

A Mad Poet.

Ye fabled the hand, that faint on dozing wing... To look for a "silence and all damned!"

EARNING THE RIGHT.

She was young and delicate, and fair... Mark Manning stood by her side, a world-worn man of thirty-five...

Mr. Tremor, my dear, is not acquainted with Mr. Manning... The young man had a red him with a look bordering on dislike...

His father had recently died, and he was reputed to be wealthy property to the amount of nearly half a million...

But his worthy aunt, as Tremor was well aware, was a large body who not only moved slowly, but rarely...

It was the fashion for the party, when, of course, as on previous occasions, it had included a chaperon...

COL. HARNEY'S REVENGE.

When the massacre of the Caloosahatchie ended the truce which had for a brief time suspended operations against the Seminoles...

Mr. Theodore Tremor, what does this mean? "It means that you're a cursed fool, and you'd better turn back and go about your business..."

And the next train which left for London carried away Theodore Tremor on his way to the continent... Meanwhile, Mermelle Chesborough looked on from the piazza...

How he came she did not ask. Briefly she told him of the evening's performance... "Oh, what kind fate was it that sent you to my deliverance?"

There is one thing, said Mark, modestly, "and it is a great thing, and it is this: I love your daughter, and I cannot give her great wealth..."

Professor Lucko, a Strasbourg surgeon, recommends powdered "sugar" as an antiseptic dressing for wounds. Hitherto it has been used in equal parts with naphthalene...

Over-Population in Germany.

Germany is growing fast, a pre-eminently industrial country for which the export of its productions is the condition of providing the population with food and raw materials...

Woman's Devotion.

My son, I am pained to learn that you are becoming somewhat cynical in your views concerning the natural tendencies and qualities of woman-kind in general...

That my son is a simple, good woman, I am glad to hear. I have no recollection of this still, she may have done so. And, I will remember, you got into a street fracas and had your Grecian nose demolished of its pristine line of beauty...

While you are burning the midnight gas, busily engaged with the hemispherical ivory on a green-baize table, let your heart have sufficient leisure to burn for the eyes of the girl you thought you had, sure, after the fashion of a miser, to "roll" around a big lump of misanthropy...

Advantages of Limited Museums. The value of every collection intended for scientific purposes and public use, books, natural science objects, ethnographical specimens, it matters not...

On, slowly and steadily, muffled paddles rising and falling with measured cadence, we pushed through shallow water and stiff saw-grass. It was not more than six or seven miles, apparently that we had to go, yet we were still near midnight getting into position for action...

A well-educated person who possesses a college sheepskin, reads his Bible, his Shakespeare and the daily papers seldom enters a actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions and wait till they find a word that exactly fits their meaning...

An Armless Woman's Feats.

"Now, let me show you what I can do. Dinner'll be here in just a moment. Thread a needle! Of course I can; see?" and suiting the action to the word...

Maltese and Angora.

"Is it possible," asked the reporter, "that Maltese and other fancy cats are taking the place of dogs as ladies' pets?" It is said that in Washington ladies go out shopping taking with them Maltese cats fastened with gilt chains to their girdles...

"Here comes my dinner. Now you can see me eat—that it's such a sight, but you may find it odd to see one eat with one's feet instead of fingers..."

To Find Gold and Silver.

A well-known contractor and builder now living in this village has recently purchased a good many tools for use in which he is able, as he says, to discover the location of hidden gold or silver...

To Find Gold and Silver.

"I take a small, wide-mouthed bottle and put into it a combination of minerals. Then I insert two slender pieces of whalebone about ten inches long, after which the mouth of the bottle is closed tight with wax...

Tricking a Wild Duck.

A Manitoba paper tells of an ingenious method of securing a stock of hens practiced by a bachelor who lives in a secluded corner of the hills, distant from neighbor eyes...

A Colored Citizen of Lowndes County.

A colored citizen of Lowndes County, Mississippi, named his thirteenth child Grover Cleveland.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Jersey farmer felt the shake on Sunday's sudden fierce earthquake, and shivered, as if smitten with pain. He looked around in mortal dread. And seeing nothing, shook his head. "I've got the bestest shakin' again."

Dr. Paxon, of New York, says that the Scotch are the only people who have succeeded in solving the difficult problem of combining punch with piety.

Twenty-five years ago there were fifty cats where there are only one to-day. A statistician and the Philadelphia Call adds that twenty-five years ago there was one set of furs where there are fifty to-day.

"Is your overcoat at home?" asked a merchant of his clerk, who came shivering into his office. "No, sir," he cheerfully replied; "but my sister is at my uncle's." "As neither of them knew what the other thought, the business of the day proceeded as usual."

The well-grounded belief that money is all-powerful has sustained a severe blow. A wealthy gentleman, who is believed to be the richest man in the State with a play called "Power of Money," and it doesn't possess sufficient power to draw a house big enough to pry their hotel bills."

Her Dying Request.—Lily is very ill—dangerously ill. Her mamma is very anxious about her. "What is the matter, dear?" asked the little patient. "Hush, child; you surely don't want to break your poor mother's heart?" "No, ma; dear; if I die, I want you to put all my dolls into mourning!"—Zion's Herald.

Parson Whangdoodle. Baxter distinguishes between a bachelor and a general of an aged colored man: "Our deceased brother was married four times during his life," said Whangdoodle; "but only one of his widows am so fortunate as to be able to survive him long enough to see him die."—Texas Siftings.

An inspector, who had been explaining to a class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest to him: "Now, could your father walk round the world?" "No, sir," the boy replied. "Why not?" "Because he's dead," was the altogether unlooked for response.—All the Year Round.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Tartrary young man who breaks his engagement with his girl does so at her request. "I don't want to engage myself to the next old sister. If anything happens to her he has to take the next one, and so on down. The family that matrimonially catches a Tartar doesn't let go its grip until grim death has been very busy for a good while."

A Texas cattleman married a refined young lady belonging to the best society of Dallas. A friend meeting him shortly after his marriage congratulated him on his happy fortune. "It's all right, but I had to make a sacrifice," replied the newly-made husband, shaking his head. "What sacrifice?" "I've had to give up going to bed with my boots and shoes on when I come home tired."—Texas Siftings.

At a sewing-circle all the women were talking, and some of the subjects got hopelessly confused. "Remember, my subject is 'rickets,'" replied Col. Elliot. "I never heard such a horrid noise as this!" said another, thinking she referred to the Fall-crickets. "They say they make that noise with their hind legs."—Oleander Leaflet.

Col. Elliot, who is the Texas Commissioner at the New Orleans Exposition, got himself into trouble. A Dallas youth, who imagines that he is an artist, brought him a beautiful landscape he had painted, and told him he wanted it exhibited at New Orleans. "Certainly," replied the Commissioner. Col. Elliot. "But I want a card put on it stating that it is not for sale." "I don't think that there is the slightest necessity for that," remarked Commissioner Elliot, taking another glance at the work of art.—Texas Siftings.

Husband.—"It looks like rain, my dear. Don't you think we had better take an umbrella?" Wife.—"Oh, no, we don't want to be bothered with it." Husband.—"You take great chances, my love." Wife.—"I know I do. If I were a man I would be a bold speculator. I would never be satisfied like you, until an ordinary hundred business man said, 'I'll just bring me a living.'" [Ah later, the couple standing in a narrow doorway with the rain beating fiercely in.] Wife.—"How do I look?" Husband.—"Very much like a speculator, sharer of my joys and sorrows."

A learned professor claims that he was not a "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellar oculomotor centers."