

### An Invitation.

When in the house the day is warm,  
And dogs be stretched across the door,  
Come out to my neglected farm,  
And sit upon the grassy floor.

Under the apple trees' green roof,  
Laced with the yellow light of morn,  
Share nature's joy without reproach,  
Thou man who art to trouble born!

Alas! 'tis said for price of gold,  
The age shall have these leafy towers,  
The spade shall trample in the mould  
This fragrant grass, these dewy dowers.

And when this pleasure house is waste,  
A mansion built for earthly care,  
For waiting days, and tiresome haste,  
Shall still a stately front be there.

Then come, before the day declines,  
And hear the bee among the boughs;  
See where the early moon is rising,  
Her crescent in my bloomy house.

Perhaps before the shade shall wound  
This turf, to plant the summer die,  
A smaller plot of earth be found  
More green to tell our nobler birth.

Then hasten ere the day shall die,  
And lay thy heart to summer's bliss,  
And learn, whatever joys may fly,  
To know the permanence of this.

### A MOONLIGHT SAIL.

"Another moonlight sail to-night, Hetty," said Julia Keese, mounting the front steps and furling her red parasol. Hetty sat up rather slowly in the hammock, suspended between the pillars, in which her light draperies had been gracefully and comfortably bestowed, and looked up at her sister with what, under the circumstances, was certainly a surprising expression.

"There was unmistakable regret and something like dread in her big brown eyes.

Julia meeting her sister's gaze as she sank into one of the ribbon-bedecked willow-rockers, which gave the porch its hospitable appearance, burst into soft laughter, her bright eyes growing brighter with a mischievous light.

"Your dreadful suspicions are correct," she said, in a tragic whisper. "Little Blivens is going to ask you."

"Are you sure?" murmured Hetty, despairingly.

"Perfectly!" said Julia, cheerfully fanning herself with the gaily-colored plaques she had brought from "down town." "Ed told me so; Little Blivens told him. I met Ed down by the square, and he took me into Benson's for some cream."

And Julia grew pleasantly absent-minded over this recollection. She was engaged to "Ed."

Hetty leaned back in the hammock with a small groan.

It had been like this all summer.

Once every week, on an average, the gay little clique of which she and her sisters were valuable members had had a moonlight picnic, though the moon had occasionally failed them.

And once a week Mr. Blivens, the lately-arrived china-storekeeper, had taken down his hat from behind his office-door and his gloves from his pocket, and walked briskly up the street to Miss Hetty Keese's pretty home, where in the formal words which he considered fitting to the occasion, and which he never varied, he requested the honor and pleasure of her company upon the proposed excursion, and whence after a brief interval he walked away triumphant.

Why she always consented, was something of a puzzle to Hetty herself.

But she was one of the tenderest of girls, and the sight of Mr. Blivens standing before her, in hand, swaying on his short legs nervously, his little bird-like eyes lifted to hers almost imploringly—she was several inches taller—eager hopefulness in every line of his round face, this, together with her consciousness of the one or two gray streaks in her reddish hair, always brought a kind smile and a hesitating "Oh, certainly—thank you!" to her lips.

"Shall you accept, as usual?" said Julia, coming out of her reverie and regarding her sister sympathetically. "I would!"

"But nobody else would go with him," said Hetty simply.

"Let him stay at home, then!" said Julia in a matter of fact way. "He's too old to be going to picnics, anyhow; it's absurd. A good sharp refusal on your part is what he needs."

"I couldn't!" said Hetty, with a soft compassion in her eyes.

"You funny girl!" cried Julia, with a laugh. "Oh, by-the-way," she went on, "Joe Marsh is home again! I saw him 'down street.'"

"Joe Marsh!" Hetty repeated, with frank delight.

They had met him last winter—a handsome sharp-witted, hard-working young man, who enjoyed keenly the few social pleasures he allowed himself; the more that sweet Hetty Keese was to be seen, and talked to, and laughed with—was to be walked home with under the cold, bright stars, and parted from reluctantly.

And then—just as it had dawned upon him that for a young man the amount of whose salary could not be mentioned in the same breath with matrimony, he was growing much too fond of this charming girl—he had been sent away on an extensive business trip by the firm which employed him.

That had seemed to lookers-on to be an end to the little episode.

But Joe Marsh, in jolting trains and distant hotels, was haunted continually by Hetty's lovely face.

And Hetty spent a great many foolish, guilty moments, thinking over the clever things he had said to her, picturing his sinewy handsome face, and telling herself that she was a simpleton.

"If here isn't Little Blivens now!" whispered Julia, as a footstep sounded on the walk. "Now do be sensible, Hetty; don't go with him!"

Five minutes later, Mr. Blivens, with his cheerful little face shining with perfect contentment—even his hair seemed to have taken on a warmer glow—was trotting away down the street; and Julia sat gazing at Hetty in scornful amazement.

"How could I help it?" said the latter, pleadingly. "It would have hurt his feelings dreadfully, I couldn't."

"You're the queerest girl!" said Julia, staring helplessly at the impossible red-and-blue cherubs on her plaques.

But Hetty's trials, as her frequent

experiences on similar occasions had taught her, had only begun.

"So Little Blivens is still faithful, Hetty?" said her father, jovially, at the tea-table.

"Yes, he has again hoped for the honor and pleasure of her company," murmured fifteen-year old Tom, who had heard several of Mr. Blivens's invitations through the parlor keyhole.

"We're needing a new china-set," said her father musingly. "Just mention it to Blivens won't you, Hetty? I haven't a doubt that he'd throw off considerable on your account—maybe give us one!"

It was not pleasant, either, when the noisy load of picknickers drove up, and she followed Julia and Ed down to the gate on Mr. Blivens's arm, to know that Tom was walking down the path behind them, smiling up adoringly at an imaginary person several yards above him, in wicked imitation of Mr. Blivens; and to feel that several giggles from the load were tributes to this performance.

But when she had climbed into the long, five-seated wagon, into the midst of its laughing, chattering occupants, she suddenly forgot her disturbance.

For a well-known form rose up from one of the back seats, a hand reached itself to her across the intervening heads, and Joe Marsh's crisp voice cried:

"Ah, Miss Keese, here we are again!"

There was not much in the words, certainly; but there was a tightness in the grasp of his hand which made Hetty's cheeks grow a little pinker in the darkness.

But Joe Marsh sank back to his seat with a groan.

He had been told humorously, by some of the boys that "Little Blivens" had been cutting him out badly.

But he had been given, at the same time, a burlesque description of Little Blivens; and knowing the tenderness of Hetty's heart as he did, he had guessed her motives shrewdly, and had felt nothing but a loving admiration for her.

But now, with Hetty's big, lacy white hat and Mr. Blivens's silk one close together just before his eyes—with the sound of Mr. Blivens's rather high-pitched voice and Hetty's sweet laugh in his ears—things took on a new, and unpleasant aspect.

Probably there was something in it. Mr. Blivens's smiling, complacent little face, and his general air of proprietorship, must mean something.

Perhaps the knowledge of Little Blivens's prosperity had been too much for Hetty's weak, feminine heart. Perhaps Joe reflected miserably, they were engaged!

The wagon jolted on, filling the pretty country roads—the moon had come out finely—with mirthful echoes.

Joe Marsh was particularly entertaining; the group of girls that listened to other that he was nicer than ever. But the weight at his heart, a double load of pain and indignation, grew heavier.

The picnic ground looked charmingly inviting in the soft moonlight, with its quiet little lake, its large smooth dancing platform, and its many rustling trees.

The orchestra, a modest affair of three pieces, had already arrived, and the moon looked down presently on a score of pretty laughing girls in dainty muslins, floating about the platform with masculine arms clasping their waists.

Joe Marsh was not among the dancers. Mr. Blivens had led Hetty out, and he stood watching them gloomily.

Little Blivens was not a dancer. Poor Hetty had learned that by many painful experiences. He bounced about in a strangely jerky, irregular way; and he was continually bumping into people and stepping on dresses. Perhaps it afforded the frowning watcher a certain satisfaction to observe this.

"What are you doing here," you absurd thing?" cried Nell Lyman, a jolly little person who was afraid of nobody.

"Come along and dance the Lancers with me."

It was an hour later when the young man, heated and wearied by a long siege of waltzes and quadrilles, surrendered his partner to somebody else, and walked away toward the lake.

He had not danced with Hetty once; he had told himself that his wisest course was to keep away from her. Of course she had plenty of partners; but Little Blivens, it had seemed to Joe, had had every tier dance.

Of course they were engaged; there was not a doubt of it. He stared unseeingly at the placid little lake, repeating to himself all the cynical things he could think of concerning woman and her falsity.

A rowboat lay at the edge of the water, a few yards away, with a white-cloth figure in its end—a figure whose slender liteness the young man recognized.

She was alone. It would be a piece of rudeness not to join her, he told himself. He stroiled down to the boat.

"Oh, Mr. Marsh!" cried Hetty, timidly. "She was convinced in the depths of her unhappy little heart that he was angry with her. Why had he not spoken to her all evening? Mr. Blivens has gone up to the wagon for my wrap," she added, in explanation of her loneliness.

"I suppose I may congratulate you?" said Joe shortly, keeping coldly aloof on the edge of the bank.

Hetty raised her eyes wonderingly.

"I have been given to understand," said Joe, stretching the truth a little in his bitterness, "that you are engaged to Mr. Blivens."

He brought the name out with such contemptuous emphasis that a small person in a silk hat—the top of the hat being only five feet and four inches from the ground—and with a cashmere wrap over his arm, came to a startled standstill behind a neighboring clump of bushes.

"Engaged to him?" said Hetty, with a gasp. "Why, Mr. Marsh?"

There was no mistaking the astonished reproach of her tone.

Her listener felt his heart bound.

"You are not now?" he questioned, eagerly, bending toward her. "And don't care for him?"

"How could you think so?" murmured Hetty.

The moon at that moment went behind the cloud. But when it came out, Joe was squeezed into the very narrow seat with Hetty; and Hetty's big hat

was very much on one side, as though pushed thither by a sudden violent contact with something.

The person behind the bushes had removed his hat, and wiping his forehead, a humorous smile beginning to struggle through the dazedness of his expression.

There was silence in the boat for a happy interval.

Then the young man said slowly:

"I am afraid we can't be married right away, Hetty."

"No," said Hetty, gently.

"I have only my salary, you know; and that isn't enough for two to live on," said Joe. "Oh, haven't I a little capital? There'd be such a chance for me if I had. The senior of the firm was telling me the other day, that they'd like to take a third partner—one with a small capital. If I only had it—I, who knows all the ins and outs of the business—It's no use talking about it," he broke off.

"I shall wait for you, Joe," said Hetty simply.

"You shall have a long wait, I'm afraid, little girl," said Joe, gloomily. "By the way," he added, forgetting his trouble with youthful haste, "what made you encourage poor Little Blivens?"

"Encourage him? Oh, I didn't mean that!" cried Hetty, looking tenderly distressed. "But I never had the heart to hurt his feelings by refusing him. I just couldn't!"

The person behind the bushes was regarding the speaker with great gratitude, softening his bright eyes.

"I know it!" cried Joe triumphantly.

If Little Blivens was rather thoughtful going home that night, nobody noticed it but Hetty.

That soft-hearted little creature labored faithfully to bring him to his natural state of cheerfulness.

And Little Blivens seemed to appreciate it. For he beamed upon her at parting with unusual warmth, and gave her hand an astonishing grip.

"You couldn't guess what I'm going to tell you, Hetty," said Joe Marsh, springing up the front steps, two days later, and sitting down by Hetty's hammock with a radiant face.

"Have they raised your salary?" said Hetty, briskly.

"I'm going into the firm," said Joe, in a voice shaky with his excitement.

"I've got a loan of the necessary capital—who from do you think?"

Hetty shook her head, with parted lips.

"From Little Blivens!" cried Joe.

"It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I was going by his house this morning, when he called me all over with his sharp little eyes, and said he had heard my firm would take another partner, with capital—how he heard it is more than I know—and went on to offer me a loan for the purpose—on very liberal terms, too. Isn't the funniest thing you ever heard of—and the jolliest? We can be married with Julia and Ed, in October!" he concluded rapturously.

"He is the dearest little man in the world!" said Hetty, with misty eyes.

And she never knew it was her own self-forgetful kindness to Little Blivens which had won them their happiness.

### A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died.

A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little motherless children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union.

During all the years the blind man never lost hope that some day he might again look upon the beauties of nature and the faces of the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light of day had been shut out for so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy.

A friend who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"This is your wife."

And then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment.

This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as ever he did, and is now in business in the city.

The fluid exuded by the ice plant has been found to contain 33 per cent. of sea-salt.

Southall quotes from Herodotus to show that the Scythians used to scalp their enemies. The wild tribes of Northeastern Bengal also use the scalping-knife.

The complete destruction of the carcasses of animals that have died of contagious diseases is recommended by M. Girard. He would dissolve the bodies in cold concentrated sulphuric acid.

It is found by the survey of the Great Lakes that there is a slight tide in them but not of sufficient extent to be noticeable without special care, the amount of rise and fall not exceeding two inches.

A prominent physician writing to the New York Medical Record condemns roller skating as an exercise for girls, and states that it seems to bring out any latent predisposition to disease, especially of the kidneys or heart.

### A Question of Time.

"It is useless, this persistence. The tie of cousinly relationship is all that can ever exist between us."

"But I have other reasons to urge."

"None that can avail."

"At least hear them."

"Yes, if I am forced, but my answer is already given."

"You may reconsider it."

It was no longer in the persuasive tone of the lover that Adrian Hermon spoke.

His last utterance had a touch of sternness in it, far better comports than his previous manner with the sinister glance of his kindless, passionless eye more than once, during the dialogue, bent in keen perusal of his cousin's face.

The changed intonation had not passed unnoticed—a fact sufficiently evinced by the look, half scornful, half inquiring, which Alice Harmon turned upon the speaker.

"Your father, Adrian continued, "left his affairs in a condition so perplexed and intricate, that when, at your request, I undertook their settlement, it was some time before their exact posture could be ascertained. A thorough examination, I am sorry to say, proves his estate largely insolvent. Our long absent uncle, you are aware, ignorant it seems, of your and my existence, bequeathed his immense fortune to his two brothers, your father and mine—the whole, in the event of the death of either before that of the testator, to go to the survivor. The fact that your father died one day before our uncle, and that mine survived him several months, legally entitles me to the whole of an inheritance, half of which had else been yours."

"The conclusion of the whole," said Alice, with a curl of her beautiful lip, "being that the accident of a day has made me penniless and you rich."

"Under the circumstances I had hoped," Adrian resumed, "that my offer—"

"Let me be sure I understand it," interrupted Alice; "is to purchase the loan that I have refused to give?"

"The offensive words are your own," said Adrian.

"And their meaning yours," Alice retorted.

The shadow deepened on the young man's brow. The icy glitter of his eye became more serpent-like and there was that in his voice, when he next spoke, that sounded ominous of evil.

"You at least prize your father's reputation," he said.

"More dearly than life!" Alice answered.

"It is with you to shield or blast it!" the girl's cheeks blanched, and there was something painful in her startled look that besought more earnestly than words an explanation of her cousin's language.

"A large sum your father held in trust," Adrian went on, "is not forthcoming, and disgrace must attach to his memory unless you choose to avert it. The means are happily within your power. Accept my offer, and from my fortune the default shall be made good, and none need ever know it."

The momentary pallor that overspread the face of Alice, gave place to a deep flush, and it was a grand thing to see the indignant flash of those lustrous eyes, before which her dastard kinsman quailed.

"Your statement," she rejoined, "that my father died poor I could readily have believed, knowing his generous nature, and how little likely he was to have hoarded wealth. But the imputation of dishonesty I know to be as false as the heart that conceived it and the tongue that gave it utterance—Go! but go with this assurance—a speedy and thorough investigation by whom I and others can trust shall malign the virtues of the dead."

True to her promise, Alice lost no time in seeking the counsel and assistance of an old and tried friend of her father, who was beside a shrewd and able lawyer.

Mr. Barker had a quick eye for rogues, and was very prompt in his dealing with them.

Within a week after the first interview with Alice, Adrian Hermon was served with a couple of writs, one a citation, requiring him forthwith to file his accounts as administrator of Alice's father; the other a summons in an action brought to recover Alice's portion of her uncle's estate.

The last, everybody said, was hopeless, the death of Alice's father one day before that of her uncle settling the question.

It was quite unusual for Mr. Barker's zeal to outrun his judgment, but it seemed to have done so in the present case.

However, the little lawyer went about his business in his accustomed way, keeping his own counsel and seeking no one's.

Considerable time elapsed before the case could be brought to a hearing.

Andrew Hermon, the rich uncle, after many years' merchandising in the East Indies, had at last embarked for home and died at sea.

His death was reported to have occurred on the 25th of December, 18—, that of Alice's father having happened on the 24th of the same month. Captain Harris, the commander of the vessel, was not absent on another voyage, and his testimony being deemed material by both parties, it was necessary to await his return.

He came at last, and the case was brought on.

By several witnesses Mr. Barker proved the death of Alice's father to have taken place on the 24th of December, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Captain Harris was then called.

After a few preliminary questions, he was asked to state, the precise time of Andrew Hermon's death.

"Exactly four minutes before 6 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of December," was the answer.

"Are you quite certain of that?" Mr. Barker continued.

"Quite; it is entered in the log-book," Mr. Barker paused a moment.

"Is there any necessity for proceeding to the opposite counsel, with a winning smile. "You have quite made out our case. The plaintiff's father having died on the 24th and the testator on the 25th, it is

plain, by the terms of the will, that the whole estate went to the defendant's late father as survivor."

"If you please, Brother Tompkins," Mr. Barker replied, with killing politeness, and the self-possessed air of a man who, if beaten, didn't know it yet, "I have not quite finished with the witness."

"Be good enough, Captain Harris, to tell us where your vessel was at the time of Andrew Hermon's death."

"In latitude—degrees and—minutes south, and longitude—degrees and—minutes east."

"When it was 8 o'clock on the evening of the 24th of December here, what was the time there?"

"Four minutes of eight on the morning of the 25th, the difference of longitude, being 179 degrees."

"So that if the plaintiff's father died here, at 8 o'clock p. m. on the 24th and Andrew Hermon died there at four minutes before six on the morning of the 25th, the former survived the latter just two hours." With this summing up Mr. Barker sat down, as calm as if he hadn't just been gaining the most important cause of his life.

The same cool, clear head soon brought order out of the confusion in which Adrian Hermon had sought to involve the affairs of Alice's father, and made it quite manifest that the latter had neither broken trust nor left his daughter destitute.

Had the little lawyer been 20 years younger we might have given our story a romantic ending, by making him marry his client. As it was he "gave her away" to another of more suitable age, whom she—but that's honeymoon talk—calls "the dearest fellow in the world."

### The Zealous Hotel Porter Who Obeys Orders to the Letter.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House last night. He was an active young man, with a Hilberian type of countenance and large, horny hands about the size of hams. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him.

Recently Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice president of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock, others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Oh am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson, "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room, "it's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a decent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake! Let me explain!"

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rusing him over toward the stairs; "we're on to ye! The house has had yespotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from his shock to speak.

"I was firing that dirty blackguard Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him? Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon." gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away. This was what he read:

"Fire No. 40 at 10:30."

### OF LOWLY STATION.

#### Why the Old Gent Opposed the Suit of the Man His Daughter Loved.

The stately elms bowed lazily as they returned the gentle salutations of the evening breeze. Beneath their spreading branches a young and lovely couple walked, oblivious to the world, its cares and strifes, its feverish pleasures and its chilling disappointments; forgetful of all except each other. Beneath her broad-brimmed hat her Auburn hair fell over her shoulders in luxuriant waves. Arthur doted on each little golden thread. Already he had licked three men for saying he had a red-headed girl.

They walked off in silence for many minutes. At last he murmured:

"Say you will be mine."

"I can not say it," she murmured back.

A deadly pallor suddenly overspread his face. She was alarmed. At length he recovered himself and asked:

"Why not?"

"Arthur, you know my father's proud nature. You are only the son of a millionaire banker. My father has promised me to Clarence Jones, the son of your father's cashier."

"Yes, yes, I see it all," he said, with his voice full of emotion. "I must bend to the cruel fate which made me the offspring of a miserable banker instead of the heir of a cashier."

His strong spirit gave way before a flood of bitter tears, and then all was over.

Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

### A Story of a Deserter.

In Queen Anne's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment, that was quartered in the city of W—, was taken up for desertion, and being tried by a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both of London, the command of the regiment had devolved in course to the major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of the execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon those occasions, was drawn up to witness it; but when everyone present who knew the custom at these executions expected to see the corporals cast lots for this ungracious office, they were surprised to find it fixed by the major upon the prisoner's own brother, who was also a soldier in the regiment and was at that moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit.

On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers, they both fell down upon their knees; the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood, and the brother that he might receive his doom from any other hand than this. But all their tears and supplications were in vain; the major was not to be moved.

He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible.

Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose.

The brother prepared to obey. The prisoner having gone through the usual service with the minister knelt down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The major stood by; saw the afflicted brother load his musket; and this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with the cane, and at that instant to do his office, and dispatch the prisoner.

But, behold! when the major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last motion of the cane, the soldier, as if inspired by some superior power, suddenly turned about, and shot the tyrant through the heart!

Then, throwing down his piece, he exclaimed, "He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive! I had rather die this hour for his death, than live a hundred years, and give my brother his!"

Nobody seemed to be sorry at this unexpected event, and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that passed, prevailed with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until further orders, promising to identify him for the consequences as far as their whole interest could possibly go with the queen.

This request being complied with, the city corporation, that very night drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her majesty's clemency towards both the prisoners.

The queen upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her Majesty by one of the city representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire a little further into the matter.

On doing so, she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars, and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from her service.

For which good mercy she received a very grateful and most dutiful address of thanks from her loyal city.

### How People Sneez.

Sneezing, and the manner in which the sneeze is sneezed, is an interesting study in itself. No two persons sneeze exactly alike. A two month's study of this spasmodic practice has fully demonstrated the fact that there is as much individuality in the sneeze of the average man or woman, as there is in the laugh, the conversation, the walk or the handwriting.

The little boarding-school miss trips jauntily along the street, and, in turning to note if she is attracting due attention, happens to inadvertently look at the sun; in a moment her nostrils begin to tickle, and, burying her face in the nearest of cambric handkerchiefs, she contracts her shoulders, and gives utterance to the daintiest "skick-skick-skick" imaginable.

The fat woman, with a basket upon her arms, halts suddenly upon the street, bows her head reverently, remains so for a few moments in wild expectation, and then, straightening up a little inhales the air until she swells up like a balloon, then "ah-h-h-schooooo! ah-h-h-schooooo! ah-h-h-schooooo! skitch-tschooo! oh my!" and wobbles along, wiping her inflamed nose on her apron.

The tall cadaverous man, whose every look indicates the presence of consumption, stops short on the sidewalk, nervously runs his hands into half a dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head backward until his nose points at the City Hall clock, and electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witchoo-o-o-wi-wi-witchoo-o-o-oh!" then gives his peaked nasal organ a wipe or two, and moves painfully along.

The nervous man stops, while a look of pain crosses his face, draws two or three long breaths to hurry the thing along, then doubles himself up as if endeavoring to shoulder the heaviest portion of his body, twists his face out of all semblance of a human being, and jerks out his "kroo-whak-kroo-whak-boosh-ah-kroo-whak-oh!" and leaves the spot wearing a look of the most disconsolate pain.

It does one good to see the jolly fat man sneeze. He draws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity, shuts both eyes and fairly raises the dead with his "ah-schooo! ah-schooo! ah-ah-schooo! whoopee! woosh-ah-schooooo! wahooo-physchooooo!"

A WESTERN young lady, "beautiful and accomplished," who recently made her debut on the stage, was pronounced a failure. It is supposed her wardrobe lacked variety and dramatic ability.