

"GIVE ME THE BABY."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Give me the baby to hold, my dear—
To hold and to hug, and to love and kiss.
Ah! he will come to me never a fear—
Come to the nest of a breast like this.
As warm for him as his face with cheer.
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Trustfully yield him to my care.
"Mother, you shall have a brother to me—
To fill up my soul with such happiness
As the love of a baby that laughs to be
Saugled away where my heart can hear!
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Ah, but his hands are so led, you say!
And would dirty my laces and clutch my
hair!
Well, what would pleasure me more, I pray,
Than the touch and tug of the wee hands
there?
The wee hands there, and the warm face here—
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Give me the baby! (Oh, won't you see?)
* * * Somewhere, out where the green of
the lawn
Is turning to gray, and the maple tree
Is weeping its leaves of gold upon
A little mound, with a dead rose near
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

PEER AND PEASANT.

"And you must leave us?" There was a ring of despair in the voice of the woman who uttered these words, and she raised her large, mournful, dark eyes appealingly to the face of the handsome young man who stood beside, leaning against a giant forest tree.

"It is necessary, Victorine; and surely you would not have me stay forever in this little cabin, shut away from the world like a monk in a cloister?"

"You are not well yet," said the girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"I am well enough to leave here, where I am only a burden," was the rejoinder.

The dark eyes filled with sudden tears.

"You are unkind to say that, Hugo. What we have done for you has been done cheerfully."

"But your father is a poor man, Victorine. He cannot but feel the support of a stranger very burdensome. And he refuses to accept any return."

"My father is proud," said Victorine, "and does not wish payment for the favors he bestows. And the pleasure of your society has been worth much to him. He has often said that but for you he would have been very lonely."

"What did he do for company before I came?" asked the young man. "He has lived ten years in this hut, he says."

"Ten very unhappy years, Hugo. The loneliness has seemed to him sometimes greater than he could bear."

"Well, certainly he has had no chance to be lonely lately," said Hugo, in a tone of significance.

Victorine's face paled suddenly.

"Tell me," she said, laying her hand on her companion's arm, "why do these strange men come here night after night? My father will answer no questions. He says women should not concern themselves with such things, and he sends me to bed that I may not hear what they say. But you know all, Hugo. He confides in you, and you will tell me, I am sure."

Hugo shook his head.

"I would willingly do so," he said, "but I promised your father that I would tell you nothing, and I cannot break my word."

"These are dangerous days," said Victorine, "and there is a constant dread at my heart that my father will join the insurgents. Ledru Rollin, who leads the Red Republicans, is always wanting more men, and the fact that these strangers come here so frequently fills me with alarm."

"Then your sympathies are with our—"

"With the throne," said Hugo, eagerly.

"Yes; and yet I know how much cause the people have to complain. They need help; but can help come to them only through blood and riot? Is there not some other way in which their condition could be improved?"

"They have taken matters into their own hands," said Hugo. "It is too late to help them now," and he sighed heavily.

A silence fell between them, broken only by the call of the night birds, through the forest, all was strangely still.

A few yards away stood the little cabin which had been Victorine's home for ten long years. Henri Razi was absent, and therefore no light gleamed from the windows of his home. It stood dark and desolate beneath the tall forest trees which surrounded it.

Moved by a sudden impulse, Hugo put out his arm, and drew Victorine close to his side.

"The time has come for us to say good-by," he murmured, brokenly.

"Oh, do not forget me when I am far away, Victorine."

"You are not going now!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Hugo, it cannot be possible that you will leave me so soon!"

"I dreaded telling you of my departure until I could delay no longer, Victorine. My heart aches at the thought of leaving you, but I must be in Paris to-morrow. Business of importance calls me there. Give me your good wishes before I go. I shall think of you as I journey forward to-night, and picture you sleeping here, undisturbed by battle and carnage."

She did not speak. With both hands clasped over her heart she stood like a beautiful statue before him, her eyes staring straight before her, and her breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Must I leave you in silence then, Victorine? Will you not speak a single word of farewell?" asked Hugo, as he took in a warm, close clasp one of her cold nerveless hands.

Still she did not speak.

"You are angry, perhaps, and perhaps you have cause for anger," a quick sigh escaping his lips.

"Good-by," she said, harshly, her face averted from his earnest gaze.

"Only a single word, Victorine! Can you part with me so coldly after all these weeks we have been together? Ah, I see that you really care little whether I go or stay. And I—I shall never forget you, Victorine, or the tenderness with which you nursed me back to health again. Remember what a vision of loveliness you seemed to me when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me. I blessed my good fortune in having been found, after my fall by your father. Surely no other father and daughter could have been so kind."

Nowhere else could I have been nursed so tenderly. And after ten weeks of intimate companionship you bid me good-by as you would a stranger of yesterday."

Still she did not move or speak, and the hand he held remained unresponsive to his clasp.

"You may never see me again, Victorine," he continued. "Our paths lie far apart. Let me hear you say that you do not regret having known me."

"Why should I regret it?" she asked, turning suddenly and facing him. "You have been here ten weeks, but in that time you have told us nothing of yourself save that your name is Hugo Lascelles. You say we have been kind to you, but you have not rewarded our kindness by giving us your confidence. Do you think I owe you lasting remembrance? Should you think that you deserve that I should carry your image here?" laying her hand on her heart.

The young man appeared to hesitate; then he said slowly:

"It is as well, perhaps, that you should forget me. Forgive me if my reticence has wounded you. I dare not attempt any justification. But it grows late. Farewell, Victorine. When the sun rises to-morrow I shall be far on my road to Paris."

"Farewell," she said, coldly.

She heard him turn and walk away, but made no effort to recall him. She stood where he had left her, silent, motionless, her head bent forward on her breast, the long, silken fringes of her eyelids resting on her pale cheeks.

It was only when the sound of his footsteps had died away that she raised her head and looked about her.

"Hugo! Hugo!" She breathed the words rather than spoke them. "Gone! gone! Never in this life shall we meet again!"

She went into the cabin and lighted a candle. As she did so she perceived a sheet of paper lying open on the table. She picked it up and found upon it a few lines from her father:

"I have gone away, and cannot tell you when I may return. You are safe in the cabin. Remain there until your provisions give out. Then raise the little board in the floor, counting from the fireplace, and take the bag you will find there. It contains sufficient money to last you several years."

"While I talked with Hugo, he came and left this," she murmured. "His daughter is as nothing to him compared with his desire for power. He has left me alone to live or die, as the good God may see fit. And, had I only dared to speak, I might have won both love and station. One word would have bridged the gulf between Hugo and me. Oh, father! father! your secret has proved my doom!"

As the last word left her lips she threw up her arms with a bitter cry, and cast herself prone on the floor, her face downwards, no tears in her eyes, but hoarse, gasping sobs tearing their way from her breast, and her white, slender hands buried in her long, dark hair. For a long time she lay thus, making no effort at self-control, giving free license to the wild emotions of her burdened heart.

But at length she grew quiet and lay motionless, as if utterly exhausted with the force of her strange passion. The moon rose slowly, and shed its calm, cold light upon her, the wind sighed through the forest like a lost spirit, the hours wore on, but still she stirred not. She lay there like a dead thing, and the cold, gray light of morning found her position unchanged. * * *

On the morning of Friday, June 20, 1848, the city of Paris presented a scene of horror seldom equaled. In the eastern half of the city, every street had its battle, and every stone of the barricade was spotted with human gore. Each window was a loophole from which flashed the leaden death. The fight raged from house to house, from chamber to chamber. Men fired at each other from parapets on the roofs, and the dead bodies fell heavily on the streets below. Every atrocity of civil war or known among savages was perpetrated on the prisoners by the insurgents. Beaten from barricade to barricade, they were unable to guard their captives, and condemned them to die as fratricides. The young men of the Mobile Guard, nearly all natives of Paris, the heroes of the barricades of the preceding February, were treated by the insurgents as traitors. Some of them were decapitated, and their heads stuck on pikes, and surmounted by the military hat, served as banners on the heights of several barricades. In the Pantheon, near the tomb of Voltaire, a Mobile Guard was crucified. At other points they were dismembered and placed in front of the barricades to strike their comrades with horror.

Nothing was heard but the discharge of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the roll of the drum and the shrieks of the women. The combatants uttered no cry, but pursued in silence the work of death. The beautiful city presented a most changed appearance from what it bore before the beginning of the uprising. And the palace of the Tuilleries, with its magnificent furniture, its velvet and satin-covered chairs, its soft Turkey carpets, its tapestried chambers, its luxurious apartments of every description, was turned into a hospital.

In the Quarter St. Jacques, on the Rue Sorbonne, the battle had raged for seven long hours, and the dead and dying lay in every direction. The troops had moved on, and a few of the Red Republicans were engaged in removing their wounded to the hospitals, when, making her way slowly through the scene of carnage, came a young girl, alone. Her long, dark hair hung in wild confusion over her shoulders, her dress, that of a peasant, was torn and soiled; her shoes were broken and worn, and she seemed ready to fall with fatigue. But still she went on, her large, dark eyes gleaming with a look of horror at the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed faces that peeped from the sky. She appeared to be searching for some one, and paid no attention to the rude glances cast upon her.

Suddenly she gave a wild, unearthly cry, and fell on her knees beside the body of a young man dressed in the uniform of the royalist.

"My dream!" she moaned. "The vision of my dream!"

She tore aside the coat, and pressed her hand to the young officer's heart.

"It beats!" she cried. "Oh, my God!

he is alive! Men! men! give me help to beat him to a place of safety."

"Help to bear a monarchist?" cried the men in answer. "You ask too much."

"Let me put him where he'll need no help," said a rough-looking fellow, springing forward with a bayonet in his hand. "Vive la Republique Sociale!"

But before he could strike the blow his murderous heart dictated, the girl had covered the body of the young officer with her own.

"Coward!" she cried; "to seek to kill a fallen man!"

There was the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs, and an officer, on whose breast glittered the star of the Legion of Honor, drew rein before the prostrate woman.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"Put up your bayonet, man! Would you strike a woman?"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Help me, General," she cried, passionately. "God will forever bless you, if you give me aid now. There lies one whose life is dearer far to me than my own. Protect him; let me remove him to a hospital where I can nurse and care for him."

She looked so beautiful, so brave, as she stood there, her dark eyes were a look of such passionate appeal, that the General's heart softened.

"It shall be as you desire," he said. "I will act as your body-guard, my brave girl."

Half an hour later the young officer so miraculously saved lay in a comfortable bed in the house of a kind American, tenderly guarded and cared for by the dark-eyed girl who had dared so much for his sake.

But it was many days before he knew anything of what was passing around him; days in which he lay in the valley of the shadow of death, deaf to the tender words whispered in his ear, blind to the anguish in the face of his sweet nurse, unconscious of the tears which fell fast on his face as she bent over him.

"Where am I?" the pallid lips asked, faintly.

"With me, Hugo," answered the nurse, bending over him, a world of gladness in her lustrous eyes.

He smiled as if well content. Too weak to make further inquiry, he was satisfied with the knowledge that Victorine was near him.

It was from the doctor that he learned how his life had been saved, and how unflinching had been the courage and care of the girl he had thought never to see again when he left her in the desolate cabin in the forest.

"Victorine," he said, one day, when he was feeling almost well again, and was sitting by the window with his gentle nurse beside him, "I haven't spoken to you yet of what I owe you. I wanted to wait until I was strong enough to talk with you about it. Tell me, why did you come to Paris?"

Victorine shuddered, and her cheek paled.

"The night you left me I had a vision," she answered. "I saw you lying in the street, wounded and helpless. About you were soldiers, removing the dead and dying. Suddenly you raised your head and uttered the single word, 'Come.' Then all was blank about me. I saw no more. But I lost no time. I knew that heaven had sent a message, and that I must obey it. I set out on foot for Paris, and reached here five hours before I found you. I knew from the first that my search would not be in vain."

"Victorine, I have a confession to make. From the first hour I met you I loved you, I think. But between us was a gulf I feared to cross. I am not plain Hugo Lascelles; I am a Marquis, the son of the Duke de Villars, and my blood is among the oldest in the land. I feared my father's displeasure should I mate with one so lowly as the daughter of a poor peasant. I determined to leave you before my heart mastered my reason. But the longing to know if my love was returned proved too great for resistance, and I sought, on the evening of my departure, to learn your heart. I became convinced that you did not care for me. You were so cold and even unkind. So I left you and came to Paris, eager to help my friends in this conflict. It was from your father that I knew of the fresh rebellion which was to shake all Paris. He was a bitter insurgent."

"He is dead," said Victorine. "My poor father! He had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the monarchy. Victor, I, too, have a confession to make. I knew from the first who you were, for you told your secret in your delirium."

"And you did not reveal it?" cried Hugo. "Victorine! that was noble; for you know your father's hatred of all connected with the throne!"

"My father was not a poor peasant, Hugo, but a noble, exiled fifteen years ago because of his political opinions. He found life unbearable out of France, and returned, disguised as a peasant, and secluded himself in that forest."

"Victorine! Ah, then, my father will not refuse to give you a daughter's place in his heart. Be my wife, dearest—my sweet, devoted wife! Ah, cannot you love me? Victorine, your coldness was not genuine when we parted?"

"No; I dared not permit you to know my feelings. I knew that as long as you believed me the daughter of a peasant your filial duty would not permit you to marry me. But my father's death has unsealed my lips, and, Hugo, I am yours for time and eternity."

He drew her to his arms, and, with a heart too full for words, pressed on her lips the seal of betrothal.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

A MAN named Dubois, of Portland, Me., is responsible for the first English sparrow brought to this country, in 1853.

It has increased her stock 130, 730 during the last year, while in Ohio there has been a decrease of 14,671 head.

HIGH medical authority denounces blunders upon horses as useless, ugly and hurtful to the sight.

New York city has a French population of 76,000.

Indian Students Returning Home.

Those interested in Indian industrial schools located among white people, where the Indian children are removed from the daily contact of Indian society, have felt an unusual interest in the event of the children being returned to their people after having been for several years entirely separated from them. Not long ago twelve Indian children were returned to Dallas, Ore., for a vacation visit, where they met their friends and relatives from Warm Spring agency, having been separated from them for three years, while attending the United States Indian training-school at Forest Grove, Ore. An eyewitness thus describes the meeting of some of the parents and children: One old man, who had parted with his boy of 15 three years before, with many injunctions to work hard and study hard and be a good boy, was there to meet the lad. He looked all around and asked for his boy, while at the same time the latter was looking around for his father; neither knew the other. So well had the boy obeyed his father's injunctions that he had risen to the position of first sergeant among the boys. He was tall and straight, and his hair cut short and neatly parted. His well-fitting new suit of clothes altogether quite transformed him from the half-grown lad of three years ago in his dirty blanket, with long uncombed hair coming down over his forehead, and cut off square just above his eyes. On the other hand, his father, in expectation of meeting his son, who he fondly hoped was now almost like a "white man," and not wanting his boy to feel ashamed of his old Indian father, had cut off his own long hair and bought himself a new suit of clothes; and his appearance, too, was changed almost as much as that of the boy. Only the hole in his nose and the holes in his ears told of the old superstitions and barbarous habits. All else spoke of an awakening to a realization of a newer life, nobler aims and better purposes. When told by the lady in charge which was his boy, his only response was the tears streaming down his dusky cheeks as he took the lad's hand. One widow, who had sent her little 8-year-old girl, could hardly realize the change in her child, and seemed never to tire of fondling her, stroking her hair, and minutely examining every article of her wearing apparel. Three covered carriages owned by the Indians were in waiting to convey them to their homes, and they informed us that every camping-place on the road homeward has been arranged with special reference to the comfort of the children.

The Lightning-Rod Days.

"Hello," says a business man as he came down the avenue, to a melancholy looking chap that had seen better days, "you look a little off color. What you up to now?"

"Oh, a little of everything," said the hard-looking citizen. "Just been the rounds of the fairs selling soap to erase grease. Money enough in it, when you can get a bar of common soap for 5 cents and cut it up into fifty pieces, and sell them for 10 cents, with a little tin foil on, but the Grangers are all on to the scheme, thanks to the dum newspapers, and a man can't make a decent living."

"Why, three years ago you were selling lightning-rods, and flying high," said the merchant. "You had a diamond pin, and champagne was not good enough for you. Well, time changes all things."

"There's where you are right," said the hard-looking citizen. "And the newspapers are to blame for it all. I have seen the time I could make \$50 a day putting up lightning-rods. Drive up to a house and talk with a man about rodding his barn, at so much a foot, and he would figure that it would cost, say, \$16, and he would sign an order. Before the ink was cold, I would have seven or eight men with ladders, all over that barn. They would go over it like cats on a back fence, and put points on every corner, and conductors down every side. The farmer and his family would look on in amazement, and be so pleased at the improved look of the old barn that they would not kick at the number of points. Then we would go off without collecting the bill, and in about a week our collector would come along with a bill for \$387.45, and the farmer's note, all signed, and demand the pay. The farmer might faint away, but he had to pay it. Oh, of course, if he seemed hurt, we would throw off the odd cents, just to show a Christian spirit. But the condemned newspapers have kept talking about highway robbery under the disguise of lightning-rod peddlers, till it is as much as a man's life is worth to go through the country on a lightning-rod wagon.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Case of Bigamy.

"How does yer new wife take to city life?" inquired Aunt Sukey of Gabe Sloghing. The latter had quite recently married a negro girl out in the country and brought her to the city.

"Tells yer, Aunt Sukey, dat it am all a piece ob foolishness, a delusion an' a snare, dis brumging country female niggers inter a big metropolis like Austin. It's shoah ter done spile 'em. Dere's too many frivolities an' follies, an' fripperies fer dem to stan' it. Dey becoms jist too 'vain an' peacocky for any use, an' sling on mo' style den a mule kin draw. My two wives den be de ruinashun ob dis niggah."

"Your two wives, Gabe! What does yer mean? Yer ain't got no two wives, has yer?"

"Dat's a fac'. I spects ter be indicted fer 'bigamy' if I doesn't keep my eye peeled."

"How does yer make out dat yer's got two wives?"

"Ebery night I goes home, I sees 'em."

"Sees 'em!"

"Yahs, one in de lookin'-glass, an' one in front ob hit."—*Texas Siftings.*

On Marriage.

Here is sound advice on marriage, coming from a magisterial bench in Dublin: "From the experience which I have gained in the Police court," said the Magistrate, "I would advise people

not to get married at all, especially females; for, in the number of assault cases between married people which have come before me, I have had only one case in which the wife was charged with assault upon her husband." It was generally supposed that a "female" was a necessary concomitant to a marriage, a participes criminis, so to say. But probably the rule is altered for Dublin, where an Irish member of Parliament recently declared that as long as Ireland remained silent, England would be deaf to her cries of anguish.

A Giant of the Plains.

We rode up to the camp-fire of old Strike-Axe, near the head of the shed and closest to the waters of the creek, our advent apparently exciting very little surprise or comment among the group that we passed. The Chief rose to receive us, exhibiting his full stature and formidable proportions. As we dismounted to take his hand we were made aware of our comparatively pigmy size, and our hands were like those of infants in his brawny palm. Strike-Axe is one of the largest of the giant race, nearly, if not quite, seven feet in height and massive in proportion. He was in gala costume, his broad chest decorated with rows of white pipe-stem beads, that gave the effect of the trimming of a hussar-jacket, his face painted in streaks of red and yellow ochre, and his cock's-comb of hair decorated with turkey-feathers. He wore his red blanket with the grace of a toga, and his manner had the grave dignity of a Roman Senator. His face is of the prevailing Osage Indian type, whose regularity and universality indicate the strength of blood and unmixed purity of the race. Its cast is that which is regarded as that of the typical North American Indian—the high cheek-bones and aquiline nose and the high and retreating forehead being displayed in almost exaggerated outline, and the color of the skin showing the bright, coppery bronze, also accepted as the hue of the race, although really less prevalent than a darker tinge. The eyes were grave and penetrating, although small, and the month firm, without being cruel. Old Strike-Axe's children, who are now men and women with families of their own, were not at his camp-fire, and his only wife, a squaw of massive proportions as himself, sat silently and stolidly by the fire, apparently regarding the visitors with a disdainful contempt. As the red glow of the dying blaze illuminated her heavy features, her huge bust and brawny arms, she looked like a representative of the giant race before the flood, and as though she could have taken Achilles by the hair and bent his neck.

Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.

The Oldest Woman in the World.

At Aubierne-en-Royans, a village in the Dauphine, situated between Valence and Grenoble, may be seen an old woman living in a hut in a narrow street who has reached the extraordinary age of 123 years. She has no infirmity except slight deafness, being in full possession of her mental faculties.

According to her marriage certificate, she completed in January last her 100th year since marriage. She was a "cantiniere" under the First empire, and had two sons killed at the battles of Friedland and in Spain. She is supported entirely on the alms given her by visitors, who go from great distances to see her as an object of curiosity, and her neighbors help her to do her household work.

She lives almost exclusively on soup made with bread, to which is added a little wine, and sometimes a little brandy. Dr. Bonne, who practices in the neighborhood, states that she is never ill. Her skin is like parchment, but she is comparatively upright, and is of scrupulously-clean habits.—*London Lancet.*

Hash Called Up by a Locomotive Bell.

On one of the Northern trains was an old lady who evidently had never before made a railroad journey. After looking about her some time in curiosity, her eyes alighted on the bell line and asked the water boy, who happened to be passing at the time, what it was for. "That, marm," said the boy with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, "is to ring the bell when you want anything to eat," and passed on. Shortly after the old lady got down the family umbrella and reaching up to the bell line gave it a vigorous pull. Of course the brakes were applied, the windows thrown up, questions asked, etc., the old lady sitting calmly through the confusion. Presently the conductor came rushing into the car, exclaiming, "Who pulled that bell?" "I did," replied the old lady meekly. "Well, what do you want?" snapped the official impatiently. "Well," said the old party meditatively, "you may bring me some hash."—*Boston Courier.*

Rare Old Coins.

George Hancock, of Sudfield, Ct., has four coins dated 1787, two of which are in an excellent state of preservation. He also has another exceedingly rare coin in a George Washington penny of 1786, which bears on the side the inscription: "Nova Ccesarea," with a horse's head and plow, and on the reverse, "E Pluribus Unum." He also has other rare coins which he is justly proud of, among which are a milled-edged penny dated 1794, and pennies dated respectively 1802, 1803, 1793, 1800, 1804 and 1809. Mr. Hancock also has a Roman copper coin of the times of Augustus Cæsar, an autograph letter of Aaron Burr, one of John Jay and a war document with the signature of John Hancock; also an autograph letter of Daniel Webster, and signatures of Millard Fillmore, Henry Clay and many more.

SPICED PLUMS.—To eight pounds of plums allow four of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one small cup of vinegar. Cook until they are thick as jelly.

EDUCATION is cheap in Switzerland. In the College of Geneva, founded by Calvin and supported by the State, the fees are only \$4 a year.

FOR long evenings—Good books and papers.

HUMOR.

[From Texas Siftings.]

AN exchange says that Vanderbilt grows gross. His father used to grow cabbages.

A YOUNG girl in Missouri, crazed by religion, imagines herself an angel. Her case is not quite so bad as that of the young Austin dude, who, crazed by the girls, imagines himself a devil of a fellow.

A TEXAS local reporter described a young lady's costume, worn at an evening party, as a "rose-colored dress." The paper appeared the next morning calling it a "nose-colored dress," and the young lady's admirers are now anxiously inquiring "who's nose?"

"Aw, CAN you sell me, aw, a blue necktie to match my eyes, you know?" inquired an Austin dude in a gentleman's furnishing store. "Don't know as I can, exactly," replied the salesman, "but I think I can fit you with a soft hat to match your head." Then the dude withdrew from the store, a crushed-strawberry hue suffusing his effeminate features.

"GOING to visit Germany this winter, I hear," said Mr. Plimsoll to old Uriah Pettigrew, whose reputation for stingingness was almost sublime. "Yes, I thought I would go over in about two weeks." "Don't believe they will let you go ashore," observed Plimsoll. "Why won't they let me go ashore?" anxiously inquired Pettigrew. "Why, you know Bismarck has declared against the importation of American hogs."

[From Peck's Sun.]

THE contribution-box at last welcomes liberalism in the churches.

It's suggested that Private Dalzell be put in command of the next Arctic expedition. Well, as he is an Ohio man there is a fair prospect of his "getting there." By all means make out the commission to Dalzell. Let no Ohio man escape.

THE strike that generally results in good to all parties concerned is that made by the mothers on the bosom of the boys' pants. The boy don't like it any more than wealthy corporations, but it does him good in the end.

A HEALTHY journal says: "Too thick underclothing causes unnatural redness in the face and nose." If a person buys his underclothing by the gallon, and puts a tumbler-full into his vital parts too thick, it probably does have that effect. Beware of underclothing that comes in jugs.

A TELEGRAPH dispatch conveys the intelligence that a young man in Texas who had been missing for several days "was found dead under a tree with a rope around his neck." The dispatch don't give any particulars as to how the rope came there, but as it happened in Texas it's surmised that it's an ordinary attack of the committee on strangulation. A common disease in that State.

THEY are getting awful nice down in Vermont. An editor in quoting from one of Byron's poems, in which the words "Oh, gods!" occurred, changed them to "Oh, gosh!" According to the Vermont idea, Mars, Jupiter and the rest of them were goshes.

[From Carl Fretzel's Weekly.]

BREAD-MAKERS are not loafers. ALMOST every-parlor in the land is a court-room.

A "DRAW game"—The cart horse's.

MAN born of woman is of a few days and full of hay fever.

LOTTERY men are square. They want every man to have a chance.

"I'm always troubled with a lack of nerve when I think about going to the dentist's," said Smitherkins; "but when I get in the chair and he commences to bore around in my tooth with his drill, I find I have altogether too much of it."

It is an old saying that to make a goose nature requires considerable time and a large number of quills. Just so with a man. He can make a goose of himself with one quill in a short time.

WHEN a negro is poor and worthless we are content to call him a negro; when he is respectable and well-to-do he is an African; and when he amounts to something he is a colored gentleman.

An Indian Folk Story.

A man wanted a wife, so he looked about for one to please him, but