

SOMETHING.

A something over in the air,
And poises o'er the naked tree,
And rides upon the woged cloud,

A PECULIAR GIRL.

BY MRS. WILLIAM WINTER.

Rachel Landon began life by being peculiar. Instead of the customary orthodox yell with which their

But the baby thrived, and as her young life advanced from weeks to months, and from months to years, she managed to keep up her reputation,

At eighteen she fell in love, quite convinced that, though other girls might have imagined themselves in love before her time, there had never really been

There was soon an almost bitter feeling of rivalry between the lovers as to which of them loved the more, and while this feeling was at its height, Amy Rivers came home from boarding school.

Amy was the kind of girl that men go mad about. She was small and slender, with dainty hands, and feet of diminutive size, and a heart of similar dimensions.

Miss Amy Rivers very speedily settled the curious rivalry that had existed between the lovers. She had not been home a week when George Murray ceased protesting the superior depth of his attachment to Rachel.

Such a wasted life!—an only child, worshipped by her parents, who were devoid of grief for her selfish grief—a rich woman, too, who might be doing so much good with her hoarded wealth!

The poor, the sick and the suffering knew her well. If the physician made no pretense of hope, he told Rachel plainly that in all human probability her friend was doomed.

"But, doctor, we will take that one shadowy chance, and let the other ninety-nine go," said Rachel.

The tears that seldom rose to Rachel's eyes for her own woes, overflowed for the imagined sorrow of this forlorn old wreck of humanity. The woman was quick to see, and instantly stretched forth an imploring hand, in which Rachel placed a liberal donation.

It was this incident that paved the way for an unexpected but far more important encounter. As Rachel, walking quickly, and with eyes still wet with tears, and a heart wildly throbbing with a newly quickened feeling, turned the corner of the street, she rushed directly into the arms of a young man who was coming toward her.

"George—George Murray!" "Forgive me. I did not mean to touch you. It was so sudden."

And she wrenched herself from his hold, it was indeed, from his embrace, for he clung to her as if he could not again let her go. But seeing her face, which grew like marble at sight of him, his arms dropped away from her.

"Oh, can you forgive me?" cried Rachel. "It was all a wild delirium of madness! I never loved but you! Can you not forgive me—can you not even try to forgive me?"

"I cannot even try," she said, and her voice was like the knell of hope; and, with a gesture of unspeakable contempt, she waved him aside, and passed on.

How long she had been there she did not know, but she remembered that when she came in she had sunk upon the sofa half fainting; but now her heart was beating wildly and every pulse thrilled as if with some new life—a feverish, delirious ecstasy such as she had never known before.

"Can it be I?" she murmured, wondering. "Yes, it is, indeed I, and I am beautiful. Ah! my day has come—the day of my triumph!"

And, like poor old Lear, Rachel determined that her vengeance should be the terror of the earth—a revenge unique, unusual, peculiar, like herself.

From that day Rachel Landon returned to society. She soon learned what, had she been accustomed to the gossip of the town, she would have known months ago—that Murray had returned a broken-hearted, ruined man, bitterly disappointed in the wife who had squandered his fortune on her.

They went to be, for they began now to count the hours till George Murray's breathing should cease—that breathing that was often so faint that more than once it seemed to have ceased entirely. But Rachel kept no reckoning of time.

One day in the early summer the windows were open, for it was very warm, and the odor of roses and honeysuckle and purple elematis filled the room with perfume.

"He will never come out of this sleep," said the nurse in a hushed voice. Rachel drew a long breath, and took the wasted hand in both her own and held it close, while her very soul seemed to pass into that faint, faint, feverish glow.

"I am going to be revenged on you," "Ah! But how, dear?" "I am going to marry you!"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid so," murmured Rachel. "You know, George, that I was always very peculiar."

South Carolina is a country without fences, writes a correspondent, and it is a vast improvement in the landscape, as well as a great saving in money.

Jack Hardup (with unwonted enthusiasm) "By Jove! I see that some fellow is talking about introducing a bill into the House making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to any one."

"What is the difference between a college student and the man who has college degrees conferred upon him for his erudition?" "One gets his learning by degrees and the other gets degrees by his learning."

Acquaintance—Going to be married this Thursday? I congratulate you, old boy! Who is to be best man?" "Best man? No!—(Chicago Tribune.)"

He—It is so good of you, darling, to accept my suit. But even my great wealth, I am afraid, can't make her pretty head nod to my grandfathers as a common fisherman.

First Tramp—"What's the matter wid Mike? He looks as if he wasn't wort livin'."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Double Entendre—Very Fly Indeed—A Strained Joke—Spring, Gentle Spring—Better Than Nothing, Etc., Etc.

"You don't know yet how she feels toward you?" "No, but I'm going to make her show her hand."

Wool—Bronson seems to be as fly as ever he was. "Vat Paas—What has he been doing?" "Wool—When I saw him last night he seemed to be trying to walk on the ceiling."

"Am I the man of your choice?" he whispered. "Well, no," was her hesitating reply, "not exactly; but I guess you'll do."

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"Little maiden, tell me true, who is the man most pleases you?" "She blushed and hung her pretty head, and said: 'Thy Hymen I like best,' she said. —[Life.]"

Wigs—I suppose you know "Foreward is never forward." "Futiles—Never heard of him; let's offer him three hundred a week."

The First Paper Makers. The wasps were actual paper makers long before man knew how, and by very much the same process by which man manufactures it now.

Hungry Traveler (at railway dining station)—How soon will the train start, conductor? "Conductor—I'll start on time to-day. I ain't got much appetite."

"I guessed you loved me, sweet," said I, and gazed within her eyes. Like violets shyly raised to mine in maiden's soft surprise.

SURE OF HER GROUND.

"I don't wish to influence you, Mabel," said the mother, "in any way that would do violence to your own feelings or inclinations, but does not young Blannerman appear to be partial to your society of late?"

The young girl bowed. "I thought I had observed an inclination on his part," pursued her mother, looking with pride and tenderness at the beautiful face and figure of her eldest born, "to pay rather exclusive attention to you. He is a man of excellent habits, well connected, and of good prospects, is he not?"

"And he seems to be intelligent, well educated and unassuming, besides being handsome and of good address." "Yes."

"He is not personally objectionable to you, is he, Mabel?" "He is not." "Do you think, my dear—you will pardon the question, I am sure—that he seeks to win your love? Do you think he intends to offer you the highest honor that a high-minded man can tender to the maiden who has won his heart's best affections?"

"Yes, he means it," yawned the beautiful girl. "If I want him he's my pudding." —(Chicago Daily Tribune.)

Wicks—I don't believe there is much difference between genius and insanity. "Vickers—Oh, yes, there is a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes." —[Indianapolis Journal.]

An oldish couple who had come in by the Erie boat recently, when the wife asked her husband about the time of day. It was about 2 o'clock by the right time, but he looked at his big silver watch and replied that it was 3.

"But they said we'd get here about 2," she protested. "Train might have been late." "It wasn't quite 2 by the clock in the depot."

He took out his bull's eye again for another look, held it up to his ear to see if it was going, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, pshaw! I'm an hour ahead! I've had her set for the hired man to get up by, and forgot to turn 'er back." —[New York Observer.]

She (with some severity)—I have been told that you speak in very complimentary terms of me to others. I do not wish you to do so, for people may get the idea from your praise of me that there is something between I do not wish should get abroad.

He—Yes, I'm sorry for what I said. It was only in fun. She—Fun? He—Yes; when I said you were beautiful and amiable and all that I did not mean it, upon my word, so please forgive me. —[New York Press.]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

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

One of the spots which have been selected for public squares in Philadelphia is famous as the identical place where William Penn made his great treaty with the Indians. But even before that time it had a claim to historic attention as the site of Gov. Fairman's mansion.

The Boston Journal tells a story illustrating the power of a strong will. Some forty years ago a Massachusetts good wife lay in her bed apparently dying with consumption.

The captain of a coasting vessel, who arrived at Guaymas, Mexico, a few days ago, tells of a strange discovery made by himself during his last trip. He traded up and down the coast, doing business among the inhabitants of the islands and coast villages between San Diego, Cal.

While Frank Moffatt of Calais, Me., was in his pools after timber this winter, his wife and the two youngest children lived in one of his camps on the Maguerra. While Mrs. Moffatt was out gathering firewood recently one of the children set fire to the bed.

The Japanese Commissioners at Chicago have been fortunate in securing extremely advantageous sites for their country's exhibit. A certain island which has long been coveted by rival applicants is now definitely promised to them, and this favored spot will probably be occupied by a reproduction of the famous edifice known as How-do, one of the finest and best-preserved examples of ancient architecture that the empire contains.

As example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big gray gull, who seemed to be the captain. It walked to a particular log, and then, as if it were on the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and stood on the same side of the log, which under their combined weight rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. W. E. Mason, of Millsboro, W. Va., went out with \$485 in greenbacks in his pocket to feed his horse. He did not mean to feed the horse on the \$485. But while he was feeding them sorry rubbin corn the money fell from his pocket and was promptly appropriated by the biggest financial hog of the drove. Mr. Mason made his hogship discharge, but the man who printed them wouldn't recognize them. A bill has just been introduced in Congress asking Uncle Sam to replace Mr. Mason's money. Will he do it? Mr. Mason is waiting to see.

There is a man within one mile of De Kalb, Mo., who is said to be a man of 24 years old, 6 feet high, 55 inches around the waist, wears a No. 12 shoe, a No. 10 hat, and weighs 315 pounds. He can hold out at arm's length with ease a man weighing 100 pounds. He is a farmer and can do as much work as two common-sized men. Mr. Jones is married to a lady that weighs only 92 pounds.

It is said that there is a horse in Chicago which is so strongly charged with electricity that when warm with exercise it will give a powerful shock to whoever touches it, and even yield enough of a spark to light gas. The fact was discovered by accident a few days since, and the electric horse will soon probably figure as a dime museum curiosity. We have seen many a man who has been powerful enough to knock out a man's brains and he was not considered a curiosity, nor was his power attributed to electricity.

Alexandria, Egypt, possesses the largest artificial harbor in the world.