

The Landlady's Daughter.

Three students one day crossed over the Rhine; With a landlady there they stopped to dine.

A BAD HABIT.

"Indeed, Walter, you are doing very wrong to delay your return."

"Well, then, Mr. King, you can wait for a few minutes, said her husband, balancing his spoon on the rim of the coffee-cup, and looking at her with a smile."

"You ought to have been a man, Jennie," said her husband, laughing. "You would have made a splendid merchant."

"So saying, Mr. Applegate rose from the table, and in a few minutes was on his way to his place of business. But he did not reach it there, and found a friend in the street, he stopped to talk with him on some unimportant matter; and when he started again for his office it was nearly half-past nine."

"Good morning, Mr. King," he said, as he entered. "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"No, no," replied Mr. King, "I have a great deal before me to-day, and cannot well afford to lose a moment."

amount," said Mr. King, "if you are sure of returning it within the time named. I think you have an opportunity of making some speculation in this matter; but I would like to have the money again by the twentieth, as I have a heavy bill to meet on the twenty-second."

"This did not satisfy his wife, who gave him no rest until he had deposited the sum in the bank, ready to be paid out on the appointed day."

"The fishing was unusually good, and a pleasant day was spent. Mr. Applegate and his friend were so well pleased that they determined to spend the night there, and try the sport again the next morning."

"The next morning he hastened to Mr. King with the check for the borrowed money. Mr. King received him very cordially."

"No," replied Mr. King, "I have determined never to lend to you again. I know the cause of your delay, and in after years was known as one of the most trusted and punctual merchants in New York. The result was that Mr. Applegate died a rich man."

"An Innocent on the Cars." The other day in a Michigan Central train coming East, was an old lady who had never traveled a great deal.

"Discharge of Compositors.—The Cincinnati Gazette Company dismissed all their compositors, and supplied their places with a full force of men not members of the Typographical Union. Three or four old printers left the Union and were taken back by the Gazette."

Are Detectives Useful?

Over a year ago, says the New York Sun, the discovery was made that near the small town of Cherryvale, in Kansas, a series of atrocious murders had been committed. In a rough building situated out on the prairie a family named Bender lived and thrived, the main element of their prosperity being unwary travelers who, from stress of weather or other adverse circumstances, were compelled to go to their hut in order to protect themselves from the storms.

Complaints come from Massachusetts that the young fruit is falling from the apple trees. On this subject the Springfield Republican says: "There may be enough left upon the trees to make a fair return, if they were safe and certain to mature in good condition."

"A writer in the Chicago Times says: 'I saw one day in the dining-room of a Washington hotel several young ladies fluttering around Brignoli like parvuses not a candle. They were not parvuses, but ill-bred, not under ordinary circumstances particularly shallow.'"

How they Get a Horse Up. When a horse falls down, says an exchange, fourteen men put their hands in their pockets and ask each other why they don't do something. Fifteen other men advise the driver until he is half mad, and two small boys stand by, with their hands clasped and an expression of determination written on every line of their face.

A Sad Fate.

A Missouri paper tells the following sad story: A family consisting of a man and wife and three children passed through Sedalia, slowly wending their way northward to their old home in Balla county. Mr. Ressler was a well-to-do farmer who an early day went to the State of California, and in the year 1852 returned home to Missouri, married and settled down to regular farming life. This spring, when emigration commenced, Texas, the old territory, he was again attracted, and in 1851 began to roam, and although he had a good home he grew restless and concluded to try his fortune in Texas. He was looking for cheap lands, and passed through Grayson county west into Cook, and out into the western portion of the State.

Brignoli in Bliss. A writer in the Chicago Times says: 'I saw one day in the dining-room of a Washington hotel several young ladies fluttering around Brignoli like parvuses not a candle. They were not parvuses, but ill-bred, not under ordinary circumstances particularly shallow.'"

A Big Wood-Drive. Of Mr. Jones, the well known wood dealer of Epsom, City, the Franklin Enterprise, we have the following particulars in regard to the big wood-drive now in Carson river: At a point above Markleville a large boom was stretched across the river, and above this was laid a double cord of woods, filling the channel of the river to a distance of eight or ten miles. At night the boom broke, allowing the wood to rush into the river below. The wood went "booming" down the stream at a terrific rate. It is said that in places a single stick would lodge against a rock in the center of the river, and a moment after there would be accumulated a sort of winnow of wood extending up the river forty or fifty yards. This would suddenly swing round against the shore, when in a few minutes the channel would be gorged from bank to bank. Some of these gorges held so long as to dam up the river for a great distance and inundate the land on each side. When they finally broke there was a tremendous commotion and rush till another gorge was formed.

It is so. —The Waverly (N. Y.) Enterprise says: "When a man disappears in a shower, for the electric fluid is erratic and goes where it pleases. It is a vast precaution, however, to avoid currents of air and to sit in the central portion of a room, away from parts on which the lightning may descend."

Signs of Hydrophobia.

Results of Dr. Burdon Sanderson's Observations—Symptoms which Precede and accompany the Disease.

The following remarks on hydrophobia, coming from so high an authority as Dr. Burdon Sanderson, may not be sufficient to impress the public mind. Persons are liable to be bitten by mad dogs under two sets of circumstances—first, when a rabid animal escapes from home and is at large; and secondly, when a dog not supposed to be infected is caressed by his master, or those who have to do with it at home. Consequently, it is quite as important that the public should be aware of those slight indications which afford ground for suspicion that the disease is impending, as that they should know the characteristic signs by which it may be recognized when it has declared itself.

Devoiced by a Lion. Some years before the French army conquered Algiers, two highway robbers, brothers, and men noted for their strength and daring, were caught and condemned to death. The day before the one fixed for their execution, they contrived to make their escape out of prison. They were chained together by the leg, and thus in forced company crept through the woods and thickets, in the hope of gaining a safe refuge.

At the Morgue. There are many romances of real life that find their denouement in the Paris morgue; but the strangest yet happened quite recently. The body of a girl exposed on benches of the fashionable salons was of such surpassing beauty that the morgue was thronged all day with sight-seers, and one poor lunatic actually drowned himself in order, as he took care to explain in a letter found in his lodgings, that he might rest a time next to the only creature he had ever admired, and whom he had seen too late. No less than 700 bodies are annually exposed at the morgue, and the establishment is conducted with the greatest order by five officials, some of whom are always at their post day and night. Of these the chief man, the greffier, enjoys the magnificent stipend of 2,400 francs a year—\$480—by no means too exorbitant a sum for so horrible an occupation.

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A Wide Awake Man.

Many of the old residents of Terre Haute, an Indiana paper says, will remember an enterprising and very influential barber, whose name was Edward J. Royce, who left many years ago for Africa. In making his first trip he took his goods out on freight, he being a passenger. The entire value of his invoice was not more than \$3,000. In less than eighteen months from the time he sailed from New York, he was back with six thousand dollars' worth of oil, dyewood, ivory and gold dust. Spending but little time in shaking hands and telling stories, he chartered half a brig in company with a white man, and about the time his friends in Africa looked for a letter from him, he anchored his brig in the bay of Monrovia, laden with a good cargo, which was at that moment salable at his own rates. This was the beginning of the career in Africa of the most remarkable man, in many respects, the little Republic ever had within her borders.

How much of what is said among people is understood by dogs? On one of the hottest days the unfortunate dogs confined in a city pound appeared to suffer intensely from the suffocating air. A gentleman, desirous of purchasing a watch-dog, went there, and after some examination decided to buy a young black dog, for which he paid the regulation price of three dollars. When the pound keeper saw the dog he ran up to the dog's neck in order that the gentleman might lead him away, it really seemed as if he knew he had been redeemed. He jumped up as the master approached him, and leaped and pawed on him, and put out his tongue, and showed his teeth. What his new master led him out, all the other dogs seemed to go frantic, and broke out into a series of howls and yells that were painful to hear, not only because they were almost deafening, but because it seemed as if they knew they were being reserved for a worse fate.

A Triple Suicide. A triple suicide lately took place at Vienna under sad circumstances. Three ladies, the eldest appearing to be the mother of the two, took a bedroom at the Kummsee Hotel. The next morning they went out for a morning stroll, and returned with them a city pond appeared a light report, retired to their chamber. Shortly afterward several detonations were heard in that apartment, and on the door being broken open the three women were found lying dead on the floor, each with a pistol in her hand, and the bodies marked by the bullets. Subsequently they were recognized as Mrs. Gyorgy, the wife of a tradesman of Tordy, in Hungary, completely ruined by the late financial crisis, and her two daughters. No signs or jewelry were found on them, and the only property they possessed besides their clothes was the sum of forty-seven kreutzers (three and a half centimes each) in the mother's purse.

Didn't Want the Ticket. A conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad tells the following: At an eastern station he received on board a fine-looking specimen of an old country gentleman. When he passed through the cars, the old gentleman handed up his ticket, which was duly passed and returned to him. After passing the next all station, the conductor again called for the old gentleman's ticket. He looked up in surprise, and very honestly informed the purveyor of tickets that he had thrown it out of the window. "Why did you do that?" asked the conductor, and the old man replied, "Why, I thought if you didn't want it, I didn't." The face of the old man was so honest, and his knowledge of railroad traveling evidently so limited, that the conductor accepted his word, and carried him to his destination.