

## THE GALLANT COWBOY.

Oh, it was a gallant cowboy  
Who had traveled from afar  
On the southern exposure  
Of a hot and cattle car,  
Just to be a bold road-agent,  
As in books road-agents are.

He'd a second-hand revolver  
And a six-inch jack-knife, too,  
And he wore but one suspender  
On a pair of holes jabbed through,  
And he bought a story paper,  
Just to tell him what to do.

Then he made a call of business  
On a leading tenderfoot,  
And observed, "My gentle partner,  
'Til relieve you of your loot,  
So elevate your digits,  
Or I'll be obliged to shoot."

But arose with ire malignant  
That gentle tenderfoot,  
And impaled the gallant cowboy  
On his patent box-toe boot,  
And he caused him through the gloaming  
Like a whirlingig to scoot.  
—New York Morning Journal.

## THREE-FINGERED JACK.

On the Saturday of a certain Houghton meeting, in a year not far removed from the present period of grace, a party of somewhat disconsolate spirits were gathered around my, I trust, not inhospitable hearth. It had been a disastrous week. Fortune had, from the beginning to the end, steadily set her face against that portion of the racing community which sporting writers delight to presume in irony to allude to as "the talent," and, though I had sought to beguile them of their melancholy with such delicacies as the establishment of a bachelor, whose means were limited and whose credit had seen better days, could at a short notice provide, the hearts of my guests were still heavy. When the dinner had come to an end—and I must say that misfortune did not appear to have materially affected my friends' appetites—various proposals were submitted for the lightening of the hours that had still to be got rid of before custom, or fashion, would permit of the universal refuge of bed. But my chairs and my tobacco were felt to be present pleasures which no wise man—and in theory my friends were among the wisest of their kind—would be willing to exchange, while change could be deferred, for the uncertainties of the future. A deaf ear was therefore turned to the eloquent appeals of the youngest of the company in favor of a new start, lately arisen in the murky firmament of the music hall—a young person liberally gifted alike in lung and limb, who was then nightly delighting the intellect of our gilded youth with a ballad of abnormal dullness and "impropriety." Cards, too, had been interdicted on the rational grounds that, with the prospect of a "black Monday" already imminent, to woo still further the promiscuous smiles of fortune would be but the vainest invention of the most foolish mind.

But though cards, as a pastime, were prohibited, they were found to furnish an agreeable and salutary subject of conversation. For some little time we instructed each other with various tales of our triumphs and reverses, with marvelous histories of fortunes that should have been won and might have been lost, of audacity that would have become a D'Artagnan, or impossibility that would not have disgraced an Athis.

It was in one of the pauses of this intellectual talk that a youth, familiarly known in society of greater or less politeness as Tommy—the same who had pleaded the cause of the music hall—was observed to be in labor of an idea. The process was watched with some curiosity, as one with which familiarity had not yet bred contempt. Since the rejection of his original proposition he had, indeed, maintained an unbroken silence, which might, however, have been dictated as much by politeness as discretion. At length he spoke.

"This conversation has been particularly entertaining and instructive to one of my small experience and limited intelligence; and I'll tell you what I'll do in return, if you'll let me. I will tell you a story. I don't know that it will prove very amusing; but I do know it to be true. It won't be very long, I think; but if so, I dare say one of you will be so obliging as to tell me when you've had enough."

Assuring him of our unalterable determination to abide by this generous proposal, we settled ourselves to our tobacco, and our story began:

The scene of my friend's laid at Oxford, and the time toward the close of the first year of the not very arduous course of study I pursued at that distinguished seat of learning. I was still, according to undergraduate law, a freshman, but, of course, panting to be quit of that ignominious, if theoretical, state of bondage. We were rather a lively lot at St. Dunstan's in those days, and not, perhaps, over sensible. Cards were much in fashion among many other practices not included in the written law of a university education; and, though at that time I knew no more of cards than a hedgehog knows of the binomial theorem, I had, I fancy, some ridiculous idea that a constant attendance on the changes and chances of "unlimited loo," even though the stakes were confined to shillings, would have the effect, in the eyes of my seniors, of prematurely effacing the brand of "freshness," from my youthful brow. At any rate, the college could boast no more ardent votary of that exhilarating, but variable, pastime than your humble servant. Nor was I in any wise restrained by scruples of conscience arising from a promise given to a venerable uncle that I would engage in no games of chance when money was on the board; the said promise having been given under pressure of a fearful picture of the gambler's fate, drawn by my esteemed relative, as I have since had reason to believe, from the fertile sources of his imagination, and not, as he then asserted, from his own experiences of the Cocoa Tree and Crook-fords. For my father, he contented himself with making, not extorting, a promise to the effect that any losses I might incur in my pursuit of the blind goddess would have to be made good, not out of his pocket, but my own. A statement which impressed me greatly at the time, but to which subsequent reflection induced me to attribute more sound than sense, for reasons which, on maturer consideration, would probably

have commended themselves no less forcibly to my parent.

There was at that time perpetually to be seen about Oxford a fellow known to the general public as "Three-fingered Jack," by which name alone he shall, for reasons which will shortly be obvious, figure in my story; and indeed, there was more foundation for it than for most of the terms of endearment, or otherwise, which the undergraduate wits delighted to coin. For this gentleman's right hand was adorned with no more than three fingers, though how he became shorn of his proper complement, or whether, like Topsy, he "grewed so," I never knew. He had himself been a member of the university, though some time before I went up; but his stay had been neither long nor glorious, nor had he, I believe, earned very good opinions from any class of men. What brought him, under the conditions, to Oxford, I neither knew nor cared to know. But there, at any rate, he always was, loitering about the inns we delighted to honor, and enjoying a casual acquaintance with those who were careless what company they kept, or glad enough to get any.

Coming, then, into the hall, one evening in November, toward the close of my last term of "freshmanship," I was astonished to see sitting at the seniors' table, the guest apparently of a party of the name of Russell, our friend of three-fingered fame. I was astonished, I say, for the man was, as I have told you, of indifferent repute, and we of St. Dunstan's rather prided ourselves on our society. While I was discussing the strange phenomenon with my immediate neighbors, there came to me a scout with Mr. Russell's compliments, and "Would I give him the pleasure of my company to wine?" My aristocratic assumptions faded straightway into thin air. Certainly I would. Mr. Russell was a great personage in the eyes of us freshmen. He was, indeed, a splendid, though a useless member of the community. He neither rowed nor boated nor played cricket; neither did he read, though, to do him justice, he was very far removed from a fool. He only loafed; but then—he loafed magnificently. No one had such smart rooms as Russell or such smart clothes, or so many of them; no one gave such smart parties, smoked such big cigars, or drank such good wine; and, to give him his due, he stinted his friends of these luxuries no more than himself. A very fine fellow, indeed, you may be sure, was this Mr. Russell in our limited vision. I wonder what has become of him, and whether anybody has ever paid for all his purple and fine linen?

Our party consisted of eight, Russell and his mutilated friend; three seniors, who didn't stay long, or seem to care much for their company; two veritable freshmen, quite overpowered with the honor of an invitation from the College Lucullus and myself. After the seniors had left Russell proposed a game of loo; carried, of course, unanimously, and down we sat. It was agreed, out of compliment, I suppose, to the stranger, that the customary shilling should be replaced by three of its specie; which, I need not in this company observe, makes a considerable difference in the pecuniary possibilities of the game. However, I did not care to make an objection; and as for the two freshmen, they were so overwhelmed by the claret, the cigars, and the general novelty and magnificence of the whole entertainment, that if their host had suggested to them that the dean might like to join the party, I am certain they would have contended for the honor of carrying the invitation. Three shillings, then, were the stakes to be, and the game began.

Loo, as you are doubtless aware, is an engrossing pursuit, and it seemed really no time at all when Russell proposed a temporary cessation of play for refreshment—a work of supererogation after all the good things we had already swallowed; but the undergraduate is, as some of you possibly remember, a very camel in the matter of stomachs, though he uses them, to be sure, on a less economical principle. One of the freshmen availed himself of this opportunity for leaving the party, alleging his losses, which were happily slight, and the imminent approach of "smalls." As he was a young man whose means were more limited than his stupidity, and, moreover, at that time rather disturbed by the quantity and quality of Russell's hospitality, we made no objection; and off he accordingly betook himself, clattering down the stairs like a pig on stilts, and making the night hideous with strange scraps of discord as he stumbled across the quadrangle on his way to bed, and down again sat the rest of the party and took up the cards.

I should have told you, perhaps, before this that I wore my right arm in a sling, the results of a rattling fall with the "drag." This, of course, made dealing rather troublesome, both to me and the others, and more than once in the course of the play I had provoked sundry anathemas on my awkwardness. It was arranged, then, before we resumed word, that the others should take it in turn and deal for me. Another arrangement, of yet greater importance, was that, as our party was now reduced to four, we should increase our stakes to guineas, and further tempt the vagaries of fortune by the addition of "tittups" as we called, and as I suppose everybody calls, that rule which gives to the dealer who, after a "safe" deal, is fortunate enough to turn up an ace, the stakes of his opponents, who are each and all incontinentally loo'd for the sum of those stakes. At any other time I give myself the credit of supposing that I should have refused to be any partner to so outrageous a transaction; but I wished to get back my losses, which were just then particularly inconvenient; I did not wish to offend Russell, who was the proposer; and, moreover, thought I was as sober as any gentleman need be at 11 o'clock at night after a skinkful of good liquor, I was not, very possibly, completely master of my usually sane and reflective judgment.

As sober, I say, as a gentleman need wish to be under the conditions I have specified; but still there are degrees of sobriety, and even mine was perhaps not the superlative. Champagne, too, had begun to flow; a mighty beaker of that exhilarating liquid stood at each man's elbow when we took up the cards again. True, I hardly put my lips to mine, for my fall had shaken me a good deal, and I didn't feel much in the frame for immoderate cups. The stranger, too, as I observed, used his glass but sparingly; but Russell and the freshman drank like fishes, and devilish thirsty ones to boot. Before long, as you may guess, the play began to grow unpleasantly high, and our host, from being generously convivial, began to become a little short in his temper, as well as a little thick in his speech. The freshman contented himself with smiling fatuously and spilling about as much wine as he drank. But he had lost nearly £50, and I had shrewd doubts whether his exchequer contained at that particular time an equal number of shillings. You will hardly want to be told that our speculations were being carried on through the medium of "paper." Russell, too, who had hitherto been the largest winner, began to experience reverses, and to oburgate them freely. My luck had been fluctuating all the evening, but with a strong tendency to sink. Altogether, the aspect of affairs was far from pleasing, but our host would not hear of making an end, and kept losing more money, and opening more champagne, with a persistency worthy of a better cause. Finally, to crown the folly of the whole business, he proposed that the stranger deal for the whole party; pleading his duties as host—an impudent plea enough, considering that he was by this time the only drinker, and the incompetency of the freshman, which was certainly obvious to the meanest capacity. I ventured on a slight remonstrance; but really it was difficult to object with a good grace, and the stranger had a pair of confoundingly broad shoulders.

"You must have been very fresh, Tommy," observed one of the audience. "Not at all. I tell you the man was as big and as broad as a church, and I carried one of my arms in a sling; and even had I been fully armed, he could have polished me off as easily as you have been disposing of our friend's claret here. However, to go on with my story, such as it is."

Sitting idly then at the table my exercise being confined to frequently putting pieces of paper in the pool and less frequently taking pieces out, my eyes became irresistibly attracted to the dealer. He certainly, despite his unfurnished hand, contrived to deal with wonderful precision and rapidity. I noticed, too, that as Russell and the freshman continued to nurse their insatiable thirst, and as the hands of the clock drew nearer and nearer to midnight, by which hour all strangers were bound, under pain of heavy penalties to their too liberal hosts, to be outside the college gates, that fortune, in the matter of aces, seemed determined to mark him for her own. At first this fact aroused no particular feeling in my breast beyond a vague one of envy; but, as I still watched him, there flashed across me in an instant of thought the doubt whether fortune had, perhaps, so much to do with the business as I supposed. In a moment a preternatural coolness and sagacity took hold of me; the fumes of Russell's champagne and of Russell's tobacco passed away from my brain, and my eyes assumed an abnormal eagerness of vision. A couple more deals satisfied me. The man was not playing fair.

And what the deuce to do now was the question. Though I was as morally certain we were being cheated as I ever was of anything in my life, I could no more have specified the manner of the trick than I could give you, if you wanted it, a list of the Archbishops of Canterbury in chronological order. The table we were seated at was a pretty large one, and the dealer played his little game on the opposite side to me. I couldn't stretch across it to arrest his fraudulent hand, even could I have nicked the precise moment to do so; and, beside, as I have already told you, he could have turned me over on to the floor as easily as he turned the aces over on to the table. The others were far too much bemused with champagne and their losses to comprehend the nature of the case, or to be of any assistance if they could. It certainly was as awkward a predicament as an innocent and well-conditioned young gentleman need wish to be placed in.

Fortunately, at that moment the three-quarters struck, and the time for a safe deal came round. Here was a chance. "I mustn't get you into trouble, Russell; perhaps we'd better stop now the game has gone. There's a good deal of paper about." So said the dealer, but fingering the cards wistfully, and obviously hoping a refusal. "Certainly," I said, rising from my chair with alacrity, "we had better stop now." "Stop," said Russell; "stop be d—d, I've lost £100. Sit down, Tommy, and have some more champagne. And you, Jack, go on with the deal."

The stranger paused. "No," was my answer. "No, thank you, Russell; no more champagne for me, and no cards. I am going to bed, and, if you'll take my advice (this to the freshman), 'you'll come too. You, Russell, and your friend can do as you please, of course; but I'm off."

"That's deuced generous of you, certainly," said Russell, rather savagely. "However, if you won't, you won't; so let's sort the paper. But I'm hanged if you play loo with us any more." "I don't think I shall," I replied, as quietly as I could, and began to collect the various autographs that strewed the table in hideous profusion. Fortune had been kind to me lately, and I was delighted to find no scrap of my hand-writing in the possession of the stranger. Altogether, I was a winner of some £20, divided pretty equally between my two friends. Russell had lost about £100 to his guest, and the freshman about £60 to the same favored individual.

"—I was Russell's not unreasonable comment, as I announced the result of my investigation. 'But, hello, what the deuce are you about, Tommy?'"

"Tearing up these silly bits of papers," was my answer, which, indeed, I

was doing as unconcernedly as I could, though feeling, let me tell you, anything but comfortable.

"But that will never do," said he; "I don't know about your young friend opposite, but I'm afraid I'm hardly prepared to liquidate on the spot."

"I don't think that will be necessary, do you?" was my reply, looking for the first time full in the stranger's face. It was not a pleasant one, but as I looked at it I felt somehow that he had no intention of showing fight.

He did not answer at once, but stood looking anxiously about the room, anywhere but at me. At last he spoke, with an uncomfortable attempt at a laugh.

"Do as you please. They say every one has his own rules for loo, and if these are yours here, why, I suppose I must agree to them."

"Precisely so," was my reply. "Every one has his own rules; we have ours, as you see; and you, as I think I have seen, have yours. To-morrow, if you like, we'll discuss the difference (how fervently I hoped we should do nothing of the sort); but now, I think, bed will be the best place for us all. Russell will see you to the gates, I am sure; and I'll look after this young gentleman, who doesn't seem very capable of performing that operation for himself." For the freshman, after one final and ferocious draught from a tumbler that had happily been empty for the last ten minutes, had fallen asleep in his chair, with an expression of more hopeless idiocy than I should have supposed the human countenance capable of assuming.

Still the man stood there, stealing a glance now and again at the others, but never at me, and drumming on the table with his cursed fingers.

At last I had rent the last evidence of our folly into fragments.

"Come," said I, turning to Russell, on whose flushed face was slowly dawning the idea of an unpleasantness somewhere, "it is on the stroke of 12—had we not better be moving?"

At length he rose. "Take that drunken fool off to bed," said he, nodding savagely at the slumbering idiot in the chair. "And you," to the stranger, "come along; we must be quick, if we are to clear the gate. You will find us here to-morrow, if you want us."

The stranger took his hat and stick and followed Russell to the door. As he reached it turned and said to me, still without looking at me, "We'll have a little settlement of this to-morrow."

"Certainly," I answered, "if you wish it. It won't be a very big one, I dare say." "Then he went out and I never felt more relieved in all my life than when I heard their footsteps in the quadrangle, and turned to wake the booby in the chair. And there's my story for you, and I'll thank some of you for something to drink."

"And what became of your three-fingered friend?" asked one of the company. "Heaven knows," said Tommy. "All I know is that he left his inn, and a pretty long bill into the bargain, by the first train next morning, and never showed his ugly face in Oxford again as long as I was there."

"Which wasn't very long, I fancy, was it?"

"No, it wasn't," was the short reply, "if you won't know, though I don't see what that has to do with it."

"And Russell—what became of him?" "Well, he disappeared, too, before long; up like a rocket, down like a stick. He is writing for a newspaper somewhere, I think, poor devil."

"Oh, took him off to bed, and there we may leave him." What beggars you are to ask questions.

"You must have been a nice young lot at St. Dunstan's," said one of the party, who had sat silent through these interrogations. "I should like to have been there with you; it would have been more remunerative, I fancy, than Newmarket."—London World.

## The Mango.

Editor Haskell, of the Boston Herald, has been eating the mango in Mexico. He says that this delicious fruit is apt at first to embarrass and perplex a stranger to no small degree. In shape it resembles a pear with the stem at the wrong end, flattened, however, like a bean, and with the small end turned over to one side, something like a figure common on cashmere shawls. "Inside is a very large seed, which forms a considerable impediment to the enjoyment of the inexperienced," Mr. Haskell relates, "for the pulp is joined to this in a stringy way, and it is difficult to handle the slippery thing. A thoroughly-ripe mango has a kind of combination of muskmelon and baked custard aspect and texture to its deep yellow pulp, and its rich flavor is indescribable, except that when eaten for the first time it seems to have a slight trace of turpentine, which disappears on acquaintance. The large yellow variety seemed to me to have a very slight and delicate flavor of peanut candy. The person who eats a mango for the first time generally covers himself with confusion and his face with mango pulp and juice, which is very sticky and yellow, so that he looks as if somebody had been feeding him with soft-boiled eggs in the dark. It will not do to eat a mango as one would an ordinary fruit, the correct way being to use a mango fork, which has but one tine, and therefore is really not a fork at all, but a spit. With this the fruit is impaled at one end and the point thrust firmly in the seed, which may thus be stripped of its last pulp without soiling the fingers."

## A Good Worker.

A gentleman from "the farm" was recently praising up the abilities of his young wife. In his ecstasies he observed: "She's a worker and a perfect barrier around the house, and is not yet 17." "Good gracious, you must not let her work so hard, she will undermine her constitution," observed his friend. "Why that girl will stand as much work as a four-horse team and a dog under the wagon, and so long as her by-law disposition is all right, her constitutional amendments will never be dug out from under, you bet."—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

## Why We're Dyspeptic in Hot Weather.

"As a rule," said Dr. J. A. Oldshue, "the American lunch is responsible for American dyspepsia. The prevailing custom of perching on high stools where elbow room is at a premium, and shoveling down hot dishes is barbaric and only fit for Hottentots. Most of the lunch-rooms in the lower part of the city are fixed up in this way. The American breakfast, with its steak, potatoes, hot coffee and ice water, taken at an early hour in the morning, is hard enough on the digestive functions; but the repetition of this thing at noon or 1 o'clock is even worse, swallowed as it is with precipitation and want of care."

"Lunch should be a small, cooling, quiet meal. It should not be heavy enough to fill the stomach, but just light enough to stay the cravings until the heavier meal in the evening."

"In this weather lunch should be a cold meal. Nothing is better than a slice of cold spring lamb with mint sauce and salad dressed in the French style. A leg or a wing of cold green goose, or a bit of cold broiled gosling, is dainty and palatable. The heavy meats, such as beef and veal, ought to be avoided. They overburden the stomach, and render a man practically unfit for the afternoon work. Beer and ale ought not to be indulged in except by those who have heavy manual labor to do, and who can, therefore, throw off the somnolent effect. A good glass of cold claret, not iced, is refreshing and sustaining, but champagne, Burgundy and Hungarian wines are anything but good. They heat the blood and deaden the brain, and should be reserved for the dinner hour, when there is sufficient time to properly absorb them. But champagne, unless very dry, is not a fit thing to accompany eating. It clogs the internal functions and is conducive of dyspepsia."

"If any hot dish is eaten for lunch, it should be at the most a slice of fish. Nothing is more delicious than a piece of cold salmon or blue-fish, with either mayonnaise or plain salad dressing."—Pittsburgh Gazette.

## The Virtue in a Texas Norther.

The fact that the climate of Texas is pure, temperate and remarkably salubrious is generally understood, but little is known by the generality of readers of the important bearings which the Texas norther exercise in the development of organized existence. We find the cause of these winter visitors, which have given Texas a climate sui generis, in the absence of mountains or forests on a line due north between the coast of Western Texas and the Arctic regions, the consequence of which is that the uninterrupted polar currents of air southward take their course, proceeding with a velocity gradually accelerated by a more rarified atmosphere, until, with the rising temperature, an equilibrium becomes established in the tropics. The great value of the norther consists in the recuperation under their influences of the vital forces, which, in similar latitudes, are seriously weakened by the enervating effects of an eternal summer. Close observation of the phenomena of nutritive growth, shows that a sensibly cold season is a necessary condition of active life, and this theory is supported by the facts that lazzaroni are indigenous to tropical countries, and that vegetable life in such countries suffer for a period of rest. These drawbacks are prevented in Texas by the northers, which in other ways prove an important factor in relation to the wants and labors of man, making the State a separate province for a higher order of animal and vegetable distribution. —Texas Siftings.

## Henry's Idea.

"No, that's so—you can't allus tell what a boy'll make," replied the old farmer, as he leaned back in his seat. "There's my Henry, for instance."

"What of him?" "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the court. The court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do."

"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow" at the same time sitting the action to the word and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton. When the lawyer rose to his feet he said he did not wish to ask the witness any more questions.

## HUMOR.

CROWBAR—A rooster's sore-throat. To be tried for his life—The hen-pecked husband.

WHEN an imtemperate washerwoman gets more than three sheets in the wind she only half sees over the line.

DAVID slew Goliath with a sling. This proves that the Philistine was not a temperance man.

THE potato, with all its eyes, is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.

"Doctor, how do you live to be so old and rich?" "By writing prescriptions, but never taking them," was the witty and sensible reply.

"So you want to obtain my consent to your marriage with my youngest daughter, Caroline?" "Yes, sir, that is my intention." "Well, but I have got another daughter, an older one, Emily, and I have made it a rule that the man who don't want the oldest can't have Caroline either."—Texas Siftings.

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddie to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddie, "but then, Auntie, the old hen always goes with them."

"Look heah. Thomas Jefferson, dis heah's a nice time fo' you to be gittin' home!" growled Aunt Polly, as her boy came in long after midnight. "Oh, g'long!" retorted Thomas. "You dunno nuffin'. Habn't yo' neber hearn dat de dorky's hour is jes' befo' day?"

TWO LITTLE girls met on the street and one said to the other: "I've put all my dolls into deep mourning, and it's so becoming to them! Come over and see them." "What did you do that for?" "Oh, we had a calamity. Our dog got killed and there didn't anybody care but me and them. We've just cried our eyes out." Then the other little girl said in slow, deliberate tones: "May Wilson, ain't you lucky, though? There's always something happening you!"

COL. PERCY YERGER—"Great Caesar! another hat? You are the most extravagant woman in Austin. Why, I believe you have got a different hat for every day in the week." "Mrs. Yerger—" "Why of course I have! That's just it. I have one for every day in the week, but none for Sunday. I want an expensive one for Sunday."—Texas Siftings.

A JAPANESE student in this country wrote to his friend at Tokio, as follows: "There are two boating associations, called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books." That Japanese student can be terribly sarcastic without sacrificing courtesy.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Only the leaf of a rosebush.  
That fell to the hall-room floor,  
Fell from the tinied cluster  
Of the big bouquet she wore.  
Quickly he stooped and seized it,  
"This leafy of a rose," said he,  
"Tinted with summer's blushes  
And dearest to an old maid."  
Lovely and fragrant petals,  
Some sweet summer night, who knows,  
I may have a chance to tell her  
I treasure the leaf of the rose.  
But when to his lips he pressed it,  
He muttered in accents of wrath,  
"The blighted thing is artificial  
And made out of cotton cloth!"  
—Somerville Journal.

"THINK of the future, Lizzie; what have you to expect?" "That's just what I've been doing, thinking of the future, and I expect I shall have to skip off some afternoon with Jim, get married, and say nothing to any one until it's all over. Then you and father can go on the bridal tour, have your mad out, come home and we'll bond with you. It's the easiest way to fix it."—Hartford Journal.

A LAWYER retained in a case of assault and battery was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck: "What kind of a blow was given?" "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the court. The court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do."

"Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow" at the same time sitting the action to the word and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton. When the lawyer rose to his feet he said he did not wish to ask the witness any more questions.

## A Horse to the Rescue.

During a rise in Buck creek, Ky., Miss Nannie Lee and sister, aged 12, attempted to cross the creek, both on horse. When they got near the middle of the stream the horse became entangled in some brush and threw them into the foaming stream, and went to the bank and shook the saddle off. Miss Nannie had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair, and the horse went to them, turned around and the younger sister caught him by the tail with one hand, and holding Nannie with the other, reached the shore safely. The horse started home in a gallop and neighed as if in great trouble; but getting no one to notice him, he started back in full speed to the girls. Finding them both alive and on their way home, he ran up to them and rubbed his head on their shoulders and neighed as if he was very glad to see them alive.

## The Stormy Petrel.

When one of Mother Carey's chickens, or stormy petrel, is seen near the ship, a storm is approaching, for these birds are rarely seen in fair weather. It is a fore-castle notion that the petrel is so named from St. Peter, on account of its running with closed wings over the surface of the waves. This brought to mind the walking of St. Peter upon the water, and the sailors think the bird was therefore called "petrel" as a sort of diminutive of the apostle's name. These birds have been known to follow a vessel during a storm for many days, apparently with neither food nor rest, and without flapping their wings. If one of these birds should be swept aboard in a great storm, as is frequently the case, no sailor will touch it.

Rich gifts was poor when gives prove unkind.—Shakespeare.