

Saved A Scalp.

Do I believe in presentiments? Well, you can bet I do!

The above was part of a conversation I had a short time ago with an old frontiersman named George W. Packard.

The following is just as he related his experiences to me:

I am a native of Ohio, but came West in 1853 and entered the employ of the Overland Express Company as station agent, my post being in Utah, my duty being the care of relays of stock.

One evening, just as twilight was gathering, the day expressman having changed horses and gone, I ate my supper, then brought my stock in, which consisted of two ponies and two mules.

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Above me the stars shone out in all the brightness this western country only can show. But sleep would not come this night, try as I might.

Then again lying down, intending to sleep, a feeling of satisfaction seemed to replace the dread which had so controlled me.

But Mrs. Milou Munger's house, instead of the elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue, which she had hinted at, was a big domicile over a shoe store.

And she stared blankly enough at Bessie Barton when that dimpled young damsel presented herself smiling at the door.

"Ah," said she, "is Cousin Barton's girl from Bluebell Farm, isn't it? Dear me, what an earth has brought you here?"

Medora and Adeliza asked me to return their visit," said Bessie, feeling as if her heart was plunged into a cold bath.

"It isn't a boarding-house," sharply retorted Mrs. Munger. "If I choose to share my expenses with a few refined friends, I don't know that my establishment need be called a boarding-house.

How they found out: On a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them.

"Why is a palm tree like chronology?" Because it furnishes dates.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;

The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;

We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

THE LIFE SHE SAVED.

Round and sparkling, like a crystal globe of dew, the big tear rolled down Bessie Barton's cheek.

She had indulged in a new violet cashmere, made by the village dressmaker, a little straw hat with a wreath of daisies and new boots and gloves.

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sion that her aunt hadn't been especially glad to see her.

So she acquiesced in Aunt Munger's project and remained, although she was a little afraid of the boarders.

There was the fat man with the flowing coral-colored beard, who was a newspaper editor—and the *passee* widow who had the best front room and was always sending messages to the people overhead not to tread heavily.

But then, while Laurence Wyatt lay sick unto death in the little dreary hall bedroom, the Misses Munger had not troubled themselves whether he lived or died.

Only a four-and-a-half-dollar boarder, they had scornfully remarked—"Why don't you insist on his going to the hospital?"

But Bessie had helped up the silver torch of Faith, Hope, Charity. And its white fire had illumined her whole life with brightness.

Designing Cigar Labels.

A lithographing establishment in New York having offered to pay the highest cash prices for first-class cigar-label designs, a reporter found a member of the firm looking over a portfolio of drawings and illustrations cut from periodicals.

He selected a couple of drawings, and, turning to a young man, said: "These are good designs, and"—picking up one of the illustrations—"you might make us a design from that. I'll give you \$15 for these three in crayon, and \$20 if you'll do the last one in colors.

"Certainly," Mr. Phelps said, handing \$10 to him, "and the rest you can bring the other design. Just leave your address in case I should want you to do some other work before you finish this design."

The young man pocketed the \$10 and quitted the office in a very happy frame of mind.

"He seems to be a smart young fellow," Mr. Phelps said, "and I'm glad we got hold of him. If we hadn't advertised we might never have known of him."

"You see, if a cigar manufacturer wants to get out a new brand, or to work off an old brand under a new label, which is the most usual case, he comes here and tells us what his idea is, or, more frequently, tells our canvassers—for there is so much competition in the business that we have to send around canvassers with books of labels in stock.

"How much do labels like that cost?" "They are the most expensive—\$50 for a thousand sets."

"How many are to a set?" "A set consists of the large label for the inside of the cover and the center pieces of the large label alone to be pasted on the outside.

"Do you ever get up brands for special sale among certain trades or professions, as did the one who originated the Masonic brand?" "Yes, you will find here labels with fire engines, ships, steamboats, and the like.

declared that some day he would lay that rescued life down at my feet. And so he has."

"That's all silly sentimental nonsense," said indignant Medora, who was loveless at eight-and-twenty.

It did seem hard that the husband-hunting Misses Munger should be unwooded and unwon, while simple little country-bred Bessie married the rich man!

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Abandoned Vessels.

Derelicts always appear to me as a kind of ocean beggars. They hover about the path of well-to-do ships, and exhibiting their mutilated stumps and broken sides, cringe and cower for help as the vessels go by.

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English Items of Interest.

An American tourist writes as follows:—The site of Scarborough, England, is almost incomparably fine. It is built on the side of an amphitheatre of cliffs, the lower part of which is laid out as a park, with trees and flowers and concrete walks, and a magnificent Casino, so that the visitor may look on the one hand upon the sloping banks, gay with verdure and blossoms, and abroad on the other side over the sparkling summer sea.

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