Buffalo Jo.

Fort Concho Cor. Philadelphia Times.] Mai, Doyle and his wife came back to the post that fall. By the death of the colonel he became lieutenantcolonel, and was placed in command. The newly married couple occupied the old colonel's quarters, and Mrs. Doyle seemed vary happy, but I occasionally moticed dark lines under her eyes, as though from loss of sleep or intense mental agony, and her face to me always wore an expression of hopeless resignation to a fate she had no hand in shaping. Before spring it began to be whispered about that the major and his wife did not live happily together, and it was also whispered that he was intensely jealous of one of the subalterns, a young lieutenant, who paid Mrs. Doyle marked attention. In the spring Mrs. Doyle gave birth to a daughter, and for a while the tongues of the gossips were silenced. Finally they began to wag again, and one day matters came to a focus. The major, returning suddenly from a scout after Indians, found the handsome lieutenant in company with his wife. Hot words passed between the two men, and the lieutenant struck his superior officer. The latter, mad with passion, drew his pistol and laid the young man at his feet dead. It was then that his wife's long slumbering passion was aroused. She threw herself on the body of her murdered lover with piecing screams, and when the major attempted to raise her she shrank from him with loathing.

"I hate you," she cried, and her eves blazed. "I hate you-I have always hated you. You bought me, and for love of my poor father and to save him from ruin and disgrace I consented to the sacrifice. You have murdered the only man I ever loved-for I did love him. You have made me what I am, and I curse you for it."

She uttered this philippic with the air and voice of a tragedy queen, and ewept from the room. She never darkened his door again, aad, although they met daily, neither seemed to be aware of the existence of the other. Lieut. Col. Doyle was court-martialed for the shooting, but the commission exonersted him. Mrs. Doyle took up with a wambler named Davis, and they lived logether. She never recognized her old acquaintances, and, of course, they never noticed her. A few months after the separation Col. Doyle was transferred to a post in one of the morthern territories, and husband and wife never met again. Mrs. Doyle remained at the post and she led a very gay life. She seemed always in the most joyous spirits, but it was a forced gayety. Inwardly she must have suffered the most poignant anguish. To drown her sorrow she began to drink, and I saw her many times in a beastly state of intoxication. The gambler "shook her.' and she became the mistress of a buffalo killer named Fletcher. She accompadied him on his hunting trips the more popular. We do not often to the Staked plain, and it was during see in one metropolis as many real one of these scout; that you met her. She lost all her modesty, and the lower she sank in vice the more brazen and depraved she became. She learned to curse, and in the rough life she led on the buffalo range all traces of tender womanhood disappeared. It was while on the range, where, as you know, she did her share of the killing, skinning, and rendering with the rest of the men. that she acquired the name of Buffalo Jo, by which she was known down to the day of her death. Jo was a pretty good shot with the rifle or pistol, and she could throw a lariat with the most practiced vaqueros. She drank like a sailor, cursed like 8 pirate, and rode like a centaur. She would hunt all day and gamble all might. She knew this country like a Book, and for years was a government guide. She had a constitution of iron. and was capable of enduring any emount of suffering and exposure uncomplainingly. After Fletcher diedhe was killed at Fort Davis by Arizona Alf in '76-Jo drifted from bad to Her associates were of the worse. most depraved character and she was drank two thirds of the time. During all these years she had no communication with Dovle. and knew nothing of the disposition he had made of their aaughter. Doyle died in the spring of 1880. He had been on the refired list several years prior to his death, and when he finally "passed in his chips" no one regretted it, for I don't think there was an officer in the army who was held in such universal detestation. Jo disappeared shortly after the news reached us of her husband's death. and did not turn up at the post again until after the Victoria raid in the fall of 1880. One day she came in on the overland, and two hours after her arrival was roaring drunk. She was at this time only the wreck of the woman she had once been, and I, who remembered her in the old days, could scarcely credit the change which liquor and vice had wrought. Jo visited all the saloons and then took it into her head to go through the post. She was swaggering along, with s clay pipe be-tween her teeth and a bottle of 'taranfula juice' in her hand, when three young girls passed her. Two of them were officers' daughters and the third a friend who was paying them a visit. Jo beered at them horribly and, flourishing the bottle over her head, gave utterance to a string of obscenity and pro-fanity that would have made the hardest sinner shudder. The three girls turned and ran, screaming with fright. Jo followed them, yelling wildly. During the chase she tripped and fell, cutting a deep gash in her head on a sharp stone. She lay there speechless and without motion. The two offieers' daughters continued their flight, but their companion, when she saw the accident which had befallen their pursuer, retraced her steps and knelt beside the prostrate woman. She wiped away the blood with her dainty handkerchief, and laid her soft white hand on the depraved woman's face. The touch, light as it was, caused Jo to open her eyes, and she rose to her feet with a blush of shame on her cheek. "Thankee," she said, and would have passed on, but the girl detained her. "You will forgive me," she said, "becouse we were indirectly responsible | is Miss Brown, our joint daughter!"

for your fall. I am very sorry that it occurred, and I would like to do something for you by way of atonement-that is, if you will let me." "What's your name?" was Jo's ques-

"Minnie Doyle," was the answer. "I am stopping with the commanding officer.

She did not notice the sudden look of pain which shot across Jo's face, and she failed to hear the convulsive sob which rose to the fallen woman's lips. "Minnie Doyle," repeated Jo me-

chanically, and then paused. Perhaps during the brief moment of

silence all the bitter past rose before her and she had time to compare the two pictures-that of Josephine Debo, innocent and happy, with that of Buffalo Jo, depraved and miserable. Anyway a great hungry look came into her eyes and she took a step toward the young girl.

"Minnie," she said, "will you kiss me?" "Yes." was the brave answer, and the oung lips, as yet unstained and unpolluted, were upraised and ju-t touched

Jo's swelled and repulsive mouth. The girl repressed a shudder, and Jo turned abruptly away and walked straight to the little jacal where she made her home. She drank no more whisky that day, and about midnight the post surgeon was called in to attend her. She was violently ill, and sinking very rapidly. After examining her case critically, the surgeon declared that all hope of her recovery was past. "She will die before morning," he

said "What's that?" cried Jo, starting up.

"Ther doctor sez ez how ye've re'ched ther last ratiul out'n ther box," answered a gambler who was standing at the head of the bed.

"Leave the room, all of you," she cried. "I have something to say to the doctor."

The crowd filed slowly out, and the dying woman held a few minutes' whispered conversation with the doctor. At its close he hurried to the post and Jo sank back on the bed exhausted. When the doctor returned he was accompanied by Minnie Doyle, and when they entered the room Jo started up with a glad cry.

'Minnie! My daughter !" she cried, and held out her arms.

"Mother," answered the girl through her tears, and, springing forward, clasped the wretched creature in her arms.

"Thank God." whispered Jo, faintly, and, with a new and almost beatific light in her eves, fell back dead.

Blonde and Brunette Beautles. [New York Journal.]

In New York, for the past two seascns, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and dorling brunette beauties. The war still rages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether the blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead fashions this winter, and which will be

THE LIMEKILN CLUB

Is Treated to a Few Pertinent Remarks on Physicians' Practices. [Detroit Free Press.]

"Who am de doctah?" asked Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shin finally got room for his feet and the meeting came to order.

"In de fust place he am a young man who t'ars up sidewalks, lugs off gates, takes up two seats in de street kyar, walks six abreast on de sidewalk, cultivates slang an' am only two p'ints re-moved from a loafer. He graduates. He has l'arned some Latin, some surgery, and what he doan' know 'bout medicine he ain't gwine to practice on. By an' by you h'ar of him as a successful doctah. He has stuck his stakes an' drawn his lines. He has l'arned dat castor ile am a gentle cathartic, an' he will purceed from dat to figger what may be good fur typhoid fever.

"De doctah am a man who puckers his mouf an' shakes his head. He am wery careful not to talk too much. If one of his patients foun' dataqua pura meant water de doctab would consider the case hopeless. What he lacks in knowledge he reckons de family will make up in good nussin'.

The doctah am a wise man. If he finds de pulse up an' de tongue coated he knows dar am a fever. If it shouldn't happen to be a fever de medicine would do j.st de same good. When he can't tell a case of measles from a case of small-pox he kills two hirds with one stone by prescribin' fur de latter.

"If a fam'ly doctah should sot down an' tell a patient dat he had bilious fever, an' dat he was givin' him sartin remedies an' dat he would be out in twelve or fourteen days, de patient lady, unmarried or married, who rewould expire inside of two hours. De only safe way am to shake de head, scare de wife inter fits, an' provounce it a case of life an' death whar' de chill'en mus' be spanked and tied up, de doah-bell muffled, an' all de relashuns telegraphed to. It's only arter de patient am seen sawin' wood de week arter dat he am told what a clus' shave he had.

"De doctah am a man who sticks. When he gits hold of a case dar' am no let go onless he am pulled off. If he can't cure he kin advise a trip to Maekinaw or Florida, an' if de patient am oncivil 'nuff to die on his hands all odder doctahs am ready to testify dat his life was presarved a hull y'ar longer dan could have bin expected. De doctah who would admit dat a case was too complicated fur him would be hustled priety. With two pairs of turtle-doves ou'er de ring in no time.

"De doctah am a great stickler fur de 'professional.' It ain't professional to advertise dat he am a doctah. De public mus' take him for a bank robber | lady of well-establ shed social position or a hoss-jockey an' keep up de in- who is ever permitted presumably or quirin' until it am diskivered dat he am in fact to go abroad at a summer resort a doctah. It ain't professional far two with a gentleman, except to ride or doctabs to meet ober de same patient, drive, unless accompanied by another fur fear he will git well. It ain't pro- lady. fessional for one doctah to amit dat auoder has written morphine whar' he | the young folks manage to do any lovemeant quinine an' killed somebody. making at all and by what sort of

WATERING-PLACE FLIRTATION

By No Means So Much Encouraged

as Is Generally Supposed -- The Puzzle Explained.

Letter in Philadelphia Times. Contrary to a prevalent but most erroneous impression, flirtation in general is not encouraged at the great watering-place hotels frequented by fashionable people, but is rather conducted at a disadvantage, and as a rule has less favorable opportunities for its development than are afforded at an assembly, a rega'ta, the opera or a score of other easy facilities that the ordinary course of city life afford. Flirting in large hotels has to be done decidedly, the expression goes, "on the 8.8 Life in the usual routine is slv." bounded within doors by the parlor, the piazza, the passages, the dining room, the sleeping apartment, and possibly the bowling alley or bath house. Unless a very intimate friend or favored by accident (a dollar to the head waiter sometimes does it) no gentleman gets a chance of sitting and taking meals at t' e same table with a lady acquaintance. If he is wise he avoids it, as it is sure to attract attention if he is seen much with the lady at other times. As to the piazza and the parlor, up to 11 o'clock at night, the hour when both are usually deserted by ladies, there is nothing takes place within either that is not curiously scanned and noted and in most cases coldly criticised.

There is no place where every little net is thrown out into such significance. where censorious society exacts so rigid a deportment and where a young girl has to be so careful of her conduct as a summer hotel. Consequently no young spects the usages of polite +ociety ever goes alone with a gentleman to walk in the woods, to row on the lake, to bathe or to promenade on the beach. As the old ladies say: "It isu't proper." That is. unless they are engaged; and even then such conduct is often s verely criticised. There has to be a chaperon-a matron even when a young married lady sits or walks on the piazza after 10 o'clock. and of all the funny sights in the world the funniest is that of a gay young married woman of 20 carrying on a desperate flirtation with a young fellow at one end of the porch, while her "matron," a lively married woman of 30, decidedly the gayer of the two, perhaps, is smirking and flouting under the ardent gaze of an old beau at the other. Yet this is prothe thing is permissible. In short, it is safe to say that, except in the Adirondacks, where life grows less conventional, there is no young unmarried

How, then, in the name of Cupid do Eben when a coroner's jury am sittin' hocus-pocus are so many of the tre-on de body of a butchered woman it mendous flirtations carried on, about possible to be alone. On the Stockton hotel lawn, at Cape May, standing quite isolated, just far enough away to be secluded and yet so near as to be within the bounds of propriety, there is a pavilion which has in all probability been the scene of more flirtations than any other spot in the United States. Nearly every old frequenter of Cape May knows of more than one married couple who date their bliss from the night the question was popped in that pavilion, for, as the song says, "flirting leads to graver deeds," and the dalliances are not all amusement, but often end in solemn earnestness.

The Lofty. Traveled Youth, and the Lady Who Took Him Down.

[W. A. Croffut in Pioneer Press.]

HE HAD SEEN IT ALL

There is a youth on board who makes himself a bore with his lofty airs. He wears a rose-colored suit, and carries a smooth alpenstock with a chamois horn mounted atop; and over his flaxen hair, which is beautifully parted behind, he wears a red Turkish fez. He fearlessly made everbody's acquaintance the first day out, and then at once hegan to badger them about their travels. "Hm! So you went up the Rigi-and over to the Scheideck, of course." he

said to some ladies. "Yes, up the Rigi, but only to the Kulm," they answered.

"Oh! You should have gone over to the Scheideck! I wouldn't give a cent to go up the Rigi and not go to the Scheideck. Why, it's a great deal finer than the Kulm-ten times better viewdidn't ye know that?"

To a clergyman who was speaking of Heidelberg he said: "I suppose you went around to the Bench, didn't ye?" "Bench ?- What bench ?"

"The Bench-the Bench-the rocky shelf some 200 feet beyond the castle. No? You didn't? You came away without going to the Bench? Why, the Bench gives you the best view of the castle there is-all the view there is, about; I wouldn't give a cent to go to Heidelberg at all unless I went to the Bench!

"What? Didn't go to Valmaar ?" he said, with an incredulous inflection, to a young professor from a western college. "Is it possible? That lovely church-that unique campo santo-that wonderful history-that stupendous palace! If I had missed Valmaar I shouldn't feel as if I had been to Europe at all."

And the professor was actually too much ashamed of himself, and too deeply grieved at his loss, to tell the youth that he never before heard of was having such fun letting the sawdust out of the tourist's cherished dolls, was laying up for himself wrath against a day of wrath.

"Of course you went out to the Faggiola, when you were in Venice?" in-quired one of the ladies of him.

"O yes-yes-the Faggiola-yes, of course; I had almost forgotten it."

"Forgotten such a strange island as that?" she pursued, "were the old Roman city of Minovia sunk hundreds of years ago, and they can still see down through the water the marble palaces? Did you go down in the dumb-bell?"

'No, I didn't: I wasn't feeling very well that day; but I saw the roofs and spures down through the water-they

are mostly tumbled down now." 'How far are they below the surface of the water? I should think-wellfifty or sixty feet, or maybe more," he said vivaciously.

"How did the old castle look ?" she inquired, with earnest interest. "did it utterly forsaken down there, or

WHEN WINDS WERE LOW.

When winds were low and bright the summer hours, Some minstrel, wandering through my

garden fair. ook his harp, and left it standing there

With silent strings among the wondering flowers. With gentle touch to wake its murmurings,

In vain the lily and the rose essayed; But once the summer wind across is

strayed, And with sweet music throbbed the golden

strings; Whilom my heart had learned no melody, But in life's garden hung with silent chord; And all the days sang no sweet song to me, Dr answered every touch with care's discord; Until on dancing feet love strolled along-And all my heart was musical with song.

Mormon Wives. (Cor. Inter Ocean.

The Mormon priests tell the Mormoa woman that plural marriage is the ordinance of God! That all it brings her of anguish is necessary self-denial towin God's love, and that to submit to it is her duty. A ghastly burial ceremony that is practiced by the Mormons rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrection day, when the righteous are called into the joys of their Lord, nohand but that of a husband can remove the cloth, and that unless the cloth is lifted by his hand she must remain in outer darkness forever. A woman who believes that-and the Mormon women believe it-can't help behaving herself. no matter how many wives her husband takes She has to keep on the right side of the only man who can take off that cloth.

Heart-Broken but Level-Headed. (Philadelphia Times.)

A lawyer for a husband who is being sued for divorce had a visit yesterday from the client. The client is madly in love with his wife and believes that she wishes to be rid of him only to be Valmaar. But this young man, who free to marry another. "I can't live without her," he said to his legal adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her.' He pulled out a pistol and said: "I am going to her with this and say: 'Here, shoot me down; I don't care to live any more.

"You had better not." said the cautious legal man: "she might pull the trigger.

"I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken husband. "I don't care for that. I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

A Special Vessel for Stanley. (Exchange.)

A ressel of special and ingenious design is being prepared for Stanley's use in Africa It will be propelled by a stern paddle-wheel and the buil will will be arranged in such a manner that it can be readily subdivided into a number of sections each being floatable and provided with fittings for receiving four large wheels. These wheels can be at. tached to each section while affoat, so that it can be drawn out of the water for transport overland without difficulty. Each of the subdivision of the hull forms, when fitted with the wheels, a complete wagon of itself, capable of carrying the machinery of the steamer. merchandise, stores, etc. It is to be completed by the end of this year, and will be tested afloat under steam on the Thames

blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eyebrows.

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the 'Van Dyke blonde," of which Lady Mandeville is one of the most stunning examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sloes, with eyebrows to match. The "Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far the more distingue type.

Although almost everybody knows what is requisite to be a true brunette. there are still a few who are not even educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks like roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark gray eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette who has not very brown or very black

What is known as the "Irish type" of beauty in one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy ; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and fascinating.

A type of beanty that has had its day. but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexions, are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all kinds of types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has bair soft and brown, eyes of gray or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

"Gur First Daughter."

[New York Post.] It is told of the wife of Buchanan's first * postmaster general. Mr. Brown, that she had been married before, and so had her husband, and each had a daughter by the first marriage. Then they had another daughter Mrs. Brown used to present the daughters at little fellow, who loves cigarettes, garher receptions in this way "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this, in Paris showed that he has a coul head, I

ain't professional fur a doctah to call it | which there are so many whisperings? a case of abortion. It mus' be his The puzzle is easily explained. opinyun dat de woman was run ober by every leading summer resort and in a train of kyars. Nobody eber h'ars connection with every great hotel there of a doctah makin' mistakes. De are what may be termed flirting places undertaker kivers 'em up an' de fra- --- odd nooks and corners and out-of-theternity take de witness stand. Let us way places, where occasionally it is now purceed to bizness."

Street Physiognomy. [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

But residence streets are those that concern the greatest number of hours, waking and sleeping, in the twentyfour. It takes little to make or mar them. Often a whole street can be made a blank by the simple fact that its constituent residents have not learned their habits of home life in the right place. If they are of the middle New England classes, for instance, with whom it is a law, as fixed as that of gravitation, to keep the front part of the house shut to darkness and sience while the rear is chosen as the theatre of household life, the street is as lifeless as the parlors that line it. There are streets where fashion rules. It is apparent in an excess of outre statuart. vases, shell-bordered flower bods, strained efforts of the landscape "artist," and tortures in hedge and tree

trimming. But the proper physiognomy of a street lies between these two extremes. where culture and means form a happy and sensible union. Here parlor blinds are always open by day and the front windows are bright with the family lamp or hearth fire by night. Fences, if there are any, are not elaborate fictions of the carpenter or iron founder, but good, plain barriers against truant cows and a reasonable Thus-far-and-nofarther to lawles boys. The lawns are of good domestic grass, not too assiduously clipped, like the head of a dude: and boys and girls tread them as their own native and trespas-less heath. Life and its enjoyment make np the ideal street, and to live well it must have neither poverty nor riches. The bare ground and the squalor of the pauper's hut is out of place. The vain squander upon senseless house and home display are as bad.

The popular street combines evidences of good sense, modesty and thorough bonhomie. Its people must not curtain or hedge each other out teo completely. The houses must speak frankly and good-naturedly of frank and good-natured people within. Neatness attends it at every step. Its Augean stables do not infringe on the nostrils of neighbors or the passing pedestrian, and the penetralia of the kitchen makes way with all smells that offend and should be plucked out. Abundant shade from the common and familiar trees that we all enjoy, and sidewalks that do net divide our eyesight with surrounding beauties, are also among its traits. And, last and best of all, the good s'reet must be alive with the flesh and blood of homeloving, friend seeking people. Of such streets the best citics are made.

A Cool Crownes monus [Inter Ocean]

Alfonso is described as "an insipid lic, girls, fast horses and brandy." but it takes something more than a French mob to "rattle" him. Alfonso's conduct even if he is a king.

Whisky and Talent. [Texas Siftings.]

"Take that bottle and go out and get me some whisky," said Col. Jimjams to the sad-eved woman whose misfortune t was to be the wife of a convivial inepriate.

"Give me money to buy it with." "Give you money! Why, any darn lool can get whisky if he has money, but to get whisky without money is what takes talent. I thought you had ome talent "

Taking up the bottle with a sigh, the patient, long-suffering woman went out. In a short time she returned. Apparently she had been successful, for she placed the bottle before hum, and said, in low, reproachful tones

"There! take it, and drink to your eart's content." "Now, that's what I call smart. You

have got real genius or you couldn't get whisky without money;" and placing the bottle to his mouth he was about to quench his thirst when he discovered the bottle was empty.

"Why, what does this mean ?"

'It means that anybody can drink whisky when the whisky is in the bottle but it takes real talent to drink whisky when there is none in the bottle. Drink away. I know you have got talent.'

Where Andy Johnson Lived and Died. [Chattanooga Times.]

In Greenville, as you are aware, the late President Andrew Jackson lived, as tailor, alderman, legislator and president, and here he is buried. The shop in which he labored astallor uo v stands in the eastern part of the town Just over the entrance to the shop, which is small trame building, and in which a colored family is now living, is a pine board, upon which is written. in letters now almost erased by rain and storm, the following "A. Johnson, Tailor." A little out from the western border of the town stands the monument of marble which marks the resting place of "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

Cneonvertea Japan. fInter Ocean.]

The Yokohama Gazette declares that all efforts to introduce Christianity into Japan have been pitiable failures, and that the people of that country regard breign miss.onaries with jealous aver

as if it were still inhabited ?"

"Still inhabited " he exclaimed, 'after all these-why, it looked just like -vou know yourse'f what it looked like: you was out there. wasn't you?" "Me? O, no: I didn't go out to the Faggiola when I was in Venice. It was was awfully hot; and then L didn't know where the Faggiola was, and nobody else seemed to know, either." She laughed a merry peal. "And nobody said anything about the castle of the Roman city of Minovia."

And she laughed again and clapped her hands; and her hearers laughed, too-all but one, who looked very thoughtful and walked away. He was seen laboring over one of the volumes of the cyclopædia down in the saloon an hour later, and since that has been very quiet, indeed.

An Appetizing Mand-Made Fish. (Boston Journal)

There was one feature in the dinner enjoyed by Lord Coleridge at Boston which created considerable merriment. The cover was taken from one of the dishes, revealing a tine specimen of sea turbot, baked a delicate brown, decora ed with marigolds and sprays of green, and flanked by slices of lemon and more flowers and green, all disposed in a manner to set off in an appetizing manner the delicious looking fish. An attempt to serve it made apparent the fact that nature and the culinary art had been most successfully imitated in ceramics. The fish, with its accompaniments, was but a part of the platter. I ord Coloridge was greatly amused, and the whole company appreciated greatly the triumph of the artist. The dish was painted by Miss Millie Woodford, of Newton, Mass.

The Language of Mt. Louis. [New York Herall.]

St. Louis is not able to compete with Chicago in the glory of its candy store windows, in the size of its elevators and feet, or in the muscle of its politiof philosophy in this country. A'St. Louis journalist this week begins a is not endemic but universal, and the breaker of our images presents himself most inopportunely as to place and season, proving that our idols are of clay, our ideals friable, and that our worship is wasted on a thin substance." This rendered into Chicagoese means: "Johnny Malligan, the statesman, weat into Mulhooley's saloon, and as no one would fight him he cleaned out the with mercy." whole crowd."

The Climate for Good Voices. (Exchange.)

An English newspaper says American singers have made a much greater mark in Great Britain than American actors, notwithstanding the conspicuous absence in America of long-established academies and colleges of music. "The climate," it adds, "clear and dry as it is, will scarcely account for the can climate is apparently to pinch the. throat and cause the high-pitched tones and the usual twang by which the enunciation of so many Americans is marked."

Baving a Fragment of Humanity. [Chicago Herald.]

I saw one of our policemen drag a drenched and tattered bit of humanity out of a hallway the other morning just before daybreak. The night had been wild overhead and merciless below. The clouds were piled upon each other, aud over each other, as I have seen the ice crack and crush together in the breaking up of a long, dreary winter. There was nothing unusual in the sight of the capture just related. An oldtime feeling crept over me, how-ever, and I followed that stalwark sentinel of the city's safety and his little captive, who looked to me as if he were but a chunk of a cloud dropped from the black embankments above. I followed them inte the station, and the "culprit," for such he had now grown to be, was taken below. Maybe the curiosity was idle and weak, but I went to the police court later, and waited until this brat, whose face had been photographed in the mind. was brought out. There have been a thousand such scenes in such places. The officer said the "kid." I think he called him that, was a night prowler, and would be a thief unless he was sent to the house of correction.

The judge seemed to tarry in this boy's case, and looked over the beach. under the eaves of which the ohap's hair could just be seen. He asked the boy if he had heard what the officer said. The face looked up and the words from the lips were so low that they could just be heard : "Please, sir, if I had somebody to back me in it I cians. Bat St. Louis is the head centre mean to do what's right." I saw the judge run his pen through a name on the sheet before him, and the boy went report thus: "The work of iconoclasm out alone. "He may have lied, as most of them do," said the julge, "but I'll back him for once, and I believe that if somebody would back these waifs of the street to the right oltener they would make better men. I never thought of it before, though, myseif." The clerk of the court told me afterward that the fines during the remainder of that session were "tempered

Legend of the Nightin gale. [Boston Budget.]

The nightingale's habit of singing at night, and the imaginary sadness of its song, are accounted for by a levend tothe effect that in ancient days the nightingale and the blindworm had . nly ene eye apiece. The bird borrowel the reptile's eye in order to go with two eyes to a feast, and afterwards refused to restore it. The blindworm vowed vengeance on its perfidious friend. number of good voices produced in Consequently, the nightingale is afraid America, for one effect of the Ameri- to go to sleep at night lest the blindworm should attack it during its slumber. And in order to keep itself awake it sings, resting its breast against a thorn, the pain caused by which renders its singing sad.