TO GEORGE KENNAN.

O fearless soul, whose strong uplifted arm
Wielding with courage high Truth's naked blade
Rent Russia's veil, and showed the horrors hid
To a whole world in judgment stern arrayed!
O tender heart, forgetful all of self,
Striving to succor those that sit in grief,
Spending with joy thy strength that thou might'st bring
Unto the sorrowing some sweet relief!—
And not in vain thy toil; thy loving words
Robbed foul injustice of its cruel smart,
And messages—'gainst which thou balanced life—
Brought hope to many an agonizing heart,
Nor is this all, for yet a day shall come
Holding an hour of vengeance swift and strong,
When God shall bare his mighty arm and sweep
From off the face of earth this awful wrong.
And thy brave soul, wating this recompense,
Whether in heaven or on earth it bide,
Shall on that day of its sore travail see,
And in that hour it shall be satisfied!

—Anna Thaxter Church.

A DREAM ROMANCE.

Before I left home in America my mother called me to her.

"You are going to England, Robin, my dear," she said. "You will see your father's people. It will be a new experience to you. You will see the place where he was born, and portraits of his ancestors. Now, his is a very old family; but mine is just as old, only mine is French. We were titled people. An ancestor of mine was a Count—the Count Jouvin. He was a splendid creature, I am told, but in his youthful days a little wild. Dear, dear, he lived nearly two hundred years ago; but my grandmother had old letters that he had written, and his watch and his miniature. The family fled to America during that awful revolution, and there is no title now; but, remember, you are as well-born on your mother's side as on your father's.

"I think I will give you the portrait of the Count. You may show it to your aunts, if you like. See, I have it here;" and she laid before me a little miniature set in gems—the portrait of a dark-eyed young man, with straight eyebrows, and a full chin, and something in his face that struck me as familiar, but which I did not understand, until my mother cried out: "Why, Robin, you are exactly like him! It might be your portrait."

Then I saw the likeness myself. I was indeed the exact counterpart of this ancestor of mine—this wild young Count who had lived 200 years before.

It delighted my mother very much to know it. I was silly enough to be pleased myself. When I left America I carried the miniature with me, and it arrived safely in England.

My paternal uncle and his sisters lived in a fine old English mansion, some miles from London. I reached the house, after some hours of railway travelling, cold and weary, and ready for a good dinner; and having been admitted, I was left, for a few moments, in a large parlor, over the mantel of which hung a very old picture of an English officer. He was a young man, with stern, gray eyes, and seemed to stare down upon me from the canvas in an aggressive sort of way—so that, had he been alive, I should have expected a challenge on the spot. I supposed that he was an ancester of mine, but he did not look friendly, and I took a terrible dislike to him, though I laughed at myself for it.

Try as I would to turn my eyes from his pictured face, they wandered back again, and it was only when a voice at my elbow said, "Mr. Robin Rawden, I believe," that I averted them, and let them rest, instead, upon the smiling face of a prim old lady, who, having saluted me with a sort of courtesy, explained that she was the housekeeper, that the family were absent, having gone to a wedding, but that she would make me as comfortable as she could until their return, and would I have supper now or go to my room first? I chose supper, and having discussed it sought my apartment, not very sorry that there was no need of doing the agreeable that night, for I was both weary and sleepy, and, consequently, stupid.

The room into which I was ushered was a tremendous one, with a wide fireplace set about with a screen, and a four-post bed with curtains, in which ten persons could easily have slept. The floor was of oak, with a square rich carpet in the centre, and there were straight-legged chairs, and straighter tables ranged about at intervals.

All was stiff, and massive and ugly, with one exception—that exception was a picture, the portrait of a young girl with powdered hair and a very low-cut bodice, who held a half-blown rose in one hand and shaded her eyes with the other.

It was an old picture, but the tints were still fresh, and the beauty of the face as soft and new and tender as though it had been painted yesterday from a living model who still awaited her seventeenth birthday instead of a couple of hundred years before, so that the belle who had sat for it might have died a withered octogenarian beyond the memory of any living man.

As I looked at the face an odd fancy came upon me. I felt that I had known this girl and loved her. I felt that I loved her still. I wanted to kiss those ripe, pouting lips—to hold the little round-tipped fingers that grasped the rose. I actually found the tears in my eyes as I turned away and prepared for repose, and I put out the light with a marvellous regret at losing sight of the face that so impressed me.

"Am I falling in love with a picture?" I asked myself; and a sudden comical remembrance of Sam Weller's young hairdresser, who conceived a tender passion for "von of the vax images" in his window, ended the matter by making me laugh aloud. Having laughed, I yawned—having yawned, I fell asleep—sleeping, I dreamed.

I fancied myself not myself, but another man—in fact, my titled ancestor, the Count Jouvin. I walked up and down a long green lane, with my riding-whip in my hand; beyond, a groom held two horses, one bearing a lady's saddle. I seemed to be impatient and looked at my watch often. I expected some one—who was it?

At last I knew. A step sounded on the grass; a voice called "Henri." I turned. The lady of the picture stood before me. In living presence, I saw again the sweet face, the flowing hair, the white bosom, the snowy hand, its fingers holding a rose. I rushed to meet her. I pressed a kiss upon those hands. I led her forward. I spoke to her—not in my own language. I spoke in French. I told her that from that moment I was her slave, and she wept; and I led her to the spot where the horses stood saddled and bridled, and we rode away, the moon shining down upon us, her eyes turned always upon my face.

Out of this dream I was awakened with a start. It was still night. The room was dark. It was all a foolish dream, but I felt guilty and remorseful. Somehow it seemed that my conscience was troubled, and I found it impossible to sleep for a long time. At last, in the gray dawn, I once more lost consciousness. Again I slept; again I dreamt.

I was standing in the midst of a lovely park. The branches were bare, the brown leaves lay scattered at my feet. Opposite me stood a tall man, with a high nose and stern gray eyes. He was armed with a sword. So was I. Two other gentlemen stood near us. Another stood a little aloof. Once more I was not myself, but the Count Jouvin.

We were evidently fighting a duel, this gray-eyed Englishman and I. I did not desire to kill him, but he evidently endeavored to take my life.

For a long while I merely defended myself. At last such conduct became impossible. One of us must be wounded. Human nature forbade further forbearance. My sword entered his body, and he fell backward upon the ground.

I saw the blood drip from the point of my blade as I withdrew it. I heard my second mutter, "Il est mort," and I heard the Englishman whisper, "Doctor, is he dead?"

I turned towards the doctor, saw for a moment his grave, square face, and then awoke. I was the Count Henri Jouvin of the past century no longer. I was once more myself—Robin Rawden, an American, on a visit to his English relatives; and there was a polite knock at the door, and a calm English servant brought my aunt's love, and had I slept well, and breakfast would be ready in half an hour.

When I had dressed, I had still an uncomfortable memory of my dream, as of a thing that had actually happened. I could not quite believe in my own identity, and I still felt an odd tenderness for the girl in the old picture. I looked at it long and earnestly, and it smiled upon me.

"You are, doubtless, my grandmother's great-grandmother," I said, looking back over my shoulder; "but I do believe I've fallen in love with you."

Then I went down stairs to be welcomed by a prim old gentleman, who announced himself as my uncle, and two old ladies in high lace caps, who were my aunts. They were kind, hospitable, cheery. They asked loving questions about my father, and they bragged a little about our good old family as to one as proud of it as themselves, and all the while the gray-eyed officer stared sternly down upon me from his tarnished frame on the oak panelled wall. At last it was impossible to avoid speaking of him.

"This is an ancestor of mine, I suppose, sir?" I said to my uncle.

"Yes, Robin," replied he. "Yes, yes; that was Col. James Rawden."

"He doesn't look cheerful," said I.

"He must have been a very unhappy man," said my uncle. "Of course, as you may guess, he lived two hundred years ago, and he died in a duel."

"A duel?" I cried.

"Priscilla," said my Aunt Deborah, "the gentlemen will excuse us."

I arose and opened the door for the two ladies. When I had closed it my uncle went on:

"Yes, Robin, this long gone ancestor of ours died in a duel. It seems that he married a beautiful girl, and was too cold and stern to win her love. She, remember, was not of our blood. Her picture hangs over the mantle piece in the room you slept in. Perhaps you remarked it? She eloped with a French nobleman. Col. Rawden followed him and fought him. The Frenchman killed him. It's a sad story. She must have been a pretty girl, and he a fine, brave fellow, but it all went wrong, somehow. Yes, yes, and though it is so long ago, one feels sorry for it yet."

"Yes," said I, still repulsed by the cold, gray eyes of the picture, though I tried to soften my heart to it; "and, of course, no one knows the name of the Frenchman. It is so very long ago."

"The Frenchman was the Count Henri Jouvin," said my uncle. "Why, my dear nephew, you look ill."

I felt ill, but gave no explanation. But I did not speak of my mother's aristocratic ancestors during my visit to my father's relatives; and to this day I shudder when I recall my strange dream. Coupling it with my likeness to the Count Jouvin, the sense of identity with him which I felt even on awakening, and the passion with which the beautiful picture on the wall of my ancestral mansion inspired me, I ask myself if there can be any truth in the fancy some have entertained that one soul sometimes inhabits more than one body. For if I could have faith in this, I should believe that I, Robin Rawden, was once no other than the Count Henri Jouvin, and I do not respect that fellow, and am not pleased with the idea.

The Sea Novelist.

"How came you, Mr. Russell," I asked, writes an interviewer of Mr. W. Clark. Russell, "how came you, a practical sailor, to take to novel writing?" "Well, the taste for writing first came to me in a very curious manner at sea. We were homeward bound from Sydney, and when abreast of the Horn I was washing down the decks when the batten hen-coop was discovered missing. The captain told me to look for it. I couldn't find it, whereupon the captain grew angry. I was 'cheeky,' and so the captain ordered me below, bread and water and irons, a prisoner for the rest of the voyage. Having naught to do, I took to reading Tom Moore, and that started me to the writing of poetry. I didn't go to sea again.

"I then wrote 'John Houldsworth, Chief Mate'; that was my first nautical novel. Then a well-known publisher asked me to write one for him, and 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' was my response to his request. However, his reader returned it with the remark that it was merely a catalogue of ship's furniture. It was accepted by Marston. My friends sometimes try and tempt me ashore. 'No,' I say, 'I am web-footed, and I shall stick to the sea.' My object is to keep the standard elevated. As a rule, sea stories are only written for boys, and yet England, which is a great maritime country, possesses no great sea novelist."

I loudly demurred: "Mr. Russell, you are fishing; however, let that pass—are your stories founded on fact?"—"Yes, very often; for instance, I once read in the papers of a mutiny at sea, in which the steward had thrown over a bottle containing an account of it. I pondered over that, until finally I wrecked the Grosvenor. 'The Sea Queen' was suggested by the true story of a captain's wife, who was on board a steamer, and all the crew, except the captain and mate, fell ill. They worked in the engine-room, she steered and brought the vessel into the haven where they would be. This sea-novel-writing vocation is very dear to me. All my sailors are men I have met in the fo'c'sle, kept watch with, gone aloft with; they are a fast dying type in this age of steamers.

And how vast a distinction there is between the bluejacket and the merchantman! The one lithe, active as a cat, full of his ideas of discipline; the other slow, grumbling, discontented, full of bad food and constant complaint. Half the profanity of poor Jack is to be found in the filthy scuttle-butt and the fouler harness-cask. No, there is not nearly so much bullying as there used to be, except in those beastly Nova Scotian ships. They are dreadful. Have you seen this?" placing in my hand the last book—of which there were only twenty-five copies published—written by Herman Melville, that magnificent American sea-novelist. "'John Marr, and other Sailors,' he calls it, and he has been good enough to dedicate it to me."

With great interest I took up the dainty little book by the author of "Omoo" and other exquisite South Sea sketches. And what had he to say of Mr. Clark Russell? Why this—"'The Wreck of the Grosvenor' entitles the author to the naval crown in current literature. Upon the Grosvenor's first appearance in these waters—I was going to say—all competent judges exclaimed, each after his own fashion, something to this effect: The very spit of the brine in our faces! what writer, so thoroughly as this one, knows the sea, and the blue water of it; the sailor and the heart of him; the ship, too, and the sailing and handling of a ship?"

Date Palms in California.

The date is found growing in a number of localities in California, and there can be no doubt that when the methods of planting and reproduction are better understood they will multiply rapidly throughout the interior of the State. They have been successfully grown at Santa Barbara, Riverside, Pomona, Ontario, Santa Ana, Elsinore, Winters, Newcastle, as well as in other localities. At the second citrus fair in Sacramento, there was a fine exhibit of both the red or China date, and also the white dates, by S. C. and J. R. Wolfskill of Winters, Yolo County. The seeds of these trees were planted in 1857, and had been obtained from some of the common dried dates purchased in San Francisco.

The little trees only grew about one foot each year, and were twenty years old before they bore any fruit. The red date had ripened perfectly but the white had not. It was thought by the Wolfskills that the season here was too short to ripen this fruit. It is probably due to the fact that the staminate and pistillate flowers were not near enough to each other, so that one could fertilize the other. To facilitate this, in the date regions the trees are planted near each other, and about one male to twenty female trees. The white dates exhibited were about an inch and a quarter long, while the red date was considerably smaller. Mr. J. W. Smyth of Newcastle, in Placer County, has the red or China date in bearing. At Santa Barbara and at Riverside, as well as in a few other places in this State, the date is now bearing fruit. Recent inquiries show that a large number of young date trees are now growing in California, and have not been affected by our winter. Most of these were grown from the seed and it will be years before any number of these come into bearing.

KOSSUTH IN EXILE.

IN HIS STATION HOME AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY SIX.

The Love His Countrymen Feel For Him Shown by Many Presents.

An Italian correspondent writes: It was in 1865 that Kossuth, trusting in the promises of Louis Napoleon to obtain the recognition of the ind pendence of Hungary from the Austrian Emperor, came to Turin. We all know what then happened. In this city, or near it, he has ever since remained.

For many years Kossuth's only desire has been to avoid publicity and he has led a life of complete retirement, receiving only those visitors against whom it was impossible for him to shut his door. From time to time, the distinguished patriot is reminded that others are not willing to forget him.

Thus, on his attaining his 80th year, a magnificent illuminated album, bound in vellum and inlaid with precious stones, containing 30,000 signatures, was brought him by a deputation of his countrymen. From two different cities came a gold pen; a smaller album from the city of Arad, where during the war for Independence, thirteen Hungarian generals were hanged, and various other tokens that his zeal for the liberty of his country is still remembered and appreciated.

Speaking once about how he had been tormented for his autograph, he related with much humor how an American lady wrote to tell him she had been consulting the spirits as to his future and had been assured that a splendid habitation in the seventh heaven was preparing for him. In the meantime she begged he would favor her with his autograph!

When a deputation from Hungary came to confer with him about home politics, the grand old patriot was much moved, and being unable to say good-bye to them all individually, he embraced the spokesman, saying: "Take this kiss to my dear country from the old man who loves her well."

It was wonderful to see how well he bore the great fatigue of receiving the numerous delegations of Hungarians who visited him last July on their way to the Paris Exhibition. He began to receive them at 9 in the morning, then lunched and rested till two, when he drove to the Valentino Gardens. In a semi-circle in front of the Palace of Fine Arts, still left standing from the Turin Exhibition of 1884, were ranged the deputation.

In the centre were those who bore the gifts. A finely-worked casket containing some earth taken from the garden of the house at Monoch, where Kossuth was born, was presented, a short poem stating this fact being recited by the poet of the party. The venerable man was much moved, and his eyes filled with tears. This earth will be placed in his grave when he dies. A Prince of Transylvania sent a handsomely-carved rock crystal plate, embossed with gems, that had been 400 years in his family. The ladies in Hungary sent a handsome set of antique jewelry to Mme. Ruttkay.

KOSSUTH'S ORATORY.

When the presentation was over, the vast hall, decorated with the Hungarian and Italian tricolours, was soon filled. Kossuth, accompanied by M. Helfy, the Hungarian Deputy, and his eldest son, took his place at the head of the centre table, just beneath his own portrait, and a silken Hungarian flag, presented to him years ago by the women of Hungary. Mme. Helfy was on one side of him and his sister on the other. For a short time due attention was paid by all to the good things placed before them on the banquet table. Then the municipal band struck up Liszt's familiar "Hungarian Rhapsody," and after a panse followed the overture of Tannhauser.

Scarcely had the enthusiastic applause that greeted the splendid rendering of Wagner's masterpiece subsided than M. Helfy made a short speech and was followed by Kossuth. Twice he stopped, and twice was he begged to continue by his eager countrymen. After a short sketch of the political history of Hungary, he spoke of his exile, his aspirations, and the ideals that were now entertained by his countrymen. Marvellous was it to hear that sonorous voice resound through the vast building.

Had he spoken Italian I should not have missed a word, though at the extreme end of the hall. It was grand to see the easy, graceful gestures of the orator, spite of his 86 years. The enthusiasm excited by his speech was indescribable, and it reached its greatest height as the band burst forth in the strains of the Hungarian March. When the toast to the King and Turin was proposed, Kossuth again rose, speaking in Italian this time, and expressed his greatest thanks to the city that had afforded him hospitality for so many years.

"Eljen Torino!" "Eljen Italia!" resounded through the hall. At the end of the ceremony the crowd detached the horses from the carriage, and Kossuth was drawn home amidst uproarous cries of "Eljen Kossuth." On inquiring the next morning how the General was, we were told that he did not seem too much fatigued; he only complained of his hand aching. And well it might after all the hand-shakings it had gone through.

Beating a Circus Advertising Agent.

The weekly paper on which I learned my trade was situated in a town which no circus going West ever skipped. We used to count on those circus ads. as regularly as we did on the holidays, and for years and years we were without a break. They were cash, of course, outside of the dozen free tickets which the agent left, and the money pulled the publisher through a tight place more than once. Our object was, of course, to get as high a rate as possible, and to get a high rate we had to boom the circulation. It held steady at about 450, and for the first three or four years it was sufficient to tell an agent that we printed "about a thousand copies." After that, however, there was one chap who gave us trouble. He was an agent for old Dan Rice, and he paralyzed us by asking to see the pile of paper we had wet down for the outside pages. While he didn't get to see it, he he knocked our regular $40 ad. down to $30, and he had no sooner gone than we began to plan to beat him the next season.

About the time he was expected we got an extra bundle of paper, fixed it with the landlord of the hotel to notify us, and the idea was to wet down enough to show a full thousand copies. We were daily expecting a call, when an old tramp printer slouched into the office one morning and asked for a job. We were just getting ready to work off the outside pages, and as he said he was used to a "Washington" he was offered a quarter to pull the edition. I was at the roller, and I saw that he knew his business. He could "fly" and "point" his sheets with surprising dexterity, and he brought the lever around with a "chuck" which made things shake. In two hours he reached the bottom sheet and turned to the publisher with:

"Is this all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"I make the pile four hundred and fifty."

"It's about four hundred and eighty. Here's your quarter, and perhaps I'll let you set up an auction bill this afternoon."

When afternoon came in walked the circus agent, looking as Jim Dandy as you please. We took one look at him and fainted. He was the identical chap who had done the press work of the morning. When we recovered consciousness he was holding out his blistered hands and saying:

"I'll fill out a contract at $18 and leave six tickets. Sorry for you, gentlemen, but perhaps you can get rid of that extra bundle of paper by discounting liberally on the price. I'm working this little racket all along the line, and it's curious how fast the circulation of the papers gets below five hundred."

Arid Area of the Union.

The so-called arid area of the United States, meaning the area which can not be used as arable land without the aid of irrigation, has been variously estimated; really it is unknown, but certainly it is vast. It is pretty certain that in the State of Nevada alone there are 4,000,000 acres, now of little more productive value than the house tops of this city, which can be made fertile by a proper system of storage and distribution of water supplies, and 4,000,000 acres is in excess of the farm area of Massachusetts. It is a territory adequate to support of an agricultural population of 300,000. The reclamation of these barren acres would make the now unhappy condition of Nevada as enviable as that of Iowa.

Nor need the cost of such work be great, for Arizona has reclaimed 300,000 acres of such land at cost of $3,000,000. And when it is considered that one acre of irrigated land yields, at least, as much as four of land moistened by rainfall it becomes plain that the cost is not excessive. Perhaps not even the most favored parts of Kansas or Illinois have been brought into cultivation at a less cost than ten dollars per acre. Utah has 800,000 acres of irrigated land which have been redeemed from the sage-brush area at a cost of $5,000,000. Colorado has expended between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000 in reservoirs and canals from which many of its 26,000,000 acres of arid lands can be irrigated.

The land under cultivation in New York and all the New England states counts fewer acres than the 26,000,000 which can be made fertile in Colorado. Idaho has about 14,000,000 of acres now irrigated, and nearly 15,000,000 more capable of irrigation, and Montana, which has already constructed about 2000 miles of irrigating canals, has a total of 30,000,000 acres capable of reclamation. These vast areas will be brought under cultivation as the difficulty in obtaining forest or prairie lands in the States tillable by rainfall increases. They are the future granaries of the continent, and perhaps of the world.

God Helps Him Who Helps Himself.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker stated in a recent speech:—Secretary Noble said to me the other day that sitting at the dinner table in the hotel one of the waiters said to him: "Massa Noble, couldn't you gib me an' pointment as watchman or messenger down there?', In a jocose way the Secretary said to him, "Albert, you know the old proverb, that everything comes to him who waits." Albert replied, "Well, Massa Noble, Ise been waiting twenty years and nothing has come to me, nohow." Perhaps it is on the line of the testimony of the darky who, at the prayer meeting, in giving testimony said that he noticed that when he prayed for a turkey for dinner on Sunday he didn't get it, but when he prayed to the Lord to send him after a turkey somehow his prayers were always answered. There is a good deal of suggestion at least in the testimony of the colored brother.

A Useful Wooden Leg.

A Wyoming Territory stage driver recently killed a wildcat weighing 100 pounds by taking off his wooden leg and using it as a weapon.

ALL SORTS.

How the Funny Men Are Earning Their Money.

AH—AH—T—CHEW!

A racking pain runs through my brain,
As though my skull would rend, sir;
I sneeze, I choke, my back is broke;
Can this be influenza?

My eyes are red, I'm nearly dead;
I wish this cold would mend, sir;
With each fresh breeze I madly sneeze;
O cursed influenza!

'T was Russia's czar who from afar
This curse to us did send, sir,
And on la grippe our tongues do slip,
But stick on influenza.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

Patti has one thing in common with the Chicago girl—she can spread herself over a large area.—Baltimore American.

Yonkers has a musical prodigy. He is twelve years old and hates the sound of a tin horn.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The cable is a great invention. It enabled New York to sneeze as soon as the influenza appeared in London—Milwaukee News.

Briggs—Wonder what possessed him to jump into the river?

Braggs—There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe.—Terre Haute Express.

He—Why should you be so angry at me for stealing just one little kiss?

She—Any self-respecting woman would be angry with a man who kissed her just once.—Dramatic Critic.

A ton of limburger cheese was recently shipped west from the factory at Pamela Four Corners. Yet manufacturers complain that they are not making a scent.—Stafford Herald.

Mr. Waldo (of Boston)—Will you have some of the cheese, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy (a guest from Chicago)—Oh, thanks awfully, Mr. Waldo, I believe you may pass me a small hunk.—Epoch.

People who say policemen are never on hand when a fight is going on slander the force. There was a prize fight once and policemen seemed to manage the show.—New Orleans Picayune.

Doctor—"Ah, yes; I see you have lung trouble."

Patient (hopeless consumptive)—"Excuse me, doctor, but it strikes me that it's no lung trouble."—Kearney Enterprise.

One merit of Wagner.—"How did you like the Wagner operas, Clara?" "I enjoyed them immensely. The person back of you who always hums an opera gets left when it comes to Wagner."—Chicago Herald.

Fame may be ornamental, but it isn't much use to the man who has to hustle seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for his daily bread, with pie never any nearer than the horizon.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A good thing can be carried too far. A Boston man who had been told that he was about to die asked the doctor for his bill, saying that he did not wish to depart from his life-long rule, "Pay as you go."—Rome Sentinel.

In the Black Maria: Tags—"Wot makes you sit up so kinder stiff an' unsociable?" Rags, loftily—"Why, I ain't no common bloke, I ain't. Mr. Vangoulderbilt had me arrested for beggin'!"—Munsey's Weekly.

A broad hint: Landlord to departing guest—"I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment?" Guest—"I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world!"—Humoristiche Blaetter.

"Love is blind." Nonsense! Just pay a little attention to some other woman, and the woman who loves you will see it even if the transaction occus ten miles away, with half a hundred brick walls intervening.—Boston Transcript.

"Thinketh no Evil."—A lady is being examined in the police court. Magistrate—"Well, madam, one thing at least seems to be certain; your husband beat you." Witness (apologetically)—"Yes, your honor; but then he always was such an energetic man."—Judge.

She Could Not Accept.—Goslin—"Miss Weehawken will you honor me with your company to the opera on Thursday?" Miss Weehawken—"I'm sorry, but a lot of my friends are to give me a surprise party that night, and I'm expected to stay at home."—Munsey's Weekly.

Society: Little Chick—"What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?" Old hen (who has inadvertently hatched a duck's egg)—"I can't help it, my dear. We've got to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know."—New York Weekly.

Miss Pretty (in tears and deep distress)—Oh, mamma! I—went—to—the—trunk-room—and—what—do—you—think—I—fo—fo—found?

Mrs. Pretty—I'm sure I don't know, dear. Surely the moths haven't been at your new seal sacque?

Miss Pretty—No, not so ba—ba—bad as that—but a moth was shut up with my ba—bathing suit, and he ate it all up.—Life.

Dancing Master (condescendingly) I presume, Mr. Oldboy, you never learned to dance?

Mr. Oldboy—I was once much given to the habit, but have gotton over it of late years.

"I dare say you know little about our modern dance?"

"For a number of years I was thoroughly familiar with an intricate dance that you couldn't teach, professor."

(Excitedly) "Name it, sir!"

"The St. Vitus."—Chicago Tribune.