

**LIFE IS NOT LONG.**

Dear heart, life is not long;  
Say thou thy word and sing thy sweetest  
song!  
Ere the dim night shall close,  
Drink thou the light and pluck the love-  
liest rose;  
And dream not of the sorrow and the  
wrong;  
Dear heart, life is not long!  
Dear heart, life is not long;  
And thick the thorns where all the roses  
throng!  
Ere the rose-day be past,  
Be thou a garden where shall bloom the  
last;  
Pray thou thy prayer, still sing thy sweet-  
est song—  
Dear heart, life is not long!  
—[F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.]

**The Anarchist Conspiracy.**

In his office at New Scotland Yard sat Inspector Murphy, chief of the "specials" told off to keep watch over the anarchists. He was engaged in the perusal of a large official-looking document, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two of his principal subordinates, Detective-Sergeants Mulligan and Magee. They had come to inquire if he had any orders to give them before they left the "Yard" for the night.

"Ah, boys," said the inspector, looking up, "I was just going to send for you."

"More work, sir?" said Mulligan.

"Aye, and hot work, too," answered the inspector, with a significant shake of his head. "I have just received word from the French police that Lucien Miasme, Louis Roche and Jean Lerat, who disappeared from Paris some weeks ago, are reported to be in London."

"Miasme, Roche and Lerat," repeated Mulligan, thoughtfully. "They are the fellows who were tried for that Notre Dame affair, aren't they?"

"Yes, and who should have been hanged for it," replied the inspector. "I was in Paris at the time, and attended the trial. There was no doubt but they were guilty—they themselves hardly denied it—but the case was mismanaged, and the jury was scared for their own skins, and the end of it was that three most villainous murderers were let loose on society again."

"It was a big business, that Notre Dame explosion," said Magee.

"Faith big enough for anything. The church was full of people—women and children chiefly—and scores of them were killed or injured. One family—the Comte de la Targe and his wife and two daughters—who were sitting just where the bomb exploded, were simply wiped out. I believe, at this moment, the only representative of the de la Targe family existing is the son, who at the time of the outrage, and now, too, for all I know, was serving with his regiment in Siam."

"If that son ever meets Miasme, Roche and Lerat there'll be trouble I expect," was Mulligan's comment.

"Yes, it was reported in the French papers that when he heard of the result of the trial he swore he would have the blood of his mother's murderers yet. I dare say, however, he soon cooled down. At any rate, he has made no move, and that's seven months ago. But to business. The French police tell me that Miasme, Roche and Lerat are said to be here for the purpose of committing outrages in revenge for our surrendering that ruffian Marquis. They say, too, that they are well supplied with money, though where it comes from is a mystery. If that's the case, the sooner we get on the track the better."

The inspector paused for a moment, and searched among the papers on his desk. Then he handed to the detectives several photographs.

"These," he said, "are portraits of the three ruffians taken when they were in prison in Paris. Look at them well, and see that you don't forget the rascals' faces."

The two detectives examined the photographs closely. An anxious and prolonged consultation followed. When it was ended midnight was far past.

The two detectives left the "Yard" and turned down the dark and silent Embankment. The difficulties and responsibility of the task that night committed to them lay heavy on their minds. Neither of the men spoke as they walked slowly along, lost in anxious thought.

Suddenly Mulligan stopped and caught Magee tightly by the arm. At the same instant there was a brilliant flash of reddish light about two hundred yards in front of them. The next second a tremendous report almost deafened them.

For a moment the two detectives were too dumbfounded to think or act. Mulligan, however, quickly pulled himself together.

"The anarchists, by heaven!" he cried. "Come, Tom, we may catch the scoundrels yet." Without an instant's hesitation the two men rushed off at breakneck speed along the Embankment toward the spot where the explosion had taken place. As they neared it they slackened their pace and kept a sharp lookout so that nothing might escape them in the darkness. A second later they observed a dark mass lying huddled up on the pavement. They approached the object warily. It was the body of a man. A moment's examination showed them that he had been killed by the explosion. His right arm was blown simply to fragments and his right side was a bleeding mass of flesh and bones and clothes. He was quite dead.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

PHILADELPHIA has long gloried in the title of the City of Homes. She can now be also christened the Matrimonial Paradise. According to the returns of the tenth census upon the conjugal condition of the United States, Philadelphia can, of all the cities of the Union, boast the smallest proportion of single persons among its total population.

It is estimated that there are 2,500 Chinese women and girls in San Francisco. Of these about 1,000 are married women; the rest are slaves. In spite of much that has been written and said to the contrary, there is not a single Chinese male slave in the United States. Unfortunately this cannot be said of the women, the great majority of whom are subject to a cruel bondage that is the sad blot upon Chinese social life.

The newest profession introduced for women who are poor, educated and well-mannered is that of "dentist." This is an English discovery. The "dentist" takes care of the fair clients' teeth, giving them the skilful cleansing with dental instruments which is usually done by the dentist, and which must occasionally supplement the personal attention received daily from the owner's own brush, dentifrice and floss.

The English sparrow threatens to become as great a pest in Australia as it is here, and several of the Colonial Legislatures have recently enacted laws whereby local authorities are compelled to spend a certain amount of the public funds at their disposal in effecting the destruction of the birds. It looks very much as if this most irrepressible and impudent of all feathered creatures were destined to become as great a hindrance to the prosperity and development of Australia as the rabbit.

The foundation stone of the North Baltic Canal was laid on June 3, 1887, by Emperor William I. During the seven years which have passed since then, about 8,000 laborers have been at work in uniting the two northern seas by a canal nearly sixty-two miles long. The importance of this canal is shown by the fact that between 1858 to 1885 no fewer than 6,300 steamships and sailing ships stranded on the Danish and Swedish coast, with the total loss of 3,500 ships. From 1877 to 1881, alone, 700 men lost their lives. The canal commences at Høltens, close to Kiel. The eastern portion is already a scene of lively traffic, and besides the boats and steamships connected with the works, passenger steamboats ply from Rendsburg to the Baltic.

"If a man has the right stuff in him," says "The Philadelphia Record," "nobody more quickly perceives or appreciates it than jolly Jack Tar, no matter what may be the color of the skin. This fact is illustrated on board the British steamship Ethelgonda, which recently sailed from this port for British India, and whose commander, Captain Goding, is of the colored race. He is one of the very few colored skippers who have come to Philadelphia in command of an entirely white crew and corps of officers. It is asserted by old sea dogs that no skipper enjoys to a higher degree the respect and confidence of his men than does Captain Goding. To be successful at the helm, however, a colored captain must be rated 100 A1 at Lloyd's."

WM. MATTHEWSON, aged seventy-five, of Wichita, Kan., claims to be the real Buffalo Bill, that title having been given to him in 1860. When asked how William F. Cody came to get the title, he replied: "Well, you see, Cody worked for me when he was a young fellow—he is only about forty-five now. I reckon he had begun to read Indian stories, and see how much was to be made by that kind of a reputation, and he was always fond of talk and show. I never was any hand to wear my hair long, and go swaggering about the country blowing about what I had done. I've had my hair get pretty long at times, but was always glad to get it cut when I could get back to a place where I could. Cody knows he has no real right to the name, but if he wants to show off as a dime novel hero, I have no objection. I reckon seeing so many of those Indian lies has sort of disgusted me with talking about my adventures, though I've had about as many and thrilling escapes as any of 'em can tell."

A NOVEL point in the law of wedding presents—if there be any law on the subject—was raised before a London magistrate by a well-dressed middle-aged man. Can they be seized for rent? It has never been satisfactorily settled whether wedding presents given before marriage can be claimed by the donor, should the expected ceremony be indefinitely postponed, for different magistrates have given different rulings on the subject. A man cannot get back a ring he has bestowed on his intended, but sometimes he has succeeded in recovering a piano or furniture. The gentleman who made the application had his questions written down, and was prepared to place on the same record the magistrate's answer; but Mr. Lushington declined to give advice on the subject, merely remarking that "it depended on what the wedding presents were." Apparently the landlord saw nothing in them beyond mere portable property, and treated them as such. There is no poetry where rent is concerned.

Alameda, (Cal.) milkmen keep a list of people who do not pay bills.

Of the population of Montana 66.50 are males, and 33.50 are females.

**THE JOKER'S BUDGET.**

**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**Compensation -- Flooded -- A Wife's Bright Idea -- A Sympathetic Strike -- The Parlor Military -- Etc., Etc.**

**COMPENSATION.**  
Of dog days I do not complain,  
The heat I do not mind;  
I do not utter words profane,  
And am to all resigned.

I try to be content and gay,  
My temper I control,  
And, oh, I chuckle at the way  
They're freezing at the Pole!  
—[Judge.]

**FLOODED.**  
"Yes," said the young man, "I believe the people are right when they say this summer has been the hottest ever known."  
"Sho!" exclaimed the oldest inhabitant.  
"Well, it's mighty hot, anyway," pursued the youth. "My collar wilted yesterday two minutes after I put it on."  
"Sho!" said the oldest inhabitant. "I've seen it so hot that the collar wilted before you put it on at all."—[New York Press.]

**A WIFE'S BRIGHT IDEA.**  
"John," said the wife to the husband, who was struggling with business difficulties, "I think you would get along better if you could make people think you are doing well."  
"Ah," exclaimed the husband, "but how can I make them think that?"  
"Just you rig me out in fine clothes and everybody will think you are making a fortune."—[New York Press.]

**A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.**  
"Children," said Mr. Chugwater, emphatically, "close that piano!"  
"What's the matter, father?" inquired one of the two little girls in blue.  
"The matter," he answered, locking the instrument and putting the key in his pocket, "is that the musicians of the city have been called out, and you're going to join that strike out of sympathy for the neighbors."—[Chicago Tribune.]

**THE PARLOR MILITARY.**  
She (petulantly)—I don't care if you are captain, you needn't devote all your time to drilling your company.  
He—But, my dear, a captain is known by the company he keeps.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**A COMPLIMENT.**  
Jack—I am coming to the conclusion that I must be something of an idiot.  
May—Dear me. Why?  
Jack—I have noticed that the most idiotic fellows own and win the love-liest girls, and here I am, after winning the loveliest girl in the world.  
May—Oh, Jack! (Ecstatic silence.)  
—[Truth.]

**INFALLIBLE EVIDENCE.**  
"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history."  
"Yes," replied the author's wife, "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs."  
—[Washington Star.]

**WHY HE DIDN'T WANT IT.**  
Jones—I say, old man, have you a dollar you don't want?  
Smith—Yes, here it is. Take it.  
Jones—Awfully good of you, old man. You are sure you don't want it?  
Smith—Yes, absolutely sure. It's a counterfeit.—[Truth.]

**SOMETIMES AN ADVANTAGE.**  
"Isn't it a nuisance to have a treacherous memory?"  
"Not always. Some days ago my wife told me not to forget to call a veterinary physician for her poodle or it would die. I forgot."—[Chicago Record.]

**A WEE CONNOISSEUR.**  
Auntie (finishing story)—And so Prince Goody-good married her and they lived happily ever afterwards.  
Helen (thoughtfully)—Now tell us a true story, aunty.—[Judge.]

**UNACCOMMODATING.**  
Tramp—Will you give me a few cents?  
Gent—I never give anything to beggars.  
Tramp—You never give anything to beggars! Do you think I'm going to become a bloated bondholder just to accommodate you? If you do you are fooling yourself badly.—[Texas Sittings.]

**RAPIDITY.**  
"Are these colors fast?" she asked of the new clerk.  
"Yes, indeed. You ought to see them when they once start to run."—[Washington Star.]

**RESULT OF THE FAMINE.**  
First Tramp—What's the matter with sleeping in the coal-yard to-night?  
Second Tramp—You see a fine one for feller. They ain't bin no soft coal dere for a week.—[Judge.]

**HE OVERDID IT.**  
The Man with the Big Valise.—How far is it to the Northwestern Railway Station?  
The Cabman (with an eye to a profitable fare)—About two miles.  
The Man with the Big Valise (consulting watch)—Pshaw! Then I won't be able to catch that train anyway. Guess I'll ride over in a street car and catch the next train after.—[Chicago Record.]

**FOR HARMONIOUS EFFECTS.**

"Mamma is thinking of buying a Jog."  
"Really! What kind?"  
"Oh, she's not particular as long as it matches the carpets."—[Boston Budget.]

**A LITTLE TWITTER.**  
"I am all at sea over this thing," he exclaimed, throwing his work aside, "and am thoroughly sick of it."  
"Seasick?" she twittered softly, and it gave him courage to try again.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**FORCE OF HABIT.**  
First Reporter—The city editor doesn't seem to be able to get away from the habits he acquired while in the patent medicine business.  
Second Reporter—No?  
First Reporter—No; he's headed up my description of the new penitentiary "A Cure for Felons."—[Buffalo Courier.]

**IT'S AN ILL WIND.**  
The summer sun is firing  
The woods and all the streams.  
The pine tree is perspiring  
And hot the hill-top gleams.  
But the weather hath its pleasures  
In the North and in the South;  
For the hot sun strikes the melon  
And it's melting in the mouth!  
—[Atlanta Constitution.]

**THE WRONG DESTINATION.**  
"Could this little poem get in to-morrow?"  
"Don't know; waste-basket pretty full, but we'll try to make room for you!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]

**A MISLEADING SIGN.**  
The sign in this city said simply: "Umbrellas Recovered."  
Old Wayback, when he was "seen" the sights," discovered that sign. He hesitated a moment and then went in. Said he:  
"Say, I want yew to recover my umbrella."  
"All right," replied the workman, "where is it?"  
Old Wayback looked at him in astonishment and drawled out:  
"Ef I knew that I'd recover her myself."—[Printer's Ink.]

**MODEST.**  
Wool—There is one thing I like about a dog.  
Van Felt—What?  
Wool—He may have a good pedigree, but he isn't forever talking about it.

**OF NO EARTHLY INTEREST.**  
Professor—You do not appear to be much interested in the study of prehistoric man.  
Miss Youngthing—Mercy, no! He's dead.

**AN AGGRAVATED INSULT.**  
Young Wife (at telephone)—Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk with Cyrus Winterbottom. I'm his wife, and—  
Telephone Girl—Number?  
Young Wife—Number? I'm his first and only, you insulting creature!—[Chicago Tribune.]

**PACIFYING HIM.**  
"It is strange," exclaimed the irritable man, "that I can't get what I order to eat."  
"What's the matter?" asked his wife.  
"I ordered bluefish and the waiter brought me black bass."  
"Oh, well, I wouldn't get angry. Perhaps the poor fellow is color blind."—[Washington Star.]

**MIGHT CONSIDER IT.**  
Visitor—Well, Tommy, do you think you ever will be President of the United States?  
Tommy—Oh, I dunno. Mebbe I'll try for it after I git too old to be a pitcher.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

**NO HARM DONE.**  
Fond Mother—Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin.  
Jane—Yes, mum, but it was a safety pin.—[Truth.]

**SERVICEABLE.**  
"Don't you think this spring chicken is excellent?"  
Boarder—Yes; I should think it would outwear even Russia leather.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

**iced Drinks and the Teeth.**  
While that awful drill went whizz-z-z, and the boss of the situation sardonically looked down, the speechless patient with the rubber dam under his teeth listened, between jumps, to the philosophical ruminations of the ivory carver, and along about midnight recalled this much:  
"Do you know that flings come out, neuralgia is developed and teeth generally are badly injured by the use of iced water, iced tea and iced beverages of any kind?"  
Of course, the man in the chair cheerfully grunted out as intelligently as the other side to a dentist's argument always does, and the tooth carpenter went on:  
"People will eat hot dishes and wash them down with iced drinks, and then wonder why their teeth can't stand such a terrific and sudden change of temperature. It's a marvel that the teeth do not crack completely with the alternate roasting and freezing. Filled teeth are extremely sensitive to such action, and neuralgia frequently results. But until doomsday the unhealthy ice mixing will keep up."—[Philadelphia Call.]

**The number of possible voters in 1890 was 27.05 per cent. of the population.**