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LOVE'S VOYAGE.

As once I sat upon the shore,
There came to me a fairy boat—
A bark I never saw before,
Whose coming I had failed to note,
So wrapped was I in books whose rules I learned by rote.

The stern was fashioned like a heart,
The curving sides like Cupid's bow,
And from the mast straight as a dart,
And winged above and barbed below,
A pennon like an airy stream of blood did flow.

Upon the prow, on either side,
Was carved a snowy Pephian dove;
Between, reflected in the tide,
An arching swan's neck rose above
The deck, o'erspread with broidered tapestries of Love.

Against the mast the idle sail
Flapped like a lace-edged valentine;
It seemed a canvas all too frail,
Should winds arouse the sleeping brine.
"Behold," I said, "a toy for sport in weather fine."

And so I stepped, in idle mood,
Aboard the bark—when suddenly
A breeze sprang up, and while I stood
Uncertain, thinking I was free
To make retreat, the vessel bore me out to sea.

Silent and swift, away from land
It cut the waves. No pilot steered,
No voice of captain gave command;
Yet to and fro it tacked and veered.
All day it flew. At eve a distant land appeared.

An island in the restless seas,
With rosy cliffs, and gold and green
Of dappled fields, and tropic trees
With trailing vines and flowers between,
Across the purple waves through amber skies was seen.

And music floating from afar
I heard, of voice and instrument,
As the sun sank, and star by star
Throbbed in the living firmament;
And all kind Fates seemed pledged to cheer me as I went.

Till in a deep and shadowy bay
The little argosy, self-furled,
Self-anchored, in the silence lay,
And landed me upon a world
By other stars and moons endiamonded, impearled.

A region to my studedt's nooks
Unknown, where first I learned to see
That love is never conned from books,
Nor passion taught by fantasy,
But in the living, loving heart alone can be.

For on that shore a maiden stood,
Who smiled with coy and bashful glance,
And when I pressed her hand and wooed,
Turned not her truthful eyes askance,
And proved my voyage was no idle sport of chance.

Ah, from this island if I veer,
Into the seas of worldly strife,
Give me the boat that brought me here,
Where now the tried and faithful wife
Year after year renews the lover's lease of life!

Harper's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DON QUIXOTE.

Here are a few extracts from Don Quixote:

Beauty in a modest woman is like a fire or a sharp word at a distance; neither does the one burn nor the other wound those that come not too close to them.

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill.

Self-praise depreciates.

The dead to the bier; the living to good cheer.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool.

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts us to Heaven.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

The term is equally applicable to all ranks—whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

By the streets of "By and By" one arrives at the house of "Never."

Between the "Yes" and "No" of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

A bad cloak often covers a good drinker.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

When a thing is once begun it is almost finished.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

The jest that gives pain is no jest.

Oil of cinnamon will remove warts.

PENWICK'S PRIDE.

Could the living actors in that short, stern rencontre that occurred in Mr. Penwick's back garden one May morning have been photographed as they stood, the picture would have exhibited a remarkable scene A young girl, twice beautiful in her terror, stood in the path, shrinking timidly from the threatened violence before her; a few yards off was a youth, erect and handsome, standing defiant with clenched fists, and a deep, ruddy glow of anger overspreading his face; and midway between the two was Admiral Fenwick, the proprietor of the stately home of wealth where he stood (to whom this frightened girl bore the relation of an only child) a rich, haughty aristocrat, apparently lost to all the common emotions of humanity; cold, careless, uncharitable, loving his daughter, it is true, but with a love that aimed only to marry her, by-and-by, to some man as wealthy as himself—such was Admiral Penwick, this old man of seventy, whom we now at this moment find interposing between these two in the garden walk, his white hair hanging down upon his shoulders, and his wrinkled cheeks disturbed with passion as he leaned upon his heavy cane, and looked from one to the other.

It was quite early in the morning: too early, Jessica Penwick had thought, for her to experience any risk in stealing forth to meet Arthur Grayson, the talented son of a poor neighbor, who had been devoting his college vacation to the business of secretly winning the maiden's heart But the jealous old man kept a close watch upon his daughter's goings and comings; suspicion of the growing intimacy between her and young Grayson had ripened ihto certainty, and the father was upon the alert as soon as he heard the rustle of Jessica's dress upon the stairs. And hardly had the lovers met in the garden—scarcely had their lips met—when they were rudely torn apart, and the form of Admiral Penwick quivering with rage, obtruded between them.

"Beggar! Scoundrel! Impudent varlet!" were the insulting words that fell from his lips. "Get hence, you low-born knave, or I will set the dogs upon you!"

Why is it that such men as this always suppose that poverty has no pride to be insulted? The youth crimsoned under the old man's taunts, and took a step forward; but a cry from Jessica restrained him.

"For my sake, Arthur, do no touch him."

The young man paused, and the old man looked with fresh anger upon his daughter.

"For *your* sake?" he shrieked. "You self-willed hussy, what is he to you, eh?"

"I will tell you, sir," the young man boldly spoke up. "We love each other; and by and by I meant to ask you for her. I—"

Admiral Penwick was almost consumed with the fury of his passion.

"Begone, you saucy wretch!" were his words. And he lifted his cane with both hands, and struck an ineffectual blow at Arthur. "Begone, if you dare to set foot here again—"

Smarting under these added insults, the youth again advanced; but the cry from Jessica, "He is my father, Arthur!" restrained him. And obeying her sign and imploring look, he turned and left the grounds.

Rudely, as if a culprit, Jessica was dragged back to the house by the arm; and for the next two hours she was compelled to endure the upbraidings and listen to the threats of her enraged father. He would listen to nothing from her; every attempt at explanation, every imploring, deprecating lifting of her tearful eyes was met by a fierce storm of passion from his lips; and when he left her, she was informed that she must not leave the house without permission, under the penalty of immediate expulsion from it for ever.

It was never known how that long day passed at the Penwick mansion the visitors who came were denied admission, and the servants only knew that the master remained all day in the library and Miss Jessica in her room, where their meals were taken to them. But the day passed and the night came; and about ten o'clock Admiral Penwick took his bedroom candle, and slowly mounted the stairs. On his way to his chamber he passed that of his daughter; and there, for a moment, the proud old man stood, looking at the door, thinking, as his better nature controlled him for the moment, of another woman, long dead, the mother of this girl, whom she so much resembled in form, and face, and mind—the womam whom he had loved, and who had left him this one child to love.

And had he truly loved this child?—The scene in the garden came back to haunt and accuse him; he stood convicted to his own soul of hateful harshness and hardness of heart; and he yearned to take his poor, grieved child to his breast, and say, "Jessica, forgive me," but pride prevailed again; he thought that the morrow would be soon enough; and so he passed on, and, unknown to him, put time, and agony, and bitterness of bereavement between him and his daughter.

The mansion stood alone, saving the humble habitation of the Graysons, remote from the town, and beyond the ordinary observation of men. And so it happened that when, in the darkness and silence of the night, a red tongue of flame curled up from the kitchen, where some heedless domestic had left the fire exposed, there was no eye to see it and no tongue to shout forth the warning.—Upward it crept, hissing and spreading. Wrapped in sleep, the occupants of the mansion were heedless of the fate that threatened them; and it was only when the lawn in front resounded with the yells and shouts of the multitude from the town that the tired domestics were startled from their slumbers, and sprang from their beds to find their rooms filled with smoke, and to make their egress at the last moment practicable

But where was Admiral Penwick?—No one had seen him; a shudder and a cry of horror ran through the multitude, as it became certain that he was in the burning building; and ghastly faces were turned upward in speechless terror towards the lurid flames that were now surging through the roof. But, fortunately, all were not appalled; two stout, brave fellows, who had known all sorts of perils by sea and land, drove through the smoke that poured from the hall, mounted the smoking staircase, with wet handkerchiefs over their faces, and groping through the upper passages, guided by the terrified cries of the old man, found him, seized him, and bore him out into the air, half smothered, scorched, and almost dazed by the noise of the crowd and the roaring of the flames. They led him down upon some coats spread out upon the grass, and keeping away the reckless throng, fanned him with hats till he revived and sat up. Slowly his faculties came back and he comprehended the extent of the frightful disaster; and then he suddenly cried out, "Where is Jessica?"

Jessica!—merciful heaven!—had no one in all this concourse given her a thought in this time of peril? Spurred by the distracted father's cry, two more volunteers sprang up the steps, and essayed to enter the room; but it was too late. The blazing staircase swayed and dropped in fiery fragments before them; a shout from the crowd warned them to turn back, and they did so, just in time to escape the flying brands from the roof, as it parted, and sank down in the abyss of ruin.

"Where is Jessica? Why don't she come to me?" the old man feeble repeated.

They looked into each other's faces, seeking to know who should tell him the hideous truth. Again he demanded his daughter, and one of the men stepped to his side. It was Mr. Grayson, Arthur's father; a sad faced man bowed and bent by the many heavy burdens of the life-long struggle which he had waged with poverty.

"Your daughter is not here, Mr. Penwick," he said sadly. "She—she has not been seen since the fire was discovered."

The old man stared at him, first in doubt, then in painful apprehension; and, with a long, wild cry of anguish, he fell back senseless. They tenderly raised him up; and, by direction of Mr. Grayson, they conveyed him to the poor man's humble home.

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Grief crankers and wears, but rarely kills; and Admiral Penwick, after the lapse of a month, and the faithful efforts of his physician had healed his burns, arose from his bed, and sat in the chintz-covered easy chair of his host and gazed, hour after hour, during the long days that succeeded, through the west window of his chamber, across the meadows to the blackened ruins of what was once his home. If that were all his misfortune—he groaned, in the anguish of his spirit—if it were only that the home of his affections had been taken from him—that he could endure. But, whenever his eye was caught by that grim wreck of a home, the awful thought obtruded itself that it was also the tomb of his only child, his darling Jessica—and his bereaved heart would bleed afresh.

And thus the days passed on in hopeless sorrow and unavailing regret; and then the elder Grayson little by little sought to draw the father away from his continual brooding over his bereavement. He found that Admiral Penwick would talk of nothing but Jessica; and so he reminded him of the beautiful memory of such a child: how she was loved by all who knew her, and how widely her death was mourned. He, himself, had never seen her but once; but Arthur had often mentioned her. The old man roused himself at the name.

"Arthur?" he interrogated. "Who is he?"

"My only child."

"Ah, yes; Arthur Grayson. Where is he?"

"I have not seen him since that night," was the reply. "How could he bear her loss?"

The father sighed as he thought of the scene in the garden, and of his after cruelty, and nothing more was said by either at that moment. But the following day Mr. Grayson came into the chamber with an open letter in his hand and told the mourner that it was from Arthur.

"He writes to say that he has heard that you are here, and that he fears you would not wish to be under the same roof with him. He says he has had unkind words with—"

"It was all my making," Admiral Penwich intercupted "What am I that I should wish to banish a son from his father's own roof? No, tell him to come back."

The second day after, the melancholy reveries of the old man were interrupted by an eager step on the stairs; and presently Arthur Grayson was before him.

"Forgive me, sir, for all that I have done amiss, I pray you!" he earnestly said.

He stood like a suppliant, with eyes cast down; yet an upward glance often searched the wrinkled, sorrowful face he confronted.

"I hardly see now that you have done anything amiss," was the meek reply, so differently spoken from the Admiral Penwick of a few weeks before, that Arthur marvelled at the change. The old man took his hand in both his own. "My grief has made me humble," he added, with a sad smile. "If you have any need of forgiveness from me, you have it. Can I ask as much?"

"Freely, heartily. you have it," was the quiet earnest answer; and the young man pressed the other's withered palm warmly.

They sat thus for a moment, hand in hand, their enmity forgotten, bound together by a chain that had one link in the grave.

"Did she love you, Arthur?" the old man asked.

"Yes, yes."

"And you?"

"Beyond all speech."

"And yet there is no sorrow in your face—no marks of tears, no woe, no struggle. Did you really love her?"

Arthur Grayson rose, in agitation, from the other's scrutiny.

"You never did me justice while she was living," he said, half-bitterly. "You do not now, when she is dead. If she were alive, you would not let her love me"

"As God knows my heart, I would," he replied.

The door of the chamber had been a-jar during this interview; it opened wider as Admiral Penwick pronounced the words; and, almost ere the last one was uttered, there was a light step, a rustle of a dress, and the lost Jessaca sank at her father's feet, embracing his knees, and kissing his hands in the joyful rapture of reunion.

* * * * * * *

"I was not in the house at all after nine o'clock," was the explanation that the dauther gave to her father's wondering question. "I went out into the garden again, and Arthur—"

"Took her away to London, and married her," he said.

"And I knew it, too," Mr. Grayson remarked, having entered at that moment. "I have been a party to this deception, for a very good purpose, I am sure."

"My children—my friend!" said the old man, with streaming eyes, embracing them all, "I know now, better than I did that Providence moves in a mysterious way. We will forget the past: and as for Penwick's Pride, it shall hereafter be Penwick's Love."

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.

"Gracious," says I, "I'm twenty-one past, and its time I was looking after Nance."

Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I asked her if the Squire was in. She said he wasn't.

"Cause," said I, making believe I want to see him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I come to see if the Squire wouldn't lend me his mare to go to town."

She guessed he would—I'd better sit down and wait till the Squire came in.—Down I sat; she looked sorter strange, and my heart felt queer around the edge.

"Are you going down to Betsy Martin's quilting after a while?" says she.

"Sez I: Reckoned I would."

"Sez she: Suppose you'll take Sally Dodge?"

Sez I:

"I mought, and then again I mought not."

"Sez she: I heard you was a going to get married."

I looked at her and seed the tears coming.

Sez I: "Maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid."

She riz up, she did—her face as red as a boiled beet.

"Seth Strokes," and she couldn't say anything more, she was so full.

"Wouldn't you be bridesmaid, Nance?" sez I.

"No," sez she, and burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "will you be the bride?"

"Yes," sez she.

"That's the sort," sez I; and gave her a kiss and a hug.

We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never have had cause to repent my bargain.

THE WEIGHT OF A BUSHEL.

The following table shows the number of pounds of various articles contained in a bushel.

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Corn, on the cob, seventy pounds.
Rye, fifty-six pounds.
Oats, thirty-two pounds.
Barley, forty-eight pounds.
Buckwheat, fifty-six pounds.
Irish potatoes, fifty pounds.
Sweet potatoes, sixty pounds.
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, forty-five pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Bule grass seed, forteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

☞ A recent census of the Black Hills shows the population to be 6,550.

☞ Owing to the hard times the English army is being rapidly recruited.

THE GAMBLER'S MONEY.

New York Observer.

You live so far away from the city, that you have not probably been interested in the remarkable circumstances attending the transfer of more than $300,000 from the hoarding of a gambler to the uses of Christian benevolence.

When I was in the South of France, a few years ago, I learned the history of the great manager of several vast gambling establishments on the Continent. He was licensed by government to keep them, and he paid large sums for this permission. But besides this tax, he was in the habit of giving largely to the Church! No rich man in the city contributed more freely to pious purposes than M. Blanc, the professional gambler; the prince of gamblers. He hoped to do two good things by these donations. 1. To make it easier for himself when he came to be judged in the world to come; for, being a devout Romanist, he expected to get credit for every good work he did. And 2, he conciliated the public, and kept himself in favor with many who thought him a downright good follow to give away so much money.

But our New York gambler was not this sort of a man at all. He boldly broke and defied the law, and what he gave away was just "nothing to nobody." Cold as an oyster and silent as a clam, he pursued his nefarious trade under the shadows of the night, year after year, spending little, giving nothing, hoarding everything. One day, while he was from home, robbers smuggled themselves into his house, bound his wife and daughter,—all the family he had,—and carried off all the money and bonds they could lay their hands on,—a few thousands only—a drop in the bucket, for his fortune now amounted to at least three-quarters of a million of dollars. And then he died. His will was read, and all this was left in equal shares to his wife and daughter.

They were good women. Perhaps they knew, and perhaps they did not know, how the old man obtained his money. There are hundreds of men in this city, of whose daily life their families have no knowledge. Some men have two families at the same time, and neither of them knows of the other's existence, and very little of him who is the master of both. We have a mysterious disappearance, now and then, of a well-known citizen. "Suspicion of foul play" is published. He is never heard of again. But just as likely as not he died regularly in one of his own houses, under the name he there bore, and was buried with all the honors, mourned by the household, while the other family sits waiting for him to come home. He will never come. Living men may have two or more homes. Dead men have but one, the house appointed for all living.

But I was saying these good women may not have known the wicked business in which the husband and father was engaged. They lived in a very quiet, unpretending style. The man died at home, in his bed, and was buried without ostentation of any sort. They, the women, lived on, in the same house, and drew no observations to themselves by their works or ways. Members of the church, and personally acquainted with their minister, and his family and a few others, they pursued their noiseless life. Last summer the widowed mother went to Philadelphia to see the great Exhibition. There she was taken ill and died. She was brought home and quietly buried. No outward sign, no mention in the papers, intimated to the public that death was again in the house. Her will was opened, and all her half of the great estate was bequeathed to the daughter, who now became the sole mistress of the property. It was invested chiefly in Government bonds, and was easily handled. She was a prudent woman, thirty-five years old. She was engaged to be married to a worthy man in the church to which she belonged. The twelfth day of February last was fixed upon for the nuptials. A day or two before, she was smitten with apoplexy and died. She was buried in her wedding garments on the day appointed for her marriage. With rare prudence, she had made a will after her mother's death, and now comes the wonderful allotment. More than $300,000 of the money obtained by the sinful pursuits of the father, were now distributed among the charities of the city: in the main her choice was judicious, and if no trick of law or slip of justice intervenes, the money will go to the relief of the poor, and the diffusion of religion and good morals.

To some distant relatives she gave abundance. To her minister she gave ten thousand dollars. To a kind neighbor, who sent in a dinner on the day when they were disturbed by robbers, she gave five thousand dollars. [N. B., always do a good thing when you can. It may pay.] To the man who was to have been her husband she gave sixty thousand. She expected to share all her fortune with him, and this was only a provision against accidents. It was just in time.

Some criticism was made upon these legacies, as if it were wrong for religious institutions to receive a gambler's spoils. But the criticism is not sound. Ill-gotten money that cannot be restored to its rightful owners, must go to some use: nobody thinks it should be consumed, or sunk into the sea. It must go to a good or a bad use: and certainly to the former. I do not know that there is any *moral* to the story. It is a strange one, certainly. And I have told it to you as I heard it from the lips of one who was so near as to hear Miss Danser's groan when the fatal fit fell on her.

THE DETROIT SOLOMON.

AN HOUR AT CENTRAL STATION COURT.

He was a fair-minded citizen. He had helped to build up the town. He had enterprise, patriotism, ambition.

But he got tight.

He went to a party. It was a little party, where a choice few gathered together to drink milk, eat pumpkin pie, and talk over old times. When this citizen started for home a million stars twinkled before his eyes. He lifted his feet as though he meant to step over a fence. He walked this way and that, like Chinese writing, and soon after sitting down on the walk to rest himself a policeman seized him.

"Now, sir," demanded his Honor, "was it milk, pop, wine or whisky that floored you?"

"It—I—I——"

"Don't tell me a lie," warned the court.

"Well, it was wine—old wine," admitted the prisoner.

"Then you looked upon the wine when it was red, did you?"

"It wasn't very red wine."

"But it gave you the string-halt, didn't it?"

"Kinder."

"And you wish you hadn't done it?"

"I do."

"And little parties on Grove street will have no enticement for you hereafter?"

"No, sir."

"You can go. When night sheds her sable mantle o'er the earth a married man should be at home to shut up his hen-coop, tack down carpets, clean out the cellar, and be ready to yell his head off in case any chimney in the neighborhood burns out."

HE DID IT WITH HIS LEG.

John Calkins was introduced to the court and the audience in just as loud a voice as Bijah would have used to introduce the Prince of Wales.

John was lame. It was all he could do to get before the desk. If the distance had been a mile further he would have given up in despair.

"Drunk!" said his Honor, bluntly.

"No I ain't, either," replied the prisoner.

"I mean you were drunk last night. I mean you were found in the rear of a tobacco warehouse with old boxes, oyster cans, cast-iron and tin scraps freesing fast to your hair."

"I deny that. When a man has a lame leg and falls down it isn't right to say he was drunk."

"What ails your leg?"

"It's lame."

"What kind of lameness?"

"The lame kind."

"How long has that leg been lame?"

"Years and years."

"Is it in the joint?"

"It's all over the leg."

"Traveling down the alley at midnight your leg gave out and you went to sleep. I see how it was."

"Yes, sir; that's how it was."

"That's how it was, and this is how it is: 'Ninety days.'"

"It's allfired curious that you send a man to jail in this town for being lame!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"John Calkins, every city has its peculiarities. Your sentence is one of the peculiarities of Detroit. Chicago might let you go, Cincinnati might give you a medal to boot—New York might send you up for life. I have done that which seemed well to me. Lower your nose, smooth out those anxious lines from your intellectual brow, and take the best seat on the red plush sofa as you turn to the right."

☞ A fond mother was in the act of cutting the pie for dinner, and proceeded to "count noses," as she termed it, that each might get his or her share, when a suggestion was made by her young female hopeful that the parent "count eyes," thinking that if the amendment was carried, two pieces of pie would be allotted to each of the feasters instead of one piece.

☞ The late George Dawson, of Birmingham, was at an early period of his life a Baptist preacher. Owing to dissensions with the members of his flock, he severed his connection with both congregation and denomination, and when he preached his last sermon in a Baptist pulpit, he somewhat staggered his hearers by giving out as his text, "I thank God I baptised none of you."

☞ A shoemaker with one eye, complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment exclaimed, "Faith, and what do ye want of *two* lamps? Ye've but *one eye!*"

HE LEFT HER.

He left her and stepped out to see a friend between acts.

"Why, Edward," said she, when he returned to her, "there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes, Sug," replied he, solemnly. "I suppose there are—I saw such a sad sight when I was out."

"You did—what was it?" inquired she.

"Such a sad sight," continued he, keeping his face away that she might not smell his breath, "I discovered a young man whom I have known for years drinking whiskey."

"You did?"

"Yes, standing right in plain sight before me, partaking deeply and carelessly of the intoxicating glass."

There was a little pause, when the young lady suddenly said:

"Edward, was he standing right in front of you?"

"Yes, Sug," was the reply.

There was another pause, when the young lady asked again:

"Edward, don't most of the fashionable saloon counters have great nice mirrors right on the walls behind them?"

Edward flushed a little and looked quizzical as he replied that he "believed they did."

"And there he permitted the subject to drop.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Lemons are said to cure consumption.

Glaziers now cry "Blue glass put in!"

Ex-Gov. Hendricks is in California.

Pale blue is trimmed with flowers of pale pink.

The American pumpkin pie has been introduced into Japan.

Daniel Webster's widow is still living in New York city, at the age of 79.

It is said that ladies' boots this spring will, in color, match their costumes.

The young man's first razor—his father's boots.

Eternal spring can be found only in a rubber factory.

What popular cry describes an incipient moustache? "Down in front."

A daughter of Governor Sam Houston was married at Austin, Texas, the other day.

The first gold discovered in California was at the root of a wild onion which a man was pulling for greens.

Bouquets are now often sent to Paris ladies in the shape of fans. The flowers thus serve a double use.

A person elected a constable in North Carolina has been fined $25 under a State statute for refusing to serve.

A London man named Onions has petitioned to have his name changed. He can't get any one to marry him.

Since 1630 more than $475,000,000 of silver have been taken from the old silver mine of Ceno de Paseo, in Peru.

Some anonymous rascal in Boston sent in a counterfeit $2 bill among the Moody and Sankey contributions.

Even whisky drank out of blue flasks is supposed to have some curative quality, by those who are fond of the "critter."

Within the last ten years the United States have sold $43,000,000 worth of arms and ammunition to European nations.

Appearances are deceiving. The counterfeit nickels have the motto, "In God we trust."

What is wanted in this country just now is a company to insure the insurance companies.

A man with a night-key may be said to be a stylish fellow, for he is generally "the last thing out."

A "young married wife" was among those who sought the prayers of the Plymouth congregation.

Rev. Mr. Trotter has been called to an Iowa church. He ought to get through his sermons in good time.

Little darkey to the clerk at the window of a Southern post-office: "Does dis yer pos' ofis keep stamped antelopes?"

If our fashionable ladies were half as high-souled as they are high-heeled, we should think better of the upper classes.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" the coroner asked the witness, "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the honest reply,

Cardinal red parasols will be worn next summer, and it will be difficult to distinguish a woman from a meteor three blocks away.

Blue glass pens are the latest. They write and spell correctly. No person whose education has been neglected should be without one.

The municipality of Paris has given orders for an immense barometer, the largest in the world. It will be placed near the central markets.

The strange experiment of selling refreshments in a first-class theatre is being tried in the Globe, Boston. Uniformed boys pass through the auditorium between the acts with ices and lemonade.

☞ It is interesting and encouraging to watch the delight of our Republican contemporaries in their Fraudulent President. Whatever he does seems to please them; and yet a good many things will happen during the next four years.

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