

A DREAM AND THE REALITY.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"And have you never felt the power,"
The insatiable drummer said,
"That comes to all in some sweet hour,
And brings a hope we thought were dead?
Have you not heard a melody,
A half-forgotten waltz strain,
That once was fraught with harmony,
But now comes like a sob of pain?"

The fair one's soft lips swept her cheek,
She sighed, but uttered not a word.

"And so with me since first we met,"
The drummer murmured soft and low,
"The breath of faded magnetite
Comes back to me from long ago.
It may be from some boyish dream,
That in the fairy haze inspired
The notes that like a moon ray gleam,
When your fair hands the chords unbind!"

A hot tear burned the fair one's cheek,
She sobbed, but never sought to speak.

"Come tell me, by what simple art,"
The drummer whispered in her ear,
"You stir the music in my heart,
And bring the old perfume so near?
What wistful do you possess
That brings a presence close to me,
And teaches me to love and bless
A dream I feel, but cannot see?"

The fair one never deigned to speak,
While her husband thumped the drummer's
check.
—Drake's Travelers Magazine.

THAT HANDKERCHIEF.

BY SHELLBARK HICKORY.

Not long since, while traveling in a Western State, I happened to find myself in the beautiful little town of Humber, with a few leisure hours on hand.

As the day was fine, I strolled out to see what was to be seen. As I was leisurely advancing down one of the shady streets, whom should I meet but my old friend and class-mate, Jake Raymond.

"Well, well, old boy, how goes it?" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with me.

"You!" I answered. "Of all men, on the footstool! What in creation are you up to, away off here?"

"Here is where I hold forth, and you must go down home with me."

I went, and at dinner was introduced to Mrs. Raymond. She was not what would be called a handsome woman, but there was a wholesome look in her face, and her big brown eyes and white teeth, added to the bright color of her cheeks and the satiny smoothness of her dark hair, fairly entitled her, in the opinion of some, to a certain degree of beauty.

Jake was not wealthy, but he had a comfortable home, and the neatness of the house and yard, together with the trimness of his wife's attire, added not a little to his enjoyment of this world's goods.

Mrs. R. welcomed me cordially to their home, and I enjoyed more than I can express, the well-cooked meal, prepared by her own skill, and their genial society.

The sprightly conversation of my friend's help-met, and her infectious smile, completely won my regard; and I smothered a little sigh as I reflected on my own condition—that of a bachelor.

"Where did you get her, Jake?" I asked, as we lit our cigars and walked down town.

He smiled in a dreamy kind of way, as he thumped the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"It is a long story," he said. "I will tell it to you when we get to the office." I was much pleased, for, beside being interested in the woman, I used to like very much to listen to Jake's stories.

Arriving at the office, we made ourselves comfortable, after which Jake began:

When I was a juror in the office of Shears & Clipper, in the town of Covel, in a State further east than this, I belonged to an orchestra and to a brass band. I tumbled the festive guitar in the former, and thereby hangs a tale. You shall see how my membership in the latter also served its turn. So much for myself.

I had a friend, John Simons, who was also a musician, and it was he who guided my unaccustomed hand to finger the guitar.

I enjoyed his society more than that of any of my other friends, but he was a restless fellow, that was not satisfied in any place long, so he packed his 'grip' and left, much to my regret. A few months passed, when lo! John turned up again. He had not been doing anything; only wandering to suit his own gypsy taste, and had even sold the guitar that he so loved to get money to come back on. This being the case, he went a short distance into the country and went to work for a farmer—for he was proud as Lucifer, and would not stay around town in his shabby clothes. His idea was to 'stay in the country until he got himself a little 'fixed' in regard to his wardrobe and his finances, and then go back to town and take his old situation, which was open to him if he chose to accept it.

Now it happened that the farmer for whom he worked had a young neighbor lately married, and he took a violent fancy to John. The young farmer was very proud of his wife and baby, and was not at all averse to company. John was a shy fellow in the presence of ladies, and was slow to accept the frequent and pressing invitations which Mr. Newman (for that was his name) gave him to "come over." But when he learned that Mrs. Newman's niece from a neighboring State was there, with a guitar, he mustered up courage and went, for his fingers ached to caress once more the vibrating strings of a guitar. He found Miss May Warner, the niece before mentioned, a most agreeable young lady; but I don't believe he could have told what she looked like, for I'm sure he did not once look at her face, except to snatch a hasty glance when he was sure she would not see him. He observed narrowly, however, a neatly slipped foot which peeped from beneath her dress; and you are aware, probably from experience, that a pretty foot is almost as essential to a lady's appearance as a pretty face. But better than her society he found that of her guitar. With that instrument in his arms, he seemed to feel quite at ease, and played accompaniments to his own singing the whole evening.

This was a musical treat to the family to which they were not accustomed, for Miss Warner's performance on any musical instrument was very amateurish, to say the least. That being the case, he was warmly invited to repeat his visit.

This he did several times; but, just as he was established on a footing of tolerable intimacy, Miss Warner left her aunt and went to Covel on a visit to some other friends. While there she joined some sort of a class that was organized for the purpose of studying certain branches of learning, and soon three of her cousins joined the same class and stopped at the same house she did. They dressed considerably alike, and appeared to be about of the same age; and, as they attended the meetings of their class in the forenoon and afternoon, they nearly always passed our office window four times a day; for our office was on the direct route between the residence of Mrs. Winans, the stopping-place of the girls, and the school-house. There were others passing, but you may imagine that a group of four lively young girls, all of them tolerably good-looking, was not long in attracting the attention of the bachelor portion of our establishment, nor were we long in finding out that this was the "Winans crowd," as they were called all summer. Then the question of forming their acquaintance came up, and here I "had the heels" of the other boys, metaphorically speaking. I knew what I would do. I would call up the members of the orchestra, and we would go and serenade them. Just what useful purpose this was to serve, I could not exactly tell; but we went all the same. I sang a song or two that I had learned of John, accompanying myself on the guitar. Then we played several instrumental pieces and were preparing to go, when a blind of an upper window was thrown open, and a white hand and arm were thrust out waving some small object, which suddenly came fluttering to the ground like a white dove. I went back and got it. As soon as possible I gratified my own curiosity and that of the other boys by striking a match and looking at the white object, which proved to be a handkerchief, with the name "May Warner" neatly stenciled in one corner.

"Which one is that?" asked the boys of one another.

"It is the little one with the black hair and eyes," said one.

"No, that is Mollie something or other," said Alfonso, with such a peculiar intonation that we concluded he must have been making private inquiries, and that he knew quite as well what the "something or other" was as he did the identity of Mollie.

"It must be, old fellow, that you are slightly interested in that quarter. Eh? Come now, my dear Alfonso."

This he disclaimed, but with such a guilty blush that instantly we told him he had "given himself away."

Let me explain that by this time we had lit the lamps, to say nothing of our cigars, which were always left in the office for our convenience. Some one suggested that it must be the slender blonde; this time no one had the hardihood to deny it, and Jim was constituted a committee of one to find out just "who was who," and report to us the next meeting. In the meantime that handkerchief reposed in my breast pocket. It gave me an odd, pleasant feeling that I can't explain, to have that feminine article in my undisputed possession. She must have seen me, I thought, and liked my looks; so she took that way to let me know it. The next evening Jim was ready with his report. We found out afterward that the shy rascal knew all about it from his brother, who was the accepted lover of one of the girls. But he pretended that he had obtained his information at infinite pains, and had been obliged to go through unheard of difficulties to find out that which was embodied in his report. Very deliberately he proceeded to read from a manuscript:

"Friends and fellow-citizens: You will readily conceive that upon this momentous and never-to-be—"

"Stop!" we shouted as one man.

"Plain facts and no foolishness, or it will be the worse for you, my man."

He knew well that we would give him a worse trick than that, so he "came down" at once.

"Well, then, the little brunette is Mollie Bell. The blonde is Gussie Ray. The one with the gray eyes and chestnut curls is Sade, otherwise, Sallie or Sarah Thompson, and the remaining one, as you must know by this time, Miss May Warner. They are all cousins, and related, in some mysterious way, to Mrs. Winans. Further than this I am unable to say."

"Well done, my dear sir," I responded, for I had a sneaking notion all along as to "which was which," as the school-boys say, and it had turned out as I had hoped.

Then commenced the merciless railery of the boys. A thousand questions as to the reason of my taking the serenaders there; why the handkerchief was thrown down; and all the time they were exchanging winks and laughing in the most provoking manner.

To hear them make remarks to one another, for me to hear, became utterly insupportable; and I was just getting desperate, when I learned of a party that was soon to be at the house of Mrs. Winans. Here was another chance for a serenade. This time I was determined it should be of some avail, for I would go soon enough to be invited in, and then it should be a very odd thing if I were not introduced to Miss Warner. This all happened just as I had planned, but I only had a few moments of conversation with her. I was determined to have some sort of an explanation about that handkerchief, and my only chance was to pursue the acquaintance. I asked her to accompany me to a lecture, and had the mortification to find she was going with a musty old professor. Abashed, I watched my chance of seeing her alone, which was finally accomplished.

What was my chagrin to find that she never had heard of me on the night of the guitar serenade; but, having heard my friend John sing the same songs, and knowing him to be a guitarist, she concluded the difference in the voices could be explained by a cold, and that it must be he. Thus was my

little romance dashed to the ground, and the fair structure of my "Castle in Spain," had melted into thin air. I begged to be allowed to keep the handkerchief, though, for I was really interested in the girl by this time. She would not not do it, but her womanly heart was touched by my evident disgust with myself, and she gave me her hand saying she was sorry. There was no gleam of amusement in the brown eyes that looked into mine with an honest straightforwardness which was very captivating just at that moment. If there had been, I should have rejected with scorn any overtures of friendship that she might make. As it was, it soothed my wounded vanity to see that "splendid creature," as I mentally called her, glossing over my misadventure, and I requested her company for a drive the next evening. She accepted the invitation with a smile that gave a glimpse of her white teeth, and my heart beat a little faster than usual, as I pressed her hand and said "good night." I was a little absent-minded, and I don't think I could, myself, tell what thoughts so occupied my mind. She was the subject of them, but everything else was a kind of haze. I didn't question myself as to whether I was falling in love or not. Nothing even as tangible as that was in my mind. The next evening I was actually seated by her side in a buggy. It was one of those topped concerns with a narrow seat, and I blessed the maker thereof, for as we sat there her shoulder touched mine, and the wind whisked the long feather, on her hat, in the side of my face. I fear I was very near gone, for the bliss I felt can't be described; it must be experienced to be appreciated.

She had taken off her gloves, and, when I went to assist her to alight, I noticed how delightfully soft and white her hand was, and I could scarcely refrain from pressing it to my lips. Then for the first time I thought what unutterable happiness it would be to press her to my breast; to feel her arms round my neck, to lay my lips on hers, and to feel their fervent pressure returned.

Was it too sudden? I think not. How many times did Romeo see Juliet before a passion was conceived, which was stronger than life?

To go on with my story, I asked her to go to camp-meeting in my buggy the next Sunday. I shall bless that grand old Methodist institution to my dying day, for I believe that it was on that day she first thought of becoming my wife.

When we started to the camp-grounds the wind blew warm, balmy and moist from the southwest. It seemed to betoken rain; but, said I, who ever heard of its raining at camp-meeting.

Miss Warner bravely declared she thought a "good ducking" was not such a fearful catastrophe.

It was September, and the leaves had commenced to turn; and as we drove through shady lanes the wind twisted them off and threw them spitefully in our faces. Emerging into open prairie, the breeze rushed at us, "swishing" the dry, standing grass in a manner which augured ill for a pleasant day. But I thought little of the wind, or anything else, except that I had my soul's desire in the companionship of her who was with me.

When we had arrived to within a few rods of the camp-grounds, lo! a few preliminary drops of rain came hurrying through the air, and warned us to put up the side curtains and water-proof lap-robe, and prepare for the worst—which was not so bad after all; for we drove under a friendly oak not far from the rude pulpit, and stayed in the buggy. Then the rain descended "the night way." All the sluices were opened, and a new and very choice assortment of water-spouts were turned onto the assembled multitude. The windows of the heavens were thrown wide open, and the water-pitchers were held there upside down, but we were dry and comfortable, and observed with interest all that went on around us.

We saw a sorry-looking dog walking leisurely along, with the water-pouring in streams from his drooping tail and ears; he passed near us, looking at us with so sad an expression that I spoke to him, thinking to cheer him, whereupon he gave one solemn bark, leaving us, as he passed on, convulsed with laughter.

The spectacle of a very fat lady with a quilt around her, hustling along to a barn which stood near, seemed unspeakably funny.

But the climax was reached when a smiling man came along, unmindful of the rain, and holding an immense piece of bread and cheese in each hand, biting first from one and then from the other. Neither of us yelled at him, but I must confess I had a strong desire to know something more of him.

Then the conversation turned from the ridiculous vein to the serious, and we wondered as to the history of this, that and the other person—what he was thinking—what he proposed doing; and we made for them quite interesting histories. Then we wandered into the realms of the abstract, and I remember well the earnest glow of her cheek as she gave her views of this or that subject, and the luminous flash of her eyes as she turned them upon me. She wore a thin, black lace veil that day, and her bright eyes and cheeks lost nothing by their partial obscurity. At about this time another couple of our acquaintance drove up, breaking up our exalted frame of mind.

By this time I thought it must be pretty near the dinner hour, so I shouted to my friend:

"Oh, Mac, climb out and go over to that restaurant, or whatever it is, and bring us something to eat. Get enough for all four of us, and I'll foot the bill."

"No, thanks," was his answer. "We have our dinner with us."

I knew very well he hadn't, but it wasn't polite to say so, and so I began preparations for "climbing out," myself, but of this Miss Warner would not hear. She was not hungry, she said; she even went so far as to lay her hand in entreaty, on my sleeve; and as I felt the light weight, I immediately made it a prisoner in my own hand. This did not seem to suit her; she at once made the discovery that she was in great need

of her handkerchief. On drawing this out I saw it was the same I had had for a number of days in my possession. "Won't you give it to me now?" I asked, in a voice at once humble, entreating, and full of love. She understood me, for the blood leaped into her cheeks, and her eyes shot a quiet side-glance into mine. She put it quickly away, however, and I thought of John with a jealous pang that sent all the blood back to my heart, making it beat painfully hard, slow, and uneven. I said no more, however, for I knew our friends would be sure to observe us, if we continued so. I did not feel quite so contented as I had before, and was making a pretense of feeling desperately hungry, to find an excuse for changing our embarrassing situation; when, at this opportune moment, a friend of ours, who lived near, came and invited us to his house. As his invitation was warmly seconded by his wife, and extended also to our friends, we all four accepted, and soon found ourselves comfortably housed. Evening came on, and in the gloaming my heart went out so strongly to my girl friend, who had seemed to be half afraid of me ever since the little episode just mentioned, that I went and spoke quietly and indifferently on subjects of no particular interest to reassure her. But I knew the thought of the handkerchief was uppermost in her mind, as it was in mine. I swallowed whatever of resentment I might feel and continued to "do the agreeable;" but, finally, finding ourselves alone, I said in a low, firm way:

"May," (it was the first time I had ever called her so), "if you don't want me to have the handkerchief, say so, and I will never bother you about it again. I can give up the idea of having it, or your affection, either; but oh, don't call me to do it unless you despise me."

Her hands were fluttering here and there, nervously, and she said, "I don't despise you, Mr. Raymond, but"—here a pause ensued, and we heard some one approaching; but there was that in her timid and frightened manner that emboldened me to lay violent hands on the little piece of cambric the next time I saw it, and she dared not resist for fear of what I should say. Strangely, as she seemed to lose courage I seemed to gain it, and I felt myself master of the situation. I regarded her almost as betrothed to me, although I had not asked the all-important question yet. I would do so on the home drive, I told myself. But "Man proposes; God disposes;" and what should happen but that May should be sent for? I see you stare, but Mrs. Newman, her aunt, had been taken violently ill, and in her delirium she called all the time for her niece. Of course she had to go, and I went back to Covel alone, after seeing her go away with her uncle.

It seems to me that the feelings with which I watched her leave must have been prophetic of what was to follow. Utter loneliness, mingled with unutterable love, filled my heart, and a wild desire to go and snatch her in my arms before everybody, and claim her as my very own, seized me. Crushing back all such foolishness, I resolved to see her in a few days, at farthest, and then all would be right; yet I had an inner consciousness that all would not be right, and so it proved; for the redoubtable aunt took a terrible dislike to me, and would not let me go on her premises. She lingered along, however (and I shall always believe she feigned much of that sickness to keep May with her), and my friend John went constantly to their house.

Then the "Green-eyed monster," commenced to tear me. Another fellow, too, went there, but I had this consolation—John would be as jealous as I was myself. Things went on this way for weeks.

I wrote to May, but got no reply, and then I stigmatized her as a vile flirt. I told myself I hated her. Anybody that would blush and tremble as she had in my presence, and let a fellow take the memento that she knew to be the dearest to his heart, was not worthy the love of any honest man. I despised her. Of course I did. How I longed for an opportunity to tell her gently just how I regarded her. Yet I treasured that little square of muslin as I never before had treasured anything.

Why is it, that when a man is jealous he is the most unreasonable animal on the face of the earth? I thought she was trifling with John's heart just as she had trifled with mine. He was not to blame any more than I had been. Yet, when I met him at rare intervals, such was the unreasonable anger I felt against him that I could hardly force myself to treat him with common courtesy, let alone the old-time cordiality that subsisted between us. He felt the change, as I could not help knowing he would; but he also knew the reason for it, and there was such an overstrained friendliness in his bearing toward me, and a suppressed, though very apparent, exultation in his whole manner, that I only restrained myself from an open rupture of my friendship by an almost superhuman effort.

I saw her only once during the rest of the fall and winter. It was in a crowd, and I could not for a moment dream of saying anything out of the commonplace to her. Strange as it seemed, even to myself, I could have kissed the remotest hem of her garment. I worshipped her; I actually did, as she stood before me, clad in the imperial robe of her womanly dignity, and I knew that, had we been profoundly alone, I should not have dared—no, for my life I should not have dared to accuse her to her face, of flirting with any one.

But when John came up a moment later I cursed her in my heart for the warmth with which she received him. I resolved to pick a quarrel with him. He should not gloat over me any more as having won the affections I had lost.

Actuated by this high resolve, I waited his coming to town, as he occasionally did, with the determination to so insult him that he never would speak to me. But when he came his appearance so disarmed me that it was I who "did the friendly" this time. He was pale, and a sad listlessness showed itself through all his attempts to appear as gay and carefree as ever. No

need for him to explain his trouble. Neither of us alluded to anything of the kind, but I was glad—so glad—that he was in the same trouble I had been in. It was he, this time, who felt resentment; and I was glad of that, too. I didn't care particularly for his friendship. (For what did I care?) and I was glad he would shun my society without any more trouble on my part.

Thus matters stood when the spring passed and summer came. I concluded to leave that part of the country, and did so, intending to return there after a short visit, settle up my affairs, and leave to stay. While absent on my visit, I received a letter that sent a flood of light to shed its genial warmth over my discontented soul. It was a letter written by Miss Warner to some of her friends. In it there was a stray sentence which showed me that in her secret heart she loved me as much as I did her. She did not know I ever would see it or she never would have written it, but it was missed, and I got hold of it. I went back immediately, only to find she had gone. She was visiting here, there and yonder all the time I knew her, but this time she had gone from the State.

Well, I had one thing to think of now—she loved me, too. It seemed to comfort me. I suppose I should have despised her more than ever, but I did not.

I sold out my small effects and came to this place. I did well, and I may say that I joined the brass band here, too. A year passed on, and I received certain information as to where May was. A thrill of joy vibrated through me and through me. But of what avail was it that I did know of her whereabouts? Did she not play false to her own heart and to me before? After hesitating long I determined to write her. At the worst she could only treat my letter with the silent contempt she had dealt the other one I wrote her.

So I wrote, and I waited in feverish impatience for a reply. A week passed—two weeks, and still no letter. I denominated her a false-hearted coquette, and cursed myself for my folly in writing. I might have known how it would turn out.

Just as I had given up looking for a reply, one came. It was like herself—bright, interesting, cheery. I would be afraid to say how many times I read that letter, but, to make a long story short, she never received my first, and her pride had much to do with her cool treatment of me; for, after having gone as far as I had, she rightly considered that I was not treating her honorably to say nothing further.

Dear girl! how near we were to being entirely separated.

After arriving at a clear understanding I was not long in proposing for her heart and hand, nor was she long in accepting. Following up my letters in person, I assure you that the delight of finally taking her in my arms—of realizing in her splendid eyes the secret she cared no longer to conceal—more than compensated me for the misery I had endured.

I tell you, old fellow, she is a magnificent woman, and the longer I know her the more I am convinced of it. She is now my wife. Other wives may sing more sweetly, or play more beautifully, but she is the "one fair woman for me," and I have the identical handkerchief yet.—Chicago Ledger.

A Word for the Umpire.

If there is any position held in this world by mortal man in which the holder's life is in constant danger, and for performing the duties of which a man should receive a salary second only to the President, and be retired on a good fat pension at the end of a month's service, it is that of the base-ball umpire. There is probably no position that is surrounded by as many dangers as that held by the umpire, and the time is not far distant when a boiler-room, fire and burglar-proof safe, with a timelock on it, will have to be provided to hold the umpire during the game, and to preserve his head intact, so he will be in the physical and mental condition to perform the duties of his position the next day. It requires a good deal of nerve, a keen perception, a good command of language, and a head that will withstand a clip from an occasional stray brick, to successfully fill the position of umpire. A man to stand behind the batter, dodge stray balls, catch the fly-tips on his ear, and at the same time be able to have one pair of eyes see all points of the field, and when he declares a man "out" to be able to tell at once from which direction to look for a brick or a flying bat aimed at his head, must be a man of sudden movements, sharp eyes, and a good, hard, tough head. For this, and other reasons, the base-ball umpire should receive a magnificent salary, and be retired on full pay for life, as soon as he has proven that he possesses the nerve to stand the racket for a week or two. The President of the country is supposed to be in a very responsible and important position, full of peril from the hands of unscrupulous politicians, but he does not stand for two or three hours a day and dodge base-ball bats and cobble-stones, and sultry epithets, and he can thank his stars that he don't. If this country must have umpires to stand up and take the curses, and other deadly missiles of the players in the great national game, let the umpires be picked from among the ranks of old, tough war Generals, and let them be placed in stone forts at intervals throughout the country, and protected by frowning cannon looking ominously over high stone walls, and loaded with grape and canister, ready to sweep the field and paralyze the first player who makes a kick. Bold, fearless men, who are willing to take their lives in one hand and a flask of commissary whisky in the other, and sit up in a watch tower of an armed and equipped fort, where there is comparatively little danger, are wanted to act as umpires in the future.—Pech's Sun.

A SINGLE apple orchard of eleven acres, near Seneca Falls, N. Y., has produced in the past twelve years \$12,848. One-half the orchard was planted in 1846 and the other in 1856.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

HUMOR.

A BAD coughin' spell—C-a-s-k-o-t.
It's an nil wind that blows nothing.
PAW PAW must be quite a hand-some town.

A MASTER of free-hand drawing—a pickpocket.

OX-TAIL soup and head-cheese at the same meal is where we make both ends meet.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

JACK OLDSTOCK:—"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." Tom Parvenu:—"Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"

"It is no use," said the policeman to the sufferer whose pocket was picked, "for you to put a guard on your watch, unless you also keep a watch on your guard." Move on.

A BOY of 4 summers was riding on a hobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride better."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tewser, as she expatiated upon the beauties of her flower-garden, "I have given it great care, and if you come over in a week or two I expect to be able to show you some beautiful scarlet pneumonias."

"Why don't you eat your soup, sir?" inquired a surly waiter at a summer resort. "Is there anything the matter with it?" "Oh, no, I guess the soup is healthy enough; it's the transparency of the thing that affects me.—Texas Siftings.

An exchange says that a Kentucky man fired at another and killed a \$5,000 horse. The man may have repented sorely for his mistake but he will probably go to State's prison for life. Had he shot at the horse and killed the man it would have been different, but Kentucky horse flesh is too valuable to be thus ruthlessly destroyed.—Pech's Sun.

"ARE you married?" asked the Justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy. "No, I am not married, but my wife is." "No trifling with the court." "Heaven save us! I'm not trifling with the court. I was married, but got a divorce. My wife got married again, but I didn't; so I am not married, but my wife is."—Texas Siftings.

A WELL-KNOWN Chicagoan came home the other night very late and tried to unlock the door with his head. He explained the next day at the breakfast table by saying that the sun had fallen down on him the day before, and while in that helpless condition an army of rats tackled him.—Chicago Cheek.

There was a young man named Delia Who played the bass horn in the band He blew such a blast; That as he went past, He blew all the fruit off a tree.—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

A POOR woman was asked by a clergyman how many commandments there were. "Truly, sir," said she, "I cannot tell." "Why, ten," said he. "A fine company," said she; "God bless you and them together." "Well, but, neighbor," said he, "do you keep these commandments?" "Ah, the Lord in Heaven bless you, sir. I am a poor woman, and can hardly keep myself, and so how can I bear the charge of keeping so many?"

DURING a big thunder-shower, little Willie, who slept up stairs alone, got scared and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Will admitted that the thunder was too much for a youngster who slept alone. "Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage." "Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head, "suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go down stairs and sleep with pa." She didn't stay.

"I WOULD like to get a certificate of insanity," said a man to the Asylum Commissioners. "Who do you want it for?" "Myself." "Are you insane?" "Crazy as a chinch." "And you want admittance into the asylum?" "Yes, sir." "What evidence can you give us of your insanity?" "Evidence that you cannot dispute." I read a three-column article on the tariff. "Go to the asylum and tell the keeper. He'll admit you. In positive cases certificates are not necessary."—Arkansas Traveler.

How Ideas Come.

A certain lawyer justifies his pet hobby, which is carpenter work, not merely by the healthy relaxation of nervous tensions and exercise of muscle it brings him, but chiefly because he works out his legal problems, plane in hand. Old law reading comes back to him then, out-of-the-way precedents recur to mind, the very text of the law-book is never so clearly before him as then. He has a glimpse of the volume and the page, and the very part of the page on which is some needed citation which he would otherwise have long to seek.

Nor is it only memory which works when he is half engrossed with the affairs of his handicraft. Original thoughts arise and ingenious devices; clever combinations take shape of themselves. The case works itself out, and mental labor is only pleasurable exertion, just as his amateur handwork is. Hawthorne composed walking. Musicians are seized with ideas, and modern playwrights seize upon other's ideas at the most unexpected moment. Business men have been known to depend upon the meditation at dead of night for sound review of the present, and forecast on which they base their plans. When we are hurried, we long for rest, to "think over things" and decide rationally; but relieved from pressure, we "think of nothing at all." Comes the moment for action, we settle in three seconds the confusion of days, and, for good or ill results, our plans are at last clear. What is needed is not time nor will, but rather the favorable moment when there is harmony. Then, like the electric message, thought is swift and sure. The idea which we have long waited for arrives, not as the certain result of earnest thought, but as the reward of thought, just as honorable fame is the reward of noble deeds, but not the certain result of them.—Boston Courier.