

OUR DARLING.

BY JENNIE R. OWEN.

We laid her with loving care—
Our darling and our pride—
And wept that one so good and fair
So early should have died.

THE RED FLAG AT NO. 54.

Mrs. Gray to Mrs. Thompson.

Cousin Ned, from California, Nevada,
New Mexico, and all other places beyond
the Rocky mountains, has been paying
us a visit.

But Adelaide and Ned have been corresponding
a year or two; he speaks of her with great respect—
as how could he otherwise, of course?

Well, soon after his arrival three weeks ago,
Ned and I were sitting in the dining-room alone;
the children had started for school, and George had
kissed me and gone down town, after an hour's talk
about ranches, burros, and gulches, and canons.

You remember, of course, Julia, how much we heard
at the time about that affair—how, during the war, I loved to read
to you, even during study hours, the letters I had
received from Brother Jim, stationed at Fort Monroe, giving
the details, in Jim's rather stilted style, of the serious
flirtation in progress between Lieut. Ned, of Company C,
and Capt. Darrington's pretty daughter, of the regulars?

And now this same Lieutenant, after hairbreadth
escapes from shot and shell, and scalping Apaches,
sat there in an easy chair, by my Baltimore heater,
and actually turned pale because I mentioned the
"Captain's daughter!" Love is indeed a grande passion.

He had nothing to communicate, however;
bade me consider we were always great fools at 21,
and likely at that time to get caught in a trap;
on the other hand, to throw our chances of happiness
away, just as I had not the heart to rally him as he sat
there watching the floating smoke of his cigar, with a
far-off look in his eyes—knowing, as I did, that he had
gone back fifteen years, and that he was walking the
moonlight beach with pretty Lottie Darrington, while
the band of the regiment played in the distance.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—it is always my
fate, dear Julia, Barney, the factotum of the neighborhood,
tapped at the window, and as I raised the sash,

"A fine morning, mum," said he; "there's a red flag
out at No. 54, and I thought I'd be after comin' to
tell ye. 'Tis a fine house, and a fine leddy, more's the
pity."

You see, Barney knows my weakness, and he had
seen me a few days before an animated bidder at an
auction in the neighborhood.

"Thank you, Barney; I think I'll be on hand,"
I replied, closing the window.

"A fine leddy," to be sure; I had often met her—a
fair-faced woman; plainly and tastefully dressed,
walking with two charming children. Her house
seemed the abode of peace and comfort, so far as
the passer-by could judge, and what could have
compelled the breaking up of so fine an establishment?
At all events I would not stop to speculate—it was
possible here was my opportunity to secure a
handsome side-board at a bargain. As I wished to be
on hand in time to look through the house before
the sale began, I asked Ned to have the goodness
to excuse me for an hour or so.

"Oh, I will go with you, Mrs. Toddles," he said
quite gayly, and ran up stairs for his hat and cane.

So off we went to No. 54, where the
famous flag announced the destruction

of household gods. We were admitted by the man
in charge of the sale; and such a charming abode!
Not a downright curiosity shop, the effect of decorative
art run mad, but such taste and ingenuity everywhere
visible. People with shrewd, hard faces, boarding-house
keepers, "second-hand men," eying the pretty
engravings and pretty water-colors on the parlor
wall, running their greasy fingers over the keys of the
piano, turning chairs topsy-turvy, and shaking tables
to see how firm on their legs they might be. In the
bay-window was a large stand of beautiful thrifty
plants, of which I resolved to carry off about half.
The two floors above were neat and pleasant; but
it was the second story back that wrung my heart.
It was the nursery. Toys and personal articles
had of course been removed, but there was a pretty
little bed beside the large one, and two cunning
little rocking-chairs. The window looked out on a
pleasant garden, and here was sitting old Mrs.
Wiggin, with whom I had a little acquaintance.

"Such a charming house," said I, "is it not a pity
to break up this charming nest? Do you know the
family?"

"Poor Mrs. Graham! She lived here with her children
so comfortably and happily, two or three lodgers on
her upper floor, until a few months ago she lost
everything by the failure of a banking house. She had
no relatives in the city; has struggled on, tried to get
boarders, but the location is too remote; she sees no
way but to give it up, place her children with a friend
in the country, and try to earn a livelihood by painting.
She is said to be an excellent artist, though I am no
judge myself. These are all her own pictures, I believe.
She is shut up in the back parlor—everything taken
out of it but a chair. I saw her a few minutes ago.
The tears were running down her cheeks, but there she
sat, bravely stitching on her children's winter clothes,
sewing on the last button and mending the last stocking—
poor thing! There are the little innocents at play
now in the yard."

Mrs. Wiggin herself (although she had an eye on the
best chamber-set) wiped away a good, generous tear;
my eyes were dim, and I would gladly at that moment
have relinquished the best bargain in sideboards. Ned, too,
the dear old fellow, looked awfully sorry, as he gazed
meditatively out of the window, and the boy with
fair, long curls, wearing a miniature shovel. From the
floor above came the sharp ring of the auctioneer's
voice:

"How much, how much? Six dollars, did you say seven? Six dollars, seven dollars—gone at seven!"

The auctioneer descended with his followers into the
front chamber. Before I knew it Ned was there, and in
his impetuous way was bidding in fashion to astonish
the second-hand men. He swept everything before him;
Mrs. Wiggin, to be sure, stood him a little contest on
the "set," and I laughed to see her glare at him, while
he was so absorbed that several punches with my
parasol had no effect whatever. "Was there insanity
in his family?" I asked myself. By the time we
reached the parlor the second-hand men had slunk
away, the boarding-house keepers looked aghast, I
made a brave stand for the sideboard, but it was of
no avail; and, indeed, most of us sat down, leaving
Ned and the auctioneer to themselves. Every article
from the second floor down was purchased that
morning by the distinguished stranger.

This amusing turn of affairs rather confirmed my
hopes in regard to Adelaide; of course, thought I, he
cannot rid himself entirely of those old recollections,
but he knows very well the sterling worth of
Adelaide, and what a charming, intelligent, devoted
wife she will make.

All had gone but Ned, myself and the auctioneer.
The latter knocked at the door of the back parlor.
"Come in," said a voice, and the burly man swung
the doors aside. The mother was making an effort
to rise, but the little fellow with the fair curls was
clinging so closely about her neck that she could not
readily free herself. As she arose and came forward
we saw the traces of tears, the paleness of her face,
the tremulousness of her whole form.

From Ned, who was standing just behind me, I
suddenly heard the words: "My God! is it possible?"
and, turning, saw him with a face most indescribable
in expression. Of course there was no doubt about
his being out of his mind—too much auction had
made him mad. The auctioneer, after opening the
doors, had been called suddenly away, and we three
now stood there—those two gazing at each other, and I at both. "Edwin!"
at last said Mrs. Graham; "Edwin!" with a voice
and smile so sweet and sad that I did not wonder
at what followed.

Ned's ashen face suddenly flushed all over. "Lottie!"
he cried, stretching his arms toward her. "Lottie, my
beloved, have I found you again?" and he clasped
her to his heart.

The queerest termination to an auction! I have
seen many in my capacity of housewife, but never
one like this. Mrs. Graham was the "Captain's daughter,"
and the generous impulse of the honest Californian
had restored his old sweetheart her home—yes, and
the heart of her faithful lover.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, slowly, "is this
gentleman the auctioneer, and will he take away
all our pretty things?"

"No, my darling," said Ned, lifting the child far
above his head, and then, bringing the round
cheek to the level with his own lips, "all your
pretty things will remain, and your mamma, too."

"And you, too?" said Bertie, cordially. "I like you."

And so these two, after years of separation, were
brought together again. And in such an odd
manner, too! I couldn't help thinking how differently
I should have managed it, had I been writing a story
instead of acting a part in real life. I should have
found Mrs. Graham first, and sympathizingly won
her to tell the story of her troubles. Of course, she
would have mentioned Ned, and, of course, I should
have seen at a glance that she loved him still. And
then I should have been the good angel to bring
them together, and merit and receive their life-long
thanks, and, instead of that, here was Barney acting
the part of an angel without knowing it, and my
chance for a romantic adventure spoiled forever.
It was shameful.

abominable, and then my plans for Adelaide
and Ned, of course it was clear that they never
could succeed now. And yet I felt delighted.

I went home leaving Ned at No. 54. What a
heavenly change for Mrs. Graham! How different
from that of the morning looked the sunlight of
this afternoon! Her home intact—her little ones
safely near—the prospect of the lonely garret faded
away like a frightful dream. And Ned, happy as a
clam, for having remembered the widow and the
fatherless. I had them all to dinner that night.
Mrs. Graham is charming. I will say it, even if
Adelaide dies an old maid.

There will be a wedding soon at No. 54. I have
already received as a present a handsome man from
Mrs. Graham's. Barney will be provided for, and we
shall all bless the day that Cousin Ned went to
the auction and bought up the entire establishment—
including a widow and two children not on the list.

It is time for me to look after the dinner;
but I thought I must write to you this little
romance of my humdrum life. As ever, your old
chum, EMMA.

ANTS.

That ants have some kind of sign language
has been proved by Sir John Lubbock. It is unquestionable
that if an ant discovers a store of food her comrades
soon flock to the treasure, although this is not invariably
the case. It has been urged that this fact, taken alone,
does not prove any power of communication.
An ant might, without bringing food home, might
bring a message, that by accompanying the friend
on the return journey she might also participate
in the good things. This argument has been met
by Sir J. Lubbock's compelling the ant who found
the treasure to return to the nest empty-handed.
If she returned with her, he argues, there must
have been some communication between them.
As the result of carefully conducted and striking
experiments, he concludes that ants are in possession
of something approaching to a language—that they
are able to ask their friends, when occasion requires,
to come and lend them a helping hand. Relatives
are invariably recognized. Young ants, reared from
eggs taken from a nest, were, when they reached
maturity, introduced to the maternal abode, and,
although the old ants could never have seen them
until that moment, yet in all the cases (ten) they
were undoubtedly recognized as belonging to the
community; a stranger ant is invariably at once
attacked and killed. It would seem that the recognition
is not personal and individual, and the fact that
they recognize their friends even when intoxicated,
and that they know the young born in their own
nest even when these have been brought out of the
chrysalis by strangers, seems to indicate that the
recognition is not effected by means of any sign or
password. The political convictions of ants are
deep-rooted. When a queen was introduced into
a queenless nest she was at once attacked and
destroyed; it would seem as if ants which had
been long living in a republic could not be induced
to accept a queen.

REGULARITY IN EXERCISE.

Regularity and constancy in the pursuit of exercise
are important, says the Lancet if perfect health is
expected to result from its employment. It is far
better for men to lead altogether a sedentary life
than to be irregularly active. This caution is the
more needed since the transition from sedentary
habits to arduous and exhausting physical labor
is of frequent occurrence. Again, the transition
from active habits to sedentary pursuits is generally
accompanied by a marked disturbance of health,
since organs roused to full activity by the stimulus
exercise gives them are liable to be functionally
deranged when that stimulus is withdrawn. This,
perhaps, would not be so frequently observed, if,
instead of relaxing immediately, as is frequently
the case, into idle habits as far as exercise is
concerned, an attempt was made to engage regularly,
for however short a time, in some pursuit that
would insure brisk muscular movement, so that
the health acquired by exercise during the vacation
should not be lost; and, moreover, that the body
when the next holiday period comes round should
be found in fair condition to undertake the increased
physical strain thrown upon it.

BOOKS IN SICKNESS.

We clip a bit of moralizing from the columns
of the Boston Traveller: "The notion that books
are very useful in seasons of suffering is, we believe,
erroneous. Suffering is far more likely to poison
books than books are to relieve suffering. Books
are useful in relieving the tediousness of convalescence,
or in killing time for the healthful; but no really
sick man ever cared a dead leaf for the best volume
ever written, or could understand its contents. Far
from being pain-killers, books create mental pain,
or increase it. Dante tells us that present misery
is increased by remembrance of past happiness;
and books are full of reminders of the past, which
men will persist in holding to have been a golden
age, because they can contemplate it only through
a false medium, the golden mists of memory.
It is well, therefore, to have as little to do with
books as possible, save in times and seasons of
false health as ever is given to man to enjoy."

A TEST OF CASHIERS.

A Paris merchant, who has been several
times robbed by unfaithful cashiers, has invented
an infallible test of competency. The cashier
presents himself, offers his services, shows his
reference. Then the merchant: "Show me how
you would erase a mistake in your figures."
The aspiring cashier sets to work with scraper,
ink-eraser, and what not, and, if he succeeds in
destroying all traces of the erasure, he is invited
to take his hat and his leave.

A SMALL boy who lives in Brooklyn, is
very fond of drinking coffee at breakfast-time,
and his mother does not want him to drink it.
He is also fussy about what he eats—saying he
doesn't like this or that. Recently his mother,
after refusing to give him coffee, was chiding
him for saying that he didn't like something
that was on the table, and told him he must
eat what other people ate. "Very well," said
he, with an injured look, "if I've got to
take what other people take, bring on your coffee."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

His First Love.

I remember meeting you in September,
Sixty-two. We were eating, both of us,
and the meeting happened thus:
Accidental. On the road (Sentimental
Episode). I was gushing, you were blushing—
So was I; I was smitten, so were you
(All that's written here is true); Any money?
Not a bit. Rather funny, wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—Happy pair!
How delighted people were!
Drove for rather—To be sure—
Thought it rather premature—
And your mother—Strange to say—
Was another of them. What a heaven
Vanished then (You were seven, I was ten)!
That was many years ago—
Don't let your body know.

Mr. Whittier on Woman Suffrage.

Our writer and poet says: "The society
of the future must be acted on more
directly by women than that of the past.
In the bringing out of the sensibilities
they must take a leading part.
Woman suffrage I regard as an inevitable
thing and a good thing. Women in
public life will bring it up more than
it will bring them down. There will
be considerable floundering before
society would become completely adapted
to the change, but after it shall be
fairly accomplished and in working
order the work of society will go on
without any deterioration, and with
a gain in purity of motives and
unselfishness of law-makers and
administrators. I fear its effects in
large cities, where bad women will
come forward. Women are so intense
that bad women will be worse in
public life than bad men. But the
difficulty is in the nature of the city."

A Word to the Girls.

Now that you are being courted, you
think, of course, it is all very well,
and it will be nicer when you get
married. But it won't. He thinks he's
going to keep on this high pitch of
love all the time. But he won't.
He doesn't know himself, and you
don't know him. When he sees you
as many times a day as he wants
to, may be more, when he sees
your head down regularly every
morning in curl papers and the
bloom is all off the eye; when your
home contains a good deal of
wallow, tub, cradle and casket,
he won't stand in front of the
house for one hour, out in the
cold, watching your light in the
window. He'll be thinking rather
of getting out of the house. Young
women, protract this courtship
as long as you can. Let well
enough alone. A courtship in hand
is worth two marriages in the
bush. Don't marry till Christmas
after next.

Kindred and Affinity.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop
of Albany, N. Y., has published a
pamphlet with the above title, or
"God's Law of Marriage," in which
he tries to show that a man should
not, under any circumstances, be
allowed to marry his dead wife's
sister. To urge, he says, that such
a marriage is "the sweetest and
most natural thing" for a widower
is mere sentiment and "often
sickly sensualism poorly disguised
under a thin veil; and against it
is to be set up the fact that the
impossibility of marriage
establishes firmly the sacred and
most blessed relationship of the
wife's sister in the family. The
very name by which the relation
is known involves the certainty
of this protection. She is a
sister-in-law—i. e., in the law
of God; as our good English
defines it, a sister, with whom,
because marriage is impossible,
the wise intimacy of a brother's
relation is possible and safe."

A Mother and Daughters.

I once met (it was at a garden party)
a clergyman's wife—a graceful,
accomplished woman—who introduced
her three daughters, all so much
after the mother's type that I could
not help admiring them. "Yes,"
she said, with a tender pride,
"I think my girls are nice girls.
And so useful, too. We are not
rich, and we have nine children.
So we told the elder girls that
they would have either to turn
out and earn their bread, or stay
at home and do the work of the
house. They chose the latter.
We keep no servant—only a
char-woman to scour and clean.
My girls take it by turns to be
cook, housemaid and parlor-maid.
In the nursery, of course [happy
mother who could say 'of course!']
they are all in all to their little
brothers and sisters." "But how
about education?" I asked. "Oh,
the work being divided among
so many, we find time for lessons
too. Some we can afford to pay
for, and then the elder teach the
younger ones. Where there's a
will there's a way. My girls are
not ignorant, or recalcitrant either.
Look at them now."

And as I watched the gracious,
graceful damsels, in their linen
dresses and straw hats—home
manufacture, but as pretty as any
of the elegant toilets there—
I saw no want in them; quite
the contrary. They looked so
happy, too—so gay and at ease!

"Yes," answered the smiling
mother, "it is because they are
always busy. They never have
time to pet and mope, especially
about themselves. I do believe
my girls are the merriest and
happiest girls alive."

I could well imagine it.—Mrs.
Muloch Craik, in Bazar.

Woman's Opportunity.

The downfall of this or that unhappy
person may be commonly imputed
to speculation or misfortune in
business or to other causes; but the
origin of these disasters, if carefully
sought out and verified, will be
found, we believe, in extravagant
expenditures in every-day life.
American women have a task set
before them to which they should
forthwith put an earnest and
willing hand. It is to return so far
as may be to the old and frugal
ways, the forehanded and sagacious
domestic management of their
grandmothers. By example, no
less than actual saving, they may
do a world of good. Let them
show their husbands that they are
determined

to oppose wasteful and unseemly
outlays as a matter of principle.
The family may be able to afford
such an outlay today, but may
not be able to afford it tomorrow.

A useful lesson is to be had here
from the King who insisted that
his children should be taught a
trade; and this applies to girls as
well as to boys. No one can tell
what his future circumstances may
be. Some of the richest noblemen
in England are also the poorest
because of the constantly-increased
demand upon their resources.
Poor Richard may not be the
best guide in the world in every-
thing, but he is certainly a safe one
in domestic economy. There is no
earthly need for doing always what
other people do, or thinking always
what other people will say. If
American women will but dare
to insist on becoming housewives
of the good old sort, of regulating
their homes, not of necessity as
others do, but as their own sense
of right and length of purse justify,
with an eye to the future as well
as the present, there will be fewer
breaches of trust and broken
fortunes in the business world
hereafter than in the ten sad years
that have been, as well as much
safer, enjoyment of life among
business men.

About Peanuts.

The modus operandi by which the
nuts are separated, cleaned and
classed is somewhat as follows:
The third story of the building
contains thousands of bushels
of peas in bags, and there the
continual roar of the machinery
is deafening. Each machine has
a duty to perform. First, there is
a large cylinder in which all the
nuts are placed, in order that the
dust and dirt may be shaken off
them. They pass from the cylinder
into the brushes, where every
nut receives fifteen feet of a
brushing before it becomes free.
Then they pass through a
sluiceway to the floor below,
where they are dropped on an
endless belt, about two and one-half
feet in width, and dashing along
at the rate of four miles an hour.
On each side of the belt stand
eight colored girls, and as the
nuts fall from the sluice on to
the belt the girls, with a quick
motion of the hand, pick out all
the poor-looking nuts, and by the
time the belt reaches the end two-thirds
of the nuts are picked off, allowing
only the finest to pass the crucible.
Those that do pass drop through
another sluice and empty into
bags on the floor below. When
the bag is filled it is taken away
by hand, sewed up and branded
as "cocks," with the figure of a
rooster prominent on its sides.
The peas caught up by the girls
are then thrown to one side,
placed in the bags, and carried
into another room where they
are again picked over, the best
singled out, bagged and branded
as "ships." These are as fine
a nut as the first for eating, but
in shape and color do not compare
with the "cocks." Having gone
over them twice, we now come
to a third grade, which are called
and branded as "eagles." These
are picked out of the cullings of
the "cocks" and "ships," but
now and then you will find a
respectable-looking nut among
them, though the eyes of the
colored damsels are as keen as
a hawk, and a bad nut is rarely
allowed to pass their hands. The
cullings that are left from the
"eagles" are bagged, sent
through the elevator to the top
story, and what little meat is
in them is shaken out by a
patent sheller, which is not only
novel, but as perfect a piece
of machinery as was ever
invented. These nuts being
shelled by this new process,
the meat drops into bags below
free from dust or dirt of any
kind, and are then shipped in
200-pound sacks to the North,
where they are bought up by
the confectioners for the purpose
of making taffy or peanut candy.
It may be here stated that a
peculiar kind of oil is extracted
from the meat of the nut, and
in this specialty a large trade
is done among the wholesale
druggists. There is nothing
wasted, for even the shells
are made useful. They are
packed in sacks and sold to
stable-keepers for horse-bedding,
and a very healthy bed they
make.

One Hundred Lashes on the Bare Back.
M. S. Root, of this city, a gentleman
whose veracity will not be questioned
in this community, gives us the
following statement of a scene
which he witnessed a short time
since in the eastern portion
of this county: "I was at Campo.
An Indian had been found guilty
of breaking into the house of Mr.
Herrick and stealing some blankets.
He was tried before Justice of the
Peace Gaskill and sentenced to
six chiefs for punishment. They
sentenced him to receive 100 lashes.
They were just getting ready to
tie him up as I started for dinner,
after putting out my team. The
prisoner was a large young man,
six feet high and well proportioned.
He was tied up by the wrists with
a long rope, and the rope was
passed through the springs of a
high seat on one side of a wagon
and over the other side, the
victim being drawn up so that his
feet would just touch the ground.
His feet were spread and each
tied to the wagon spokes, and his
body was tied at the hips. His
shirt was removed, and then a
stalwart Indian administered the
punishment with a leather lariat,
by whirling it round his head
and bringing it down with his
utmost force upon the naked
body of the prisoner. The blood
poured from the writhing man's
back. After a strong man had
administered fifty strokes he was
exhausted for another fiend, a
younger and more infamous
Indian, who continued the
infamous torture. Fifty lashes
had already been laid on, and
the young devil continued to
cut into the flesh fifty times
more. I spare a recital of the
awful shrieks and cries of the
poor tortured creature. When
the 100 lashes had thus been
administered, the Indian Alcalde
told the almost-dying man to
leave the country, or he would
be hung if he ever came back.
Mr. Gaskill says: 'After one of
these Indians has been whipped
once he will never steal again;
it makes a "good Indian" of
him.' This prisoner when let
down fell to the ground, and
could not move without support
from his sister."

Antique Furniture.
Say not there is no fun in the
furniture maker of Paris, particularly
in him who maketh the old
furniture. On this side the water
it is concurrently admitted that
the Yankee is equal to almost
any "cuteness" required by
demand and supply, but his
Parisian brother is quite his
equal. The latter is now largely
in the way of inventing
antiquities. We are told of a
party who the other day went
into a shop near the Boulevard
Montmartre. There was a woman
in the shop. "Has your husband
gone out?" was asked. "No; he is in the back
shop. Do you want to speak to him?"
"What is he doing?" "He is working," she
replied; and at the same moment an
explosion was heard in the back shop. "Ah! what is that?" "O, it is nothing—simply my
husband finishing a Gothic cabinet."
And lifting up what the worthy
husband was seen firing small
shot into a pseudo Gothic cabinet,
in order to give it an appearance
of worm-eaten antiquity. The
Parisians are very shy. One
of their favorite tricks is to place
these "antiquities" in country
inns and cottages. The tourist
sees them; the inn-keeper says
they have been in his family
for hundreds of years; the
amateur pays a long price for
them and restores them to their
native Paris, which they had
left only a few weeks before.
Talk of Yankee cuteness!—Harper's Magazine.

Mackerel.
Some fishes have strange
peculiarities connected with
their travels. Thus we are
told that the mackerels spend
their winter in what would
appear to others a most
uncomfortable position. In
the Arctic, as well as in the
Mediterranean, as soon as
winter comes, they deliberately
plunge their head and the
anterior part of their body
into deep mud, keeping their
tails erected, standing
straight up. This position they
do not change until spring,
when they emerge in
incredible numbers from
their hiding-places, and go
southward for the purpose
of depositing their eggs
in more genial waters. Still
they are as firmly wedged
to this element that they die
the instant they are taken
out of the water, and then
shine with phosphorescent
light.

PITH AND POINT.

The Chinese plank—An ironing board.
A RAT in a trap does not believe in the
early-closing movement.

COLUMBUS made an egg stand; but
Italians of less renown have made the
peanut stand.

BUGGLARS never wait for an opening
in their business. They go to work
at once and make an opening.

Did you ever know a man who talked
much of himself who did not have a
poor subject for his conversation?

A GREAT many men are cottage-built;
that is to say, they have but one
story. And they are forever telling it.

"ARE you lost, my little fellow?"
asked a gentleman of a 4-year-old.
"No," he sobbed in reply; "b-but my
mother is."

SOME one has charged Tennyson with
plagiarism. We have long suspected
the p. laureate has been remodeling
the fugitive poems of the Sweet Singer
of Michigan.

The following advertisement appeared
in an Irish newspaper: "This is to
notify Patrick O'Flaherty, who lately
left his lodgings, that if he does not
return soon and pay for the same he
shall be advertised."

MANY physicians claim that intemperance
is a disease. It must be contagious,
then; at any rate, a man who gets
drunk finally catches it when he
goes home. There may appear to be
some little discrepancy or contradiction
here, but we can't stop for that now.—
Burdette.

"OH, look at the donkey! he's been
destroying that hill of corn!"
exclaimed Mrs. Suburban, in dismay.
"Confound him!" said the husband,
flinging a stick at the animal, "he's a
corn-summit ass!" The scream that
Mrs. S. emitted, previous to going off
in a faint, frightened the beast more
than her husband's stick.—Boston Transcript.

"ARE you an Odd Fellow?" "No,
sir; I have been married more than
a week." "I mean do you belong to
the order of Odd Fellows?" "No; I
belong to the order of married men."
"Merely, how dull! Are you a Mason?"
"No; I am a carpenter." "Worse and
worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?"
"No; I am the son of Mr. John Gosling."

SPINSTER landlady: "Then you and
your mamma want the same rooms
you had last year?" Young lady: "Yes,
Miss Spriggins, only it isn't mamma
who is with me, but my husband; I've
got married since last year." Spinster
landlady: "Lor, now, have you? I'm
glad to hear it. Yet, after all, I don't
know why I should be glad; you never
did me any harm, poor thing."

A MAN in Scott county, Ky., was
butted in the pit of the stomach by
a mountain ram on his place. He was
sadly hurt, and a physician was sent
for. The latter arrived and asked him
how he felt. He replied: "I am ready
for death, but I don't like to die this
way. I wouldn't mind being kicked to
death by a thoroughbred horse or
gored to death by a Durham bull, but I
can't stand the idea of being butted into
eternity by a mountain ram!"