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THE ARGUS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

Poetry.

The Loom.

In some far distant summer I will come
Closely unto you and but whisper this:
"Our lives so long in each have been at strife,
How much, O love, have we contrived it since?
And there will come no answer, but I think
That the new silence will more solemn be;
Shall we not know that veil which was kept the brink,
Shall we not both look up regretfully?
Ah, yes; for we loved well, but always away
The love God meant for each! Was it not so?
Will it come back to us more far off day?
Ah, what we both have lost we have had to know!

Putting Down a Carpet.

There are times in the life of a man of family when he feels like throwing himself pitilessly away, never more to be heard from; and one of these trying times is when he has a carpet to lay down, especially if the carpet is too small for the room, and it must be made to fit by stretching, and he has to do the stretching himself.

Smith fell upon trying times last night, and from my house I heard the poor fellow. He had in a number of tacks, borrowed a hammer from the landlady, and went to work after supper. Mrs. Smith and the children and Smith retired to the parlor. He figured up the length and breadth of the room, then of the carpet. It was near nine o'clock before he reached anything like a correct estimate of the excess of his carpet for his room. His wife talked her knowledge of arithmetic to his own vanity store, and between them the problem was solved, and preparations made to tackle a 12x18 carpet in a 10x9 room.

Smith spread out the woolen plaster in one corner and commenced to tack down. The first tack went over before the hammer struck it, and Smith sucked a bruised finger in his mouth, pursed it provided that organ from getting converted to a well-developed "sore-thumb." The next tack went home, and then Smith mounted the carpet for another drive. Finally, the carpet was fast in one corner, and then Smith bethought himself to look in for another corner. Moving a couple of heavy trunks, turning over the wash-stand and breaking the bowl and pitcher, did not deter him in his purpose. Smith is a man of firm resolution.

When Smith had worn all the skin off his fingers stretching one side, his wife discovered that he had tacked down the wrong side. The double process of ripping up the carpet and ripping out Sunday-school words was here instituted, and now the thing went down right. The carpet-laying business was going on swimmingly; Smith was hammering away happily, whistling "Down on the carpet you must kneel;" the children were playing all sorts of didos; the wife was straining her weak back trying to move the bureau out of the way, when a message came up from the landlady saying that, as there was a sick boarder in the next room, and company in the parlor underneath, less noise would be highly appreciated. To comply with her request, Smith tied one of his wife's stockings over the face of the hammer, and attempted to drive home the tacks; but the best stocking his wife ever had (so she said) soon presented the appearance of having been chewed by hungry rats. Smith's wife saw how her property was being destroyed, and laid an embargo on the proceeding, and a hot shovel on Smith's head. Then Smith tried a new plan.

He started the tack with his thumb, then hit it lightly with the hammer; then he'd wait a while as if for the musical echo to die away before he would give it another lick. During these charming intervals Smith mentally calculated how long it would take him to put down the carpet at that rate. He found that it would take him just two weeks, including Sundays. Here he rested upon his labors. He scratched his head and howled at the children. Eureka! He received upon a new departure—one good lick to each tack, and his wife to give the rest when the sick boarder got well. It was a capital idea, and Smith put it into execution at once, forgetting to let his wife know anything about it until the job was done. The idea worked well; he got three sides of the room done up in a jiffy. But when he went to stretch the carpet preparatory to nailing it down on the fourth side, the half-driven tacks broke loose from their moorings, and the tortured carpet went adrift. It was really too bad!

Smith sat down on his wife's toilet-set, and wept—not because he wished the carpet somewhere else, but because he was tired. The children, bless their dear souls! took in the situation at a glance, and sympathized with their dear papa by turning over the centre table on his pet corn. But, as I said before, Smith was a man of firm resolution. He did not howl with pain over the calamity that had befallen his corn, nor give that as an excuse for letting the carpet alone, as many a fond parent would have done under similar circumstances; but he took up an old razor-strop, and the way he caressed the round places on his oldest boy's body was a sight to see. Then he went back to his work somewhat recuperated by the diversion. He reached the broken-lyre carpet with two licks to the tack, regardless of stains and the dish boarder. Again the three sides were attached to the floor, and an attempt was made to stretch the fourth side into position. But it wouldn't stretch worth a cent. The more Smith would pull, the less the carpet would come; and when he did get it right, the plaguey tack would turn over before he could get his hand on the hammer. Smith began to get excited. The pieces in the parlor beneath struck up the tune "I'm Dying, Egypt, Dying;" and if there is anything in this world that Smith does really despise, it is that. It was enough to drive him crazy; but in the firmness of his resolution he hammered his tacks, mashed his fingers, and smothered his oaths in silence. Just about 2 o'clock in the morning he got up, stretched his cramped limbs, yawned, and announced the job completed. He laid down and slept on bare. Then he awoke, and looked at his last night's adventure. The carpet was on the floor—he knew that much; and if the stripes looked like a row of crooked rivers, he didn't care—he had done his best.

It was a bad night's work for Smith. The neighbors called in, and not a soul of them went away without expressing admiration of the way in which the job was done; and, besides, they all existed from Mrs. Smith a promise that when they got their new carpet, Smith should lay it for them. I met Smith this morning en route for the depot. He said he was going to the Springs. What a pair of his health wants at the Springs this cold weather, is more than I can conjecture.

Kitty Ward's Resolution.

For two years Kitty Ward had been earnestly striving to be good. She desired, beyond all things, to be pure in heart, true in motive, single in purpose. But the result did not satisfy her. To her very great mortification she was forced to see that the real obstacle was self-love. The issue of all this was the following insertion in her diary: "Resolved; "With the help of Heaven, I will seek to do good where and in what degree I can, without any thought or hope of reward or return in any way."

Here a pleasant voice from an adjoining room called, "Kitty, love!"

"Yes, dear mother," returned the young girl.

"Here are two invitations for you. Come for them."

Kitty opened one, which ran as follows:

"Dear Puss.—Pack up your prettiest dresses, and bring them, with your sweet face, over to Woodlawn. I want to borrow you for a month or two. Bring all your supply of merry smiles, bright looks, and winning ways; for the Marceaus, Livingstons and Lees are here. Also, my dear *bas-bleu*, bring all your wisdom; for Uncle Major is coming on the last of the month. He cares for nothing earthly but learning, and never opens his mouth to a lady save to growl. Perhaps I should explain. By Uncle Major I mean Doctor Randall, the great *savant*—who, by the way, is likewise a great *parti*. I will send the carriage to the station for you. Good-bye, dearie.

COUSIN ALICE."

The second note, from a good old Quaker aunt of her father's, was in a different strain:

"My dear Katherine.—Will thee come and stay with thy old aunt for a few weeks? I am sorely afflicted with rheumatism, and quite helpless. I long for thy bright face and cheerful voice. If thee will come thee will be doing a great kindness to thy affectionate AUNT RUTH."

Kitty was thoughtful for some time.

"Mother, what shall I do?" she asked, anxiously.

"What do you wish, my child?" inquired Mrs. Ward.

"Do you not think that Cousin Sarah would go to Aunt Ruth?" she said, after a pause.

"Very likely," replied the mother.

"O mother," exclaimed Kitty eagerly, "I should like so much to go to Woodlawn! It is so delightful there. The company is always refined, intelligent and entertaining. And Doctor Randall is to be there. He has been abroad for years, engaged in scientific researches connected with his profession. He knows everything!"

Mrs. Ward saw very well the struggle which her daughter was undergoing, but she only said, "Decide for yourself, my dear," and left her.

Kitty ran upstairs, fully determined to go to Woodlawn, but the first object that met her gaze was her diary and—the resolution.

Then commenced a sharp conflict. The many and varied delights of Woodlawn passed before her—the rides, the excursions, the boating parties, the *fetes* of all kinds—and the elegance and refinement of its surroundings; and in strong contrast was patient, suffering Aunt Ruth, in her quiet little home, widowed and childless for years, with no company—nothing cheerful.

"Well, now, if ever there is a chance to act upon my new resolution——"

To avoid further temptation, Kitty wrote a letter full of regrets to Cousin Alice, and one of acceptance to Aunt Ruth.

Aunt Ruth took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes when she read Kitty's note, and said, "The blessed child!" and then handed it to the physician by her bedside. This physician, a quiet-looking gentleman, with a broad, white forehead, was the child of a dear, early friend of Aunt Ruth's.

Kitty came at the appointed time, and within a week the house was a changed place. The doors and windows were opened—the sweet air and bright sunshine let in. Bouquets were scattered here and there, freshly arranged each day. The rigid arrangement of the furniture was broken. Aunt Ruth's old piano was tuned, and drawn up near the door of her room, that Kitty might sing to her. Aunt Ruth's good old heart was greatly rejoiced by all this change, and the doctor wondered greatly. He saw the effect, and knew Kitty to be the cause, but the means were to him a mystery. From day to day he wondered what change such a bright spirit would make in his grand, but somber old place, a mile or two distant.

Nothing could exceed Kitty's amazement when she found that Aunt Ruth's friend, to whom she had written so often, of whom she talked so much, was the doctor. She did not talk much in his presence, for she stood in real awe of him; but her delight was unspeakable in listening to his conversation with Aunt Ruth. His vast knowledge, his varied experience, his noble ideas were wonderful to her, and she congratulated herself that she knew him so much better here than she could have known him at Woodlawn.

To the doctor Kitty was a revelation. He had never had much time or opportunity for enjoying the society of ladies. He was not at all versed in their ways or manners. He thought Kitty's beaming face was like sunshine; her merry laugh like rippling waters, her voice like sweet melody. He noted her womanly ways, her gentleness, her kindness. He found her "never weary of well-doing, never seeking her own ease."

It fell out as Kitty had predicted. Aunt Ruth grew rapidly better. So, after all, Kitty went to Woodlawn about the time that Doctor Randall did. But, for some reason, she did not enjoy it as she had in former times. Everything lacked tone and interest, and she looked back with a sigh to the quiet conversations in Aunt Ruth's sick-room. She saw but little of Doctor Randall He escaped engrossed by the gentlemen. The fact was, he avoided her; for, when he saw her so sought by her young friends, no party being complete without her, the delight and joy of all, he began to fear that the society of a dull student like himself must be irksome, and he only then discovered what it would be to him to have her always.

Towards the close of the visit Doctor Randall proposed that the party should transfer themselves to his place for a week or so. This invitation was hailed with delight; for Randall Place, with its majestic trees, beautiful views, long avenues, grassy lawns, and, above all, grand, mysterious rooms, closed since his mother's death, were objects of interest to all. Not the smallest of Kitty's pleasures was that she found dear Aunt Ruth there. But yet Kitty carried a heavy heart the while; for it seemed to her that all her interest in life was concentrated in this one spot, and how soon she was to leave it!

One day Doctor Randall sat in his library alone, his head buried in his hands. Aunt Ruth came softly in. She saw his look of wretchedness.

"Thee ought to be a happy man, Hugh Randall, with these broad lands, and thy great opportunities to do good. But thee does not look so."

"Aunt Ruth, I would give all of this, and more, for the one little ewe lamb that is not mine."

"What dost thee mean, Hugh?"

"I mean that my selfish heart pines for your little Kitty."

Aunt Ruth walked out of the library with more celerity than her aged body usually permitted, went to Kitty's room, in a manner that might be called excited, and said—

"Katherine, go to the library; the doctor has need of thee."

Kitty hastened, a little alarmed.

"Aunt Ruth says you want me, Doctor Randall."

"I do want you—I do! What else did she tell you? That my whole being is crying out for you, that my heart is hungry and insatiable? But I did not mean to disturb your happy life—I did not mean this knowledge to come to you."

Kitty turned her sweet, true face full upon him.

"Doctor Randall, in all the world there is nothing I would rather have than your love."

She has been his wife now for six months.

Mrs. Randall is a good and noble woman, Doctor Randall is a good and noble man; and there is no reason why they should not lead good and noble lives. Aunt Ruth has closed her little house, and is their honored guest. Kitty still strives ardently to keep her resolution, but her husband thinks she never had need to make it.

Little Bennie.

"I wish I was a kitten, mamma," said sleepy little Bennie. "I could curl up all day by the fire, and play when I liked. I wouldn't have to go errands, or pick up chips, or anything else I hadn't a mind to. I could lie in bed in the morning, and when I got up I would be all dressed, and wouldn't have to be washed or combed. Oh, dear, I don't like to go errands, mamma."

Little Bennie was lying on the hearth-rug during this whine of his, with the white kitten by his side; and as he looked up to his kind mother, the amused smile on her face grew mistier, and fainter until it entirely disappeared. But what ailed Bennie? He seemed to grow smaller and smaller; his finger nails grew pointed and sharp; he felt smooth and velvety, and he had a nice long tail which he whisked ferociously about; for he began to find out somebody was tormenting him. Where lay the white kitten when he began to scold, lay now a boy that looked like him. And, looking at himself, he found he was a white cat, like the one he was tormenting but a few minutes ago. Had he got his wish? Oh! wasn't it nice. To be a kitten, and not have to work any more, seemed to be all he could desire. But if he could only get away from the great boy who held him so tight, his fingers pressing into his sides, (which felt sore and uncomfortable, as if they were in the habit of being squeezed). He found, by looking at his paws, that his nails would come in and out, and he wondered if he couldn't stick them into that great boy's hand that held him so tight—even in the sound sleep which he seemed to be enjoying. For a moment he felt almost afraid to make a trial; but he extended them a little way, making a little mite of a scratch; and still the great boy slept on. Gathering courage from this he ploughed them deeper in the hand that restrained him, and was duly revenged by its letting him free. Oh, wasn't it nice! He galloped over the soft carpet, under the chairs, and over the great sleepy boy who lay by the fire. In a chair by the window sat a lady who looked like his mother. And she looked at that image on the floor as if she felt sorry about something. Why! it was his mother; and he tried to tell her he was Bennie, but only succeeded in making a pitiful howl that set the boy by the fire squirming. His mother looked at him and said, "What's the matter, Kitty?" But all he could answer was, meow! "I guess you had better go out doors a little while." And she walked to the door, and he by her side, switching his long tail, of which he was awfully proud. But when he got out doors—oh my, didn't he cut capers! He rushed up and down the garden walk, he ran up and down the tall trees, and played with the fallen leaves, and capered around, until he reached a pond where swam some gold fishes. "Won't I have one of them?" said he; and he put his paw into the water; but it didn't look very good; and he thought he wouldn't have fish for dinner that day.

At that moment a bird flew over his head, and he thought she would taste good. So he rushed after her, over rocks and fences, till she lit in a tree, and he climbed up. But the bird made an awful screeching, and he wondered what it could all be about. Up in a little crotch of the tree, away up high, was a little black bunch, and he would like to know what was in it. So he climbed away up and looked down. And what do think? Snug in a little nest, made of hair and wool, were four tiny birds, with scarcely a feather to cover their backs. Oh! won't they taste nice, thought he, and forthwith proceeded to take a bite. But, just as he succeeded in poking his nose in among the [illegible] he was a great coward), and squalling uttered his cats' cry. He flew back in dismay. On looking around, he discovered that the bough of the tree on which he was clinging were fairly alive with robins, which the cry of the old mother bird had called to the rescue. "Oh, is that all?" said he. "Who's afraid of a bird?" And he again proceeded to take a bite. And the screeching still continued. But Kitty scratched his head with his paw and thought to himself, "I have heard, or else I dreamed, that "a barking dog never bites;" and may be its the same with birds. So gathering fresh courage he opened his mouth.——But such a commotion! It seemed as if fifty sharp little swords were sticking into his back; for the infuriated birds were picking him, till he beat a retreat down the tree, and scampered away over the lawn, till, entirely beat out, he lay down under a tree, and forgot his troubles and his hunger in a good nap. But in dreamland his troubles still clung to him; for he dreamed that the great big dog that lived at Farmer Brown's, across the river, was hunting for rabbits, and had found him. He awoke with a start to find his dream only too true. There stood old Black Lion, with his great mouth open and his red tongue hanging out, and two great rows of teeth, so sharp and white! Up sprang Kitty, and scampered towards the house with Lion in hot pursuit. "I wish I wasn't a kitten," said he, "I had rather be anything else." He reached the house, and jumped upon the window-sill just as he felt Lion's hot breath upon his back. Not a minute too soon was he, and he scratched at the window till his mother opened it, and——he awoke to find it a dream. His mother was just opening the window to let his white kitten in, and the noise awoke him. "I'll never want to be a cat again, mother! I'll go errands, or do anything you want me to do. I had rather be Bennie than anything else."

His mother kissed him tenderly, and told him how happy she would be if he forgot his selfishness and ill-temper. And Bennie, with tears in his eyes, told her his dream, and how he missed his mother's care in his cat life. And with many promises for good behavior, in the future, from Bennie, we will leave him in his mother's kind care, and some time I will tell you something more about him.

The last smart old man lives in Augusta county, Va. He is ninety-one years of age, and made his own coffin the other day.

An Ohio lady bases her claim for a divorce on the ground that on one occasion her husband [illegible] soak in the rain-water barrel.

Some fashionable [illegible] with one of the Pitts[illegible] as pretext to hold [illegible] prayer meeting at D[illegible]. No cards.

Desperate City Adventure.

Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his residence is Watertown, N. Y. He came to New York city about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and having some business to transact here, put up at the Park Hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a friend to go to the Union Square Theatre to see the play of "Led Astray," little thinking at the time, as he says, that before seeing the fiction he would be most egregiously led astray himself. But so he was, as the result will show.

Mr. Morris had agreed with his friend to meet him at the corner of Broadway and Canal street at 8:30 o'clock, from whence they were to go to the theatre together. Mr. Morris arrived at the place of meeting rather early, and while waiting for his friend amused himself by watching the passers-by. Presently he was accosted by a young woman who was very neatly though poorly dressed, and of a most respectable appearance. She began by saying, "Are you ready to go with me now, Sir?" and then in apparent confusion, begged his pardon for speaking to him. She said she had taken him for a gentleman she had seen in the Dollar Store. She then went on to tell him that she was in great trouble and distress. "I have a dying mother and a sister the last stage of consumption," she said, 'and I am unable to pay the rent of our room, and the landlord threatens to turn us out this very night if I do not pay."—"Here," said Mr. Morris, "she began to cry, and great tears ran down her cheeks; there was no humbug there, for I saw them." He asked her how much she owed, and she told him $2 "But I don't want you to give me the money here, Sir," she said, "I want you to see for yourself that I am not deceiving you. I never asked for charity before, but when the panic came I was discharged, along with several other girls, from the Dollar Store, and since then I have been unable to get any work. I live only a few blocks away from here, and if you can share the time, I would like to have you see my mother and sister, and the condition which we are in." "And, like a fool," said Mr. Morris, "I looked at my watch, and, seeing that I had yet an hour to spare, I went with her."

We went east from Canal street, and turned into a side street, and after a while we came to a house and ascended two or three steps, and entered narrow hall-way. There the woman opened a door, on the right, and asked me to walk in and wait until she could advise her mother that some one was coming to see her. The room was warm and comfortable; a fire was burning in the grate, and at the further end there was a lounge. In front of the fire, nearer to it than the lounge, was a cottage b d tead." "You will have to sit on the bed, Sir," said the woman, "as there are no chairs. I will take off my shawl, and go to mother." I had been warming my hands at the fire," continued Mr. Morris, "and at the woman's suggestion sat down on the bed, about two feet from the foot, the woman standing in front of me, with her shawl in her hands.

Hardly had I seated myself when she sprang upon me like a tigress, throwing the shawl over my head.—At the same moment I felt my feet grasped by some one under the bed. I then felt that I had to struggle for my life. I had $300 in money in my pocket book, a draft for $150, and a $500 watch in my pocket. I could not see, as my head was completely enveloped in the shawl, but I felt strong pull at my watch-chain, and afterward I felt a hand in my pocket where my money was. I made a tremendous effort, and succeeded in throwing the woman over the foot of the bed. I then sprang up and freed feet and rushed to the further corner of the room. There again the woman attacked me, but I knocked her down, and then, taking a large pearl-handled, silver-mounted knife from my pocket, I swore that if anybody attacked me again I would put a hole let through him. The darkness of the room, no doubt prevented them from seeing that the formidable revolver was only a pocket knife, and that was what saved me I suppose. I then went to the door, and to my astonishment found it locked, bolted and barred. I drew the bolt and took down the bar, but could not unlock the door, as the key was gone. Finally, I broke off the catch of the lock with the bar, and found myself at liberty. I rushed out through the hall into the street, and did not stop until I had found a policeman.

Then a reaction came on, and I felt utterly weak and prostrate, and no wonder, for I am firmly persuaded that I had only escaped death by a mere chance, and besides, a desperate struggle I had just passed through had weakened me considerably. I afterward went back over the ground with a policeman, but was unable to identify the house, although I did my best to do so. "I am sure, though," said he, "it is in either Elm or Centre street." Being a stranger in the city, I had not noticed the locality when I went with the woman, and I was too much agitated to do so at the time of my escape. After it was all over I examined my pockets and found that I had lost nothing. My watch was saved from the fact that the chain was very strong, and was fastened to my vest with a snap. I shall never let my humanity get the better of my feelings again," concluded Mr. Morris.—*N. Y. Times.*

Humorous.

"The Smartest Knowingest Dog That Ever Were Har."

He came in from Truckee Meadows yesterday, did this level-headed dog. He rode in by the side of his master on a load of potatoes. He was not a pretty dog, nor a dog of blue blood and and high degree. He was a tall, gaunt, shaggy-haired, wild-eyed looking brindle beast of unrecorded pedigree.

As the wagon, carrying man, dog and potatoes, halted for a time in front of a saloon in North C street, one of a party of a dozen loungers there about made some remarks in regard to the appearance of the canine, when thus spake ye horney-handed, frowsy-headed tiller of ye soil: "Fellers, thet sir aint a purty dog, I know—he's like me, makes no pretention to natural beauty—but he's just the durndest, knowingest dog that ever were har. He's got more instink, that dog has, an' more savvy, an' pen'tration, an' insight into human natur', just in thet ugly old cabeza of his, nor can be found in a whole plaza full of yer edicated town dogs—poodles an' such.

"What I pride him for is his regular human sense, he's just the durndest dog out! Now of I come home from town perfectly sober (when I've left him at home to see after the ranch it would jest do your hearts good to see that dog show off what a sense of appreciation he's got for me. Fellers his gorgeous tail then stands aloft; he skyugles about; he runs on afore me scrapin up the yearth with his hind feet, sendin the chips a flyin'; he holds up his head and barks in a cheerful an' manly tone o' voice, recartin' me forward an' feelin' proud'er a how hotel a woodchuck!

"But let me come home full of tangle-leg, sheep-herders delight and terrantiler juice, an' thet is the dumdest shamedest dog yer ever saw. He jists takes one look at me and he knows all. Down goes his tail, he lops his ears, hangs his head, squats his back and looking backwards then slinks off an' crawls under the table actually ashamed to be seen about the premises for fear somebody'll find out that I own him. I tell you fellers, he's the cussedest dog for right out human sense that ever was seed in these parts, and Truckee Meddlers is proud that he war pupped thar."—*Virginia Enterprise.*

Don't Do It.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't worry about an ether man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable.

Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrow will come.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil.

Don't worry about the ice crop.—Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't borrow a conch to please your wife. Better make her little sulky.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account strait.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.

A public reader in Chicago pays a man $4 a week for sending up a special request for the repetition of his strongest piece, about the middle of the performance.

The Albany *Journal* devotes twelve columns of its valuable space to the hanging of Lowenstein, which seems rather an unreasonable allowance for one Dutchman.

A young man of Brooklyn says he scarcely ever goes to the theatre, without feeling as if he would give six month's salary for the sweet satisfaction of dropping a trip hammer on the young lady's bonnet in front of him.

Varieties.

Skimming the milk of human kindness—Cremation.

"Letting off steep" is a little boy's definition of snoring.

"Spades are trumps" in our gardeners, "hands" at present.

They studied finance by the aid of a map at Washington, recently.

England now owns a first-class elephant, which his name is Fiji.

It isn't safe to stop in Chicago for half an hour. They are making a directory.

There is a Brooklyn man so temperate that he never drinks except when it rains.

It costs only ten dollars a minute to keep on voting for Dawes, Hoar and Curtis.

A school boy's aspiration—"I wish I were a fountain, that I might be always playing."

O, bother cremation! We have to earn our living—and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead.

Although the Temperance ladies advocate "cold water," they don't like to have it thrown on their efforts.

Boston *Post*: Peru continues to be cold toward Chili, and Chili warms up against Peru. Peruse that.

Another Mexican revolution has been suppressed, and there are now not more than five or six in active operation.

"Why," anxiously inquires the Pittsburg *Commercial*, "are there no he dolls."

An Irishman speaking of suicide, said the only way to stop it was to make it a capital punishable with death.

Next to the "little busy bee," the bootblack furnishes the bright example of improving the "shining hour."

The Detroit *Free Press* suggests that the New York *Times* is a good paper to wrap around cucumber vines.

An exchange tells how the eye is "swept and washed." How it is blacked would furnish another interesting chapter.

It has been said that it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because she is married.

Composition by a little boy—Subject: "The Horse." "The horse is a very useful animal; it has four legs—one on each corner."

Richmond *Enquirer*: A Western editor has become insane. The amount due him for back subscription is not stated.

Boston *Globe*: A Georgia paper promises to publish a "thrilling corpse." This is probably an attempt to conciliate the Grangers.

Should cremation ever become adopted as a system, the expression "I'll see to his ashes," will mean something.

The New York *Herald* heads a news item: "Death in a Shanty." Was it from a gunshot wound received during the recent war?—*Courier-Journal.*

If there ever is a time when a man is justified in changing the subject suddenly, it is when his wife asks if he posted that letter to mother promptly.

Brotherly love is not the only kind they cultivate in Philadelphia for 10,102 food hearts were made to beat as 7,891 in that city last year.

The Indian gentleman who lost his heart, the other day, while addressing his constituents, is considered to be none the worse for his misfortune.

A lady in Carlisle, Penn., has a pair of geese that chipped the shell in 1838, and therefore will have only four years to wait before they will be fit for the boarding-house table.

A stranger who threw a ten dollar bill into the contribution box of a Savannah church got treated for five hundred dollars worth of good next day on the strength of it.

In penitentiaries unprovided with literary attractions to content the inmates, they would naturally, the first chance they got, take advantage of the "Gates Ajar."

A Pokopolis poet awoke his lyre, and sang of "clouds which single golden hued their edges." Several Cincinnati editors, armed with clubs were seen outside, look looking for him.

Detroit *Free Press*: It's a good time to get married now, when butter is 40 cents per pound, as bridal couples don't require any solid food for the first month.