

FIAT JUSTITIA.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Yes, all is ended now, for I have weighed these— Weighed the light love that has been held so dear— Weighed word, and look, and smile that have betrayed these— The careless grace that was not worth a tear. Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish For thing so slight that long my heart has torn— For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish, Not for a torch by some chance passer borne. I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing On the strong chords whose answer was so full— Do children care, through daisied meadows straying, What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull? Goo, gay trifter! Take thy childish pleas ure— On thee, for thee, may summer always shine— Too stern were Justice should she seek to measure Thy tithe love by the strong pain of mine.

A BROKEN BRIDGE.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abernaw one boisterous afternoon in autumn, at about four o'clock, after a long tramp over the mountains. Abernaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary, whilst between the town and the bridge was the outline of a huge bridge, then in the course of construction. Abernaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of a hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease and half a dozen lodging houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in conflict. The old fishing village is perched upon the rock above, tier upon tier, the lintel stone of one house looking down the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude, rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down, and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The farther shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the fence of which it was terraced, for on the further or southern side of the estuary the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the rugged fringe of the iron-bound east. There was a ferry from the Abernaw side to the spit of sand, thence by a detour of several miles, you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the river flows, Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abernaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track in less than ten or twelve miles, for the river to a sweep to the north, and in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was at a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that altogether, the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and this latter route was of course only practicable to foot passengers.

Although I had reached Abernaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular coach route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountains by a wild footpath, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, for I had intended to take the coach at Abernaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach, however, I had missed just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fatigued, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance, but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and, as I thought offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a sixpence richer for me.

I walked on till I came to a little public house at the farther end of the town, close to the rough quarters that bordered the estuary, and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn to-night, unless you take a car from Mr. Jones's."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said. "Can I hire one somewhere else?" Evan shook his head; there was no horse or car in Abernaw except the horses and cars owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said, "I will walk."

"Not possible," said Evan; "it's more than ten miles."

"I wouldn't mind the distance, only I have walked five-and-twenty miles already."

"Dear me," said Evan, "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a boat part of the way?" I then suggested.

Evan put his head out at the door.

"No," he cried, "the tide has just turned; it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said. "I must go round by Llanfair bridge," but I didn't like the idea of this ten miles' walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railroad bridge?"

"Is the bridge possible then? Can I get across?"

"Oh, dear, yes. The gentlemen from the railway come over very often, and to-day, Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith quarry."

"And what distance will that save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure."

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"Oh, it is very strong and safe indeed, or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object to me going over?"

"They've all knocked off for a day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself."

"Then of course I'll go over it."

I found that there was certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose high piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported by its neighbor by a range of cross beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable hiatus between the shore and the nearest pier—about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the "Ann Jones," which was lying in the tiny brook above. He and his mate were on board of her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat and drop down with the stream and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

"But why not ferry me right over?" I asked.

"Not possible," said Evan; "there are shallows and quicksands at the other side, which at this time of tide are dangerous."

We made our way along the road which overlooked the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy, and we were soon afloat and shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not yet down, the storm that was gathering in the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driven up before the wind, which howled and moaned intermittently as blast succeeded blast, and died away again. The wind and tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed up as through the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up the boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier, and then he called to me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to a cross piece that formed a sort of platform, a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upwards was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough unreliable supports was distasteful enough. I wouldn't try it. I would go back in the boat to dry land once more. But the boat had spun away on the tide, and was now far out of ear-shot, or, indeed, eye-shot either. There I stood, then, in the midst of rushing, raging sea, upon a balk of timber, embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upward.

I went up slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered staff, ere I trust my weight to it. More than one broke away in my hands and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top I thought all danger would soon be over. I should find a firm, secure platform—a rail, or at least a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier I saw stretched out before me a beam, suspended, as it seemed in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope it seemed to me—stretched over this wild abyss of raging waves—that, and nothing else. There were foot-prints in the narrow ridge of timber; it was not more than two feet wide at the broadest, and the sight of them gave courage. Men had passed before me; I would pass, too. And so, without giving myself a moment more to think, I stepped, and the moment when letting go with my hands I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder and balanced myself for an instant as I placed my foot upon the plank—that moment in which I seemed to quiver and sway to and fro, high upon this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye—a moment of dizzy terror, of strange, whirling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea, was in sensation as an ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect upon the beam and began my perilous way.

I heard the mad afar off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar. I heard it screeching and howling on the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm as it hurled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came, seizing all the loose corners of my apparel, and cracking them like whip lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me—yes, thank God—leaving me still balanced upon my plank.

The gust had cleared the mist for a space, and I could see now before me, though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh, to feel that platform safe under my feet! I traversed the balk almost on a run. I must reach safely before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming, but I was almost home—yes, home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I was stepping firmly and quickly along suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet—a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood came suddenly to an end; for some eight feet it had been cut away, and there was nothing to help me over this dreadful gap. Without wings it was impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I had started I should be no better off than here, and the helplessness of my position weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising and hurling along toward me. I would cling as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet, slippery balk, clasped it with my arms and sat astride of it. The gust came up fierce and strong, passed over me once more—once more spared me. But I felt that I could not survive another such attack; I should be blown away like a leaf. And

yet there was no hope of escape—none. It was only a question of moments how long, with stiffening limbs, I could cling to this rough beam, then a plunge into the darkness.

Still I had time to think. What were my thoughts? A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of the hurling wind, of the raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant rattle turned to a sick, an evil end. Of the past: I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now—a tale that was told; that was all. Of the future, nothing, either excepting a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire, waiting and watching for me—for me who never should come. That was the bitterness of it. And yet within I was not unconscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—of myself, that I should be thus stuck up astride a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffets of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage, a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent—a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

While all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for awhile, and across my face for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun setting rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment the huge dark mass of a mountain frowned down upon me—for a moment only—then the clouds encompassed me once more, the glow died away, the awful gloom gray of night began to gather in upon me like a vast net.

Should I drop into the sea and end it all! To die in the dark would be more horrible than anything else. Even on the quietest and most resigned deathbeds the loss of light is the most agonizing trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seemed as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the gathering horrors of my doom. Darkness and despair were setting down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a rush of gathered rain, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of a more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapsplendored form I was, swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell, catching at some crossbeams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment and dropping helplessly down. Once more consciousness returned. A vague, silvery light was diffused about me, above were stars shining, huge balks of timber glimmered overhead. I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking up into the sky. I was not dead, then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, fearing least a sudden onset of agony should betray some grievous hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about I felt that, except in the dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head, I was unhurt. And I was saved! That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet I looked around me, and found that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy caused by the pier of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current. All this I saw by the light of the moon, sometimes bright, sometimes obscure, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distinctly across the waters shone the lights of the little town. I saw in its lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night, and from out of the rocks which showed against the sky line, here and there the soft light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights, but the straining eyes might discern the gloom of high hills, that seemed, indeed, only like some darksome chasms in the sky; but as I watched I saw a tiny star that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost. I followed it with longing eyes, and listening intently I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and the murmur of wheels rising and falling as the road wound in and out among the rocks further or nearer. It was some carriage rolling rapidly toward home—toward my home, and here was I, a castaway.

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river, and blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry; no one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was, therefore, an impassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer, I doubt if, in my enfeebled state, I could have won the further bank of the channel, where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my island remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head tangled masses of seaweeds hanging in the interstices of the woodwork, showed the highest reach of the ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abernaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours would elapse before the tide would reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and then I had a few fragments of biscuit remaining of some that my wife had packed for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuit and felt again hopeful. Six hours? Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong westerly gales had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked and the flood increased and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer on the sand, too, than I had calculated, for as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upwards. The tide was turned.

In a very short time the vast expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand banks, assumed the ap-

pearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along, their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the hoarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that would never cease to jangle therein. How remorseless they seemed, these waves, hurrying up like hounds who view their prey. And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight I reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves, for now the bitterness of death was passed; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up the slimy, slippery posts and buttresses that seemed to mock me with their lying proffers of safety? A couple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at their intersection a sort of angular resting-place, where I could, for a time, perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but for all that I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood I would try to climb that slippery beam that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shown faintly for awhile, and then vanished altogether, although her diffused light made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp beneath. Now was my time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers. I crawled a foot up the slippery timber, then I fell back, again I tried it, and again, but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms around the beam and stand upward, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its spray and foam, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, lifelike water. These attacks, like buffets from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow; and it was so treacherous, too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees, and then, as if driven by sudden impulse, it would gather itself up and return in a great seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel any thing. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last kept me clinging to my beam. But what was that sound? A long and piercing scream, a roar and a rumble and a rattle; it was an engine. An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming and dashing out great wafts of white steam in the stormy air. The sound gave fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along and I heard the voice of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper; no, not with all the good will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge, and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. It was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; the men were railway workmen, perhaps going to a night's shift of work on the bridge, and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly I heard a sharp, quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible I might make him hear so I barked a shrill, snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier, Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet, but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very edge of the platform, too, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild, despairing cry. Then a huge, hoarse wave dashed over me.

If it had not been for the consciousness that help was near I could not have held on against the furious rush of water; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the waves receded, a bright dazzling light shone in my eyes—a light from the bridge where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but which actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything disappeared in the black darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice. "I am not sure; I thought I saw something more." A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and raters of the bridge, but the light seemed lost in the dark water. Ah! they would never see me! Once more I had strength to cry. "Ah! it's a man down there," I heard somebody shout. A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge; then another; along the two a portable windlass was quickly wheeled, a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

What a comforting glass of brandy and water that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run homeward on the swift, shrieking engine.

I was in Dolbadarn in time for dinner after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with my friends who were discussing the light, ordinary topics of the day I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of war, and I were only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

THE CLOUD.

The cloud lay low in the heavens, Such a little cloud it seemed; Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast, Where the rose-light lingered across the west, Soft and gray as in innocent rest, While the gold artwork it gleamed.

It looked such a harmless cloudlet, Seen over the sleeping wave, Yet the keen-eyed mariner shook his head, As slowly it crept over the dusky red. "See the rock-lines are clear," he said, And his lips set stern and grave.

And over the eye was midnight, The cloud was lowering black, Dimming the light of the stars away, Dimming the flash of the furious spray, As the breakers crashed in the northern bay, With howling on their track.

So, in life's raident morning, May a tiny care or cross, Just trouble the peaceful course of love, As if the strength of his way to prove, As it to whisper, My surface may move, But my roots can laugh at loss.

It may seem such a little jarring, Only Experience sighs and says, For with time's sad learning to sharpen the glance, He sees the "rift in the lute" advance, Knows how fate may seize upon circumstance, To sever the closest ties.

Ah me, in the fiercest tempest, The life boat its work may do; But when can courage or skill avail, When the heart lies wrecked by Passion's gale, When change or death have furled the sail, When treason has bribed the crew?

Then watch, oh hope and gladness, Watch for the rising cloud, See it away, frank warmth of youth, Blow it away, bright breeze of truth, For oh, there is neither mercy or ruth, Should it once your heaven enshroud.

WITICISMS.

"Take away woman," asks a writer "and what would follow?" We would. It may be said in all seriousness that Jonah had more occasions and a better place to blubber than any other man who ever lived.

"Baby Mine's sire has arrived at home and had to get up after paregoric eleven times the first night. He is going back across the sea." We can tell you one thing: The source from which comes the milk of human kindness needs better fodder and more of it.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

"What makes the boys love Mary so? The children all did cry: Why Mary loves the boys, you know, That is the reason why." It is amusing to see an abused street dog fly around an adjacent corner with his tail closely reared when a six foot female suddenly stoops to pick up her trail.

The man who was kicked out of an editor's sanctum received the impression that the editor wore felt hose. At least he said he felt toes.—Hucknuck's Republic.

It is an interesting sight watching a young lady in Sunday school endeavoring to instruct a class of little girls, while her own mind is centered upon a class of big boys.

We lose confidence in the woman, be she ever so amiable, who celebrates the anniversary of her wedding regularly, but disregards the yearly recurrence of her birthday.

A Washington lady who sent one of her husband's coats to the yellow fever sufferers, pinned a note on the collar requesting if it didn't fit it should be sent back.—Washington Post.

It is useless for physicians to argue against short sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says: "The right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."—Boston Globe.

They sit upon the stoop, "tis night— Her curls upon his bosom lie; The moon is shining soft and bright, The while she whispers coy and shy: "O, George, 'tis time to shoot that white necktie."

"Go to the ant," was said to the sluggard, but let an ant go to the sluggard and crawl up his trousers' leg and that sluggard will cast aside his sloth so long as the ant abide with him.

Berieved relatives, who send in a long and very flattering piece of obituary poetry, ask, "Do you think we could add anything more?" Yes, you might add a five-dollar bill as a guaranty of good faith.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

A political speaker, after the nominations had been made, exclaimed, "The battle is now opened! Let every man do his duty." But the compositor made it "the bottle is now opened!" and then the other side had their innings.

Young man, if you want to prohibit the mosquitoes from troubling you, get a fair portrait. Get one so sweet that they'll do all their singing on her side of the bed. You can snore and enjoy yourself while she's knocking holes in the air with her dear little fists.

It has been remarked that women never sleep in church, an inquiry is made as to the reason of their wakefulness. If a man were compelled to make an inventory, during the one hour of church service, of the dry goods displayed upon the ladies, he would immediately understand the reason why women never sleep in church.

Dr. Johnson had a habit of eating very fast, and using his fingers in place of a fork. One day the cynic was dining with a company when a young would-be wit remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar." "Nebuchadnezzar," replied the doctor, his mouth full of victuals, "ah, yes. That's because I'm eating with brutes."

Visitor from the country at the door of a Southside residence to a German next door: "Jane not at home, did you say?" German—"Nein. Chane not at home." Visitor—"Where is she?" German—"She's gone der cemetery down."—"When will she come back?" German—"Oh, she

von't come back already any more; she's gone to stay; she's dead."

A mother was trying to break her five-year-old boy of a habit of lying by telling him that all liars went to hell. She gave him a moving account of the terrors of the place, whereupon he exclaimed: "Why, mother, I couldn't stan' it!" "But you would be made to stand it," said she. "Oh, well," said the youngster, "if I could stan' it I don't care!"

"Pa," said a youthful rustic, rising from picking up apples and softly rubbing his back against the tree, "I ken do them slight-hand p'formances; when I grow up I'm goin' to be a prestidigitator." "H'm," replied the paternal with vehement contempt; "you keep to work. 'Bout next month you'll be pressed to dig a tater up in the corner lot!"—Graphic.

Very young—very polite, but very nervous—he trod on a lady's foot as he entered the car.

"A thousand pardons! Have I hurt you?"

"Not at all, sir!"

"I am very sorry!"

A moment's reflection, and nervousness set in, and everybody seemed pleased but him.

"I w' dreamed last night," said he to her whom he bored greatly by his attentions, "that I laid in wait for a man with an immense sum of money, and knocked his brains out, and then robbed him of his wealth." "There would have been more merit in the theft if you had stolen the brains," replied she. "Gwreat heavens! what would I have done with them?" She gave it up.

Boston Transcript: A Courtship scene.—George—Oh, Angelina! idol of my being! star of my soul's existence! Oh! ah! * * * * * Angelina—Oh, dearest! ! ! Ah! ! ! ho! ! ! ! ! How nice! ! ! just one more! ! ! (Old man enters suddenly) ! ! ! (Oh, pa, don't! ! ! But he did.)

A client said to his lawyer, "Take these notes, and if not paid, sue 'em." "I'll lit 'em; you shall have every cent that's due; as Blackstone says, we'll sue 'em to 'em."

A young man who had been expected for some time to "propose," but whose diffidence had kept him back, was astonished by his father saying to him, as he set off for his sweetheart's residence one evening, "John, you'd better take the screwdriver along with you this time." "What for?" exclaimed John. "So as to screw up your courage a little," answered father. When John came home that night he said, "I've done it father."

On the day of an eclipse, when the inhabitants of Vienna were without doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a fiacre along one of the principal streets.

"Where does my lord wish to go?" said the driver.

"To see the eclipse!" exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near as possible, for I am short sighted."

This is the way in which a contemporary goes for "My Grandfather's Clock." "My grandfather's Clock," it was all very well.

When the song was first coming out; But 'twas whistled and sung, 'til its numbers now swell Upon ears that are all tired out. It is whistled and hummed out of time, out of tune.

With an infinite feeling of pride, 'Till we all of us wish that the song had stopped short When the old man died.

Husband—"Why not take that dress, dear, and have done with it?" Wife (with cutting irony)—"Certainly, darling, if you don't mind the expense of having the drawing room refurbished." Husband—"Drawing-room refurbished?" Wife—"Well, yes; you can hardly expect me to sit on a red sofa in a magenta dress; and I should have thought that it was more economical to have a dress to suit the room, than to have a room altered to suit the dress. But you know best—of course!" Husband collapses.

A very rich old man who had married a young wife, died suddenly, upon which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor, who stood by the bedside of the departed, "O, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no, he's alive. I'm sure he's alive; tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that I have the means by which he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." "O, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the laws of nature. Let him rest in peace."

A School of Beauty.

A London medical journal of high authority says that efforts are making by a number of women of prominence to form a "School of Beauty" in England, the members pledging themselves to do anything in their power to render themselves comely by natural means. Prizes are to be given to those who can move with ease and grace, and so furnish evidence of good health and physical unconstraint. Something of this kind is needed here. Although American women have, to a great extent, seen the folly and the ugliness of lacing and going thinly clad in cold weather there are still many who think an absurdly small waist attractive and any number that so pinch their feet that they cannot walk comfortably or becomingly. They do these ridiculous things generally because they imagine that men admire them. If men have done so, they do so no longer. They prefer healthy and graceful women to invalid and awkward ones, as all women must be who cramp their waists, wear shoes too small, or dress in any way to interfere with their freedom and satisfaction. Nature and beauty are one. No woman can be beautiful who fetters or hinders Nature. The more nearly she approaches the natural the closer she comes to levelness. Women have heard this a thousand times, and except it mentally. Yet, in their blind worship of false gods, they sacrifice themselves to deformity. It is entirely incomprehensible to men that so many women will endure pain and incur disease from a mistaken notion of beauty.—N. Y. Graphic.