

### An Easter Tragedy.

It was awful as they tell it in the Town of Genesee, Of the fate of poor Miss Wiggles and her brand-new Easter hat; It is very, very seldom that we find a tragedy That contains so much of horror as was brought about by that.

Miss Wiggles was a lady with a millinery taste — That was truly quite remarkable; I never knew its like; She could make a splendid bonnet from the merest bit of waste, A bonnet that e'en Virot at her best would hardly strike.

But it latterly did happen—oh, how sad a tale to tell! — Miss Wiggles gave up ribbons and laid in a stock of wings, Little wings of little birdies, and the larger ones as well— She didn't even spare the little yellow bird that sings.

And then on Easter Sunday, with her hat upon her head, With twenty-seven pinions struggling all about the rim, Miss Wiggles went to service, and, as usual, she led In the saying of responses and the singing of the hymns.

Now how it was it happened I confess I do not know. A miracle I doubt not must have been the cause of it; But as she sat demurely in the very foremost row Those wings began to flutter and to wabble and to flit.

And before the poor dear lady could take out her bonnet-pins And free herself, the bonnet hauled her upward by the hair, And with sundry pirouettes and with several dizzy spins She floated up the steeple and out in the open air.

So let this be a warning to you maidens of to-day Who kill the little birdies with their babies and their mates. It may be you'll be treated in this very self-same way By the wings that you have chosen just to decorate your pates.

—Harper's Bazaar.

### Binners vs. Rorer.

#### AN OLD FASHIONED EJECTMENT CASE IN THE BACKWOODS.

There was a great stir at Rouzer's Run in the Pennsylvania backwoods. The case of Binners versus Rorer was to come up before Squire Sniffets. Job Binners some time before had charged Sam Rorer with stealing a coon from him, and, getting no satisfaction, he called on Reuben Ray, who "done hoss doctorin an lawin," for advice. Reuben had advised "takin the law on Sam," and Job had told him to go ahead and make Sam sweat. Reuben applied to Squire Sniffets for the necessary papers to proceed in the case.

"Squire," said he, "we've got a case ag'in Sam Rorer for 'properatin' a coon. The heft o' evidence is that he has eat the coon, all 'ceptin the skin. What we want to git is a writ o' habus corpus on him to perjure that skin afore you, so's we kin take perceedins reg'lar."

"My opinion is, Reub," said the squire after due deliberation, "that you hadn't better do it. When you wunst git to habus corpusin there ain't no tellin where you're goin to end up. Fust thing you know you're liable to run slam agin the constitution, and then where be ye? Don't go and habus corpus. E-e-jectment. That's what you want. E-e-jectment, or trespassin' in the case. Is your evidence primy fishy?"

"Primest kind, your honor," replied Reuben. "T'other feller's is fishy."

"What you want, then," urged the squire, "is a reg'lar ole fashioned e-e-jectment."

"But you see, squire," persisted Reuben, "a habus corpus will fetch—"

"T'won't do no sech thing!" interrupted the squire, who was getting testy. "Not in this court it won't, 'cause I won't issue none."

"Then can't we sort o' capias Sam an put the screws right to him?" suggested Reuben, not willing to abandon his mode of procedure entirely.

"There you go ag'in!" exclaimed the squire. "Yes, you kin capias him. Course you kin! But can't two play at that game? You capias Sam an then Sam'll turn round and capias you, an then as like as not some darn fool'll capias me, an the fust thing we know we'll all be capiased to the s'preme court, an even if we keep outer jail the b'ar huntin'll be all over 'fore we're through, an none of us won't git a smell on it! There won't be no capiasin business goin on in this court, not this time o' year. Do you want me to issue the summonses for your e-e-jectment or don't you?"

So it was settled in that way, and Reub brought a "real ole fashioned a-e-jectment" against Sam Rorer on behalf of his client Job Binners. The day had come for the trial before Squire Sniffets, and Rouzer's Run was all there to hear it. Pete Wiswell, the blacksmith, was likewise a practitioner in the squire's "court," and had charge of Sam Rorer's interests. Squire Sniffets was busy mending a pair of boots when the hour arrived for the trial, but he

put the work aside, and keeping his leather apron on and his seat on his bench, said he was ready. The squire detested coons and coon hunting, and this case was none of his liking. He rapped on his lapstone with his shoe hammer for order in court.

"As a preliminary to be made afore this here case perceeds," said he, "I want to state that the court has made all its arrangements for goin b'ar huntin, an there won't be no delay in the perceedins, as the court has thunk the case all up an kin hand down an opinion on the double quick. Where's the culprit?"

Reub Ray jumped up and said: "There ain't no culprit, if your honor please. This is an e-e-ject—"

"Shet up!" exclaimed the squire. "I guess the court knows a culprit when it sees one. Stan up, Binners!"

Job stood up, astonished and scared. "So you've been a coon huntin, have you?" said the squire, looking over his glasses at Job.

"Well, yes, your honor," Job stammered. "I was out a little spell t'other evenin, but I only killed one, an that'n Sam Rorer stoled and eat it!"

"This here court holds that a man that'll go out with mallish aforethought and hunt coons is a dangerous citizen to be runnin loose," said the squire. "Job Binners, the sentence o' this here court is that you pay the costs o' this here suit an a fine o' 2 shillin. Stan up, Sam Rorer!"

Sam got up, scared in his turn. "You're charged with bein excess'ry arter the fact by eatin that coon," said the squire. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honor," answered Sam, fumbling with his hat and gazing vacantly around. "I-I-I fed it to my hog, your honor."

"I b'lieve you're lyin, Sam, but I ain't got no proof on it," said the squire.

"Job Binners has 'eused you o' eatin coon, and this court decides that it is a clear case o' slanderin you. For that I give you judgment for 4 shillin ag'in Job anyhow."

"This is your ole fashioned e-e-jectment, is it?" shouted Reub Ray, shaking his fist at the court.

"All right! Good reason why you wouldn't give me a habus corpus to fetch in that skin. But I'll 'peal this case till you'll wish you'd never ben born."

"Peal an be durned!" replied the squire, rising and taking off his apron. "This court's adjourned to go b'ar huntin'."—*New York Journal.*

### How He Won Her.

TRULY ALL THINGS ARE YET FAIR TO LOVE AND LOVERS.

"No, Jack, I cannot be your wife." The tone in which sweet Kitty Charmyngce uttered the above sad and solemn verbiage was replete with firmness and finality. It was plainly evident to the most superficial observer that she had issued an ultimatum, and that she had secretly harbored no intention whatever of making a single alteration or amendment to the purpose of her stern decree. What mattered it if the fond heart palpitating so incessantly beneath its snow-white covering did become a fitting candidate for the repair shop because of this uncompromising determination? What mattered it if the future did loom up before her mind's eye painted o'er with dark and sombre colors? In short, what mattered it if she did love the man who had just asked her to be his? Such trifles as these were not to be considered for a moment when placed in juxtaposition with that high idealic principle which had become the guiding star of her life from the very moment when she had read the first line of her first love story years ago. No, Kitty Charmyngce was not the girl to sacrifice a sacred tenet for a mere craving of the flesh, and when the crucial hour had come she hesitated not a second to immolate her happiness on the altar of principle.

To the young man kneeling before her the words came as the death knell of cherished hopes. Only a few brief minutes had sprinkled their own ashes on the towering ash heap of the past since he had felt his bosom swell with tumultuous joy at the bright dreams of future bliss. Now all those phantom pictures had vanished, and life had suddenly become a drear and worthless waste.

He slowly arose, and turned to her a haggard face, on which the grim goddess of despair had set her seal.

"You have pronounced my sentence, Miss Charmyngce," he said in broken accents, "and I will not ask you to revoke it, for I feel that such an appeal would be useless. But won't you tell me before we part, perhaps forever, why it is that you refuse me?"

"Certainly I will, Jack," responded the happy girl. "It is for the simple reason that I vowed years ago to wed none but a man who was brave and clever. I consider it my duty to remain true to my solemn vow."

A gleam of hope shot athwart his sorrow-laden soul.

"But surely you have not forgotten," he cried, "how I saved you from drown-

ing when our boat upset last summer?" Her sweet face grew strangely white as she recalled this circumstance, and the sublime heroism that the man before her had then displayed.

"No," she replied slowly and painfully, "I have not forgotten. That deed of yours was a truly brave one, Jack; but it was by no means what I would call clever."

He moved a step nearer the lovely maid, then bent his head and whispered in a low, ecstatic tone: "But I upset the boat on purpose!"

"Jack! My darling!"

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