Twas Autumn when first they stood on the Bipe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the

kipe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue, And speeding still southward, were lost to view.
Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love you?"
She said, quite demurely, "Already I do!"

Twas winter when next they met on the bridge;
The pear trees were brown, and bare was the ridge. The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears! His nose it was pinched, and his lips they

'Twas springtime when next they stood on the bridge; And white was the pear tree and green was turn, And the midglets were dancing a-down the brown burn.
He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones go Can you love me again?" She said: "I can

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge; There were pears on the pear trees, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snapped up a midg-

let or two. Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the And part us again, will you mention the She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill, Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

-Chamber's Journal

"I suppose I had better dress, and call on the lady. It's always more stay there in spite of all remonstrance. habiliments. "I'll gum it down," she exclaimed, laughing—a low rippling laugh, that disclosed a row of little white pearls.

"I'll just steal a march upon my little pet, and creep up and see what she is doing. Oh, the fun and joy of the

childish voice. "I should be so unhap- light!" py if you did anything to your pretty

that same couch for two years, with open piano in the corner; a few beauticurvature of the spine. And it was for ful pictures of the Holy Child from the little sufferer's sake that brave babyhood till manhood. This is the the world this bright May morning. "Shall I do, Evie? I don't look too

smart, I hope?" "You look as you always do-love-

ly!" replied the girl.
She certainly deserved the praise too; her dead-black silk robe hanging in graceful folds around her little stately figure, a dainty little spotless collar fastened by a simple knot of violets in the place of a brooch.

But above all there was a dewy freshness about her witching face, like morning dews.

"I shall not be long, Evie love," she but not before a little slipper, which

herself she added: "Please, dear Heaven, bring her back safely to me." "What a grand place!" thought Kate as she looked up at the palatial out mansion on Carlton-house terrace. "I

thought dear papa's house handsome, but that was nothing to this." To her question if the Countess of

gentlemanly man, in deep mourning, said kindly: "Step this way. You are Miss Dag-

nall, whom her ladyship expects, I suppose?"
"Yes," she said somewhat shyly as

he led her across the marble hall up a flight of stairs, gorgeous with pictures, mirrors and costly purple velvet hangings, into a fairy bower, all turquoise plush, and billowy lace, where an elegant woman was seated at a silver and malachite davenport, writing letters.

The countess was a true patrician in looks, voice, and gesture, with the noblest attributes, without a tinge of the usual false pride of her class. "Be seated, Miss Dagnall," she said

kindly, "and be good enough to excuse me one moment till I have sealed my letter."

Kate began to pluck up heart of grace now that she found herself placed at ease by the unstudied grace of manner of the true lady.

"I think we shall get on very nicely. Miss Dagnall, and our darling May will have a lady whom I shall like as well as trust. I am pleased you confided in me, and told me all, because I have heard of the sad reverse of the once eminent banker, but never knew what became of his two daughters. Now, confidence begets confidence. Your little charge is not my own; my darlings have been gathered in by the Great Reaper. May is my brother's

under my care till he returns to En-"Then she is motherless, my lady?" 'That is so," she replied sorrowfully, "but you will, in some measure, make up to our treasure her sad loss.' . All was settled, and as Kate tripped down the staircase she could almost have burst out into song, like a bird who had lost its way and its mates,

child; he is a widower. I have her

and found them again. "Oh, I'm so happy now! I wish I had wings to fly to my darling Evie," she murmured, as she flew along St. James' Park, light as a fawn. "It was the slipper that did it," and she began humming. "Oh, those golden slippers," unknowingly—how golden she had yet

There was joy for the orphans that day at Camden Town. "I told you that you were a fairy, and would win the hearts of every-body," exclaimed Evie, raising herself with difficulty to take a peep at her sister. 'Only fancy a countess, too, and to shake you by the hand as if you were her sister. How I should like to

see her! Is she very beautiful?" "She is more than that; she is a perfeet woman, nobly planned, what I was reading to you about the other lay, my derling."

"I wonder if I shall ever see her." the poor little thing said wistfully. "Why, of course you will, Evie. Some day you shall be brought to see me in a little invalid chair that I mean

with good things.' The thought of such happiness brought a sunny smile into the child's sweet pensive face, and she was satis-

"My papa is coming home, dear Miss Dagnall. Won't I be happy then!" ex-claimed little May one delightful morning in August, as she dashed into the schoolroom, a very Hebe of child-beauwere blue.

Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor such a duck of a one, with dozens of such a duck of a one, with dozens of kisses. Aren't you very pleased?"

"Yes, May, very, of course, because you are. But perhaps your papa won't the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy re- as you and Lady Elslie do; he's a gensee me with the same indulgent eyes tleman. "Fudge! he'll love you as much as I

do. Why, my papa is only like a big boy—he plays with me an hour every morning, and even helps me dress my dolls. He's not like other papas; he is my friend, my playmate!" and the little lady looked up into Kate's face with innocent confidence.

"So her ladyship is out?" said Lord Severn, a fine handsome man about thirty, with dark earnest eyes and a frank sweet smile just like his sister's, the countess.

"Yes, my lord; but Miss May is at home with her governess." "Thanks, Graham. I hope all the servants are well, and that this time I

shall stay among you." "I am sure, my lord, that I can say we all wish so from the bottom of our hearts," returned the butler.

"Ah, there's no place like home to a satisfactory than writing, as dear papa man who has been knocking about in used to say," murmured Kate Dagnall, that arid waste, Egypt and the Holy as she brushed vigorously the unruly Land," mused his lordship as his valet curls off her broad forehead, that would assisted him to change his dust-covered

"O, don't, dear Kate," said a sweet surprise! How she'll dance with de-

A beautiful room, covered with rugs of bright colors and polished birch fur-"Then I won't, darling," said her niture; laced draperies and pretty rosesister, tenderly shaking the pillows un- covered chintzes on pale-blue ground der Evie's little fragile form with deft draped the chairs and cosy couches; birds sang cheerily from their fairy-The poor little creature had laid on like cages; flowers everywhere; an friend and instructress, Kate.

A veritable Eden upon earth, purity and innocence reigning supreme. As the weary traveler watched with breathless interest, a feeling of awe came over him, and he resolved not to

interrupt by his presence the sweet

home-picture. "How lovely!" he thought; "she has the face of an angel. My darling is in-

deed blessed." of the admiring eyes that were taking Then when the barber was about to a wild rose sparkling with the early in greedily the scene that she was playing the heroine so artlessly in. The crimson twilight was just flooding the called, as she tripped out of the room, chamber, and touching up with its summer glory the bonnie little golden the sufferer had been hugging jealous- head and the witching face as she read ly, came bounding toward her, and the sloud a touching story of our Redeemweak little voice said:

aloud a touching story of our RedeemThe next instant a razor struck his
nose and a stream of blood squirter "Good luck, sister mine!" and to invalid sister, who lay on a couch in some filmy white robe, one tiny hand had to pay for patching up the organ clasping May, the other a tea-rose, a and the green hand was 'docked' acgift from the countess before going cordingly. But he learned a lesson,

"Oh, how lovely, dear Kate!" exclaimed the two children in chorus when she had finished the story. "To-morrow, dears, I will read the

Elslie would see her, the butler, a very life of his friend and follower, St. John; now we will have our usual little concert."-In a few seconds Kate's sweet, fresh

young soprano rose clear and thrilling, oined by the little ones' childish voices, singing: "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Lord Severn stole noiselessly from the room, murmuring: "I will not break into their sweet morning will be better.'

His lordship had been home a month and a few intimate friends were invited to dinner. "It is the wish of my brother, dear child," said the countess.

"But I shall be so dreadfully nervous. Oh, do let me come in quietly after dinner. I am deeply conscious of the great honor you have offered me, my lady," replied Kate with sweet simplicity.

J'Just as you please then, dear. I will tell his lordship that you would prefer to join us later on." What caused Kate to tremble and

blush so when May ran up to her with two exquisite white roses saying: "Papa plucked them, and told me I was to give them to you to wear now.'

"Are you sure, darling?" "Yes-quite sure," answered the little damsel positively, adding: "Oh, don't you look pretty—better than all

in the drawing-room.' The child was quite right, Kate certainly made an exquisite picture in her simple black-net dress, its square-cut body half-revealing the alabaster neck through the delicate lace, where she pinned one of the white roses.

Her success in the drawing-room was complete, and Lord Severn's attentions most marked.

"Oh, that I was a princess or a queen!" she murmured when she found herself in her own room. "I would do like our gracious majesty was compelled to do-offer this king of men my hand, half my crown and kingdom. Well, well, I can only pray that such naughty thoughts may never assail me;" this as she breathed a little sigh sleeper, investing her dreams with a adiant bliss and joy which gave the weet face an expression of perfect peace and happiness.

"Wants to see me, Graham?" said Kate perplexedly, about a week after the dinner-party.
"Yes, miss, that was his lordship's

command.", "Where am I to go?" "He is waiting in the drawing-"Oh dear, oh dear, what can it be?

I hope he is not angry about darling | Evic living with me; her ladyship

wished it;" and smoothing down her rebel hair she made her way to the magnificent room to meet-what? Her little fluttering, palpitating heart dared not even stop to think—dismissal, perto buy you when my ship returns laden

She entered, looking very shy, but "I have sent for you, Miss Dagnall," he said, placing a chair for her, "to say that your services will not be needed any longer as governess to my little

Poor Kate! she turned white to the lips, and could not think of a word to say for a brief moment, then summoning all her courage, she said:

"Is my fault commission or omission, my lord?" "It is neither," he replied. "It is simply my desire; another lady will take your place more fitted for the po-

Poor brave little Kate. This was the last straw, and she burst into a flood of tears, sobbing:

"What-oh, what have I done?" "Done, my darling, my love, my queen! Robbed me of my heart," cried Lord Severne, clasping the slight form fainted.

"You love me?" she gasped.
"Love you, sweet Kate! I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, when you were reading to my child, and your sister and you then sang ness right here in Boston.

'Abide with me'—the night I arrived "The process of trans "And you saw and heard us?" she

asked in sweet confusion. "I did, my sweet wife that is to be. and I registered a vow that you should be my May's darling mother in reality. Say, do you love me? Are you happy?"

## Shaving Drunken Men.

ison street barber, as a customer which the weed is possessed when it walked out of the shop with unsteady comes from the plantation. It is now

"Why?" was asked him. "Drunk!" sententiously.

"Have many of that kind?" shaved is always shooting off his mouth some flavoring extract, after which it and is always sure to do it at the is in shape to be made into cigarettes wrong time. Just when the razor is or put up in packages as smoking to-passing over his chin an idea will bacco. The business is said to be perstrike the fool in the chair, open will go feetly legitimate, as the manufacturers his mouth, down will go his chin, and | comply with the revenue laws and the it is only by the greatest care that a fellow can keep from cutting him."

"Ever have any accidents?" body, drunk or sober. But I remember once the chap that had the chair next to me, a sort of green hand, who came near cutting a man's nose off. ed and during the time the first one-There sat Kate, perfectly unconscious half of his face was being shaved. shave his upper lip he forgot that he had a drunken man in the chair and held the blade close to his nose for an instant. At that very moment something funny struck the mind of the man and he threw his head back to laugh. nose and a stream of blood squirted clear to the looking glass. The boss and I guess the customer did too.'

"Ever have any men go to sleep under the soothing influence of a shave?" "Yes, but not often. Sometimes a man will come in from an early train who has had no sleep all night, and will doze off. Mighty mean customers

to handle, too." "How's that? I should think they would be the more docile."

"Not much. You have to tug at their heads to get them to turn them, and then run the risk of giving them a snip when some dream is running through their minds, or cutting them when they suddenly awake with a start. sacred converse to-night; tomorrow For myself, I prefer to shave a sober business man. He may have his mind on his affairs, but he is also aware that he is in a barber's chair and that a sharp razor is close to his face."-Chicago News.

## Jealous Millionaires.

Speaking of the hatred of wealth, I observe a great deal of rancor between millionaires themselves. Gould and and the Vanderbilts came to speaking terms. When Villard went under the expressions of delight were by no him in prosperity. And now that Jim Keene is suffering a disaster, there is ers. It seems to me that a mob which would pillage one millionaire's prop-erty would be aided and abetted by most of the other millionaires. The joy is quite unconfined over Keene's downfall, however, on account of his personal obnoxiousness. Few men went near him, no matter how trivial the business, without going away inveterstrike a dead lion, but there are few men in wall street who are not doing it.-N. Y. Cor. Utica Observer.

Thought So, Too. some general explanations and observa- collection is being taken up. tions, asked:

"What is your first name?" "Henry." "Very well; I shall call you by that"

the boy. plan to call each other by our first

"Mister" him and give the full name. thoughtful.

Second Hand Tobacco. "Just see them go for them! I sup-

BARNWEILEROP

pose they enjoy the 'old soldiers' as much as we do our Havanas." Two gentlemen, one of them a Boston Globe reporter, had just cast their half smoked cigars into the street, and the above remark was called out by

seeing a couple of gamins dive into the gutter for the stumps. "Enjoy them? Well, I guess not. Do you imagine that they smoke all the old 'buts' they manage to scoop in around the city?"

"I never gave it a thought, but I don't see what else they want them

"You will be surprised then when I tell you that these old stumps, which are gathered by the ton around the city. from hotel cuspiders, saloon ash-boxes, railway waiting-rooms, and public places generally, as well as from the gutters, are manufactured into cigars and tobacco, but I am informed that such is the case, and this 'second hand' business is becoming quite an industry. Why, a dealer was explaining the pro-cess to me the other day. Of course to his breast, and raining down such a you don't see any large concerns en-passion of kisses that Kate nearly gaged in the business. The trade is carried on in obscure shops and tenement houses, and hence few people outside of those engaged in it have any idea of its extent. There are probably hundreds of people engaged in the busi-

"The process of transforming the filthy accumulations of gutters and cuspidors into bright, finely flavored smoking tobacco is thus explained: The old cigar stumps, after the charred are cut off, are soaked in a solution of ammonia and some other chemical which takes nearly all the nicotine out "Yes, my king, my love," she re- of the tobacco and removes all trace of olied, and Kate was no longer "Only a smoke and creosote. The mass of pulpy tobacco is then pressed into cakes and sliced by a cutting machine, after which it is given a bath in some 'Glad that job is over,' said a Madwoves nearly all the properties of taken to the roof in trays and left to dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry it is carefully taken up in the trays and carried below, where it is passed under "No, thank goodness! You see, a an atomizer, by which it is dampened drunken man when he sits down to get with a preparation of glycerine and

"It is a good thing that those who smoke this second hand tobacco do not "Don't insult me. I never cut any- realize what it is, or its use might be lessened."

"I don't know about that. Those who ought to know say that the cigarettes are far less harmful than many of The customer came in drunk, threw those put up in more attractive shape, himself into the chair, and kept perfectly quiet while he was being lather the youth of the country if all cigarettes were made of second hand tobacco prepared by this process."

"A Complexionist." Strolling up-town recently, a reporter for the N. Y. Mail and Express had his attention attracted by the sign "Comolexionist," which was hanging over the door of an inoffensive-looking dwelling-house. Wondering what under the sun a complexionist might be, he wandered in to satisfy his curiosity. A French lady of medium height and with charming conversational powers received him in a small room, fitted up in a style that might indicate at first sight either a drug store or a hairdresser's saloon.

"A complexionist," said the lady, n answer to the reporter's, interrogation, "is one who makes a study of the" human skin, and takes charge of the customer's complexion."

"But surely there are not many

"Oh! yes; there are hundreds of the air sex who come here during the gay season to be made up or to have the skin treated with delicate washes to prevent the bad effect of gas, heat, and late hours. But young ladies are not the only ones treated; men- young Philosophizing on a Well-Spent Life. and old-are often found within these walls."

"What is your usual mode of treat-

If it is merely to be preserved, we advise a little careful dieting and bathing in elder-flower water. Not a particle of fat must be taken, as it particle of fat must be taken, as it Vanderbilt are reputed to loathe each a prescription that will clean the com- had an unusually wide experience of other. It is only lately that the Astors plexion in a very short time: A table- life. His answer is worth recording. spoonful of sulphur taken every other "I was," he said, "not born to fortune, means confined to those who envied mixture of powdered brimstone or in life on the conditions under which I diluted glycerine should be rubbed on sat out I should not hesitate to accept the face at night and washed off in the the offer. I feel like a person who has positive hilarity among the Wall street morning with soap and water in which witnessed a great drama which is there is a little ammonia. Washing drawing to its close, and who has done the face in spirits of camphor, glycerine, his best to understand it. I have not and ammonia is also very good, and had a box ticket of my own, but I was various other methods are resorted to able to enter the best boxes, which befor this end."

advertising in the newspapers, when selves whether we go through it in a one can tack a notice like this on the manner to be satisfied with it or otherate enemies. He had a needlessly harsh, bulletin board of the court-house, or wise. The German pessimist says the insulting manner. It is not manly to on the door of the district school: mistake of nature lies in a universal "Los or strade, a Soral horse too wite effort to arrive at consciousness. I feet and white fase. Blind in wun i don't see the harm of that state. The five doler reword."

In response to a sign of "Boy Wanted" how costly or fashionable their rainlad about twelve years of age applied ment, will sit in church and eat peafor a position in a Michigan avenue nuts." And it might have added that store. The proprietor fixed his looks they will not send out for a pitcher of Here is a piece of German repartee:

"Your Iron Cross, the highest Prussian "What is your first name?" asked intrinsic value of scarce 5 sous." To

Short Stops.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION. "Papa, what is a bat?" "It is what base ball players use, my child."

"I know that, but isn't there another kind, papa?" "Yes, there's a bird called a bat."

"I know that; too, but isn't there another one?" "No, I guess not dear, why do you "Because I heard Uncle John tell

mamma that you went on a frightful bat last night.' Papa said nothing, but made up his mind to give Uncle John a laying-out next time he saw him .- New York

WANTED TO STRIKE IT. "Mr. Dupree," asked the little 10year old, after the big sister's beau had

why do you ask such a question?" could hit your breath any time and don't you?"

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND. Mrs. Blank-"Here is a funny item distinguished by the way in which he carries an umbrella over his wife, care-

Constitution.

fully shielding himself and leaving her exposed to the drippings." Mr. Blank-"It is not true, though." Mrs. Blank-"No, it is not. You never do it. You were a good deal more awkward at carrying an umbrella over me before we were married than

you have been since."

Mr. Blank—"Ah!

Mrs. Blank—"Yes I had several bonnets and two dresses ruined by the drippings in those days. But you have become ever so much more careful." Mr. Blank-"Yes, indeed. I have to

pay for your things myself now."-Philadelphia Call. THEY WERE SUPERFLUOUS. "Why do you always wear a bunch of flowers in your buttonhole?" in-quired Miss Fussanfeather, while Mr. itepants was calling the other evening. "Oh, it gives one an air of fresh-

"Well," replied the young lady, Perhaps the worst affliction which can phia newspaper, for which strocious frankly, "I don't think you need any artificial means to prove your fresh-

on the hitching post to think it over. trievably wrong. The under portion of would have insisted upon a life sen ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE IN LONDON. his solitaire has insolently shaken off its tence.

"Hoh, they speak such beastly Hen-glish hin this country, 'Arry. Hi cawn't their futility? He scarcely dares to Fipps: "Ah, my dear fellow, you take

YOUTH HIS ONLY CRIME. "Sirrah!" exclaimed the solemn Fact to the little Joke, "you are too fresh."
"Yes, I know," humbly replied the little Joke, "but this is the result of my education. In our family, you my education. In our family, you hope must be that by maintaining his

"Away, slight thing!" haughtily replied the solem Fact. "You will outgrow it. I once was young myself, a with a skillful hand, he may minimize in some sort the appalling calamity which has overtaken him.—London World.

thousand years ago,' And calmly adjusting his wig he rubbed some burnt sork on his face and sat down at the tamborine end, while the timid little Joke lingered around on the sidewalk, wishing that he, too.

fruition. - Bob Burdette.

"Do you think that life is worth living?" I asked Mignet five or six years ago as a discussion was going on 'That depends on the complexion. around him on Schopenhauer, s theory injures the polish of the skin. Here is been then not less than 83, and had morning for a week, then omitted for and have never been rich. Yet, if I three mornings, and taken again. A had the option of taking a fresh start tween the acts is an advantage. Human existence is full of interest to What is the use of wasting money by me still. It greatly depends upon ourmischief lies in trying to remain in the "No lady or gentleman" emphatically nursery of sensation when we should be putting away childish things."-London Truth

Government's expense in different parts reached an elevation of 118 miles. and decided to take him, and, after beer, either, and drink it while the of Washington have cost \$550,000, and it is probable that the Washington about to stop again, and kindly asked monument, on which work is now prome to step out and let him continue the A Frenchman said to a Berliner: which the native of the Prussian capi-"Why?"

"Oh, I think it's altogether the best nevertheless cost you two Napoleons."

which the native of the Prussian capi-statues facing it \$24,000 each; the naval factorily.

"Oh, I think it's altogether the best nevertheless cost you two Napoleons." "I don't see why you are so particu-Capitol dome, \$23,000; the Emancipa"Believing that my salary was a gen names. It saves time, and you don't get folks mixed up. You can call me Hank, and if your name's William I can shorten it half a rod."

The boy hasn't begun work yet. In fact, the man has installed a lad in the place who takes plenty of time to "Mister" him and give the full name of the place who takes plenty of time to "Mister" him and give the full name of the place who takes plenty of time to her."

The don't see why you are so particutage of the listener. Capitol dome, \$23,000; the Emancipation group, \$17,000; Gen. McPherson's statue, \$15,000; Admiral Farragut's, \$20,000; General Scott's, \$73,000; Gen. Said the nautical cop. Philadelphia for the world but her husband to admire the world but her husband to admire her."

The husband became very for the squastrian statue of Washinton Monument goes up place who takes plenty of time to her." The husband became very for the equestrian statue of Washing-

Concerning Shirt Fronts.

There exists no more interesting and instructive spectacle for the student of

human nature than that of the shirt-

fronts round a dinner-table. A shirt-front is a phenomenon of infinite humor-full of expression in every part of it, possessing vast potentialities of achievement from the bottom of the throat to the pit of the stomach. As is the aspect of the shirt-front, such will be the look impressed on the physiognomy of the wearer. You no sooner note the starched bulginess projecting half-a-dozen inches out of the line of the perpendicular on the person of a Unitarian, or catch a glimpse of the limp linen at the side of the shirt-front which the waist-coat ought to but can not conceal, than you have acquired a clew to the character of that shirtfront's possessor. The central stud taken his seat, "won't you let pa hit your breath just for fun?"

"Why certainly, my little man; but tellectual confusion and slowness in each fold before you, and you know in-Kause he said this morning that he stinctively that your opposite neighbor ld hit your breath any time and is a born bungler. And now let us reknock a quart of whisky out of it; I gard the matter subjectively-let us, think it would be so funny to see any- that is, place ourselves in the position thing knocked out of a man's breath, of the shirt-front wearer. How often is he not agitated by the consciousness Dupree didn't stop to reply. -Atlanta | that the shirt-front which begins like a beautiful woman may end in hideous fish! Down to the central stud all is as it should be. But as the meal prowhich says that a married man can be gresses and he glances down his linen he perceives to his horror a tendency on its part to disclose a fissure and to reveal the under-garment, whatever its hue, beneath. Henceforth there is an end to all enjoyment. Pellitur a convivio letitia omnis. He can no longer converse without constraint, his mind wanders from the topic of talk, he becomes visibly distrait and palpably disgusted, and though he be seated beside the fairest of the fair he grows as ab-sent-minded as the sage who employed the finger of his bride as a tobaccostopper. Shirt fronts are the most fickle and capricious of all articles, and of all portions of articles, of male attire. Their behavior in many instances

is incalculable. The shirt-front which conducts itself admirably one week is a model of ill-conditioned eccentricity the next. It has been annoyed by the washerwoman, and, with that illogical injustice characteristic of shirt-fronts, vents its disgust upon the payer of the washerwoman's bill. Or it begins the ness," responded the poetical young evening well and terminates it in a manner of which it ought to be ashamed. hunderstand them hat hall, you knaw.
Now, hat 'ome the very street cads speak passably good Henglish has hevery body'll tell you hif you hask them."

It is scarcely dares to look down. First he gives a little nervous a wrong view of things. Just think how useful we are to the mosquite."—
But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually, to the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; then his hand wanders, as if casually has held the middle of his chest. But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough; the his hand wanders, as how useful we are to the mosquite."—

Boston Gazette.

ous cough can put that shirt-front right know, the only crime is to be stale, like body at a proper angle, and by periodically smoothing his ruffled plumage with a skillful hand, he may minimize

were old enough to join the minstrels. Poor little Joke! He will loiter long in the bourgeois columns of many a patent inside, and take apartments by the year in many an almanac before that fond hope shall grow into bright the same of the patent inside, and the country into bright the same of the patent inside, and the patent inside, and the country into bright the same of the patent inside, and the country into bright the same of the patent inside, and take a trip across the Pacific. I was there at the time, and the owner of the patent inside, and the country into bright the same of the patent inside, and take a partments by the same of the patent inside, and take a partment in the patent inside, and take a partment inside, and take a trip across the Pacific. I was the patent inside, and take a trip across the Pacific. I was the patent inside, and take a partment in the patent inside, and take a partment in the patent inside, and take a partment in the patent inside, and take a partment in the patent inside, and take a partment inside, and take a pa that fond hope shall grow into bright balloon engaged me at a salary of 000 next week.

> ropes cut. The immense bag of gas, with its human freight, shot up into the air like a rocket. In twelve minutes Beck remarked, "Guess, with its human freight, shot up into the him; and then, as he paused for the sair like a rocket. In twelve minutes we were 6,000 feet above the earth. In twelve minutes more we had attained a | York Tribune. height of 10,000 feet. The revolution of the globe was then plainly perceptible. At 8 o'clock in the evening we had beaten all previous records. and were sailing through the clouds at the frightful rate of sixty miles. The professor, who was black in the face but very enthusiastic, suddenly of me I don't know which, but if it's announced his intention of attempting one way or the other I'm utterly bankto get beyond the attraction of gravitation. I at once demanded an increase of salary, and he saw the raise and made it \$1,500.

"All our ballast had been thrown out, and, as the balloon had ceased to rise, it was necessary to make the car lighter, so we pitched one of the servants over the side, giving him a cookbook to read on his way down. Up shot the balloon another mile. Then it became stationary again, and the fellow had to be disposed of in the interest of science. I dropped him out very carefully, because he was a very Sixteen of the statues erected at the and up went the balloon, until we had

"The professor saw that we were gressing, will add \$1,000,000 to the to- voyage alone. He refused, however, tal. Chief Justice Marshall's bronze to further increase my pay, so I took statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; him by the heels and let him dron over Greenough's Washington, at the front of the Capitol, cost \$43,000, and the two three days on my own hook very satis-

"Where did you land after making

WIT AND HUMOR

A dude is a 50 cent man in a \$50 suit of clothes.

An insurance man says the reason at Nero fiddled while Rome was burning was that business was probably tull in Rome and Nero was heavily

A man's brain weighs three and a half pounds. A woman's is somewhat lighter, but of finer quality. That is what enables her to taste lard in her neighbor's pastry.

A mastadon's tooth weighing four pounds has been found on a farm in New York state. Wonder what mem-ber of Haverly's minstrels had a molar extracted before leaving for Europe? The Oil City Blizzard is respensible

for the statement that strawberries and cream make girls 'freckled and cause them to toe in." They will toe into an ice cream saloon all the same.—Boston Globe. Owing to the crasy-quilt mania, society young men on small income have been obliged to fall back on the

old black tie. It is too narrow for a patch and too black to be attractive --Hartford Post. A certain poetes is said to make good jellies as well as good poetry. It is suggested that she make a new

departure-send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems. Norristown Herald. A London Bank has issued an order prohibiting the wearing of beards or mustaches during business hours. It

must be very annoying for the clerks to carry their beards in their pokets all day. There are liable to get mussed The fact that El Mahdi, the False Prophet, sleeps during the day, and transacts all his business at night, gives rise to the suspicion that El must have been a night news editor before

he went into the business of despatching his enemies. "My dear," said the wife of the editor of a weekly newspaper, "shall I give a way those old trousers that you haven't worn for two years, to some poor, deserving tramp?" "No," answered the editor, "let those trousers hang just where there are. I may start a daily paper some day and then I will need them sure."

George Zeller stole a pair of shears from the editorial room of a Philadelmeaning Unitarian is the discovery that months. If he had still further crip-And then Titepants went out and sat shirt-front has gone utterly and irre-

"Hi say, 'Arry, did you hever see bound by its buttonhole and metabound in the world, "Why, what's the matter now, John?"

John?"

The people in San Antonio are so The people in San Antonio are so nervous that a law has been passed forbidding steam whistles being blown in that city. How those people would suffer if a circus calliope should happen to escape and run wild through the streets. Why, the people would just sit right down on the sidewalk and bleat like a sacred calf, and if a Milwaukee tug-boat whistle should happen to be sprung upon them suddenly it would give them cramps.—Peck's Sus.

World.

The Champion Liar.

"Every time I look at the North star," said the nautical cop, it makes me feel pale. It is all on account of a balloon experience I had in 1863.

\$1,000 a week to accompany him in his perilous voyage. It was a bright summer morning, I remember, and an open lot on the outskirts of the town was filled with 200,000 people to see us make the start. The aeronaut got into the car first, and I followed him with two native servants, who carried our provisions.

The signal was given to start and the The signal was given to start and the announced that he intended to speak Coke, if the're not stone

It is related as a grave and solemn verity that two ladies met at the door of a Boston "ladies' broker," when one cried in great exottement: "Oh, dear Mrs. X., I don't know but I am rumed. I sold long of short on Dan & Bear, sheba Railroad bonds, and for the life rupt." 'Oh don't take on so, my dear. was the reply; "it's just the same with me on Camaralzaman mining stocks, but I'm just going in and tell the clerk that I didn't mean a word of what I

man!" They were in the grocery store. Said Brown (seeing a blind man about to enter): "Where you aware how delicate the touch of a blind man is? When cate the touch of a blind man is? Whenature deprives us of pure sense a make amends by bringing the oth senses to extraordinary acutanes. Let me illustrate by this gentames. I'll take a scoop of sugar and let hi feel of it, and you see how quickly he tell what it is." The blind man having