

BROTHERHOOD.

BY MAMIE S. PARDEN.

"Is said—in olden days
A mighty king, at whose command almost
The sun stood still, before whom knelt a host
Of future ages. 'I will find,' said he,
'The gem through which most happiness can be
Brought to most men—so shall they worship me.'"

Through every land he sent
His heralds, Rich would be his prize who
brought
The mighty secret that the wise king sought.
Up to his palace on the final day,
When they who strove should bring their gems
And which was rarest the king's seat should say.

One bore a jewel with the gleam of gold
Caught in its yellow heart.
He shook his head; that unprize wise and old
Bade them "Set it apart!"
Wealth implies poverty, as sunlight shade.
Who had too much, a burden on him laid—
His brother's lack is by his surplus made."

One brought a brilliant stone, whose flashing
light
Caught every eye. "Fame wins!"
Shout they. Not so the judge. "Great names
are bright."
And yet success begins
Where failure ends. Yea, one who rises climbs
O'er hundreds who have fallen. One's joys
chimes
Ring in for others their life's next times."

Red flashes the fierce jewel, next behold—
The victor's gem. "Even this,
Tho' its warm radiance is unexcelled,
The highest prize must miss."
He says, "O think you what a victory means
To other fellow-men! Defeat! Sad scenes
Of blood and flames, as Death his harvest
gleans."

A fair white gem brings one,
Its milky depth the sage sees pondering.
At last, "You have the secret now, my king;
With this the search is done.
In it I read related the great truth.
That is the prop of age—the hope of youth—
Men, high and low, are brothers. This, in sooth,
Leaves none forsaken. No man stands alone.
Union is strength for all.
Help each your brethren, and when comes your
own
Distress you will not call
In vain for aid. So shall the balance just
Be e'er maintained. Grief and oppression must
Grow less, and man meet man with perfect
trust."

"PAT."

BY M. C. FARLEY.

I'll own up that from the very first she interested me, but it is a compulsory admission on my part even yet. We were all lodging in a big up-town boarding-house, where boarders were thicker than whortleberries in July, and where "help" was hardly to be had for love or money. The landlady had one day been "taking on" at a fearful rate over the difficulties surrounding her position, when in walked a young person in search of a situation. She was a perfect godsend. Nobody stopped to ask her for reference. Indeed, the landlady said shortly that she was only too glad to find somebody who could do something, and, for her part, she didn't care a fig where the girl came from, nor who she was, so long as she did the duties allotted to her. Inasmuch as we had been taken in a short time previous by a certain immaculate young Jezebel, who had not only stolen the hearts of all the gentlemen about the house, but had also eloped with all their other valuables as well, some of us rather felt cross-grained toward the worthy hostess, and wished she would be a trifle more particular in the selection of her servants, especially the parlor maids. But as she wasn't particular, and acted in an outrageously independent manner in the bargain, we women all determined among ourselves that, come what would, the new girl should be well watched, and if she was inclined to be tricky we would catch her in her tricks and expose her. Even married ladies, you know, don't relish having the graces of a servant rung in their ears by their husbands and friends. There were thirty of us all told, and we were divided up into half a dozen little cliques, as boarders will divide up when domiciled together. We each tried at different times to be the belle of the house, and as such one and all of us had met with but indifferent success; to be left in the shade by the new girl was unbearable. And that girl! The gentlemen to a man had declared in favor of her at the first sight. Even young Howe—whom report said was smitten with a cousin he had never seen—in two days was raving over the parlor maid. I notice that men seem to have a propensity for falling in love with servants, any way, and this particular one hadn't been in the house two weeks before she had earned the undying hatred of every woman in it—excepting the landlady.

She said her name was Patty, and Patty we called her to her face—for there was something about her that conquered our insolence when in her presence, and forced us to treat her politely, no matter how we felt toward her. But among ourselves we invariably cut her name down to the first syllable and called her Pat. That is the spiteful way women take to vent their dislike on a person they dare not attack openly. And what a way she had. The Princess of Wales herself never entered a room with a grander air than Pat did, when, duster in hand, she walked about the rooms dusting the things and putting the furniture to rights. She had a tall, willowy figure, that swayed like a reed in the wind as she moved, and a pair of eyes as big and bright and black as eyes could well be. It was astonishing to hear some of the gentlemen raving over Pat's "delicate figure" and her "midnight eyes." As for me, I've always said, and say it again, that I'd as soon embrace a lightning-rod as one of those tall slim girls. I am not an ardent admirer of thin people myself, but tastes differ. We watched Pat as closely as cats would watch a mouse. We were literally dying to catch her trying to inveigle some of the gentlemen into a flirtation, but we did not succeed in so doing—the sly boots!

At this juncture there was a new arrival—a lady. She was young, pretty, not too tall, but round and plump. All the women were in ecstasies. Here was a rival to that awful Pat. We all immediately "called" on the stranger, and we not only called on her, but we opened our hearts confidentially and told her about the parlor maid who was at present reigning like an uncrowned queen over the male element of the boarding house.

Miss Prettyman smiled disdainfully over our woes.

"You ought to be ashamed," said

she, in her clear, high tones. "Here you are, fifteen ladies, all under 35 years of age, and yet you let a servant-girl carry away the honors before your face and eyes. I detest entering the lists against a hired maid, but, to save the reputation of the house, I'll think it over, and let you ladies see what I can do."

We thanked her humbly and went away. As I re-entered my room I spied the tall figure of Pat approaching my door.

"Now, then, Pat," said I, shaking a wrathful finger at her "now, then, you'll drop your colors. We've got a match for you at last, you jade!"

"Were you speaking to me, madam?" says Pat, innocently, swinging her duster carelessly in her hand; "if so, please repeat your words, I did not understand you."

But I merely slammed the door and bided my time.

Promptly, at noon down came Miss Prettyman to dinner, arrayed for victory in pink silks, diamond ornaments, and no end of style.

Young Howe, the beau par excellence of the house, always sat next me at dinner. All the single ladies were trying their very best to catch that wily young man, but none could, boast of any success. To tell the truth, Mr. Howe had been abominably indifferent to all the ladies, except us married ones, until the advent of Pat, when, to our unbending rage and consternation, he had immediately struck his colors and gone unconditionally over to the "enemy."

"Now, then," said I to him, "what do you think of the new arrival?"

He adjusted his eye-glass carefully and looked at Miss Prettyman.

"Nice girl," drawled he; "nice complexion, too—if it's natural; but rather stumpy little figure, eh?"

Stumpy! I could have boxed his ears. Of course he was making a mental comparison of the two girls, and Pat's tall figure, which to me looked for all the world like an animated telegraph pole, was the standard of perfection in his estimation. It was enough to make a disinterested person sick.

A week passed by. We could all see that Miss Prettyman was doing her very best to displace Pat from her throne, and not without some small prospect of final success. Mr. Howe, though, never flinched an instant, but was ready at any moment to lift the cudgels in defense of the maid.

"And we all thought you dead in love with that cousin of yours, whom, report says, you have never seen!" said I, spitefully, one evening.

"And for once you all thought the right thing," retorted he, coolly; "only I have seen her often, and my admiration increases daily."

"Somebody ought to tell her about Pat."

"I'll tell her myself, if you'll give me time enough," said he, lounging away. There was a little romance attached to the story of Mr. Howe and his cousin. The story, as I heard it, was something like this: Mr. Howe's grandfather had two daughters. One ran off and married an Englishman against her father's wishes; was disowned, and disinherited. The other one married a merchant prince, and died young, leaving a child—none other than young Howe himself. Finding himself on his death-bed, the grandfather relented, and causing a search to be made for his discarded daughter, found her still living, though in humble circumstances, with her Englishman. The issue of their marriage was one child—a daughter.

Now what did the old fellow do but have his will drawn up, in which, after providing for the Englishman and his wife, he left the bulk of his fortune to his two grandchildren, providing they married each other; or, failing in this, the money all went to the one who was willing to marry. If both declined to wed, the estate was to go to a charitable institution.

Young Howe wrote to his cousin, stating the terms of the will and signifying his desire to comply with his grandfather's wishes. But she wrote back, flatly refusing, on the grounds that her mother had been wronged. Then the attorneys wrote her, telling her she was losing a fortune by her obstinacy, and still she refused.

The lawyers were obliged to turn over the whole great fortune to Mr. Howe, who, worried at his cousin's passing her life in poverty and care, determined to transfer half the property to her, and visited her home for that purpose; only to find she had disappeared, none knew whither.

The upshot of the matter was that he inserted a masked personal in the *Evening Journal*. But so far he had heard nothing in response. Mr. Howe had never seen his cousin, but he had an excellent photograph of her that had been given him by her mother.

Of course, this little romance in his history made Mr. Howe quite a hero in our estimation, and when he so far forgot himself and his high position as to turn his eyes toward Pat popular indignation reached a climax. Miss Prettyman was making a "dead set" at Mr. Howe, and I fancied Pat sometimes gave her a scornful glance from her big eyes when they met, and meet they did, quite often, for it seemed as if Miss Prettyman could not be satisfied with the services of the other servants, but must always insist on having Pat to wait upon her. We were all delighted with the way Miss Prettyman managed to make the maid's heart ache, for Pat began to show plainly enough that she liked Mr. Howe better than a person in her situation ought to have done, and Miss Prettyman would casually allude to him in her presence in a way that was exasperating to say the least.

Pat began to look taller and thinner than usual, and her manners were prouder and more scornful than ever. She was actually unbearable to us, and we longed for something to happen that would take her down a notch or two.

We were all in the parlor one evening, and a stranger who had come that day began a long tirade on the folly and mawkishness of the personals in the *Evening Journal*. "Now, here's one," he declared, "that is sillier and more romantic than all the rest."

At that moment Miss Prettyman accidentally knocked over a rare vase and smashed it into atoms.

Pat answered the bell.

"Gather up the debris, Patty," said Miss Prettyman, loftily, to the maid; "and be as noiseless as possible, for Mr. Hanford is going to read."

Patty stooped over the pile of broken china, and Mr. Hanford cleared his throat.

"The gentleman is about to give us a sample of the 'personals' found in the city papers," whispered Howe to the parlor maid, in a distinctly audible tone. "What do you think of them, as a rule, Miss Patty?"

"I don't think of them at all," said she, coldly. "I never read them."

"This one 'takes the cake,' as the saying is," went on Hanford. "Now, listen a moment, ladies and gentlemen, and then give me your opinion."

"Miss Cleopatra S.:

"Cousin: If my presence is distasteful to you, I will try to find you no longer. But, for the sake of your father and mother, return to your home. I will not force myself upon your notice, but will say that half of your grandfather's money shall be given to you, providing you will let me know where to send it. Sorrowfully yours, 'F. S. H.'"

That was Howe's advertisement, and I recognized it instantly, for he had showed it to me privately one time, and I wondered how he would take Hanford's scathing criticism.

At the words "Miss Cleopatra S." Pat had stiffened up straight as a ramrod and turned a pair of big-surprised eyes upon Hanford—anger, amazement, and incredulity expressing themselves by turns upon her face.

Nobody thought to express an opinion; we were all struck dumb at Pat's look and action.

"It strikes me," said Miss Prettyman, with an arch glance at Howe, who, quite pale, stood glancing furtively at Pat, "it strikes me that the object for which I entered this house is attained at last."

The object for which she had entered that house! Good gracious! We women looked askance from one to the other. What on earth did Miss Prettyman mean? She smiled at Howe and made a motion with her hand. "Of course these women," with a slightly scornful emphasis on "these women," "are burning up with curiosity to know what all this means. Let us explain."

Pat reached out a trembling hand for the paper Hanford still held.

"Will you let me look at that personal?" she faltered.

And then that false, deceitful, good-for-nothing Miss Prettyman put her arm around Pat's waist, and said, in a voice that would have melted an iceberg:

"You shall see the paper all you like, dear girl, after awhile. But just now let me introduce you to all those people in your proper character of Miss Cleopatra Sherman, heiress to half a million of money, and cousin of Mr. Frank Sherman Howe."

And some way Mr. Howe had hold of Pat's hands the next moment, and began telling something about his suspecting her to be his cousin, from her strong resemblance to the photograph he carried in his pocket, and that, not daring to let her know of his suspicions, he had hired a female detective to come into the house and watch her, and how, just the day before, Miss Prettyman had actually discovered proof of his suspicions in a box of letters she had found in Pat's room, and—to make a long story short, that detestable Pat was a great heroine for the next four and twenty hours, and the landlady gave a very lofty toss to her head when one by one we slipped out of the parlor and hunted her up to tell her the news.

"It don't surprise me at all to hear that Patty's somebody," said she with a very superior air. "But what does surprise and amuse me is the way you ladies have been taking on over that Miss Prettyman, who is nothing but a female detective. I think this time you pulled the wool over your own eyes."

Mr. Howe conducted Pat to her home next day; but, before they went away, he called at my door.

"Good-by, madam," says he, blithely; "you always told me that I would marry my cousin at last if I would only persevere in carrying on the siege. And I am glad to let you know that I think you're a true prophet. I shall send you cards for the wedding."

From behind my window-blind I watched them enter the carriage, and as Pat—I will call her so still—raised her hands in the sunlight, I saw glittering on the first finger of the left one a blazing stone, which convinced me that the poor old grandfather's fortune would be settled as he wished it should be.

Naked Slaves in Timbuctoo.

This girl was being brought in by the Morocco gale, on the road from the city of Morocco. She was nude, comely of face and figure, with large, dreamy, lovely eyes, and streaming long black hair. Her color was the olivian type, which shows the red blood coursing in the veins. She was of medium height and aged about sixteen. Four old Arab "dealers," garbed in all the glitter and tinsel of the Orient, guarded this girl as if she were an Amazon of strength and prowess. One old Arab in a loud voice cried out her merits and nationally as the group passed on to the center of the town. Halting, the whole party were suddenly surrounded by intending buyers, both Christian and pagan. They came up to the crouching girl, pulled her arms to and fro, opened her mouth and looked at her teeth, made her stand erect and then haggled over the price. "She is worth \$100," say the Arab dealers in one simultaneous cry, "but will let her go for \$90 if you take her now." Our dragoman translates and tells us how she will go to Egypt and fetch \$200 at a first bid.—*Cor. Baltimore Sun.*

THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally we manage to live with our superiors. We call our children and our land by their names; their works and effigies are in our houses.

The Vanderbilt Family.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder at least of the wealth of the family, was born on Staten Island, N. Y., May 27, 1794, and was the son of parents who emigrated from Holland and were among the early settlers of New York. Cornelius was not given to book-learning, but early displayed an aptness for accumulating, which formed the foundations of the great fortune which he and every wealthy man have had to leave some day or other. The lad of 16 bought a boat of his own, and for a time ran a ferry between New York and Staten Island, and business so increased during the war of 1812 that he built a small schooner to carry Government supplies to various posts around New York, and in 1815 he built a larger vessel for the coasting trade. It is related of him that when 23 years of age he had accumulated \$9,000 and was free from debt. About that time he became captain of a small steamboat running between New York and New Brunswick, N. J., on the road to Philadelphia, and took charge of a hotel at New Brunswick. He remained in the same employ for twelve years, during which the steamboat line had become an important one, and then he started out on his own account, building several small steamboats and running them to points on the Hudson and other places near New York. In 1851 he established the route of steamships between New York and California via Nicaragua, and by 1853 was known as a man of immense wealth. His enterprises after these events were such as establishing an independent line of steamships between New York and Havre; presenting the United States Government in 1862 with his first steamship, the *Vanderbilt*; withdrawing his money from vessel property and investing it in railroads. Then he became President of such roads as the New York Central, the Harlem, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Director in the Western Union Telegraph Company. His benefactions were as great as his wealth, and may be guessed from the fact of his buying the building known as the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church in New York, and presenting it to the Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, which he in 1868 organized under the name of the Church of the Strangers. In the year 1873 he presented the M. E. Church South with \$500,000, afterward increasing the amount to about \$1,000,000, to be used in founding a university at Nashville, Tenn., for the education of the youth of the church, and the institution has been named after its wealthy patron. Mr. Vanderbilt was twice married, and had thirteen children. He was familiarly called the "Commodore." His death occurred at New York, Jan. 4, 1877. That member of his family who has inherited most of his wealth and ability, and who is most widely known, is Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who was born at New Brunswick, N. J., May 8, 1821, while his father was the manager of the hotel there. It is estimated that the wealth of Wm. H. is about \$100,000,000.—*Inter Ocean.*

Stopped Off at Niagara Falls.

A man, seemingly about 60 years of age, was telling the people in the waiting rooms at the depot that he had been East to old Massachusetts to see his sisters, and that on the way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls.

"That's a place I never saw," remarked a woman with a poke-bonnet on.

"You didn't? Well, you've missed the awfulest sight on earth! I was just stunned."

"What is it like?" she asked.

"Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels, and several Injuns, and the bridge veil, and land only knows what else. If my old woman had a been along she'd have wilted right down."

"There's water there, I suppose?"

"Oh, heaps of it. It pours, and thunders, and roars, and foams, and humps around in the terriblest manner. You have bit on a shirt-button in a piece of pie, haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, the feeling was about the same—kinder shivery. Why, the biggest man that ever lived ain't half as big as Niagara Falls! Let him stand there and see that 'ere water tumbling over them 'ere rocks and he can't help but feel what a miserable hussy fly he is. You've fallen out o' bed haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's about the same thing, you wake up and find yourself on the floor, and you feel as if you had been stealin' sheep or robbin' blind men."

"What portion of the falls did you most admire?" she asked.

"The water, mum," he promptly replied. "If you'd put 10,000 kegs of beer on the roof of this building and set them all running, they couldn't begin with Niagara. It's the terriblest, appalling thing ever patented."

"Cost you much?" inquired a gentleman.

"Bout 65 cents. It's pooty tight times, and 65 cents don't grow on every bush, but I ain't sorry. It's sunthin' to talk about for twenty years to come. There's a chap in our town who used to travel with a circus, but he'll have to take a back seat when I git home. Flip-floppin' around in a circus don't begin with Niagara Falls."

"So, on the whole, you were pleased, eh?"

"Pleased! Why, I was tickled half to death! I tell you, if I had one on my farm I wouldn't sell it for no \$50 in cash! I've looked into a field whar 750 fat hogs was waitin' to be sold for solid money, but it was no sich sight as the Falls. I've seen barns afire, and eight hosses runnin' away, and the Wabash River on a tear, but for downright appalling grandeur of the terriblest kind gim me one look at the Falls. You all orter go thar'. You can't half appreciate it 'till you've gazed on the rumpus."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Superior Sex.

A little boy and girl playing in the yard. The girl finds an apple under a tree, and, with an exclamation of delight, begins to bite it.

"Hold on," said the boy. "Throw it away. The colwy is comin' an' if you eat that apple you will be took sick an' you can't talk, an' the doctor will come

an' give you some bad med'cine an' then you will die."

The little girl throws the apple down, and the boy, snatching it up, begins to eat it.

"Don't," the girl cries. "Won't it kill oo, too?"

"No," says the boy, munching the fruit; "it won't kill boys. It's only after little girls. Boys don't have colwy." That youngster will be a great politician.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

She Couldn't Find Her Berth.

A young lady who had been tucked in next door to the Chicago Bishop had been tumbling and tossing about on a sleepless pillow, and it must have been about 1 o'clock when she climbed out of bed and went down the aisle, balancing herself with the aid of the curtains till the water cooler was reached. There was no cup in the tray, not a soul was in sight, and turning on the faucet, she began to fill her hands with the ice beverage, and between the jolting of the flying train and her own nervousness I should think she must have sucked in three big drops. The operation was persisted in for several minutes, and, apparently refreshed, she then glided back to her bed. But, shades of St. Anthony! where could it be? She had forgotten to look at the number, nor did it occur to her to mark it in any way. She tried every pair of curtains on her side of the car, but all were buttoned together, and nowhere was there an opening visible. It did not occur to her that the bunks were low down, and as each attempt was made at a level opposite the eye saw no possible chance of an entree. She grew brave after a little, and seemed about determined to make an entrance at the foot of a bed on the right. While industriously, but most cautiously, examining the connections between the curtains, a big, bare foot was thrust out from between the buttons, and the frightened creature went flying down the aisle as though pursued by the forty wizards of the Giant's Causeway. She did not scream, which, perhaps, alarmed the proprietor of the aforesaid foot, who soon emerged in a most grotesque outfit, which consisted of a white wooden cap, cut the shape of a catsup funnel, and wearing a red knitted slip, cut low-necked and just clearing the tops of his knees, which were gnarled and twisted and about the color of a wild grape vine.

"Well, young woman, what are you doing there?"

"Nothing."

"What were you mauling around my feet for?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I did not intend to disturb you, but I came out for a drink of water and could not find my berth when I went back."

"What's your number, and perhaps I can get you in?"

"I don't know," came the answer in a whispered voice, but the precaution was unnecessary, for by that time the old man's voice had wakened up every one and the aisles were full of heads which came out in a double row the entire length of the car. Still there was neither porter nor attendant in sight, and when the old man in his funny skull cap and short red night dress turned the angle at the drawing room he yelled out: "Here, you old snoozer, come and put this girl to bed, and stay here and look after things."

"Yes, sah—there you are lady."

"Thank you." "You're welcome, madame." "Good-night." "Good-night." and the stillness was unbroken, save by the rumbling train, till 5 o'clock, when the same jolly porter shouted, "Time to get up. Change cars for Minneapolis, Fargo, Bismarck and all points West."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Chimes and How They Are Rung.

Bells may be rung in two ways—first, by swinging them with rope and wheel, and, secondly, by striking them either upon the outside or inside with hammers, the bell itself being stationary. In England the former method of rope and wheel was almost universally adopted, requiring a man for each bell. From this method we get that interesting and peculiarly English kind of chime music known as the "changes," which gave England the name of the Ringing Island. In Belgium, however, the stationary method was used. Chimes played in this manner were run by one person, and were called carillons, because the Italian quadriglo, or quadrille, "a dreary kind of dance music," was the first ever played upon them. To play upon carillons the performer used an instrument known as the "clavecin," a kind of rough keyboard arranged in semitones. Each key was connected by wire or rope with a hammer, which struck the bell when a sharp blow was given the key with a gloved fist. This machine was necessarily extremely crude at first, and since chimes have never been played half so well as in the days of this invention, it is all the greater wonder that the art ever progressed at all. Recently some great masterpieces in chime music have been found, which were composed and played at Louvain in the latter half of the last century by the most skillful and wonderful chimer who ever lived, Matthias ver den Gheyn. No one in Europe or America can now be found who is able to play this music, which rivals in depth and subtlety of its composition some of the finest works of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. Hence the inference is that the art of playing carillons has sadly declined, with small prospects of ever recovering the lost ground.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

How He Knew Her.

"Did you ever see my wife?" asked Flattery of Green.

"No, can't say that I did; but I know just how she looks, and can tell you all about her."

"You can?"

"Yes. She's got coal-black hair, snapping black eyes, and a mighty big, hard hand."

"By George! you've hit it. How did you guess so accurately?"

"Well, I saw you coming down town the other morning with one black eye, and looking as if you had made the acquaintance of a broom-handle, six rolling-pins, and a hard fist."—*Boston Sunday Times.*

HUMOR.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find you are better off.

A NUMBER of Pennsylvania speculators, having a taste for high art, have been done in oil.

Said the dentist: "No doubt. Without pain 'twill come out." Said the man with a grin: "That remark is tooth in."

JULES VERNE's next novel will probably be headed "The Adventures of Mr. Mike Robe."

A WAR-HORSE is always spoken of as a heavy charger, and yet we never hear of a tailor being called a war-horse.

A SCULPTOR has just completed a statue called "Slumber." It does not represent a policeman on duty, as many suppose.

At a reception a young lady accidentally set her back hair on fire. When it was extinguished she said she was glad it wasn't her best.

MR. SMITH—"Jones, I don't object to music, but when that dog of yours barks all night I think it a little too much." "Then you don't appreciate Offenbach?"

THERE is a clergyman in Australia who charges for the performance of the marriage ceremony according to the weight of the parties—a penny a pound for the bridegroom and 2 pence for the bride. In that parish it is not an uncommon thing to hear a young man remark: "No, darling, not immediately; you're too fat."

WHEN lovely woman takes a notion With a trick to hit a cat, A burning house, a raging ocean, Were a safer spot than that! Seize her quick, secure and bind her, Ere the missile dire she throws; Or 'tis like some one behind her Gets it full upon the nose.

—Free Press.

Fog & Mist were china-dealers in Warwick street; the firm afterward became Fog & Son, on which it was naturally enough remarked that "the sun had driven away the mist." Going & Gonne was the style of a well-known banking-house in Ireland, and on their failure in business some one wrote: "Going and Gonne are now both gone. For Gonne is going, and Gonne's gone."

A LADY called at a chemist's shop, and, after examining one or two articles, remembered she wanted some cosmetic for the toilet, and, turning to the chemist, asked, "Have you any Bloom of Youth?" The merchant, over whose head more than fifty summers had passed, turned to one of his clerks and asked, in a busy way: "Have I any bloom of youth left?" The clerk looked up with a quiet smile, and answered, "I believe not, sir."

AN anecdote is related, illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians, compared with the simple honesty of the Germans and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarians. In war times three soldiers, one each of these three nations, met in a parlor of an inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said, "That was a good watch; I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Bohemian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Hungarian.

"CHICAGO is a great city," remarked one traveling man to another, as they got off the train in that town. "Yes, it's a big place. Did you ever see them raising houses and building the first story last?" "No; do they do that?" "Yes; all the time. Why, some time ago they raised the whole Tremont House, with 4,000 jacks." "How many?" "Four thousand." "Thunder! It didn't take that many, did it? By gravity, I saw a fellow down in Cincinnati, about a week ago, go into one of the biggest establishments there, and I'm a sucker if he didn't raise the whole house with two jacks. Prettiest game of bluff I ever saw." The other man gave Cincinnati the lead, and Chicago came in a very fair second.