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A SAD MISTAKE.

OF Mr. Biggs, the former Editor of the Wormville Laster.

Mr. John Biggs, a young man with brisk air and brisker tongue...

"I'm lightning," he said: "I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Laster..."

The young man seemed to have such a correct idea of the newspaper business...

When Biggs stepped out on the street, there was an air of business about him...

"Yes," said a man standing on the corner, addressing an acquaintance...

"Who are you?" asked the man.

"I'm a reporter. I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Laster..."

The man winked at his acquaintance and remarked:

"Well, I reckon a reporter should know every thing. You see, last night a fine boy was left at the residence of Mr. Swanks..."

After ascertaining the locality of the Swanks' residence, the reporter hurriedly left. Arriving at the place, he rang the bell, and was admitted.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Swanks," said the reporter to Mr. Swanks.

"You can't see her."

"Why, is she busy?"

"Not so busy, perhaps, as indisposed. What is your business, sir?"

"I'm a reporter, sir. I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Laster, but hard luck has brought me down to the level of a common news-hunter..."

"What mysterious boy?" asked Mr. Swanks, with warmth.

"Now, here, Colonel, you needn't try any little dodge on me. I used to be the editor-in-chief of the Wormville Laster..."

I know more about this affair than you think I do. There's a mysterious boy in this house, and I'm going to see it. I'm going right where your wife is and write the thing up."

The reporter attempted to pass into the next room, but was knocked down by Mr. Swanks. The noise brought out several ladies, sufficiently advanced in age to be called the road-law requirements...

The women caught him, while Mr. Swanks kicked him, turned him around, and shoved him through the front door, and kicked him on to the fence. Mr. Biggs came back to the office and resigned. He said that if the office would spare him a few pounds of type he would go out and reestablish the Wormville Laster...

There was a row last night in a saloon on the Strand, and a middle-aged man was forcibly ejected. A News reporter was detailed to find out the facts, which furnish an amusing incident of the campaign.

There was quite a crowd in the saloon talking politics. The shabbiest man pushed his way in, and seemed to take an absorbing interest in the discussion. One gentleman said:

"Hancock will get nine-tenths of the Federal soldiers."

"You are right," said the seedy man, in a loud, sonorous voice, addressing the speaker on the shoulder. "You just bet he will sweep 'em. I am an ex-Federal soldier myself, and I'll vote for old Hancock."

The attention of the crowd was directed to the patriotic soldier.

"Where you in Hancock's corps?"

"Gentlemen," said the seedy man, running his arm through the hole in his hat, "I have voted the Republican ticket all my life, but next November my vote goes for my old commander. I may not like his politics, and they may say he puts on style, but when a general of the United States army gets off his horse to help me when I am lying on the blood-stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, I am going to vote for him, anyhow."

"Hurrah for Hancock!" shouted the crowd.

"Will you join us?" asked several enthusiasts of the grateful soldier, as they advanced in solid column on the bar. The healths of Hancock and English were drunk with enthusiasm several times.

THE INSURANCE AGENT.

All other specimens of cheek become hollow and gaunt in comparison with that of an insurance agent in this city...

The other day this piece of blushing modesty went down into West Kansas, boarded a switch engine while it was running, and seating himself in the cab, talked the engineer into taking an accident policy.

He then and there wrote out the policy, and while the engine was still in motion, alighted, only to fall into the arms of officer Leavitt.

The officer pranced up to the central station with his prisoner, but the wily agent was released. Did he hasten to his office? Not he; marching Leavitt into a corner where he could not escape, he lectured him long and eloquently upon the dangers of his profession...

The Duke of Wellington always slept on an iron camp-bedstead eighteen inches wide. "When a man wants to turn over," he said, "it is time for him to turn out."

The Emperor Nicholas did the same. Mr. Owen says the principle is well enough, but the detail is wrong. "Sleep itself is far too important to be made uncomfortable. My old friend Rossiter fixed his alarm so that at the foreordained moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed, and Rossiter lay shivering. I have myself somewhere the drawings and specifications for a patent (which I never applied for) which arrests a set of canvas and wheel-work under the bedstead, which, at the moment appointed, lift the pillow-end six feet, and deliver the sleeper on his feet on the horizontal foot-board. He is not apt to sleep long after that. Rossiter found another contrivance, which worked better. The alarm clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over in his razor and clean shirt and the prayer-book his mother gave him, and Coleridge's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came.—Old and New.

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A GOOD DETECTIVE STORY.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied politely, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

"Now, madam, my change is completed. You may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a veil drawn over her face.

"Now, sir or madam which ever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir," said the lady, "you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whimsical lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J—, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

HINDOO WOMEN.

Hindoo women, when young, are delicate and beautiful, so far as we can recognize beauty with the olive complexion. They are finely proportioned, their limbs small, their features soft and regular, and their eyes black and languishing, but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen thirty years. This may be accounted for by the heat of the climate and the customs of the country, as they are often mothers at the age of twelve years.

No woman can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take every method to render their persons soft, delicate, and attractive. Their dress is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a long piece of silk or cotton tied around the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterwards brought over the body in negligent folds; under this they cover the body with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls and precious stones fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They have also gold and silver chains around the ankles and an abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among those on the fingers is frequently a small mirror. I think the richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and the Hindoo woman of distinction always seems to be overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with few ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are more captivating; although there are very few women, even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriage.

How unreasonable some girls are! Felicia asked her brother to buy the Science Monthly for her, because it had an article on "Ancient Methods of Filtration;" then, when he brought it home, she said she was horrid and mean because it turned out to be on "Ancient Methods of Filtration."

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