

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author and address of the writer. We are not responsible for the return of articles. We are not responsible for the return of articles. We are not responsible for the return of articles.

KATIE'S KISSES.
To me Katie I said: "It's a taste
I'll give you that I'd have, an' I'd love
They belong to me now will ye see?
An' so purty fur kissin' were made."
But she answered an' tould me, wid eyes
That no star in the sky could eclipse:
"An' it's true they belong to yerself,
Sure how 'ud ye like 'em fur yer own lips?"
"Just as aisy," I cried, "as to speak,
An' a swifter an' honey, the surer
Is cowlid by far." But she vowed
The likes uv it couldn't be done.
Then I offered the same to restore
"Wid a seal just as true as the day;
But she said: "I'd never take back
What once I had given away."
"An' I'll bind ye the loan uv 'em, dear,
I'll repled; but will ye be so kind
She axed, did I think that her lips
Were made fur to tint or to pawn?"
This I sat just as mute as a stone,
An' niver a word did I say,
Till Katie, onasy like, poodled her lips
"Och, the roger, 'tis travisin' way."
An' wid simples to tint all the saints,
An' wid blusies 'way up to her brow,
As soft as an' 'ep' she spoke: "'Tud ye like
To be bindin' the loan uv 'em now?"
—C. B. Thayer, in Harper's Magazine.

TOO MUCH FOR HUNGRY JOE.
The Prince of Confidence Men Swindled by a Cow-Boy.
A few weeks ago a man arrayed in store clothes, a slouch hat and blue spectacles registered at a fashionable hotel on Broadway as B. Ashley, of Abilene, Kan. The stranger had just come in by the Western express from Chicago on the Erie Road. His garments were the product of a ready-made clothing store in Abilene, and they added slightly to his general bohemian appearance. His hands and face were tanned, he walked with the parenthetical gait of one whose legs had been curved by years spent in the saddle, and his bearing was in other respects indicative of the wild Western borderman. Mr. Ashley speedily developed other tendencies of the prairie type. He insisted upon going out for exercise on horseback every morning shortly after daybreak, and upon these occasions he employed his own rawhide bridle and his well-worn Mexican saddle, which had formed a part of his luggage. His accent was a peculiar blending of English and Western types of speech. He had weak eyes and was in consultation with a prominent physician here, while stopping for a month in New York on his way to Europe to put himself under the care of the most eminent oculists abroad. Mr. Ashley seemed to have very little occupation beyond horseback riding at unearthly hours of the morning, visiting his man of medicine in the afternoon, and lounging about the immense and richly-gilded rotunda of the hotel in the evening. He was bountifully supplied with cash, and expended it with considerable liberality. He smoked a good deal, but drank little, because his doctor had objected to one habit and absolutely forbidden the other, by reason of its effect on the patient's eyes. Many people about the hotel drank at the expense of Mr. Ashley, but he seldom indulged himself in more cheering beverages than lemonade and iced tea.
One day Mr. Ashley strolled through the lobby of the hotel in the company of a young man whose face is well known to the regular promenaders of Broadway. This young man is always faultlessly dressed and clean shaven. He has prominent features and peculiarly thin and compressed lips. He lives handsomely and always has plenty of cash. With his new-found companion, Mr. Ashley, the weak-eyed child of the guileless West, occupied a seat in the bar-room for some little time. Upon this occasion Mr. Ashley departed from his usual custom sufficiently to assist in the liberal absorption of champagne. When his Broadway friend went away, Mr. Ashley sauntered again through the office of the hotel. He was beckoned by one of the clerks.
"Mr. Ashley, how long since you have been in New York?" queried the gentleman behind the diamond stud.
"Near eight year," responded that uninforming gentleman. "Never was here afore, and never since."
"Do you know the person who just left you?"
"Yes. Met him two nights ago at the Madison Square. I couldn't buy a seat, and he offered me one of his. Said his friend hadn't come, and he would be glad to accommodate a stranger; so we sat together. Seems to be a nice sort of a chap."
"I have no doubt of that," continued the clerk, with a slight air of superior knowledge, not unblended with sarcasm. "That young man is Hungry Joe, one of the most celebrated confidence operators in America."
"You don't say," drawled the Western man slowly, and with some astonishment. "Well, I'm darned."
He went thoughtfully away. That night the young man with the thin lips and the handsome clothes called for Mr. Ashley after dinner. As they came through the office the accidental innocent took out a large pocket-book filled to repletion with money, drew from its inner recesses about \$500, and deposited the wallet, with the balance of its contents, in the hotel safe. His companion viewed this proceeding with a passive face but a gleaming eye, and the two went out together. Mr. Ashley returned to the hotel just in time to take his morning ride on horseback. He slept until about four in the afternoon. Then he drew \$200 from his wallet and left.
"You are fully warned," observed the clerk, as he handed over the amount, "and it is your own fault if you lose any money to Hungry Joe."
"Correct," responded Mr. Ashley, stuffing the bills into his pocket.
His next appearance in the hotel was a little after midnight, and this time he put \$300 away in the wallet, with the declaration that the New York sharps might be pretty stiff on bunko, but they were a little behind the times on draw poker. "In my country," he explained, "two deuces 'bowie' will open a jack pot every time."
Mr. Ashley passed several days in quiet and seclusion. A full week went by before he drifted out again with his companion of the compressed lips. The next day after that he drew a round \$1,000 from the safe, and seemed annoyed when the clerk smiled a broad and knowing smile. "No game ever played me," said Mr. Ashley, in a dogged way, "and a man who can hold up his end with cow-boys isn't going to be bested by any broadcloth brigade that was ever hatched." There was a joll of eight or ten days in the proceedings, and then Mr. Ashley drew another \$1,000. A couple of days later he drew \$500 more. That afternoon he went for a drive with his gentlemanly companion. His face had been sufficed with sadness all the morning, but it was noticed that he seemed somewhat

brighter on his return from the drive. That evening Hungry Joe and two of his well known Broadway companions spent several hours in earnest conversation with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman's eyes made it necessary for him to wear his broad hat well down over his forehead. When the three young men went away the merest shadow of a smile played about the mouth of the Western man. From the table at which they sat the three young fellows went straight to the telegraph office, where they sent the following dispatch:
Postmaster, Abilene, Kan.:
Do you know Benjamin Ashley, cattle-raiser? Telegraph full particulars, my expense.
DICKSON, Brower House, New York.
The reply was evidently in all respects satisfactory, and within two days Mr. Ashley received in his rooms at the hotel a visit from the three confidence operators and a lawyer, who is more or less celebrated in this city. The head porter of the hotel was called up into the room after the visitors had been there an hour or longer, and was requested to append his signature to a certain document in the capacity of a witness to the signing thereof. This done, and the papers signed by Mr. Ashley, a large sum of money was paid over by the gentleman with the thin lips and the porter retired with a five-dollar bill out of the pile. The visitors slowly withdrew from the hotel and Mr. Ashley deposited that night the sum of \$14,000 cold cash in the office of the hotel. Two days afterward he took passage on a Guion steamer for Liverpool, having explained to the hotel clerk that he had sold a half-interest in his Kansas cattle ranch to his friends, and that Hungry Joe, as he was called, had expressed a wish to retire from city life. Mr. Ashley was "seen of" by his enthusiastic New York acquaintances after the most approved style of the art. They toasted him right royally in "yellow label," presented him with a big basket of flowers with the word "Farewell" in large blue letters across the center, and otherwise marked his departure with evidences of tender regard.
Mr. Ashley had been gone from the fashionable Broadway hotel precisely eleven days, when a tall man came in from a carriage that was loaded with trunks and steamer chairs and other appliances of ocean travel. He signed himself on the register, "Benjamin Ashley, London." The clerk looked up hurriedly as if to apologize for not recognizing his guest, then looked surprised, muttered a hasty word or two, and assigned the stranger a room, all in a confused and preoccupied way. This was apparently another Benjamin Ashley. He was tall and slender, and well dressed, and pale. But he spoke with a slightly Americanized English accent, not unlike that of the other Benjamin Ashley. The clerk was pretty well puzzled, and that night he took good care to have the stranger's full name and address inserted in the list of arrivals published daily in a periodical devoted to that purpose and carefully read by the confidence fraternity. The clerk went on duty early the next day, and as he had fully expected, one of the first callers to meet him was the thin-lipped young man who asked to have his name sent up to Mr. Ashley's room. Word came back that Mr. Ashley would see the gentleman in the drawing-room, and thither the clerk followed after a moment. Hungry Joe was sitting in a large armchair when the tall man from London came into the apartment. The New Yorker merely bestowed a passing glance on Mr. Ashley and looked away. The Englishman, however, seeing no one else excepting the clerk, advanced courteously and said:
"Did you wish to see me? I am Mr. Ashley."
"Oh?" queried Hungry Joe, with a startled look. "You're not Mr. Benjamin Ashley?"
"Precisely."
"Not of Kansas?"
"Yes, of Abilene, Kan. How can I serve you?"
The thin lips of the confidence man were rather white by this time, and they were more firmly compressed than ever. He regarded the tall Englishman in a dazed fashion for a few moments. Then he asked:
"Do you own a large cattle ranch thirty-five miles south of Abilene?"
"I believe I do. Why do you ask?"
"Been to Europe to have your eyes doctored?"
"Yes. I have been abroad four months. But, my young friend, these questions are rather odd. Please explain yourself."
"Odd!" echoed the Broadway man. "Well, I should think they were. If you are Benjamin Ashley, and you are that ranch, the cleverest man in the country has given me a deal, that's all. Why, it ain't two weeks ago that me and two friends bought a half interest in that ranch, and, by George! the man who sold us stopped in this same hotel."
Mr. Ashley seemed rather astonished by this information, and beckoned the clerk, who had been listening to their conversation quite intently. That individual gave a careful description of the previous Mr. Ashley, and the New York sharper told how he had won some \$3,250 from the man, who was on his way to Europe for the benefit of his eyes. He had represented himself as the owner of the Ashley ranch, and at his request the speaker had telegraphed the Abilene Postmaster, and had replied, giving details as to the property, which is valued at about \$50,000, and had added that Mr. Ashley himself had gone abroad for medical treatment. The man had represented that he wanted to make certain expenditures in Europe, and that his card losses would prevent unless he could dispose of an interest in his ranch. He produced deeds to establish his ownership, and they seemed satisfactory even to the lawyers. Thinking he had a chance to get \$25,000 worth of material for \$14,000 the victim had taken two friends in with him, and by clubbing together they had raised the necessary amount.
"Really," observed the Englishman, when the recital was finished, "I am very sorry for you, but you have unquestionably been swindled. For my part I shall not have the slightest difficulty in establishing my identity. As to your friend, the bogus Mr. Ashley, he is probably one of my cow-boys, Henry Barnes by name. The description certainly fits that person. He came to the ranch—let me see—about fourteen months ago and asked for a place. Now I remember he wasn't much like the other boys, but I needed more help, and I took him on. He may have been in hiding for some crime, for all I know. But on the plains we can scarcely go into such matters. He did his work all right, and seemed rather more refined than his companions, though he tried to conceal it. I heard once or twice from my men that he played a very odd hand at poker."
"He does," said Hungry Joe, mournfully.
"He was an expert penman, now I

come to think of it, and he did some work of that sort for me. He was still there when I came away."
"And that's the cuss who got off to Europe with my money, hang him," burst in the defrauded confidence operator, angrily. "What's worse, he went away full of my champagne, and smelling of my basket of flowers. That man's an infernal swindler, that's what he is."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Opera.
What is this?
This, darling, is the opera.
My, but who are all these people?
The audience, my love.
But they seem to be bored to death.
They are, dear.
Then why do they come?
To be looked at.
Gracious, is that a pleasure?
Yes, precious.
Why, how?
Why, the privilege costs about ten dollars an hour.
Then only rich people can afford it!
Oh! the immensely rich, dear.
But I see there a young man who is not immensely rich.
Yes.
How can he afford it, then?
Directly he cannot; indirectly he can.
How "indirectly?"
Why, he will eventually make his tailor foot the bill.
Those funny people on the stage—
Sh! dear—they are singing.
Singing what?
A duet.
Why do they do it?
Hush, darling.
Are they unwell?
Why no, my precious!
Then why does that queer little gentleman with the short trousers and the sword throw himself around as if he were suffering from green watermelon?
Because he is a tenor.
Why is he called a tenor?
He charges tenor fifteen dollars a minute for his work.
And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?
She is the prima donna.
Is she singing, too?
O yes.
But neither of these people have any notes?
Yes, they have.
Where?
In their pockets.
Can they sing without these notes?
Yes, they can, but they won't.
Is not the poor manager a great philanthropist to bring all these people to gether and pay them so much?
O, yes.
We should thank the poor manager very heartily.
Of course.
We should be willing to pay him any sum he chooses to ask, shouldn't we?
Certainly, dear.
He is so disinterested.
Very, my love.
We should likewise be very grateful to that excited little gentleman with the ebony stick, who looks like he were flapping his wings and trying to crowd in.
He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima donna in a torrent of idling.
Yes, dear—that is his business.
These people in the boxes seem to be very tired.
They are trying very hard not to lis-
ten.
Yes, sweet.
But I thought people went to the opera to hear the music?
That was in the dark ages, love.
What is music?
Music is a harmonious combination or succession of certain sharps, flats and naturals.
What is a sharp?
A sharp, my dear, is a—well, do you remember that gentleman we passed in the lobby, with the butterfly smile and complacent pocket-book?
Why, that was the manager.
Yes, my sweet.
Well?
He is a sharp.
And what are flats?
Look in the bagniores and see the stockholders.
And a natural?
The young man you spoke of who spent his little all for a seat.
He is a natural what?
Idiot.—*Life.*

The Lesson of Peter Cooper's Life.
The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: "Is life worth living?"
Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstances, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, "the wisdom of innocence," often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception. So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With "honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends," he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt.—*Mrs. Carter, in the Century.*

It was only four years ago that Chester F. Lord was a reporter on the New York Sun. Then he was made night editor, getting a salary of \$40 a week. About six months afterward he was given \$100 a week. Now he is editorial manager of the paper at \$10,000 a year. When Mr. Dana retires, which must be soon, he will succeed to \$15,000 a year. We throw these facts out as a little pointer to the public in their estimate of newspaper men.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A crank arrested in Pittsburgh claimed to be a son of President Garfield, stolen when seven months old.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

MISCELLANEOUS.
—A "wish-bone" wedding is now the proper way to tie Hymen's feral fetters. The couple stand under a floral piece, shaped in the form of a wish-bone.—*Chicago Herald.*
—A French lad employed in one of the mills in Lewiston, Me., wishing to have half a day off, cut the big belt and stopped 1,600 spindles until it could be repaired.—*Boston Post.*
—Penny gambling games for children have become so abundant in New York that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has thought it a duty to start at once on the work of bringing to justice the candy-men who provide these snares.—*N. Y. Times.*
—A Connecticut man buried his wife Saturday, heard of an estimable widow in Brewsters, N. Y., on Sunday, came for her and took her to Danbury on Monday, and married her on Tuesday. The paper that tells this story speaks of it as "tolerably romantic."—*Detroit Post.*
—Prayer-books bound in white velvet and gold, costing twenty-five dollars, are shown to the kind made for brides to hold in their hands at the nuptial ceremony in New York city. Religion comes high in New York society, but the people will have it.—*Philadelphia Call.*
—Professor Newton, of Yale College, says that this is an off year for meteors, and that it is not worth while to sit up to look for them. They are some 2,000,000 miles away from us. In November, 1899, they will be again close by.—*New Haven Register.*
—The warning that "there's death in the cup" receives strange confirmation from St. Louis—the city of remarkable occurrences. In a discussion at breakfast Belle Oertell was hit on the nose with a coffee cup. A slight wound was made, but the woman bled to death in a few hours.—*Chicago Journal.*
—If you must have a best girl, by all means get one from Cleveland, O. It is alleged to be on record as history that a young lady of that city recently confessed that she adored a dentist, the homeliest man in the city, too, that she had had five sound teeth pulled for the sole privilege of being near him a few moments.—*N. Y. Journal.*
—Mr. J. H. McIlwaine, of Philadelphia, is said to have the finest collection of Indian relics and stuffed birds in the country. He is considering an offer of \$25,000 from the Bavarian government for his birds. Of Indian curiosities he has everything from an arrow point to a tent, from a bead to a full dress, from a feather to a tomahawk.—*Philadelphia Record.*
—The man who deliberately enters upon the performance of an act that may imperil a human life has all the primal elements of a murderer, and if it chances that the interfering life is sacrificed, the services of the law should never be slighted by executive clemency. It is because the officers of the law treat the mandates of the law with such indifferent respect that lawless classes hold a contempt for the law.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*
—In an article on Professor Ella, the English musician, London *Truth* says: "Apropos of kissing, I remember on one occasion a strange being arriving suddenly in Ella's room, falling into his arms, and kissing him on both cheeks. He was a man with a thick head of hair. A young lady, aged seventeen, and seemed much surprised at the proceeding. Afterward she said to Ella, 'Who was that dreadfully odd man who kissed you?' 'Why,' he remarked, 'that was the great Rubinstein; he has just returned from America with \$8,000 in his pocket.' 'O,' said the girl simply, 'I wish he had kissed me too.'"
Litter.
Litter in stables is required chiefly for the purpose of cleanliness. We cannot afford to use enough to serve as a soft cushion for an animal to lie upon; nor is this required for its comfort. It will rest more easily upon a smooth plank than thin litter unevenly spread, and to make a really soft bed the straw would need to be a foot deep. Being, then, used for the sake of cleanliness, it is evident that the finer, looser and more movable it is the better it is. We have found hard-wood sawdust the very best litter for cows, and pine sawdust for horses and pigs. The resinous odor of pine is a safeguard against insect vermin, and is healthful to the lungs. But hard-wood sawdust sooner decays, and is less heating in the manure, and is to be preferred upon these accounts. Three or four inches in depth of clean sawdust under any animal is clean and sweet smelling and very comfortable. With this depth the urine is completely absorbed and the solid dung is quickly covered by the movements of the feet, so that it will not soil any animal. For white horses sawdust is the cleanest litter. Any farmer can afford to pay three cents a bushel for it for an absorbent, but it is very often easily procured at saw mills for nothing, as it is useless there and often a nuisance. For sheep-pens and pig-pens, when the young lambs and pigs are expected, sawdust is especially valuable. Straw entangles the helpless young creatures, which are often loitered by being laid upon and crushed while thus held fast. This cannot happen when sawdust is used. It is also the best of bedding for calves which require a very good absorbent and deodorizer to keep them clean. Leaves are equally as good as sawdust, and where the farm has a wood lot the leaves should be closely gathered and stored in a dry place for use. This will leave the straw to be utilized for its most valuable purpose, viz., feeding.—*N. Y. Times.*

Rough on the Young Man.
Arthur Padleford, a young man of Philadelphia, whose estate is worth \$500,000, asked the court recently to allow him to invest \$20,000 of his own money in the purchase of a yacht, and was regretfully refused. Mr. Padleford is about twenty-five years old and unmarried. His income is about \$80,000. He himself had put the estate in trust so that he might be less vulnerable to the temptations which beset young men about town with large fortunes and nothing to do. His health is failing and his physician advised him to be as much at sea as possible. He was permitted by the terms of the trust to build a house in Philadelphia and another at Newport, but as he had not married and did not contemplate marriage, he did not wish to be burdened with the establishments, and did not set them up. The cost of keeping a yacht, the petition set out, would be about \$5,000 a year, and the whole cost of living upon the sea would be much less, he said, than the expense of fashionable life on land. The court regretted that it had not the authority under the terms of the trust to grant the petition.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

WORTH OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Bought direct from the manufacturers and importers in Chicago, New York and Boston, under the most favorable circumstances, and we are perfectly safe in saying to the citizens of Dickinson and adjoining counties that we have the largest stock of general merchandise ever brought into Dickinson County, and we simply invite you to come and see for yourselves the truth of our statement.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED ABOUT
\$50,000

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WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
STOVES AND TINWARE.

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J. E. BONNERBRAKE HARROWARE COMPANY
ARE NOW OFFERING WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, HARROWS, SULKY PLOWS, DRILLS, 5-TOOTH CULTIVATORS, Mowers and Rakes VERY LOW to reduce their immense stock.
ALSO FORTY TONS OF BARB WIRE THAT MUST BE SOLD THIS FALL.

—Elder sister: Geraldine, why did you take so much trouble to snub that handsome, manly young fellow we just met? Geraldine: O, that's Harry Hardline. He hasn't a cent to his name, and he's got a mother to support; and that sort of thing isn't good form, you know, nowadays.—*Boston Post.*
—The father's prayer:
"I cannot sing the old songs," she sadly did too,
While at an asthma organ
Her fingers she did shoot.
"Thank heaven," growled the parent,
With manifest ado,
"An' pray they'll fix the new ones
Just so you cannot, too."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

BERRY BROS.