

MY PORTION

Very little of gold have I. Wealth and sweet have passed me by. That something staid in my life I hold. That I would not give for place or gold.

heroically to the name, and persistently allied to him as "the Arapahoe." It always has been a fancy of Mr. Henderson's that the son of his daughter should like to be a soldier.

courtesies to which all women attach so much importance, he was a veritable Bazaar. They, to be sure, took long drives, and availed themselves of various other amusements which a country life affords.

The Marriage Broker. A few years ago a young man of fine personal and mental advantages, but without a dollar in his pocket, arrived in Paris from one of the provincial towns.

"Sir," said the young man, resolutely, "would you believe that that man who entered your box last night proposed your daughter's hand to me, with her dowry, and your fortune, for a certain sum of money?"

The Hotel Yanker. "That's the fourth case of booze I've handled to-night, and it's only two o'clock; the boys must be having times, and no mistake."

Guy's Revenge. A hunter was hurrying through forests in the direction of a small settlement on the banks of a stream that mingled its waters with the Mississippi.

Taste in Dressing. Quiet color is most effective. Brilliant colors at once attract the eye, but soon exhaust it. Quiet colors need not necessarily be dark; gray is quiet but also light.

YOUNG MR. GORDON.

"Young Mr. Gordon will be here next week, Pansy?" Miss Mollie Henderson, familiarly known as "Pansy"—presumably because she did not wear a bonnet—was sitting at the table, and looking at a letter which she had just received.

"Of course I'll do that, papa," replied Mollie dutifully, as she sat up with the sofa tapping one little foot with the other and gazing upon the operation in a reflective manner.

"I am sorry that you and Johnnie should have fallen out," said the elder Mr. Gordon to Mollie the following day, "because we are going away to-morrow, and it seems to me that anything mar the pleasure of our visit."

"I am sure I don't know," replied the young man, "a count, perhaps, or a marquis, or, at least, a man of fortune."

The glass used in this work is of many grades and qualities. Glass of varying thickness is much severe for varying lighter or darker shades of color, and the color varies as the glass is heated to a red heat and is then pushed by various tools, pressed by dies, squeezed into ridges, or rolled over an uneven surface.

"Well, you see, it is, although I've seen the nights when I've had seven or eight fellers, all as light as drums, to put to bed. Oh, the night watchman of a hotel ain't got no soft snap, and don't you forget it."

"What do you mean? Why, I mean I've run four drunken men up to bed this blessed night, and a devil of a row a couple of 'em made about it, too."

When the general Government sought to remove the Indians to their reservations, many of different tribes fled into the everglades, and it is estimated that 700 or 800 are now living there.

THE BRIDGE FAILURE.

A letter from Brooklyn, says: The Brooklyn bridge is a failure, and the people of New York and Brooklyn recognize it as such. Of course it is a grand piece of engineering—it is simply magnificent by day and night, but it doesn't fill the wants of the people.

"I want you!" she suddenly exclaimed, and before young Mr. Gordon had time to react on this extraordinary declaration he found a very pretty young lady sobbing violently in his arms.

"Five hundred francs! I could not give you five francs if no life depended upon it," exclaimed the young man.

"But," rejoined the other, "you can give me five francs in the form of a loan, and I will give you five francs in the form of a dowry of 300,000 francs, and double that when her father dies; that the father is apoplectic, and the mother moribund, and the matter is urgent."

A discussion concerning the rates of wages in the chief towns of North and South Germany has brought out that the average weekly wages, the working day being 12 hours all through the year, in Berlin is 25 marks.

"Well, sir, often, though sometimes one of 'em will come down handsome, but mostly when they have to be helped to bed they are too rummy to know enough to do it right thing, and, of course, when they wakes up, next morning they generally have heads on 'em, and goes away without even thinking of the trouble I had with 'em the night before, and even if they did I wouldn't be on duty, so they couldn't remember my kindness anyhow. The only case when I ever struck it real rich was one night last May. I had lugged a great big fellow, from Colorado, I think, up to 245, on the third floor, and was just helping him into bed when—"

Here the hotel annunciator began ringing, and the night clerk, looking up, remarked with a yawn: "That's the third time 219 has rung; Bill, 'spose you let up on that fairy tale you're giving us, and run up to see what he wants; and the much-enduring friend of the intoxicated patrons of the hotel winked at the newspaper man, said: 'That's one of 'em, and slowly wet up-stairs."

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TEA-DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

Now that the English people have done so much to stem the evil of intemperance, the use of alcoholic liquors are devoting their attention to intemperance in other things. One of these things is tea-drinking, concerning which there is now considerable agitation in England.

"I like mackerel," said young Mr. Gordon, "especially when they are served with baked potatoes and toast." Mollie, who was sitting at the table, and looking at her father, said: "I don't like mackerel, but I like baked potatoes and toast."

"I don't know," replied the young man, "a count, perhaps, or a marquis, or, at least, a man of fortune."

There is a very pretty young lady sobbing violently in his arms, and he is holding her in his arms, and she is sobbing violently.

The greatest numerical strength of the German army in the late war with France never exceeded 1,400,000 men but a writer in a recent number of the Review declares that in a future war half a million more soldiers could be sent into the field.

"You are mine, Alice Greenman, now and forever," he said. "He took a step toward her. "Back, villain! Touch me not!" she cried. "Death would be far better than a life with you! My husband will be avenged upon you for this outrage."

Hardly had these words left her lips before the sharp report of a rifle rang through the forest, and, falling at her feet with a bullet through his heart, Ralph Sanford's dead form was sent before the savages.

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THE HOTEL YANKER.

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"What do you mean? Why, I mean I've run four drunken men up to bed this blessed night, and a devil of a row a couple of 'em made about it, too."

"Are you particular acquainted with the individual who entered your box last night, and your fortune, for a certain sum of money?"

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