

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The plains were wide and vast and drear,
The mountain peaks seemed cool and near,
The sun hung low toward the west,
The near, "we" stretched, "are we to rest."

For journeying through the closing day,
Our feet are weary of the way,
For far before our aching sight
The plains lie in the waning light.

The mountain peaks that seemed so near,
And hold our rest forever there,
Are far across the desert land—
We vainly cry with lifted hands.

O hills that stand against the sky,
We may not reach you ere we die;
Our hearts are broken with the pain,
For rest and peace we may not gain.

Upon the plains we faint and fall,
Our faces toward the mountains tall;
Our palms are clasped, but not to pray;
So die we with the lying day.

A CONSPICUOUS OPPORTUNITY.

"Why don't I get married?"

"I wonder if there is any process of law or condition of ethics that can protect me from that question?"—and Miss Margaret Winthrop turned sharply round and looked at her brother-in-law as if for a reply.

Dr. Ainslee looked up from his paper with an expression that evinced a certain enjoyment of the chase, rather than a sympathy with the pursued, and answered:

"Yes, there is one means of escape." "And that is to get married, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

Miss Winthrop was not soothed by the suggestion. She regarded it as an unwholesome state of civilization in which a woman with a handsome income and a natural bias toward contentment could not pursue her own course without being headed off at every turn with that imbecile query. Among her friends she was spoken of as eccentric, a woman who unfortunately had ideas, and while possessing inestimable advantages, had signally failed to make any use of them.

This failure was the more conspicuous from the fact that in her first season she had promised much. She had allowed brilliant opportunities to slip through her fingers one by one, until she had brought the reproach of spinsterhood upon a family that within the memory of man had married its daughters young and well, and, for anything the world knew to the contrary, happily. She was 28 to-day.

This was the view taken of the situation by her friends. Miss Winthrop regarded it from a different point of observation. She knew many things that the world could not know concerning the alleged felicity of various members of her family, past and present, who had married early and "well." Then there was the inevitable entail of care and suffering. Why any sane woman should fly precipitately into the consequences of marriage when she had the benefit of other people's experience as a warning was something Miss Winthrop had never understood and did not seek to explain. She had all a woman's horror of being called an "old maid," though the immunities of spinsterhood were at times alluring. It had never been her deliberate intention to join the ranks of the belated sisterhood. Of course she intended to marry at some time, but why be in haste? Did not every married woman of her acquaintance admit that courtship was the most delightful part of all, and that anticipations of post-nuptial felicity were apt to resolve themselves into an unsatisfactory anti-climax? Of course no well-regulated woman wanted to be an old maid, but conceive the want of foresight in the woman who married her first lover, thus putting it out of her power to enjoy again the delightful experience of courtship, when by rejecting him she could go on repeating it indefinitely with fresh subjects and under an infinite variety of conditions.

She that loves and runs away, Will live to love another day.

was Miss Winthrop's motto; that marriage was, like death, a thing to be deferred as long as possible, and accepted finally as a heroic remedy for something worse was her philosophy. Being 28 to-day she felt that the time had come for heroic measures. She did not look a day over 20. Her hair was the same soft tint of brown that it had always been; her cheek had a firmness of contour and a delicate blush upon it that might have belonged to a girl of 17; the beauty which had made her conspicuous as a debutante gave no signs of approaching deterioration, but what did all this amount to when everybody knew she was 28, and attested with exasperating delicacy that she was "remarkably well preserved."

She could not possibly put it off much longer, and yet she felt a certain shrinking from her destiny—as the hand of a suicide might recoil from its instrument—as she began to review mentally the opportunities remaining to her.

"Money is no object," she exclaimed at last. "I want freedom, and the only condition compatible with perfect freedom is widowhood. Unfortunately we can't be born widows, and the odds against being left a widow without incumbrance are infinity to one. If there was only some way of making a woman a widow by an act of Congress or a decree of court! It's shocking to think of the risks a woman must run to attain that seventh heaven of independence. I believe I will advertise for a conscriptive, and agree to nurse him tenderly through the remnant of his existence if he will obligate himself to die within a given time."

Mrs. Ainslee, her sister, and her senior by two years, turned toward her the face of shocked and outraged wife-hood.

But Mrs. Ainslee, to the indiscretion of marrying young, had added the folly of spoiling her husband, and Miss Winthrop expected this silent protest from her.

"If you want something of that sort," said the Doctor, laying aside his paper, "it is not worth while to advertise. I have a patient on hand that will exactly fill the bill."

"Tell me about him," she said, with sudden enthusiasm.

"He is not a conscriptive," continued the Doctor. "It is even a more hopeless case than that. He may die at any moment; he can't possibly live longer than a few months, and is as sorely in need of competent nursing as any poor devil I ever saw. He has no friends

here, though he was born and raised in this place. I tried to get him into the hospital, but it is crowded, and there has been so much sickness this season that I could not get a nurse for him, though I have been looking for one ever since he came. He was a classmate of mine at college, but he went away, and I have not seen him since he graduated until I was called to attend him several days ago. He was a splendid fellow then, but he is a total wreck now. The worst of it is that the fellow doesn't want to get well. I don't know what has happened to him since he left here, but whatever it is it has crushed him utterly. He seems to have money enough for everything he wants; the only trouble is, he can't get a nurse for love or money."

The Doctor had forgotten what started his recital; he was thinking only of his friend, wondering what could have subverted a jovial and naturally buoyant fellow so completely, when he was suddenly called to order by Miss Winthrop.

"You are positively certain that he cannot recover?" she asked.

"In the natural course of events he cannot. He might be restored by a miracle."

"And can only live a few months at best?"

"I should say five or six months at most."

"This," said Miss Winthrop, with perfect gravity, "is the one opportunity of a lifetime. It would be like flying in the face of Providence not to accept it."

"It looks rather pointed," said the Doctor. "It does not often happen that a woman while indulging a whim can at the same time do an act that can be counted upon her for righteousness."

"If I were to talk like that I should expect something to happen to me," said Mrs. Ainslee, shocked at her sister and surprised by this unusually flippant behavior on the part of her husband.

Perhaps out of regard for Mrs. Ainslee's abnormally sensitive sympathy the discussion rested here, but the subject was not forgotten. Miss Winthrop pondered it in secret and ultimately evolved a purpose.

John Hemingway had been crushed by no catastrophe. He had simply been uniformly unlucky. A series of unprofitable speculations, each considerable in itself, had melted his once ample fortune to a meager income barely sufficient for his needs. The strenuous effort to retrieve it in a climate unsuited to him had sapped his vitality and sent him back, broken in health and spirit, to die within sight of his ancestral roof, but not beneath its shelter. His parents were dead, the other members of his family had gone away; the only familiar face he had seen since his return was that of Tom Ainslee, his college friend. He was quartered in hired lodgings, and they were as bleak and dismal as such places generally are. In the room where he lay there was a faded Brussels carpet, an armchair out at elbows, a haircloth sofa, a bed, and some other essential articles, in keeping with those already mentioned. The room was hot, and the street below was noisy. He lay there listlessly, looking at the stunted maples, with leaves all covered with dust, whose tops just reached the open window by his bed, yearning for one breath of pure, fresh air, one hour of perfect quiet. But there would never be anything else but this until it was all over; he would never leave this room until he left the world. He turned wearily away from the window and covered his eyes with his hand.

There was a knock at the door, and he responded feebly, "Come in." It was too early for the Doctor; it might be his landlady, who sometimes came in to see if he needed anything, and to give him his medicine. He heard the rustle of drapery, and smelled a faint, sweet odor. He lifted his hand from his eyes and beheld a vision. A fair, slender woman, clad in soft white muslin that seemed to make the room several degrees cooler, was standing by the bed. She wore a bunch of heliotrope in her belt, whose fragrance seemed like a blessed breath from that far-away nook he had been longing for only a moment before; from under the fluffy, feathery poke bonnet fell a slightly curling fringe of bright-brown hair, and a pair of large violet eyes beamed on him with a sweet compassion.

He was an unpromising subject, truly; his face was sharp and sallow, and a beard about a week old added much to his haggardness. He must be very tall, for he seemed to stretch away from her indefinitely, as she stood there at the bed's head, and he was thin to emaciation.

"This is Mr. Hemingway," she said at last.

"I was once," he answered wearily.

"I am Miss Margaret Winthrop," she continued. "I am Dr. Ainslee's sister-in-law. I believe you are his patient?"

"Yes; Tom and I are old friends, and I remember your father very well. Won't you be seated?" he asked, suddenly remembering his position as host.

She drew up the shabby arm-chair and sat down by the bed. It was not so easy to begin as she had imagined.

"He will take me for a lunatic or an assassin with designs upon imaginary wealth," she thought as she sat there revolving her cold-blooded scheme and wishing she had deliberated upon it more fully before taking this step. But it was too late to go back now. What plausible excuse could she give for having come there unattended? He would tell Tom, of course, that she had been there. Tom would tell Annie, who would look unutterable things and lecture her for a week. He had evidently suffered much; he was lying there so miserable and helpless; it seemed that she had never appreciated the inhumanity of the whole proceeding until now. But she was a woman of resolution. She had satisfied herself that the arrangement would be one of mutual advantage. The only question in her mind was how to begin.

"It was very kind and thoughtful of you to come," he said, breaking the somewhat protracted silence.

"Thoughtful, but not kind," she replied with nice discrimination. "Tom was telling us to-day how uncomfortable you were here, and how ill. I understood from him that you did not have proper attention and—that you

—could not get well, and I came with a purpose."

He looked up gratefully, and she could not have felt more guilty or contemptible if she had stabbed him with a knife and received in return his dying benediction. But she had the courage of desperation, and she kept on. She told him her plan, which was, briefly, to marry him and attend him carefully for the trifling remnant of his existence. In return for which he was to bestow upon her the inestimable privileges of widowhood.

It was not so bluntly stated, of course, and was accompanied by many whys and wherefores intended to modify to some extent what she considered the fiendish conception and the indelicate execution of the plot.

It was of no consequence whatever to Hemingway that she desired his demise; was even figuring upon it at that moment with pleasurable anticipations of a time when it would have cast about her a mantle of unimpeachable dignity and permanent security from social persecutions. She was sitting there, like a section of paradise, fitted into that dingy chair, illuminating the whole room and filling it with the exquisite odor of heliotrope. To such a presence a man may forgive much. There was but one thought in his mind after he was assured that it was not an illusion which had come to torture him with malicious contrast. "Her friends would certainly object."

She assured him with strict veracity that it was her own affair entirely and rested with themselves.

When it all came out Annie was shocked beyond anything. She had always known that "Meg" would do something disgraceful, but she was not prepared for this. To deliberately propose to a man and then coolly sit down with the eyes of the whole community upon her and wait for him to die—it was too much.

The Doctor was secretly in sympathy with what he called the Mutual Benefit association, and the result of all this was an immediate and quiet wedding, at which the groom did not wear the "regulation bloom."

Any unpleasant gossip that might have followed the event was neatly averted by a story industriously circulated by Tom Ainslee to the effect that Hemingway was really an old lover of "Meg's," and some mysterious hints of a romantic story in the background that he could tell if he felt disposed.

A week later, when Ainslee came for his usual afternoon visit to the invalid, Meg called him aside and hesitatingly inquired whether he thought it would hurt the patient to be moved.

"Um-m-m, no, I don't think it would hurt him to be moved; in fact, I am sure it would not; but I would suggest that you are in danger of defeating your own purpose. If you nurse him too well, you know, he might recover; and that, under the circumstances, would fall little short of disaster."

"Don't be brutal, Tom," she said. "This place is infernally dismal, and he may as well be comfortable for the little time that is left."

She took a cottage in the suburbs near the river, with plenty of space around it and windows that looked out upon an expanse of shining water and far-blue rims of hills. It was June; about the verandas and windows hung a mass of climbing roses that filled the place with fragrance, and into the airy front room, with its fine windows and its distant glimpses of river and green hills beyond, went the invalid's bed.

All day long the fresh breeze from the river, laden with the odor of roses, parted the fleecy drapery of the windows and blew softly upon his face. Everywhere reigned the delicious quiet his tortured nerves had needed above all things; the grateful absence of the sound of wheels and other urban noises that had fretted his soul with their din—the only echo of that which reached him now was the daily pilgrimages of Tom Ainslee's buggy. Near him, all day long, sat "Meg," in her soft, white dress and her flowers, with the soft light on her brown hair, and a softer light in her great, violet eyes, surroundings which certainly invited an interest in terrestrial things, and, as the weeks passed on, John Hemingway—a man of honor and sensitive conscience—began to be troubled with a misgiving—a misgiving that, after all, he was not going to fulfill his part of the contract. He felt that, for the first time in his life, he was about to go squarely back on an obligation. He had entered into a deliberate contract to die within a given time, and what amends could he make for his ungenerous recovery? It would be but a poor return for her assiduous attention and tender ministrations. She could not have been more sweetly careful of his comfort if she had "loved with a love that was more than love," in return for which he was about to inflict upon her a permanent and unmitigated disappointment. In vain he assured himself that had he even dreamed of a possible recovery he would never have allowed her to take such a risk. This could not possibly alleviate her disappointment nor excuse his perfidy.

He was thinking of these things one day as he lay with his face turned inward looking at Meg, whose eyes had wandered from the book in her hand to the hills beyond the river. She brought them back presently, and they rested for a moment on the face among the pillows. The disfiguring beard had been removed and the face was certainly fuller than when she had first seen it. She supplied an imaginary roundness of contour and decided that nothing but health was needed to make him a very handsome man.

"John, your face is certainly getting fuller; suppose after all you should get well?"

This sentence, inspired by a tender interest, had somehow a heartless ring when uttered.

"It would certainly be an ungrateful return for all your kindness, but I am afraid I am getting better," he said, apologetically. "In fact, Tom intimated to-day that I might recover."

Meg also had a misgiving. She had thought a good deal about the possibility of his recovery, and wondered whether it would make much difference to him; whether John Hemingway, restored to health and no longer in need

of nursing, might not wish himself a single man again; whether there might not be, in all the lands he had traversed, some one he would have preferred to her if he could have had his choice and known that he was going to live, and there was nothing reassuring in his remark that he was "afraid he was getting better."

"Don't you want to get well, John?" she asked, sadly, trying to scan his face in the deepening twilight.

"It is not the thing to do, under the circumstances," he answered, plaintively. After a moment's silence he reached down for the hand that was resting on his counterpane and asked, tremulously:

"Would you be—very much disappointed if I should get well?"

In an instant she was kneeling by the bed, with her arms around him, her moist lashes brushing his face.

"Jack," she said, "if you don't get well I'll be the wretchedest widow that ever sobbed above the wreck of bliss."

"Though a man were dead, yet shall he live at such solicitation," said John, as his arms closed about her with a pressure that argued returning vitality. They were not the arms of a man lying at death's door, indifferent to the possibilities of the world behind him.—Chicago Tribune.

Tough Questions for an English School-boy.

In the interests of suffering humanity, as represented by boys of the tender age of 12 competing for scholarships at our public schools, permit me to lay before your readers some of the questions contained in an examination paper actually set at a public school of some standing:

1. General Intelligence.—Paper 1. Explain briefly the terms Democracy, Oligarchy, Plutocracy, Pessimism, Anacronism, Swedenborgian, Free Trade, Reciprocity, Jingoism, Verve.

2. Write the names of six of Sir W. Scott's novels, and give a brief account of some of them.

3. Contrast the action of a cow and a horse in rising from a recumbent posture, and of the chaffinch and blackbird in flying. Why do sheep often graze on their knees?

4. We read that the anchor lost by Columbus in his third voyage to the West has lately been dug up by a gentleman in his garden in the Island of Antigua. How could this be?

5. Mention some fact connected with each of the following names: Generic, Mausolus, Diogenes, Michael Scot, Lord Bacon, Ravaillac, Strabo, Ivan the Terrible, Louise Michel.

6. Examine the value of the statements: (1) That the sun shining on a fire in the grate puts it out. (2) That a poker thrust into it makes it burn. (3) That a poker placed over an expiring fire will revive it. (4) That fire burns brighter in frosty weather.

7. What is a patent? Mention some useful patent. Can you have a patent for a book? What is a patent error?

8. Explain what is meant by crusted port, art, old Dresden, alkaram, an heirloom, nepotism, the survival of the fittest, abrasion of the cuticle.

9. If a shrivelled apple be placed under an air-pump and the air exhausted, the apple gets plump. Explain particularly how this occurs.

Most parents, I think, will agree with me that any criticism of this remarkable production is superfluous. The fault of it from beginning to end lies in the fact that it demands from a boy of 12 an amount of observation and experience utterly unnatural at his age.—A Private Tutor, in London Standard.

Tricks in a Tunnel.

A party of four persons were traveling on the Hudson River road one summer. In a seat was a young lady, with a young gentleman who had been very attentive to her. In the seat behind them sat their friends, one of whom was a sportive young lady, fond of practical jokes, and rather defiant of public opinion. As the train dashed through a short and very dark tunnel she leaned over and imprinted a resonant kiss on the cheek of the young lady in front of her. A scream followed, and laughter came from the darkness all over the car. As the train ran into daylight the insulted young lady turned on her innocent escort, and with snapping eyes and flaming cheeks said:

"How dare you insult me in this manner?"

"I assure you," he said, stammering in confusion at the strangeness of his position, "that I have done nothing."

"Nothing!" she repeated, and burst into tears.

The passengers now ceased laughing, and looked at the unfortunate young fellow indignantly. After further protests, which were not heeded, he went to the smoking-car. The sportive young lady wrote a note the next day and explained matters. The young couple were reconciled, married, and the other young lady was not invited to their wedding.

An annoying practical joke was played on a bashful young man who was accompanying a young lady on a journey. While going through a tunnel a friend knocked off the bashful young man's hat, forced his fingers through his hair, kissed the back of his own friend, and then slapped his own face violently. Every one in the car looked in that direction when the light came, and the friend was apparently the most surprised of all. The mused-up appearance and confusion of the astonished victim convinced the spectators that he had tried to steal a kiss and had been slapped. The young lady understood the situation and blushed painfully. The friends got off at the same station, a rough-and-tumble followed, and the practical joker was whipped.—Springfield News.

Mrs. WASHINGTON, the mother of Fredrickburg, Va. In 1833 the corner stone of a monument was laid. President Jackson going from Washington to reside at the ceremonies. Not only has the monument never been finished but the tomb is neglected. It is proposed to ask that Congress shall make the repairs that are needed and so end a disgraceful matter.

Our Boarding House.

"Mrs. Gimps," said the law student, as the party seated themselves at the supper table, "I was born, raised and brought up in an orthodox Methodist family, and since I have become an inmate of your hashery I have sorely missed my table devotions. Why do you not have some one return thanks at your table?"

"I'd like to know what for," interposed the hungry freight clerk.

"Well, Mr. Bills," said the landlady, who was busily pouring tea, "if you want to say grace you can do it in any way or language that you please."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gimps, I will. Padre nuestros, que estas en los cielos—"

"Oh, say, now, Bills, what do you call that?" interrupted the grocery clerk.

"That's a Spanish prayer. What did you suppose it was—Choctaw?"

"Well, let up on it any way; don't you see you are frightening the young ladies?"

"Well, as I was going to say—"

"Please pass the butter," from the counter skipper.

"—It is manifestly proper to always say grace—"

"Grease, you mean," said the grocer's boy.

"—Before meat, and the memory of my holy childhood is too fresh—"

"Want some salt?"

"My friend, an old Italian proverb says: 'Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it,' so please subside. As I was saying, the memory of my childhood clings to me still."

"Ladies and gentlemen, as an ardent lover of athletic sports, I would propose a little diversion for this company, interposed the counter-skipper.

"What is it?" asked the milliner.

"Let us have some foats of strength between this butter and the codfish balls. Do you understand, Miss Gimps?"

"Snuff-fish-ent well."

"Oh, spare us! spare us!—this is worse by far than the hash!" groaned the grocer's boy.

"My friends," again ventured the law student, "by your ribald joking you have sought to throw me from the thread of my recital. I was about to say that though as a child I was surrounded by religious influences, my every wish was gratified, and I had everything I wanted."

"I saw a quotation the other day that will just fit your case, I think, Mr. Bills."

"What is it?"

"Here it is: 'Give a child all he shall crave, and a dog while his tail doth wave. You shall have a fair dog and a foul knave.'"

"Ah, Mr. Scales, since you are so versed in—no thank you, Mrs. Gimps, not any more sycotaph—in poetical quotations, be kind enough to explain the meaning of what Gholster says in Richard III.:

"Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, Who taught his son the office of a fowl."

"Do you understand it, Mr. Scales?"

"Very well."

"What is it?"

"He wanted his son to be cock of the walk—that's all."

"When I read that," said the milliner, "I thought it had some reference to base ball. They have 'fouls' in base ball, don't they?"

"Yes," said the grocery clerk, looking at his crippled fingers. "Yes, Miss Gimps, they have some tough fouls in base ball."

"Any tougher than we have on this table occasionally?"

"No, not quite so tough."

"Gentlemen," angrily exclaimed the landlady, "this is scandalous! You insult me and my vitals right to my face. Now you've got to let up or pay what you owe."

"We'll let up."—Fort Wayne Hoosier.

Bad Whist.

The following is a specimen of bad whist raised to the height of positive genius. A leads a plain suit, X plays low, B wins with queen, Y (a lady, of course) drops a singleton. B returns the suit, and Y nails the card second hand with the king of trumps. Later, B, who holds ace, knave, eight of trumps, and is convinced that the king was alone, takes up the plain suit, and it is trumped again with the queen. Stupefaction of B, allayed by the reflection that Y didn't think of the due order of precedence in royal procession. Subsequently trumps coming up, B, third hand, puts on the eight with a contemptuous smile, and Y pulverizes it with the nine. Being remonstrated with, firmly, though affectionately, Y explains: "What was the use of putting on a small one, and weren't the king and queen just the same? Besides, I made all my trumps any way, and I won't play any more, so there!" (Bursts into tears and exit.)—Rochester Post-Express.

Thought It Was Broke.

A little girl climbed up in a chair for something, and tipping over, chair and all, began to cry as loud as she could cry. Mamma comforted her. A little while afterward Edna, who is almost two years younger than her sister, tipped over in the same way; but she didn't cry—not a bit of it. "What a brave little girl!" said mamma, at which Ava put her lip. "Pooh!" said she, with a good deal of scorn, "that isn't anything. I think most probably she couldn't cry if she wanted to! I think maybe her cryer's broke!"

A QUART of whisky was mixed with feed and given to a cow in a New York town, and half an hour later the animal was bellowing. "We won't go home till morning," or something that way, and treated several persons to a couple of "horns," and acted in a very reprehensible manner generally. When she sobored up she jumped down a bank and broke her neck. This shows the superior intelligence and good sense of the cow over the average bibulous person. When the latter gets drunk and makes things howl, instead of jumping down a bank and breaking his neck when he gets sober, he immediately begins to lay the foundation for another roaring drink.—Norristown Herald.

LEARN to control your temper now, children, or by-and-by it will control you.

HUMOR.

BILL-STICKER: Mosquitoes.

A BIER wagon: The hearse.

A TILE club: The hatters' union.

A LARDY-DASH: The porcine quadruped.

A FALL root: The contents of a stove pipe.

A SHANGHAI rooster: The Chinese tramp.

A CLEAR case of walk-over: A foot-bridge.

A BLUNT question: Will you sharpen this knife?

THE tramp is still scouring this country. It is the only thing he does scour.—Exchange.

ENGLAND is the mistress of the seas, but the numerous forests of this country leave America mistress of the saws.

"THAT'S the second fit our cat has had to-day," said an observant youngster. "Don't keep a record of such things," remarked his smart sister. "To count her fit is a crime."

A CONNECTICUT woman has written to the Emperor of Brazil and asked him if he won't please emancipate the slaves of that country. He will probably do so to oblige her.

AN agricultural paper says: "To keep flies from horses, brush them lightly with a brush that has been lately used in petroleum." Bosh! You brush a fly with a single or anything that comes handy, and he'll go away.

SAID TAWMUS to Byrnesmonkey: "Don't you envy me?" And the sarcastic Byrnesmonkey replied: "Tawmus, if you had brains, I should envy you." And the gentle Tawmus retorted: "You would have very good reason to."

"I UNDERSTOOD you to say that your charge for services would be light," complained the client, when his lawyer handed him a tremendous bill. "I believe I said my bill would be nominal." "but—" "Oh, I see," interrupted the client, "phenomenal"—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A PITTSBURGH preacher chose this text from Isaiah: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in." Every member of the congregation was certain he was going to hear a denunciation of life at a crowded hotel, but he didn't.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

A GENTLEMAN who was blessed with a musical son-in-law, on seeing an item to the effect that "the musician, like the cook, makes his bread out of do," remarked: "That may be so in some cases, but in my case the musician makes his bread out of me."—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

A SMART "Alec" on the West Side bet \$5 that he could put a billiard ball in his mouth. So far the Doctor's efforts have been to no effect, and it is thought that the only way that the ball can be gotten out is to drill a hole in it and fill it with powder and fuse, and blast it out; and then there are doubts whether the patient can stand the operation, as he is very weak, not having eaten anything for seven days.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A LITTLE Clifton girl went out to walk with her aunt and Mr. Brown, who was playing the devoted to the aunt. When she came back she rushed up to her mother and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what do you think? I dropped my petticoat while I was walking with Mr. Brown and auntie." "Good heavens, child, weren't you terribly embarrassed?" "No, ma'am." "What did you do?" "I just looked at it and said to Mr. Brown, 'W'y, Mr. Brown, you've lost your handkercher,' and mamma, you ought to see him blush, and so did auntie."—Merchant Traveler.

PHILADELPHIAN—"Well, how do you like the West?" Long Absent One—"Oh, it's a grand place; glorious climate, magnificent country. Everybody should go there." "But why, then, did you come back?" "Well, you see, I got a little homesick and wanted to see my old friends." "Ah! Just back on a visit then? Come around—we'll be glad to see you—in a hurry now—going to an intelligence office to see about getting a doortender." "A doortender