FAIR PLAY.

VOLUME XIV. STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886. NUMBER 37

THE FAIR PLAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES

[illegible]

APPROPRIATE CORRESPONDENCE TO

THE FAIR PLAY

Ste Genevieve, Mo.

[illegible] complaints are made by subscribers that their papers do not reach them regularly. We endeavor to have our mail so that of each issue leave the time fixed by law for the closing of the mails. This is all that we can do, for after our papers are deposited in the post office they are beyond our control, and we can not be responsible for the delays of the U. S. mail service.

We will be thankful, however, if any subscriber who fails to receive his paper regularly, will notify us by postal card, stating how many issues have occurred, whether the last one he receives is marked 37 or some other number, and such other circumstances as will enable us to refer the matter to the proper office authorities for investigation.

Mails.

The mails arrive at and depart from Ste. Genevieve post office as follows:

St. Louis, via Rail Road, daily, arrives at [illegible] m.; departs at [illegible] m.

De Soto, via Bloomsdale and Lawrenceton, tri-weekly, arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at [illegible] m.; departs same days at 2 p. m.

St. Mary, Minolth and Avon, weekly, arrives Saturday at 6 p. m.; departs at 6 a. m.

Farmington, via Zell, New Offenburg, Jonathan, tri-weekly, arrives Monday and Friday [illegible] m.; departs Tuesday and Saturday at 7 a. m.

River aux Vases, weekly, arrives Saturday 12 m.; departs at 1 p. m.

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Gen. George G. Vest, Kansas City, Washington address: Cor. Del. Av. and C. Street.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS—FIRST DISTRICT

Hon. Martin L. Clardy, Farmington, St. Francois county. Washington address: 521

STATE SENATOR.

Gen. B. Burrett Oliver Jackson, Cape Girardeau county.

[illegible]

Assessor	Oliver D. Harris
Treasurer	Frank Huck
Recorder	James W. Nations
School Commissioner	Felix H. Janis
Public Administrator	C. C. Rozier

CIRCUIT COURT

James D. Fox, Judge, Fredericktown, Madison county.

Spring Term	First Monday in May
Fall Term	First Monday in November

COUNTY COURT

Hon. C. W. Hamon	Presiding Justice
Hon. N. C. Sebastian	Associate Justice
Hon. Roman Huck	Associate Justice
Spring Term	Second Monday in May
Summer Term	Second Monday in August
Fall Term	Second Monday in November
Winter Term	Second Monday in February

Justice of the Peace, Ste. Genevieve Township, Ferdinand A. Roy.

PROBATE COURT.

Hon. Wm. H. Rentz	Judge
Spring Term	Second Monday in March
Summer Term	Second Monday in June
Fall Term	Second Monday in September
Winter Term	Second Monday in December

CITY OFFICERS

Mayor	Charles C. Rozier
Councilmen	
First Ward	Chas. A. Bertey
	John S. Wilfred
Second Ward	Jacob Ernst
	Emile Lelie
Third Ward	George Hurst
	Leon Jakerst
Clerk	Julio E. Guinnon
Assessor	Wm. W. Wilder
Attorney	Fitzal A. Rozier
Marshal	August Rehm
Collector	Jacob Yeaky
Street Commissioner	Asher Sampson

Board of Aldermen meets 4th Monday in March, June, September and December.

Churches.

STE GENEVIEVE

Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Wels, Pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 9 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

German Lutheran, [illegible] Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m.

UNION CHAPEL.—The Rev. M. Bell, M. E. Church, will conduct regular services at the Union Chapel, in this city, on Friday preceding the third Sabbath in every month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

ST MARY

Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Sare, pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 10 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

NEW OFFENBURG

St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Rev. Father Pigge, pastor. Mass every Sunday at 7 and 10 a. m.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Sennebo, pastor. Mass every Sunday at [illegible] a. m.

BLOOMSDALE.

Roman Catholic, Rev. Father Tramm, pastor. Mass every Sunday at [illegible] a. m.

LAWRENCETON

Roman Catholic, [illegible] pastor. Mass every Sunday at [illegible] a. m.

ISLE DU BOIS.

Lebanon Baptist Church, Sullivan Frazier, pastor. Wm. H. Button, Clerk. Services, Saturday before and 3rd Sunday of each month at 11 a. m. Saturday and 3 p. m. Sunday.

Lebanon M. E. Church South, Heavily and Smith Pastors; F. G. Poston, Steward. Services 2d Sunday, at 7 30 p. m. by John Heavily and 4th Sunday, at 11 a. m. by C. E. W. Smith. Concord, Wednesday before the 1st Sunday, at 7 p. m. by Heavily; Saturday before the 4th Sunday, at 7 p. m. by Smith.

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(Office one block north of court house)

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

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J. W. BRAHAM,

SURGEON DENTIST

[illegible], Mo.

[illegible] at least once every [illegible]

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Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Shampooing, A tonic in the latest style and cheap as the cheapest.

Joe is a polite and skillful barber, and is always in readiness to serve you. Call on Market street.

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A full supply of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, etc. Large Billiard Hall and Table. Corner First and Market Street,

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words are at my service day
Fought, most, and I will fare, I may
Fought—to conscience's law divinely wed
Within my heart—the world I strive to hit,
Unjust—this worse me that my vice is buried
Either by nature's law or custom hard,
Unless—in this is summed up all my might,
Whether to do, or know, or judge aright,
I will—my diadem, by the soul inspired,
With freedom's soul—the more in my breast
I bare—at once a motto for the real,
And dare I barter 'gainst indicated zeal.
I may—is final, and at once makes clear
The way which else might vague and dim appear
Fought, most, and I will I dare, I may
These six words claim attention every day,
Only, though I see, I know I what, every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

So Nearly Parted.

BY MRS. E. BURR COLLINS.

They had quarrelled; there was no mistake about that!

Ruby's face was pale, and her dark eyes downcast; there was a petulant expression about the little red mouth, and the white hand holding a lovely Marechal Neil rose trembled so that a shower of fragrant petals flattered to the ground.

He was tall and dark, and disdainful, standing before her in the silvery moonlight, while within the brightly illuminated house gaily dressed people were moving about, and the sound of sweet, soft music came floating upon the air, for Mrs. Wallingford's ball was at its height.

But these two—affianced lovers, who had wandered away from the brilliant ball-room—were enacting a serio-comic scene, which might, perchance, end in a tragedy.

Charlie Stuart—or Prince Charlie, as he was known—stood gnawing the ends of his long, dark mustache, one hand resting upon the railing of the balcony upon which they stood.

"So this is what I have to expect in the future?" his low, passionate voice was saying angrily; "since you care so little for me now as to flirt with whomsoever pleases your fancy, what real trust or confidence can I repose in you after you are my wife?"

"I am not your wife yet!" she panted [illegible] "[illegible] I do not know that I ever shall be."

He started as though he had been struck.

"I suspected as much, he sneered. "Your conduct in allowing Philip Levison's attentions prove that!"

"You have said enough," she returned frigidly. "You have no right to take me to task for permitting the meaningless attentions of a man of the world, who has no thought of me when I am out of his sight. Charlie Stewart, I would not dare marry a jealous man—like you.

"You mean a *poor* man!" he retorted angrily. "I can see the fault, Ruby Arnold; it is my destestable poverty! This fellow Levison is rich—there is but one logical deduction. And so I——"

"Miss Arnold! I beg a thousand pardons, but—surely this is our waltz? 'Mon Reve,' you know!"

And there upon the balcony in the shimmering moonlight stood Philip Levison, blonde, hand-some, debonair.

Ruby started with a little flush of impatience, but she laid her gloved hand upon the black coat-sleeve extended, and with a half smile of farewell into Charlie's moody face, went back to the ball room.

His dark eyes followed the slender figure in its floating ball-robe of azure silk and misty white lace, and he set his teeth hard together behind his heavy mustache.

"Mon Reve!" he muttered satirically, "my dream is over! She is false and fickle like the rest of her sex!

From the very first she has insisted upon keeping our engagement secret, and all the world is in the dark, and Phil Levison never dreams that she is bound in honor to another. True, ours is not a regular engagement formally announced, and all that, but we understand each other—at least we did before this handsome aristocrat, with his gold mine, tried to come between us. And there is Edith Ross—such a pretty girl! And Levison was as good as engaged to her, everybody said—until he met Ruby, and since that time he has had eyes and ears for no one else. And Edith was Ruby's most intimate friend! Bah! a fig for woman's friendship—or love, either," he added angrily.

And then he went back to the ball-room, and almost the first person upon whom his eyes rested was the white-robed figure of pretty Edith Ross, sitting alone in the lace-draped depths of a bay-window.

He made his way to her side, and dropped gracefully into a vacant seat near. The girl's sweet face flushed for a moment, then grew pale as a snow-drop.

Charlie's eyes followed the direction of her own, and saw that she was intently watching the two floating figures upon the floor, her dearest friend and the man whom the world had believed that she was to wed.

Charlie's Stuart's handsome face darkened with a frown.

"Not content with wrecking my happiness, she must break the heart of the sweet little woman whom she claims as her friend!" he muttered under his breath.

But outwardly he was his own quiet, calm self, as he chatted gaily with the girl at his side.

The evening wore away, and like all things, came to an end at last.

But though it had seemed to Charlie Stuart as though the long hours would never pass, pride forbade his leaving before the usual time. Mrs. Wallingford's balls were *recherche*, and to leave early and upon slight pretense would assuredly provoke unpleasant comment.

"And the gossiping old harpies shall not say that Ruby Arnold has jilted me!" he muttered.

So he bore the burden of the passing hours somehow, watched Ruby in her azure and white robe dancing, laughing, and, yes, undeniably flirting, and chiefly with Philip Levison.

He observed the eyes of the gossips—keen and watchful—upon the pair, and even overheard several predictions that "that would be a match!" And by this time Charlie Stewart was in a pitiable frame of mind. But the revelry came to an end at last, and Prince Charlie, waiting in the hall with a hope of escorting his betrothed to her carriage, was rewarded by the sight of his rival tenderly wrapping Ruby's white fur cloak about her, and finally, having assisted her to her place inside the carriage, taking leave of her with apparent tenderness. And Charlie even caught these whispered words:

"You have promised me, Ruby! said Philip Levison; remember that!"

And the beautiful dark eyes were uplifed to his own, while the sweet voice answered softly:

"As if I could forget! No; when you come to me to-morrow evening, I shall have good news to tell you, I am sure!"

His face brightened.

The one word *yes* is all that I ask!" he said; and then Ruby, lifting her eyes once more as the carriage moved away, caught a glimpse of Prince Charlie's dark and angry face, a scornful smile upon his lips.

In her own room—after the ball—Ruby threw herself down upon a sofa and burst into a passion of tears, which racked her frame with stormy fury.

"He is the most provoking—the most hateful—Oh, I detest him! And yet, how could I give him up?"

And she turned slowly around upon her finger the plain little ring set with a single ruby, which Charlie Stuart had given her as a token of the secret engagement existing between them, and which was soon to have been made public. But now, alas! at that very moment, pale and wrathful, Charlie in his own room at the nearest hotel was writing her a farewell letter.

He had made up his mind to go away. England, China, even Kamtchatka, was better than to remain in New Orleans for all society to laugh at him as Ruby Arnold's rejected lover.

"Where there's a will there's a way," and the very next morning, whom should he meet at breakfast *table d'hote*—but Jack Averill, just from Texas and on the eve of returning.

"Come out with me, Prince," he proposed. "I'll give you a half-interest in my ranch if you will agree to remain and conduct the business entirely. You see, I've just married the dearest little woman, and her people will not hear of my taking her off into the wilderness yet awhile."

"I'll do it," cried Prince Charlie, with such ardor and enthusiasm as aroused instant suspicion in Averill's breast.

"Crossed in love, I'll bet a dollar," commented the wise young man to himself. "Well, if he wants to get away so badly, there's not a nice place in the known world where a man may forget things—civilization, for instance—than off in the Lone Star State.

So the arrangements were hastily concluded.

Charlie dispatched his farewell letter to his false love, telling her that he was going to Texas. But alas! Texas covers a large extent of territory, and the misguided young man omitted to give an exact address.

But then, if she wanted to see him, how easy for her to drop him a line: for he could not leave immediately, of course, and there were nearly forty-eight hours in which she might have asked him to call.

But Charlie did not know that the morning after Mrs. Wallingford's ball Ruby's mother had insisted upon carrying her into the country for a couple of days to visit a sick relative. So she missed that important letter on calling it on her return, and then it was too late. And nobody seemed to know Charlie Stuart's address.

In the meantime, over in Texas the young man entered into his work with such zeal that he soon became master of the situation, and Jack Averill felt justified in taking passage for New York, whither his wife had preceded him, and where their future home would be made.

After that Charlie settled down into a real Texas ranchman's existence trying with all his might to crush out the memory of his lost love.

The years passed until three had been told.

One day there suddenly came over Charlie an intense longing for home—for a sight of the old Crescent City.

Acting upon his impulse, he made ready for a trip thither.

He had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams and had bought Jack Averill's entire possessions, which furnished our Prince with an almost princely income.

So leaving his affairs in competent hands he started for New Orleans for a short visit.

Two days after his arrival he unexpectedly encountered Philip Levison upon the street, handsome and careless as ever.

Philip extended his hand

"By Jove! it is you Prince!" he cried gladly. "I'm so glad to see you I can't half express my delight. Go up to the house, won't you? My wife will be happy to meet her old friend once more."

For a moment Charlie experienced an insane desire to knock him down. Then a sudden impulse assailed him. Why not accept his invitation and call upon Mrs. Levison?

"Is Mrs. Levison at home?" he queried.

"Yes. Go right up. I've an appointment," and he hastened away, leaving Charlie.

A half hour later he rang a bell at the residence of the Levisons, and was shown into a room, where, in a low rocker, sat Ruby, with a little golden-haired child leaning against her knee.

She started to her feet pale and breathless.

"*Charlie!*" she gasped eagerly. "Oh, I knew you in a moment. You are not much changed after all."

"No," he answered coldly; "it is not I who have changed. You are well—and happy, of course," he added

She looked as if she were about to speak, but just at that moment a lady entered the room. Edith Ross!

"I just learn that you were here, Prince Charlie," she began; "your card was not brought up until a moment ago—how glad we are to see you! Aren't we, Ruby?"

"Yes"—how the word faltered from Ruby's lips—"of course."

"Come, baby,"—Edith stopped and lifted the child in her arms. "You met Philip down town, didn't you? My boy here is named Charlie Stewart Levison. Philip would have it so, though Edith proposed the name.

By this time Prince Charlie's olden audacity had begun to struggle back. He grasped Edith's hand, and pointed eagerly, "For Heavens sake, whose wife are you?

"Why, Philip Levisons, of course," she cried gayly. "Though had it not been for dear Ruby—who succeeded so admirably in reconciling my mother to Philip—poor mama, she did not like him then but now she thinks there was never such a good fellow!—we might never have married. But Ruby was our stanch friend all the time especially after that ball at Mrs. Wallingfords, where you lost your temper so naughtily. But there! I hear Philip in the hall.

And with baby Charlie in her arms, she flitted away and the two were alone.

"Ruby, why have you never married?

She glanced timidly into his face, and held up the hand upon which sparkled a plain ruby ring.

"I was waiting for you, Charlie!" she answered.

And so they were reunited this time never again to be parted these two, so nearly sundered for aye.

It is not permitted a Mexican to ride in the same carrige with a woman to whom he is betrothed. This is probably because there is always more or less danger of people in a carriage falling out. When a senorita has lassoed a bean she takes no risks.

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says "is often attached to an old hat; but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Odds and Ends.

What card does a girl with several lovers resemble? The queen of hearts.

An exchange states that "John L. Sullivan is going to the dogs." This is rough on the dogs.

In Germany, in the eighteenth century, a dwarf was considered a necessary appendage to every noble family.

Mr. J. G. Caldwell, of Towaliga, Ga., has not shaved in ten years. His beard is 36 inches long, and reaches to his knees.

A man who claims to know all about hens, says that they will lay eggs all winter if they are given two warm meals every day.

Entering the asylum for inebriates he asked: "Do you treat drunkards here?" "Yes sir." "Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"

The alarming intelligence reaches us that Mr. H. Clay Cavendish, of the Cutte-Cavendishes, is seriously ill with brain fever. Where he caught the brain is not stated.

"I'm astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start!" "Well, sir, I've been waiting for you to start for the last hour." And he went.

Two silly young women in Florence, Kansas, were anxious to improve their complexion, and ate arsenic. It brought them to death's door, and for a long time their recovery was doubtful.

A fire in a chimney, in which a thief in Wilmington, N. C., had concealed himself, gave him a warning which made him crawl out of the top with the agility of a cat. An officer was there, ready to receive him, and he was conveyed to prison.

It toughens children to permit them to go barefooted. They seldom take cold by accidental chilling of the feet and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, wear shoes and stockings.

A crash in the ceiling aroused a Brooklyn lady at midnight. Gazing upward, she beheld the lower limbs of a man dangling above her bed. The room was used to store weighty junk, and the rotten planks had given way beneath the extra weight of the junk-dealer.

School girl diagramming sentences at home, reads:

"True men only, know the worth of women."

"What modifies woman, papa?"

"Clothes, my child; good clothes would modify one woman I know."

"What modifies men, mama?"

"Brains my child; good brains would modify one man I know."

Papa takes down the almanac and looks for the next change of the moon, while mama feelingly inquires if his chilblains are tickling him much this evening.—*Ex.*

Jim McSmitter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of fifty dollars to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes sah."

"Now repeat precisely what he said."

"He said he would give me fifty dollars if I——"

"He can't have used those words. He did not speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. De fendant am too smart fer hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskeliry."

I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?

I was de fust pusson myself.

You do not understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you fifty dollars.

No, boss; he dident say nuthin about you payin me fifty dollars. Yore name wasnt mentioned, ceptin dat he told me of eber I got inter a scrape dat you was the best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and jury.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Through the telephone. "Is that you doctor?" "Yes, who is it?" "Mrs. Merony. Oh, doctor! what shall I do for baby? He has swallowed a dime." "Well, you surely don't want to spend two dollars to get a dime, do you?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A nurseryman says that the best kind of dogwood is the red-flowering. Our experience is that a clothes-pole is the best, because it is light enough to handle easily, and long enough to enable you to hit the dog at almost any range.—*Puck.*

—An exchange contains an article entitled "How to Breathe." We didn't suppose there was so much ignorance in the world. When a man doesn't know how to breathe the best health resort for him is a lot in a cemetery. He would spoil it kept many days above

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The first wedding in America was that of Edward Wilson and Susannah White at Plymouth in 1621.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mrs. Tom Thumb, now the Countess Magri, wears for shoes a child's No. 5, and the Count wears a child's No. 8.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Granger, of Plainfield, Mass., who has been a widow seventy-five years, celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary recently.

—Robert Collyer says the scientific length of a sermon is thirty minutes. If a man has anything at all worth saying he can say it in that time without repeating himself.

—A marked spirit of deference courtesy is shown by the more important of the English reviews in treating of the works or personality of American literary men who have won their spurs.—*Chicago Current.*

—The Emperor of Germany has conferred upon Madame Hauk the honorary title of "Imperial Chamber Singer," a distinction shared by only three other foreign prima donnas, Adelina Patti, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Arconi-Padilla.

—The Bible revisers have [illegible] confidence in the [illegible] general acceptance of the new version on the precedent afforded [illegible] King James version [illegible] general use [illegible] not received [illegible] contemporaneous with its [illegible]—*Chicago Current.*

—Some of the [illegible] of a generation or [illegible] pinions are [illegible] readers of the prose [illegible] Grenville [illegible] temperance [illegible] aqueous [illegible]—*Boston [illegible]*

—The [illegible] C. Kerr" [illegible] One who [illegible] that the [illegible] trary, you'd [illegible] light of a [illegible] family is the [illegible] to him. In [illegible] C. Kerr lives a [illegible] when he pleases, an [illegible] who adore him, he has [illegible] friends."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Dr. Albert [illegible] of America. At the [illegible] four he began his [illegible] authors," which may almost be [illegible] life work, since [illegible] for eighteen years [illegible] this task was [illegible] the manuscript no [illegible] 30,000 pages of foolscap [illegible] contains 3,140 double [illegible] measures a list of 1,600 [illegible] a production from [illegible] industrious love of literature.—*Boston [illegible]*

HUMOROUS.

—The trump [illegible] that meets by chance [illegible]

—"There are [illegible] and songs unsung," [illegible] an editor, "it is this that reconciles us to life."

—"An Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times a day." Bringing to life her, probably, cannot authorities say that kissing is deleterious to health.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Dear me," said a lady in Fifth avenue the other evening. "How the china craze is growing. Here's a New York city that is paying $2,000 for a pitcher."—*Albany Times.*

—"What makes the rain growl so loud, mamma?" asked little Joe in a thunder storm. Another small friend under similar circumstances said that she was afraid of the "quick sunshine."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Miss Miggs—"I hope, my dear, that you don't go to the theater alone." Estelle—"No, indeed. I never think of going unless I am chaperoned." Miss Miggs—"Unless you are what?" Estelle—"Chaperoned." Miss Miggs—"That is the way with me. I always like to have a chap around."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—A man in the smoking-car on the Danbury & Norwalk Railway train this morning leaned over to the man who sat in front of him and said: "Have you a match?" "Yes, but I hain't got any cigar," was the prompt reply. "Then you can't want the match," said the first man, sweetly.—*Danbury (Ct.) News.*

—A Galveston mendicant was in the habit of calling at the office of a local lawyer and receiving a small sum on account of former acquaintance. Last week the mendicant called as usual, but the lawyer said, "I can't assist you any longer, as I've got a wife now, and need all the money I can lay my hands on." "Well, now, that's just coming it a little too strong. Here you actually go and get married at my expense."—*Texas Siftings.*

—At a station down in Indiana the Lake Shore Company employs a lady ticket agent. She is a good agent, and attends closely to her business, but she is a woman still. The other day a lady traveler stopped up to the ticket window and inquired about a train that was a little late. "Will the train be long?" she asked, meaning if it would be long in arriving. "Oh, yes," was the reply of the fair ticket agent "longer than last season, but without so many ruffles around the edge."—*Chicago Herald.*

—There are lots of uses made for the express purpose of blowing out stumps, but in most cases the farmer seems to go with the stump, and go a little faster.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"My dear," asked Mrs. Wiggs of Mrs. Diggs, "can you tell me why they call them tournures?" "Yes," was the reply. "It is because you have to tournure head around to see how it hangs." "O!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

—That was a clever boy who, when he was given two shillings to dig up his aunt's garden, hid a two-shilling piece in it and told all the boys in the neighborhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.—*N. Y. Sun.*