MOWER CO. TRANSCRIPT.

N. S. GORDON, Editor.

AUSTIN, - - - - MINN.

TONSORIAL DELIGHTS.

I lay in the barber's chair;
"Shave!" I said.
'Round my neck the artist rare—
(Count, high-bred),
Tightly tucked a towel thin,
Daubed some lather on my chin,
With his fingers rubbed it in
Till it spread.

Then he stropped his razor blade
For awhile.
And some squares of paper laid
On a pile;
Then he took me by the nose,
Scraped me where the whisker grows,
Chatting sweetly, I suppose,
To beguile.

Then he sponged my face and scraped
It some more.
And, when not a hair escaped,
Bay rum o'er
Mouth and ears and eyes he sopped,
Fanned me till the moisture stopped,
Then some baby powder slopped
On galore.

Then he tapped me on the pate
With his comb,
Meaning me to sit up straight
As at home;
"Hair wants cutting, sir," he said,
Over me a gown he spread,
Then his scissors on my head
'Gan to roam.

Said he, having clipped with speed,
"A shampoo
For your dandruff, sir, you need,
Tonic, too."
With more towels I was bound,
Then in soapy suds was drowned,
While his nimble fingers found
Work to do.

O! how nice that scratching seemed
On my head;
I just shut my eyes and dreamed
As in bed.
Soon, too soon, it stopped, and I,
Blinded with the dripping lye,
To a marble basin nigh
Straight was led.

Phew! came water hot and cold
On my crown,
While the artist, taking hold,
Rubbed it down.
Then returned I to the chair,
Where he oiled and brushed my hair
So to hide the spot that's bare
From the town.

On his comb my mustache long
Then was laid,
And he waxed it till it shone
With pomade;
Then he, to my looks assist,
Gave the ends a stylish twist,
Which the ladies can't resist,
I'm afraid.

"Next!" he grandly called as I,
Scented sweet,
Feeling young again and spry,
Left my seat.
While my hat and coat were brushed
In the glass I gazed and blushed—
Then a dollar paid and rushed
Down the street.

—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

HIS STRANGE BRIDE.

How Max Rutherford Married, Lost and Found a Wife.

It was a dingy, scantily furnished room in a second-class boarding-house, and as Max Rutherford glanced around a sense of disgust filled him.

"Will it be like this, always?" he sighed. "Will I ever reach the goal? Here I am head over heels in debt—wish some good fellow would advance me a few pounds until I finish this brief. If I could only win this case I believe I could see my way clear. However, I'll hope for the best." And he lit a cigar and prepared to enjoy it.

Max Rutherford was alone in this world, as far as near relatives were concerned, although he could count his friends by the score.

He was educated for the bar, but before that education was completed his father died, bequeathing his little fortune, a few thousands, to Max. As Max was an uncommonly generous fellow, as his friends were fond of saying, and being somewhat extravagant in his tastes and mode of living, he did not find it at all difficult to spend those few thousands in a very short time. And so, at the age of twenty-five, we find him handsome, honest, good-hearted, and bravely striving to reach the pedestal of his ambition, but poor.

"Now for the club-room. I don't want to stay here longer than necessary," and he picked up his hat.

The landlady met him at the door.

"A lady to see you, sir. She is in the parlor."

"A lady? All right; I will go down immediately."

At the parlor door, which was wide open, he suddenly stopped. There, sitting beside a table, back to him, was the slight, black-robed form of a woman. Her head was bowed low and her hands were tightly clasped. She looked the very picture of grief and despair.

As he crossed the threshold she arose, and with a quick, girlish grace moved toward him. Then Max saw that she was heavily vailed, and she made no movement to throw the vail back.

"You are Max Rutherford, are you not?"

Max started as the low, musical tones fell on his ear.

"I beg that you will pardon me for this intrusion, but truly," and the voice grew more earnest, "I felt obliged to come, my trouble is so great. Nay, I was driven to it, and no one but yourself can aid me. Will you listen to my story?"

"Certainly. Pray be seated."

"I am Helen Castleton, and an orphan, and, doubtless, a stranger to you."

"You are? I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before," he answered.

"For ten years I have lived with my uncle, my mother's brother. He is immensely wealthy. I am supposed to be his heiress. But my life for the past three years has been most unhappy. I am not of age, and shall not be for a year to come, and my uncle is determined to persuade me to marry a man old enough to be my father. He, too, is worth his millions, and for that reason my uncle bids me marry him. This man follows me wherever I go, professing to love me, but those professions fill my soul with disgust and fear. I hate him! I'll die before I consent to wed him!" and her voice trembled so that Max longed to snatch away that vail and gaze on the possessor of that pleading, tearful voice.

"I ran away from home two years ago," she continued, "but my uncle and the one who claims to be my lover found and brought me home. Home! ah, heaven! what a home! All the home I have had since I was a child: yet it is little better than a prison. I have never had any girl acquaintances. He would not allow me to see any one excepting his own friends, and they were old money-seeking men. I disliked them all.

"To-morrow morning my uncle says I must marry this man—that I shall be forced to do it. I can not! oh, I can not! Heaven let me die first!" And with a piteous movement she held both hands out to Max.

He clasped them in his, and as he did so, a pitying yearning tenderness filled his heart for this vailed stranger.

"Tell me how I can help you," he murmured.

"You can help me, and you only."

"How?"

"Max Rutherford, will you—marry me?" Then, as if deeply ashamed, she turned from him, clasping her hand over her eyes.

As for Max, if a bombshell had exploded at his feet he could not have felt more astonished or bewildered, but before he could articulate a word she turned to him again.

"Listen, please. I have seen you day after day, as you passed my uncle's house. You looked so honest and kind that somehow I felt that you could and would help me. Am I right or wrong? You are only a struggling lawyer."

He smiled bitterly at that.

"I have many thousands in my own right. My father willed it to me. They can not touch that. I have drawn it all. Here it is," and she laid a roll of bank bills on the table beside him. "I ask you to accept it. It may help you. You wonder why I do not take it and flee. I do not because my uncle and that man would follow me, even to the end of the world, so it would be utterly useless. I have turned to the only refuge left me. I have crushed my pride and begged you to marry me. I was spurred on by my uncle's last threat. I realize what I have done only too well—realize that I have abased my womanhood by coming to you, a total stranger, but oh, be pitiful!" and then, completely exhausted, she turned to the table and bowed her head on it, and sobs, deep and bitter, convulsed her form.

Max hesitated, but for only a moment, then laid his hand on her head.

"I will do as you ask; but I can not accept your money. No, keep it. But why do you not allow me to see your face?"

She lifted her head and eagerly clasped his hand.

"You must accept the money," she said; "and I do not remove my vail, because it is best for you never to see my face. I was unwomanly, unkind enough to ask you to marry me, but I can not and will not ask you to link your life with mine, except in name. No, we will part at the church door; then if we should meet in the far future, you will not recognize the face of your wife."

"I shall never forget your voice!" he exclaimed half passionately.

"Life will not be very much changed to you, unless—you love another. Tell me, do you? It is not too late. Better—far better that I should wed the other rather than tear you from your love."

"No, I have no love," and his quick, frank answer reassured her. "I am perfectly free and my own master, therefore I am yours, because you wish it."

"Thank you," she said, simply but earnestly. "Then follow me now, for to-morrow will be too late."

He did as she bade him.

There was a closed carriage at the door, and as Max stepped inside he heard her order the driver to proceed to St. George's parsonage.

"If you are willing," she said to Max in an humble tone, "we will have Rev. Janues marry us. You will ask him to follow us to the church."

Then, as if it had suddenly dawned on her that she was asking this man to give up much for her sake, she clasped her hands appealingly.

"Oh, how you must hate me!" she cried. "Truly, I am frightened now at the step I have taken! Shall we turn back—shall I marry the other?"

"Never! You shall marry me. You wish it, and—yes—I wish it also."

He could not see the glad light that flashed into her eyes.

They soon reached the parsonage, and a few minutes later were on their way to the church, accompanied by the pastor—a kind, benevolent looking gentleman, who gazed in silent wonder at the vailed girl.

It was over at last. Max took his mother's wedding ring off his own finger and placed it on Helen's, and thus the bonds were sealed. Helen Castleton and Max Rutherford were husband and wife.

At the altar, as they were turning to go down the aisle, Max bent low and whispering said:

"My wife, will you not allow me to see your face? once—just once."

Without a word, she tore the vail from her face, flung off the long, black cape that encircled her form, then, throwing back her head with a proud, graceful movement, she faced him.

Max gave a faint cry of astonishment when he saw the glorious face that was revealed to him—a sorrowful face, as white as marble, large, dark, plaintive eyes that looked at him frankly yet pleadingly—eyes that thrilled him through and through. It was a face that Max Rutherford never could forget.

He made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms, but she started back, and, with a frightened cry, snatched up her cape, then turned and fled down the long aisle. And before Max could realize it she was driven away.

Nothing was left now for him to do but to return to his boarding place.

Three years have passed and Max Rutherford has reached the goal at last. He has made for himself a name and has attained a position to be proud of. He won not only that one case, but many more. His briefs were concise yet eloquent, sharp yet truthful and powerful, and success crowned these fearless, untiring efforts.

London society now greets him with extended arms, yet he turns away and shuns all such advances.

He is not happy or even satisfied—there is something wanting. He yearns with all his soul to make one other plea—longs to win one other case, and then he will rest content.

He has never seen or heard one word from his wife since that strange marriage occurred. His search for her has been untiring but fruitless.

Not a penny of her money did he touch, but carefully treasured it, hoping to be able to restore it to her ere long.

One day he was called to the bedside of a dying man, who wished to make his will. As Max entered the room the attendants were sent out.

It was not an ill-looking face that Max gazed on, but it was aged by suffering and there was a haunted expression in the eyes painful to see.

"Before the will is drawn up," he said, "I wish to make a confession. You have a good face, and I have heard of your merited success as a barrister. Perhaps you can help me."

"I will endeavor to do so."

"Three years ago my niece, Helen Castleton, was living with me. She was a good girl and I did not appreciate her. I tried to persuade her to marry a man old enough to be her father, but a man worth even more than I am, and I can count my wealth by the millions. She refused to marry him. At last I said she should be forced to it. I remember that she replied that she would sooner die. And that night she fled. We found her the next morning, just outside of London. She proudly held up a folded certificate, saying that we were too late, that she was already married. Then I—wicked sinner that I was and am—I cursed her, adding that I never wished to see her ungrateful face again, and I never have. May Heaven forgive. I would give much now to see her once more—little Helen, my dead sister's child!" and his eyes glistened with tears. He continued more slowly:

"I wish you to search for her. Find her, and I leave the sum of ten thousand dollars to you. The remainder is Helen's. If she be dead I bequeath it to her husband and her heirs. I wish to sign a will to that effect. Make haste! Send for the housekeeper to witness. Quick! I can not live much longer." And the dying man gasped for breath.

The will was drawn and signed.

"You will search for her?" he pleaded.

"Yes, and Heaven helping me I will find her," and Max turned away struggling to master himself. As he did so, the door opened, and a woman's form flew to the bedside.

"Uncle!" she cried, "they told me you were dying. Uncle! uncle! do not die without taking back that terrible curse—for mother's sake bless your niece."

"Helen, thank God! I bless you—forgive your uncle. Pray—for—pardon!" and with that last word his soul passed away.

For a moment longer she knelt in silent prayer, then pressing a kiss on the closed lips she arose, and turning noticed Max for the first time.

He stood there with outstretched arms.

"Helen, my wife, come to me!"

With a pitiful cry she tottered towards him, and he folded her in his arms, pressing warm, passionate kisses on her face.

"Let me go, Max," she pleaded. "You shame me! Think what I did—I—"

"I do. You asked me to marry you, my precious love, now I ask you to strive to love your husband. My wife, I love you! I have loved you from the moment you unvailed your face to me."

"Max! You can not mean it! Don't, for you torture me!" and she strove in vain to free herself.

"Listen," she said. "After I left you I traveled as companion to a lady. Lately I heard that my uncle was dying, and that curse troubled me so that I returned to London, just in time to receive his blessing. I was hoping that I would not meet you. Let me go and hide my face from your sight."

"Never! I have mourned your loss more that you can know. Now that I have found you do you think I can give you up? No, my love shall hold you. Darling, try and love me."

An incredulous joy shone in her fair face.

"Is it true, Max—husband; do you mean it—do you want me—me?" and she flung her arms around his neck, and he saw the glad love-light beaming in her eyes.

"Yes, I want you—my wife."—Lillian May Leslie, in Boston Globe.

The Average Man.

One of the most galling tyrannies of modern life is that of the average man. Did you ever see the average man? No. Are you acquainted with any one who ever did? No. Have you any reason to believe that the average man ever existed? No, again. The fact is he is a myth. He never did and never will exist. He is a philosophical abstraction, a stage property of the metaphysician, a straw man, set up to be worshiped or reviled, as the case may be. And yet we all bow down to him and talk in hushed whispers about his thoughts, deeds and desires. We are rejoiced when he is supposed to smile, and tremble when he frowns. Statisticians burn the midnight oil in order to do sums about him. Statesmen give up their lives in his service. Political economists look solemn as they take his measure. Physicians tell us how he may keep well, and preachers adjust the messages of the Gospel to his comprehension. And yet, of all the myriads of men who have ever lived, every one differs more or less from the supposed average man. Who will deliver the world from the tyrannical rule of the average man?—N. Y. Tribune.

LADIES WITH 5 1-2 HANDS.

You Can Get the Best Gloves for Almost Nothing if You are Smart.

Women with exceptionally small hands may, if they keep their eyes open, glove themselves neatly the year around at an expense scarcely worth considering. A few days ago a lady who had just purchased a couple of pairs of 6's in an uptown shop devoted exclusively to the sale of kid gloves, and had paid $1.75 a pair for them, stopped in front of a box on the counter on her way out. The box was about half full of gloves of every shade, and apparently of fine make. What attracted the lady's attention was a card announcing in large letters that the gloves could be bought for twenty-five cents a pair. She asked an explanation of a clerk, and received this reply:

"These gloves are in every respect as perfect and as well made as those for which you have just paid seven times the price. There are absolutely no defects in them, and three months ago we were offering them at $1.75 a pair. The reason why we now sell them for a quarter is that new styles will soon come in, and, as we can not afford for our reputation's sake to retain these unsold gloves in stock, we might as well get a few cents a pair for them as to throw them away. You see they are so small that there is almost no sale for them. They are all 5½'s. Now there are hosts of women with 5¾ hands, and infinitely more with 6 and 6¼ hands. But women with 5½ hands are few. So we have had a big stock of these little gloves left over which we do not know what to do with. We offered them for a couple of weeks at a dollar, and then at half a dollar, and now at a quarter."

"But why did you buy so many gloves of an unsalable size in the first place?" asked the lady curiously.

"We had to," replied the salesman. "When we gave the order we knew we would be badly stuck on this size, but we had to do it. You see, we have a reputation which we have got to sustain at all costs. No matter what a customer wants we must be ready to supply the order. Of course we know that very few women can wear these small sizes, but when one of them calls we have to be ready to lay before her just as extensive an assortment of gloves of her size as of any other size. It doesn't do to have two ladies come in together, say, one with a 6 hand and the other with a 5½ hand, and be able to supply one with a glove of a certain shade and make, and refuse the other. The woman with the smallest hand well knows her point of vantage. She demands as much, or even more, consideration than the others, and it wouldn't pay us to give her the chance to tell her friends, as she undoubtedly would do, from vanity if nothing else, that such and such a famous glove house can not fit her with gloves of the shade and make which she wants. Consequently, for our reputation's sake, we are compeled to lay in a stock of these small sizes, quite as varied, if not as large, as the other sizes."

"Why, if I had as small a hand as that," said the lady, smiling. "I should wait till you reduced your prices before I purchased."

"That is just what many of the 5½ ladies do," laughingly replied the clerk. "It is our loss, but we can not help it. When we put these gloves down to half a dollar, we sell them off rapidly. When we mark the balance at a quarter, the stock rarely lasts more than two or three days. Why just as an example, take that small lady in the sealskin that you spoke to as you came in. She bought a dozen pairs of these little gloves. She is a regular customer at this time of year. She just told me that she had been watching us for six weeks. She said that every time she passed the store lately she dropped in and took a look at the box. She was tempted when she saw the half-dollar sign on the box, but concluded to risk a still further delay. She got her dozen assorted pairs for $3."—N. Y. Sun.

Thackeray's Dross and Gold.

Thackeray composed and wrote his novels on long note paper in the most feminine hand-writing. The manuscript he frequently took down to his publisher in the crown of his hat, stopping en route at the Garrick Club to take lunch or the anteprandial cocktail. His habit of composition was methodical. When writing "Philip on His Way Through the World," he told, with seriocomic earnestness, of the necessity he was under of spinning out more chapters because it was necessary to put another story on his house at Kensington Garden, and Philip must do the job. On that occasion he said: "Do you know that both Dickens and myself are imposing on the public, for we have worked out our own views very much, and dig out more dross than ore." Thackeray was too sensitive to make a good lecturer or take pleasure in appearing personally before the public as Dickens did. He used to say: "Hang this lecturing; it is the most unsatisfactory thing to me you can imagine. If any audience does not applaud me I feel mortified, because I have failed to interest them. If they applaud me, I feel like a successful mountebank; it is equally uncomfortable both ways."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Learned to See the Difference.

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked, after a year's courting.

"No, it can never be," was her reply.

"Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said, as he went toward the door.

"Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like."

He saw the difference, and stopped. Years afterward he saw the difference still more clearly.—Jury.

Would Take a Strong Stomach.

Where is the man who would dare feed a fine horse from the bill of fare of an ordinary hotel table? It would take the stomach of a goat or an ostrich to dispose of such dishes without suffering from indigestion, especially when the food is rinsed down with two or three glasses of ice water or strong coffee, according to custom.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

STREET CLEANING IN PARIS.

A System Which Might be Profitably Adopted in American Cities.

The cleansing of Paris was formerly a function of the Prefect of Police (as was also the fact as to New York), but is now in the department of the Prefect of the Seine. The staff consists of two engineers, one for each group of arrondisements, one being subdivided into three sections, each under the charge of an executive engineer, and the other into five sections, similarly supervised. The sectional engineers have under their charge 51 superintendents and 61 overseers, whose employment involves a cost of 260,000 francs. The scavengering plant is stored at a central depot and four minor stations, in such fulness and variety of equipment as to meet extraordinary service, and the engineering resources of the chiefs who direct the work are of the highest grade. The latest exact report of the work of scavengering in Paris obtainable by the writer is for the year 1878, when a fair estimate of the population would give a little more than 2,000,000. This exhibit, however, will sufficiently illustrate the French methods, which have changed but little, if any, since that time.

The roads of Paris in 1877 included a length of 558 miles, covering 8,618,236 square yards, there being also 242,782 square yards of unmetaled roads, and 15,522,654 yards of foot-paths and blind alleys. At the various minor depots scattered throughout the city were stored supplies of chlorate of zinc, sulphate of zinc, sulphate of iron, carbolic acid, hydrochloric acid, and nitrobenzide as cleansing agents. These were thoroughly used for disinfection, cleansing gutters carrying sewage, and washing and watering the markets. The annual cost of plant and disinfecting materials was a little over $40,000. The force employed in sweeping and washing the Paris streets consisted of 2,200 men, 950 women and 30 boys, the wages paid ranging from 2½ francs to 1½ francs per day. The plant, in addition to the hand implements, consisted of 190 mechanical sweepers of the most improved models, each with the capacity of 10 man-power, and practically adding 1,900 laborers to the force; and 322 water-carts, in addition to the hose, which, wherever applicable, was applied to the city hydrants for flushing purposes. During the year cited 7,139,163 square yards were daily watered by cart, and 2,783,092 by hose. The annual cost of this important function was about $90,000. The washing is all done directly by the street cleaners, and ordered so as to facilitate, not to increase, the labor of sweeping, as mud is the most difficult of all dirt to remove. The hand-sweeping brigade and the mechanical batteries, as they might be called, perform their labors between 3 and 6 a. m., in summer, and between 4 and 7 a. m., in the winter. The carts for removing the public and private refuse operate from 6 to 8 a. m., in summer, and from 7 to 9 a. m. in winter. Each cart is attended by a driver and two shovelers, the latter having to provide during the rest of the day supplemental sweeping, as ordered by the inspectors continually patroling the city on the outlook for the great enemy, dirt. The same men have also the duty of rinsing the gutters twice a day, and of cleaning and disinfecting urinals, etc. All the work of sweeping and washing the streets, which is done at least once and sometimes twiced a day throughout the paved area of the city, and of removing house and street refuse is completely finished by 4 p. m., except in unfavorable weather. The same "street orderly" system used in the city of London is also a feature of the Paris method, and is found equally as advantageous and economical.—Harper's Weekly.

NORWEGIAN COOKERY.

Schools for Instruction in the Culinary Art.

Norway boasts several practical institutions in the way of schools, and a little information about one of these may not be without interest. The school in question is situated at some miles distance from Christiania, and looks, as one approaches it, like an ordinary farmstead, with dairy, etc. The interior is plainly but neatly and tastefully arranged. There are six pupils, who are divided into two sections, and every one of them is occupied in accordance with a fixed plan.

In the forenoon one section has the work of the house, and must do the work both of the mistress and the servants. They each have a number. Number One, for instance, is busy in the kitchen. Number Two is making the rooms tidy, and Number Three attends to the dairy. The other section is at the same time engaged in weaving, sewing, cutting out, etc. As sections and numbers change every week, all the girls get the different work in turn.

At twelve o'clock dinner is served, and then follows some hours' instruction in Norwegian, orthography, botany, natural science, etc. The garden, which is always in beautiful order, is also entirely kept up by the pupils.

The school is more particularly intended for peasant girls, and each course lasts a year; the pupils must have completed their eighteenth year before entering the school. The pay, including every thing, is only 15 kr. (about $4) a month, and there are two pupils free. Similar schools are to be erected in various parts of Norway, at the instance of the Society for the Welfare of Norway. The number of applicants has been ten times greater than the accommodation.—N. Y. Ledger.

References Exchanged.

Mrs. Pettish—I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out you have worked in six or eight places during the past year.

Miss Mary Mahony—Huh! And how minny gir-r-rls has yuresilf had in the same toime? No liss, I'm t'inkin'.—Puck.

—Mrs. Fletcher who died lately at Gloucester at the age of eighty-one, had been engaged for thirty-two years in the somewhat unusual occupation, for a woman, of gun making.

PITH AND POINT.

—The dude is never so much himself as when he is absent-minded.—Texas Siftings.

—Popularity is one of the hottest furnaces any man can be thrown into.—Ram's Horn.

—The great difficulty about common sense is that it is so tremendously scarce that it isn't common.

—"How delightfully you write about children. You must be a father." "No, I am a bachelor."—Yankee Blade.

—"Place a dollar close enough to your eye and it will hide the sun," says some philosopher; and yet the further away a dollar is the bigger it seems.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Out of the Mouths of Babes.—Papa—Come here, Toddlekins. Whom does papa love better than any one else in the world?" Toddlekins—"Papa."—N. Y. Sun.

—"I've been waiting here awake three hours till you came home." "And I've been waiting three hours in the saloon till you were asleep."—Fliegend Blatter.

—He—"The Van Alstynes seem to be very popular, don't they?" She—"Well, with three marriageable sons and no husband-seeking daughters, they ought to be."—Bostonian.

—The young man who knows enough to leave early, bring candy for her brother, and make love to her parents, will not find the course of true love so very rough.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

—Scene, Newport—"How well preserved Lord Bawnbawst is—is he not a great swell?" "O, yes! (With a burst of confidence). Do you know when he arrived he was obliged to pay duty on himself as a work of art?"—Brooklyn Life.

—Elderly Heiress (sadly)—"No, Mr. Jones, my heart is dead to the tender passion. The only man I ever loved, or could ever love, was killed at the battle of—of—" Mr. Jones (disappointed and reaching for his hat)—"Waterloo."—Chatter.

—It is said that the secret of happiness is never to allow the energies to stagnate. This will explain in some degree the ecstatic buoyancy of soul with which an old hen seems to be animated when she gets a chance to make herself at home in a newly-made garden.

—They Feel the Dignity.—The captain of one of the popular lines of ocean steamers was asked if he would trade his position for the rank of a lord, and he indignantly replied: "Well, you must think I am half idiot! No, sir, not far any rank under that of King."—Detroit Free Press.

—Caught.—"Dr. Smith, who has just left our city, told me that I was really seriously ill." New Doctor—"Oh, my dear sir, you must not place any reliance on any thing that that man says. I assure you he is not to be trusted." "But it was he who recommended you to me."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Watts—"Aren't you ever going to get tired of 'shopping?' You never seem to bring any thing home. Where's the fascination in it, I'd like to know?" Mrs. Watts—"O, I like to look at the new goods, you know, and to see what lovely things I could get if I had only married rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

A BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

It Belonged to a West Indian Who Killed Seven Wives.

St. Thomas, one of the West India islands, is a Danish possession and has a curious history. It flourished in the past only on its own vices and its neighbors' misfortunes. When it grew virtuous it ceased to be happy. Its neighbors' gain proved its own loss. Slavery was an institution until 1848, and until that time sugar was cultivated with a success that studded the thirty-three square miles of the island's surface with large plantations and handsome mansions. But in that fatal year slavery was abolished, the colored population, which is more than three-quarters of the whole, preferred to give up steady work, and now only a few vegetables, a little fruit and some green grass are cultivated. St. Thomas had long been a commercial center. The Royal Mail Company and other lines had made the island their principal rendezvous for steam packets, and during the American civil war commerce received a great but temporary stimulus. Unfortunately for St. Thomas the war could not last forever, so trade began to decline, and when, in 1885, the Royal Mail Company removed its headquarters to Barbadoes, the death blow was given to the commerce of the island.

It has one town named Charlotte Amalie, but the natives insist in calling it, as well as the island, St. Thomas. The town is garrisoned by a force of 100 men, who protect the lives and liberties of 5,000 citizens. The little town lies at the foot of high hills covered with stunted trees and shrubbery. It is picturesque, with its white houses, mostly reed roofed, and only wants a big church to recall some of the small towns along the Italian Riviera. Above it stands two ancient towers called Bluebeard's and Blackhead's castles. They were built two centuries ago by brothers, one of whom had a happy faculty of getting rid of his wives—hence the name Bluebeard—and was not called to account by his Maker until he had made an end of seven Mrs. Bluebeards.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Changed Man.

She—How changed Mr. Banks is. He is so moody and dreamy, and he used to pride himself on being so practical and business-like, and couldn't tolerate any body who wasn't.

He—Yes. He wrote and proposed to a young lady the other day on his office-paper and she declined him on a postal-card.—Judge.

A Substantial Object.

She—No; papa has no positive objection to you. He merely thinks you are a little too—too indolent, as it were. He says you seem to have no object in life, so to speak.

He—No object in life? He surely doesn't take you into consideration at all.—Indianapolis Journal.