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Over the Way.

There's a nice little woman lives over the way,
Who sits by the window the most of the day;
And I never before knew a maid or a wife
Who led such an easy and indolent life.

"Who is she? What is she?" I often have said;
"Who gives her her clothes, and who gives her bread?
Pray what kind of food does she slowly devour
From the book she is gazing at hour after hour?"

If one from her duty is ready to shirk,
There's always another quite willing to work;
And this I have found is the rule of the day
In that quiet establishment over the way.

He goes to the store for butter and bread,
He kindles the fire and makes up the bed,
He washes the dishes, and sets them away,
And works like a beaver the whole of the day.

Oh, better than any invention I've seen
Is this beautiful, dutiful household machine—
That is never disturbed by a tear or a frown,
And is never wound up, since it never runs down.

She sits by the window, the fair little wife,
And seems to enjoy all the good things of life;
And if any one asked me, I surely should say
That a Woman's Rights woman lived over the way.

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

In August, 1859, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveller like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had plenty of time to get used to snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one of 14,000 feet. I well remember the sensation I felt when I first saw one of those crevasses which seam the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, and tried to gaze down into its terrible depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some 300 feet below, but I believe it was only the effect of perspective, the rent being probably prolonged as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain never to come out alive," said one of my guides.

"True," replied the other; "but I knew one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he lives at Grindlewald. He is a chamois hunter; he was returning home; in descending the crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, beneath his weight when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and an arm broken. Between the earth and the ice he found a hollow place into which a stream was running; crawling along suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and in three hours he was out of the glacier."

Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, but the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then, if ropes long and strong enough are at hand, it is possible to save him from a dreadful death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveller perishes of cold, or falls lower down into the crevasse during the hours which elapse while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian nobleman perished in a glacier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended the Brevent, we now had only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine we started with our guide. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which played below us its surface riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend, and to traverse in zigzags in the midst of numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous, and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes, when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred up our passage. It opened with a length of some sixty yards, and ended upon our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spike of my alpenstock as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in the ice, large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasse below it, and said in a grave tone, "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the aid of my alpenstock I had already got half way up this icy hillock, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole that I had made in the ice; my foot passed it; I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the least projection by which I could hold myself in. The declivity became perpendicular, and fell into the gulf.

I heard the cry of despair of my companion and my guide. My own sensations cannot be described. I was giddy and half-stunned, sent backwards and forwards from one wall of ice to the other, I felt myself descending to a great depth, condemned to be dashed to pieces, to die by a horrible depth. Suddenly something stopped me, I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope! a rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow ledge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively and immediately by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough for me to plant one foot.

Then I heard my companion say above me, "We never hoped to hear your voice again; trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Mantanvert to seek men and ropes; he will come directly."

"If he is long," I replied, "I shall not come up alive."

My position was a terrible one; the thin ledge of ice was so narrow that I could not place both feet on it. I could only support myself on one leg, half resting against one of the ice walls, smooth as a mirror, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice water flowed down upon my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones; above my head I saw the long and narrow streak of the sky round which the mouth of the crevasse formed a frame. The ice, which was of darkest blue color, encirling me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous watercourses streamed down their sides, but in this extent of more than sixty yards I could not see any other projection or obstacle except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking, for one second only, down into the terrible abyss, above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide, lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. I believe if I had fallen but a very few inches on either side from the narrow bridge which had arrested me, I should have been buried and jammed up at a depth where no rope could have reached me. I had remained about twenty minutes in my perilous position, nerves and muscles stretched to the utmost to keep myself there, looking at the sky above my head and at the ice around me, but not daring again to glance into the gulf below. The blood was flowing from a wound I had received in the cheek, and I felt that my right leg, upon which fortunately I was not resting, was severely bruised; the left leg, however, pained by the effort of standing the cold, was beginning to give way. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more benumbed me, the water continued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! Nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice. I was seized with giddiness as a terrible thought crossed my brain.

"He has gone to see if the help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again; there are hundreds such—I am lost!"

I commended my soul to God. My strength was exhausted. I had never given up all hope. I was seized with a desire to let myself fall, and thus put an end to this agony.

At the critical moment, I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, all so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity, God guided him to see a little knapsack which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to him to look at his watch. Five minutes more had elapsed. The cold was becoming more and more intense; the blood was literally freezing in my veins. I called; I asked if there was any one in sight. The guide had started thirty-five minutes ago, and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could return so quickly, as we had taken three-quarters of an hour to get to this spot, and he had to go and return.

I felt that I could hold on but very little longer. The frail support on which my safety alone depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered that I had a strong knife in my pocket, and resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; he implored me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice, high enough for me to reach it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it; then about two feet above the little bridge I dug out a hole sufficiently large for me to put my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall. I was able to raise myself and keep myself firm in this new position. I descended again upon the bridge, and began another notch above the first. I flattered myself that I should thus be able to escape from my prison, but a single slip, a false step, would precipitate me into the abyss.

I was working diligently at my second step, when I heard a joyous cry above me. "Here they are! Three men with ropes—they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower, and tie it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! it is too short!"

"We have another."

That was fastened to the first and let down. I seized the end of it. I bound it strongly around my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began—I was saved. A minute afterward I was standing upon the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had happily lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

When I placed my foot upon firm ground again, an overpowering feeling of deep gratitude to the Almighty who had delivered me in so great a peril filled my breast; I fell on my knees and fainted. When I again became conscious, our party was preparing to start for the Montanvert. Before leaving I wished to cast one last look into the crevasse where I had nearly been buried alive. I saw how completely impossible it would have been for me to get out of it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed me, as I reached it, to lean against the opposite wall, and without that support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to scale this perpendicular wall of ice.

The guide had run to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable for the purpose. In despair he started for Chameunix; when on the way he met two muleteers. Their animals were laden with wood, tied on with ropes, which he implored them to give him to save a poor traveler who had fallen into a crevasse. These good people at once unloaded their mules, and came with the guide to my assistance. Tying them together—there were three—the ropes reached the depth of thirty to forty yards, where I had been arrested in my fall.

Assisted by my deliverers, I was able to reach Montanvert, where, in a good bed, and with my bruises attended to, I had leisure to dream about the danger from which I had escaped, and the remembrance of which often haunts me both sleeping and waking. I trust that future travelers, profiting by my experience, will not run the risk of penetrating into the midst of these icy regions without providing themselves with axes and ropes, and especially with a first confidence in God's goodness, the surest of supports, and the best safeguard here below.

The Ancient Fenians.

In the early history of Scotland and Ireland, a tribe of Celtic warriors stand forth pre-eminent by their bold adventures and warlike deeds. The scenes of their exploits received names still perpetuated in the topography of both countries, and the exploits themselves became the theme of many poems, and romances. Finn Mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole) was one of these warriors, and their most famous commander. According to Irish annals, he lived and died in the third century of the Christian era. So great was his renown that these Gaelic warriors, who had previously been designated by various names, barbarous to our English ears, were henceforth known as Feinne, Finna, or Fenians; and such were celebrated in the legendary history of Scotland and Ireland. They seem eventually to have constituted a kind of established militia, whose duty it was in the words of an old historian, "to defend the country against foreign and domestic enemies, to support the right and succession of their kings, and to be ready upon the shortest notice for any surprise or emergency of the state."

These meagre historical details give one little idea of the amount of Fenian literature which still exists in ancient Gaelic manuscripts. One of its most accurate and learned students has computed that, were all the Fenian poems and legends published, they would fill three thousand closely printed large quarto pages,

To enter the ancient Fenian order, "every soldier must swear that without regard to fortune he would choose a wife for her virtue, her courtesy, and her good manners; that he would never offer violence to a woman; that as far as he could he would relieve the poor; and that he would not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation. Every soldier must be well acquainted with twelve books of poetry, and be able to compose verses. He must also run well, and defend himself when in flight. To try his activity, he was made to run through a wood, having a tree's breadth, and the whole of the Fenians pursuing him; if he was overtaken or wounded in the wood he was refused, as too sluggish and unskillful to fight with honor among such valiant troops.

"He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; able also to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Without stopping or lessening his speed, he must be able to draw a thorn out of his foot. Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity."

These are some of the qualifications given to us by an ancient historian, who naively adds: "So long as these forms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad." What would become of our modern Fenians were such qualifications now required? — *Prof. Seelye, in Scribner's Monthly for March.*

DON PIATT writes about an auction of the contents of dead letters: "As the rude auctioneer held each article in the dim light, and coarsely cried it off, I could not help to think of the fingers that had worked, and the heart that had throbbed over the token of affection, and remembered that it had failed of its destination, and was being sold for filthy lucre to this motley crowd. Two-thirds of these evidences of remembering love came from women. The fact is, during my stay, I did not see one that could positively be ascribed to a man. To a woman's busy fingers, and to a women's heart could the work be attributed, and also to a woman's ignorance or carelessness, probably, in addressing, is due the fact that the work miscarried."

AN Indiana paper announces that Hon. W. H. Holman is to be the next Democratic candidate for Governor of his State, and Hon. D. W. Voorhees for the Senate, while Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks will have the entire Indiana delegation in his favor for President, in the next Democratic National Convention.

Maddening Mechanism of Thought.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stand them, madness makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clinking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled forehead. If we can only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the overtired organ. Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the strings that hold the weights, blow up the internal machine with gunpowder. What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest, that this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos, that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath, that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has to utter but his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor. Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons where neither hook, nor bar, nor bedcord, nor drinking vessels from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remember that — the kind city fathers — and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust among the works of this horrid automaton, and check them or alter the rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery. Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium, they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, after its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.—*Exchange.*

A Real Rat Story.

A London (Canada), paper says: The most exciting rat chase we have heard of for some time has been going on in Sparks street for some days past. Mr. Offord was terribly annoyed by the destructive little brutes, and had lost a great deal of his stock by them, and seeing a receipt for banishing the pests, he tried it. The plan was simply to spread some kind of a drug on the floor near their runs, where they would get it on their feet. The drug burns like caustic, and they lick it off and get it into their mouths. Mr. Offord was astonished to find that in a short time he hadn't a rat about his premises. Dr. Brown across the road, however, found that his stock had increased to an alarming extent. Mr. Offord gave him his receipt for banishing them, and drove the hungry little brutes into Mr. Alfred Brown's house. Mr. Brown saw with astonishment the terrible plague that had come on him and sat up at night to kill the brutes. An idea of their numbers may be formed from the fact that he killed sixteen one night in his room. After he was tormented for a couple of days, Mr. Offord gave him the receipt, and he soon got rid of them, and they retired on Mr. McCormick's flour-store. He has got rid of them also, and Mr. Champness has now got the whole of them. It is the intention of parties who know the receipt to drive the rats into Lower Town. A couple of weeks will be sufficient, and they will cross the canal some fine night and walk into the Metropolitan, and their entry will be as triumphant as that of the Germans into Paris.

A MAN of unblemished character was a candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting, an elector got up and said:

"I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me by a direct *yes* or *no*, like an honest man?"

"Undoubtedly I will,"

A most incautious promise, as the reader will say.

"Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman *who killed his washerwoman?*"

What was the poor man to say? What *yes* or *no* could answer the question? He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labors under the grave imputation, in many people's minds, of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

JOHN HESS, who had been confined in the jail at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, escaped a few nights since, and immediately went to Neenah, his former home; thence he went to the home of his divorced wife and murdered her, first shooting her, and then cutting her throat from ear to ear. The murderer then repaired to his brother's house and hid in the attic. An effort was made to arrest him, when he shot himself through the head.

THE Joint High Commission were cordially received by the President.

The Struggle for Food.

One calm day, as we were lying at anchor off the shore of Florida, a long, devious band of ripples was observed contrasting sensibly with the still water of the Gulf. Eventually it approached, and proved to consist of myriads of small fishes—young "sardines." Here was a wonderful illustration of the maxim, "Eat and be eaten." First, the spawn of these small fishes is hatched upon the surface of the sea, and forthwith acres of forms live, move, and have their being—gregariously, and almost as one mass of animation. So uniform and simultaneous are their movements, they seem like the result of one impulse. Large fishes, the Jacks, so called, make vigorous onslaughts among them, and carry many captive. The dash and uniform simultaneous movement of a squad of Jacks as they make a raid upon these solid columns of sardinian infantry are interesting to witness. The sardines are continually leaping out of the water to escape their enemies, presenting in the sunlight their sparkling silver sides, and attracting the attention of the watchful sea-fowl. This vast animated patch soon became a scene of the greatest interest. As the "streaky fingers of the morn" began to fade, and the sun rays to glisten on the silvery wings of the flying fish, and glow in iridescence on the rippling masses, the brown pelicans drop from their roost and come flapping heavily toward the scene. Fluttering for an instant over the prey, down he plunges, with open, dip-net bill, resting on the water to adjust the game in his capacious pouch. The laughing-gull—inglorious bird!—with eager and accustomed eye, hovering near, essays to help himself, and, *nolens volens*, settles on poor Pelec's head—a head, albeit, none of the smallest, but one amply rotund and roomy. Now is the moment of his discontent. As the fish is tossed to bring it right end down, the gull adroitly snaps it away, laughing his derisive *ha, ha!* as he goes. The pelican seems to submit to it as an inevitable operation, and makes no resistance, but flaps heavily up again to renew his search. Meantime the lazy gull is brought to grief, even in the midst of his hilarity. The war-hawk is on his track. Listening and ogling from the neighboring shore, he spies when he can leave his roost to profitable purpose. The exultant laughter of the gull soon gives place to shrill cries of alarm. The war bird, conscious of his power, bears a weary eye; cautious, and sure of his mark. The weaker darts fitfully in zigzag lines, striving with all his power to escape. Fatigue and fear prevail, and losing faith, he lets the choice morsel drop. Down darts the hawk; clutching the prey ere it reaches the sea, he soars straightway to the nearest roost. So the struggle for existence goes on.

THE DANGER of wearing false hair is illustrated in a new and forcible way by the recent experience of a Massachusetts dame. Fancying that her natural charms required enhancement, she innocently purchased one of those mysterious and tail-like appendages for the female head known, we believe, by the technical name of "switches." It was a "switch," equally beautiful and becoming, and for a brief space all was hair and happiness. But presently Madam began to feel an unpleasant sensation about the throat every time she assumed the foreign locks—in point of fact, a choke. She would, in her own striking and piscatorial language, "get as red as a boiled lobster, and gasp like a porpoise" dreadful symptoms which disappeared as soon as the "switch" was removed. What was this mystery no mortal could explain, Madam, being a true Boston woman, called a "medium," and the "medium" called a spirit from the vasty deep. Then did that spirit unfold a long and excursive tale which, condensed, was to the effect that "she was the woman from whose head the hair had been cut, just after she was—hung?"—and that a choke would always attend the wearing of that particular switch. Furthermore, this instructive spirit observed that all false hair retained more or less of the personality of its original owner, and that this was the cause of much insanity and many criminal idiosyncracies in women. — Which is an explanation rather more startling than lucid.

A Story of the Bells.

The bells of the Cathedral at Limerick were cast by an Italian, and placed in the campanile of a convent in Florence. He had put his heart into his work, and believed his bells the most melodious in the world. During the wars between Francis I. and Charles V. he lost all his sons, and his wife soon after dying from excess of grief, the Italian went to Mantua, and during his absence the bells were carried off. When he returned and found them gone he was heart-broken, for they were then his only consolation. He determined to wander over the earth until he recovered them; and so, staff in hand, he set out upon his almost hopeless pilgrimage. One summer day after sunset, in 1559, as the tale is told, a gray-haired man was seen in a boat on the Shannon. Listless and despondent, he took no notice of any thing until the bells of the Cathedral pealed out on the soft evening air. He was young again. He recognized his long-lost and long-sought bells; and lifting his hand in gratitude to Heaven, his soul went forth with a prayer on his lips.

THE *Journal des Debats* says that during the three years allowed for the payment of the war indemnity, 50,000 Prussian troops will occupy Champagne, exercising the right of recognition and living at the expense of the French Government. If the payment is completed before the time expires, Champagne will be immediately evacuated.

Woman's rights—Husbands.

High training—Haughty-culture.

Operatic refreshment—High-screams.

A signal failure—A railway accident.

In mixed society, a clean hand often carries off the palm.

The London Gazette is the oldest newspaper published in English in the world.

The most troublesome sort of tenant is that which the landlord can get no quarter from.

London has 316 newspapers, 21 daily, and 216 weeklies. It has 473 periodical publications.

In London workmen are carried on the railroads, ten miles, once a day each way for a week for twenty-five cents.

A manufacturer of rat poison in Paris is said to have committed suicide on account of the annihilation of his trade.

There are 27,000 more males than females in the population of Minnesota, or a masculine excess of about 12 per cent.

A Boston bank President has gained notoriety by carefully turning up his vest several inches when at his desk to keep it from wearing out.

An aeronaut has discoverd that a woman's voice is audible at a height of two miles, while a man's voice has never been heard higher than a mile.

It is estimated that 230,000 persons live on the banks of the Merrimac River, and, to a great extent, are dependent upon it for motive power for their factories and workshops.

According to an English jeweler, "the United States have for several years absorbed, and do still absorb, all the diamonds of first-rate quality that come to the European market."

Charcoal and marsh hay, skillfully compounded with a chest of ordinary tea, will increase its bulk to fifteen chests. This compound is sold in the Wisconsin pineries to stimulate the wood-choppers.

A man in Ossian, Iowa, was to be married on the evening of the 1st inst., but died on that day. The lady to whom he was engaged attended the funeral in what was to have been her wedding dress.

Capt. Hall, of the steam-ship *James A. Gary*, reports a huge water spout in Hatteras Inlet, and says the water came down in one solid sheet, and in its descent struck a flock of wild geese, killing all of them instantly.

Three or four months ago an Italian fisherman climbed Vesuvius and threw himself into the burning crater. Since then five or six Neapolitans have committed suicide in the same way, and the plan threatens to become fashionable.

A Florence paper says of the American ladies there: "These ladies are so handsome, these girls so lovely, that if one but sees them, or, still worse, if one enters into conversation with them, one cannot help falling in love at once with the New World."

During the siege of Paris all the German batteries scattered around the city, were connected with Headquarters by telegraph communications. The telegraph stations were bomb-proof, and the operators were plentifully supplied with cotton wherewith to stop their ears, during the bombardment.

A terrible warning is conveyed in the statement that a young lady in Missouri, to test the truth of the stories concerning chignons being infested with insects that eat into the scalp, immersed her headgear in hot water, and was somewhat startled to find the surface covered with hundreds of jute bugs in a moment.

The Naval Paymaster in San Francisco appeals for contributions in aid of the families of the men who perished while making the trip from Ocean Island to Honolulu in the gig of the United States steamer Saginaw, to secure assistance for the wrecked crew. Two of the men left families of little children wholly unprovided for.

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend, "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

"What are you drawing, Anna?" "I'se makin' your pictur'." So the gentleman sat very still and she worked away earnestly for a while. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said: "Tain't a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

This thing of wealthy gentlemen educating young girls, designing to marry them some time, ought to be stopped. A rich man in Oshkosh, Wis., educated a young lady with the intention of making her his wife. The wedding day was near at hand, when a young lover took her from the church, where she was attending service last Sabbath, and they were speedily made one, and set off to an Eastern home, leaving the elderly lover to console himself as best he might.

During the trial of a famous divorce case, now pending in Philadelphia, one of the lawyers in his argument said something about a witness named Kelly, when that individual sang out: "You're a liar," Keily was arraigned for contempt of court, until his counsel ingeniously explained that Kelly meant no contempt of court, but that he was so carried away by the sweet dulcet strains of Mr. Cassidy's voice that he involuntarily exclaimed, "You are a *tyre!*" thereby intending to compare Mr. Cassidy to that delightful Irish musical instrument.

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