

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 1 00
One Square, one inch, three months..... 3 00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 00
Two Squares, one year..... 20 00
Quarter Column, one year..... 10 00
Half Column, one year..... 5 00
One Column, one year..... 2 50
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Upon an indictment for selling or offering for sale of oleomargarine unmarked, the Supreme Court of Oregon lately held that it was not necessary to prove any overt act of offering it for sale in an unidentified condition, but that the mere possession of it and placing it in a store with other articles held for sale was sufficient to warrant a jury in finding that the same was offered for sale.

The following table, which the Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express has prepared with great care from many sources, shows the number of times the veto power has been used by the twenty-two men who have filled the Presidential chair:

Washington.....	3	Taylor.....	0
Adams.....	0	Fillmore.....	0
Jefferson.....	0	Pierce.....	10
Madison.....	2	Buchanan.....	4
Monroe.....	1	Lincoln.....	1
Adams.....	0	Johnson.....	21
Jackson.....	11	Grant.....	25
Van Buren.....	0	Hayes.....	12
Harrison.....	0	Garfield.....	0
Tyler.....	0	Arthur.....	4
Folk.....	3	Cleveland (so far).....	11

The English organization known as "Uncle Toby's Dicky-bird Society" boasts of members in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Hong Kong, South America, many parts of Canada and the United States. Within less than a decade since its initiation the organization has just reached in its ranks the grand total of 100,000 members. Each member has signed this pledge: "I hereby promise to be kind to all living things; to protect them to the utmost of my power; to feed the birds in winter-time, and never take or destroy their nests."

A writer for the Boston Herald says that the construction of the American railways has practically quadrupled the efficiency of the army on the Mexican frontier, and the ability to put the troops into the frontier States—where trouble generally begins—gives the Federal Government a sense of security which was never felt before. The Mexican soldier, though largely recruited from the criminal class by that system of compulsory service based on army enlistment being made the alternative of vegetating in prison, is a good fighter. He has recently done some effective work in the Yaqui war in Sonora, and, as a trailer of savage Indians, may be relied on to fight hard and march far, and all this on very light rations.

All sorts of queer trades flourish in New York, and one of the queerest is the purchase and sale of current coins. A printed list of quotations, sent out daily by a reputable firm, gives the market value of all sorts of specie. A Victoria sovereign is quoted at \$4.86, but an old sovereign may be had for \$4.75. United States halves, quarters and dimes are from 1/2 to 1 per cent. under par, and trade dollars are worth only 71 cents. Mexican dollars are divided into firsts and seconds, and are rated at 75 and 72 cents. There is a shave of 19 cents upon Central American and South American dollars. A New York club man to whom one of the circulars was sent, and who proposed to save money by buying some depreciated currency in which to pay his debts, was rebuked by his associates. "I would save \$20 on every \$100," he protested. "You will save the whole 109 by not paying," was the prompt rejoinder.

Some correspondents have made inquiries about the water towers used by the New York Fire Department, and the letters show that there is much curiosity in distant places concerning those contrivances which enable the firemen to extinguish flames in lofty buildings in this city without danger. A water tower is a large iron tube, supported on a truck by a turn-table. The big end of the tube is fastened to the table by means of a hinge and cog wheels, which are moved by a crank. By turning the crank two men can elevate the tube from a horizontal to a vertical position. The tube is in sections, and these sections are unscrewed and packed on the truck except when the tower is brought into play at a fire. When the tower is raised in front of a burning building the hose from two or three fire engines can be connected with the lower end of the tube and the water pumped by all the engines goes up through the tube and out of a big nozzle at the top. A wire cable enables the firemen to raise or depress the end of the nozzle, while the motion of the turn-table works the nozzle in another direction. The tower is used to throw large streams of water directly into the upper stories of high buildings when flames in the lower stories prevent the firemen from entering, or when the front walls are too unsafe to permit the firemen to reach the upper windows by means of ladders. The New York Fire Department has three water towers at present, but only two of them are kept in active service.

COMPENSATION.

The sun when setting in the west,
Its daily course has run;
The rising moon has only then
Its journey vast begun.
And thus, when one bowed down with years,
Sinks gladly to his rest,
Another soul appears on earth—
A heaven sent bequest.
—Mrs. Mumma, in Good Housekeeping.

GAY FEATHER.

It was nightfall of a November day. The dull red disk of the setting sun was slowly sinking behind the peak of a distant "divide." It dropped from the sharp point, and instantly a flood of mellow light poured along the sky, bringing out in bold relief the long, jagged outline of the range, tinting the white-capped peaks with soft rose color, and by vivid contrast, making still blacker the wide expanse of the plains with their herbage burnt by recent fires. To the left was a small creek whose winding course was marked by a fringe of scrubby willows, and whose waters flowing down from the rocky heart of the mountain, were chilled by the eternal snows.

Suddenly, far to the eastward, there appeared amid the purple and brown shadows, a strange, lurid glow, and behind it, a writhing, serpentine length—like the trailing body of a huge dragon with a single gleaming eye. It swept along, the light grew larger, there was a prolonged whistle whose shrill echoes were repeated from the distant rocky recesses, and then the express with its long line of cars steamed into the little station at Amerilla and stopped short with many a snort and sizzle.

As usual, a crowd had assembled to greet its arrival. A score of miners "from up the gulch," several officers from the garrison, two or three Mexicans with clanking spurs and gay-striped blankets, together with sundry women and children—all laughing and chatting. To the left of the station, a party of Indians formed a picturesque group. All were mounted on shaggy ponies. Among them was a young girl with a smooth, well shaped face, bright eyes and lithe form. She was dressed more gayly than the two elderly squaws who were her companions. A bright blanket was thrown over her slender shoulders, and beneath it was a dress of red and blue striped calico. Her feet were incased in neat moccasins, trimmed with colored porcupine quills; a string of beads was around her neck, and in her long black hair were braided vari-hued feathers. Her face wore neither the heavy stolidity nor the half-repressed ferocity of her race—its expression was gentle, almost melancholy. There was a pathetic droop to the sensitive lips, and a mild, pleading look in her soft, dark eyes.

As the train stopped, she leaned forward on her pony, an eager, expectant look overspreading her face. Among the first to alight from the cars was a tall, handsome man, wearing an officer's uniform; and closely following him came the trim, dainty figure of a pretty young lady, who, amid the motley crowd, seemed like some delicate blossom dropped down in a tangle of weeds. The women at the station stared at her with unaffected admiration, not unmingled with a little envy.

"Heigh! But she's a rare one!" exclaimed Jenny, the Scotch sergeant's wife. "She's as dainty as a bit of heather!"
"Humph! A stuck-up baggage, I'll warrant; though, for the matter of that, her gown isn't silk even!" said Mrs. Grosse, the wife of the "agent," who, rich in her husband's spoils, gloried in the possession of the only satin dress at Amerilla.
"Weel, she's a bonny brude, anyhow," persisted Jenny, "an' I don't wonder that the lieutenant feels proud of her."
"And I wonder what Gay Feather'll say," said Mrs. Grosse, with a disagreeable laugh and a knowing look at the Indian girl who had mentioned.
The latter caught both glance and remark. A faint, red glow overspread her dusky cheeks. She drew herself up proudly, uttered a brief word of command to her pony and dashed away through the crowd, the mud from her horse's heels plentifully bespattering Mrs. Grosse's gown.
"Drat these redskins!" muttered the agent's wife.

But Gay Feather heeded not this benign remark. She kept steadily on her way toward where the rose-tinted sky bent down and touched the gloom of the earth. Her lithe form, graciously erect, stood out in fine relief against the fast-fading light.
The young bride turned to look at her. "Isn't that one of your Indian belles?" she asked. "An' she pretty, Ellis! I wonder if I could ever learn to ride like that! Do look at her!"
"Hush!" said Lieutenant Armand. "Don't stop here."
His voice sounded strangely harsh, and, half frightened at its tone, the pretty bride looked up into his face. It was white and stern, but relaxed a little at her appealing glance.
"It didn't mean to be severe, Amy," he said, pressing the small hand resting on his arm. "But I want to get into our cabin as quickly as possible. There's a rough set here, and I can't bear to have you stared at."
Young Mrs. Armand soon realized that she was indeed among a "rough set." True, she found novelties, but there was little poetry. Instead, the plain prose of human nature, degraded beyond anything she had ever seen. Amerilla was not a pleasant place for a refined woman. But Lieutenant Armand had not thought much about that when he took his bride from her Eastern home. It was not in his selfish nature to be very considerate of others. Though not bad at heart, his early training had been void of those influences which tend to mold character

aright, and his after-life had been wild and irregular. But he had determined to reform now, for he loved this fair maiden with no feinting passion, but a strong abiding affection.
There were times, though, when he was sent on duty to the fort or to various trading-stations that she could not help feeling lonely and homeless. Upon a certain day, during one of these instances, as she sat in her cabin, striving to interest herself in a book, she heard the voice of Mrs. Grosse, who lived next to her, raised in shrill anger.

"You go long, you impudent baggage! We don't want none o' your kind here! What if your young one is sick an' like to die—it'll be good riddance to had rubbish! Go home to some of your Big Medicine Men an' let them chatter their gibberish over him! You shan't get athin' here, so go long! Leave, I say, or I'll set the dog on ye!"
Amy Armand opened the door and looked out. A few rods away, crouching amid the knotted buffalo-grass, was the Indian girl she had noticed on the night of her arrival—Gay Feather. She had a little papoose with her—not strapped on her back as was the custom—but carried tenderly in her arms. Its small face was wasted and pain-drawn. Poor Gay Feather's own face was haggard with anxiety.

She sprang to her feet as Amy approached her, and, uttering a brief exclamation in her native tongue, was about to move swiftly away. But the young wife laid her white, restraining hand on the dusky shoulder.
"Don't be afraid of me," she said, gently. "Tell me what you want, and perhaps, I can help you."
Mrs. Grosse regarded the two from her doorstep. She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "To think o' you a-talkin' to her!" she muttered, with a significance that was quite lost on Amy. And with that she went in, banging the door after her.

"Is the baby sick?" continued Amy. Gay Feather seemed to hesitate before answering. Yet somehow, Amy's sympathetic face and voice exerted a magic influence.
"Yes, papoose very sick—him die!" she said, at last, with a pathetic brevity.
"Oh, maybe not! He has a fever, I see. You want medicine for him?"
Gay Feather's face brightened. "Yes," she said. "But agent's squaw say No! She drove poor Indian away! Me believe Great Feather at Washington no know what devil agent's wife is!" and there was an angry flush from the dark eyes.

Amy Armand was the eldest of a large family. She was used to children and children's diseases. Her practiced eyes saw at once what the baby needed, and, after asking a few questions, she ran into the cabin, and going to her medicine-chest, drew from it the required drugs. These, together with a few sim, she dispensed, she gave to Gay Feather, and with a softened, grateful look, the Indian girl departed.

Winter with its drifting snows and icy blizzards swept over the plains, burying the little station at Amerilla in temporary oblivion. But even the dreariest season comes to an end, and presently Amy Armand awoke to a consciousness that, after all, nature had garments of beauty with which to clothe this barren desolation. With the coming of the spring sunshine, the scrubby grass melted into a thick carpet, dotted here and there with the gorgeous blue, scarlet and yellow of Western blossoms. The pale green of the willows stood out against the darker color of the hills, and the creek, warm now and limpid, swept on amid flowery banks.

But in the midst of this freshness and beauty was a horror greater than that of storm and isolation—a horror that daily increased. Rumors came that the Indians on the neighboring reservation, rebellious after the long winter of deprivation, and conscious that they had been shamefully cheated by the dishonest agent, were now, like hungry wolves, getting ready to spring forth upon their oppressors. As yet they were silent—but it was that silent, ominous silence which precedes a storm. But here and there conical fires lighted up the evening shadows, and now and then an Indian dashed by, and a glimpse of his face revealed it dabbled in ochre and vermilion.

But this did not seem to trouble the agent. Job Grosse was a fit companion for his coarse spouse. He was an ignorant, rough fellow, wholly unprincipled in his dealings with the Indians. To him they were as so many dogs, to be kicked and cursed. He laughed contemptuously when some of his more timid companions hinted of war-paint and "pow-wows," and begged that he would have the feeble garrison reinforced.
The fact was, the station at Amerilla had never been so poorly guarded as now. Lieutenant Armand, together with a dozen men, had gone ten miles westward to a trading-station. It was not without misgivings that he left Amy behind. Well-trained soldier that he was, he sniffed danger from afar.
"Good-by, sweetheart," he said, at parting. "Take good care of yourself. I swear somehow I dread to leave you! But cheer up! When I come back, I will see if I can't get stationed at some larger post; it will be far safer and more pleasant for you."

A night or two after his departure, Amy was awakened from a sound sleep. She sat up in bed gazing about her with a bewildered air. For a minute everything was quiet. The soft moonlight of a May evening streamed in at the one small window, and away in the distance sounded the rippling waters of the creek. But suddenly demonic yells broke the serene silence. Then came pistol shots and wild commotion. Trembling in every limb, Amy sprang from her bed and hurriedly dressed herself. Flinging

a shawl around her, she opened the door and cautiously peered out.

It was as she had feared. The Indians were attacking the station. Already the air rang with the shrieks of the dying. Sick with horror, Amy turned to flee, she scarcely knew whither, when suddenly from out the shadow of a tall cottonwood tree near by, there sprang a lithe figure—it was Gay Feather.

"Come, paleface lady, come with me—quick!" she panted, seizing Amy by the arm.
For an instant the young wife hesitated. Was this treachery! she asked herself. One glance at the Indian girl's sincere though anxious face reassured her.
"Where are we going?" she asked, as they sped along in the darkness.
"Me not tell now—no time talk! Hurry!"

Down among the willows by the creek was found the shaggy pony, tied, as Gay Feather had evidently left him.

"Him little, but strong," she said. He carried us both."
They mounted the animal, and guided by the Indian girl's careful hand, she stepped on briskly. Behind them the sky was all ablaze with the burning station. Before them the dark expanse of the plains stretched away till it met the silver-tipped gray of the horizon.
"You are very kind, Gay Feather," said Amy, patting the dusky arm thrown around her. "How came you to think of saving me?"
"Me know Indians kill um at station. Me no care for agent nor agents's squaw; and all the rest bad, too. But you—you give medicine for little papoose. He get well—laugh, crow, kick he's little foot. Me not want you killed, so me come—Hish! what is that!"

Suddenly, like a dark wind-cold, a band of warriors dashed by them, in mad pursuit of a fugitive soldier. The savages were too intent on overtaking their victim to perceive the horse and its riders, all of which were in the shadows of the willows. Instinctively, Gay Feather leaned forward to screen Amy from random shots, and as she did so a stray bullet pierced her own side.
Without a groan, she slipped from the saddle and sank upon the grass. The pony, as if conscious that some accident had taken place, stood still. Amy alighted and knelt beside the Indian girl.

"Gay Feather, my poor friend! Are you much hurt?" she whispered.
Gay Feather looked up and smiled.
"Me hurt bad—think. But never mind, pretty paleface! You take pony and go on. Follow creek. Keep in shadow—be careful—let no Indians get you. Hurry!"

"No! no! I can't leave you so! Do you hear, good girl!"
But the faithful Indian woman made no response; she had sunk into a state of unconsciousness.

Amy sat beside her and drearily waited. As long as she lives she will never forget that night! The distant yells died away; the lurid gleams from the burning station faded out of the sky; all was silent, save the moan of the night-wind and the murmur of the waters, sharply broken now and then by the yelp of a prowling coyote. After hours of agonizing suspense, a faint light began to tinge the eastern sky. Fleecy clouds of rose and gold floated towards the zenith; the dingy brown of the plains took on a soft amethyst, deepened here and there by purple shadows; the white cones of far-away peaks seemed bathed in floating, misty glory. Thank God! The morning had come! With the rising of the sun was seen in the distance a party of horsemen, and it was with feelings of intense relief that Amy recognized the familiar dark-blue uniforms of army officers; and that relief was changed into great joy when she beheld, riding at the head of the band, her own husband, Lieutenant Armand. Mounting the pony and waving her shawl to attract attention, she dashed forward to meet him.

"Amy! you here? Thank God! We heard that an attack was to be made, and I have been riding hard ever since midnight. But how come you here, and saved."
"It was dear, kind Gay Feather, who saved me," said Amy.
"Gay Feather!" stammered her husband, his face turning red and then deathly pale.

In a few words as possible, Amy related the circumstances, at the same time leading him to the place where lay the Indian girl. She was still breathing, but it was with much difficulty. As they drew near, she opened her eyes and smiled.
"Me save your palefaced squaw, Lieutenant Armand," she said, in her low, musical voice. "She good squaw; you must be kind to her all your life!" Here she paused, and beckoned him to draw nearer. Reaching up two slender, brown arms, she drew his head down to her face, and whispered: "Don't cry—brave never cry—only squaw do that! Me forgive—"

The sentence was never finished, for the dark eyes closed, and poor Gay Feather was gone!—Mery F. Bush.

Well Punctured.
For the last twelve years Otto H. Bowman, who died at the Bridgeport Hospital Sunday has been kept alive by hypodermic injection of morphia. For the nineteen months he had been at the hospital it is estimated that his skin had been punctured 2,999 times in order to perform the operation, and five ounces of sulphate of morphia was the quantity used. In addition to this he was given daily two ounces of whisky until recently, when he was allowed a bottle of beer daily. Before entering the Bridgeport Hospital he was in Bellevue, where he was under the same treatment. It is estimated that in the last twelve years his skin has been punctured 7,000 times, and there was scarcely a spot on his whole body where the marks of the hypodermic needle could not be seen.—Hartford Times.

RUNNING A BANANA FARM.

HOW THE FRUIT IS RAISED ON COSTA RICA PLANTATIONS.

Preparing the Land for the Seed—No Plow or Harrow Needed—Harvesting the Crop.

Fifteen years ago the State of Costa Rica was covered, save some shallow belts along the coast, by dense primary forests. Very little was known of the interior except what was told now and then by some hardy adventurer. The natives on the eastern coast cultivated little else than plantains and cocoa, and exported dyewoods. The government saw the necessity of opening up the interior, and connecting by rail the eastern and western sides of the State. A contract was made with Mr. Minor C. Keith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to build a railroad from Port Limon, on the east, to San Jose, the capital of the State. It was a giant undertaking. The immense forest had to be cut down, and great difficulty was experienced in procuring laborers who could withstand the trying climate of the lowlands.

Fifteen years ago the road was commenced and seventy miles are now in operation. The trains run from Port Limon to Cartago, over a splendid road-bed, crossing thirty iron bridges, all made in the United States. Fifty miles yet remain to complete the line to San Jose, and there will then be an outlet for the products of the highlands to the eastern coast. It is estimated that 300,000 sacks of coffee are annually raised on the western side, and that traffic will be diverted to the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean.

The cultivation of bananas began about six years ago on the lowlands, and now all the land along the line of railroad, one mile wide, is taken up by banana farms, a majority of which are owned by citizens of the United States. Each farm is one mile square, the land having been purchased for \$10 a manzana—about one acre and a half of our land measurement. There are now about 150 square miles under profitable cultivation.

It is only necessary, to cultivate the banana in Costa Rica, to cut down the forest, and then the land is ready to receive the seed. The plow and the harrow are unknown. The trees are allowed to lie where they fall. What is called the banana sucker, a bulb resembling an onion, is planted about eighteen inches deep and from fifteen to eighteen feet apart in among the fallen trees.

At the expiration of nine months the banana plant has reached a height of fifteen feet, and bears one bunch of fruit. Fifteen or twenty of these plants or trees in various stages of development are seen at once sprouting from the same "sucker," bearing fruit successively the year round for seven to ten years from the first planting. Along the river banks, where the soil is renewed, they bear twenty years from the first planting.

When the bananas are ready to cut a farmer who cultivates a mile square of land will take about forty men, five of whom are regular cutters, and the others convey the bunches out to the cars in mule and ox carts as fast as they are cut. In a day and a half the crop is harvested. The laborers are all Jamaica negroes and natives, who receive \$1.25 per day for their work.

After the bananas are loaded on the train, they are taken to Port Limon, placed on a vessel and brought to New York. From this city they are shipped to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and as far south as Jacksonville, Fla.—New York Star.

A Nose-Pulling Affair.

Mr. Adams' private secretary was his son, John Adams, who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited the Washington Telegraph, a newspaper which advocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing-room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston. Mr. Jarvis introduced those who were with him to Mrs. Adams, who received them courteously, and they then passed on into the East room. Soon afterwards they found themselves standing opposite to Mr. John Adams, who was conversing with the Rev. Mr. Stetson. "Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Stetson. "That," replied Mr. John Adams, in a tone so loud that the party heard it, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here." The Bostonians at once paid their respects to Mrs. Adams and withdrew. Mr. Jarvis having first ascertained from Mr. Stetson that it was Mr. John Adams who had insulted them. A few days afterward Mr. Jarvis sent a note to Mr. John Adams demanding an explanation by a friend of his, Mr. McLean. Mr. Adams told Mr. McLean that he had no apology to make to Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished no correspondence with him.

A week later Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the President to each House of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives he was going through the rotunda toward the Senate Chamber when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face. A scuffle ensued, but they were quickly parted by Mr. Dorsy, a Representative from Maryland. President Adams notified Congress in a special message of the occurrence and the House appointed a select committee of investigation. Witnesses were examined and elaborate reports were drawn up, but neither the majority nor the minority recommended that any punishment be inflicted upon Mr. Jarvis.—Ben. Perley Poore.

It costs \$14,000 a year to light the White House.

THEY NEVER COME BACK AGAIN.

Oh, the days, the days in the dear old past,
With their kisses, their bliss and pain!
My heart droops sad 'neath the overcast,
For they never come back again.
Oh, my cup was brimmed with pleasure's
delight,
And my sky was sunny and clear,
But the morrow's blank as I look to-night
Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.
Come back, come back, dear days ago,
With your kisses, your bliss and pain!
For my heart droops sad as I wait o'erlong
For the days that ne'er come again.
Swept off on the ebbing tide afar,
My barque that was light and gay;
And I waited long at the harbor bar
For its sails to return this way.
Ah, nevermore! I come back to me
The kisses and blisses of yore;
For I see 'yond the posts of eternity
The rain and the shadows pour.
The sweet, sweet past, with its fond delight,
Is lost in the darkness drear,
And the morrow's blank as I gaze to-night
Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.

The world's as bright as of yester-e'en,
And hearts are light and gay,
But my soul's a drear as I gaze on the scene,
And dream of a long-gone day—
The pressure of lips and clasp of hands,
Like phantoms drift in the rain,
Like spirits afar in the shadow lands—
But the days they ne'er come again.
—H. S. Kellor, in New York Clipper.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is nothing that makes a man so warm as talking continually about the heat.

An enthusiastic meeting—two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour.—Burlington Free Press.

Four hunters (who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and failed to hit it)—"Well, I wonder who missed that time."—Fliegende Blätter.

Keely, the motor man, used to be head waiter in a hotel. That is where he got the wonderful patience with which he waits for his motor to mope.—New Haven News.

The claims of the Anarchists that their aim was to elevate their fellow-men is still right. What we object to is the stuff they wanted to elevate them with.—Lancet Critique.

"What is wanted in this country," said the bride, as she examined the wedding presents, "is not civil service reform, but silver service reform. This set is plated."—Boston Courier.

Fidibus tells the story of a conductor on a slow railroad who told one passenger that he had been on the road for nine years. "Then," said the passenger, "this must be your second trip."

"A barrel wouldn't be sufficient to carry you over Niagara," said the conductor to a man who was trying to sprawl himself over four seats in a crowded passenger car. "You would need a hog-head."—Texas Siftings.

If you have an enemy do not buy his boy a drum. Your enemy would probably kick through the sheepskin within twenty-four hours. Buy his next door neighbor's boy a drum. It will work just as well and he can't get at it.—Somerville Journal.

AN ENGAGEMENT BROKEN.
The maiden took her chewing gum and placed it on a chair.
For she had heard her lover come
With swift feet up the stair.

Upon the chewing gum he sat—
The joyous hours flew past—
But when he rose to take his hat
He found himself stuck fast.

"Oh! worse disaster never was,"
She cried as out she ran:
"I never can marry yet because
You are a fast young man."
—Boston Courier.

A Comical Duel.

The Boulanger fight in Paris recently is not, after all, more comical than the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchester in 1820. In the course of a debate on Catholic emancipation Lord Winchester described the Duke, then Prime Minister, as having come forward in a novel character as the defender of morality and religion. A challenge followed, which the Duke, of all men, might have abstained from giving. The Duke, as he afterward told the story, determined not to kill his antagonist, lest he should be detained in prison pending his trial, but to hit him in the legs. Lord Winchester's seconds placed him so near a ditch that the Duke with difficulty restrained himself from calling out: "If you put him there he'll fall in." The Duke failed to hit Lord Winchester's legs, and missed him altogether. Thereupon Lord Winchester fired into the air and read a written apology. The Duke went down to Windsor, and the following remarks were interchanged between the King of England and the First Minister of the Crown: The Duke—"I have to inform your Majesty that I fought a duel this morning." The King—"I am a devilish glad to hear it, Arthur." Such was the dignified and appropriate language of the "first gentlemen in Europe."—Chicago Herald.

A Club on Wheels.

The newest club I've heard of is on wheels—the "Parlor Car Club," running between Irvington and New York. Initiation fee, \$200; club house, the parlor car; Duchess; great mogul, house committee, committee on admission, etc., Mr. Jay Gould. It's not such a bad idea, though, for men like Gould, Cyrus Field, Tiffany and other paupers who have to come to town every day to hire this car, and exclude the herd. Each member may introduce one friend for one trip. The saddest part of the organization is that one railroad accident might wipe out the entire membership, club house and all.—New York Star.