

JOSEPHA.

[Lulu W. Mitchell in Chicago Tribune.]

We were at Cham when our delayed mail was received. There was a month-old letter from my young nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend Oswald Hamilton was dead; his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening accounts, and settling up of the estate were left in my hands. A second was to the effect that Josepha (the only and motherless daughter of my old friend, now about 24 years of age) had finally refused him. That had had a change into the tenth, which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zuluz, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I remember the story of mail-carriers and storm and drove at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward way. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

Soldiers are rough of speech. I began to fashion some soft phrases of sympathy for my old friend's daughter, but gave up in despair, feeling that, in a battle, when the opportunity comes, I should be ready to equal it. And, after all, to such self-reliant natures as Josepha's sympathy held a tone of pity which gave it a distasteful flavor.

A word of myself here. An old soldier, nearly 50, but hale and hearty, I inherited after my brother's death the pile of stone called money, and his large business interests. A misanthrope, he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josepha until I came to Deerwood as its master. Her name describes her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar in women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a swallow. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was sharply and red, although a square jaw and long chin proved somewhat disconcerting to it.

But her eyes—glorious! Clearest gray with pupils of velvet, set under a man's forehead. She had a frank, bon camarade way which played sad havoc with men's hearts, whatever their armor. Many of the wisest and warriest knelt at her shrine, but each and all vainly. Between her and my dear old had been an understanding, based on a childish attachment. Merely a silken link, I cared little for society (though, thank God! never unfriendly or cold to my kind, like my brother). The surrounding country families who would have longed for small attentions, and but for the flying visits of my young lieutenant and an evening cigar on one of the wide verandas of Hamilton Place, my time was passed in riding and walking and shooting.

Now I will tell you into the secret. I was surprised when I found it out myself. I had fallen in love with Josepha. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went away immediately—traveling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior, we had been friends years and years. He knew I stood ready to aid a healing hand whenever it was needed; but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance (for I knew he was in sad straits) he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time. When that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day, he died.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon, and had stopped in the churchyard on my way to Josepha.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one best stirred unceasingly.

"Fence," I whispered. "Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well." Josepha let me in. She said to fasten the door, and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her warm hand into mine, and I held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing-room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josepha, in her long, black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its somberness, as she stood by my side. Bereavement and harassing cares had set their mark on brow and lips, though she held her head still proudly, and her eyes looked into mine unsmiling.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and light-heartedness, how much more I loved her now, pensive, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowns of summer-day friends!

She looked into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

"My dear," I said, "my dear."

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window and look out. Presently she followed me, and, having myself thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her and we had a long, serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight faded from orange to amber and gradually paled into the gray of dusk, and as yet we had not spoken of the future. Josepha had her father's own pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshaled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

"Josepha," I began, "this is no place for you, and then I called myself an old blunderer who deserved to be well kicked for his unutterable stupidity."

"No, it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to support the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the full amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear major, I cannot be contented to remain idly at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debt remains unpaid. Ah! I am afraid you are angry; but, indeed, I cannot."

"She was rook to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all, her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I should enjoy scolding her soundly and then kissing her."

I took the box, and began to leave her with the impression that I disapproved totally of herself and her determinations.

I sat down to hard work over the papers, and when morning dawned I could talk definitely about the state of affairs.

Well, they were in a very bad way, indeed. I made no efforts to induce Josepha to, and I made no effort to induce Josepha, who had made an early call. She gave a little gasp, turned her back on me, and walked straight to the window.

It was a beastly morning; couldn't have been nastier. The rain fell—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. She could see the gray shaft which marked her father's grave. It was dreadful! The clock ticked on and on.

"Joseph!" I said, "anything to break this stormy silence."

No reply.

"You are not legally bound to pay these debts. All the law can do is to claim the estate."

Perhaps she heard. She turned her head a trifle.

"I do wish you would be more like people. Here I am with more money than I can use. Borrow of me. Your false notions will benefit nobody, and as for your pride I call it foolishness. At any rate, stay here at Deerwood. I will go away willingly if it will be pleasant in any way for you. Let me, as your father's old friend, advise you."

"Did I not say your friendship (and it is very, very dear to me) above the duty I owe to the

dead my conscience should prove unworthy of it. Risking the loss of your regard, major, I must still adhere to my course."

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose. "Wanted—Position as governess," and "For sale—Hamilton Place, with the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was: "Do not urge me."

How like she was to Oswald, with that square jaw, that firm, clear tones, and imperious pose.

And so (perhaps because of the reminder) I gossiped her no longer. Governesses should be if she wished, and Josepha went home pleased as any headstrong girl who has her way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly, true-hearted fellow, the best man ever inside a lieutenant's uniform. He had only to ask to well anywhere. He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight.

I told him of Josepha's resolves. "There is one power that will stop her." "And that, uncle?" "Love." Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

"Do you try your luck again? Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make us the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come into my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dead. I have intended it all along; only waiting time by the forelock, you know. Then, you young brat! Would you lug me to death! Go along with you! Tell Josepha when you find her that an eccentric old duffer who has taken a fancy to the place offered \$25,000 to-day for it, and that being by long odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him up."

"All right, uncle; anything more?" "He was already half out the library."

Reg was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing-room. Free from the restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would travel to time; with seas and years between I would grow calmer in my feelings. I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's place. I would give them Hamilton Place for their wedding-gift, and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Reggie's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my room was saddled I sprang to my back and was off—away—I cared not where so I could ride this madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that, after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Reggie's room without the least fear of self-betrayal.

But the bed was not there. A note sticking in the mirror-frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran, with many a blot and erasure:

DEAR OLD UNCLE: It was all a mistake. Josepha never really cared two pins for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all. She told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there, I don't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind—if I can call that sort of thing kind, and I darsay I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up, and I don't feel as if I could face even you just yet; so I'm off, without waiting for you."

One or two more so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Poor lad! Poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of old England, but I saw the heartache between the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detailed there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find my creative young nephew, Mr. Harwood, my estimable housekeeper, had a message for me from Miss Hamilton—"she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out."

Having delivered the message with a dignified air slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Miss Harwood rushed into the drawing-room, giving a vicious little jerk to the dog-knob, as much as to say, "Well, there! He might 'a' said more than 'O, indeed!' Just as I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'! 't men is so chus-mouthed."

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke I heard the housekeeper addressing the housemaid.

"Mary, do you run with all your might now and tell cook the major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised! Well, you never know whether 'e 'o 'e 's 't. But, lawk, Mary! think 'o tellin' 'im, the major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!"

"An' after 'er packin' off Mr. Reginald, the stuck up piece," said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world over.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months slipped into years before I saw Josepha again.

She was ill, and wrote for me to come to her. No. 6 Beverly square was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mansuole type. In answer to my ring, there appeared an undersized footman whose idea suggested by the house itself, that total millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card, and by and by Josepha—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea of how weak she was, let me tell you that there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hands. Josepha, and Josepha reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to reconcile the two. I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, domestic, and needing a change she must make Durand a visit. Mrs. Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrances, and when she had consented I put an end to the last "but" with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who had bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josepha away on the 5 o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josepha for a fortnight was almost herself again, and quessed it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the Place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her.

I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, her face uplifted, her hands thrown behind her.

"Josepha," I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came to do it. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back, and—himself into the bargain, he'll be none obliged.

Her eyes lit up, the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her, for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields and our truth was plighted.

WE KNOW NOT WHAT IT IS.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still. The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill; The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call; The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain; This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again; We know not to what other sphere the loved who leaves us go. Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day— Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say! Life, 'tis mystery as deep as ever death can be; Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see.

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought; "So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may show you naught; We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death— Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of death."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent. So those who enter death must go as little children sent. Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead; And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

"Prince" Magruder's Big Dinner.

[Boston Herald.] We were talking about good dinners, writes a Washington correspondent, and an army officer said: "The finest dinner ever given in our army was that of Gen. 'Prince' Magruder, who commanded the Warren, Boston harbor, before the war, in honor of some English officers who had come down from Canada. You know what splendid services some of those English regiments have. Complete in every particular—linen, silver, glass that equaled the food, and food such as kings eat. Gen. Magruder was up in Canada, and one of the regiments he missed entertained him in fine style. The Englishmen were so surprised to see the 'prince' with their magnificence that he said nothing, whatever he may have thought about the gorgeous feast set before him. When he came to leave, however, he invited all his hosts to dine with him in Boston. They said they would."

A few months afterward Magruder got a note telling him that these fellows would stop off for a day at Boston on their way to New York. When he saw he was in for it he bustled around in a very lively fashion. He had a big room at the fort handsomely decorated with flags and flowers, and he hired the contents of a silversmith's shop and a set of the finest china in Boston. Then he gave a famous caterer carte blanche. The dinner was a superb affair. It far outshone the dinner which the English officers had given Magruder. The latter was princelike in his manner. But the English officers could not conceal their surprise. Finally, one of them, who sat next to Magruder, turned to him and said: "Beg pardon, you know. I've always heard that American officers get very large salaries, but may I ask what your salary is?" "Certainly, my dear fellow," said the prince, in a princely way; "but really I don't know, John," he continued, turning to the servant who stood behind his chair, "what is my salary? You see, to the Englishman, I always give my salary to my servants. The Englishman was so overwhelmed that he did not bear the servant's somewhat unsatisfactory reply."

Old-Time Militia "Musters Days."

[Cro. San Francisco Chronicle.] A line of one or two more so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Many householders had under their roofs the family flint-lock musket, bayonet and cartridge-box ready for the summons which once a year required them to appear "armed and equipped" as the law directs, to be reviewed and inspected by a gorgeous militia general with a glittering staff. A generation exists to-day who never saw a country "general training," so replete with awkwardness, rusty guns, muskets that went off with last year's charges when the "inspector" snapped their locks, root beer, rum, negroes, runaway horses, and all the warlike sights and sounds, gey flames and epaulettes attached to staff officers pitched over equine heads and describing in the air glittering parabolas with drawn swords. But the present, with all its boasting and self-congratulation, has not the monopoly of all the good things of this life. Cannon were then "touched off" with "port fires." Permission caps had just made their appearance. Every old man has seen "Gen. Washington" or "came near it." Patriotism ran largely to an intense desire to "kick the British."

Training for the "Emotional."

[Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.] The trainings of Modjeska and Morris displayed their differences in interviews. This morning Modjeska said: "I never look at a dead person; I have never seen any one die, and I cannot bear to see any one suffer." While Morris mentions that "while it is most horrible, almost like vivisection, I have to see real suffering." Dr. Seguin made a poor woman, afflicted with heart disease, walk up four or five pairs of stairs to give her the correct exercise in her humanity. It is well known that Bernhardt made close study at the hospitals of Paris. We know our master artists paint only in perfection, from nature's own model. Naturally the actors accomplish a more perfect work who studies and copies the real than she who draws solely from her own imagination.

How to Get an Appropriation.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.] One of the librarians of the state department reports that Mr. Spofford, the librarian of congress, sent to them the other day and asked for any old number they did not need. This gentleman said that Mr. Spofford wanted a stock of worthless stuff to pile up on the floor in the alcoves, so that congressmen would be impressed with the necessity of an appropriation for a new national library building. He says that this is the reason he has spent the last two or three months piling up books all around the gallery of the library hall, in plain sight of the door leading to that place. You may see every one who passes through with the need of the proposed edifice.

After Another Bonanza.

[Chicago Herald.] Senator John F. Jones, as a last effort to recoup his fallen fortunes, has leased that portion of the celebrated "Bonanza" mines from the 1,550 level upward. The "bonanza" which turned out over \$100,000,000 of gold and silver was encountered at a depth of 1,550 feet, and Jones believes that valuable ore deposits exist above that level. His lease extends three years, and he will explore the ground, as miners say, for all it is worth.

When Garfield Was Sick.

[Crowford in Chicago News.] I asked Dr. Bliss if Gen. Garfield had transacted any business at all when he was sick. "He took his pen in his hand exactly three times," said the doctor. "He once wrote me an autograph upon a little pad. Upon another occasion he signed an extradition paper for Mr. Blaine. The brief letter which he wrote to his mother was the only continuous bit of writing done by him while he was sick."

Size Not All-Sufficient.

[Exchange.] A young negro bootblack observed a neighbor poring wisely through a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "I think, what are you looking at that paper for? You can't read." "Go away," cried the other indignantly; "guess I can read; I've been enuff for that." "Big enuff!" retorted the other scornfully, "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enuff to ketch mice; but she can't."

WON THE SQUATTER.

A Traveler Has a Pretty Hard Time with the Old Fellow, but Finally Comes Out All Right.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] "When the train comes do you suppose I can get on?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a pile of crosses near an Arkansas railroad. "Yes, if it stops." "But that's what I want to know. Will it stop?" "I ain't tell yer right now, although I'm a'ers pleased ter gin a stranger any information I have come a long distance to reach this road, and I want to leave this devilish country. You would confer a great favor on me by answering my questions in a straightforward manner. If the train is not likely to stop at this wood-yard, why then I must walk on until I come to a station. Now give me your honest opinion. Do you think that the next train will stop here?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow leaning over and trying his shoe, "yer kin talk mighty playful, I must allow, an' ef yer was a preacher it would take all the plank at the saw mill fer make a mounners' bench big enough for yer church. I'd be a mighty big man ter hold back any news I've got about this matter, an' bein's as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer all I know about these trains."

"I thank you most heartily, sir." "I expect I know as much about these trains as any man that lives in this here country."

"I have no doubt of it." "An' all that I know about 'em stopping here I'll tell yer." "Well?"

"W'y, sometimes they stop an' sometimes they don't. That's all I know."

"I can half inclined to jump on you and man."

"Better walk ter the station, stranger, than ter try that. The last man what tried it ain't been a'ery ter 'tend the United States out's sense."

"Well, how far is it to the next station?" "Which way? this way or thater way," pointing.

"Either way."

"Well, they're 'bout the same distance."

"How far?" "Blame 'n know."

"I'll be confounded if I stand this. Come over and I'll lick you."

"So would a cat."

"Come over here then and I'll whip you."

"Well, ef yer want whup me wuh'n I want'er be whupped, yer'd better come over here."

"I can do it, and don't you forget it."

"Wall, ef yer do, I ain't apt ter forgit it."

"I'll try it anyway," and taking off his coat a bottle fell out.

"Hold on. What yer got in that bottle?" "Whisky."

"Still another."

"Go down thar an' them niggers will take yer on a han' car. Good day, cap'n. Wash yer well. Ef yer'd nounced yer principles in the first place thar wouldn't been all this argyin'."

The Negro's Dread of Being "Condemned."

[Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.] The great dread of the negro is to be "condemned." He believes that the various aches and pains with which he may at times be afflicted are the results of conjuring by some one.

This superstition is not confined to the ignorant alone, but is found among the educated also. I had one in my employ, a very bright young fellow, well educated, and of more than ordinary ability, who was firmly grounded in the heathenish belief.

One day he came to me and requested permission to leave the office for the afternoon. My reason was that I had just made the edition to procure some medicine for an old Vodou woman. I tried to reason with him, but it was of no avail. He had been "condemned," he knew the man who did it, and if he didn't get relief at once he would surely die.

Of course I granted his request, and later he returned with a bottle of filthy looking and smelling black liquid, which he jubilantly assured me would effect a perfect cure. In a few days his old depression vanished; he became joyous and happy, and of course more firmly fixed in his old belief. My idea of the matter is that he was simply bilious and any cathartic would have had the desired effect.

The Age of a Woman.

[New York Sun.] Two friends who have had a dispute as to a matter of propriety ask us to decide between them, and it is the subject:

"He says that a lady would regard it as an insult if she was asked in company by a gentleman what her age was. I say that it is no insult. Will you please tell us who is correct?"

Undoubtedly a lady might be asked about her age in a way which would make the question an insult. But, in general, such a question is not an insult to her, but rather a gross piece of impertinence.

Besides, why should you wish to know the age of a woman? It is not a matter of just that of yours? You can see for yourself just what she is, and you know whether she has the charms of youth or lacks them. A woman, young man, is as old as she looks, and no older. That is why it is so impertinent to question her on the subject. Your heart and your imagination ought to make the question unnecessary.

For the purposes of the census it is necessary to ask women their ages, which must also be given to satisfy certain other requirements of the law. But otherwise it is both impertinent and unnecessary to ask them the date of their birth. A charming woman is always young.

How Colds Are Caught.

[London Lancet.] A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold. But when the health flag is a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and, according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of the causes of "colds" probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, a young lady heavily "doing the season," and young children at this festive season overtaken, and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "colds."

Leury is favorable to "chill taking." Very hot rooms, soft chairs, and feather-beds cry

Go to Pittsburg.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.] When a man becomes thoroughly disconsolate, the best thing he can do to go to Pittsburg, especially if the weather is bad. Let him remain in the city of smokes for twenty-four hours, then depart toward any point of the compass, and he will find the change so enjoyable that his spirits will rise like the mercury in a thermometer on a hot day.

THINGS TO COME.

A Lecture on the Future by the "Right Very Honorable Erastus Du Biff, LL. D."

[Lime-Kiln Club.] When the committee reached the ante-room they found the Right Very Honorable bathed in a cold perspiration and his paper collar fastened with a safety pin. He had an attack of what is called "stage fright," and the committee had to roll his back with a brick, pour cold water down his neck, and hand him 15 cents in nickels before he could sufficiently command himself to enter the hall. He finally appeared, a rosy smile mortgaging his features and his head nodding from one to another, and was formally introduced by the president. He seemed on the point of writing again, but Brother Gardner whispered to him that if he did he'd have to go out of town on foot, and the warning stiffened his legs and made a new man of him.

"My frens," he softly began, "I reckon dat me's of you know what the word fuchur means. It don't mean the huskin'-bees of 'las' yar, but it refers to goin' a-fishin' nex' summer. De fuchur means dat which am befor' us. We know what de past has bring out. What will happen in de fuchur cannot be known but may be predicted. I am beah to-night to predict. [Cheers from Elder Toots.]

"I do not say that de fuchur will see a cull'd man occupin' de White House at Washington, but I predict dat ef de norf pole am ever discovered it will be by some member of the Lime-Kiln club. [Great applause.]

"De cull'd man of de fuchur may not become world-renowned fer inventin' an 800-barreled cannon, but I see no reason why he shouldn't bring 'o'th a steam bootjack or diskyver a way to patch butes wid cold pan-cakes. [Cheers.] Steam belongs to de past. A hundred yars hence it will be too slow fer any bizness 'cept sawin' up wood fur poof' folks. [Agitation.]

"I do not assert dat de fuchur will do away wid railroads, but de son of some pesson now widin sound of my voice will win fame by inventin' some way of killin' de brakeman who smashes dat his sole duty consists in roasin' de passengers in each car. [Agitation.]

"De fuchur may not solve de problem of flyin' frew de air, but who kin tell what de next fifty yars may do towards improvin' de hotel bed an' de restaurant sandwich? [More agitation.]

"To-day we stan' an' look upon de sevin' mules as perfect-behavin. Fifty yars hence men will smile at de habit of our behavin' satisfied wid any sich affair. A wife will take de sevin' masher of de fuchur an' support a lazy husband and nine children widout workin' ober two days in de week. [Groans and sighs.]

"De fuchur will have a heap to do wid our petterick race. De Samuel Shin of a lawyer's name may be a city controller; de Givendann Jones will be president of a college; de Pickles Smith will boss a railroad; de Waydown Bebee will have his name mixed up wid a nashunall bank; de Lord Nelson Slabs may command an army an' de Brudder Gardner will sit in de gub'ner's room at de state house an' sign de official name to de bills passed by de legislature. [Wild cheers.] Wid dese few impervious remarks I is dum. [Yells.]

Return my sympathetic adherence for de tyrannical manner in which you has bestowed your attentions [yells] an' take my leave of you in de moos' emblematical manner."

The closing remarks were greeted with such a storm of applause as broke out several window panes and upset two lamps. The honorable gentleman was then conducted from the hall, and the collection taken up for his benefit netted him the handsome sum of \$7.30.

The Cincinnati Enquirer Man.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."] "Johnny McLean, of the Enquirer, is put down by some fine people as a bad man," remarked a Cincinnati gentleman, long conversant with the press of that city, "but like all the rest of us he has his good points along with the other kind. He is square by his friends, and his word is as good as a government bond. He is an autocrat in his office, but knows how to reward good workers. One thing that has largely built up The Enquirer's great reputation is his scrupulous care to supply all out-of-town readers with papers without fail. Not a city carrier, newsboy or agent can get a paper until