

among them, with Mr. Grey, who had been spending his Christmas at Thornbury. She looked pale, and my heart smote me for my base, treacherous, insane suspicions of her. She neither glanced at me nor spoke to me, and when my father invited all the relatives and Mr. Snape to go on into the house, she passed me, as I stood humbly at the door, with averted eyes and a high dignified carriage.

As both Grey and Snape were present, it was unanimously agreed that the will should be opened and read upon the spot. Several persons, with no immediate interest in it, had made their way into our drawing-room, and as nobody seemed inclined to turn them out, I also remained, standing against the fireplace, and watching steadfastly for some glance from Katie's eyes.

Mr. Snape opened the will sharply, and started off at reading it, with none of his professional deliberation and delay, but as if he was as eager to get at its contents as any person present. It was a short document, and did not take many minutes to get through at the pace he read it. The property was worth about £70,000, thirty thousand of which were left in legacies to old Lawrence's brothers and sister, and the residue bequeathed to the testator's beloved niece, Catherine Lawrence, on the sole condition that she married Henry Stanley, the son of his old friend George Stanley, postmaster of Thornbury. If otherwise, it was to be divided equally among his brothers and sister.

All that followed may easily be guessed. I had to make a thousand protestations of love, and implore Katie again to consent to be my wife,—a thing which we had both taken for granted years before old Lawrence's will was lost in the Postoffice. My situation remained my own, until she relented, which she did not do until by my father's advice I confessed to her the reasons which had caused my change of manner towards her,—the painful suspicion which had thrust themselves upon me, and the bitter sorrow they had produced. We were married at last, to the concealed disappointment and chagrin of her affectionate relatives; and I ceased to be among the number of Postoffice clerks.

#### Slightly Mixed.

A witness in a trial at Liverpool, before Mr. Justice Martin, persisted in telling what other people said, and interlarded his testimony so often with "said I" and "said he," that the counsel was utterly bewildered. The Court attempted to set him right.

"My good man, tell us exactly what happened."

"Yes, my lord, certainly. I said I should not have the pig."

"Well, what was his answer?"

"He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he—"

"No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it; he spoke in the first person."

"I was the first person that spoke, my lord."

"I mean this—don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words."

"There was no third person, my lord; only him and me."

"Look here, my good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'"

"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person, my lord, and if any thing had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

#### Josh Billings on Fleas.

The smallest animal of the brute creation, and the most pesky, is the flea. They are about the bigness of an onion seed and shine like a bran new shot.

They spring from low places, and can bite was than the musketo, for they bite on a run; one flea will go and over a man's suburbs in 2 minutes.

It is impossible to do anything with a flea unless you quit bizness of all kinds and hunt for the flea, and when you have found him, he ain't there. This is one of the flea mysteries, the faculty they have of being entirely lost just as you have found them.

I don't suppose there is ever killed, on an average, during enny year, more than 16 fleas in the whole of the United States or America, unless, there is a casualty of some kind—like when a dog gets drowned sudden.

They are about as hard to kill as a flaxseed is, and if you don't mash them as fine as ground pepper they will start bizness on smaller kapital jist as before.

#### A Green Bride and Groom on Their Wedding Trip.

THE TRAIN for Parkersburg, under charge of Captain Scott, recently stopped at a way station to take on Jeems Walker and his wife, Lize, a newly married couple.

Both were young and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia, neither of them had ever been fifty miles away from home.—They had heard of locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but they never experienced the comforts of any of the aforementioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event of their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that part of it known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amazed and delighted when the locomotive, steaming and puffing, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it, came to sight.

"These your trunks?" said the baggage master.

"Well, I sorter calkilate them's 'em," said Jeems.

The trunks were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems. "I'll be darned if a railroad ain't a fine thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage and carefully holding the tails up of his tight-bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize set up here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage man, "you are in the wrong car."

"The dickens, I am! Dye suppose I don't know what I am about? These is my traps, and I calkilate to stay where they are. Keep quiet Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through any how, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, why I'm his man. Don't want any of your fakin' around me!"

Here the captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the captain. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car into which he was ushered! His imagination had never, in its wildest flights, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse. "Jeewhillikins! what in thunder is that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch-fork, to make him go along!" said a sleepy-looking individual just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems, "I allow you think I'm a darned fool; maybe I am, but there's some things I know, and one of them is, you'll get your mouth broke ef ye don't keep it shet. Just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then we heard a scream, almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleepy-looking individual! "we're all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of the gentlemen in black, who tends the big fire below."

"Oh, Lord! Jeems, what will become of us? I felt skeery about gettin' on the outlandish thing at fast."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollering won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer now's your time to say it for both of us."

"What's the matter here?" said the astonished conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know, said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite captain. "How far are you going?"

"Wall, reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your tickets, if you please."

"Certainly; Lize, you got some with you? Let this gent look at 'em."

Lize drew a peice of white paper from her reticule, and with a smile handed it to our friend, who read:—

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

"What's that?" said the captain.

"Why? that's one of the tickets to our weddin'; that's what you asked for, haint it?" said the somewhat surprised Jeems.

"Haw! law! law!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy-looking man.

A bland smile passed over the face of the captain as he explained his meaning to our verdant friend.

He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on toward its destination.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot in this city. Amid the con-

fusion of strange noises and babel of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Buss, sah? Buss, sah?—free for de United States!" said the sable porter of our up-town house.

"Lady take a buss, sah?"

"Wall, I s'pose she went from any but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to the Swan House, sah? right cross de street—best house in de city. This way, sah—any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time, Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilets for dinner.

"That's deuced purty tossell," said Jeems, eyeing the bell cord. "Wonder what it's for?" catching hold of it.

"Look, it works up there on some sort of a thingumblip. I'd like to have that tossell to put on my horse's head next muster day; see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry of "Ring, sah?"

"Ring! ring what? you black ape ef you don't quit looking at my wife and make off, I'll ring your head off."

"Stop a minit," said Lize. "What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Candy, Marm."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixing on our account, for we're plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin' society," interrupted Jeems, "I'll amend that motion by sayin', you can tell 'em to give us the best they have; I'm able to pay for it and don't keer for expenses."

"Tee-hee! tee-hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights until supper time, which being over, they retired to their room.—The gas was lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did from a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the streets had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House.—The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas. Against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. The clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there?" came from within.

"Open the door, the gas is escapin'."

"Gas! What gas?" said Jeems opening the door.

"Why, here, in the room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played thunder!" said the amiable clerk, checking his rising temper, and having lit the gas proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning.

"Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time." So saying, he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were all left alone in their glory.

#### Only One Side.

The other evening a number of young men entered a barber's shop for the purpose of getting shaved. One whose incipient growth of down could scarcely be called beard, in a jocular manner inquired of the knight of the shears:

"How much will you charge to comb one side of my head? that's about all I shall need to-night."

The laughing reply was "Five cents," whereupon the youthful individual took his seat in the chair.

"Which side shall I comb?" inquired the barber.

"The outside—if you please!"

The sold hair-dresser acknowledged the corn, and proceeded to do up the "outside" hair on his cranium (he was a hair-brained youth, it is presumed) in a manner particularly attractive—and all it cost the young man was five cents.

A patent hobby horse is the only amusement of Charleston, at present.

#### A PRACTICAL JOKE,

AND

#### What Came of It.

BENNY MASON had done a poor day's business. There was a dearth of news and but little demand for what there was. Benny had a sick mother at home and the whole burden of her wants fell upon his shoulders. They were not very stalwart; and though he was a stout-hearted, brave little fellow, and did his best to bear up under it, there were times, and this was one of them when the weight made him stagger.

But the little newsboy had no time to waste in bootless reflections; so he hurried along, crying his wares, and as he was passing one of the fashionable up-town hotels, two young men came out.

Here was a chance, Benny thought. Dashing aside with a manly brush the gathering tears, he stepped briskly forward and cried his wares. One of the young men said:

"Let me have the—no matter which—this one will do," and he took one of the papers and handed the boy a five dollar bill.

"But sir, I cannot change this," said Benny.

"No matter for the change," was the reply, and the two friends passed on.

Benny was astounded. It had been a long time since he had seen so much money at once.

Five dollars! What wouldn't it buy? First and foremost, there were half-a-dozen delicacies he thought of for his mother; and then there was that prescription, and last of all, his own supper.

Leaving Benny to make his purchases, let us follow the young men, one of whom has already turned out so much better than we expected.

Albert Boynton and his friend Edgar Price were both strangers in the city.—It was the latter, and by no means more prepossessing of the two, whose sudden freak of generosity so completely took Benny by surprise.

"What place is this?" said Edgar as the two, after sauntering a considerable time in various directions, were passing an ungainly looking edifice of red brick, where a motley crowd were jostling one another.

"A police station, I think," the other answered.

"Let's go in, Al.; it'll probably afford as good a chance for sight-seeing as any we can find."

His friend had no objection, and they entered.

It was some time before they could see what was going on. A man in a blue coat, ornamented with a shield, sat behind a railing. In front stood a couple of policemen, but their prisoner, if they had one, as they seemed to have between them, was too diminutive to be seen over the heads of the crowd.

"Come, then, what's your charge?" said the man behind the railing, addressing a red-faced individual in a butcher's apron.

"My story's a very short un," replied the latter. "That 'ere boy come into my shop and ordered a pound of the nicest steak I had, which he wanted for beef tea, he said; which I cut and weighed; and then he laid that 'ere five dollar bill, which I knowed it was more money than he had any lawful bizness with; for I knowed how precious hard up they was—him and his mother. There could not be two ways about it—it was either a stole bill or a counterfeit. So I jest tells him to wait till I can step out and git change, and I takes it right across to the groceryman over the way, and he hardly clapped his eyes on it when he perennoced it bogus. I then called a perliceman and institooted perceedins."

"Well, and what have you got to say?" said the officer, looking down at the prisoner.

"Indeed, sir, I didn't know it was bad; indeed I didn't," protested a childish voice.

"Oh! of course not; may be you can tell where you got it?"

"A gentleman bought one of my papers this evening," the boy answered, "and gave me this note, and he wouldn't take any change."

"A likely story—a very likely story! Why didn't you tell us you found it growing on a brush somewhere? Lock him up, Joe, and tell him not to forget to say his prayers."

"Please, oh! please let me go," the little fellow pleaded, "I have a sick mother at home, and—"

"Certainly; they all have sick mothers at home."

"Why, what's the matter, Price?" said Allen Boynton, as the former in a

state of visible agitation, started to make his way through the crowd to the front of the railing.

"Why, that's the little fellow we met as we came out of the hotel."

"Well, he seems to have gotten himself into a scrape."

"Gotten himself into a scrape! It was I that got him into it. I gave him that bill for a paper, and made him stare by refusing to take change. I thought it a very good joke then; it seems a very stupid one now."

"Worse than stupid I should call it," said Allen, who was thoroughly high-principled.

"Of course there's but one thing I can do," answered the latter, who was, as it is fair to say, more thoughtless than bad, "and that is make a clean breast of it."

And a clear breast of it he made.

"Well, that clears the boy," said the man behind the railing. "You can go, Johnny, but be sure you never do so any more."

Benny would fain have set the gentleman right in regard to his name, and would have been glad to know what it was he wasn't to do any more, but thought it was best to say nothing.

"And now let us go and see what we can do for Johnny in the way of helping him to complete his purchases," said Edgar, anxious to make amends for the past.

"Stop a bit," interrupted the man behind the railing. "Your story has cleared the boy but it hasn't done quite as much for yourself. By your own showing you have knowingly passed a counterfeit bill. You say it was a joke, but that sort of joking's catching. Joe, lock the gentleman up, please."

Joe did as he was bid.

After Allen had seen his friend more safely than comfortably situated for the night, turning to Benny, who had lingered out of curiosity:

"What is your name, my boy?" he inquired.

"Benny Mason, sir."

"And your father's name?"

"My father is dead. His name was George Mason."

An expression of vivid interest lit up the young man's countenance.

"What was your mother's name before she was married?" he continued.

"Mary Boynton," Benny answered.

"I am going home with you, Benny," said Allen, mastering with an effort, some sudden and powerful emotion. As the two walked along together, neither spoke.

"This is the place, sir," said Benny, stopping in front of a dilapidated tenement house to the top floor of which, after entering he proceeded to conduct the stranger.

Knocking at the door of their little room to give his mother notice that some one was coming, and receiving a feeble response from within, Benny raised the latch and entered followed by the stranger.

It needed but a glance, even in the dim lamp light which faintly illuminated that wretched chamber, to enable the long separated brother and sister to recognize each other. And when they were lost in each other's embrace, and calling one another by name, it proved a matter of much greater surprise to Benny, than the relation of it, I trust has to the reader.

Benny is at school now, and one of the brightest boys there. His mother is well and happy again; and Edgar Price having been "let off" with one night in the station house, has learned a lesson, let us hope, that will profit him the next time he comes to the city.—N. Y. Ledger.

#### Odorous.

The following joke is told on a popular conductor on one of the railroads leading out of the city. Recently, the conductor entered a car to collect the tickets. As he came in, he left the door open. The train was just passing the distilleries at the time, and the smell from the hog-pens, was anything but pleasant, as it came in through the open door, in a manner that was almost overpowering. An old lady sat near the end of the car, and held her nose in her fingers until the conductor passed out and closed the door. Then she turned to a gentleman near by, and said, "I'm orful glad that man went out." "Why?" asked the astonished gentleman. "Because," said she, "he was the orfulst smelling man I ever saw. I wonder, what kind o' new-fangled grease he puts on his hair?" The old lady had taken the smell that came from the hog pen, for some rival of night blooming cereus.

Detectives have been employed at fashionable weddings in New York to guard the presents.