with a tambourine all day.

It is said that Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was modelled after his mother. It will be noticed, by examining the pictures of the statue that Mrs. Bartholdi used to hold the shingle in her left hand.

DIFFER FROM MAN—"Five thousand sand molecules can sit comfortably on the point of a pin." Herein the molecule differ materially from man. The latter couldn't sit "comfortably" on the point of a pin, to save his life.

"You ought to put a sign over that hatchway," said a policeman to a storekeeper, "or some one may tumble into it." "All right," replied the merchant; and he tied one of his "Fall Opening" placards to the railing.

A cyclone in Kansas carried away a bank building, but as the cashier had departed in an opposite direction the day before, it wasn't thought worth while to hunt after the bank.

The soprano wanted the tenor turned out of the choir because, after hearing her run up and down the scale six or seven times in one breath, he remarked that she was very successful as a wind-lass.

"My child," said Rattler to his youngest, "I always eats the crusts of my bread."

"I know it, papa," lisped the incorrigible, "I'm saving mine for you, too."

Baby has been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as baby is very obedient he remained silent, although much affected. "Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate." "Won't you have mine, papa?" cried the baby, "it is very clean."