

## "I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR."

BY CHARLES F. SHIRAS.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,  
The wealth of our next-door neighbor,  
But bid me still be stout of heart,  
And cheerfully follow my labor.  
You must know the last of those little debts,  
That have been our lingering sorrow,  
Is paid this night, so we both go forth  
And shake hands with the world to-morrow.  
Oh, the debtor is but a shame-faced doer,  
With the creditor's name on his collar,  
While I am a King and you a Queen,  
For we owe no man a dollar.

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,  
With his wife and his flouting daughter,  
While we sat down at our cheerless board  
To a crust and a cup of water.  
I say that the fear-drops stood in your eye,  
Though you tried your best to conceal it;  
I know that the contrast reached your heart,  
And you could not help but feel it.  
But knowing now that our scanty fare  
Has freed my neck from the collar,  
You'll join my laugh, and help me shout  
That we owe no man a dollar!

The neighbor whose show has dazzled your eyes  
Is but a wretched debtor;  
I try him oft, from my very heart,  
And I wish that his lot was better.  
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive;  
For his dawning wife and daughter  
Will live in style, though ruin should come,  
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.  
But he feels it daily every day,  
That terrible debtor's collar!  
Oh, what would he give, could he say with us,  
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more:  
Within two hours I met him  
Smoking along with a frightened air,  
As if a fiend had beset him.  
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,  
Whom I met with the greatest pleasure.  
While I called by name and forced to stop,  
Though he said he was not at leisure.  
He held my last note, so I held him fast  
Till he freed my neck from the collar;  
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said,  
"Now I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah, now you smile, for you feel the force  
Of the truth I've been repeating:  
I know that a downright honest heart  
In that gentle breast was beating!  
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength  
To follow my daily labor.  
But ere we sleep let us humbly pray  
For our wretched next-door neighbor;  
And we'll pray for the time when all shall be  
Free  
From the weight of the debtor's collar,  
When he who was crushed in the vice may cry,  
"Now I owe no man a dollar!"

## "THE STAGE WAITS."

"I will drink the toast," said Monsieur Grattin. "Our noble profession, the lyric art, but I will drink the toast in the liquor of your country." He was on his legs at this time, and bowed forward left and right before he drank, so as to include all the company under his condescending complacency in pledging the art to which he belonged in a product of England.

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried several voices cheerfully. The Frenchman emptied his glass and sat down with a look of profound satisfaction.

They were all men present—a dozen—and they all appeared in the very best humor and spirits. They were seated in the dining-room of James Walford, a professional singer, and the occasion of the meeting was to commemorate Walford's signature to an agreement with the lessee of the Cremona theater. A few days ago the document had been duly completed. Walford was to have £20 a week, the largest salary he had yet reached, and was to create the leading tenor part in a new comic opera.

To be sure, the Cremona was not a first-class theater, but Walford was glad to get a leading part anywhere, and £20 a week was a great advance upon £10, which he had been formerly earning in a subordinate part. Walford himself was hardly as glad as his friends, for he was the best natured, best tempered, kindest hearted tenor that ever lived, and all his friends wished him well. There were other reasons also which made those who liked him, glad of his success. A few months ago he had lost a young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he was left a widower with an only child, a boy of 4 years old. Now that his wife was gone this boy was the very apple of his eye. He took the child with him wheresoever he might, and when he came home, whether it was early or late, his first act was to visit the boy. Those who knew him best said it was well he had the child to center his affections on, for otherwise they feared his reason might give way.

He was not one of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. He was made of stubborn stuff. But then all knew that when he married his late wife he had given her the love of his whole nature, and that the very quietness of his manner, upon her death, meant a stubborn nature terribly controlled. To one or two of his most intimate friends he had said confidentially that if anything happened to his boy he should not care to live.

One of the pleasantest things in connection with the present social meeting was that M. Grattin had come, and shown himself most cordial and agreeable. Everyone regarded this as exceedingly good on his part, for it was known to all that the choice of a tenor for the Cremona Theater lay between him and Walford. Thus he had come, as it were, to signalize the triumph of his rival over himself.

M. Grattin was a man of medium height, black-haired, sallow, with dark brown eyes, a slightly aquiline nose and good figure. He was a strikingly handsome man. His manners were refined and gentlemanlike, and the only objection Englishmen found to him was that he seemed to be anxious to show elaborate kindness in small things at the expense of "sincerity" in greater. Thus it happened that, although the men present in Albany lodge, Canonbury, that night greeted his arrival enthusiastically, and told him he was a good fellow for coming, next morning, when they thought more quietly over the matter, they agreed it was only what was to be expected from so polite and courteous a man.

It was but natural that, under the circumstances of the death of Walford's wife, his curly-headed little boy Freddy should be made much of by the Bohemian friends of his father. For a time no one came to the house without bringing him some little toy or sweet-stuff; and if the boy had not a very good disposition and a gay and airy manner, which made him take the gifts with the laughter of delight rather than the gravity of greed, he would have run a fair chance of being hopelessly spoiled.

Albany lodge was a much more modest house than one might suppose from the name. For, taking the times he had had engagements with the times he had not, Walford could not hitherto count

on earning much more than £300 a year. During his wife's time she had had a general servant for the house, while she herself looked after the boy. But, upon the death of his wife, Walford having no woman relative who could take her place, dismissed the general servant and hunted up his old nurse, Martha Grace.

She was now at least 60 years of age, and of course nothing like as active as she had once been. But he knew he could rely on her to do justice to his boy, and that was the great consideration in his heart then. When she came to stay with him, he said to her with all the earnestness he was capable of:

"Martha, I am not particular about the house. I shall not want you to do much for myself. If you will just keep the little place only, and get me something simple to eat and drink when I want it, I shall be quite content. But I am particular about the boy. You must not let him get into harm of any kind. He is all I now have in the world, and if any great harm came to him I should break my heart."

The old woman promised, and kept her promise faithfully during the time she had been with him.

At last the great night was at hand. Walford was full of spirits and confidence. The rehearsals had been most satisfactory. Everyone connected with the theater had complimented him upon his singing and acting in the part, and the whole company were in the very best of humor, for the belief was general that the opera would run a hundred nights, at least.

It was a dreary, cold, damp, disheartening evening, when Walford prepared to leave his home for the theater. Some months ago, when his wife died, he had had an engagement, but it was now two months since his latest appearance in public.

"Now, Martha," said he on leaving, "you'll be king of the castle while I'm away. I shall not be back till past midnight. You need not sit up for me. I shall get my supper in town. It's time now, isn't it, for Freddy to go to bed?" He took the boy in his arms and kissed him fondly, and stroked his brown curls, and called him his Fred, his little man, his fine boy. Then added: "I think, Martha, in honor of the occasion, I must give Freddy a shilling."

The boy clapped his hands with delight, and laughed. He never had had a whole shilling before. Pennies of course often came his way, and although he had no definite idea of the purchasing powers of a shilling, he knew they were much greater than those of a penny.

The father handed the boy a shilling, and having kissed him again long and lingeringly, rose with a sigh and said to Martha: "You'll take good care he gets into no trouble while I'm away. The safest place for him is in bed. Put him to bed, Martha, at once, there's a good soul."

She promised to do so, and he left the house, got into an omnibus, and made his way as quickly as possible to the Cremona.

Here all was bustle and excitement. Everyone who was anyone was in front. By the time he had dressed he was told that the house was filled crammful, from top to bottom, and that from the parts where it was possible to book seats they had been turning money away. Everyone behind was in the best of good humor, and he himself felt more elated than on any other occasion since his wife's death.

If this piece were a hit, and he a success in it, his upward progress in his profession would be certain. He should not only be able to live in comfort, but to save up money for his boy, and for the time when that most delicate of all properties, a tenor's voice, ceased to have a market value. He still lacked of 30, and with care he might calculate on twenty years' lease of his voice. Supposing his voice lasted twenty years and this opera gave him a command in the market, in those twenty years he could save enough money to insure his old age against want and to provide handsomely for his boy.

He did not come on very early in the first act. He felt in no way nervous. He never was in better voice and the part suited him perfectly. What more could any tenor desire?

There was, of course, an under-study to his part. Mr. Grattin was the under-study, and, singular to say, he did not arrive in the theater before the curtain went up. This was grossly improper. For, supposing any accident had happened to Walford, there would have been barely time for Grattin to dress and make up from the moment the bell rang until the leading tenor was required on the stage. Grattin had belonged to the Cremona company for a considerable time, and during that time had always sung second or third tenor parts. He had been paid 8 guineas a week, and for a while there had floated before him the hope that he might be promoted to a front place with a salary of £20. This hope had been dispelled when Walford got the engagement, and now he, Grattin, had no part at all, and no chance of an appearance during the present run, unless Walford broke down.

Just as the curtain was rung up there was a great commotion behind. Grattin had arrived in a state of the highest excitement, and there were sounds of consternation and dismay from the men's dressing room. Before the curtain had been up a couple of minutes the opera was stopped, and the manager stepped forward to explain that owing to a sad calamity, news of which had reached the theater but that very moment, Mr. Walford would not be able to appear that evening. In the face of such a misfortune, Mr. Grattin, with whom they had so long been favorably familiar, had kindly consented to sing the part.

The manager said more, but this is all that is material. The audience were docile, and accepted the situation without a murmur.

What had occurred behind was this. Grattin had, in a state of wildest excitement, rushed into the men's dressing-room, and announced that Albany Lodge was on fire, and there was reason to suppose the boy had perished in the flames. He explained that what must have been from three-quarters of an hour to an hour after Walford left his home, he, Grattin, was passing by with

the intention of calling for his friend, when he found a crowd around the house, and flames bursting through the windows. He learned from the police that from the first alarm it was impossible to enter the house. Hence their fear that the boy and possibly the old woman had perished.

In the face of such horrible events it was clearly impossible for Walford to sing. Grattin had taken a hansom the whole way down for the sake of speed. The best thing for Walford to do was to take a hansom back and let Grattin go through the part. So said everyone. And one of the good-natured members of the company, who had nothing to do that night, volunteered to accompany him. So the poor father, assisted by those around him, took off the gay trappings of the stage and resumed the sober garb of every day life, and went off mutely with his friend to the scene of desolation.

When he got there the house was all ablaze, and he was assured that nothing could be done until morning.

Had anything been heard or seen of his boy? No; nothing. Had anything been seen of Martha? Yes; she had come back, and her story was a strange one. It ran as follows:

Very shortly after her master had left the house, and just as she had put the boy to bed, a knock came to the side door. She went down, leaving the paraffine oil lamp burning on the table close to the bed. She found at the door a ragged little boy, who handed her a note. It was to the effect that if she came to a certain public house the writer would tell her something which would be greatly to her advantage and the advantage of her master. She did not at all like the notion of leaving the house. In the first place her instructions about the boy were clear.

In the second place, the fastenings of the house were not satisfactory. The springlock on the side door little better than touched the hasp, and as the master himself knew, a strong push was sufficient to open that door from the outside, except when it was bolted within.

For a long time the woman hesitated. Then, thinking there might really be some advantage to herself and her master behind this note, she resolved to risk going. Before leaving she went upstairs, and lest the boy might feel lonely—she had been accustomed to sit with him while he went to sleep—she told him she would leave the lamp alight on the condition that he lay still, and did not get out of bed while she was away. The boy promised and she went.

At the public house indicated she found a stout slatternly woman, who appeared to be the worse for drink. This woman said she was the writer of the note, and then, to Martha Grace's horror, assured the faithful old servant that she had no intention whatever of benefiting the master of Albany Lodge, but her design was that Martha, being in a position of confidence, as she was informed, should gradually pillage that house that she, the strange woman, would dispose of the goods, and that they two should divide the money between them.

Martha broke away from this wretch indignantly, and hurried back with all speed to the house. She had been more than half an hour absent, and when she got back the place was in flames, and all possibility of getting at the room where she had left the boy was over. No doubt the child had got out of bed, and while playing with the lamp, it fell and fired the house.

There was nothing for the disconsolate father to do but to wait there through the dreary watches of that desolate, dim night, looking at the uncertain flicker of the gradually dying fire.

With morning came the possibility of search. Then the remains of the lamp were found, but no trace whatever of the boy. This puzzled people skilled in fires. They owned they could make nothing of it. They could trace portions of the bedding and the floor, but nothing whatever that spoke of the presence of a human being. Walford urged the searchers to renew their quest, but in vain. Absolutely nothing belonging to the boy was found, except, strangely enough, some buttons which were known to belong to his clothes and a shilling. Both the father and the nurse agreed that there could not possibly have been another silver coin in that room than the one given by the father to his son the evening before.

The coin, too, was found in a place close beside the iron bedstead, which would roughly correspond with where the nurse had put his clothes. What mysteries upon mysteries were these? Even now, although it was 9 o'clock in the morning, Walford refused to leave the ruins, and his friend, who had stayed with him loyally all the time, set off in search of some refreshment. He came back very shortly, and, preoccupied as Walford was, he could not but see that some new and startling surprise had overtaken his friend. He asked hastily what it was.

"I don't think I ought to tell you, Walford, but if I don't some one else will in a few minutes. There was a bad break down at the Cremona last night."

"I know there was, and I was the cause of it," said Walford, sadly. "But who can blame me? Look at this. Where is my boy?"

"I don't mean you, Walford, but Grattin. He fell on the stage in a fainting fit, and the opera had to be stopped. They say he's seriously ill. In fact, the doctors think he can't recover. The papers say there is something wrong with the heart."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Walford. "Poor Grattin! the sight of my house in flames, and the knowledge that my little one had perished, and then having to dress and go on in a comic part, was too much for him."

While the two men were speaking, a third man came up and said: "The police tell me one of you is Mr. Walford. I have a note for Mr. Walford."

When the owner of the burned house had read it, he turned to his companion and said: "It is from poor Grattin. He asks me to come to him at once for God's sake, or he may never see me again. He lives quite close. I will not be half an hour. Wait for me."

Walford found Grattin exhausted, but

able to speak fluently. "The doctors tell me I may go at any moment. I will not waste a word. I have been unconscious until just now. I want you to forgive me if you can, if you will. I was jealous of you. I made my mind up to destroy you if I could. The whole plot was mine. I got a woman to decoy your servant away. I set fire to your house."

"And the boy—the boy?" whispered the father, pale as death.

"Is sleeping there." He pointed to a door leading off the room in which he lay. "I used chloroform on a handkerchief with him, and then brought him here. He is safe. Open the door and look. I shall never sing the part. I had a better voice than you, but I wasn't as good a man. Forgive me and let me die in peace with all on earth, since there is no hope of my gaining peace hereafter. I have earned damnation, but I did not kill the boy. Mercy!—mercy, James Walford! Hark! There is your boy's voice. Is it not sweet enough to your ears this morning to take away your anger? Hark! That is not the voice of your boy. That is the call boy, 'Monsieur Grattin, the stage waits.' Ready!"

And with this word Monsieur Grattin answered his last call.—*Belgravia*.

## Fear Held Him.

Novel-writers have tried, with more or less success, to depict life in Washington; but if the real inside history of men and parties there could be given, it would surpass any picture in wild improbability.

Take, for example, the following bit of actual history. During the last generation, one of the most familiar faces on Pennsylvania avenue was that of a well-known party leader, who was popularly supposed to be an aspirant for the highest political honors.

He was known as a man of great intellectual power and unstained probity. He had the control of vast national interests. His personal popularity was very great throughout the country, and his ambition was known to be insatiable.

Yet when, time after time, high political offices were offered him, he refused to allow his name to be presented as a candidate. The reason for this was known only after his death, and then to but few persons.

In his early youth, under strong temptation, he had committed a crime which, if disclosed in after life, would have brought irreparable shame and disgrace upon his children. The facts were known but to two or three persons in an obscure country village, where he had once lived.

These persons were not unfriendly to him, but they belonged to the opposite political party. When, therefore, his name was suggested as a candidate for a high national office, he received a quiet intimation from the inland village that if he came before the people the story would be made public.

We know no more dramatic figure in fiction than that of this strong, ambitious leader, with noble aims and true purposes in later life, perpetually held in check by an occasional crack of the whip from an unseen hand in a distant hamlet. That single crime in his youth had put a yoke upon him, made him a slave, and balked every hope of his whole life.

Yet hard and pitiable as this man's fate seems to us, it is not measurably that of every man who gives way to vice or folly in his youth? No matter how sincere his repentance, or how pure and helpful his after life, the effaceable marks of that early lapse into crime remain on soul and body. The man who frequents vulgar and vicious society, or is a drunkard, gambler, or libertine at 20, will carry the taint with him into old age and the grave.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Looking for Her Son.

A woman has just been hunting through Connecticut for a son whom she had supposed to be dead for many years. While living at Hartford many years ago she quarreled with her husband, who spirited her baby away. The couple went to the West, and the mother was told that the child was with friends and that in a few years she might come for it. Then they separated, and the mother supposed the boy dead until she got a chance intimation that he was alive. The woman was very poor, but she worked from this clue until the story was unraveled. The boy was found, when about 4 months old, under a tree, and adopted by a substantial farmer. But he was really dead when the mother gained this information.

## His Reputation Was Spoiled.

Doctor—And how do you feel this morning, my poor fellow?

Sufferer—Much better in most ways, but I am afraid I won't mend very fast; I worry too much.

Doctor—You have nothing to worry about. You will not lose any of your limbs, and the railroad company can be made to pay heavy damages.

Sufferer—I know that; but just think of the humiliation!

Doctor—The humiliation?

Sufferer—Yes; I was always considered a man of energy and activity, but now my reputation is ruined. No one will want to employ a man who was so lazy as to get run over by an accommodation train.—*Philadelphia Call*.

## Railroads Ten Miles Apart.

I asked a wealthy man who is a heavy stockholder in many railroad lines and also a farmer, if he thought there was not too much railroad competition coming. Said he: "I have expressed the opinion for the last fifteen years that a State as rich, for example, as Iowa, where I lived a good while, could support railroads ten miles apart, and I see reason every day to confirm my judgment. I mean that, when the land is settled as thickly as it should be for the character of the soil, railroads ten miles apart can get all the traffic they want!"—*Guth, in New York Tribune*.

It has now become fashionable in Eastern cities to be married as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. This gives the bride's female relatives time to say good-bye to her before the evening train goes.—*Boston Post*.

## Saved at the Brink.

### "Myrtle!"

The girl, a tall, stately beauty, with a lissome form and a glorious coronal of hair (1) that fell in a golden shower over her Grecian (2) neck, threw herself passionately in his arms, and for an instant nothing was heard save a sound as if somebody was trying to pump water out of a dry well.

Regy had kissed her.

Four years ago Myrtle Redingote and Reginald Neversink had plighted their troth (3), and now they had met for the first time since that happy day which, seen through the dim vista of the months that had dragged their slow length so wearily along, seemed like a far-distant star shining brightly and serene amid the herid blackness of an Egyptian night. They had corresponded, of course, but even when Love guides the pen and budding passion gives to the salivation of the postage stamp a glamour of romance that makes it seem almost like a kiss there is ever a wishful yearning—a where-are-you-to-night (4) feeling that nothing save the actual presence of one for whom this love is felt can drive away (5). And then, when that loved one comes, when, standing close pressed in the strenuous grasp of him without whom life would be a starless blank (6), the tender words that have been read over and over again are spoken in rich, manly tones (7) the woman who has won this precious love is indeed happy. No care can come to her then, and the glad golden sunlight of pure and holy affection drives away the black wraiths of disappointment and sorrow as the White Stockings fade before any other club.

"Ah, darling," murmured Myrtle, putting away from her forehead—fair and white as the cyclamen leaves in the woods that surrounded Brierton villa—the golden tresses that he loved so dearly to fondle (8), "it seems such a long, long time since we have met, such an aeon of hope deferred and dull, wearying longing that the mind grows sad with its very contemplation of the subject—a dismal epoch that we would blot forever from the pages of our lives (9). But now that you are with me again, now that I find myself once more within the shelter of your strong arms and feel your burning kisses (10) on my lips, all the world seems white with gladness, and the future to hold nothing for me but sweet contentment (11). All is bright and beautiful, and even the bitter sorrows of the past are illumined by the stars of joy (12)."

"Yes, my precious one," said Reginald, stooping to kiss the ruby-red lips that were uplifted to his (13) and pressing her still more closely to his starboard ribs. "We shall both be very happy in the future—very, very happy."

"Are you sure of this," she asks, "perfectly sure?"

"So sure," he answers her, "that I would stake my whole existence (14) on what I have told you."

In the gathering shadows she looks up into his face, and the yearning eloquence of his eyes stirs her heart with a strange tenderness. It was not such love as she felt for her father; it was not feeling that had ever touched her heart before. When she stood before him there was a something of awe that held her silent, a conviction that this man was of a sublimer, grander mould than any who had ever crossed her path.

"And why shall we never know sorrow or pain?" she asks, her pure young face lighted up with a sweet, trusting smile.

"Because," he says in low, mellow tones, "I have concluded not to get married."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Whist Stories.

There is a well-authenticated story of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist. Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris, he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at 4. They were kept waiting till 10, when he sent out to say that he should not be ready for an hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. They were changed three times in all, at intervals of six hours, before he started. When the party rose they were up to their ankles in cards, and the Ambassador, it was reported, was a loser to the tune of £8,000 or £10,000. About this time there was a set at Brooks—Lord Sefton, an excellent player, being one—who played hundred guinea points, besides bets. We still occasionally hear of £300 or £500 on the rubber, but £5 points are above the average. The spirit of play absorbs or deadens every other feeling. Horace Walpole relates that, on a man falling down in a fit before the bay window at White's, odds were instantly offered to a large amount against his recovery, and that, on its being proposed to bleed him, the operation was vehemently resisted as being unfair. When Lord Thanet was in the Tower, for the O'Connor riot, three friends—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke de Laval and Capt. Smith—were admitted to play whist with him, and remain till the lockup hour of 11. Early in the sitting Capt. Smith fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and one of the party rose to call for help.

"Stop," cried another, "we shall be turned out if you make a noise! Let our friend alone till 11; we can play dummy, and he will be none the worse, for I can read death in his face." The clerk, especially of the West of England, were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town in Somersetshire, composed mostly of clergymen, that met every Sunday evening in the back parlor of a barber. Four of these were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, or some other cause, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. By way of while away the time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber. The rest gladly assented, and they were deep in their game, using the coffin as their table, when the sexton came to announce that the preparations were complete.—*London Society*.

MEN don't like to get into a box, but they hate the worst the one they have to get into at last.

## HUMOR.

The horse prefers to dine at the table d'oeat.

The first weather report—Thunder. CHURCH music is not difficult to a choir.

Nor leveled by love—The rank of an onion.

"I fill the Bill," said Willie when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing the soliloquy.

"We have struck smoother road, haven't we?" asked a passenger of a conductor on an Arkansas railway. "No," replied the conductor, "we have only run off the track."

THERE is a town on a Missouri railroad called Coming. It is so called because passengers are often in doubt whether the town is moving toward them or the train toward the town.

MARY had a little lamb.  
Its fleeces were snowy white,  
And every time that lamb would move  
The fleeces were sure to bite.  
—*New York Journal*.

"WHAT is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to the door yourself when you don't know whether the caller is a dear friend, a book agent or a man with a bill.—*Philadelphia News*.

"Can the Old Love?" is the title of a novel. That's generally the way of it. They can the old love as soon as it becomes the least bit old and put it away to keep, while something a trifle fresher is brought out for daily use.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

LITTLE Mary, who has just returned from the West, is much interested in the Indians, having visited a reservation while on her travels. She says that "wigwams are as good as houses for them to live in, and they answer all intents and purposes."—*Boston Courier*.

"COKE away from that straw stack, chile," called a negro woman to her son. "Fust thing yer know yer'll hab the hay fever. Doan yer put none of dat straw in yer mouth."

It is a mean wretch who will slyly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.

The fellow at the other end of the telephone wire may be perfectly sound financially, but the man at this end should reflect, as he listens, that his business is in charge of a "receiver."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

When the hired girl was asked to put an extra plate on the table she said she wasn't much of an arithmetician, but she could work an example in simple add-dish-on like that.—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler*.

"Do you think she's pretty?" he cried. "I do, indeed. I'm really just wild over that girl. Then why don't I go in and do the grand? Well, to tell the truth, it's just here: None of the other fellows go wild over her at all, and there'd be no credit in winning her out."—*Lowell Citizen*.

"AND the cloud wedded the shadows," sings a poet. Sort of a bigger-mist, eh?

"I say, Brown, that dog walking on three legs must be good at mathematics." "How so?" "Why, just see how naturally he puts down three and carries one."

A LOS ANGELES rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in this city three or four full-grown policemen have been found asleep on a single beat.—*New York News*.

In looking over an old magazine we came across some lines descriptive of a public watering place in 1799. As our readers will perceive, the lines are not inapplicable at the present time:

Two or three Novels, two or three Tows;  
Two or three Misses, two or three B.ys;  
Two or three Aldermen reading Gazettes;  
Two or three Lovers, arranged in sets;  
Two or three Ladies throwing the dice;  
And two or three Squires promoting the vice;  
Two or three Aristocrats, silent and proud;  
Two or three Democrats, silly and loud;  
Two or three Parsons, as black as a Crow;  
Two or three Soldiers, more smart than a Bear;  
Two or three Brokers, all fresh from 'Change alley;  
Two or three Clerks, with their Susan and Sally;  
Two or three Beauties, full-dress'd for the season;  
And as many Old Women, dress'd quite out of reason.

## An Aged Cigarette Smoker.

The old chapel is still standing in a fair state of preservation, used for the daily services of the San Gabriel parish; and there are in its near neighborhood a few crumbling adobe hovels left, the only remains of the once splendid and opulent mission. In one of these lives a Mexican woman, 82 years old, who for more than half a century has washed and mended the priests' laces, repaired the robes and remodeled the vestments of San Gabriel. She is worth crossing the continent to see; all white from head to foot, as if bleached by some strange gramarye; white hair, white skin, blue eyes faded nearly to white; white cotton clothes, ragged and not over clean, yet not a trace of color in them; a white linen handkerchief, delicately embroidered by herself, always tied loosely around her throat. She sits on a low box, leaning against the wall, with three white pillows at her back, her feet on a cushion on the ground; in front of her another low box, on this a lace-maker's pillow, with knotted fringe stretched on it; at her left hand a battered copper caldron holding hot coals to warm her fingers and light her cigarettes. A match she will never use; and she has seldom been without a cigarette in her mouth since she was six years old.—*H. H., in the Century*.

## How to Enforce the Laws.

Attorneys and Judges can do more than any other persons in making our laws and judicial system respected. What respect can our people have for our legal methods and machinery when they see the ends of justice defeated by professional skill and professional tricks, and those who break the laws go unpunished? It is high time to begin a thorough reform in this respect, and the lawyers have greater opportunities than any other class in the community to help it along.—*Warsaw (Ind.) Times*.