LOVING, BUT_UNLOVED.

Out from his palace home
He came to my cottage door;
Few were his looks and words,
But they linger for evermore.
The smile of his sad blue eyes
Was tender as smile could be;
Yat I was nothing to bim,
Though he was the world to me!

Fair was the bride he won, Yet her heart was never his own; Her besuit he had and held, But his spirit was ever alone. I would have been his elave, With a kiss for my life long fee; But I was nothing to him, While he was the world to me!

To-day, in his stately home, On a flower-strewn hier he lies, Orf a flower-strewn hier he lies, With the droping lids fast closed O'er the beautiful sai blue eyes, I And among the mourners who mours I may not a mourner be; For I was nothing to him, Though he was the world to me!

How will it be with our souls
When they meet in the bester land?
What the mortal could never know,
Will the spirit yet understand?
Or, in some celestial form,
Must the sorrow repeated be,
And I be nothing to him.
While he dires Heaves for ma? While he dims Heaven for me?

THE ELOPEMENT.

"Your aunt Charlton and cousin Jennie will be here on the next train Russell." said Mr. Wilder to his neph "You had better get the gony chaise, and bring them from the "Can't. Am going away myself,

"The-the d--- I you are " responded the old gentleman, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead, and re garding his nephew with an air of sur prise and consternation
"Yes, sir. Charley Hunt invited me

out to nis place for a few weeks, and I thought I might as well go now as any time.

"I should say that it was a very strange time to be leaving home. You and cousin will consider it as a personal affront, sir.'

"It is not intended as such, sir. Though to be frank, considering the object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her. And I must say that I think she would have shown more sense and delicacy if she would have stayed away.

"Your cousin is a very lively little girl, Mr. Impudence, and won't be like ly to go a begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. for all that, she wont suit me for a wife, uncle.

"How do you know that, you conceited young donkey, when you never naw her?" inquired the trate old quan bringing his cane down upon the floor with startling emphasis

"Common sense teaches me that no marriage can be a happy one that does not spring from mutual love. And one thing I am resolved, that I will never marry from mercenary motives."

"Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!" roared Mr. Wilder, his Jace growing purple with rage and vexation at his nephew's per "All I ask is that you will stay and see her. And this is a point I insist upon-yes, sir, I insist upon

"I am sorry to disobey you, uncle, but if I should stay, it will only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid, but I will tell you what I I will relinquish all claim to the property that you are so anxious should not be divided. As that seems should not be divided. As that seems to be the main object, I think that it ought to be satisfactory to all parties. A few minutes later Russell passed

by the window, value in hand. He nodded good, humoredly to his uncle as he glanced in, who glared at ter him in speechless rage.

"He shan't have a penny -- not a penny!" he growled, as sinking back an his chair, he wiped the perspiration "What's the matter now?" said the

gentle voice of his wife, Polly, who had just entered the room "Matter enough, I should say. Rus-

sel has gone -- actually cleared out, so as not to see his cousin. What do se not to see his cousin. you think of that?" f"
"I think you'll have another attack

of the gout, if you get yourself so excited, said the good lady, as she place idly resumed her knitting.
"What's to be done now?"

"Nothing that I can see. If Russel and Jennie had seen each other be fore they had any notion that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but that they would have fallen head and ears in love with each other, but as matters are now, I don't beleive it would be of the least use. From what Blen writes me, I should think Jenmie to be as much opposed to it as Rus sel. She says she can't bear to hear his name mentioned, and that it was so much as she could do to get her consent to come at all, when she heard

"They are a couple of simpletone." mid the old gentleman, testily. "I've got half a mind to make another will, and leave my property to some chartable institution

that Russel was at home.

In going to Dighton, whither he was bound Russel Wilder had to traval part of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger be-sides himself, for which he was not sorry, the day being very hot and sul

This passenger was a lady—there was an air of funnistakable ladyhood about her which told him that. He noticed particularly the daintily gloved

hands and well fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that she was both young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the envious well that hid it.

But as soon as she got comfortably settled in the corner, to which Russel mediated her she threw it back, disclosed a fair, sweet face, lighted by a pair ing as an indication of their "manifest people of color are ef wondrously bright black eyes, which shot a swift, bewildering glance into to the joy of their uncle, whose daries emigrate to Liberia.

his, that were so intently regarding

The sudden starting of the coach, which spon cent the lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking, as he returned them, of which he was not slow to

take adventage.

From this they fell easily into conversation; and it was curious how sociable they became.

They talked of the heautiful scenery

through which they were passing; of the newest books and latest magazines, some of which Russell had with him

The lady inwardly thought her comagreeable man she ever met with. And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled lipe, and the pearly teeth they disclosed whenever she spoke or

Certain it is, his four hours ride from P- to Dighton, were the shortest four hours he had ever known in his life.

"Where do you want to be left sir?" inquired the coachman as he entered

e village.
"At Mr. Charles Hunt's, Locust Hill. Do you know where that is?" said Russell, putting his head out of

"Certainly, sir; take you there in a

"Why there's where I'm going!" said the lady, opening her eyes widely. Nelly—Mr Hunt's wife, is my most particular friend; we used to go to school together [' 'And Charley Hunt is one of the

finest fellows in the world." "How very odd!"

"How very fortunate?" exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his fair companion, which made the rosy cheeks still more rosy.
"Might I take the liberty of inquir

But just at this moment the stage

stopped in front of the house, on portice of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, enjoying the evening breeze.

In a moment Russell was shaking hands with the former, while his com pamon rushed eagerly into the arms o the surprised and delighted wife.

"Why, what a happy surprise, Jen-nie!" she said, after spiriting her vis itor off to her own room; "I had given up all idea of seeing you this sum-

"And I had no idea of being able to come, until just before I started. You see, mamma -- my step mamma, you know-was going to Uncle Wilder's, and she insisted on my going with her to see the hateful, disagreeable cousin of mine, that they are determined to marry me to. So when mamma was packing, I just put on my things and slipped off, leaving a note to tell where I was going. Wasn't that a where I was going. Wigood joke on them all!"

"I should think it was," said Nelly, with a burst of merriment, far more than the occasion warranted. "When I saw who your companion was, I thought you were out on your wedding tour.

"No, indeed, never saw the man until he got into the stage at P-But, really, he is the finest looking man I ever saw, and so agreeable.

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you come down stairs. There's Sarah wanting to see me about supper. You'll have only to dress. Mind and look your prettiest!

And with a rougish shake of her finger at her friend. Nellie ran away to

see about supper
If Jennie did not "look her pret tiest, she certainly looked very lovely as she entered the supper room, her lines suit exchanged for a fresh, soft muslin, whose simplicity and purity were relieved only by the violet-colored ribbons in the bair and throat.

Russell had also taken great pains with his toilet as could be seen by his spotless linen and carefully arranged

The panse that followed Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who in response to a meaning glance from his wife, said :

"Russell, allow me to introduce to l

this autouncement threw the parties and hostess.

"I suppose you'll want to book your self for the next stage?" said Mr Hunt, shyly to Russel, who had been

talked into his friend's confidence. "And you," said his wife, turning to mine, "I don't suppose anything Jennie, could tempt you to remain, now that you have seen that hateful, disagrees

"Nellie !" interrupted Jennie, crim-soning, as she remembered her words. "Well, I won't then. But you must let me laugh. Just to think of both of you running in the same direction, and to the same place.

The ringing laugh that burst from Nellie's lips was too contagious to be resisted, even by those at whose expense it was raised.

This merriment was followed by a general feeling, and a pleasanter tea-party never gathered around social

We need hardly say that Russell did not take the stage the next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's unexpected appearance.

When they did go, they went, as

they came, together.

Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only equaled by his delight, on looking out of the window to see the two walking up the path towards the house, arm in arm, and apparently on the

best of terms. As for Russell and Jennie, they seemed to regard the unexpected meeting as an indication of their "manifest

ing wish was accomplished in the marriage of the two, thus made happy in spite of themselves.

The National Game.

Who should I meet but Sam Skin game, made up like a regular swell full suit of black, stove-pipe hat, paten

"What's the lay Sam?" set I.
"What's yer game?"
"The Nashunal game," ses Sam.

"I'm a member and stockholder of the

Dirty Stockings. "Yes, but what's the game? Is it bones' or 'papers?' " ses I, kinder ig-

norin' the stockings. "It's the one-ball game," sex Sam. "The Nashunal Game of Base Ball.

Want to jine ?"
"Well, I don't mind," sez I, "but I'd like to be left out of wearing the stock-

ings till cooler weather."
"Stow that," sez Sam "Dirty Stock ings is the pet name of our professional

So Sam agreed to let me have some of his stock and some brads to pay for membership, and went to the Chateau grounds to see the first game for the championship between the Dirty Stockings and the Soiled Shirts of Sedalia. It was as hot as blazes, but you may pick me up for a flat if there warn't more than three thousand people sitting there in the sun.

Pretty soon the game began. The first they did was to select an umpire. An umpire's duty is to stan' out one aide and holler, an' to make a sure thing of it, every once in a while he sings out, "One bawl!" "Two bawl!" After they had stood the umpire out in the sun, one of the Dirty Stockings picked up a big club and stood over a little tron plate like a pavior with a rammer.

Three other chaps went and stood on three little sail-loft cushions; three other fellows winked at each other and got as far out in the field as they could another man planted himself about fif teen feet from one of the chaps on the little cushions. Sam says they call this man short stop, because he don't stop there long before his head is caved in by the ball. Then a player stood behind the chap on the little iron plate, an' another went in front of him and began to pitch a ball at his head, and he dodged it, an' then the chap behind him would chuck it back.

Bime-by the feller that held the full hand of clubs got mad, struck the ball an' drove it into the short-stop man's stomach, flung his club back an' knocked out the front teeth of the man behind; then he ran at one of the chaps on the little cushions, knocked him down and stamped on him, and went for the chap on the next cushion, but the ball got there somehow before he did, and the chap on the second cushion grabbed it and fetched him a pelt side of the head as he came up. Then the umpire yelled, "Out!" The crowd cheered, the wounded were carried off in an ambulance, new men put in their places, and they began all over again. I asked Sam if anyhody ever got hurt

playing the Nashunal game.
"Not enough to interfere with the grme," says Sam. "We've located our grounds very near the city hospital; have our own ambulance, coroner and undertaker, and the doctor brings the medical students over to all the matches to study surgery. We did have a life and accident insurance agent, but the

first two matches failed his company. Sam save that when the Nashunal game was first introduced, men used to play for fun and exercise, but since John Morrissey, Jim Fisk and our kind have taken the game up, they have to pay a member of the professional nine a thousand dollars for the season, his doctor's bill and all be can make through his friends' inside bets

You can bet your pile the Nashunal PRIDE'S & big thing.

Drop of Ink.

Think of a queen's first signature of a death warrant, where the tears tried to blanch the fatal darkness of the dooming ink, of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of you your cousin, Jennie; Miss Charlander of freeefitting, written in gail; of ton, your cousin, Russell Wilder." other's written, where each letter took other's writing, where each letter took The embarramment which followed the shape of the gallows; of a lover's the blank astonishment into which passionate proposal, written in fire, of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice , of so unexpectedly made known to each a mother's dying expostulation with other, was quickly dispelled by the a wayward son, written in her heart's turn that was given it by their host blood; of an indignant father's disin heriting curses on his first born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of those and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour given birth, and what a strangely potent Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the beliest of men Here a despairing prisoner is writing a confession of faith with a rusty nail on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which he only knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice-water and innocent mulk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Ship-wrecked earlors about to be engulted in mid ocean are consigning to a floating bottlethe faint pencil memorandum of the apot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, a writing of each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink. The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the joys and wees of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—Macmillan's Magazine.

> - It is reported that two thousand people of color are asking help from the American Colonization Society to

The Lisping Officer.

A good story has been told of a lisp-ing officer having been victimized by a brother officer, who was noted for his deliberation and strong nerves, and his getting square with him in the following manher:

The cool joker, the captain, was always quissing the lisping officer for his nervousness, and said to him one day, in the presence of his company:

Why, nervousness is all nonsense. I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lipping friend, "how would you do, suppothe a thell with an inth futher thould drop ithelf in a walled angle in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp thooters, and where it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you'd get pep-pered?"

"How?" said the captain, winking at the circle, "why, I'd take it cool and

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in circles, when along came the lieping lieutenant Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an exthperiment thith fine morning, and see how extheed-

ingly cool you can be. Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarter, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in the hottest centre a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for de fense. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situa tion, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened.

"Charlie, let me out, if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Their on the canithter!" shouted

the lieutenant, in return. Not a moment was to be lost. He had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded sans everything but a very short under garment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon the full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him drew out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled the sergeant in front of him to hide him-

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" asked the lieutenant.

"Why, because there were no sharpshooters in front to prevent a retreat, answered the captain. "All I've got to thay, then, ith that

you might thately have done it, for I'll thwear there wathn't a grain of powder

The captain has never spoken of madam; good night," and he shot for nervousness since. a Fulton avenue car, then nearly a block away. The Last King of Ireland.

Roderic O'Connor, of the ancient line

of Connaught, was the last king who sat on the throne of Celtic 'seland. His character and exploits are painted with no flattering hand by the monkish writers, who longed for his destruction, or later historians, who have written in the interest of the Roman church All the crimes and wors of a fated (Edipus are attributed to the unhappy king who ventured to strike a last b for the freedom of Ireland, who resisted with obdurate patriotism the steel clad legions of the pope and Henry II, and who more than once seems to have been on the eve of a final triumph. It is said that Roderic was thrown in chains by his father, who feared his savage temper, that he put out the eyes of his two brothers, and that he wasted in cavil tends the forces that should have been turned against the foe. He seems, in leed, to have wanted prudence, and too often to have been deceived by the treacherous arts of Dermot and the priests. Yet one cannot avoid reviewing with sympathy the story of the unhappy monarch whose disastrous reign marked by a sincere patriotism, and whose misfortunes were never merited by his treachery or his service fear. Amidst his savage wilds and ancestral wilds the O'Connor, terrified by novel dangers, assailed by the most powerful monarch of the age, exposed to the anathemas of the Italian church, surrounded by traitors, and scarcely safe from the intrigues of his own sons or his ambitious rivals, still maintained a spirit not unworthy of that long line of patriotic chiefs of whom he was des tined to be the last, and it is a graceful trait in the character of Roderic that he strove once more to revive, by The youthful pollosopher was about liberal endowments, the famous college of Armagh, as if conscious that Ireland could only hope to secure its freedom

by a general education of its people.—
Harper's Magazine. GIRLS, HEAR THIS! -- Do not smile on the suitor that toasts your fair name; the love which he speaks to you is washed from his lips by the wine. Do not let him pledge his allegiance over the glass of flery spiritsit is blasphemy; it will be perjury.

The wine is dearer to his heart than your sweet face and womanly goodness; he already has a master; he cannot have two. Dream not of conversion after you are his; that pathless route will not saprifice his love of drink for the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken ill, and sent her it is his in God's name, emancipate himself.

-A member of the South Carolina Legislature, an old bachelor by the home? name of Evans, got off the following jeu d'esprit lately :

Byans was introduced to a beautiful

widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mr. Evans, permit me to introduce chewing her cud.

you to Mrs. Evans."
"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spir-

"Hadn't Jined 'em Yet."

A rather verdant young man, whose features exhibited every symptoms of being alightly singed with the emergid, latal lately entered a jewelry store in New York, and gazing earnestly into the

show-case, remarked :
"You've got a heap of mighty pretty breast pine thar, mister, what might vou ax for 'em ?"

"What sort of a pin would you like to look at?" asked the merchant "Well, I dunno," said the visitor, pointing to a plain Masonic pin (the compass and square), "how much is

that vere?' "Five dollars, only sir," was the reply. "It's a very fine pin, eighteen carat gold, and—"

"You bayn't ary one with a little gold hand saw laid across it, hev you?" interrupted the would be purchager.

"I believe not, sir," said the mer-

chant.
"I'm just out of my time, and gwine to set up as a carpenter and jiner, and I thought I'd like some sort of a sign to wear about me, so folks would have an idea who I was. What do you tax for that ar pin you've got yer hands

"Seven dollars, sir," said the merchant, producing a compass and square

surrounding the letter G.
"Seven dollars, eh?" said the youth "I'll take it—sorry yer didn't hev the hand saw, though, but reckon every body'll understand it. The compass to measure out the work, and the square to see it's all right after it's done measured, and every durned fool orter know that G allus stands for gimlet !"

Too Good Company for Mr.-One evening last summer a lady who belongs to the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York, had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the heights of Fulton Ferry, it was not much venture to go home without an escort. and she started.

On the boat, standing outside enjoy ing the refreshing breeze after a day toil, she perceived a gentleman (?) leaning over the guards, but said noth-

ing. "Are vou alone?" said he, se the boat neared the slip.
"No, sir," said she, and without fur-

ther interruption when the boat touched she stepped off. "I thought you were not alone." said the fellow, stepping to her side

again. "I am not," replied the lady. "Why, I don't see any one; who is

ith you? "God Almighty and the angels, sir. am never alone."
"You keep too good company for me,

THE RAINBOW .- A little after thunderstorm a beautiful rainbow bridged a portion of the sky. A little bov called Henry, saw it from the window, and cried out full of joy, "Such wonderful and lovely colors never saw before. Yonder, by the old willow by the stream, they reached from the clouds to the earth. Surely the leaves are trickling down with the beautiful colors. I will run and fill all my color shells in my paint box

with them." He ran as fast as he could to the willow tree; but to his annovance, the poor boy found himself standing there in the rain, and could no longer per-ceive a single color Wet through and out of heart he turned back and complained of his disappointment to his ather. His father smiled and said. These colors cannot be caught in any shell, they are only the rain drops, which seem so brightly painted in the rays of the sun. But so it is my dear boy, with all the splendors world, though they may seem to be very beautiful, they are only an empty show.

If outward show thy foolish heart deceive, Instead of joy, it will be thine to grieve.

-A voungeter happened to be playing in the room where his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Augther friend called time, and after she left the two-after the manner of the sex-commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. Willie was apparently busy with his tors; but, after a little, fool of up shrewdle as a mistories issuer, "Mis-Butler, that some way mamma will toluner, but declined Finding his stay rialk about you w in you go away !" right.

Too Tave!-Josh Billings in describing the horse fair of the Billings. A callural society, remarks, ery justly: "There are two yoke of oxen on the ground, several yoke of sheep, and a pair of carrots, and some worsted work; but they didn't seem to attract any sympathy. The people seemed to hanker for the pure agricul tural horsetrots."

Alas for the frailty of human nature! We confere a weakness for agricultural horsetrots," too.

-A married lagy who was in the one day to be taken iii, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husbahd ran a short distance, and then returned, exclaimed: "My dear, where stall I find you when I come

-Somebody once said that the most perfect personification of dignity he most perieus personnication of diguity of ever saw was an old cowstanding in the corner of a Virginia fence complacently

"Mrs. Evans."
"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor; "the very lady I have been in search of for the last forty they haven't any business, and the other years!"

-Some one says that the lion and lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

-Victoria Woodhull has taken a house in Washington. She hopes to take two others—the House of Representatives and the White House.

When we read the interminable sentance of some writers, we cannot help thinking that their readers are in danger of being sentenced to death.

-The Mobile Register of a recent date, contains the following "The Honorable Judge of the Circuit Court was on one of his costomary sprees last -"What substitutes can there be for the endearments of one's sister?" ex-claimed Mary. "The endearments of

some other fellow's sister," replied John. -The Boston Post ventures the belief that "it is wrong to fly to one extreme to correct the other." Every disobedient urchin in the land will endorse that sentiment.

-A hotel keeper in the Adirondacks. thus late in the season, announces that he has discovered silver—probably in pockets—the proceeds of his summer's mining.

—We are surprised to here that they are talking in Virginia of building a monument to John Smith. We were under the impression that Mr Smith was still alive.

-An eccentric cleegyman lately said, — An eccentric cleagyman lately said, in one of his sermons, that "about the commonest proof we have that a man is made of clay is the brick so often found in his hat."

-A young gentleman palliates his conduct in having jilted a young lady to whom he was supposed to have been engaged, by saying that her lip curled naturally and her hair didn't.

-A Milwaukee woman, whose husband had been persecuted to death by a creditor, married the creditor and persecuted him to death in less than six months. Time sets things even. -A reader of an article in an evan-

gelical weekly "on converting United States five-twenties," says he longs to be a missionary in the field, and thinks he should cleave unto his flock. A Mr. William Ink, of New Hampshire, is now 108 years old. If his parents had even dreamed that he was go-

ing to be so hard to rub out they would doubtless have named him Indelible, -A strong mind is sometimes more easily impressed than a week one For example you cannot so esily convine a fool that you are philosopher, as you can a philosopher that you are a fool.

-When a lady faints bite her ear. That is what a gallant youth did in such a case at Danbury, Con., the other day. The effect was magical the lady recovering sufficiently to box his car almost instantaneously,

—A new style of the obituary item-brief but to the point—has been invent-ed, thus; "John Smith, of New York, revolver," "G. Jinkons, of Philadel-phia, third story window;" "Ann Jones, of New Jersey, ladanum -A marriage by matchlight was reen ly cosummated in Kansas City.

the couple, and neither w til the lamp could be illumined. The fee was paid under a neighboring gas lamp. Appropriate. "Strip me of the robe of pride, cloth me with humility," were the words sung by a Louisville choir as a lady whose dress white satin

The squire are in a houry and so was

and point lace, with a long truin carried by a page, passed up the aisle -A music dealer on Broadway has in his window a sentimental song thus marked. "Ther hast loved and left me for 25 cents." That is certainly the cheapest kind of a divorce, and leaves

no necessity for going to Chicago -A committee was recently appoint ed to investigate the excessive chartiesment of a puril in a Michigan public school, and reported that the punishment was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an "undue appreciation of the thickness of the boy's pantaloons.'

-In a case under the Vermont liquor law at Lyden Vermont a witness caused an unpleasantness in the court room by testifying that he drank with two men-one of the lawyers in the case, and the justice who was hearing it

-A youth visiting a Quaker family in this city was invited to remain to very agreeable, he concluded to change his mind, and so advised his host, who replied, "Nay, verily, I cannot permit thee to tell a lie in my house

boy dined at a restaurant -- Discretion is the better part of valor. Tom and Authur have been rude to their mamma. Mamma has complained to papa, who is head companied to papa, who is head companied to papa. ing up stairs. Authur-I say Tom, here comes papa; I shall pretend to be asleep. Tom - I shan't; I shall get up and put something on.

-- In a recent issue of a French comic nowspaper there is a very amusing cut satirizing the precently of the youth of the period. Leaning up against the door of the ball room, a lad scarcely in his teens, languidly depricates the ardor of an old gentleman who urges him to dance. "What I at my age?" he says.

-During a heavy shower, a New Londoner noticed a poor fellow asleep on the sidewilk, and soaked through on the stagewist, and soaked through the gently aroused and admonished him of his exposure. "Go away," said the inebriate "go away now, do This shower (hie) is doing me (hie) and the rest of the crops a (hic) darned sight of good (hic) I tell you."

-A Detroit husband caught his wife and the family physician kissing like young lovers in the gushingest stage, and offered a few remaks, whereat the lady began to cry. The husband inquir-ing the reason, "Alas," replied she, "I weep because your utter want of confidence in me. He looked thoughtful.

All Sorts