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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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UNNECESSARY SYMPATHY.

I always felt sorry when I met Jim.
Poor fellow, he's married now,
And life is a serious thing to him,
For he lives by the sweat of his brow.

And the cares of a family weigh him down,
And he slaves to run the house,
Why, Jim was the gayest boy in town,
And I'll bet he's as poor as a mouse!

And because he looked so worn and sad
I tried, whenever we met,
To talk of the good times we'd had,
In hopes that he might forget.

Till I said I was living at the club,
Then I felt a deep chagrin
Lest he should think I was trying to rub
His misery rather in.

But he exclaimed: "That's a horrible lie!
No child to climb on your knees;
No quiet home and the loving wife."—
By Jove, he was pitying me!

—*Harry Romaine in Life.*

NANCY SCORNED THE CLOTHES.

Lavinia H. Egan, in the Philadelphia Times.

I was riding slowly along on my tired sorrel nag, after an all day's pull up the mountains of East Tennessee, not far from Jasper, and I was in the very midst of the forest primeval; giant trees stretched their gnarled branches above my head and scattered their brilliant leaves about me, weaving a carpet for my horse's feet more gorgeous than kings have trod. Away off in the lonely Sequotchie I could see the sloping ridges and spreading spurs dove-tailing into each other their crimson and yellow and purple till all faded alike into the distant blue, as the mountains lost themselves in the misty East. No sound broke the stillness, save now and then the barking of a squirrel cracking nuts in the big chestnut trees, or the late call of the wood bird for his mate. I was musing on the mighty works of God, and the pitiful efforts of his unworthy creatures as I rode along, and wondering where I should take my supper, for I was what might be called decently hungry and indecently thirsty.

Suddenly a sharp turn in the trail struck my horse's nose almost into the very face of a man who sat on a rock by the roadside, staring straight before him. His head and chest were thrown forward, his chin had dropped below zero, his lank knees spread wide apart like the open jaws of a Louisiana alligator, and his hands hung limp at his side. A suit of brown jeans, so new that they smelt of the walnut-bark dye, clothed his thin stripe of manly form, and a shirt collar of blue hickory turned down around a spare neck, to the very verge of which his faded, straw-colored hair was plastered sleek as a ball room floor with turkey fat. A more perfect picture of abject misery I never saw before nor since, and I jerked my pony's head out of the man's face and leaned forward in my saddle to look at him.

"Got it bad?" I asked at last, when the cracking of his stiff clothes and the snort of his heavy breathing became embarrassingly audible in the quietude of the forest.

"That's what I hev, stranger," he said, lifting his jaw, but keeping his eyes fixed straight ahead. "Ketched it in the neck an' collar bone an' chist an' the breas't bone an' the heart an' the stomick an' the lights an' the livers an' the bowils an' the yuther lower regions. Facks er the business is, I've got it fu'm the crownd er my ol' fool head to the soles er my big blamed foot. Got it all over."

—

"What gave it to you?"

He sprang to his seven feet of height with a yell that reverberated on the mountain side, jumped about a yard from the ground, cracking his heels together as he came down again.

"What gin it to me, stranger?" he shouted when he lit, "what gin it to me? Why Nancy, ov course. Who'd you spose? Ca'se why? Ca'se er these here plague-on clo'es what you see befo' you, n-kiverin this flabergasted ol' hide er mine. Look at 'em stranger. Look at 'em fur Gawd' sake for their een is nigh at han'" and the fellow gyrated around among the dry leaves like a materialized whirlwind.

"Clothes," said I, "what the matter with your clothes? That's as good a suit as I've seen this side of Pennsylvania."

"Stranger, you don't mean it," he said, softly, coming up close beside me, and fetching a whack across my thigh that tingled all the way up my anatomy, creeping out at the end of my funny bones. "Sho' now, you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do, though; but what does Nancy say about it?" I answered.

—

"Stranger," he said, leaning on my pony's neck and looking at me confidentially, "you see it's thisser way. Me an' Nancy thar's been keepin' com'ny nigh on to three year come the thirteen day er nex' December, an' things had about got whar thar warn't nairy onerciss on the mounting as dared to look at the groun' she walked on. That's what! I'm some, stranger, whenst I gits riled, an' the fellows 'lowed 'twas my deal, an' cl'ared the track. Well, sech was matters, tell the twenty-seven day er las' Augus' whenst we was comin' home fum meetin' down to the cove, me an' Nancy. That day I axed an' Nancy spoke the word, an' we fixed the time—this here very day, blamed it—fur the not to be tied, the knot which binds, but don't inebcrate."

I saw the fellow's jaw was beginning to quiver, and suddenly he clapped his hands to his face and dropped back on the stone.

I thought he was going off into one of those staring trances perhaps, or worse, so I interposed gently:

"Where was the hitch?"

—

"Right here, durn it all," he shouted, slapping his narrow pantaloon and and flinging open his ample coat front. "These here clo'es, I tell you, Mam made 'em fur me with her own han's too, that's whar it hurts, I can't go back thar to the cabin an' tell mam Nancy scorned the clo'es she made, could you now, stranger, fyou was me? I've knowed man loner'in I hev Nancy, an' she hev stood by me th'ough evil as well as th'ough good report, in sickness an' in health"—the fellow's eyes were getting set again. "O, Lordy, whatcher reckon makes my ol' fool min' keep runnin' on that marridge cer'mony? As I aimed to tell you while ago, mam she made this here suit out'n-out, dyin' an' cardin' an' spinnin' an' weavin' an' cuttin' an' sowin' an' all. She ripped up pap's weddin' suit far a patron, which granpap he'd mar'id in the same befo' him. An' this hickory stripe shirt, she made it too, an' stranger, what's a fellow to do? I can't go home, s'help me Gawd, an' tell the ol' 'oman Nancy scorned the clo'es she made fur me, but I don't min' tellin' you, seein' you are handy an' seem kinder soft an' harmless. As I 'lowed the weddin' was to come off to-night, so I got ready and went down early, aimin' to be on han' an' thinkin' I could he'p 'roun' mebbe, fetchin' wood an' drawin' cider. I got thar soon arter dinner, an' Nancy's little sis Ten. she seed me comin' and runned an't tol' the yuthers. An' by gum, whenst I shinned over the fence, an' started up the parth to the house, thar they all was big as life came to the do' to watch me. Thar was Nancy an' her mam an' her dad an' Buck an' Jeems an' Marthy Ann an' 'Randy Gibbs f'um over at Jasper, what had come to stan' up at the weddin' an' that little Tennessee, an'—Nancy! Lord, how they seem' to swell thar in the cabin do' as I fumbled up to the house th'ough the dead leaves. Seem like thar was a plum army ov 'em thar—an' Nancy!—an' look like my legs tangled up same's a interferin' horse, an' my arms growed so long they tetched the grou' an' my feet so big the yearth couldn't hol' em. My, stranger, but I was hot whenst I did get to that cabin do,' which it natchelly seemed to be miles away. Well, whenst I did get thar, thar was Nancy!

—

"'Thomas McTair,' she said, pyeart like, steppin' to the front, an' 'Randy Gibbs a-eggin' her on fum behin', 'Thomas McTair,—Pap his name is Thomas, an' mam j'ined on the McTair for the Bishop what uster be down to Nashville—'Thomas McTair,' says Nancy, 'was you aimin' to marry in them jeans garments?' she says. 'Them was my intentions,' says I, seein' she had spoke so proper. 'Well, Mr. Lane,' she up an' answer, 'if them is your intentions, you'll git some yuther gal to marry you. If a man is too low down to git a pa's er sto' bought clo's to marry in, why the Lord have mercy on his sould, far I won't.' Yes, sir, them was Nancy's very words war, an' with that the do' slammed an' whenst I looked up thar warn't Nancy! O, Lord, O, Lord!"

"Stranger," he began again after a moment, eyeing my rough tweed suit, "did you mean them words you spoke about this here dad blamed suit er jeans? Did you know?"

"Well, yes," I answered, "from my standpoint, that is a first-rate suit, straight goods, all wool and a yard wide."

"Thanky, stranger, thanky," said Thomas McTair, exuberantly, "blamed ef I don't tell the ol' lady them words er your'n, but—see here, stranger, would you min' swoppin'?"

"What? Suits?" I asked, smiling at the remembrance of the twelve inches of difference in our heights.

"That's what," he said eagerly, "You see, it's thiser way. Thar's plenty time yit fo' the weddin' was to 'a been, an' ef you air a min' to 'commodate me I kin get thar by the time the squire'll come, an' bless Gawd, I'll git Nancy!"

"I am afraid your clothes won't fit me," I said, temporizingly.

His face fell. "Look here stranger," he said, and there were tears in his eyes, "I'm a-losin' the chance er Nancy! You don't know what that means, ca's you've never sot eyes on that purty face er hern, nur seen her walkin' in the mist uv a mornin' with the dampness curlin' that yeller hair uv hern, an'—O, Lord, stranger, ain't thar a gal somers as you'd die to git?"

"Right you are there, Thomas," I said, dismounting. "You've hit the nail on the head, and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Mam's cooked up a lot of good things, hasn't she, back at the cabin, for you and Nancy to start honeymooning on?"

"That's what," he answered.

"Well, shuck off. I'll lend you my suit till the weddin's over, provided you'll put me on the trail to your cabin and give me supper and a bed. A fellow gets kinder played climbing mountains."

"Stranger, you're a trump," cried Thomas with effusion. "You're a man ever' inch uv you an' you're treatin' me white. O, Lord, jest to think, I'll git Nancy!"

"I say, Thomas," said I, after we had both disrobed, "you'll have to get that turkey grease out of your hair, or I am afraid my hat won't stay on your head; it will slip off, you know."

"Right your air, stranger," he said, eyeing my rough shock, "mebbe a little stragglin' outlook, as you mought call it, would go better with sto' bought clo's. But come down this way a piece."

—

He picked up my bundle of clothes and his own big boots, which he had been compelled to remove in order to skin his trouser over his feet, and led the way down the trail in his under suit of unwashed Sea island.

We came presently upon a little cove under overhanging ledges of rock, whence a spring bubbled, trailing its way noisily down the mountain side. Before I knew what he was about Thomas McTair had thrown himself forward on the palms of his hands and was standing feet uppermost over the stream. The ripples gurgled through his long hair, washing the oil out upon the troubled waters.

"Never wet a thread, did I?" he said by and by, as he turned a somersault and landed on his feet.

By this time I was comfortably habited in his hickory shirt and brown jeans, with about a foot of trousers turned up in an English roll around my ankles.

Thomas McTair's dressing proceeded more slowly, converting him into a forked sight. My trousers struck him about the region of his calves and refused to be coaxed any lower, but this was a minor defect, as his cowhide boots nobly satisfied the deficiency. But up above there was no extenuating circumstances. The button tab at the end of the shirt bosom struck him amid-seas and lopped over the top of the low-cut vest. The short sack coat failed to hide the strap and buckle of his trousers in the rear, and showed a suspicious line of white round the waist places when he raised his arm. About three inches of Sea island undershirt formed a cuff protruding beneath the coat sleeve. His wet hair stood out in little weepy wisps all over his head, but the biggest thing in sight was the smile that pervaded his countenance.

"Don't happen to hev a lookin' glass about you, do you, stranger?" he asked when his toilet was complete.

"I do just," I said, reaching in my saddle-bags for my traveling case, and the glow of satisfaction that shone in his face at sight of his comical reflection rewarded me for my philanthropic endeavors.

"Stranger," he said to me by and by, as he held my hand in his, "you hev been to me a frien' in need wuth two in the bush, that's what. Now, s'long tell I see you ag'in. You foller the leading er that trail th'ough the underbrush an' fust news you know you'll see the cabin in the cle'rin an' mo'n likely mam er milkin' the cow. She's survigrous lookin', mam is, but she's all right. You jest tell her Thomas McTair sent you, an' your fori'ln's made with mam. The jug sets behin' the do'. S'long, I'm loaded now fur Nancy."

—

I watched him swing himself down with quick, free strides, and by and by turned my horse's head up through the underbrush. The sun was just sinking to rest and hung like a red ball of fire beyond the murky mountains. I turned for a last look at him to find myself staring straight down the barrel of a rifle.

"Didn't calk'late on this jest, did ye, stranger?" asked the old man at the end of the gun, as he came out from the underbrush. He was a long, lean, lank, tough old customer, with determination written in box car letters all over his hard old face, and I began to feel a little shaky in my bones with that hungry-looking rifle filling up the space between us.

"Well, I believe you are right, old man," I began, circulating through all the gray matter of my brain to produce an appropriate answer.

"I 'lowed not, ye dad blasted valley man, ye," the old man interrupted me. "I could give ye the same as ye sent, mebbe, with ol' meat-in-the-pot here, but shootin's too good fur ye. I guess ye'll keep handy enough, so ye'll 'commodate me by leading the way up that thar trail whilst me an' ol' meat-in-the-pot brings up the rear."

"No use talking over matters before we get up, is there, old fellow?" I asked, breathing easier at the chance of a respite, at least, and finding that the trail was the one pointed out by Thomas McTair. I put two and two together and concluded that my captor was the father of my whilom friend, and that perhaps matters might not prove as disastrous as they looked.

A half hour's steady pull brought us to the clearing which Thomas McTair had described, and sure enough mam was at the pen milking. The old man directed my way up to the rickety rail fence, and called his wife to him, speaking to her in husky whispers which I could not understand. By and by he made me dismount and lead the way into the cabin. "Onload, stranger," he said, motioning me to a seat in the chimney corner by the fire. I gave him my pistol and empty flask, which were all I had transferred from my pockets to Thomas McTair's when we changed clothes. Through the open window I saw the old woman leading away my tired nag, and I hoped she would give him a good supper. Presently she came in.

"Bets," said the old man, giving her the rifle, "ye set thar by the table an' keep the gun p'inted plum. Ef the skunk wink his eye onnecessary, why let her go Gallagher. I'd like to keep him till the boys kin see the fun, but blaze away ef he shows his teeth. I'll g'long down now."

—

Bets was a "survigrous" old woman as Thomas McTair had said, and she gazed at me with fire in her eye and her finger on the trigger. I calculated upon the chances of Thomas McTair's probable return to the parental roof and concluded that for the sake of my health and the welfare of humanity at large, it would be unwise to put off eating and drinking until that time. I looked the old lady straight in her fiery eye, and said with the deliberation o a seedtick grabbing for keeps and in the sanctimonious tone of a newly-appointed circuit rider.

"Madame, if I should by chance die of starvation before my friend Thomas McTair returns from the wedding, kindly tell him that it broke my heart to go without seeing him once more in this life and that I shall hove to meet him in heaven." The old woman's hand shook, and I feared the trigger would fall, but it didn't and I kept on. "Tell my friend Thomas McTair that I will and bequeath to him and his heirs forever my plug horse, my saddle-bag and all that in them is, my six-shooter and my empty flask, and this I do in return for the favor he showed me in so nobly exchanging this excellent and altogether lovely suit of brown jeans for my old garments, which moth and dust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. Amen."

By this time the old woman was in tears. She laid the gun on the table, grabbed a pumpkin pie from the shelf behind her with one hand and about a yard of fried smoked sausage links with the other.

"Stranger," she said, shaking a tear about the size of a marrowfat pea from the end of her thin nose, "stranger, set to."

She laid a plate upon the table as she spoke, flanked it with a bowl of apple sauce, a corn pone and about two dozen hard boiled eggs. "The cabin's your'n, stranger," she said, as I drew my chair to the board.

"And the jug behind the door?" I inquired.

"An' the jug behin' the door," she said, producing a fat brown demijohn and a cracked glass.

By and by she took the gun, set it over in the corner with a thumb. "Ol' Tom Lane allus was a borned fool," she said emphatically, as she fished her snuffbox and brush from her pocket and sat down to ruminate. I had about cleared up everything in sight, and was feeling wonderfully comfortable inside, when I heard a yell like a stray Comanche's and old Lane burst in upon us.

—

"Thank Gawd," he said, grabbing my hand and almost, crushing it in his own. "Thank Gawd, ye air 'live an' kickin'. Blamed ef I didn't think ye'd killed my son Thomas McTair fur the clothes on his back, blarst my o'l fool hide."

Thomas McTair came in soon after—and Nancy.

"By gum, stranger," said the big fellow, "fust you missed a close call f'um the old man's gun, didn't you. But it's all right now. You're safe, an' I've got Nancy." Thomas McTair stuck to his bargain of giving me a comfortable bed and I stayed with them until the sun was high in the heavens next day. My empty flask was filled and in its right place when we changed up clothes again.

"You've been a Gawd-sen' to me, stranger," he said at parting, "fur you got me Nancy."

The distant tree-tops blazed in the glory of the noonday sun as I turned from the little trail into the rocky mountain road; the gray squirrels warned themselves amid the branches overhead, rattling down chestnut hulls upon the fallen leaves, and away back in the underbrush I heard the high-pitched, happy voice of Thomas McTair, "O, git along, git along, git long Nancy, way down in Rockingham."

Guying the Guyer.

There was once a Harvard student that had a sister at Bryn Mawr, the girls' college near Philadelphia. The young man was unwise; he wrote her letters, poking fun at the college, and she read them to her classmates. They determined to inflict punishment by "guying" him, a method of torturing in which girls are experts. A Chicago paper describes the subsequent proceedings:

The sister, who was one of the conspirators, invited her brother to visit the college. He came, sent in his card and was ushered in to a large reception-room, where he waited for half an hour, during which time fourteen girls came in and looked at him. They came in pairs.

A pair would turn the corner of the room, and on seeing him start and say, "Oh!" in a surprised way, after which they would look him over carefully and say, "Oh!" again, but in so queer a tone that the Harvard man found himself wishing that he hadn't come.

This ordeal being over, his sister came in and took him to her sitting-room.

"I've invited some of the girls to meet you," said she. "If any of them should come in while I'm gone, you entertain them. I'm going over to Denbigh for a minute."

Scarcely had she left the room when a dozen girls came trooping in. The Harvard man arose, but they took no notice of him at first. After distributing themselves picturesquely in groups they fastened their eyes on him, and one of them began:

"Rather a nice-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes," said another, "rather; but his nose is too big. He doesn't look a bit like Edna."

"Poor fellow! Isn't it too bad he's so deaf?"

"Oh, well, it serves to make him quiet. Most Harvard men talk too much."

"Freshman, isn't he?"

"I believe so. He looks young."

During this conversation the subject of it had turned more colors than a prism exhibits. Presently one of the girls marched up close to him and yelled in stentorian tones. "How do you like Bryn Mawr?"

"B-b-b-beg your pardon," stuttered the visitor, finding his voice. "It's a m-mistake, you know. I'm not deaf. You've got the wrong man. I can hear perfectly well, really.

"We are delighted to hear it!" proclaimed the girls in measured chorus. Then they all came forward and shook hands with the youth, solemnly congratulating him on his excellent hearing; but his face was too much for them, and the continuation of the farce was spoiled by a gale of laughter, n which the victim finally joined.

Thereafter, in his letters to his sister, he never again referred to Bryn Mawr as a "hot-house for the forcing of incipient bluestockings."

The Colonel's Judgment.

"It was a hot fight, an' no m'stake, sah!" observed the colonel when the brush at Burnt Hickory was mentioned.

"You were there, colonel?"

"I shud say I wuz, sah! I wuz in command of my reg'meant, with powsah to use my own discretion, sah."

"And you led them in?"

"Not the resuvs, sah; not the resuvs—"

"Your men were in the reserve?"

"Let me explain, sah. You don't seem to grasp the idea, sah. I led fo' hund'ed and sixty men—"

"In the regiment?"

"Yes, sah. A car'ful commandah nevah takes in his whole fo'ce till it becomes a despit ease, sah. When the enemy come up in rifle shot an' made a stand, sah, I selected all my fo'ce but the resuvs, an' we sailed right up to pistol shot distance, an' thah we stood onah ground, sah, not a man flinchin', not a man movin', foh twenty minutes, while the bullets flew around us like sand, sah—"

"How many men did you lead in, colonel?"

"Two hund'ed an' eight!"

"But why did you not rush in your reserves and end the fight right there—"

"Shows youah lack o' military skill, sah. We had reconnoite'd the ground, an' found we couldn't fight no mo'n two hunde'd and eight men—"

"Why so, colonel?"

"Why, gud Lawd, sah, thah was on'y two hund'ed an' eight trees in the patch!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I Am An American"

A dinner was arranged in a Southern city in honor of a visitor from a Northern State, and the host, when the cigars were lighted, began to rally his guest by repeating some of the usual sectional jokes.

"We now have a northern Yankee at our mercy," he remarked, jocosely, "and hope that he may not be intimidated by the presence of so many Southerners. We can assure him that revolvers and bowie-knives have been left in the anteroom and that he is safe, at least until we get our hats and arms."

Everybody laughed and expected that the visitor would respond to this badinage by making full use of his privilege of ridiculing Southern peculiarities. He surprised the company by speaking in another vein.

"Our host," he began, "traveled with me in Europe and I observed that wherever we went he registered himself as an American and never as a Southerner.

"I thought it was a good example to follow and invariably put myself down, not as a Northerner, but simply and proudly as an American. What seems to me singular is the fact that two men, who were content to travel all over Europe as Americans, should fancy that they are anything else in their own country. I do not know why I should be onething at home that I am not when I have crossed the sea and gone among foreigners."

By this time the company perceived that they were to have something better than old-time Yankee talk and sectional quips. They encouraged the visitor to continue by applauding him heartily.

He ended by making a common-sense appeal for a more general use of the good old word "American."

"Let us not be proud of our common country," he said, "when we are abroad among strangers and ashamed of it when we are at home. I am from the North and you are in the South, but there is no source of patriotic pride open to you that is not mine as well by virtue of my birthright as an American. Nor can I glory in anything that is not yours also. If there be anything to be ashamed of it is a reproach to us all."

The company rose when the visitor sat down and joined in singing "Hail Columbia" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." They voted it one of the best after-dinner speeches that they had ever heard and congratulated him heartily upon his success in substituting wholesome and stimulating patriotism in place of the light diet of acrid sectional jokes.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Labor Law Fails.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has just declared the eight-hour law, or, as it is generally known, the sweatshop law, to be unconstitutional. This is of importance, as it is said to be the first decision in the United States rendered squarely against the eight-hour law. A federal law has been in existence for some 15 or 20 years declaring that eight hours shall constitute a day's labor on all government work or contracts, but Congress has not gone so far as to say that persons may not be employed more than eight hours in any one day. It has passed laws, however, reimbursing at a prorata rate employes in the postal service, in the navy yards and elsewhere who have been compelled to work more than eight hours a day since the eight-hour law was enacted. The constitutionality of the eight-hour law has not been passed on by the federal courts.

The Illinois law found a vigorous champion in Governor Altgeld, and it was passed at his instance. It did not apply to men, but was limited to women employed for more than eight hours a day, or 48 hours a week, in any factory within the state of Illinois. It was designed to break up the cruel sweatshop system in the manufacture of clothing but of course applied to other industries. Probably 40,000 women who work in factories in the state are affected by the law, and 32,000 of them live in Chicago.

The judicial reasoning is that the law is a restriction on the right to contract. It is held that women have the same constitutional rights in this respect as men; that the privilege of contracting is both a liberty and a property right. Liberty means the right to acquire property, and included the right to make and enforce contracts. Labor is property, and the laborer has the same right to sell his labor and to contract with reference thereto as his any other property owner. Therefore the court holds that the law conflicts with the section of the state constitution which says that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." The point is made in the decision that the law substitutes the judgment of the legislature for the judgment of the employer and employe in a matter about which they are competent to agree with each other. It is also denied that the law is a legitimate exercise of the police power of the state.

If the decision stands and is accepted as constitutional law in other states no 12-hour, 10-hour or 8-hour law can be made. We do not believe, as an exchange holds, that it will stand; but, in the exercise of its police power, looking to the health, comfort, welfare and safety of the people, there would seem to be ample authority for the exercise of such power by a state as well as the United States.—*Mt. Pleasant Journal.*

Gallant.

A really polite Frenchman can be complimentary in the face of unkind remarks.

Such a man, who had been bestowing upon a lady many compliments, asked her why she kept a large and apparently savage dog which had just entered the room.

"I bought him only yesterday," she answered flippantly, "and I am going to keep him in my front hall to eat up my admirers."

"Ah, ze poor animal," exclaimed the Frenchman; "to die of indigestion!"

A Detroit furniture man hung out a card inscribed, "Buggy! For Sale!" and placed it upon a second-hand bedstead.

A Mutual Mistake.

A rather amusing incident occurred during a recent hurried visit I made to a small town up the State that goes to show how easily we may be mistaken in this world of deception.

I had finished my business at the town and was desirous of catching the next train, which, however, did not leave for thirty minutes, so I decided to utilize the time by eating a hasty lunch.

Entering a restaurant I noticed a man (who from his appearance was a drummer) seated at one of the tables and ordering his meal by pointing to certain articles on the bill of fare. The waitress would indicate whether or not the dishes were to be had by a gesture or simple nod of the head.

I at once concluded that she was deaf and dumb, so I also gave my order by pointing to the name of the articles required, and finished by writing on the edge of the bill of fare the word "Hurry." She nodded, hustled away, and in a very short time had filled my order.

While eating, I congratulated myself on finding a place where I could get what I wanted in such short time, without idiotic useless palaver and inwardly resolved that a deaf and dumb waitress was an innovation that I would suggest to my landlady. Having finished my repast I went over to the cashier's desk to settle.

The waitress followed, and I am putting it somewhat mildly when I say that I was more than surprised when she bawled out in sweetly musical, well modulated tones that would have done credit to the "Bowery." "Dis is anunder of them nutes, he owes forty-five—." Concealing my astonishment I turned, bowed profoundly and thanked her for her attention. Well! you should have seen her. She laughed hysterically, flushed, turned green and had about forty fits before I could get out of the place, and the laugh of the cashier is still ringing as a discordant monotone in my hypoeritical, supersensitive ease.

Truly we can say with the poet "All things are not what they seem."

General Sickles and President Lincoln.

At the Lincoln birthday banquet in Washington, on Tuesday night a week, General Sickles told this story of the president for the first time:

"It was on the 5