

A Little Boy-Lover of Mine.

A fine day on the street I met,
With a look in the eyes I can't forget
For 'twas a vision, a face I have known,
Long years ago when my step was fleet,
When brightly my youthful eyes could
See a very man I chanced to meet
Who was little boy-lover of mine.

Did he recall me when we passed
So near upon the crowded street?
We both of us were smiling fast,
I have happy wife and children made;
But I saw his eyes give, I thought,
A swift and recognizing sign,
And I said myself, "He has not forgot,
— This little boy-lover of mine."

What has happened in all these years
Of a life so full of joy and cheer?
Has it been a season of bitter tears,
Of a struggle, weary, weary strife,
Or have happy wife and children made
His passing years seem so serene
That the old-time joys have begun to fade
As if, alas, they'd never been?

Oh little boy-lover of mine!
These days were happy though so short,
But the days of my memory still do shine
Within my heart's most tender thought;
When we reached the other shore, I'll wait
For you, my dear, and greet at the Beautiful Gate
This little boy-lover of mine.
— Williamsport Breakfast Table.

DIAMONDS IN THE GUTTER.

A little girl sat on a doorstep, watching the rain-drops as they splashed in the puddles, stopping to count them in her misery, for she had nothing to do, nothing to think of, and nothing to hope for.

Her clothes were shabby, her arms were scarcely more than skin and bone, and her large, wistful eyes seemed big enough to swallow up the rest of her face. Poverty was stamped on every childish feature, and their beauty had been driven away by that harsh fiend, starvation.

The door behind her opened, and a man with a red beard came out, nearly stumbling over her, and gave her a curse instead of an apology; then he went his way down the wretched pavement, stepping into every puddle he came across, as if he were in too great a rage to see them.

Little Smith watched him, and said to herself:

"My! how he'll spoil his shoe-leather!"

Then he passed out of sight, and she drew her tattered shawl round her with a shiver, for the street seemed to have grown darker and colder than it was before.

Presently a window behind her opened, and something flashed down like a falling star on to the pavement.

In an instant Lottie jumped up and secured the prize, holding it up to the light of the lamp-post in her dirty fingers.

It was a diamond ring.

She had never seen such a thing in her life, and she thought the beautiful jewel flashing radiantly in the gas-light was a star fallen from its place in the sky.

"Poor little 'tar," she said, wiping it with the corner of her shawl, "me can't take 't on back just yet, but me got 't afore long, doctor says, and then me take 't on with me."

Holding it tight in her little bonny fingers, she dragged her tired feet down one dirty street after another; but there was a new light in her eyes, as if a small hope had risen up in the darkness because of the star in her hand.

Another gentleman came to the door-step on which she had been sitting, and being admitted after a resounding knock, made his way unannounced to the drawing-room.

"Sit Felix has been here again, Marion," he said angrily. "Don't deny it, for he told me so himself."

"I shan't deny it, because it's true," said Marion, and she rose slowly from the sofa. "If you wish me to say 'Not at home' to every man but yourself, I must tell you that I can't do it."

"Do you ever do anything to please me?" in bitter resentment.

"Yes, but I shan't for the future, now that I know."

"You know what?" looking at her in surprise.

"That the flowers I give you are passed on to someone else."

"Whoever told you that tells a gross falsehood!" and his dark eyes flashed fire.

"He is quite as truthful, I fancy, as Mr. Harold Battiscombe."

"Where's my ring?" his eyes suddenly falling on her left hand.

"Ah, where?" her cheeks flushing.

"I suppose the next will be given to Laura Dickson?"

"Time to talk about the next when I've found out about the first," his brows drawing together. "Marion, tell me the truth. Have you, or have you not, given the ring to Whittaker?"

"I am not in the habit of making presents to gentlemen."

"No evasions, if you please. You had the ring on your finger when Sir Felix was here?"

"Certainly, and he had the good taste to say I liked you the best because you could give me such jolly diamonds."

"And you can encourage such a snob as that?"

"I don't encourage him," drawing up her long neck.

"Then where is the ring?"

"She laughed uneasily and looked toward the window.

"I was desperately angry, because I had just heard of the roses."

"There was nothing to hear," he interrupted hastily. "But I'd tell you all about it, only it would not interest you now."

"Why not now?" in vague alarm.

"Because if you give away my ring, it is a sign that you want to get rid of the giver," his face set and stern.

"Good-bye, Marion; I'll never bother you again," taking up his hat.

"Wait a moment. I—I threw it out of the window."

A contemptuous smile curled his mouth.

"A likely story; diamonds are not generally thrown in a gutter!"

"If you won't believe me, go," and she pointed to the door, but directly he had closed behind him, she threw herself down on the sofa, and burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, Harold, Harold, come back!"

But the days passed on and Harold never came back, and the pride which separated each from the other, seemed to raise an impassable barrier between them. As soon as Harold's carriage was

little calmer, she sent out some servants to look for the ring, but got no trace of it was to be seen, although in consequence of the badness of the weather, the policeman averred that no one had passed by for the last half-hour.

Not long after this, Miss Densley was engaged to act in some *salotto*-pieces at the house of Mrs. Mackenzie. In one scene Harold Battiscombe had to kneel at her feet as an ardent lover, with her left hand pressed to his lips, whilst she turned away in apparent agitation. The agitation was not feigned, for when she felt her hand come more in his, and saw by the expression of his face that he had neither forgotten nor forgotten, she trembled so violently that she nearly spoiled her part.

If the ring had only been in its place she fancied that he would have come back to her. A sickening feeling of despair crept over her, the lights seemed to be going out, and she fell forward into his arms.

When she opened her eyes again, she found herself on the sofa in a little boudoir, and he was kneeling by her side with a scent bottle in his hand.

"Better?" he said anxiously.

"Yes," with a sigh of pleasure, for it was joy to have him waiting on her once again.

Then he looked at her beautiful face with longing eyes, and whispered:

"Darling, where is my ring?"

She shook her head sadly, and he at once rose to his feet. When she looked up, his place was filled by Sir Felix.

Winter passed into summer, and still Harold Battiscombe avoided Marion's home as if its inmates had got the plague. Tired of going to balls, when her favorite partner was never there, Marion Densley turned her thoughts to more serious things, and being exceedingly unhappy herself, for the first time in her life, began to think of those who had never known what happiness was.

One lovely day in June, when the Park was crowded with fashionable throngs, and flowers in balcony and square were striving to fill the misty air with their fragrance, Marion Densley knocked at the door of a miserable-looking house in a squalid street, and asked if it were true that a little girl, named Lottie Smith, was living there, and very ill.

"Walk in, mum," said a haggard-looking woman with tired eyes; "she's getting past everything but groaning and coughing, and that she do pretty nigh all the day."

A few minutes later, Marion was bending over a miserable pallid-bed, on which a shrunken form was lying, and feeding the thirsty lips with spoonfuls of orange-jelly.

The child's wistful eyes looked up into the pretty face, which had grown so pale and sad during the last few months, and whispered hoarsely:

"Me goin' to take 'tittle 'tar with me."

"What does she say?" looking round at the mother.

"Bless her heart!" wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; "she's a dyin', and she's glad to go; and she's got summat under her pillow which she always says she must take with her. A penny thing, I fancy, she must h'ave got from one of the chil'en. Show it to the lady, dear."

Lottie put her hand under the old sack of straw which did duty for a pillow, and brought forth her treasure with glistering eyes.

"My ring!" exclaimed Marion, dropping the spoon in her agitation.

"Your ring, ma'am? My goodness, Lottie, think of you stealing the lady's ring!"

"She did not steal it, she found it in the road," said Marion kindly, as she saw large tears rolling one after the other down the wasted cheeks.

"My 'tickle 'tar!" with a plaintive moan.

"She thought it was one of the stars, and she was goin' to take it back."

"Oh, Lottie dear, the stars never come down to us; we may go to them, but they will never come to us," said Marion sadly. "This is nothing but a bit of gold and a jewel, nothing to do with heaven. I dropped it out of the window one day, and I wanted so much to get it back. Will you let me have it, and I'll send you something so nice instead."

"Yes; me thought it was a 'tar—no care now," the dark eyes glistening through their tears—the tears of a lost illusion.

Day after day Marion brought sunshine and happiness to that miserable home. Mrs. Smith was supplied with constant needlework, and dainties of every description found their way to the sick child. The falling star had brought blessing with it, and neglected Lottie revived under tender care. Softly tinted roses came back to Lottie's cheeks, but Marion grew whiter as the summer advanced. It was against her pride to write to Harold Battiscombe, and tell him that the ring was found, but how would he ever find it out unless she did?

Laura Dickson came to call, and said that Mr. Battiscombe was one of the nicest fellows she had ever seen. "Now fancy what he did last winter. I met him with some lovely roses in his hand, and without thinking, I said how I wished I had some like them to wear that night, as I was in slight mourning and could not wear a color. I guessed where they came from, for he said he could not give them away—not that I should have taken them, my dear. But just after dinner I received a lovely bunch from Covent Garden. Now wasn't that nice of him?"

"Very nice," murmured Marion, feeling that her heart would break, for it was on account of the story Sir Felix had told her about those roses that she had fudged her ring out of the window in a sudden passion. Oh, what a fool she had been!

Sir Felix came the next day and made her an offer, which she declined with thanks, and the baronet went away in the worst of tempers.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie took Marion to the opera. By her side there was a tall, well-dressed man, empty till the end of the first act, when a gentleman made his way to it, and sat down without looking round. Her heart stood still, for one glance out of the corner of her eye told her that it was Harold. They exchanged beams as

if they had been distant acquaintances and formal remarks on the weather were stopped by the raising of the curtain. The opera was nearly over, and the coveted opportunity was slipping away. If he let him go, perhaps they might never meet again.

Suddenly she began to unbutton her long glove, and she felt that Harold's eyes were immediately fixed upon her.

"Why are you taking off your glove?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie in surprise; "we are just going."

"I know—I know," said Marion hurriedly, as she tucked away at a refractory thumb.

"Come along, or we shall lose the carriage."

Marion rose, fastening her cloak round her neck, and let the glove fall as if by accident.

Harold stooped to pick it up, and she stretched out her left hand to take it from him. His eyes traveled from the radiant diamond to her agitated face.

"May I come to-morrow?" he whispered.

She gave him a nod and a smile, and quickly followed her friends, whilst he came after her and put her in the carriage, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"But why did you ever do it?" looking down with puzzled eyes at her blushing face.

"Because Sir Felix told me that you had given my roses to Laura Dickson!"

"It was false! But the idea of being jealous of poor plain Laura!"

"You were jealous of Sir Felix, in spite of his ugly red beard."

"But I thought you liked him."

"And I thought you liked her."

"But you didn't?" she echoed with a smile.

And the next moment his arm was around her waist, and their lips met.

Lottie Smith has learned by this time that falling stars don't come to the earth; but all the pleasure of her life she dates from the day when a diamond flashed in the gutter.

Five Thousand Tortoises.

In the back yard of the house next door but one to my abode there are stored at the present time no less than nineteen casks full of tortoises. This morning complaint was made to me of the smell they were making, and accordingly I examined the casks. One had been opened and I removed the head and looked inside. The cask was simply full of tortoises, thrown in anyhow. One poor creature at the top had its shell crushed in, which speaks volumes about what they must have undergone. And the smell—well, we are used to smells here in the East End, and do not mind them very much, but the smell of these poor creatures was too much for even our practiced noses; many of the tortoises had evidently died, some of them perhaps long ago. Now these casks were brought into the yard last Tuesday, and no attempt has been made even to sort out the living from the dead. From a rough calculation, I should say that there were at least 5,000 tortoises packed into the nineteen casks. The owner does not reside upon the premises; but he rents the house and lets it out to tenants, and every year about this time uses the yard to store tortoises in. Thus he is himself free from the nuisance they cause. I have complained to the medical officer, and the result will doubtless be that the casks will be removed, and, as far as we are concerned, the nuisance will be at an end. The tortoises will undoubtedly be taken to another yard, and then as they are wanted each year will be unpacked and the contents exposed for sale upon the costermonger's carts. The casks ought to be unpacked at once and the contents sorted, the dying dispatched without delay, and the living at least allowed some place where they can stretch their legs.—*Letter to London Standard.*

Tempted by Sharpers.

"It is a great wonder to me that the number of defalcations by treasurers of corporations is not larger than it is," observed a treasurer of one of the counties of Maryland to a *Baltimore American* reporter, while speaking of the recent failures.

"Why?"

"Because they have so many temptations. When I first took hold of the treasury of our county I was literally besieged with letters, circulars, and confidential communications from New York banking firms of doubtful notoriety. They came in every mail. They were marked 'private,' 'personal,' and all that sort of thing. They proved to me—on paper, of course—how I could easily double all investments. They showed that by putting my money up I was absolutely certain to win, and that it was an impossibility for me to lose. These communications were full of the most plausible methods. The plans were captivating. The results they worked out were astoundingly big and there was an air of frankness about them which would ordinarily disabuse the unsophisticated mind of any suspicion of crookedness. For nearly two years these things kept coming to my office, but as I did not bite at the bait this was the case—whenever a new man is put in a place where he has other people's money to handle, these sharpers in the big cities get after him with their circulars, and when they once get hold of him they don't let go until they have made him a thief or a bankrupt, or both. That is why I am surprised that the number of defalcations is not larger."

English Girls and Women.

In all physical exercise, writes a correspondent, the English lass is not to be surpassed. I noticed two young girls walking in the park last week. One was perhaps 19, the other 12. At least they looked these ages, although I find that an English girl's age is not to be ascertained from her appearance. I don't attempt to explain the matter, but certain it is that when girls here look 12 and 19 they are more apt to be 15 and 23. When they are 25 and 30 they look 30 and 35, while with singular compensation matrons of 50 and 60 often look as young as their grown daughters. In one respect the English mother is more sensible than her American cousin. She keeps her girls in the nursery limits, as it were, as long as possible. This is as it should be. The years speed away fast enough without forcing the girls into womanhood too soon. In America there are too few genuine little girls. They are little old women, with haggard little dissipated old faces, with tight stays and abbreviated skirts. An English girl remains one until long after the time that her sisters on the other side of the Atlantic are married.

Watered Their Stock.

In Peoria, Ills., was a stock company of three brothers, having a capital of \$30,000. The dividends were so large and the opportunity for increasing the business so fair that one of the brothers went to a lawyer and explained:

"Fritz and Jacob and me talk it all over, and we concluded to put some water in our stock. Shust how we should do him we dunno."

"How much do you want to increase your stock?"

"Well, about \$10,000."

"Well, we'll get some more certificates printed and I'll see to the watering. Just leave it all to me."

And as the partners remarked to each other about three weeks later:

"How vast it dot lawyer put all dot water in his own pocket and calls for some dividends on us!"—*Wall Street News.*

A whittling Yankee has out with a jack-knife, from a single pine block, a large, self-like group of figures representing a span of horses attached to a carriage, in which are two men. It is the most wonderful piece of carving ever seen in New Haven, and is true to life. He has been at work for months on it. Even the spokes of the wheels are perfect, and the wheels revolve on their axles freely. The harness is complete in every detail, and can be moved on the horses. Several months more will be required to perfect the group in minor details. It is viewed by many people daily.

ONE OF PINKERTON'S FEATS.

The Accusing Blood that Led a Murderer to Commit Suicide.

"I was just thinking," said Captain R. J. Linden, superintendent of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, "of the wonderful will power and untiring perseverance of Allen Pinkerton. Very few persons, unless they were intimately associated with him, would believe that any person could possess such a patient persistence, which surmounted obstacles that to ordinary men would appear the impassable mountains. Major Pinkerton was a man with a big heart. I don't think he knew how to do a mean thing. He was one of those honorable, fair-minded men who, while giving everybody their due, exacted the same for himself. In matters of business he insisted on getting every penny that belonged to him, and once he made a promise it was lived up to if it cost him every penny he owned in the world. His likes and dislikes were intense. If he became your friend

NO AMOUNT OF CALUMNY on the part of your enemy could change his opinion; but if he disliked you, neither arguments nor entreaties could shake him an iota.

Major Pinkerton's perseverance and ingenuity were the secrets of his success in all his undertakings. He could not accomplish his purpose by one plan he immediately resorted to another. His mind was wonderfully fertile in expedients, and it was a rare thing for him to fail when he had once set his mind upon success. You can form some idea of his ready tact and capacity for planning in the case of the colored murderer Johnson, of South Carolina, who killed an enemy under the most brutal circumstances. Major Pinkerton was pretty positive as to the man's guilt, but it was impossible to obtain a complete chain of evidence. With the natural secretiveness of his race, Johnson refused to fall into any of the man-traps laid for him and make a confession, which was Pinkerton's object. After weeks of patient but abortive work, a novel plan was hit upon. The murderer was surprised one morning when he went to take a plow into a field to find it spattered with blood. In the open field where he was to work the murderer found

LITTLE POOLS OF BLOOD along the course he was to plow. When he went back to the stable he was startled by seeing the bloody imprint of a human hand on the stable door. Every hoe, or rake, or other farm implement that the man picked up had blood on it. When nightfall came the murderer was so paralyzed with fear that his teeth were chattering and he was afraid to go to bed. He believed that the spirit of his victim was haunting him. The detective and his assistants noted these symptoms, and were confident that the right plan had been struck at last. It had been after a fashion, and there was a horrible proof given the next day. Johnson was found in the barn with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had killed himself rather than endure the tortures of a guilty conscience. I need not explain that the blood marks which frightened the murderer's guilty soul were the work of the detectives and not of spirits.

"It was in that kind of detective work that Major Pinkerton excelled. He could change his tactics so that the man or men he was seeking would be led into a trap when they really thought they were getting out of one. There are scores and scores of such incidents noted these years, and it was confident that the right plan had been struck at last. It had been after a fashion, and there was a horrible proof given the next day. Johnson was found in the barn with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had killed himself rather than endure the tortures of a guilty conscience. I need not explain that the blood marks which frightened the murderer's guilty soul were the work of the detectives and not of spirits.

Just Like John.

A woman elad in deep mourning went through the menagerie yesterday, stopping to admire each of the animals in turn, and every now and then applying her handkerchief assiduously to her eyes, says *The Burlington Free Press*. When she came to the camel, it was evident that she had an easy time of it, and, as Sancho Panza says, the bellies of all began to think their throats were cut. By this time some provisions were beginning to be packed in, but prices were fearfully high. Mackey had just \$30 left—it was all the money he had in the world.

"Here, Pat," said he to Corbett, handing him a 20 and a 10 in gold, "go out and see if you can find a sack of flour."

A man had packed in from Placerville that day, and Pat found him near where the Bank of California now stands. It was all piazas then—all open country and sagebrush along the present line of C street. The packer had just one fifty-pound sack of flour left. Just price was \$28. Pat handed the Placerville man the gold, got back \$4 in silver, and, shouldering his flour climbed the hill to the cabin. Mackey took the \$4, and giving it to the cook, sent him in search of bacon, tea, and sugar. When the flapjacks began to brown, and the savor of the bacon pervaded the cabin, the spirits of both the regular inmates and transient boarders went up to the fair weather notch, and it seemed that there was nothing more in the world to be desired.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Plantation Philosophy.

De pussion what don't talk nothin' but slang, don't talk nothin' but slang.

Folks sometimes growl 'bout de very source o' dar fortune. De farmer often complains o' de heat.

Sudden pleasures is allus de keener. Dar sin' no apple so sweet as de one we accidentally 's in de grass.

All de eddication in de worl' won't make some men wise. All de co'n in de scrib won't fatten de stump-suckin' hoss.

Er dog has got more sense den de open 'thrift, fus, o' a dog had got er bigger piece o' meat den he ken eat, 'stead o' throwin' it away, he buries it, knowin' dat arter er while, he will be hungry ergin.

What er glorious thing 'tis fur de laborin' man dat de Sabi or didn't come on er rich man, 'ca' he had, ticks on de salvation road woul' oos' so much now dat er po' man couldn't teach one wid er ten foot pole. Bless yer, da woul'dn't let him har erroun' de depot ter see de train start.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A golden fish, purchased by two years ago by a lady of Frederick, Maryland, died recently. It is said that the old fish had not grown a particle during the whole period of its captivity.

A Badger Baiting.

An amusing incident in the unwritten history of Abraham Lincoln is told by the Hon. Ward H. Lamon of this city.

While the gentlemen were law-partners in Illinois, and before Lincoln was thought of for President of the United States, they happened to visit an agricultural fair in an inland town of Tennessee.

Lincoln was in high spirits and seemed bent on fun. While casting about for such amusement as the exposition afforded Lincoln discovered an attraction in the shape of a turndown flour-barrel containing a badger.

"Fifty dollars for a dog that will haul the badger out of the barrel," shouted the red-faced man who owned the outfit. "Fifty dollars I say, to the dog that can haul the badger."

There were a few takers of the badger man's offer, but the luckless dog-owners who invested 25 cents in the experiment invariably lost in the speculation, for the badger's teeth were sharp, and every dog that entered its stronghold came out in a jiffy, while the ferocious animal inside held the fort and grinned all over.

Mr. Lincoln hit upon a happy thought. Taking Ward to one side they found a lank countryman with a still lanker mastiff.

"Want to make \$50 with that dog?" asked Lincoln.

"Course I do," replied the hayseed.

The dog was barked for, and as Lincoln approached the badger man, elbowing his way through the crowd, he said:

"I'll invest a quarter in your game sir."

The badger operator looked at Lincoln's hungry dog and smiled as he took the silver quarter.

Lincoln caught the dog and led it up to the barrel. Hastily grabbing the mastiff, he threw it into the opening "tother end first. There was a pause only of a second, and then followed a lively scrape inside the barrel.

"Hold on there!" cried the manager.

"Fair play—"

But he was too late with his remonstrance. Out sprang the badly frightened dog with the badger sticking to his hindquarters. The crowd parted, and away went the dog and badger into the inner field of the race-track. The badger stuck like a brother, teams ran away, women fainted, and the crowd roared. Lincoln fairly went into spasms of mirth, the fun was so enjoyable.

The countryman owning the dog was paralyzed, as was the badger-owner, who set up a great howl and was mad enough to fight.

"Produce your \$50," said Lincoln to the badger-keeper.

"Foul play, foul play," cried the chagrined gamester, "and I'll never pay it!"

Here is where Lamon came in serviceable. Catching the badger's friend by the neck, he cried:

"Give up the \$50 or I'll wallup you."

Lamon's herculean proportions were too argumentary to be trifled with, and the money was handed to Mr. Lincoln, who in turn gave it to the countryman. The dog was well paid for, and the badger business closed up for want of a badger.—*Denver Tribune.*

Mackey and His Cabin.

How the Bonanza King Roughed It Before Fortune Smiled on Him.

In the first months of 1860 times were tough on the Comstock. The winter of 1859-60 was terribly severe, as all old settlers will remember. Supplies could not be brought over the mountains from California, and before spring many on the Comstock went hungry to bed about three nights in the week. That winter a jolly crowd made their headquarters in a cabin that stood on the hillside above the Ophir office, near the California shaft. The cabin was a sort of cave. In entering it one went down two steps. The roof was composed of a layer of brush, a stratum of dirt, and over this a canvas cover to hold it all in place. The cabin contained four bunks, two on the South and two on the north side. John Mackey had the bunk on the north side, and Alexander Kennedy slept in the upper one. Pat S. Corbett—at present United States Marshal Corbett—and Jack O'Brien occupied the south bunks.

At that time Mackey, Kennedy and others were running the old Union Tunnel, and were working every day.

AS TIMES GREW ROUGH and grub scarce, the number of lodgers in the cabin increased. Jack McCaffery was taken in on the understanding that he was to furnish wood for the household, and Johnnie Walker in consideration of his doing all the cooking. The newcomers brought their blankets and slept on the floor. Virginia City was then a town of brush shanties and canvas tents, and it was good to find shelter anywhere. Lumber being \$300 per 1,000 feet, palaces were not to be expected.

As the winter wore away provisions of all kinds became scarce, and famine prices ruled for a time early in the spring. For a few days a square meal "down town" cost \$2. Those of the boys in the cabin who started in with a little money had either got to the end of their string in keeping up their part of the expenses or had gambled off their coin.

Jack McCaffery, who was to furnish wood, began to make night raids on the wood piles of the neighbors in order to keep up his part of the cabin supplies, and the weather being cold, he was sometimes prowling about half the night, though

THE OPHIR WOOD PILE was his chief dependence. One stormy night Jack was gone so long that his cabin mates grew uneasy about him. Johnny Walker, the cook, said Jack had whispered in his ear as he left that he was going to the Ophir wood pile. A search party was sent out, and to their inquiring whispers they finally got a faint reply. Following up this sound, they presently came upon poor Jack. Blinded by the driving snow, and a big stick from the Ophir had tumbled together into a prospect shaft. With the stick of wood on end and standing on top of it, Jack's extended hand still failed to reach the top of the shaft by about two feet. He was hauled out, bruised and nearly frozen. Next morning there was no wood with which to cook breakfast, but as there was not much to cook, a board or two from the bunks furnished sufficient fuel.

Finally, hunger got into the cabin, and no man except Mackey had a cent of money. An attempt to starve the more shiftless into

"HUSTLING FOR GRUB" had proved a failure; they could do nothing, and, lying back on their blankets, gave up, like some of those of whom we read among the explorers in arctic regions. The cook had an easy time of it, and, as Sancho Panza says, the bellies of all began to think their throats were cut. By this time some provisions were beginning to be packed in, but prices were fearfully high. Mackey had just \$30 left—it was all the money he had in the world.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Familiarly does not always mean contempt. For instance, that of the girl and ice-cream.

An anxious inquirer asked: "Where is the best place for salt-water bathing?" In the salt water, (for bread)." "No," said Brown, to Robinson with a sigh, "I haven't got change for a five, but I should like to have a five for a change."

A country Postmaster had a letter born at 1 o'clock a. m. He observed remarked to a friend, who was congratulating him, that it was the earliest male he had ever received.

Choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

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"Vast! You have never been in France, Meese! Zen'ow are you attracted as so well speaking as French?" "Oh, well, Monsieur! At school, you know, the girl who sat next to me at dinner used to eat my fat, and I used to do her French exercises for her so I got lots of practice!"

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The chemist is busy. He hasn't time to sleep nights, busy is he extracting the pure essence of lemon, orange, strawberry, and other delicious fruits from coal tar for the soda-water fountain. And the fruit-juicer, who has the real thing, feels like because he can't sell it at a paying price. This is how nature goes left-handed.

There is a story told of Lord Hardcastle meeting Poole on the plain near Brighton. He stopped him and said: "Look here, Poole, I got this coat of you, and see how badly it fits." Poole took a bit of chalk out of his waistcoat pocket, and marked the Lordship's coat all over, and said: "Take that coat to my tailor, to Lord, and he will make the necessary alterations."

A German gentleman of noble proclivities recently sat in a London restaurant where Oscar Wilde was seated at a table. Oscar called for a bouquet of violets, stuck his nose into them, inhaled their perfume, and then said: "I have died," said his friend, "passed out. The German gentleman looked for a moment and then he ordered a cake of Lindberg's chocolate, halving the price, and then he also had passed out.

"A golden fish, purchased by two years ago by a lady of Frederick, Maryland, died recently. It is said that the old fish had not grown a particle during the whole period of its captivity.

WIT AND HUMOR.

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