

A WIFE'S SECRET.

'The Lawrences are going abroad,' said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. 'I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction.'

'Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert.'

'Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember; you were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present.'

'That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it.'

'I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present.'

'Yes; and, besides, we cannot afford it, Robert.'

'How much is it worth?' 'It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the lack of our "hurry-fund" went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer.'

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it! But how? Dozens of schemes occurred to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the

Magazine, and so earn the needed money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the solid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her article, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached, much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared sadly absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple syrup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally, to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed anything from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him, she was glad to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

For an hour her pencil flew busily; ideas thronged at her bidding; words came freely to express them. The first sentence only troubled her. Five or six beginnings were made only to be scoured out; this seemed too formal, that too abrupt, another too sentimental. She feared she must resort to the charming old formula, "Once upon a time." But the right words came at last, and then all went on bravely, till a neighbor came in, and the already beloved heroine had to be exchanged for Robert's Afghan and every day chat. There came other interruptions and duties; no more writing that day. The promised attempt at a nap occurred about half an hour before Robert's return, having been entirely forgotten till then; and though Annie lay on the sofa, with her eyes conscientiously closed, for fully fifteen minutes, her thoughts were on her heroine all the time, and once she sat up and made pencil memoranda on the back of a letter, hastily pocketed as her husband's step was heard. By the second night her plot was fully sketched in her mind, and it only remained to put it upon paper. Sometimes a whole day would pass, and not a moment of time could she find to write in, though exactly in the mood for it. Again, she would have leisure, but an unconquerable aversion to her pen; and if she tried to rally her powers by reading what was already written, it sounded like arrant nonsense; certainly no sane editor would accept it. The native persistency of her character, however, enabled her to finish her task, in defiance of many interruptions and discouragements, and the rough draft of her story was completed in two weeks. It was a funny-looking affair, on no less than twenty-three sheets of paper—half sheets and whole sheets, backs of envelopes and concert programmes; white, brown and tinted paper; some in pencil and some in ink—a most dis-

reputable muddle; but she was a happy little woman as she bewailed the last lines, straightened her cramped shoulders, pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks, and whispered, "Done at last!" A timely term of bad weather gave her time to copy it promptly. She was arranging her nest-pieces when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her portfolio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered; but she looked so guilty and confused that he exclaimed:

'How scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?'

'Oh, no; but aren't you early? There's no bad news, is there?'

'No, no, little woman; nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?' Annie was in the closet getting his slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and she changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed, Annie mailed her precious MS., under the nom de plume of 'Cynthia Sullivan.' She was very uneasy on her errand to the post-office, for fear some one might suspect her mission, and was glad to start on her way homeward, thinking herself unseen; but she was mistaken, for although her husband's office was in another part of the town, he saw her, and wondering at her strangely agitated face, his jealous heart instantly suggested that she came from the direction of Tom Lawrence's office, as Tom had been an old and ardent admirer of hers. But he sought no explanation, and grew moody and sullen; his wife attributing his conduct to his old enemy, the dyspepsia.

As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for 'Cynthia Sullivan,' but without success, till, at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that name was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the post-master was boxed in behind high wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over the letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where, seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears, these beautiful words:

'Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan: "DEAR MADAM:—Your MS., "Stella's Summer by the Sea," is accepted for Magazine, and we herewith enclose for it our check for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Yours, etc.'

There was the crisp, orange-lettered check, the more than realization of her wildest hopes! She felt that these editors were her dearest friends, and longed to do something to express her gratitude to them. It was almost too good to be true! and, as she walked happily home, one hand in her pocket clapping the wonderful letter, she feared she should wake and find it all a dream. Going in, she found on the table her husband's hat and an unopened letter, with a Liverpool post-mark, addressed to her in Tom Lawrence's well-known handwriting. Of course it was from Carry; she never would direct her own letters. But where was Robert? She went through parlor and sitting room seeking him, tearing open the letter meanwhile. Not finding him, she was about going up stairs, but, remembering the precious check in her pocket, turned back, smiling happily as she recalled its contents, and locked it safely in her desk, quite unaware that Robert was watching her from behind the bay-window curtains. Yes, he had seen her come in, more joyously than for weeks past, with Tom's letter open in her hand; seen her look carefully about the rooms, hastily secreted a billet in her desk and pocket the key. She never used to lock that desk, or have any secrets. To be sure, she showed him the letter afterward—but that was from Carry; the inclosure, so carefully hidden, was doubtless from Tom. And yet, while all his worst fears were thus revived, Annie's eyes were so pure and true, her manner so loving and happy, he could not doubt her long. After a night of reflection he resolved that if she had a secret it could not be an unworthy one; he would trust her and respect it. If her heart ever did regret its choice, he would win her back by patient tenderness; for he well knew that if man had a guardian angel, his little wife was his.

Now followed many happy weeks, during which Annie showed no absence of mind, made no mysterious journeys, received no private letters. Robert's resolutions were easily kept, and he almost forgot the perturbations of the summer. Coming home by an earlier train than usual, one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last, he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like, the husband

stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carry all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence! A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her, and demand to be told all. He reached his gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

'She does well,' muttered Robert, bitterly; 'she shut me out of her confidence long ago.'

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her flurried motions.

'What shall I do?' she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him. His jealous mood swept over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope.

'Perhaps this is what you have lost!'

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her. Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave now apparently entirely subdued by pain. How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every look and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was no nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her.

She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry, had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up.—Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

'If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you have your tea. It's all ready below, Sir.'

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! How utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he had said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while he was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one loving word. She had only said, "Take care, Robert; it is broken; and afterward, "Don't mind; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

'She is as unhappy as I am,' thought Robert. 'How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why can't I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?'

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as those thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on the thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

'Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?'

'Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then. "Robert! Robert! it is no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I never will have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be shy any more! And then she burst into such wild crying that Robert was fairly frightened."

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and like all her usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, as urging her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away, so at last—interrupted by her own tears or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as

every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, cannot be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and thus upon three hours of suffering and confession, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for permission to alter the name of Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan's story; and, with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and 'Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan' was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes, as he knelt beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quiet old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening, the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or disingenuousness. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

Serious Difficulty Between England and Germany.

The correspondent of the New York Herald, in Berlin, sends the following: A serious complication has arisen between Germany and England, and dispatches are passing between Prince Bismark and Earl Granville.

The German government observes unpenetrable silence on the subject of the present difficulty, but I am informed that Prince Bismark has addressed a note to Count Bernstorff, the German representative in London, informing him that the imperial German government desired to acquire Heligoland, and empowering him to make propositions to the British government for the purchase of the island.

Earl Granville replied in the same manner, saying that England will not part with Heligoland, and that the British government could entertain no proposition looking to the cession of that island.

Upon which Prince Bismark again addressed the British government through Count Bernstorff, declaring that the acquisition of Heligoland was necessary for the protection of the German coast, reciting as an instance the facilities for coaling and immunity from an attack which the French fleet enjoyed at Heligoland, by which it was enabled to blockade Hamburg and paralyze the commerce of the German coast. He looked upon Heligoland on account of its close proximity as German territory, and its possession by any foreign power as a standing menace to Germany.

Earl Granville again replied that England was only bound to consider her own interests; that the wish of the German government to acquire Heligoland did not constitute her right to it, as the island had never been under German rule. The controversy now rests at this stage.

All the unofficial papers in Berlin are discussing the chances for the acquisition of Heligoland, while the official press is either guarded or silent on the subject, a fact which is interpreted as one of great significance.

A Word to Swearers.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in presence of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear in company when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or place.

'I will give you ten dollars,' said the gentleman, 'if you go into the village church yard at 12 o'clock to-night and swear the same oath which you have uttered here, when you are alone with God.'

'Agreed,' said the man, 'tis an easy earned ten dollars.'

'Well, you come to me to-morrow, and say you have done it, and the money is yours.'

The time passed on; mid night came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the grave-yard not a sound was heard; all was as still as death.

Then the gentleman's words, 'alone with God,' came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and what he had come there to do, darted through his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees and instead of the dreadful oath he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

'Theodore Tilton, in the Golden Age, says: "Protestantism has written no creed, fashioned no culture, framed no church, developed no power which could begin to take the place which the Catholic church holds in the world to-day. Destroy this church, which dates back to the days of the Apostles, to which the Fathers belonged, and around which are gathered the most tender and sacred associations of Christian history, and Protestantism would be involved in the general wreck."

—A high joint affair—Rheumatism in the shoulder

History of the Trial Which Cost Velandigham His Life.

On the night of December the 25th, 1871, Christmas eve, Thomas Meyers was seated in a faro table in the American saloon, Hamilton, Ohio. From the reading-room a flight of stairs ascended to an apartment above, used for

A GAMBLING HELL.

fronting the square. Meyers often went to this resort, and so did many of the foremost citizens. He had been for some years prominently connected with local politics, and was a street supervisor. He was a jovial, rollicking and good natured fellow, yet not much given to dissipation. He was looking up to as the muscular champion of republicanism of Hamilton, and was socially liked by many who disliked his political affiliations. In one difficulty he shot and killed a man, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. It was known that he always went armed.

Thomas McGehan is another resident of Hamilton. He has been very active in democratic politics for a few years past, and has a brother who is Marshal of that city. He has lately been engaged largely in whiskey distilling operations, and has amassed considerable property.

The other actors in the story are Jackson Garver, a member of the Hamilton paid fire department; Jas. McGehan, a brother of Thomas; Ich. Sheeley, an assistant Marshal of Hamilton, and Daniel McGlynn. There had for some time existed

DEADLY HOSTILITY.

between Thomas McGehan and Meyers. McGehan accused Meyers of having given information to the internal-revenue authorities regarding liquor operations. Everybody predicted that the feud would end in bloodshed, and on the night spoken of their predictions were verified. Meyers sat at the faro table, and there was eight or ten persons in the room. George Johnson sat in the "lookout" chair. An another table was a party playing seven-up. Five men entered the faro apartment; the advent was not particularly noticed, as all in the room were intently occupied in their games. Suddenly Tom Meyers staggered from his seat. The five men surrounded him. There was a sound as of crushing blows. There came three pistol shots in quick succession. The affrighted players hastened down stairs pell-mell. The five men passed leisurely down, and four of them went out of the front door of the saloon. The news quickly flew that there had been an affray in the American, and in a few moments Dr. Huber, who was in the faro room where the assault occurred, returned and examined Meyers.

HE WAS DYING.

There was several contused wounds about the head, and in the abdomen was a hole where the fatal bullet had passed. In fifteen minutes from the beginning of the fracas Meyers was dead.

While Meyers lay above, writhing in his death throes, McGehan stood drinking at the bar below. The doors had been closed, and a knot of anxious inquirers waited. Presently there came a peremptory knock, and the door was opened from within. Joseph Meyers, the brother of the murdered man, stepped inside. As soon as he saw McGehan at the bar, he exclaimed: "I did not come here for any fun, Mr. McGehan."

"All right," responded McGehan, passing into the street, and spent the remainder of the night in carousal. For two days he was at large, and on the third was arrested, with his brother James, Sheeley, Garver and McGlynn, as the murderers of Thomas Meyers.

Scene on the Ohio.

Our boat had to stop to take in wood. On the shore, among the crowd, was a remarkable stupid young fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down.

A dandy, ripe for a scrape, nook and winks all around, saying:

'Now, I'll have some fun. I'll frighten the green-horn.'

He jumped ashore with a large drawn bowie-knife, and brandishing it in the face of the green 'un, exclaiming:

'Now I'll punish you—I've been looking for you for a week.'

The fellow stared stupidly at his assailant; he evidently did not know enough to be scared, but as the bowie-knife came near his face, one of his fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell hard and heavy between the eyes of the dandy, and the poor fellow was flogging in the Ohio.

Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and took the second sail.

'Why there's somebody else has been looking for me for a week!'

Just FOUND IT OUT.—A rough looking specimen of humanity was cruising along Chatham street, New York, not long since, when he came plumply upon a Jew, a specimen of his race, about whom there could be no mistake.

Without a word of warning, the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his 'claret' saucer between his fingers and thumb, he demanded an explanation. "Shut up, or I'll bust you again!" shouted the aggressor, approaching him.

'I never done nothing mit you, and what for you mash me on the nose?' asked Abraham.

'Yes, yer hev; yer Jews crucified Jesus Christ, and I have a mind to go for yer again.'

'But mine Cot, that was eighteen hundred years ago.'

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Generally speaking—women. —Brakeman—baggage smasher. —What dress is most durable? A habit. —Back door belles—pretty servant maids. —Caws and effect—Crows and scarcrows.

—When is a new hat like a blow? When it is felt. —Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him. —Song of a good hunter—"My happiness is ore. —The way to get at the root of any thing is to dig. —When a woman gets her back up she won't back down. —Why is a girl not a noun? Because alas is an interjection. —The last language to be spoken on earth—The Finnish!

—The matter of a good-fitting coat is only a matter of form. —Is a military company likely to get wot when it trains? —The first supporter of the press—Cain; he took a Bell's life. —It is not always he who has the most nose who knows the most. —No class put more real feeling in their vocation than pickpockets. —The "new departure" of the Administration—to Long Branch. —A question of possibility: Could a woman "beard" a lion in his den. —In unreasonable hot weather, one complains of the unwanted heat. —The waiter is a most irresistible person; he carries everything before him. —Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff, and often crossed. —A good tonic for debilitated young ladies—iron. A better tonic—ironing. —A man who is sleeping in bed, lies asleep; and who tells falsehoods lies awake. —It is hard to respect old age when one gets sold on a venerable pair of chickens. —"Out of sight, out of mind," as the mad wag said when he saw a blind lunatic. —A man who cuts his hairs off with a shilling need not necessarily use a silver spoon. —There is no objection to a broil in the house, so long as it is confined in the kitchen. —Dangerous relaxation—Fooling with a married lady who has a red-headed husband. —Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it has to be ground before it can be used. —It is fashionable in Ohio to stamp doughnuts with the monogram of the family. —The young lady who is unable to support a riding habit, should get into a walking habit. —Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ in the light-headed ones. —A kiss is the alms which enriches him who receives without impoverishing her who gives. —Sombody says Phebe Cozzons has Ohio features. 'Ohio' has only one, that what he means? —On a gay widow giving up her weeds for colors—"Behold how brightly breaks the morning!" —Balloons don't care about making much money. If they can only make ascent they are satisfied. —An honest banker sometimes fails in making money, but a dishonest one makes money by failing. —There is a poor man in Bangor, Maine, who says: "It's working between meals that's killing him!" —White suits are much worn by young ladies these days—but more of them wear white suits these nights. —A red nose is no more a sign of a drinking throat than a talking tongue is an indication of a wise head. —Why don't they take steps in Tartary to establish insane asylums? Because they're no mad people there. —A carriage-maker thinks "the elliptic steel springs" are about as healthy "material springs" as there are. —Greoley says that in order to raise baseballs of the average diameter and density, subsoiling is absolutely necessary. —An exchange says, "Wife-bating is called spousal castigation, in 'Chicago' Boston calls it 'basting the spare rib.'" —A Connecticut horse has been taught to ring the door-bell, but he can't be made to wipe his feet on the mat. —"My dear," remarked Punch, in his recent days, is the expression used by a man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel. —Was the Roman matron, whose sons were Jowla, a mother of pearls? "No, my child, the Gracchi were Cornelius." —Two Atlanta belles couldn't restrain themselves from kissing Jeff Davis, last Saturday, and Jeff—well, he wouldn't restrain them. —What's the difference between a honey comb and a honey mbon? One consists of a number of small cells; the other of one great cell. —A New Orleans thief returned some abstracted clothing that proved to be too small, and wrote to the owner that he would wait for him to grow. —Blasting is sometimes out of place. We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor. —Is that dog of yours a cross breeder? asked a gentleman of a canine vendor. "No zar; his mother was a very gentle and affectionate creature." —A Toledo druggist had his name taken off a petition for a street improvement when he learned that such would improve the health of the neighborhood. —A lady remarked of a very ignorant man, who was complimented on his good sense: "He ought to have a great stock of good sense, for he never spends any." —A fashionable mamma's advice to her married daughter: "Never take your husband to an evening party; there is nothing that is always so much in the way."