

The Wrong Change.

A New York reporter has been going about among the hotels inquiring as to the tricks of petty swindlers, who ask to have a bill changed, and then claim that they have not received the right change. The clerk of the Brandreth House said that once a well-dressed man entered the hotel and asked for change for a \$20 bill. Four \$5 bills were given him. The clerk was very busy. Soon the stranger said, "Look here. See that you have given me—three \$5 bills and a \$1 bill." The clerk knew he was right, but several guests of the house, who were standing near the desk, said that the man had not moved from where he stood. The stranger indignantly demanded to be searched, and at last the clerk yielded against his judgment, and gave him a \$5 for a \$1 bill, which he insisted he had received. Afterward a hall-boy said he noticed that the stranger had a friend when he came in, but his friend went out just after the clerk handed out the change. That night the cash account was four dollars short!

At the same hotel, during the war, a fashionably dressed man alighted from a carriage at the door, and, hurrying to the desk, threw down a \$5 bill and asked for change, explaining hastily that he wanted to pay his cabman. He went out and a moment afterward the carriage drove away. The bill was a counterfeit. Several years ago, a man who had stayed a day or two at the Brandreth House as a guest, paid his bill, and, as he was about to go away, turned suddenly, and asked the clerk to change a \$10 bill. The clerk who was busy, threw down ten \$1 bills. The departing guest thrust them into his wallet, and bade the clerk good-morning. "Hold on!" the latter called out. "Where is the \$10 bill?" "I gave it to you," said the man. "It was a brand new bill. Look in your drawer." It was a time when there was a flood of new bills. The clerk looked in his drawer and saw several. He was not convinced, however. The man glibly explained that on a certain day he had drawn just so much from the bank, and then carefully recounted a large number of expenditures, which would leave a certain balance of money in his possession. Then he counted his money, and the amount agreed with this calculated balance. As he had the money in his possession, the clerk could do nothing except submit to the loss or bring a civil suit. He submitted to the loss.

At the Grand Central Hotel, a boy asked the clerk in charge of the hotel post-office for a three-cent stamp, and tossed a five-cent silver piece on the counter. The clerk handed him out a three-cent stamp and two cents, and swept the five-cent piece into the money drawer. "I gave you a ten-cent piece," said the boy.

"You saw me put the piece of money in the drawer, didn't you?" asked the clerk. "Yes sir," replied the boy. "Well, if you can find a ten-cent piece in that drawer," said the clerk, pulling out the drawer and placing it before the boy on the counter, "I'll give it to you."

There was no ten-cent piece in the drawer. A clerk of the Hoffman House said that several years ago a well-dressed man hurried up to the desk with a \$100 bill in his hand, for which he wanted change, in order, as he said, to pay a man a small account. He received a bundle of small bills, which he wrapped about his fingers and hurried out. In half a minute he returned with the bundle of bills held in the same position. While they were yet rolled about his fingers, he said to the clerk that his friend had gone and he had not been able to see him.

He wanted to get his \$100 bill back, because he hated to carry so many small bills in his pockets. The clerk reached out, took the bundle of bills from his hand, and began to count them. "They are the same you gave me," said the man in a resentful tone. "If you don't like my way of doing business you can go elsewhere," replied the clerk. The bundle was found to be ten dollars short. The man blustered barely enough to support an appearance of innocence and went away.

Undressing Little Ned.

From the Detroit Free Press. "Where is 'Whisky Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five-cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise. "Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whisky a day, but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half underground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood, do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the pale-ness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again and again as night comes down, and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mist of time?

So "Whisky Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly broad-shouldered man of fifty and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture-book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whisky Bill' down town," he replied as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so; I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low

down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No, I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest isn't quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying his mother didn't do that way and mother done this way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his night-gown on I was ashamed and put him down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck I dropped the name of 'Whisky Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying to live a sober, honest life. God helping me no one shall call me 'Whisky Bill' again."

The four little children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep!"

FASHION NEWS.

The popular dust-proof traveling cloak is a modification of the "Ulster," of steel-gray mohair. It slightly fitted in the back, with the front loose, and in some models a deep circular cape is set in with the side-seams of the back, and the garment called "Ulster Dolman."

There is a special fancy this summer for shirred bonnets or round hats of cotton goods that may be renewed by the laundress when no longer fresh. Ladies save pieces of their lawn, batiste, and simple plaid gingham dresses to make the round hat which is to be worn with them.

Mob-caps of oil-silk, colored sea-green, or else in the usual yellow shades, are used to protect the hair while in the water. Over this is worn a wide-brimmed coarse straw hat, which may be bought for a few cents. Sometimes a cottage-shaped cap of the oil-silk is preferred to the mob-cap.

There are elegant sachets of morocco and Russia leather, lined with fine morocco or velvet, and supplied with a velvet-lined oil containing hair, tooth, nail, hat and clothes-brushes, scissors and other instruments for keeping the nails in order, boxes of nail and lace powder, hand-mirrors and other toilet conveniences.

Another dressy novelty this summer is the mantle of white Breton lace made in the shape of a large fichu, with voluminous jabot ends tied at the waist in front. The back reaches just below the belt of the dress, and the shoulders are covered with soft white net, which is wrought in the large floriated patterns now darned in the Breton lace. The garment is a most dainty finish to elegant summer costumes for day receptions.

The belts and bags so popular with American ladies are again used—a fashion peculiar to this side of the water as tourists assert each season when returning from Europe. For general wear light-colored leather or morocco belts are used, with bags attached, and the favorite is of alligator-skin with its peculiar square grains. Belts of medium width are most becoming to the figures, but those four inches wide are most fashionable.

The Carmen bonnet of white organdy is pretty and inexpensive for midsummer wear at the watering-places. It is made double of the sheer muslin, drawn over fine white wire at intervals of an inch and has the Mary Stuart pointed front, widely flaring sides, and indented curtain band that distinguishes the large Carmen shape. A bunch of field poppies, blue corn-flowers, buttercups or daisies, with some loops of black velvet ribbon, form the trimmings.

Ben Butler's Cow.

Ben Butler was called by a person who wanted to talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said he, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower bed. The gate was of the height required by law, and was closed. Now I wish to know whether I can obtain damages?"

"Most assuredly," replied the widow's friend.

"Well, Mr. Butler, how much?"

"Oh, about ten dollars."

"But, Mr. Butler," triumphantly, "the cow was yours."

"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully, and he looked unutterable things out of his bad eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account, and read as follows:

"B. F. Butler, to Mr.—, Dr. To damages caused by cow, \$10. Cr., by legal advice, \$15. Balance due me, \$5."

"M.—," said Mr. Butler, softly, "you needn't hurry about the payment."

"We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he fled down the church aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train," and he did.

BRIGHAM'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Visiting a Friend in Newark and Talking About Her Strange Life.

From the New York Sun. Libbie Canfield, the first wife of John W. Young, the eldest son of the deceased Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, was in Newark last week visiting a former schoolmate. On Saturday afternoon she started for Salt Lake City. She has a petite figure, a profusion of black hair, brilliant black eyes, an olive complexion, and is an intelligent and pretty woman. She is a native of New Jersey, but she first met Young in Philadelphia, where her parents now reside. She hesitated long before consenting to become the wife of a Mormon. Her parents are Presbyterians, and she was an adherent of that faith. She at length married him with the understanding that he would not marry a second wife. She lived happily with her husband until the death of his father, who decreed on his deathbed that his son should take another wife. The Mormon apostles subsequently confirmed this decree, and Young obeyed.

When his wife heard that he had decided to marry again she separated from him. Since that time she has frequently visited her parents in Philadelphia, although she has a fine home in Salt Lake City. While visiting in Newark Mrs. Young said that her husband had always treated her kindly, and that she pitied him. He did not want to marry a second wife, and he was forced by the polygamists to do so, in order to show the Mormons that he was a true disciple of his father. Mrs. Young also said that her life in Salt Lake City had intensified her hatred of polygamy.

When she separated from her husband they parted good friends, and he has ever since been anxious for her welfare. She has a large farm in the suburbs of Salt Lake City and has the custody of her children. Her husband is now living in Arivona with his second wife, whom he never appears with at public receptions. During the years that Mrs. Young lived with him he seldom attended a public assemblage without her, and when Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon and other conspicuous men visited Utah he introduced them to her. When she started from Salt Lake City last February to visit her parents she sent an agent to her with money, lest she might need it before her return. She said that he frequently wrote to her, and that she believed he felt the pain of their parted separation as much as she. In the past few weeks she stopped with her friends at Atlantic City, and she returns to Salt Lake City to superintend the collection and shipment of the wool from her many head of sheep. She personally manages her farm. She expects to return East next fall, and after a short stay, go to Europe. The names of her boys are Brigham, Richard, John, and "Tot," the baby.

The chief reason why evil often seems so much commoner than good in the world is that evil is noisy and always advertised, while good is quiet and passes without notice. The daily press chronicles and emphasizes crime, but seldom makes record of the manifold virtues, which are to vice as fifty to one. In these days of excessive publication, what we do read of we are inclined to believe does not exist. Occasionally however instances of modest unassuming heroism get into print, and it is pleasant and encouraging to notice them. Here are two: Peter Rapp, aged 26, died in Cincinnati a few days ago. Nobody had known or even heard of him, for he was only a driver of a street car, earning a wretched pittance. Still, with this pittance he had for years supported his father and mother, both invalids and unable to work, and having provided for them, had actually nothing for himself. Last winter he could buy neither undergarments nor overcoat, and he was obliged to walk daily from his poor house and back nine miles, because the street car companies, as generous there as here, would not allow their employees, when off duty, to ride free. His suffering from cold, with 15 hours of daily hard work, added to anxiety and privation destroyed his health, and he died of rapid consumption—died, literally, that his parents might live.

Mary Ann, or Grandma, Wilson as she is called, is a vendor of paupers in New Orleans, an industrious, cheerful, withered old woman, who has plied her humble calling in St. Charles street for more than 40 years. She is the most famous yellow fever nurse in the south—a fact which one would never learn from her own lips. She took excellent care of patients during the prevalence of the scourge there in 1837, and again in 1853 she was faithfully at her post. Two years later, when the fever raged at Norfolk, she went there and rendered efficient service. She went at other seasons to Savannah and Memphis, and did her utmost to relieve those who had been attacked by the pestilence. Last summer she found her at Grenada, where for 38 days and nights she battled with the disease, ministering to the sick and dying with a tenderness and devotion not to be exceeded. She has done a world of good, but she never speaks of it, perhaps never thinks of it. She, noble, simple soul, is once more in St. Charles street selling peanuts, apparently unconscious that she had done anything more than her plain duty. The world is better than we think it.

Sound Sleep.

"Put a sound wall of sleep between every two days," advises a benefactor to the human family. Without knowing whom to credit with it, we recognize its value and wish the wise counsel might be more generally heeded for the ultimate good of all. Sound sleep is essential to good health. Nothing else restores the system exhausted by labor, by care or activity, as does the perfect repose found in unbroken sleep. Almost wholly are the disposition and temper governed by the capacity to sleep soundly. The sound sleeper, whose nervous system is recuperated and braced by healthful, restful sleep, is seldom disturbed by trifles that upset completely an irritable, wakeful person who lies through the watches of the night conscious of such pulsation of a restless being, and beginning each morning with worn nerves and a heavy spirit. Before the excited imagination of the wakeful person all the disagreeable things ever known are almost certain in

the stillness of the night hours to pass in review, making the sufferer rejoice when dawn chases the shadows, and the day's activities bring the companionship that leaves less of the fevered mind. How peaceless then is the boon of restful sleep, and how often it might be attained when it is not, if only the question was more reflected upon our better understood. Peace of mind and good digestion are fundamental principles, and these attained, the desired effect would be tolerably sure to follow.

A MODERN SERMON.

On a Text Not Selected From the Scriptures. The following, says an English paper, exhibits the method upon which the average parson constructs his delectable discourse:

"Brethren, the words of my text are: 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone; But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none.'"

These beautiful words, my dear brethren, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone; But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! she went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip or run, or jump, or use any peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely; and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are "the cupboard." Not "one of the cupboards," or "the right-hand cupboard," or "the left-hand cupboard," or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard.

The one humble little cupboard the poor woman possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor, too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wretchedly at the solitary cupboard—in hope and expectation, maybe—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for the poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there" You see dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings, and no slippings, or sidings, or leanings to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?"

"The cupboard was bare." It was bare. There was to be found neither apples, nor oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny-buns, nor ginger-bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one, solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare? Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gunter's the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head; bare as an infant born without a caul.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry—"The widow, no doubt, went out and brought a dog biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scorners of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of this science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then, at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

Who will dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the interior fate of old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door? Depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor? The sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah, no, my dear brethren; we are not permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house and to keep stores in them all. And, O, dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if fate has ordained any of these things, let us then go, as Mother did, straight, without curving or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness, and should we, like her, ever be left a hungry dog, and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text:

"And so the poor dog had none."

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but I think its better in the dark."

THE MOURNFUL MINSTREL.

The Minstrel had a harp that rang
Attuned to bold, triumphant words;
The wild flower blossomed where he sang,
Of watch-fires glinted bright on sword-blades.
Of haughty dames and puissant lords,
He caroled many a lightsome lay;
But now, how'er he strikes the chords,
Each ditty ends in "Well-a-day!"—
The burthen still is "Well-a-day!"

He sings of War—impetuous foes
Like thunder-clouds resounding meet,
But ever at the conflict's close
His harp seems willing for defeat.
Of Love he sings a prelude sweet
As Zephyrs pipe to buds of May;
But Autumn winds regretful beat
Their cadence soon of "Well-a-day!"—
Love ends, like war, in "Well-a-day!"

Far echoed Pride's imperious tone,
High soared Devotion's voice divine;
Now dings falter round the throne,
And Prayer sinks sobbing at the shrine.
Rathe Nature's bloom, Art's deft design,
In melancholy strains decay:
Life's early light has ceased to shine,
And "Well-a-day!" falls, with "Well-a-day!"
Night comes to maul with "Well-a-day!"

And while thus chants that Minstrel strange
Of strength or wisdom, grace or gold,
Interpreting each mournful change,
A scythe beside him I behold;
The mists that wrapped his form unfold
A sand-glass dim, a forelock gray;
Ah! now I know that harper old,
'Tis Time who's singing, "Well-a-day!"
'Tis Time's old, and singeth, "Well-a-day!"

—The Spectator.

Forcible and True Words.

We copy the following passages from the baccalaureate sermon of President Seelye before the graduating class at Amherst college last Sunday as well worth the reading and consideration of the public generally:

Happiness only comes from a duty done, from self-forgetting, perhaps self-sacrificing, labor. The most unselfish heart, the most self-forgetting heart, is both the holiest and happiest heart. Second—it is a truth very easily and very often overlooked that even the means of our most ordinary gratification depend upon something back of our labor for them and back of our desire for them, for neither the labor nor the desire originates itself or is originated by its object. We pride ourselves upon our civilization, but when we come to look calmly and closely at what is ours therein, at its human contrivances and products, it is quite possible that we shall find its glory growing dim more than we shall find ourselves becoming dazzled thereby. Go and ask these mighty achievements of human industry and invention, upon which the present age prides itself, whether they are lessening the disturbance of social inequality, or removing the ills of poverty, or staying the course of crime, or lightening in any actual degree, the great burden of human want and wretchedness. "It is questionable," says Mr. Stuart Mill, "if all the mechanical inventions yet made has lightened the day's toil of a single human being." Look beneath the surface so smooth and shining, of our northern civilization, and see how with the advancement of science and the increase of culture and the progress of art, society is becoming more restless under all the attempts to keep it in order and to give it peace.

The social disturbances of the present time were then sketched, when he proceeded to say: "It is very easy for us to know, in a facile optimism, to talk about self-adjustment of all these social disturbances through social science and economic laws, which men only need to be taught and to follow and the perfect social state should come. But men do not follow social science and economic laws by being taught them. Men may be taught the laws of health until they know them perfectly, and yet may plunge in sickness in defiance of every law, as we find them doing every hour. And a society might know all that social science teaches, and yet be far from regulating itself accordingly. Moreover, social science, if it could be carried out, would be far from reaching the root of the trouble. We build our citadel of political economy, and there with strong ramparts of what we call social forces, and guard round about by a bristling *chevaux-de-frise* of economic laws, we take refuge against the invading forces of disturbance and social discontent, and deem ourselves secure from all attacks of communism or socialism or nihilism."

I have yet to learn that economic laws and adjustments, however firmly trusted, however forcibly taught, however true and perfect they may be in our apprehension, have ever of themselves created hope and joy, have ever removed the care of the capitalist or remedied the complaint of the laborer, or made the problem of work and wages any easier of solution, or really improved the practical relations of man with man. The question of society is deeper than economic.

All social disturbance, all defrauding and oppression and tyranny, all wrong, in fact, of any sort, are only when one seeks his own interest rather than another's, and now we undertake to do away with all this evil by convincing men that they have made a mistake respecting their true interests, which, if they would see it as it is, would rather require them to put away all enmities, and to live as fellow-helps, in mutual forbearance and mutual love.

Honesty is indeed the best policy, but did any amount of policy ever make a honest man? Men may bind themselves together in various associations as they may bind sticks in a fagot for convenient handling and use, but the union together like the branches of a living tree, with the interdependence and mutual help of an organic relationship, where each is working for all and all for each, men have no more impulse to accomplish for themselves, and no more power to produce by themselves, than have the dead elements of nature the instinct and the energy to lift themselves out of death into the mystery and beauty and glory of life.

Only the brooding spirit and creative of a Divine originator can give life to dead matter, and only He who has life in himself, who is the life and the fountain of life, can quicken human hearts and bind them together in a fellowship of perpetual love which is also a fullness of eternal joy.—of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Of the five hundred newspapers which appear in Russia, a large number are not in the Russian language. Forty-two are German, several are French, and others are in dialects of the Baltic provinces.

INCOMPATIBILITIES.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife—God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a
flue.
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and alken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
God keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she rusted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over one acre!

God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

—Selected.

Only a Tramp.

The other day a Press reporter found a rough-looking, half-drunken specimen of manhood in a saloon, surrounded by a crowd who were listening to his declamations and recitations. He was reciting in a half intelligent way:

"Here,
With my beer,
I sit
While the golden moments flit,
Alas!

They pass
Unheeded by,
And as they fly,
I, being dry,
Sit idly sipping here—
My beer."

And he continued to the end of the brilliant Bohemian's beautiful lines on the beverage of Gambrinus.

"Do you know who wrote those lines?" asked the reporter, becoming interested in the ragged, blue-eyed and hungry sample of humanity.

"Did I know George Arnold," he exclaimed, "one of the brightest and wittyest poets America ever had? Yes, sir! He was my friend when I wore better clothes! I was one of the New York boys, and I remember how we all mourned when poor George died."

"What is your name?"

"I never mention my name now, sir; I am only a tramp, and it doesn't matter what my name is or was."

And our representative left him to his beer.

Brief Gossip.

An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

A gentleman who ran a foot race with his athletic spouse, not long ago, and came out ahead, has since borne the unenviable reputation of a wife-beater.

The man, who, wanting a servant, advertised for a "middle-aged single woman" doesn't understand why he has received no applications for the position.

"That's a pretty jolly-looking little woman, considering she's in full mourning!" "Naturally, naturally; don't you see—she's in the honeymoon of her widowhood."

One grocer asked another, "Is Col—a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays."

We saw a lovely family party taking the air on the common yesterday. The wife bore in her arms a plump, happy twenty-pound youngster, and the husband carried the youngster's doll.

"What is an ante-chamber?" asked the schoolma'am; and her favorite scholar, a boy with a face like a Madonna, replied in liquid tones, "Please in a place where they plays draw-poker."

One of the famous prophecies of Mother Shipton, who lived in England over 300 years ago, was that Ham Hill, a large stone quarry near Yeovil, would suddenly be swallowed up by an earthquake at 12 o'clock on Good Friday, 1779, and that Yeovil would be visited by a tremendous flood. When the morning of that day came, such was the faith in Mother Shipton that large numbers of people came as near as they dared to watch the catastrophe. Many people living near by went several miles from the locality, others moved the pots and pans from their shelves and stowed away their looking glasses, while others suspended agricultural work for several days preceding the expected shock, so as not to waste labor and seed. Twelve o'clock came and superstition lost another hold upon ignorance.

The flag of the United States is said to have been suggested by the coat of arms belonging to the Washington family. Since it was first adopted by the Continental Congress in June, 1771, it has undergone several changes. At the present time it bears thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with a star for each State embraced in the Union. These stars are on a blue field and grouped together, and symbolize the harmonious nature of the government and the sacred character it would seek to elevate. The red stripes are said to indicate daring, and the white purity.

The man who farms his brains to their full extent year after year, and does not believe in occasional followings, will find at last that brains like land, will run out.—*Albany Argus.* And the man who farms his land year after year without bringing brain power to his work will find that his land will soon run out.

It is estimated that under the new census Pennsylvania will have a population of 4,960,000.