Life glides no more on golden wings,
A sunny waif from El Dorado;
Pve learned how true the poet sings,
That coming sorrow casts its shadow
When tutti fruit lost its spell
I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
With tints that would have crazed Murillo, Strange birds that never plumed their backs When Father Noah braved the billow. Her fancy limns, with brighter blush, The splendid triumphs that await her, When in the court a breathless hush Gives homage to the queen debater.

Tis sad to meet such crushing noes From eyes as blue as Scottish heather; Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose Should have her heart bound up in leather "Lis sad to keep one's passion pent, 'Though Pallas' arms the fair environ.' But worse to have her quoting Kent When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian is licensed at the law Her fame, be sure, will live forever; No barrister will pick a flaw In logic so extremely clever; The sheriff will forget his nap The sherit will lorget his hap
To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the judge will set his cap
At her and dream of love Elysian.
—Samuel M. Peck in San Francisco Argonaut.

A Thoughtless Old Gentleman It was the night "rush hour" on the were crowded into one of the cars at the New York terminus than had any right to be there without risking suffocation. came three young and pretty girls, swept on by the tide of humanity. The room. car was crowded, but that didn't matter. In the crush the girls were help less. They couldn't help being pushed into the car, and an instant later they vented her from rising. It was not until the train was well on its trip toward Brooklyn that the crowd gave way a little and she was enabled to regain her don sweetly enough, but to her friends she said not a word until the three were safely out of the car and on the platform "That's what I call an impolite man,"

"Why?" said one of her companions,

didn't say a word." "That's just the trouble," snapped the to say, 'Keep your seat, madam.' "-New

The Sum to Get Married On. No man has a right to get married on less than \$1,500 a year. At least that is the conclusion reached the other day at the close of a long discussion on this subject. Of course that means if the man is going to take for his bride a sweet and lovely young woman, who while being happily provided for at travagances, and who has the sense to at the opera and lots of diamonds from the young man who has only so lately firmly established himself in business. And even if the girl is one of those who has known what it is to be out in the world at work for herself, she can hardly be expected to marry a fellow who cannot do as well for her as she did for herbeautifully by herself on fifty or sixty dollars a month, with plenty of nice, sensible clothes, a trip to the theater every now and then, and every summer, or maybe every other summer, a nice little iaunt away somewhere, to forget the little unpleasantnesses of everyday office. life. And the way this money was to go

was very nicely settled too. The young man won't be likely to have a home of his own to take his win-some bride to, and there is the unfailing call of the landlord on the first of the month to be met, and that meeting means twenty dollars sure, and maybe more. Sixty dollars will disappear early in the action by the time the butcher and baker and candlestick maker's and some other people's monthly bills have been settled; \$150 a year is placing the estimate at very modest figures for the wearing apparel of each during the year, and when all this is added up \$1,260 is cared for, and something must be put away for rainy days and doctors' bills and occasional treats to the theater and the lake, and \$1,500 is gone! Still there are others who think they can get along first rate with a good deal less

than this.—Boston Herald. In the Quaker City there is a well known business and society man who pursues a strikingly original line of conduct. In his business he is quiet, regular and industrious, and particularly prides himself upon the neatness and accuracy which characterized his books of account. During the social season he flits about from entertainment to entertainment, frequently attending operas and playhouses, always having with him some one of a score of girls to whom he pays more or less attention. When asked why he had so many girls he said: "Oh, all girls talk as they write-very much alike, but still there is more variety in twenty than in one. Besides, I keep a regular set of books at home in which I enter every cent I spend on them, and it affords me considerable amusement. For instance, I charge cost of theater tickets, flowers, supper and carriage hire, and then credit it with the amount of pleasure I had—Passable time enjoyed, 'Enjoyed the evening hugely,' etc. The girls who afford me the most enjoyment receive the greater number of invitations, so I think I may fairly say that I seek relaxation and pusure in the same way that I attend to my business-on a system."-Philadelphia

Odd Custom in Brazil. A woman lately returned from Brazil tells of the curious nomenclature of the streets of Para. They are Biblical or commemorative of some event in the quite irreverent to be told that a desiragelist streets." She went with her uncle. who was on business, to dine at the

house of a wealthy merchant.

lavish in South American style, but on leaving she was amazed to have her he pitable host say to her, "If you have any washing send it here." It is a custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as in employment for their large retinues of servants.—Cor. Utica Herald.

"Old Physics" Crawford. General S. W. Crawford was called "Old Physics" because in the beginning of his military career he was a surgeon. He was with Major Anderson during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and saved the life of Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, who, while under a flag of truce inside the fort, unceremoniously picked up a glass of liquid from a table and

A PERPLEXED HOST.

How a Crowd of Country Lads Spoiled a Nicely Planned Feast-Mysterious Disappearance of a Roast Turkey - The Flight of a Tender Morsel.

A gentleman noted for his originality made the following improvement to the old sying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer," the other day in speaking of a disappointment a friend of his had experienced in losing his dinner through missing a train-a dinner to which he had been invited and at which he had been selected to respond to one of the toasts.

The simple missing of the dinner was more than set off at the old General Shields hotel, on the West Chester pike. A company of twelve Philadelphians interested in real estate developments had gone out in the country for the purpose of looking about for profitable investments, and had sent word to the proprietor of the old hostelry of their coming and ordered an old fashioned turkey dinner to be ready at 6 o'clock.

The order put the proprietor in his best humor and the entire establishment into an unusual flurry of exciting preparation. The hostler hurried to the nearest farmhouse, where he purchased the finest turkey to be had, and carried it back to the hotel in triumph. Taking Brooklyn bridge trains. More people it into the stable he dispatched and plucked it in great haste. Everything was excitement in the large kitchen from the time the order was announced until Through the side entrance to the car late in the afternoon, when the last dish was ready to be carried to the dining

The news of the gentlemen coming spread through the village, and every one felt duty bound to go to the hotel and see them, and none took a greater couldn't witnstand the counterpush interest in the affair than the boys. which seated one of them, willy rilly, They had finished their chores unusually on the knees of an old gentleman. In early and were promptly on hand long the jam her two companions were thrust before the hour of serving the supper. against this young woman, and pre- Of the entire community none felt his personal importance more than Dave Peters, the colored waiter. Dave was of portly build and prided

himself in his appearance, and if he had footing. She begged the old man's par- a hatred for one thing more than any other, that thing was a claw hammer coat, which he said belonged to society gentlemen and not to a waiter, conse of the Brooklyn station. Then she freed quently he held to the old fashioned roundabout jacket. Just before the time for announcing that dinner was ready a number of the village boys stood peering through one of the dining room "I thought he behaved beautifully. He windows, watching Dave arrange the different dishes on the table and admiring the display made by the twelve other. "He didn't have the grace even napkins in as many cut glass goblets." After viewing the effects of the

table with a countenance beaming with satisfaction, Dave strutted toward the door and disappeared by descending the stairs leading to the kitchen, and a few moments later reappeared, carrying on a large dish the turkey, done to a lovely brown and beautifully garnished with carved roses, sprays of parsley and celery tops. Walking toward the table he found that no room had been left for the central and chief adornment of the home has not been overindulged in ex- table. Taking the situation in at a glance, Dave saw his mistake, and hurknow that she can hardly expect a box | riedly set the dish down upon the broad sill of the window through which the boys were peering, and began rearranging the table to make room for the turkey.

No sooner had he turned his back to the window than one of the boys softly and quietly raised the sash, while another grabbed the turkey from the dish self. She has managed to get along and fied across the hotel yard toward the old stable, followed by his companions. After making room for the large dish Dave turned around, stepped to the window, raised the dish and placed it in its position in the center of the table, never noticing that the bird had flown. Going to the sideboard he picked up the supper bell and gave it a violent ring, thus notifying the host that dinner was

way, gentlemen; this way, please," spoke the proprietor to his "step this way, gentlemen," leading them through a narrow passage from the bar to the dining room. No sooner had he reached the dining room than his gaze fell upon the empty plate, when he exclaimed, "David, where in the name of General Jackson is that

Poor Dave! Never was a man taken more by surprise. When for the first time he noticed the broken platter his broad smile vanished. In an instant his jaw fell and his large eyeballs stared most frightfully, while his whole frame shook with a terrible tremor. All he could say in reply to the abrupt and emphatic question was, "Don't know, sir; it was dar, it was dar," and hurrying to the kitchen stairs he shouted down, "You, Phoeby, whar in deb'l's dat tur-

"Go erlong now, you's got it up dar long ergo." The disappearance was not but to the proprietor as well, who in an approach of the nuptial date the bride-apologetic manner asked the guests to repair again to the barroom while a thorough investigation could be made. Every one in the house, including the Philadelphia Times. hostler, was questioned and cross questioned, yet no light could be thrown on the mystery. After wasting an hour in trying to find the missing bird, and after a consultation with the guests, fried ham

pearance too good to keep, told it to one Review. outside of the hotel.

The next morning the picked bones of on the ground back of the stable, where pocketknives, greedily devoured the well cooked bird.—Philadelphia Times.

Scott Enjoyed Being Lionized. Sir Walter Scott is an example of a great man, who, so far as we can judge, enjoyed paying the penalties of his was great enough, but then he was that kind of a man, and the circumstances among which he lived were favorable. ble location was "at the corner of St. That was before the day of the penny John the Baptist and St. John the Evanpost, of the electric telegraph, of railways and of the interviewer, and in his prime he lived at Abbotsford, which is equivalent nowadays to saying that he lived at Joppa. He seems to have been singularly free from the penalties of greatness, which have enormously in-creased since the Wizard of the North went home, and such of them as came in his way he seems to have heartily en-

He appears now and then to have relished being turned into a rare show, and to being pointed at wherever he went as Walter Scott. Indeed this being pointed at seems to have been relished by many men whose greatness was undoubted. Thackeray seems sometimes almost to have resented not being pointed at .- All the Year Round.

drank it for a "whisky straight." It Shoes from J. M. Cobb while at make and character, thus meeting Buildings, Animals, Machinery, proved to be iodide of potassium, but tending Court. Edgefield's Head with favor in all localities. It is etc. Send in your orders. Prices with favor in all localities. It is etc. Send in your orders. Prices strictly non-political and non-reasonable. GEO. F. MIMS.

NEW YORK'S DIALECT. TURKEY DINNER AT WHICH THE BIG TURKEY WAS ABSENT.

Absurd Though It Is, It Is Taught in How many persons know that New York city has a dialect all its own, and one that it maintains in purity by teaching it in the public schools? Many persons have commented on the precision with which a New Yorker can spot a stranger the instant the stranger undertakes to pronounce the name of the principal streets in the town. We call it Broadway, emphasizing the last syllable very strongly. It appears to be quite a trick to do this, and it is evidently an unnatural pronunciation, for we notice that the very great majority of strangers say Broa-wa. So we spot them on the instant and ask them from what part of the country they hail, just to show them that there is something about them that is not cityfied, and to set them puzzling about whether it is in the shape of their hat, or the style of their shoes, or what it is.

People from the south betray the fact by calling our Houston street "Hewston street," as that name is pronounced from Texas to the Chesapeake, but we play as strange a trick with another name, for we call Coenties slip "Quincy slip." As no one would do that naturally, we detect strangers by "lat pronunciation. The name of Hoboken is another that we trifle with, calling it Habbucken. But in ways and bywords other than these I can pick out a New Yorker anywhere that he and I may meet, whether it be in Boston or in the Rocky mountains. I can de this by noticing how he pronounces the "ur" sound in such words as birth, bird, earth, heard, etc. All the rest of the country pronounce those words barth, burd, urth and hurd. Not so the New Yorker. He is carefully taught not to do so in all the public schools, as well as by his parents at

The queer little twist that enters so largely into our language in marring one of the cardinal sounds that compose it is thus expressed by o'r tongues; ur-yith is how we say earth, bur-yid is how we say bird. We say hur-yid for heard and mur-yid-der for murder. All of us who were born in New York have heard the public school teachers insisting upon this peculiar twist, commanding the pupils to put on the trademark as fighting men once wore the coat of arms of their feudal masters. Most of us, too, have heard nice, careful little girls on the way heme from school correcting areless companions by insisting that you mussint say burd; you must say it of all the senseless and unmusical at

bad things that are done to English that is one of the worst, because one expects to hear a language at its best in the greatest city of a country, and thither foreigners repair to study English and then perhaps to go back home and teach it with a whole lot of little tricks like that in their heads, to be solemnly taught and scattered, until no one knows where the mischief will end. Of course I do not want the reader to understand that very nice people murder the language in these or any other ways, but the great masses of New Yorkers, those who get their learning in the public schools and whose tongues were trained in old New York homes of the middle class-these are the victims of this most peculiar habit.-Cor. Providence Journal.

Stooping Shoulders.

Apropos of round shoulders, I decided the other day as I sat in a great public gathering, drawn from all parts of the land, that what we need most is not more currency, or less taxes, or a new banking system, but a law to enforce sitting up straight. Take 100 Americans-men and women, and you could not find enough ood shoulders among a table at whist. This defect of carriage used to be thought peculiar to the rural districts. It is not so. City people show it less, but this is due to the cunning of their tailors, and not to any virtue of their own.

I am opposed to meddlesome legisla-tion, but I should welcome the appointment of officials who would go about and compel the populace to sit and stand erect, as the old worthies of the Puritan meeting house compelled the congregation to keep awake. If such a statute were enacted, in two generations we would not know ourselves-or rather our descendants so great would be the improvement in health, physique and dignity.—Kate Field's Washington.

In one of the large confectionery stores on Chestnut street the girls who have been there a long time know most of the engaged couples in town, and can tell how long the sweet entanglement has been pending. They also are pretty well posted as to what engagements are broken. The reason is that one of the things the engaged young man is supposed to do is to keep his fiances supplied with candy. Usually when a young man less up on his supply of candy it is a sign either of a misunderstanding or that the wedding day is near. only a mystery to the waiter and cook, at hand, for, strange to say with the

Besides being a university of learning, the Kairouin of Morocco is also a caravansary and an inn, in which are weland eggs were substituted for the turkey. come to sleep and to rest all those who It was not till two hours later, when are so poor as not to be able to pay the the guests were about to depart, that the small copper coin which the fondak proprietor learned what had become of keeper requires before shelter is given, the turkey. One of the boys, more bold and the fact that its doors are wide open than his companions, came back to the and its hospitality granted without any hotel to see how the joke worked, and restriction whatever is widely known thinking the story of the bird's disapthroughout the empire. — Fortnightly

Color Blindness Among Indians. Some years ago an excimation by Dr. the turkey were found scattered about Fox of 250 Indian boys resulted, he states, in the discovery that two were the boys had, after carving it with their | color blind-a very low percentage when compared with the whites-while none of the Indian girls was thus affected.

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Mr. Runey, in conversation with a number of travelers, told the following story, which he says actually occurred in his presence while en route on a Great Northern freight train near Morris,

I boarded a freight train at Han-

oock, (he began) en route to Breckenridge. There were about forty hobos on board the box cars. I arranged with three brakemen to make the rounds and see if they couldn't be made to put up for their ride. I acted the part of the conductor, while the trainmen followed out my instructions. We went from one car to another until we had visited all but one. Few failed to comply with our request, but showed hostility, and would doubtless have taken the advantage of our small number had I not provided myself with a gun, which protruded in full view from my cost pocket. The last car we visited was partially loaded with lime, and between the barrels we found two Swedes who handled the American language in the most humorous manner. We informed them they would necessarily have to pay for their ride or get off at the next station, to which the spokesman replied: "Vwe don't gat no muny. Vwe bane com from Nort Docota, und vork purty hard and gats no muny."

"Where do you want to go?" asked a brakeman. "Vwe vant tu go to Mainopolis."

"You are headed in the wrong direction," returned the brakeman. "Val, vwe go tu Brekenridge und vwe den go ast. Vwe no mane dare ho ba gude faller und let us rade."

The brakeman was not satisfied with the Swedes' statements that they were moneyless, so they were searched. While the searching was going on one of the Swedes said again: -

"Vwe don't gate nu muny. Sopuse vwe ly 'bout laddle ting like date?" The brakeman, being satisfied that there was no money on their persons, was about to withdraw from the car when he discovered a small bundle in the corner of the car tied up with a handkerchief. The bundle was examined. A pair of old socks and several rags were tightly wrapped around a piece of soap about three by six inches n size. The brakeman said he guessed he would take the soap anyway, as he could use it himself. Here the Swedes made a robust protest, saying, "No, wwe don't vant you tu take dote sope."

"What good is the soap to you?" asked the brakeman. "Vwe vant da sope for vash wid bafur we gate in Mainopolis."

"What do you expect to do in Minne-"Vwe tank vwe ville gate leddle vork u du dare, as a ba prutty gude toun." The brakeman then said he would do the fair thing and only take half the soap, to which the Swedes begged earnestly for him to leave the soap. The brakeman took the cake over his knee and broke it through the center, and lot to the amazement of all, a twenty dollar gold piece rolled out. By this time the Swedes were nearly wild, and their

The soap was then cut into bits and \$200 in gold coin, consisting of twenties, tens and fives, taken out. The Swedes had adopted this strange method of safely disguising their possessions; but, as miglortune had it, their novel idea falled. It is needless to say that the brakeman appropriated one of the shin-ing pieces for his own use, to the heart-rending dismay of the sons of Sweden, and departed for the caboose.—Fargo

ejaculations were side splitting in the

Dress Goods from Spirit Land. "A conductor on the International and Great Northern once told me a queer story," remarked Ezra Morgan at the Lindell. "His name was Painter, and his run was from Galveston to Willis, Tex. He said that shortly after his marriage he made a compact with his wife hat whichever died first should appear to the other. She only lived about a year, and shortly after her demise, while he was sitting reading one evening, she walked up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. She talked with him a few minutes as freely as though in the flesh; then, picking up a pair of shears that laid on the table, said: 'After I am gone you may doubt that I appeared to you. You may think it a dream or a hallucination. Keep this as a souvenir. and doubt not.' She cut a piece from her dress, laid it on the table and vanished. The goods resemble white silk, but the textile experts confess that they do not know what it is; that if any such goods were ever woven in an earthly loom they do not know it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese Officials.

In China there are two officials for each post, in order that one may spy apon the other, the rule being that no official shall report what he has done, but only what the other has done. From the highest official to the lowest

all practice a system of unblushing robbery, called "squeezing." The salary of viceroy in some cases is £60 a year; he regularly draws not less than £8,000. The salary of a judge is £40 a year; he regularly draws at least £2,000. There are 1,200 police in Canton, not one of whom receives wages, and yet the office is much sought after. The fact is, we are assured, that the police are on excellent terms with the guild or fraternity of thieves, and they work harmoniously together.—Jesse Herbert.

A cottager near Farringford said one day to his clergyman, "They tells me that this 'ere Lord Tennyson's a great poet." "Certainly he is-a very great named Shakespeare—he was a great poet too?" "Indeed he was." "Well,"

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