

Fine clothes do not make the man until they are paid for.

A big head is no more evidence of brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.

Members of the Can't-Get-Away Club wear a sort of durn-yr-resort expression.

May a Hibernian oysterman, with strict propriety, be called an oyster party?

When a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

Honor and shame from no condition rise; act your part well, and the critics will tell the lies.

"The sweets of liberty" might probably mean the liberty you take with the lips of a pretty girl!

Cervantes has said: "Every one is the son of his works." This makes the great Krupp a son of a gun.

"Ninety and nine" folks in the hundred make a mistake when they cut off a dog's tail. They preserve the wrong end.

Tell not your secrets in a corn field; it has thousands of ears. Kiss not your girl in a potato field; it has myriads of eyes.

He was a very lazy man who, in responding to a note from a friend who asked to be excused, merely replied, "IXQU!"

To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better; but to act kindly is best. Let warm, and loving light shine on all around you.

"Quality is the thing, not quantity," was the rejoinder given to a fat-headed chap who had observed, "I have as much brain as you."

A Nevada bed bug bit a man on the lip and both bug and man died from the effects of it. The doctors didn't know which to post mortem on.

The man who owns a gold collar button, with a diamond set in the center, always considers it cooler and more comfortable to go without a necktie.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asked a timid miss.

"Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

Said a literary father to his athletic son, "Byron, my son, never played base ball." Putting on his orange-colored shirt, the boy remarked: "And George Washington never wrote poetry."

Old Mrs. Rothschild, when ninety-seven, said to her physician, "Doctor, you must keep me up for three years more at least; it would be discreditable for a Rothschild to go off under par."

In reply to a person who asked the derivation of the word "restaurant," Bayard Taylor replied jokingly, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Restaurant is derived from res, 'a thing' a tarus, a 'bull'—a bully thing."

An Oil City boy, who had run away from home, and at last returned, was asked if his father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal. "Not much!" he replied. "He didn't kill the fatted calf, but he wanted to slay the prodigal."

Lamar will be sorry to learn of this. The noble, the courageous Conkling took the lie direct like a little man, and now he retires from the shot-gun when it's cocked. Splendid fellow, Conkling. Brave as a lion. None but the brave, by the way, deserve the fair.

A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

"So," said Hood, addressing the gate keeper, who was very hoarse, "you haven't recovered your voice yet?" "No, sir," the man answered; "I've caught fresh cold." "But why did you catch a fresh one? Why didn't you have the old one cured?"

'Tis said that a man is a half inch taller in the morning than in the evening. Borrowers of money will please take notice. Always call on a man before breakfast when you desire to negotiate a loan, for he will not be so "short" then as in the latter part of the day.

A flock of geese endeavored to face the storm on one of our streets and all succeeded in going a considerable distance except one old gander who tried to back up against it. After making 27 somersaults he concluded he had better go the other way. A friend of ours will vouch for the veracity of this story.—Iberville South.

The Baltimore Gazette says: "In the N. Y. Tribune there was a powerful editorial entitled 'Shotgun Despotism.' We seized it nervously expecting to find an elucidation of the reprehensible conduct of ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, but it turned out to be a stricture of some sort on some absurd Democrats down in Mississippi."

"Jimson, did you hear my friend Blow-harden make that speech in the court house to-day?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"Well, I tell you what's the fact? He can bring an argument down to a pin't about as quick as any feller I ever saw."

"Yes," replied the other; "but he can bring a quart of whisky down to a pint a heap quicker'n than that." Early adjournment.

TWO OF THEM.

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat, with his daughter having a cozy chat; She was his only child, and he thought her as fair as a girl could be. A wee bit jealous the old man grew if he fancied any might come to woo; His one pet lamb and her loving care He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he—

"There should be two to welcome me When I come home from the field at night;

Two would make the old homestead bright. There's neighbor Grey with his children four,

To be glad together. Had I one more A proud old father I'd be, my dear,

With two good children to greet me here." Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm tree

Donald waited alone and she for whom he waited his love call heard, And on either cheek the blushes stirred. "Father," she said, and knelt her down,

And kissed the hand that was old and brown— "Father, there may be two if you will, And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night; Two to make the old homestead bright; I—and somebody else." "I see,"

Said the farmer; "and who may 'somebody' be?"

Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek, That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!

Away from his gaze she turned her head, "One of Teighlo Gray's children," she said.

"If'n!" said the farmer, "make it plain; Is it Susan, Alice or Mary Jane?"

Another kiss on the aged hand, To help the father to understand? "If'n!" said the farmer, "yes; I see— It is two for yourself and one for me,"

But Bessie said, "There can be but one For me and my heart till life is done."

THE PARRICIDE.

Many years ago, before the era of railroads, and when the highwaymen abounded along the great route from Calais to Paris, a noted drover, who had been to Boulogne with a large drove of horses which he had sold for cash, was overtaken by night, on his return, near Marquise. He remembered that a little distance ahead was a quiet inn he had never stopped at, and he determined to spend the night there.

As he rode up to the house the landlord, an elderly person, received his horse and led him away to the stable, while he invited the drover to enter the public sitting-room.

Here he found two young men, one of whom from his resemblance to the landlord he recognized as his son; the other, somewhat older, from his manners appeared also to belong to the family. Immediately after supper (during which the drover stated where he had been, and what good luck he had met with) the son mounted a horse, and stating that he was going to Marquise, to stay all night, rode off. The drover, having looked after the comfort of his horse, soon after requested the landlord to show him to his room.

As the traveler slipped off his garments, he felt for his leathen belt about his waist, to see that it was secure. This contained his gold, while his paper money was in a large wallet, carried in a pocket made for the purpose, in the inside of his vest. Depositing these articles beneath his pillow, he extinguished his light and threw himself upon the bed, where, overcome by weariness, he soon fell asleep.

How long he had been in this state of forgetfulness he could not tell, when he was aroused to wakefulness by the sound of some persons endeavoring to open the window near the head of the bed. At the same time he heard suppressed voices without as of several persons in whispered consultation.

Started by this suspicious appearance of things, the drover reached toward the chair on which he had thrown his clothes for his weapons; but to his dismay, he remembered that on his arrival, when fixing to wash off the dust of his journey, he had laid them aside within the bar, and had neglected to resume them.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, the defenseless drover slipped from the foot of the bed, and hid himself in the darkness behind a lot of woman's dresses suspended from the wall, and watching the motions of a man who was now slowly but cautiously entering the room. He even fancied he could detect the reflection of a dim light upon the upraised knife as the man approached the bed with staggering and uncertain steps.

But great was his relief when, instead of an attempt at murder, the intruder carelessly shuffled off his clothes, and throwing himself upon the bed he had just vacated, was soon buried in deep slumber.

Not knowing what to make of this strange affair, the drover determined to dress himself, call up the landlord, and have this singular intrusion explained. He had reached his clothes and slipped on his trousers, and was moving toward the door, when steps were heard cautiously crossing the outer room. Once more he sought the shelter of the dresses, which completely screened his person, and awaited the entrance of the parties, whoever they might be. Presently the door of the room was silently opened, and two men made their appearance. It was not so dark but that the drover could readily distinguish them to be the innkeeper and the man he had seen at the supper table.

"Step lightly, I tell you," whispered the landlord, "or you'll wake him up, and then we'll have a pretty mess on our hands."

"Nonsense," replied the other with an oath. "You are scared, old man."

"Scared," replied the first speaker. "No man ever told Jean Garnier before he was scared. Here, give me the knife! I'll show you who is scared! You secure the money—it's under the pillow; I saw him put it there—and I'll do the rest."

The old man was now in advance, and as he stood between the window and the drover, the latter could see his form bent

over the bed, while his hand seemed to be searching beneath the pillow. "There, Henri, take it. Here's the wallet, and here's the belt. How heavy it is!" and he passed the money to his companion before the other had yet reached the bedside.

The old man then put his hand to his bosom, and the trembling drover saw him draw forth the long blade the other had given him. For an instant the murderer's weapon was poised over his head, and then descended upon the person of the wretch in the bed.

The murderer paused in his work for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he then moved quickly from the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps had died in the distance, the horror-stricken drover escaped through the window, and ran with all his speed to Marquise, where, arousing the people of the hotel, he told his fearful story. A crowd soon collected around him, and accompanied him to the scene of the foul murder.

All about the house was still, but on approaching the stable a light was discovered within; and moving noiselessly to the door, and peering through the cracks, the two murderers were found in the act of digging a grave beneath the flooring. A rush was made upon them, and they were arrested.

At the sight of the drover, who was the first to confront the guilty wretches, the landlord uttered a shriek of terror and fell to the ground, while his accomplice, pale as a corpse, gazed upon him with aghast, not doubting it was the ghost of the murdered man who stood before him.

The party now proceeded to the house dragging the two murderers along with them.

Lights were procured, and still keeping the prisoners with them, the people entered the room where lay the body of the man so strangely murdered instead of the horse dealer. The wife and the daughter followed.

When the covering was removed from the face of the corpse, and the full light of the candles flared upon it, a wild cry burst from the lips of the landlord's wife. "My son—my murdered son! Who has done this?"

And with a hysterical scream she fell to the floor. On investigating it was ascertained that the son of the innkeeper had visited Marquise the previous evening where, with some of his associates, he had been engaged in drinking and gambling, and being too much intoxicated to remount his horse, some of his fellow-gamblers accompanied him home; and supposing the room in which the drover had been put to be vacant, assisted the drunken man into the window.

From that awful hour the wretched mother remained a raving maniac. It is only necessary to add that the drover recovered his money, and the two murderers paid the penalty of the crime upon the guillotine.

NOT SELF MINDFUL.

An accident, a somewhat ludicrous one, too, of the fire at the Hagerstown Hotel, has been told us by one who was there and who literally "barely" escaped with his life. He is a traveling man. Being suddenly awakened that night by a bright light shining in his face, he discovered that the window-frame of his room, on the third floor, was one blaze of flame and the apartment was rapidly filling with smoke. He at once left, how he knows not, but finally succeeded in reaching the ground by a jump from a second story window. When safely landed he stood watching the work of destruction, and near by him were a group of very thinly clad females, also gazing.

While thus standing he noticed a party of five men hurrying past with a quantity of feminine apparel. He immediately, with that gallantry so in keeping with a traveling man, hailed the men with; "Look here, you fellows, give these ladies some of those clothes."

The reply was in an instant: "All right, stranger, we'll do so; but don't you think it would be a good idea to put on a pair of spurs yourself?"

The last remark caused him to investigate himself, when he found that his whole costume was a shirt, a vest and a pair of gaiters, while the rest of his garments hung idly over his arm. Our friend blushed, sought a refuge, and pulled on his pants.—Norristown Herald.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who, for a joke, and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent him to Dr. B— with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times, with wearisome multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just one moment, Professor—one thing more." Finally, his hearer's much tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said: "I only want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable."

"My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals, you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race." The engineer departed.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll tells a story of a Dutch farmer at Fairbury, Ill., who, on being asked if he was a Democrat, answered: "Nix; I ish nod a Demograd."

"Are you a Republican?" "Nix, I ish nod a Republichan nider."

"Then you have no politics?" This seemed to be an impeachment, and he got indignant, and in a burst of wrath he defined his position.

"Hain't got no bolidix, eh? You bet I got more so much bolidix es you don't dare got, eh?"

"Well, what is your pour polities?" "Vat ish my bolidix! Vy, I dells you vot my bolidix ish. Feudly cends a pushel for mine gorn and doo glasses of jagor beet for nine cends. Dems my bolidix, and dems better bolidix than yer tam Republichan or Demograd bolidix. Eh, vat you got to say now, py tam?"

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