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RICHARD FIELDING, a blacksmith of Ramsgate, England, is in jail charged with murder, on his own confession that, twenty-four years ago, he had a quarrel in a boat with a woman named Hannah White, and pushed her overboard.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT and Elliot F. Shepard, of New York, allow each of their six children a certain amount of pocket-money each month, and they are all required to keep cash accounts and present them to their papas the first of each month.

WHILE a friendly sparring match between brickyard hands was in progress on a hotel balcony at Marlboro, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., an acquaintance of the participants appeared, and, thinking the men were fighting in earnest, struck his friend's opponent, knocking him to the rocks, thirty feet below. The fall broke the man's spine and he died the next morning.

A TABLE prepared for a workingman's society in Leipsic represents that a loss of different members of the body reduces the capacity to gain a living in the following proportion: Loss of both arms, eyes, legs, hands, or feet, 100 per cent.; loss of right hand, 40 per cent.; of right thumb, 33⅓ per cent.; of one eye, 22 per cent.; of left thumb or right index finger, 14 per cent.; of any other finger, 5 per cent.

SAMARCAND has been selected as the city where the Czar is to be crowned Emperor of Central Asia. Samarcand has a great history. Alexander the Great occupied it, the Nestorians established in it the see of a Christian bishopric, and the fierce conqueror, Tamerlane, invested it with barbaric magnificence, and made it his capital, as it is also his sepulcher. Now it is the terminus of the Russian Trans-Caspian Railroad.

AFTER removing an old structure from its place in order to make room for a new one in one of the principal avenues in Jersey City, the parties in interest had a dispute and the contractor abandoned the work, leaving the old structure right in the middle of the street. A week has elapsed, and neither side can be induced by the authorities to remove the house, which has attracted—the better word, perhaps, is provoked—more attention than any other house in that street.

SWARMS of bees swooped down on a confectioner's stand in a Bishop-Auckland (Eng.) market, and ate ravenously of the sweetmeats exposed. The owner of the candy had to desist (glad to do so without bodily harm), and several of his neighbors were forced to follow suit; in fact, business all around was suspended until the intruders voluntarily departed. It is supposed that the cold and inclement season had deprived the bees of their ordinary source of sustenance, and that they were driven by famine from the country into the town.

THE reappearance of Judge D. S. Terry in the public prints as one of the principals in the Sharon-Hill suit and his imprisonment for contempt of court, recall a celebrated duel which Terry fought with Senator Broderick and the tragic death of the latter. Terry became embittered against Broderick because he failed to secure a renomination for Chief Justice and he thought that Broderick had something to do with his defeat. Broderick had become a warm adherent of Stephen A. Douglas. At a Democratic State Convention held in 1859, Terry denounced Broderick in unmeasured terms and said that if he was the follower of any Douglas it was the black Douglass, whose name is Frederick, not Stephen. Broderick read Terry's remarks in a paper one morning when he was eating his breakfast. He merely said that he "would not take back the remark that he had once made, that Terry was the only honest Judge on the Supreme bench." In the then state of society in California this remark was considered a good enough ground for a duel, and a challenge was sent by Terry to Broderick. Eighty persons witnessed the affair; a half-dollar was tossed up and Judge Terry won the choice of weapons. The seconds of Senator Broderick had become very nervous over the preliminaries, and this somewhat unmanned their principal. The pistols were finally cocked and the word given for firing. There was a report from Broderick's pistol, followed in a second by Terry's. For some reason Broderick's pistol exploded before it had been brought to a level. The bullet buried itself in the ground a third of the distance short. Had it gone all the way it would have struck the mark, for it went in a perfectly direct line. The report of Terry's pistol had hardly died away when Broderick was seen to stagger. He turned half way round and grasped at the air as though trying to recover his balance. His head dropped and he fell flat on his back, his pale face upturned to the sky. The ball entered the right breast and passed through the upper lobe of the left lung. The owner of the ranch upon which the duel was fought was so intensely excited over this that he shouted: "That is murder, by God!" Terry was arrested in San Francisco and Broderick died in three days. The excitement throughout California was intense. The trial followed and resulted in Terry's acquittal.

RECENT French and English statistics indicate that, while the average duration of life is increasing through improvement of the health of children, the number of extremely aged persons is diminishing.

TWO WALTZES.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.



HE August sky was cloudless and blue,
The moon shining softly and dimly, and you
Came up when the "Roses" began to play,
And, waltzing and flirting, we floated away.

Floated away in a beautiful dream,
While our barge drifted down the moonlit stream—
Waltzed and flirted, nor troubled us long,
Though the whole world thought it ride and wrong.

All through our senses the soft music beat,
While we filled in the rhythm with tireless feet;
The Willamette sparkled and bore us away,
To the swell of the waltz and the barge's sway.

I wonder if *you* have forgotten that night,
And its purple dusk when the moon hid from sight;
As I waltz to-night in your arm's close curve,
Do you remember that old-time fire and *verve*?

Do your senses thrill at the curve of my hand,
As they did when the "Roses" was played by the band?
Is my breath the wine that it used to be,
Which you drank to inebriety?

Or have I—ah, me!—drifted out of your life,
Till you—what's that you were saying? "Vom wife!"
"Waltzing near us!"—with my husband, too!
Why, I forgot we were married—now, didn't *you*!
—*Chicago Ledger.*

WESTERN EARLY DAYS.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Massa's cum, and he's got Injuns with um!"

Black Jeff's news caused a general rush to the door.

Colonel Sevier had been away fighting the enemies of his country, and it can be imagined how joyfully his return would be welcomed.

"Well, Kate," he said, taking his wife in his arms and kissing her, "we've won the day, and I've brought about thirty of the red-skins home with me for you to play mother to. It will make a good-sized family; but we've plenty to feed them with, and their presence here is a surety of safety for all the whites in the settlement."

Whatever might have been the matron's surprise as she looked around at the motley group of Indian boys and girls, she made no sign of it, but nodded at them pleasantly, as though to say:

"All right, little red brothers and sisters; I'll take care of you."

Brightening faces answered her glance—that is, among the girls, for the lads had already been trained to habits of Indian stoicism, and looked as grave as though the mantles of their chieftain-fathers had already descended upon them.

Ruth Sevier—her parents' pet daughter—now came to the front. She had ever had a peculiar fondness for the tawny children of the land, and had learned their dialect from an old, decrepit squaw who had taken refuge in the family when the medicine-man of the tribe had accused her of witchcraft and condemned her to death.

As Ruth came and stood in her childish beauty among the captives, they looked at her in wondering amazement.

The sunlight streamed in at the open door and turned her yellow hair into a golden aureole around her head, A bright pink was on her dimpled cheeks, and her blue eyes shone with a joyous light. She took a little Indian girl's wiry brown fingers in her tiny hand, and laid her cheek against the dusky maiden's. Then she looked around at the others and said in the Shawanese tongue:

"I'll be your sister, and yours, and yours," pointing to one after another until she had gone the rounds, "for I love you and want you to love me. Wawa told me about your people, and I like them for her sake."

One of the older lads stepped forward. Through all his attempts at stoical dignity, nature made itself felt in the working of his tawny features and the brightness of his black eyes.

"I thank you, Golden Hair, for your kind words. I know who you are. 'Chucka's Ruthie.' The sun is your father," pointing to her yellow hair, "and the moon is your mother," pointing to her white forehead. "May they make their little girl happy."

Colonel Sevier and his wife exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"Ruth will make our hostages contented," he said, in a low tone. "I am glad. It takes quite a weight off my mind."

"Ruth is well fitted to be a pioneer's daughter," answered her mother, with a proud smile. "She is as fearless as she is loving."

The young girl who had thus suddenly been adopted into Ruth's sisterly affection was the daughter of one influential chief, and the sister of another who afterward became famous, Tecumseh. Her name was Menewaulakosee. It was simplified into "Koosie" by Ruth. She had soft, melancholy dark eyes, and black hair which shone like a pigeon's breast. Her moccasined feet had a stealthy tread as though trained to leave no trail.

Ruth's sunny face was a type of her joyous nature. Her light feet scarcely seemed to touch the earth, and smiles constantly dimpled her pink cheeks.

The Seviers were extensive cornfarmers, and as the surrounding forests afforded rich foraging grounds for their herds of swine, their ample smokehouses were stocked with prime hams and bacon after "pork-killing," and their large granaries were also full to overflowing.

The name of Sevier was associated with deeds of bountiful generosity. No questions were asked of needy applicants for help. Be they on the Tory side or the American, it mattered not to Mrs. Sevier, provided they were hungry and in distress.

Party feeling, however, ran high, and as John Sevier was a brave and efficient officer the Tories hated him cordially, and had laid several plots against his life. But as yet all had miscarried.

One of Mrs. Sevier's pensioners was the wife of a bold, unscrupulous Tory named Dykes; but the poor woman was not made to suffer on account of that, and received an unstinted supply of corn-meal and pork whenever she made application for it.

Several years had passed since the Colonel's arrival home with his Indian hostages. The flax was then in full bloom, spreading out its azure fields beneath a cloudless summer sky.

Now autumn's pageantry of tinted leaves, and scattering bunches of belated golden rod, or sprays of purple-petaled asters shivered in the breeze.

What rare frolic was on the tapis; for what lad or lassie could resist going out into the woods when Jack Frost had opened chestnut-burrs, sending their brown treasures down to the turf, and had cracked the "shagbarks'" green rinds, revealing their toothsome kernels nuts.

The woods seemed like a vast playground. The grass was like green velvet, glossy-leaved partridge vines trailed about the roots of gnarled old tree-trunks, their bright red berries glowing like tiny balls of fire amid the soft verdure.

"Let us have a game of hide and seek" was the cry after bags and baskets had been filled to repletion; and soon the woods rang with joyous shouts as the young folks engaged in their favorite play.

Ruth and dark-eyed Koosie had grown into two tall, graceful girls of sixteen; but they were as full of fun and as fond of a frolic as the youngest child in the party, and were the ringleaders in the merry chase. But suddenly a change came over the scene. A party of soldiers came marching into their midst, their red coats proclaiming them to be Tories.

"Run, Koosie," said Ruth in a whisper, "and tell every one you can find not to let on that father is away from home."

Then while Koosie performed her bidding, Ruth confronted the soldiers.

"Halloo, Blue Eyes, where do you hail from?" was the familiar salutation of the commanding officer.

Ruth's heart quaked, but she feigned a confidence she was far from feeling, and tossed back her golden curls with a smile.

"We've been nutting," she said, "will you have some?"

"Yes, little one. I don't care if I do, especially if you'll throw a kiss into the bargain."

"You'll have to take the nuts alone," laughed Ruth. "I don't give kisses to strangers."

"You're a rebel, I'll be bound! but a mighty pretty one. Do they raise many such about here? If they do I'd like to convert them to his Majesty's side."

"Or be converted yourself maybe," said Ruth, mischievously. Her fears had vanished. Surely such a good-natured officer would not allow his men to harm her.

Just then a man came and whispered in the officer's ear.

He turned to Ruth: "Are you Colonel Sevier's daughter? If so I mayn't be doing my duty if I let you go. It's a sure way to get an old fox



into your toils to capture his young one."

Before Ruth had time to answer, another speaker saved her the necessity.

"Sergeant," he said, "if you're going to war on women-folks and children you may count me out of your company."

The Sergeant laughed: "Well done, Dykes! Can't you tell when a man's in jest? Don't think I'm a brute. It'll take more scenes of bloodshed than I've been through yet to make me lose my respect for a woman!"

"Good-by, pretty lassie," he continued, turning to Ruth again, "and take my advice. Stay within doors for a few days, or you may meet another set of soldiers, who mightn't be so good-natured."

"Thank you. I'll do as you say," was Ruth's grateful answer.

As the soldiers moved away Ruth caught the eye of the man the sergeant had addressed as Dykes, and beckoning him to come to her she gave him a bag of nuts.

"Give these to your comrades," she said aloud, then added in an undertone:

"I know you. You are Susan's husband. Thank you for speaking up as you did."

"I've maybe done myself a bad turn, Miss," was the gruff answer, "but it would have hurt me worse to see harm come to Miss Sevier's gal. She's been too good to Suke and the young uns."

Ruth was a long distance from home. But it was not many hours before she and her companions arrived there, flushed and panting from their haste—to give Mrs. Sevier warning that the Tories were on a raid. If the brave woman's heart failed her as she listened, no one was the wiser. She had passed through too many perilous scenes to give way now.

"We'll get ahead of them," she said, "they'll have no additional luggage when they leave us, if we can help it. This very night we'll carry off our valuables and hide them in the old lime kiln. There are lots of us to go to work and children can help as well as the older ones. As to hurting us, there is not a soul would dare to lay a finger on one of John Sevier's family. They know too well what the reckoning would be."

As she spoke the handsome young matron drew herself up with a proud dignity which sat well upon her. She had been a noted beauty before her marriage with her soldier lover; and she looked the ideal of a soldier's wife as she spoke thus bravely.

Her ringing words dispelled the fears of the inmates of her household. They felt that she would prove equal to the emergency. Just then a timid knock sounded on the door, and a tall gaunt-looking woman came in. She had once been comely, but hardship had hollowed her cheeks and faded her bloom. Her eyes sought Mrs. Sevier's face, anxiously.

It was Susan Dykes.

"Well, Susan," said Mrs. Sevier, with a kindly nod, "have you come for the bacon and cornmeal I promised you?"

"No," answered Susan, hastily. Then she checked herself; "I mean yes. I'll be much obliged, ma'am."

Mrs. Sevier saw by her confused manner that she had something on her mind.

"Come, then, before it gets any darker; I'll fill your bag and you can put it before you on your horse."

"I didn't ride. I walked, and I'm that tired I feel as if I'd drop to pieces."

"Then sit for a minute and Ruth'll run and get you something to eat."

Ruth needed no second bidding. Her sympathies were thoroughly enlisted by the poor woman's white, worn face.

"I'm rested now, Miss Sevier. I feel as pert as though I'd been made over!" Susan said, after she had eaten and drank a glass of milk.

After she was alone with Mrs. Sevier the truth came out.

"I hain't come on no begging trip this time; Miss Sevier. I overheerd something last night, and I couldn't lie still in my bed to-night without coming to give you warning. Dykes hain't got nothing to do with it, cause he won't jine a party to do you harm. But the Tories are planning to attack your husband to-morrow on his way home after dark, and they're going to send another set of men here to rob you. I heard 'im talking about your piles of home-wove linen and blankets."

"I'll see that they don't get the fruits of my hard labor in that line, Susan; there shan't be a stitch left in the house that's whole! the worn out things they're welcome to, and to as much corn and pork as they can carry off—but my blankets and sheets! I'd like to see them touch them! But I'm forgetting to thank you for coming to tell me."

"It's thanks enough to know that you won't be taken by surprise, Miss Sevier. Now you know it I must hurry back to the children. Good-by, and I hope you won't come to no harm."

After Susan had gone Mrs. Sevier hastened back to the house and set all hands to work. Her own children and the Indian hostages of whom ten of the original thirty had remained as members of the family—the two colored female servants, with black Jeff, made quite a force of carriers; and soon the bright hunter's moon shone down on a busy, motley procession. After a few hours all was again quiet, and the wearied workers retired to rest, and to sleep if possible.

It was not long before her mother's voice startled Ruth.

"Be silent!" she said, "and listen. I think the Tories are upon us!"

Ruth sat bolt upright, and her ears confirmed her mother's words. She heard the sound of voices and footsteps.

Every possible precaution had been taken against the expected attack, and all that could be done was to await it quietly.

With trembling fingers Ruth slipped on her dress, and twisted her golden hair into a heavy knot at the back of her head.

"Shall I waken everybody up?" she whispered.

"Yes. But hark! surely I know that voice! Oh, Ruth, it is your father! We are safe! Yes, John, I hear! I am coming."

In another instant Mrs. Sevier was tugging at the huge bolts—the door flew open—and she was in her husband's arms!

"Oh, John! you are just in time!" she exclaimed; and the tears, which had been so bravely banished while she had been the sole protector of her dear ones, trickled unchidden down her cheeks.

"I know all about it, Kate; and here is some one to thank for my being here so much sooner than I intended. Gener I Wayne sent him to tell me, and he ran a great risk to get the news to me in time. Come hither, Richard, and let Mrs. Sevier thank you."

The youth addressed was a noble type of the human race. Tall, clean-limbed, and straight as a pine sapling, with a fine head covered with masses of curly brown hair, and with large, dark-blue eyes, so intently engaged in studying Ruth's pretty face that their owner started violently at hearing the sound of his name. But he soon recovered himself, and received Mrs. Sevier's thanks for his service with a natural dignity that became him well.

Richard Sparks had been taken captive by the Indians when a child, and had been reared among them—receiving the Indian name of Shawtunte. But his heart had never ceased to yearn for his own people, and now that he had grown to man's estate he had resumed his rightful name, and had enlisted under Wayne. While thoroughly versed in forest warfare, and an unerring marksman, he was deficient in book-learning, and had never handled a pen. Colonel Sevier had taken a liking to him, and had invited him to become an inmate of the family. But brought thus into daily intercourse with beautiful Ruth Sevier, his pride rose in arms at finding himself so far her inferior in mental attainments. Had he been less out of conceit with himself, he might have seen that Ruth held him in high esteem. His manliness and courage made him seem, to her inexperienced eyes, as a being inferior only to her father.

One morning Ruth arose at an unusually early hour to attend to some household duty. To her surprise, she found Richard in the kitchen fast asleep, his curly head resting on an open book, and paper scrawled over with rude attempts at writing lying on the table beside him.

She turned to retreat, noiselessly, when Richard awoke and started to his feet, dismay imprinted on every feature of his expressive face.

"I'm sorry I have intruded upon you," said Ruth; "I didn't know you were here."

"It's no matter," answered Richard, flushing hotly. "You might as well know now as ever what an ignoramus I am. You can't think less of me than I do of myself! It will be no wonder if you do despise me!"

"Despise you!" echoed Ruth, wonderingly. "No, Richard, I shall never do that. You know I have a debt of gratitude to pay you, and so have we all."

"It isn't gratitude I want, it's respect! I would be your equal in everything, so that I might hope——" he broke off abruptly. His secret had nearly been betrayed.

"You are more than my equal, Richard," and Ruth's face grew bright with her intense earnestness; "you are my superior in what a man ought to know. As to reading and writing, if you want to learn how, I will teach you. The only trouble is you'll soon outstrip your teacher."

Richard was as pale now as he had been flushed; but his eyes shone with happy light.

"Thank you," he said, gravely. "I will accept your offer. It is kind of you to make so light of my ignorance. I will try not to be a dull or inattentive scholar."

As Ruth had said, it was not very long before her pupil had mastered all her own store of book-knowledge, and while instructing him she herself had become a scholar! She had learned a lesson, new to her, but old as the world itself.

The same sweet story that Adam and Eve conned together in the Garden of Eden was written upon her young heart by the pencil of the master limner who delights in leveling all the qualities of station, and in making a youth and maiden join hands at the altar of Hymen.

Colonel Sevier was well pleased at the turn affairs had taken. He had seen the young man's promise from the first, and indorsed Ruth's choice cordially.

Did space permit, I would describe the wedding, with its quaint and curious guests of all the different nationalities that had been drawn together in that new country—with its games and feasting, and its prolonged festivities.

But I can only say that it was the talk of the country folk for years after, and that the bride and groom were pronounced the handsomest couple that eyes had ever rested upon.

Colonel Sevier's judgment of Richard Sparks' abilities proved a correct one. His name figures conspicuously in the early annals of the West. He rose rapidly to Government positions on tailing great trust and responsibility, in all of which his beautiful and devoted wife proved the brightest ornament of the social circle in which they moved, as well as her husband's cheerful, untiring aid and helper in his onerous duties; relieving his hands (which were more familiar with the sword than the pen) from the labor of letter-writing; and keeping his accounts, as well as preparing his reports for the supervision of his superior officers in the War Department.

Relation of Sex to Crime.

From the circumstance that a much smaller number of women than men are convicted of crimes the conclusion is drawn that their criminal propensities are weaker or are under better control. It is seldom taken into consideration that young girls are watched more carefully than boys and are kept under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into the account that older females spend almost all their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have no share. As women spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions, they are less likely to be tempted to do acts of violence. Most homicides are the results of anger incited when persons are away from their homes and families. Violent quarrels generally take place in the street and not in the sitting-room.

The history of crime, however, shows that most of the murders committed by the administration of poison are perpetrated by women. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed. The victim is generally invited to partake of refreshments supplied by one who is presumed to be a friend, and does so without the slightest suspicion. Murder by the administration of poison is the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one to which women have been addicted more generally than men in all ages and countries.

Statistics in relation to crime have never been carefully compiled in this country, and till recently little attention has been given to classifying them. In Great Britain, however, the matter has received more careful consideration. In an extended review of criminal matters there during a period of fifty years the singular fact has been ascertained that men generally commit their crimes before they are 40 years old, while women commit theirs after that period in their lives. In other words, men generally cease to commit crimes at the age when women commence.

Another very remarkable fact has recently been contributed to a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell Jail. It is to the effect that women criminals are practically incurables. He has prepared a table extending through ten years, and showing how many men and women have been convicted of offenses more than ten times during that period. During last year there were committed to the various prisons and jails in England and Wales 5,686 and 9,764 women who had been committed not less than ten times previously. Such is the case at a time when crime is rapidly decreasing, when the number known as criminals is constantly diminishing, and when there are six thousand fewer inmates of prisons than there were in 1883.

A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things—good, bad, or indifferent—than men are. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a short-cake, the making of a crazy quilt, or the poisoning of a rival, she devotes all her time, knowledge, and talents to it.

Doubtlessly a woman finds more difficulty in reforming, if she desires to do so, than a man does. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, raise whiskers, or shave off those he had, assume a different name, and commence a new life. If he is skilled in any branch of work he can generally find remunerative employment. A strange woman is always looked upon with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprises if he goes to a new country and engages in business for himself. Such is not the case with women.—*Chicago Times.*

A Mirror in the Pantry.

"Don't you have a mirror in the pantry?" asked Jenkins of his boarding mistress, at the table yesterday morning. "Mirror! For goodness sake! What for?" exclaimed the good woman. "To the butler to comb its hair by," answered the cruel Jenkins, as he strove to find the parting place on his bump.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

HAPPY SMILES.

IT is the police who ma-nip-u-late.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

An Eastern publisher announces for fall, "How to Get a Husband." We respectfully suggest that the safest place to get him is by the ear.

GOLDSMITH'S love for "everything that's old" would have been gratified if Goldsmith could have lived to read the humor of the last half of the nineteenth century.

"HOW STORMS ARE MADE" is the subject of a learned article in an exchange. The quickest way to make them is to leave your umbrella at home.—*Dansville Breeze.*

HUSBAND (of economical views)—"That's a very becoming bonnet, my dear." Wife of (sarcastic turn)—"Oh, yes, becoming very old and decrepit." *Washington Critic.*

ISN'T it a little strange that when a ship is loaded she is generally well balanced, but when a man gets that way he is pretty certain to lose his balance?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHY women kiss women no one has ever yet been able to determine, but it is generally agreed, we believe, that men kiss women because the women want them to.—*Somerville Journal.*

FARMER'S wife (limping into the house)—"That brindle cow kicked me, dolm, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken." Farmer—"Gash ding that critter! Is the milk spilled?"—*Texas Siftings.*

MOTHER (to meddlesome child)—Edwin, if you don't stop putting your fingers in that oxalic acid, the first thing you know you will be on the way to heaven. Elder sister—Yes, and if you do go, just think, you would never see your dear mother again!—*Harper's Bazar.*

CUSTOMER (to barber)—"Shave down, please, as it makes my face sore to shave against the grain." "I'd just as soon shave down as not," replied the loquacious torturer, "but can't find any on your gizzly old face. The down on your face turned to bristles years ago."—*Dansville Breeze.*

BOSTON must not be trifled with: Sir Knifton Marmalade, of Wigworth Hall, Kent, England, (to Boston hotel porter)—Here, m' man, call me a hansom cab! Boston hotel porter (kindly but firmly)—Excuse me, sir, I will call a cab for you; but the qualifying word is pronounced herdic in Boston.—*Puck.*

HE was telling the boys that he had never been troubled with corns, and he was an object of envy and admiration—but this did not last long, for as he moved away the peculiar joint motion of his knees betrayed the fact that he wore pieced wooden legs. Acorns do not grow on basswood.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"LET your poem be kept nine years," is a bit of advice that Horace has left us. Horace never dreamed how universally his maxim would be adopted. The writer knows scores of people who have kept their poems twenty-nine years, although they have at times made frantic efforts to give them to the world.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"DID you save anything out of the wreck?" asked the friend. "Nothing to speak of," replied the honest bankrupt gloomily. "I lost heavily by my own folly." "How so?" "Why, I settled like a fool for 40 cents, and learned the next day that the creditors would have been only too glad to have got 30. I might just as well as not have made it 20."—*Burdette.*

UNCLE RASTUS (entertaining the minister at Sunday dinner)—Will yo' ask the blessing, Mistah Lovejoy? Minister (suspiciously)—Excuse me, Brudder Rastus, but whar di' yo' git dem ah chickens? Uncle Rastus (hastily)—I whitewashed er fence fo' 'em, Mistah Lovejoy, 'deed I did; dat's hones'! Minister (fervently)—Den may de gude Lo'd, wif his infinite mercy, sen' down (etc., etc.).—*New York Sun.*

ALFONSE DEBERIOT—You say you are not superstitious, Miss Gushington, but would you dare to be married on Friday? Miss Gushington—What! next Friday? Why, dear Alfonse, you are so sudden and so unconventional. "You quite misunderstand me. I protest—I didn't propose——" "That's all right, Alfonse; you didn't propose as they usually do, but I like it all the same. Yes, dear, it shall be Friday." Alfonse swoons.—*Springfield Union.*

A RHYMELET.

They sat on the pier at eventide,
Watching the waveless come and go,
And kissed a heart, with a silken line,
Into the tideless ebb and flow.

With a quick little jerklet, now and then,
The dudelet pulled up a fishlet neat,
And took it off from the hooklet sharp,
To lay at the dainty maidlet's feet.

"What a shame to torture the fishlets so!"
The dainty maidlet at last exclaimed.
"We're not going to eat them at all, you know!
I think that we ought to be ashamed."

A cloud let passed o'er the dudelet's brow,
But he said, as he threw the fishlet away:
"You're not to be eaten, but won't you be
caught?"
And she answered him quickly: "Well,
not that way."
—*Cartoon.*

A Vaccination Matinee in Trinidad.

I watched my friend, the doctor, one morning as he held a vaccination matinee.

The law requires the registering of births to furnish each mother with a blank form, and that the parents shall present the child to a public vaccinator within six months thereafter under a small penalty. Notice is given of day and hour when he will be at his office to vaccinate, and a large attendance is certain.

I had been wondering all breakfast time at the amount of style in the way of bright colors and brown babies in the garden, and when we went down to the office rooms, there were about a dozen women, as many babies and two or three men waiting for the performance. Some spoke Hindustani, and "Salaam, sahib," greeted us from them some Spanish, and "Buenos dias" was their salute; but what the rest said I could not make out. Every mother was dressed in all the finery she owned with neck, arms and ankles decorated with strings of coins, having solid silver collars and bracelets of the same metal, bangles they call them, up to the elbows. And the babies were small copies of their mothers, lacking a few bangles and collars.

As they were presented and deftly scratched, the doctor handed each her certificate, with an injunction in her own language to keep it carefully. One must be polyglot in Trinidad, unless of very tender age, when we all talk the same language, and these little tots, as neat and spotless of attire as if they were rich men's heirs, cried lustily in the same perfectly intelligible tongue.

Every one waited patiently her turn and the bright interested faces were anything but servile in expression while all were perfectly respectful. Evidently, the good doctor was their friend.—*Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson, in the American Magazine.*

Professional Cards.

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Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 30 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 50 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 30 "

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