HAPPIER DAYS.

I said to the little children,

I said to the little children,
You are living your happiest days,
And their bright eyes opened wider
In innocent amaze,
For their happiness was so perfect,
They did not know it then
Oh, no, they, said, there'll be happier days
When we are women and men.

I said to the youth and maiden,
You are living your happiest days,
And into their sparkling eyes there crept
A dreamy, far-off gaze;
And their hands sought one another,
And their cheeks flushed rosy red;
Oh, no, they said, there'll be happier days
For us when we are wed.

I said to the man and woman,
You are living your happiest days,
As they laughingly watched together
Their baby's cunning ways.
These days are days of labor. They can hardly be our best; There'll be happier days when the dren's grown And we have earned our rest.

I said to the aged couple,
You are living your happiest days;
Your children do you honor,
You have won success and praise.
With a peaceful look they answered,
God is good to us, that's true;
But we think there's happier days for us
In the life we're going to.

MY HUSBAND'S "WIFE."

Myself? Oh, no. Although I married him some six months ago, I have never, save one day, imagined that title belonged to me.

Cyrus Howe came to Erie a year ago to conduct a great law suit, being both talented and handsome, he not only won his case, but his way into the best society.

No one knew aught of his private history, but his success satisfied the masculine portion of the community, so the women had no cause for complaint. He was invited everywhere, house.

His attentions were marked from the first, and ere I had known him six months I had married him.

I had no father to counsel me, and was too headstrong to heed mother's entreaty to wait until I knew more of the man, ere I linked my life with his. I was twenty-two and had never been in love before; and he was about thirty and said I was his "only love." So we married on an equal basis, at

least I thought so then. His business in Erie was long since concluded, so that we were married in the morning and took an early train for Rochester, N. Y., where his home was. What that home was like was a question with me, for he would tell me tion with me, for he would tell me nothing about it. I enjoyed the ride, for he paid me all sorts of lover-like at "that is my wife," spurred me on. tentions, and seemed wonderfully hap-

ere I discovered the reason why. When we reached home, I found it one of the handsomest residences in the city, and beautifully furnished.

A sweet faced, white-haired little old hady met us in the hall, and was introduced as "mother." She kissed me affectionately and bade me welcome. I put my arms around her neck and re turned the kiss, saying I knew I should love her dearly.

Happening to glance up. I saw. Cvrus' face wore an expression of strong disapproval. His mother saw the look also, and it affected her strangely. A painful flush suffused her dear old face, and I saw her hands were trembling as she turned away, I was so surprised that I stood stock still, staring at my husband.

"Do not be rude, Esma," he said impatiently. "I beg your pardon," I answered,

and followed his mother into the parlor, wondering what it meant. The remainder of the day passed

pleasantly. Cyrus showed me over the house and exerted himself to be enter-

In the evening a great many of his friends called. I was pleased with them all, for they were people of culture and refinement. Cyrus was pleased with the way 1 had acquitted myself, and told me so, as we mounted the stairs to our room after they were all gone. "Truly my lot is cast in pleasant places," was my thought. "I must tell her how little cause she has

for misgiving.' I had seen her chamber before but in dusky, half light. Now it was brilliantly illuminated, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed. not mean to be unkind, but when I saw I stood and scanned it curiously, its the pained look on the furrowed face, cold, proud, stately beauty chilling me I made up my mind to pay him in full.

most unaccountably. "Who is this woman, Cyrus?" I asked at length. "That is my wife."

He was busy rummaging a trunk for some thing, and has since owned he answered unthinkingly. I do not know how long I stood there.

filled with horrified amazement. "If you have looked at that picture long enough, Esma, I wish you would come and untie this knot."

I turned and mechanically did his bidding.
What's the matter? Your hands

"Do you think your mother has retired?" I asked, disregarding his ques-

"I think not, I heard her voice a moment ago." "I am going to see her a moment

then," and I turned toward the door. never did such a thing."

decided me. "You can console yourself with

sence," and I darted away. I was sitting alone in the dusk, won-

"come in" answered my knock. She looked surprised when she saw who her visitor was, but bade me a smiling welcome. I closed and locked the door, then standing befor her asked the question which was maddening me. "If that woman, whose portrait hangs

in our chamber, is Cyrus' wife what "You are his wife, my dear, for that poor woman has been dead for three years," there was an infinite pity in

the kind voice, and tears in the dear old eyes,' "Why did he not tell me he had been

"My dear, it ill behooves a mother to speak ill of her son, but you find he does as he pleases, with little regard for right. I am truly sorry for you my dear. Do you love him, my child? "I did," I answered gloomily.

"Do not speak so despairingly, dear, You are his wife, and must make the best of it. He will not beat you for he is kindness itself. He will only harrow your soul night and day with assertions of what "my wife" did or did not do. He has exaggerated ideas as to how a woman should deport herself at home or abroad, and has an annoying habit of remarking on what one does contra-

ry to his code. "Was his wife uncommonly perfect ?

"No more so than a thousand oth-

"Mother, I can never-live under such a condition of things. "I wish I could devise some way to

break him of it." I sat silently, busily thinking for some time. Then sprang up laughing merrily over the idea I had just con-

ceived. "You darling little mother," I cried, kissing her tenderly. "I shall cure him, never you fear," and away I

I found Cyrus reading a paper, and it was rather a discontented face he turned to me.

"I must say, Esma, my wife never did such a silly thing as this, in all her life.

"I dare say not," I answered cheerfully, as I waltzed across the room to and in time became a visitor at our the dressing table, and began removing my jewels, "And Harry never did so foolish a thing as to sit up and wait for me if I chanced to leave the room a minute. Why didn't you go to bed you silly boy?"

I watched him furtively in the glass, and came near suffocating in trying not to laugh at the expression his face took on at the words. I hummed a merry tune and never glanced his way, so when he suddenly grasped my arm, I uttered a well counterfeited cry of alarm.

"I declare, Cyrus, how you startled me. Harry never did such a mean thing as that. I quite trembled." "Who is Harry?" he demanded.

The expression of his face almost "Why didn't mamma tell you? Oh at having won me. But he never I thought you knew," and I sank upon called me his wife, and it was not long a chair in a frightened manner. "Oh, I am so sorry mamma didn't tell you. Harry was my husband, poor boy." How Cyrus ever came to believe such a monstrous deception. I cannot understand. But having made me the vic-

tim of deception, I suppose he never thought to question my assertion. He stood staring dumbly at me and I could almost have pitied him. "Shall I show you his picture?" asked. picking up my album which had been unpacked.

"No," he thundered. "Never speak his name in my hearing again. Turning, he abruptly left the room, and I did not see him again until breakfast. He merely bowed without speak ing, and left the house soon after with a murmured excuse about business Dear mother Howe had looked in pained surprise at such an exhibition of "wedded bliss." When I recovered

slam of the outer door threw me into, I explained matters. Her sweet old face lighted up, and she laughed in concert, as she express-

ed a belief that the plan would succeed. He returned at dinner time quite his genial self, and we spent a very pleasant evening. I saw be had set a guard upon his tongue and acted accordingly. His mother's face reflected our happiness, and I thought the evening would end without anything disagreeable happening.

I little knew how strong his habit had become, however. I was sitting at the piano when he crossed the room for something, and in reply to a question from his mother, I

heard him saying. "You know how my wife did. way is good enough for you." I am willing to believe that he did

A few minutes latter he dropped a page of music he was turning for me, and I saw my chance. "I declare, Cyrus, Harry never did such a bungling thing as that in all our married life," and I brought my fingers down on the keys with a discordant

crash. "I declare, Esma, I could almost pity him," declared the dear, soft hearted little mother. "So could I," I answered, "but not

just yet." I was afraid I had carried the matter too far when I heard the outer door slammed again; but he appeared at breakfast quite cheerful, but looking worn and a little haggard.

Things went on in this way for several weeks. I was miserably uuhappy, ard knew he was also, but I would not give up I knew I was worthy to be his "Nonsense. At this hour. My wife | wife, and deserved better than the place of "second fiddle," which he had forced I had hesitated, but the last words upon me from the beginning. But it became almost more than I could bear and I made up my mind I'd go home thoughts of your wife during my ab- to my mother and give up the struggle.

site side of the hall, and a cheerful when he came and flung himself wearily down upon a low seat at my side. "Esma," he said, "do you care for me at all ?"

"You know I do." I answered, passing my other arm about his neck. "Then, dear, let us make solemn compact to let the dead rest in their graves. I was to blame in hiding my ormer marriage from you. But I lov ed you so much I feared to give you up. Your mother was to blame in your case.

So let us try and be happy."
I cried a little, kissed him, and agreed to govern my conduct by his. So we have lived in something like

speedy recurrence of the fault. I have not heard the offensive phrase 'my wife" for several week's now, and I think I may soon safely assume the

"Harry" is sufficient to prevent a

title as my own. But what will he say when he finds out as he must sooner or later, that "Harry" is a myth.

How Grady Got a Start.

Amos J. Cummings in New York Sun. It was in the winter of 1886 that Mr. Grady told me his early newspaper experiences. He began to use his pen soon after the war. The South, however, was so poor that he put for New Whan the marks are allotted for the York in search of a living. He had very little money with him. After registering at the Astor house he went over to the Herald office to look for work. Thomas B. Connery, late secretary of legation to Mexico, was then managing editor. He received the youthful Georgian with his usual urbanity. The conversation turned upon the political sit-uation in Georgia. Grady laid bare the inside of Georgia politics. It was so entertaining that Connery invited him to write an article upon it. The invitation

was promptly accepted.

Over to his rooms at the Astor house sped the young journalist. He turned on his literary faucet, and in less than three hours the article was completed. It filled nearly two columns of the Herald. The style was quaint and dashing. Interest in the subject was first adroitly fastened. After that the reader unconsciously absorbed all that was said, and was sorry when the end was reached. It was with the utmost joy that Grady saw the article in the Herald in the morning. His funds were low. It meant a new supply of money. The sky of his intellect was aglow with hope. After break-fast he crossed the street. He knew little about the hours of morning newspapers in New York. He reached the Herald office at 9. a. m., and remained there six mortal hours before Mr. Connery entered. The editor greeted him cordially, and even vouch-safed a few words of praise over his work, but said nothing

about payment therefor. The Georgian was too modest to hint at his nesessities. He beat around the bush a while, and finally returned to the Astor house much downcast. After paying his hotel bill he had barely ough money to take him back to Atlanta. He had no friends in New York, and he dared not longer trust himself away from the base of his supplies. As it was, he had so little in his pocket that this article to report it for the med- it checked at some depot." he rode from New York to Atlanta

without a mouthful to eat. lanta. He was taken aback when Mr. Connery assured him that the Herald had no salaried correspondent in the South, but his eyes sparkled when he was told that he was at liberty to gather what news he could, and forward it at space rates. He went to work with a will after reaching Atlanta. For a month he showered the Herald with small telegrams. The most of them At the end of a month he article printed while he was at the Astor house. It was not as much as he expected, but it inspired him with fresh

opes and renewed his energies. The day of peace and plenty quickly dawned. Within the three weeks an incident occurred which was a crucial from the fit of laughter his vindictive test of Mr. Grady's newspaper ability. One afternoon he received a telegram from Mr. Connery asking him to ascertain whether the name of a certain man was registered at any Atlanta hotel. Grady was on the street in an instant. He examined all the hotel registers in the city and could find no such name. Then he mentation, one of the products of which sat down, rubbed his head, and wondered why the Herald wanted to get upon the man's trail. The name seemed mines. Jackson understood a little strangely familiar. He turned over the files of the Herald looking for it. He found it. The stranger had been mixed up in some Cuban trouble, had fled from Havana, and had landed in Charles- prescisely as did Jackson's breath. The ton a fortnight gone. The Georgian reasoned that he would be more apt to run to New Orleans from Charleston than to Atlanta. He telegraphed at his and catching in the bottle the bubbles own expense to a friend in the Crescent City, asking him to search the registers there. The friend did so, and found the stranger. Grady thereupon forwarded this dispatch to Connery:

ATLANTA, GA., 16th
To Thomas B. Connery, New York, Herald:
Your man is registered at the St. Charles
hotel, New Orleans.
HENRY W. GRADY, Connery was dumfounded. The re oly was received within three hours of the inquiry. The news had also come from an entirely unexpected quarter. From that moment Gradv's stock began to go up. The Georgian had struck the bullseye in journalism with unerring aim. His fortune was made. That first thing he did after he had plunged year he received over \$6000 from the Herald alone for his services. Such was the story as it came to

Games for the Long Evenings,

from Mr. Grady's own lips.

Those who are fond of drawing will find the game of "Positions" a pleasant pastime for long evenings. Any number can play the game-the more the pavilion? Now, don't you spit out de merrier. All the players seat themselves round a table, and each one must be what walks has got some rights." supplied with small pieces of white paper and a pencil. All the players except one then silently think on some and shrunk up in shame. The brakeposition in life which it is possible for them to fill, and each makes some sign leaning over the iron gate, took aim of their "position" by sketching a little picture of some article connected with Mrs. Howe's room was on the oppo- dering how I could bring it to pass, blank piece of paper. The name of each

Eagles Fish for Trout.

per. Five mir autes are allowed for the

sketching, the time being kept by the

player who has not selected a "position."

round the table, so that each may see the

the expiration of the time, the oldest

player reads from her slip all the names she has written down. All the other

players, as the names are read out, can-

other lists. Then another player calls

ferent names of places, countries animals.

etc., being given for the variour letters.

This game causes much amusement,

owing to the difficulty often experienced

in thinking even of well known names

quickly and in the five minutes allowed.

Can Light His Breath.

The Strange Case of William Jackson, of

Middlebury, Vt.

The strange case of William Jackson,

vhose breath was inflammable, excited a

great deal of interest in medical and

scientific circles two years ago. At that time, says the Albany (N. Y.) Journal,

Mr. Jackson was a photographer in Fayetteville, N. Y. More recently he

has been engaged in this same business

sought to "blow out the match." In-

tered mouth and blistered his tongue.

his eyebrows were singed to a marked

degree. The man was at first badly

frightened, and his wife, who was a

witness of the occurrence, screamed with

that it was not the breath from Jack-

stomach, that would take fire. The

patient had never been a drinking man.

so the gas was not rendered inflamable

by the presence of alcoholic vapor, but

for years he had suffered from a peculiar

kind of dyspepsia. Dr. William Man-

lius Smith, professor of chemistry in the

Syracuse Medical College, after careful

study concluded that food in Jackson's

was carbureted hydrogen, sometimes

collected a bottle full of "marsh gas."

of gas as they arose. Jackson is about

thirty years old and a genuine Yankee.

of meeting. He has been a newspaper

It's Different.

the rear car was a broad shouldered in

dividual with a Capt. Kidd beard and a

into his seat was to raise the window

and squirt a stream of tobacco juice into

the street. He was a man few would

care to cross, but the but the brakeman,

with the assurance born of years of ty-

ranny over mere passengers, knew no

chewer, and sticking a finger at him

fear. He walked up to the tobacco

"Soy, wajer tink dis is a bathin'

bold, assertive mode of action. The

The man who sat in the last seat of

formerly his school-teacher

stomach underwent a butyric acid fer-

alarm.

guesser.

A curious story comes from Clearfield county, Penn. Mosquito Creek flows through a wooded part of that county, All the Alustrated papers are then sent and the stream is as full of trout as the other's pictures, but no one criticises dense forest is alive with various kinds them all. Lastly, they are handed to "gresser," the player who has taken no of birds. The eagles find a peaceful home there, and they are plenty too. Some time ago a party of lumbermen bethought themselves that it would be a P retexcept keeping the time, who ranges drem on the table. The "guesser" then looks at the pictures and proceeds to good scheme to catch the trout that in- ation in it, for even though not sudden habit Mosquitto Creek. They could not ly fatal, strong passions shorten life guess the intended "position" of each artist. If she fail to guess any of the spare the time to fish with rod and line, Strong bodied men often die young-'positions," the first at whom she stops and Franklin Haverstraw, the inventive | weak men live longer than the strong, is chosen guesser for the next time; if there has been no failure, the player on of tying lines to bottles. The next day weak have none to use. The latter take So we have lived in something the harmony since. But he had set him-self a mighty task to break up a habit which was the growth of years.

The principal object of the game is for each player to try who can make the best sketch in five minutes, appear. To solve the mistery a watch to break, or, like the candle, run; the minutes, appear. To solve the fishing tackle, and the weak burn out. there has been no failure, the player on was put upon the fishing tackle, and the weak burn out. and the next object is to puzzle the Haverstraw and Christ Moore went on The game of "Names" is played in a guard. A day passed, but the bottles were undisturbed, and a good mess of similar manner to that of "Positions," fish was caught. However, the two the players being all seated round a table, and being provided with paper and pencils. The time—five minutes—must likewise be kept by one of the party. One commences by calling out, "Girls, names commencing with A;" then each player writes down all the girls' names that she can recollect beginning with, A during the five minutes allowed. At

This singular action of the birds set live a Haverstraw to thinking, and when he physiological law, for five times twenty told his partner that it was his belief that the bottles were carried off by the reaches an average of four times the eagles, Moore scouted the idea. Haverstraw was firm in his convictions, and cel any name on their lists mentioned.
Whan the marks are allotted for the names, only those are given to names which have no duplicates on any of the Then feeling sure that they were unobout, "Names of all rivers beginning with B," and so on through the alphabet, difit to the bank. Each line had a fine trout on it which the eagles proceeded to devour. The men were dumbfound ed. For the first time in their lives they saw an eagle eating a fish. Hav erstraw and Moore remained in their hiding place. To their surprise the birds made another trip to the river. Only one bird had a fish on it, but the other two birds carried the bottles and lines to shore. Before they could deyour the one fish, Haverstraw and Moore appeared on the scene and the birds flew off. The grounds were then searched, and many of the missing bottles and lines were found. To shoot the eagles was the next measure adopted, and on the fourth day two of the birds were killed. The third flew away and was not seen again.

in Middlebury, Vt. One evening at ten o'clock he lighted a lamp with a It Was a Paper Box. Two variety performers came to Boston last week, looking for an engagematch. Then with a breath of air stan:ly his breath took fire with a slight ment at one of the dime museums. They did not have money enough to explosion. Jackson gasped with fright, hire a room and pay for it in advance, and the flame of the combustible air entered mouth and blistered his tongue. and, as their wardrobes were exceeding-His lips and face also suffered, and his ly limited and they were looking rather mustache, eyebrows and the hair above seedy in appearance, they knew that no

sort of security. Finally one of them named Grady proposed the following: alarm.

After waiting an hour to see if there would be a repetition of the phenomenon, tell the landlady that our trunks would Jackson went to bed. The next morn- be over in a day or twe, and leave her ing he consulted his physician, Dr. T. the check for security. Now, I'll tell E. Quinly, who recognized the case as a you what we'll do. If we can get a big

ucal journals. The truth of the reports was at first questioned on all sides, but, and the pair went hunting about for a Before his departure he had sought after the matter was thoroughly investible big box. They would have preferred the post of Herald correspondent in At- gated, it was admitted that such a one made of wood, but could not get it, case might possibly occur. Then in 1874 and the next best thing proved to be it was learned that a European medical two big pasteboard boxes such as tailors journal had published a report of a use. They were taken into a third similar phenomenon, and musty scien- class hotel, where the performers knew tific tomes were searched, and one the clerk, and the latter allowed them item discovered that substantiated the to fill the boxes from the ash pile. The present. Then Jackson discovered that boxes were then carefully tied together he could reproduce the phenonmenon al- and marked. It was then taken to the

most at will, but as the experiment some- baggage room of one of the depots and a times resulted in unpleasant burns he check obtained. would exhibit his peculiarity only on Everything had gone well so far, and Clara O'Brian, the Roman knife thrower. receive a check for \$35. It covered the special occasions. At last medical men the pair were chuckling over the success figured out a theory to explain the freak. They came to the conclusion great commotion in the baggage room great commotion in the baggage room. It seems that the ashes with which the was that every one of these huge postson's lungs, but air belched from his boxes had been filled was hot and had set the pasteboard afire, causing great consternation among the baggage men. The guilty pair, seeing at a glance what the trouble was, made good their escape, but they were afraid to use the check in getteng a room, for fear the railroad men would find them out.-Boston They were a study for Dickens. Of

To Make Children Lovely. There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and by night with called "marsh gas," the "firedamp" of an atmosphere of love. Restraint and reproof may be mingled with the love, about chemistry and one day he and the ut love must be a constant element writer went to an old, stagnant pond and "I found my little girl was growing unamiable and plain," said a mother to When lighted it exploded, and burned us the other day, "and, reflecting on it sadly, I could only accuse myself of the cause thereof. So I changed my manaunder the surface of the pond, stirring up the mud in the bottom of the pond, gement and improved my opportunity to praise and encourage her, to assure her of my unbounded affection for her and earnest desire that she should grow up to a lovely and harmonious woman-He is a bright humorist, and as genial a fellow as one ever has the pleasure od. As a rose opens to sunshine, so the child heart opened in the warmth of the constant affection and caresses man, Indian fighter, photographer and half a dozen other things. He is also an showered upon her; her peevishness passed away, her face grew beautiful, artist of no mean ability. His wife was and now one look from me brings her to my side, obedient to my will, and hap-piest when she is nearest to me.' Women's News.

Two Edged.

Nathan Levy-I say Jacob; dot Ikey Einstein vas a mean man. He vos oo grasping for his own goot.

Jacob Solomons—How vos dot? Nathan Levy—Vy, yesterday I gave him my note for \$100 at dirty days, und py a mistake I dated it 1889. nembered vot I did I vent to him to get dot note back, and he says "I 'don't regtify no mistakes after you leaves my office. I've got your note dated January 2, 1889 und it is 11 months overdue, und I'll charge you a year's interest.

Jacob Solomons-Dot vos nod right

winder no more, d'ye hear! People Vot haf you done? The passenger dropped his eyes be-Nathan Levy-I told him dot I vould abide by his decision, but dot as 1 fore this severe and dignified rebuke, failed last March und only paid my man stalked out upon the platform, and, greditors 2 per cend, dot note would have to go mit der old debts, and as dose with his pursed lips at a group on the affairs of dot old firm was vound up he vould haf to sue der creditors for sidewalk, and sent a torrent of tobacco der their proposed trade or business on their juice within a foot of them.—New York money. He vos a mean man, dot Ikey Einstein .- New York Sun.

What Produces Death.

Most People Die from Disappointment. Accident or Excessive Toil.

Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of dissa pointment. personal, mental or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression "choked with passion," has little exager-

The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have nearly their perscribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the scar around and fly close to the creek, animal takes to grow its full size. But quickly going to the highest limb of the tallest tree when they saw the men. comes up to the average. He ought to hundred years, according to the are 100; but, instead of that, he scarcely

growing period. The reason is obvious-man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard working of all animalt, and there is reaon to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes him self with the fire of his own reflections.

Barnum's Bill Stickers in England

They Surprise The Englishmen by the Rapidity of Their Work.

Opposite to this house is a board fence thirteen feet high by over one hundred feet long, and in a few minutes I was to see a feat in bill posting such as seems hardly credible, now that I sit calmly down to write of it. A wagon having driven up, five men got out of it; one I recognized as Bart Ready, Barnums boss poster, two were Americans in their neat duck overalls, and two were English bill stickers whose appearance I would rather not describe. two minutes after their arrival the duck overalled men had out their tin cans full of paste and their eight foot long poles with brushes at the end, and were hard at it covering the boarding with paste from top to bottom, from end to end. The Englishmen stood by with some-thing like sneers on their faces, as who should say; "well, there ain't much in that; we can cover a boarding with paste too.', Another minute landlady would trust them without some past and Ready began handing out some carefully folded posters. The Englishmen's face began to relax a little, as who should say; "what are they goin' to do now?" and they began to whisper to-

The two Americans seized one of the folded posters, gave it a shake, ran the brush end of the long poles under it, gave a sweep and anot singular one, and engaged the writer of box we can fill it up with ashes and get there on the boarding was a sixteen sheet poster, containing a facsimile of an open letter from P. T. Barnum, headed "My Greatest Adventure." Then followed a twelve sheet poster portrait of Barnum, a forty-eight sheet depicting the show tents as they travel in America, a twenty-four sheet picture of Jumbo, a forty-eight representation of the gallery of human freaks of nature, a thirty-six sheet picture of the menagerie, a thirty-six sheet picture of the Mexican rider, a forty-eight sheet representation of the elephants performing, a twenty-four sheet picture of the clowns, and a twenty-four sheet portrait of Miss

> All along the tops and the bottoms of the pictures "streamers" were pasted. The most remarkable fact, however, ers was slnng up into position whole, they had been pasted together before starting. The 100 by 13 feet was covered in exactly fourteen minutes and thirtv seconds! There! That is something like bill sticking. You ought to have seen the faces of those Englishmen. course a crowd gathered, and as the omnibuses stop at the Cedars, you may guessthere were some quaint remarks from the drivers and conductors.-Pall Mall Gazette.

She Wanted to be Prepa red.

A neatly dressed, nervy looking woman went into an undertaker's shop on Gratiot avenue and asked to see some plain wooden coffins, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I want something stylish," she said. "but not costly. My husband's sickness has cost us so much that there ain't money enough to put on style with, but I want his folks to see I've done right by him."

The undertaker showed her several different style and then asked her if she had brought any measures with her. She said she had not. "I can send them along with the

order," she said. "I think I'll take this black walnut. All our furniture is black walnut, and he always liked that wood the best. How much do you want down ?" "When did your husband die ?" in-

quired the undertaker. "Oh, he an't dead yet. But the doctors have given him up, and 1 got a chance to slip out for a little fresh air, and I thought I'd look at styles and prices, for when he's dead I shan't be worth shucks to attend to business. I'm to soft-hearted."

Then she paid down \$5 on her new purchase, took a receipt and went out with the air of one who had made a satisfactory bargain.

-The Ephemeris of Athens reports that a number of coffers containing 30,000 gold and silver Spanish pieces of the year1666 have been hauled out of the sea near the island of Andros. Six bronze cannons were found near the coffers, and it is concluded the whole came from the wreck of a Spanish man