

THE BEETLE.

The brilliant locket slowly sheathes His dagger voice, and crows away Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes The zephyr of the dying day.

One naked star had waded through The purple shadows of the night, And fluttering as falls the dew It drips its misty light.

The katydid is rasping at The silence from the tangled broom: On drunken wings the fitting bat Goes staggering against the gloom.

The fireflies to left and right The fireflies to left and right The fireflies to left and right The fireflies to left and right

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The next evening he spent in Judge Dana's parlor. At first the judge and his wife and two rosebuds of girls, yet outside the portals of society, chatted indifferently on commonplace topics, but they soon retired discreetly, leaving Myrtle to the unlimited power to torture her latest victim.

If she had been fascinating in the Snow Queen garb, Norman found her very much more so in a simply-made house-dress of dark silk. She played and sang for him in a manner that indicated a superficial knowledge of music.

"You will not confess any love for me?" "I am not sure that I have any to confess. You have taken an unfair advantage of me, and you cannot blame me if you suffer for your own folly."

"Trife! It is rather late to hang out the danger-signals. When unskilled fencers trifle with sharp swords in place of the wooden ones they have practiced with, it is no wonder that they are wounded. They deserve to be."

"You mean that you have not escaped injury any more than I have?" "No; I do not mean that, in the sense you do. I am sorry for you, but I do not love you. All I can think of now is my wicked folly."

"I shall be delighted," said Myrtle. "Papa intended to take us girls." "He had not waited five minutes in the easiest chair in the judge's parlor the following evening when she entered the room, a striking contrast to the Snow Queen, to be sure, but quite charming in her velvet spangling with musically-clinking jets, with Gold of Ophir roses on her bosom, corresponding exactly with the artificial roses on the black-lace bonnet. Even the long tan gloves were buttoned, and her fan was in her hand."

"Oh, certainly," she assented, stepping back a little. "It is against my principles to keep any one waiting. Punctuality is one of my best virtues."

"And her name is Legion." "Oh, no, indeed! I am not an angel. My virtues are sadly overshadowed by my faults."

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

KING JONATHAN CHARLES FREDERICK, who reigns over the Mosquito reservation, in the Nicaraguan territory, is one of the most remarkable "monarchs" outside of Central Africa. King Frederick has only been a short time in power, and is a man about twenty-eight years of age, of small stature, and thickly built. He dresses in a navy blue uniform, somewhat like that of a New York policeman.

Such a course was resorted to in Berlin by a young lady. She was suffering, it appears, from heart disease, and possibly this may have been the origin of her suicidal ideas. In any case, having been warned by her medical attendant that any great emotion or exertion might prove fatal, and having also been specially forbidden to go up or down stairs, she went to the window and looked out, precisely what she was told not to do, in order to kill herself. Being left alone one day at home, she began running up and down three flights of stairs, continuing the exercise for an hour, when she sank down on the floor quite exhausted.

She did not, however, die, as according to the doctors, she ought to have done; and after resting had been admitted, and she was as well as ever, much to her distress, as she really believed she would have accomplished her purpose.

An interesting romance comes from the Crow Creek Reservation. B. F. Balch, a badly crippled veteran of the civil war, now a settler on these lands, has just received intelligence which has brought him great gladness. His only child, a girl named Miss M. Balch, his little girl, then 5 years old, was stolen from her home by some unknown persons, and for many years although much money and time were spent in the search, no trace of the lost one could be found.

A communication of his to the authorities at Washington recently in regard to his pension was published in the newspapers and caught his daughter's eye, who had been residing in Texas. She at once opened up communication with Mr. Balch, and with the aid of a pair of ear-rings on her at the time of her capture and in other ways convinced him that she was beyond all doubt his long lost daughter.

A MARYLENE recovery from paralysis is reported from Eureka, Tex. The patient, Joel Norton, was taken to the hospital by his lower limbs and one of his arms for three years, and was bound to an invalid's chair, hopelessly, it was supposed, by the grim hand of muscular paralysis, but the sight of his little daughter Lillian in flames broke the bones of his living death. The child ran into the room where her father lay with her dress on fire, screaming and flying about, when, without thought of his condition, her parent sprang to his feet and catching up a rug wrapped her tightly in it and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. His excitement dying off, he realized that he was once again capable of motion, and actually fainting from joy and nervous reaction.

Physicians declare it a miraculous restoration of vital force, and have visited him from all parts of the country. Mr. Norton has walked two miles daily since his recovery, and can scarcely be induced to go to bed at night for fear lest his malady attack him while he is asleep.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Wanted a Couple—Heavy Pies—A Lesson from Experience—More Remarkable, Etc., Etc.

"I see," said a man, entering a caterer's establishment, "that you advertise weddings furnished?" "Yes, sir," replied the caterer, briskly. "I wish you'd send a couple to my house right away. I've two daughters I'd like to get off my hands."—[Bazar.]

Duncan—So you and the handsome Bramble girl are one? Titcomb—That's what I thought when the minister married us, but I have since concluded that we are ten. Duncan—What do you mean? Titcomb—She is one and I'm naught.—[Epoch.]

A VALUABLE FAMILY RELIC. Billiams—I have taken a fancy to that cane you sport, Gilliams. Would you sell it? Gilliams—Wouldn't dispose of it for any consideration. It's an old family heirloom; my great-grandfather used to belabor my great-grandmother with it.—[Jewelers' Circular.]

A FALLACY. In Washington. Bagley—Well, I suppose necessity is the mother of invention. Patent Office Employee—You wouldn't think so if you worked in the Patent Office.

HEAVY PIES. Crimsonback—Burglars got into my house last night and got away with six of my wife's pies! Yeast—How in the world did they get? "That isn't the question. How did they get out after eating the pies, I wonder?"—[Yonkers Statesman.]

AND THE BAND PLAYED—A QUICKSTEP. Arabella, alone with her beau, In the dim light of gas burning leau, Heard a step on the stair, Turned the gas up full flare, And said to her worshipper, "Genau! Papa has got his boots on, I kneau!"—[New York Herald.]

NO CHANGE. "Mother, I can't stand this," objected the young wife to her mother, "Harry keeping me up this way till 2 or 3 o'clock almost every night since we've been married."

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Cholly—I think I shall sign as catcher with some base-ball team next season, my dear chappie. Chappie—Why, what put that into your head? Cholly—O, I think I'm splendidly qualified. Almost everywhere I've called I've caught the people out. See! Ha! Ha!—[Drake's Magazine.]

EXCEPTIONS. Johnny Cusmo—I don't like Freddy Fangle. He talks too much out of his mouth. Mrs. Cusmo (reprovingly)—Did you ever know people to talk except with their mouths? Johnny Cusmo—Yessum. Dead and dumb people talk with their hands.—[Bazar.]

THE HORRID BOY. Musical Lady—Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my little man? Johnny—Naw. I wouldn't like to have folks say such mean things about me as they do about you.—[Munsey's Weekly.]

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION. Miss Summit—I had a long conversation about art with Miss Dinwiddie the other evening, and found her so thoroughly stupid. Mr. Cleverton—You surprise me! We talked the other evening for an hour, and I thought she was remarkably intelligent. Miss Summit—What did you talk about? Mr. Cleverton—Baseball.—[The Epoch.]

HAD DONE PRETTY WELL. Millionaire—Honesty, my son, is always the best policy. His son—Well, my father is, pa, but still you've done pretty well.

THE FIRE MADE HIM LIMP. First Tramp—Hello! What makes you limp? Second Tramp—The result of a fire. F. T.—A fire! S. T.—Yes; fired out.—[New York Journal.]

THEY DO NOT SPEAK NOW. "Well," said Chappie, draining his glass, "the bottle's empty. It doesn't take me long to make a quart of champagne look silly." "That's so," returned Blinks. "And it doesn't take the quart long to reciprocate the attention, either."—[New York Herald.]

MORE REMARKABLE. McCorkle—You seem quite struck with my idea. McCrackle—No, not so much with the idea as with the fact that you had one. "SIMILAR LIKE" IT. "A writer in the Other Monthly claims that woman has entered every field of industry," said Quercus; "still we never see her near of woman watchmakers."

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