

CUR OWN FUN.

A race-horse, like the law, must always take its course. An extraordinary thing in ladies bonnets—A cheap one. Why should a tenant insist on low rent when all rent is hire? The man who was above board has got married and gone to housekeeping. "Never smoke before ladies." We suppose one must let the ladies smoke first. A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each. A well conducted husband, like a well conducted candle, never goes out at night. "When sorrow has left its traces," what has become of the rest of its harness? Why is the vowel "o" the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible. Some housekeepers are so wasteful that the more flour they have the more they knead. Nature has her own way of canning fish, but she generally uses the pelican for the operation. Don't get married if you wish to go to heaven. All matches end in brimstone, you know. A woman's heart is a small affair, but it can upset the biggest man that ever adorned this world. A school girl refused to multiply 1,000,000,000 by 1,000,000, because she said it was too naughty. A new book is called "My Watch Below." It is inferred that the author's "uncle" does business below. A correspondent of The Transcript asks, "What is Serkys tea?" Possibly it is something like circus lemonade. A manufacturer advertises: "The strongest and cheapest bed in the market." He must mean an onion bed. The individual man who "stole a march" has been put in the same cell with Procrastination, the thief of time. "The novel of the period" is out. We should think the demand for such a book would soon come to a "full stop." An old sea captain says that when he's aboard ship he is never governed by his mate, but when he is at home, he always is. A young lady, of rather indolent habits, recently remarked that she was going West to live, because out there the tornadoes did all the sweeping. "A reputashun," says Josh Billings, "once broken, may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the place where the crack was." Brown was explaining to his wife: "They call 'em canons because they are big guns in the church, and besides, they are always shooting off their mouths." Substitution.—A Vassar college miss reads the prayer book response thus: "As it was in the beginning, now, and ever shall be, world without men. Ah, me!" An old lady who witnessed the landing of William Penn in Philadelphia, recently, was heard to exclaim: "Law me! I thought Mr. Penn was dead!" "Dear me!" said Mrs. Partington, the other day, "young girls, nowadays, are not what their mothers used to be. Half of them are sufferers from nervous perspiration!" Typo is anxious to know if the "Tales of Ancient Greece" are "fat matter?" Yes, friend Typo, "Tales of Ancient Greece are 'fat' matter just as much as 'Tales of the Sea' are codfish tails." Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman, whose cow had been killed: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shoop when she rang her bell, neither."

PECK'S BAD BOY.

His Father Receiving a Serenade in Honor of the New Baby, and makes a Speech. "There, you drop that," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I have never kicked at your eating my codfish, and crackers and cheese, and herring, and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I made it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box, hoping some plumber, or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price," and the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples and said, "There, help yourself to dry apples." What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch? "Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my clum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they was and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he understood only enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My clum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who was going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of the horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more nor a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick horse at them, but my clum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced 'Fellow Citizens,' and then went back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my clum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for three dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my clum lit out, and the Bohemians came down the street bilin' full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohemian for all that were out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the livery stable to-night, cause pa is off'n unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, besides the champagne. "Well, you have made a pretty mess of it," said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you. But what is it I hear about the trouble at the church? They lay that foolishness to you." "It's all a lie. They lay everything to me. It was some of them ducks that sing in the choir. I was just as much surprised as anybody when it occurred. You see, our minister is laid up from the effect of the ride to the funeral, when he tried to run over a street car, and an old deacon, who had symptoms of being a minister in his youth, was invited to take the minister's place, and talk a little. He is an absent minded old party, who don't keep up with the events of the day, and whoever played it on him knew that he was too pious to even read the daily papers. There was a notice of a choir meeting to be read, and I think the tenor smuggled in

the other notice, between that and the one about the weekly prayer meeting. Anyway it wasn't me, but it like to broke up the meeting. After the deacon read the choir notice he took up the other one and read, 'I am requested to announce that the Y. M. C. Association will give a friendly entertainment with soft gloves, on Tuesday evening, to which all are invited. Brother John Sullivan, the eminent Boston rivalist, will lead the exercises, assisted by Brother Slade, the Maroi missionary from Australia. There will be no slugging, but a collection will be taken up at the door to defray expenses.' Well, I thought the people in church would sink through the floor. There was not a person in the church, except the poor old deacon, but what understood that some wicked wretch had deceived him, and I knew by the way the tenor tickled the soprano, that he did it. I may be mean, but everything I do is innocent, and I wouldn't be as mean as a choir singer for two dollars. I felt real sorry for the old deacon, but he never knew what he had done, and I think it would be real mean to tell him. He won't be at the slugging match. That remark about taking up the collection settled the deacon. I must go down to the stable now and help grease a hack, so you will have to excuse me. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive a picnic party out to Waukeesh, and may not be back for a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade," and the boy filled his pistol pocket with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery, "Strawberries two shillin a smell, and one smell is enuff."

A PROMISING YOUTH.

The Boston Journal says: The people of Thornton's Ferry, in Merrimack, are just now considerably exercised over the attempt of a transient young man to obtain the hand of a farmer's daughter and because of some transactions in which prominent gentlemen were pretty effectually hoodwinked. It appears that a few weeks ago a gentleman, who may be called Mr. B., was in Nashua, when he was accosted by a young man who wanted employment in the country. He conversed with the young man, who gave his name as George Livingstone, and finally made a bargain with him to work at farm labor for a period of six months. Livingstone accompanied him to his home, and a day or two later, having become sentimental toward his daughter, exhibited a picture which greatly resembled her, and which, as he said, was a portrait of a young woman to whom he had been engaged and to whom, had she not died a year ago, he should have been married. Miss B.'s resemblance to the deceased touched his heart, and he desired to marry her. She could not think of marriage at once, and moreover she could not leave her parents and take up her residence in Vermont. Livingstone thereupon said he would purchase any farm she might name in Merrimack, and represented that he was worth \$75,000. Agreements were then made, and the young man purchased Mr. B.'s place, agreeing to pay \$10,000 in cash. Deeds were made, mortgages discharged, land surveyed, he ordered a thousand shade trees, a thousand stone posts, continued the farm hands in his employ, rode about the county in Mr. B.'s team accompanied by Miss B., and manifested for a week or so all the lordliness of wealth, influence and respectability. The surveys and the papers were made in the meantime, and when the time came to make the transfer and pay the purchase money, Livingstone was sick. Good nursing, however, brought him out, and on Monday afternoon all the parties in interest met in the office of William W. Bailey, Esq., in this city. Livingstone said he was ready, and stepping out of the office, said he would return in a moment. Seizing his carpet bag, which, it is said, contained two pairs of overalls and a dirty shirt, from the wagon, he hastily departed. In passing Miss B., who was a short distance away, he said to her that he was going to the bank and would return in a few minutes. The party waited until night, and, as Livingstone did not return, went home in disgust. There are several persons who have bills for services rendered, but all of them are good natured and inclined to look upon the affair as a good sell.

PAYING HIS DEBT.—"My son," he began, as he called the young man in, "you are now old enough to begin your career in life. What profession will you select?" "Well, I don't know." "I have thought some of having you enter the ministry." "Oh, I wouldn't be a preacher. I'd rather be a champion of some sort." "Young man, is this the way I have brought you up?" "No, father, but I've been thinking. I owe you a debt of gratitude. As a preacher you'll have to help me out. As a champion sculler, rower or boxer I can get plenty of backers, and when the sign comes right make a big match, post you how to bet, and throw all the sugar into your hands."

A Chicago exchange praises the skill of a contractor who raised a large dry goods establishment six feet without injuring the building or causing an hour's cessation in business, and an esteemed contemporary in another city sneeringly says that it is only in Chicago that the profession of shoplifting has attained such perfection.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.

NEW YORK.

An Interesting Letter from our Correspondent about Matters of Note in the Great Eastern Metropolis. New York, April 25, 1883. You envid residents of the Pacific Coast are, no doubt, enjoying all the glories of a California spring, amid fruit and flowers, while we unfortunately on the Atlantic Coast are just recovering, amid snow, mud and rain from the attack of a severe winter. How I have longed for dear old California this winter, only those who know me best can conjecture. Besides the great impetus to the spring trade here there is not much to write about unless it be that magnificent structure, the Brooklyn Bridge. It is a thing of beauty! This stupendous and massive and mighty piece of work is as airy and graceful as a girl. I think you can sail quite around the world and find nothing to equal it in this respect—certainly nothing to surpass it. With a whole iron mine and acres of stone quarries bound up in its construction, it swings there as gracefully over the great river as if it were only a spider's web across the grasses. From Governor's island, from away down the bay, from away up the river, from every point of view, indeed, it is shapely and beautiful to look upon. Last Sunday a storm of merry and adventurous boys broke past the one solitary Roman who, on this occasion, did not keep the bridge, and flew across the wild and uproarious route to the Brooklyn side—the first pleasure party that ever took this road through the air. The police pursued and chased them all about as they ran along the way of wires, playing spider-and-fly in the heavens. I mention this trivial incident merely to show clearly and certainly to the long-waiting world that the great Brooklyn bridge is just about on the edge of completion. I do not know or really care what name shall claim the glory of this graceful work; but certainly each year, as we come to love and even require and demand the beautiful, even in the most massive constructions, his fame must glow like a star in twilight. But look at that impertinent yellow span hanging so stiff and insolent above Niagara! So hideously ugly and out of proportion is it that you almost scream with pain to look at it. And this may be said of nine-tenths of such works in America. Perhaps, however, the proximity to nature in her grandest aspect here puts the bridge to even greater shame. But it is certainly a hideous fright, and ought to fall the first time it can conveniently do so without hurting anybody but its builders. And right here I am terribly tempted to pound away at the unsightly, sickening railway stations strewn all over the land. Why, there is not a shed built for sheep in all Europe as hideous, as entirely horrid and nasty, both to look at and enter, as the average American railway station. They make the tired traveler more tired. They make him sick. They breed disease. The first thing to do is to build them beautiful. After that it will naturally occur to keep them clean—not before. Look at the pretty little cottage-like stations as you run down from Liverpool to London. And, indeed, every road in England, even the humblest, might give us a good lesson in this. In Italy many of the stations, graceful as kirks, have flowers planted all about the doors and ways to and from the cars. And Italy is a land scant, indeed, of a place to plant flowers. And yet every traveler will testify that in more than one place there he literally walks through a road of roses on his way to the cars. Contrast that with our steaming, reckless pens here! Aye, even the most stately and imposing stations here are only pens, and pens unfit for cattle. What sensitive traveler on our shores does not shrink with a vague sense of dread and horror at the approach of one of these places? First comes that long and unearthly scream or yell, as if every savage had left his grave to howl from the hills at our approach. Then we slow up a little. Then that boy boards us. That hideous boy I have seen so often in a nightmare, comes limping down the aisle with a basket. Then he bumps and bumps your shoulder with his basket and bawls out "Sandwiches! Sandwiches and dyspepsia at ten cents a package! And, oh! his voice is so queer! And, oh! his face is so crooked as he bawls and bawls! And, oh! he looks so sick that I have sometimes even suspected that he had eaten one of his own sandwiches. Bah! I met Rev. Dr. Talmage last week. He had just returned from the burial of the great statesman, and his stories of that man throw about his memory a tender and a holy light. Think of the barefoot boy walking all the way from his home in the mountains and going about the edges of the town timidly asking for the man who "edecates poo' boys." This poor, half-naked lad, this benighted and immortal soul aspiring to something higher than his savage life in the mountains, had heard there was a man in the city who "edecated poo' boys," and he came limping down alone and hungry in soul and body asking for that man, whose name he could not even remember. At last he found some one intelligent enough to point him out the house of Stephens of Georgia. And he got his education, thank God. Then there was a story about a negro man who got his education by

blackening boots. For Stephens of Georgia always wanted people to work and earn their way, and be independent; and so he would ask the whole country round to come there and stay all night in order that this particular negro might get five cents or so for blackening their boots. In fact, he would give a stranger a five-dollar entertainment in order that this negro might get a five-cent job blackening his boots. Then there was the pitiful story about the two little cripples that peddled things; then that blind negro girl; then the tramps' room, and good one, too, that was always kept in order and waiting to welcome the horseless. But enough, enough to show that away down yonder in old Georgia there is heart—great, warm, tender and pitiful human heart—that makes us braver, better, bigger to know about cruelty to children. About twenty years ago, when our little "All Right" from California fell while performing here in New York, I first heard of this Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. I have heard of it in connection with nearly every young performer that has tried to make a living on the stage since that time. I have heard of this society doing a great deal of harm. I think it is not my fault if I have not heard of its doing any great deal of good. I am much among the poor of the city; indeed, I am of the poor; my life lies with them, and I see much suffering among little children. I see them daily doing all sorts of bad things in the gutters; some of them are sick; some of them are hungry; they are all very dirty and very miserable. Yet should I discover a diamond here, have it washed, and take it out of its dirt to some lady or gentleman on the stage, who could put it to the only possible work its weak limbs are capable of, this society would rush in with a roar and show of dog good and send that child back to its rags and wretchedness. Of course there are good and kind meaning men and women in this society, but I am afraid they do a vast deal more harm than good. I tell you I want them to go into the gutters and take the dirty children there before they are washed up. Then it will look like they are in earnest. As it is, I never had but one opinion, and that is that the men connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are a lot of meddlesome and sentimental old grannies. Perhaps this is a bit hard. But, anyhow, I fear that they have but little of the honest and earnest old Henry Bergh at the heart of them.—Penn.

POOR FENCES vs. GOOD ROADS.

Where now the country highways are impassable seas of unctuous mud during a very considerable part of the year, good roads, firm, dry, and smooth, may be made at a cost depending largely upon the characteristics of the soil, the formation of the surface of the land, the distance from a supply of material suitable for roadmaking, and upon the cost of tile. Therefore even an approximate estimate of the average cost of such work in a large area of country cannot be easily made. If it be supposed that gravel or other good roadmaking material will average in cost \$1.25 per cubic yard when spread upon the ground, then it will cost \$20,624 per rod of road nine feet wide, or \$6,600 per mile. This will be the first cost, to which is to be added the expense which may be incurred in grading, tiling, bridging in substantial manner, and such other work as may be found necessary. In some favored parts of the country, where timber is an incumbrance and labor is cheap, rails may be made at a cost of \$1 per hundred; in most places they are worth fully \$2 per hundred, and in many parts of the country rails cannot be easily bought for less than \$30 per thousand. Perhaps a fair average will be \$20 per thousand. In a good ten-rail fence there are twenty rails to each rod of fence. In one mile of roadside fence there are 6,400 rails, worth \$128, equal to \$256 per lineal mile of road. To inclose with such a fence a section of land costs for material alone not less than \$512. Where land is cut into quarter-section farms—and east of the Missouri farms will certainly not average more than 160 acres each—the cost of division and road fences will not be less than \$768 for each square mile of land. The average amount of unnecessary fences per square mile in the States east of the Missouri is probably far more than double the amount above mentioned. In more than one instance the owners of farms can afford to make an offer like that not long since made publicly by a gentleman of Newman, Ga., who says: "I have a farm of 1,500 acres in Georgia, with a good two-story house, out-buildings, tenant houses, etc. If any man will give me \$1 per 100 for the rails on the place I will make a good deed for the whole 1,500 acres, and throw in all the wagons and farm tools on the place."

A few weeks ago, a gentleman entered the office of a well-known insurance agent, and tossing a paper on the counter, said to the clerk: "That's run out, and I want to get it renewed." The clerk unfolded the document, and then a broad grin unfolded itself over his countenance, and he inquired: Are you sure that this has run out? "O, yes," said the gentleman; "my wife told me it run out yesterday morning." "Well, I am sorry for you, but we are not taking that kind of risk now," responded the clerk, as he handed back to him—his marriage certificate.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a dark lantern has its bright side.

IDAHO BANDITS.

The Idaho Outlaws Traced to their Retreat, and Nolan the Leader Captured near Marsh Basin. During the last year many robberies and depredations on stage coach passengers have been reported from Idaho and Nevada, and several mysterious cases have been suppressed from the public by the Express companies, to protect their interests. On five different occasions the stage from Kelton, Utah, to Bellevue, Idaho, was "held up" by an organized band of robbers, and the spoils each time were rich windfalls to the bandits. One day last fall the stage was stopped in broad day light, the passengers ordered to alight, and the whole treasure, amounting to thousands of dollars was carried to some retreat supposed to be in the Goose Creek Mountains. Last fall a party of armed men made a thorough search of all the mountains and canyons, but no results were reported, though at the time, it was rumored that the agents for Wells, Fargo & Co. had found a clue to the "robbers' roost." Nothing more was heard of the matter until last week, notwithstanding the raids of the banditti became more daring and frequent. Last week Sunday a party of armed men passed Raft river in the night and entered the Goose Creek Mountains just south of Marsh Basin a small Mormon settlement and the nature of their errand is gleaned from the following facts as told by one of the Pacific Coast detectives in the employ of the Express companies: The night was dark, and the band stumbled along through meadows and swamps and almost impenetrable thickets for about half a mile until they came to a deep ravine. Crossing this, they stood before a steep hillside that was a chaotic jumble of broken rock, crags, and huge boulders. Russell, the guide, scrambled up the steep hill and the party followed, their hands and clothes being torn by contact with the sharp stones. Half way up the hillside the leader paused and said: "Here is the place." He knelt down in the damp leaves at the entrance of a natural cave under the crags and began to dig. He soon unearthed several suits of clothes, parcels of jewelry, handkerchiefs, shirts, boxes of jack knives, revolvers, and a hundred or more of miscellaneous articles. He then went to another cave and soon unearthed five bottles of cognac brandy, a caddy of tobacco, boxes of cigars, boxes of candy, several fur-lined cloaks, and more revolvers. Russell then informed the officers that the headquarters of the gang was at a tumbled-down shanty in the outskirts of the town, in which they had planned most of their depredations, and which he said was also stored with plunder. After returning from their marauding expeditions they spent the night in the house feasting on fowls captured from neighboring hen-roosts. One of the band was always left in charge of the house at night. Approaching the rendezvous, the officers moved with quiet footsteps and in silence. It was now about 2 A.M. The place was in gloom. No sound was heard from within. Russell advanced to the door and opened it. It creaked as it swung on its hinges, followed by his men. It was impossible to distinguish an object in the darkness. He flashed a match, and the light fell full on the red face of a red haired young man in his night clothes not a yard away. It was John Nolan, who was preparing apparently for a spring, a long dirk-knife uplifted in one hand and a cocked revolver leveled in the other. Before he could speak or make a movement they caught him by the arms and he was quickly disarmed. He had heard the cautious approach of the officers, and had just time to draw on one stocking and a shoe before they were upon him. The place was filled with plunder of a nature similar to that found in the woods. On the floor lay two dressed fowls that had been stolen and killed, and were designed for the morning meal. The one rough room was furnished with a cooking stove, some chairs, a table, and stocked with literature of border life. Among the pamphlets were "The James Brothers," "The Ford Brothers," "Captain Kidd, the Pirate of Hell Gate," "Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit." The place was stocked with loaded revolvers. Several papers were found, one of which was marked in Nolan's handwriting, "Future plans." In it was projected the robbery of a dozen or more Postoffices in the country. In one place was written "Success." In another, "Not a success," and below the last entry was the programme of a proposed trip to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and thence by boat to Galveston or San Francisco. The burglars said that they proposed to start a second "James gang" in the West. "If Jesse James had been alive," said Nolan, "we wouldn't have been taken." Another letter was an order to Richard K. Fox inclosing money for more dime novels. On Nolan's person was many dainty visiting cards, a lady's tinted hand holding a bouquet, and among the flowers a pictured card with the motto, "True love's offering." Nolan has long been a terror in Idaho, and now that he has been brought to justice it is thought to be an easy matter to break up the gang of outlaws that have for years infested the Goose Creek Mountains.