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B. C. KINGSBURY.

Helena, M. T., July 3d, 1875.

DIBBS---A LOVE STORY.

There was no doubt about it; John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make it up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care, if she should be half a dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time, and, leaning on their elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter, cadets and officers too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to a ball that was coming off next month. To be sure he was only a common cavalry soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character and a good trade at his command; and, moreover, his father had died not long since, and there was the cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she'd only be sensible. Jenny acted as a shopwoman for her sister, Mrs. Evens. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evens had only managed to get a few pounds' worth of things with what had been subscribed for her in the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious woman Mrs. Evens was, made a point of buying their tapes, and cotton, and sticks of sealing-wax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning to night with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customers took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, for she, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jenny, worked hard at dressmaking (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it).

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jenny under the excuse of buying a penny paper, or perhaps asking for a time-table. Jenny made the most trim and pretty and obliging of shopwomen, and the place itself was pattern of neatness; but the officers' wives did not care to go and buy their thread where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation, and so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jenny—pretty, kind hearted, thoughtless Jenny—had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off, at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been only too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Devonshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was fond of her sister, but also because she had wished many times to see John Weare again. She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth, and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John had told her then that he was tired of the service and wanted to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could do no better than ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich, and gradually established himself on the footing of a lover till he found the shop always filled with the officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors, then he got jealous and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and besides it was doing an injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind, and told the coquettish Jenny what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains.

'If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or what's wrong; I know for myself.'

'Well, Miss Jenny, I didn't mean to give offense. I only told you what I thought.'

'Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself,' she said, with a little toss of her pretty head—'unless they had been nice ones,' she added. He heard the aside, and picked up his courage.

'It's awfully hard, too, when one that cares for you really can't get near you', he pleaded. Just then Jenny caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but was secretly of the opinion that he ought to have come up to the scratch before,' so she thought a little jealousy might do him good.

Oh, here comes Captain McGee.' said she, in a delighted tone.'

'Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jenny, and if you take my advice you'll send him off sharp.'

'I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the Captain; he's always very polite to me,' and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

'Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt.'

'And he is bringing me some beautiful flowers.'

'Now, look here, Jenny, are you going to take them?'

'Of course I am.'

'Well, then, good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

'Jenny, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off; but you must choose between he and I. If you are going to keep on talking to him I shall never come in the place again, so which is it to be?'

'The Captain.'

'But I am not joking. I'll never see you again.'

'No more am I joking, an good-bye.'

'Good-bye'—and he went.

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jenny wanted him she might send for him, or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to be very low.

'If she had cared about me, she'd have sent a message,' he thought.

The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly past the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jenny. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over, and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye, however, turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jenny. He went back to the barracks in a dejected state of mind.

'It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, and all along of that Captain McGee, too; and the fruit in the garden—of the cottage—all ripe, and no one to pick it.'

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

'Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare,' she said; but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was truly miserable.

'She can't care a rush for me,' he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back, in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

'Bibbs,' said John Weare, 'come and have some fruit;' and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries till he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table and sat down before him.

'How old are you, Bibbs?'

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question. [illegible] your sword up there?'

'Yes. Who gave you those broze shoes, Bibbs?'

Now he knew Jenny had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

'Auntie. She's going away soon,' he added. 'Let me look at your sword now.'

'Where's she going,' he asked in consternation.

'Devonshire. Do let me try on your sword.'

'Why is she going?' he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

'She's sick, I think; and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over her silver thing you gave her, and kissing it like anything.'

The 'silver thing' was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton fair last October and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

'Aunt Jenny's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night,' he said.

So Jenny was going to Eltham, was she! John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white woolly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick on being gently pushed.

'Crying over her silver thing!' said John Weare. 'I'd go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her, and beg her pardon.'

And he went, and Jenny met him, and pouted, and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute, and then Jenny contradicted him, and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunlap, the Colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her in the kindest possible manner that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jenny's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers, who were always in the way; and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she determined to go back to Devonshire.

'But you won't now?' he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. 'You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?'

It took a long time to talk her into it (about three quarters of an hour), but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown his flowers out of the window.

'And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?' she asked.

'Certainly.'

'Why, but for him I might never have seen you again?'

'Perhaps not.'

'I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home,' she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking-horse, which he delights in to this day.—[Cassell's Magazine.

"The habitual drunkard," says a temperance writer, does never evince prompt decision in any emergency." That may all be; and still we never yet saw the old toper, who could be made to "take the other."

A California Romance.

In the appropriate column of our issue of September 18th appeared this notice:

DIED.—In this city, September 15, 1875, Hiram Bacon, of Maine, aged 65 years.

Mr. Bacon died in the county hospital, whither he had been brought in a dying condition from his home in Oakland, where he had for several years lingered a hopeless invalid, and an almoner of an old friend of former and more prosperous years. To his name a romance attaches, which recent events have recalled. In "the early days of Washoe" Hiram Bacon was one of the "Kings of the Comstock. He it was who gave its name to the Bacon mine; he owned half of the Belcher mine, and a large amount of other valuable mining property. In the zenith of his prosperity he met, became fascinated with, and married a brilliant and ambitious chit of a girl, of whom he became excessively fond and doting y indulgent. On one occasion he bought and presented to her a set of diamonds which cost $30,000. These and other evidences of his uxorious fondness she greedily grasped and hoarded. After a while there came reverses, then disease, then poverty. Then the petted young wife turned the bewitched old husband out upon the cold charity of the world. Subsequently a male friend abstracted and pawned her fine diamonds, and she was forced to summon her old husband from his humble retreat in this county to identify her jewels and effect their restitution. After this the old man's affairs went on from bad to worse, until as last, as above recorded, he died a pauper in the county hospital. But it seems that through all these years she, or some one for her, has been keeping up two policies of insurance, of $10,000 each on the old man's life. Last week she came up to the vicinity of the old man's grave, to prove up the facts which will enable her to collect the $20,000 of insurance on his life. Her first application was to Dr. Cooke, county physician, but Bacon had died without his administering to him, and he declined to make any affidavit in the premises. She then fell back on Dr. Loham, who had attended on Bacon while at Logtown, and Dr. Loham made the coveted affidavit, which was supplemented by one from the hospital steward in the role of sexton, and the bereaved (!) widow, with never so much as a glance toward the grave of the buried and proofs.—[Placerville Democrat.

A Colorado poet sends the Denver Tribune an "Ode to Ortum." We have room, unfortunately, but for the two concluding stanzas:

I would not dy in Ortum,
With peaches fit for eatin',
When the wavy korn is gettin' wripe,
& the kandidates are treatin';

When sassidge meat is phrytn',
And hickory nuts is thick,
Ow, who would think of dyin'
Or even gettin sick?

A Little Formality Overlooked.

[From the Meridian (Ga.) Homestead]

During the war a Georgian started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers, and they bought all his chickens but one rooster. He insisted that they should take him, but they were out of money, and couldn't buy.

The old man said he hated to go to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it.

At last one of the soldiers said:

"Old man, I'll play you a game of seven up for him."

"Agreed," said the old man.

They played a long and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him at the soldier's feet, and mounted a swab tailed pony and started for home. After getting some two hundred yards he suddenly stopped, turned around, and rode back and said:

"You played a fair game, and won the rooster fairly, but I'd like to know what in the h——l you put up agin that rooster."

Couldn't Find the Way Out.

[From the North Alabamian.]

A wicked old planter on Rag Creek wandered into a church one Sunday recently, and, after listening through the services, went home determined to have family prayers in his household from that time forth. Gathering his wife and five children around him the next morning, the old man went at it. His prayer extended to such a length that the old lady got tired, and, stealing softly from the room, looked after her breakfast, and came back, only to find the old man still reverently praying. She then went and milked the cows, came back, and still the old man was invoking Almighty God to relieve his burdens, which were almost too great to be borne.

The old lady stopped him. "Look here, old man, breakfast is getting cold. That will do. Come along."

"I believe I will, old lady," said he, "for I've got my prayer most damnably mixed up."

There is probably no place in the country where living is cheaper than it is in San Francisco. There are a dozen different places in that city where a dinner of five courses can be had, including a pint bottle of fair table claret, all for the small sum of fifty cents. Although not first-class these restaurants are patronized by bankers, business men and capitalists. There is another class of restaurants where a good, substantial dinner can be had for twenty five cents. No extra charge is made for an average supply of potatoes, bread, pickles, celery in season and other vegetables. In New York a small beefsteak costs fifty cents, and restaurant charges there now are as high as they were seven years ago. They are more than double San Francisco prices.

"For God's Sake Stop Growling."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached the first of a series of sermons in which he expects to make known "a new cure for the financial woes of the country." The throng expected to hear a political speech in favor of hard or soft money, but from Lamentations: "Wherefore doth a living man complain." The real financial difficulties he set down as a consequence of the war, but the situation was rendered more doleful by lugubrious faces and talks and by the chronic habit of complaining. The whole country was under a momentum of snivel. His first recipe was: Be cheerful in conversation and behavior. One despondent man can talk fifty into despondency. For three winters there had been lying prophesies, and they were in the air again. He prophesied that it would be the easiest winter we ever had—if not in temperature, charity would be so abundant that the poor could not suffer. Wendell Phillips was crying out, "If we don't inflate we shall have Communistic outrages here as in France." Not so. There is no bible, no Sabbath, no God, in France. In this country cut-throats land in Sing Sing, and go up on the gallows at the end of a rope.

The Doctor offered to contract to open all factories, set every man to work, float commerce, enliven trade, spread a bountiful table from Maine to California, and make the whole land carol songs and thunder jubilees if for one week the people of the United States would talk cheerfully. The influence would be instantaneous. "Oh," said he, "for God's sake and for the sake of the poor, quit growling!" [Applause.] The other prescriptions were: Make Christian investments and join in a spiritual awakening. God gives five dollars for every one that is given to him. After the great panic of 1857, when merchants were almost demented with their losses, three hundred thousand souls were saved, and since that time the largest fortunes have been made.

Nevada's Young Women.

[From the Virginia Chronicle.]

Last week will be memorable in the life of a talkative Gold Hill miner who has the happiness to board at a restaurant, employed as a waitress, is a good-looking young woman. For reasons not known to the outside world the miner in question freely upon the subject of this woman's character. She heard the gossip and learned its source, and on Wednesday evening of last week, just as the miner had relieved the agony of the restaurant man by finishing an interminable supper, he received an invitation from the hand some young woman to step into a back room. It was given smilingly, and the scandal monger went unsuspiciously to his fate. She closed the door, and in reply to the questioning look drew a six-shooter from her pocket, and requested him to get down on his knees. Being an obliging fellow he did so instantly, and there he cheerfully confessed that he was a liar, and that the fair damsel before him was in all respects considerably superior to most angels. She let him go then, and there isn't a more taciturn man in Gold Hill now than that miner.

Why She Stopped Her Paper.

She came bouncing through the sanctum door like a cannon-ball, and without pausing to say "How d'ye do?" she brought her embrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

'I want to stop my paper.'

'All right, madam.'

'Stop it right off, too,' she persisted, whacking the table again, 'for I waited long enough for you to do the square thing.'

She quieted down for a moment as we run our fingers down the list of names, and when we reached hers and scratched it out, she said:

'There; now mebbe you'll do as you ought to after this, and not slight a woman just cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, bandy-legged, squint-eyed, wheezy squaller born to them, you puff it to the skies and make it out an angel, but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word about it, even if it is the squarest-toed, blackest haired, biggest-headed, noblest little kid that ever kept a woman awake at nights. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stopped my paper.'

And she dashed out as rapidly as she came.

Couldn't Feel Her.

There were three of them—a man and two women. They saw the sign of "Arctic soda water" swinging in the breeze, and they went in, and the man said they would take about three drinks.

"What syrup?" asked the confectioner.

The man's wife, who was one of the two women, turned her husband around so that his back was to the fountain, and said:

"Now, William, if you want lemon and vanilla, or vanilla and cream, speak right up, for you won't have a chance to say, vanilla and cream, and wink for him to put in whisky!"

The husband's countenance fell, but he had to quietly submit. He has been wondering ever since how his wife could have dropped on the practice.

The stir in the cattle market in Southern Colorado continues unabated, and fat cattle of all kinds seem to be changing hands rapidly. Sellers look happy and buyers seem well satisfied with their bargains. Among the recent sales may be noted one made by Mr. Beckwith, of Wet Mountain Valley, amounting to $10,000. Mr. Walter Chermside, of Huerfano County, recently drove a herd of fat steers to West Las Animas and realized from $35 to $38 per head for them. On Wednesday morning a fine herd started for West Las Animas, but whether already sold or not, we did not learn. Mr. Crawford is the owner.—[Pueblo Chieftain.

Casting Bread Upon the Waters.

When Mr. Ralston left New Orleans for Panama he was entirely without means of his own. He had one friend—a wealthy banker named Martin. He went to him and asked the loan of $500, having nothing to offer in return for it but his faith might over the request, the banker advancing the money. The young adventurer went to Panama, and in due time came up the coast to San Francisco. His affairs prospered, but when he came to look for the man who had befriended him in his sore need he was not to be found. He had failed and left New Orleans for unknown regions. Not many years ago Martin found himself in New York with a large family and very poor. Accidentally meeting a Californian acquaintance, he for the first time heard of Mr. Ralston's whereabouts and his prosperity, and in his dire need he sent a modest request for the repayment of the $500 lent years before. A few days later he was summoned to the banking house of Lees & Waller and informed that they had received an order by telegraph to pay him $10,000. He could not believe the money was intended for him, and for a long time refused to accept it, but at last, remembering his necessities, consented to take the gift so freely and generously given.

The Age of Tights.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says, in speaking of the recent dress parade of the chemiloonatic, in that city: An inspired chemiloonatic, one Mills, declared that we are to learn wisdom from the animals, and that we are to make robings conform to contours. This can mean but one thing—tights! Yes, terrible as the prospect is, this is what we are coming to. Conformity to contour is to unfold mankind internally. This is the "Sweet By-and-By" which the convention chanted as its closing hymn; this is the divinity which is to shape our ends. Unless we wickedly despise the the integral unfolding of mankind, we are to conform our robings to our contours. Our garments—we shall wear but one—will fit us with the exact ease of the leopard's skin. Every protruding bone, and every crooked skinny form will unfold its contour integrally, and unadorned nature will stalk spindle-shanked through the world "for suffering virtue's sake." The age of tights is close [illegible] to lead back to the physical perfections of Eden, but it will take a generation or two to realize it, so that all these ugly, skinny, angular, vinegar-faced women will have passed away, and woman will be reformed by the time she is renude.

Ellen Harper, a colored woman of about thirty, has spent much of her time in the Richmond (Virginia) prison. She has committed no great crime, being satisfied with continually disturbing the peace. Last week, on being brought before the Police Judge as usual, she handed him the following poetic petition: "Police Justice White, I'm in a sad plight, immured in this horrible jail. With sorrow oppressed, I'm deeply distressed, and pray you will list to my tale. As you love the muse, you cannot refuse a wandering Harper to hear. She sings not for gladness, for breaking with sadness, her heart-strings are wrung with despair. My case is before you. Now let me implore you to open my prison doors wide. No bail can I give, but true as I live no longer here will abide; but far from this place I'll hide my disgrace, and try for the past to atone, with both song and story will tell of the glory of the good Judge who mercy hath shown.'

When lovely women, once so jolly,
Finds, late in life, that hair grows gray,
How make her case less melancholy.
How hide Time's step that none can stay?
The only way his track to cover,
To mask her age from every eye,
And if she have a spoon for lover,
To keep him still "spoons," is—to dye!

A husband and wife were celebrating the twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding, and when quite a little circle was gathered about them the husband, with not a little self-complacency, said: "Here my wife and I have been married for twenty five years, and in all that time neither of us has ever spoken to the other an excited or unkind word." "Thunder," said the witty D. M——, "what a stupid time you must have had of it!"

Two women have started a barber-shop in Titusville. We saw one woman start a barber shop once. She came in with a cowhide in her hand, and said she was going to horsewhip the man who had been talking about her, and eight men with towels under their chins and lather on their faces hustled out of their chairs and started for the back door.

Nothing tends more thoroughly to shatter one's confidence in outward appearance than to see a young man, clad in the height of fashion, saunter into a crowded restaurant, pull off his kids, languidly seat himself at a table, consult the bill of fare, and then immediately afterward to hear the waiter's voice ringing out the magic words, 'One plate of hash and a glass of water.'

A jail chaplain, finding a prisoner exhibiting, as he thought, signs of true religious conviction, gave him a Bible, and afterward exerted himself to procure a commutation of his sentence. Succeeding in the latter effort, he informed the man of his approaching liberty. His gratitude knew no bounds. He called him his deliverer, and grasping his hand at parting, added: "Here is your Bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope I shall never want it again."

A party of miners which started from the San Juan country, last summer, for southeastern Utah, have been murdered by the Indians.

Insulation of the Bed in Rheumatism.

Dr. E. Playter, of Toronto, gives a case in the Canada Lancet. The patient was ordered to be insulated, which was done by placing the legs of the bed stead in four glass salt-cellars. The next day he was decidedly easier, and continued to improve from pain in three or four days more, and able to walk about the house. The constitutional symptoms in this case were not of a very marked character. The heart's action was labored and irregular in the beginning, but not quickened; tongue slightly coated, white, with considerable thirst, but perspiration not profuse; though these symptoms, excepting the heart's action, were gradually becoming more aggravated up to the time when insulation was tried. The patient had had two previous similar attacks, but of much greater duration, and from which he had entirely recovered. His father had suffered from two or three very severe attacks of acute rheumatism. Dr. Playter adds: "One such case does not prove much in favor of insulation, but the improvement in the one above referred to commenced earlier, was more rapid and decided than that of any other case of the like severity which I have treated in a practice of about fifteen years.

A Wise Bird.

A family near Boston is happy in the possession of a parrot of more than ordinary intelligence, and one whose talking powers are the wonder of the neighborhood. In an evil day, however, the bird was taught by some naughty boys to swear like a trooper, and with perversity wonderfully human, and, withal, strangely seemed to find pleasure in nothing so much as a sounding oath. Mild correctionary measures proving unavailing, the offender was at last regularly soused in a pail of cold water after each burst of profanity, and then placed on the stove-hearth before the fire to dry. During a recent rain-storm some small chickens belonging to the same family got very wet and throughly chilled, and were placed on a perch before the fire to be warmed into full activity again. It so happened that the parrot had just been treated to an involuntary bath himself, and he at once knowingly cocked his head on one side and surveyed the new comers for a moment in silence. Then, as if all was plain, companions, and exclaiming in his dripping one, "Little d—d [illegible] ing!"

The question as to the right of women to vote under the provisions of the fourteenth amendment has been decided adversely to the claim by the United States supreme court. This claim was first urged in an argument before a Congressional committee four or five years ago, which is said to have been the work of Mr. Theodore Tilton. The case upon which the decision was rendered originated in Missouri. The court were unanimously of the opinion that the constitution does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one, that being an affair of the several States.

He Came From Firginny.

A Young gentleman of this city, in whom we have the most perfect confidence gives us the following conversation, which he overheard between two colored citizens the other evening, as he was returning from prayer meeting: "Sam, does you know Jonah?" "Jonah! Who is he?" "Why Jonah dat swallowed de whale; don't you know him?" "Why dam his big moufed soul, was he from Firginny?" 'Of course he was from Firginny." "Well, the Firginians always was hell for fish."—[Maysville (Ky.) Bulletin.

Incompetence.

[From the Milwaukee News.]

"Did you ever break a yoke of four-year-old steers?" asked a Rock County farmer of a young Janesville chap, who wanted to marry his daughter. "No, I never did," was the meek answer; but I have rode a mule in a circus, and had a good deal of other experience in the world." "No other experience," said the granger, "could qualify you, young man, for trying to handle that girl." The sad youth departed.

An Indianapolis man, whose wife had eloped, was asked by a friend if he did not intend to shoot the destroyer of his happiness. 'Not so,' replied the husband. 'Do you think I would interfere with my own revenge? I can trust him to my wife.'

A lady, thinking it time for her little girl to put away childish things, informed her that Santa Claus was a "made-up" person—that there was no such person at all. Upon which the child, with becoming solemnity, asked: "Mamma, have you been telling me lies about Jesus Christ, too?"

Nature is sent to teach us by her autumnal parables; and every fading leaf on every tree, with its bud of future growth hidden behind it, becomes a solemn text, warning us to "secure while the leaf is yet green the germ that shall live when the frost of death has destroyed both fruit and flower."—[Maximilian.

Pshaw! It's easy enough to put up stove-pipe! All you have got to do is to put on your kid gloves, take up your cane and leave word at the tinners, and when he gets ready, and can't think of any other job, and doesn't want to go fishing, he will put your stove up. This is the experience of a Detroit man.

A Lady who has Lost Three Sons by consumption writes from Hartford, Conn., to say that her only remaining child, a daughter, had been saved, she believes, from a like fate by the use of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.