

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

Fair is the flash of the summer dawn,
When the gate of pearl uncloses
As it glimmers along the dewy lawn
And shimmers amid the roses;
As it wakes the little drops of dew
To quiverings of delight,
And threads the sides of the forest through
On the trail of the flying night.
Soft is the gleam of the summer stars
When the feverish day is over,
When the fays are aloft in silvery cars,
And the dusky moth is a rover,
When over the couch of the dreaming flowers
The mists of the fountain creep,
And the languid ears of the drowsy hours
Are wooed by song of the deep.
But the dazzling hues of the morning fall,
And dull are its golden lances,
And all the light of the stars grows pale
In my darling's tender glances;
For the stars may burn with a thousand dyes,
And a myriad sunbeams fall,
But the light of love in a woman's eyes
Is the purest light of all.

—Samuel Maynard Peck.

Little Kit's Locket,

"There's Jeremiah—and the peaches!" snapped Miss Prudence Mattison, her dark eyes glooming somber thunders in the direction of a lank country-boy who was mopping his forehead with a yellow bandanna handkerchief, as he watered his horse at the stone basin just outside the osage-orange hedge that surrounded John Thorndyke's farm.

Inside the wagon were rows of peach-baskets, full of great, velvety spheres, glowing beneath a pink mist of netting.

"Well?"
"This lazy little query was languidly dropped by Kate Thorndyke, who had been sitting with her aunt on the front porch for the past hour, as her dark-blue, dreamy eyes reluctantly sank from sunset wonders to this world of actualities.

"Well? It's far from well!" growled Miss Mattison. "Here these peaches have come back from town—"

"Couldn't help it marm," interpolated the rueful knight of the bandanna, as he stumped up the piazza steps, to give an account of himself. "You told me to get a dollar a bushel for them peaches, and the market was so full I was only offered seventy-five cents, so in course I had to bring 'em home ag'n."

"And didn't you know that as the peaches won't keep till to-morrow that it was better to sell for that price than not at all? Oh! Jeremiah, Jeremiah! will no one ever succeed in beating a thimbleful of wit into that red head of yours?" queried Miss Prudence, seemingly of the universe at large, as she tilted her sharp nose and angular chin, and searched the blue vault of heaven despairingly.

The namesake of the prophet ambled ruefully away, his bandanna trailing in the dust; and Miss Mattison and her pretty niece were left alone to consider the situation.

Not that John Thorndyke, the handsome young widower who owned Thorndyke Farm and used it as a summer residence, would have cared two straws whether those eight bushels of red-gold peaches were wasted or not; but his aunt and sister, who had been left at the head of affairs when he had been called away to St. Louis on business, had determined to conduct affairs so wisely as to come off with flying colors, and to be a perpetual demonstration of the thrift and capability of womankind to scoffing mankind, as embodied in John.

"If John found out about this, how he would tease us!" mused Kate.

"We must do something," declared Miss Prudence, desperately. "I'd go back to town with the peaches myself, but it is really too late," she sighed, as she noted that the sunset was fading into twilight, and the intermittent lamps of the fireflies were already flashing along the waxen-dark hedge.

"I have it!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly, clapping her pink palms, as a brilliant idea solved the vexed question. "We'll can them and sell them at the Grange store."

"That we will," assented Miss Prudence, nodding so vigorously that her short black curls stood on end, like Queen Dido's in the old nursery game. "We'll do finely, if everyone helps—you and I, and Sue, Mary and Jeremiah."

"Me, too!" piped a small, sweet, unexpected voice; and Baby Kit, a golden-haired morsel, of five years, rolled from the little pink hammock where she had been taking her afternoon nap, and came forward to demand her rightful share in the domestic excitement.

So she was provided with a kitchen-knife, which had outlived its best days, with which she hacked ineffectually away at the rosy peaches, during intervals of hovering over bubbling kettles, until her white eyelids began to droop, and she was borne away from the busy scene.

Miss Prudence had her subordinates in excellent training; so, although Jeremiah, heaving a long sigh that would have done credit to the weeping prophet himself, when his boon-companion whistled in vain for him by the osage-orange hedge, and Sue and Mary exchanged rueful glances, as they remembered how every one else was eating peaches and cream at the social of the "Daughters of Temperance," over in the round-topped school-house, no one

uttered a word of complaint, while they worked steadily away through the long, scented summer night.

The glow of dawn was just creeping over the pearly sky, and the sleepy young birds were beginning to chirp, when the last tin-can was sealed and marshaled with the long ranks of its comrades on the white-pine floor.

"Has it paid?" yawned Kate, brushing away a clinging, velvet coil of peach-paring from her checked apron with stiff fingers.

Sue, Mary and Jeremiah, remained circumspectly non-committal.

"Of course it has!" replied Miss Mattison, every short black curl defiantly triumphant, as she regarded the rows of peach-cans much as if they formed an important link in the chain of woman's progress.

It was a perfect day for a nutting excursion. The purple mist slept on the distant swells of prairie as softly as a bridal veil; the maples, sumachs and oaks, were fairly iridescent, and the ivory hickory-nuts were tumbling from the husks with every breeze that blew, much to the delight of the newsboys and bootblacks of Kent Brainard's mission school.

Kent Brainard was the principal owner of the great foundry that puffed its clouds of soot and sparks upward at all hours of the day and night.

He also owned a cattle-ranch in Western Kansas, and was the projector of a new railroad; so, even if he had been other than the handsome bachelor he was, the girls of Brainardville would have deemed him a golden prize in the matrimonial pool.

But he had fought his way up from the ranks, and now seemed to see in every ragged boy a counterpart of his old self, as he ran errands, sold newspapers, and did everything possible to aid his frail, pretty little mother in her struggle for bare bread and leaking roof.

So he founded a lodging-house for poor boys, established a miss on school, and devoted every moment that he could spare from business to the elevation of the little ragamuffins, who adored him with all their warm hearts.

"So odd of him!" said Rosa Boffin, a pretty girl with "blonde" hair, long-eye-lashes, which she made the most of, and pretty gestures and tricks of expression, which she practiced daily before a mirror.

But, nevertheless, she developed an unsuspected vein of piety, and took a class in the mission school, where she beamed upon the thirteen boys that fell to her share as sweetly and sunnily as was possible for any one to do whose heart was seething all the time with dejection for themselves and their pranks.

The children had finished gorging themselves upon a substantial lunch, and Kent Brainard and all the teachers of the mission school were seated at an especial table as Miss Boffin's invited guests.

It was decked with the daintiest nappery, bright silver and colored glass-ware, and loaded with the most tempting of lunches, yet Kent Brainard's glance kept roving toward his adventurous youngsters.

"Won't you have another peach, Mr. Brainard?" said Rosa, sweetly.

"That foolhardy little Tom Matthews will certainly fall, said Kent, absently, as he watched a little carrot-headed fellow climbing like a monkey to the very topmost bough of a hickory tree.

"I wish he would fall! I wish every ragamuffin in the world would break his good-for-nothing little neck, and then perhaps Kent Brainard would have eyes and ears for other people!" Rosa breathed into the little pink ear of Mamie St. John, another pretty mission teacher.

Rosa's pity was evidently only a thin veneering.

"Oh, I suppose he's training up Tom Matthews's cross-eyed little sister, Biddy, for his wife. He appears to be just infatuated with the slims!" whispered Mamie, in return, making a little grimace of pretty disdain.

"Another peach, did you say, Miss Rosa?" inquired Kent, after he had watched little Tom descend in safety.

"Yes thank you, I will have one. Those great, yellow, rose-tinted globes are precisely my idea of ambrosia!"

But a fat young man who was devoted to Mamie St. John, and likewise to the good things of this world, had helped himself to the last peach in the cut-glass dish, and as Rosa tilted the tin can, to renew the supply, something fell with the peaches—something that proclaimed itself as brightly as gold when an arrow of sunlight caught it.

It was a locket with the inscription "Aunt Kate to Little Kit," traced on one side, as Kent discovered, after immersing it in the goblet of water, and wiping it with a napkin which blazed with the Boffin "B," done in red, etching-silk.

Kent opened it curiously and studied the face within attentively.

Frank, sweet eyes of the darkest blue met his own; a saucy, tender mouth laughed up at him; and he could almost fancy that the dimple nestling in the sweet-pea cheek deepened beneath his gaze, so overflowing with radiant life was the girlish face.

"How romantic!" echoed Mamie St. John, peeping over his shoulder. "Now, of course, you will trace the

peaches from Johnson's, where Rosa bought them, to the place where they were canned, and never rest till you have found the fair original, when the thing will and in cream-colored satin and the Wedding March!"

"Thank you for the suggestion!" said Kent, his dark eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Nonsense!" broke in Rosa, a trifle tartly for she didn't relish this trifling. "Mr. Brainard will never care half as much for any woman as he does for little Tom Matthew, Billy Jenkins and the rest of the ragged crew."

"Tis said that every man meets with his Waterloo in the form of some fair woman. Even Michael Angelo and his Vittoria Colonna, and why should not Kent Brainard, that rugged old bachelor with phebeian tastes," waving his shapely hand toward the "ragged crew" in question, "have his 'Kate'?" laughed Kent.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, however, and Rosa would have felt the misty foundations of her rapidly-rising air-castle beginning to melt away, could she have seen Kent carefully lay away the little locket in the pink satin folds of a glove-case that she had given him for Christmas, as he soliloquized:

"Why shouldn't I at least trace out little Kit, and give her back her locket?"

"Kent Brainard is one of the few men that I would be willing to trust your happiness to, my pet. And it was all those peaches. Blessings on that stupid Jeremiah!" beamed Miss Mattison, kissing the half-hidden flushed cheek belonging to her niece, who had just buried her head in her aunt's ample lap, after telling the story that is as old as the hills, yet always as fresh and sweet as the rosebuds.

By which it will be seen that Mamie St. John was a true prophet.

"It wasn't all those peaches," said

Kate, raising her pretty, crumpled dark head with a pretty little laugh. "Part of it was Kit; for if she hadn't dropped her locket into the kettle of peaches, like the dear little meddlesome darling that she is, I wouldn't be the happy girl that I am to-day."

"Give credit where credit is due,"

laughed John Thorndyke, coming into the room. "If the much maligned little god, Cupid, who occasionally does do a good thing; hadn't saved Brainard from all the girls who must have been pulling caps for him, and our 'queen rose' from the lovers who were buzzing about her like so many bees, and brought them together, peaches would have availed very little."

"It was a clear case of Cupid and peaches!" admitted Miss Mattison with her expressive little curls all adutter as she beamed felicitations upon the universe in general through her steel-bowed spectacles.

Pestered by the Penniless.

Hardly a day passes that Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. Cyrus W. Field and other men of influence in the financial world are not pestered by persons with little money who apply to them to be aided in making fortunes in Wall street. The persons are not downright beggars; they are willing to put up the little money they have, but they want to do it through the hands of these eminent gentlemen, believing that that course will secure them sure and big returns.

A reporter sat in Mr. Sage's office the other day when a man once well known in Wall street came in and interrupted the conversation between Mr. Sage and the reporter by saying that he was penniless, but that he had a little credit in a broker's office. "Tell me what to do, Mr. Sage," the intruder said; "tell me what stock to operate in for a turn. That's all I ask. I can't afford to lose a cent. My folks are in want of the necessities of life." Mr. Sage told him that it was pretty difficult to say what to do, but after thinking a bit told him to buy 100 shares of a certain stock. "I think you will make \$100 on it," added Mr. Sage, "but if the market goes against you I'll protect the stock for you."

The man made his \$100 and a little more, and next evening, when Mr. Sage returned home, Mrs. Sage showed him a letter from the wife of the man who had appealed for aid thanking her in the warmest terms for the conduct of her husband.—New York Sun.

George Washington's Suit.

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, of the North American Review, has become the owner of the silk coat, waistcoat and kneecroppers, and the gold knee and shoe buckles which George Washington wore when he took the inaugural oath of first president of the United States. The price is supposed to have been about \$500.—Harper's Bazar.

A Wise Crow.

Engineer Jack Ellis, of Williamsport, Pa., has a very large and wise crow. He is too feet long from the tip of his beak to the tip of his tail feathers, and is a scientific thief. A shepherd dog, chained to a kennel in the yard, is one of the worst victims. Whenever he sees the dog gnawing a bone he sneaks up behind him and grabs him by the tail; the sudden attack causes the dog to quickly wheel about to find out what's there, but the crow holds on, and goes around with the tail to where the coveted bone is, snatches it up, and in an instant is out of the reach of the angry animal.—New York Sun.

OLD HICKORY'S HERMITAGE.

A Visit to the Interesting Tennessee Home of Andrew Jackson.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who recently visited "The Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's old Tennessee country seat, writes as follows:

When my presence became known on the broad piazza an aged negro came forward and greeted me with curious and quaint politeness. His hair was white, his black face wrinkled and wizened and he was but poorly dressed. "Welcome, sah! to de 'Hermitage,'" he said, with a broad salaam and sweep of his ancient hat. I soon learned that this was "Uncle Alfred," one of the last of Gen. Jackson's servants.

He was born at the "Hermitage" eighty-four years ago and has never left the place. He is now a kind of factotum, and to him has been especially assigned the task of escorting such pilgrims as may visit the historic spot and worship at the shrine of St. Andrew. He is a comical old soul. "G'way, chillen," he exclaimed to a group of youngsters of all shades, who had gathered about. "Hy'ar you, Jim, tie de gemman's boss; come in, sah!" and Uncle Alfred led the way through the massive oaken door into the great hall of the "Hermitage."

There was a suggestion of grandeur about this old hall, even though it were barren of adornment and not wholly free from the ravages of time and presence of dust. Uncle Alfred placed an old-fashioned hickory-bottomed chair for his visitor and at once began to explain, in his old-fashioned, obsequious way, that "de Kunnel" (Col. Andrew Jackson, jr.), was not at home. "He done gone to Nashville," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"They're trying to give the old place away to de Gov'ment, and de Kunnel gone to town to see de Legislature. Guess dey won't drive ole missus out and all of us, but de Kunnel's mighty 'fraid of dem folks in Nashville."

Just then a feeble, querulous voice came from an inner room. "Alfred!" "Yes, missus," and the old man, with a "Sense me, sah!" hobbled through a side door. "Who is the gentleman?" I heard the same voice ask. "Where is Andrew? I will not leave here till Andrew comes."

I divined at once that this was the aged daughter-in-law of Andrew Jackson. I beckoned Uncle Alfred, handed him a card, and ask if I could see Mrs. Jackson. In a second the old servant, bowing and scraping, ushered me into a plainly-furnished room. In a great easy chair sat a decrepit old lady. Her little body swayed back and forth, her neat little cap was closely drawn over thin, white hair, and her eyes were lustreless. She put forth an attenuated hand and smiled in a kind of a helpless way, but said with dignity: "I trust, sir, you will not require me to leave until my son returns. I am very old, and it would be cruel to force me out of the house without seeing him first." I at once assured the old lady that I had no such mission. She became calm, and toyed with the card a moment. "You came from Nashville?" she asked. I told her yes, but did not live there. "I am from Chicago."

"Ah! Chicago. What a great city that is. My father," and here the old lady drew herself up proudly, "my father took great interest in Chicago when it was only Fort Dearborn. But I have never been there. Hannah?" A likely young colored woman appeared. "The gentleman will excuse me, I know; I must lie down. Alfred will show you about the place, sir. Here, Hannah, give me your arm."

The old lady rose slowly and feebly, and supported by her servant, tottered from the room.

"Missus is gittin' mighty old," said Alfred, who appeared; "she's eighty-three now, an' she's drefful 'fraid of bein' put out of de 'Hermitage.'" Alfred led the way to the back piazza, and with reverential forefinger pointed out a small log house with two windows and an outside chimney, such as are so common in the South. "Dat was de house ole mass', de Gin'l, first lived in," he said, in a retrospective tone.

"Dis yer house was built in 1826, but de Gin'l never 'joyed hisself yer. Dat ole house was where he lived wid de fus' mass'—dar was where he cum when he cum back from New Awleens; dar where his frens use to come befo' he was President. I was bawn dar, sah! My mammy was de Gin's cook, an' you see dat kitchen offen de cabin? I was bawn dar, sah, in 1802."

I saw that Uncle Alfred was in a communicative mood and that he had a remarkable memory, and so I let him rattle on. "Dis yer house was built in 1826—now wat; not dis yer house exactly, fo' yo' see dat de house dat was built den was burned down in 1832. Next year it was built up agin—dat's dis yer house. It was de old house dat de fus' mass' died in. She had only been out o' de cabin over dar two years. De Gin'l had been elected President. Missus was packin' her trunks to go to Washington when she took sick and died jist befo' Christmas, 1828. It nearly broke de Gin'l's heart. Dis yer new house was never de same to him after."

Old Alfred led the way to the log cabin. It is a miserable, rickety affair, used now as the home of pigs and chickens. It is very hard to realize that in this tumble-down wreck, Andrew Jackson, in 1804, entertained

Aaron Burr. But such is the fact. Here, too, he dined the Marquis de Lafayette, who afterwards wrote most charmingly of the hospitality he encountered at the "country home of Gen. Andrew Jackson." That "country home," as Lafayette saw it, was an humble affair indeed. The mud which filled the chinks between the logs long since fell away. The chimney has crumbled, the logs themselves are fast decaying; it is a grand but historic wreck. Leading the way down a tangled and winter-swept garden, old Alfred approached a domed structure. "Dis yere's de Gin'l's tomb," he said reverently and off came his hat. I could do no less than Alfred. My own came off. The tomb was built by Jackson before his death in honor of the wife he loved so well. It is a dome, supported by fluted columns, with cornice, frieze and architrave. Rising from the base is a simple marble shaft, pure and undefaced, save by the hand of the vandal. Two slabs lie beneath the pavilion. The inscription on one was written by the President himself. In the stormiest portion of his career, when he was fighting the Nullificationists, battling with the Bank, cursing the enemies of the Union, and swearing in the choicest invective at his own political foes, he found time and sentiment, both based upon affection and love, to write this beautiful epitaph for the slab of his dead wife:

Here lie the remains of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, Wife of PRESIDENT JACKSON, Who died the 23d of December, 1828. Aged 61.

Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slender might wound but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could not transport her to the bosom of her God.

And there it is to-day. Weeds creep over it. Beetles come out in the spring sunshine and crawl over the blackened slab; dirt has settled in the cutting so that a penknife must be used to decipher it, but there is the inscription just as the bereaved man wrote it. The adjoining slab is newer. It lies beside that of the beloved Rachel and bears simply the words:

Here lie the remains of Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, Wife of PRESIDENT JACKSON, Who died the 23d of December, 1828. Aged 61.

"I stood right dar," said old Alfred, "de day de Gin'l was buried. It war a great funeral. All de military companies was yere from Nashville and de garden was full of people. De sojers fired dere guns, company after company, de people bowed dere heads, we colored chillun stood aroun' cryin', and it was a drefful moment. De Gin'l was lowered right down under dat slab. He had bricked up de grave long befo' he died, and he said dere must be no dirt thrown on him. De coffin had a thick glass top and he left orders dat it must be put in the bricked-up grave and covered with a plank only, and then dat slab put on top. If yo' could lift dat slab you could go right down in de Gin'l's grave." And so old Alfred rattled on.

There is one room in the old house devoted to swords, canes, pipes, and bric-a-brac once owned by Jackson. These old Alfred delights to show, but I cannot burden this article with a description. They have been handled until they are worn. One of the curious things shown is the will of "Old Hickory." It bequeaths everything to his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, jr., and is signed with a firm hand.

President Depew's Good Advice.

President Chauncey M. Depew of the New York Central railroad, in a recent speech to the employes of his railroad, said: "No man can stand still. The moment he tries to do nothing but eat his meals and bottom chairs, he is no use. He goes back. His opinion is not worth any thing, and no man will pay him two cents an hour. A man is like a locomotive. Ambition is the engineer. Hope is the fireman. The station where he stops to take in coal and water are his home, the church, the society he keeps, the libraries he uses. There are no breaks on this locomotive. When he stops, the locomotive must run back. How shall a man use these two months of the year which he has at his disposal? There is a gentleman who always steps in just here—a gentleman whom I have often seen. He is called the devil. Some men do not believe in the personal devil. I do. I meet him every day of my life. He is one of the most cheerful fellows you ever knew."

Society in New York.

At Mrs. Scarlett—Aster's dance: Mrs. S. A.—"Oh, here you are at last, Mr. Snobson. Now you must come in to this german with a friend of mine, charming girl, I assure you." Mr. S.—"Haw. Thanks, awfully. You aw vewy good, but I weally newaw dawnce with stwange girls, Mrs. Astaw. A fellow cawnt wisk his reputation as a dawcaw, don't chew know." Exit into supper room.—Town Topics.

THE SAN CARLOS INDIANS.

Belief That the Apaches Contemplate an Early Outbreak.

Supervisor Frank Proctor has returned from a trip through Gila and Graham counties a month, and during his absence he visited the reservation and saw how its affairs are conducted. He speaks in high terms of the management of Capt. Pierce, and says that for the first time in the history of the reservation the Indians are made to feel that the white man is their master. The bucks are naturally the laziest beings on earth—or rather they are the most averse to manual labor—and they will often suffer imprisonment in the guard house in shackles rather than perform the task set them. They are required now to till the soil and grow their own food as largely as possible. The white employes are instructing them in lessons of agriculture, and the new life is not at all pleasant to many of the older bucks, who feel disgraced in doing menial work. They are governed by a firm hand, however, and at the same time they receive fair and just treatment, against all things they are taught that only reasonable commands will be given, and that they must be obeyed. There is no alternative but such a quality of punishment as the offense of the refractory Indian deserves—usually imprisonment in the guard house.

A great deal of progress has been made by those Indians under the well-directed guidance of Capt. Pierce and his subordinates. He personally inspects the manner in which his orders have been executed, and while he is feared by the Indians he is highly respected by them, and every promise or pledge made to them is accepted in the full fact that it will be fulfilled to the letter.

The origin of the recent speck of trouble on the reservation was something like the following: Lieut. Mott and the head farmer had gone below some distance from the agency to look after the ditches, and while examining them a young buck came up to the other side and asked the lieutenant why he imprisoned his father in the guard-house. The lieutenant told him it was because he would not work. The young buck made some surly or threatening remark, and the lieutenant told him to hush up or he might get in the guard-house also. The buck then drew a pistol and fired at them, inflicting the wounds that caused Lieut. Mott's death and the disabling of the farmer. The murderer has since been apprehended, and will probably suffer for his crime.

A general sentiment prevails among the employes on the reservation, which is not shared by Capt. Pierce, however, that another outbreak is inevitable, and that it is liable to come at any moment between now and the early summer months. It will be the Tontos, and possibly the White Mountains. They are very restless, and surly when beyond the espionage of the scouts and others in authority, and are only awaiting a good pretext to mutiny. They are not as good warriors as the Chiricahuas, and they will speedily be conquered if they take the war-path, and the sooner they start out the better it will be, as it will end them and their troubles so far as Arizona is concerned. A long continued warfare like that just ended is impossible with the tribes now on the reservation.

The Indians are all well armed and have plenty of ammunition. Nearly every one has a pistol, and many of them have rifles hidden away. The sale of arms and ammunition on the reservation is forbidden, but they manage to secure their supplies somewhere else. The possession of these arms gives them a degree of confidence and arrogance that they would not otherwise assert. Their fear of the scouts is proof of the efficacy of force with these cowardly people, and if any danger is apparent of an outbreak it would probably be deprived of all its potency by relieving the suspected tribe of their arms and ammunition, and by keeping an extraordinary surveillance over them.—Tucson Citizen.

Dog and Diamonds.

A well known Wall street broker is a famous dog fancier, and withal, a good story teller. He owns a handsome mastiff known and petted by all the school children in the neighborhood. One day last week the broker received a telegram at his office running thus: "Dog has swallowed diamond rings. What shall we do?" The reply that he sent was brief, but to the point: "Tie up the dog." The valuable rings were recovered and the dog is now convalescent. It appears that his wife laid two of her rings on a chair and the dog immediately made a lunch of them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The American Idea.

Distinguished Foreigner—I have called, sir, to ask permission to pay my address to your daughter. American Father—Nothing would please me better, sir, than an alliance with—but, stop, suppose my answer should be "no." "Then of course, I should ret re." "You would?" "Certainly." "Then my answer is 'no.' I've a mighty poor opinion of a man who will give up a girl so easy as that."—Omaha World.