

Coming Home.

"Come, Kitty, come!" I said;
"But still she waited—waited,
Nodding off her pretty head
With "I'm coming soon."
Father's coming home, I know,
I cannot think what keeps him so,
Unless he's just belated—
I'm coming soon."

MAUD HESKETH

"If any one but yourself had told me
this I would not have believed a word of it."
So said Percy Herbert to his friend
Harry Liston, as they smoked their
cigars outside the library window of the
house they were staying at. "It seems
perfectly incredible that a girl like
Maud Hesketh could be what you describe
her."

"It is a fact nevertheless, Percy; she
is a complete fortune-hunter, and, far
from disguising the fact, rather boasts
of it than otherwise; it is not much more
than a month since I saw her, and then
she certainly did not hesitate to speak
her sentiments on the subject. I am
glad I have arrived in time, old fellow,
as I verily believe you are on the eve of
falling in love with her."

"I do love her," said his friend slowly,
and with a sigh; "and was vain and
foolish enough to think she cared
something for me. However, the charm is
now broken, for if there is one thing I
have a contempt for more than another,
it is a mercenary woman. The woman
I marry must love me for myself alone,
and not for what I possess."

The above conversation was overheard
by Maud Hesketh herself, who had
retired to the library for an hour or two's
quiet reading; and hearing her name
uttered by Percy Herbert, curiosity to
hear what he had to say about her made
her creep to the open window, where,
screened from observation by the heavy
curtains, she listened eagerly to all that
was said. Never was the old adage,
"Listeners hear no good of themselves,"
so thoroughly verified as in this instance;
and, overwhelmed with shame and
dismay, she fled to her own room, where,
locking her door, she gave way to a
passionate burst of tears, none the less
bitter for knowing that the accusation
brought against her was a true one, for
in a thoughtless moment she had uttered
the words which were now to part her
from the man she loved better than life.

Maud Hesketh was the eldest of a
large family, as poor as they were
proud; for until the last two or three
years their father had been a man of
large landed property, but owing to the
loss of a chancery office was completely
ruined—nothing remaining of his great
wealth but a few thousands. The crash
had been sudden and most unexpected,
for not only themselves but all their
friends had regarded the winning of the
suit as certain; and great indeed had
been the consternation when their loss
became known. The old home was
given up, and they retired to a secluded
country town, where, unknown and
unsought, except by a few, they could live
quietly and cheaply. It was a great
and a sad change for all, but for Maud
especially, who, not having been long
introduced, was always being made
much of, not only for her beauty and
brightness, but also for her supposed
wealth, the sudden reverse of fortune
was almost more than she could bear;
and she was often heard to say that
never would she marry any man who
could not restore to her all the luxuries
and pleasures she had lost. But un-
fortunately she had made that remark
to Mr. Liston, an utter stranger to her,
who, staying with a lady friend in the
neighborhood, had come with her to
call upon the Heskeths; and who, hearing
a young girl make such a remark,
and not knowing the circumstances of
the case, had very naturally drawn his
own conclusions.

One of Maud's greatest friends was
an old school companion, who was now
married, and it was at her house that
she met Percy Herbert, a favorite
cousin of Mrs. Carlyon's, who was
very anxious to bring about a match
between the two.

Mr. Herbert was possessed of consid-
erable wealth, and was considered a
great catch, so that when Maud first
arrived she congratulated herself upon her
good luck, and laid herself out to be as
fascinating as possible. But before
many weeks had passed over her head
she made two discoveries—first, that her
heart was irrevocably gone, and,
secondly, that money had nothing to do
with it; for it was the man himself she
was in love with, so that it was doubly
galling to her to hear her former mer-
cenary views brought to light, and to feel
that not only had she forfeited Percy
Herbert's love, but also his respect.

"Oh! what must he think of me?
How he must despise me!" said the
wretched girl; and, burying her face in
her hands, she thought long and earnestly
as to the best way of proving the
falsity of Harry Liston's opinion. "I
know what I will do!" she exclaimed;
"I will play Mr. Liston off against him,

and let him see that I can flirt with a
poor man as well as a rich one."
So, removing all traces of tears, she
dressed herself for dinner with unusual
care. Never were tables so completely
turned on any one as they were on poor
Percy Herbert that evening; for ever
since his friend had opened his eyes to
Maud's apparent deceit, he had been
pondering how he could best give her
an opportunity of snubbing her, she
entirely ignored his presence and de-
voted herself to his friend, who was as
much astonished at the aspect of affairs
as Percy himself.

This went on for days, till Percy, who,
in spite of all, loved her devotedly, was
driven almost wild with jealousy, and
openly accused his friend of having per-
soneally deceived him with regard to her
fortune-hunting propensities and of
making up the story to further his
own ends.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carlyon regarded
with dismay the evident failure of her
darling project; and, moreover, feeling
very sore at Maud's victim being her
favorite cousin, determined to take the
girl to task; so one night, on returning
to their several rooms, she followed
Maud into hers, and shutting the door,
placed her hands on the girl's shoulder,
and looked earnestly into her face.

"Maud, what is the reason of your
behavior to Percy? Why are you so
changed toward him? I did hope that
you and he were learning to love each
other, but since Harry Liston came you
have scarcely noticed him."

"Perhaps I prefer Mr. Liston to
your cousin; I suppose there's no harm
in my doing so," said Maud, in a half
defiant tone, and longing to escape from
the searching eyes bent on her.

"Harm? No, certainly no harm in
your doing so; but I must confess I
don't understand your choice; for al-
though Percy is my own cousin, I must
say he is infinitely superior in every re-
spect to Mr. Liston. Besides, Percy has
a handsome fortune, while the other has
not a penny to bless himself with."

"And so you, with all the rest of the
world, think I am incapable of disinter-
ested affection? I thank you for your
good opinion of me, Mary; and with
flashing eyes and burning cheeks she
turned away.

"I don't understand you, Maud,"
said her friend, with a sigh; "but it is
very evident that my interference only
angers you, so I will say good-night;
but I sincerely wish Harry Liston was
at the bottom of the sea."

When quite certain she was alone,
Maud's overwrought feelings gave way.
Very bravely had she acted her part,
but if she had succeeded in making
Percy miserable, ten thousand times
more wretched was she herself. Only
one little bit of consolation was there
for her throughout it all, and that was
that all her flirting with Harry Liston
was doing him no harm, for, though
meeting her more than half way, she saw
that beyond the flirtation there was no
deeper feeling in the matter. Still, how
was it all to end? Her visit was fast
drawing to a close, and the farewell ball
Mrs. Carlyon was giving in her honor
was to come off that night.

Maud and her hostess were lingering
over their five o'clock tea, after superin-
tending the last finishing touches to the
ball-room, when the door opened and
Percy Herbert entered the room, look-
ing very pale and with an open letter in
his hand.

"Good gracious, Percy! what is the
matter?" exclaimed his cousin. "You
are white as a sheet."

"For answer he threw the letter on to
her knee. Eagerly she took it up, but before she
had read more than a few lines she let it
drop from her hands, and turning to her
cousin with a face almost as white as his
own she said in an agitated voice:

"Oh! Percy, it cannot surely be true
—the S— bank gone? Why, that is
the one nearly all your money is in."

"It is," he replied; "so, according
to that letter, I am a ruined man!"

"Oh! no, no; it cannot be as bad as
that; there may be something saved.
Oh! Percy, if not, it would be too
dreadful!" and the good-hearted little
woman's eyes filled with tears. "But
you will not leave us to-night; it is
too late for you to do anything this
evening?"

"No; as you say, it is too late to do
anything now; but I must leave by the
first train to-morrow morning. But,
Mary dear, keep all this quiet for to-
night, you know," he said with a poor
attempt at a laugh. "I might not get
any partners if it became known I was
penniless; and turning from his
cousin he looked toward Maud, but her
chair was empty—she had flown.

Maud had escaped to her room, feel-
ing utterly bewildered at the news she
had just heard; and though deeply
grieved at Percy's misfortune, still she
individually felt happier than she had
felt for weeks.

"Harry Liston, your reign is over,"
cried the girl, joyously; "and all I now
want is an opportunity of proving posi-
tively to Percy that Maud Hesketh is
not the little fortune-hunter his friend
described her to be."

As she stood in her ball dress a few
hours later a pleasant smile passed over
her face as she looked at herself in the
glass. Her dress was perfect—a present
from Mrs. Carlyon—and very lovely
did Maud look in it.

"I wonder if he will like it," she
murmured; and if she only could have
seen the expression on his face as she
entered the room she would not have
had many doubts on the subject. Maud
had no lack of partners, for she was
quite the belle of the ball; but the only
one she cared for had not even spoken
to her, and she was beginning to feel
utterly weary and sick of the whole
thing when a familiar voice at her elbow
called her for the next dance.

"You shall have it with pleasure,"
Mr. Herbert, she said, turning to him
with a bright smile; but before she had
time for another word her partner whirl-
ed her away. The first few bars of the
next dance had hardly begun before
Percy Herbert clasped her.

"I thought you did not intend asking
me to dance to-night," she said, as they
walked through the ball-room into the
conservatory.

"I did not think you cared to dance
with me; you certainly have not shown
any preference for my society for some
time past."

"Perhaps I have had a reason for
not doing so; but," she added quickly,
"I must tell you how very sorry I am
for what I heard this afternoon. It is
indeed a sad loss."

"Yes, it's not pleasant, I must con-
fess; but thank heaven I am strong, and
not very old, and have always longed
for a life of adventure; so, if the worst
is realized, I shall try my fortune in a new
country. I suppose we shall soon have
to congratulate you, Miss Hesketh?"
he said, after a slight pause.

"Congratulations me; what do you
mean? I am not engaged, nor am I
likely to be."

"You astonish me. I thought Liston
was to be the happy man!"

"Mr. Liston is nothing to me, nor
ever will be," she said, hurriedly.

"Oh! I had forgotten he was a poor
wretch like myself now; so I suppose
that's the reason."

"Mr. Herbert, why do you speak
to me like this? What have I done
that you should think that I only cared
for a man for what he possesses? If I
loved him, poverty would be no draw-
back; it is unkind of you to speak as
you do." And poor Maud, with beating
heart and varying color, looked very
much like breaking down. Utterly
amazed at her words, and thinking his
ears had deceived him, he looked eagerly
at her. Could this be the girl his
friend had warned him against?

"Maud, do you mean what you say?
Would you really marry a poor man?"
he said, passionately, while he clasped
the girl's hands in his. "Answer me,
child! why have you treated me so badly
the last month? We were good
friends enough before Liston came."

Looking into his eyes and seeing all
the love that beamed there, Maud told
him all; how she had heard the conver-
sation between him and Liston, and its
result.

"So," said Percy, "but for the loss
of my fortune I never should have won
my wife! Good comes out of evil after
all!"

"But I may only be an incumbrance
to you while you are poor," whispered
happy Maud. "Don't you think we
should wait until you are better off?"

"Wait! No thank you; no more
waiting for me; a second Harry Liston
might appear, and what should I do
then? No; so as ever my affairs
are settled I shall claim you, and," taking
the girl in his arms, "it won't be
my fault, my darling, if you ever regret
becoming Percy Herbert's wife."

Fight With a Big Eel.

Our fresh-water boys do not often
catch an eel large enough to draw a
boat. Land and Water, the great London
newspaper of the hunters, fishers and
naturalists, tells the story. One day
three amateur fishermen were angling
near the "Ore Stone," off Torquay, an
English watering-place on the south-
eastern coast of Devon, when one of
their number, surprised by an extreme-
ly vigorous bite, was still more aston-
ished to find himself utterly unable to
haul in his line.

Calling his comrades to his aid, they
at last succeeded in bringing a huge
conger to the surface of the water; but,
partly from want of strength, and partly
from a dislike to such close quarters
with a by-no-means contemptible oppo-
nent, they determined not to bring the
fish on board, but, hauling up the large
stone with which the boat was moored,
they made for the shore, towing their
captive after them.

On landing they succeeded in bring-
ing their fish on dry land, and attempted
to kill it; but the conger twisted itself
with such a boa-constrictor-like embrace
around the arm of its would-be murder-
er that knife, and line, and fish were
speedily dropped again.

Our hero, preferring personal safety
to the glories of the combat, instantly
quitted the field of battle for its native
element, the hook still in its mouth.
The boat no one had made fast, but the
conger's line being caught around the
thoat-pins, our three fishermen had the
pleasure of witnessing both the escape
of their prey and their boat proceeding
seaward, as though in tow of some power-
ful submarine tug.

It was useless to whistle, or to give
boat and fish peremptory orders to
return under pain of severe displeasure.
The conger was deaf alike to threats or
entreaties; so there was nothing for it
but to strip and swim after the fugitive.

This was done. The boat was brought
back, and the conger reappeared again
on terra firma. The fish's head, despite
the ghastly barking noise it made in its
own vigorous opposition, was placed
under a great stone, and he who had
swam after the conger-bewitched boat
seized the knife and "just went for"
that eel.

Stroke after stroke he hacked and
hewed, until at last, lo! the whole body
wriggled back into the sea, and only the
head was left under the stone as a token
of affection when absent. The reports of
the actors in this little drama were
doubtless colored; but, judging from
the head they brought ashore, the weight
of the conger could not have been under
thirty pounds.

How Drinking Produces Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines
and spirits to send an increased amount
of blood to the brain. The first effect
of taking a glass of wine, or stronger
form of alcohol, is to send the blood
there faster than common; hence the
circulation that gives the red face. It
increases the activity of the brain, and
it works faster, and so does the tongue.
But, as the blood goes to the brain
faster than common, it returns faster,
and no special harm results. But, sup-
pose a man keeps on drinking, the blood
is sent to the brain so fast, in such
large quantities that, in order to make
room for it, the arteries have to enlarge
themselves; they increase in size, and,
in doing so, they press against the more
yielding facial veins which carry the
blood out of the brain, and thus dim-
inish their size, their pores, the result
being that blood is not carried to the
arteries of the brain faster than is
natural or healthful, but it is prevented
from leaving it as fast as usual; hence
a double set of causes of death are in
perpetration. Hence a man may drink
enough of brandy or other spirits in a
few hours, or even minutes, to bring on
a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is,
literally, being dead drunk.—Del Hall.

THE OLDEST MAN ALIVE.

Remarkable Story of "Uncle" Bill Scott of
Baltimore—Born Three Years Before
Washington—His Present Age 149 Years.

At No. 157 Sarah Ann street, in re-
sponse to the reporter's summons, the
door was opened by Uncle William Scott
himself, who asked the writer and his
companions to come in and take a seat in
a manner which savored of old-fashioned
politeness.

"Uncle Bill" is a fine, intelligent-
looking old colored man, about five feet
eleven inches in height, well-proportion-
ed, and still muscular, with bushy gray
beard and hair. The first question asked
him was, of course, whether his age was
as great as reported. Uncle Bill at once
replied in a clear voice, "Yes, sir; 149
years, sir." This reply caused an excla-
mation of surprise and wonder from both
the sergeant of police and an officer who
had accompanied the reporter. Accord-
ing to his own statement the year of Scott's
birth would have been 1729, three years
before Washington was born, and when
Baltimore city bore the now-forgotten
title of Jones' Town.

At the suggestion of the reporter
Uncle William related the history of his
life. "I was born," said he, "in Calvert
county, Md." When asked the year,
he replied: "Deed, marster, I can't
remember the figures." His father
was a slave, and belonged to Miss Percy
Lawrence, of Calvert county. His
mother was a free woman, and the
mother of "twenty-six head" of chil-
dren, as Uncle Bill termed them. Wil-
liam was the fourth child. He has no
idea what became of the rest. He re-
mained with Miss Lawrence until he was
forty-eight years of age, at which time
he was made free, on account of his
mother being free-born. After leaving
Miss Lawrence, Scott went to live with
a Col. Hoskins. With the colonel he
remained three or four years, and acted
as his body servant.

At the time, about the year 1775, the
Indians were a cause of great annoyance
to the people of Maryland and other
colonies. As Col. Hoskins was on active
service, his duty being to protect
settlers of the frontier, he traveled a
great deal, during all of which time he
was accompanied by his faithful servant.
Scott says that during one of his cross-
ings of the "Rocky mountains," proba-
bly meaning the Alleghanies, with the
colonel and his regiment, he was one
day captured by Indians and held as a
prisoner for two and a half months,
during which time he was treated with
kindness by the savages.

He was finally released through the
instrumentality of Col. Hoskins, who
always expressed a strong liking for
him. Scott does not remember by what
means he was released.

Upon being asked how he came to be
captured, he said: "We were quartered in the moun-
tains, and the guards had all been sta-
tioned so as to prevent any sudden
attack by the Indians. There were
lines or bounds laid out, beyond which
we, the servants, were not allowed to
go, except between ten and twelve
o'clock in the morning. One day I
was obliged to go after something, what it
was I now forget, and failed to get back
in the specified time. As I was return-
ing I heard a whizzing sound in the air,
and then felt something catch me about
my arms and chest. I was so terrified
that at first I did not stop to think what
it was, but tugged with all my strength
to loosen myself." Happening to turn
his head, however, he saw an Indian,
and then he knew that he had been
captured. The reporter here asked
Uncle Bill what were his feelings at the
time. His reply was simply, "Ugh!"
and a perceptible shudder.

After leaving Col. Hoskins he obtained
employment in Gen. Howe's (the Eng-
lish general) service. Scott says that
after being with the general about a year
in this country, the general took him to
England with him.

He remained in the general's family
service for some years, after which he
traveled with the general's brother,
Lord Howe, as his body-servant. With
his lordship, Scott says, he traveled
through Europe, Africa and Asia. He
spoke naively of his wonder and sur-
prise when in Japan he first beheld a
native. From the general he received
wages which the general told him were
equal to \$48 dollars a month, and with
the general's brother \$100 a month. The
reporter here asked him what kind of a
looking man his lordship was? Scott re-
plied that he was a large man. The
reporter then pointing to the sergeant,
asked if he resembled that gentleman.
Scott scanned the sergeant closely for
a few moments, and then said: "Not
about the face, sir, but he was large,
and had broad shoulders like he has."

Scott says he remained in England
thirty-two years. He was asked who
held the throne of England at this time,
and the answer was George III. After
remaining abroad for the long period
mentioned Scott returned to America.
He says that he was twelve months in
crossing the Atlantic, making thirty-
three years exactly that he was away
from this country. After arriving in
his native country he obtained employ-
ment with Mr. Findley B. Smith as a
farm hand. With Mr. Smith he remain-
ed three years, after which he was five
years employed in the same capacity by
Mr. Zachariah Tannyhill.

Since that time Uncle Bill says he has
traveled from one State to another, ac-
cepting employment wherever it could
be found. The reporter asked him how
long it has been since he left Mr. Tanny-
hill. Scott replied that he did not know
exactly, but it was over fifty years ago.
He was asked, of course, whether he had
ever seen George Washington? Scott
said that he had, and that the general,
when a schoolboy, often visited Miss
Lawrence, his former mistress, and called
her Aunt Percy. He had often waited
on him.

Uncle Bill then stated that he had been
married three times, had six "head" of
children by his first wife, eleven by the
second, and none by the third, who was
still living with him.

Uncle William said that he was certain
of his age, because of some papers that
had been given him by Miss Lawrence,
and which long since had crumbled to
dust. He also stated that often he had
carried "Marster" Disney, now eighty
years old, when a baby, on his shoulder.
With regard to his health, Uncle Bill
said he thanked the Lord that he had
always been healthy, but for the past
fifty years he had been very weak. He

has lost his teeth and complains of weak-
ness in the knees. He seems to think
that he will not live much longer.

A reporter saw Mr. Snowden Disney,
who states that he is seventy-seven years
of age, that he has known Scott since he
can remember, that Scott nursed his
father when a boy, and that his father
died thirty-five years ago at the age of
seventy-five years. His (Mr. Disney's)
father always spoke of Scott as a man of
middle age when he first knew him as a
boy. Scott was a religious man, and
Mr. Disney stated that he had been a
body servant to General Howe. He has
recently walked out on the Reisterstown
road several miles to hold religious meet-
ings. Mr. Disney is a feeble old man,
with white hair and beard. He expresses
the fullest belief in Scott's great age,
and thinks that he is even older than he
claims to be.—Baltimore Bulletin.

An Epidemic of Bomb-Throwing.

A correspondent writes from Rome,
Italy, to the New York Evening Post as
follows: The deeds of darkness which
have shaken Italy since the attempt on
the king's life in Naples are frightful,
and they are too nearly connected with
that event and with each other not to
indicate a common source. Two days
after that act of Passanante at Naples,
while the people of Florence were re-
joicing at the king's escape, a lighted
bomb filled with dynamite was thrown
into the crowd, and killed two persons
and fatally wounded others. Two days
after this a bomb was thrown into the
procession at Pisa, but fortunately with-
out fatal consequences, although several
persons were slightly wounded. About
the same time eight persons attempted
to take possession of a number of guns
in the arsenal at Pesaro, but fled at the
cries of the sentinel. Twice large ob-
jects were found on the railroad track
from Venice to Bologna. At Corneto
Tarquinio a crowd of workmen
marched through the streets late at
night, calling out, "Long live the re-
public!" Three guards who endeav-
ored to still them were wounded by
stones thrown by these young ruffians.
Various instances of the killing or
wounding of men in authority and high-
ly honored for their public and private
virtues are noted.

Another bomb—described by Zanar-
delli, however, as a very little one—ex-
ploded at San Sepolero, but without
victims. Even the proverbial "honor
bright" of the brigands seems to have
deserted them, and they have failed to
send back to his family a gentleman
whom they captured near Capua, after
receiving the sum of twenty thousand
dollars for his redemption. A station-
keeper on the road from Naples to Rome
was found dead at his post two nights
before the king's return to Rome. This
alarmed the railroad authorities, and in
the short time that remained they
changed all the station-keepers along
the route.

The train which brought the royal
family to Rome was escorted by the
entire administration of the railroad.
The chief functionaries were continually
looking ahead from the windows of the
cars at the bridges; at every hundred
feet were stationed three soldiers, and
the station-keepers were doubled, and the
switches were turned by the chiefs of
the stations. Every precaution was
taken for the security of the king, but
while the officers were anxious and
trembling he was smiling and uncon-
cerned. Although he was aware of all
these precautions he gave orders to al-
low the people when the train stopped
to approach him, and he received ad-
dresses and the queen flowers as usual.

The Mysterious "Hex."

Philadelphia possesses a mystery in
the shape of an invisible beneficent
fairy, who writes a cramped hand, works
by means of the postoffice instead of
wands, magic lamps, etc., and sends its
gifts in cheap yellow envelopes to the
needy poor, orphan-asylums and hospi-
tals, with no sign of its identity inside
beyond the single word "Hex."

These gifts of "Hex" are magnificent
in proportion, and bestowed with great
wisdom and the keenest insight into
the necessities of each case. "Hex" is
supposed to be some eccentric and
charitable millionaire, who means to
put his money to good use while he is
alive, and not to leave it for trustees and
executors to quarrel over when he is
dead.

If there is an eccentricity in giving
money while the giver is alive, and not
by legacy, rich men will do well to
imitate it. Many posthumous bequests
in this country have failed utterly to
reach the class for whom they were in-
tended.

Edwin Forrest bequeathed his im-
mense property to support a home for
aged actors, and but one old man has
ever enjoyed the stately mansion and
its luxuries. There is scarcely a town
or city in the country which has not its
testimony to give of a charitable legacy
which has failed to answer the purpose
of its testator.

Trustees and executors are open to
temptation, and the care of a large, un-
protected trust is the strongest one
which can be thrown in their way.
"Hex" is wise to distribute his tens of
thousands himself, and to do it without
the delay of a day.

About ten years ago a man of vast
wealth was showing to a friend his col-
lection of historical pamphlets, which
was the finest in the country.

"I am going to give them to the
Pennsylvania historical society," he
said, "and this branch of my library to
the Franklin library. I have no family,
as you know, and I intend to give away
all that I have before I die, leaving my-
self only a comfortable annuity. I have
no faith in posthumous charity."

"When do you intend to do it?"
asked his friend.

He hesitated. Next month; I shall
not put it off. As soon as I return from
St. Louis.

He started that evening for St. Louis.
The next day his friend took up a news-
paper and read that the boat was burned,
with most of the passengers. He was
dead, and his money went to the State.
He had put it off a day too long.—
Youth's Companion.

Experience at Charleston, S. C., shows
that the sources of arctic snows are
affected by tides which are as regular as
the ocean tides, but precede them by
about an hour.

Items of Interest.
A joint affair—Rheumatism.
Spelling.—See 80—out. Pea 80—Pat.
Attending a ball—Minding a baby's
cry.
Side whiskers—Mules' tails. n fly
time.
Can you spell consent in three letters?
Y-E-S.
Where does the weather go to when it
clears off?
There is nothing like a shorthand
reporter to take a man down.
When hair dies it turns gray. When
a barber dyes, hair turns black.
Geographically the island of Ceylon is
a little larger than Great Britain.
It is possible for a man to know his
own mind and yet know very little.
An old horseman says an apple is
better than a lash for breaking a colt.
Fear is a condition of indolent weak-
ness which surrenders us bodily to the
enemy.
It is perfectly safe to have some men
owe you a grudge, for they never pay
anything.
Kind hearts can make December blithe as
May.
And in each morning find a New-Year's day.
The three degrees of medical treat-
ment: Positive ill, comparative pill,
superlative bill.
New York State has 200,000 militia
well equipped and thoroughly instruct-
ed in rifle practice.
Governor Wade Hampton received
eleven wounds during the war, one of
them a saber thrust.
An advanced thinker says, "Revolution
in dress is needed." He should
wear a roundabout jacket.
It is estimated that Colorado's gold
and silver yield for 1878 is in the neigh-
borhood of \$45,675,863.43.
"Halloo, Charley! What's the mat-
ter? Training for a race?"—"No,
Tom. Racing for a train!"
The savings banks of Vermont now
hold over \$8,000,000 on deposit; an
increase of \$7,000,000 since 1860.
The Brazilian government has granted
a privilege to a gentleman for the man-
ufacture of paper from the wild fig tree.
Norman Lockyer astonishes the scienti-
fic world by declaring that centuries
of chemical study has been on a false
basis.
Which two letters of the alphabet are
like the most cruel of the Roman em-
perors? N and P. Why N and P?
Because they are near O.
"Who should we celebrate Washing-
ton's birthday more than mine?" asked
a teacher. "Because he never told a
lie!" shouted a little boy.

There isn't much difference between
a man who sees a ghost and the man
who swallows a bad oyster, so far as
their looks are concerned.

A LOVER'S FANCY.
He kissed her fan and then she said
"Thy fan, when'er you ply it,
Will waft a kiss to you from me!"
She blushed and said she'd try it.

The Memphis yellow fever relief com-
mittee has distributed the funds left on
hand between the four orphan asylums
of that city. The fifteen hundred tents
supplied by the government are to be
burned.

A word, a look, which at one time
would make no impression, at another
time wounds the heart; and like a shaft
flying with the wind, pierces deep,
which, with its own natural force, would
scarce have reached the object aimed at.

The Nevada bank, with the largest
capital (\$10,000,000) and reserve (\$3,-
700,000) of any bank in the United
States, has but a half dozen stockholders.
The directors are James Flood, James
G. Fair, John W. Mackey and Louis
McLane.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl,
"if men will ever get live to be five
hundred or a thousand years old?"
"No, my child," responded the old
man; "that was tried once, and the
race grew so bad that the world had to
be drowned."

Words are nothing to paint a mother's
love, a mother's consolations. A baby's
smile contains the divinest essence of
all earthly solacement; a child's love
soothes without weakening; it deman-
ds so much that in blessing it one is blessed
by it unawares.

During 1877 181 German vessels were
wrecked, and with them perished 425
men belonging to their crews and seven
passengers. This loss of life was, how-
ever, proportionally small, the total
number of persons on board of the lost
vessels having been over 14,000.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE.
"Ah! I have it now," he cried,
As he caught a fluttering bird;
"Canst tell me what's the difference
'Twixt this and a tune you've heard?"

"Why, son," he whispered sweet and low,
"One is a bird in the hand, and the
other, 'other, you must surely know,
Is often heard in the band."

Geologists having reported that there
is in Japan enough workable coal to
produce a yearly yield equal to that in
Great Britain for 1,000 years, the
Japanese government have agreed to
grant a loan of \$1,500,000 for the pur-
pose of working them.

"Two souls with but a single thought"
is a rapturous enough sentiment in love,
but it takes on an element of misery to
one soul, at least, when the girl is wrap-
ped up in visions of a beautiful present
and the young man is engrossed in per-
plexing speculations how to raise the
money to purchase it.

This advertisement is found in a num-
ber of the Boston Evening Post, edited
by Thomas Fleet, in 1785. "To be sold,
by the printer of this paper, the very
best negro woman in this town. She
has had the smallpox and measles, is as
hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and
will work like a beaver."

AN UNFINISHED POEM.
Oh, lovely maiden, fairer of thy sex,
To man a blessed boon—
But we'll have to finish this week
For we haven't any room.
—Emira Gaudin.

What could we do without you, blessed
woman?
We'll gently ask again;
Without you this world would be a he-
aven, we've broke our pen.
—Goussard's Enterprise.

Her gentle voice, so low and sweet;
Seems from heaven 'ere sent—
But hold! I confound it, here comes
Another female book agent.
—Whitney Leader.