THE PARTING.

BY GEORGE D PRENTICE. The signal from the distant strand
Streams o're the waters blue—
It bids me press thy parting hand,
And breathe my last adieu,
But oft on Fancy's glowing wing
My heart will love to stray,
And still to thee with rapture spring
Though I am far away.

With thee I've wandered oft to hear,
On summer's quiet eves.
The wild bird's music, soft and clear,
Borne through the whispering leaves;
Or see the moon's bright shadow laid
Upon the wavelers bay,
Those eves—their memory cannot fade,
Though il am far away

My life may feel Hope's withering blight, Yet Fancy's tearful eye Will turn to thee—the dearest light. In retrospection's sky, And still the memory of our love, While life was young and gay. Will sweetly o're my spirit more, Though I am far away.

Tis hard, when Spring's first flower expands To pass it coldly by. Or see upon the desert sands The gent unheated he. The gentle thoughts that bless the hours, Of toye can ne'er decay. And thou will live in Memory's bowers! Though 1 am far away

The Suh has sunk with fading gleam, thown evening's shadowy vale, The sun has sun, with fading glean pown evening's shorted we vale. But see—his softened glories stream From young creen, ref., And thus affection's blasted diught will memory still display. To gild the gloom of sorrows night, Though Lam for away.

Written expressly for Denounatic Watchnam WEARING

A NOVEL.

BY NEILY MARSHALL.

After tea was finished, Mauma La came in and took away the tray, and stay away from us we miss you; and the grave I would dream of her-yesrolled the little centre table with its to be regretted is a sure proof of our dream of her while my body was gay cloth up close to the fire and put | regard." the astral lamp on it, and Ethel! "Thank you a thousand times, my teds and embroidery silks, and quilt which was positively imperial, "combasket:

"Mr Guy, when Mamma and I are weary of reading the newspapers, and talking of the war, and wishing we could see Papa, and -and abusing the Yankees--we read novels,"

"An entertaining passtime," said, "What have you there?"

"Saintain's Pecciola" Have you read it?"

"No, I have not, to confess the truth, Miss Ethel, I have read no fiction at all for a long, long while ! Bessie is averse to novel reading and never takes anything but trashy magazince about the fashions -- and she sees nothing in fiction that surpasses Pilgrim's Progress." I tried to make innovations upon her taste, and was dabut it was nervously.

"How strange!' said Ethel, opening his heart and convulsively kissed her. her beautiful exce with arch wonder-

another. Some wives are about books said, in a hoarse whisper. another. Some wives are additionally as about people; they do not care for "One word - Ethel, for God's sake son their husbands to like anything but , -- one word." themselves and their children. They think nothing enjoyable should be bevond the circle of home

He spoke with evident bitterness.

Neither of the ladies replied. The here;" she led the way. heart is composed of many separate niches, and they knew that Guy had the household skeleton of "Cottage Home," and they were silent.

"Mr Guy, it is a rare treat to have some one to read for us, do commence "Picciola," said Ethel, speaking heritatingly.

"Yes, do, Mr. Guy," chimed in Mrs. Grandison, "it will seemronite like old times to have some one read aloud while Ethel's fingers fly, and I idly listen."

Guy took the book and read,

He had a rich, pleasant voice, and his diction was very fine.

What a pretty group they made around the hearth. Mrs. Grandison, with her refined, gentle face; Guy, with his strong, manly beauty; and Ethel, with all the exquisite, girlish freshness of untroubled youth, which accepts en joyment and happiness unquestioning ly, just as flowers accept dew, without a dread of coming grief, or a throb of wakening passion.

Months afterwards, when shadows, dark as death, struck all color and strength and beauty from his life, Guy recalled that little scene as after long, sad years, we look back to our last bright day of happiness, before sorrow came.

The evening passed swiftly; the clock had chimed hour after frour unnoticed, until eleven strokes warned Guy of the lateness of the night-time, and, glaring on the dial of the Ormula upon the you have returned to your rightful al-

the face of a man he despised. Guy rose with many apologies for his lack of ceremony.

"You are surely not thinking of going home to night, Mr. Guy !" exclaimed Mrs. Grandison, in undisguised it. amazement.

Guy noticed that Ethel said nothing, and resolving not to remain unless sho seconded her mother's invitation, he said hesitatingly, but cordially:

"Oh, yes, I think I shall return tonight. It is not far when one rides a horse like "Jeff Davis."

"How inhospitable, Mrs. Arnold letting him go, can we, Ethel?"

Just then Ethel's spool of floss fell, and stooping to pick it up she evaded a reply to her mother's inquiry.

"To confess the truth, Mrs. Grandistung to resentment by Ethel's determination not to invite him to remain, and resolved she should not see he felt it; "I promised my little Gabriel faithaway towards the window

"Oh, yes," she said, "the moon has been up more than an hour."

"Well, I must be going now. Good night, Mrs. Grandison, I will remem-THE CROSS! berthis evening as one of the Ment antest of my life. If I hear of the Colonel I will be here soon again, and in the event that I do not hear, I on my darkened life. I shall think of will--

son, cordually. "We do enjoy your so and my heart is at rest; yes, at rest as ciety so much, Mr. Guy, and when you much as it will ever be; for even in

ing, as she drew a book from the as I would not were they uttered by any other living woman."

"Good night, Miss Ethel." "Good night, Mr. Guy."

He did not extend his hand; nor did she, When he went out into the dark hall the did not courteously tollow, in truesKentucky fashion to open the door for lum.

"Why, Ethel, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Grandison.

"Nothing, Mamma; why?"

"You are so cold to Mr. Guy." "I did not mean to be so."

"Well, go with him to the door."

Ethel obeyed without a word. Guy was in the hall fastening the buckle to his blanket. .

' Ethel passed him, and opened the front door. The moonlight flooded in ring enough once to take the Myster | They saw each other's faces. Her's ies of Paris" home to read, but I never was white and grave; his was stern man," but the scrupulous dandy. We made a second attempt. He laughed, and intensely sad. Suddenly, before she could realize it, he caught her to

"Mr. Arnold-" she said in a hushment, 74 ed voice-- "how dare you," and she "Not at all? "xephed Guy. "All stringgled free from his chaping arms. ed voice-- "how dare you," and she

women are not able in this world. With a gesture of incomparable Miss Ethel, and what pleases one, is haughtness she turned to leave him. more than likely to prove distasteful to. He caught her dress as she passed, and telligence, and parties who had worked

She did not reply, only stood still

with folded arms. "Come to the end of the portico," he

"O, Ethel," he said looking down upon her " forgive me! I was mad

come suddenly in front of one that held for the moment -O; forgive me. If you only knew how I loved you, you would pity and pardon me," "I believe you are mad, sir, to dare thus address mc. You forget that the avowed love of a married man, is a

forever beyond the pale of my respect -and withholds from you the need of forgiveness!"

No-no-not your forgiveness-do moult when I swear I love you-as I would love a Goddess-who is for ever unapproachable." He bent his head with a humility which was unfeigned, for he believed he was strong, and his passion had proved his weakness.

"Will you not forgive me-Ethel? he asked in a trembling voice. She had turned away from him while he spoke, as it wishing to terminate the interview; how she looked in his face: "Forgive you !" she said-"Yes, if you do indeed regret what you have said, and upon condition that you-"

"What?" he interrupted, exgeply. "That you never enter my presence again until you come to tell me you have scourged this evil passion from your heart; that you give me the deferential regard that honors me, and that

mantel, as he would have glared upon | legiance to the mother of your child." "O, Ethel!"

"Enough."

Before he could arrest her movement she had entered the hall, and closed the ponderous oaken door, and locked

"Banned and barred away, forever," he said, and then went down the steps and across barn to the stile, where Ethel had met him when the sun was shining, and from where he had followed her like a man in a dream. Mounting his horse he galloped away over the level lands of snow. At the bars he paused, as he had done that afwill think me!" said Mrs. Grandison | ternoon, and looked back at the window reproachfully; "O, we cannot think of of Ethel's room fronting the western horizon.

There was no graceful form --- no crimson draperies, no glittering hair, and sweet sad face, with dreamy eyes, the dist thou ever gaze, sweet in Upon a more impassioned kiss? and heavily stained lips. Only closed son," said Guy, with a flushed face, lattice now, and the glinting light of cold, calm moon beams. Long he gazed and the night wind whistling against him made him shudder. There was something delicious in the feeling, De fully that I would be back to night, in the mad mood he was then in. and I could not think of disappointing | Then the melancholy, serene sadness bim. The moon is up, is it not, Miss of an indefinable happiness seemed to Ethel?" he asked, as Ethel walked pervade his being! He felt that he Ethel?" he asked, as Ethel walked pervade his being! He felt that he firm steady poise, and stern set features,

as if carved from stone. "Henceforward," he said - "love, finall be to me only a phantom! This oh let thy beams, that softest shine, passion for Ethel Grandison shall be the light—the only light that shines her as a lost strain of delicious music --"Come anyhow," said Mrs. Grande or a beautiful dream. Hope is dead, mouldering to dust."

And thus the one star that rose in brought out her work basket of wors- dear Madam," said Guy, with a bow the clouded sky of the trrandison's set patches and took her seat near it, say, ing from you I appreciate those words while yet the mid night moon was

floating, in the limitless ether blue. (Continued in our next)

Queer Freak of a Girl.

We have this week a first class sensation, furnished at the expense of a "strong minded" girl, who, clad in the garb of a clever boy of seventeen, made application, some three years ago to Mr. Thomas Cook, living some miles out of the village, for a situation on his farm. He was received on trial, and, having shown himself to be a first class hand, was hired for a year. The time having expired, he was reemployed, and continued to be kept in the service of Mr. Cook until the start ling discovery, a few weeks ago, proved the "boy" to be a "girl." Of course this brought matters to a focus, and Mr. Cook settled with the "girl boy," and she departed for parts unknown. Before leaving she purchased a genteel suit of clothes, and, when dressel in them, looked not only the "nice young have not learned much respecting her history. Her name, it appears, is Kate Danly, and came to thi Wisconson She called herself Jem mie Hart. She had been wearing the garb of a man for five years, and according to her own story worked at the Sherman House, Chicago, for about two years as "waiter boy enjoyed quite a reputation for her inwith her in the field speak of her as being a very initial and religious person

As a reason for assuming this strange disguise, the said she had a "before you continue we will see if mother depending upon her for support, and tailing to get a position a echool marm, and the amount usual said imploringly; "I cannot speak ly paid to girls of call work being inadequate to suppost her and her mother, and having a good knowledge of farm work, she disguised her sex, in order to get a proper compensation for her labor. Chicago (III.) Herald.

Pope Pius IX of Jewish Descent.

A correspondent of the Vienna Tay blatt reports that the Mastias the family of the present Pope - are deliberate insult, unless offered to his dews of the purest blood of the sons of not like Edith to speak of me, as I wife! That you should dare thus additional. This fact might possibly ex have spoken of her." dress me Miss Grandison-puts you plain the secret affection of the Pope for the Jews, and the ready zeal with which he removed the barriers of the Chetto soon after his accession to the Papal chair. The Mastais obtained the title of Count through marriage, not deny that to me; I deserve your from Countess Ferretti, mother of Pius not deny that to me; I deserve your life, who was a descendant of an an contempt for my weakness—but O, gent family of Sinigagha. This Ethel, I mean no Counters Ferretti married the son of a converted Jew from Sinigaglia, Marco Consolino, (according to some the present Cardinal Consolina; according to others his brother,) published, after the election of present Pope, a work about the Jewish descent of the family Mastai. The Mastai could never for give the publication of give the publication of the genealogy of their house. One of the first acts of the new Pope was the removal of Consolini from all honorary offices, and not before the last three years did His Holiness grant him the Cardinal's hat, an honor he otherwise would have re an honor he otherwise would have re ceived twenty years ago. In the year 1848, a Concolini was killed in the open streets at Sinigaglia, and the murder-ers could not be discovered; but it was generally asserted in Sinigaglia and Spalato, that it was done by a Mastar. as it is a known fact that the most savage Corsican Vendetta exists be-tween the two families, Mastai and Consolini .- Jewish Messenger.

LINES.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE. Bweet moon, I love thee, yet I grieve
To gaze on that pale orb to night,
It tells me of that last dear eve
I passed with her—my soul's delight.

Hill, vale and wood and stream were dyed, In the pale glory of thy beams, As forth we wondered, side by side Once more to tell love's burning dreams.

My fond arm was her living gone, My hand within her hand was press'd, And love was in each estress tone, And rapture in each heaving breast.

And many a high and fervent vow "Was byeathed from her fall heart and mind While thy calm light was on her brow Like puro religion's seal and sigh.

We knew, alas! that we must part, We knew we must be severed long, yet noy was in each throbbing heart, For love was deep, and faith was strong. A thousand memories of the past Were busy in each glowing breast, nd hope upon the future east, Hor rainbow lines—and were blest.

I craved a boon-Oh! in that boon

The parting came—one moment brief Her dim and fading form I viewed— Twas gone—and there I sood in grief Amid life's awful solitude.

Tell me, sweet moon, for thou can'st tell, If mession still unchanged is her's — Do monghts of me her heart still swell Among her many worshipers? Say, does she schnetings wander now,

Ay, tell me, does her bosom thrill As wildly as of yore for me— Does her young heart adore me still, Or is that young heart changed like thee?

is suit my love to her is dear. Sear to her gentle heart from mine. A sigh, a blossing, alld a tear

The Heart of the Home.

All really useful and happy bomes have a heart centre toward which every member gravitates, drawn by attractions resistless because unfelt. The houseband that surrounds, strengthens and protects, is usually the husband and father. The house heart is usually the wit, and mother More than several times have we known the weak, the sick, the needy one of the family to in a heaven of unshadowed light- become the house heart, to and from which the activities of every member were in steady circulation. For her room the best in the house were chosen. The stately parlor gave up its best chair and picture. To that room came the first flower, the first berries, the first fruit of the orehard and vineyard. The newspaper came into that room first of all. There the father "reported" when returning, and left his good by when going. Thither the young girl, dressed for a party, came in to be admired in the household leart. Thither the house have come thrice a day tresh with the last excitement, and stories from the street. For her, the concert, the lecture, and the sermon have been listened to, and a story of them brought home. Her need has wrought a gen-tleness and unity through the whole Her tranquil judgment has tempered hasty speeches and taught the way of impartial thought,—Around the way of impartial thought.—Around her chair, or couch, or hed, as around an altar thrice consecrated, have come the daily worshipers, with Scripture, song and prayer. And so through of the true, simple woman she once song and prayer. And so through of the true, simple woman she once vear- of chastened enjoyment and was, revolts against this garnish, gottrembling hope, this family has found training in a life of unity, purity and art and make beleive devices, but then love. The house has had a heart. The she aims at her children's good. She passers by said "afflicted". But the means well, and she must be on good dwellers knew that the affliction was terms with society. Alas for her! she working out fruits most penceable and '18 going "lowards Sodom". rewards eternal

The Three Seives.

"Oh, mamma," cried little. Blanche Philipot, "I heard such a tale about the other manages a theater. could have been so naughty. One day

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, your story will pass three serves."
"What does that mean, mamma?"

said Blanche

"I will explain it. In the first place 18 it true?

"I suppose so, mamma. I heard it from Mrs. Parry, she said a friend of Mrs. White's told her the gtory, and Mrs. White is a great friend of Edith?"

true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mam ma, but I am afraid I was. I should

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all." "Then, dear Blanche, pray that your tongue may be governed, and thirt you may not indulge in evil speaking."

Pennsylvania State Suuday School Association.

The Annual Convention will be held at Harrisburg Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 14, 15, and 16. George 11. Stuart, Esq., is expected to preside. Each Sunday school in the State is requested to send two or more delegates. Pustors and Sunday school workers ato invited to attend and to participate. It is requested that the names of those who expect to attend shall be sent to Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D. Chairman, or John M. Sayford, Esq. Secretary, of the local committee of ar rangments at Harriaburg, on or before the first day of June, so that places of entertainment may be provided.

Secre aries of county organizations are requested to immediately send their address to the State Secretary, Lewis D. Vail, Esq., 708 Sampson Street, Philadelphia, 83 as to receive print-D. Vati, so is to receive p.....
Philadelphia, so is to receive p.....

Mere there is no organiishes to corresed details. Where there is no organization, the Secretary wishes to corres pond with some earnest Sunday school Can't get any more in this column.

The Missouri Caucacian on the Situa-tion. A Wail of Ageny.

The editor of the Exington (Missouri) Caucasian almost gives up in despair. He comments in a strain of in-dignant sorrow that would be laughable if it were not so true. Unhappily, however, he does not exaggerate. Thue:

however, he does not exaggerate.

Thus:

Down! Down!! Down!! During the whole nine years of radical rule? The proudest, freest, most exaggingset, prospectors, and happy notion on the glopf in 1866. The lowest based; poorest, most utterly brutalized and enslaved, in 1870, Cotton field niggers legislating for fib decaded and of the Washingtons! Handsons, and Lees! A Pennsylvania nigger legislating for the decaded and of the Washingtons! Handsons, and Lees! A Pennsylvania nigger barber sprayling his X-mark to the legislative one time to the State Senate Anigger barber sprayling his X-mark to the legislative one time to the State Senate Anigger barber sprayling his X-mark to the legislative one time to the State Senate Anigger eability of the commissions of congressmen, sheriffs, and circuit judges, as Secretary of the state of Mississippi! And a thielysh-ninger predeher, grunning and combing his lowy wool, in the place once filled by the hero, patriot and statesman, Jefferson Davis, in the United States Senate, so called Whilst a leprons, ulcerated Senate, so called Whilst a leprons, ulcerated Senate and exgovernor congratulates his associate black-guards and the country on the change!

God of the rained and dessolate! Was a poople so fallen before? Men of the North! Men of the South Ashiericans! Countrymen! Fellow shaves! Awake! Artsel shake off von lethargy, and fice the truth! Give the hellions who've wrought the horide hange a little longer lease of power, and no teabret in all the wide universe, though he should split fits mighty tooter, can even sound a blast powerful enough to resurred as sound a blast powerful enough to resurred to should split fits mighty tooter, can even sound a blast powerful enough to resurred to should split fits mighty tooter, can even sound a blast powerful enough to resurred to should split fits mighty tooter, can even sound a blast powerful enough to resurred to should split and fanning site your face, like stubleon steel, ag anst them and all their accurse of should split fits mi

Remember that they are your enemies to the Constitution—work to see Liberty Mose of God and common humanity! Lacotraging them, 'conciliating' them is tampering with your own destruction! They must be overthrown, annihilated, or you, we, and our country are eternally undone!

"Towards Sodom"

Lot chose a had location -- "towards Sodom; and it is easy and common to follow the bad example. A bright A birtakt young fellow from a Christian famisly is looking out for a position. It must be a good one; that is, it must yield large profits, and bid fair to give him a "rapid fortune." Something of fets—is examined and is accepted. True, it brings him in contact with the unprincipled, the reckless, and the most devoted worshipers of Mammon. It as sociates him, possibly, most closely with the open godless. It throws him upon them for security and countenance. It renders him a minority of one in a company of practical idolaters. Surely he is setting "towards Sodom."

A mother has addusted all the mee questions about her children's educa tion with a clear ideal of their future She sees clearly enough the end-the present life end to be reached, namely, position, wealth and connection. The means thereto are not so clear. But among them is society. So her plans take shape. Those good, homely people who used to be so intimate in the house are gradually cooled off, and the assiduously nice family in the next street is assiduously cultivated. Any thing they suggest, in dress, amuse ments, or avocations, opera or church, is accep ed. Old fashioned habits which they do not sanction are renounced, and the stylish graces in which they shing are eagerly imitated. Not, in up, constrained existence of decorative

In Boston, a small village in the State of Massachusetts, are two brothers. One is pastor of a church, while Philipot, "I heard such a tale about the other manages a theater. One driven to the painful necessity of shoot-Edith Howard! I did not think she presents gorgeous spectacles with flesh ing a man. Why can't people let new-could have been so naughty. One colored rights filled with women, and paper men alone small pieces of dress attached, hanging -all suffused with a glare of red fire. The other also presents high-ly-colored spectacles, with female an-dectook to defend gels, harps, etc., in the perspective, and the whole sufflised with "red fire," of the brimstone sort. A man who has tried the experiment says there isn't much difference in the expense of attending the two places, but, as a mat ter of taste, he prefers the spectacles where the "angels" are of a corporeal "And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you cannot prove that it proved the place of the p

> ONE day last week Col. A Payne and Mac. Stapleton, two influential citizens of Monticello, Kansas, quarreled about some trival matter while drinking, and agreed to settle the diffi culty in a dark room. Payre had a knife and Stapleton a revolver. Some eitizens, on hearing a pistol shot burst open the door, and found Stapleton with his throat cut, and Payne shot through the lungs.—Neither was killed, but there is little hope of the recovery of either.

> A "National" School Room Scene. -Instructor Summer - Highest class in Republicanism, stand up. Give me she grand result of five years of war half a million of dead, two hundred and fifty thousand maimed men, and twenty-five hundred millions of debt. Class-(all at once, with enthusiasm)

-A negro United States Senator! Instructor - Right, my children you may resume your studies on thx

Governor Geary has appointed a ne gro Notary Public in Philadelphia. The name of the fortunate darkey is Ulysses B. Vidal. Rather a high-souding title. Let Geary now name one of the Tow Hill negroes for a similar position in the Borough of Columbia, and compose the quarrel which has been going on among the black and white Radicals of that town for some time past.—Lancaster Intelligencer

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

RED hot-Cayenne pepper.

A GOOD side show-A pretty cheek. PLEADING at the bar-begging a

Convivial statuary-Animated busts. THE round of demestic life-a hoop skirt.

THE most popular general-General Holiday.

Nor the chimney for a studio-()na hat won't draw. TEXAS has a black Ruby. He is a

nember of the State Senate. WHEN does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his meinory.

THE greatest spendthrift-the moon,

she is always changing her quarters. Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it's in the centre.

A JACK of all trades should make a uitable partner for a maid of all work. A FAVORITE parlor game-" Spark. ng Sunday nights," it takes two to play

An anomaly-that the river should he rising when it is constantly going down.

A carrie says of a famous singer that the sings a few airs and puts on a great

many.' A ROSTON paper admits that the great organ of that city, is the organ of self-

esteem Why is a solar celipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's hiding of the sun

A Connecticul man who has worn a hat for forty years says it has been in fushion seven times

SENTIMEN with nether integuments of a greenish hie may now sit upon the grass in safety.

THE early bird begins to sing about five o'clock in the morning. So say those who know.

A GIRL at a party was asked what made her face look so red. She replied them horrid chaps A's old maid says marriage is like any other disease—"while there's life there's

hope " IF a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? She would be a he-then.

EXERY clergyman is supposed to be familiar with at least one mechanical rade that of a joiner

 $\mathbf{W}_{\mathbf{HEN}}$ should a man be spoken of :: the plural number? When he is a man beside himself SOMEBODY says that ladies wear vely on the principle that indistinctness leads

nchantment to the view THE boot-heels and bonnets of the ladies grow smaller and smaller, though

they represent opposite extremes Tite Dayton Journal insists that a chap with a drunken horse and buggy recently passed through that city

LAW is like a sieve, you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through THE census taker will soon be around

with all sorts of questions, and the la-dies are advaged to get their ages ready A NEW Hampshire jury is the first to return a verdict in favor of a murder, on the ground of "justifiable insanity

A WESTERN reporter does not say a gentleman died suddenly; but that his "soul instantaneously dropped its ha-

"On, ma," said a little girl, who had been to a show, "I've seen the clej hant, and he walks backwards and eats with his tari

A PAWNBROKER having joined atperance society, it was remarked that there need be no fear of his not keep by the pledge

THERE is often but a slight separation

between a woman's love and her late Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet ANOTHER Colorado editor has been

Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who is an able lawyer, admits that radi-

A OTHE must certainly be getting into the lumber business when she pines for a spruce young man, of whom she thinks a good deal THE basket trade of Chicago is increasing, owing to the demand for that atti-cle in which to leave deserted babies on

good men's doorsteps THE only justification we have seen of Mrs. McFarland's conduct is the picture of her first husband, as given in the New

York papers THE "soonest" thing on record-Time it is always on the wing, and no one has over been able to catch it as it flies, but a drummer beats it.

HEADS are worn hanging rather down, with the right fore-finger in the mouth, and a rather dejected expression is considered quite the ton.

A QUEER humorist, who has had a hard time of it, says, "when a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion."

JERSEY City is about to be made ? port of entry. Ned Wilkins used to describe it as va place where people go to see other people off to Europe.

A FEMALE writer says that young la-ies should have same aim in life. Aldies should have same aim in life. Almost every one does. She gets a beau, then she aims to get married. MEN who are compelled to sit on a scattle and take their noon repast

off the head of a barrel, will understand that it is house-cleaning time. Women talk more easily than men Their tongues are longer. Words sparkle up like bubbles in champaigne. Lake

hoemakers, they are fond of the last. A MAN at a hotel table, out West, made a deadly enemy of the landlord by accusing him of an infringement on Goodyear's patent, in the way of so-call ed beef-steak.

WHY is a woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train, after her, scatters the sparks, transports the males, and sometimes switches off on the wrong