

The Kind of Coaxed Him.

A large man, with a sad eye and an early purple tumor on the side of his head, came in and asked me if my name was Nye. I told him it was, and asked him to take a chair and spit on the stove a few times, and make himself entirely at home.

He did so.

After answering, in a loud and tremulous tone of voice, that we were having rather a backward spring, he produced a red cotton handkerchief, and took out of it a deed which he submitted to my ripe and logical legal mind.

I asked him if that was his name that appeared in the body of the deed as a grantor. He said it was. Then I asked him why his wife had not signed it, as it seemed to be the homestead, and her name appeared in the instrument with that of her husband, but her signature wasn't at the foot, though his name was duly signed, witnessed, and acknowledged.

"Well," said he, "there's where the gazelle comes in." He then took a bite off the corner of a plug of tobacco about as big as a railroad land grant, and laid two \$20 gold pieces on the desk near my arm. I took them and tapped them together like the cashier of the Bank of England, and, disguising my annoyance over the little episode, told him to go on.

"Well," said the large man, fondling the wen which nestled lovingly in his Titian hair, "my wife has conscientious scruples against signing that deed. We have been married a year now, but not actively for the past eleven months. I'm kind of ex-officio husband, as you might say. After we'd been married about a month a little incident occurred which made a rifle, as you might say, in our domestic tide. I was division master on the U. P., and one night I got an order to go down toward Sidney, and look at a bridge. Of course, I couldn't get back till the next evening. So I signed and switched off to the Superintendent's office, expecting to go over on No. 4, and look at the bridge. At the office they told me I needn't go till Tuesday, so I strolled up town and got home about 9 o'clock, went in with a latch-key, just as a mutual friend went out through the bed-room window, taking a sash that I paid \$2 for. I didn't care for the sash, because he left a pair of pantaloons worth \$12 and some silver in the pockets, but I thought it was such odd taste for a man to wear a sash without his uniform.

"Well, as I had documentary evidence against my wife, I told her she could take a vacation. She cried a good deal, but it didn't count. I suffered a good deal, but tears did not avail. It takes a good deal of damp weather to float me out of my regular channel.

She spent a night packing her trousseau and in the morning she went away. Now I could get a divorce and save all this trouble of getting her signature, but I'd rather not tell this whole business in court, for the little woman seems to be trying to do better, and if it wasn't for her blamed old hyena of a mother would get along tip-top. She's living with her mother now, and if a lawyer would go to the girl and tell her how it is, and that I want to sell the property and want her signature, in place of getting a divorce, I believe she'd sign. Would you mind trying it?"

I said if I could get time I would go over and talk with her and see what she said. So I did. I got along pretty well, too. I found the young woman at home, and told her the legal aspects of the case. She wouldn't admit any of the charges, but after a long parley agreed to execute the deed and save trouble. She came to my office a half an hour later, signed the instrument, I got two witnesses to the signature, and had just put the notarial seal on it when the girl's mother came in. She asked her daughter if she had signed the deed and was told that she had. She said nothing, but smiled in a way that made my blood run cold. If a woman were to smile on me that way every day I should certainly commit some great crime.

I was just congratulating myself on the success of the business, and was looking at the two \$20 gold pieces and trying to get acquainted with them, as it were, after the two women had gone away, when they returned with the husband and son-in-law at the head of the procession. He looked pale and care-worn to me. He asked me in a low voice if I had a deed there, executed by his wife. I said yes. He asked me if I would destroy it. I said I would. I would make deeds and tear them up all day at \$40 apiece. I said I liked the conveyancing business very much, and if a client felt like having a grand warranty deed doobach, I was there to furnish the raw material.

I then tore up the deed and the two women went quietly away. After they had gone, my client, in an absent-minded way, took out a large quid that had outlived its usefulness, laid it tenderly on the open page of Estey's Pleadings, and said:

"You doubtless think I am a singular organization, and that my ways are past finding out. I wish to ask you if I did right a moment ago." Here he took out another \$20 and put it under the paper weight. "When I went down stairs I met my mother-in-law. She always looks to me like a firm woman, but I did not think she was so unswerving as she really was. She asked me in a low, musical voice to please destroy the deed, and then she took one of them Smith & Wesson automatic advance agents of death out from under her apron and kind of wheedled me into saying I would. Now, did I do right?"

I want a candid, legal opinion, and I'm ready to pay for it."

I said he did perfectly right.—Bill Nye.

Tea Saves Doctors' Bills.

The *Scientific American* propounds and answers the question: "Why is it that those who are sick or convalescing from sickness ask for and relish a cup of tea? Why is it, again, that physicians will often recommend tea and forbid coffee? Plainly, the answer is because tea is the most wholesome beverage, and in this respect excels coffee. But while the use of tea is increasing, there is one class of the community who do not realize the advantages that tea offers them; and that class is the

very poor in purse, who regard tea as a luxury that they cannot afford, when, if they did but know it, they could not afford to do without tea. It is the general use of tea that will save many a doctor's bill. It is tea that assists digestion, and it is tea that makes one's beefsteak go further. In this respect it is a positive economy, and it is not always the lowest-priced article that is the cheapest. Quality in tea means strength and flavor, and it is much better and cheaper to buy good tea at a fair price than to get the very low in price; and it is good tea that the poor man wants."

The Burglar's Clever Love-Making.

One night not long ago the daughter of one of our best citizens was awakened by a noise in her room, and, upon sitting up, discovered a man disguised in a black mask standing beside her bed and calmly contemplating her features by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern. "Don't be alarmed, miss," he said; "I haven't taken anything yet."

"Bless me!" said the girl; "I do believe it's a burglar."

"Of course it is," said the housebreaker, with an ungratifying smile, as he lit a cigarette. "And I am proud of it."

"What do you want?" demanded the young lady.

"Well, I did want to sample your jewelry case," said the robber, "but you looked so all-fired pretty lying there with your auburn hair—just my style—that I couldn't help waking you to see if you had dark eyes. I'm terribly fond of light hair and dark eyes myself."

"Well, I have," said the young lady, glancing at the mirror. "But I must look like a fright in this—this dress."

"On the contrary, white is very becoming to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope, tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's tellin'," said the girl.

"No, but are you—honest Injun?"

"Well, yes, I am—to a young lawyer; but I don't care for him so very much."

"He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my dear girl, don't you know there is nothing in this love-in-a-cottage business? You don't want to peg along nursing babies in some stuffy back room for the next ten years, do you?"

"N-n-n-o," murmured the girl.

"Then why not let this fellow slide and take me? I'm pretty comfortably fixed. Business has been good this season, and our profits are large. Our firm is now running a tunnel under a Marysville Bank, and I've got a fourth interest. Besides, I'm Secretary of the Burglars' Protective Association. What d'yer say?"

"Couldn't we go abroad next summer?" asked the girl, thoughtfully.

"Why, certainly. I expect to have to. Just think over the matter, and I'll drop in some night later in the week. I know how to get in." And, shouldering his kit, the Secretary stepped out of the window and went off to open a jeweler's store for an engagement ring.

And the next day the young lawyer received back his letters and photographs.

Our girls know on which side their bread is buttered, and you can bet on it.—*San Francisco Post*.

An Evening's Entertainment.

A correspondent, who is determined that her visitors shall have a good time, says: "What can we do if we are tired of reading and music?" The natural inference is that she or her guests do not dance, or play whist, or "games of chance," so called, but in which in reality the battle is to the swift and the race to the strong. This being the case, I know of no more delightful way to insure a pleasant evening than to play games with pencils and paper. You may need a little courage to introduce these games, but, believe me, you will be surprised at the happy results which will crown your efforts. First, try making poetry. Have a sufficient number of pencils provided, distribute them, and give four slips of paper to each person. Each must write one word on each slip. Collect them, mix thoroughly, and then allow each person to draw out four slips, but do not let him see what the word is upon it until he has had it in his hand. It is then the duty of each one to make a verse of poetry and include in it the four words thus drawn. Then each must read when all are done the verse that he has written. Do not excuse any one from it, for the most unpromising people often make the best rhymes. Then after this try writing poems on subjects, all writing on the same subject; or write epitaphs. Another great exercise is to make conundrums, or when all are seated let one person whisper the name of an object to each one while some one else goes around the room and whispers the name of some person, either a historical character, or an acquaintance; then each must tell why the person and the object are alike, or why they are unlike. Resemblances or differences may either be taken as an answer. Try these, or some of them, and you will be surprised to find out how quick-witted and bright some "young people of all ages" are.—*New York Evening Post*.

Go Into the Woods for Fresh Air.

Go into the woods for revivification. Get away from the hard pavements, the stony buildings, the severe limits of the city into the soft air and rounded outlines of the country. The woods are the fountain of youth, to the spirits held in check by stone walls and narrow streets and to the memory, which carries one back to boyhood's days. The trees, the stumps, the prostrate trunks have not changed while you have been growing old. There is the same old seat in the oaken crook, and the mossy bed where you used to lie in the shade and dream the summer afternoon away. The chipmunks are as festive as though the gray was not creeping into your locks, and the birds sing as sweetly as though it had been perpetual spring in the woods since you were there so many years ago. Ah, how all things grow old and gray but nature and her children.—*South Bend Register*.

A TELEGRAPH messenger boy in Chicago has been sent to an insane asylum. Several times when on an errand he had been seen to run.

A TRAMP will not go away empty-handed from the good man's door—not if he can reach an overcoat from the hall rack.

WHY is it called strawberry shortcake, when it is the berries that are always short?—*Bismarck Tribune*.

A Bird Country.

That Guatemala, as the commencement of the narrowing land strip of North America, accommodates with homes a great many of the migratory birds, and that such a country, which in its tropical climate on the coasts, eternal spring in its middle elevation, and cold atmosphere on the heights, dotted by lakes and covered by a network of rivers, rivulets, brooks, and brooklets, and blessed with the fruits of both hot and cool temperatures, has many creatures peculiarly its own, needs no exta. The birds, for instance, encountered here are said to represent 600 species. There are no eagles, so to say, but three kinds of hawks, the same number of buzzards, or carion crows, and six different man-eaters at night. The sparrow family is the dominant in the land, for it numbers 410 species. The calibri, or humming bird, is found in thirty-six species, belonging to twenty-eight genera. In the parrot family eight species are known as Auroras, all of brilliant and metallic plumage. The quetzal or quetzal, the most beautiful and striking of all the Guatemala birds, and which stands on top of the State's escutcheon, forms a genus by itself. It inhabits the highest mountains, particularly in Verapaz, but that relentless tyrant, fashion, has made it a pest. It is the most numerous of the pionees in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is pale and hearty, and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the coach gave way and the coach came on the heels of the stage horses. The only remedy was to tie the horses to a log. Gaining additional momentum, each revolution of the wheel, the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold, nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when the coach was turned in spite of its own length, and the horses brought to a standstill before the pale lookers on could realize what had occurred. A pause was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution, the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach on the rough roads, cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely, and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No, I tried to keep up, but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October, when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane, and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night, and, although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes, only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely, and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"I was told I could not have done long before listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful, regulated the flow. The sediment vanished, my appetite returned, and I am now well and good for twenty more years, wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number, who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed, and death, perhaps, stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

Religious Ballet Dancers.

I suppose every one remembers Emily and Betty Rigel when they danced in the Christmas ballet at the California Theater in the old days. At that time Joe Maguire, Walter Campbell, and others used to sing in a sort of special Christmas chorus at the same theater—and what a beautiful chorus it was! On Sunday they used to sing in the church choir. One Sunday I approached poor Joe Maguire with the crime of singing on the stage. In his gentle way he proceeded to justify himself, and told me, "among other things, that Emily and Betty Rigel were the most religious women he had ever seen. They had their rosaries always with them; never failed to say a prayer or two between the acts, and always crossed themselves before a pas de deux. I afterward heard some of the others tell the same story. I don't object to a man saying a prayer before he goes out to cheat another man in a simple little business transaction. But for a pretty ballet dancer to invoke celestial aid, that she might rouse to greater rapture the bald heads in front, has always seemed to me like taking an undue advantage of one's personal influence.

—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

A Lover of the Antique.

Mrs. Limoges is very brie-a-brac in her tastes, but is not very ready to pay her bills. The other day the grocery man called.

"Can I see Mrs. L.?" he said to the servant.

"What do you want?"

"I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month."

"Only a month old?" asked the girl in surprise.

"Ain't that old enough?"

"No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges, I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should she see a bill only a month old she would have a fit of nervous prostration."

"Well, that beats the deuce. When shall I come?"

"O, some time in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come around with any of those vulgar new bills that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.—*Ex.*

Catholic College.

Mr. J. D. Kingsley, Secretary Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., writes: "Every member of our club frankly admits that St. Jacob's Oil, the conqueror of pain, is the best cure they have ever used, and all speak of it in terms of the highest approbation." 50 cents a bottle.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES thus describes how he would have woman: "I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for governor and feed on strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and her marrow."

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THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life Was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom revert in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage-drivers is met with now-a-days, and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the existence of some rare volumes of "Stagecoach lore."

Haskell, a tall, thin, slightly built man, is the only survivor of the pionees in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is pale and hearty, and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the coach gave way and the coach came on the heels of the stage horses.

The only remedy was to tie the horses to a log. Gaining additional momentum, each revolution of the wheel, the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death.

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