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TOO CUNNING BY HALF.

There was a profound impression created in the minds of the good people of the town when the tidings got out that Joe Barbary, the most dangerous and the most cunning of all the madmen up at the lunatic asylum, had managed to evade his keepers and was at large.

giving a full description of the fugitive. In order to stimulate exertions, I also offered a reward of \$50 for his capture.

"I heard on the street to-day, sheriff," he said, "that you had received some startling news in regard to Joe Barbary."

"The third letter bore an odd sort of a family resemblance to the above two (although the handwriting of all three was different one from the other), and was as follows:

On reading the letters, I quietly placed them in my pocket and went on conversing with those present in the office. Whilst I did not place much reliance in the opinions of my correspondents and did not attach any importance to their information, one way or another, I felt it the part of discretion to remain silent as to the receipt of their communications.

Later in the day, and just after I had received a report from one of the men in search of Barbary, which gave me the information that Joe had really been in the neighborhood of the town on the day before, I was comparing the letters which had come in the mail and was wondering at the similarity of tone which pervaded all three, when I was interrupted by the entrance into the office of a stranger who inquired for the Sheriff.

"I hope you may, sir," returned the stranger as gravely as before. He seemed to dwell with a friendly feeling upon the chance of my catching Joe, for he nodded his head slowly, worked his hands, the one within the other, softly, and repeated: "I hope you may, sir. If Joe Barbary is to be caught, I hope you may have the catching of him, sir."

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At the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, Rev. W. F. Hatfield, the pastor, discoursed of his recent visit to the South.

At the Dark Hollow stone quarry, near Bedford, O., one of the largest stones ever blasted in America was "lifted" a short time ago.

Wade Hampton and His Leg. It is rather mournful to look at Wade Hampton in the Senate, nursing his stump of a leg and subjecting his splendid physique to the disgrace of crutches.

General John B. Gordon. Who was interviewed by a Herald reporter at New York given the reason for resigning his position as United States senator, he says:

General Gordon went on to say that after he had made up his mind that his duty to his family required him to resign a seat that threatened to impoverish them he had tempting offers from two sources—one in Boston and one in Oregon—both demanding an answer, either yes or no, without delay, and that the offers were so liberal that he felt constrained to accept.

English Sympathy for the South. For Englishmen especially the story of the American civil war must always possess the most powerful attractions.

Whereupon those two shook hands and made up, and the man now says if Hampton is put on the Democratic ticket he will swallow it both and live!

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty summers remarked to her gentlemanly companion, "Tunnels are such bore!"

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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A young man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured: "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!"

The Louisville Chronicle tells of a man who escaped with his life from the Indians. The man who escaped without his life hasn't yet been reported.

A poor fellow fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had Bright's disease. "What will the Smith girl say now?" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me. Oh, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what kind of a hair pin I am."

He stood with his back against the front door of the street car. Every one else had seats, and he anxiously watched each face for symptoms of getting out for over three miles. It grew wearisome, and he finally shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exclaimed: "For the love of the Lord, have none of 'yes my honours to go to?' Then they all smiled, and the conductor tendered him the ridgepole of the rear platform.

Rhode Island has the following statute: "All marriages between a white person and a negro shall be absolutely null and void; and the person joining them in marriage shall be subject to a penalty of \$200." Samuel D. Dorell, a full-blooded negro, was lately married at Providence to Ellen Carrington, a white girl. The Rev. George H. Smith, who performed the ceremony is to be prosecuted, in order to test the law.

An Artesian well is being bored in Boston in order to determine whether or not there is under the city an available supply of pure water. At the depth of about one hundred and fifty feet the borers found a small stream of excellent water in a stratum of gravel and soft blue clay, and again at the depth of three hundred feet they struck a second small stream of good water in slate rock.

Londoners desire to obtain American apples in their perfection. But at present they often reach there in a bruised condition. The London Magazine of Pharmacy says there is no reason why this fruit should not be imported in a fresh and perfect condition. It recommends the use of a soft kind of tissue-paper to envelop each apple, this paper having been previously soaked in a solution of salicylic acid, and dried before it is used.

"She walks in beauty like the night, Of cloudless climes and starry skies," And loveliness than she is to sight. She is not lovelier than her pig. The roses of Damascus blow Their sweets to far Arabian sands; But sweeter is the incensed thyme That stings the snout of her hands. Nor scented Park, nor gaily road, Nor pampered prince did e'er partake Of dainty dish that could afford Such rapture as her simple cake. I crave not fame, nor wealth, nor power, I only wish that I could be A pony or two of some prime flour, And she was gently kneading me.