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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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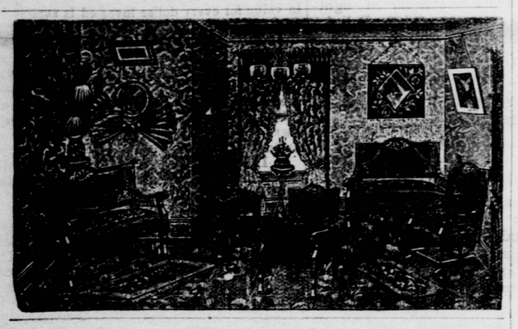

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

JUST GONE AWAY.

Only God can fathom this
That from out my life is gone—
All the sweetness that I miss
Like the pink light from the dawn,
Like the welcome from a kiss.

All her sweetness as a wife,
All her gracious woman's charm,
Never riding into strife,
Never dropping into harm
In the crowding alms of life.

Ah, my feet know well the way,
In the dark as in the light,
To that barren mound of clay
Where she sleeps, hid from my sight
Like a white rose laid away.

Gathering shadows creep and fall
On the floors, while in the dark
As if I had heard a call
I but whisper "hark" and "hark"—
But the rain drips—that is all!

Not a whisper—not a sign—
But the light sweep of her hair
As her cheek drops down to mine—
And her gown hangs on a chair
And I hear a laughter fine.

When I wake from haggard sleep
And she is no longer here—
While I stretch a hand and keep
Silence, with a listening fear—
While the shadows seem to creep.

While no living thing I see—
Nor a shadow—anything—
But a presence seems to be
Near me like a pulsing wing.
And a voice sighs: "Love, to thee,

"I am nearer now than when
I was clasped close at thy side,
Closer to thee now than then
In my sweetness as a bride,
And our life was one *Amen*."

"Take the grief now and the care,
Take the bitterness of loss.
Lift the burden, strong to bear,
As the martyrs bore the cross—
And the future—*I am there!*"

—Millie W. Carpenter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

UNBENDING WILLS.

The Part Miss Wilberforce Played in a Reconciliation.

"I shall hold myself free to act as I please."

"I shall insist on the same privilege for myself."

A proud and angry woman spoke and a man as proud and angry as herself answered her.

"You continually try to bend my will to yours," continued Mrs. Underhill. "You do not consider that I have as good a right to decide what is best for myself as you have. It has come to such a pass now that I am irritated beyond endurance, and I shall insist upon an immediate separation."

"You desire a divorce. I shall not oppose you. I myself no longer wish to feel the weight of matrimonial chains."

Mr. Underhill's tones were cold and bitter. If he felt any regret he studiously concealed it. For a moment his wife seemed to weaken in her purpose. She had not expected that her husband would so readily consent to her leaving him. There was a vacillating, melting look in her handsome eyes, a wistful, troubled expression in her face. There was a critical second during which the eyes of the two met. Had the man's eyes then melted, there might have been a reconciliation, and concessions might have followed that would have done much toward promoting the happiness of the couple. But the man's face was like adamant, his gaze was unyielding. Mrs. Underhill was grievously disappointed and her pride was deeply touched. Her features became rigid, and she was as devoid of emotion as a marble statue, as she said:

"Clearly there is one thing concerning which we both can agree. A divorce it shall be. I will pack my trunks without delay and leave for my father's home to-night. We can institute proceedings for divorce as soon as the requirements of the law will permit. I will at once employ a lawyer, he can communicate with you or your lawyer, and it will not be necessary for us to write to each other."

The dignified but unfeeling manner in which his wife signified her desire that all confidential relations with her husband should at once cease was too much for even the admirable equanimity of Mr. Underhill. An imploring expression came into his eyes. His wife noticed it, but would not heed it. Had he not scorned her when she manifested a disposition to yield? He had made her suffer, it was right that he should suffer as much. He believed he could detect evidences of disdain in her countenance, and, pride coming to his aid, his momentary weakness was subdued.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Their farewells were spoken with voices that did not tremble, and their nerves were steady as they politely shook hands.

Who would have looked for such a result? Mr. and Mrs. Underhill had been married but six months, and their wedded life had apparently begun under the most happy auspices. Both were young, strong and handsome, possessed brilliant and attractive qualities that made them favorites in the best social circles; and were members of families that were talented, wealthy and influential. Nature and those worldly circumstances that are commonly esteemed the most desirable had seemingly vied with each other in their efforts to bestow choice gifts upon the couple. "They were made for each other," their friends enthusiastically said, and on their wedding day their future appeared to be as promising as the blue sky, in which not even a small cloud could be seen.

But earthqakes may come when the sun shines. The greatest dangers are often hidden. As certain as there are undeviating laws that control the movements of the universe, so certain it was that Mr. Underhill and his wife could not long continue to live in harmony. In marital life two hearts cannot beat as one unless each is capable of yielding somewhat to the other's wishes, making mutual concessions possible. But Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, in spite of their many excellent qualities, each possessed an unbending will. Neither of them, having once resolved on some important course of action, would alter plans to suit the other's convenience.

Hence domestic infelicity was inevitable. They were too well bred to indulge in vulgar quarreling, but serious disagreements, even if they are conducted in polite language, may fill the heart with bitterness, and promote permanent discord. They had once believed that their mutual attachment was great, but it had not been sufficient to cause them to do the one thing necessary to assure their happiness—it had not influenced them to bend their wills.

True to her purpose, Mrs. Underhill returned to her father's home in New York. Her husband remained in St. Louis and pursued his business. During the succeeding year he made considerable money, but he was not happy. Occasionally he received a letter from a lawyer in New York, informing him that the proceedings for divorce on the ground of incompatability of temper were progressing. Whenever he read one of these letters he became very despondent; and at last he felt so troubled that he resolved to go to New York, for rest and recreation he claimed, but in reality he was influenced by the hope that he might see his wife.

He had not been long in New York before he met an old friend named Erickson, who insisted on his visiting him during his stay in the city. At his friend's home Mr. Underhill became acquainted with Miss Eugenia Wilberforce, a younger sister of Mrs. Erickson. Miss Wilberforce was from Richmond, Va., and possessed in an eminent degree the charms that distinguish high-bred southern beauties, having a low, musical voice, a graceful carriage and manners that were delightful. She was as devoid of an imperious, unbending will as a singing bird, and Mr. Underhill sighed as the thought came to him that if his wife had only been as considerate as Miss Wilberforce was they might be now living happily together.

It was summer time, and, in order to escape the heat and discomforts of the city, Mr. Underhill proposed to Miss Wilberforce one day that they should towards evening take a boat for Staten Island, and there witness the grand spectacular performance known as the "Fall of Babylon." The invitation was gladly accepted.

At 7:30 p. m. a ferryboat crowded with pleasure seekers left a pier near the battery. Mr. Underhill and Miss Wilberforce had succeeded in obtaining camp chairs and were seated amid many others in front of the pilot house on the lower deck. As the paddle wheels briskly cut the water, the young man and his fair companion admired the view. The noble estuary that connects New York with the ocean could be seen in a mellow light. Every object was invested with a mystic charm. The sun no longer held dominion in the sky, and on the waters and the eastern shore it threw glances that were mild and tremulous. The turreted walls of Fort William caught the dying rays, and so softening was the effect that the appearance of the old fortress belied its warlike character. Tugs, ferryboats and other steam craft were moving through the harbor, and here and there a sailing vessel was making slow progress, there being scarce strength enough in the breeze to swell the white canvas. So restful and dreamy an influence hovered about that even the little waves seemed half asleep. At such an hour the imaginative mind only needed the witchery of music to inspire it with romanticism. And music there was for the passengers on the boat. A harp and two violins were touched by the fingers of Italian wanderers, and the air was filled with melody.

Miss Wilberforce's face showed that she fully enjoyed the beautiful thoughts natural to the occasion. Mr. Underhill, too, was pleasantly impressed, but he was not free from sadness. He remembered when a young woman as fair as the one beside him had been his companion in happy days of courtship, and he sighed as he contemplated the wreck of the romantic dreams he had then entertained.

Raising his eyes, he encountered the gaze of a haughty and angry woman, who stood about twenty feet from him.

Completely thrown off his guard, he exclaimed: "Great heavens! there is my wife."

Much surprised, Miss Wilberforce looked first at Mr. Underhill and then at his wife. Miss Wilberforce blushed deeply as she bowed to Mrs. Underhill's companion, a young man of distinguished appearance, who gracefully raised his hat in recognition.

After a brief, fierce gaze, Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, without bowing, turned aside their heads.

"I did not know that you were a married man, Mr. Underhill," said Miss Wilberforce, in tones which showed that she was displeased, because the fact had been concealed from her.

Feeling deeply the awkwardness of the situation, Mr. Underhill stammered out:

"I—I am not exactly married."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I—I mean that I am trying to get a divorce."

"Do you not love your wife?"

"Well, I did love her; but she always wanted to have her own way, and I—I did not always want her to have it."

"Perhaps you desired to have your way, too, and would not respect her wishes."

Mr. Underhill moved nervously in his chair.

"I would not be my wife's slave. It is humiliating for a man to be ruled by a woman."

"I presume it is; and it is also humiliating for a woman to be deceived by a man."

"My dear Miss Wilberforce, I can assure you that I meant no harm, as I have intended to show you no more than friendly attentions. I thought it would be unnecessary and just as pleasant not to mention the disagreeable fact that I was seeking a divorce."

"Undoubtedly it seemed better to you to take such a course."

A long silence ensued, during which Mr. Underhill, a man both honorable and sensitive, felt, as the saying is, "completely used up."

Miss Wilberforce's important reason for being disturbed was not known by her companion. For Henry Maitland, in whose conversation Mrs. Underhill appeared to be much interested, she entertained a tender feeling which she had believed was fully reciprocated. At first she felt provoked that Henry should be with a woman about to be divorced, but soon her fairness of mind caused her to think that Henry might, if he knew the fact, justly criticize her for being in the company of the woman's husband.

Miss Wilberforce possessed, in a remarkable degree, the quick intuition peculiar to her sex, and, after watching the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill for a few moments, and recollecting that what Mr. Underhill had said showed that he still loved his wife, she came to the conclusion that they really desired a reconciliation, but that each was too proud to make any overtures. It was a peculiar situation, in which three, and perhaps four, persons were uncomfortable. The circumstances threatened to widen the gul between the estranged married couple, and to draw the lovers into a serious misunderstanding.

Now, Miss Wilberforce, as has been mentioned, did not possess an unbending will; she could yield to the wishes of others or make concessions for the benefit of her friends, when by so doing she neither transgressed a moral rule nor compromised her self-respect. She was sensible, and did not believe in endangering the happiness of herself and acquaintances by maintaining a barrier of false pride. In reality her character was broader and stronger than that of persons who plume themselves on the possession of unbending wills. She believed that it only required a little judicious maneuvering to harmonize the relations of four persons who were either jealous and angry or in some way dissatisfied and uneasy. Accordingly she resolved to act, if possible, as a messenger of peace.

Her method was simple. Turning her face toward Mr. Maitland, she waited until she caught his eye, which was rather difficult to do, and then bewitched him with an enchanting smile, at the same time deftly beckoning him to come to her. He hesitated, spoke to Mrs. Underhill, who frowned but excused him, and with an uncomfortable expression on his face wended his way slowly to where Miss Wilberforce sat. The young lady greeted him cordially, in spite of his evident embarrassment, and introduced him to Mr. Underhill, who nodded coolly, and did not offer to shake hands.

"How happens it that you are with Mrs. Underhill to-day?" the fair maiden archly asked.

Mr. Underhill's countenance flushed with anger and he bit his lip. On the contrary, Mr. Maitland looked relieved, and eagerly answered:

"It is easily explained. She is my cousin. My father was her mother's brother. As she has lived in the south and I in the north, it has happened that we have never had the pleasure of meeting each other until about a week ago. She is a very agreeable woman, I assure you."

The last remark caused Mr. Underhill to smile sarcastically; but Miss Wilberforce noticed that his face betrayed great relief and that he no longer regarded Mr. Maitland with hostility.

The three chatted pleasantly for a few moments, and then Mr. Maitland started to return to Mrs. Underhill, who had been watching the party with feelings that it would be hard to describe. Miss Wilberforce waited until her friend had retired a few feet, and then, as if she had forgotten something she wanted to say, ran after him and attracted his attention by touching his elbow.

"I am so glad you are not in love with a married woman," she said with a mischievous smile which caused the young man to blush with pleasure.

Miss Wilberforce made some hurried explanations, and gave her companion some directions which he promised to obey.

In a few moments the boat reached the wharf at Staten Island. Most of the people hastened ashore. But Miss Wilberforce managed to detain Mr. Underhill, and Mr. Maitland also delayed the departure of his cousin. Consequently the four suddenly found themselves together, with no witnesses near them.

Miss Wilberforce gracefully stepped forward, and, taking the hands of the astonished husband and wife, said:

"Now, please let bygones be bygones and be happy once more."

Mrs. Underhill's eyes filled with tears. Her husband's will was bent, and the two, long estranged and long unhappy, clasped each other's hands and kissed one another with a deeper feeling of love than they had ever before known.

The result was that Mr. Underhill accompanied his wife and Mr. Maitland accompanied the charming Miss Wilberforce to see the "Fall of Babylon." Four happier people never enjoyed that gorgeous spectacle; for while the beautiful wedding procession, one of the most interesting features of the entertainment, was moving before their eyes, Mr. Maitland proposed to Miss Wilberforce and was accepted.—J. A. Bolles, in Boston Budget.

Left to His Fate.

Dashaway—You know Wangle, who treated me so badly; well, I got even with him the other night. I started to call on Miss Sandstone, and just as I was about to ring the bell I looked through the window, and saw he was there, and that she was singing to him.

Cleverton—And then you went in and sat on him.

Dashaway—No, I didn't. I went away and let her keep on singing.—Harper's Bazar.

—"Are these mackerel quite fresh?" asked a lady of a ragged but pompous old colored fish peddler who came to her door. "Oh, yes, lady, puffeckly so, puffeckly so!" was the reply. "Jess nostrilize them, and see." "'Nostrilize' them? What do you mean by that?" "Why, lady," said the peddler, with a look indicative of pity for her ignorance, "smell 'em! smell 'em!"

ABOUT DANCING.

It Has Always Been a Popular Amusement—Origin of Dances.

From time immemorial dancing has formed one of the chief amusements of mankind. Repeated mention is made of it in Holy Writ, and among the ancient Egyptians it constituted a very prominent and popular religious rite. Without a doubt the Israelites gained their knowledge of it during the days of their captivity in the land of the Pharaohs. The Greeks of the olden time indulged in war dances, chief among which was one that became famous under the name of the Pyrrhic dance. In this the dancers depicted the actions of a warrior engaged in doing battle, the quick and agile movements being made to the accompaniment of a flute. There were, we are told, two hundred different dances in vogue among these Greeks. In ancient Rome dancing was one of the chief features of the magnificent fetes for which the Empire became so famous.

One peculiarity of the principal dances of savage nations is that in nearly every instance they imitate the movements of animals. This is evidenced in the buffalo and bear dances of the North American Indians, the bear dance of the Kamschatkans, and the kangaroo dance of the aboriginal Australians.

Among Oriental nations the majority of dances are performed by professionals, the private individual being perfectly willing to pay to see others, but seeing neither rhyme nor reason in dancing himself.

The Hungarians, Russians and Spaniards have characteristic dances, most of which are performed by gypsys. The polka and redowa of the Hungarians, and the Spanish bolero, fandango and cachuca have become famous all over the world. The popular quadrille is said to have originated among the Belgians. The waltz had its beginning in Germany and from thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade, or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise, or polacca, and mazourka.

One of the most noted methods of "tripping the light fantastic" among the Scotch is the sword dance, which was originated by the Scandinavians and old Saxons, and at one time was indulged in by the Spaniards.

The Irish reel and jig are two dances inseparably connected with our Milesian brethren, and in many respects greatly resembles the highland fling.

In the majority of instances, therefore, our latter day dances were known and enjoyed by our ancestors hundreds of years ago; and with slight modifications have been handed down for the edification of the present generation.—Detroit Free Press.

Landlord and Tenant.

"Have you got the rent ready at last?"

"No, sir; ma went out washing and forgot to put it out before she left."

"How do you know she forgot to put it out?"

"Wall, she told me so."—Texas Siftings.

A Point in Bostonese Grammar.

He—The Bostonians are a brave people; they never say die.

She—Don't they?

He—No; they say "decease."—Munsey's Weekly.

—No Feeling in It—Mrs. Hardup—"Oh, dear! did you hear, love, that old Mr. Newrich had frozen his leg?" Hardup—"I've known that for a long time, dear. I've been trying in vain to pull it for over a week."

His Quest.

Wife—You know that poor family in the next block? When I took some bread around to them to-day they were actually starving. The minister called this afternoon and I told him all about it.

Husband—That is terrible. What did the minister call for?

Wife—He wanted to raise a subscription for the Fiji islanders.—Judge.

How He Reasoned.

Wife (complainingly)—Mrs. Flushley always has plenty of spending money of her own. Her husband believes a wife ought to have it.

Husband—Well, so do I!

Wife—What, you do?

Husband—Certainly. If you had plenty, you wouldn't ask me for some so often.—Boston Herald.

INTERESTING CAPTIVE.

How Gen. Pryor Was Taken Prisoner at Petersburg.

Gen. Cutcheon Tells the Story—An Exchange of Newspapers Leads to Serious Results—Gen. Pryor's Behavior in a Hostile Camp.

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Upon entering the hall of the house of representatives, one afternoon last summer, I saw a tall gentleman with long dark hair, pronounced features, and glittering eyes leaning upon the brass railing near the main entrance. Although he had been a member of congress thirty-five years ago, there were few silver threads in his hair. He wore the conventional frock-coat and carried a soft felt hat in his hands. Not a representative on the floor recognized him. He antedated them all, even the renowned Gen. Banks. I had heard him arguing cases in the New York courts and had seen him at many a state democratic convention. He was Gen. Roger A. Pryor, formerly of Virginia, now a judge of the supreme court in New York city. I was surprised that no one addressed him. When told who he was, many members sought an introduction, and he held a levee upon the floor of the house. Sometime afterward Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon of Michigan heard of the circumstance. He expressed regret that he had not met Gen. Pryor. He told the story of the general's capture in front of Petersburg. Although the story has often been told, Gen. Cutcheon's version of it is extremely interesting.

"In the early part of November, 1864," says he, "I was commanding a brigade in the First division of the Ninth army corps. It was on what was known as the Peebles farm, to the left of Petersburg. It fell to me to act as division officer of the day quite frequently. On September 30 we had had a very sharp engagement at Poplar Spring church, adjacent to the Peebles farm. Late in the fight I had been ordered to take my regiment and deploy on a swamp. My brigade was to skirmish there to protect the left flank of

GEN. ROGER A. PRYOR.

the army. While I was out to the left, beyond the swamp, a division of the confederate army crept in between the Fifth and Ninth corps to my right. It got in the rear of our division and forced a part of it to fall back very rapidly, leaving me alone exposed beyond the swamp. We had a hard time to get out. I lost quite a number in killed, wounded and prisoners. I shouted the number of my regiment repeatedly in rallying my men and in drawing them out of the swamp.

"All this is preliminary to what happened two or three days afterwards. It was on the morning of the Thursday or Friday following President Lincoln's reelection. I was acting as division officer of the day. One of my duties was to ride the entire length of our division line to inspect it. I was to report everything that appeared upon the line of an unusual character to the general commanding. I started upon the left of our line, where Fort Fisher was afterwards constructed. As soon as I came up to the outer line, I saw a confederate officer opposite on the rebel line. He rode a large iron gray charger—a fine horse. There was no firing at the time. As I rode up on our side, he gallantly saluted, no doubt recognizing my rank and duty, which was apparently the same as his own. We rode each upon his own line until we came to a square earthwork, or what was called the square level road. In passing through a piece of woods we lost sight of each other. As we came out of the woods the rebel officer rode upon the earthwork and waved a newspaper toward me. I understood what it meant. It was an invitation to exchange newspapers. Gen. Hartranft, afterwards governor of Pennsylvania, had joined me, and was sitting there upon his horse. He was corps officer of the day. I said: 'General, what do you say? Shall I exchange?'"

"'Well,' he replied, 'I have no doubt there would be something very interesting in that paper. The confederate congress has just assembled, and it will contain Jeff Davis' message. I'll risk it. You may make the exchange.'

"I had no newspaper with me, but Hartranft had a copy of the Washington Chronicle and the Philadelphia Inquirer. He gave me those newspapers, and the officer on the other side advanced into a little hollow. Accompanied by my orderly I rode forward to meet him. His orderly was with him. We ranged alongside of each other. I noticed that his revolver was pulled well down in front. So was mine. We maintained perfect courtesy, however. He saluted, and I did the same.

"'Capt. Brown, of the First Virginia,' he said by way of introduction.

"I replied: 'Col. Cutcheon, of the Twentieth Michigan.'

"'Oh!' he responded, 'the Twentieth Michigan. I heard the name the other day in the little affair of the 30th of September.'

"We exchanged a few words. Then he said: 'I would like to exchange papers.'

"I replied that I would be glad to accommodate him.

"'I pulled out the two newspapers Gen. Hartranft had given me and passed them over. He pulled out two newspapers in return, and turned them over to me. They were Richmond papers, the Whig and Examiner, I think. They contained the proceedings at the opening of the confederate congress and the message of President Davis. I didn't

I AM ROGER A. PRYOR!

open the papers then but simply jammed them into my pocket.

"'He asked: "What's the result of the election?"

"'Lincoln is reelected,' I answered.

"'You don't say so?' he responded.

"'Yes,' said I, 'he is reelected. He has carried every northern state except New Jersey.'

"'Did not McClellan have the vote of the army?' he asked.

"'In our part of the army,' said I, 'Lincoln carried it by nearly four votes to one.'

"'My God!' he ejaculated, 'is that so?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'that is so.'

"'Well, then,' he replied, 'there is nothing left but to fight it out to the bitter end.'

"'No,' I said, 'there is nothing else left.'

"He turned his horse and rode away. I did the same. I rode back to Gen. Hartranft. As I pulled the papers from my pocket I saw written upon the margin of one of them the words:

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Petersburg.

"I said to Hartranft: 'What does that mean?'

"'I believe the Pryors live in this neighborhood,' he answered.

"He took the papers to headquarters and gave them to Gen. Parke, who was then commanding our army corps.

"I heard nothing more about it until the next Sunday morning. Then I had occasion to go up to headquarters with Gen. Albert B. Potter, who commanded the Second division of our army corps. I was in his tent when a guard came to the door and rapped upon the tent-pole.

"The general called out: 'Come in.'

"Two guards wheeled around and brought in a prisoner. I sat on one side of the tent. I recognized the prisoner as Capt. Brown. He was tall and commanding. His head was erect, his hair was long and his eyes were black and piercing. He seemed highly indignant.

"'Is this General Potter?' he asked.

"'It is,' replied the union general.

"'I am Gen. Roger A. Pryor, of the confederate service,' the prisoner replied. 'I have been basely trapped.'

"I started in astonishment.

"'How is that?' asked General Potter.

"'Well,' said Pryor, 'I was invited out between the lines to exchange newspapers. The pickets covered me with their rifles, and I was brought in here a prisoner. I demand that I be released.'

"'I don't know, general,' replied Potter, 'that I can afford you any re-

I PULLED OUT TWO NEWSPAPERS.

lief. I think I will have to refer this up to headquarters.'

"So to headquarters Gen. Pryor went. The rest I know only from history. He was taken to Gen. Meade. Gen. Meade sent him to Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant sent him to Washington, and he was confined for a time in the Old Capitol prison. Then he wrote a note to John W. Forney, an old friend of his in congress. Forney became sponsor for his good behavior, used his influence with the president and got him out.

"In the tent, when he said that he was Gen. Roger A. Pryor, he turned and looked at me. I arose and saluted him and said: 'Good morning, Capt. Brown.'

"He smiled and turned, and we shook hands. He recognized me at once as the officer with whom he had exchanged papers on the preceding Friday morning. I suppose he called himself Capt. Brown on that morning to avoid recognition."

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

The Difference.

Tillinghast — The death of Mr. Feenance was very sudden, wasn't it?

Winebiddle—It wasn't a death. It was a demise. Feenance was worth two million dollars.—Judge.

His Whereabouts.

Mr. Bingo—I met a polite ticket agent to-day.

Mrs. Bingo—Where was he?

Mr. Bingo—In a dime museum.—Judge.

Not Good for Much.

Sympathetic Citizen—That wooden leg of yours doesn't seem to support you very well, my friend.

Veteran—No, not very well. The government allows me only thirty dollars per month pension for it.—Harper's Bazar.

A Distressing Mistake.

Mother—What was the matter with Mr. Nicefello to-night? He left rather early for an engaged young man.

Daughter (beginning to sob)—He—he began hugging and—and kissing me, and I—I told him that wasn't right, and he—boo-hoo!—he stopped.—N. Y. Weekly.

Betrayed Himself.

Harry—What business is Clara's father in?

Jack—He is an elevated railroad guard, I take it.

Harry—That can't be.

Jack—Well, he found me with her last night, and told me to "step lively!"—Munsey's Weekly.

A Great Idea.

Poet—I have an idea that the landlady suspects that we are flying very close to the ground; can't we do something to inspire confidence?

Humorist—I have it! I will sue you for twenty thousand dollars.—Munsey's Weekly.

Vain Effort.

Jonesby—I understand that you write every month for the Century.

Smithleigh—Yes; every month for it.

"But I never see your articles in it."

"No; I write for it, but the articles are returned."—Jury.

Conclusive Evidence.

Customer—You say this is a real antique?

Bric-a-Brac Dealer—It's one of the finest pieces of work by one of the best ancient masters of the present day.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Correction.

Upcreek—Conductor, where is the porter that belongs to this sleeping car?

Conductor—If you require the porter this car belongs to, I will call him if he is not engaged.—Munsey's Weekly.

Would Remember Him.

Barber—Have I ever shaved you before?

Victim—Gracious! I guess not; do you think I would come to you a second time?—Boston Herald.

A Boar Foiled.

Gamekeeper—Why didn't you shoot at that wild boar?

Timid Hunter—What necessity was there for attracting the attention of the brute to myself?—Texas Siftings.

Who, Indeed?

Bagley—You're a lucky chap, Bailey. You have one wife in a thousand.

Bailey—Well, who wants any more than one in a thousand?—Judge.

At the Indian School.

"Horse Teeth, spell Liar."

"L-i-a-r."

"Blanket Mouth, what is a Liar?"

"He is a white man."—Jury.

HE WAS NO KICKER.

If He Had Been He Would Have Raised Some Objections.

"I'm rather particular about my celery," he said to the waiter who took his order at a Dearborn street restaurant. "Bring me only the small stalks, and see that they are perfectly bleached."

"Yes, sir."

"And see that there are no specks in the potatoes. I won't touch a potato that has a speck in it. I am rather particular about my potatoes."

"Yes, sir."

"When you bring me the broiled fish see that it has had the skin and fat all removed. Don't bring me any except the upper part of the body. Cut away all the tail."

"All right, sir."

"Hold on a moment. I'm rather particular about my bread. I don't want any of the end pieces, and I don't want any of this cigar-shaped bread with a thick crust, either. Bring me square bread, in thin slices, cut from the middle of the loaf."

The waiter went back and returned in due time with a tray full of eatables, which he unloaded on the table.

"Take back this potato," said the guest, "and bring me one that has no specks. I've got no time to dig the specks out of potatoes. I told you about that."

The potato was changed, and the waiter asked him if every thing was all right now.

"No," he answered. "This bread is not cut from the middle of the loaf. Take it away and bring me what I ordered."

The bread was accordingly changed.

"All right now?" inquired the waiter.

"No! You've got some celery here that isn't properly bleached. Bring me the kind I ordered. And hold on! There is a piece of skin on this fish. Take it back. I told you I was particular about my fish."

The celery and fish were removed and brought back again in a few minutes with the objectionable features eliminated.

"Is it all right now?" asked the waiter.

"I guess it will do," growled the guest, as he began to eat, "but if I was a kicker I'd kick about this fork and spoon. They don't exactly match."—Chicago Tribune.

Bitter with the Sweet.

Anxious Mother (at a ball)—My dear, you look tired.

Sweet Girl—I'm most dead. Every bone in my body aches. I've danced every dance so far, and I'm engaged for ten more.

Anxious Mother—No doubt the gentleman will let you off.

Sweet Girl—I don't want to be let off.

Anxious Mother—You say you are tired dancing.

Sweet Girl—I am not tired being hugged.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Anti-Can't Householder.

Salvation Tramp—Dear sir, unless I get a bite of something at once I shall soon be dead.

Pater Familias—Poor man, you are homeless, are you?

Salvation Tramp—Oh, no; Heaven is my home.

Pater Familias—Here is five cents for some bread and butter—try to reach home as soon as possible.—Life.

A Silly Question.

"May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper table?" asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country, who is staying with some friends whom she is visiting.

"May you take her to supper?" was the response. "Why, of course, and you may take me, too. That's what we came here for."—Texas Siftings.

Anxious to Please.

"Pat, I thought I hired you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day."

"Ye did, sore."

"Well, I've been watching you and you've only done it a half a day to-day. The other half you spent coming down the ladder."

"Oi'll thry to be doin' betther to-morry, sore."—Jury.

Not Exactly Disposed of.

Brown—What became of that girl of yours, who used to cost you so much money?

Hughes—She's married now.

"I suppose you are flusher, now that you have gotten rid of her."

"Well, you see, I didn't exactly get rid of her. She's my wife now."—Light.

Mental Phonographs.

He (after marriage)—What? You have no fortune? You said over and over again that you were afraid someone would marry you for your money.

She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.—N. Y. Weekly.

In the Cloak Room.

Representative Bustem (in the course of argument)—If we are not sent here to represent the ideas of our constituents, what are we here for?

Representative Wiregrass—Wa-al, so far as I kin see, I was sent here to represent the views of my wife and the gals.—Puck.

True Repentance.

Little Harry—Paul struck me with his shovel so hard he broke it.

Mamma (astonished)—Where is Paul?

"He's gone into the house crying."