

In two main boys which we fell out,  
 Sticks to the side up 'tho' youngest now;  
 'Don't see lack what 'twas about;  
 Some small difference I'll allow,  
 'Tis all the same to me and Jim,  
 A-batin' each other, 'nd Jim 'nd I;  
 'We havin' his opinyin uv me,  
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!  
 'Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,  
 'Courtied sisters, 'nd murr'd 'em;  
 'Tis all the same to me and Jim,  
 A-batin' each other, through and through;  
 'When Abs Linkens asked the West  
 'T'ry to be weds we was me and Jim,  
 'We havin' his opinyin uv me,  
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!  
 But down in Tennessee one night  
 There was sound uv firin' 'ow way,  
 'Nd the Sargeant allow'd 'twas a fight  
 'Twixt the 'nemies 'nd the 'nemies;  
 'Nd as I was thinkin' 'v Lizzelz 'nd home,  
 'Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim;  
 'We havin' his opinyin uv me,  
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!  
 Seemed like we know there was goin' to be  
 Serious trouble 't' me and him;  
 'Twixt two schuck bands, did Jim 'nd I,  
 But never a word from me or Jim!  
 'We never 't' nothin' I seened to,  
 'Nd into the battle row went we,  
 'Havin' my opinyin uv Jim,  
 'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me.  
 Jim never come back from the war agin,  
 But 't' hain't forgot that last, last night,  
 'T'wixt the 'nemies 'nd the 'nemies;  
 Made up 'nd schuck bands afore the fight  
 'Nd after all, 't's 'soothin' to know  
 'T'wixt the 'nemies 'nd the 'nemies;  
 'We havin' his opinyin uv me,  
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!  
 Boston Pilot.

## CLUB LIFE.

An Engineer's Story.

BY EDWIN ROBINSON.

I am an engineer. Ever since C— Road was laid, I've traveled over every day, or nearly every day, of my life.

For a good while I have had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and well managed, if I say it, as the best.

It was a southern road, running, I say, from A—to Z—. At A—a good old mother lived; at Z—I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an old kind of a man. Being shut up in the engine, watching with all your eyes, an heart, and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and called her Joe. Some people called her Josephine, and some didn't, and I don't know how many could be friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends—dear ones, too—I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house that held my wife and baby was the dearest place on earth to me, except the old house which held my mother up in A—.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should if it had not been for Granby, who was one of the shareholders—a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him, and he was good friends. He often rode from Z—to A—and back again, a once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Gneidon."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once in a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. I want some among us now."

I was fond of such things, and I hardly knew that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer doesn't have days and nights to himself, as the club would have one evening in a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" said he.

"My wife," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife about every man's wife would have said 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and you couldn't have no club at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"Then, if Granby belongs to it, he must be superior men."

"No doubt," said I.

"It isn't everybody who could be made a member," said Joe. "Why, of course you must be, if you like."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed. Thursday night I went with him to the room. There were some men there with brains and some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every evening.

I was always a temperate man. I usually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but, coming to drink more of it than I ever had, at the club-table, I found it put the steam off. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk after so many more, I did. I seemed like somebody else, the words were ready. My little ideas came out, and were listened to; I made sharp hits; and indulged in repartee; I told stories; even came to puns; I heard some of the best to Gneidon.

By Granby:

"You know, that's a man worth knowing. I thought him dull at first."

Yet I knew it was quiet Ned Gneidon, with his ten words an hour, and the wine-made will I was. I was sure that, when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs, to find Joe waiting for me with her babe on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," she said.

"She suspected it, but I wasn't sure. The scientific club couldn't smell like a room."

"Which means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a flag at a station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joe; and she sat and looked and heard and baby up in a space bed-room together.

"Ned," said she, "do you think me so much like a bottled-up, strangled demon as sometimes is, to put in the hands of a drunken man?"

And some day, mark my words, the wine will come when not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered strain full of people must be, and I will know, if you don't stop where you are. A sturdy hand and a clear head. Have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away. If you don't care for my love, don't yourself."

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her. One club night, as I was dressed to go, Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a chance to find with you before. You've said, and loving, and good always, I shall be sorry we ever met if you won't in this way. Don't ask me what I mean; you know."

"Joe," said I, "it's only one night."

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arms around my neck.

"And I meant it; but at 12 o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club-sofa, and leave the place for good next day. Already I felt my brain reel as I never had before. In an hour I was in the land of stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin upon his face. My head seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch; I saw that I had only five minutes to reach the depot.

Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught up my hat and rushed away.

I was just in time. The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the talking—bidding each other good bye, promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two times good-bye.

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," heard him say. "Don't be nervous, the San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Gueldon the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal in the batch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L— to D—, five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew. I saw a red flag flutter, but I never guessed what it was until we passed the down train at the wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, I laughed. I heard him say, "Carefully!"

Of course, Mr. Gueldon, you know what you are about?"

Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go slower or faster. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard some questions. How many miles an hour are we making? I did not know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle. I was trying to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that? Faster—only faster. I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere—it was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered—not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and then gazed at my own work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; the dead, dying and wounded were strewn around—men, women, and children, old-age and tender youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the injured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering, "Murder!"

The news had gone back to A—, and people came thronging back to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under trees, and five bodies were lying there in all their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two children. It was fancy—it was pure fancy, borne to anguish. They looked like—oh, great heavens! cold and dead—

How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on the innocent children. I called them by name. There was no answer. There never could be—never would be. And as I comprehended this, on the up-track came thundering another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms.

"His head is very hot," said somebody.

I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" she said; "a little better?"

I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, "for the train passed over me; but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," remarked my wife. "Why, Ned?"

I tried to move; there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room, opposite the crib in which two children were asleep.

My good children were safe. Was I delirious, or could it be—

"Joe," cried I, "just tell me how it happened."

"It's 9 o'clock," said Joe. "You came in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You were not fit to manage steam, and risk people's lives." The San Francisco is half way to A—, I suppose, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.

It was a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it all as though it was reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?" said I.

"Are we heathens?"

"Give it to me this moment, Joe."

Sh! brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took an oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. It never has. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as it ought to be so often, "The engineer got drunk."

But He Couldn't.

A couple of men who were playing cards in a Michigan avenue saloon the other day got into a dispute, and one of them brought his fist down on the table with the exclamation:

"I can lick you out of your boots in two minutes!"

"I guess you can," replied the other.

"I can lick you and the whole family behind."

"Oh, no."

"Yes, I can!"

"I don't believe it."

"But I know I can!"

The mild-mannered man turned to the crowd and asked:

"Father, Bill, Jim, Tom, Henry, Wallace, Stephen, George, Andrew, do you hear that? Mother and Ann and Betsey are not here, but I guess we can do him."

And the ten jumped on to the boasts and had him yelling for mercy inside of a minute.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JAPANESE chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

The pretty girl in a whole nest of results. The girl in a box at a comic opera, who was one of those who could not control. She looked gentle and good, but her actions convinced the on-lookers that there were chances of her having partaken quite freely of the glass that inebriates during her last dinner, for, besides the roseate flush that beamed over her cheeks, there was a devilry of manner about her that could not have been absolutely innate. It so chanced that the stout and bald gentleman, playing upon the bass viol stood immediately beneath the box wherein the pretty girl was sitting, so close to her, in fact, that the long handle of his viol extended upward almost to her perfect nose.

Some moments after the opera began the girl gazed interestedly at the instrument, with the terrible dissonance to the music that progressed on the stage. Then, while no one but myself was watching, she leaned forward and, extending a gloved hand, twirled one of the keys out of place. There was, a moment later, a severe discord that caused the leader of the orchestra to dance sharply round, and then the prima donna was thrown out of tune by the false notes that continued to come from the big fiddle. The fat player leaped excitedly up to the keys of his instrument and placed it into tune again, but no sooner had he done so than the wicked girl in the box reached forward and unscrewed several of the keys at once. It was at an important moment during a solo, while the viol was being utilized as the principal accompaniment, and the terrible dissonance that moaned forth were more than the audience could bear. The prima donna popped short in her song, the orchestra conductor banged his baton madly against his music rack, and every player in the band lost his head, the result being chaos of the worst kind. And while his insanity reigned the cause of it all, the pretty girl in the box, sat calmly back in her chair, making faces of sorrow at the misfortune that prevailed around her. When the player of the bass viol got his instrument back into condition again and the opera was processing smoothly, the mischievous party looked fully as innocent as the best scholar in a convent school, and no one but she and I were conscious that she was a little devil with the face of a saint.

Another exploit was more commendable. It was a very windy Sunday morning, and the people on Fifth avenue, as they came from church, were holding tight to their hats and ladies to their utmost to look grateful and gruffed, while the brisk breeze swirled their skirts clingingly about them. Just in front of the reservoir near Forty-second street, a particularly sharp gust did lift the high hat from the head of an old gentleman who was passing, carrying it over the high iron fence and depositing it upon the narrow strip of lawn beyond. The unfortunate miser stood irresolute with a half smashed smile on his face and lifted his hand to shield his head, which was only sparsely covered with white hair, from the icy air. There was no gate to pass through and the only way by which the hat could be recovered was by vaulting the iron fence, which was about six feet high. At first no one offered to do this and it seemed as though he would be compelled to walk home without his hat, when, of a sudden, a young, hearty and handsome girl of some fifteen years of age, dressed in the plain clothes of a well-to-do working girl, sprang towards the fence and pulled to her companion, a young woman five years older than herself, to give her a hand. With this assistance the girl was lifted to the crown of the fence and, amid a fascinating flutter of white men and black stockings, she hopped lightly as a bird to the ground on the other side. Several hundred people had witnessed the proceedings, and it did not need Sunday. I have no doubt some of them would have cheered the daring and independent girl that snatched it. As it was, they all waited to see her make the return trip after she had passed the hat out to the delighted and grateful old gentleman, but they were disappointed here, for the pretty creature ran round the reservoir and gained the street through a narrow, shady and extremely dark passage, several hundred yards away. As the venerable owner of the hat came to leave to thank her she, only remarked that her father was an old man something like himself, and she would stand by and see the wind blowing through his whiskers if any act of hers could prevent it.—Miss Lookabout, in Boston Herald.

**Indian's Exciting Experience in a Montana Theater.**

"You see, it happened like this," said an old-timer. "It was in '66. My old friend Bill Hamilton of Stillwater, sometimes called Wildcat Bill, was a United States Deputy Marshal and Sheriff of Chouteau County. There had been some illegal whisky selling going on around the Blackfoot country, and finally Bill got after the guilty parties. "A young Indian named Two Wolves got mixed up in the affair, and Bill arrested him as a witness and brought him to Helena. Howey was Marshal there at the time and I was deputy. "When Bill arrived in town with his Indian he called on Howey and me to help take care of him. Well, on the night of the day that Bill and the prisoner arrived there was some sort of a show going on in an old hall up on Bridge street. We all wanted to go, but we didn't know what to do with the Indian. Finally Bill said: 'We will make him along with us,' which we agreed to do. "Neither Bill nor the Indian had ever seen a show before. Well, we went up to the hall and got seats in the gallery, the Indian being seated between Bill and me. I forgot what the play was, but it was one of the old-fashioned kind, where the whole company was killed off before the first act over. "We got interested in the performance and forgot all about the Indian. He kept quiet until the killing began. When the actors began firing pistols and showing knives the Indian got nervous, and finally, when the people on the stage began falling thick and fast, he could stand the show no longer. "Suddenly he made a jump, from the seat, and before Bill and I could stop him, that Indian had jumped clean through a window near by and out onto a sort of platform. "He got down to the ground, stole a horse somewhere, and rode twenty-five miles bareback. Down the valley. He rode a show a saddle and went home again to his friends in the tribe. "Bill never caught him, but we heard afterward that the Indian said the reason he left was because he was

on platform in one end of the  
and the rest of the people were  
ring around laughing at the business.  
*Telena Independent.*

**Bad Boys.**

The recent sudden death of Major  
General Crook brings to light the fact  
that he was a "bad boy." While at  
West Point he stood low in his class,  
and was so frequently punished for in-  
fringements of the rules that he actually  
quit that institution—so much so that  
he never could be induced to revisit it.  
Major and Sherman were bad boys  
also at West Point, and Sheridan was  
bad that he came very near being  
killed.

All these bad boys afterward became  
heroes, and were anything but "bad."  
How does it happen, then, that  
there were such "bad" boys? Does it  
seem as if there is some mistake  
at the application of the adjective  
"bad?"

With too many people, especially in-  
structors, a good boy is simply a dull  
one who has not enough blood in  
his veins to make him lively, and not  
enough spirit to resent insolence or per-  
secution. The boy who is restive under  
harsh restrictions, who laughs in the  
wrong place, who resists unjust pun-  
ishments, and will not admit that he is  
wrong when he knows he is right, is  
usually rightly reputed as a bad boy, and  
is usually at the foot of his class, if he  
is not expelled before examination.

But such bad boys are not dismayed  
by the frowns of teachers and the pro-  
posals of well-meaning but ignorant  
peers. Like Grant, Sherman, Sheri-  
dan and Crook, they grow up to be  
men, with big hearts and great  
souls, men who are loved as well as  
feared.

Somebody claims that education is  
in general a detriment to success, or that  
studious boys is to be condemned,  
and we cannot fail to see that the noisy,  
restless, bold and self-reliant boy, so un-  
popular at West Point as well as in our  
schools, is the boy who makes the big  
mark in the world, when he grows  
up a man.

**A Perfume of Wit.**

Hannah Moore enjoyed a war of  
words, and was a match for any one  
of her ready wit. A good story is  
told of her. She and Mr. Langhorne  
were friends, who spent their summer  
at the same seaside resort.  
They were wont to meet at a certain  
place on the shore. One day the gentle-  
man inscribed on the sand the follow-  
ing:

"Along the shore  
Laid Hannah Moore;  
Waved her silks record last,  
Her tablet lasting as thy verse.  
Somer shall ye  
Proud earth and sea,  
Than what she writes be past."

Reply to the gallant rhyme she  
wrote:

"The former basis, polished Langhorne, chose,  
And died the dictates of thy charming muse;  
Thy strains in solid characters rehearse,  
Thy tablet lasting as thy verse."  
The witty women do not always shine  
in society. George Sand was notably  
deficient in talk. When her sparkling  
friends were firing off their conversa-  
tional pyrotechnics, she sat in bewil-  
dered admiration, stupefied rather than  
amused. Charlotte Bronte was so shy  
in society became an actual fiction  
novelist. We can easily believe that Mrs.  
Langhorne had a "quaint, graceful  
play of wit or repartee." George Eliot  
was so shy as she wrote, in sentences wise,  
and epigrammatic. Mr. Cross says  
that she was more capable of en-  
gaging and communicating genuine  
humor and laughter." We need only  
to read her books, however, to know  
that she was serious to sadness. Jane  
Austen was no more regarded in so-  
ciety as a "poker" or a "fire-screen" or  
other thin, upright piece of wood or  
other that fills its corner in peace and  
kindness. After people read her  
books and Prejudice," she was "still a  
poker, but a poker of whom every one  
was afraid."

**Every Animal Its Own Doctor.**

Animals get rid of their parasites by  
digging dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suf-  
fering from fever drink water, and  
sometimes plunge into it. When a dog  
loses its appetite it eats that species  
grass known as dog's grass, which  
acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats  
eat grass. Sheep and cows, when  
sick eat certain herbs. An animal  
suffering from chronic rheumatism  
uses keeps as far as possible in the  
sun.

The warrior ants have regularly  
organized ambulances. Latreille calls  
the antennae of the ant, and other ants  
come and covered the wounded part  
with a transparent fluid secreted in their  
mouths.

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops  
bleeding by placing its hand on the  
wound and dressing it with leaves and  
mosses. When an animal has a wound  
on arm hanging on, it completes the  
operation by means of its teeth. A  
lion, on being stung on the muzzle by  
a snake, was observed to plunge its head  
repeatedly for several days into running  
water. A terrier hurt its right eye. It  
remained under a counter, avoiding  
light and heat, although it habitually  
sat close to the fire. It adopted a  
general treatment of rest and abstinence  
from food. The local treatment con-  
sisted in licking the upper surface of  
the paw, which it applied to the  
wounded eye, again licking the paw  
when it became dry.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

**Reasonable Pride.**

People who have seen better days are  
usually enough fond of referring to  
the past, especially in the presence of  
old acquaintances. The trait is not  
unavoidable. All like to stand well  
in our own eyes.

One of our exchanges tells a story of  
a school mistress who had gone to  
school in a rural town where she  
was "boarded round," according to the old  
term.

On the second Monday she went to a  
"play place," and at noon sat down  
with the family at a small plain  
table, on which was a dinner of brown  
pudding, fat fried pork and baked pot-  
atoes. We are not told whether she en-  
joyed the meal or not, but just as the  
chair was pushed back, one of the chil-  
dren, a little girl of perhaps ten years,  
suddenly exclaimed:

"I know what good victuals is. Yes,  
ma'am, I know what 'tis."

"Oh, you, indeed?" answered the em-  
barrassed teacher, at a loss what to  
say, but ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am, I know what good vic-  
tuals is. I've been away from home  
several times, and eaten lot on 'em."

Among the paradoxes of life is the  
habit of young parents, in order, to  
keep their windows tightly closed for  
a sake of the fresh air.—*New York  
Commercial Advertiser.*

[illegible]

...of the mother can per-  
sonal operation. That is, if  
set themselves about it.  
"There is no doubt of that,"  
man to himself, "a man can do  
better than a woman, and not  
all the fuss and talk about it."  
wear themselves all out talking  
over. Why, a woman will talk  
out making a flat-iron-holder  
man would about building a  
house. When a man is going  
anything, he goes to work and  
he doesn't have to run all  
the way back to ask ever one  
about it, and then do as he  
and to, as a woman will do.  
ing, having heard him boast of his  
ries for years, some fine morn-  
in his wife's head aches, and the  
deity of the kitchen has given  
the mother of the family invites  
ress the baby.  
baby is big enough to walk  
and have a finger in every pie,  
ll be "the baby" till a later  
ppears.  
man who knows it all smiles  
ntly to himself. He is de-  
with the opportunity of show-  
life how much quicker he can  
an than she can. And he'll see  
is going to run all over crea-  
tures and things, and cry half  
while he's about doing it. Dis-  
cussion is needed with children.  
is the baby to him.  
all there, Freddy, while papa  
or clothes, like a good boy."  
ing places himself in position,  
papa goes in quest of the rain-  
gutter to the juvenile. Freddy  
d on the top of a tree in the  
rd he climbs on the piano to get  
at the window, and he knocks  
a couple of bundles of sheet-  
is sister Fanny's new hat that  
there last night when she came  
m the party, so tired that she  
rdly get up stairs to bed; and  
and Freddy slips, and grabs the  
and all, and draws a double  
railroad on the polished rose-  
the piano with his wildy  
finger-nails, and lands safely  
down, howling with rage at not  
being able to get the bird.  
time his pa has found most  
things, and is ready to begin.  
Freddy isn't ready. He wants to  
pictures in the album. Then  
its on hearing the watch tick.  
wants to catch "the dog by  
and give it a good pull, to see  
is fast. Then he wants to kiss  
a still!" says his pa, putting on  
e look that he uses on his in-  
tate clerks in the dingy down-  
case, "and see if you can keep  
ague still while I dress you!  
ggle so, Freddy! Stand still!  
in your foot! Let that cat  
Here, you little mischief, stop  
that let-pencil! Hold up your  
n't you? Put this hand through  
at one! Good gracious, it is  
that women will make pants for  
ronged to! And more but-  
tons than would be needed to  
up a regiment of men! Now  
up the waist! Humph, that is  
the same way, all the buttons in  
different place. No arm-holes, no  
Freddy, hold still! I tell  
n't hurt! Yes, 'tis on right.  
use on any other way. By Jove,  
out the drawers, and the stock-  
ere, put up that foot. Good  
Freddy, can't you stop wig-  
gar toes? Hold your leg still!  
ow. Now, we'll put on the lit-  
e collar. What an outlandish  
case to fasten a collar. It doesn't  
anywhere. Let's see, the bow  
er it? No, it must go over it.  
n head still. What are you  
so for? Lift up your arms.  
Why, what the duse is the  
with his child's arms? He can't  
m. Don't cry, Freddy. Let  
Do stop that bawling. This  
is of your mother's humming  
I say, Fred, stop this noise!  
I say! I shall be crazy—"  
about at this juncture his wife  
out on the scene, and she finds  
Freddy's pants are hind part  
one of his arms has been put  
the neck space, and the other  
collar, which was made to turn  
stands up; and his stockings are  
g side out; and his pa will never  
there is anything out of order  
e proceeding, but the next time  
s the baby, he doesn't dress it  
ways has something to see to  
vents him.—Kate Thorn, in  
Red Weekly.

**The Living Microscope.**  
Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham,  
us, is a lad whose powers of vision  
reious. He is known as the "liv-  
roscope," on account of being  
see the most minute objects  
eked. In 1878 or 1879 he  
cked with some baffling eye  
and came very near losing his  
ever. After the disease had  
its worst there was an instant  
den change for the better, which  
in a complete cure of all inflam-  
an incredibly short time.  
A cure, however, that brought  
old eyesight like that possessed  
average genius of homo. When it  
ed with eyes that extraordi-  
d powers of vision. To John  
the most minute plant louse  
large as a rabbit, and the mos-  
ible as large as an ax handle.  
see and describe distant mi-  
cra with startling clearness and  
n. He was amazingly shocked  
pairing to the well to get a cool-  
ight to see the immense number  
us creatures that were floating,  
and wriggling about in the  
From that day to this water has  
assed the lips of John Thomas  
his drinks consist wholly of  
ea and milk, thoroughly boiled.  
tors say that the entire organi-  
of the eye has undergone a struc-  
nge and that the cornea has be-  
ormally enlarged.—*Spring-*  
*publican.*

**Scheme Worked Against Him.**  
," said the talkative wife as her  
husband crept meekly into bed,  
to hear the strangers go."  
they are still in the parlor; the  
girl will let them out in an  
two."  
are they?"  
are short-hand reporters. You  
wags forget what you say to me  
I'm in bed, and sometimes I go  
to when you're talking, so I  
I would have your lecture out-  
and study it over at my leis-  
ure—they're all ready, the door's open  
can hear you, and you can be-  
lieve as you like."

Reporters were quickly hustled  
the lecture that night lasted  
ours longer than usual.

...dinal—We never let our  
...ge families.  
...he sales said to the boot-  
...wn down and see us."  
...oney is tight it is quick  
...ore than can be said of a  
...is a disagreeable sort of a  
...is always very quick to come  
...n't marry a women with  
...next best thing is a woman  
... (after robbing the roost)—  
...w! out. Farmer Hal! hal!  
...he fly.  
...ABLE ladies are not fond of  
...and yet they know what a  
...dress for dinner.  
...akers prefer to talk in the  
...It is the only way they can  
...ble to hear them out.  
...ople who claim to be wedded  
...seem to have been overtaken  
...e proceedings from the out-  
...-Tomkins is engaged to a  
...hear. Braggs—Yes; that's  
...m' He is too lazy to do any  
...ting.  
...-FARMER—Outbuntip, beye?  
...man (wearily)—Y-e-s, been  
...l day for a patch of woods  
...aw-penally sign on it.  
...-What sort of comic papers  
...ve over in Europe? Jinks—  
...Blinks—Are the jokes like  
...ks—Exactly. Same jokes,  
...a month older.  
...don *Lancet* complains that  
...rks in 'the barber's mug."  
...right, if I will continue to  
...the difficulty is that it is  
...to the customers's mug.  
...ss—I'm very sorry, Mr. Bent,  
...e didn't suit you. Henever  
...ry taking ways. Mr. Bent  
...ne, madam, but it was his  
...that we could not stand.  
...RESSY.—Why did you lay  
...pieces of cloth? Mrs. Patch  
...be useful some day to re-  
...is of Tommy's trousers. Mrs.  
...see; they are reserved seats.  
...IN (sarcastically)—Was it  
...a brincope mill you that Leahy  
...a Gentle? Goldberg—  
...was not so far ahead oft me  
...it was only a question ohf in-  
...-The Superintendent — Think  
...one is a good risk, eh? Agent  
...be better. "Perhaps he has  
...ous occupation." "No, in-  
...ll never get hurt. He's a  
... (on a visit)—Excuse me,  
...but aren't these—er—vege-  
...t? Cousin Ethel (of Boston)  
...those are natural black  
...u know, Charles, there's a  
...e family.  
...-SURPRISING—There is some-  
...erious about Miss Kicklow;  
...desk with secret drawers, and  
...Old Mrs. Dephpost (who  
...of all of a sentence)—It's a  
...they are secret from your  
...-Never to Return.—She—I  
...at night that I was the most  
...women in the world, Mr.  
...He (stupidly thoughtless)  
...at the way, Miss Evances,  
...now. Dreams always go by  
...-Editor.—If you could  
...your poem a little! "Why,  
...sixteen verses when I first  
...and now there are only three."  
...Now with a little more  
...aps you can do away with  
...and then we shall be all  
... (to policeman)—I—under-  
...secured the discharge of Of-  
...ficer for sleeping on duty.  
...right. Officer Mulcahey—  
...Yezj see, me an' O'Brien  
...corner to go to shlaape in  
...t; but O'Brien snored that  
...ddent shlaape at all, so I re-  
...-n't Fool the Horse.  
...se will leave musty hay up-  
...his bin, however hungry,  
...drink of water objectionable  
...toning snuff, or from a bucket  
...odor makes offensive, how-  
...er. His intelligent nostril will  
...ver and query over the dain-  
...tered by the fairest hands,  
...ng that would make a mortal  
...eyes and swallow a nauseous  
...at a gulp.  
...is never satisfied by either  
...hinny that her oolt is really  
...ntil she has a certified nasal  
...to the fact. A blind horse,  
...will not allow the approach  
...nanger without showing signs  
...t safely to be disregarded.  
...ction is evidently made by his  
...hell and at a considerable dis-  
...ind horses, as a rule, will  
...ally about a pasture without  
...s surrounding fences.  
...The oell informs them of its pro-  
...thers will, when loosened  
...able, go directly to the gate  
...pened to their accustomed  
...ounds; and when desiring to  
...er hours of careless wander-  
...stinguish one outlet, and pa-  
...it its opening. The odor of  
...lar part of the fence is their  
...rse in browsing, or while  
...herbage with its lips, is  
...his choice of proper food en-  
...s nostrils. Blind horses do  
...e mistakes in their diet.  
...ds and their Heights.  
...tical purposes clouds are di-  
...four classes—cumulus, stra-  
...s, and nimbus. Meteorol-  
...ever recognize many differ-  
...nism in each class. Aber-  
...gives these ten principal  
...th their mean height in sum-  
...lands, Sweden: Cirrus (pure  
...d), 27,000 feet; cirro-stratus  
...p, wispy, or straited sheet  
...s (sorts), 27,600 feet; cirro-  
...fecy cloud at high level;  
...t; strato-cirrus (a similar  
...the cirro-stratus, but at a low  
...000 feet; strato-cumulus (ex-  
...ing cloud), 6,000 feet; cumu-  
...rocky cloud), 4,000 feet; at-  
...lo-nimbus (rocky rain-cloud,  
...at base; nimbus (low rain-  
...00 feet; stratus (pure sheet  
...00 feet.  
...-Asking Too Much.  
... (out West)—See here! I  
...to arrest those two men, over-  
...rcoing me into a game of  
...them and then swindling  
...an—Y'r askin' too much,  
...I can't arrest them gents.  
...honor'd Mayor of this ere  
...other's th' Chief of Perlice.  
...rk Weeklu.