

A Senate Page's Joke

Washington Cor. Phila. Record.

The pages of the Senate and House are handsomer and brighter than those of the Congressional Record.

After they had talked a while, Dawes returned to his seat to finish a letter, leaving his stately friend all alone on the sofa.

He signed a fictitious name, sealed the note in an official envelope marked "United States Senate," and hurrying up to the fine-looking old gentleman on the red sofa, handed it to him as though it had been sent by old David Davis himself.

Old Isaac Bassett, the Doorkeeper of the Senate and grand custodian of the sole surviving Senatorial snuff-box, as well as one of the few men in the United States who know how every variety of princes, potentates, principalities and powers should be treated, was simply horrified when he learned the cause of the page's glee.

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A LILLIPUTIAN WEDDING.

Mrs. Littlefinger Married to a Mulget.

Mr. Bunnell, Manager Starr and all the curiosities were seated on the stage in Bunnell's Brooklyn museum when the curtain was rung up at the close of the variety exhibition Wednesday afternoon.

The orchestra played. The little bride, reaching up with one hand to the arm of her comparatively big brother Charles, appeared from the right wing. Simultaneously the groom emerged from the left wing, accompanied by Miss M. Kingsland.

THE NUPTIAL CEREMONY.

The groom wore black. When the couple reached the middle of the stage they stopped and stood together, facing the audience. The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost then walked out from the right wing. He read the Baptist marriage, and when the major was asked, "Robert, wilt thou have this woman as thy wedded wife?" he answered with such readiness and decision "I will" that the audience laughed.

panying the action with a resounding kiss. The audience laughed again. Even the stately Irish giant joined in the contest to be early with congratulations. The fat woman looked over her corpulency into the midget's joyous faces and, by a great effort, found their little hands and shook them heartily.

THE MAJOR'S VENTURE.

The bride and groom held a reception in the lower hall, where pieces of the wedding cake were given to the visitors. This is the major's second matrimonial venture. His first wife died eight months ago, leaving an infant. The present Mrs. Huzza, or (on the handbills) Mrs. Major Littlefinger, is a native of Hartford, and was formerly a member of the church there of which the Rev. Mr. Pentecost was pastor.

Miss Hosmer has never appeared on exhibition, but she will henceforth be at her husband's side.

A Valuable Cargo.

Old Coin Found in the Hull of a Mississippi Steamer.

Mr. P. P. Manion, the steamboat machinist, had a curious windfall yesterday, and it is to be hoped none of his friends will fail to call on him to-day, as he will doubtless open a few baskets of champagne to celebrate the event.

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat.

"Is this the woman?" asked the Judge. "Who is defending her?" "I have no defense, Your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me, and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze.

The New York Herald can see "very little in the record to which the Republican majority can point with pride." There is much in it deserving of popular condemnation. The people have at least the satisfaction of knowing that many of the members responsible for the failures of the Forty-seventh Congress will not figure in the Forty-eighth.

A Healthy Beverage.

The New York Herald says that according to actual analysis and common report there have been found in the alleged tea of commerce nutgalls, currant leaves, iron filings, filbert husks, sulphate of copper, oak bark, hornets' nests and wasps' nests shredded and colored, acetic acid, aloes, common green paint, lead in various forms, desiccated doormats, peach leaves, tarred rope that had been ground to powder and soaked in sea water, manilla paper, bamboo leaves, vermal grass, ammonia, arsenic, stable sweepings and many other things too numerous and disgusting to mention.

His Last Court.

A Case of Father and Daughter Appealed from Arkansas to a Higher Tribunal.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, before the "carpet-baggers" began their reckless sway, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practised in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity.

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to almost reverence him.

"I won't chime in with any such hypothesis," the reporter remonstrated. "Pardon me. I should not have indulged in that kind of imagination. Anyhow, I can with a battery keep people at a respectful distance from the case."

The New Orleans Times Democrat publishes an elaborate review of the resources of North-western Alabama and its wonderful development since the year 1871, when the town of Birmingham was laid out. Within the last twelve years that town has sprung from nothing

again come to his home—my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was 'I do not know you.' My husband died—yes, cursed God and died! Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world. My child died and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave.

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead." The woman was his daughter.

Measuring Men by their Clothes.

We are told of a funny little incident which occurred a couple of weeks ago at the Clarmont store on Lake Concordia. The story goes in this way: The clerk was very busy waiting on his numerous customers, when a rough-looking stranger walked in and, lightly springing up to a seat on the counter, proceeded to make himself at home.

The next day two students were greatly surprised by a call from the Professor, who accused them of firing the shot they denied it, and the Professor gave his proof. The proof was so strong that they finally admitted their guilt. Yesterday they were told to vacate their rooms. They will receive no other punishment.

A Shocking Man.

How a German Amateur Electrician Employs his Clever Inventive Faculties.

An electrician who puts his knowledge to most ingenious uses has lately been startling Germantown with some unique electric burglar alarms, sneak-thief killers and property protectors in general. His name is La Roche and his workshop adjoins the Main street depot.

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to a city of fifteen thousand people, having in its immediate neighborhood more than seven thousand hands engaged in the production of coal and iron alone. The population is steadily increasing at the rate of five thousand or six thousand a year. Of coal, this region yields one million five hundred thousand tons annually, or more than one-third in value of the total cotton crop of Alabama.

Knowledge is Power.

HOW PROFESSOR WHITE TRACED A BULLET TO ITS SOURCE.

For some time the reckless use of firearms on and about Yale campus has caused considerable comment. About a week ago a shot entered the dining room of Prof. White, as he and his family were at tea.

This gentleman is Professor of Mathematics and has made the study of curves a specialty. From the direction of the shot he knew it came from the Divinity Building, but on account of the darkness he could not see the place of firing.

He was determined to find out the reckless student, and he brought his mathematical knowledge into play. Knowing the breadth of the room he measured the distance from his house to the West Divinity Building, and knowing the curve which a bullet takes, he computed the height from which the shot was fired, and fixed upon the very window from which the bullet must have come.

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New Advertisements.

Swayne's Pills—Comforting to the Sick.

Thousands die from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, and Rheumatism. But to the debilitated, harassed with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night, seems as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected, if allowed to continue very serious results follow.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

WANTED!

Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties, on a salary. We will give a month's trial and advance money for the expenses of the same, and, if successful, steady employment and good pay.

REST

Not life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time? Rest a week in your own town. No outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay.

BUSH HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA. Families and single gentlemen, as well as the general traveling public and commercial men are invited to this First-Class Hotel, where they will find home comforts at reasonable rates.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$6 outfit free. Address H. HARKETT & CO., Phila. and, Md.

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A sure Cure for Hemorrhoids, Itching and Bleeding Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, an Indian remedy, called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A singular cure has been effected in the case of 25 chronic cases, in some not under the knife for 20 or 25 years standing.

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