WEDNESDAY MARCH 23, 1892.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

"What is the best way to get along with your husband?" was answered by a society lady, who simply said: Food the brute." Right madam; stop feeding him and you would have to get along without

COMPLAINT has been made that too much money is spent in keeping our Indians alive. Some time ago, it will be remembered, this nation was spending a good deal more money for actively engaging in not keeping them alive.

GREYTOWN, in Guatemala, wants the New Orleans, lottery to take the town and make it the Monte Carlo of the western hemisphere. They promise to build great hotels and make it a winter resort for all gamblers. This seems to be the best offer yet made to the lottery. It would fit in beau-tifully with the profuse supply of alligators and jiggers of Grewton.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE says the port that she is giving Mr. Wilde \$25 a week pending arrangements for a divorce or separation is too absurd to answer, especially as she breakfasts at 9 o'clock, while Mr. Wilde break-fasts at 1:30. A man whose wife supports the whole family and lots sleep till 1:30 certainly has cause for complaint.

REV. Dr. HOLMAN, of Minneapolis, told a new one at the big Lyceum meeting. It was the remark of a brother minister of the outspoken sort, somewhere in the East, who said of a man that his soul was so small that 10,000,000 of them could be blown through a quill from the wing of a mosquito into the eve of a fly without fearing the fly an teta This is getting things down you and

GEN. DYRENFORTH is a most cotric individual. Not only has he officially reported that rain can be produced artificially, but, what is more extraordinary, he returns \$17,-000, being the unexpended balance of the appropriation made for his experi-That he should have failed to spend every cent will create a suspicion of his sanity in Washington that will weaken the force of his re-

NEW HAMPSHIRE has been sneered at so long as the State of abandoned farms that in self-defense she has just made a showing as to her savings bank deposits. From this showing it appears that the Granite State is the foremost in the Union in the matter of accumulated savings. The impression will now go abroad

The impression will now go abroad that it is not unprofitable to abandon farming if there is a good chance to go must the summer-resort business.

Northing seems to be easier than to dupe the London Times. Everybody remembers the famous—and infamous—Piggott letters, and now one who signs himself "George Haward one who signs himself "There's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more to tell." He lowered his was repeated until Tom Jerre's more

Modern Germany is a paradox. In religion a nation of skeptics; in sci-ence a nation of iconoclasts. For tradition and dogma the Germans have but scant reverence, yet it has taken hunger and poverty to drive them into an attitude of hostility to the overbearing young monarch, who proclaims himself the right hand of God and declares that the Almighty is vitally interested in the prosperity of his house. The marvel is that only the turbulent elements in Berlin ar arrayed in open revolt. It would seem that the insolent demeaner of the scion of the house of Hohenzo lern would be peculiarly irritating to that vast body of highly educated and intellectually emancipated men who have put Germany first among enlightened nations. It will not be extraordinary to see them engaged in other than parliamentary opposition

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

How often in life do we judge our friends new orien in the do we judge our friends Suspinoly's dark glances at them we direct; Nake care do not switches, no matter how atroughy Circumstances hint guilt of what we suspect.

How oft, in our minds, do we try, judge and sen-tence, For wrongs we suppose have been done to our-selves, Dear friends to whom give we no chance for re-

pentance, We are, in our manner, so cold to themselves Let's give them a chance to prove their sincer

Let's give them a consecutive.

Let's,
Let's,
Let's for once repay seeming evil with good—
By inamore most kind show true Christian

shortly,
And see if, once more, they will not do as they
should.

And say not that true friendship is something ideal,
That truth and devotion are something unknown;
The heart that deems each friend's sentiments

unreal Has something unsound at the core of its own, Manion, N. C.

A Bride for an Hour.

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOM JERROLD'S JOY-MA OLD LOVE STORY.
Tom Jerrold was pouring himself a cup
of coffee of his own making. He was
standing under a hastily improvised
shanty on the mountain side, well out of
the way.

the way.

He refused to go out to Squire Jepson's
house-there were woman and children He refused to go out to Squire Jepson's house—there were women and children enough to fill it. He had for his companion a poor, measly-looking dog that looked like as if it had lost all list friends. The dog had learned to look upon Tom as a friend already.

Tom bad poured out his crup quite full, and was sending looking at a picture of a child that he had torn out of an illnartated paper, when a step wear him cansad him to turn around.

"Great Scotlan'il It's Mr. Samere."

The picture fell on the ground at Tom grasped a band of rach, thile tears arrang to his eyes.

The not sahem dof them He found ye I told him, the beep up I told him, the Mrs. Somers."

Tru not sahem of them He found ye I told him, 'a beep up I told him,' a beep up I told him,' Nrs. Somers."

We are here e'll right and you what 'ee you doing? (ooking for yourself: 'I did that many a day, Mr. Somera."

Then he looked from one to the other keenly. He stooped, bringing his face on a level with Mrs. Somers.

You've a message; you've brought me naws, Mrs. Somers. I see it in your face. Out with it; I can stand anything—anything but suspense. You have word, I know."

know."
"Yes; your daughter is alive."
Tom Jerrold took off his hat and looked
up to heaven. His lips moved, but no
sound issued from them.

"She is alive and well. She would be here now, but she thought it best to go to her friends at Blairsville."
"God be praised! You saw here you talked to her."
Mys Son

talked to her."

Mrs. Somers related how they met and traveled to Pittsburgh. Tom Jerrold listened in silence, muttering a word. When she paused he said simply:

"That's enough now. That's worth a cup of coffee. I can recommend it; I made it. Barring the went of milk it's good."

The way of the control of the contro

the fruth. There was a marpot active where; anyhow, Mr. Peters ceased paying attention to your mother, and went aw to sea. He went to the East Indies, and there made the money that was the formation of his propery here.

"I understand he was home a year before he Yound out the truth. Then it was too late. He had not acted wisely. A man who was dying of consumption as mean a sneak, I judge, as lives and finds favor—at last let out enough to make Mr. Peters uneasy. He made inquiries, found that he had wronged your mother by listwing to stories in which she was represented to say the reverse of what she shought. Her people give her no peace anti she narried the same to squire Jepson and Broadhurst—that if it took all he had in the world to make amends to his old sweetheart's daughter, he would make it right before he died. You are the daughter. "And no one ever told me. Dear old

the world to make amoude to his old sweetheart's daughter, he would make it right before he died. You are the daughter.

"And no one ever told me. Dear old man. Now I know why I always liked him," said Mrs. Somers.

"And who was the lying sneak?" Somers asked carelessly.

"Mr. Petgrs' own brother—surely not," said Mrs. Somers drow a long breath and shuddered. Now she understood it all. What a narrow escape she had made. Intuitively she arrived at the truth. In some manner Glies had learned the contents of his uncle's will.

True—his curse had not been idle words. Such wee as had overtaken her not one woman in a million—in tens of millions—had experienced; but there was joy, too, she said to herself as she looked at her husband.

"You do not feel like killing Giles now?"

Tom Jerrold said, with a sunile.

"No," said Somers, I will leave him to reup his roward. It is as sure to come as day follows night. My wife and I have talked it all over. She thinks, and I agree with her, that his fate will be worse than the death he sent us to doliberately when he flung us back into the water."

"But this will, Mr. Jerrold where is the real will?"

Jerrold shook his head. "Nobody knows, Alexander Rutledge ic dead his office and his house ware swapt away, not a vestige of either left."

"Then the property is met mine, even if Mr. Peters does die."

"If Mr. Peters is never able to write his signature to another will, I'm straid Giles will get all. that's the law. If the lawyer was alive but he is dead."

"O, yes, that is all suite plain," said Somers, "we do not ived! Mr. Peter's does die."

"Mars Somers, an' yo, too "here Si Harkees confronted them endde-ty "Mars Broadburst sent me ur tot!" von gemmen dat Mr. Rutledge want want.

"Aught State and the state in the state will?"

"Mars Somers, an' yo, too "here Si Harkees confronted them endde-ty "Mars Broadburst sent me ur tot!" von gemmen dat Mr. Rutledge want.

"Mars Somers, an vo. two here so Harkess confronted them suddedly." Mars Broadburst sent me up to tell you gemmen dat Mr. Rutledge want on down right away, for it gets last "Rutledge! What."
"He means Mr Rutledge's brother He has come hers to identify his brother wains," said Somers, quickly. Whereupon they all desendal the mountain side quickly.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GRAVE GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Enoch Broadhurst, his wife, the Jepsons, Jerrold, James Rutledge, and several others were present when the remains of Alexander Kutledge were exhumed. They were remarkably well preserved.

James Rutledge with the first glance exclaimed: "This is not my brother!"

The others looked on while he proceeded to describe certain marks on his brother that some there were able to recall, now that the brother spoke of them. A sear on one leg was so deep that everybody remembered it who knew him from youth up. Another mark almost as easily found was a nick in the left ear. Still another was a cloven thumb nail, split when he was a boy, and that never was thoroughly joined afterward.

There was no scar on the right leg—no scar on either leg. There was no sign of a nick in either ear; the nails were perfect.

Then James Rutledge gaye his hysthad.

a nick in enther con, feet.

Then James Rutledge gave his brother's height. Haif a dozen remembered it. The dead man was at least two inches shorter. Then a number of differences—all sufficient in themselves to change reconle's opinions—were pointed out.

people's opinions—were pointed out.

Finally the group marveled how they could have made the mistake so accide ould have made the mistake so easily. But if this was not Alexander Rutledge,

could have made the mistake so easily. But if this was not Alexander Rutledge, where was he?

"My brother may be dead," said James Rutledge. "It is a wonder half of us are here. But my brother did not shoot himself. Now, this man did, or else some one shot him. I propose going right to the bottom of this business. I have taken some of you into my confidence. The last man who saw my brother alive, I have reason to believe, is here—in Johnstown. My authority is Si Harkest—a man known to many of, sou. I propose now that we go direct to the man who last visited Alexander Rutledge. I sent to him, asking him to meet me. He did not see fif to come. Now will go to him."

Theu the remains of the unidentified.

Then the remains of the unidentified man with the bullet wound were intered again, and the group moved away in with them the lights they required. The remains were viewed let in the example, rendering artificial light, acressery.

Mr. James Rutledge led the way directly to the spot where Giles Brockle was urging his workmen to make greater haste.

stony crees, weaged in a tree top—out the tree came from the Lord knows where. I brought it to Mr. Broadhurst—and we opened it. It was in a bad shape outside; inside it was all right—as dry as a bone. There was a paper in it—a paper Mr. Broadhurst thinks you never saw."

I never noticed a paper in it," said Mrs. Somers.

"It was in a curious flap under a flap," "What was the paper, Mr. Jerold?"

"It was a copy of Mr. Peters will, with my name and John Walrous' where the will would be found—in Mr. Alexander Rutledge's possession.

Mrs. Somers looked at her husband in quiringly, "Mr. Somers saked.

To your wife?"

"To me! I don't understand it at all, Algernon. Why, Mr. Jerold, did Mr. Peters give his property to me?"

"That's a story! I may sa well tell you as Mr. Broadhurst. Mr. Peters liked him. I less than a fourth of the dimensions of the safe Giles was resolved to opnower. Here!" he said, in a masterial manner to the workmen of make greater haste. Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and Squire Jepson. The workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and such serving the workmen had suchasting that it was Broadhurst and surinistic Jepson. The had procured a keg of powder, which he himself opened, and taking a considerable quantity from it, he was devising a way to blow the metal distance meantime got the better of him. He had procured a keg of powder, which he himself opened, and taking a considerable quantity from it, he was devising a way to blow the metal distance was antime got the bester of the way, so that he could either the door, to which all his energies had been directed.

He ordered the workmen to was devising a way to blow the m

fells ws would be planning to lift it out.—
He made a fuse, placed a lot of powder in a tin cup, pushed the cup under the safe, attached the fuse made of rags and puper, lit it, and sprang nimbly out of the opening the workmen had made.

It was at this juncture the group from the mountain side approached him. As they neared the spot a terrific explosion occurred. Fragments of wood if w in all directions. Several of the lights were extinguished. These was sufficient light loft, however, to revent to everybody an iron safe which was thrown completely out of the large opening in the debris made by the workmen.
The safe was turned completely over, and the door was lying wide open. To or three packages of papers lay on top of the door.

the door.

Gilles Brockle spreng forward to selectibles packages, when a vise-like grip closed on his wrist, and James Rutledge said, in a loud, commanding voice:

"Those papers are not yours. They are

mine."
"How are they yours?" demanded Giles
Brockle, fiercely. e, nercely. ause that is my brother's (Alexan

"Because that is my brother's (Arcanider Rutledge's) safe."

The light shore full upon the top of the safe and on the inside of the open door. On each all plainly saw Alexander Rutledge's name.

Giles Brackle was dumb with amaze.

Giles Brockle was dumb with amaze-ment. What porce, what power under beaven could lift the safe out of the well he had flung it into? And by what strange chance had the force of the flood borne it this distance to lodge it right in his way?

chance had the force of the flood borne it this distance to lodge it right in his way?

"If it is your brother's safe, take it. G tit out of the way; and I want you all to get out of my way. I am minding my own business. Leave me to mind my own affairs and you attend to yours."

"Stay!" said Enoch Broadburst, as he opened one of the papers. "I hold in my hand Mr. Teters will, in which he bequeathes all his property to Rose Parker, and which names two of us, Jepson and myself, escenters." And which I witnessed, added Tom Jorrold, soberly.

Giles Brockle leoked around him. Then he looked at the mountain side, Across these mountain tops his Uncla Peters now lay on his death-bod. Perhaps he was dead. He had not taken the trouble to go near him, or ask after him, for two days. He had not looked on his uncle sface for roouths.

Giles Brockle lifted a hand, and, skaking it in the diet tion of 'touth Fork dam, said."
"Curses light on the man who cut we off without a penny! Curses near on him hereafter! May ha."

At that instant, an old man stepped forward tremblingly, baning stoch beside him.

forward tremblingly, leaning heavily of a cane. An attendant stood beside him Si Hark sast od behind him with squeez

Si Hark seat of bonner, com Peters looking eyes. It was Tom ratem, com Peters looking eye frail, but with as clear eyes as ever met bis friends. His voice wes also guite clear as he said, deliberately. Curse to your heart's content. Terry curse you uter will return upon you with terrible, with overwheiming force. My willis morte. In the presence of all here, I tayeat, it was always my purpose to give the greater portion of my property to Rose Parker, now I give at all to her. Giles Brockle stood confounded craven, like the wratch be was.

Giles Brockle stoon com-turen, like the wretch he was.
"I advise you to leave the place," said "I advise you to leave the place," said his uncle.

Then Giles made a movement. As he turned, those nearest him beheld he turned ashen gray, then a greenish color. His eyes stood out in his head; his jaw 6-11

fell.

"And I command him to stand still. I charge him with an attempt to murder me!"

It was the face, the voice, of Alexander

It was the tace, the solve, or Abdulanzy Rutledge.

Those who witnessed this extraordinary scene were silent. The lawyer was paler than usual, but otherwise there was no change in his appearance, save in his at-

change in his appearance, save in his au-tire.

I shall enjoy the privilege of taking you in charge myself and turning you over to the deputy, said the lawyer, ad-vancing resolutely as he spoke.

But Giles Brookle my prepared for this emergency. Ere any one-fairmised his intention, he thrust a hand in his pocket, pulled out a pistol and holding it over his heart, fired, falling dead at the feet of the man he thought he had nur-dered. dered.
"It is as well," said Alexander Rutledge,
"It is as well," said Alexander Rutledge,

"It is as well," said Alexander But.edge, solemnly, as the groupstood awe-stricken. It is the end I expected—and often predicted," said Tom Peters.

The manner in which Alexander Rut-ledge was rescued was as wonderful as any of the thrilling experiences related of the great flow. After being drawn under a vortex of water twice, he was pulled out on the roof of a house, only to float down the river. He was exhausted when car-ried to a farmhouse, and lay there three days before he was able to return to Johns-town in a wagon.

town in a wagon.

Tom Peters will never be the same man again. The news of the greet disaster gave him a fresh lease of life, the doctors say; but he is so feeble that he is "ready to go," to use his own words, any time.

any time.

Mr. and Mrs. Somers are abroad. After helping all who required immediate assistance, they carried out their original plan.
It is Si Harkess who have "mo" workerful

derful story—ten times mo' wonderful story—dan de flood to tell," as he relates the death of Giles Brockle.

[THE END.] The Girls Are Sly.

THE BIG BONANZA MINE.

A Hole in the Ground Out of The \$150,000,000 Was Taken,

I was strolling with Mackay or years ago in Virginia City, says in Russoll Young in Munsoy's Magas when we looked down a smoking as the country of the was seen by the country of the was seen by the country of the cou Russin a when we looked down a smoking case in the ground that was soon lost is darkness, and at the mouth of which the story of the st in the ground that was soon lost in darkness, and at the mouth of which windlass was slowly grinding. "Out that hole," he said, "I took \$150,000 in bullion." This was one of the fast Bonanza mines, whose history all se know. The Big Bonanza, as it called, and as Mackay described itte. "Pocket" of crude ore, about as high the steeple of Trinity and in srate large as the City Hall Park by York. This ore, showelled out and a duced, gave the stupendous yield which Mr. Mackay referred, and was foundation of the Bonanza fortun Associated with him were thread world-wide mining fame—James 6, Fast afterwards Senator from Nexada, who skill as a mining expert had attracted attention of Mackey; William 102. afterwards Senator from Nevada, who skill as a mining expert had attracted by attention of Mackey; William Phis and James C. Plood. O'Brien and Hod had come to California as friends in the Argonaut days and had like other metaken their humble parts in the creaks of the Pacific States. In those lines men who were to be major-generals at the army drove drays for a liring others who were to become luminous statesmanship and jurisprudence jurish mended their own trousers and weeks their own linen. They were 'partner,' a term that Bret Harte has pathetically explained in one of his sequaisite state. "Partners," that is to say, friends, will former the property of the same and the same are same and the same are the same and the s their contract that Brot Harte has paneness explained in one of his exquisite stora explained; that is to say, friends with a combability and as we who live outside the combability and as we will be such as we will be such as the combability and the combability and

explained in one of his exquisite stone. "Partners," that is to say, friends, wish a friendship such as we who live satisfied the atmosphere of adventure white carfolded the Argonaut days cannot active the atmosphere of adventure white carfolded the Argonaut days cannot active the adventure of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Monla, which we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien: "Billy was my partner one. Has is my partner one, will be apparent for a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of me. Flood was the financial representative and ally of two, young miners who set werk on the Bonanea; O Brien, the Partner in the firm, because Flood could have no interest be did not shae. O Brien passed away in Bonaneau finession of the many months stone, in fise. Could not be no interest be did not shate. O Rrie a passed away in Romanza time. Hood not many months some, in Germany. He was a brave, independent reacted, conscientious pean, especially charming and true in the high relations of life to better citizen, no true freed in all that constants.

ppment of manhood, the best man I have ever known," as Mackay said to me what the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen-I know only one man in the world that Tshow only one man in the world that can break me, and that is Mackar. This Flood said to me and I note it a showing the strong links which in these days bound the Bonanza firm and gaveir a strength and a confidence which were the basis of its power.

Various Use of Lemons.

"It seems to me that I find a new use for lemons every day of my life," re-marked a practical housekeeper, "be-sides the thousand and one old ones that are always as good as new. I have en-tirely given up the use of vinegar as salads, as all of the family greatly pre-fer lemon juice. We make all of our hard pudding sance, by squeezing the uice of henons with the same and butter sainds, as all of the family greatly prefer lemon juice. We make all of or hard prefer lemon juice. We make all of or hard pudding sauce, by squeezing the juice of lemons with the sugar and butter, and beating thom thoroughly, and it would take a small importing house to keep us in this fruit for the confections that the children are found of making. If I don't feel particularly well and as heart.

Reep us in this fruit for the confections that the children are fond of making-If I don't feel particularly well and ay luncheon doesn't seem exactly to agree with me. I find the greatest relief from eating a bit of lemon. Especially is this the case if the meal has been of dishes in which milk is used.

"There is another point that I have rarely heard mention, and it may be new to many. If milk disagrees and causes beadaches or what people call a billous feeling, a slice of lemon caten very slowly will often give immediate relief. A few drops of lemon jurea in a glass of water is an excellent thing for a very warm day. Water with this addition may be used directly from the well, and is much more healthful than ice-water and quite as palatable; indeed, a tesponaful of lemon juice with a littleday of sugar, or even without sugar, will be found a most welcome addition to a glass of water at any time. If more lemon juice water as and less ice-water, were used we of water at any time. If more lemon juice and less ice-water were used we would have far better health, and a great many dangers that lurk in the lastest many dangers that lurk in the hatter days of summer would be avoided. days of sun The Ledger. of summer

The Gir's Are Sty.

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels towards you by the way she takes your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the indifference of her muscles. If she has great confidence in you the pressure tells it; and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and But even if the two are just matched, tempt, discomfort, dislike, anything on to him. I am told there is a great way a girl fits her waist to one man's hardly believe it. — San Francisco Chronicle.

Using a Flax Seed for an E) volution of the eye to get out a cinder which has accidentally lodged there may seem a curfict only longed there may seem a curficular that mode of expression as in words or fellow she likes very much with perfect to mode. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect to mode. The tender of a disclaim, conshe likes, by the way she does not hold deal of difference, too, between the arm as compared with another; but I characteristics in this city who never a comment of the cycle of the cycle it can be easily reached in constant of the cycle of the cycle it and provents pain the conder and ultimately assists in its removal. The remedy may seem novel to many persons, but there are comment of a pour without a pinch sample of an accident of difference, too, between the arm as compared with another; but I considered the cycle of the cycle of

E JOKER'S BUDGE

TS AND YARNS BY FUNNY M OF THE PRESS.

ouble Entendre -Very Fly ed A Strained Joke-Sprin entle Spring Better Than No g, Etc., Etc.

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

ou don't know yet how she fools o, but I'm going to make her s

shall present her with a diam

VERY FLY INDEED.

Yool -Bronson seems to be as fl r he was. -What has he been doir an Poit -- What has he been doir Yool -- When I saw him last nigh med to be trying to walk on the

First Anarchist - The members of b seem to be afraid of suspension second Anarchist - Why should atraid? First Anarchist-Because it al is fatally.--{The Club. afraid?

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

ome, put away the ulster big, And the scalskin cap we wore, or gentic spring is coming on, We shall not need thom more.

ull down the camphorated trunk nd pack those winter clothe For spring is drawing nigh.

And when we get them packed a Up out of sight. Why, then, We'll shiver and we'll shake to fi That cold snap's here again. Clothier and Furnis

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

'Am I the man of your choice

HIS REVENUE IN SIGHT. His revenue in soon.

Jack Hardup (with unwonted er sm. By Javel. I see that some talking about introducing a bigothere in the bigothere in the same among the state of the same among the same and among the same and among the same and the s

"What is the difference between ge student and the man who has grees conferred upon him for h

nton: "One gets his learning by degr he other gets degrees by his lear THE CONSOLATION OF THE SIX-FO

'Little maiden, tell me true, What sort of man most please She blushed and hung her pretty "Tis Hymen I like best," she

NO FINANCIER WANTED. Jess -And you want to be close

an a brother? Dick -- Yes, dear. Jess -- Twon't do; he is altoge

COULD THERE BE ANY DOUBT O Acquaintance—Going to be ext Thursday? I congretulate

next Thursday? I congratulate boy! Who is to be best man? Fweddy highly indignant)—B Baw Jove! Me!—[Chicago Tril HALLS AND HAULS.

He—It is so good of you, do accept me. But even my great am afraid, can't make you fo my grandfather was a commo an. She—Why need I forget it? I

everybody about your "ancestre and on your income of \$100,000 we will be as happy as the day's [New York Tribune.

THE FAINTING RACKET.

First Tramp—"What's the m Mike? He looks as if life wa livin." livin'."
Second Tramp—"That's jist feels. Ye mind two days ago man fainted in front o' that be over yonder, and the kind lad out wid a bottle o' brandy to res

'I mind. 'Wull, Mike, he tried th' racket there this mornin', an' the rushed out th' same as before when she seed. Mike, she said, low, his pores is all stopped can't breathe, says she, an' turned the hose on 'im."—[

SCHEDULE TIME. Hungry Traveler (at railwation)—How soon will the

conductor? Conductor-I'll start on time

HER ANSWER

"I guessed you loved me, sw And gazed within her cyes. Like violets shyly raised to m In maidon's soft surprise.

in maidon's soft surprise.
"When first your little hand I
I guessed you loved me thei
She raised hor lovely eyes one
And whispered, "Guess age
—[New York

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS Past pariables - Library