I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health, And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure, Than feed without the zest of appetite Off gorgeous plate 'mid unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend, Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty, And one poor lass who loved me for myself Than one without a heart who owned

Nature is kind if our desires are pure, And strews rich blessings everywhere around u While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit, Too often grants berfavors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love,
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

The Old Maid. (By Rev. James Cooke Seymour) Who wakes the scoff of giddy mirth, To many a wicked pun gives birth 'Mong all the daughters of the earth? The old, old maid.

Who would not wed for sake of gold?
Who would not barter love untold
For self, or all could self unfold?
The firm old maid,

Who would not east horself away On worthless man, whate'er they say? Perfer for e'er old maid to stay? The wise old maid.

Who wears the face, if worn, yet meek?
Who searches round the sad to seek?
Who helps the poor, with tear-dewed cheek
The kind old maid.

Whose heart has tender love for all Who hugs the children when they fall?

Her feet ron swift at every call?

The dear old maid.

Who serves the Lord with earnest love? Who waits in faith for joys above? Her life a benediction proves? The good old maid.

Disenchantment. 'Twas long ago in hammock days— How very long it seems— That down the winding country ways Beside the singing streams I went in search of—dreams !

One dream I found as there I stayed, A perfect vision, too! A merry, muslin-kirtled maid, Whose eyes were harebell-blue, A most enthralling hue!

She smiled. I smiled. Ahl who can tell What volumes there were said, Although we spoke no syllabie? The clover-blooms were red; There was no cloud o'crhead.

I loaned. She lifted up her face— What ruby lips she had! Bliss for one little moment's space— And then she cried: "There's dad!" Oh, wasn't it too bad!

THE ORDEAL.

Tiny Clarence sat in her pretty little par-lor as a bright, tropical bird balances itself on the swaying boughs of a palm tree, for the carpet was of green and the window draperies were green, and the walls were just tinted of that delicate sea green that shines translucently through the rolling billows of the deep; and she herself, curicusly carrying out the unity of things, wore a dress of soft green cashmere, with silver lilies in her hair.

Her real name was Flora, but people called her Tiny ; it was a pet name she had ever since she could remember—perhaps because she was small and dimpled and fairy like, and had a fashion of nestling down on low ottomans and little footstools instead of perching herself on big, stiff chairs, like full size mortals.

She was very fair, with a transparent

skin, flushed with pale rose, and hair like floss silk, where the burnished shadows came and went in golden glimmers, while her blue eyes were full of sweet, wistful expressions—a human lily of the valley, in

At least so Ernest Sargent thought, as he sat looking at her, with his heart in his eyes.
"You will not give me the answer, then

which is to seal my fate?" " Not this morning, Mr. Sargent."

"Why not? I have surely the right to ask the question." "I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

Ernest's eyes brightened.
"You will give me the benefit of the doubt, then?" 'I can't tell you just yet; I don't know mvaelf. Cannot vou comprehend. Mr.

Sargent," she added, with a sudden spark of impatience in her soft eye, "that this matter of marriage is, with us women, something more important than the selection of a favorite shade in silks or the color of the spring ribbon?"
"I stand rebuked," he said, rising and

morrow morning, then, I am to call and get my answer." "Yes, to morrow morning, if you like." So Ernest Sargent bent his head over

Tiny Clarence's little rose leaf of a hand and went his way.
"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Clarence, as Tiny came slowly upstairs, twisting the green tassels that hung from her waist,

what have you decided?"
"I have decided upon nothing at all as yet, mamma."

Don't you like Mr. Sargent?" "Yes," answered Tiny, after a moment or two of grave consideration; "I suppose

" He is very rich, and, your father says, in a business whose profits are continually increasing. You would be wealthy, my

"Is wealth the first object in life, 'No. but it is more or less important;

and then Mr. Sargent is very handsome.
"I know it, mamma," And then Tiny Clarence went further still upstairs to the room where Bridget

was sweeping and dusting, in a frenzy energy.
"Bridget," she said, "will you lend me

your brown cloth cloak this afternoon and the black silk bonnet? I want to wear Is it fun ye're making of a poor girl

Miss Tiny? Sure, you wouldn't even yourself to the likes o' them. And you, wid all the fine clothes a queen would wear!"
"But I am in earnest, Bridget. I am

going to see a poor woman who lives in a tenement house down town, and I would rather dress so as to attract no particular

Bridget still stared, but she made no further opposition.
"I oan't understand at all, at all, so I

can't," she said, shaking her frenzied head as she carried the aforesaid garments into Tiny's room. "Sure, miss, it's like dressin' the queen of the fairies up in a cabbage leaf. Your bonny face is lost entirely in the old bonnet, let alone the cloak covers you from head to foot,

Never mind that, Bridget. Now lend me the veil. There; that will do." Tiny Clarence felt curiously unlike the aristocratic little queen of fashion that she was as she rode down town in the extreme corner of a Second avenue car, and alighted purlieus and swarming rows of tenement uses on either side betoken it the residing

place of the poor. Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, Tiny Clarence kept on her way, until at length she entered a dwelling some where in the middle of the block, and ascended the long flight of carpeted wooden stairs, which was common property to all

the inhabitants. Pansing at a door on the fourth story, she

knocked softly.
"Come in," was the reply, and opening the door Tiny Clarence entered.

It was a small room, comparatively bare of furniture, but very neat. A little bed occupied the farther corner of the room, and the smallest possible remnant of a fire smoldered in the tidy grate, while one or wo chairs and a pine table constituted all

the rest of the outfittings.

Close to the window a young woman sat sewing, while a crippled child played on the floor at her feet. She arose as Tiny ${ t entered.}$ "Is it you, Miss Clarence?" she said, her pale face momentarily dyed with a deep tinge of color, as she courtesied a timid "This is but a poor place for welcome.

you to come."
"Miss Clarence!" repeated our little
heroine, reproachfully. "You used to call
me Tiny when we were school girls together, Helen!" "But there is such a gulf between us

"Because you are poor and I am rich? because you are a forsaken widow and I am still the favored child of fortune? Helen,

you judge me unjustly!"

Helen Starr's eyes filled with tears.
"Dear Tiny, I will never do so again."
"I have brought you some more sewing," said Tiny carelessly, as she sat down by the side of her sadly changed school mate.

"By the way, Helen, do you still sew for Sargent & Copley?" "Yes, I am going there this afternoon to return some work and try to get a little

"Are you?" Tiny strove to speak unconsciously, although the deep crimson flushed her neck

"Would you object to my going with you?

I—I have a great curiosity to see the inner workings of one of those great manufacturing stablishments."

I shall be glad of your company. "Do they pay you well?" went on Tiny, affecting to be deeply interested in removing speck of mud from the hem of Bridget's brown cloth closk. Mrs. Starr shook her

Starvation prices, Tiny, and Mr. Sargent has just cut down the wages one-quarter. He says times are hard and he cannot meet expenses.'

"Yet he drives the handsomest horses in New York and lives in a brown stone palace," observed Tiny.
"I know it, but such is the universal

justice between employer and employed. We are powerless and they know it, these grinding rich people.

She was folding up the bundle of neatly sewn shirts as she spoke and putting on her own worn and shabby outer garments.

"You will be good and quiet. Charlie. and not go near the fire until mamma returns?" she added, pausing on the threshold.
"Yes, mamma," the child answered

with docile meekness.

He was accustomed to being left alone poor little fellow, and then Helen and Tiny set forth together on an errand entirely

novel to the latter.

It was "pay day" at the establishment of Sargent & Copley, and a long string of worn looking women, some young and some old, but all pale and pinched, like plants that had grown in the shade, were waiting their turn for the miserable remuneration due them.

a white neck-cloth and beaming spectacles, stood behind a ponderous ledger, a day-book and Mr. Sargent, with an expression ook and Mr. sargent, with an expression of face very different from what he had that morning worn in Tiny Clarence's boudoir, leaned against the edge of the desk and took in the work, examining and commenting as he did so. For Mr. Sargent chose himself to super-

Mr. Copley, a fat, oily looking man, with

intend this portion of his businers. was the tongue of slander behindhand in proclaiming that he contrived to make money out of this personal supervision.
"Clara Coyt!" he called out, sharply, as

a pale, freekled young girl neared him; "how much due Clara Coyt? Ten dollars and seventy cents. Take off \$1 work greased from sewing machine."

"But, sir," began the girl.

"Nine seventy—here you are! Pass on, Clara Coyt! Now, then, Mary Macalister -behind two days. Fine Mary Macalister 50 cents! So he went on, quick to detect or imagine

faults, vigorous to punish, merciless to exact fines, until scarcely one of the waiting throng received the amount of money fairly due her. When Helen Starr's name was called she advanced timidly, with her brown clad

Helen Starr!" sharply enunciated Mr. Sargent, scrutinizing her roll of work. "Four dollars—deduct 40 cents!"

"On what account, sir?" faltered Mrs. "Work soiled in making up—pass on!"
"You are mistaken, Mr. Sargent, indeed," pleaded Helen Starr; "the stains

were in the linen when it was given out to me. It is not in the least soiled in my "I can't stop to argue matters with inso lent sewing women in my employ!" snarled Ernest Sargent. "Take your \$3.60, Mrs.

Starr, without any more words, or leave the establishment. We can get plenty of hands who won't tell lies." Helen Starr grew crimson and then pale,

but knowing her own utter helplessness in the hands of this human vampire, she was about to take the miserable sum tendered her and pass on her way when a low, soft voice at her side detained her.

"Helen, stop an instant. Mr. Sargent," and turning back the long black veil which

had hitherto concealed her face. Tiny Clarence looked calmly into the rich bully eyes, "I am sure that my friend, Mrs. Starr, speaks only the truth. You lose all claim to the name of gentleman when you allow ourself to speak thus insolently to aught bearing the stamp and image of refined "Miss Clarence, he stammered, overcome

with confusion, "there is some mistake here.

"There is no mistake," she answered "I have been nes calmly contemptuous. "I have been near making one that might have lasted a life time, but my eyes are fortunately opened. Pay Mrs. Starr the money rightly due her, and let us leave this den of money making

Mr. Sargent paid Mrs. Starr the \$4 with undisguised awkwardness, and strove to detain Tiny as she turned away.

"Miss Clarence," he faltered, "will you allow me to explain——"
"No, Mr. Sargent," she answered haugh-

tily, " I will never allow you to speak to me She kept her word. Ernest Sargent's nature had been tried in the balance of

her womanly discrimination, and found Tiny Clarence was heart whole still .-

Chicago Evening Journal.

Marrying a Young Girl. In the St. Mary's Established Church, Dumfries, on the 11th inst., an old man of 71 and a girl 17 were married in the presence of an amused assembly. The bride-groom is stated to be a land agent in Newcastle, a widower, with a grown-up family, one of whom is a clergyman. The bride being a minor, and the parents having re-fused their consent, the pair come to Dumfries five weeks ago to fulfil the requisite condition of a fifteen days' residence in Scotland with a view to a Scotch marriage. The officiating clergy was the Rev. A. Chapman, who produced a smile by giving out the 67th Psalm at the close of the ceremony, "Lord bless and pity us," which the congregation joined in singing.

cheered and hissed .- The Scottish American Between 15,000 and 16,000 children are lost in London every year, but nearly 98 per cent. of them are restored to their parents through the aid of the police.

On leaving the church the bridegroom was

CURRENT TOPICS.

Ar last a man has gone on record as generous enough to bequeath his fortune to his widow on condition that she marries again, instead of depriving her of it if she pursues that course. The pity of it is that

the man is dead. In accordance with custom, the Court Journal of London, in announcing the completion of Queen Victoria's 70th year, gives the ages of her royal contemporaries as follows: King of the Netherlands, 72; King of Denmark, 71; King of Wurtemburg, 66; Emperor of Brazil, 63; King of Saxony, 61; King of Sweden and Norway, 60; Emperor of Austria, 58; King of the Belgians, 54; King of Portugal, 50; King of Roumania, 50; Sultan of Turkey, 46; King of Italy, 45; Emperor of Russia, 44; King of the Hellenes, 43; King of Bavaria, 41; King of Siam, 35; German Emperor, 30; Emperor of China, 17; King of Servia, 12; and the King of Spain, 3.

It is not often society finds itself in a shower of pearls, but it happened last week at a very smart ball in London. The Countess of Dadley broke a string of her famous necklace, causing for the moment a profound sensation in the crowded room s the pearls flew in every direction, and were in imminent danger of being smashed or forever lost. Evidently Lady Dudley beautiful as she is, antagonizes the family jewels. Not so many years ago the whole world was in arms because a casket filled with the almost priceless Dudley diamonds had been stolen in transitu from London to the carl's country seat. Nothing has ever been heard from the gems. Where they went to or who benefited by their possession remains a secret to this day, although an enormous reward was offered at the time for their recovery. The sense of this loss must have been keen in the minds of the titled company when it went down on all fours to search for the countess' fleeing pearls, pearls said to be second in size and color to no others in Europe.

Before the Royal Commission on English Elementary Education, Mr. J. G. Fitch testified what he saw done by a class of children 10 years of age in a school in Brussels. Around the room was a continuous blackboard and at its base a shelf. Both were marked off in sections, and on each shelf were crayons, compasses, clay, a wooden instrument for manipulating the clay and a graduated metrical rule. A child stood at each section, and the master standing in the middle of the room said: "Draw a horizontal line five centimeters long. Now draw a line three centimeters long at an angle of 45 degrees to the first." Thus continuing by a series of directions each completed a geometrical pattern. "Now," he said, "take clay and fasten it to the border of the pattern." That made an ornamental framework. Thereafter the pupils continued to add pieces of clay, making additional lines, dots etc., after their own ideas or inventions, until at the end of the lesson each had a different design before him. Mr. Fitch says the lesson throughout was an exercise not in hand-work only, but in intelligence, in measurement, in taste and in inventiveness

THERE appears to prevail among the laity a belief that the cure of cancer is seldom effected by the use of the knife, and that, when it is used, the disease is quite certain to reappear. At the recent congress of German surgeons a number of them told of the after results of operations for the re-moval of cancers from the tongue and throat. In one instance the whole tongue was removed from a patient 20 years ago and the cancer never returned. Another patient first had the left side of his tongue removed, and as the disease reappeared, he was again operated upon and the other side taken out. That was between five and six years ago, and yet since that time he has remained perfectly well. Prof. Kuster, of Berlin, presented a case of carcinoma of the tongue upon which he operated 10 years ago, and which has not returned since. Prof. Von Bergmann exhibited two patients; one was a case operated upon two years previously, and the other four years before; the disease had not returned. As for carcinoma of the throat, severa patients were presented who had had the entire larvnx removed, and now, several years after the operation, there had been no signs of a recurrence of the disease.

A hospital for fish! This is the oddest thing heard of for a very long time, but it exists, and an ichthyologist, who knows all about it, sends particulars. Hospitals are springing up in all parts of the king-dom for the benefit of domesticated animals. The horse, the dog, the cat and winged creatures are cared for, and now a hospital for fish has been opened at the Midland Counties Fish Culture establish-ment at Malvern Wells. All fish are liable to expedemic, endemic and fungoid diseases, together with other maladies which may be due to natural or accidental causes. and those suffering from any of affections are removed from their habitats at the establishments and placed in the hospitals, where they are carefully attended The home of rest, or finny hospital, consists of ponds, constructed in such a way that the patients may be readily scrutinized and doctored. A hospital without surgical aid would be lacking in an essential, and, therefore, the art of fish healing has been carefully studied by the founder and proprietor of the hospital, who has invented and manufactured special medicine solutions for application to of different spacies, according to the nature of their sufferings .- London Sporting News

Maxims for Memory.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a foot-race.

Folly must hold its tongue while wearing

he wig of wisdom.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scar infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage

door, true love goes at it with an axe.

A vein of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill. All the paths of life lead to the grave, and

the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short onts. The office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he egins to use his emotions as a substitut for his reasoning faculty. Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortu-

nate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote. Prof. Wm. R. Thompson, M.D., of the University of the City of New York, says

that more adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady, except consumption. and yet many people look upon a slight kidney difficulty as cf little consequence. Others take Warner's Safe Cure and remove any possible danger. When kidney disease becomes chronic, or Bright's Disease, it becomes a very serious matter.

A Hopeless Task.

Husband (100 years honce, when women rule)—My dear, I expect to go to town to day. If you could spare me a little Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my

pocket. The belt remains with Chicago for firstclass murderers, discovered and undiscovered. It is a possession no one envies.

A CANINE HERO OF THE FLOOD. How He Saved His Mistress from Death in the Overwhelming Water.

A large crowd of people attracted my at A large crowd of people attracted my action about 6 o'clock this evening on Main street, says a Johnstown letter to the Philadelphia Inquirer. On going closer I noticed that a number of men and women were surrounding a dog, on which each and every one of the crowd was anxious to lavish with attentions and endearing terms more appropriately bestowe favorite child than an animal.

"Come here, Romeo, my noble old dog!" said one woman.
"Give me a kiss; there is a dear." "Ah,
Romeo," said another, "it was a pity Johnstown had not more such noble creatures as you are, and there would not be so many people dead here now."

The dog, a beautiful water spaniel whose fur was clipped so as to give him the ap-pearance of a miniature lion, stood as quiet and dignified among the people as if he understood each word addressed to him, taking the evidence of appreciation as matters of course which he had every right to expect. Soon I understood what it all

Romeo belongs to Mrs. C. F. Kress, of Washington street, Johnstown. The day the flood-gates of the South Fork reservoir broke loose that lady went to the house of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Bress, on Main street, taking the dog with her. While there the awfully disastrous waters came sweeping down upon them from Conemaugh, so that all the people in the house were compelled to get upon the roof. There were seven in the party and Romeo made a

But soon the terrible waves and floating debris raised horrible havoc with the building. Suddenly a big wave dashed upon the roof. Mrs. C. F. Kress was knocked off her place of refuge and rapidly floated along with the wild stream. No human being attempted to jump after her or make any effort for her rescue, because the surging flood had already dragged her be-yond all human reach. But Romeo, the lady's dog, forgetful of his own danger, had apparently been expecting what was

noming.

The waters had no more than closed above the sinking lady when the dog jumped after her, and when her dress again appeared above the surface he immediately grasped it between his teeth. It was heavy burden, but the animal seemed to make a double effort. Holding the dress in his mouth he gently but firmly pushed her forward through the waters toward a frame house, which was still defying the waves. Romeo's noble efforts proved successful, and in a few moments Mrs. Kress was able to lay hold of one of the spars on the frame house and drag herself into com-

parative safety.

But alas! It was only temporary safety. Even before the woman had realized her escape the devastating waves came mountain high, rushing against the frame house. This time the building could not withstand. With a terrific crash the wooden sills seemed to be bursting apart, and once more the woman and her dog were at the mercy

of the flood. The noble brute, however, was not to be daunted. Again he clung to his mistress very closely, not as if he were to rescue her from a waterly grave, but as if his whole life depended upon her safety. Constantly swimming by her side while she was borne upon the current he contrived to keep her head above water so as to prevent her drowning. For over half an hour the dog battled with the waves for her preservation. His noble, faithful endurance was at last rewarded. He succeeded in directing his valued burden toward Alma Hall and here Mrs. Kress was pulled out of the water.

As she reached the roof unconsciousness

overcame her, and during all that time Romeo, who seemed to think the woman dead, barked and howled in the most frantic manner. Only her returning breath pacified him and then he quietly and con-

paoried him and then he quiety and con-tently lay down at her feet.

This was the story gleaned from the people surrounding the dog, and when I called to see Mrs. Kress at her sister's home

she verified every particular of the above.

A Peculiar Epitaph, An observing lawyer said the other day:
'I have often heard of peculiar inscriptions on tombstones; but one came under my observation a few days ago that I think observation a few days ago that I think deservation a few days ago that I think deserves a notice. It was something decidedly out of the common, and, while the sentiment was praiseworthy and a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' had 'We think yours are too long and Douglas' consummation devoutly to be wished,' had a strong element of the ludicrous in it. I was passing along Main street, in Germantown, and I stopped at the corner of Queen street for a moment to look at the oldfashioned stuces and stone church there. Its old steeple and clock are landmarks. It is the old Trinity Church, and it stands in the centre of a grassy plot about half an acre in extent. Part of it is used as a burying ground. There are three graves close together, but only one of them is marked with a tombstone. On this are the name and date of death of the dccsased occupier, and beneath it is the rather remarkable inscription:

'When shall we three meet again's The designer evidently thought it biblica and not Shakspearean, and he had probably never read the succeeding line, 'In thunder, lightning or in rain?'"—Philadelphia In-

A Risk in Shaving.

At this time of the year men have a way of cutting off their beards altogether, of making some new adjustment of the hair upon their faces. In this way very startling effects are often produced adisguises thrown off, and astounding revelations of characte made. There is Major Blank, for example I have been meeting him all winter, more less, and inasmuch as he has or less, and masmuch as he has red face, a jovial eye and a hearty manner I have been inclined to set him down as a sincere, whole souled sort of person; but in an evil hour he cut off his moustache, thus revealing a very bad mouth. In his present spect I consider the Major a man to be eared and avoided. I should hesitate to lend him \$10: if any underhand villainy were perpetrated I should at once suspect him of being at the bottom of it; and—at least until snow flies again and the Major resumes his moustache—I shall keep his name on my index damnatus.—" Taverner in Boston Post.

An Odd Recommendation.

The note writer of the St. James' Gazette says: "When a coachman or other servant leaves his place 'through death' he does not, as a rule, advertise for another place. But there are exceptions to every rule, as the following 'advertisement' from the

Times shows:

The Hon. Mrs. Mitford wishes to recommend ner coachman. Ten years' personal character. Leaving through death. Total abstainer. Age 33. Married. Address A., 7 Cavendish square, W. "Of course the poor fellow, when the ten years' service is ended 'through death,' is now a total abstainer: but whose eve is

A Wise Expedient. Maud-So you are going to marry your father's cashier?

Isabella—Yes. Papa says that if he runs

away with the bank's funds, the money will still be in the family. He Believed in It. Miss Spook Chacer-Do you believe in econd sight, Mr. Peck?

Mr. N. Peck—You just bet I do. My marriage was a result of love at first sight. What one man thinks is fun another thinks is folly. That is what gives such

picturesque variety to courting.

WAYS OF A WIZARD.

Glorious Visions of Gold and Bills Melt Into Thinnest Air.

Herrmann, the magician is his own her dvertiser. He declares himself that if he was able to mix in with the public enough he would need no advance man or pres agent. Wherever he does go he always makes his presence felt, and almost every one of the people who witness his marvellous little sleight-of-hand tricks is anxious to go to the theatre and see more of him. The other afternoon he dropped in with a friend at a popular down-town resort, and was introduced to a couple of gentlemen at the bar. The magician's Mephistophelean face marks him everywhere and his two new acquaintances knew at once who he was, and regarded him wonderingly. Pretty soon Herrmann said: "Excuse me, sir," to one of the gentlemen, and, taking his hat from his head allowed a huge roll of bills to drop on the bar. "It is very careless of you to carry that amount of money there, my friend," said the wizard, and as the gentleman reached for the roll Herrmann threw it up into the air and it disappeared.

After the gentleman had been laughed at

and had done the proper thing the wizard turned to the second gentleman and said: "My dear sir, you should light your cigar properly. The one you are smoking is burning up one side. Allow me," and gently removing the cigar from the gentle-man's mouth, Herrmann deftly slipped a fresh cigar from its wrapper, returned the burning cigar, and then proceeded to light the fresh cigar as a cigar should be lighted. Both men now regarded the magician with amazement and some degree of suspicion. They closely eyed his every move. When he casually pulled out his watch to note the time they thought he would bring a rabbit or an egg along with it. Upon the little finger of his right hand Herrmann wears two beautiful rings. In the upper one is set a rare brown diamond between two white gems of purest ray serene. To show the first of his new friends that there was no hard feeling existing between them, the wizard agreed to loan him this ring. "Hold out your finger," he said, and the gentleman willingly did so. He thought surely that he was wearing the ring, when Herrmann exhibited it in its proper place on his own finger. The gentle-man was dumfounded. Then Herrmann took off the ring and said: "You see I drop it in my sleeve," which he apparently did. Then he stroked his long imperial with his left hand, and there the ring glistened from his little finger. The man to whom it was to be loaned rubbed his eyes, looked dazed and told the man behind the white apron to make it the same as before. A gentleman in the party started to roll a cigarette and Herrmann begged a paper. The little book was handed him and he tore out a leaf. "Now, watch me carefully," he said, and every cye was on him as he crushed up the delicate rice paper into a pellet, and then began to pick it to bits. One piece escaped him, but he caught it before it reached the floor and rolled it up with the other fragments. Handing the pellet to one of the gentleman, he asked him to carefully unroll it. This was done, and a whole and perfect cigarette paper was revealed, greatly to the astonishment of those who had seen him tear it to bits. Taking a ourious gold coin from his pocket, he asked the man next him to examine it. The man took it and looked at it-it was an ordinary silver dollar. He looked sheep-ish and passed it back—the gold coin was in the palm of the wizard's hand .-- Chicago

LENGTH OF LEGS.

Abraham Lincoln's Views on the Im portant Subject.

Talking about John Hay, formerly Private Secretary of President Lincoln, the Graphic tells this new and original story of the latter: Stephen A. Douglas, short and stout, and Owen Lovejoy, of medium size, were once gossipping together in Lincoln's presence upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abo's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Donglas, are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it." The conversation had been carried on with a viow to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a faraway look as he sat with one leg twisted around the too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

An Able Little Saleswoman

I heard a story about a pretty little widow the other day which contains a hint to young women who are suddenly thrown upon their own resources. This little woman lost her husband, and in the course of time it became necessary to do omething to support herself. After trying a good many places she was given a posi tion in a State street dry goods store, with the handkerchief counter as her department. The first day she was there a gentleman came along and stopped at her counter to look at the goods. She felt that she ought to sell him something, so she went at it energetically, and though the man tried in every way to elude her he couldn't do it, and was finally forced to buy a half-dozen handkerchiefs. she got her salary at the end of the week she found a substantial increase over the figure at which she had been engaged. She asked the cashier the reason Because of a sale you made the first day

you came. If you remember, you sold half a dozen handkerchiefs to a gentleman after making a long talk." "That was Mr. Pardridge. He thought our salary ought to be raised." This was a good while ago. The lady is

happily married again. You may be sur that a girl who can sell goods to the proprietor of the store will not be any too long in getting a husband, and a good one, too. -Chicago Mail. Method in Bis Silence.

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about "No, I still hope to get it back."

The "Question" is Called.

Amelia-Pop it, George. The Clyde seamen and firemen, who have peen on a strike, have resumed work on the wners' terms.

George - Amelia, I have a question.

While trying a wife-beating case last week, Magistrate Smith, of Philadelphia, aid down from the bench this proposition It's a woman's right to sass her husnot aware that the Times circulated in other band.

> Mrs. Margaret Quinn, who died in New York the other day at the age of 110 years, smoked vigorously a strong pipe and pos-sessed wit which was the marvel of the neighborhood. Mr. Wm. Stilling, a Wellington street (London) baker, left home on Thursday

evening, as he said, to pay a visit to the Sons of England Lodge in London West, and before starting handed his money to his wife. Since that time nothing has been heard of him, although the most diligent inquiry has been made. Mr. Stilling was a man of strictly temperate habits and his family relations all that could be desired. His friends can imagine no good reason for

his disappearance.

FOR HIM WHO RUNS.

New Paragraphs Got Up on the Rapid

Transit Plan. A herd of elk numbering 1,000 head wa seen on a point of the mountains near the esidence of Mr. Robinson, on Upper Elk Wyoming, one day last week.

Wright Burke, of Troup County, Ga., has been married fifteen years and has fourteen children—twins five times, triplets once and one solitary and alone.

John A. Phillips (colored), of Chepachet,
Mass., has spent thirteen years in State
prison on two sentences. In each case he was convicted on the testimony of his own wife and daughter. Now it has been ascertained that the women perjured them-selves, and that he is an innocent and

terribly wronged man.

Lima, O., has a Fagin, who offered a watch to the one of a gang of 10-year-old boys who would bring him the most stolen brass in a certain time. They have all captured the watch in the city jail, but they will carry no more coals to Newcastle in the shape of brass to Fagin.

Mr. McKibben, of Henry County, Ga., captured a turtle in Walnut Creek the other day that weighed eighty-eight pounds.

day that weighed cighty-eight pounds.
"It's head was as large as a dog's," says a local newspaper man, "and when cut off snapped in two an inch plank which Mr. McKibben placed in its mouth."

John Barrett, of Perry Township, Ind., aged 74, is in jail for chastising Mrs. Barrett (aged 70) with the poker. In Russia every man found inebriated in the public streets is imprisoned, and when

he has recovered from his intoxication is set to sweep the streets for a day. Over two years ago at Crenola, Ia., Marcus Counts was engaged to marry a young lady named Edith Pierce. He betrayed her and left Crenola, going to Olatho. His hallucination now is that the

girl he betrayed is persecuting him.

A Waldo County correspondent of the Portland Press writes: "In the town of Troy, Waldo County, a man by the name of Gracelon owns a mare that has given birth to four colts within one year. They are all alive and doing well."

THAT SMALL BOY.

And Yet, With All His Faults, How Wo Love Him,

The small boy is the same the world over He has the universal language, and if he landed during the marble season in Tim-buotoo he'd be perfectly able to make the Timbuctoo boy understand his opinion of alleys and tors. This small boy is a democrat-fine clothes do not obtain with him ndeed, they are rather scorned, and a well

dressed boy is at present grabbed by his fellows and taunted with bein' "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and asked in a whining tone: "Why deesn't 'oo go home to dearest?"

There is no sentiment about the small boy. He is all things to all men, and that is impudent. No pavement is too sacred to keep him from writing his opinion in whitest chalk upon it, and no lamp-post is too high and no step too much decorated for him to occupy it and view any passing show. He confesses to but one weakness and that is dogs. Cats he holds in utter contempt, regarding their tails merely as an appendage by which to swing them, and girls he loathes and in his heart wonders

what they were made for.

For a few years he will run away from them, and after that time or until he gets married he will run after them. The small boy is an institution we could ill-afford to dispense with, says a writer in the Louis-ville Courier-Journal, and, like a great many other institutions, he occasionally needs a thorough warming up. I would like to suggest to his guardians that nothing is quite so efficacious for this purpose as a very high heeled slipper; the heel affords a fine grip and the slipper is less likely to get out of your hand because of this, as you make it caress the cel-like creature in your grasp. The clergy commend this, for it draws the blood from the boy's head and lets him coolly think out the right and wrong of his actions, while it quickens his

THE MUSIC WAS FLY.

And a Death Scene Was Changed to Decidedly Lively One.

Last night an entire change of programme was presented. The play was painful melo-drama with a sad act in it, where a handsome young woman dies a lingering death surrounded by her weeping riends.

In the first act four men are killed, a two steamboats have a collision in the third all of which takes place prior to the death-bed scene. These realistic features, along with the incidental music, must hav affected the trombone player's nerves. The invalid commenced to die and forgive crue wrongs, while the orchestra played a low and mournful strain. A doctor stood by the bedside, watch in hand, counting the pulse beats. Muffled sobs came from the audience and the splash of falling tears could be heard in the gallery.

"She's growing weaker fast," whispered the doctor. "See! the death damp is on her brow. One-two-sh! She's gone. A deathlike stillness pervaded the house but suddenly the trombone player pulled the machine wide open and let out a blast that filled the building with a deafening volume of sound, extinguished the footlights, and brought the corpse to its feet in a hurry. The orchestra leader, white with passion turned on the man with the double geared horn and hissed: "Why did you do that you old bald headed, weak-eyed, palsied remnant of hereditary insanity? "A fly lit on my music and I played it for a full note," and the stricken man

bowed his head in silent anguish-Chicago Times.Tempora Mutantur.

HIS FIRST.

Bjenkins-By the way, Bjonse, how old is that baby of yours?
Bjones (promptly)—One year,
months and eight days. HIS SINTH.

Bjenkins—By the way, Bjones, how old is that youngest baby of yours now?
Bjones - Oh, hanged if I know. A year or so. Ask my wife. Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Examiner in Fraderick T. Roberts, M.D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., in speaking of Bright's Disease, says: "Death is usually hastened by uric acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by applexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee

against fatality from these terrible mala

dies, because it cures the cause (diseased kid-

neys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system. A London paper advertises: "Lady wanted to draw, at home, original designs for furniture."

The trouble with most of the mothers who are trying to make Little Lord Fauntle-roys of their boys is that they begin on the

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has built a house boat, in which he will cruise in Nova Scotian waters this summer. together in catamaran style, and contains large parlors, billiard rooms, etc. On board Mr. and Mrs. Bell will entertain many riends.

trees near San Diego, Cal. They boro a small hole and drop in a dynamite cart ridge, the explosion of which makes a hole big enough for the tree, and loosening the soil to the depth of several feet enables the tree to take root easier.

Mark Twain's forthcoming book,

AN IMPROMPTU WEDDING.

It Was a Joke on James, But He Proved Equal to the Emergency.

James Gordon, of this city, was con siderably surprised last night when three omnibus loads of his friends and acquaint-ances from Norwalk and the surrounding country alighted at his boarding house. As they poured in on him and began to

Thereupon his unexpected guests produced invitation cards and accused Jim of trifling about a serious subject. At any rate, they did not think it fair that he

had been putting in his fine work, and the party convinced Jim that it was his duty to get even.
"A good looking fellowlike you should be

"A good-loosing fellow like you should be able to find a girl willing to marry him," suggested one of the party.
"Well, I'll try," said James. "Amuse yourselves for half an hour, while I see what can be done.'

He called upon Miss Lizzie Emmons, a neighbor, and explained his pressing necessity. The sudden proposal almost took her breath away, but, recognizing her neighborly duty, she amiably consented, and said she would get on her best dross and be ready within the half hour. Gordon meantime rushed back to his friends and told them of his luck. It was too late to get a minister, but a Justice of the Peace in the party volunteered to tie the nuntial in the party volunteered to the the nuprial knot. Other guests went out into the highways and byways and gathered in a German cornetist, an Irish fiddler and an Italian harpist, with "lashin's" of eatables and drinkables. The bride came to time promptly, her health was toasted in many a primming backer, and after the many a brimming beaker, and after the feast there was a merry dance until past midnight, when the newly paired couple departed on a bridal tour and the guests

Gretchen.

And one imprints her chin; Her sunny smiles play hide and seek, To chase them out and in. What a refreshing picture of youthful what a refreshing picture of youthful beauty and sweet temper! And Gretch n owes it all to the splendid health she enjoys. Wise beyond her years, she very sensibly avoids the ills and maladies which

this madness. I can never, never be yours; there is an insurmountable obstacle. "Do not say so! Tell me what this insurmountable obstacle is, love that I may crush it as I would a worm in my path.'
"It's a husband in New York.'

single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-cal Discovery has been used for torpid liver,

indigeation, impure blood, or consumption in its carly stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief; provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

good luck to day?

Country Editor—Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now

ing Wisconsin \$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head, by the manufacturers

Honesty the Cause. Chicago Sport-Our baseballists have ecome too honest for any use, all cf a

Fully Equipped. " Bromley, I hear you are going to start

Philadelphia Water. Guest-A glass of water, please.

Waiter-Microbes. Guest-Without.

Waiter-Yes, sah. Distilled water for The Last Resort. First Kansas Tramp-Bill, I'm goin' off ny the road in a few days.

First Kansas Tramp -No, I'm goin' ter start a new town.-Time. It is said that arrangements have been concluded between Anderson & Co. and the Dominion Government for the establish

A 3-year-old child named Cote, residing n St. Daguillon street, Quebec, fell into a pan of boiling water yesterday and is so severely scalded that it is not expected to

The Royal Agricultural Showat Windsor, Eng., is a remarkable success. While on the grounds I heard great regret constantly expressed at the absence of the usual Canadian exhibit, this being the finest show the society has ever held. The Colony of Victoria this year sent an exhibit of produce, not for competition. Millars' cheese is the only sample of Canadian produce hitherto shown. I met very few Canadian buyers of live stock.

D C N L. 28 89.

LADIES' SARAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy positively and permanently cures all femaleir regularities. Avaluable medicine. Relief nmediate. Price \$1. Send for circulars YU ATAN MEDICINE COMPANY, 18 W. 14th St.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, \$1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. HARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S They have a new way of planting orange BAKING POWDER Yankee at King Arthur's Court," is said to be a satire on English nobility and royalty.

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

mingle congratulations, with requests for an introduction to "the bride," he was staggered, and explained that as he had not yet secured that very necessary participant in a wedding there must be a mistake.

should disappoint his friends.

It was evident that some practical joker

rolled home in deep content.—Bridgeport (Conn.) letter in New York Press.

Her wealth of tangled yellow curls, Her eyes cerulean blue, The crimson dye of lips and checks Outvie the rainbow's hue. Two dimples nostle in her cheeks

sap the health and strength of so many of the women of our land, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weak-nesses and ailments, sold by all druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manu-facturers. For conditions, see wrapper facturers. Fo around bottle. Something to Think About, " No. Mr. Meredith, you must put away

Detectives Wanted to ferret out and discover, if they can, a

Country Editor's Wife—How happy you seem to night, Edward. Have you had any

"What has happened?"

"Farmer Hendricke, who hasn't paid for his paper for seven years, came in today and stopped his subscription."—Even.

of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

udden. Friend - Why do you think so? Sport-Of late not one of them can be duced to even steal a base. - Chicago

nousekeeping? " Yes, Darlingger." "What have you got toward it?" " A wife."

Waiter—Yes, eah; without? Guest—With or without what?

Second Kansas Tramp - What air ye goin' ter do for a livin? Not goin' ter work

ment of a 19-knot steamship service between England and Canada.