MARRIED—DIED.

In the columns of life we read
Stand the mottoes Married, Died.
What lies twixt these is this
That makes with death our nuptial bliss,
That blends beneath our earthly gaze
The story of two wondrous lives!
The kiss of death of blushing bride
Succeeds blend in—Married, Died.

Throbbing breast of brave that bleeds,
Tear of bright of bright eye sends
Lines where no message is not done.
Blurred and broken through a tear;
Lily fingers, hand of age,
Trace these lines along the page;
Death and Cupid side by side
Spur with man in—Married, Died.

Here a requiem, there a song,
Blend and roll their notes along.
Village bell that ring or toll
Greet a grief or passing soul;
In the chancel call the crowd,
Clad in sable, gown or shroud,
To the church we twice may ride;
Heed the headings: Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor, sail away;
Summer winds or sunlit bay
Lure thee over the outer bar,
Where the white-capped breakers are;
Staunch thy painted shallop be,
Strong to ride life's restless sea.
God shall rule thee, singing ride
That lays the shores of—Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, crimped wheat,
Sprigs of rue or lillies sweet,
Curls of gold or locks of snow,
Wedding robes or garbs of woe,
Hands in loving hands to rest,
Or hidden by an pulseless breast;
Who shall bloom and fruits fall life,
So near the stories—Married, Died.

—Atlanta Constitution.

ROSALIE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

There was a man, a pearl diver, by the name of Rafael, an industrious hard working man, a most jovial comrade.

Matters went smoothly enough between us till a day when a girl and her mother took up their abode at the island Espiritu. When the day's work was over, and everybody supposed me asleep at my hut, I swam across to the island whence I returned about an hour after midnight without my absence being at all surmised.

Some days had elapsed since my first nocturnal visit to Espiritu Santo, when, one morning as I was going to the fishery just before daybreak, I met one of those old crones who seemed able to charm the sharks by their spells.

"How fares it, my son?"

"Good morning, mother," I replied. "Listen to me; I have to speak to you of that which nearly concerns you."

"Nearly concerns me!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes. Do you deny that your heart is in the island of Espiritu Santo, or that you cross the strait every night to see and converse with her you love?"

"How do you know that?"

"No matter, I know it well. Robert Wilberforce, this voyage is fraught with a two-fold peril. The foes whom my charms can hold harmless during the day only, lie in wait for you each night beneath the waves; on the shore, foes more dangerous still over whom my arts are powerless, dog your steps. I come to offer you my aid to combat these double dangers.

The old Indian's eyes sparkled with fiendish fury, as she exclaimed:

"And because you are without faith you deem me without power? Be it so; there are those who believe in the influence you but scoff at."

As she spoke she drew from her pocket a little case of printed cloth, and producing, amid pearls of inferior value, one of large and brilliant water, she asked:

"Know you aught of this?"

It was one I had given to Rosalie, for such was the girl's name.

"How came you by it?" I cried.

"How came I by it? Why 'twas given me by a damsel, the fairest that ever set foot on these shores; a damsel who would be the glory of a young man, and she came to crave for protection—that protection you hold so cheap—for one she fondly loves."

"Is name?" I exclaimed.

"What matter it," jeeringly returned the hag, "since his name is not the one you bear?"

I turned my back to her, coolly saying "You are a lying old dotard," and walked on to the fishery.

The old woman looked after me with a fiendish smile of triumph.

The day was the longest I have ever known. Suspicion gnawed at my heart with torturing perseverance. At last night arrived.

"I will go at once to see her!" I cried.

"What is the matter, Robert?" said Rosaline, earnestly, as she entered the cottage, pale and agitated.

"What is the matter!" I said, fiercely. "Ask yourself that question!"

"Ask myself?"

"Yes."

"I know nothing of what occurs. Tell me, quickly, what is it?"

I walked to the window to conceal my rising anger.

Rosalie followed, and put her arms gently around my neck.

"Robert you must not be angry with me. Remember, next month we are to be —" And she hid her blushing face on my shoulder.

I held her before me, looking sternly into her beautiful eyes.

"Who is he?" I said slowly.

"Don't, Robert; you hurt my arms," she said, endeavoring to release herself.

"Ha! she evades me!" I thought. "Who is he?" I repeated.

"Who is he? I do not know what you mean. Release me!"

My only answer was a laugh of contempt.

"Go!" I said, "you have deceived me!"

Deceived you, oh Robert."

"Did you not go to that old witch, Frances, yesterday?"

"Yes."

"What did you ask of her?"

"Protection from danger."

"For whom?"

Rosalie did not answer.

"You do not answer. The witch told me it was for a man whom she said you dearly loved."

"She told the truth."

"His name?"

Rosalie was silent.

"His name?" I repeated.

"At present I cannot tell you."

"False-hearted girl, you have taken your choice. Farewell!"

"Robert! Robert! you do not mean—"

"I ask for the last time—his name?"

"I have promised I would not —"

"Ay, ay, use subterfuge! You have broken my heart, Rosalie, and I will go away and hide myself in some silent place and think upon what might have been! Farewell—forever!"

"Robert—Robert!" With a cry she fell fainting upon the floor.

I looked at her for a moment, and then hastened away. Suddenly my thoughts took a different turn. "Who is this man who dares to blunt my happiness?" I exclaimed Ha, ha! I have it; he can not come to the island without my discovering him! We shall meet; we shall meet!"

CHAPTER II.

For some days I waited in vain. On the third night, as usual, I crossed the strait on my return home. The sky was not so cloudy but that I could distinguish among the waves something which from its manner of swimming, I could make out to be a man.

Not wishing to be seen, I swam under water in his direction. When, according to my calculation, we must have crossed each other, he above and I below the surface, I rose above the water.

Some minutes elapsed ere I again beheld the swimmer's head. He clove the waves with such rapidity that I could hardly keep pace with him. I redoubled my efforts, and soon gained enough on him so as to oblige me to strike out less freely. Shortly I saw him land upon a rock and ascend it; and, as a flash of lightning played upon sea and shore, I recognized the face of Rafael.

At first I determined upon calling him by name and discovering my presence. Spite of myself, I suffered him to pursue his way, while I gained the eminence he had just quitted. I observed him take the same direction I was wont to take, and then knock at the door of that hut I knew so well, and enter.

I drew my knife, and passed it along a stone to assure its edge; but did so with such carelessness or agitation that it shivered to the hilt. Thus deprived of the sole weapon that I could rely on for revenge, I felt that I had not an instant to lose. I crossed the strait, rushed to my hut, procured another knife, and again set out to Espiritu Santo. The gale increased in violence. The sea gleamed like a fiery lake.

All at once sounds of another kind broke on my ear; they seemed to proceed from the very bosom of the ocean. As the voice proceeded from the direction of the island, I at once conjectured it was Rafael who was calling for help. I looked, but in vain. Suddenly I again heard the voice exclaim: "Boat ahoy, for God's sake!"

It was Rafael's voice. 'Tis all very well to have sworn to do your enemy to death, to wreak your just revenge on him who has so bitterly aggrieved you; yet when, on a night murky and dark as that, his tones arise from a sea swarming with monsters, and when those tones are uttered by a fearless man, wrestling in mortal peril, there is in that cry of mortal anguish something that strikes awe to the very soul. I could not repress a shudder.

For a moment I remained inactive. "Shall I leave him to his fate?" I thought. The thought was repulsed as quickly as it came.

"No! no!" I cried. "Allow a brave man to die by his most hated enemy—the shark! Never! Boat ahoy!" I shouted, and use my oars with frantic energy.

All thoughts of revenge were forgotten. Amid a luminous shower of foam and spray I discovered Rafael. At some distance from him was a strong phosphoric light. It streamed from a shark of the largest size. One stroke of the oar and I was close to Rafael. Another instant and I had drawn him rapidly into the boat and seized my knife.

The moon lighted up for a single instant. That instant was enough, for, as it opened its enormous mouth I plunged the dagger into its body, and drew it lengthwise forth. The shark, mortally wounded, sprung severe feet from the water, and fell, striking out furiously with its tail. For a time I was blinded; but as I beheld the huge carcass of the enemy I gave vent to a triumphant shout, and, seizing the oars rowed rapidly toward the island.

I took Rafael in my arms and carried him to the cottage.

"I will know all now," I said, "she shall decide between us."

I knocked heavily at the door.

A few moments elapsed, when I heard Rosalie's voice, saying, "Who is it?"

"It is I, Robert."

The door was opened quickly and I entered. She started back on seeing Rafael lying unconscious in my arms, and then rushing forward, embraced him with passionate tenderness. Her mother entered, as she caught sight of Rafael's pale, handsome face, she uttered a cry and would have fallen had I not caught her.

"My son! my son!" she cried recovering herself and kneeling by him.

"Your son!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my son! Great heavens, he is dead! he is dead!"

I lifted my hat with an indescribable feeling of joy.

"Thank heaven!" said I, "that my nobler feelings conquered."

In a few minutes Rafael was restored to consciousness.

"How can I ever repay you?" he said, grasping my hand warmly in his own.

"How can you ever forgive me?" I said to Rosalie.

"You have made yourself doubly dear," replied Rosalie. You give me two lives instead of one."

"Mother, can you ever forgive me for running away so naughtily so many years since?"

"My son, there is nothing to forgive. Rosalie and myself have been hunting for you ever since, and I thank heaven we are at last brought together again."

Edwina Booth Betrothed.

(Berlin Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

There always seems to be a shadow of some sort over Edwin Booth's life, and the matter which is now troubling him is all the worse because his daughter is the chief sufferer. She is betrothed to a young American, who, three or four months ago, was almost asphyxiated by inhaling coal gas. As his recovery has been very slow, Mr. Booth wrote to the young man's father to send the invalid to them while they were in England, as he supposed a change of surroundings and a sea voyage would hasten his return to health, and the pleasure which the lovers would experience in being together would be a great factor in the case. The father of the lover consented, and the young man's sister accompanied him. They have been with the Booths now several weeks, but the invalid's health has not improved. His blood seems to be poisoned, and it has effected his brain in a peculiar way. He is not insane, but he cannot remember as formerly, and has to be directed and watched. He has lost all interest in his profession and in his contemplated marriage. Isn't that unfortunate? Miss Booth is plunged in melancholy by the sad circumstances, and can seldom be coaxed out of her hotel. The doctors say the young man may recover inside of two years, but they think it doubtful. It is probable that he and his sister will return home in a few weeks, or at least that they will not travel with the Booths, as there is nothing to be gained by making two people wretched. He adores Miss Booth, but knows that something has made it temporarily impossible for him to show his affection and regard. The hopelessness of the case is its saddest feature. And of course Miss Booth realizes that there is nothing she can do to restore him.

Women with Millions of Money.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Philadelphia has a good list of lady millionaires. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott leads off with at least $10,000,000. Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore is near the top of the ladder. Her husband's personal estate was valued at $5,500,000, and this, besides his other investments, leaves the lady in possession of an immense income. Mrs. Anna W. Baird and Mrs. Matthew Baldwin, both of whose husbands were in the celebrated Baldwin Locomotive Works, are worth $2,000,000, each. Mrs. Adolph E. Borne is a millionaire in her own right. When the late George Fales died, his personal estate was worth over $2,000,000, and his wife and daughter divided this, as well as his other possessions. Two daughters of Henry Rawle were left $1,000,000 each by their mother, which is a good start for young ladies, and is likely to draw attention to them. One of the lady attendants at the Church of the Epiphany drives to the house of worship in a modest carriage. Her income is $260,000 a year. If men make money, and women do spend it, a list of the various charities about the city show that the ladies know where to put it so that it will do some good to others.

Just for Fun.

Mr. A. Baldwin, of Lewiston, who is on E. F. Lewis' farm, we are told, started for town on Saturday last, with a load of straw, and when about half way to Portage tipped over; to save labor, he set the straw on fire and came in to see the boys. Mr. Baldwin is an old fireman from Chicago, and had not seen a fire in so long that he wanted some excitement and to see a blaze.—*Portage Register.*

Dr. John A. McLean, of Norwalk, a man of much prominence in Connecticut, graduated at Yale more than half a century ago. At his death, which occurred last week, he was in his 85th year.

The Prince of Wales is not so stout as he was a year ago.

LADIES WHO SHAVE.

A Female Barber Who Uses a Thread Instead of a Razor.

From the New York Journal.

A novel phase of social life came to the notice of a Journal reporter yesterday, the details of which will afford considerable interest and possible some profit to ladies who are troubled with hirsute appendages. Through the courtesy of an acquaintance an introduction was given the reporter to Signora Helen Georgeides, a female barber, who shaves without a razor. She resides on the first story of 112 Hester street. The signora is a buxom-looking brunette, with pleasant features, and apparently 40 years of age. She has two handsome looking boys, one of whom acted as interpreter.

"My mother is a native of Smyrna, Asia Minor," one of these said in very good English.

"Can you describe the process?"

"Certainly; but my mother does not use any razors, and she confines her attentions exclusively to ladies. She uses a thread instead of a razor, and the process is not only more speedy, but more satisfactory."

"Does the lady object to giving me an illustration of her skill?"

After some coaxing the feminine professor consented. Taking the reporter into another room, he was requested to bare his arm. Taking a strong linen thread, she placed one end between her teeth, and with a peculiar see-saw motion with both hands she applied the thread quickly up and down the arm, the hair being caught up by what appeared to be a small slip-knot in the center of the thread. This motion was continued for several seconds with remarkable results, the hairs being quickly removed by the process.

"Of course you will understand," continued her interpreter, "that my mother does not pretend to shave gentlemen; their beards would be too hard and rough; but she has been very successful with ladies, and has quite a large number of customers who visit her regularly."

"How long does it take to effectually remove a lady's mustache?"

"Well, a brunette will get shaved by her process once a month, blondes once in three weeks. Very much depends upon the nature and growth of the beard or mustache, as the case may be. The first stage is to anoint the skin well with an ointment, the preparation of which is a secret. The idea is to soften the skin thoroughly, so that the hairs may be removed without causing discomfort to the patient."

"After the skin has been well saturated with the ointment, the hairs come out very easily, and the preparation checks their growth for some weeks."

"Do you find many ladies who are afflicted with beard and mustache?"

"Oh, yes. There are dozens of them in this big city. Brunettes are more troubled in this way than blondes, and the older the patient is the more time it takes to remove it. My mother has many customers, real fashionable ladies who are fifty years of ago, who visit her regularly. But the majority of her customers are professional people, such as actresses, singers, and such like. They are very particular too, but money is no object with them and on special occasions they do not hesitate to pay as much as $5 a visit. Her regular fee is $2.

Alexander H. Stevens.

Mil. Evening Wisconsin.

By all odds the most notable public character ever produced by the "Empire State of the South," Alexander H. Stephens, has at last penetrated the mighty mystery of eternity. His death ended a perpetual illness of half a century, during which long period he wrought as unceasing as the flow of Niagara, as though he were a physical as he certainly was a mental giant.

His first conversion to any theory of statesmanship was when South Carolina rebelled against the revenue laws, which brought forth "Old Hickory" Jackson's famous "By the Eternal," and from that day to this his soul has been in arms against any tax on whisky. He believed it to be unconstitutional. This and his love for Georgia, philanthropy and the young, are the only things to which he has remained steadfast throughout all his long career. He has been both for and against slavery, for and against secession, for and against honest money and for and against reconstruction.

Mr. Stephens had many noble qualities. He was always kind generous to the poor, in fact the leading philanthropist of Georgia. He loved the young, and for many years he has been the direct and only means by which numerous young men have been liberally educated and given the equipments to meet and win battles of the future. This is one of the noblest of all human charities, for the world of to-morrow must depend upon the mental and moral training of the youth of to-day.

Mr. Stephens' physical appearance was somewhat picturesque. He was short, thin and sallow, weighing only 88 pounds—sometimes a pound or two more—and for many years was wheeled about the floors of congress on a chair. He was physically so insignificant in comparison with his powerful mind and great personal influence, that a distinguished Senator from Wisconsin in describing his impressions on first seeing the famous "cotton statesman," said: "An empty coach wheeled up to the treasury building and Alexander H. Stephens alighted from it." His yellow coach, rusty hat, curious cane and red bandana were familiar to almost every person in Georgia and to every visitor at Washington. He, in turn, knew almost every individual in his state and all the men of even moderate prominence in the union. He was a tremendous worker, and carried his frail body and his far-reaching plans through all the political, social and financial reversions of the south and the vicissitudes of the rebellion by the sheer power of his mind, of his unflagging will. When his mind broke down he withered and passed away like a frail flower plucked up from the nourishment of mother earth. His "War Between the States," and his "History of the United States," required a vast amount of tiresome and toilsome research, yet he completed them as though he were ten robust men instead of a puny invalid, preparing every night to take his couch for the last time.

It is well known to all readers of history and clearly shown by his own book that Mr. Stephens supported Douglas for President instead of the southern candidates, Breckenridge and Bell, and in the secession convention of Georgia and before her legislature opposed war and disunion, with a power and eloquence that shook and startled the entire south. When, however, Georgia decided to over-ride him and wheeled into the secession line, he joined her fortunes with all the fathomless resources and ceaseless energies of his soul.

Van Wyck and Brewster.

Boston Herald's special, March 4: About 10:30 o'clock this morning Attorney General Brewster, who had been in the president's room behind the senate, marched with steady tread into the senate chamber. He bowed gravely to several republican senators, but he did not sit down. He was evidently looking for somebody. Presently he seemed to have found his prey standing behind Mr. Kellogg's chair on the rim of the republican side. He fixed his eyes on a man sitting on the front row on the democratic side between Mr. Logan and Mr. Groom. It was Mr. Van Wyck the Nebraska republican, who attacked Brewster for extravagance the night before. For fully five minutes Brewster stood gazing at Van Wyck. The latter, meanwhile, laughed the attorney general to scorn, ridiculing him mercilessly almost under his nose. His amusing comments on Brewster's magnificent appearance made Logan and Groom shake with laughter. Brewster stood it for awhile. Then he solemnly marched around the republican side of the senate, and, sitting down in a stiff-backed arm chair directly behind Van Wyck's chair, glared at that gentleman for ten minutes. Then Logan remarked to Van Wyck, laughingly, that Brewster was waiting for him and that he did not dare go over to his seat. Van Wyck smiled a broad smile and started over to the republican side, ostensibly to get a paper on his desk. To get to his desk he had to pass Brewster, almost treading on his toes. He did not hesitate. He marched quickly and smilingly around and picked up the paper. Brewster made no offensive move. Van Wyck took his seat and winked at his friends on the other side of the chamber. Brewster sat still and glared at the back of Van Wyck's head five minutes more. Then he solemnly rose and returned to the president. Van Wyck laughed.

BRIEF ITEMS.

The late Prince Gortschakoff is said to have been the first who referred to Turkey as the "Sick Man of Europe."

Anna Louisa Cary's sister, Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis, who is a fine singer, is seriously ill at her home in Durham, Maine.

Wiggins' tremendous cyclone was only a wiggle. He should now wiggle into a hole, and pull the hole in after him.

"A dudu," says a New York authority, "is a young man who wears one eye-glass, a little stick, fashionable clothes, but no brains."

The exiled Egyptian rebel leader—Arabi Pasha—is devoting most of his time at Ceylon to the study of the English language, and rather enjoys it.

It was Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, who died recently, who defrayed the expenses of Prof. Agassiz visit of exploration and research to South America.

It now turns out that the new wife of ex Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, recently married in West Virginia, is a divorced young lady, pretty and lively.

If Wiggins' storm had come as he predicted, he would have been, according to the signal-service scientists, a "successful charlatan." As it is, he is an unsuccessful charlatan.

Philadelphia has a "Last Man's Club," formed by a dozen gentlemen a year ago, and its president, Charles M. Ellis, is the first to pass away, he having died on Tuesday last.

Mr. Schuyler Colfax, after lecturing at Providence last Thursday evening, was entertained at dinner by the Brown, Harvard and Boston University chapters of the Beta Theta Phi society.

A pathetic story is published in France to the effect that the late Louis Blanc's cat, which he was wont to pet, died of grief a few days after his death, having refused to eat or drink.

The intimation by Dr. McCosh that he would like to retire from the presidency of Princeton college will cause regret among the alumni of the institution and the friends of education generally.

Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, celebrated on Saturday the thirty-ninth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy of the Roman Catholic church. He is now nearly 73 years of age, having been born in Brooklyn, March 20, 1810.

Hiram H. Hobbs, of South Berwick, Me., who was graduated in Bowdoin college in the class of 1824, is the oldest living member of the York county bar—having been admitted in 1427, fifty-six years ago—and is still in excellent health.

Ex Congressman, John M. Thompson, of Butler, Pa., has been arrested, charged with increasing a note from $400 to $4,000. In consequence of his high position, the arrest causes much excitement, and few persons are willing to believe him guilty.

Four of Iowa's best known as most estimable ladies—Mrs. N. C. Deering, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. W. P. Hepburn and Mrs. D. N. Cooley—have been appointed vice presidents for Iowa of the Garfield Hospital enterprise of Washington.

Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of England's great statesman, is a very plain person in dress and manners, and is a great friend of the poor, to whom she devotes money that less thoughtful women lavish upon themselves in dress and jewels.

Judge Thurman makes the largest property return in Columbus, Ohio, "for the reason," says the Marion *Mirror*, "that he is an honest man."

What Alexander Stephens Escaped.

Atlanta Constitution: The Sunday school was a favorite place with him, as it has been with so many other American boys. At the South Liberty Sunday school he attracted the attention of Mr. Mills, the superintendent, and the latter proposed to furnish him the means to attend the academy at Washington. After some hesitation the generous offer was accepted, and young Stephens began to enjoy the opportunity he had so long coveted. It was the intention of Mr. Mills that the boy, studious and melancholly, should study for the ministry in the Presbyterian church, but when this career was proposed to him he hesitated. He had made a profession of faith in the summer of 1827, and had joined the Presbyterian church in Washington but he left it to his aunt to decide. The result of her decision was that he could continue his studies and go to college under the auspices of the Georgia Educational society, and if, after graduation, he should not feel it to be his duty to preach the gospel, there would be no violation of good faith on his part. In that event, he determined to refund the money expended on his education.

There was one disturbing element, however. Should he carry out the wishes of those who had given him the opportunity of entering college? Should he enter the ministry? He made this matter the subject of long and deep reflection, and finally came to the conclusion that he was unfitted for the pulpit. He had no inclination in that direction. He felt that he had received no call to preach. Alluding to this particular period of his life, Mr. Stephens says: "My whole thirst was for books, for science and for learning Money I had no further care or thought for than just to meet my little necessary contingencies."

Here are some lively aphorisms in common use hereabouts. Many a valuable lesson is conveyed in these few lines: Black sheep hide mighty easy in de dark. Better keep de rockin' cheer in de cabin loft till Sunday. You can't coax de mornin' glory to climb de wrong way 'round de cornstalk. Smart rabbits go home fo' de snow done fallin'. Dead limb on de tree show itself when the buds come out. Cussin' de weather mighty po' farmin'. It takes heaps o' licks to dribe a nail in de dark.

The Oconto Fisheries.

A Bay Shore fisherman informs us, and he knows whereof he speaks, that 4,490 packages of salt fish have been shipped from this city during the past winter, and that the average price was $3 75 per package. Also that fresh fish to the value of over $22,000 had been shipped during the same period of times. He estimates the total value of fish shipped at about $30,000, which makes it quite an important industry.—Oconto Reporter.

A CURIOSITY is exciting the colored people of Macon, Ga., says the Atlantic Constitution. A negro boy called "the snake baby" came from an adjacent county. His body is very diminutive, and his arms and legs are the size of a buggy-wheel spoke. He lies prone on his stomach all the time with his feet drawn back. In the middle of the back white spots are seen. His tongue licks out of his mouth—hence the name "snake baby." He cannot talk intelligently.

Governor Boynton, of Georgia, carries his head six feet three inches high.

MARCH MERRIMENT.

Corn isn't shocked by electricity.

The use of iron cannot increase the running qualities of a dog, but tin can.

The rule of three: For the third person to clear out.

The False Prophet has captured Obeid; but he has lost his grip on the weather.

The new Chinese paper is referred to as "our esteemed pig-tailed contemporary."

His own master: "I'd have people know I'm nobody's fool," said Fender-son. "In other words," remarked Fogg, "you're your own master."

The shark's complaint: "Odds fish, what luck! Here I have been following this ship for five hours, and all that's tumbled overboard is an empty sardine box."

Costly compliments: If a doctor says "Good day" to you, it costs you three marks; but when a lawyer says "Good night," you will find that it has cost you half your fortune.

Office-seeking in New York: A Tompkins county Democrat has offered to stand in the Governor's room with his tongue out for Mr. Cleveland to moisten postage stamps on at a salary of $1 50 per day.

An old friend with a new face: Customer—"Have you any first-class musical instruments?" Shopkeeper—"Yes, sir; best stock in town, sir; can't be beat." Customer (turning to go out)—"Can't be beat, eh? Sorry; wanted a drum?"

A safeguard: Subaltan—"Meier, when you are on guard at the powder magazine, and a man passes, smoking a cigar, what do you do?" Meier—'Shout to him to throw it away." Subaltan—"And then?" Meier—"I pick it up and smoke the rest of it myself."

Entirely original: "Well," said an artist, "there's one thing I can say, my painting is original. No one can accuse me of copying." "Not even nature," remarked one of his hearers.

A make-up that would be popular: "Yes," said the man in the gallery, "the make-ups were generally fair, but there is one make-up I should like to see—a make-up for lost time between the acts."

Prohibition item: "Wake me up, darling, to-night, and give me a toddy," said an Austin inebriate to his wife, as they were about to retire for the night. "But how will I know when you want one?" "You can't make a mistake, I am always thirsty when I am woke up."

One of the 'perfect gems:' "Do lend me a breastpin," I said to a friend at whose house I was staying. "I have just broken mine." She produced a roach in onyx, at which I shrieked. "Why, darling, its a perfect gem with gold legs and emerald eyes," she said. I wore it, but I shivered all day, Ugh!

Very tired in their heads: First duffer—"You say you have met me before, and I have an impression that I have met you before. Can you tell me when it was?" Second ditto—"I can, sir; it was at the same time that I met you." First duffer (reflecting)—"Yes, yes, it must have been; but what a remarkable coincidence!"

Impudence: Professional—"Please gimme ten cents, sir, to buy some bread." "Why, I gave you ten cents not half an hour ago." Professional (taking in the situation)—"Yes, sir, I know, sir, but I—I'm a terrible bread-eater.

A man who didn't want his salary raised: A western pastor is said to have refused an addition of $100 to his annual salary, on the ground that the hardest part of his work was to collect the present amount, and that it would kill him to attempt to collect $100 more.

The maiden's point of view: Mamma (to Maud, who has been with her brother to the play, and is full of it)—"But was there no love in the piece, then? Maud—"Love? Oh, dear, no, mamma! How could there be? The principal characters were husband and wife, you know."

Charlie Vere de Vere (sententiously)—"Geniuses, my dear Miss Marlborough, are men who just missed being fools, and fools are men who just missed being geniuses." Miss Marlborough (awestruck)—"What original things you say, Mr. Vere de Vere! I sometimes think you are almost a genius."

Hurrying home to France: "Why are you in such a hurry to get home?" one Frenchman asked of another who had recently arrived in New York and had already bought a ticket for the return trip. "Ah, my friend, I return that I may become a member of the cabinet." "Indeed! What hope have you of that?" "They will have tried every other Frenchman by the time I get to Paris, and I must hurry to take my turn."

A burglar alarm in his soul: Lord Reginald Sansdenier, in answer to confidential remark of his host—"Twenty thousand pounds' worth of plate on the table, Sir Gorgius! I wonder you ain't afraid of being robbed!" Sir Gorgius Midas—"Robbed, my lord! Good 'evens! I'm sure your lordship's too honnerable heven to think of sich a thing!"

Gold-fish in London's social sea: Miss Smith (from Bayswater)—"I suppose you're going to lots of dances?" Miss De Symthe (from Belgravia)—"I'm going to Mrs. Mowbray Masham's of course, on the 28th. I've-a-not heard there's any other." Miss Smith who has cards for a dozen dances at least but has never even heard of Mrs. Mowbray Masham's, feels rather out of it.

Courtship in Georgia: He rushed in the parlor without ringing the door bell and discovered a light figure sitting on the sofa in the corner. He certainly exclaimed: "By Jove, dear Nell, I thought I never would find you alone again. Your mother has gone a visiting, hasn't she?" "Yes," responded the light figure, "Nellie goes visiting so much I am often alone." The young man remarked the next day that he left his hat on the piano and his umbrella in the hall, and needed nothing but thirty acres of open air.

It was but a simple pin
On a chair,
And the little boy did grin
Like a bear,
When the teacher took a seat
And in a manner very fleet
Flew half a hundred feet
In the air.

This the teacher doth annoy,
And he chants,
And no pardon to the boy
Quick he grants,
But grabs the indiscreet
Little boy, and him doth beat
Till he rather spoils the seat
Of his "pants."

It was a Connecticut minister whose salary was raised $25 a year and half the fish he caught. And he was the only man never suspected of exaggeration in his statement of the number captured.

Woman's love: "Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the benedict; "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

A witty nobleman once asked a clerical gentleman at the bottom of the table, why goose, when there was one, was always placed next to the parson. "Really, my lord," said the clergyman, "your question is somewhat difficult to answer, and so remarkably odd that I vow I shall never see a goose again without being reminded of your lordship."

A tramp got rather the better of Kosiosko Murphy last Sunday morning. Kosiosko was just leaving his house to go out for a day's hunting, when the tramp asked him for a voluntary contribution. "Ain't you ashamed to be begging on the Lord's Day?" "Excuse me, Colonel, for stopping you," said the tramp, looking at the gun, "but I'll not detain you any longer. You might be late for church."

A couple of darkies were seated on the steps of a store in Baldwin street, Elmira, where were displayed a large quantity of watermelons, when one said: "What would be the konsequences should we pluck oh dem melons an' retiro to de bed oh de ole canal to test de quality oh de core?" "I ban't werry well versed in de law; but you take de melon and walk off wid it under your coat-tail; meantime I'll go roun' de corner and study on the konsequences."

THEY LOVED UNTO DEATH.

A Young Lady Dies from a Broken Heart—Interred in Their Wedding Trappings.

Evening Wisconsin.

One of those peculiarly sad cases, of the death of a loved one which is the blow which kills another, and happily which are of extremely rare occurrence, is to be recorded among the German residents of the Ninth Ward. In fact, this case in question embodies more than the usual number of unhappy coincidences. The curtain fell on the last act of the little local drama about to be narrated, on last Sunday, when Miss Theresa Miller was consigned to the snow mantled tent whose curtain never outward swings, at Calvary cemetery. Miss Miller resided with her parents at 508 Fifteenth street, where a Wisconsin reporter called this forenoon and gleaned from a sister the story of two lives. Theresa was engaged to marry a young German named Peter Stolberg. Who lived on Fond du Lac avenue, near Fourteenth street. They kept company for almost five years before they were even engaged, and almost grew up to man's and woman's estate in the sunshine of each others smiles. Their hearts were firmly fastened in the meshes of love, and when in their little love scenes the one said he or she could not live without the other, they only spoke the truth, for they loved as of yore and not with that insipid, modern sentimentality, so much in vogue at present. The time flew, days seemed hours and weeks but days. It was but a month until the day would arrive, when they could bow to the world as man and wife. A nice cottage on Eleventh street had been purchased and furnished by the happy man and the no less blithesome, light-hearted maid had almost finished her bridal trousseau. She was her father's favorite daughter, and he had said that she should have a handsome dowry and as nice a wedding as any in their walk of life. But the gods were angered. Peter, who was a machinist, and held the position of foreman in Fourth street foundry, one day came home from work with his body frigid from cold waves which chased each other over his system without mercy. Next morning a slight fever had set in, and the next day a faint hectic flush was visible. An old physician made an examination and turned his shaking head away. It was quick consumption, and the minister of health knew there was not the slightest hope. He might die in a week or in month, but he had not long to live. The news was kept from Theresa, and she saw the form she loved so well waste before her very eyes. They were to have been married on the afternoon of October 21st last, but on the morning of that day the sufferer died, his intended bride clinging frantically and weeping about his body. The wedding clothes, the cottage and all were a mockery, they were hideous in her eyes. Her heart and life had gone out with his. She was no more the happy, high-spirited girl, but droned away the days, gasped his name unconsciously in her sleep and sighed for death. Her wish was granted, and she took to her bed, never to rise again in health. Quick consumption, fed by the fragments of a broken heart, quickly consumed remaining life, and on Wednesday, February 21st, just four months to the day after Stollberg's death, she passed away. On Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, she was buried from St. Joseph's on the corner of Eleventh and Cherry streets, and wore the dress in which she was to have been married. Their difference in religion only kept her from being placed by his side. He was a Protestant, and was interred in Union cemetery. Miss Miller was buried at Calvary Cemetery, with Catholic formalities and services.

A New Story of Lincoln.

General Dahlgren, brother of the admiral, tells the following: "I remember well a story my brother told me of Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, which is illustrative, I think, of the different views held by them in regard to the settlement of the war. One day, as Mr. Lincoln and my brother were about to go to dinner, and while the president was washing his hands, Secretary Stanton entered excitedly, with a telegram in his hand, and said: 'Mr. President, I have just received a dispatch from Portland that Jake Thompson is there waiting to take the steamer to England, and I want to arrest him.' The President began to wipe his hands on a towel, and said in a long, drawling voice: 'Better let him slide.'

"'But, Mr. President,' said Secretary Stanton, 'this man is one of the chief traitors—was one of Buchanan's cabinet, betrayed the country then and has fought against it ever since. He should be punished.' 'W-e-l-l,' said the President, 'if Jake Thompson is satisfied with the issue of the war, I am. Better let him s-l-i-d-e.'

"'Such men should be punished to the full extent of the law,' said Stanton. 'Why, if we don't punish the leaders of the rebellion, what shall we say to their followers?'

"'B-e-t-te-r let him slide, Stanton,' said the President, laying aside his towel.

"Mr. Stanton went away, evidently annoyed, and Mr. Lincoln, turning to my brother, said: 'Dahl, that is one of things I don't intend to allow. When the war is over I want to stop, and let both sides go to work and heal the wounds, which heaven knows are bad enough; but jogging and pulling at them is not the best way to heal a sore.'"

And the old general, turning to his work, said with a sigh: "If that policy had been carried out, the wounds would have been healed long, long ago."

Mr. Charles Watts.

Those of our readers who are in sympathy with the free-thought movement will be pleased to hear that the gifted platform orator, as well as controversial writer, Mr. Charles Watts, editor of The London Secular Review, accompanied by his charming wife, is on a visit to America. Mr. Watts has already spoken before the Liberal Club and several organizations of the National Liberal League very acceptedly, and will visit some of the New England cities and possibly the great West before he returns home by the way of the Dominion of Canada, in some of the larger cities of which he will speak. Socially Mr. and Mrs. Watts have recently had the pleasure of meeting the daughter and another near relative of Robert Dale Owen, a gentleman and humanitarian for whom Mr. Watts entertained the highest admiration.—Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.

MRS. FRED THORP, of Flushing, Pa., who is in excellent health physically and mentally, has not been out of her house in twenty years, and refuses absolutely to do so. Her husband having leased his house for business purposes, she refused to leave; accordingly he built a house in the rear end of the other, to which she consented to be carried through the back door.

Max Heinrich has made a very great success in the part of "Elijah," in the New York Oratorio Society's performance of Mendelsohn's oratorio.

Professor E. S. Dana, of Yale College, has resumed his college duties after a severe illness.

The new 2-cent stamps will bear the profile of Washington.

Mrs. Samuel Bright, the sister-in-law of John Bright, the British statesman, now visiting in Washington, is as deaf as Harriet Martineau was.

CLEANINGS.

Women physicians have been refused permission to practice in Austria.

The sugar crop of Cuba is said to be the largest since the war.

A dozen people in Hartford, Conn., have formed an anti-vaccination society.

For alienating from her her husband's affections a New York woman has sued her father-in-law for $20,000.

The Protestant Episcopal service has been translated into Italian, and services are held in two churches in Rome.

A darkey who died in Louisville was found to have a heart weighing two pounds. The abnormal development of that organ was the cause of his death.

The Birmingham *Medical Review* recommends for chilblains equal parts of dilute nitric acid and peppermint water, to be applied daily at first and then twice a day.

A girl employed as a spinner in a Lowell mill has taken the first prize offered by the Boston Musical Society for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music.

The increase in the use of the electric light is indicated by the fact that forty-nine electric light companies, with $81,-590,000 of capital, were organized in England last year.

A woman recently arrested in Cincinnati for drunkenness proved that she was the wife of a California millionaire, whom she had deserted years ago, before he became wealthy.

As a Georgia man says he can raise 34,500 pounds of watermelons to the acre, the inference is that he has taken the Herodic precaution to kill all the boys within ten miles of his plant.

Colorado is becoming civilized. A man at Colorado Springs was not lynched for the commission of a horrible crime, but was "sent to jail in default of bail," just as though he were in the United States.

A son of Mme. Loyson, the wife of Pere Hyacinthe, is employed in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department. He is a fine linguist and draughtsman, and is quite a favorite in certain circles in Washington.

An itinerant comic opera company was fined $30 and costs at Dallas, Tex., for performing "Patience" one Sunday night. It is not clear whether the offense was in the presentation of the opera or the desecration of the Sabbath.

The respectable youth who applauded by hissing a song in the New Orleans Academy of Music was sentenced by the recorder to pay a fine of $5 or be imprisoned ten days. He paid the fine and was released.

Mrs. De Ponts, of New Orleans, offers to sell to the United States the original draft of the rebel constitution for $30,-000. It isn't worth