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WINTER AND I.

When dimpled Spring, with her fair, childish hands,
Pordripping with their wealth of pleasant rain,
Led, timid, forth her flocks in flowery bands
To pasture on the plain,
Kneeling, I peered beneath her silvery veil,
Whose folds but half concealed her fitful charms)
And whispered low: "Sweet Shepherdess pale,
Come, nestle in my arms!"
Heeding me not, like some faint-imaged dream,
The Spring passed solemnly from vale and stream.

The Summer with maturer beauty flush'd
Stepped thro' the gate immortal, flowerladen;
And, where the drowsy waters dimly gushed,
I met the laughing maiden.
Crowned with the glorious sunlight, and entwined
Her slender arms with diamonds of the dew,
I said: "My beautiful, be mine, be mine,
I have no loves save you!"
Looking askance thro' garlands fair and gay
Golden Summer pass'd unwon away.

Forth trailed the Autumn in her sombre gown,
Like spectral nun that ever walks and grieves,
Telling her solemn rosary of brown
And withered, dropping leaves.
I met the virgin in the sacred place
Where Nature builds her moss-enameled shrine,
Won by the glamor of her hooded face,
I cried: "Be mine, be mine!"
Folding her robe, as injured vestal might,
The Autumn faded from my longing sight.

Thro' paths unsheltered from the bitter blast,
With crown of icy mould and sceptre grim
The Winter, sorrowful and worn, at last
Comes with a plaintive hymn.
Her hollow eye doth secret terror strike
Into the fettered streams that once were free:
"O Winter! you and I are old alike.
Come and repose with me!"
In close embrace upon the snowy heather
Winter and I lie sadly down together!

VARIETIES.

A motto for young lovers: So-fa and no father.

Wanted to divide fairly—The Englishman who took his half-a-davit.

One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four-quart jug is because it holds a gallon.

Presence of mind is a great thing. A man, whose wife was attacked by a cross dog, promptly crawled under the steps and did not get hurt at all.

The married ladies of a Western city have formed a Come-home-husband-Club. It is about four feet long and has a brush on the end.

"The latest novelty in Paris is perfumed hats." Such head gear should be popular among the Fenians. They would make good Head Scenters.

He has an irritating skin disease. Mrs. Partington says "the charlotte russe wore out all over him, and if he hadn't broke the Injun beads as an omelet, it would doubtless have cultivated fatally."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Sure an' I will," replied Mick, "but what will I tell him if I don't mate him."

A Chicago youth went back on his engagement because he overheard his sweetheart say that she had been folded in the arms of Morpheus. They are not very classic out there, but they are virtuous.

"It is strange," muttered a young man to be staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt, good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

Here is a model verdict of a coroner's jury: "We do believe, after due inquiries, and according to our best knowledge, that we do not know how, when, and where the said infant came to its death."

A little Chicago four-year-old created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was stuck when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

An old woman who was crossing the ferry had a narrow escape from being run over by a team. "I am not at all superstitious," she says to her rescuer, "but it has always seemed to me that it would be very unlucky to be killed by a beast."

A prominent judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion he received his friends in the dooryard with a cheerful smile. "Be careful, my dear," said the [illegible] "don't [illegible]"

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

My father died when I was closing my twenty-first year, leaving me the full charge of a delicate sister, and an affectionate, but much afflicted mother. He was taken ill suddenly, and before we realized the truth of our situation, he was gathered to the home of his forefathers.

For some ttenty years previous to his death, he had held the position of paying teller in the —— Bank, discharging his duties to the ultimate satisfaction of his employers, and the pleasure of his fellow employees. He had, out of a liberal salary, besides keeping us always in moderate 'style,' purchased a neat little home in Harlem, and thither we moved from the more fashionable thoroughfare of the city. So on this home and my rather scant salary depended our whole subsistence.

I held the position of clerk in the counting-room of Hudliffe, Ruff & Co. I had, as it were, grown up in the business, and my employers liked me so much so, that they at one time placed in me a confidence which strangely affected my after life.

One bright spring morning, two years after my father's death, I was seated at my desk, adding upon a large column of figures. Mr. Hudliffe entered the room, walked up to my desk, coughed a few times—he was afflicted with Asthma—and accosted me thus:

'Well, Charlie, how would you like to have a trip to Europe?'

'First rate, Mr. Hudliffe,' I replied.—'To what part of Europe do you refer?'

'England.'

The false thought occurred to me that he might have entertained the benevolent idea of giving me a three months vacation, and a return ticket.

'The very place on earth I desire most to see.'

'Why so, Charlie?'

'Because it was once the home of my father.'

Apparently, Mr. Hudliffe became affected at my answer, for he wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and I thought I beheld a tear, but no, it is impossible, I thought again, for rich men seldom shed tears.

'The reason I ask you,' he continued, is simply this: You know we have a branch house in London.'

'Yes, sir.'

'This house has not turned out satisfactorily during the past year, so that we entertain some doubts as to the honesty of its managers, and intend sending some reliable person to look over the books and find where lies the deficiency. I have talked it over with Mr. Ruff, and we have come to the conclusion that we will send you.'

'My mother?'

'She can get along without you. She can draw your salary, and more, if necessary. Of course we defray your expenses.'

'How long shall I be away?'

'Not more than one year.'

'I will consult mother.'

'I must have a decisive answer to-morrow,' he said, and then quietly walked away.

That evening I acquainted mother with the whole interview.

'Charlie,' said she, in her usual affectionate way, 'it is hard to part, but I think it prudent that you go. It is a kind offer which many would gladly accept, and if you refuse, Mr. Hudliffe may be displeased.'

It was a sad parting. I felt as I kissed both good-bye, that it might be our last meeting on earth.

Strange—mother bore it better than I. She was calm and thoughtful: My sister, little delicate creature, sobbed and cried aloud. I thought her heart would break.

Then she suddenly ceased, as though all her tears had flown, a still sad expression overspread her face, and she passionately exclaimed:

'God bless you! Good bye.'

I hastened away, but that sad farewell sounded in my ears as a death-knell, and over and anon that pale face haunted me.

Two weeks passed by, and I was in the great English capital. I instantly telegraphed to my mother and sister, as had been their wish ere I started, informing them of my safe arrival, and next day I mailed a sheet of foolscap containing a full account of my voyage. I then went straight to business, with a consciousness of having performed my duty so far.

Gradually I became acquainted with all the employees, meanwhile bearing in mind my mother's advice "not to be too hasty in forming an acquaintance with strangers." But there was one exception to this rule—one whom I took a liking to at first sight. That was Frank Lesling, the cashier.

He was a young man of about five and twenty, possessing a nut-brown hair, full blue eyes, almost womanish in their expression, a clear complexion, and commanding stature.

A mutual good feeling sprang up between us at first sight, which gradually [illegible] a fast friendship.

He boarded at the Clifford house, and consequently I found there. All our spare hours were spent together, in quiet rambles about the city, though the parks and we frequently went out among the suburbs.

'I have never told you, Charlie,' said Frank, as we were quietly home from [illegible] evening, 'that I have a sister, a sister, and a noble little lass is she [illegible]'

'Well, I have; and as my vacation comes off next week, what say you about joining me, and having a three weeks' retreat from the rush and turmoil of the city?'

'Agreed upon,' I replied.

The next week found us in a neat little vine-clad cottage in the village of B——.

Mr. Lesling was a middle-aged man, of a genial turn of mind, pleasant, jovial, and talkative. He welcomed me as the particular friend of his son.

'I have longed to see you,' said he, 'from the warm way in which Frank spoke of you in his letters.'

In a few minutes his daughter entered, and some how—I never afterward could remember how—I found myself shaking hands with her.

Fannie Lesling was to my eyes beautiful—yes, more than beautiful—a complexion clear as alabaster, set in a profusion of the blackest, glossiest hair imaginable, which seemed to vie in color with her large eyes: a graceful form, and sweet voice—this is all I can remember of how she looked then.

'We have heard much about you,' she said, as we were seated at the tea-table 'Frank's letters always rang in praises of you.'

'Frank has been overrating me,' I replied.

That evening we strolled down the beach. Mr. Lesling and Frank were engaged in earnest conversation about something; in fact, I cared not what. I was attention itself to Fannie's sweet voice, as she related many pleasing incidents about the fishermen, or commented on the beauties of B——, for to her eyes there was no place more beautiful. And I learned to think so before our vacation closed.

As I retired that night I felt altogether differently to how I had ever felt in my life at once—thoughtful, joyous, sad.

'What is the matter, Charlie?' asked Frank as we parted for the night.

'Nothing,' I replied, meanwhile blushing to the ears. 'Only I was thinking of home.'

After a three weeks' vacation, pleasantly occupied in music, instrumental and vocal—Fanny was highly accomplished—moonlight strolls on the beach, quiet chats beneath the arbor, and occasional drives way back into the country, I found myself engaged—yes, engaged—two months more and Fanny would become my wife.

'Those months seem so long, dearest Fanny,' I said, as Frank and I were about returning to the city.

'No, Charlie,' she replied, with all that patience characteristic of women, 'they will seem short, and then we will go and see your dear mother and sick sister.—Whom I will love and nurse for your sake.'

I had been but two days in the city, when I received a letter from mother telling me that my sister grew weaker, and that the doctor had but little hopes of her recovery. She entreated that I should bear it patiently, that Mr. Hudliffe was over-kind to her, giving her all the money she needed, and that I should stop in London until I heard from her again.

I immediately answered her letter, requesting that she would telegraph to me once every week in relation to my sister's health.

Two months more, and I was again once more in B——. It was our wedding day.

I thought Fanny looked more lovely than ever as she took a seat in the carriage with her father. One hour more and our lives were as one.

The honeymoon passed pleasantly away, and I was in the city again. I received a telegraphed dispatch; it ran as follows:

"CHARLIE—Come home as soon as possible. Your sister has been buried today. HUDLIFFE."

Could I believe my eyes as I read the cruel words, 'Your sister has been buried to-day.' I thought it was a dream—hoped so—but no, there was the cold, stern reality.

Next day, Mr. Lesling, Fanny, and I—after affectionately bidding Frank good-bye, but for a short time—stepped on board the "City of ——," bound for New York.

"Then, and only then, did the difficulty present itself. How was I to explain matters to mother? I had married without her consent—without even acquainting her of it. But Fanny's lovely face would be an able counseller in my behalf, and I became confident of receiving pardon.

* * * * * * * *

'My daughter, Mr. Hudliffe,' said mother, as that gentleman entered the cosy parlor of our little house in Harlem.

Mr. Hudliffe gazed at her earnestly.—I thought I beheld a few tears trickle down his cheeks. Yes, in reality, there they were.

'She strongly resembles one who was once a very near and dear friend of mine,' he said, as he seated himself by me.

'Fanny——'

'What! Fanny, did you say?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied, calmly, 'that is her name.'

'Great God! 'tis she!' he exclaimed.

Mr. Hudliffe bowed down his head, and sobbing from his past addressed him as follows:

'My dear sir, Fannie is not my child, though I have always loved her as such. How I deserve punishment of her to-day is due;

'It was a bitter cold night in mid winter. The winds howled, and the waves [illegible] the shore. The night was pitch dark. Suddenly there was heard a gun—the signal of distress and all the seafaring men in our village convened, to decide what was best to be done.

'I few boats were launched, manned by skillful hands, but only to be washed back again on shore by the desperate waves.

'Presently there was another boom from the gun—a light was visible in the distance—and then all was still. The winds calmed as though their cruel work was over—too late! The ship dashed against a rock, and almost instantly sank

'The boats—quick!' resounded from every mouth. They were launched once more We pulled toward the wreck, but no use—all had gone below.

'We were about to return, when I thought I beheld something on the surface of the water, and on pulling toward it, we found a sailor and a lady clinging to a plank. We hastly took them ashore, and into my house, where the sailor expired in a few minutes afterward, and the lady, after giving birth to a baby, swooned away never to awake.

'We learned from an engagement ring which she wore on her finger that her name was Fanny, so we named her baby so, and here she is.'

'The name of the vessel?' cried Mr. Hudliffe.

'A——'

'The year?'

'Eighteen——'

'Now the ring and everything is complete?'

'Here it is, sir,' said Fanny, meanwhile taking the precious gem off her finger and handing it to Mr. Hudliffe.

He viewed it carefully for a few moments, his eyes full of tears.

'Tis she!' he cried. 'Five-and-twenty years ago I gave this to Fanny Gilford, as a testimony of my love. One year afterword, and we became as husband and wife. She was the only daughter of a wealthy lawyer, and I was an humble store clerk on a moderate salary. Her father swore vengence on me; and she being under age, I was forced to leave the country and seek a new home here. When I thought my income was sufficient to sustain two, I wrote for her, but her father forbade her answer my letter. I secured a passage in the ill-fated A'——, and through the services of an old friend of mine in London, she affected her escape. I watched and waited as long as there was any hope left, but the 'A——' never reached the shore. You know the rest.'

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Hudliffe felt overjoyed to find a daughter, even though as the wife of one of his clerks. And Fanny now rules, queen of her father's mansion.

☞ Old Mr. Thorp went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of a quarter to twelve o'clock, and found the room unlighted and his daughter and a very dear friend, one of the dual form of garmenture variety, occupying the *tete a-tete* in the corner.

"Evangeline," the old man said sternly, "this is scandalous."

"Yes, papa," she answered, sweetly, "it's candleless because times are so hard and lights costs so much that Ferdinand and I said we would try and get along with just the starlight."

And the old gentleman turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper.

☞ A young woman was seen standing with a very perplexed air at one of the street letter-boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron pillar, and obtaining no response she passed round to the opposite side, and raising the cover of the slit in which the letters are placed she applied her mouth to the aperture and called out, (or in;)

"Can you let me have a postage stamp if ye please?'

☞ Little Billy was very cross and tired the other night, and he wanted his father to take him on his knee: but his father was tired, or pretended to be.

"I want you to hold me on your knee,' he whined.

"I tell you I cannot do it, I am tired, replied his father impatiently.

"Tired! You wasn't very tired last night when you held Mary on your knee in the kitchen."

☞ A gentlemen in Cincinnati, who have a newly married son residing in New York, received lately the following telegram—

"New York, November 17. Dear Father; Marie gave birth to two twins this morning. All well—John."

Reply;—"Cincinnati, November 17. To John—Dear son—I congratulate you. "Give us a fair count—Father."

☞ May they always live in peace and harmony," was the way a Yankee marriage notice should have wound up; but the printer, who couldn't read manuscript very well, put in type and horrified the happy couple by wishing to read them—

"May they always live in [illegible] and [illegible]"

[illegible]

☞ That is a treatment which applies when you want to sleep on your guard.

Change for a Bank Note.

Archie Norton was a happy man that evening. He was paying his last visit to Marian Gilbert, who was to become Marian Norton to-morrow.

As the two sat together in the twilight, murmuring delicious words of joy and hope, they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the announcement that two gentlemen wished to see Mr. Norton immediately.

'Tell them they must wait till another time,' said Archie; 'that I am particularly engaged at present.'

'But I was to say, sir, if you please, that the business is very pressing, and they must see you.'

With an impatient gesture archie followed the servant into the hall, where he found himself confronted by two rough-looking men.

'Mr. Norton, I suppose?' one of them accosted him.

Archie bowed assent, adding with a touch of haughtiness, a request to be informed of the object of their visit.

'It's along o' that missing money,' replied the man, curtly.

It is necessary to explain that a packet of bank notes, brought by a depositor a few days before to the bank in which Archie Norton was a clerk, had disappeared mysteriously from the receiving teller's desk, and though the most thorough search had been made, no trace was found of the lost money.

Suspicion pointed naturally to some of the employees, but fastened upon no particular one. All that could be done under the circumstances to procure a complete description of the notes from the depositor, who, fortunately, had preserved a memorandum of their denominations and numbers, and to keep strict watch through all available channels, with a view to discovering by whom any of them might be put in circulation.

'The missing money!' exclaimed Archie; 'has any clew been gained of it?'

'There has,' the man answered, 'and you're wanted right away.'

Archie had been among the most active in efforts to solve the mystery, and expressed his readiness to accompany his visitors at once, and render all the aid in his power, asking them to wait till he should step in and excuse his absence.

'Quite impossible,' said the spokesman of the two, in a low dogged tone, at the same time placing his hand on Archie's arm and leading him out of ear-shot. 'Can't suffer you out of our sight, you see.'

'Can't suffer me out of your sight?'

'No; seein' as you're our prisoner.'

'Your—your prisoner!' the young man gasped, stupefied with amazement.

'Yes; and unless you want to make a scene,' rejoined the other, 'the very best thing you can do is to come along quietly.'

'But what is the charge?' ashed Archie; 'surely I am not suspected'—

'We don't suspect nothing,' interrupted the officer, 'that isn't our business, which is only to take your body.'

Seeing further parley was useless, with what composure he could command, Archie, arter bidding the servant explain to Miss Gilbert that urgent business called him away suddenly, accompanied his custodians in silence.

At the police office he learned that a note which he had paid out that evening had been identified as one of those stolen from the bank, which fact led to his present arrest.

A search was then made of the prisoner, in whose pocket book was found a number of bank notes, every one of which was proved, by its number and other distinctive features, to belong to the missing packet.

At this revelation Archie Norton stood overwhelmed and speechless. The stunning force with which the blow had fallen bereft him of all power to make an explanation, if, indeed, he had any to offer.

Next morning I received a summons from the prisoner, with whom I had been on terms of friendly intercourse, and one of whose wedding guests I was to be. I found him in his cell, in a half-dazed, bewildered state.

'Surely,' I said, 'you must be able to account for your possession of the notes found upon you.'

'Certainly I am,' he answered; 'I get them yesterday from my uncle's executor, Mr. Gordon, in payment of a legacy. I was too much confused last night to mention that.'

'Mr. Gordon is a very methodical man of business,' I replied, 'and may be able to identify the notes he paid you. In that case the affair will be easily cleared up; for no one will suspect Mr. Gordon, and if he remembers from whom he received the notes, not only will your innocence be established, but a clew may be gained to the discovery of the real culprit.'

'By-the-way,' I added, 'in what company were you [illegible] the money from Mr. Gordon?'

'In Ralph Grayson's,' he answered.

'Indeed!' I said, a little [illegible] Ralph Grayson, a fellow [illegible] Archie's, had been his friend [illegible] the hand of Marian Gilbert, for [illegible]

lations had been very far from friendly. 'Then you and he have become reconciled?'

'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'he came home with me yesterday, and remained till I started on my visit to Marian.'

'Where was your pocket book meantime?'

'Why, in my pocket, of course,' said Archie, looking quite astonished at the question.

'All the time?' I continued

'All the time,' he answered—'that is, all except a few minutes that I was in my bedroom changing my dress. I had taken out my pocket book just before to consult a paper, and laid it on my sitting-room table.'

'And Grayson was then in the sitting-room?'

'Certainly, but why do you ask? You do not think, surely'—

'I think nothing at present,' I replied, and encouraging my friend to hope for the best, took my leave.

My first step was to ascertain the numbers and description of the notes found in Archie's possession; the next to call on Mr. Gordon.

'You paid Mr. Norton some money yesterday,' I began.

'I did,' was the answer.

'Did you keep a memorandum of the numbers and the denominations of those notes?'

'It is my invariable custom,' said Mr. Gordon, 'and I followed it in this instance.'

'Then you will be able to tell whether this is a correct list and description of them,' I continued, handing to Mr. Gordon a memorandum of the notes found on Archie.

After consulting his book, he shook his head.

'No; these are not the notes.'

My first hope was dashed, but I had still another.

'Will you suffer me to take a copy of the description of the notes you did pay Mr. Norton?' I asked.

The permission was given and the copy made.

Now for hope number two.

That evening found me in social companionship with Ralph Grayson. We had not been intimate heretofore, for Ralph was of a disposition too secretive and selfish to admit of much cordiality between us. For once, however, we got along famously. Ralph was in gleeful mood, notwithstanding his friend's trouble.

'Poor Archie!' he said, 'it's a very ugly case they have against him.'

'I am afraid he is guilty,' continued Ralph.

'It certainly looks so at present,' I answered. 'By the way,' I added, carelessly, 'could you obliged me with change for a twenty-dollar bill, Mr. Grayson?'

Mr. Grayson could and did, in the shape of four fives. I excused myself to my companion, and took my leave as soon as I could without rudeness.

On examining the four bills received from Grayson, I found them to correspond exactly with four of those described in Mr. Gordon's memorandum of the notes he had paid to Archie. Hope number two was realized, and the problem solved!

I had previously learned from Archie that he had paid out no money between the time of receiving the sum from Mr. Gordon, and that at which he separated from Grayson; and that the note which led to his arrest he had paid at a jeweler's, while on his way to visit Marian, for a ring which was to figure in the coming ceremony. It was clear now that Ralph Grayson had embraced the opportunity offered him of replacing the contents of Archie's pocket book with an equal quantity of the stolen money, without reflecting that that means might exist of tracing and identifying the former.

Acting on this conviction, I lost no time in procuring a warrant for Grayson's apprehension, in whose possession most of the purloined notes were found; and, within a brief space, he was in Archie's cell, and the latter was at Marian's side, consoling her for the hours of bitter suffering she had passed on his account.

☞ A debtor severely questioned as to the reason for his not paying a just debt, replied, 'Solomon was a very wise man, and Samson a very strong one, but neither of them could pay his debts without money.'

☞ In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject.

☞ An Illinois editor has struck upon a novel idea. When he [illegible] going around without [illegible] to republish it, he [illegible] ejaculate and goes [illegible]

JOSH BILLINGS TAKES THE FLOOR.

Truth can take care of itself, but a lie has got to be watched as careful as a sore thumb.

Misery loves company, but is always jealous. There never was a man yet but what thought his lame back was a good deal lamer than anybody else's.

The sovereign mistake is that things are valued for what they have cost, and not for what they are worth.

There are lots of things in this world that the half of them is worth more than the whole.

It is the truth in nature that makes it so pleasing and powerful.

There is this great advantage that an honest man has—he always gets credit for his blunders.

Adversity binds men together; prosperity separates them.

It is a good thing to laugh every chance we can get; but laughing is a weakness, and there are few things that men tire of quicker and remember with more disgust than too much laughter.

The only way to whip adversity is face to face; a running fight is always disasterous.

The hardest man in this world to cheat is the man who never cheats himself.

Necessity is the very best gift of Heaven; without it mankind would only be a herd of loafers.

If there is any difference between prophesying and guessing, it is in the favor of the guessing, for the man who guesses has no reputation at stake.

One quarrelsome dog will demoralize all the curs in the neighborhood.

There is no man so gifted by nature he can with impunity deride the faith of the lowly.

God looks at the intention; man looks at the result.

Independence is a good thing, and independent poor men are as plenty as independent rich ones.

Young men, get as many friends as you can, but have but few intimates.

Intimacies want as much watching as a tame coon does.

Character should furnish a man with his habits; not habits with his character.

It is more of an art to conceal our innocence than to display our knowledge.

HE WANTED FULL WEIGHT.

A sharp-nosed darkey entered an officer in the James' Block, and enquired:

'Is dis hear one one of do magirtration courts?.

'Yes,' replied the occupant.

'Den I likes for ter git me out a possess-warrint, ef yes pleeze, sah.'

'What do you want to possess on, old man?'

'De off-hine leg ob dis hear white man's mule up hyar tat de cole yahd.'

'How is that?'

'Well, sah, you kno' I bought a load ob cole up dar dis mornin?'

'Yes.

'Well, dey loads up do cole and weighs it on dese hyar ondergroun' steelyards.'

'Yes, of course.'

'Well, a pusson buys de full weight, don't he?'

'Certainly.'

'Den dat 'side case. When he way dat cole fer me de off-hine leg ob dat mule was on de steelyards floor, and I lost about forty pounds ob cole. [illegible] I kin take dat hine leg on de [illegible] warrint.'

'You can't do that.'

'I can't; den what I gwine to do?—Kaze, Lookie heah, boss, de heah thing must stop somewhar, else dat dar stiddy rites bill is gotter be fotch up in Kongress agin!' and he went off cheek full of indignation and cussin.'—*Atlanta (Ga.) Herald.*

☞ A witness for the prosecution in a murder case was thus questioned by his honor:

'You say you saw the [illegible] and killed?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You said, I think, that the charge struck the deceased on his body, between the diaphragm and the duodenum?'

Witness.—'No, sir, I didn't say no such thing. I said he was [illegible] between the hog-pen and the [illegible]

☞ For some time past there has been dwelling in the most destitute part of Paris a woman whose only possessions consisted of [illegible] for them. She pinned upon [illegible] or some were stuck [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] was [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] large [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible] me [illegible] neighbor, [illegible] grandmother [illegible] back from New [illegible]

'Yes, [illegible] been,' was the reply.

☞ "Why, Jennie, you look good enough to eat!" said a loving husband to his wife one morning at breakfast.

"Well, I'm eating as fast as I can, ain't I?"

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