

OLD DOBBIN.

I see old Dobbin through the fence; how much he looks and old; His hair is falling off in spots, he feels the damp and cold; He hangs his head, his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another jot, nor that he would complain; But from this hour he never shall know the touch of whip or rein. Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best; I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest.

I call to mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in; When he was kicked and pranced, and plunged; 'twas doubtful which would win if I was young, as well as he, and would not be his best; And since, he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

He never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed; Many of his willing feet have answered urgent need. When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath; He knew what precious minutes meant, and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night; That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight. He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair; He seemed to say: "I will not be long before I take you there."

Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church; No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch; I did not think, that day of days, was all one's fault; One fact, one fact, that day of days, was all one's fault; One fact, one fact, that day of days, was all one's fault.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse, He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearth; He could not say that he divined how lonely was my lot; But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so through gladness and through grief Old Dobbin has been near; No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so young and fair; I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men; 'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached three score and ten!

So, while I live, his falling life shall naught but comfort know; Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er feel rain or snow. The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free, Shall all be his; a poor return for all he's been to me!

Ladies Home Journal.

Governor Pattison on Boss Rule in Pennsylvania.

A Scathing Arrangement of Republican Management, Corporation Influence and Ring Rule.

SPRING LAKE, N. J., Aug. 24.—Ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison has submitted to an interview by a correspondent of the New York World. The manuscript was read and approved by him before it was sent in for publication. The candidate refused to venture a prophecy as to the result of the campaign, but when asked how the conditions in Pennsylvania now compared with those of 1882 replied: "I should say they were more favorable now than then. You must remember that there is no single reason which existed to justify the independent revolt that in 1882 was so intense and more far-reaching. Now only is the issue now far more dominant than it then was, but is far more offensive, irresponsible and in every way vicious. Besides, there are now added elements of a personal nature that have aggravated the assault made within the ranks of the Republican party against its everywhere omnipotent leadership.

CAMERON AND QUAY CONTRASTED.

"I dislike very much to use names but probably nothing will better illustrate the difference in spirit between the uprising of 1882 and that of 1890 than the names of the two persons against whom independence was asserted—Cameron then and Quay now—then against the master, against the creature now. Cameron's power was largely of his own upbuilding. From small beginnings, and during years of party and personal service, he had attached to himself masses of men by the individual traits, exemplifying in a high degree the virtues of gratitude and manly fidelity. "Senator Quay's power is mostly derivative and is void of the element of personal attachment. He controls; he does not lead. He commands; he does not attract. Cameron conserved his force by inspiring an affectionate, or at least a devoted, spirit of loyalty. He made friends and held them. He was beaten by the natural growth of the independent opposition, strengthened by the accretions resulting from the rigid exercise of power through a generation. Quay routed in Cameron's seat and attempted at once to rule with an iron scepter. As a result he has created within what in '82 was a compact and enthusiastic force, an angry, restless and discontented body, which if not mutinous, is at least alienated or indifferent.

A REPUBLICAN INDICTMENT.

"And among these there are some men of long party service, proved competency, high and spotless character, and, until not long ago, of equal power and prominence with Quay. They chafe at the humiliating servitude they are asked to undergo at the haughty behest of their sometime co-leader, but now suddenly exalted master. In saying all this I only repeat the common indictment brought against Senator Quay by the members of his own party. This is not Democratic criticism; it is not any criticism. It is the attack that may be daily read in almost, if not quite a majority of the Republican newspapers of the State."

"What have you to say about the charges against your opponent, Quay's candidate, Delamater?"

"Oh, you must excuse me from discussing that subject. The charges have been specifically made by an honorable and prominent State Senator, and were as absolutely denied by my opponent, Senator Delamater, last week. His accuser now announces that he will soon

bring forth proof of the accusation. Thus the matter stands at present, and thus you must permit me to let it stand. I prefer to fight this contest along other lines.

FOR SELF GOVERNMENT.

"As I have said in my letter of acceptance, the people of Pennsylvania are now engaged in a struggle for self government and home rule; for the supremacy of their laws and constitution against the will of bosses and placemen. You must remember that in 1874 we adopted a new constitution by about 150,000 majority against a formidable combination of the bosses and rascals of both parties, aided by the united corporate wealth and influence of the State. It is an instrument which, in many respects, is a model of organic law. It breathes the essential spirit of popular government through all its members. "But the people have failed to reap the best results expected from their organic law by reason of the long lease of absolute power by the Republican bosses and their supple dependents. Indeed, it has become popular to sneer at the constitution and its defenders, and from the moment of its adoption crafty and able leaders in the legislature have devoted their skill and subtlety to devising statutes intended to subvert and circumvent certain of the most salutary constitutional restrictions upon legislation. It would take too much time to illustrate specifically these matters, but every intelligent voter in Pennsylvania could recall instances, applying to his own particular locality."

ATTITUDE OF CORPORATIONS.

"How did the corporations of your State regard the new constitution, governor?" "Well, there is what is called the XVII Article, relating to the railroads and canals. At first the railroads and other carrying companies regarded this article with defiant opposition, and did every thing possible to prevent its execution. For a long time they succeeded, and as even to-day successful, for many parts of that article are unenforced. But I rejoice to believe that even the corporations are at last opening their eyes to the fact that the provisions of the XVII Article are reasonable and just; that it commands nothing but what is right and forbids nothing but what is wrong; that it simply provides that they shall treat all persons fairly, impartially and justly and that a hearty and full acceptance of its provisions is not only a legal duty, but will also in the end be beneficial and conducive to their best interests."

"The Democratic policy upon this subject has been perfectly fair and just, and when rightly considered, should commend itself to the corporations themselves. That is, it has been our doctrine to insist, in the first instance, upon a full compliance with the law and the requirements of their charters by all corporations, and on the part of the government to assure to all law abiding corporations the full protection of the laws not only from spoliation by force, but also by the craft and dishonesty of greedy and corrupt legislators."

CORPORATIONS WERE BLEED.

"It is not long since—indeed the vice may exist to-day—that the corporations of the State were an ever-ready subject for legislative pressure when ever a fund was needed to minister to boss extravagance and debauchery or political corruption. Such practices could not exist were corporations to shelter themselves, not behind the unlawful and costly favor of politicians, but behind their own obedience to the constitution and support of just law cordially acquiesced in and observed. It is true that special and illegal favors could not be obtained under the enforcement of the organic law; but it is equally true that no 'pinch' or 'squeeze' would have any chance of successful passage in a legislature animated by fidelity to the fundamental law."

"It is said, governor, that the corporations are taking a part in this campaign against your election, and that they also did against your nomination. What is your information on that subject?"

BALLOT REFORM.

"Both parties have declared in favor of that issue, but no man who candidly considers the history of the parties in politics can believe that the Republican managers are sincere in their advocacy of this measure."

"Why, they have Quay's word for it that he is yearning to purify elections?" "So they have. But once adopt the Australian system or anything like it in Pennsylvania and there would be more political Othellos wandering up and down the commonwealth with their captives gone than you could easily compute."

"How? What do you mean by occupations?" "Why, sir, the debauchery of elections had grown to be a science in Pennsylvania before the adoption of the new constitution. The ballot was polluted systematically, defiantly, and generally successfully. It is now conceded that from the governor down to the lowest township officer, the popular vote registered in the ballot boxes was deliberately reversed by cliques of managing politicians, not once and again merely, but regularly, as occasion required."

CHARLES HYPOCRISY.

"Now this constitution was the first step toward ballot reform in Pennsylvania, which is another reason why that instrument has met with such contemptuous opposition from the republican ring managers. But as to bringing about a secret ballot, it was an absolute failure. By various devices in the headings of tickets, in their shape, color or type, the politician and the employer of labor exercised and still exercises the same surveillance and power over the voter that they always did. Even in the matter of identification of the ballot by numbering, which it was hoped would facilitate the investigation and punishment of election frauds and the contest of false returns, the organic law was equally futile. A contested election today in Pennsylvania is as hopeless a method of righting a public wrong as it ever was."

"Now to the point I seek to establish as to the real attitude of the two parties, or their managers, toward this issue. All

things to which I have referred show that ballot reform is an absolute necessity, and the Pennsylvania democracy are a unit on the question, and what is more to the purpose, are sincere in their advocacy. This is not true of the Republican managers."

SHOTS AT QUAY.

The governor then cited various instances in the legislature to establish his claim, as made by Senator Quay's sincerity, he said: "Why, how hypocritical and to be distrusted is the present boss advocacy of the measure. When he and his followers had the power to act they retarded reform. Now when they see the water of revolution rising above their seats of power, they strive to stem the tide by mendacious pretenses. But then this is no new art with the present leaders in Pennsylvania. They say they are now for a constitutional amendment to effect a ballot reform. "Similarly Senator Quay proclaimed himself in favor of the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and procured his party to insert such a plank in its platform, and then defeated the amendment at the special election by hundreds of thousands while he elected his candidate a few months before by over 60,000 majority."

"You think, then, his favor kills and his enmity is death. Tell me, governor, have the farmers of the state found Quay's smile equally fatal?"

A BID TO FARMERS.

"Well, there you have touched another subject that applies to the farmers. The controlling leaders of the republican party in Pennsylvania hold their word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope. For years the platforms of the Quay party have contained elaborate promises of legislation to equalize the burdens of taxation and relieve the farming interests now depressed all over the state to the lowest degree of vitality. Yet what has resulted? All these promises fell with the elections and were not again heard of until another campaign came round, and with it the need to again allay the unrest of the farming interests."

Asked as to the oil lubricant in politics, Mr. Pattison said: "Well, sir, it was with that as with the relief demanded by the farmers. There was the free pipe bill. For years, session after session, it was strangled by the bosses, and our phenomenal supply of oil was wrested—sucked through the protected pipes of monopoly—from our state and people and given over to other states and foreign countries. Not until we had had a democratic house and governor—in 1888—was such a measure enacted, when it gave me great pleasure to attach my signature to it. It was too late, however, to accomplish much good. The crime committed against Pennsylvania in this single matter is beyond expression—base and enormous, and may be solely charged to the corruption of our managing politicians in league with equally corrupt corporate power."

A RING-RIDDEN CITY.

"This policy kept Philadelphia from being the first oil mart in the world. But for its not all the city suffered. It was for years literally the docile prey of banded plunderers of all kinds. Offices having princely revenues were created without the slightest regard for public credit, in order to give ring favorites the berth in which they could amass fortunes in a year or two if they did not squander their plunder in debauchery and extravagant living. Why, Quay himself had the recorder's office, galvanized with added power and perquisites, created anew for himself, with emoluments reaching, it is believed, to \$100,000 a year, and a perfect sinecure. He came down from Berks county to be recorder of Philadelphia, whose citizens were thus obliged to pay this tremendous tribute for the honor of having him in their midst and submitting to his domination."

RELIEF AT LAST.

"At last, in 1884 we procured the passage of the repealing bill, and it was among the first of the local reform measures to which I had the honor of attaching my name as governor. So, too, was abolished the delinquent tax office, another boss-made place, with, it was said, \$100,000 a year in fees, and so also with the offices of sealers of weights and measures, with their enormous and expensive fees pouring into the pockets of ring politicians. Why, it would tax credit if a computation were made of the money in this way yearly plundered from the people of Philadelphia."

"Governor, said the correspondent, can I have your views on the McKinley tariff and other national topics?" "No, sir. I would simply be doing what our friends, 'the enemy,' want me to do if I in honest matters of national party controversy into this struggle."

A Banker's Experience With Brigands.

Signor Arrigo, one of the wealthiest bankers and most extensive land-owners in Italy, has just affected his release from a captivity of twenty-one days in the mountains by the payment of a ransom of one hundred thousand dollars to the brigands who kidnapped him. Twenty-one days had elapsed before the negotiations on the subject were completed, and during this time the captive millionaire lived in a mountain cave sleeping on a bundle of hay, and forced to content himself on a diet of black bread, fruit, and a cheap, but very powerful Marsala wine. On the day of his release, he had not gone far when he happened to meet a patrol of three carabinieri. So ragged, unkempt, and generally disreputable did he appear to them, that the worthy gendarmes were convinced that he was one of the band of banditti for whom they were hunting, while he was equally confirmed in his own belief that the gendarmes were nothing but brigands in disguise. It was not until the police-station of Palermo was reached that the carabinieri became assured of his identity and consented to cut the cords with which they had secured him.—Argonaut.

—Send for the book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," issued by the Doherty-Goodale Co., 41 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass. proprietors of Melin's Food. It contains advice that every mother will find of the greatest value and assistance in feeding her child. It is mailed free to any address.

AN AWFUL TIME.

BY ANNA SHIELDS

It was an awful time. In the first place, it was the middle of July, and we had to move. Old Mr. Townsend died, and every stick and stone that he owned in Dollywood was sold. His heirs, two sons (oh, how we hated their very names, knowing no more of them), had been abroad, had come home, intending to divide their time between their New York residence and the family estate at Chester Grove, but they didn't want to bother with a lot of rented houses in Dollywood and these were peremptorily doomed to be sold.

Old Conway pounced upon ours at once. Of course he did! Mrs. Conway and her two homely daughters had been hankering for our house for years, for though we did "only rent" we had lived there for thirteen years, and, oh, the additions and improvements we had made to it! We had doubled its value, I am certain. We beautified it, inside and out; we lavished our artistic tastes upon the panels; we adorned the walls; we had the floor putted, painted and polished, and Teddy had actually painted the most beautiful border and corner pieces of oak leaves and acorns round the entire sitting room. And now, to give it all up! Oh! those hateful Townsends.

What added to the distress was the fact that the only house we could find in all Dollywood to rent was a little two-story cottage, quite a distance from all the neighbors to whom we had become attached, and in a locality we detested.

However, there was no help for it, and as I said before, we had an awful time. It was bad enough to know the dear, old home was lost to us, and that the Townsends were to enjoy a labor of love on the walls and floors; it was sufficiently exasperating to be compelled to take up our abode at Jenk's Corner, a locality we abominated, but these were only the beginning of our tribulations.

The day we were to move was hot—oh, so hot! and the dear mother having done the work of about three men, the previous week, and weighing at her time about ninety-four pounds, broke down with a blinding nervous headache. Martha, a treasure of a servant, had already laid herself up by spraining her wrist, in moving a trunk, so there were Teddy and Jim and I to "do" the moving.

Teddy is my elder sister Theodosia, and Jim is Jimmie, my youngest sister; I am Thomasine, always called Tom in the bosom of my family. We are all young, we are all blondes, we are all good, and we are all pretty. We have incomes of our own of three hundred dollars a year, and the dear mother has about twelve hundred a year, so we can live very nicely, indeed, in a quiet place like Dollywood.

When mother patiently fainted away just as the first furniture van drove up to the door, Teddy and I detailed Jim for active duty in the hospital department, and promised to have mother's room made ready the first thing. In the meantime, she was made comfortable in Jim's room, and Martha undertook to superintend the loading of the boxes, while Teddy and I scamped off to the new house, to see to receiving the furniture.

It was clean as a new pin; that was one little ray of comfort, and we hung up our hats, and put on the biggest of aprons and Lady Washington caps, and were ready for action.

Even in my misery I noticed how unusually pretty Teddy looked. Her hair is the purest gold color, and makes hundreds of little rings round her face, and she has a curl like a wild rose on each cheek. But on that day, the excitement, the hurry and the indignation combined had made her blue eyes blaze, her cheeks brilliant as carnations, and every little curl bristled defiance of the Townsends and our wrongs. But more was to come.

Up drove the first van with one man. Both Teddy and I were at the door, and exclaimed:

"Where's the other man?" "Sure, marm, he was sent for by his old woman. One of the child's servants hid himself, and it's half over Dollywood I've been trying to find somebody to take the job, and niver a one is there doing nothing at all, at all!"

"Here's a dilemma. "Well," said Teddy, "those things have got to be taken into the house. You and I can carry some of the light ones."

Neither Teddy nor I knew that we had an audience. Not until long afterward were we aware of the wicked trick that was at that instant devised. From round the corner of the house appeared two men in dannel shirts, military collars, neckties or handkerchiefs in wild confusion and extremely dirty hands and faces. In the richest of brogues one of them respectfully addressed Teddy and requested work.

I really wonder now that we didn't embrace them. But we engaged their services at once, and how they worked! They did a considerable amount of laughing wherever they were alone, and they required the most minute directions for everything they undertook, but they put down carpets and put up pictures and carried in furniture and unpacked glass and china, in fact, worked with might and main, leaving to the driver of the van only the task of going to and fro with the goods, which he managed to load with Martha's assistance.

At noon we unpacked a substantial lunch, and as Bill and John, our new help, showed no signs of going home, we spread out a meal on the kitchen table and sent them in to it. I never in my life heard men laugh so much over sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

In all this time, you may be sure Teddy and I were berating those horrid Townsends at every turn. We called them all sorts of names expressive of meanness and selfishness, indeed, their own house would burn down and let them know how pleasant it was to be turned out of a home they loved. We

were sure they were sour, grumpy old bachelors, and we hoped they would never marry unless it was to some old witch who would worry all the year round.

All this we said in confidence to each other, never heeding those quiet, modest young men who were so meekly obeying all orders.

The house was really in very nice order, and mother's room as home like as we could make it, when at last the carriage drove up with our dear invalid, Jim and Martha. Mother was very pale and propped up by pillows, and I was worrying over the necessity of her walking upstairs, when out walked our two hired men, without any orders whatever raised her tenderly and gently, pillows and all, in their arms, and carried her upstairs as carefully as her own sons, had she ever had any, could have done.

Jim stared, as well she might, and Martha muttered "Holy Moses!" as she made a dive for the kitchen.

Teddy paid the men; Jim and I did the last few things necessary before resting; and then we all gathered in mother's room.

Such a chattering as followed, the dear mother laughing and talking as merrily as any of us.

"Don't be personal, young ladies," said mother, in a tone of extreme gentleness, "but perform your ablutions, and see if Martha can make out a tea."

In a fortnight we had settled down in the new house, but we did not occupy ourselves as of old, in beautifying our home. We were advertising far and wide for a house such as we wished, and we hoped to purchase one. The price of the one we had left was beyond our reach, but we thought we could hear of one at a more reasonable rate.

During this time of waiting, feeling as if we really had no home, we had gone out but little. Mother was not well, and the heat was very oppressive, while Martha's lame wrist threw considerable of the house-work on our hands.

But one evening there came an irresistible invitation from mother's dear old friend, Mrs. Raymond, of Chester Grove, to a garden party and a dance. "You will stay all night, of course," she wrote, and I will send the carriage for you at two o'clock. Be sure you all come. I cannot spare one of you!"

But we did not all go. Mother was not equal to the eight-mile drive, and Jim stayed with her. We all wanted to stay, and finally drew lots, and it fell to Jim.

"I'm not really out, anyhow," said that young person, philosophically; "and, as you and Teddy seem awfully slow about leaving the family nest, perhaps it is just as well that I am not brought forward just yet."

"The effect will be overwhelming when you are," said Teddy, laughing; but secretly we all thought Jim the proudest of the family, for with the golden hair, she had soft-brown eyes and dark eye lashes.

It was with the utmost serenity that Teddy and I accepted Mrs. Raymond's invitation to stroll about the grounds a little with her, and see some new neighbors only lately come to live at Chester Grove.

We were arrayed in the finest linen lawns, white, with a small blue figure, with blue belts, and white muslin shades with blue bows. Blue neckties, knots of blue in our curls, and blue-lined white gloves constituted our costumes; and I can answer for Teddy's being exceedingly becoming.

Strolling leisurely along, we met two gentlemen in white linen suits and straw hats; we heard Mrs. Raymond say:

"Allow me to introduce the Messrs. Townsend, lately returned from Europe. Mr. John Townsend, Miss Theodosia Brent; Mr. William Townsend, Miss Thomasine Brent."

I thought I was going to faint. I heard Teddy gasp. I saw Mrs. Raymond sail majestically away; and then I looked again.

Yes, it was "Bill"; and Teddy was blushing, with drooping eyes, before "John."

"Would you please forgive us?" said John, presently. "We had just come over to Dollywood, and had heard of the feeling involved in the sale of our father's property, which we had regarded as a mere business transaction. We were coming up the street beside your house, when we saw your distress, and, having nothing to do, we took off our coats and vests and hats, and rubbed a little mud on our faces and hands and—"

"It was just for a lark, you know," pleaded Bill, as his brother paused; "and you did look just ready to cry, you know."

"It was very good of you," said Teddy, looking very much as Bill had just described her.

"Yes, we are very much obliged," I said, thinking of all they heard us say about them, and wondering how much they remembered.

But, somehow, just then we all looked up, and in another second the air was filled with laughter. It was irresistible. The whole affair was too funny.

After that, we were the best of friends. The Townsends came often to Jenk's Corner, and when Jim comes out regularly next winter, she will have no sisterly companions about Teddy or me, because there will be a double wedding in about two weeks. Teddy and I are going to marry "those horrid Townsends."—The Ledger.

His Victory Came Too Late.

A Detroit wholesale house sent an agent into one of the northern counties the other day to investigate and report on the failure of a dry goods man whose assets were below zero. The bankrupt was perfectly willing to explain how it all happened.

"You see," he said: "I got married about two years ago. Up to that time the postmaster and his wife had been at the head of society here and run the ranch. He had the only swallow-tailed coat and she the only silk dress in the town."

"I see."

"We had to make a lead for the head, and I bought my wife a \$12 bonnet and a diamond ring."

"Yes."

"The postmaster bought his wife a broncho pony and a pair of diamond earrings."

"Then I subscribed \$200 to a new church, gave two lawn parties and bought a top carriage and a pacer."

"Yes."

"He came up smiling with a new brick house, a progressive euchre party, and gave \$250 to the heathen of Africa."

"I see."

"Well, I had gone in to smash him or lose a lung, and so I pledged myself for the preacher's salary for a year, lost \$400 on a deal in wheat, kept two hired girls, bought three Persian rugs, backed a barber shop, took a half interest in our home newspaper, and presented every church in town with a bell."

"That must have laid him out?"

"It did. He threw up his hands and surrendered, but when you fellows in Detroit drew on me at three days' sight I was dashed. I'm sorry it happened, but you can't blame me. If that postmaster hadn't made a fool of himself I'd have been able to pay 150 cents on the dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Crushed Again.

"I hate to make you any extra trouble," he said to the chief clerk at the postoffice yesterday.

"Well?"

"I'll write to my girl two days ago and have received no answer. I am awfully careless and perhaps I neglected to stamp it."

"Yes. Very important letter?"

"Very. In fact I popped the question."

"I'll look among the dead letters." A search was made but nothing was found of the letter.

"I must have reached her," said the clerk, as he returned.

"Then I can't understand it."

"I am sure I can't. Have you read the list of marriage licenses for yesterday?"

"No! No!" gulped the young man. "I'll get a paper."

In ten minutes he was back, his eyes hanging out and his face like chalk, and in a hoarse whisper he said:

"That's the reason."

"What?"

"Married to another fellow last night." "Humph!"

"Thanks for your trouble. When I am dead you—"

He broke away, overcome by emotion, but as he was seen devouring a banana two hours later with great relish it is suspected that he still lives.

VACATION EPISODE.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the proud country girl freely. "I have found you out, sir. That is all!"

"What do you mean, dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For heaven's sake, Maud, explain."

"I know I am freckle faced, sir!" she said, with flashing eyes, "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud!" protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night, and I— I had said yes, and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Bellchamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties!"

—Chicago Tribune.

KNOW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

New Boarder—That charming young lady whom I saw playing on the piano in the parlor, Mrs. Irons, is a sister of yours, I presume?

Pleased Landlady—No, Mr. McGinnis, she is my daughter.

"Is it possible? How very young you must have married!"

[New boarder gets best cut of roast beef, and his share of the pudding has all the plums.]—Chicago Tribune.

A REASONABLE HINT.

Old Mr. Sharply (leaning over the staircase in his night gown)—Mabel!

Mabel (below)—Yes, papa.

Old Mr. Sharply—Just tell that young gentleman in the parlor that if he is waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town.

—Para.

NEVER SEEK FOR AMUSEMENT.

But be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it, the slightest word, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh.

DECREASED OPPORTUNITIES.

"There goes a man who has just retired after thirty years on the bench!"

"You don't say so? Amassed a considerable fortune, I suppose?"

"I dunno. There's not so much profit in shoe-making as there used to be."

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