A SONG OF HOME. Across the wide lands as a pilgrim I roan Alone, and a stranger I fare, But wherever I wander my heart is at hom With the ones that remember me there. The flowers bloom sweetly along these wi om sweetly along these dells, And the mountains rise rugged and grand and the low Sabbath sound of the far-away Inside the Inclosure with Jenny, her two had joined them, much to the young aero-naut's chargrin.
"How should you like to go up in her, Jenny ?" he asked.
"O, I think it would be splendid, if I wasn't frightend, as I am sure I should be," replied Jenny.
"I don't mean to make the trip; but just a little way."
"How could we do that?"
"How could we do that?"
"How could we do that?"
"Easy enough. We'll get in the car, and the man will pay out the rope until we are a hundred feet or so from the ground, and try it; you've no iden how nice its."
Jennie hesitated, looking at her aunts.
Come, get in and try it; you've no iden how nice its."
Jennie hesitated, looking at her aunts.
"No, Jenny," said Aunt Jane, for whom she had been named, "Pil not permit you to try any such experiment. Suppose the rope were to break; where would you be then?"
Tom said there was no danger of the rope breaking, and Aunt Sarah, who had made up her mind to be one of the party, said she didn't believe there was.
"Wily ug oo, aunty?" asked Jenny, whose heart was all in a flutter between excitement and fear at the idea.
"Yes," replied the maiden lady decidedly, "Fve always wished that I could go up in a balloon, and now that I've got a chance to do, it without danger—there is no danger, Mr. Arrington?"
"Why, Sarah." cried Miss Jane. "The astonished at your encouraging Jenny in such a wild, harum-scarum adventure." Melts tenderly over the land. And the western skies wait for the And the western skies wait for the so glow, Eve never closed lovelier day— But my soul looks beyond, and my e o'erflow, For my heart is at home far away. You may warble, sweet birds, to the Iou may wares, evening skies, Yet your vesper song dies on my ear, For deep in my spirit the memories rise Of the far-away voices more dear. You may bable, pure brook, in your Monotone, You may purl to the pebbles you love, You may kiss the green moss as it clasps the gray stone, But my thoughts to a deeper pulse move. Iark! hark! now I hear them, I hear the old words. old words, amiliar and sweet, light and gay-, nay, I but dream, 'tis the song of th But my heart is at home far away. The western skies darken, the stars bright forth, The wild flowers droop, the night comes, The birds hurry home to their nests sout and northand north-Ah i happy things, cling to your homes ! The lights of the city are dawning in view. I return through the gay, thoughtless throngs, From happy home windows bright faces smile through, And I hear children's laughter and songs. New friends give me welcome, with greeting of cheer I laugh and I seem to be gay, But memory grieves in the thought's inn And my heart is at home far away. -[Ernest W. Shurtleff "Will you go?" he said, not fery cordially, to Morley.
"No, thank you," was the reply.
"Why, you are not afraid?"
"No, I'm not afraid, but I will stay on the same start. UP IN A BALLOON.

Fan

"So you won't marry me, Jenny?" "It would be madness, Tom; you know it would." "What do you mean by madness?" "You know well enough what I mean, and you know that I am right." "Yes, I think I do know. You mean that I am poor and you are ditto, and poverty multiplied by two is madness." Jenny, a very pretty little blonde with bright golden curls and sweet blue eyes, said nothing but looked down and wrote enter gyptics on the ground with the end of her parasol. She was sitting on the gnarled roots of a great oak, while Tom, a handsome, broad-shouldered fel-low, with dark brown hair and moustache and large hazel eyes, lay halt-reclining

low, with dark brown hair and moustache and large hazel eyes, lay half-reclining at her feet. "Eh, isn't that the sum and the an-swer?" he asked. Still Jenny said nothing, but continued to write hieroglyphics, while a little flush rose on her checks and brow. The young man looked up in her face, and there was a deep melancholy in his fine eyes.

eyes. "I see how it is," he said. "While I have been away you have been demorhay alized

alized." "What do you mean?" she asked sharply, giving him an indignant glance. "Oh, nothing to make you very an-gry," he replied. "It is just this: There has been some old woman's work going on, and you have been persuaded that

# " 'Two poor folks wed Had as well be dead.'

"Hooporroiss wea, "Bad as well be dead." "Some of those sage female veterans, who have gone through life satisfiel to exist without that which it appears to 1 me alone makes life endurable, have I talked you into their way of thinking, t and now, forsooth, it is madness to marry the man you hove. For you do love me, Jenny-you know you do." The girl was silent yet a little while and then she said, plaintvely. "I did believe I loved you once, Tom, "I acknowledge it, but I am older now, and think maybe I was mistaken." "Pahaw !" said Tom; "think maybe. I say you love me still, Yes, you love me still, and yet you are going to marry Ralph Morley. Don't deny it ! for 1 know it yourself yet. Are you engaged to hin?"

aerial navigation—had even tried his hand at inventing a steering apparatus for balloons, but had always failed of discovering the one thing needful to make it a complete success. There was a crowd collected around the inclosure when the big oil sikk bag was being inflated with gas. Tom was inside the inclosure with Jenny, her two maiden aunts and Morley, who had joined them, much to the young aero-naut's chagrin.

"Three's nothing wild or harum-scarum about it that I can see," said Miss Sarah: "everyone, I dare say, has a natural curiosity to know from ex-perience what ballooning is like, and I'll

Tom soon had his arrangements all ade, and helped the two ladies into the

"No, I m and the addition of t

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Jenny, "Oh, how nice;" exclamed setup; when the balloon came to a stand, about 150 feet from the ground. "isn't it, aunty?" "Are you sure there is no danger of the rope breaking, Mr. Arrington?" asked Miss Sarah, instead of replying to

asked Miss Sarah, instead of replying to her nicce. "It is brand new," replied Tom. "Then it is a very agreeable sensation," said the hady. After giving his companions sufficient time to fully enjoy the pleasures of their novel situation, Tom made a sign to the man below, and they commenced to haul in the rope. The balloon seemed rather reluctant to leave her native ele-ment—if one may call it so—but was at last secured near enough to the ground for the occupants to alight from the car.

The become and the observation of the observation o

"How would you like to try it again?" he said, in a low tone. "O, so much," was the reply. In an instant he was back in the car, the signal was given to the men to pay out the rope, and when Aunt Sarah looked around her nicce was fifty feet above her in the air. I don't know if Tom Arrington had had any such intention from the begin-ning; but while Jenny was looking over the edge of she car, waving her handker-chief to those below, he took his pen-konfe out of his pocket and cut the rope and the balloon shot up in the blue sky like a wild bird set free from captivity.

"Steering it? I thought balloons ouldn't be steered." THE JOKER'S BUDGET. "Oh, yes, they can—when the wind's favorable. At any rate, I'm steering this

one." "Where are you steering it to?" "Right straight to Hymen's bower." "Now you are beginning again to talk as if you were insane, and I shall get frightened again if you don't bush." Tom pressed her closer to him. "Don't you love me, Jenny?" he sked.

asked. She turned her eyes up to him, but didn't say a word. Her head was still lying on his shoulder. "Don't you think it would be nice to sail along this way all by ourselves, away from Morley and the two old aunties and everybody, forever?" "I don't know, Tom; perhaps we might ort tired."

get tired.

get tired." "''Newr!" said Tom. "Never!" said Tom. He had been discharging gas all the time, and the balloon had slowly settled down towards the earth till now every-thing on it was plain to the naked eye-houses, trees, and even people, who stopped to gaze up at them as they passed over, and Jenny, much to her lover's regret, had lifted her pretty head from its recumbent position to look over the edge of the car.

"Do you see that little white church, [enny?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Well, that's what I've been steering for. Do you know why?"
"No; how should I?"
"No should you? Don't you know what people generally do in church?"
"They preach, and pray, and sing hvmns."

"They preach, and pray, and sing hymns," "Nothing else?" "Yee-s, I believe so." "You believe so. I know so, and that's just what we are going to do." "O Tom, we can't. "Can't we, though? Who's to hinder? Not the surflex. Ton Morley surgly.

"Huh" scalained in disgust the watch to the hall clock, "you think because you are tall and have a handsome face that you can run me down." "Do not set me going," angrily re-plied the clock; "you had better wind up your nonsense, for I am dangerous when I strike." And the Jurgensen stopped .- [Jewel-

ers' Circular. AN EXPENSIVE JORE. "Mrs. Boggs," said Boggs in a hesita-ting way, while he and his wife were eating dinner. "If I felt sure that you could keep a thing to yourself, and not breathe it to any living person—" "Oh, don't keep me waiting all day, now," said Mrs. Boggs. "What is it?" "I was going to offer you one of these raw onions," said Boggs, but she was too mad to take anything less that \$10. —[Detroit Free Press.

10 Tom, we can't.
11 "Can't we, though? Who's to hinder?
12 "Can't we, though? Who's to hinder?
13 Tom, we can't.
14 Tom, we can't.
15 They are a long way from here, and we can do just as we please about it, and tell 'em afterwards. Come, Jenny, you'yee got to promise to do just as I say, or I'll carry you up in the clouds again, and keep you there forever."
10 Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take advantage of my situation to make me do as you please, 'said Jenny reproachfully, but at the same time clinging closer to him; ''you haven't got any right to do it."
11 "I're a perfect right to make you do what you want to do, and what is for your happiness. Come, promisel We are almost to the church, and if you don't I'll let her loose: I've only to throw out some of these little bags, and up she goes,'' and he picked up one of the sandbags, as it to have it out.
12 "Don't, don't, Tom, ''sail Jennie, laying her hand on his arm; ''I'll promise.'' "All right,'' sail Jennie, laying her hand on his arm; ''I'll promise.'' "All right,'' sail Jennie, laying her hand on his arm; ''I'll promise.'' and field on the sandbong, as it to heave it out.
12 "Don't, don't, and the achor, almost field. He threw out his anchor, almost field. He threw out his anchor, almost field. He threw on his arm, ''O'l' exclaimed Jenny, clasping her as unden jerk, ''''.

City Boarder (putting his host at ease) —How may peaches did this tree have on this year? Farmer—Nary one. City Boarder—What, not a single one ! (sportively) what kind of a tree is this ? Farmer—Plum.—[Munsey. of a fence, bringing the balloon too with a sudden jerk, "O!" exclaimed Jenny, clasping her arms about her lover's neck. "I thought I was going to bounce out." "We will bounce out, and that right quickly," said Tom kissing her blushing face two or three times. "Yonder is the church, parson can't be far off, and— and—I've got the license in my pocket." "O, Tom," said Jennie, "aren't you ashamed of yourself—to play me such a trick?" Mrs. Welloff—That is asplendid charger you are riding, Mr. Poorbody. Mr. Poorbody (who has spent his week's wages for an airing through the park)—H'm—er-yes. Something like the livery man of whom I hired him.— [Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

trick?" But Tom wasn't a bit ashamed, and afterwards, whenever his pretty wife twitted him with it, as she did occasion-ally, he said it was a trick worth any two or a dozen that he had ever heard of.— [New Orleans Picayune.

Philanthor Fife Cearls do A loan wall. Philanthropist—You asked me for a nickel to get something to eat with. I gave it to you, and here you are drinking a glass of beer. Tramp—Yes; but wait until you see me get at the lunch counter.—[Chatter. A Mystery of the Sea.

A mystery of the sea has at last been cleared up after a lapse of twenty-seven years. In 1863 Andrew Baxter, a well-known sea captain, living at Batsto, Burington county, N. J., sailed from New York on a voyage to the Pacific. His family heard from him on his arrival at San Francisco. He sailed from that port and has never been heard of since, the supposition being that he was lost at sea. Recently the Seaman's Bank of New York city sent a letter to the postmaster at Basto asking if any relatives of Cap-tain Baxter were living and saying that he heal left a sum of money on deposit in that institution. The only living rela-tive of the missing captain is Mrs. Dailey, wife of James J. Dailey, foreman of the composing room of the Philadel-phia Ledger. Mrs. Dailey was commu-nicated with by the Seaman's Bank, and immediately sent proofs establishing her identity. Mr. Dailey went to Mouni-trol dook out letters of adminis-tration on the estate of his wife's father. The money in the Seaman's Bank was deposited in 1803, before Captain Bax-ter sailed from New York, and was some-thing over \$400. By the accumulation of interest in the interval it now amounts to over \$4,00. \_\_\_ Washington Star. FORCE OF HABIT. Harry—Dearest, I love you better than any one on earth. If you will consent to be mine I will be your humble slave until death calls me hence. My heart is wholly yours. I love you distractedly. If this does not satisfy you of my devo-tion, what will? Dearest—Cash! She was a saleshady, and the word came to her ruby lips by force of habit. But it came like a cruel blow, and Harry, with a great gulp of sorrow, turned away and went out into the silent night to tell his griefs to the cold, unfeeling stars in the ebon vault above.—[Boston Transcript. BUT OTHERS HAD. A mystery of the sea has at last been HUT OTHERS HAD. He--You are the only girl I ever loved. She--And you are the only man I ever gave my heart to. He--I am not good enough for you. She--Please don't say that. I am tired of those words. He--Why, I never used them before. She--No--not you.--[Yankee Blade.

### A Curious Wedding Trip.

THE PARIS MORGUE. ONLY ONE DEFICIENCY. GRUESOME SIGHTS IN A FAM

OUS FRENCH INSTITUTION.

Bodies Frozen Stiff for Future Ide tification—A Lugubrious Phot graph Album—A Ghastly Revel.

ring was buried with the corpse. The cupidity of not even the most grasping body finder could be tempted to the pos-session of this omnous golden circle.— [New York World.

TAMING A FLOCK OF QUAILS

Buckwheat and Gradual Advances

Conquer the Wild Birds.

Conquer the Wild Birds. Gonquer the Wild Birds. Several weeks ago Mrs. D. N. Snyder, of Jefferson township, Penn., saw a lot of qualia dusting themselves under some currant bushes in the back end of her garden. The birds looked so happy and contented that she thought it would be too bad to disturb them, so she returned home without pulling the weeds out of a patch of onions that she had gone there for the purpose of doing. In an hour or so the qualis had disappeared in the tall timothy of the adjoining meadow, and Mrs. Snyder scattered some buckwheat around where they had been wallowing. On the following day the birds came there again, gobbled up the buckwheat and had a good time. Every day for a weekor so Mrs. Snyder scattered grain among the bushes for the qualis to feed on, and the birds soon got so that they looked for food L.de garden as regularly as they did for a resting place at night out in the woods, back of the big meadow lot.

USLY ONE DEFICIENCY. Silversmith—That teapois is for a mem-ber of Congress. Isu't it a beauty? Philosopher -I think you have not made enough of one feature. Silversmith—What's that? Philosopher—The spout.—[Jewelers Weekly.

EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH

AND YARNS BY FUNNS

Fiv

MEN OF THE PRESS.

Neighborly Growl-Making

UNDOUBTEDLY.

A NEIGHBORLY GROWL.

NO WOODPILE IN HIS.

INSULTED.

nsulted me. Chorus—What did he do? Dicky—He—he looked at me. Chorus—Call the police.—[Life.

IN A JEWELRY STORE.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.

A POOR PEACH TREE.

TWO OF A KIND.

MAKING FIVE CENTS GO A LONG WAY.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Cents Go a Long Way-It Not a Hobby, Etc., Etc.

their soles.

Horse Dealer-Count, you had cer tainly better buy that horse. He is per tainiy octor by ... fectly sound. "I believe you. If he hadn't bee sound he would never have lived to such an age."—[Fliegende Blatter. Johnny—Did the ancient knights use o wear shoes made of iron? Papa—Yes, my son. Johnny—Well, I suppose it was then hat men first "felt the iron entering weisener"

THE DEAR GIRLS. Ethel-I find twilight more conduciv

to love making than any other time. Maud—Of course. Your features are partly concealed then.—[Munsey's.

BAD ADVICE.

graph Album — A Ghastiy Revol. It is difficult for the average tourist in Paris to decide which of two famous , sights he will first enjoy—the Louvre or the Morgue. It is perhaps the latter that has the better patronage from foreigners. Everything in Paris under the present government is systematized, and the po-litical machinery, even to the smallest wheels, is so well olied and runs so smoothly that there is little room for fancy, particularly when hard facts are encountered at every turn. The Morgue is on the island of the city, that small, picturesque bit of land, the nucleus of old Paris, and which parts in twain the turgid waters of the river Seine. The island is the site of all the princi-pal public buildings—the criminal courts, Mr. Gordon Settaire (angrily)—That log of yours is barking all night. Mr. Gordon Settaire—Well, I've got used to mine.—[Puck. "I assure you, judge, that my physi-cian is responsible for my being a thief." "Do you mean to say that he hypno-tized you and compelled you to commit a crime?" The island is the site of all the princi-pal public buildings-theoriminal courts, the Prefecture of Police and the other diffues consecrated to the administra-tion of justice. The Morgue itself is found, so insignificant that the visitor found, so insignificant that the visitor feels at once a distinct pang of disap-pointment. It is a low, one-storied structure, half hidden in the shadow of the great basilica of Notre Dame. In front is a small park, bright and cheery, where quaint speasant women in large, stiff-frilled caps, sell nosegays on fete days. Behind it is the Seine, from wose foul waters so much of its ghasty trong is pucked. The building is fashioned after the model of a Grecian tomb with two ninc-tent century wings. The main hall in-ide is a caure room, around which, un-der glass cases, something like the corpses, the flotsam and jetsam of Paris, are dressed in their ordinary attire, and being frozen present the appearance of models in wax. The line inner room behint the showcase is used for dissecting, and being frozen present the appearance of the identification of the ded. A large leaden table on a pivot is its principal feature, on which is stretched

NO WOODPILE IN HIS. First Wanderer-Why does some kind-hearted people spoil their charities, Bill, by forgettin' that the poor has feelin's? Second Ditto-I dun'no', Jim; but many on 'em does it. I was offered the finest breakfast y'ever seen this mornin', but a wood-pile went with it. I had ter say no.-[Bazar. crime?" "I won't say that, but I do know that te ordered me to take something before yoing to bed.".--[New York Herald.

AN ANCIENT PRACTICE.

"Lynching was common in an mes, if one may judge from the 1 tin times, if one may judge from the litera-ture." "I thought that was a modern institu-

Dicky (entering the club in a state of reat agitation)—Oh! Chorus of clubmen—What's the mat-"'No, haven't you read about the stringing up of the lyre?" ter? Dicky—A wiotous fellow on the street

WOULD LOVE HIM LONG

"Oh, wilt thou love me long, my dear?" She gazed upon his form so tall. "Of course, I'll have to love thee long, If e'er I love thee, Jake, at all!" <text><text><text><text><text>

## IT WAS NOT A HOBBY. Ponsonby—There's a man up-town as at least 200 clocks of all kinds

riptions. opinjay—That's a remarkable hobby.

Ponsony—Not so much so when yo emember that he keeps a jewelry store -[Jewelers' Circular.

PREPARING HIS DEFENCE.

<sup>44</sup> You claim that you were insane when ou proposed to her ??
<sup>47</sup> Yes, sir."
<sup>46</sup> Can you prove it ??
<sup>47</sup> How ??
<sup>46</sup> How ??

"By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her."-[New

PRINCIPLE AND PRINCIPAL.

Mrs. du Temps-I don't approve of Mr. Moneybag's suit, my dear. I don't think he is the man for you, for he doesn't seem to have a spark of prin-ciple

Goesn't seem to have a spark of prin-ciple. Miss du Temps-He has a principal, ma, of \$200,000, that yields him 10 per cent. annually. What more do you want? --[Lawrence American.

HE DID THEM INSTICE

She (indignantly) — I don't think you give us girls credit for thinking of any-thing else but dress. He (suavely)—Oh, you wrong me! I do give you credit for thinking of more than dresses.

HE SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

"I have a mind to get married." "Well, you won't have any afterwards, can tell you."—[Epoch.

FRED'S MISTAKE.

Amy—Fred, I hear that your engage-nent with Miss Blesser is broken. Fred—Yes, it is. Amy—It must have been built on the and to fall so soon. Fred—I thought it was founded on ocks, but I discovered she hadn't any. -[Munsey's Weekly.

nan dresses. "Of what else?" "Bonnets."—[The Epoch.

ork Sun.

who have gone through life satisfied to	I don't know if Tom Arrington had	Burlington county, N. J., sailed from	until death calls me hence. My heart is wholly yours. I love you distractedly.	Fred—I thought it was founded on	and every means is taken to identify the	out of the meadow whenever she called
exist without that which it appears to	had any such intention from the begin- ning; but while Jenny was looking over	New York on a voyage to the Pacific.	If this does not satisfy you of my devo-	rocks, but I discovered she hadn't any.	dead or to trace out the cause of sudden	them, ate in her presence, and did not
talked you into their way of thinking,	the edge of she car, waving her handker-	His family heard from him on his arrival at San Francisco. He sailed from that	tion, what will?	[Munsey's Weekly.	death. The present system is a wonderful im-	seem to fear her at all. Since then Mrs.
and now, forsooth, it is madness to	chief to those below, he took his pen-	port and has never been heard of since,	Dearest-Cash!	A NATURAL RESULT.	provement on that of other days. Mr.	is survey has taken a good deat of comfore
marry the man you love. For you do	knife out of his pocket and cut the rope	the supposition being that he was lost at	She was a saleslady, and the word came to her ruby lips by force of habit.	Visitor to insane aylum (to keeper)	Mace gives a graphic and horrible descrip-	
love me, Jenny—you know you do."	and the balloon shot up in the blue sky like a wild bird set free from captivity.	sea. Recently the Seaman's Bank of New	But it came like a cruel blow, and Harry,	And who is that gibbering idiot over	tion of the morgue during the first half of	the birds have in her pays her many
and then she said, plaintively:	like a wild bird set free from captivity.	York city sent a letter to the postmaster at Batsto asking if any relatives of Cap-	with a great gulp of sorrow, turned	there?	the century. The guardians of the dead were appointed by a low class of politi-	times over for all the trouble she has
"I did believe I loved you once. Tom.	III.	tain Baxter were living and saving that	away and went out into the silent night	Keeper (sadly) -T at poor fellow was	cians, the office, although without salary, being self-supporting. The dead them-	made herself in getting the wild little
I'll acknowledge it, but I am older now,		he had left a sum of money on deposit in	to tell his griefs to the cold, unfeeling	one of our most promising young lawyers till he took a young lady to a ball game	being self-supporting. The dead them-	creatures to be as tame as they are.
and think maybe I was mistaken."	At first Jenny was so astonished and frightened that she could not speak;		stars in the ebon vault above[Boston Transcript.	one afternoon and attempted to watch	selves were facetiously called "the board-	Using Cats as Clocks.
"Pshaw!" said Tom; "think maybe. I say you love me still. Yes, you love	then she said · "O Tom I thought you	tive of the missing captain is Mrs. Dailey, wife of James J. Dailey, foreman		the game and explain it to her at the	ers." Everything appertaining to the subjects was sold. There was a box	
me still, and yet you are going to marry	said there was no danger of the rope	of the composing room of the Philadel-	BUT OTHERS HAD.	same time Lawrence American.	called "The Casket of the Maccabecs."	
Ralph Morley. Don't deny it! for I	breaking."	phia Ledger. Mrs. Dailey was commu-	HeYou are the only girl I ever		In this were placed the teeth and the hair	Every one knows that cats can see in the dark, and the reason they can do so is
know it; though perhaps you don't quite	"I said what I believed to be true,"	nicated with by the Seaman's Bank, and	loved. She—And you are the only man I ever	WISE BEYOND HER YEARS.	of the dead, which were sold to dentists	because of the peculiar construction of
know it yourself yet. Are you engaged to him?"	replied that equivocating scamp, who had slipped his knife back into his pock-		gave my heart to.	Reginald-I love you, Madeline. For	and hair-dressers. The garments were	their eyes. You may have noticed that
"That is an impertinent question and I	et, "but don't be frightened."	identity. Mr. Dailey went to Mount Holly and took out letters of adminis-	He-I am not good enough for you.	you I would give up family, position, wealth-	sold to old-clothes men, and the per-	in a moderate light the pupil or black
shall not answer it."	"How ean I help being frightened?"	tration on the estate of his wife's father.	ShePlease don't say that. I am tired	Madeline-Hold, Reginald. Giving up	"Morguer," were extremely profitable	part of pussy's eye is small and of an oval shape, while in a full glare of light it be-
"Then I will take it for granted that	she asked in a trembling voice, as she	The money in the Seaman's Bank was	of those words.	family is all right-I fain would be spared	This is only half the story. One of	comes narrow. Now, in the dark it ex-
vou are."	looked below and saw houses and trees	deposited in 1863 before Cantain Bax-	He-Why, I never used them before. She-No-not you[Yankee Blade.	a mother-in-all-give up your position, if	the Morgueurs, who had amassed quite a	pands to a circle and nearly fills the sur-
"You needn't do any such thing, for I	rapidly diminishing in size-the people	ter sailed from New York, and was some-	SheNohot you[1ankee blade.	you can get a better one, but for heaven's	fortune from his ghoulish work, gave	face of the eveball. This neculiarity of
am not." "Well, you did answer my impertinent	ming about on an ant-hill "What will	thing over \$400. By the accumulation of interest in the interval it now amounts	THEY DID NOT WAIT ANY LONGER.	sake hold on to your wealth. We may need it Texas Siftings.	somewhere in the thirties an entertain-	the cat's eves is turned to account in a
question, after all."	become of us, Tom?"	to over \$1,200.—  Washington Star.	Two lone maids spake: "Let's call our-		ment in the grand hall of the Morgue	curious manner by the Chinese The
"I was not going to let you think what	"I don't know," said Tom.	to over \$1,200[Washington Stat.	selves	AN EVENTFUL DEAL.	most distinguished members of the crim-	Abbe Huc relates that when he was trav- eling in China he asked his attendant
you pleased."	"O, Tom! I thought you were an aero-	A Curious Wedding Trip.	As Time and Tide this year.	"Speaking of poker hands," said	inal classes in Paris. The drink which	what time it was. The man went over
"I'm glad you answered it anyhow, for	naut."		They wait, 'tis said, for no man, and	young Pecan, of Texas, "I once played	formed the chief refreshment on the oc-	to a cat that was quietly basking in the
now I am going to tell you what sort of a	"So I am." "Don't talk such nonsense. You	David G. Gale and Jennie Mathews	Behold no man is here."	in a three-cornered game in which one	casion was brandy, known in French as	sun, and examining its eyes told the
fellow he is, and I sha'n't feel as if I am being rude, as I might otherwise have	ought to be ashamed to try to make me	were married in Detroit and immediately	[Philadelphia Times.	man held five aces and the other man a six-shooter——"	"eau de vie" and baptized for the occa-	Abbe that it was about two hours after
done. Morley's kinfolks-"	more frightened than I am."	started on a wedding trip in a fifteen-foot	THE SERVANTS' PLACE.	"And you?"	sion as "eau de morts," from water of	noon, and on being questioned how he knew that, he explained that the pupils
"I haver never had the pleasure of	"I am not trying to frighten you, but	double pointed cedar skiff. The first day	"I don't believe in allowing domestics	"And I held an inquest."-[St. Joseph	furnished by instruments something like	of a cat's eyes were largest in the morn-
meeting any member of Mr. Morlev's	now that I have got you up here all to	they had head winds and made but twenty miles, and found lodging for the	to get the upper hand. I made my serv-	News.	flutes made from the bones of the dead,	ing and that they gradually grew smaller
Tamily except himself."	mysen i'm going to carry you to the	night beneath a farm-house roof near the	ant keep her place! "	RECIPROCITY.	and the drum accompaniment was beaten	as the light increased, till they reached
	moon, where girls are not sold for	shore. For two subsequent days they	"You are lucky. Ours never does for		on skulls with parts of arms and legs.	their minimum at noon; that then they
scornful laugh. "Let me tell you if you do find it a pleasure when you meet one of	"O. Tom," cried the girl, beginning	had delightful rowing weather and got	more than three weeks."[American	They had a quarrel, and she sent His letters back next day;	For light a novel effect was introduced.	began to widen again, till at night they
them-be it father, mother, brother sis-	to think that she was in the power of a	along swimmingly. The third day came	Grocer.	His ring and all his presents went	I wenty corpses which had entered a	once more became large. The good
					sufficient store of decay were runged	Abbe mea filled with administion for the
ter or the forty-fourth cousinit will be	maniac, "what do you mean?"	a storm, and it was thought advisable for	CAREFUL OF HIS TROUSERS.	To him without delay.	sufficient stage of decay were ranged along the walls and the eveless sockets	Abbe was filled with admiration for the
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done "	"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the		To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me,"	along the walls and the eyeless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- men."	"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver?	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled	Miss Cashley-You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?"	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man."	"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? 'Roll on,	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin.	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light.	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be
ter of the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival If	"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?"	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morrue at present is a bright ex-	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in your close and seeme methes
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If can't convice you of the divine right.	"Mean? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch. took the bridal couple along	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley_er-relith, I love you;	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedly that he Must come himself and get them!	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Remultic. In the days of	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a true needed add the darkness of a
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He scems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come,	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 240 miles	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a true needed add the darkness of a
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you have	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come Jenny," he said, "I was only joking;	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley_er-relith, I love you;	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedly that he Must come himself and get them!	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is runter a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadily derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong.
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, Till throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We're loved each other since we were other to be	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety-	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)-I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife—IPuck. SHE LIKED THE RING.	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedly that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a true needed add the darkness of a
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me: I know ! love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love mean. Batter is dim.	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jerny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to-	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gaie to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley_eer-Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck.	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two:	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 25 france. Gaffer Riderhood.	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers.
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, full throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were dol enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- er with herbs where lowe is the duration.	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the const line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sity-two miles per day. They returned by rail.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 55 france. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Friend, was a well-known tyre on the Seine, and	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadily derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, Pill throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of he helpess condition, put his arm around	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de-	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley-er-Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories, Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 25 frances. Gaffer Riderhood, Dickens' novelof "Our Mutual Friend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't lead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and harted therewith. Do you know what that means?"	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really though the was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her hilpless condition, put his arm around her waist.	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love.	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as a ungex-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 35 france. Galfer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Friend," was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 france. Now the propor-	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, Till throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a dim- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?"	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jerny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her http:ss condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rupidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from fumber two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 35 france. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Friend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 france. Now the propor- tion is changed, acd 15 france is the	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, fill throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a dim- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really though the was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpless condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rupidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er.—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—.[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Hurry."	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never itres of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Friend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 francs. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living.	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't Jead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the see. I know you love me; I know 1 love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lpless condition, put his arm around healyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear,"	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "T know it," replied the young man.	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captien found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said:	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel or 'Our Mutual Frond, was a well known type on the Scine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the de3 france. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 france is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the rade there, there were many women
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, full throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old e nough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and harred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel?" (Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-hess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and our, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was intery- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Count possesses the marvelous power of	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 55 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.c.md, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 francs. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 francs is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic.	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rusted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadily derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- cler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- Inad, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't Jead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know you love were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourselfs owise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lpless condition, put his arm around heavast. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," " I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per-	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. O none occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- raced yourself on all occasions. Now.	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 france. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.c.nd, was a well-known type on the Sciene, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the de3 france. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 france is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no charce The Morgue is free. There is no charce	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, Till throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and harted therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpless condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll he all right, so don't ery." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't-	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle,	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you sitr from the line this time I in-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 55 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.c.md, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 francs. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no charge for the burnel of the dead, and the see	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is runsted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- cler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- Inad, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, Till throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really though the was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her hiptess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the arrow which he has cultivated for	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted,	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. O none occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the nublic. In it were subscripting	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If lean't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, fill throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helptess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't ery." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cul. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for vers and has now become so proficient	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—IPuek. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?"	To him without delay. "Pray sound my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 france; for corpse, 35 francs. Gnffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Fend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 francs. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 france is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serone weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadily derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't Jead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. If means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home."	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really though the was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her htpress condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I help-it, "think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and hauch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average wasisty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the initiation of the sweet	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I' know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. O none occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you stru-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpue, 25 france. Galfer Riderhood. : Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Found, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the deal and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnal of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1830, 1830, 1851 and 1871, and during the size many Prussian	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- hand, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, m that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If lean't convice you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, full throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and harred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I nut go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that abe really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didu't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the laryux, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I' know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge.	To him without delay. "Pray sound my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you, start to run I shall certain hrowe, and	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.c.md, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the price for the deal and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is runsted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlem, far away from the business portion of the town, and she
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't Jead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. If means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, waked along by her	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lpless condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the initiation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Tan Dudekin (preparing to get on his Knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked is very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge.	To him without delay. "Pray sound my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories, Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you site from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you. start to run I shall certain krough, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, republe:	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 25 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Fromd, was a well-known type on the Scine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the desd and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnal of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1845, 1851 and 1871, and during the size many Frussian soldlers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is book in	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is prated in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. <b>Women as Watchmakers.</b> "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlem, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, or an average, from \$250
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be there than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and harred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Ot course I do, any child would know." "'Ou don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: I is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I mus go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, wakked along by her	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her hipless condition, put his arm around heavait. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I dida't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love methat's all."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the arynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the initiation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings ago Mr. Sullivan gave an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Yan Dudekin (preparing to get on his Knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTHER THING.	To him without delay. "Pray sound my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and sid: "Now, John, up to this time you have fi you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpuse, 25 france. Galfer Riderhood. : Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Found, was a well-known type on the Scine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the desd and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no harge for the burnial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1845, 1851 and 1871, and during the size many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thrilling itomances could be written. One needling	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- cler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the strade there, there were many women in the country, but any women in the business as there are only four women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business portion of the tow, and she women lives up in Harlem, far away from the business portion of the tow, and she must make, on an average, from §25 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are brought to
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be there than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Ot course I do, any child would know." "'Ou don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: I is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not fur off, "come, I must go home." "Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, wakked along by her side without saying another word. He knew if tears did come it would relievy	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really though the was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her http:ess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love mo-that's all."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesse the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a strange gurgle in the laryux, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sween biling of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few were nipring at alivery ate in the pond	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTHER THING.	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you site from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you. start to run I shall certain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 france. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.o.nd, was a well-known type on the Scine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no enor- unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnal of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public, In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1845, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thrilling romances could be written. One peculiar	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is prather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am easonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlem, far away from heb usiness portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from \$255 a week. I send many of the more detered watches when are more they business on the ore the town and she must make. I send many of the more detered watches when are more the town and she must make on the send many of the more detered watches when are more the senden are more the senden are more the senden and she more detered watches when are more the senden are more the senden and senden the senden are more the senden and senden are senden and senden are senden are more the senden and senden are senden are senden are senden are senden and senden are sende
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't lead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "'You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. If means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word. H knew if tears did come it would relieve the pressure on the dear little heart which	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lpless condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come,Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me-that's all."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its imate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings ago Mr. Sullivan gave an eshi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a lively rate in the post Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTERE THING.	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- imeat had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have trun from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but T11 never give any low-	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novelof "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Sciene, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itsell. From its archives many thrilling romances could be written. One peculiar	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is provide the second second second second second for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- forted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are neurly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers, whon I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §26 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are brought to me to be repaired, to her, and other jowed-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be there than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Ot course I do, any child would know." "'Ou don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: I is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not fur off, "come, I must go home." "Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, wakked along by her side without saying another word. He knew if tears did come it would relievy	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her help ess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with he disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it, you are-so-so-cruel. I didu't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, "and I don't want to be cruel to you, "and I don't want you to love me-that's all."	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, end the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesse the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the laryux, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the swee were hirping at a livlery rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan Mr. F. Boyle and Mr. Crogan	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTEER THING.	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and sid: "Now, John, up to this time you have trun from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but T11 never give any low- lived, low-down Yankee the privilege of doing it."	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 france. Galfer Riderhood. : Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Sciene, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the dead and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldlers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thrilling romances could be written. One peculity wor- thy of preservation. For nearly a hun- dred years a certain family of working	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serens weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the vatchmakers. Now, n that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are nonly four women watchmakers, whon I, know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §25 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are bronght to me to be repaired, to her, and other jewel- ters do the same thing. She does good weat and she lives in a quiet neighbor.
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't lead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know." "'You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. If means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not far off, "come, I must go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word. H knew if tears did come it would relieve the pressure on the dear little heart which	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she foit less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I dida't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, "and I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me-that's all." They were gliding along now easily and smootily, but at a rapid rate, though that fact was imperceptible to Jenny, The landscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and beautiful, but she could perceive pa	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings ago Mr. Sullivan guve an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a lively rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan humber of about 100, came honping from	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Tan Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I' know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He soid you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTERI THING.	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. O none occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height; "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yankee the privilege of doing it." A tunfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 frances. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers foud their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thriling romances could be written. One peculiar dred upers a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is instead in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- footed clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers whom I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from \$25 to \$25 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are brought to me to be repaired, to her, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The latter is, you know, very im- ortant to a watchmaker. The
<text><text><text><text><text></text></text></text></text></text>	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lpless condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll come liright," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didu't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her, "I want to love you, and I want you to love mo-that's all." They were glidling along now easily and smoothly, but at a rapid rate, though that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The handscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, year changing and beautiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloon.	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and launch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was inlety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. A Man Who Charms Frogs. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the maryelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgie in the laryux, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few were ings ago Mr. Sulliven gwe an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a lively rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan were present. After a few notes had been whistled frogs of all sizes, to the number of about 100, came hopping from all directions up to the doors of the locks.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Tan Dudekin (preparing to get on his Knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—IPuek. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?" MANDER THING. "Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said?you were a famous one."	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have fy ou stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run f shall certain hrough, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yaakke the privilege of doing it." At Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 france. Galfter Riderhood. : Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual F.c.md, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the deal and 15 frances is the price for the deal and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burlal of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thrilling romances could be written. One pecular dred years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by witcide From father to son, from	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is prather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serens weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of au- forted clock and put it all wrong. <b>Women as Watchmakers.</b> "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- cler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the watchmakers. Now, m that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are one. But in all New York there are one. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers, on an average, from §25 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are brought to me to be repaired, to her, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The lattre is, you know, very im- portant to a watchmakers. me
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will con- timer than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me i I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- one with abress where love is than a stalled ox and harred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: I is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were not fur off, "come, I must go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, wakked along by her side without saying another word. He knew if tears did come it twould relievy the pressure on the dear little heave it there. II. There was to be a balloon ascension	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon," etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder-she feit less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-fom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, "and I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me-that's all." They were gliding along now easily that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The landscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and beautiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloon. "What are you doing with the rone	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and hauch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings ago Mr. Sullivan gave an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a lively rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan all directions up to the doors of the lock shanty, much to the doors of the lock shanty, much to the doors of the lock	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Tan Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from humber two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Hary is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he cande around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTHER THING. "Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said you were a famous one."	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have fi you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yankee the privilego of doing it." A Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An of- for hiled him and sneeringly in quired	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Seine, and many a murder was committed for the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseenly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers foud their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many trilling romances could be written. One peculiar dred years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by suicide From father to son, from mother to duaghter, has been handed a	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is instead in very clear and series weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fourted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- land, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers whon I know of, and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §25 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are bronght to me to be repaired, to her, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The latter is, you know, very im- portant to a watchmaker sometimes. The are caused by the passing of heavily-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't lead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, full throw up the case. I know you love me; I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her- side without saying another word. If knew if teres did come it would relieve the speakent of ham, and the crue fellow thought it best to leave it there. 11 There was to be a balloon ascension and Tom Arrington was to be one of th	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yoursel? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right." "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpess condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't cry." "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder—she foit less frightened that way—"I—can't— help-it. you are—so—so—cruel. I didat-think—you-would-be cruel- to—me—fom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me—that's all." They were gliding along now easily that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The landscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and beautiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloon. "What are you doing with the rope to covered under his traument.	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings of Mr. Sullivan guve an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a livicy rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan al directions up to the doors of the look shaaty, much to the astonishment of those present. After a few notes had been whistled frogs of all sizes, to the number of about 100, came hopping from all directions up to the doors of the look shaaty, much to the astonishment of those present.	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTHER THING. "Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said-you were a famous one." INS SACHIFICE. Highwayman" (to deaf individual)— Money or your life. Deaf Individual (in carriage with wife)	To him without delay. "Pray sond my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said: "Now, John, up to this time you have fi you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you." John heard the Captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yankee the privilego of doing it." A Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An of- for hiled him and sneeringly in quired	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Sciene, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 frances. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseendy traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thriling romances could be written. One peculiar dred years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by suicide From father to son, from mother to daughter, has been handed a plain gold ring, and on the finger of each has been found this tivek. It has been	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trasted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- hand, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers. Now, or the and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §26 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are bronght to me to be repaired, to here, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The latter is, you know, very im- portant to a watchmaker sometimes. The jar caused by the passing of heavily- oned and so on, is sometimes so violent of the some the business or in the source and reas the the sines the rease of the source and the source and so the passing of heavily-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be more than any one else has ever done." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't lead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, full throw up the case. I know you love me: I know you love were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with hers where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "Of course I do, any child would know." "You don't though, for all you think yourself so vise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her- side without saying another word. If knew if ters did come it would relieve the speak which to are it here. "It may the areas it here with a stalled out the just then, walked along by her- side without saying another word. If knew if terss did come it would relieve the pressure on the dear little heart which was one call the start bar there. "It Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her- side without saying another word. If there was to be a balloon ascension and Tom Arrington was to be one of the party of aeronauts. He had been on the party of aeronauts. He had been of the party of aeronauts. He had been of the party of aeronauts. He had been of	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lptes condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me-that's was imperceptible to Jenny. The laudscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and benutiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloo. "What are you doing with the rope. Tom?"s he asked, having somewhat re covered under his treatment.	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and haunch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was ninety- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesses the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurgle in the larynx, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few evenings of Mr. Sullivan guve an exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a livicy rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan al directions up to the doors of the look shaaty, much to the astonishment of those present. After a few notes had been whistled frogs of all sizes, to the number of about 100, came hopping from all directions up to the doors of the look shaaty, much to the astonishment of those present. Good bullfrogs are yeen of	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Tan Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I'know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judgs. MNOTERE THING. "Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said you were a famous one." INS SACRIFICE. Highwayman" (to deaf individual)— Money or your life. Deaf Individual (in carriage with wife) -What's that? Money or my wife.	To him without delay. "Prays and my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedify that he Must come himself and get them! Two Funny War Stories. Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and sid: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand there, right behind you, and if you, start to run I shall certain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied: "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yaakee the privilege of doing it." At Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was running so fast away from the Yankces. The soldier, without stopping yelled back:	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 35 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Facend, was a well-known type on the Sciene, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the 25 frances. Now the propor- tion is changed, and 15 frances is the price for the dead and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseendy traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burial of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1848, 1851 and 1871, and during the siege many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thriling romances could be written. One peculiar dred years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by suicide From father to son, from mother to daughter, has been handed a plain gold ring, and on the finger of each has been found this tivek. It has been	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trasted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- hand, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers. Now, or the and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §26 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are bronght to me to be repaired, to here, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The latter is, you know, very im- portant to a watchmaker sometimes. The jar caused by the passing of heavily- oned and so on, is sometimes so violent of the some the business or in the source and reas the the sines the rease of the source and the source and so the passing of heavily-
ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will be ter or the forty-fourth cousin—it will conc." "He seems to be a very nice gentle- man." "Seems to be. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other consideration, I'll throw up the case. I know you love me: I know I love you. We've loved each other since we were old enough to know what love meant. Better is a din- ner with herds where love is than a stalled ox and harred therewith. Do you know what that means?" "'Of course I do, any child would know," "'You don't though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means just this: It is better to marry for love than for money." "Come, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tears were nout far off, "come, I must go home." Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word. He knew if tears did come it twould relievy the pressure on the dare little heart which was now pleading for him, and the crue fellow thought it best to leave it there. 11 There was to be a balloon ascension and Tom Arrington was to be one of the and tom Arrington was to be one of the and tom Arrington was to be one of the or of the or of the set on the set of the or of the party of aeronauts. He had been of	"Meán? Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? "Roll on, silver moon,' etc. And what would they want of money there?" and he burst out laughing when he saw that she really thought he was mad. "Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; "You-ought-to be-ashamed to- frighten me so," said Jenny, sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her h-lptes condition, put his arm around her waist. "Come, Jenny," said he, pulling at the halyard that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand, "come, dear, we'll be all right, so don't er," "I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her prety head on his shoulder-she felt less frightened that way-"I-can't- help-it; you are-so-so-cruel. I didn't-think-you-would-be cruel- to-me-Tom." "And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me-that's was imperceptible to Jenny. The laudscape seemed to be swimming along beneath her, ever changing and benutiful, but she could perceive no motion in the balloo. "What are you doing with the rope. Tom?"s he asked, having somewhat re covered under his treatment.	a storm, and it was thought advisable for Mrs. Gale to get out and walk along the beach, which she did a distance of about eight miles, while her husband pulled along in sight. Wind and oar, and an occasional tow from a steam barge and hauch, took the bridal couple along rapidly, and at noon of the fifth day they arrived at Oakdale harbor, just 340 miles by the coast line measure. The longest distance made in any one day was intery- two miles, and the average was sixty-two miles per day. They returned by rail. Both were browned by exposure, but de- lighted. <b>A Man Who Charms Frogs.</b> Mr. Sullivan, living on the Welland Canal, possesse the marvelous power of charming frogs. The operation is per- formed by a peculiar chirping whistle, followed by a strange gurge in the laryux, which he has cultivated for years, and has now become so proficient in the art that the imitation of the sweet singing of the female frog calling its mate is as perfect as nature. A few were injeng of Mr. Bulivan gwen exhi- bition of his powers. When the frogs were chirping at a lively rate in the pond Mr. Hare, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Crogan were present. After a few notes had been whistled frogs of all sizes, to the number of about 100, came hopping from all directions up to the doors of the look shanty, much to the astonishment of those present. Good bullfrogs are worth	Miss Cashley—You have dropped your handkerchief on the floor, Mr. Van Dudekin. Van Dudekin (preparing to get on his knees)—I did it with a purpose, dear Miss Cashley—er—Edith, I love you; will you be my wife?—[Puck. SHE LIKED THE RING. A young woman, on becoming engaged for the second time, was somewhat as- tonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she returned to her first love. "Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry." "I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much, and if fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, ch?" The young woman's sensations are not described.—[Judge. ANOTHER THING. "Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said-you were a famous one." INS SACHIFICE. Highwayman" (to deaf individual)— Money or your life. Deaf Individual (in carriage with wife)	To him without delay. "Pray send my kisses back to me," He wrote, "Could you forget them?" She answered speedily that he Must come himself and get them! <b>Two Funny War Stories.</b> Congressman Allen, of Mississippi, never tires of telling funny tales about the war. Here are two: A confederate soldier in a certain reg- iment had become noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his Captain found him in line as an unex- pected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and sid: "Now, John, up to this time you have run from every fight. You have dis- graced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I in- tend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you sri- tor un I shall certainly kill you." "Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low- lived, low-down Yankee the privilege of olding it." A t Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An of- teer hill be meringly innived	along the walls and the cycless sockets and mouths were lighted, the gas from the corrupting bodies burning with a fierce and brilliant light. The Morgue at present is a bright ex- ample of a well-organized institution, thanks to the Republic. In the days of the Empire it was the custom to give to anyone bringing from the river the body of a person still living 15 frances; for corpse, 25 francs. Gaffer Riderhood. Dickens' novel of "Our Mutual Fromd, was a well-known type on the Scine, and many a murder was committed for the sake of the desd and 25 for the living. The garments are burned, and a well- regulated police see that there is no more unseemly traffic. The Morgue is free. There is no charge for the burnal of the dead, and the expo- sition of subjects is open at all times to the public. In it were placed the victims of the civil wars of 1830, 1845, 1851 and 1871, and during the size many Prussian soldiers found their way into this grue- some museum. The Morgue is a book in itself. From its archives many thrilling romances could be written. One peculiar droumstance is, however, specially wor- thy of preservation. For nearly a hun- dred years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by suicide From fucher to son, from mother to daughter, has been handed a plain gold ring, and on the finger of each	ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is trasted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four- fouted clock and put it all wrong. Women as Watchmakers. "Now that women are making their way in almost every trade and profession in this country," said a well known jew- eler, "it seems strange to me that so few of them work at watchmaking." In Switzer- hand, even years ago, when I learned the trade there, there were many women watchmakers. Now, in that country, there are nearly as many women in the business as there are men. But in all New York there are only four women watchmakers. Now, or the and I am reasonably well informed. One of these women lives up in Harlen, far away from the business portion of the town, and she must make, on an average, from §26 to §35 a week. I send many of the more delicate watches which are bronght to me to be repaired, to here, and other jewel- ers do the same thing. She does good work and she lives in a quiet neighbor- hood. The latter is, you know, very im- portant to a watchmaker sometimes. The jar caused by the passing of heavily- oned and so on, is sometimes so violent of the some the business or in the source and reas the the sines the rease of the source and the source and so the passing of heavily-