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The Chatham Becond.

BATES

ADVERTISING.

A Coquettes's Plea.

Would you ask not why I flirt; I'll tell you the reason why Were it not for my firting I would slowly droop and die.

Some may say, " it is not right To break a dear least to me fort what is all that to me If I only play my part?

I am sure I'm not alone

In my time since and mixtle,
For all nature as successfully.
The gay loss by some act carrie The mild sunbraries dieth attend The flowers, in color, red; Their bloom in levely summer Soon all by frost to be shed;

And they, then even themselves,

To every gentle zepbyr That is wafted o'er the lea. Then you need not censure me For I know that I am right ;

'I'd flirt with dear ald grandpet. When no other was a to plight I wouldn't give up my firting
For all the gay loys I know;
Nor would I ever pleake my hand

To any chivalr I'll not forsake this pleasure No difference who he be, I'll ne'er bow to any man And live a meek. Nioba.

They say I will soon grow old And did maiden's course pursue, But painte, and onels, and gummin Will then come to my rescue,

Well, what if I do grow old ? For it I care not a pin, I'll play off a "sweet sixteen" And take some old bach for in

A great consulation—dear, I'll have, to know in old age Of bless, I have had my share.

Remembering jilted beaux; Fill have no rough our to please But spend my time knitting hose, Oh how! then ye gallant beaux,

If my leasty's made you mad: I care not for Joy or woes But for pleasures I have had.

DOROTHY'S WATCHMAKING.

"I declare to goodness, Robert, Miss Dorothy said, rubbing her nose in a way peculiar to her. "I don't know what you will do, unless you get married venrself."

Robert Ackerman looked at his sister in mild remonstrance as he said gently

"Marry! I! You forget, Dor shy! Dorothy's face softened. Under the daises, in the village cometery, slept a a little blue eyed girl, who had been betrothed to her brother eighteen long years before, and died one week before the wedding day.

"It is so long ago," the said. "Yes," her brother said, sighing

"and I am too old to begin a new life now. Forty-three in December, Dor-"Well," said Miss Dorothy, tartly,

"I am five years older, and I intend to marry John Sanderson in three months. Now, Robert," this very consingly, "there is Martha Gaines."

He left the breakfast table abruptly as he spoke, and went to his study. Miss Dorothy rubbed her nose vigorously. "Men are so unreasonable," she

thought. "Robert must have some one to keep house for him when I go. And Martha Gaines is the best housekeeper

Cupid came to win away the old maid's attention and affection, became more

Robert round a finger if they only half

It was a speech founded upon long experience, for Miss Dorothy had ruled with undisputed away over her brother and his belongings for many long years They were people of position in Meadowville. Their bouse was large and well furnished in old-fashioned style. brother:-With good servants, well trained under her own severe discipline, ample means, and a brother who never found fault, Miss Dorothy's housekeeping had cer-

tainly few thorns. But when she consented to become the wife of the curate of Meadowville, turning, passed the cottage of Miss the transfer of the power and privileges Gaines. He had semetimes loitered a became a weighty burden. But one so- little with the ladies, as they trimmed Intion seemed possible. Her brother the garden flowers, but on that day he must marry some steady, middle-aged spinster, who would keep up the prim neatness and the hundred fussy details

of Miss Dorothy's domain. Miss Martha Gaines, a vinegar-faced, sharp-votord woman, of limited means, and unlimited energy and temper, proved to be smilingly willing to take Miss Dorothy's hints in good part. Indeed, one word leading to another, they arranged troussesu, wedding and bridal tour before they separated.

It had been a very satisfactory after noon to Miss Dorothy, and she came

home to tea in a placid frame of mind. Her brother, after lunch, had found himself unequal to his usual afternoon's reading, and strolled down a shady lane

in the direction of the church. Was it his sister's suggestion that so brought back to his memory the sweet baby face of the young betrothed that he sought her grave?-for of late years he had not been very often to the secladed corner where Susan Desmond slept, in the

shade of a great oak tree. He walked slowly, musingly, his eyes the grave. Then he looked up, and you do of him." recled back as if he would fall. Close to the grave, one little hand resting on the marble headstone, was a girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed in white, with a wide straw bat that shaded Susie's great blue eyes and Susie's long,

Robert Ackerman felt as if he had lost his reason. His voice sounded hoarse and strained as he asked tremb-

"Who sre you, child?"

"I am Susan Desmond," said a low, sweet voice. "It is the name on the stone here. That Susan Desmond was my aunt, who died when I was a baby. Papa thinks I look like her."

The explanation was given with child-like frankness and simplicity, and gradnally the suffocating throbs of Robert's heart became quiet, and his voice was had wandered to a spot in the woods natural and had its usual gentleness as he said to her,-

"I knew your father well before he left Meadowville, and I knew your aunt. You may have heard of Robert Acker-

"Who was to have married Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, dear child. You are like hervery much like her. Are you staying at Meadowville?"

"Yes. I have been ill. Not very, very ill; but—" and she gave a little gleeful laugh—" the doctor says I must go to the country for a while, and not study se hard. So I am living with papa's consin, Miss Martha Gaines." "Ah, yes. Well, you must let me

"I shall be very glad to see you," re plied Susan, fraukly, thinking this was he dearest old gentleman ever seen.

come to see you sometimes."

He chatted with her a little longer, and then walked with her to the gate of cousin's cottage, but would not go in. "I will come to see you," he promised

as he left her. But he said nothing to Dorothy of this encounter, feeling that a sacred chord of memory had been toucked, and shrinking from commonplace remarks

upon it. The next day Miss Dorothy went up to the city to make her wedding purchases, and to visit a relative. She left most minute directions with her servants of Robert's comfort, and his heart was moved with a guilty disloyalty.

He was a man of sensitive refinement a gentleman in the truest sense of the word; while his sister, although not vulgar, was what the Meadowvillians called a "stirring woman," full of life and bustle, of overflowing energy, and withal a most incessant talker.

Miss Dorothy had been in the city but a few days, when a letter f.on Merdowville filled her heart with elation. It was signed "Martha Gaines," and that maiden wrote,-

"Your brother comes over nearly every day. I suppose he's a little lonesome while you are away, and he usually stays to tea. I've got a boarder this summer, a daughter of a cousin of mine The idea of Martha Gaines presiding in the city. She's only a little girl, but over the china closet and linen chests she plays and sings, and your brother that had been her life's delight, until likes to hear her. He's very attentive, sends flowers and fruit, and brings books although, between you and me, Dorand more agreeable to Miss Dorothy as othy, I am no hand for books, nor never the morning hours were away.
"Pil just give Martha a hint," she like to read, and it keeps berout of finally concluded: "Anybody can twist mischief; and girls are always in mis-

chief." Every week there came a loug, exult ing letter from Miss Gaines to her dear friend, Dorothy, until the time was drawing near for the elderly spinster's wedding. All her wedding garments were made, marked and neatly packed, when she received a letter from her

"Wait until Wednesday, and I will be

our escort to Meadowville." The curt epistle had been written after a day of great moment to Robert Ackerman. He had gone quite early in the morning to the postoffice, and paused and caught his breath, as an oxcited voice rang out upon the air-th voice of Martha Gaines-saving .-

"You are an impudent little brat, and I'll send you home. How dare you set up to teach me how to treat my husband?"

A low, sweet voice suswered, -"You need not be so angry, Cousin Martha. I only said I thought Robert Askerman deserved a wife who loved

"Fiddle-faddle-love! You senti mental school-girls do talk such arrant nonsense. Robert Ackermar is a mooning old bachelor who wents a wife to manage him and keep his home."

The sweet voice rang out more clearly. raises the price of land."

"Robert Ackerman is a noble, true gentleman, a man to honor-a man to love! And if he marries he mante a life glad and bright."

"My good gracious!" gasped the astouished old maid.

"You think more this minute," continued Susan, "of his house, his money, dertene, ending with a light laugh. fixed on the ground, till he was close to his carriage, and his table-linen than

"Well, suppose I do. Perhaps you ould marry him for love." Here the sweet voice broke in a sob,

and Susan fled from the battle field. Robert Ackerman walked home very slowly. For many weeks, ever since that meeting in the cemetery, he Lad to him. Every hour's intercourse with Susan brought back the long-buried dream of happiness more vividiy. But on the instant. be had crushed down all hope. Never could be link that bright, dawning life with his rad, memory freighted one, among the crowd for the girl with the But this morning's experience gave him new hope-a hope that made his breath come quiebly, his heart throb suffocatingly. He could not bear such suspense long, and in the afternoon be where Susan had brought her recellework often, and where Miss Martha's keen eyes had never fallen upon the two as they chatted by the hour of books,

shrank from him as she had never done before. Very gently, very tenderly, he wood the sweet, blue-eyed child, till her golden head rested on his breast, and

she whispered, -"I cannot imagine greater happiness

than to be your wife." Miss Dorothy Ackerman was all ready to return to Meadowville when her brother presented himself in the drawing-room of the house where she was visiting. He surveyed the ancient garments in which she had arrayed herself for travel with such manifest disgust that it awakened in her mind indiguant

What are you looking at me in that way for?" she asked sharply. "This dress is good enough to spoil with dust. Come to look, you are wonderfully spruced up yourself. Why, your suit

is new-new gloves, too !" "I wish you to dress yourself handomely, Dorothy, to attend my wedding.

"You can't be married till we get to Meadowville," said Miss Dorothy. "Martha surely nover came here with

you!"
"I told you some time ago that I had no intention of marrying Miss Gaines." Then who are you going to marry? "Susan Desmond."

"Miss Dorothy simply stared, with a creeping horror that her brother was going mad. "She is Philip Desmond's daughter,

my Susie's niece.' "What are you talking about? Philit

Desmond hasn't been married but-"Twenty years. Susan is eighteen, just the age of my dear, dead darling?" Miss Dorothy had a soft place in her heart, hard as she seemed, and she had loved her brother's betrothed in that

long ago when they were all joung. a was very centle as she "Are you sure she loves you, Robert? She is very young!"

"But she loves me, Dorothy! Do not fear for my happiness, sister.

And Miss Dorothy meekly selected the richest costume from her trous sean to attend the wedding, stopping on her way to the church to buy a gift for her little sister-in-law, that proved both her good will and her generosity.

It was not until the party returned to Meadowville that Miss Martha Gaines restized how vain a castle in the air she had built upon Miss Dorothy's match-

Real Estate Improvements.

Not far from Chicago are two commu nities separated by a river, one settled with intelligent Christian people, and the other with those that are quite the opposite. A farmer of the latter place said to Descon Good:

prices and readier sales for your lands than we can, when our farms are just as The deacon explained as best he could how that good schools, churches, etc.,

"Why is it that you always get better

increased the price of land wherever they are established.

A few days after the same man called again on the deacon, and, placing a roll

of billis in his hand, said: "I have been talking up this subject of churches, and we have concluded to have preaching in our district. We want you to take this money and get us a preacher."

"I will do my best," replied the deacon, well pleased that he was about to be the instrument of so much good. "What kind do you want? We have Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Christians."
"Oh, any that comes handy. We

don't care a d-n what kind it is so it

A Word of Caution.

"By George! there's the girl I to'd on about, who flirted with me the wife who will love him, and make his other day-the one with the sky blue neckerchief and swell hat, with white feather nodding over her forehead. Sunnner, sin't she?"

Thea followed some words in an un "Good afternoon, Jack, I'm after

"No, you're not !" and the other seized him roughly by the shoulder. "By Jove! what do you mean? That girl is my sister. Just you dare to speak light-

"W-h-c-w!" interrupted the first speaker. "Beg pardon, Jack, but you felt as if his lost love, the hope of his must teach your sister not to flirt with young manhood, had been restored strangers if you want her spoken of with respect," and he vacated the spot which had become rather warm for him

From our standing-place in a doorway on Washington street, we searched "sky blue neckerchief and swell hat." We caught a glimpae of a lovely, vivacions face, with bright, sparkling eyes. the white plume drooping over the rings of dark hair on her forehead, and saw her brother, his face contracted with a frown, join her hastily. Evidently she would not be allowed to wait until she arrived home for the lecture

travel and so forth. As he expected, he found Susan there, but she was pale and The practice of flirting with strangers on the street, on the horse-cars, in the shy, had evidently been weeping, and restaurants, etc., "just for fun," without the shadow of an introduction, at best under cover of some flimsy pretext, which is at once understood by the opposite party, has grown very prevalent-

"Don't do it, girls! You may have as much pride of character and selfrespect as the most punctilious, wellbred lady who stands upon strict ctiquette, but you won't get credit for it "But it's such fun to lead them on while, and then make fools of them."

Don't delude yourselves. They don't see the matter from your standpoint In nine cases out of ten you make yourselves ridiculous in their eyes, and pamper their self-conceit, which was oo well fed before.

We know innocent, pure minded girls do such things thoughtlesslyfrom love of mischief-one leading on another. But if they could bear the sly innendoes and covert insinuations with which their acts are coupled after ward, their slumbering, womanty in stinct would be aroused, and they would binsh with mortified shame at the motives imputed to there.

"Prudery!" some girl exclaims, Very well, if a woman's opinion is worth nothing, ask that of some of your gentlemen acquaintances. We mean neither"old logics," as you would esli them, nor those reented, monstached exquisites, with three onnces and a quarter of brains, or thereabouts, and narrow souls, nflated with self-esteem, until each onsiders himself the peer of the noblest. Ask a self-respecting, high minded man, and listen to his opinions

This is the age of sgitation of "Wo pan's Rights." We don't know much about the subject except this, that woman has a sacred right to the respect of man. We think the majority of men off. It was replaced not long afterward, have a natural instinct in that direction. and we may therefore assign to the Let woman see that the charm be not body an age of 1140 years, and to the dissolved by an act of her's. Let her head about 300 years. scorn to descend a step beneath i

Wealth in the Senate,

The present Senate contains at least score of senators not one of whom is worth less than \$200 000. The richest man in the Senate is, of course, Fair of Nevada, who probably possesses a much as all the other senators together.

Next to him in lucre is David Davis of Illinois, a widower, who is reported o be the possessor of millions.

It is somewhat difficult to name the senators whose fortune ranks third in size, but, if Eugene Hale of Maine has received the mantle of his father-in-law, Zach Chandler, with his well-lined pockets, his fortune is nearly as large as that of David Davis. The wife of Senator Hale is the only daughter of be late Senator Zach Chaudler.

Other very wealthy senators are Miller of California, Mahone of Virginia, and Sawyer of Wisconsin, known to be worth more than a million each. Sewell of New Jersey is a railroad man and is very wealthy.

Senator John Sherman of Ohio, it i said, is worth more than \$2,000,000, his property consisting largely of real estate in Washington. Among other senators who write their

fortunes with seven figures are Camerou of Pennsylvania, Davis of West Virginia, and Pium of Kansas. Senator Hill of Colorado, Brown of Georgia, Groome of Maryland, McPherson of New Jersey, and Pendleton of Ohio are all worth more than \$500,000.

Among those who have but little com

paratively here below, there is, not more than \$100,000 apiece, are Morrill
of Vermont, Anthony of Rhode Island,
Rollins of New Hampshire, Jones of
Nevada and Jones of Florida, Johnson
of Virginia, Beck of Kentucky, Saruders of Nebraska, Allison of Iowa, and
Harrison of Indians.—[Portland Avgus.]

Hand Us That Wash-Basin,

There is a proneness in man toadmire great thieves. When, however, a thief has obtained a national reputation for robbing stages, and murdering conductors and detectives, there is no Hmit to the slobber and gush when the scoundrel is finally brought to grief. It is really not safe for a sensible person to read some Western papers since the death of Jesse James, unless the reader has a wash basin within reach.

Not long since, Jesse James and his gang murdered, treacherously, shooting him from behind, Conductor Westfall, because he was trying, as an honest, brave man, to protect the passengers and property entrusted to him. He was quite as brave a man as Jesso James, but as he was not a thief and an outlaw. there was no gush in the papers about his death. Nobody seemed to care how his widow and children came on, but when a thug, who has been murdering and robbing all his life, is finally come up with, half the Missouri editors want to reverse their column rules and put crape on their hats. For Heaven's sake, hand us that wash basin, quick!

There! we feel botter, now. But to esume. Governor Crittenden, finding that whole neighborhoods were coreening the highwaymen, and furnishing them information and sid, and as the officers of the law were continually being betrayed and murdered by these cutthroats, declared Jesse James an outlaw, and offered a reward for him dead or alive. This is precisely what is done the world over, when such a vitinted and depraved condition of society exists that it is impossible to arrest a profesrional murderer. One of the gaug, having imbibed Jesse James' notion that murder was the only approved method of procuring wealth, gives him a dose of his own medicine. What is there in his to make Jesse James a saint, and Ford the reverse? The late Mr. James was not in the habit of allowing detectives to get the drop on him, and he and his pals were not particular where they shot those they robbed, if the latter were at all slow in handing over their property. A world of sympathy is extended to the outlaw's wife and mother, but people seem to forget that these women have sided and sbetted the outlaws in their crimes for the last ten or fifteen years. And is it not possible that the victims of the bandits had mothers, wives, and chitdren?

B.h! Hand us that wash-basin again, quick !- | Texas Siftings.

For centuries past the artists of Japan have carned for themselves a reputation for their skill in the working of metals, and at the present day their productions in brouze, iron, and steel excite admiration and astopishment. This art industry is of extreme antiquity. Mr. Satow, in his recent hand book of Central and Northern Japan, describes the colessal image of Buddha at Nam. It was first cast in 749 A. M., and was set up in its present position. It suffered from various accidents, and in 1567 the temple was burned to the ground, the head of the image falling

Buddha is represented seated crosslegged on a dais, which is of bronze, and represents the calyx of a lotus The figure is fifty-three and a half feet high, the face is sixteen feet long and nine and a half wide, while 1966 curls adorn the head, around which is a balo seventy-eight feet in diameter, on which are images eight feet in length. A roof profects the image, and a staging is creeted to assist visitors in examining it. The casting is said to have been attempted seven times before it was accomplished, and 3,000 tons of charcoal were used in the operation. The whole is said to weigh 450 tens, and the alloy a composed of 500 pounds of gold, 1,954 pounds of mercury, 16,827 pounds

of tin, and 986,080 pounds of copper. The body of the image, and all the nost ancient part of the lotus flowers on which it is seated, are apparently formed of plates of bronze ten inches by twelve, soldered together, except the modern parts, which are much larger castings. A psculiar method of construction is said to have been adopted namely, of gradually building up the walls of the mold as the lower part o the casting cooled, instead of construct ing the whole mold first, and then making the casting in a single piece. The various temple bells, some of which are of great size, are remarkable for the sweetness and mellowness of their tones, which contrast greatly with the harsh, clanging sounds of European bells, They are struck on the outside by huge pine beams which are suspended by strong ropes.

"The Lord sends mest and the devil sends cooks;" but when a woman's "help" lights out in the middle of the season she wishes the old gentleman in black would send 'em along a little THE NEW SOUTH. Mixed Husbander.

A gentleman who has just returned

from an extended tour in the South re-

ports that those states so largely here ofere given up to the raising of cotton have at last entered on a course of mixed farming, which will enable them to supply themselves with the breadstuffs and provisions they have been accustomed to draw so largely from the West. This statement finds confirmation in the April report of the Department of Agriculture, which covers the whole of the Southern states, and shows that the increase of ceresl crops is common through all the cotton belt, including Louislana Of wheat alone, according to the report, the increased acreage in the cotton states amounts to 800,000 acres, the average increase over previous years being twenty-six per cent.-a percentage of increase relatively very much larger than that of any other state of the Union. From all we can learn the increase in the serenge of corn in the Southern states will also be large. In some of these states more attention is also given to sheep raising, the flocks in that mild climite being found to do remarkably well. With larger supplies of corn the quantity of hog meat will be increased, now that the colored people have settled down to work and have b come less predatory. A general adopinstead of placing the sole dependence upon cotton, will make the South in the about fifty per cent. course of a few years self-supporting, and enable her planters to get themselves out of the clutches of the mid-The reason for this change to cines a diversified agricultural industry is not cotton-at least to the planter-was not H. Welch, the chief clerk, at first oba paying crop. The large crop of six jected to the presence of a woman in million six hundred thousand bales in the office. But his prejudice has been 1880, a part of which, owing to the frequent rains, keeps down the price to a Miss Kittrell is now Mrs. Welch. low and unremunerative figure, while the falling off of the crop of 1881. owing to the protracted drought, disappointed thousands of all cotton planters, already heavily encumbered with debt and forced them to take the advice they had so long left unheeded, and by a system of mixed farming, to raise their own breadstuffs and previsions, in tead of following the old, unwise course of buying these necessaries of life. It is not to be expected that all the planters of the cotton belt will at once adopt the prodent course that quite a number of them have entered upon. Inherited routine, the custom of many years, is hard to break. But the example thus set will undoubtedly find many imitators when the benefits of a varied husbandry are visible in the improved condition of their neighbors. The increase in one year of eight hundred thousand acres seeded down to wheat is a remarkable circumstance, and is one of the best ovidences of that spirit of change which has awakened

enlarging the industrial scope of the new South. Two Negroes Lynched. On March 31st, Bill Ludlow and Al

the enterprise and in various ways is

hough the condemned men protested their guilt was not questioned by any one, so conclusive was the evidence against them. Since the hanging, matters on the Weisinger plantation have not run very smoothly, and the impression at length got abroad that others besides the two who had been hanged were concerned in the murder. Henry Ivy, who has been haunted by thoughts of the hanging, and suffering from pangs of conscience, has made a confession acknowledging that he committed the murder, and implicating his brother. Porter Ivy, who received a life soutence pretty cheap, judge. for his share in the crime, and Sim Acoff, who was then at large on the plantation. The confession was made without conpulsion to seven intelligent white men. Ivy and Acoff were immedistely arrested and held to await the action of the Grand Jury. When it betions that Ivy had made a confession the negroes became furiously excited, and it was only with great exertion on the go." The meeting then adjourned sine part of the white people that they were die, kept from stringing the culprits then clared that he and his brother swore away the lives of Ludlow and Weisinger. After some trouble the prisoners were given in charge of three white guards, and were by them taken to a school house for safe keeping through the night. At two o clock in the morning forty masked men, thought to be all whites, rode up to the building, quickly bound and gagged the gnards, and rode off with the negroes, who in vain pleaded for morey and just one more day of life. The dead body of Lvy was found life. The dead body of Ivy was found that evening hanging from the limb of a tree. The body of Acoff has not been found, but there is no doubt that he has been lynched.

Some sick mon mors quickly, than as office, properly applied. This 'cure' may be very accessful in many cases, but we would say: If a man suffers from a cough or cold, give him Dr. Bull's Cough syrup.

An April Girl.

The girl that is been on an April day Has a right to be merry, lightcome, gay; And that is the reason I dance and play And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray Wouldn't you

Do it, too, If you had been born on an April day? The girl that is born on an April day Has also a right to cry, they say; And so I semetimes do give way When things get crooked or all astray— Wouldn't you

If you had been born on an April day? The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blussoms are girls of May ; But I belong to the time mid-way And so I rejoice in a sunny spray Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day—

Do it, too

Wouldn't you Do it, too, If you had been born on an April day? Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day, Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay ! I mean to be happy whenever I may, And cry when I must; for that's my way. Wouldn't you

Do it, too, If you had been born on an April day?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Captain J. A. Sylvester, who when a private in the United States army captured General Santa Anna, died recently in New Orleans.

A parrot believed to be seventy-two years of age recently died at Napiertion of this system of mixed farming, ville, Illinois, reducing the percentage of first class profanity in that town

The President of the Pennsylvania

Pharmaceutical Society is stated by the Lancet to have said that "two thirds of dlemen, to whom the cotton crop was all the medicine sold in the United only too often mortgaged before it was States was in the form of patent medi-Hortense Kittrell was appointed a far to seek. For the past two years clerk in the Nevada legislature. Henry

> A young man asked a Louisville policeman to kill him. The officer declined, though the man pleaded hard that he wished to die. He was taken to the station, where he soon fell into a stupor. He had swallowed laudanum,

and the slow action of the drug disap-

pointed him, but it killed at last. A curious fact connected with the killing of Jesse James is, that ex-Governor Burbank, of Dakota, now postoffice inspector at Chicago, received notice Saturday that there were found among James's effects a \$900 diamond pin and watch and chain, taken from him in a stage robbery near Hot Springs,

Arkansas, eight years ago. Two young girl: had a fight in a street of Reading, and one of them was so badly injured that it is doubtful if she ever fully recovers. A disgraceful part of the affair was that two fellows, escorts of the combatants, let them struggle with each other till the weaker was all but killed. She was kicked about, jumped upon, and finally left

unconscious on a porch. HUMOROUS.

A soldier's life resembles a cigar. He Weisinger were hanged here for the murder of Mr. Weisinger, a planter. Al-

Where are you going my pretty maid?"
To sing in the opera, sit," she said.
What is your talent, my pretty maid?"
A divorce and two runaways, sit," she said. P. S -She was a success the first

light.

At St. Cloud a traveler asked at what times the little steamers left. "Every ten minutes," was the answer; "monsicur will not have to wait more than s quarter of an hour." An Iowa judge says of the prolixity

of the lawyers: "This state pays a quarter of a million dollars annually for unnecessary gab." That's getting off A chap who sent us a poem beginning When twilight dews are falling fa-

upon the rosy lea" has since married Rosa Lee, and now the weekly dues are falling faster upon him. Her veto: They were seated on the sofa where they had been for four long came known on the neighboring planta- hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" dearest; why?" "Because you won't

If one can't be wholly good he ought and there. Ivy was very unpopular to be as good as he can be without too with his own people, many of whom degreat inconvenience. "I stoled your great inconvenience. "I stoled your money," wrote a thief to his employer. "Remorse naws my conshence and I sent some of it back. When remorse

naws agin I will send some more." "What are your amusements this spring?" asked a country cousin of her city consin whom she had come up to visit for a few days. "Showing my house to idle people who pretend they want to buy it," replied the city cousin;

A Western paper says : Nothing will cure