

ONLY FRIENDS.

Summer's freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded Summer weather
Not forever doted abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love time never sends,
Still is left this thought unquiescent,
We, alas! were—only friends.

—Chambers' Journal.

TOM'S ENGAGEMENT.

Old Mr. Molyneux was immensely proud of his position as the county magistrate. He lived in a feudal castle which he had bought cheaply, having taken over at the same time the goodwill, so to speak, of its former owner's social influence and dignity. In consideration of his great wealth his neighbors charitably ignored the fact that his father had been a small tradesman, and that he himself had carried on a lucrative business in the hardware line for many years. He was not a bad old fellow, his vulgarity being of a subdued and inoffensive kind, and consequently he was received in the best county society. But he aspired to even greater distinction, for his pet project was to marry his only son, Tom, to one of the Earl of Laburnum's daughters. There seemed no reason why this auspicious event should not come about, for the Lady Florence looked kindly upon Master Tom, and his lordship had more than once hinted that he would raise no objection. Lord Laburnum was the lord-lieutenant of the county, and an alliance with his family meant admission into the most aristocratic circles.

Unfortunately, Master Tom was rather a scapegrace, and his father preferred to let him see a little of the world before revealing the high honors that were in store for him. The fact was that Tom showed no predilection whatever for the Lady Florence, and he was just at that democratic age when a youth is apt to underrate social advantages. The old man hoped that when Tom had had his fling he would begin to awake to the responsibilities of his position and be amenable to reason. He knew that Tom was raising a very respectable crop of debts, and that before long his paternal assistance would be sought. When the crisis arrived, he intended to make known his wishes, and to take advantage of the lad's embarrassments to impose conditions. Meanwhile, as Tom seemed to have given his heart a roving commission, there was no apparent danger of his seriously compromising his affections.

One day, however, the young man came down from town, where he was ostensibly studying for the bar, and with a very grave and determined air announced that he was engaged to be married. Old Mr. Molyneux nearly had a fit of apoplexy on the spot, and when Tom proceeded to state that the young lady earned her own living by carrying on the business of a dressmaker at the West End, his horror and indignation knew no bounds. In vain Tom pleaded that Miss Fabian was a lady by birth and education, and that the poverty of her family was her only crime. His father became more and more furious, until Tom showed symptoms of flat rebellion.

"Think of your position in the county!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, perceiving this, and wisely making an effort to control himself. "I will take it for granted, if you like, that the girl is an exemplary character. She may be ladylike, and well educated, and all the rest of it. But her station is altogether inferior to yours."

"I don't see that," said Tom, stubbornly. "Why, of course. It is ridiculous," said the old gentleman, swelling with self-importance. "Her father, you say, is a poor out-at-elbows devil of a clerk in the city."

"I've never noticed his coat has holes in it," retorted Tom. "As for his being a clerk in the city, so were you—once. The only difference is that you have been more fortunate than he, and have made enough money to retire upon."

"None of your infernal radical, nonsense here, sir!" cried old Mr. Molyneux, infuriated at this reference to his own origin. "It would be just as sensible to say that you and I are the equals of Lord Laburnum because Adam was our common ancestor. What does it matter if I was once a clerk in the city? I have since attained a superior grade in the social scale, and that is the fact that must be faced. By marrying the daughter of a city clerk, who earns her living by dressmaking, you would be making a misalliance."

"Just as Lady Florence would be marrying me," said Tom, looking wonderfully innocent. "Who is talking about Lady Florence?" said old Mr. Molyneux, taken aback by this unexpected thrust.

"Nobody—only I have an idea you wish me to marry out of my station," retorted Tom. "I don't wish you to marry at all, sir, not for many a long year!" cried the old man, fairly nonplused.

"What I mean is, father," said Tom, slyly, "that I see no more harm in marrying below one's station—to use your own term—than in marrying above it. If one is wrong the other must be."

"Stuff and nonsense, sir! You don't know what you're talking about," exclaimed Mr. Molyneux. "I don't want to have an argument with you. The long and the short of the matter is, that I won't hear of this foolish engagement. There! It is no use talking. Let there be an end of it, or I shall have something very unpleasant to say."

The old man bounced out of the room as he spoke, not a little startled and amazed by his son's tone and attitude. Hitherto Tom had never ventured to argue with him, partly from filial duty and partly from inherent weakness of character. He began to fear that the lad possessed unexpected firmness, until he soothed his mind by the reflection that he had probably been carefully coached for the interview. This suspicion explained Master Tom's unaccountable readiness of repartee, which had made him approach a dangerous adversary. Relieved in his mind by the discovery, old Mr. Molyneux gradually cooled down, and completely recovered his self-confidence. He easily convinced himself that Tom would never dare to disobey him, and instead of feeling the least apprehensive of the marriage taking place, he was only uneasy lest rumors of the engagement should reach the Laburnums.

He prudently resolved to treat the matter as definitely disposed of, and to make no further allusion to it—at all events until Tom had had time for reflection. Judging from appearances, the lad seemed completely subdued. He spent his next few days slaughtering pheasants in a dejected frame of mind. His father smiled within himself and held his tongue, though he showed by his manner that he did not intend to be trifled with. When he considered that he might safely speak, he said one morning, with assumed carelessness:

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shoot over Bailey's farm," replied Tom.

"Nonsense. You know what I am referring to," said the old man, turning red. "I am speaking of this idiotic love affair."

"Oh! Well, of course, I must keep my word," said Tom, with flushed cheeks.

"What! you haven't written to break it off?" said Mr. Molyneux, feigning surprise.

"No, gov'nor, I haven't," said Tom. "I hoped you would have softened by this time."

"And I believed you would have remembered that your first duty was to obey your father," cried the old man, beginning to boil. "Do you mean to tell me that you still contemplate marrying a—dressmaker?"

"She has sold her business, father," said Tom, eagerly. "She might have done better had she waited a bit, but out of deference to your wishes—"

"My wishes!" interrupted Mr. Molyneux, angrily. "I don't care if she carries on twenty businesses. What I say is that you shall never marry her with my consent. That's all."

"I should be very sorry to disobey you, father," began Tom, gravely, "but—"

"Look here, my boy," interrupted the old gentleman, quickly, speaking with unnatural calmness, "let us understand each other. I forbid this foolish engagement, and I order you to break it off instantly. That is my bark. Now for my bite. You leave my house within an hour, and unless you inform me in the course of a week that the affair is at an end, I stop supplies. If you persist in marrying the girl, then, by heaven! I will alter my will and leave every farthing I possess to your Cousin Ted—in fact, I will make him my heir, and disinherit you altogether."

It is doubtful whether the old man would have really carried out this serious threat, for he was fond of his son, and proud of him in a way, but he looked very determined when he uttered it, and Tom was evidently impressed. The lad dropped his eyes before his father's irate glance, and the ruddy color left his cheeks for an instant.

"You know, Tom," he added, noticing the wholesome effect of his words, "you are entirely dependent upon me, and unless you took to poaching I don't see how you could possibly earn a crust. Besides you are up to your ears in debt."

"I don't owe much," said Tom, quickly, with a tell-tale blush.

"You will find out that you owe a good deal when your creditors learn that I have made your Cousin Ted my heir," said the old man, enigmatically.

Tom was evidently seriously disconcerted by this remark. He turned on his heel, muttering something about catching the next train to town, leaving his father master of the situation. The old man considered he had gained a signal victory, and was, therefore, not the least perturbed when his son started off to the station with his luggage, in literal accordance with his injunction. He did not doubt that Master Tom would see the folly of his ways; and, sure enough, two days afterward the young man reappeared looking decidedly sheepish, and tendered his submission. He even brought a copy of the letter he had written to the young lady, which Mr. Molyneux thought a little too cute and matter of fact, if any fault was to be found with it. However, he was not inclined to be hypercritical in this respect, and he heartily applauded Tom's action.

"I'm going away for a bit, gov'nor," said the lad, who had wined a little at his father's boisterous good-humor, and seemed half ashamed of his conduct. "Webster and some other fellows have hired a yacht, and sail for Madeira tomorrow."

"By all means, my boy," cried Mr. Molyneux, secretly delighted that his son should leave England for awhile at this juncture; "and look here, Tom, while you are away I will settle matters with these friends of yours."

He produced rather a formidable list of names and figures as he spoke, and Tom started with surprise, as well he might, at perceiving how full and accurate was his father's knowledge of his pecuniary embarrassments. The old man cut short his son's confused protestation of gratitude and apology by saying good humoredly:

"Well, well, you must turn over a new leaf, my boy. Reasonable economy must henceforth be the order of the day, and I hope, on your return, that you will settle down and reside permanently in the country."

He had it on the tip of his tongue to hint that he must be prepared to marry Lady Florence; but he wisely refrained. Nevertheless, he was as full of the project as ever, and after Tom's departure, he spoke to Lord Laburnum more plainly than he had hitherto done. His lordship, without pledging himself, gave him an encouraging reply; and he resolved to bring matters to a crisis immediately upon his son's return. The consequence was that the task of settling with Tom's creditors proved quite an agreeable relaxation, and did not cause him a moment's ill-humor.

But he was very much startled and disgusted on hearing that his solicitor had been asked to accept service of a writ on Tom's behalf in an action for damages for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Fabian against her faithless lover. The news upset him considerably for such a scandal would set all the papers gossiping about his antecedents, while Tom could hardly fail to cut a ridiculous figure in the witness-box. Old Mr. Molyneux soon arrived at the conclusion that the action must be compromised at any cost, for the sake of his own dignity, not to mention the projected alliance with the Laburnums. He rushed up to town in quite a frantic state, and disregarding the advice and protestations of his solicitor, insisted that Miss Fabian's claim should be settled forthwith at any sacrifice, in order to avert the danger of the affair finding its way into the papers.

He was successful in his main object; but rich man as he was, he almost groaned when he sat down to write the check that Miss Fabian's advisers demanded. The amount was represented by no less than five figures, and the worst of it was that he got no sympathy whatever from his solicitor, who declared that by going to trial, or even by holding out, he might have saved the greater part of the money.

In spite of his great relief that the threatened scandal had been averted, old Mr. Molyneux soon began to regret the sacrifice he had made, and to fret about his enormous loss. He was not by any means a penurious man, but like like all parvenus, he keenly appreciated the value of money. He did not mind what he spent so long as he had something to show for his outlay; but in this instance the result attained was entirely negative. Every one is inclined to underrate a danger when it has passed, and Mr. Molyneux could not help suspecting that he had been too easily frightened. This uncomfortable reflection worried him a good deal, particularly when he learned that Lord Laburnum had made arrangements to take his family to the south of France for the winter. This did not look as if his lordship was very anxious about his daughter's marriage with Tom, and old Mr. Molyneux was seized with an ominous foreboding when he heard the news.

Tom returned after an absence of three or four months, and was evidently not a little apprehensive of the reception he would meet with. He had received some angry letters from his father, referring to the damages he had had to pay; and he therefore appeared nervous and embarrassed at their first meeting. But the old man, delighted at seeing him again, sought to put him at his ease by saying:

"I'm not going to allude to what has happened, my boy, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones."

"You are very good father; but—"

"What is the matter?" inquired old Mr. Molyneux, as Tom paused, in confusion.

"I still cling to the hope that you will consent to my marriage with Miss Fabian," said Tom, desperately.

"What!" roared his father, with a great start.

"You see, gov'nor," proceeded Tom, "I'm in a much better position than I was before I went away. Then, as you justly pointed out, I was in debt. I had no capital, and I was altogether dependent upon you. But my debts are now paid, and as for capital—"

"Well, sir, what about capital?" interrupted the old man, too much amazed to be angry.

"There is the money you paid Miss Fabian," said Tom, with a fleeting smile. "The interest on it would keep us from starving, and, at least, it is enough to buy and stock a farm with."

"But—but I paid the money because you broke your promise to marry her," urged the father, incredulously. "She would never marry you now."

"I think she would," replied Tom, in a confident tone.

"The fact is, sir, that I have been victimized," exclaimed old Mr. Molyneux, suddenly, as the truth flashed across his mind.

"Not exactly, father—at least, not yet," returned Tom, with great earnestness. "I hope you will not withhold your consent to our marriage. If you will consent, the money shall be paid back to you—every farthing. I don't wish to defy you, as it were; and both of us are willing to rely entirely, with regard to the future, upon your generosity."

Old Mr. Molyneux had turned purple in the face, and Tom was justly alarmed at his aspect. But before he could utter a word in reply a man-servant brought in a note, remarking that a messenger was waiting to know if there was any reply. Mr. Molyneux opened the envelope half-absently, glanced hurriedly at the contents and then gave vent to a muttered exclamation, which apparently relieved his over-wrought feelings. After striding about the room for a few moments in great agitation, he suddenly halted in front of Tom, and cried in a voice of suppressed passion:

"You—you impudent, disrespectful, disobedient rascal! What did you say about the money?"

"I said every farthing would be returned to you," replied Tom staring at his father.

"Very well," said the old man, abruptly; and he immediately sat down at the writing-table, and wrote a note with a tremulous hand. "Read that," he said to his son, when he had finished.

Tom, in his turn amazed and bewildered, read as follows:

"DEAR LORD LABURNUM.—It is very kind of you to hasten to inform me on

hearing of my son's return, that you have other views with regard to your daughter Florence. I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that my son has been engaged to a Miss Fabian for some months, and that his marriage will take place immediately.

"Yours faithfully,
"JNO. MOLYNEUX."

"Oh, father! It is awfully good of you," cried Tom, with tears in his eyes. "I expect Lord Laburnum will be pained," said old Mr. Molyneux, sulkily, as he folded up the note. "I doubt if I should have made 10,000 pounds by allowing you to marry his daughter."—*London Truth.*

NELLIE GRANT'S TROUBLES.

AN ENLIGHTENED IN HER DOMESTIC AFFAIRS
GIVEN PUBLICITY BY THE PRESS.

A Washington letter says: For several weeks stories have been in circulation about an unpleasant condition of affairs between Nellie Grant-Sartoris and her husband. Long and minutely detailed histories of this difficulty and the probability of a divorce have been in various Eastern publication offices for some time, but no publication of these stories was made in Eastern papers until the story first appeared in Denver. The local papers have had several columns upon this subject from day to day. The *Critic* contains the following, which throws more light upon what has already been printed:

"The newspaper gossip about an unpleasantness existing in the married relations of Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris and her husband does not surprise those familiar with their courtship. They look upon these reports as the natural sequence of the uncongenial—to use a mild phrase—alliance. Miss Nellie was a girl of sweet disposition and gentle manners—her father's idol—while Sartoris was a rough and coarse-grained Englishman. His general conduct, in connection with the fact that he had exhibited some of Miss Nellie's letters to her, accompanied with gross remarks, to persons in a Wisconsin town where an accomplished young lady had rejected his addresses, caused solicitude among many of General Grant's personal friends, some of whom consulted as to the propriety of informing him of Sartoris's conduct, with a view to regaining possession of Miss Nellie's letters."

"Senator Matt Carpenter finally consented to broach the delicate subject to General Grant. He called at the White House and in as delicate manner as possible, commenced relating the current scandal as to Sartoris's notorious conduct, when the General quietly remarked:

"That will do, Senator. My daughter is engaged to Mr. Sartoris, and the wedding will take place." Senator Carpenter, in speaking of the interview, said he never felt so chagrined as at the President's abrupt closing of the conversation, and that he would never again under any circumstances, attempt to advise about the domestic affairs of any one. It was well known that Gen. Grant was opposed to the alliance, but when his daughter's affections were engaged he acquiesced and would listen to no argument or suggestion to the contrary.

"When Governor Jewell was returning from his mission at St. Petersburg, to accept a position in General Grant's Cabinet, he stopped a day at South Hampton call upon the elder Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, the parents of Miss Nellie's husband. He was cordially received by both of them, but in the course of conversation Mrs. Sartoris astonished the ex-Minister to Russia by remarking that she 'didn't see what there was about Algeron to cause the daughter of the President of the great United States to fall in love with and marry.' Governor Jewell subsequently expressed the same astonishment."

The Old, Old Story.

My son, if I should publish a daily paper for 20 years—if you can just strain your credulity to the point of believing that I could keep a daily paper going longer than six weeks—if I should publish a daily paper twenty years, and in all that time take occasion to mention you about twice a week as "our distinguished fellow townsman" and "that eminent man of letters and merchant prince," and should say every time you crossed the river on the ferry that you had "departed" for the East, and when you came back I should notice that "our justly popular fellow citizen" had "returned;" if I should in all those years praise your dog, your horse, your goods, your wife and babies, your clothes and your character, and then some day, when I was away attending a convention, my local editor should call the attention of the town marshal to the filthy condition of the street and sidewalk in front of your store, would you ever forgive me? Would you? You would denounce the paper as a "scurrilous sheet" and its editor as "lying scandal-monger" that ought to be whipped out of the community." That is the reason, my son, why there are but two kinds of editors. One is a meek, smiling, timid little scrivener, who pays all the bills and allows his neighbors to edit his paper; and the other is a truculent, loud voiced sarge, who viciously scolds out the nice little personal local editor who has written about your crimes, and sends it in—"By some of our reliable friends of a stern and relentless Providence, Jake Diffebaugh has been permitted to come back home alive," and then comes you at the head of the stairs with a blackjack and pounds the top of your head in when you come to see ab. at it.

The Canadian Way.

A Bangor man just returned from the Chaudiere River district in Canada tells how the people there look at small-pox. He stopped over night at a French Canadian's whose son was foolish. The native said he was made thus by small-pox. Said he:

"You see, we have all got to have it sooner or later, and so last fall, having our work done up early, I said to my wife, 'I guess this is a good time to have it.' So I hitched up, went down to the village, and got it. It killed three of my children and made that boy foolish."

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

A LITTLE HUMOROUS READING FOR THE LEISURE HOURS.

Did Not See It—He Had Never Been Intoxicated—He Paid for His Drinks—A Shocking Tragedy, Etc., Etc.

DID NOT SEE IT.

A joke is a mystery to some people. In a certain court in this State on a time the proceedings were delayed by the failure of a witness named Sarah Moly to arrive. After waiting a long time for Sarah the court concluded to wait no longer, and wishing to crack his little joke, remarked: "This court will adjourn without Sarah Moly." Everybody laughed except one man, who sat in solemn meditation for five minutes, and then burst into a hearty guffaw, exclaiming, "I see it! I see it!" When he went home he tried to tell the joke to his wife. "There was a witness named Mary Moly who didn't come," said he, "and so the court said, 'We'll adjourn without Mary-moly.'" "I don't see the point to that," said his wife. "I know it," said he. "I didn't at first; but you will in about five minutes."—*Leicester (Me.) Journal.*

HE PAID.

"I notice by the papers," he said, as he waited for the froth on his beer to settle, "that a man in a Chicago saloon fell dead just as he finished drinking a glass of beer."

"I see dot some thing in der papers, too," replied the saloonist.

"Curious, wasn't it?"

"Vell, I don't think so. You see, he drank oop dot beer und said, 'Sharge it to me!' und der bartender he brings out his club und taps him on der head. It vvas almost every day somebody drops dead here!"

He laid a hickory club on the bar and looked the man full in the eye, and the beer was hardly down before it was paid for.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN A QUANDARY.

Most people the moment they enter a parsonage to get married become so embarrassed that they really are hardly conscious of what they are doing. One fellow I heard of was dreadfully afflicted in this way, and without realizing his act pulled a cigar from his pocket and twirled it around in his hands. When that portion of the ceremony was reached in which the lady and gentleman join hands he happened to have the cigar in his right hand. What to do with that cigar he evidently didn't know. The clergyman paused for a moment, and then repeated the instruction that they join hands. By this time the poor fellow's embarrassment had increased so that it was painful to behold. He gave one agonized look at the minister and then stuck the cigar in his mouth. Before the ceremony could be concluded the minister had to take the cigar from between his lips.—*Chambersburgh (Pa.) Valley Spirit.*

WHITE BEARS.

Sam Ward was once seated opposite a well-known Senator at a dinner at Washington. This Senator was very bald, and the light shining on the breadth of scalp attracted Ward's attention.

"Can you tell me," he asked his neighbor, "why the Senator's head is like Alaska?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Because it's a great white bear place."

The neighbor was immensely tickled, and he hailed the Senator across the table:

"Say, Senator, Ward's just got off a very smart thing about you."

"What is it?"

"Do you know why your head is like Alaska?"

"No."

"Because it's a great place for white bears."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HOLDING OUT INDUCEMENTS.

A grocer's boy complained to his employer that he was worked too hard and did not get sufficient rest.

"I know, Johnny," admitted the grocer, "that you are kept pretty busy most of the time, but I'll see what can be done. Perhaps when cold weather sets in I'll let you draw molasses once in a while."

NATIONAL SELFISHNESS.

Tourist—"I thought some extensive improvements in Central Park had been projected?" Proud New Yorker—"That's so; they were; on a magnificent scale." Tourist—"Why were they never carried out?" Native—"Oh, the rest of the country wouldn't subscribe the money."—*BURDETTE.*

LET IT REMAIN.

A pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which word she pronounced fool, as is not uncommon to Scotland. "I presume madam, you mean the fowl," said the prig, in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so. Take away the fowl, and let the fool remain."

A RUDE MAN.

He—"That was a shocking tragedy, wasn't it?"

She—"What was it?"

"A man, without the slightest provocation, killed a woman he had never seen before in all his life."

"He had never even been introduced to her?"

"No; he knew nothing about her."

"Then he was certainly a very rude man."—*Boston Beacon.*

A GENTLE HINT.

He—"Did it ever occur to you how difficult it must have been for Solomon to propose to a thousand maidens?"

She—"Yes; but not half so difficult as some of the men of the present day and it to—propose to one maiden."

SHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST.

"Try call me a pretty name," said he. One night to his darling Carrie. The girl he had courted so long that she thought he never meant to marry. Up from his room she raised her head, a d d her cheeks grew red as roses. "I think I'll call you 'man,'" she said. "For they say that 'man proposes'."

—*Boston Courier.*

OUT IN THE RAIN.

"Dear me, it's raining, Mrs. Randall. You can't go out in the wet. Won't you stay to tea?" "No, thanks; I must be getting home." "Well, anyway, you must wear my rubbers." "No, thank you, Mrs. Hopkins, it isn't raining much, and beside I haven't any strings to tie them on with." After the door was closed Mrs. Hopkins said she wished the mean old thing would catch her death of cold.—*Chicago News.*

SWEET CHARITY.

Sympathetic Friend—"Can't you do a little something for Conductor Smith, Brown? He has just got to work again after a three month's illness, and is very hard up."

Brown—"Certainly I will. I am always glad to help a fellow-being in distress. I am going up the road tomorrow on his train and I'll pay my fare on the cars instead of buying a ticket."

THE OLD RING.

Tramp—"Please, sir, will you buy this ring? I'm starving. It's my wife's wedding ring—I (breaks down and bursts into tears). Gentleman—"You lying rascal! I bought your wife's wedding ring from you only last week to save you from starvation. You are an impostor!" Tramp—"Not at all, sir. This belongs to my second wife. I was married again last Monday."—*Philadelphia Call.*

POSSIBLY UNWORTHY.

Indigent Young Man—"I would respectfully ask your daughter's hand in marriage, sir."

Rich Father (in indignant surprise)—"What! You want to marry my daughter?"

Indigent Young Man (somewhat flustered)—"Y-yes, sir. W-why not? You don't know anything wrong with her, do you?"

A JOKE.

In a teachers' convention at Dexter, Me., the President, after assigning parts to the schoolmasters, arose and inquired: "Have I embraced all the teachers?" There was a ripple of laughter which broke unmanagingly on the ears of the worthy Chairman. As the *Gazette* puts it, he was "sublimely unconscious." With a puzzled face he again inquired if all the teachers had been embraced. At this point Prof. Allen arose and moved that they all be embraced forthwith. He explained the joke and then the President laughed, although it is pretty hard work to laugh at an explained joke.

IT POSSESSED ITS ADVANTAGES.

A New Yorker, who has always had an idea that he would make a successful farmer, sold out his business last winter and with the proceeds purchased a side-hill farm in Vermont.

Recently a friend, who was paying him a visit, asked him how he was getting on.

"Well," he replied, somewhat dubiously, "agriculturally speaking, things are not panning out as well as I was led to expect, but—and he spoke more hopefully—"the views about here are simply magnificent."—*Harper's Bazar.*

AN UNREASONABLE DICTUM.

Wife—"This letter from mother is dated three days ago. If this is the best the new immediate delivery can do they had better return to the old system."

Husband (who has carried the letter in his pocket two days)—"Don't be unjust, my dear. The system is new yet, and probably not in perfect working order. Give 'em time, my dear—give 'em time."—*N. Y. Sun.*

DOTS AND DASHES.

"The man who went to the country for 'rest and change' says the waiters got most of the change and the landlord the rest.

A MAN LEARNS something by running for an office and being defeated; but the knowledge gained is of a sort that does him no good in any other business.

THERE was a brief but heated contest between a Burlington woman and a book agent the other day. The book agent used expletives and the woman used hot water.

An exchange has an article headed "Boys and Contagion." What the small boy can't catch isn't worth catching, only he doesn't always catch what he deserves.

An exchange has dropped to this: "At Union, Iowa, Mr. Charles Revere and Miss Minnie Flagg have just been married. A union of hearts, a union of hands, and the Flagg of our union for Revere."

It is the best thing a real ignoramus can do is to become a drunkard. Everybody will then observe what a smart man he would be if he would only let whiskey alone, and thousands of lies will be told for his benefit.

A SMALL, brassy statue, with feet of lead, representing a lad sitting asleep on an anchor, has been dug up on the Island of Cyprus. This proves that the telegraph was known to the ancients. Else why should they have telegraph messengers?

A YOUNG man recently called on Dr. Perkins Soonover, of Austin. "Doctor, I am not feeling right. I believe a change of climate would do me good." "Are you the cashier of a bank?" asked the doctor, who is of a suspicious disposition.

THIS meanest man in New Orleans cuts the dry goods advertisements out of the paper before giving it to his wife. He says she wants to go out and buy everything she sees advertised. There are thousands like her; but only one such mean man, so far as heard from.

FRED—I understand that you are going to marry Nell Blencherhasset? You will excuse me, Charles, but what could you see in that girl, Charles? Charley—My dear fellow, her father is immensely rich. Fred—Ah! I see; you take her at her p value.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THERE," said a Washington hotel man, as he read of the railway accident and the burning of the mails near that city, "that accident cost me hundreds of dollars." "Got stuck in the road, I presume." "No, but every Congressman who is out of the city will swear he sent me the amount of his board bill by that mail."