

STRANGE STORY.

Simon Suggs' Singular Story Seriously Scandalizing Susan Sykes.

Sometime since Simon Suggs started South, sight-seeing. Suffering slight sun-stroke, Simon sought some shady strip. Spying Susan Sykes, symmetrical sash, sweet sixteen, sitting side some sparkling streamlet, singing sweetly siren songs, Simon stopped.

Strolling silently, saluting Susan, Simon said: "Susan Sykes, sensible, exclusive, selection, studying stereography, seismology, seismography, seismography?"

Simon seemed surprised. Starting suddenly, she said: "Simon Suggs!"

Simon said: "Sure!"

She said: "Susan's studying steganography, Simon."

Standing side Susan, Simon said: "Sweet sash, sing some succinct, suggestive sonnet stylishly."

Simon said something sentimental.

Susan, smiling, said: "Stop such stuff, Simon."

Simon said: "Susan, swains seldom speak such sentiments sportively."

Susan seemed serious; stammering, she said: Si-Simon, Simon, speak so-softly, slowly, something steals st-t-strangely." She swoons.

Such steeps scared Simon. Supplying some specific she soon seemed spry. Sitting supinely, Susan, soliloquizing, said: "Silly, silly."

Simon, still solicitous, suggested: "Stop such speculative sophistry, Susan. Swallow some sweetmeats, something strengthening, substantial—soup, sandwiches, sausage, souce, strawberries, bilabub."

Susan smiled. "Shame, Simon shame; suppose, sensitive stomach stand such stuff?" Say-sinapism.

Simon seemed so astigine sitting side Susan. She, somewhat self-willed, started Simon.

Simon said: "Sweetheart, strictly speaking, suppose some sycophant should seek Susan?"

Susan said: "Should say, stop, sir; Simon Suggs, seniority, seals—"

Simon stopped Susan, saying, "Splendid, splendid. Susan, say, 'spliced'."

Susan said: "Simon, see Sykes, Sr., shortly."

Simon saw Sykes, Sr., said: "Seeking spouse, sir?"

Sykes, Sr., said: "Susan."

Simon said: "So?"

Sykes, Sr., said: "'Spouse, so, Simon."

Simon said: "Susan, sire says, 'spouse so'."

Susan smiled.

Simon said: "September second."

Susan said: "So."

Simon sought 'Squire Solomon Smith's services.

September second several Smiths, Suggs, Sykes, selected specially, sought Samuel Sykes, senior's, spacious stone structure.

'Squire Smith, standing, said: Simon Suggs, Susan Sykes solemnly spliced. Simon salutes Susan.

Saluting Susan Simon said: "Splendid."

'Squire Smith said: "Spondulicks, Simon."

Simon said: "So."

'Squire Smith suggested: "Seventy shillings silver."

Simon said: "Squire Smith, specie's short. Sorry Simon's suspended."

'Squire Smith said: "Sporting spendthrift."

Samuel Sykes, Sr., said socially: "Supper."

Some scrambled, several squeezed sideways, spoiling skirts, smashing spitoons, silver service.

Supper served serenely, some smoked, some suggested soiree, some sought sleep. Society separated.

Sincerely.

S.

Savings For Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is, indeed, a sorry sight; yes, save money, by all means. But an old man just needs that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is 70 and then how much he will want it!

"It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at 20 will intensify the rheumatism of three-score. It is a fact that overtaxing the eyes at 14 may necessitate the aid of spectacles at 40 instead of 60. We advise young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxims holds in regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgoes no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years; sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures, and pure thoughts: save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.

Wong Fat on American Domestic Life.

"Say, Wong, why do the Americans like to see wrestling and fighting?"

"Oh, him heap laid off him wife. Melican velly fond stay out late. His wife get heap mad—taka a poka—say, 'Me give him fit—taka a pitch ice wata—say, 'Me coolers him off.' Bimeby Melican man come home, takes off him shoe, steedie instay—say, 'Me foole ole woman.' Allie same him wife open him eye—say, 'Ha! why you be so late? What time you think he be?' Den Melican man him say, 'You betta leave me lone—me velly bad man. Me see fightee alleee night—Patsee Hogee—Jack Halline. Me heap sabe Sullivan—knock you out in a minit. Me sabe Muldoe—gives you fall—bleakee you neck. You let up; me velly tough man—mucheet woosee man Sullivan.' Den him wife hitce, Melican poka, wetece him ice wata, takes him wipe it off. Melican man yellee 'Mudda! fi! fi! pleee!' Nixa day newspaper say heap macheet talkie high life. Velly

bad on Melican man; him get divorce, alleee same Jim Fay—give him wife million dolla an ketchee nudda galie."

Trying to "Mash" a Deaf Mute.

The train sped over the track at the rate of forty miles an hour, but somehow each hour had sixty minutes in it, just as usual, and time hung heavy on his soul. He was a Harvard student bound for Boston on the Old Colony railroad. Presently, at one of the way-stations, a pretty young lady entered the car and sat down near the delighted student. Instantly he was wide awake, and devoted all his energies to engaging the admiring attention of the fair one. First he pushed the blind up and down noisily in order to attract her attention. Thinking he had secured this, he opened a morning paper, and, reading gracefully, pretended to read. In reality he stared steadily at his charmer, and whenever she chanced to raise her eyes she found the student looking at her. Their eyes met; he poured his whole soul into one bewildering, captivating glance; she blushed slightly and turned nervously in her seat, but in that delicious instant when he gazed into the limpid depths of her blue eyes he fancied he saw there the reciprocation of his own interest. With increasing confidence his attitude became more imposing and beautiful, and when the train reached Boston he considered his conquest assured. But in the meantime the whole carful had "caught" to the student's scheme, and one of the passengers who knew the young lady passed around the word that fun was coming. So when the party stepped on the platform the student proceeded in the presence of a large and interesting audience. Stepping elegantly up to the pretty girl, he said briskly:

"I beg your pardon, but I am sure we must have met before. Did I not have the pleasure of seeing you at Judge Smith's reception last week? May I assist you with the bundle? Fine day, is it not?"

But the maiden walked demurely on, never so much as blushing or turning her head. Taken somewhat by surprise, the would-be master hesitated, stammered, but continued: "I thought possibly you might remember my face; I am sure I have seen you before. We had a very enjoyable time at the ball last eve, didn't we?"

As the same result was experienced from this attempt, he boldly stepped in front of her and, raising his hat, began: "I beg your pardon, Miss—but he stopped suddenly; she was looking pitifully at him and making signs to him in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"Oh, holy cuspid! if that isn't another piece of Harvard luck!" he gasped, and bolted for a horse-car. The story leaked out, and now you can tell that student by the appearance of suppressed profanity that steals over his face when any one happens to twist his fingers or move his hand in an unusual way.

Clubs Have Changed.

"Want a hundred dollars this morning?" echoed the Governor, as he wheeled around on his 20-year-old son.

"Why, sir, I gave you \$50 only yesterday!"

"Yes, father, but belonging to a fashionable club is expensive you know."

"I don't know nothing of the sort! When I was a young man I belonged to the Apollo Club. It included the cream of the city, and my expenses weren't \$25 per year."

"Yes, father, but clubs are run differently now."

"They are, eh? Well, I can't help that. If a lot of you fellows can't hire a room over a tannery, put in six lamps, two dozen chairs, three fiddles and a checker-board, and enjoy yourselves in a rational manner as we did, you had better pass your evenings posting up my books. Fashionable club! Hundred dollars! I'd like to see you get it!"—Wall Street News.

A Perfect Gentleman.

"Who is the man who has just gone out?" asked a globe trotter of a barkeeper in Deadwood City.

"That," replied the gin jerker, "that's a perfect gentleman—one of the most perfect gentlemen in the camp."

"Indeed!" said the surprised stranger.

"You bet he is; why, the other night over at Jack Bowie's game he killed a man for something or other, and the next day he paid the undertaker's bill out of his own pocket, and sent the widow a barrel of flour. It's true, he made a big winning, and all that, but how many men do you meet nowadays with a great big heart like that? He's a perfect gentleman, sir!"—San Francisco Post.

Power of Electric Lights.

The heat from an arc electric lamp of 100-candle power is from 57 to 155 heat-units, that of the incandescent lamp of equal brilliancy from 290 to 536. The argand gas-burner is the next best light in point of coolness, but this is represented by 4,860 heat-units, a colza oil lamp by 6,800, a flat wick petroleum lamp by 7,200, a paraffine candle by 9,200, and a tallow candle by 9,700. Light for light, therefore, the heat of an electric lamp under the most favorable circumstances is to the heat of tallow as 1 to 170.

A Lansing Man Rose Early.

Old Mr. S—came sauntering down to the front gate a night or two ago and interrupted a long conversation between his daughter and a very intimate male friend.

"Why, pa," inquired the damsels, "ain't you up late?"

"Just got up," said the old gentleman, shortly; "thought I'd come out and see the sun rise."

And then the son rose from the rustic bed and sadly bade him homewards.—Lansing Journal.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

ENGLAND hanged Jemmy O'Brien in 1798, and she has banished James Carey in 1883.

NERVOUSNESS, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Dancing Denounced.

Not a few Christians are continually asking the question: "What harm is there in dancing? I read in the Bible of people dancing who were good people. What harm can it be?" I believe it is a great evil, and is doing more to demoralize church and society than the Christian mothers who are training their children for the ballroom have any idea, and, while I see no reason why Christians should engage in dancing, I see many why they should not.

1. It is nowhere commanded in the Bible.

2. Although engaged in by men and women of God at times and under the old dispensation, it was never sought as a pleasure as now, but was one of the ways they praised God in the time of victory.

3. The sexes did not dance together as now.

4. The New Testament tells of but one case of dancing, and that in purpose is more like the dancing nowadays than any other dancing in the whole Bible. This dancing, which was engaged in by the daughter of one of the wicked women of the Roman empire, resulted in the death of John the Baptist.

5. Dancing is not done in the name of the Lord. Paul says do all things in the name of the Lord.

6. Dancing is reveling, and Paul says they who do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom.

7. It is heathenistic. The less of civilization a nation has, the more of dancing.

8. It leads to expensive and gorgeous dress.

9. It unites the mind for reflection.

10. It leads to the violation of the laws of health, among which is the great loss of sleep and too much exercise.

11. It keeps people up all night who are too delicate to sit up with the sick or dying for one hour.

12. The ministers of the gospel can not engage in it without doing serious damage to the religion of Christ.

13. Our Savior did not dance.

14. The apostles and early Christians did not dance.

15. Dancing is of ill-repute.

16. No one dying sends for a dancing master to comfort him.

17. No good dancer wants it placed on his tomb-stone when dead that "he was an expert dancer."

18. No one dances in memory of a departed friend.

19. It creates or fosters a love for the fatal cup.

20. It tolerates a freedom between the sexes both immodest and often resulting perniciously.

21. Hundreds of blasted characters can date the first step of their ruin to their first visit to the ball-room.

22. It creates a jealousy between man and wife, between lover and lover.

23. It requires no brains to be a dancing-master.

24. It weakens a person morally.

25. It weakens his influence for good.

26. It is a useless art.

27. No Christian can attend balls and keep unspotted from the world.

28. We cannot let our light shine at the ball-room.

29. Dancing is not a healthful exercise.

30. We are to glorify God in our bodies and spirits. Can we do it by dancing?—Rev. D. R. Wilkins, of Baltimore.

A Surprised Reporter.

"You know Joe Howard, of course?" asked the reporter.

"Joe! Joe! Do you know a man in the profession in the United States who does not know Joe?"

"Gay boy!"

"Gay? Well, seriously, Joe is one of the most brilliant of American journalists. Queer, generous to a fault, and always conscientious, but ready, versatile, and ever entertaining—George Alfred Townsend's only rival. No, Joe wants one fact on which to base an article; George does not want any. Joe never gets left."

"Once the Times sent him to report an important ceremony in Trinity Church. Joe was late. The house was jammed. The boys in the two pews allotted to the reporters had noticed the absence of the representatives of the Times. But suddenly one nudged another, saying, 'Look up there.' And there was Joe in the chancel with the clergy, surprised, and intoning with the rest.

"Joe afterward explained that, finding it impossible to get in the house and do his work, he looked around and found a rear door, and seeing men dodging in and boys throwing a surprise over their shoulders, he followed suit, and let them supply him with the visiting cloth. He was thus able to make his report."—Chicago Daily News.

Sam Patch's Death.

The business or industry of going over waterfalls and maelstroms was started in this country many years ago by a simple-minded fellow named Samuel Patch, who lived at Pawtucket, R. I. While at work on the roof of a high building that stood beside the Blackstone river, at the head of the Pawtucket falls, Patch slipped, and, seeing that he must go, jumped with all his might into the raging torrent. A few moments later he landed safely some distance below the cataract. There was a deal of talk about the exploit, then deemed a marvel, and Patch too it into his head that jumping falls would be a paying business. He tried it successfully in many places, but tried it once too often. An old ballad says:

"Patch at the falls of Genesee
That Sam made his last dive;
Headlong he plunged into the flood
And never came out alive.

But tradition records that Sam had partaken too freely of his favorite beverage, rum, before essaying the fatal leap, and that the responsibility of his failure belongs not to water, but to the popular stimulant which he so much affected. The mother of Samuel Patch survived him many years, living at Pawtucket in respectable widowhood, and often relating to visitors the story of her son's strange career.

"Patch