The o Sometest two strongs of the could go back there and to be fong trees with my hand. It is shown to be fong trees with my hand. It is shoot-boy sweetheart is hair taking one under each it there! and the could be eyes once more hadders, on before, and the sirly dawn. alone the orchard, jay and bee igens the first pears for ma, mid the "Frince, Harvest," they amble to me where I lay in the stover, provin still A boy's will is the wind's will." I lean fargot is time, and care, and thick hearin, and gray hair jut they's nothin I ferget stores the Hills o' Somerset is Middle-aged—to be edsact,

Very middle-aged, in fact—

Yet a-thinkin' back to then,

I'm the same wild boy again!

There's the dear old home once m

And there's Mother at the door—

Deal, I know, for thirty year,

Yet she's singin', and I hear.

And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,

And Pan, comin' up the lane!

Duak 's a-fallin'; and the dew,

Pears like it 's a fallin' too—

Breamin' we're all livin' yet That man is innocent."

"He confessed the crime, Andy Door; I recken we know what we are

## A TRAMP'S GRATITUDE

reamin' we're all livin' yet longst the Hills o' Somer-

An O'er True Tale.

BY J. A. JEFFERS.

It was a calm, cool morning of mider. The birds were singing in the which were swaying in the gen-eeze, and the first glinting rays of the early morning sun were kissing way the dewdrops from the flowers. Pretty Veva Martin went gayly

the large, old-fashioned farm-oing her morning's work, and her sweet voice with the birds Like a breath of sunshine she ided from room to room, her dark sir clustering in waving ringlets about er esquisite forehead and falling into a ring mass far below her finely med waist. Involuntarily a little cry of alarm escaped her lips as, passing from the drawing-room into the kitchen, the beheld a dark form in the doorway. "Don't be scared ma'am. Its only

ite to eat that I want. You look like kind lady, would you mind giving me breakfast?" Veva looked at the man closely

ere was no mistake what he was rally of a kind disposition she as not long in deciding what to do.

ed, hungry look and the wistful of those not unkind eyes must have decided her.

Bidding him to be seated she soon placed an abundant meal upon the table before him, then with a keen satis-faction she watched him as he eat. During the progress of the meal a conthe progress of the meal a con-

the poor tramp.

"May God keep and bless you Miss,"
he said, as with an awkward bow, his torn
hat in his hand, he prepared to make

thich was of a nature very encouraging

his departure.

"The time may come when I can do you a service; and if it does, God knows I will gladly do it."

Veva watched him till he was outside

The next morning all Brighton was thrown into a state of intense excitement. Little groups of two or three pathered here and there upon the streets and discussed in low but expited tones the all-absorbing theme of the robbery of the Brighton Bank which the robbery of the Brighton Bank which is a part of the pight before. had been broken into the night before, the faithful old watchman being murdered at his post. Who could be the guilty one no one ventured to say.

The excitement had reached a fever who run a column headed "Answers to Common and when it become known." The excitement had reached a fever heat at noon, and when it became known that Frank Thornly, the young bank slerk, had been arrested, and accused of the crime, it required the ut-most influence of the calmest citizens to preserve peace in the heretofore quiet village. When the sad news bequiet village. When the sad news be-same known to her, Veva turned deathly pale, a convulsive shudder skook her frame and she sank unconscious to the "What is the matter? What has

ed? O, I remember it all now. happened? O, I remember it all now. But he is innocent and they dare not make him suffer," were her words upon regaining consciousness as she stared blankly into the faces around her. But deeply as Veva felt for her betrothed lover, she had no power to save him from a prison cell. The case against him was a strong one.
The cashier, Mr. Dunlea, was absent

from home and no one else had access to the safe. The cord drew tighter bout him, and, despite his earnest protestations of innocence, he was thrust into jail to pass a sleepless night.

Morning came at last, and as the straggling rays of sunlight penetrated into the solitary depths of his cell a key turned in the massive lock with a harsh, grating sound, the bolt flew back and the door swung upon its hinges.

"Good morning, Mr. Thornly," said the jailer, pleasantly, but Frank made no response. "I bring good news to you," he continued. "The real culprit ed and you are a free man.' At this Frank started up and looked in a dazed sort of way. His clouded mind at length took in the full meaning of the jailer's words. He was free, what a world of joy that word contained.

As might be expected, Frank Thornly the lion of the hour. Friends reseed round him on every side and

resped his hand in loving clasp.

But the man who had confessed the srime what of him? Who was he? s glance sufficed to tell. He was t one of the vast army of tramps, and a recognized as me person who had was recognized as the person who had called the previous morning at the Martin farm-house. Alas, no one had a good word to say for him. On the contrary, loud and long were the threats against him. The minds of the good citizens of Brighton were worked

As they gathered about the streets but a word was needed to arouse them to action. That word was apoles by one of the rasher ones, and as if with one accord they all moved toward the jail. A huge log in the hands of determined men soon crashed through the heavy door. Resistance on the part of the jailor was uscless and the prisoner was completely at their mercy. A rope was hardly useless and the prisoner was complete at their mercy. A rope was hasti secured and the helpless prisons dragged forth amid loud shouts of a proval from the crowd that had collecte about. At the hands of the ruthless mo about. At the hands of the ruthless mob the poor tramp found no mercy. Strong hands carried or dragged him to a point some half a mile away. The full moon had just risen over the tree-tops in the east as if to witness the tragedy, when the rope was thrown over the strong limb of a large tree and willing hands swung the helpless tramp into the air. At this instant the sound of a horse At this instant the sound of a horse galloping over the stony road arrested their attention.

their attention.
"Stop!" shouted the horseman as he passed a sharp curve in the road and

The hands that held the rope release their grasp. All eyes were turned upon the new-comer as he reined his horse beside them. "It is all a mistake, boys.

about. Up with him boys!"
"Hold! I say," said the horseman,
who had been addressed as Dorr, I know

what I am saying when I say that man is innocent. Last night, as the midnight express was crossing the river, the bridge gave way and the whole train was thrown into the river. Among those who were crushed by the broken timbers was Mr. Dunlea, cashier of the Brighton Bank. He regained consciousness at noonto-day, and, being told that he had but a few hours to live he confessed that he had returned to Brighton in the night and robbed the bank. He also revealed the hiding place of nearly all the plunder, the rest being upon his person."

Tenderly the poor tramp was raised and born back to the village. Kind hands labored for his restoration and success at length crowned their efforts It was then that the secret of his con fession became known. He had been fession became known. He had been present, though unseen, at the Martin farm house when Veva first heard of her lover's arrest. All the pity in his heart was stirred at the sight of her misery. The memory of her kindness to him caused him to determine to do something to relieve her suffering. her suffering. Accordingly he made the confession which well nigh cost him his life, as the only way that presented itself.

In after life he found a home an friends with Frank Thornly and his wife, Veva, and he repaid their kindness by a life of honest faithfulness.

New Study for Women.

It is not generally known that women are possessed of an unfair advantage over their male competitors in society. Supposing for a moment that the voun man and the young woman are equally well versed in the questions of the day when their education is supposed to be finished. They leave school, and it is not commonly known that the young lady is afforded special facilities after she has made her debut in the fashionable world for following up her studies. There are several clever women in society who make a circuit of the houses of prominent society people dur-ing the week, and in the drawing rooms meet a class or club of women belong ing to society, and lecture to them for an hour and a half on topics of the day. The method of this lecturer is to

take up the subjects which are occupy-ing space and attention in the newspa-pers and to explain and elucidate them in such a way that the facts involved the gate, then closed the door and re-sommenced her morning's labor. The readily apprehended even by the most day passed away and she thought no more concerning him except to wonder why, she had not been afraid in his The next morning all Brighton was langer movement in France, Mat-thew Arnold's Nineteenth Cen-Correspondents," and who want to learn to talk fluently and agreably in the draw-ing-room or at the dinner-table. It is a matter of no wonder, therefore, that when these elaborately coached society women who have absorbed information respecting all questions of public concern in the same highly condensed form from which they take their phy-sical nourishment (for beef tea, softboiled eggs, and calvesfort jelly are favorite viands), are able when they meet distinguished foreigners to converse with them in so prompt and glib and entertaining a fashion that the foreigners are left in a condition of help-

less bewilderment and astonishment. Omaha World. A Female Mail-Carrier.

Oregon has a woman mail-carrier. Her name is Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on the Siuslaw Biver over the Coast Range Mountains, following up the river to Hale's postoffice station, within fifteen miles of Eugene City. Her route is twenty miles long and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail night and day and fears nothing. She rides horseback and carries a trusty revolver. Miss Westman is a plump little brun-

ette and is just 20 years old. Her

father and uncle operate a stage line and have a contract for carrying the mail. At Hale's station Minnie meets her father and gets the mail from Eugene City and starts on her return. Miss Westman has never met with a serious mishap in the performance o her duty. On one of her trips last year she found three good-sized bears in the road, right in front of her. The horse on espying them, became frightened, threw his rider to the ground, and, turning around, ran back the road he came. Miss Westman, with great presence of mind, started after the runaway and, overtaking him, remounted and rode right through the savage cordon,

vening found the excitement un-lnsurance was in general use in Italy, and in England, 1560.

hou, the great Father of Nations mighty One of love and mercy; o didst coutries the universe and stars, and fashion the round wo-ough space, obedient and unerring

Scapes not unnoticed—now, we besech Lean Thine ear, for, lo, the Nation kneels. There, at Thy feet, she lifts a swelling practice of gratitude to Thee. Another year is gon and still her life throbs with the big health.

health; health; Her heart is full of peace, and in her t Prosperity and thrift. THREE THANKSGIVINGS.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

It was Thanksgiving Eve. The sun had disappeared, and one by one the stars were opening their bright eyes in the great, blue vault above, and the moon looked down, serene and holy.

It had snowed a little during the day, coming down in soft, feathery flakes, and covering up the still, dead face of nature, and now for miles around was an unbroken surface of around was an unbroken surface of white. Over the hills wound the main road from the city, now almost cov-ered from sight by the snow, and not far from it stood a large, comfortable far from it stood a large, comfortable farmhouse, much superior to the majority of dwellings of its class. It was the only cheering feature of the whole landscape, and the bright lights from its windows streamed out warmly into the night.

The curtains were up, and if one could have looked into the cosy little sitting room they would have seen the

siting-room they would have seen the owner, a man of fifty years, James Hubbard by name, commonly called "The Deacon," sitting in his easy chair in front of the old-fashioned fireplace. As he sat with his eyes fixed on the glowing coals, his lips firmly com-pressed, and an expression of pain on his face, his thoughts were full of suffering, for he was living over again in memory another Thanksgiving eve, when all hearts should have been calm and happy, but, instead, his had passed though a time of such intense misery and suffering that it was agony to re-

Three years ago to-night! How vividly it all came back to him now. There rose up before his memory the outlines of a fair, sweet face, framed in brown curls, and a pair of bright brown eyes looked into his with a steady, burning gaze, full of such wistful pleading that they made his heart ache. Pretty Madge Hubbard, with he glorious voice and penchant for the stage, had first incurred her father's displeasure, while visiting a friend in the city, by taking part in some private

theatricals unknown to him. When he was informed by one of his brother deacon's of his daughter's imprudence he was furious, and said great many things that should have remained unsaid. He forbid his daugh ter to ever sing again in public; if she persisted in doing so he would disown her, and never willingly look upon her face again.

Madge was nineteen, and possessed to a certain degree, her father's quick temper; so, without an instant's hesita-tion, she replied that she was fully determined to make a name for herself, and would leave home at once if her father so desired.

There was an instant's pause, during which her father's face grew stern and hard, and not a feature softened as he looked his beautiful daughter full in the face, while his voice trembled with passion as he uttered but one word, "Go!" Then turning, he left the room

When Madge thought of her mother her eyes filled with tears, and she al-most decided to follow her father, implore his forgiveness, and give up her wild longing for a professional life. The next instant she shut her lips firmly together in a straight little line, and shook her brown curls until they danced about her head in pretty con-

No! she would remain firm: her ther was unreasonable, and she would not alter her determination.

To-morrow was Thanksgiving Day, and what a delightful time she had an ticipated, but by to-morrow she would be far away from the dear old home. Just then her mother entered the room and Madge told her all that had passed between her father and herself.

arms and commended her to her Heav-enly Father. She realized that words were useless-Madge was determined. "Some day, perhaps, he will be sorry and ask me to return, then I will glad ly do so; until then, dear mother, trust me and do not worry. I will go directly to my friend, Madame Sevelo, the great singer; she has promised so many times to cultivate my voice, free, if will make my appearance in public only under her directions, and I shall gladly consent to do so. She is a pure, good woman, mother, and you safely trust me under her care."

After Madge had gone, things went on pretty much the same at the old farm-house, and now three years had slipped away, and James Hubbard had not relented and sent for his only child to return, as many supposed he would. He had remained firm, and outwardly appeared never to think of her, or miss her bright presence. He had forbid-den his wife to even mention her name in his hearing. She was to him as one

He was thinking of all this as he sai before the warm fire this chilly November night; the old-fashioned cuckoo clock on the mantel above his head kept up a constant ticking, and the fire blazed up cheerily in the open fire-place, yet the room seemed gloomy, and James Hubbard had just made up his mind that he would go into the kitchen and seek his wife, when all of a sudden there sounded through the stillness of the night a cry, clear and shrill, like the wail of an infant. The Deacon was on his feet in an instant. "Hannah," he called to his wife,

"did you hear that?" "did you hear that?"
"Yes, I did, James," replied Mrs.
Hubbard, in trembling tones; "it
sounded like the cry of a child What

can it mean? basket, and this time the cry of a child was unmistakable. Lifting the basket, he returned to the kitchen and deposited it on the table; then went once more out into the night.

There were footprints in the snow which led up to the house, and other steps that led away from it; still, although he searched through the grounds and called aloud many times, only the unbroken silence of the night answered him. In vain he listened,

Mrs. Hubbard glanced at her husband, with her eyes full of tears, but she did not finish her sentence; for after one glance at that baby face he had fallen into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, God!" he cried; "what new trouble is this come upon us?"

Suddenly he started to his feet, and lifting the blanket that still lay in the basket, he shook it lightly, and something dropped on the floor at his feet.

A letter, and yes, thank God!—a marriage certificate. With trembling hands he opened it and read it through. "Married—Madge Ray Hubbard to Guy Elmore Norwood," and dated two years before, one year after Madge left home. Then she was not disgraced, and the baby was entitled to a name.

Tenderly he opened the letter and read aloud:

Dear Mother—I leave you my baby, my

read aloud:

DEAR MOTHER—I leave you my baby, my darling little Stella, and hope you will love her for my sake. One year from this Thanksgiving night I will return, for I hope to be able to care for her then. I shall pray night and day that father will grow, to love my child, and for its sake forgive the mother, who has bitterly regretted the step she tool in leaving home. If father can forgive me place a bright light in the window next Thanksgiving Eve. and I shall indeed have cause to be thankful. If alive and able, shall surely return one year from to-night God bless you both.

MADGE HUBBARD NOEWOOD.

James Hubbard did not speak as he finished reading the letter, but his eyes were dim with tears, little accustomed to such visitions, and he bent his gray head, and left a kiss on the baby's wee, dimpled fingers, then hastily left the room.

Tears of joy flowed from Mrs. Hub-

bard's eyes as she pressed her little grandchild close to her motherly breast, and murmured a prayer of thankful-

Slowly the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and it became very evident to all who knew the Deacon that he was much worried about something; but whatever this "something" was, he kept it strictly to himself and never revealed it to a liv-

ing soul.
October came and went, and Novem ber made its appearance amid a slight

flurry of snow.

One night, after Baby Stella had been safely tucked away in her little bed, James Hubbard called his wife to him and told her all. The blow, which seemed to her so sudden, had been impending for months, and now the crasl must come—it was inevitable. The old home was heavily mortgaged and would have to go; he had done his best to meet the debts pressing so closely upon him, but now he knew, without a doubt, that there was no longer a change for redemption. chance for redemption, and when year dawned upon them they would be

Mrs. Hubbard bore up wonderfull well under this new trial, and did a in her power to console her husband, help him to bear the burden, and grow accustomed to the great change that must so soon take place in their lives. "At least we will not leave the dear old home until after Thanksgiving, James; we must be thankful for that "Yes, wife, you are right; we will be thankful for that."

Once again it was Thanksgiving Eve. Little two-year-old Stella nestled in her grandmother's lap asleep, her soft, fair hair tossing about her rosy face, the drowsy lashes resting quietly upon her dimpled cheeks. Thus she slept and dreamed, all unconscious that something was about to happen which would change the whole current which would change the whole cur

out in a purple bank of western clouds peeped forth the broken ring of the young moon. The curtains to the wide window were up, and a bright light streamed its glad welcome out into the darkness beyond. Thus the hours passed slowly away, and not a sound broke the stillness of the room where James Hubbard and his wife sat

"Do not try to prevent my going, mother dear," she said, in her pretty, coaxing way; "my heart longs for music, and some day you—yes, and father too—shall be proud of my one great ful sinking of the moon, and one by one the stars were alowly disappearing. It was close upon midnight, and

silence brooded over all. Scarcely had he returned to his seat by the cheerful blaze of the fire, when Tasso, the faithful old watch-dog, gave a loud bark, and, springing from his place on the piazza, disappeared with full speed down the road.

Stepping to the door, James Hub-bard could plainly hear the sound of wheels in the distance, and presently there dashed into view a double carriage, drawn by a pair of large black horses, which the colored driver drew up, with a grand flourish, close to the steps. The door opened, and a gentle-man stepped out and carefully assisted a lady to do the same. The next instant Madge was in her father's arms.

We must pass over the next few minutes, and imagine the fond greeting between the parents and their long-absent child; also the joy that filled the young mother's heart as she clasped the bewildered little Stella in her lov

ing arms. Then followed Madge's story, and as she proudly introduced her husband, she told of her first and last appear ance in public, how her husband had seen her and made up his mind to win her, and what an easy task he had found it, for it was without doubt a case of love at first sight for both of them.

Then followed a happy year of wedded bliss and the birth of their little daughter. Next her husband was taken ill, and, advised by the phy-sician to travel for a year, and having abundant means at their command, they decided to do so. Not liking to take so young a child with them, they made up their minds to leave her with her grandparents, trusting that she would win forgiveness for her mother's

willfulness. What a blessed Thanksgiving it was Deacon Hubbard opened the door and stepped out on to the broad piazza. As he did so his foot struck against a basket, and this time the cry of a child eleared from debt. Truly they all had much to be thankful for.

She Quit About Even.

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eral power in all its immensity, in all its ramifications, in all its far-reaching of lished, and how far it has swerved from its true coarse, he must know more than Constitutional principles; he must know the laws, the agencies created by those laws, what those agents are doing, and the methods which they employ. His knowledge, at the best, is but a smattering to him, after all, the Government is little else than a conjecture, a fancy—an airy, intangible, invisible theory.

fancy—an airy, intengible, invisible theory.

This is blunt speech. For there are tens of thousands of citizens who have very clear and correct notions about what the Government is, and about what it ought to be. The "average American" is, to be sure, an indefinite sort of person, and he is apt to think and know more about public affairs than he shows. But there is one class of Americans to which he does not be long—Americans who, unfortunately, do take what they all a "practical view" of things. They know the Blue Book better than they know the Constitution; they look upon the Government simply as a great collection of offices; they know the salary attached to every office; and their highest and only ambition, as citizens, is to secure the best paying offices for themselves. The American with his "theory" and invested broad. with his "theory" and imperfect knowledge is so far ahead of this type of "enlightenment" as to put comparison out

of all question.

The American who glories in the majesty of the Republic, and who values his own freedom, cannot afford to dream; the duty he owes to the commonwealth to society, and to himself, he can not, with honor or safety, ignore. The true grandeur of our government depends upon the justice of its laws; those laws depend upon the virtue, the patriotism, and the wisdom of the people. The fight for independence did not end with the Treaty of Peace; nor did the adoption of the Constitution settle forever all questions of civil liberty and government. Dangers have appeared past; dangers menace us to-day; dan-gers will yet arise. They may come from the direction of the Government; or they may come from society, as evils for the Government to meet. The subject of government is a pro-

twould be an error for parents or teachers to withhold it from you as a matter reserved for older minds. You cannot be too much impressed by a consciousness of its gravity; you can not take too broad a view of national destiny and of your rights and duties as

younger citizens; you cannot study these things too soon.

You are not expected to plunge at once into the depths of "political science;" you need not vex your early wits over abstrase "economic" puzzles. wits over abstruse "economic" puzzles. With time and experience will come ability to handle disputed problems, and to follow the drift of national policy and power. At the start, the mask of mystery should be lifted off; the reality of government should stand before you thoughts. - Edmund Alton, in St.

Remember Orders.

If young men who are desirous of succeeding in life would only devote the strictest attention to orders while they are being given, they would get along much faster.

Nothing is more discouraging to one in command than to be called upon to

repeat while engaged upon duties for-eign to the subject, an order which had been given at a time when one's whole energy was devoted to the subject of

the order.

It is at times impossible to go back in the hurry of the moment, and recall all that bears upon the subject, and serious errors, principally omiss ions are often made in such cases. strongly recommend all young men who are hoping for future success to make it as much a part of their education as they do the possession of abstract knowledge, to remember exactly and verbatim all orders given them; because success n responsible places is otherwise simply mpossible.—Railway Review.

How to Cook Husbands Miss Corson said in the Baltimore cooking school that a Baltimore lady had written a receipt for "cooking hus bands, so as to make them tender and

It is as follows:

"Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anx ious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what the confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. Do not stick any sharp in-strument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.'

A Strong Point.

"This is scandalous" said Mrs. Lush ley as she ushered her spouse into the hall very early in the morning. "You must have been making a nice exhibi-"I was perfectly—(hic) shober, or-derly, an' dignified, all er time," re-

plied Mr. L. assuming an injured look that almost threw him off his balance. "That is nonsense," said his wife positively, "just a moment ago while I was looking out of the upstairs window, I saw you trying to unlock the front door with a tooth-pick."

"Posh'bly. Posh'bly; But you (hic) bessher life I knew too mush to pick my teeth wissher door-key (hic,) didn't I"—Merchant Transfer -Merchant Traveler. He Told It to His Wife.

Tom-Dick, what word can be made shorter by adding two letters? Dick—I give it up.
Tom—Why 'short' of course. Dick-That's pretty good. I'll spring

that on my wife as soon as I get home.

I bet I'll catch her.

I bet I'll catch her.

(At home).

Dick—My dear, what word can be made longer by adding two letters?

Wife—Why, any word. What a foolish question. Do you think I'm an imbecile? Hello, where are you going?

Dick—I'm going to hunt up the fellow that introduced that joke to me.

There's something wrong somewhere.

There's something wrong somewhere. A "CHRISTIAN Temperance Common wealth" has obtained a location for a colony is British Columbia. Its promoters contract, in return for the labor of heads of families, to support the

an imagined wrong; sensitive people hurt by an imagined slight; conscious souls raised to a seventh heaven of de-

light by imagined greatness, and even delicate stomachs turned and dainty

appetites destroyed by the same prompter. A former Boston lady and her husband once experienced the latter

sensation at a Texas marriage feast,

which occurred in one of the most re-mote parts of that State. A few days

some mixture of eggs, sugar, and flavoring called icing, and most difficult in inexperienced hands to put on in artistically smooth style. With no conveniences the Boston lady and the bride

were in a dilemma, when suddenly the latter rushed out of the kitchen and in

a few moments returned exultantly

a few moments returned exultantly waving a well-worn, individualized shaving brush, quite stiff with a dried lather of strong yellow scap.

"There," cried the dumpling-faced maiden, playfully. "This will do the work just too lovely for anything.

The Boston lady gave a gasp, but the future bride was soaking the brush in hot water, and did not see her dismay. "Being George's, it will be so appropriate, you know," she chatted in blissful unconsciousness.

George was the prospective husband, and his shaving brush was used to ad-vantage so far as the smoothness of the

icing was concerned. But the Boston lady and her husband, although present at the feast, failed to enjoy their supper. Imagination flavored the edibles with

soap and decorated them with the shorn

hirsute fragments of the groom's auburn beard. Not so to the newly wedded.

The just-made husband whispered to

his bride: "No one else could have thought of such a thing but my little tootsy-wootsy. Let's patent it," and in imagination they saw golden dollars

swelling their pocket-book—all from tootsy-wootsy's patent.—New York Mer-

The Foolish Girl Lost Her Eyes.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the State lived at 40

nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault and

that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshiped her own eyes and did everything in her

than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted.

This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such

an extent that her right eye began to

and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her

right eye was taken out some time ago, and she has lost all sight in the left

and will be blind for life. It is one of

the saddest cases that were ever brought

to light in this city.-Los Angeles,

Originality's Patron.

A woman entered the office of a large

"My kind sir, I am forced to solicit

wholesale house and, addressing a man whom she found seated at a desk, said:

assistance. I am a widow, have lost my situation and have, dependent on me—"

"A large family," suggested the man as he turned and looked at the woman.

"What!" the man exclaimed, almost springing from his chair. "I have only one child," the women

repeated.
"Is it possible," said the man, speaking with an emphasis of doubt, "that

"Come, now; haven't you really as

"I tell you that I have only one. Why

Because you are so original. Every

other woman who has ever appealed to me for charity has had at least five children to support. Madam, you ap-peal to me deeply. I am known as the

patron of originality. Be seated please and I will write you a check." -- Ar

Almost in the Profession.

admit the profesh to dis show fer

Doorkeeper—What profesh, Johnny

"Wy, de teatrical profesh, of course."
"Well, yes, sometimes. Are you amember?"

"No, not izzacly; but my stater Jennie she's one of de "Queens of Beauty" in

de gum chewing contest at de dime mu-

A STRIKING improvement in clocks was exhibited and described to the British Association for the Advance-ment of Science by Mr. W. H. Doug-

lass. The new feature consists in th

use of a torsion pendulum, which, with

seum.—Terre Haute Express.

ing winding only once a year.

Small Boy (at theater door)-Do ye

"No. sir, only one child."

you have not a large family?"

many as six children?"

kansaw Traveler.

nothin'?

do you doubt my word?"

"I have stated the truth, sir."

shrivel. This brought her to her set

eyes sure, and probably both.

Tribune.

make them more beautiful

Some of these are good MAN may be called deucedly come he is to much so.—Duluih l

A New preparation to keep the har white and soft is called "anti-chap," will never prove popular with the ladi—Albany Journal.

Albany Journal.

A YACHT containing a party of lawyers was recently capsized among a school of sharks. Total deaths, four lawyers, seven sharks.—Epoch.

"Mr. Sailor, don't you get awfully tired of steering your vessel day after day?" "Oh, no, madam. I'd rudder it than knot."—Danville Breeze.

Brown.

"What ails you, old fellow?" exclaimed the latter. "You're looking ill. Overwork, I guess."

At night Jones goes home with alow, inert steps and his countenance shadowed by a would-be-sick expression. "I'm not well," he says, bitterly, to his wondering wife. "It's overwork. I've felt it coming on for weeks." Verily, Brown has startled the susceptible mind, and Jones soon imagines his health seriously impaired. But after his Æsculapian adviser has treated him to a course of tasteless white drops and suggestive-looking pills Jones' good "Have you a war record?" was asked of an applicant for office. "Oh, no," was the innocent reply. "I wasn't married until 1867,"—Washington Critic.

Young man, ere you decide that the majority of feminine acquaintances have small feet remember that it's only the small ones you are the small ones. to a course of tasteless white drops and suggestive-looking pills Jones' good health returns, and he is satisfied with Brown, physician, and himself. Truly, imagination and water-and-bread pills yield a powerful sway. Thus often a thoughtless word hastily spoken crowds the imaginative brain with thousands of fancies. Friends and lovers are frequently estranged by an imagined wrong; sensitive neonless small ones you get to see. - Terre Haute

THERE is only one sure way to stop small boy from asking questions, and that way is not satisfactory if you have any further use for the boy.—Journal of Education.

VISITOR (while waiting for hostess)—And is your mamma still in mourning for your poor papa, Flossie? Flossie—Yes, ma'am; she is when she goes any where. - Epoch. It is said that Mark Twain has no perpetrated a joke since he was made an M. A. This is a degree that should be much more generally distributed than it is.—Chicago. Herald.

SENSER—I haven't seen any of your poetry lately. Zounds—No. Pve quit before the wedding the bride-elect called the Boston lady, who was their nearest neighbor, to assist in making the cakes. Now, an important and most ornamental part of cakes is that toothwriting. Senser—Upon whom has your mantle fallen? Zounds—The pawn-

broker.-Lowell Citizen. It is a happy definition which says:
"A polite man is one who listens with
interest to things he knows all about,
when they are told by a person who
knows nothing about them.

PREPARED FOR THE DULL BLUE MORNING —Inskip (who is going out to see the elephant)—Are you all ready, Tom? Bigbee—Yes; I've even got the \$10 fine in my inside pocket.—Puck.

CITIZEN (to lawyer)—I want you to get me a pension. Lawyer—Yes, sir. Where were you wounded? Citizen—O! I wasn't wounded; but my substitute was killed.—New York Sun.

Wife—My dear, the pew rent is due to-day. Husband,—Well, I can't at-tend to that until I settle with my friend Blifkins. I owe him \$100 on a horse race, and debts of honor should be paid first, you know.—Philadelphia Record. An England street 6-year-old miss who has thus early evidently grown tired of working hard to be good, ended her little prayer thus the other night: "Please, God, make me a good girl without my helping!"—St. Albans Messen-

Mrs. Jason-Mr. Jason, you were drinking last night Don't try to deny it. Mr. Jason—Yep. "Well, I should think you'd want to go somewhere and hide your diminished head." "Ithasn't begun to diminish yot."—Terre Haute

LITTLE Flo Senborn, upon being ce sured by her mother for some small mischief she had been engaged in, sat "thinking it over" for sometime and finally said in a complaining tone: "Everything I do is laid to me."—Lowell Mail.

Mormon suitor (who has jus lovely girls in the State lived at 40 Orange avenue, in this city. A pair of large, liquid blue eyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well-to-do and she has wanted for nothing since she was ald apough to accepted)—And now can I see youryour——. Young lady (shyly)—My
father, Mr. Brigham? Mormon suitor
—N—no; your sister, darling; and then
I can see your father about you both.—
New York Sun.

MOTHER—Johnny, you mustn't play with Willie Hill any more. Johnny—Why not, mamma? Mother—Because he is a bad little boy. Johnny —Well, mamma, I ain't so doggone good myself that you ought to be kickin'.— Washington Critic THREE of the admirers of a pretty

Burlington girl called on her the same evening, and as she answered the bell in person for the fourth call she took the opportunity of hanging a placard on the door-bell: "This is my busy night." -Burlington Free Press. FREEMAN-Don't you think this doe

trine of infant damnation a horrible one? Sours (slowly)—Well, I don't know. I used to think that way, but since the Howler family and their new baby moved next door to me I am kind of wavering, kind of wavering.—Low-"FOND of music, Mr. Thorobase?"

"Passionately; music is life to me; it is rest and food and sleep; I hunger for it. I haven't heard a concert for nearly three months." "Why, that's singular, when you are so fond of music; what is the reason?" "Why, there isn't a concert garden anywhere in our neighborhood where you can get a glass of beer, -Burdette.

PRACTICE VS. PREACHING

And though the parson urged and prayed
Why fonger should she tarry?
The wealther doctor, long delayed,
Got her consent to marry.
Then to the minister the maid
Explained her true position—
"I'll let you marry me" she said,
"That is, to the physician."

Not a Bad Test of Faith

A plumber and an upholsterer were recently engaged in fitting up a fashion-able residence in Van Ness avenue, and got into a discussion as to which was the heavier, a pound of lead or feathers. "I'll bet you four bits that I can prove to you that a pound of lead is heavier

than a pound of feathers," said the plumber.
"I'll take that bet," said the upholsterer.

The plumber cut off a piece of lead pipe and pared it down until it weighed sixteen ounces. Then he got from the upholsterer the same weight in feath-

ers.
"Now," said the plumber, holding the lump of lead in his right hand and the bag of feathers in his left hand, let me drop the lead on your left foot and the feathers on your right, and if I do not prove that the lead is the heavier I'll

pay four bits." The man of feathers would not consent to the trial, but paid for the whisky and cigars.—San Francisco Wasp.

lever and escapement, may be applied to ordinary works, and by its slow rate of vibration makes it practicable to con-vert an eight-day clock into one requir-"Those stockings are all wool, I pre-"Hose stockings are all wool, I presume," she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap her up a half-dozen pairs. "O, yes, miss," he answered in thought-lessness, they're all wool and a yard wide." "Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, and before he fully realized what he had said she whisted out of the store.—Washington Critic. VISCOUNT VANBROOK, one of the oldest members of the British Peerage, prides himself on never having read a

Anita had two lovers brave,
One, a physician skillful—
The other labored souls to save,
And to please this maden wilful,
The doctor patients had by score,
For big fees daily reaching—
But the parson pleased Anita more
By his soft and tender teaching. Though to decide it grieved her so Twas practice versus preaching.