

EMMONS COUNTY RECORD.

WILLIAMSPORT, DAKOTA.

D. R. STREETER, PUBLISHER.

The Rev. Dr. Walker, Bishop of Dakota, is a man wherever he goes. The other Sunday he preached at Wahpeton, Dakota Territory, and as he left the church a crowd of men formed a ring for two men to fight. He crossed the street, broke through the ring, separated the pugilists, and dispersed the crowd.

TWO YEARS ago Charles Phillips killed a hog and left the larger portion in a branch near Harrisonburg, Louisiana. A few days ago he happened to pass the spot and found that the hog had been completely petrified. The animal will be sent to the world's exposition to show the properties of the water of the branch.

A DELAWARE young man, whose girl went back on him, and yet refused to give up the engagement ring, sued her for it, whereupon her father sued the young man for the ring, light, and meals that were consumed during the courtship, as well as the fodder and corn for his horse, and the case was decided in the old man's favor.

MR. KASSON, who goes to Berlin as the American Minister, has been a suitor for the hand of Miss Frelinghuysen, the daughter of Secretary Frelinghuysen. "He has addressed her twice," writes a correspondent, "but his offer was both times rejected. The lady, it is said, did not so much object to Mr. Kasson as she did to going to the Northwest to live."

A WOODEN statue of George Washington was erected in 1794 in the old Battery Park, New York, where it stood until 1843, when alterations were made in the park, and the statue was sold at public auction for \$250. It was bought by Mr. Jaques, a gatherer of relics, and removed to South Norwalk, Conn. When Mr. Jaques died in 1860 the statue was sold to A. Decorato, of New York, for \$300. On Tuesday it was again sold at auction for \$300 to David J. Schiff, a tobacco dealer at 273 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, who will erect it in front of his store as a sign.

A GENIUS of Sing Sing, New York, has invented a dry battery which he expects will revolutionize the working of the telephone. It is a little oblong box, 3 1/2 inches by 1 1/2, and three-quarters of an inch deep, and attached to the instrument instead of the ordinary battery. By its use it is possible to carry on a conversation with a person 30 or 40 miles away, and to hear and be heard distinctly. The inventor claims that his dry battery will last as long as the instrument without losing its power. He has had one in constant use for three weeks, doing work that would have used up the ordinary battery in ten minutes.

AN ENGLISH traveler advises all travelers who wish to know anything of real life in a foreign country to travel third-class and live fourth-class. He says that once he went through Spain with some wealthy Americans. "They traveled first-class, I third; they always had a compartment to themselves, I had a constant kaleidoscope of ever-varying company; they slept most of the journey, I was kept very much awake. They paid heavily for everything, because they wished to pay and announced it by their manners. I paid about half for the same, because I announced that I did not wish to pay more than was reasonable.

ONE of the most significant factors in the present political problem, says the New York Herald, is found in the changes to occur in the United States Senate, the nature of which will be determined very largely by the legislatures to be elected this fall, which will be called upon to elect Senators to fill the vacancies caused by those whose terms are about to expire. Of the twenty-five Senators whose terms of office cease on the 3d of March next, fourteen are Democrats and eleven are Republicans. Successors to twenty-one of them are yet to be chosen, and of the four already elected Senator Allison is the only man who will succeed himself.

MR. ELIJAH CHAPMAN, of Belair, Md., has in his possession two perfect and well preserved specimens of paper money, the newest of which is over 110 years old. One of the notes is for 15 shillings, issued by authority of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, October 1, 1773, and signed by Alexander Todd, J. Hartley, and Joseph Mifflin. This is printed in red and black ink, the colors of which are remarkably fresh and clear. The other is a dollar note (4s. 6d.), issued by authority of the Assembly of Maryland, April 10, 1774, and signed by J. Chapman and William Eddis. The ink in which these notes are signed is perfectly black and fresh. On the back of each is the legend: "This death to counterfeit."

TWO CASES likely to give sleepless nights to directors have lately been tried in London. In the first the directors of the Wreck Recovery and Salvage Company were very near finding themselves wrecked through a share-

holder, who vowed he had been deluded by their fine prospectus. The question was whether the statements might be put down to being over sanguine or amounted to misrepresentation. One judge out of three took the indulgent view, another sided in a very lukewarm manner with him, and the third was averse to the directors. In another case Rev. Mr. Edgington got £1,500 damages from five directors, on the ground of losing money through the misrepresentation of the directors of the Army and Navy Provision Market.

BRIGANDAGE is fast dying out in Mexico, thanks to the civilization which always follows in the wake of the locomotive; but in the City of Mexico itself a band of robbers, known as "The Stranglers," are still in full surety of their powers. These midnight murderers envelope their victims in their cloak, stifle his cries in its folds, and then murder and rob him. Until recently they had a female decoy, who lived at the best hotels, and would, in some way, get the intended victim to follow her until she reached the spot selected for his destruction, when a low whistle would bring a dozen brigands from their hiding place. The woman was captured a few days ago and is now in jail, but all efforts to break up the murderous gang have so far proved unavailing.

THE Prussian people believe that Bismarck is superstitious. They say that he is awed by apparitions in uninhabited castles, shrinks from dining where thirteen sit down at a table, believes in unlucky days, and adheres to the ancient belief of the influence of the moon on every living thing. But, according to Dr. Busch, this is all nonsense, with the exception of a single story which happened at Schonhausen (where the Chancellor heard mysterious footsteps in the ante-chamber of his bedroom). "The jests about my superstitions," he said a few months ago, "are nothing but jests, or consideration of the feelings of others. I will eat at a table with twelve others as often as you like, and will undertake the most important and serious business on a Friday."

THE discussion of the Mexican pension bill in the Senate brought out some queer statistics about the pensioners of the war of 1812. The war ended nearly seventy years ago, and the number of troops engaged in it was not remarkably great; yet to-day there are actually 21,000 pensioners on the roll as widows of that war. They drew last year \$1,882,000, or five and a half times as much as the few thousand old soldiers surviving. Of course, the explanation is that some of these widows were married to the veteran warriors half a century or so after the war was over, and they became entitled to their pensions in due time when their husbands died. Thus it is not improbable that in the twentieth century a great many of the 21,000 widows will still be drawing pensions on account of the war of 1812.

AN ECCENTRIC character living in Western Massachusetts had the misfortune to lose his wife, and all arrangements were made for interring the worthy lady's remains with fitting solemnity. When the hour for the ceremony arrived, however, the bereaved husband was nowhere to be found, and consternation fell upon the funeral guests as the minutes passed without his appearing. Just as the suspense was becoming unbearable the widower came striding in from the back yard, puffing as if from violent exertion, his clothes covered with mud, and his shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbow. "Well, now," he exclaimed, in a loud tone, as he came upon the silent company waiting for him, "is everything all ready? I thought, as it was a kind of a broken day, I'd take time by the forelock and clean out the well. I won't be more'n two jiffies fixin' up, and then, if you hurry things a little, parson, we shall get to the grave full as quick's I'd been sittin' here waitin' half a day."

Long-Lived Families. The united ages of Mr. John Story, his brother, and five sisters are 5984 years, an average of 84 years and 24 months each. They are the survivors of a family of twelve, the children of the late James and Sally (Woodbury) Story, of Pigeon Cove. The children now living are: Sally, born Jan. 3, 1787; Hepzibah, Nov. 20, 1792; Amos, Jan. 14, 1797; John, April 8, 1799; Martha, Nov. 12, 1803; Mary, July 16, 1808; Judith, Feb. 25, 1812. Their father died Dec. 16, 1851, in the 90th year of his age. Their grandfather, John Story, of Ipswich, was the father of thirteen children; their great-grandfather, Seth Story, of Ipswich, was the father of fourteen children. He died Aug. 15, 1785, in the 93d years of his age. Mr. Francis Colburn, with whom the writer has had a business association for twenty-five years, says a branch of his family has a record which exceeds that of Mr. Story. The Colburn family, which originated in Dedham, consisted of the same number of living children, six sisters and one brother, all living, and their united ages are 5914 years, averaging 84 years each.—Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser.

What He Dug For. A train stopped at a station on a Texas railroad, where a gang of workmen were digging a trench. A lady passenger, stepping to the platform, asked one of the laborers what he was digging for. "For a dollar and a quarter a day, mum," said Patrick.—Galveston News.

THE ANCIENT MINER'S STORY.

BY WILL CILKIN.

Oh, yes, I'm fixed as solid, sir, as most of folks you see, and I've been so ever since I was born. At least the cyote, Poverty, has ceased to sniff at me; and I'm worth a million down—that is, it is to-day; What it might cease to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say.

A boy in old Connecticut—this dream I used to have; What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak with gold. And I from there at any time a shining lump could bring? I've got a cellar in this rock that's just that sort of thing.

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years to pay I've taken out of that there hole in less than half a day; If I could lead him up your path, I'd make him smile, at least; But his old labor-hardened hands are moulderin' in the East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to her view Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew. I'd pan a heap o' happiness out of her dear old father; And mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a different place.

Myself? Well, maybe this is soft; but since the question's put, (I wouldn't tell it to anyone except a "tender-foot.") We used to climb those Eastern hills (she was a charming witch), And prospect on what we could do when I had struck it rich.

But her old father hadn't the heart to let us marry poor. So I took out of Yankee dust and took a Western My trip it lasted several years. The old man grieved, no doubt; I saw his eyes would come back till I could buy him out.

You don't know what it is to hunt and dig from day to day; To strike a vein that almost shows, then dodges clear away; You see it with your eyes; but have you starved, and heaved, and almost died; With treasures that you couldn't find heaped up on every side?

And then her letters wandered, like; then I wondered on it for a while, then wrote a school-boy friend; And she would write this mine, and my old heart beat high; There came a letter up the gulch—it was my friend's reply.

"She's been a-wanderin' in her mind; the other afternoon I went to the asylum walls, as crazy as a loon." A rush across the barren plains, a snailish railroad ride. And I was in the asylum, too, a-kneeling at her side.

I thought she knew me, just at first; but soon she came to me; And never looked at me again, whatever I might say; She wanders round, or crouches in a western window niche; And say "My love will come to me when he has struck it rich."

No word or look for me. Oh, but the Eastern hills were so id; And nothing but ways seemed to say, "Go back and love your gold!" And I came back; and in this but my purpose A miser with his treasure bright already stowed away.

I'm president, cashier, and board of quite a wealthy bank. With none except myself to please—and no one else to thank; But nothing makes my heart beat fast—and I am growing old; With but a thing to love or leave except this pile of gold.

But I have learned a thing or two; I know, as sure as fate, When we look up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes to late; And that I'm poorer now than through those happy days in which I owned a mine, did not know that I had struck it rich.

TOO MUCH TO ASK.

When I was a young man, I entered the manufacturing house of Bell & Co. as a clerk.

The position which I held, that of chief salesman, gave me a knowledge of the wants of customers, and necessarily brought me in daily contact with the master mechanic of the concern.

This gentleman was a man of considerable ability, and much goodness of heart. We became intimate—socially, and fast friends. He was married. His wife was, to all appearances, an estimable lady—loving and unselfish.

I was a frequent visitor at their house, their society being particularly pleasurable to me; and I had reason to believe my presence equally agreeable to them. I often thought that, if I had a wife to grace my home like the one possessed by John Rivers, I should be contented and happy.

After a while a visitor arrived at the Rivers' mansion—a sister of the wife. This sister was younger, fairer, and more beautiful in every respect than the other. I, as might be expected, took a great fancy to the new-comer. An attachment sprang up between us which ripened into love; a very ardent love, on my part, at least. I then thought women were little less than angels, and she the fairest and purest of them all.

In time I declared my passion, and my sweetheart gladdened my heart by the acknowledgment of feelings similar to my own. We were engaged.

I need not tell you of the blissfulness of those days. The charm of life seemed to have just begun.

In the meantime, John grew discontented with his position at the factory. His income was large for a salaried man, but his coming was so regular, and the amount so unvarying, that there was a monotony about it which did not harmonize with his ambitious ideas. He threw up his position, and started a factory of his own. His notions of business were those of a child; his training had not been in the proper direction for success.

He failed disastrously. His wife, instead of extending the sympathy which a man, under such circumstances, craves, charged him with imbecility. Her reproaches were so constant that the poor man became distracted. The loss of his wife's love and respect, added to the destruction of his financial hopes, made him succumb entirely. He died, leaving his wife nearly penniless.

The bereaved ones took their loss quite philosophically—evinced but little grief, I thought.

I offered them all the consolation in my power—showed a becoming interest in the widow's plans of the future—made various suggestions in regard to positions which were respectable, the duties light, and the pay good—all of which advice was kindly received, but not acted on.

Though Mrs. Rivers, after her husband's misfortunes, had exhibited traits of character which would render her, during seasons of disaster, anything

but a congenial companion, I should, if I had been peculiarly able, urged a speedy marriage of myself and beloved, and offered a home free from care to the widow of my deceased friend; but the claims of my widowed mother and young sister could not be ignored, and those claims though moderate enough, were sufficiently great to keep my purse in a state of depletion quite incompatible with the permanent maintenance of strangers. My resources were too limited to entertain such a thought for a moment.

Not so, however, with the ladies. That as yet unproposed arrangement was in the minds of others uppermost in their minds; though, I opine, they had no great faith in its accomplishment, else the change in their manner towards me would not have been so marked.

I continued my attentions, of course, to my ladylove; but noticed a lack of cordiality on her part; the heretofore freely given smiles were withheld; and when I put the question to her, "How soon shall the happy day be?" she replied, "The day of our marriage may be hastened or permanently removed according to your decision in regard to a request which I have to make."

I asked her to name the request, though I confess I was not without a surmise as to the nature of it.

Said she: "It relates to my sister. Her welfare is a consideration of more importance to me just now, than a matrimonial alliance with anyone; that is, unless such alliance should contribute as much to her comfort as my own. What I wish to ask is, whether you are willing, in the event of our marriage, to undertake my sister's support, and to give her a home—a permanent home—under your own roof?"

This request, as she termed it, I felt in no position to grant. The want of delicacy displayed made me forget that solicitude for one's kindred is an admirable thing, even though allowed to outrun one's discretion; and the bargain-like way in which the matter was broached seemed to rob the subject of our union of all the tenderness with which I, in my own mind, had surrounded it.

I tried to explain to her that I was not a rich man, but expected to do for her relative whatever my ability would permit; and reminded her that if she loved and trusted me, she might safely leave the matter to my honor.

But that did not satisfy her. Counting too much upon the extent of my affection, and not realizing the effect of persistency on some natures, she pressed me to bind myself by a sacred promise, or relinquish any claim which I might fancy I had to her hand.

The conflict of emotions (love and pride) made me hesitate for a moment ere I was ready to reply. When about to speak, she seemed to divine my answer, and, anticipating it, raised her hand and said, coolly: "I know what you would say; please consider our engagement is at an end."

After a few words of entreaty and reproach on my part, and the farewell injunction, "Go, and never show your face again!" from my amiable friend, I retired from her presence.

For three weeks following this distressing interview, I was the most wretched man in the country. The alternate feelings of wrath and forgiveness, of love and chagrin, to say nothing of the rude awaking which I had experienced from my blissful dreams, so wore upon me that I could neither eat nor sleep, and became reduced to a mere shadow of my former self.

What the end might have been to me I dread to think, had not a few lines from her own pen reached me, expressing regret for what had been said—avowing a love which could not endure endless separation, and intimating that a sister's importunity was the cause of the whole unpleasantness.

That letter calmed the "troubled waters" of my soul considerably. My appetite improved; I began to assume again the appearance of a human being.

But I was in no hurry to reply. My love had received such a withering that it was in no condition to bloom again right away; and my views as to the nature and motives of women had undergone somewhat of a change. "Angelia" and "Sinceritas" were names which had been replaced in my mind by others less flattering, but perhaps more appropriate.

Indecision, common to young people suffering from heartache, led me to delay so long any recognition of her communication, that the lady evidently thought I needed another stirring up, and one, too, of a different character. I received, through her lawyer, notice of a suit brought against me for breach of promise, and pecuniary damages for injured feelings, &c.

Strange to what expedients women will resort to further their ends! I would willingly have paid the damages, although I had but little faith in the existence of injuries; but public scandal was a thing I dreaded to face; and a legal contest with a woman—a woman whom I once had dearly loved, and for whom, perhaps, I still felt a weakness—was highly distasteful to me. But I had a character to sustain, so concluded to appear as defendant in the case.

The trial, like the lady herself, was a mixture of bitter and sweet. The hand of the widow, as prime mover in the proceedings, was plainly revealed. The sympathies of the jury were largely with the fair plaintiff (beauty and tears have their influence), but the evidence was entirely against her, and she lost the suit.

Subsequent to the trial, I offered, through my attorney, to pay such part of the damages claimed as I was then able—promising to liquidate the whole in time. I did not like the attitude in which I was unwillingly placed, that of an enemy to the cherished ones of my departed friend, and made this offer to change it, as well as to show to the ladies that their welfare was a matter in which I had not ceased to take an interest. And I had, too, an undefinable heart-longing for the happy days of the past—yearning for her who once had received my caresses and a sincere wish to attain her esteem.

My offer was refused with disdain, (the frailty of a woman, or, perhaps, the disregard, for once, of the prayers of a sister,) and a verbal message sent to me to the effect that it was her earnest

hope that I should know nothing but misery for the remainder of my life.

After the lapse of several years, I was summoned to the death-bed of my forgotten friend. I found her conscious, but hardly able to articulate. She implored forgiveness, and managed to inform me that her love had always been mine—her heart had been right, though her judgment wrong.

The sudden revealing of the better side of her nature so overwhelmed me with love and grief for her—the only woman who had ever entered my heart—her helpless condition so excited my pity, that I would have made any sacrifice to prolong her life.

She died in my arms. When I go hence I shall look for her. I hope she may be found in that place from whence I, when I first met her, felt assured she came.

The Alps and Their Avalanches.

I presume there is not one boy or girl geographer in ten who has not read of avalanches; but perhaps also not one of you in ten has other than a general idea of these frightful phenomena—masses of snow and ice sliding with wild velocity down the mountains. But this is only one sort of avalanche; there are at least four different kinds known among the Alps; the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches.

Do not jump at the conclusion that the glacier avalanche, being formed of solid ice, must be the most dangerous of all. This is not the case. The glacier avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but it is comparatively harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valley.

No, the most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. I will tell you how it is formed. You already know that the loftier Alpine peaks are covered with snow the year round. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft hazy weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes heavy enough, it begins to move slowly down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing its speed, over a field of snow getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreadful rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tavich, it actually swept it from its site and then covered it completely. You will think it must have caused general ruin and death. But no; it was in the night, and it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *stau-lavinen*, most generally happens just after a snow storm, when the wind drives the loose snow from peak to peak, and hurls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche—*rutsch-lavinen*—takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of the peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.—*Wide Awake*.

Just in Time. An eastern man made a trip to the far west and at one point he waited an hour or two for a delayed train, employing the interval by walking up and down the platform giving his opinions on western customs.

"I tell you what it is," he said to a strapping big fellow in a slouch hat who had just arrived, "you western people want more of the civilization of the east, and you want more eastern people among you."

"That's what another duffer from New York said when he landed here."

"Well, he was right."

"We uns didn't somehow think so, stranger."

"Of course you didn't, and that's what the matter with you."

"That's what the other feller said."

"I'd like to see that man and shake his hand once for the sake of progress."

"You can't do it, stranger; he's on his way back to the startin' point."

"You didn't scare him away, did you?"

"Not exactly, stranger; he's in town yet, but he's ready to go when the engine pulls out."

"Where is he? I want to see him and brace him up."

"All right, stranger, just go in the deepo thar, an' ax the boss to let yer see the man in the long wooden box. Mebbe yer can see him, mebbe yer can't; leas'twise tain't goin' to hurt yer to try. If yer can brace him up, it's more'n the doctors could do, after long-legged Jim pulled on him fur swearin' thot in the siverized east thar wuz five accs in the deck."

The eastern man's train came along just in time.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Only. A lunatic whose monomania takes the direction of autographs runs violently down a steep stairway leading from a shop, and exclaims triumphantly to another sufferer whose disease is art:

"I have it! I've just bought one—genuine Raphael!"

"A Raphael?" replies his companion. "I have one."

The autograph collector, scornfully—"Yes, but yours is only a picture!"—*From the French*.

PITH AND POINT.

A COUNTRY exchange—swapping jack-knives.—*The Judge*.

AN ENGLISH paper says that no poet has yet worn the garter. It is different in this country.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Apostle Paul said that "faith without works is dead." He evidently referred to his watch.—*Paris Beacon*.

Because a man has acquired a liberal education it is no sign that he is liberal with his pocketbook.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

Even though prohibition should prevail all over this country, it would not prevent whisky from being still made.—*Texas Siftings*.

They are erecting twelve-story buildings in Chicago. It's no use; they can't get to Heaven that way. Remember Babel.—*New York Journal*.

The latest way of carving a chicken is to grab it fondly by each leg, take in a full breath and pull for all your's worth.—*Noble County Democrat*.

"What shall I do with these spoiled pine-apples?" asked a grocer's clerk. "Look out, don't touch 'em. They are intended for the church festival."

Yes, it is true that "care killed a cat," but it is also true that "Care laid down" right after the job, and wasn't able to trouble anyone else for the next six weeks.—*Hawkeye*.

The man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering that the bow of his white tie is under his left ear is superior to the poms and vanities of this wicked world.

AN INQUIRER asks: "How can I tell classical music?" That is easy enough! When you hear everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.—*New York Graphic*.

A CLERGYMAN, who recently held service in Auburn Prison, preached from the text: "Go home to thy friends." And for once in their situated, crime-haunted lives the audience expressed a desire to follow a good man's advice.

"Yes, John is a little wild, and I'm somewhat afraid of him; but he's got a good run of trade, and we can't discharge him very well. Tell you what let's do. Take him into the firm, and I guess he'll be glad to get out in less than six months.—*Boston Transcript*.

ENZY. The actor down to the footlights strode; His strides they were immense; And from his parted lips there flowed A stream of eloquence.

What causes the actors head to spin, And his sight to leave him there? 'Twas the blaze of the plumber's diamond pin That gleamed in an orchestra chair.—*Wilkesbarre Union*.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Bumper," remarked his wife as he came in with his pocket full of smashed eggs and tried to explain himself, "nature furnishes the material and leaves it to its own course for man to make the fool. It relieves nature of a great responsibility."

Mr. Bumper didn't stop to argue the point, but kept on scooping egg shells and yolk from his pistol pocket.—*Peck's Sun*.

WHEN David Tod was Governor of Ohio a Columbus dentist once came to him and said: "Governor Tod, why do you not spell your name with two d's? I spell my name that way, and I find that on examination of genealogical records that the most eminent members of the Tod family spelled their names 'Todd.'" "Well, you see," said the Governor, very gravely, "the Almighty gets along with one d in His name and I believe I can get along with one d in mine."

Mrs. Jensen had a lazy husband, and was foolishly fond of him. One day she said to a sensible lady friend of hers: "Really, it may sound silly to say it, but I just worship my husband."

"You oughtn't to do it. It's wrong."

"Not very, I hope." "Yes it is, if the divine injunction against that sort of thing is worth anything." "Why the Bible doesn't say anything against that, does it?" "Of course; don't you know it says you mustn't worship anything that's idle?"—*Merchant Traveler*.

IN THE window of a shop devoted to the sale of hardware and kitchen furnishings, the sign "Iron Sinks" appears in letters of considerable size. An individual whose ideas had become somewhat confused by the combined action of heat and alcohol, came along that way and beheld this announcement, whereupon he braced himself against a convenient lamp-post, and sapiently moralized as follows: "Well, I hate a fool! Man must be an ash to sthick—hic—up such a sign as that. Iron sinks! Was er use putting that up in the window? Everybody knows it shinks. Look here!" to the proprietor, who at that moment appeared at the door, "Why don't yer put 'Wood floats in yer other winder'? You must think public don't know nothing." And thus saying he walked away, shaking his head sapiently and wondering at the shop-keeper's simplicity.

A Pathetic Piece. A literary society had assembled at a house on Clifton street the other night when a stranger pulled the bell and said to the gentleman who answered it: "Is this a literary meeting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, I should like to come in and read my piece."

"What is it?"

"It is something to draw tears from every eye."

"But what's the subject?"

"It's about onions, sir."

For a long time the two glared at each other, and as the owner of the house reached for his revolver the stranger fled into darkness.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Medicinal Item.

The child of a very fashionable Austin lady was sick. The doctor came and wrote out a prescription, which the servant girl carried to the drug store.

"If the child don't keep the first powder on his stomach, you must give him another one," remarked the clerk, as he pasted the label on the bottle.

"Gib him anudder one!" exclaimed the colored lady. "Of course we is gwine'er gib him anudder one. We ain't no poor folks. You don't s'pect we's gwine'er gib him de same one agin, does yer?"—*Texas Siftings*.