

# JE T'ADORE.

A LOVE SONG.

We'll listen to news  
That is trite and diffuse  
And let bores take firm root to the floor,  
If they'll only have sense  
In the quiet present tense  
To let tales be indorsed by the door.

We love to have health  
And we love to have wealth.  
And a smile from the one we adore;  
But when cold blizzards blow  
With a swirling of snow  
Give us one who shuts closely the door.  
—American Commercial Traveller

## ANTICIPATION.

Life's soul of bliss ne'er sates itself,  
Nor credits us for what we're doing;  
Our highest hope, our greatest wealth  
Lies in the pleasure of pursuing.

So measure we our ends away,  
In sunshine and in sorrow;  
It is not what we are to-day,  
But what we hope to be to-morrow

## SAVING HARD SINNERS.

BY JOHN STEPHEN.

Two commercial travelers sat in the office of the Brunswick Hotel. "Tom," said the younger, "I have just obtained an inside position in the firm, and will leave the road, I imagine, for some time. I have had enough of hotel and restaurant life, and am determined to try the portal of home, if not home itself, a boarding house. Do you know of any good place?"

"No, Jim; I've not been boarding for years. The best way is to put an advertisement in one of the Sunday papers, and you will have plenty of replies, for Chicago is divided into two classes, those who board and those who keep house."

"I should like to get a nice, quiet place, where I could have some home comforts, a little music, a chat in the parlor, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh, yes. I know all about it, Mr. James Barclay. You have got romantic notions of boarding houses and expect to find in them all the comforts of home, but you will learn that there is no place like home, and trying to find a substitute in a boarding house is like trying to gather figs from thistles and grapes from thorns."

"Come now," was the cheery rejoinder, "don't try to discourage me. I think I can get through an advertisement just like the place I want."

"No doubt you may. It seems to me there is nothing under the sun that may not be obtained through the medium of an advertisement."

"Yes, I believe you. And I don't think there is anything too ridiculous on earth in the way of an advertisement that will not elicit a reply."

"Then, suppose you illustrate the truth of your own theory by advertising for board in some quaint, out of the way manner, that will ward off the average race of professional boarding-house keepers, and bring to your relief one of these matronly souls, full of the milk of human kindness, who only keep boarders for the sake of company, and are entirely above mercenary motives?"

"Since you have been talking I have framed an advertisement, which you, no doubt, may consider ridiculous, but I bet you a supper at Kinsley's I shall get an answer to it. Here it is."

Mr. James Barclay, taking a pencil and note book from his pocket, wrote the following:

"Board Wanted—A young gentleman, with the best of references, desires board in a refined family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will be considered as sufficient compensation for his board. Address J. B. 22, this office."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the other, in genuine astonishment, "you don't imagine for a moment that even in this big city of Chicago, which contains every shade and variety of characters, from the sweetest saints to the sourest cranks, that you will find anyone so philanthropically foolish as to answer that advertisement?"

"Yes, Mr. Thomas Temple, sage and sober philosopher and man of the world that you are, I will get genuine answers to this advertisement. Will you accept the bet?"

"I should say so! And being something of an epicure, will concoct the most expensive menu I can think of, and will do the supper given me by the Don Quixote of advertisers the most ample justice."

"Don't be too sure that the entertainment will be at my expense."

Both gentlemen, after lighting their cigars, strolled to the office of one of the great dailies, where the singular advertisement was duly paid for and ordered to be inserted.

After this operation the friends parted, the last remark of Mr. Barclay being: "Now, my doubting St. Thomas, you will see that I get an answer, and I shall enjoy your supper and prove the truth of my theory."

In a number with four figures on Michigan avenue sat a mother and daughter in a cosy anteroom that had every appearance, if not of oppressive opulence, yet of elegance and refinement.

"I think, my dear," said the mother, "that Harry needs more cheerful associates than we are, although, poor boy, he bears well up under his affliction. But, ever since that dreadful accident which confined him to the house, his spirits, once so buoyant, seem to be depressed. I should like to engage some agreeable person to come and read to him every day for an hour or so. It would relieve you, my dear, and give Harry an opportunity to converse with some one who knows more of the outside affairs of life, of which, in our exclusive retirement, we have been so long ignorant."

"Yes, ma, I think Harry would be much improved by coming in contact daily with an intelligent person from the active circles of life. One who could talk to him of his old business associates and haunts. I could never interest myself on those subjects, and I actually forget the price of wheat two minutes after being told the latest market rate of that exceedingly fluctuating staple. I always thought staples were more steady characters."

"I hope Harry will not interest himself too much in that speculative commodity," replied the mother as a shade crossed over her face. "He can make all the money it takes to gratify an ordinary ambition out of his little father's business. But suppose, my dear, you write an advertisement that will secure the person we want."

"Suppose, mamma," replied the daughter, "I look over the newspaper and get an idea from it, about the way to word it. Here are all kinds of want, board wanted, and so forth. But just listen! Did you ever hear such an advertisement as this?"

"Board wanted—A young gentleman, with the best of references, desires board in a refined, social family of good social position, where his edifying conduct will be considered as sufficient compensation for his board."

"Did you ever hear of such assurance? Does this person really expect to find people to board him for the benefit of his edifying conduct?"

"It is rather a singular advertisement," replied the mother. "I have heard many a subterfuge of taking boarders for companions, but not without compensation."

"Perhaps this edifying person's conduct might be of some good to Harry; but the probabilities are that he is a goody-goody divinity student, and you know Harry is something of a Robert Elsmere and has peculiar views on religion."

"But, my dear, you are taking it for granted that the advertiser is a divinity student. In all probability he is a very different sort of person. He states he has the best of references. Suppose you write him a note and request him to call?"

In a few days after the insertion of the advertisement Mr. James Barclay called at the newspaper office and received but two replies. One of them read as follows:

"If the good young man will apply at the penitentiary, he may find a field for his edifying conduct, as the present Chaplain is off on a vacation."

"Guess that won't sink," said Mr. James Barclay, with a grim smile. "It looks like a put-up job; there is a strong resemblance in some of these strokes to Tom Temple's handwriting; but let us see what we've got here."

The other answer was a dainty missive in a feminine hand, requesting the advertiser to call at a certain residence on Michigan avenue. It was exceedingly brief, though courteous.

Turning to the clerk with some degree of anxiety, he demanded to know if there were no other replies, and left with an incredulous look that would make any one but an advertising clerk feel uncomfortable.

On this little missive, therefore, hung the truth of a theory and an expensive supper. But Mr. Barclay was a man of resolve, and after a careful toilet was soon at the residence on Michigan avenue.

"Jingo, this is sumptuous!" he ejaculated, as his wandering eye took in the elegant surroundings. "If I get accommodations here, I'll be inclined to think the best home I've yet seen is a humbug to this place."

His reveries were cut short by the appearance of two ladies, who smiled when their unexpected visitor explained the object of his call.

The younger, Miss Susan Bedford, was a lady of convictions. She had conceived the idea that the writer of such an advertisement must surely be a divinity student, and thus she regarded him.

"Mr. Barclay," she said, reading his card, and then proceeding straightway to open the campaign. "My mother and I, the other evening, were discussing the advisability of having some company in the house for the benefit of my brother, who met with a severe accident some time ago, and has been confined to the house. We saw your advertisement, and were prompted to answer it, but I must forewarn you that my brother has led a very active commercial life, has peculiar views on religion, and dislikes to discuss theological subjects."

"Shade of Henry Ward Beecher! I wouldn't be surprised if he took me for a local preacher," thought Mr. Barclay, "but if the interesting invalid who is to be improved by my edifying conduct is a practical business man I'll soon undeceive them."

"Madam," he replied, while a dimpled smile ran over his rosy, jovial face, "saving hard sinners is not my line, though I'm in the hardware trade. I'm a commercial traveler, and, as they say in our circles, pretty well posted on current events."

He gave a hearty laugh—such a one as had not been heard in that house for many a day.

Here a voice from over the banisters, much to the surprise of the ladies, called out:

"I'll bet a cool thousand that's Jim Barclay's laugh. Come up, you durned old son of a gun; I'm glad to see you!"

"Why, is that you, Harry Bedford?" cried the astonished Jim. "Well, I declare. Thought you had sold out of your father's business and gone to Europe! Well, I am delighted to see you. I've got a whole budget of stories to tell you. You'll die laughing to hear how Pete Welsh got mashed on a widow in Duluth—but excuse me, ladies, for being so rude. I must beg of you to pardon me if I join my old friend."

"I don't think, my dear, there is much of the divinity student about that gentleman," said the mother.

"No, I don't think he mortifies the flesh, but he will be just the person to put a little life and animation into Harry. And I hope," she added, "that he may be our guest."

Mr. James Barclay was duly assimilated into the bosom of the Bedford family, proved his theory, won his supper, found a good home, cheered up the spirits of the young merchant, led the young lady in due course of time to the altar, and was eventually admitted as a partner into his brother-in-law's flourishing business.

He says that if there was any way by advertising to take a chance at making the hereafter secure, he would be the first to try it.

**American and European Parks.**  
The following table shows the extent of public grounds in various American and European cities, with a comparison of acreage to population. It is taken from the New York Herald.

CITIES.	Population.	Acreage in parks.	Inhabitants to one acre.
New York....	1,500,000	1,034	1,333
London.....	4,500,000	22,000	205
Paris.....	2,250,000	172,000	13
Vienna.....	800,000	8,000	100
Berlin.....	1,174,293	5,000	235
Dublin.....	368,000	2,000	184
Brussels....	357,000	1,000	357
Amsterdam..	150,000	800	188
Tokio.....	1,000,000	6,000	167
Philadelphia.	900,000	3,000	300
Chicago.....	600,000	3,000	200
Washington.	150,000	1,000	150
St. Louis....	350,000	2,100	167
Boston.....	400,000	2,100	190
Brooklyn....	600,000	940	639
Buffalo.....	100,000	620	258
Savannah..	50,000	100	500
Baltimore..	400,000	770	519
San Francisco	250,000	1,181	211

In digging among the ruins of Pompeii they have found a piece of brass to fit over the human cheek. The modern cheek needs none.

## BILL NYE IN ST. LOUIS.

It Is Doing a Man a Service There to Lock Him Up—An Exciting Episode Involving the Fate of a Pair of Trousers.



ST. LOUIS is the only city I have ever visited where it seemed like paying a man a delicate tribute to arrest him. When you are arrested in St. Louis you do not go reluctantly to the nearest station by means of the scruff of your neck, through a hooting and maddening crowd, but the policeman who has arrested you sends in a signal from the nearest box, and directly, as the English put it, or right away, as the American has it, a beautiful silver-mounted droska, or Rise-up-William-Riley-and-come-along-with-me phaeton, drawn by gayly caparisoned and neighing steeds, dashes up to the curb, driven by an Olive street gondolier. You bound lightly into the, beautifully fleeced chariot, a tiny silver gong about the size of a railroad time-table tinkles gayly, and away you go, arousing the envy and admiration of those who have never been under arrest.

But how, asks the keen and pungent reader, can St. Louis afford to do this, while in a city like New York the criminal must either walk to the station-house or forego the joys of arrest entirely. The answer is simple. Here the criminal pays \$6.50 for an arrest which he used to get at \$3. This pays his droska hire and makes his arrest something to look back to with pleasure. People who yield to the police and become arrested from time to time do not care for the expense. Mostly they reter the expense to a place which should be alluded to sparingly in a Sunday paper. And so the sum of \$3.50 doesn't bother them at all. They pay it if they have it, and if they do not, an opportunity is given them to earn it later on at some skilled labor like pounding sand. This makes the arrest an ornament to the city, and the gentlemanly criminal or misdemeanor obligate pays for it, thus contributing to his own comfort and making his arrest a delicate tribute to himself which the papers can use, and which will read well in a scrap-book when forked over to future generations.

St. Louis points with pride to her police system and methods of arrest. A New York man who comes to St. Louis and gets arrested is treated just as well as if he had been born here; whereas a St. Louis man who goes to New York, when arrested, is at once looked upon with suspicion.

The people of St. Louis love to compare their police and arrest system with those of other cities, and to speak of Chicago with quiet scorn. They love to point with pardonable pride to their five mayors, neither one of whom dared for some time to leave town for fear one of the others would be sole mayor when he got back. They also speak with some acrimony of the old-time Chicago justice of the peace, who used to have his shrine over a gilded bell. He had a deaf and dumb waiter built in back of the bench, also a speaking tube, by means of which he could refer difficult points of law to a low-browed chemist in his shirt sleeves down stairs, and so, as we say in the Rite de Bowers, he would ever and anon "roll the rock." And it fell out that in his court justice was not only blind, but she had a bad hicough as the day wore on, while now and then the hoarse overruling power of the justice mingled its accents with the whistle of the speaking tube and the low moan of the tipsiest dumb waiter.

Thus it happened that in the records of the office the stenographer has erroneously embodied in the Justice's rule

**A Very Fertile Country.**

A few years since there resided at Newton, Kan., a genal German, by the name of Schmidt, who was general land agent for the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. A large party of capitalists from New York and the old country came to Kansas with a view of making heavy investments.

Schmidt was called upon to show these men around, and right royally did he do it.

Taking them out in the prairies far from the railroad, Schmidt would in a glowing manner, describe the natural advantages of the climate, soil, etc. As one after another would find some fault, and think this or that could not be raised there, he would walk a few miles further and show them just the soil needed for that kind of grain or fruit. At last one of the gentlemen spoke up:

"Mr. Schmidt, I find after going around with you, there is nothing that you cannot raise in Kansas."

To this, Schmidt quietly replied: "I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that you cannot raise pumpkins in Kansas."

"Why is that?" they all, with one voice, inquired.

"Well, you see, this land is so very rich, and the vines grow so rapidly, that they wear the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground."

If any one doubts this, the land is still to be seen.

**Paralyzed by Chewing Gum.**

The most remarkable case that has come under the observation of the medical fraternity in this city for a long time is that of Mary Yountz, aged 12 years, who is suffering from facial paralysis. This affliction is due to chewing gum, she having employed the use of her jaws so constantly during the last three months that the muscles of her face are powerless and her nerves are in a dilapidated condition. When she laughs her face presents an amusing sight, and yet there is much sympathy felt for the little girl, as her condition is regarded as a serious one by the physicians who have been called upon to treat her. In whatever position she is able to twist her mouth the muscles emain, and the face is thus in a contorted shape until one of the members of her family assists her with their hands to place it in proper condition. Her chin drops, and it frequently becomes necessary to tie a bandage over her head to keep the lower jaw in the proper place. Mary is now under the care of Dr. Hites, who is applying plasters to her face, and under this treatment she seems to be improving, though slowly. —Philadelphia Press.

**Gas for Balloons.**

In the new method for obtaining gas for balloons the hydrogen is gotten by heating slak d lime and powdered zinc, to be melted in the cartridges for safe transportation; by heating this cartridge in an apparatus provided for the purpose, hydrogen gas is obtained in sufficient quantities to inflate an ordinary military balloon in three hours.

Then one of the men says timidly: "But, your Honor, I have no money."

"Sit down! sit down, you red-eyed study in rum," said the court, "and shut up your chaotic face. I'm talking to the other man."

On board a steamboat the other even-

ing a strange thing occurred. It has nothing to do with anything else, and I do not put it in here in order to teach a valuable lesson. It is just a simple unchronicled fact.

A shy young man decided to abandon a venerable pair of trousers to its fate, having just secured a new pair as he went on the boat. So he said to himself, I will just drop them out of my cabin window into the remorseless tide, and all will be buried in the great, calm bosom of the old parent of waters. He rolled them up carefully and shied them far, far out over the gunwale of the boat near the bow. As they sped through the air they unfurled with a soul-piercing plunk. They filled with air and looked as they struck on the crest of the waves

**A STEAMBOAT INCIDENT.**

like a man stooping over to peer down into the depths of the tide. A nervous woman about midships heard the impact of the abandoned pantaloons and looking down with a shudder said: "Me Gawd, a human being has went to his account." She then became the author of a loud yelp and all hands rushed to the guards with the cry of "Man overboard," that awful cry which once heard can never be forgotten. A hundred hands with boat hooks and catfish openers ran to the lower decks, and amid the cries of women and the quick-drawn breath of pale men, a tall roustabout jabbed the drowning man in the vitals with a jabber, and, while fainting passengers looked the other way, he pulled out the now collapsed trousers and found on the inside of the waistband the name of the owner, also the leg and waist measurement, together with the name of a St. Louis tailor. Then they began to hunt over the boat and in the drag of the river for the man who had occupied the trousers aforetime, and that shy young man's name was in every mouth and he didn't dare to come down for his breakfast, and his jet black mustache, which could be distinctly seen when he left St. Louis, from fright turned around and went back again.

**A ST. LOUIS ARREST.**

ings such irrelevant remarks as "another hot whiskey for the court," and other holdings and findings of the court which have been used in Chicago and other cities as precedents in cases of like character, to the great elevation of the bench and bar.

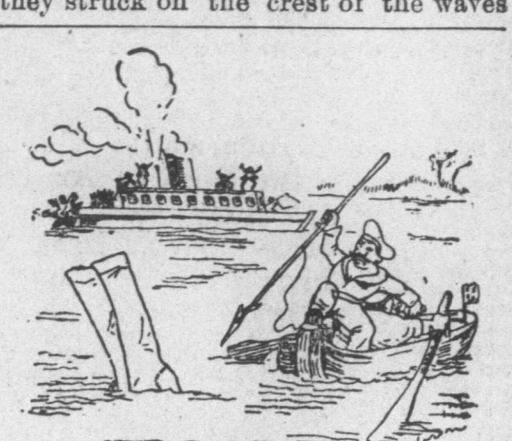
He was a Justice who introduced into his administration a style of fine which has been frequently adopted by young and struggling Justices of the Peace elsewhere. For instance, two offenders are up before him for assault and battery, or something of that kind, and the court is trying to discover which is the offending party. After hearing the testimony and overruling most of it, referring from time to time to his tin source of information, he looks up at the ventilator and says: "The court finds you guilty and assesses you tin dollars and trimmings, together with the remark that you will stand committed until the whole thing is fully paid."

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**Pat's Pat Answer.**

Hodge—I say, Pat, where would you be if those gallowes had their due?

Pat—Riding alone, I guess

**First department official (at Washington)—**I had a strange experience to-day—strange. Second department official—You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Come, tell me the story; anything to relieve the monotony. "It is not a ghost story. It's all flesh and blood."

"Well, well! Out with it."

"A man came to me to-day to ask about a matter which I couldn't refer to any other department, and I actually had to attend to it myself."

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## BUDGET OF FUN.</