MANNERS.

I'm often quite sorry about it, And feel that it's terribly sad, But though I live long beyond manho My manners, I'm sure, will be bad.

In language I seek for improvement, And strive to the best of my power; And yet I am saying, they tell me, "O Jiminy!" ten times an hour.

I rush into rooms with my hat on; I hop on one leg through the hall; I valide down the banisters madly; I roll round the floor in a ball.

I speak while my elders are speaking; And, one thing that greatly annoys-Pm apt in a general fashion, To treat girls as if they were boys!

But though I'm a boor beyond question.

And want to reform, goodness knows, There seems to be nothing in manners As splendid as people suppose:

For sometimes they're worn, I imagine, To hide what we'd rather not show-They're like a fine jacket that covers A shirt all in tatters below!

Now this is not my case, it's certain. Although I'm rude, noisy and pert; The jackot may be very ragged, But never you fear for the shirt!

MUSINGS.

If life were naught but sunshine Would love be half so sweet? If bliss were all unbroken Would pleasure be less fleet?

If sorrows fell above us And woke no thought of fear If m misory were a phantom Would true joy be as dear?

Were friends ne'er falsely proven, Were hearts ne'er rent in twain Vere hearts ne'er rent in twain, ald life be worth the living, If once bereft of pain?

Ah, well, what matter? life's but a garb That shields the great unknown, And we must weary of its wearing Bre we kneel beside the throne.

KATE'S ADVENTURE.

I am Kate. Of course I can tell my own adventures a great deal better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to nature. I'm not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen-effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was, and that is all that is necessary.

Leeman had sprained his anklethat's my brother-and he could not go to town with the load of russet apples that was already piled into barrels, and stood waiting under the big red shed. "It's too bad !" said he. "Those russet apples are worth a deal at this time of work." year-and we shall miss the market day !'

"Can't you ask neighbor Hutton to take them?" said my mother.

"Neighbor Hutton is a deal too sharp practitioner for me," said Leeman. "It's a hard thing to say about a neighbor, but I can't trust his honesty.'

Mr. Hall?

"Hall would be casting it up in my "Hall would be casting it up in my face for the next six months that I had exhort a force a bine" with the landlord's friendly asked a favor of him," said Leeman. "No, I'd rather lose the apples than lose my independence. But it's too provoking that I must needs have alipped on that piece of orange peel, now of all times in the world. I have the scrape as well as I could. been saving up these apples all the winter with a special eye to this particular market day.'

"Leeman," said I, "I'll go."

"Nonsense !" said Leeman. "But why not?" said I. "Old Pomp

is as gentle as a kitten, and I know every inch of the way perfectly."

But there are the Red Swamp Woods -that desolate stretch of three miles, with never a house on either side of the way, except the deserted cabin where the old negro hanged himself twenty Pomp with a will, and rattled away over

don't belong to any particular season of the year.

as things do come back, like a sudden looked hard at me. I colored a little, and thought to my-

self, "Well, he will know me the next time he sees me," and then forgot all about it; for I had mother's black bombazine to match, and Lil's spring bonnet to buy, and some dinner china to select, and the doctor's prescription for Leeman to fill out at the druggist's, so it was well on to seven when I turned old Pomp's head homeward in the suburbs of the town, with a feeling of elation which was quite pardonable, when one considers my experience in the market-

ing line and my exceptionally good success. The sunshine was warm, and still on the high road, and I was rather glad when at last we came to the cool shadows of the Red Swamp, where the birds were all silent in the noon-heats. the sweetest of odors came floating up from the tangled recesses of fern, and

on either side of the solitary, railed-in road. All at once old Pomp gave a sidewise start-his ancient idea of shving-and then I saw a man, pale, dusky and tired-looking, sitting on a fallen log; I was like mother-who would never let the shabbiest or meanest-looking vagabond go past our house without a draught of milk, or a piece of fresh-baked pie. or a slice of her famous home-made

bread-cake-and without stopping to think, I drew in old Pomp's rein. "Are you going toward Lennox Cross Roads?" said I. "Yes? Then jump in; I'm going in that direction, too, and

I'll give you a lift." He thanked me in a silent, drooping sort of way, and seated himself on the board at the back of the wagon, toward which I pointed with the handle of my whip.

"You look ill," said I "I am not ill," he said, with a smoth-

walk. I didn't know it was so far to Lennox. "I suppose you are going for work ?" said I.

"No," said he; "I am not going to I asked no more questions. I did not

like the idea of a man's shrouding himself in mystery in that sort of way; and as I glanced around once more a sudden the strongest liquors with the mildest

of light. It was the same man who had eyed me so keenly on the steps of do it openly and make no secret of it. Then I remembered my mother's

words of warning. And, in spite of it all, I had deliberately thrust my silly head into the jaws of danger. There was only one thing remaining for me to do-to get out of

I cast about in my mind how to do this, and presently, with beating heart, I dropped a little paper parcel of blue ribbon into the road

"Oh," I cried, checking up Pomp, "I've dropped my parcel! Wouldwould you mind getting out after it?" "Not in the least," said the stranger; and he climbed laboriously out of the

Wagon He had scarcely set his feet on the ground before I laid the whip on old walking on the tracks through the car

That was my adventure. And Col. Hay has long since forgiven me that As I turned away-I did not notice it unkind desertion of him. In fact-this at the time, but it came back afterward, is quite private and confidential, mind -we are to be married soon, and I am flash across the dark shield of memory going with him to Florida, to try the -a man who was lounging on the steps effects of a southern climate on his

health. That is all. Isn't it enough? ENGLISH RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

We hear a great deal at home about the annovance of the compartment system of railway carriages, but it has its her ferocity, or as gentle as a lamb, or advantages. Each compartment opens as soft as an angel in her devotion to some people who are as indifferent to independently of the others, and so a those she liked. With her is somehow active motion as the long-nail man, but train is unloaded very rapidly. There is nothing whatever of the annoying delay that we have in getting in and out at stations. It is all done at once and without confusion. As for tickets, you do not give them up until you arrive. There is, therefore, no bother of con

tinually showing a check to the con ductor. The names of stations are not called out, but they are very plainly last one of the communities most cursed a grocery store. He cuts off a thin marked in a dozen different spots at each place, and the guards can always be called to from the window for information. The guards are uniformed and look very well, but the porters and station men are more elegant vet. At Hereford, for instance, which is but .a small, quiet town, our baggage was taken possession of at the station by an elegant and stately gentleman, wearing a stove pipe hat and a suit of dark blue made up in a long coat fashion. It seemed like a favor for him to consent to accept a sixpence. But they all do consent. Some excellent American, Hawthorne I think, remarked that his only regret in thinking over his experience in England lay in the fact that he hadn't offered the high chancellor a shilling. At every railway station, suppose you wish to stop over, there is a "baggage" room where, for four cents (tuppence), they take care of your bag-

Every station, too, has a capital gage. book-stall. It is not merely like ours, a newstand, but it has good literature, and a plenty of it. Then, too, each important station has its restaurant. Every restaurant is a rum-shop! There is ered cough. "Only tired with my long every facility for a good meal, but besides that, certainly on some roads, the opportunities for getting drunk surpass "Deacon Brierley has a good bottles, thin but copious, are spread out many hands just now in his tobacco on the counters for sale, containing rum, brandy, whisky, gin, sherry or port, etc., and boys go from car to car offering these There is nothing done on the for sale. sly; and at the lunch counter there is often a regular bar, always presided over by a neat and tidy girl, who sells expression of countenance. Apparently nobody is ashamed to drink. They all In London, indeed, so much of it is done that they sell champagne by the glassa liquor which is supposed to spoil by opening. "Champagne, one sixpence"

is a common sighn there. Great attention is given to the English railway stations. At Shrewsbury, for example, a city of half the size of our Hartford, or say 25,000 inhabitants, the station cost \$500,000. Along the route a grade crossing is scarcely ever seen; when it is, the gate is kept shut, except when someone wants to cross the track. Its normal condition is to be closed. Tunnels and bridges are frequent. Over these in many places ivies are growing. and other climbing vines; and at many stations the cultivation of flowers stimulated by prizes offered by the companies,

country is forbidend. Look from the car window half a day and you will see no one on the track except an occasional railway employe. The whistle scarcely ever blows except at stations. The guard notifies the engineer that all is ready by blowing a shrill little whistle which he carries in his pocket.

FEMALE DESPERADO.

Lynched.

Broncho Lou was a well-known frontier character in the recent history of Colorado. A woman of perhaps 25, until it looks like the claw of a beast. with considerable pretensions to beauty, We have thought that the long nail was she could yet be as fierce as a fiend in materialized laziness, an illustrated peradoes of Southern Colorado.

were of almost daily occurrence. At

found encamped to the number of six, the center of the camp with pistols drawn and demanded the surrender of hunter does his horn, and carefully the outlaws. This request was an- picks the little shavings from his waistswered by a volley, in which one of the coat. He is full of information, and leaders of the citizens fell mortally always begins a narration by giving the wounded. Then followed a short but date. "In forty-eight," he begins, and decisive battle, which resulted in the he generally closes somewhere in the death of two of the offenders, and the neighborhood of "fifty-four." He capture, although badly wounded, of dresses well, but how he manages to three others, the sixth man somehow pay for his clothes or whether he ever having made his escape. The fight occurred on the site of an abandoned railroad camp, and was known as the battle of the grade. The three wounded prisoners were taken to town and put to help himself, he helps himself. under a heavy guard, as threats of takes the best; not that he really knows lynching were freely made. So indignant were the people, however, that the wounded men would have died for want Lou. Without her these men would have been left to their well-deserved fate. She, however, assumed their them with a humanity and tenderness worthy of better objects, they all recovered and were placed in what was the spring branch. Boys grow up to supposed to be more secure quarters to manhood, men wither into old age, but await their trial. One morning their jail door was found open and the birds flown, with the aid, as was afterward scertained, of Broncho Lou, who had death-grip is relinquished, he is again furnished them with tools to escape and also horses, which she obtained from some of their friends. Simultaneously with their escape Lou disappeared, and it was rightly supposed that she had fled with them.

A hue and cry was again raised, stimlong before the trail of the fugitives was ber of fresh outrages. Not a ranch or ing his cheek with the long-nail. small settlement near which they had and the pursuing party constantly received large accessions until it formed

night and day for several days, they cautiously and soon the scouts reported

grove of aspen trees. Cautionsly sur-

THE LONG NAIL MAN.

Why the man with the long finger-Who Saved Three Men From Being nail was not killed by the first gun at Fort Sumpter, and as for that matter why he was ever born, is something we shall not attempt to explain. Every

nail on every finger but one is carefully trimmed. This one is allowed to grow speck in the character of the man, but this may be a mistake, for there are

linked the history of many of the des- a love for solemn facts compels us to In the years 1881 and 1882 cattle and tock stealing and tock steal

stock stealing was carried on to a large exhibits the claw as though it were a extent, besides numerous highway rob- jewel of great price. He is proud of it beries, which did not stop at murder, and he does not intend that you shall lose sight of his greatest attraction His best exhibition is shown when he enters by these outlaws determined upon an piece of cheese, takes up a cracker, organized effort to "wipe them out." nibbles the cheese and the cracker A posse of citizens was raised, who, alternately, and fastidiously scratches armed to the teeth, started out in quest his cheek with the nail. This perof the desperadoes. After proceeding formance, he seems to think, will pay about six miles from town they were for any amount of cheese, and his commendation of the article is past any as hard-looking ruffians as could be possible remuneration. He carries a found anywhere. No attempt at hiding little pearl-handle knife, and when the had been made and the citizens rode in winds of business have been blowing his way, he scrapes the nail like a fox-

> does, no one seems in authority to state. When he visits an editorial room he wants a few old exchanges, and when the editor, deep in business, tells him He

which are the most valuable, but because a devilish fate seems to guide his enterprise. When invited, he always of attention had it not been for Broncho takes an expensive drink, and if he can get hold of a cracker and a piece of cheese at the lunch counter, he scratches his cheek with the long nail. He will whole care, and devoting herself to drink with you all day, and after you

are laid out, bless your che:quered life; he is as fresh as the mint that nods in he remains the same. His claw has many a time closed around the silver handle of the coffin, but when the ready to eat cheese and scratch his cheek with the long nail. No one knows his father. No one has ever seen his mother. He came to the country, he thinks, in thirty-nine, but people who lived in the neighborhood previous to

that time knew him. He may die, but ulated by the offer of a heavy reward by the chances are against such a fortunate the town authorities, and it was not event, for when the silver trumpet shall blow eternity's awful blast, he will discovered, marked as it was by a num- doubtle s be nibbling cheese and scratch-

..... passed but had suffered at their hands, HOW THE BATTLE HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

"It was in the first year of the war," quite a respectable company. Riding writes Miss Maud Howe, in her biography of her mother, Julia Ward Howe, " 'that finally came upon fresh tracks made by Dr. and Mrs. Howe, Gov. and Mrs. their game. Profiting, however, by Andrew and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whippast experience, the approach was made ple made their memorable journey to placed in the back row of the ba Washington." The visit was full of that the objects of their search were in deep interest, and every moment brought the front. Of course a great deal dependent a deserted cabin standing in a dense with it some new experience of the terrors of war which shook the seat rounding the cabin and covering every government. One afternoon the whole point with their revolvers and Winchesparty drops out to the camps outside of ters, the inmates were ordered to come Washington to visit Col. William Green. During the visit, their host turned to practice. out and hold up their hands, which Mrs. Howe and said: "Madam, you they quickly did, and were soon mountmust say something to my soldiers. ed on extra horses and securely bound. with the exception of Lou, who was al-To a woman who had never made a lowed the freedom of her hands and speech in her life, this request, almost like a command, was, indeed, startling. feet. After a short consultation it was Three times she ran away and hid herdecided to settle the desperadoes' fate then and there. An open place was self, but the Colonel found her each sought and preparations made for time, and persisted that she should lynching them. Just as a rope was bespeak to the soldiers. Finally, she vielded to his solicitations, and made a ing adjusted around their necks, Lou, short address to the company of men. with a sudden move, took from a place of concealment in her dress a keen Some days after this, Mrs. Howe and knife, and before the astonished gatherher friends were present at a review of ing could recover from their surprise troops, which was interrupted by a movement on the part of the enemy. Reinforcements were sent to a party of They were never caught so far as known Union soldiers in the neighborhood, who had been surprised and surrounded. is no doubt but that they formed a con-The review was abandoned for the day, siderable accession to the already crim- and the troops marched back to their

THE BALLET DANCERS.

Where They Come From, and How are Trained.

"One, two, three, four. Then you did it right. Six, seven, eight." "You-Miss Brown, you're rather late."

So on went the performance, the singing of the professor being extensively interlarded with ejaculations, some very forcible, until, out of breath, the balletmaster descended from the box upon which he had perched himself.

"I suppose," he remarked, "yon are astonised. Well, I have been rather rough, but it's all professional."

"Can I tell you anything about the formation and training of a ballet! Well, I suppose I ought to be able, after being at it all my life. The principal difficulty on this side of the Atantic is in getting the right material. The American ladies do not take to it as a profession as their English and continental sisters do, though I assure you they are by far the best suited for the profession in beauty, agility and grace. Just look at those three young Did you ever see more gracefi ladies. forms?"

"Where do you recruit your com from ?" asked the reporter.

"From all classes. High and low. rich and poor present themselves, wishing to get on the ballet. Some an ladies of wealthy families, with theatrical craze. Others are disgusted with working for wages that will only keep body and soul together. While, of course, we have a few who are to the manner born," and would not b happy unless before the foot-lights." Well, will you give some points in relation to the training of a lady for th ballet?

"It's hard work, let me tell you, for all concerned. Come with me and I show you.

The professor led the way into a apartment down either sides of which ran hand-ralls, with the floor sloping toward one end like a stage, furnish at intervals under the bars with link holders or cleats.

"Those," said the professor, pointin the cleats, "are used by the ladie for putting their toes against for sid practice, or, as we call it, 'turning out which means that the ballet-master mistress has to take every lady by t leg and turn each joint into a grace position. Now this is a matter requi ing great skill on their part, for manyi attempting it have ruined the girl life by twisting the joint the wrong way. "After this a lady is taught to throw betmans,' which means bringing the limbs alternately to the front, side and

back in graceful motion, returning tothe original position without moving, and in the swiftest possible manner. is followed by an exercise which we call 'ruchosson, or giving the foot and ankle a spiral motion. This, I mm tell you, is very hard work, and t quires a great deal of patience and per

severance if the postulant wishes to | come a premiere danseuse. "The next two steps are the fi Bas' and 'Glissa.' After sev months' practice of this sort she whence she gradually works herself on the lady herself.

"I am speaking now of what we

years ago," argued my mother

"Who cares for the Red Swamp Woods ?" said I, valiantly. "I never Pomp both. was afraid of frogs and whip-poor-wills, and I'm not going to begin now. Lil, the middle of the Red Swamp. I could will you go out and help me harness, early in the morning, and-"

"Oh, I wish I was going too! Can't I go, Kate?" cried Lil, my hoyden younger sister, with her blue eyes glittering with delight at the idea of anything unusual

"Stuff?" cried I, imperiously, "Of course you can't. Hasn't Pomp a heavy enough, without your ninety the blue ribbon; but it was only a yard pounds of mischief loaded on? Beside, you must stay at home and take care of mother and Leeman, and finish the chintz curtain for the big west chamber: for Col. Hay may come home at any time now

Col. Hay was our city boarder-a gendeman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh, pinescented breezes of the Shawaugeenta Mountains, and whom our rector had

We were not rich, although mother after it ?" said she. and Leeman had managed the farm economically and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our his brow. income would be something worth conmidering.

The idea of a city boarder was very pleasant, too, and Icy Spring Farm was a very lovely spot, although we seldom allowed ourselves to think of that.

So, after a little, I coaxed my mother and Leeman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up long before daybreak, harnessing old Pomp, and gotting ready for the day's journey.

By the time the red, level light of the rising sun touched old Pomp's gray Hay has arrived.' mane with radiance. I was driving through the Red Swamp, where the maple trees, from which it took its name, were all aglow with crimson blossoms, and the thrushes and robins called to one another with flute-like but to obey the summons; so I went up notes

Well, I managed splendidly. I knew where I was going to when I started. sitting-room, and heard mother saying : I sold the six barrels of russets to the man who kept the Park Hotel for four Kate. dollars apiece, and that was more than Leeman himself anticipated.

"Be careful you don't get robbed, now," said the man, as he watched me put the bills into my little leather the middle of the Red Swamp. portemonnaie.

"Robbed!" said I, with a laugh. who should rob me?"

-" know !" said the landtramps and from every inmate of the room effectu- dred per cent. will pay him for leasing

the long, straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvelous to me and

So we left our passenger behind, in see him standing there, blank and astounded, the sole figure in the long perspective, as I ventured to look back but I only whipped Pomp the harder; and never let him 'bate his pace until

we were well out of the Red Swamp. "I've out-generaled him," said I to myself, "and I've saved Leeman's twenty-four dollars. I'm sorry about and a quarter, after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else."

They were delighted at my prowess when I related my adventure at home. Leeman declared I was a capital little market-woman; mother shuddered at the idea of the desperate tramp alone with me in the tangled wilderness of the Red Swamp; Lil declared that I was a heroine

"Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to recontinended to the Icy Spring Farm. drop the blue ribbon, and send him

into the wagon." said Leeman, knitting "Kate musn't go by herself such a

long distance again," said mother. I drank my cup of tea and rested my self, and went out afterward to see the new brood of darling little yellow chicks which Old Speckle had brought off the nest during my absence.

feeding them with scalded meal from the palm of my hand, when I heard adelphia Times.

'Kate! Kate! come up at once! Col. "Col. Hay?"

I started up, looking with blank dismay at my calico dress and the mealstains on my hands. However, there was nothing for it

to the house. A sort of blur seemed to ome before my eyes, as I entered the "Col. Hay, this is my eldest daughter,

And then the blur cleared away, and I knew the man I had twice before seen that day-the pale, tired traveler whom I had so recklessly abandoned in

"I-I beg your pardon, Col. Hay, I cried out impulsively. "I thought ou were a thief!

an that ally scattered all embarrassment.

CARLYLE'S OLD HOUSE.

A correspondent of a Glasgow paper has been to Chelsea, and finding Carlyle's old house "standing empty, very dismal looking, rather delapidated, ticketed to be let or to be sold," breaks out into the following exclamation: Will Scotchmen allow this to continue-will they allow to go to wreck and ruin this house, in which for seven the three men and woman were gallopand forty years he lived ?" The man- ing off into the timber at a rapid rate. ifest answer to this is that Scotchmen will most likely do just that thing. although their course being south, there Carlyle's house in Great Cheyne Row.

in which "he lived for seven and forty years," was never a house for anybody. inal population of New Mexico. Broncho Thomas worked hard there and scolded Lou was never after beard from. Cerharder. Jane used to leave the wedges tainly she was one of the queerest spec out of the windows, the windows rattled imens of womankind that ever graced scolded back and wrote mean letters horsewoman, she always rode as a man; about Thomas to her friends. Carlyle's an excellent shot, she was credited with

immortal genius is something superior the death of two husbands in this manto houses and wives. The old house has ner: an experienced gambler, she was few, if any, pleasant associations, and it might as well go under the hammer or be taken by the people who will live in winnings for her employer. With her afraid she should never be able to do it. it almost as happily as Carlyle himself. associations and employments there can Her wish was soon fulfilled. She lay And as for turning it into a Carlyle Club, be no doubts that her end will be a vio- down that night full of thoughts of battle, as has been suggested, why the club lent one .- [Denver Rocky Mountain and awoke before dawn the next mornitself would die of the "blues."-[Phil- News,

"Law sakes alive! Is that the way from her bed, and in the dim gray you make soda warter ?" said a green light found a pen and paper, whereon 'A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband." There is great virtue in printers' ink : gave her her first drink of soda water. it has brought fortunes to men and "Yes, ma'am," said the polite clerk, women; but we don't believe a double column advertisement, inserted next to way we do it.' reading matter every day for six months

would bring a husband to a widow with astonishment, as she tasted it.You twenty-one children-unless the latter don't make it like I thought you ded," she continued, blushing.

"How did you think it was done ?" "Why, I-I-thought you took hold

of a silver thingumbob and kinder pumped it out, but you don't. You just took hold of that there do-good and just milked it out jest like I milk old Cherry, only you put in some strippin's It's awful good truck though-if first. it hadn't so much belch in it!"

Mr. Frederick Gebhardt (Mrs. Nilson's brother) drives a dog-cart and roan

half. in the absence of Mrs. Langtry.

cantonments. The carriage in which Mrs. Howe rode, moved slowly, surrounded by what seemed a river of armed men. To beguile the time, she began "Kate was a goose ever to let him get and Thomas scolded harder still. Jane or disgraced a community. An expert to sing the John Brown song, on hearing which the soldiers shouted : "Good for you." Mrs. Howe now spoke to her friends in the carriage of the desire which she had felt to write some words well known as a dealer in stud poker, of her own which might be sung to this who always drew largely and made big stirring tune, saying also that she was

ing to find the desired verses immediately present to her mind. She sprung

country girl to the clerk in Fuller's drug she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the store in Newman, the other day, as he lines of the poem. Returning to her couch, she was presently asleep, but not until she had said to herself: as he washed the glass; "that's the like this better than anything I have ever written.' And so the Battle Hymn sented with scarf-pins by the

handed down to posterity :

"My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored," etc.

"It may not be the best thing she has written, from a literary standpoint, but it is the most notable and the most fense of suicide in certain cases a stirring."

The greatest of all the world's fashionable dressmakers is bald. Ladies will acter ?" he was asked. be pleased to learn that such is the effect caused by brain work in their be-

legitimate ballet. The so-called dat of the Majiltons, Gerards, Cobblersa Lorellas, is nothing more than old sche

"Whom do you remember as ! leading ballet-masters and mistress your time?"

"Madame Louise was undoubted the greatest ballet-mistress in England John Milans, John Cormack, for man years ballet-master at Drury Lane, was remarkable for the size of his a and M. Espinoza, a man of very am stature, but who possessed a nosewhil completely overshadowed his face. was a magnificent dancer.

"Some of the ballet have made fortunate matches, have they not?" "Oh, yes. Some of the nobility

England can trace their origin back the foot-lights. You remember case of the Duke of Edinburgh fall in love with a dancer in the Alhamit called 'Lardy Wilson?' "

"The American school has not developed any prominent danseuse

"Yes, a few. Mme. Flindt is American, though she finished on other side. She is, you know, a least premiere for the Kiralfys."

Whom do you consider the "The French, by all means; ome the Italians. But I believe, said before, the American lady lead the van in a few years."-York Journal.

STRAY WAIFS.

The crop of cigarettes is estim ight hundred millions.

A highly-educated Maine girl has) finished shingling her father's office An Indianapolis woman who we No. 1 shoe claims to have had sh offers of marriage on account of her Best men and ushers heretofore "Waal, I never!" she exclaimed in of the Republic was born. It was the grooms, now think they ought to one thing of Mrs. Howe's that will be gold watches, dress suits, and silk Prayer books bound in white

and gold, costing \$25, are shown a kind made for brides to hold in hands at the nuptial ceremony.

Quite a controversy has been pro by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher's act of supreme considerateness and a erosity.

"Does her hand-writing denote ·Certain! yes, of course," the other answ "but I'm blessed if I can make what the characters mean."

ground, or somewhere. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A wicked young man says that he

never will, upon any consideration whatever, really believe that a pretty girl knows what a kiss means till he has

are kept in the background, or under-

it from her own mouth. Now is the time when the seaside

The burst of laughter that followed landlord wonders if a profit of six hunthe old ranch for another season .

HERE WILL WE DRAW THE LINE .-

I was on my knees in the hen-house, mother calling me from the house