

VANITY.

but Unfaded. The Odd and Conspicuous Upholstering that Makes a Certain Woman Happy.

In the large parlors of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, there is on exhibition every evening a most remarkable old lady. The old lady's name is Crouse. She is from Syracuse, N. Y. Her husband was, in early years, a grocer in a very small way. He worked hard and became rich. The latter part of his life he has devoted to his money, so that it now amounts to several millions. The husband and wife were uneducated, and used manual labor at the outset of their life, and so when their money came they enjoyed its possession as few do who love money. For forty years they have been rich, without losing one day the keen zest of the possession and power of much money.

Let us look at her enthroned in the main parlor, a little to the left of the main entrance, peering with keen black eyes at the passers-by. She looks like a great lay figure, the exhibition of jewelry, lace, silks. Her face is coarse featured, heavily lined, and highly rough. Her eyes are clear and bright. Her nose is large and straight, inclining upward. Her mouth is thin, and curved downward her double chin, sinking down a figure that is perfectly shapeless, hidden in billows of fat. The face is kindly one, wearing an almost childish look of pleasure. It is made up as if for the stage. The lips are red, the cheeks rough, while the rest of fat under the jaws are covered. Above this mask of artificial bloom is a heavy jet-black wig, curled, coming well down upon the cheeks. The eyebrows, too, are artificial, being perfectly curved and black. Upon the black wig is a wreath of artificial flowers so arranged in color as to attract as much attention as an electric light. Back of this crown of color is a purple-laced lace cap. In the ears of this large old lady blaze great solitaire diamond earrings, price \$8,000. Around her neck is a gold chain twice as heavy as any dog-collared ever made. The middle is a bar of huge diamonds. From this descend other chains over a surface of black satin and point lace to a girdle, where a rich and charms encrusted with diamonds repose. The left hand is held from the knuckle to the first joint of each finger with diamond rings. Her hands are bony, and show evidences of the hard manual labor of her early life. But the large rings hold on the rings better than a supple hand. The right hand adorned with only one ring, but it is a great blazing opal encircled with diamonds. Her black satin dress, stiff enough to stand alone, is covered with black thread lace. White duchesse lace is about her heavy wrists, and fairly swaddles her short neck.

This is the way she looked the evening I first saw her. But I understand she has a dress for nearly every evening. By her side sits her husband her opposite in everything but as mere appearances go. He is a tall, handsome old gentleman, with snowy-white hair and beard. There is not the simplest indication of display upon his part. But he fully sympathizes with his wife, and admires her as artists do the idealization of their loftiest ideals. He is always ready to talk about his wife. He will say, with an amiable smile upon his peaceful face: "How you think she is looking to-night?" "Splendid!" you say.

"Well, she is splendid. She has the money she can spend. How you like those diamond ear-rings?" "Splendid!" you say.

"Beautiful," you say. Well, yes; but you won't compare with that bar of diamonds at mother's throat. I paid \$4,000 for those."

Mr. Crouse will go lovingly over every item of his wife's wardrobe and pick off the price of each bit. He regards her as the toy figure of the window of his life. He is constantly thinking of something that he cost much money to hang upon her.

Mrs. Crouse is equally free with information about the cost of her wardrobe. A few days ago a niece of hers was here on a visit. The old lady introduced her to one of the ladies of the hotel, and said: "Look at the lace on my dress. There are fifty yards of lace in that trimming, and it cost a yard."—[Correspondence Chicago News.]

NOT A STRIKER.—"You know Jones lived here a few years ago," said John to Witherspoon.

"Well, I hear he's quite a success operator."

"He is, eh? Did he jine the strike?"

"No, no. He's superintendent of the New York factory, and he's reduced the wages ten per cent."

"He announces he hopes to be able to show a dividend of 20 per cent on the stock by the first of January. That's the kind of an operator."

—[Marathon Independent.]

In a high school in a neighboring town the assistant teachers form a league with the teacher of physiology to prevent the use of tobacco by the pupils. She is instructed to set before them continually the evils arising from the use of the weed in all forms. She makes the deepest impression by showing them how it retards the growth, and as boys desire things so much as to be tall and in appearance, many have left the bad habit for this reason.

FUNNY FANCIES.

Waiting in vein—Blood.

A pen picture—A litter of pigs.

A summer resort—Catching flies.

A "queer" place—The counterfeiters' den.

A flight of fancy—An interrupted prize-fight.

A political wheel horse often comes to whoa.

The wild waves are saying "Let us spray."

Since a tax has been put on rock and rye, it is now sold under its maiden name of "whisky and gum."

Boston girls never giggle. They merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, North Pole smile.

The chap who claims to have discovered Noah's ark will now scratch around for the core of the apple which Eve ate.

"Yer don't often find cruelty among fowls," says Uncle Mose. "De hen is always kind ter de step-chicken."

An old married man has discovered when a woman has "something to say" to him it is about time he climbed a tree.

Statistics show that boy babies are more apt to die than girl babies. Boys cannot stand continual hugging, as girls can.

In all life de middle condition am de bes'. A man feels about as bad arter he's eat too much as he does when he's hungry.

A pupil in an English school when asked to define the word "but-tress" wrote out its meaning, "A female who makes butter."

Texas is a great State for ants. Sullivan ought to go there. Doesn't the Scripture say, "Go to the ant, thou slug-hard?"

As a half inflated balloon suddenly collapsed an old doctor in the crowd quietly exclaimed: "That swelling has gone down."

"History repeats itself" is an old saying, but you can't make a boy believe it who has been called up at school with his lesson unlearned.

"Did the child die under suspicious circumstances?" asked the Coroner of a witness. "No, sir," it died under the back porch."

"It is an ill wind that blows no body any good," is what a Missouri man said as a cyclone carried his mother-in-law into an adjoining county.

It was a blarsted Englishman who considered the transcendently sublime scenery in the Yellowstone region "a trifle tawdry, y' know."

A Florida shark swallowed an eight-day clock accidentally dropped into the water, and seven days later ran ashore near Pensacola to have it wound up.

A Western paper says that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. That is nothing. An engineer can turn on the steam.

It is semi-officially announced that, after retiring, General Sherman will proceed to kiss what few remaining girls he has overlooked in this country.

As like as two peas—Two Q's. As swift as an arrow—The head of it. As warm as toast—The dough in it. As frail as a sand-box—The bonnet in it.

Dar's such a thing as being too brave," says a plantation philosopher. "Ef de trout war'n't so game he wouldn't be half so liable ter get cotech."

A correspondent asks, "Do canary birds like fish?" Well, we can't tell whether they do or not; but they manage to catch a little perch every day.

"Yes," said the innkeeper, "thirteen at table's bad, sure! Why, I put thirteen men at a table yesterday, and six skipped out without paying their bills."

"These seats," says a placard in a Hoboken ferryboat, "are exclusively for ladies, and gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

An Indiana woman sues for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, the instance alleged being the stealing of her face powder to polish up his big brass chain.

"Ella is better looking," remarked Mrs. Brown, with a smirk, "but Lucy will get married first." "Yes," chimed in her husband, "gimme Lucifer matches every time."

"Things have come to a pretty pass," remarked Fogg, as a young lady walked by the window where Brown and Black were sitting. The boys said they saw the "pretty pass."

A few moments sometimes makes a great change. A man with blue eyes was seen going into a beer saloon yesterday, and when he came out a little later he had black eyes.

"Pass? Of course I'll pass!" replied a twelve-year-old school girl the other day. "Doesn't my brother keep company with the school-ma'am, and will she dare snub-one of the family?"

It is estimated that there are about 2,500,000 stammerers in the world. This, we presume, does not include the young men who only stammer when they attempt to pop the question.

Yeast was invented in the year leaven; gambling in the year won; pianos in the year forte; estheticism in the year "too"; the German negative in the year "nein," and free lunches in the year "ate."

A South Carolina farmer committed suicide after planting immense quantities of watermelons. His conscience must have troubled him when he thought of the suffering he entailed upon mankind.

FROM UTAH.

The Experience of a Maine Couple, Old Enough to Know Better, Among the Mormons.

A white covered wagon drawn by two small but hardy looking horses and covered with a thick coat of yellow dust moved slowly through Superior street, Cleveland, headed east. Seated in the wagon were a woman and a man. The former held within her ample grasp the reins that guided the chunky motive power of the caravan. Time with his ruthless touch had plowed deep furrows in her cheeks and brow, while wind and weather had toughened and colored her spacious countenance. She sat with her head erect, looking neither to the right nor left. Her eyes were small and glowing. She was dressed in faded calico, but was as neat as a woman of her occupation could well be. Seated by her side was a man with long, flowing hair and beard frosted by age. His complexion was as dark as an Indian's, and his eyes large and luminous. No gear of any kind adorned his head, and the toying of the wind among his locks made him look like a huge cotton ball out on a lark. Slowly the wagon moved through Superior street and turned into Ontario. Arriving at the Central Market a halt was made, and a neighboring restaurant visited. When the reporter entered the man and woman were seated at a table partaking of refreshments in the shape of coffee, bread and butter, beefsteak and Saratoga chips. When they had finished both produced from some mysterious crevice in their garments, short clay pipes, and after filling and lighting them seated themselves near the door for an after-dinner smoke. Between blue and not unfragrant puffs, the woman related to the reporter the following story, in a shrill key and a down-east accent:

THE WOMAN'S UNCOMMON STORY.

"My name is Sarah Stafford, and my husband's Timothy Stafford. We live, or at least we used to twenty-eight miles from Portland, State of Maine. For four years we've been galavantin' about out West, and are now on our way hum, thankful that we've had our lives preserved, for we've been in some almighty tight places, and several times looked death in the face. We don't look like Mormons, do we? Well, we ain't Mormons any more, but we once was. Oh! yes; the fools ain't all dead yet which accounts for our bein' here to day." And Mrs. Stafford stopped and eyed her partner who sat smoking in silence near the open door. "You see," she continued, after giving her pipe a punch with her finger, "Timothy was always susceptible, and I had to do this, that, and the other thing, if I wanted to live with him in peace. Well, one day, while he was cuttin' grass in the meader, a leanish man with an awful oily tongue came along and asked him to jine the Mormons. Now, so far as I was concerned, I hated Mormons worse than I did pizen, but when Timothy brought the man to the house and he talked so good and kind to me and called me his dear sister Stafford, I sorter warmed up to him and listened to what he said. Oh! he painted an awful pretty picture of Utah, where all was love and happiness, and where there was no backbitin' or slander. He read to us from his Bible and prayed, and seemed so good that Timothy was actually struck, while I—well, I guess I was a little bit struck too."

THE RECAPITULATION OF THE STAFFORD FAMILY.

At this point Mrs. Stafford leaned back, and for a few seconds was lost in contemplation and smoke. Meanwhile Timothy puffed away, but said nothing. The dumpy horses dozed in the sun, while the dog slept the sleep of the innocent in the shade of the great wagon. The Stafford family were recuperating. A minute elapsed before Sister Stafford resumed. "To make a long story short," said she, "Timothy and I were persuaded to sell our farm and go to Utah. We got there in due time and was welcomed by the hull Mormon Church. The deacons and other big guns made a great fuss over Timothy, while the women looked after me. One old fellow with a long neck and a crooked leg said we must buy a farm at once and prepare for great responsibilities. He then winked mysteriously at Timothy and went away. Timothy allowed that they meant to elect him to some high office in the church, but I told him office didn't bring in bread and butter, so that I guessed we'd postpone buying the farm until we found out how we liked the community. So we rented a small house near the town and held on to our cash. I'd been scrapin' and diggin' for nigh onto thirty years and didn't propose to get swindled if I knew it. Well, after we'd bin there awhile, along comes a squad of the deacons, who looked pious and resigned-like, and said that Timothy ought to take another wife, a young woman who could be a daughter to me and comfort to my declining years. Well sir, if they'd shot me down there, I wouldn't have been more surprised."

WATERING THE MORMON DEACONS.

"After I had collected my thoughts a little bit, I went into the kitchen and got a pot of bilin' water, and then I sailed into them deacons. Scatter! you better believe they did. Why I thought they'd break their necks trying to get over the fence. The gate was too small for 'em, and they went down the road like a hurricane. I picked up a rake and went after 'em, and if I didn't baste the hindmost

my name ain't Sarah Stafford. I'll warrant there wasn't two inches of hull hide left on either of the backs of the three last ones. When I got back to the house I found Timothy in a terrible rage. He said I didn't have his pleasure or comfort at heart, and that I didn't love him like I used to in Maine. He even told me that I was gettin' too old for him, and that I ought to have a young wife. Well, sir, when he told me that I used the rake on him." Mrs. Stafford was interrupted at this point by Timothy, who knocked the ashes from his pipe and went out and climbed into the wagon. She looked after him a minute and said: "He don't like to hear what a fool he was when among the Mormons. Now I could have married the long-necked deacon I spoke of a short time ago, but Timothy had been my mainstay and guide for thirty year, and I was satisfied. It made me terrible hot, though, to hear him talk about a young wife, as if I wasn't good enough for him. That night I took him by the hand and left the country. Since then we've been travelin' toward Maine as fast as them critters will carry us, and when we get there we'll never leave again until they carry us out feet first. So there, young man, is our story. It is as true as gospel, and if it'll teach any old fools in this country to stay at home, mind their own business, and let the Mormons alone you can print it in your paper, although I'd awfully hate to have any of my neighbors down in Maine see it."

When Sister Stafford had finished, she put away her pipe, paid her bill, went out and shook up the dog, climbed into her wagon, gathered up the reins and drove off toward the East.—[Cleveland Leader.]

SHE WANTS TO KILL A BEAR.

Miss Fuller is a bright and attractive young lady, who is doing her share in the world's work by conducting a school at Grand Marais. When not teaching the young idea to handle its musketry, she has been learning how to shoot herself, and by practice has become quite an expert with the Winchester. It didn't take much pleading to win a promise from Mike Brazel, with whose family Miss Fuller boards, that he would give her a lesson in deer slaying. Choosing a favorable night the plucky school-ma'am, armed with her rifle and attended by Mr. Brazel, repaired to a small lake where deer were known to be frequent visitors. A jack light was rigged in the stern of a boat, and, with rifle ready, the lady patiently waited developments. Soon a fine buck came stamping through the brushwood, attracted by the glare on the water. Plunging in, he swam toward the light, until he was near enough for a shot. "Now's your time," whispered Mike to his companion.

"Where shall I aim for?" inquired the girl, in a tone of intense excitement.

"Right behind the ear," was the answer. No more words passed. An instant after the school-ma'am's rifle sent forth a blinding flash and deafening report. "Did I hit him?" queried the girl, as she took the rifle from her shoulder. In answer Mr. Brazel sent his boat forward with a couple of powerful strokes, and there, struggling in the water, lay the gallant buck, the blood pouring from a bullet hole behind his ear, attesting the accuracy of the teacher's aim. The sight overcame her. Sinking down in the boat, she clasped her fair hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: "No, let me only capture a bear and I will be ready to die!"—[Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.]

THE CHINESE FOOT.

The standard foot of the Imperial Board of Works at Peking is, according to the *North China Herald*, twelve and a half inches. A copper foot measure, dated A. D. 81, is still preserved, and is nine and a half inches in length. The width is one inch. The small copper coins, commonly called cash, were made of such a size, sometimes, as just to cover an inch on the foot rule. In the course of two centuries it was found that the foot had increased half an inch, and a difference in the dimensions of musical instruments resulted. Want of harmony was the consequence, and accordingly, in A. D. 274, a new measure, exactly nine inches in length, was made the standard. Among the means employed for comparing the old and new foot are mentioned the gnomon of official sun dials and the length of certain jade tubes used according to old regulations as standards. One of these latter was so adjusted that an inch in breadth was equal to the breadth of ten millet seeds. A hundred millet seeds, or ten inches, was the foot. The Chinese foot is really based on the human hand, as is the European foot upon the foot. It strikes the Chinese as very incongruous when they hear that we measure cloth, woodwork, masonry, etc., which they regard as especially matters for the hand, by the foot. Of the jade tubes above mentioned there were twelve, and these formed the basis for the measurement of liquids and solids 4,000 years ago. They are mentioned in the oldest Chinese documents with the astrolabe, the cycle of sixty years, and several of the oldest constellations. It is likely that they will be found to be an importation from Babylon, and in that case the Chinese foot is based on a Babylonian measure of a span, and should be nine inches in length.

The strike is at an end," say the "O. K." shouters. It has been so from the first. It is at an end that hurts.

THE BAD BOY.

The Boy Works on a Farm for a Deacon —He Knows when He has got Enough —The Deacon Makes Him Flax Around.

"Want to buy any cabbages?" said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he stopped at the door of the grocery dressed in a blue wamus, his breeches tucked in his boots, and an old hat on his head, with a hole that let out his hair through the top. He had got out of a democrat wagon, and was holding the lines hitched to a horse about forty years old, that leaned against the hitching post to rest. "Only a shilling apiece."

"O, go 'way," said the grocery man. "I only pay three cents apiece." And then he looked at the boy and said, "Hello, Henery, is that you? I have missed you all the week, and now you come on to me sudden, disguised as a granger. What does this all mean?"

"It means that I have been the victim of as vile a conspiracy as ever was known since Caesar was stabbed, and Mark Antony orated over his prostrate corpse in the Roman forum, to an audience of supes and scene-shifters," and the boy dropping the lines on the sidewalk, said, "Wha, gold darn you," to the horse that was asleep, wiped his boots on the grass in front of the store and came in, and seated himself on the old half bushel. "There, this seems like home again."

"What's the row? Who has been playing it on you?" and the grocery man smelled a sharp trade in cabbages, as well as other smells peculiar to the farm.

"Well, I'll tell you. Lately our folks have been constantly talking of the independent life of the farmer, and how easy it is, and how they would like it if I would learn to be a farmer. They said there was nothing like it, and several of the neighbors joined in and said I had the natural ability to be one of the most successful farmers in the state. They all drew pictures of the fun it was to work on a farm, where you could get your work done and take your fish pole and go off and catch fish, or a gun and go out and kill game, and how you could ride horses, and pitch hay, and smell the sweet perfume, and go to husking bees and dances, and everything, and they got me all worked up so I wanted to go to work on a farm. Then an old deacon that belongs to our church, who runs a farm about eight miles out of town, he came on the scene and said he wanted a boy, and if I would go out and work for him he would be easy on me because he knew my folks, and we belonged to the same church. I can see it now. It was all a put up job on me, just like they play three card monte on a fresh stranger. I was took in. By gosh, I have been out there a week, and here's what there is left of me. The only way I got a chance to come to town was to tell the farmer I could sell cabbages to you for a shilling a piece. I knew you sold them for fifteen cents and I thought you would give a shilling. So the farmer said he would pay me my wages in cabbages at a shilling apiece and only charge me a dollar for the horse and wagon to bring them in. So you only pay three cents. Here are thirty cabbages, which will come to ninety cents. I pay a dollar for the horse, and when I get back to the farm I owe the farmer ten cents, besides working a week for nothing. O, it is all right. I don't kick, but this ends farming for Henery. I know when I have got enough of an easy life on a farm. I prefer a hard life, breaking stones on the streets, to an easy, dreamy life on a farm."

"They did play it on you, didn't they," said the grocery man. "But wasn't the old deacon a good man to work for?"

"Good man nothin'," said the boy, as he took up a piece of horse radish and began to grate it on the inside of his rough hand. "I tell you there's a heap of difference in a deacon in Sunday-school, telling about sowing wheat and tares, and a deacon out on a farm in a hurrying season, when there is hay to get in and wheat to harvest all at the same time. I went out to the farm Sunday evening with the deacon and his wife, and they couldn't talk too much about the nice time we would have, and the fun; but the deacon changed more than forty degrees in five minutes after we got out to the farm. He jumped out of the wagon and pulled off his coat, and let his wife climb over the wheel, and yelled to the hired girl to bring out the milk pail, and told me to fly around and unharness the horse, and throw down a lot of hay for all the work animals, and then told me to run down to the pasture and drive up a lot of cows. The pasture was half a mile away, and the cows were scattered around in the woods, and the mosquitoes were thick, and I got all covered with mud and burrs, and stung with thistles, and when I got the cattle near to the house, the old deacon yelled to me that I was slower than molasses in the winter, and then I took a club and tried to hurry the cows, and he yelled at me to stop hurrying, 'cause I would retard the flow of milk. By gosh I was mad. I asked for a mosquito bar to put over me next time I went after the cows, and the people all laughed at me, and when I sat down on the fence to scrape the mud off my Sunday pants, the deacon yelled like he does in the revival, only he said, 'come, come, procrastination is the thief of time. You get up and hump yourself and go and

feed the pigs.' He was so darn mean that I could not help throwing a burdock burr against the side of the cow he was milking, and it struck her right in the flank on the other side from where the deacon was. Well, you'd a dide to see the cow jump and blat. All four of her feet were off the ground at a time, and I guess most of them hit the deacon on his Sunday vest, and the rest hit the milk pail, and the cow backed against the fence and bellered, and the deacon was all covered with milk and cow hair, and he got up and threw the three-legged stool at the cow and hit her on the horn and it glanced off and hit me on the pants just as I went over the fence to feed the pigs. I didn't know a deacon could talk so sassy at a cow, and come so near swearing without actually saying cuss words. Well, I lugged swill until I was homesick to my stomach, and then I had to clean off horses, and go to the neighbors about a mile away to borrow a lot of rakes to use the next day. I was so tired I almost cried, and then I had to draw two barrels of water with a well bucket, to cleanse for washing the next day, and that time I wanted to die. It was most nine o'clock, and I began to think about supper, when the deacon said all they had was bread and milk for supper Sunday night, and I ranssed with a tin basin of skim milk, and some old back number bread, and wanted to go to bed, but the deacon wanted to know if I was heathen enough to go to bed without evening prayers. There was no one thing I was less mashed on than evening prayers about that minute, but I had to take a prayer half an hour long on top of that skim milk, and I guess it curdled the milk, for I hadn't been in bed more than an hour before I had the worst colic a boy ever had, and I thought I should die all alone up in the garret, on the floor, with nothing to make my last hours pleasant but some rats playing with seeds of corn on the floor, and mice running through some dry pea pods. But, O, how different the deacon talked in the evening devotions from what he did when the cow was galloping on him in the barn yard. Well, I got through the colic and was just getting to sleep when the deacon yelled for me to get up and hustle down stairs. I thought maybe the house was on fire 'cause I smelled smoke, and I got into my trousers and came down stairs on a jump yelling 'fire,' when the deacon grabbed me and told me to get down on my knees, and before I knew it he was into the morning devotions, and then he said 'amen' and jumped up and said for us to fire breakfast into us quick and get to work doing the chores. I looked at the clock and it was just three o'clock in the morning, just the time pa comes home and goes to bed in town, when he is running a political campaign. Well, sir, I had to jump from one thing to another from three o'clock in the morning till nine at night, pitching hay, driving wheat, raking and binding, shocking, and everything, and I never got a kind word. I spoiled my clothes, and I think another week would make a pirate of me. But during it all I had the advantage of a pious example. I tell you, you think more of such a man as the deacon if you don't work for him, but only see him when he comes to town, and you hear him sing, 'Heaven is My Home' through his nose. He even is farther from his home than any place I ever heard of. He would be a good mate on a Mississippi river steamboat if he could swear, and I guess he could soon learn. Now, you take these cabbages and give me ninety cents, and I will go home and borrow ten cents to make up the dollar, and send my chum back with the horse and wagon and my resignation. I was not cut out for a farmer. Talk about fishing, the only fish I saw was a salt white fish we had for breakfast one morning, which was salted by Noah, in the ark," and while the grocery man was unloading the cabbages the boy went off to look for his chum, and later the two boys were seen driving off towards the farm with two fish poles sticking out of the hind end of the wagon.

WASN'T A FIG.

"Well, sir, what'll you have?" said the waiter, as he brushed the crumbs off the table with a napkin. "Tomato soup."

"Anything else, sir?" "Some blue fish."

"With sauce?" "Yes; and a sirloin cooked rare and some fried potatoes."

"Anything else, sir?" "Green corn, baked beans, stewed tomatoes and—a cup of tea, a slice of watermelon, a piece of gooseberry pie, some fruit cake, a plate of ice cream and some nuts and grapes."

"Any pudding, sir?" "Pudding! Didn't I order pudding?"

"No, sir." "Well, bring me some plum pudding."

"Anything else, sir?" "Anything else! Do you take me for a pig?"—[New York World.]

A London journal says in regard to the Queen's reading, that "of the newspapers, she is supposed to read only such passages as have been marked for her by the lady in waiting." In this way she gets all the deaths, and weddings, and elopements, and scandals without taxing her mind with a lot of useless stuff about state affairs and sermons, and horse-races, and scientific matters and things.

Father Taylor was at one time very ill, and his nurse seeking to comfort him, said: "You will soon be with the angels;" to which he replied, "What do I care about angels? I want to be with folks."