

Life's Mirage.

Sad would the salt waves be
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-
stringed lyre.

IF THEY HAD KNOWN.

"So you've come back again, Jerome?"
said old Mr. Sewell. "Well, we heard
you was thinkin' of returnin' to Elm
Mountain. Bad pennies always come
back—ha! ha! ha! And you didn't
make such a big fortune as you calcu-
lated, eh?"

cally inclined. To her, love in a cot-
tage possessed no charms.
"I couldn't, Jerome," she answered
quickly. "I'm not very strong, and I
couldn't assume any responsibility of
this arduous nature. Besides, I'm not
fond of children. I'm greatly obliged
to you, I'm sure, but I'd rather not."

"I will go wherever you wish,
Jerome," said the bride-elect in a sort
of innocent bewilderment.
Mr. Clay put her into a little carriage
at the door, and drove her up the
mountain-side, through the huge,
stone gateway of White Castle, to the
velvet lawns in front of the colonnaded
portico, where statues of Ceres and
Proserpine stood in dazzling marble on
either side, and an antique sun-dial
marked the golden footsteps of the
God of day.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.
Official reports show that railroad
accidents are steadily increasing in
number and fatality in the United
States.
British government figures estimate
that one-fifth of £350,000,000 earned
by the British workmen and women
yearly goes for beer and liquor.
It is said that the Bible revisers find
the "ravens" which fed Elijah were
gypsies, according to the original, and
that the "originally word used was
"rovers."

he cultivation of one acre of corn
each. The lad who produces the large-
est crop of corn on his acre is to
receive five bushels of corn from each
of the other members of the club.
Each selects his own acre and manures
and cultivates it to suit himself. Sup-
pose there are twenty members of the
club; the lucky one will receive ninety-
five bushels of corn, which will be a
handsome premium. Every member
will be benefited by the increased
yield and the practical experience of
all secured by the contest.
The danger of uncovering the head
at the grave on the occasion of a fun-
eral, is causing considerable discussion
in the papers here and in England.
The London Telegraph says on this
subject: "Many of the distinguished
and more elderly mourners at the in-
terment of the Duke of York died
from bronchitis within a few weeks of
the royal obsequies; the Marquis of
Londonderry's funeral in Westminster
abbey in 1822 was equally disastrous
to the aged or delicate among those
who gathered around his tomb; and
the funeral in Pere La Chaise of the
celebrated French juriconsult M.
Robert de St. Vincent is said to have
decimated the senior ranks of the
Paris bar, one of the victims being
Brillat Savarin, the author of the
'Physiologie du Gout.'"

The Dude.
"What is the dude, papa?" she said,
"Walk sweet and inquiring eyes;
And to the knowledge-seeking maid
Her daddy thus replies:
A weak mustache, a cigarette,
A thirteen-button vest,
A curled-rim hat—a minaret—
Two watch chains across the breast.
A pair of bags, a lazy drawl,
A lack-a-daisy air,
For gossip at the club or ball
Some little "past affair."
Two pointed shoes, two spindle shanks,
Complete the nether charms,
And follow fitly in the ranks,
The two bow-legged arms.
An empty head, a buffoon's sense,
A posing attitude;
"By Jove!" "Egad!" "But aw!" "Immense!"
All these make up the dude.
—Philadelphia Press.
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
The barber is a man of many
scrapes.
If love is blind, the girls go to a
great deal of trouble in fixing up
their hair when they expect their
beau.
Hens may be a little backward on
eggs; but they never fail to come to
the scratch where flower-beds are con-
cerned.
The doctor who says it is unhealthy
to sleep in feather is mistaken; look
at the spring chicken and see how
tough he is.
A fond father boasted that his son
would make a great sculptor, because
he chiseled his playmates out of their
playthings.
A disappointed tradesman says he
wishes he was a rumor, because a
rumor soon gains currency, which he
is unable to do.
The condor of the Andes is said to
kill its prey with its bill, and the high-
toned milliners are trying the same
game on the married man.
Dr. Armitage says, "Man should
always be graceful." Did the doctor
ever have on a new suit and try to get
out of the way of a watering-cart?
Guess not.
"Yes," she said to the gorgeous
youth who was her devoted slave, "I
keep this gilded new five-cent piece in
my pocket, and I never see it without
thinking of you."
"Doctor," asked Z. of a witty physi-
cian, "why do you and your brethren
never go to funerals?" "Because
we should have the air of taking our
work home."
When you see a man sit down in a
barber's chair, pin the newspaper
around his neck and begin to read the
towel, you may put him down as
absent-minded.
Origin of Thirteen at Table.
Says the Milwaukee Evening Wis-
consin: There seems to be a universal
and widespread superstition against
thirteen persons sitting down at table
together. Indeed, so prevalent and
strong is this feeling, that a hostess ar-
ranging for guests is sure to provide
against the contingency and eschew, if
possible, the fatal number. We have
known ladies to rise panic stricken
from a table where the number was
inadvertently discovered, and the men
is popularly believed to denote either
trouble, sorrow or death. Few, if any,
seem to know the origin of this strange
and mystic superstition, which dates
far back to the earliest ages of Christi-
anity. When good King Arthur of
Britain, founded his famous round
table, he secured the services of the en-
chanter, Merlin, to devise and arrange
the seats. This famous sorcerer ac-
cordingly arranged among others thir-
teen seats to represent the Apostles,
twelve for the faithful adherents of
our Lord and the thirteenth for the
traitor Judas. The first were never
occupied save by knights distinguished
above all others for their valor and
prowess, and in the event of a death
occurring among them the seat re-
mained vacant until a knight surpass-
ing in daring and heroic attainments his
predecessor should be deemed worthy
to fill the place. If an unworthy or
effeminate knight laid claim to the
seat he was repelled by some secret or
hidden spell cast by the powerful mag-
ician. The thirteenth seat was never
occupied save upon one occasion, as it
is said, by a haughty and overbearing
Saracen knight, who, placing himself
in the fatal seat, was instantly reward-
ed for his presumption by the earth
opening and swallowing him up. It
afterward bore the name of the "petri-
ous seat," and among all the adventu-
rous knights of King Arthur's court
none were so foolhardy as to risk their
lives on the enchanted spot. And now,
after 1300 years, the spell of the magi-
cian Merlin still survives, and in this
nineteenth century the thirteenth seat
at the table is as greatly dreaded as in
the days of the knights of the famous
round table.