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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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POMEGRANATES.

Pomegranates sweet and pomegranates sour
Hang in the red October sun;
Nobody knew, when they were in flower
And their life had just begun,
Which was the sweet and which was the sour
Till they ripened one by one.

The blooms were hats of cardinal hue
And trumpets of yellow flame;
And as the fruits to perfection grew
Their red-coats were just the same.
Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in two,
And their deep red hearts burst out to view,
But till they were tasted, nobody knew
Where the sweet and the sour came.
For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat,
But a luscious thing is a pomegranate sweet!

In youth-time's bright and rosy bower
A bevy of maidens play,
Their fresh young life is just in flower,
But which is the sweet and which is the sour,
Pray, who will dare to say?
But there will come a day
When life's sharp darts
Will cleave their hearts,
And taste we must in adversity's hour,
Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

—Zitella Cocke.

WHITE MARIE.

A GEORGIA PLANTATION STORY.

[Marie is a white, but knowing only black Suzette as her "mammy." Two couples, Ike and Elvira, and Jake (a black brute) and Marie have been commanded to marry. The scene is the night before the double wedding.]

Suzette's cabin is lighted by the red glow of a sputtering pine knot in the chimney. She bends over the smoke-dyed flame, her handkerchief-covered head sunk deep in her fat and shining arms.

She looks over her shoulder into the darkness behind her. Her own bulky form is exaggerated into a shadow giantess on the wall, and round this silhouette, weird, snake-like sprites of shade, born of the ropes of smoke from the pine, pirouette gleefully. Traces of dried-up tears are in the wrinkles of the dusky woman's cheeks. Her work-hardened fingers tremble on her knee, and her frame quivers convulsively.

"O my Lawd!" she prays, in deep anguish, "show po' Suzette de right way. Now w'at kin she do in dis yer trial en tribulation? Dis is de fus time, you kn w, I actu'ly give in. 'Deh aint er spark er light in de wilderness, en it's till wid swamps en dark ez pitch en no way out. Oh, my Lawd! you mus' fill my lamp ergin."

She ceases to pray, but does not look up when a slow, light step nears the door on the dew-covered grass. Marie stands on the threshold, a picture of youth in the clutches of dark despair, drawn on the vast space-canvas which is stretched from earth to the stars.

Since Marie can remember, Suzette has not failed to meet her with a smile—the smile is not forthcoming tonight. As the girl languidly places her hat on the bed, she eyes the dejected old form in a way that shows that she fully comprehends the woman's feelings. She sighs and turns to the door. She peers out into the far-spreading blackness as one in a dream sees strange, threatening aspects and feels unable to flee from them.

Sometimes, when the rapidly scurring clouds are thinnest in front of the moon, the majestic convexity of the nearest mountain shows, clear cut, against the sky.

Sounds of unalloyed merriment from Elvira's domicile subordinate the singing of the breeze-touched trees near by. They are the harmonious thump of a banjo and the resonant, drum-like beating of bare feet on a puncheon floor. Now and then snatches of happy, plantation songs are sung amid bursts of hearty laughter.

This merrymaking is intended to do honor to the dawning wedding-day of Ike and Elvira. Neither had sought marriage, perhaps for the reason that they had not been taught to think and decide for themselves in matters where their own welfare was concerned; but now that their banns had been cried by their master's relentless agent, they could raise no word of objection. Indeed, after the first faintly queer sensation was over, they began to feel quite happy in being the cause of the revellers' turbulent fun-making.

The "banjo player" and "my crowd" as he terms the stentorian-lunged loungers who join in the chorus to the rhymeless stanzas he invents, are seated, some in the door of the cabin, others on the floor, with willowy bending bodies and clapping hands. Cries one:

"Dance, Ike; shuffle yo'se'f!"

"Shake dat long foot, you fool darky!" shrilly pipes a pickaninny who is wriggling and gyrating in a corner and kicking and slapping the wall with his feet and hands as if bewitched with the music.

"Mek um bofe kick de high weddin' fling!" sings out another. Then from the mouth of the leader:

"De holler er his foot mek er hole in de groun',
Hole in de groun', hole in de groun',
Who's been yer sence I been gone?
Er long, slim darky wid er white shut on."

Willing Ike rises from the floor with a mouth-stretching grin, and plants himself in the centre of the ring of faces, and begins his performance by simply swaying his body to and fro and now and then slapping his brogan sole against the door.

"Git out, I'm wid you! Dis floo' aint gwine ter hol' me. Oh, I'm er slidin' down de snow mountain!"

"Hump, hump, he humps er long,
Po' ole darkey aint much strong."

chimes in the deep voice of the random soloist.

"He gettin' in er weavin' way. Ike, do yo' bes'—cut her clean throo! Show um whar you been raised!" shouts an enthusiastic admirer in spasm of glee.

"Mek Elvira jine im!" yells the banjoist. "Pull 'er out, mek 'er show up. Dey aint fitten' ter marry less'n dey kin dance tergerr. See w'ich kin outlas' de longes'!"

In an instant Elvira is drawn into the ring. Ike emits a defiant guffaw to greet his antagonist.

"You'll find me 'ight yer on dis plank at sun-up, Elvira," he says; "you better not try me; tek er gal, er one 'at aint long-winded."

"Shuh!" This exclamation of supreme and defiant disgust is all that Elvira can spare the breath to say, as she vigorously bends herself to the contest.

"She ain't gwine talk," laughs a woman above the roar of voices and music. "She's er savin' 'er win'; I boun' you see Ike laid out lak er tree fell on 'im. I done see too many women shuffle. Ike's er fool; she kin do it en not half try. See 'er hol' 'er dress lak she is drivin' er brood er chickens; she ain't even wuk 'er han's."

The dance continued till Ike began, indeed, to show signs of flagging. Under the applause and enthusiastic praise of the audience, Elvira kept up brightly, and Ike slunk with hanging head and quivering knees from the ring. For some moments Elvira refused to quit the circle, but at last she allowed two other aspirants for eclat to take her place, and she swaggered proudly from the ring.

Marie turns gloomily away from the door, and closes her ears to the sound of this merriment.

"Mammy," she says, standing behind Suzette, who is lifting a live coal of fire from the hearth to her pipe. The woman has accomplished the trick innumerable times before with infallible dexterity, but now her trembling fingers fail in adroitness, and the angry coal inflicts a burn on her hard palm. "Mammy," Marie goes on, panting so that she can hardly speak, "have you heard what Marse Johnson said about me and Jake?"

The momentary sufferer of bodily pain applies the smarting spot to her tongue, and then rubs it on her gown over her round knee with a greater show of pain than the incident calls for, and obviously to excuse herself from making a reply to the girl's earnest query.

"Mammy," continues Marie, her words almost inaudible, and touching her bowed companion with a gesture of despair, "I can't bear it. O God, I want to die!"

"Honey,"—but no effort of Suzette's can induce the words to come forth which tremble in her brain. She lowers her turbaned head almost into her lap.

Marie turns from her to the door with a deep sigh and a face void of blood.

"Whar you 'gwine?" asks Suzette quickly.

"Let me alone a little while, mammy; I'll be back soon. I feel I'm burning up, soul and body. Let me go out in the night air."

She goes out into the fields. The clouds are swirling dark overhead, and dazzling electric hieroglyphics split their density. On, on she strides, the turbulence of her mad thoughts giving springs to her feet. A fine mist is blown into her fevered face. A low, threatening rumbling comes from the clouds, and the mighty trees on the mountain are tortured to groaning in an upper current of air. The music in Elvira's cabin dies away into a faint hum. At last she finds herself on the river bank, and experiences a faint sensation of surprise to see that she has walked so far. In fact, she can't remember when she crossed the branch, about half-way between the river and her cabin. She does not wonder over it long, however. The water lashing the sandy beach is deep and dark, and seems to have a voice of its own, a solacing kind of murmur which seems to promise to relieve her of her great, weighty, heart-breaking burden if she will allow it.

The stream may be the great, limpid, restful arm of God extended to embrace her. They should find her floating somewhere, on the morrow, and should know then that they had made a mistake in trying to dispose of her as they had. Perhaps the sun would be shining then over the place she loved so well, for the hurrying clouds, with their vivid gleams of lightning, seemed only to boast of their power to storm. The good, kind old colonel, who had not, she was sure, given the order for her sacrifice, would be back at Oaklawn ere her burial, and would look on her pale face with sadness. She knew he would, and that the water of sorrow would rise into his kind eyes, for he had a good heart and loved her in his way, and had spoken kindly to her many times.

Mrs. Bickerstaff, away down in Charleston, should read the news and cry, for the kind-hearted lady had wept over the death of slaves not so much favored as she had been. And Harry might be at Miss Laura's side when he heard of it. His manly face should undergo a change. He, too, would recall some scenes which were before her mind's eye, and which pained her even more than the prospect of death. He would want to be back at the plantation on the day they laid her in the grave among the other slaves. If he could be at Oaklawn he would lay flowers on her coffin and look sadly on her face. With the flowers might be some red roses like those he once twined among her raven tresses.

She moved down to the eddying water's edge and laved her hand in it. A dazzling flash from the clouds reveals the rugged river bottom. Mud-clogged logs and monster slimy boulders lie in repose there. Absently she tosses a stone into the whispering, bubble-strewn liquid—thus would she sink, save her long, unbound hair, which would throw out its many arms to the stream's clutches. She would lie there among those finny and creeping things; they would crawl over her face with their tiny feet and crunching, hungry mouths, and rest in the orbits of her eyes as they might in the crevice of a stone.

She shuddered, but she knew she should not know it. She herself would not be there, for she would be at rest—rest, sweet rest. But she would not want them to have trouble in finding her on the morrow. She had read how people were traced to their watery graves by some part of their attire being left on the shore. She must leave something. The ribbon in her hair will suffice. She unties it from her warm mass of hair and makes a bow of it on the bush. She remembers now that she essayed to teach Harry to tie a bow once; as this thought warms her mind, she lingers and draws the bow's flying streamers in and out to make its parts smooth. Then she unlaces her shoes and tosses them on the shore behind her.

Her features are now passive. She wonders if the plunge into blackness will give her pain. Something touches her on the shoulder.

It is Suzette, with gleaming eyes and heaving bosom.

"No, no, honey," she pants, after her hard running. "No, 'at aint right You tek yo' lill shoes, my precious baby, my onlies' lill girl. Yer le'me put um on fur you. No, my chile aint gwine to forgit w'at de Good Book say. You mus' put yo' trus' in Him en never shrink back. He mus' try His sheep, but it all in his name. I know what you is got in yo' mind; but, honey, dat aint de bes' way. You mus' bear up. De Lawd got His eye on you, 'hind 'at black cloud up deh, same ez de moon kivered over. Now, honey, lay yo' haid in my lap des lak you usster," she went on persuasively, pulling the stunned girl down upon the sand. "I done been prayin', en now Gawd sen me light. 'At's right, cryin' gwine do you good. Now lay still; I mus' talk ter de Lawd ergin, kase I kin see you is gittin' in de reconcile way."

"Lawd, my Gre't Master," then prayed Suzette, with uplifted eyes and her hand on Marie's tresses, as the girl sobbed in her lap. "Lawd, you know all 'bout me en dis yer lill chile. I done been comin' ter you time en ergin en got new strength; but, Good Lawd, dis yer is de wuss yit—wuss'n all put togerr. She need some he'p fum high up, for she is sore 'plexed wid de cup at won't pass 'er now. Lawd, I gwine hush up now, but I'm still waitin'. Dis do seem lak it wrong, but you know bes', en me en her is willin' ter 'bide by yo' will. He'p us ter keep we-all's feet in de narrow road. I done feel submissive, Lawd, but show de po' lill chile, too, lak you done show me. Amen."

The humble supplicator dropped her trembling lips upon the white neck, in her lap, and both were still for a moment. Then Suzette whispered earnestly:

"Pray—pray ter 'Im honey."

Suzette could feel the girl's dumb lips moving in her apron. Then silence fell upon the pair, save the murmuring of the lapping water and the voice of the wind in the trees on the mountain.

"Mammy"—the girl's beautiful face rose from Suzette's lap damp with tears.

"What, honey?"

"I know I was wrong, and you are right. God shows me now." The wide sleeves fell from the white soft arms that stole round the woman's yellow neck, and the young face was pressed close against the old. "It seemed like I just could not stand it," the young voice continued. "Let's go home now. God put me by birth in Jake's race, but I proudly rebelled, and had my vain soul placed on a higher worldly life, and so locked my Creator out of my being. I will do as they say."

She shuddered as they walked arm in arm homeward.

"Mammy," presently.

"Yes, my chile."

"Will you always stay by me?"

"Ez Gawd is my helper."

"But, mammy, you just keep on praying. I will need it. God must not quit my side."

The clouds were thinning; waves of moonlight fell over the rolling lands. All was quiet on the plantation.

A form stepped out of the dusk and took Marie in his arms.

It was Harry.

The poor girl shrieked with joy and then lay limp in his passionate embrace.

Her overwrought nerves had given way.

"I done think de good lawd wouldn't jes' 'low dat dreffle sin ter be consummate," sighed Suzette as she stepped into her cabin and left them alone in the moonlight.—Will. N. Harben.

Lincoln, the Lawyer.

"Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you," said Abraham Lincoln to a man anxious to retain him; "we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get for for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, to the woman and her children.

"You must remember," continued Mr. Lincoln, "that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Mr. Herndon, for twenty years Mr. Lincoln's law partner, and now his biographer, says that he once wrote to one of their clients, "I do not think there is the least use of doing anything more with your lawsuit. I not only do not think you are sure to gain it, but I do think you are sure to lose it. Therefore the sooner it ends the better."

"I see that you've seen suing some of my clients, and I've come down to talk with you about it," he said one day day to a lawyer, who had brought suit to enforce the specific performance of a contract.

Upon seeing the evidence to be presented, Mr. Lincoln said, "Your client is justly entitled to a decree, and I shall so represent it to the court; for it is against my principles to contest a clear matter of right." Some lawyers would have contested the case until the value of the farm was consumed by the costs of litigation.

Mr. Lincoln was a great lawyer when convinced of the justice of the cause he advocated. In trying a case, where most lawyers would object he would say he "reckoned" it would be fair to admit the truth to be so-and-so. When he did object to the court, and had heard his objection answered, he would say, "Well, I reckon I must be wrong."

But when the case ended, says one of Mr. Lincoln's colleagues at the bar, the adversary would see that what Mr. Lincoln had been so blandly giving away was simply what he could not keep. He might yield six points, but by adhering to the seventh, on which the whole case rested, he retained everything that would help win the case.

Good Rules for Winter.

The following rules are worth heeding by those who believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure:

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become uncomfortably warm. To so expose the back is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

The reason why fire crackers are always covered with red paper is that red is the festive color in China, and that firecrackers are use chiefly on festive occasions.

The oldest man in Great Britian is Hugh MacLeod, a Scotch crofter, who was born on the 24th of November, 1783 He lives in county Ross, and is still healthy and vigorous.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to the Pacific by cairns, pillars of iron, earth mounds and timber clearings.

HOUSES OF THE ROMANS.

Augustus Found a Capital of Brick and Left one of Marble.

In the early ages of Rome, the houses were merely thatched cottages. After the city was burned by the Gauls, they were built in a more spacious and convenient style, and of more substantial materials; but so great was the haste to have them erected, that no attention was paid to the regularity of the streets. Every one set down his habitation according to his own taste or fancy.

The success of the Roman arms in Greece served to introduce an immense improvement in the Roman architecture, and toward the Augustan era, Rome might well boast of the magnificence of her buildings. During the reign of Augustus, the improvements seem to have been conducted on a very extensive scale, and to have justified the Emperor in exclaiming, that he had found Rome of brick and had left it of marble. Still, however, the streets continued narrow and crooked, and the houses were for the most part of wood, generally of three stories, and very inconvenient. A dreadful conflagation in the reign of Nero reduced the greater part of Rome to ashes, but it was soon after rebuilt with increased splendor. The streets were made of greater width, and laid out with more regularity, and the height of the houses was restricted to a certain standard. Every house was ordered to be isolated, and to be built of stone, so as to be less subject to destruction by fire. This also contributed to the health and magnificence of Rome, though there were many at the time who centured the improvements, and pretended that the narrow streets and lofty houses produced an agreeable shade in the heat of summer, and rendered the city both pleasant and salubrious.

The vestibule of the golden palace of Nero was so extensive that it had three porticoes, each a mile in length, and inclosing a large basin of water, surrounded by so many buildings that they presented the appearance of a town.

The door was made in general of different kinds of wood, auch as cedar, cypress, elm and oak, but sometimes of iron or brass. The doors of the temples were often inlaid with ivory and gold. They were, in general, elevated above the street by a flight of steps; at least, this was the case in the temples, and, in all probability, also, in the houses of Rome, though the doors of the houses of Pompeii are found on a level with the footpaths. The door opened inward, like those used by us; but among the Greeks, and in order to confer honor on the meritorious citizens among the Romans it was made to open outward. Hence arose the custom, when a person intended going out of a house, of knocking on the door, to warn those who were passing by to get out of the way—a circumstance which serves to explain some passages of the dramatic authors of that period.

When the door was shut it was secured by bolts and locks: sometimes two bolts were used, one above and the other below. The lock seems to have been movable, like our padlock. Knockers or bells appear to have been generally used.

The gate served as an entrance to the hall, three sides of which were supported on pillars. The side opposite to the entrance was fitted up as a library, where the family archives were kept. The hall was the principal bed-chamber, and the spot where domestic manufactures were carried on. In ancient times it served as the kitchen and place where the family supped. It was also the room where the noble families kept statues of their ancesters and received company. It was ornamented with paintings, statues and valuable furniture, and was divided by curtains.

Regimental Women.

No baggage train is allowed to a Persian regiment—theirs, in appearance, is quite unlike any other onward military movement—neither are commissary stores taken along with them. No tents have they. These Eastern regiments travel quite comfortably their thirty miles a day. They are provided with substantial entertainment before the early morning start, and before set of sun will reach their next appointment, where all will be accomodated for the night.

The colonel's lady makes the trip in style; a light horse litter, over which is thrown a scarlet cloth is at her service, and she reclines, unseen by any gaping crowd, content with her own thoughts and happy dreams. Following "the lady of the regiment" are women whose husbands are of lesser note, closely veiled, one upon either side of a plodding mule, while a donkey trots stolidly on, bearing all essential equipments and comforts for the day. Once well on the way, these army parties fall apart in groups, as official position and comradeship warrant; the officers with stately dignity keeping by themselves, having within call an attendant to repeln tish their pipes.

Useful Birds.

There is a well authenticated account of an English barber who trained a starling to say, "Gentleman wants to be shaved," and hung the bird out in his outer room to warn him of the coming of customers.

The same bird, the story goes on, soon learned to call out, "Gentlemen, pay your money!" when the barber's work was done, and never got the two speeches mixed.

A milliner of Paris has, according to a French journal, put a parrot to a much better use even than this English barber made of his starling. She has trained the bird to call out whenever a customer enters her shop:

"Oh, isn't she pretty!"

It is asserted that the milliner's business was very soon doubled.

ELECTRIC WONDERS.

SOME REMARKABLE THINGS BEING ACCOMPLISHED.

What the Powerful Agent is Doing for Science.

Very remarkable results have attended the treatment of cancer cases by electricity in England. The patient is anæsthetized; the current is then passed through the tumor and all the tissues for some inches around it by means of fine insulated needles, so as not to injure the skin. The effects produced by the action of electricity consist in a cessation of growth, gradual disappearance of pain, some shrinking and hardening of the tumor, and enlarged glands, followed by improved nutrition and a better state of health. The growth, as a whole, does not disappear, but remains as an inert mass, composed, in all probability, of fibrous tissue alone. Dr. Harsons of the Chelsea Hospital, who has effected many cures by the adoption of this treatment, says that a repetition of the application is seldom necessary, and that in nearly every case one operation will cause atrophy of the growth. The majority of his cases have been those in which the knife had failed, or in which the disease had progressed too far for the knife.

The big guns turned out by the English arsenals are now fitted with a device to facilitate firing at night. The ordinary sights are illuminated by a small incandescent lamp, the rays from which, passing through a lens, are converged, so that only a minute point or line of sight, just sufficient to distinguish the sight, is obtained. By means of an adjustable resistance the light can be modulated to suit the degree of darkness of the night or the eye of the observer.

The opening of the first submarine telephone cable has just taken place. The cable runs between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and is thirty-two miles long, the total length with the overhead line being 180 miles. On this line there are five intermediate stations, all of which can telephone and telegraph simultaneously with all the other stations.

An electric brake, designed by Prof. Forbes, has been tested with great success on an entire train of carriages with which it has been fitted for use on a line in Russia. The chief gain is in point of rapidity of action. A train of average length will feel the brake power throughout its length almost instantaneously as against three or four seconds required by the vacuum brake.

An electric indicator of the names of railway stations is coming into use in England. A magnetic apparatus turning a roller on which are printed the names of stations in good visible letters is fitted over the window of every carriage with an electric bell to call the attention of passengers to the change. The instruments are connected in series, and are under the control of the guard, who changes the names by a simple touch of a button before the train stops.

A novel application of electricity is a triturator for grinding drugs, which is ingeniously fitted up to work by electric motor, to save labor in chemists' shops, or for drug grinders. The mortar or mortars to the number required are made to revolve by the electric motor, and a very heavy porcelain pestle hangs inside, the necessary grinding being assured by the revolving of the heavy pestle by friction against the side of the mortar.

A vigorous crusade has been begun in England to put a stop to the system of foisting sham electrical appliances upon an ignorant public. A vendor of "electropathic belts," which were said to cure sciatica and innumerable other ailments, has been brought into court and punished for obtaining money under false pretences.

An improved search light consists of a powerful arc light, usually of about 25,000-candle power contained in a metal cylinder about thirty inches high by twenty-four to thirty inches in diameter, one end of which is closed by a silvered conclave reflecting lens. The apparatus is on a pivot, so that it may be revolved around the centre and elevated and depressed at will. As ordinarily used the beam of light projected from the cyclinder is so concentrated that at a distance of 1,000 yards from the ship it illuminates a path only about fifteen yards in width. When necessary this path can be widened. A search light of 20,000 candles is supposed to reveal objects at a distance of two and a half miles.

Rubbers.

Much of the discomfort of rubber shoes would be avoided if the wearers of them were a little more discriminating. Rubbers are of inestimable value in wet weather, but they should be instantly removed when the pavements become dry. Being water-proof, they prevent the escape of the natural exhalations of the skin. Wet feet resulting from confined perspiration are often more injurious than an unprotected exposure to the elements would be. Rubbers, like umbrellas, should be used only transiently.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

TALK OF THE DAY.

When a woman wants the earth, it is with a view of giving it to some man.

These days one does not need to join a secret society in order to get the grip.

A man who itches for fame must scratch around lively to secure it.—Epoch.

Miss Chestnut—"Did you sit under the mistletoe?" Miss Walnut—"I didn't have to."

A young man whose girl went back on him says that he sufferes from heart failure.

The king of Siam has just married twenty new wives—and yet people talk about Siam ease.

Patti has one thing in common with the Chicago girl—she can spread herself over a large aria.

Quizzler—"What are you doing now?" Scribbler—"I am writing Senator Boodle's autobiography."

Family Pride.—Little Elsie Endercott (of Boston)—"Mamma, when you get to heaven won't you be an Endercott again?"

"She's as sweet as sugar." "Adulterated sugar?" "No. Why?" "Oh, I supposed it must be, she has a sandy complexion."

"Golly!" gasped little Johnny as he finished the second crock of stolen preserves, "I feel as if I had been smoking pa's pipe."

"You say that both duellists fell dead." "Yes." "Great heavens! What were the weapons used?" "The American toy pistol."

He got the quarter.—"If I give you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?" "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."

When you see a man who kisses his children in public, you may be pretty sure that he keeps the seats of their pantaloons well dusted at home.

It is said that the grippe microbe clings tenaciously to paper money. People should, therefore, handle it with the greatest caution, particularly $1,000 bills.

She Knew It Was Coming.—He (at the ball)—"Do you know I have decided never to get married?" She (hastily)—"Let us go into the conservatory."

Just Playing.—Mr Jack Diamond—"You hardly look on your marriage as a serious thing." Mrs. Jack Diamond—"Why, how could it be serious on $1,500 a year?"

Ignorance Gained by Experience.—"What does a man know about a woman's dress, anyway?" scornfully asked Mrs. B. "He knows where the pocket isn't," was Mr. B.'s reply.

Mrs. Winks—"So you have taken another companion for better or for worse, eh?" Mrs. Secondtrip—"Only for better, my dear. He can't possible be worse than the other one was."

Fame may be ornamental, but it isn't much use to the man who has to hustle seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for his daily bread, with pie never any nearer than the horizon.

Some fashionable young men wear two pins in the necktie. It is to be hoped the pretty girls will not adopt the fashion of wearing two pins in the belt. One often causes trouble enough.

The funniest thing in the career of the carousing cat is when he sits on a back fence placidly watching a woman trying to come within several miles of him with a job lot of bric-a-brac.

A Temporary Gap in Society.—First Newsboy—"Are yer goin' to do ball dis eve?" Second Newsboy—"Naw. Me tailor forgot ter put a handkerchief pocket in me dresscoat and I had ter send it back."

Incongruous Hopes.—Mr. Bascom—"Do you know what Silas Slick expects to be after he graduates from college?" Mrs Backlot—"Wal, I've heern that he has sanguinary hopes of bein' a missionary."

A boy with a future. "Tommy," said a Chicago youngster's mother, "there is a great big blot on your copybook." "No, mamma, you're mistaken. That's only a period. Our teacher is awfully nearsighted."

She (Boston)—"Have you ever attempted dephlogisticate the ecphratic immiscibility of the pneumatological andydrousness involved in the myriorامic protoplasm?" He—"Well, not exactly. But I've eaten scrappie."

Needed Regulation.—Mr. Soaker—"I see that the postmaster-general hopes to regulate the mails." Mrs. S. (who was awake when he came home at 3 a. m.)—"Well, he may well expend some of his efforts about this locality!"

Rescuer (to beautiful rescued)—"I see you are fair and bewitching, but I can woo and win you. I am married." Rescued—"But, George, it is I, your own wife." George—"Pshaw! I never did have a real romance in my life."

Question of Woman's Sphere.—Domestic man—"I pity Patti. She would be much happier at home with little children about her." Practical friend—"But think of her singing a baby to sleep with a $5,000 a night voice."

Physician (to Mrs. Col. Blood, of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)—"H'm—still flighty."

Mrs. Smitem—"Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Sitmson again? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit." Bobby—"That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Sitmson. His ma may have to get her a new boy."

Most women have.—Caller—"How old is your sister, Johnnie?" Johnnie—"Belle? O, she has two ages. One in the Bible; that's 24; the other is the one she tells people—20." Belle (suddenly appearing with terrible emphasis)—"Johnnie, mother wants to speak to you."

Bisterly Sweetness.

Minnie—"Mr. Binx actually proposed to me last night. I never was so surprised in all my life."

"You needn't have been. His sole ambition is to be thought eccentric." Terre Haute Express.

With the present rate of increase as a basis, it is estimated that a century hence this country will have a population of 904,921,686.

Napoleon III. got his title, the third, for the second never reigned, by a compositor mistaking the exclamation points—"!!!" for the Roman numeral III.

The proportion of married couples who live to celebrate their golden wedding is under one in a thousand.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The cultivation of tobacco has been forbidden in Egypt.

The record for swimming under water is 113 yards one foot. It is held by J. Finley, an Englishman.

The issues of Bibles by the American Bible Society during seventy-three years amount to 52,736,075 copies.

All the railroad bridges in the United States together are 3,213 miles long There are 208,749 of them.

The baton used in concerts by conductors is said to have been introduced into England by Spor, in 1820.

It is said that the horse first came from North Africa, was used in the service of man at least 3,000 years ago.

It costs the British government $3,000,000 a year to support Queen Victoria and her immediate family.

A Scotch physician has discovered that playing on the bagpipe wears away the players front teeth in four years.

Candia is the same as Crete. It is an island in the Mediterranean, 150 miles long, and has a population of 200,000.

The stock of gold has declined during the past year about $16,000,000, while the stock of silver has increased $35,000,000.

A Chinaman named Lee-Hi has taken to farming near Tulare, Cal. On sixty acres of land he cleared $9,000 profit last year.

The new Jeannette factory near Pittsburg will cost $200,000, and will be the largest of any single glass furnace in the world.

The Henderson Steel Company, who have made such a success of their new steel making process, are about doubling their Alabama plant.

According to the Army Register for 1890, the army of the United States consists of 28,792 officers and men and 753 retired officers and men.

Heligoland consists of two islands in the North Sea, 25 miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Area, three-quarters of a square mile; population, 2,000; religion, Lutheran.

A wild sweet orange has been discovered growing in the northern part of Florida. The fruit hangs on the tree all the year round, often for six months after it is fully ripe.

On an average there are thirty-five more boys than girls born in New York city every week. On the average fifty more males than females die. So the female population grows more rapidly than the male.

Somerville hunter has cut out and carried away from the Union College building, in Schenectady, N. Y., a section of window sill in which ex-President Arthur cut his name years ago when a student there.

The largest black diamond ever found has recently been brought to this country from the mines of Bahia, Brazil. This diamond is about two inches in length, weighs 367 1-2 carats, and is valued at $3,000.

There are drifts of snow in the Little Smoky Mountains of Idaho that are fifty feet deep. These drifts are remnants of the heavy snowfall of last winter, and it is co jectured that it will take two more hot summers to melt them.

The heart that lies in Napoleon Bonaparte's body under the dome of Les Invalides, in Paris, is said to be that of a young lamb, the Emperor's heart having been eaten by rats after the post mortem examination of his remains made in 1821.

Mme. de Mendonca, wife of the Brazilian member of the Pan-American delegation, talks politics, as well as weather, in the best of English. She is pronounced by strangers "a perfect type of Spanish beauty." Both her beauty and her English are indigenous, however as she was born in Maine of generations of Yankee ancestors.

Lavender is a native of the south of Europe bordering on the Mediterranean It is cultivated quite extensively in England for distilling the oil, but we do not know of any lavender farm in this country, although the plants are common in gardens.

A tramp whose intellectual caliber was far above his profession was recently found at Bangor, Me. His only baggage was a small but choice collection of books, including "The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau," the works of Balzac, Dumas, a copy of Shakespeare, and Homer's Iliad.

The Hindoos never treat madness, and the sight of blood drives them crazy. All a Mohammedan has to do in order to start a war is to dip his hand in any kind of blood and tap it on one of the Hindoo temples. It is a voodoo charm that stirs up the effeminate nature of the Hindoo and gives them the courage of fanatics.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has entered the ranks of royal authors. One of her efforts has, it is said, met with a cold reception. It was entitled "The Return of the Wanderer," and was a welcome to Prince Battenberg to Balmoral after his last escape from his family and subsequent little jaunt on the Continent.

Tamagno, the great tenor, was a baggage porter before his remarkable powers of voice were revealed. He does not favor his former craft, however, when he is on his travels. If a porter demands what he regards as too much for carrying his trunk he calmly shoulders it himself with all his old-time skill.

Recent discoveries among ancient tombs in Etruria, Italy, unmistakably show that dentistry was practiced as far back as six centuries before the Christian era. Several of the skulls examined had false teeth, carved from those of some large animal; while many of the natural teeth had gold filling.

Mr. Pyne, the noted Home-Ruler, always declines to say what discontented tenants, who come to him complaining of their landlords, should do, because, as he explains, "Mr. Balfour says that it would be illegal, but I can tell you the time of day." Then he pulls out his watch and shows it to the tenant. On the dial face is the bold legend: "Pay no rent!"

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

The bone of some prehistoric giants have been unearthed near Anniston, Ala. One of the thigh bones was sixty-two inches long and the skulls averaged thirty-four inches in circumference.

The great exhibition held in London, England, in 1851, was attended by 6,039,195 persons and left a profit of $1,000,525. It remained open from the 1st of May to the 11 th of October.