

TO MY NOSE.

Fair Nose! whose rubies red have cost me many a barrel
Of claret wine and white,
Who wearest in thy rich and sumptuous ap-
parel
Such red and purple light!
Great Nose! who looks at thee through some
huge glass at revel,
More of thy beauty thinks,
For thou resemblest not the nose of some poor
devil
Who only water drinks.
The turkey-cock doth wear resembling thee, his
wattles;
How many rich men now
Have not so rich a nose? To paint thee, many
bottles
And much time I follow.
The glass my pencil is for thine illumination;
My color is the wine,
With which I've painted thee more red than the
carriation.
By drinking of the fine.
'Tis said it hurts the eyes; but shall they be the
masters?
Wine is the cure for all;
Better the windows both should suffer some
disaster
Than have the whole house fall.
—From the French.

ALL HALLOWEEN.

BY ALMA M'KEE.

PART I.

"Retract those cruel words, dear father, and call me your own Luella once more."

The speaker, a young girl of eighteen summers, with hair and eyes the hue of the raven's wing, cheeks flushed scarlet with emotion, sat in the midst of evergreens, myrtle, and holly, pleading in vain with an erect yet aged man of sixty-four years—her father.

"Never!" came the firm, decided answer. "Gilbert Ainsley shall never be a son-in-law of mine; I swear it!" and he set his teeth firmly together.

"But, father, dear, I love him. In days gone by, when you were young, did you not love my mother even as we two love? Think twice, dear papa, ere you doom me to a life of misery and seduction."

She arose from her verdant seat and stood before him, her beautiful eyes full of a world of pleading in their liquid depths, her hands clasped beseechingly before her. Who could resist such eloquence and beauty?

"Enough!" he thundered. "Did you ever know me to say one thing and mean another? Accept Danton Merrivale with his £500 a year, and all will be well; refuse, and a father's curse follows you." After this cruel threat, his form assumed its usual height, and he left the little salon, slamming the door behind him until the glass trembled, by way of emphasis.

With a heart-sick moan the suffering girl threw herself upon her knees, and, burying her face in the cushion of the friendly chair, wept aloud.

The sound of many approaching footsteps aroused her to a sense of self-pride, and, springing quickly to her feet, she hurriedly bathed her swollen, aching eyes in cologne water, kept there in case of an emergency.

No sooner had she resumed her seat than the door opened with a crash, and a bevy of pretty, teasing girls, and as many fun-loving boys, entered the quiet sanctum.

"Here you are, Lu," exclaimed a couple of the most care-free, "like a hermit in his cell, and I presume, quoting the old words of Burns: 'I care for naebody, an' naebody cares for me.' To which witty saying all responded with a merry laugh, until the room fairly shook in striving to echo the sounds with justice.

"Oh, girls, do be quiet," Luella Farleigh exclaimed, with a playful shake of one forefinger. "Only see! I have but one wreath completed and a cross begun. Had I better use this arbutus? It is lovely! See how beautifully it trails over the white japonicas and fuchsias." And she held up the trailing vine admiringly.

"Use your own judgment and taste, dear!" responded Nellie Arkwright sweetly, trying the effect of a bunch of white water-lilies with scarlet verbenas.

"Use your own taste, dear!" mocked Danton Merrivale, his head cocked comically on one side, in imitation of the unconscious Nellie.

"Observe that dude!" exclaimed sassy Kitty Frazer, pointing one dainty finger at the daintiest Merrivale. "Boys, why don't you put him out? He is a disgrace to our society."

"Oh, for the superior sense and wisdom of our forefathers," exclaimed Sally Norton, a mock seriousness disfiguring her bright, merry face.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated young Newman, with superior forethought. "If to-morrow isn't Halloween, and preparations just begun. Why don't you work faster, girls?"

"Why don't you permit that wonderful gold watch to rest in your pocket for one moment, and use your hands at something useful? It will do you no harm, Mr. Newman (emphasizing the title), to be as useful as you have been hitherto ornamental." And Kitty Frazer flourished her holly-branch tragically.

"Will it take a ton of wreaths to trim that one hall?" quizzically inquired Bob Merrivale, brother to Danton.

"We wish it to appear especially nice for this particular occasion; for you know that is the place that we are to try all of our tricks," explained Lucy Grey, brightly.

Their gay sallies were interrupted by the entrance of a newcomer in their midst; the merry blue eyes and constant good-humor which characterized him made him a universal favorite among them all.

The young ladies all arose, with the exception of one, with one accord, and ran toward him, exclaiming in a chorus of great enthusiasm:

"Oh, what lovely moss-roses!" "Do let us see them!" "Wherever did you find them?" "You'll not refuse me one of those lovely buds; will you now, Gilbert?" "Oh, Gilbert, do say that you brought them for us!" etc.

One figure sat as before—silent and motionless, except when one slender hand was lowered to capture a required branch or flower.

The last comer slowly wended his way thither, and, bending one knee, gently placed a beautiful bud just opening among the glossy, jet curls.

Then, arising, the yellow and black hair for one minute mingled, as he fondly whispered:

"Darling, wear one to-morrow eve at the doings, if you accept my offering—my heart."
A vivid blush, for a moment only, stained the fair cheek of the lovely Lu-

ella, then vanished, leaving her face as pale as before.

Envious whisperings now went the rounds among the fair ones, while significant glances sped from eye to eye.

"How can he admire that dusky thing?" asked a faded blonde, whose general make-up was artificial.

"Indeed, I cannot imagine!" replied pug-nosed Belle Irvine, with a coquetish toss of her tow head.

"Some people do have such queer tastes," remarked Kitty Frazer, exhibiting a becoming pout.

"The amount of the matter is, Gil," Bob Merrivale wickedly remarked, "each and every one of these worthy young ladies over here is inclined to be very much offended that you do not stily whisper something nonsensical in their delicate sea-shells—vulgarily termed ears."

"Why, Bob Merrivale!" "How dare you?" "You bad, bad boy!" and many similar pouting expressions followed the daring speech.

As the proposal was now made, and acquiesced in by all, to repair to the hall to hang their tasteful wreaths and garlands, the chatter for a time ceased.

PART II.

Among the bonny winking banks
Where Doon runs, rippling clear,
Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his carle's spear,
Some merry, friendly country folk
Together did convene,
To burn the nuts and pull their stocks,
And hold their Halloween
Full blithe that night.

The festival was at its height. Lads and lasses all had thrown grim care to the winds; all were blithe and gay. Tricks were all the sport.

Cabbage had been pulled, until timid Luella began to expatiate on the propriety or safety of continuing in that branch longer, as the garden was her father's pride.

Burning nuts ensued, until when near the close of this, she was well assured that the one designated Gilbert was in no wise to leave the side of the one named Luella, then she turned her back upon them for fear of being detected watching them.

Then lots were cast to determine which of the ladies present should proceed to the kiln, a quarter of a mile away, and throw into the pot a ball of blue yarn, wind it in a ball off the old one, and toward the latter end, when the expected something held the thread demand, "Who holds?" their answer would come from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of her future husband.

The lot fell upon Kitty Frazer, who, with a rapidly beating heart, left the company for the kiln. While she was absent, the game of going alone to a looking glass with a candle; eating an apple before it, and combing her hair the while; was conferred on the little faded blonde, who simpered charmingly at beholding the grinning features of Bob Merrivale peeping over her shoulder.

By this time Kitty Frazer was back from the kiln with a white, scared face and wild eyes, declaring that she had seen a ghost on the way back, all in white, and that it pursued her to the hall.

The young gallants all rushed out, but could discover nothing in the extreme darkness.

Hemp was next sown silently by two or three of the party, Luella Farleigh being one of the chosen ones to try the spell. Just as she was about to repeat the crowning words, "And he that is my true love to be, come after me and pull thee," a dark figure obstructed her path, and her father stood before her.

"Why, papa, how you startle me! Whatever is the matter?" And she laid her hand inquiringly upon his arm.

"Hush! Be as secret as the grave! I have been thinking my words of yesterday perhaps somewhat too hard, and have concluded to allow you your own way in the matter, on one condition only."

Luella's face brightened with the radiance of pure love, and a degree of joy was observable in the soft, sweet tones, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, and that is?"

"This is the condition: At 12 o'clock precisely you are to leave here alone, and to-night proceed straight to the old churchyard by the ruins, and, entering in, procure the skull which rests on the tomb of John McLeod; and, as a proof that you have been there, bring it to me in your hanging basket," said the father, with a ring of triumph in his voice.

"But, papa, the night is so dark and ghostly!" said Luella, a quiver of fear in her tones.

"I am putting your love to the test! Do you refuse?"

"No, no! I will go. But remember that whatever happens, father, you are responsible for." The clear, ringing tones ceased, and the stern parent turned away muttering:

"Bosh! She was always timid. I knew that she dare not venture, else I should never have proposed it! She will soon marry the Merrivale fortune, and be as sensible as I was. Yes," he soliloquized, "I went in for money and beauty both; and got them, too. Bah! The idea of poverty and love dwelling beneath the same roof is all nonsense." And he drove his hands into his pockets viciously.

PART III.

Only save her, oh, Lord!

With blanched cheeks and wildly beating heart, Luella sped on her lonely way, her heart seeming to stand still with terror at the jump of a startled rabbit or the silent career of a bat.

"Was ever two miles so long before?"

At last she reached the gate leading to the home of the silent dead. Now her heart palpitated and her limbs trembled beneath their slight weight.

"Give me courage, oh, Lord!" she prayed. "Tis for Bertie's sake."

She passed through the gate and tremblingly wended her way among the ghostly slabs and monuments to the McLeod tomb. She grasped the trophy with her handkerchief, and dropped it hurriedly into her basket. Now for home! Just as she was turning to fly homeward, something white and unshapely arose from the opposite side.

With a terrified shriek, to which the apparition mockingly answered, poor Luella flew over the ground, as though

on wings, through the open gateway, and on, madly onward along the dusty roadside, never pausing to glance behind her until she had put over half the distance between her and the scene of her fright.

She then beheld in the distance the unmistakable object in speedy pursuit. "Oh, if she could but reach her own door ere it overtook her!"

On, on she flew now more dead than alive, her breath coming in quick gasps, the cold perspiration oozing from her forehead.

At last she saw the light from her own window glimmering mercifully before her, and, praying that her strength might not forsake her until she was safe within, she flew onward, not daring to look behind her.

Now she had gained the carriage-drive, and with tottering, failing steps, reached her door just as her pursuer floated in at the gate.

Thank God, she had strength remaining to turn the knob, then, with a wild, dying shriek, still clutching the basket, fell senseless at the feet of her cruel parent.

Startled by the appearance of his daughter, so like death, he rang quickly for Luella's maid, who bore her young mistress to her chamber, disrobed her, and as quickly as possible administered restoratives.

It was a long time ere the lustrous eyes opened again; then, with the unearthly shriek of a maniac, a blood-curdling laugh, she again relapsed into unconsciousness.

The father, greatly alarmed, now sent for the family physician, who slowly shook his head.

"She has sustained some fearful shock," he said, "and it is doubtful if she ever fully recovers. Her body may, but her reason, I fear, is forever gone."

"My God!" cried the father, falling upon his knees, his gray locks falling over his clasped hands. "Only save her, and I will devote my life, if need be, to undo the wrong I have done."

Brain fever had done its work! All of the beautiful jetty curls had been shorn from the head of the raving girl. In her delirium she constantly repeated the details of that horrible night, asking in a pitiful tone, "if the ghost had taken the skull from her?" and saying, excitedly: "Oh, papa, I did go, for Bertie's sake, and put it in the basket. There it is, don't you see it? Up there! There, grinning so ghastly at me," she would exclaim, pointing at the ceiling.

The crisis came. Her life hung upon a thread. An hour would decide the case. It was now 11 o'clock at night. The beautiful eyes were closed, perhaps forever; the face seemed carved from marble.

The stricken father knelt by the bedside of the child whom, in his way, he had loved, tears streaming between his fingers and dropping upon the white coverlet enshrouding the unconscious girl.

The physician stood with folded arms, breathlessly awaiting the result. He crossed over noiselessly and, seating himself near the bowed form of the parent, gently clasped one of the dainty wrists, while with the other hand he held the slowly moving time-piece.

The hands pointed to midnight. How death-like the silence. Was it a herald of coming death?

Slowly the waxen lids lifted; the hands stirred feebly, while a weak but perfectly rational voice exclaimed:

"Papa."

Low though it was, it awoke the kneeling man from his death-like lethargy, and with a joyful cry he raised his arms over the weak but tranquil daughter. Then turning to the doctor, he said, gratefully:

"Sir, you and the good, forgiving God have accomplished this miracle. 'I but did my duty, sir,' modestly exclaimed the physician. 'But, with a little care now, I think there is no trouble to be anticipated in her case, for the future.'"

RECONCILIATION AND MARRIAGE.

Slowly but surely, Luella Farleigh became convalescent. She praised the Lord from time to time that she did not give out that night until she had achieved her test. Gilbert Ainsley had haunted the sick-room like a shadow, and now his happiness knew no bounds when he was again permitted to enter the presence of his fair betrothed.

One day as Luella was wandering past the library door, she heard her own name spoken by her father, and slightly pausing, she overheard that which set her to thinking deeply.

The other voice belonged to Danton Farleigh, she felt assured. And this was what they said:

"If I had had the least suspicion that Luella would have even started for there, I should never have put her to the test; but when you saw by her actions that you were frightening her so severely, you should have desisted," her father said, reprovingly.

"But, by Jove, you put me up to the thing, you cannot deny that! I confess I thought, perhaps, she might marry me, or my money, rather; but beyond that I meant no harm."

She heard no more, as she would not for the world be caught eavesdropping, and so moved on to her own apartment.

A quiet wedding took place upon the eve of the following last day of October. The old hall was decorated more extravagantly than on the year previous, while Gilbert Ainsley and the fair Luella were made the happiest of the assembly, being united in wedlock.

The sparkling Kitty Frazer and the irreproachable Bob Merrivale stood up with them. A beautiful and costly present was conferred on the bride, by Danton Merrivale, of a dainty white cottage, such as her fancy had often painted her, among a grove of evergreens. But her father's blessing, given freely and heartily, was the happiest of all to Luella on that Halloween.

How Woodcock Woe.

Woodcock have certain peculiarities which endear them to the sportsmen, as well as make them an interesting study to men of science. Their love-making is essentially their own. Early in the spring the male bird, seeking a mate, repairs to some well-known covert where the females most do con-

gregate. It is just at sunset. All day long he has been industriously filling himself full of long, luscious worms, and as nightfall comes his bird thought turns to affairs more sentimental. When he reaches the parade ground he looks anxiously around, and if no suspicious noise jars on his sensitive ears he begins with a low, introductory overture. Then he grows impatient and utters loud, guttural bleatings, clucking just before each one. Then he struts up and down the mossy bank as if his performance gave him intense satisfaction. Then he considers himself fairly introduced, and, taking wing, rises in the air, flying up in spiral circles, each growing smaller as he ascends. During this flight he utters a low, sweet, cooing note. After sailing along in a series of aerial somersaults, he swoops down to the spot of his starting. For hours he fools about, displaying his wing performances, until at last the female can no longer resist his antics, and throwing coquetry, as Hamlet did the physio, to the dogs, she approaches with ruffled feathers and disheveled plumage. The two meet and caress each other with every evidence of affection and all the by-plays of love thrown in, and locking their long bills in each other's grasp, as if too happy for earth, they rise straight in the air and fly far out of sight in the darkness. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Monkeys and Their Antics.

Pertly says that dogs are the only animals capable of reading the human face; but monkeys, with the exception of the New World species, can read it better than little children. I had a little female Java macacus, of an exceedingly pleasant and timid nature. I had only to raise my voice in speaking to her to arrest all her motions. When I returned to the room she would follow me with her eyes, trying to read the expression of my face, and endeavoring to gain my sympathy by a low murmuring, going away or coming up to me according to the play of my features. If she saw me smile, she would make a sound of gladness, clasp my knees and press against me, with murmuring lips and eyes gazing into mine. But at the first frown or hard look the macacus would drop into crying and run away. The rhesus would respond in a somewhat similar manner to my expressions.

Monkeys have a passion for cleanliness. Once on your knees they will pick you from head to foot, not letting a wrinkle escape, and all with the most serious air. My Rhesus could not endure badly dressed persons. He was always ready to defend me, and to spring upon any one who would touch me with the tip of his finger. He had no respect for child, but acted as if he took them to be large monkeys, and would sometimes attack them when they were too saucy. Some of the other monkeys, however, seemed to be fond of them. The rhesus appreciated the inferiority of my servants to myself, and would become angry at any one of them when I reprimanded him, his anger being modulated according to my tone. He co-operated in all my gestures when I acted as if I were beating a man or a dog; but if it were another monkey that was threatened, he took its side.

The feeling of compassion is not strange to monkeys. They will defend and protect individuals, sometimes of their own bodies as a shield. They extend their pity to animals of other species. The rhesus became furious when he saw the ferret, in the course of his training lessons, biting rats, and, taking him by the tail, bit him to save the rat.

The rhesus slept at first perched on the bars of his cage, but soon learned to take easier positions and cover himself with a quilt. He often had lively dreams. I could see him grin, and utter low but distinct sounds of comfort, of desire and sometimes of fright. His obedience was complete, except as regarded food. If I left any delicacy on the table, he would never touch it when I was looking on, but, after my back was turned, nothing of it could be found. Putting a stuffed snake skin beside any coveted object, however, always secured its protection.

The rhesus preferred roast fowl and roast mutton to all other meats, and also liked eggs, raw or cooked. His weakness for eggs once cost me a considerable sum, which I had to pay a neighbor for 150 eggs of high-bred fowls which my pet had destroyed. He liked to vary his food. He ate all kinds of seeds, preferred asparagus among vegetables, and was fond of fruit. He would take his milk or drink from a glass like a person, and so far imitated depraved humanity as to smoke and get drunk when he got the chance.

The feeling of the right of property is common to all the monkeys. I gave a red quilt to a Java macacus, and a blue one to another macacus. Each one was jealous of his own garment, and the least infringement by one on the property rights of the other was followed by a battle.

Pertly says that monkeys can untie ropes, but can not tie them. Is this a mark of inferiority? Monkeys, like other animals, have for most of their actions a determined object. My rhesus was obliged, to get honey, to open the closet and to untie a rope. He did both. But why should he shut the door or tie the rope again? Do we not have to teach children and boors to shut doors?

Monkeys can estimate weights. My rhesus could pick out solid eggs from empty shells and those filled with iron filings, lead, sawdust, and sand. It can not be denied that monkeys have some, but a weak notion of numbers, as has been proven by many interesting experiments.

Monkeys have something of a language among themselves that is easily understood by individuals of the same species. Members of the same species, if not too remote, can after a time learn to understand each other. But the anecdotes about the propensity of monkeys to imitate man are much exaggerated. They have a physical structure like his, and mental qualities in some respects not wholly dissimilar from his, and naturally make gestures like those of men, and that is the most of truth there is in those stories. —Popular Science Monthly.

The "Friendly Society."

There is an association called "The Friendly Society," extending throughout Great Britain and this country, which the *Companion* can earnestly recommend to the consideration of its readers. It numbers over 80,000 members, all of them young women from sixteen to twenty-five years of age—from the daughter of the nobleman and the professional man to the poor servant and mill-girl.

Its object is to bridge over the gap between these two classes, to bring them together as "friends"; servants of the same master.

The educated, refined girl gives her thought and time and money to the help of her sister who has had harder measure in the world than she. She helps to teach her; finds her honest work; takes an individual interest in her; and thus, coming in the gentlest, most humanizing relation into close contact with a nature, experience, and range of thought and feeling different from her own, is herself broadened and softened by it, and learns the lesson which Christ taught in just such methods of brotherly love.

The "Friendly Society" has established in England reading rooms for poor girls, boarding-houses where they are secure and protected, courses of lectures, and night schools. It assists them to emigrate to this country and to Canada; when its members of this side receive and direct them until they have found employment.

An instance of the good which may be accomplished by one young person is the effort of an educated lad near one of our large cities to interest a few mechanics, gardeners, and mill-hands of his own age, in a course of reading other than flash literature.

He brought them to his own house, one coming in each week; each one read in turn, the selection of both prose and poetry being left to the leader. It was no easy task to find matter which was at once harmless and attractive.

At first Mark Twain and Burdett were the only authors sure to succeed. Presently he found that any clear statement of scientific fact or natural phenomenon was received with keen interest, so were the tragedies of Shakespeare, or dramatic sketches of real people. The club adjourned for the summer.

When it met again, the leader found that the men had been trying to collect material, "reading up," in order to bear their parts with credit. This club has been organized now for eight years. It has helped to educate all of its members, and it has served a yet nobler purpose in keeping them, at the most critical period of their lives, out of the slough into which so many have fallen, and in refining and elevating their manners, tastes, and moral natures.

So many societies are formed by the young for mere amusement, that we are glad to notice one whose end is practical good to others. The helpers will find themselves helped, for the reflex influence of a good deed is always good. —Youth's Companion.

A Positivist Pigeon.

The *Spectator* says: "The present writer knows a pigeon of exceedingly eccentric disposition, not unlike the single gentleman in Dickens' 'Curiosity Shop' in his habits. He keeps seven pigeon boxes all to himself, and persecutes relentlessly any pigeons which propose to share his dwellings with him. He is as averse to the society even of the gentler sex as was St. Anthony himself in the Egyptian deserts. Not a pigeon will he admit within the circle of his sway. And yet in spite of this resolute and inveterate bachelorhood, this eccentric pigeon is always endeavoring to build nests, and looking out for objects of an egg-like form which he thinks it is possible to hatch. He will accumulate twigs and straw now here, now there, at very great pains and labor. He will coo sometimes to inanimate objects, sometimes to captivate birds, sometimes to a kitten or a dog, or even a flower pot, with the quaintest and politest antics. He will sit patiently on china saucers on the mantelpiece of one room, while he accumulates the materials for a nest on the top of a closet in another room. He does not even drive away the possible mother of a family with more zeal than he shows in seeking to be a good father to some imaginary chick which he seems to expect to elicit from a ring stand or a letter weight. So far as the present writer can judge, he is a pigeon of strong Malthusian views, who hopes to inaugurate a new regime which may have the same relation to the ordinary habits of pigeons which the Positivist worship bears to the other religions of the world."

Good Advice All Around.

Mamma—"It is very wrong in you, Johnny, to quarrel in this way."

Johnny (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom)—"Well, I got mad and had to do something."

Mamma—"But you should not let your temper carry you away in that manner. I will tell you a good rule: When you are angry always count twenty before you strike."

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness)—"Yes, and he'd better count forty before he strikes a fellow that can lick him." —Baltimore Day.

JAMES SMITH, of Kosciusko, Miss., has been married forty-seven years, and death has never yet visited his household. He and his wife had twelve children, all of whom are married. They have eight grandchildren. The entire family live within a radius of twenty-eight miles, in thirteen residences.

When a Mormon wife once renounces the authority of her husband she is at once deprived of all means of earning a livelihood. To contract the effects of such a ruling it is now seriously proposed to establish at Salt Lake City a house of refuge for all the women who may be brave enough to defy polygamic doctrines.

Some inventive genius has produced a machine that will darn stockings. One by one the few remaining inducements for men to marry are being withdrawn, and it is not surprising that women are casting about for new spheres.

HUMOR.

SPELLBOUND—the dictionary.

WELL backed up—the dromedary.

A SECLUDED spot—the ace up your sleeve.

The title of Wilkie Collins' last novel is "I Say No." It was evidently not written when Wilkie was asked to step up and have something.

"Money goes a great ways nowadays," observed a New York bank cashier, as he pocketed \$50,000 of the bank's funds and set out for Canada.

"Fish?" asked a waiter of a visitor at the seaside hotel. "Wall, I dunno," was the reply; "wait till I get suthin ter eat, and then I'll talk with yer about goin' fishin." —Boston Bulletin.

LITTLE EDITH has made a discovery in natural philosophy. She guesses the flies always turn their faces to the wall because they are ashamed of themselves for being such horrid nuisances to everybody.

A YOUNG lady in South Carolina began singing, and kept it up until her two canaries sank exhausted in their efforts to outsing her. Now, we understand the meaning of the old saw about killing two birds with one's tone.

"THERE is nothing very brilliant about our Bremen dentists," said a lady to an individual who practiced the art in Berlin, "but they are obliging. If you wish a tooth extracted with gas, they forthwith light the chandelier."

"CAN I get a whisky cock-tail this morning?" asked a stranger as he entered a Chatham street restaurant and bar last Sunday. "No, sir; it's against the law to sell liquor Sunday. Just take a seat at the table. Here, waiter, bring a Kentucky breakfast for one." —New York Sun.

THE WIDOW NAILED HIM.

He loved her. She knew it. She liked him. What then?

He asked her to marry him again and again. She refused. He grew angry. He left in a pet. He told her he wished that they never had met. She married another. She was happy. But he roamed the wide world over on land and on sea. He returned after long years. Her husband was dead.

He proposed. She accepted. And so they were wed.

EIGHTEEN years' imprisonment and \$300 fine is all it cost the editor of *El Porvenir*, a Spanish journal, for an article decided to be "disrespectful to the King of Spain." Where would the editors of this country be if the press were muzzled only a tithe as much here? Or say two-fifths as much? —Peck's Sun.

"Ah, Charlie, my dear boy, 'what's your hurry?' 'Well, to tell the truth, Ned, my defalcation has been found out, and I am rather in a hurry to get away.' 'Well, come