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THE SAVING OF MR. O'GRADY

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

"YOU should see Mrs. O'Grady," said my wife to me shortly after my arrival at the summer hotel where she was spending the season and I was spending every other Sunday and all my spare cash

"Be jabers," I responded, giving the best imitation I could of the Hibernian accent, "an' phwat have yez been doing wid Mrs. O'Grady?"

"My dear," said my wife, reprovingly, "I perceive that your opinion of Mrs. O'Grady is as poor as your imitation of the dialect you associate with her name."

"I don't know her at all," I replied, on the defensive.

"It was not necessary for you to say so in so many words, my dear," said my wife, in a tone of voice it is not worth while to explain to married men. "When you have seen Mrs. O'Grady you may hold to different views concerning her."

As usual, my wife was right in her conclusions, for when I saw the lady I was more than surprised—I was delighted.

She was of that type of Spanish women we see in pictures, and her name bore no relation to her whatever. As she and my wife were on such excellent terms, my probation as a stranger was short, and in a few minutes we were chatting away like old friends.

"Really," I said to her, "you must pardon me, but may I ask about your name? As far as I can recall, I do not remember having heard of the O'Gradys of Cordova or Seville, or even of the Alhambra."

"And still I am Dolores O'Grady," she smiled.

"Which being interpreted," said I, with a dawning consciousness, "means that you were once Dolores Somebody else, and some Irish hidalgo or don came your way and gave his name for your."

"You have guessed it," she said.

Then I recalled an old friend and college mate of mine. Tom O'Grady, a dare-devil-Dick sort of a chap, who had no sooner received his diploma than he converted what little property he had into cash and went off on some adventure to one of the South American Republics.

"I don't know, madam," said I, "which of the O'Gradys has been so fortunate, but there is one I used to know who was worthy of even such good fortune as to be your husband. His name was Tom, and we were brothers for five years."

She took a tiny little locket from some place about her where women usually carry such things and handed it to me.

"Look at that," she said, and I did.

"By Jove—I beg your pardon," I exclaimed and apologized in the same breath; "It's Tom."

That evening Tom arrived, and our respective and respected wives promised to let us have an hour to ourselves if we would give the first two hours after dinner to them. This we readily agreed to, because we knew that no other course was left to us, and we adjourned to the apartments of the O'Gradys.

"Well, well, old Tom," I said, when we had disposed of ourselves comfortably, "how did it ever happen?" and I smiled over at Mrs. O'Grady.

"That what I wanted to tell you when we have our hour together," he laughed.

"What selfish creatures men are," said my wife. "Why not let us know now? I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. O'Grady until this evening, but I've known 'old Tom' ever since I've been married."

"How long has that been?" inquired Tom of me.

"Fifteen years."

"Three to the good of me. Dolores and I have been struggling along with each other for a dozen long and weary years."

Mrs. O'Grady threw him a kiss from the tips of her pretty fingers in response.

"That's one experience, plus three years," said my wife, and I threw her a handful of kisses.

"Let us have the story of your life, old fellow," I said coaxingly, which was entirely unnecessary, for Tom was as anxious to tell it as I was to hear it.

"Once upon a time," he said, bowing to all of us, "there was one Thomas O'Grady, an American citizen of Irish descent, better known as Tom or 'old Tom,' and he went to South America and mingled in a revolution, one of the things which is always on tap in a South American Republic for anybody to mingle in whenever he is disposed to do so. This O'Grady—"

"Drop the didactic and general," I interrupted, "and get down to the personal and particular."

"As I was saying," Tom continued, "I went to South America and invested what money I had in mines and coffee plantation, and kept out of politics—"

"An Irishman and kept out of politics?" I asked.

Tom smiled.

"I kept out of politics until I thought I had some show and then I went in like—"

"An Irishman," I suggested.

"Just so, my boy," he admitted, "and we had it lively. I still retained my American citizenship in case of an emergency, but that did not interfere with my duties as a 'boss,' and a 'boss' I was, though I could not vote. At the end of five years I had a tremendous influence, a coffee plantation, a paying mine and a good bank account in New York City, where it was safe. I was twenty-seven years old, and a rising young man at that age has a heart, if he is any good at all, and I was some good, if I do say it myself. I was not much on society, as that term goes, but I knew some of the best families in the place and visited them. Then there were some other families I did not visit, notably that of the man who was my opponent always in the field of politics. He was a rich old fellow, with two sons and a daughter—Dolores, there, remembers her quite well"—and Mrs. O'Grady nodded pleasantly, as if she had no fears now of any pretty girl anywhere—"and he was a fighter from Wayback. As I say I never visited the general's house, but I did meet his daughter at the houses of my friends, and of course she, of all the girls I meet must be the one I should fall in love with. I don't know why Cupid sends his victims such lues, but I notice that he often does. I had known the general's daughter about a year when the forty-seventh revolution—or was it the hundred and forty-seventh?" he asked of his wife with a smile—occurred, and I was in it up to my neck. The others I had managed to keep out of, but this one caught me before I knew it, and I found myself the head and front of the party against the Government. The only thing I did not like in the affair was that the general was at the head of the Government party, and the general's daughter was the sweetest woman in the world, and we were in love, general or no general. Well, the scrap came off in due course, and after shooting the town full of holes for a week or so, any scaring the women and children into fits, my side went to pieces and ten of its leading spirits went to jail. From that point the transition was easy to the sunnyside of a wall on the outskirts of town, and early one fine morning we found ourselves grouped there with fifty Government soldiers drawn up in line pointing loaded guns at us. In plain English, it was an execution bee, and we were the guests of honor. I had fixed up my business affairs in the few days allowed me, and as there was no one I thought as much of as I did of the general's daughter, I willed all my property to her, thus proposing to heap coals of fire on the old gentleman's head while he was after mine. You might think I was frightened as I stood there before those guns, but I wasn't. True, I was a bit nervous, but I wasn't scared at all, and I insisted on facing the shooting party and giving the command to fire. They wouldn't let me do that, though, and I had to face the wall with my back to the foe. I stood at the head of the line, about three feet from the man next to me, and waited calmly for the end of things. At the first command I braced myself, and when the command 'Fire' came I tried to steady myself, but in spite of all I could do when the guns went off I went up into the air as if I had been bounced on a spring board and came down in a heap?"

"You weren't killed then?" exclaimed my wife, in the pre-eminently rational manner of all women.

"Yes, madam," smiled O'Grady.

"Why, Mr. O'Grady," she began, but I laughed, and she realized that Mr. O'Grady was not as dead as his statement might lead one to suppose.

"Just the same, Tom," I said, "I should think the nervous strain and your imagination combined would have snapped the vital cord when those guns went off. You know there are any number of such cases well authenticated. You must have had strong nerves to have withstood the shock."

"Suppose, Dolores," said Mr. O'Grady to his wife, "you take up the story and finish it."

"It is very simple," she said, with an accent so charming that any attempt to put it into written words would be sacrilege. "You know it was the daughter of the general who saved Mr. O'Grady's life. Of course, if he had known, he would have died with the others when the guns were fired at him, but the Government party did not want to shoot Mr. O'Grady, because he was an American citizen, and that might cause the Government great difficulties. So it was arranged that the shooting party was not to kill him, as it did the others, but to let him escape the bullets. It was a great secret and they thought they would frighten Mr. O'Grady so much that never any more would he be in trouble of that kind. And no doubt they would have frightened him to death, and he would not have been in any more trouble—"

"On earth," interrupted Mr. O'Grady.

"For," continued his wife, smiling, "the shock might have killed him. But it was not to be that way. The general's daughter learned the secret and sent him word by a faithful servant, and when the others were led out to their death, Mr. O'Grady knew that some other fate was reserved for him. Even as it was, the strain was so much that he fainted away, and those who saw the shooting thought he was dead also—"

"So did I," again interrupted Mr. O'Grady.

"And they were about to put him in the ditch with the others," continued his wife, "when one of the officers requested to send the body to Mr. O'Grady house. There he was revived, and in a few days he had escaped from the city and was safe out of the country."

"And the general's daughter, what became of her?" asked my wife.

"She waited until times were easier for the O'Gradys'" replied Tom, taking up the story again, "and then he came back under an amnesty act. In the meantime the general had died—"

"Oh, how glad I am," exclaimed my wife, in quite a rapture of interest.

Mrs. O'Grady looked at her with great seriousness.

"You shouldn't speak so of the father in the daughter's presence," she said, and O'Grady actually laughed at my wife's utter discomfiture.—Washington Star.

The Domestic Cat.

The cat was a solitary roamer, whose companions were the trees of its native forests. It found a home in the hollow trunks and safety among the branches. How do we know that the cat's ancestors were dwellers in the forest? Because every kitten takes to a tree as readily as a duck to water. Also, because nearly all forest dwellers are mottled in color, so that they may not be conspicuous among the lights and shadows beneath the trees. While I was considering what was the probable view held by cats about human beings, it was suggested by one ingenious friend that probably they regard a man as a kind of locomotive tree, pleasant to rub against, the lower limbs of which afford a comfortable seat, and from whose upper branches occasionally drop tid-bits of mutton and other luscious fruits. We may laugh at the theory, but it has quite a respectable string of facts behind it to back it up. If the Kanaka argued from the pig to the horse, why should the cat not pass from the familiar tree to the unfamiliar organism called man?

The cat, in spite of the domestic character it has acquired, is in reality the least tame of our animal servants. As far as its duties are concerned, man has taught it practically nothing. Its methods of pursuing rats, mice and birds are all entirely its own. It is indeed rather a wild animal which has taken up its residence in our houses for its own purposes than a servant or a slave.—North American Review.

Roads and Road-Making.

The Irish mile is 2240 yards.

Portugal has 2,000 miles of road.

Sweden has 33,200 miles of highway

France has 320,000 miles of highway

The modern Roman mile is 1629 yards.

Holland has 7600 miles of public roads.

In Germany there are 265,000 miles of road.

Norway has but 14,800 miles of public highway.

The Austrian Empire has 81,000 miles of road.

Canada has 6300 miles of roads and highways.

The English statute mile is 1760 standard yards.

Austria is building roads at the rate of 100,000 miles per year.

The comparatively small kingdom of Italy has 51,000 miles of highway.

In many parts of Europe river and canal routes are legally regarded as highways.

Little Denmark is admirably provided with roads, having 2000 miles of public highway.

According to Mulhall, there are in the United States 260,100 miles of public highway.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century all traveling in Ireland was done on horseback.

The Roman roads, according to their importance, were from eight to thirty feet in width.

His Sweetheart Knew Him.

A Maryland man got into trouble with his employers and fled. When in a safe place he grew a beard and altered his personal appearance in other particulars. Then he returned to his employers and said he was a brother of the defaulter and wanted to settle the case for him. They were about to comply, when his old sweetheart, who was employed in the place, came in and recognized him. His arrest followed.

A Swallow's Swift Flight.

An untamed swallow, which had its nest on a farm near Chetwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in eighty minutes, having accomplished a distance of 115 miles at the rate of nearly two miles a minute.

FOLKS WITH CLAWS.

A QUEER COMMUNITY IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Its Members Have Feet and Fingers Like Eagles' Talons—They Are Intelligent and Thrifty—A Puzzle for Scientists.

ON the Cattaraugus River, near the boundary between Erie and Cattaraugus Counties, N. Y., scarce thirty miles from the busy, bustling city of Buffalo, there live a number of strangely deformed people who are known in the vicinage as the claw fingered or claw-footed tribe. As the appellation would indicate, these peculiar folks are afflicted with the oddest malformations of the extremities, causing their hands and sometimes feet to more closely resemble the claws or talons of some huge bird of prey than the normal extremities of human beings.

There are several families of these queerly formed people living in the scattered hamlet which bears the bibleal title of the Valley of Zoar. The title seems a misnomer, for there is no Sodom or Gomorrah adjacent to threaten the destruction of the contented villagers. The Valley of Zoar is located in one of the most picturesque spots in the State, nestling, as it does, in a hollow of the heavily wooded hills which form the "high banks" marking the sinuous course of the swift running waters of the Cattaraugus River.

Here, in almost absolute seclusion, the claw-fingered tribe live and work, without exciting special comment. There are in the neighborhood of fifty individuals in the community upon whom the deformity appears. Think what a feast for dime museum managers they must present! Yet they are good, honest, law abiding, industrious citizens, who calmly pursue the even tenor of their way, happy and contented in their frugal lot and simple, old fashioned homes.

The remarkable malformation is not confined to either sex, and is evidently of a hereditary nature. The unfortunates are perfectly formed men and women otherwise, of average intellect, with a tendency toward square jawed features and undersized stature. Whence they came and at what period they settled in the valley is a mystery which not even the oldest inhabitant can solve.

According to the legend, the founder of the family was named Joshua Robbins, who came from New England early in the century. In support of this statement, the aged Indian showed a well worn powder horn of ancient pattern with the above name roughly cut in its side. The Senecas at that time traveled at will through the trackless wilds of nature's playground. A band of Indians had started on a big hunt, when a snowstorm overtook them and they encamped in the forest on the north bank of the Cattaraugus, below the lower limit of what is now the reservation. Suddenly a claw-fingered, claw-footed man, mounted upon a weary, bedraggled little pony, rode into their midst, and fell exhausted at their feet. He was immediately seized and bound.

When his peculiarity was discovered the Indians quickly released him, believing that he was a magician or medicine man direct from the Great Father. He was taken to the chief of the village, Dowango, who installed him with great honors as head medicine man of the tribe. For many years he dwelt among them, and all sorts of miraculous powers were attributed to Arhetona, as they called him.

Of his antecedents the Indians learned nothing, though it was understood that he had been jilted by his sweetheart because of his deformity. Being of a sensitive nature, he had determined to hide his misshapen hands and feet in the solitude of the wilderness. Finally he disappeared from the Indian camp as suddenly as he had appeared, and they knew him no more. It is believed that he discovered a community of pioneers, with one of whom he married and settled in the valley now called Zoar.

Whatever credence may be placed in the Indian tradition, certain it is that the claw fingered people have been seen in the valley for three or four generations. While they are not ostracised socially by the rest of the community, they are looked at askance by their more fortunate neighbors, and a strong prejudice exists against them. In consequence, there is much intermarrying, and this fact may account for the perpetuation of the malformation. There are more than half a dozen families of Robbinses among the afflicted ones.

In some instances, their fingers curve in, separately, like the claws of an eagle; others have the digits grown fast together, and somewhat curved, and some have been known to have hands like stumps of arms, short, thick and square ended. Sometimes only one hand is affected, sometimes both.

Again, both hands and feet may be claw like, or perhaps the right hand and left foot, or vice versa. Some children, born of claw-fingered parents are normal and perfectly-formed. These have, in some instances, married other members of the community who bore no relationship to the tribe. Upon the arrival of their offspring they have been shocked to find the malformations of the grandparents in baby's little pinks hands and feet.

The disease, if it may be so called, seems to be hereditary through either father or mother, there being apparently no rule to the contrary. One of the strongest and strangest characteristics of the deformity is the unique prominence and irregularity of the finger and toe joints. The ligatures between the bones become knotted and hardened, losing their elasticity, causing the joints to become stiffened, generally in a curved position, as though ossified. Occasionally the fingers and toes are devoid of nails and the member presents a revolting aspect.

Owing to the seclusion of their valley home but few outsiders have witnessed these strange freaks. Because of the inaccessibility of Zoar they are almost completely cut off from intercourse with strangers. Notwithstanding their deformities the claw-fingered folk manage to support themselves by cultivating the clearings made in their woodland home.

Their only visitors are the few Indians who come from the reservation to barter their wares in the form of baskets, moccasins and fancy bead work, and now and then the parents of an unwelcome traveler through their secluded vale.—New York Herald.

Odd Ways of Procuring Water.

Water is procured in various ways in different parts of the globe. The explorer Coudreau, for instance, found some time ago, while wandering among the Tumac-Humac Mountains, in the western part of Guiana, that it was not necessary for his men to descend to a creek when they wanted a drink of water. A vine, known as the water vine, is found all through that region. It yields an abundant supply of excellent drinking fluid whenever it is called upon. This vine grows to a height of from sixty to ninety feet. It is usually about as thick as the upper part of the human arm. It winds loosely about trees, clambers up to their summits, and then falls down perpendicularly to the ground, where it takes root again. The natives cut this vine off at the ground, and then at the height of about six or seven feet they cut it again, which leaves in their hands a very stout piece of wood a little longer than themselves. In order to obtain the sap they raise the lower end of the vine upon some support and apply the upper end to their mouths.

Six feet of the vine give about a pint of water, which quenches thirst as effectively as water from the most refreshing brook. The bushmen in the Kalahari Desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently arid region with the brightest of verdure and filling, for a few short days, the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottoms of these dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep, and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed, and then empty it into calabashes for future use. In that enormous waste known as the Gibi Desert, north of China, showers sometimes fall during the summer, and the torrents of a day fill the dried up water courses, through which water seldom runs. It is in these channels that the Mongols dig their wells, expecting to find a little water, when upon the surface of the plateau itself the soil has lost all traces of humidity. It is owing to the fact that a part of the moisture falling during a few rainy days is thus preserved within reach that it is possible for caravans to cross the desert.—New York Ledger.

Cocoa From Brazil.

North Brazil, which furnishes the world with most of her rubber at present, is now preparing to furnish the world with cocoa. The Para cocoa is preferred to all other kinds by the French chocolate manufacturers, to whom the entire production at present is shipped, except some small parcels consigned to Hamburg and New York and yet Para is unable to supply half the needs of France. This cocoa is more appreciated than any other at equal price, the skin being lighter and less subject to break and the paste absorbing more readily the perfume with which it is customary to impregnate the chocolate.

The Brazilian Government, with a view to stimulating and encouraging the increase of plantations and improvements in the preparation of cocoa, has reduced the export duty from ten to four per cent. The natural conditions of Para are most favorable to the production of this commodity. Its cultivation, which can be carried on in all parts of the State, presents no difficulties, although it requires careful tending. The plant takes to yielding three years after planting and continues to bear for from fifty to sixty years, it being necessary merely to keep it clear of weeds and other vegetation. Two crops a year are gathered, that from May to July being more abundant. The only trouble in the cultivation of cocoa is the insufficiency of labor.—New York Times.

Washington Libraries.

Since the year 1800, when Congress first assembled in Washington and passed an act appropriating the sum of $5000 "for the purchase of such books as may be necessary," some fifty different libraries, says the Washington Post, have been established, and the number of volumes has increased from 3000—all the Congressional Library contained up to the year 1814—to an aggregate of more than 1,500,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, charts, etc.

Battle of the Standard.

The battle of the Standard was fought at Northallerton, in Yorkshire, in 1138, between David I. of Scotland and Stephen of England. The standard consisted of four consecrated banners, fastened to a mast surmounted by a pyx containing the host. The mast was mounted on a cart and taken into the centre of the battlefield by the English.

GIANT FOSSILS.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS FROM THE ROCKIES.

Bones of Monsters That Existed Countless Ages Ago Recovered After Long and Tiresome Search—An Exciting Quest.

PROFESSOR H. FAIRCHILD Osborn, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric quadrupeds of the Rockies" to the Century. The article is illustrated by drawings by Charles Knight, giving careful reconstruction of these strange beasts. Professor Osborn says: Before describing the animals themselves, we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons representing years and years of arduous exploration in which Westman, Hatcher, Peterson, and others went out by the American Museum, by Princeton, or by Yale, have become veterans. Our party found the Titanotheres in a frowning alkali canon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sand stone cliff, and the chest, limbs, and trunk were closely set in the rock underneath, which had covered the animal suddenly to the depth of forty feet. Very little remained to show that the whole beast had been sunk in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but soon after the body became covered it appeared that the hind legs had been swept away, and it required two years more scraping before together with the aid of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment and surprise.

The old lake beds, once on sea level, and enriched by the noisy, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from four to five thousand feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful—far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs and canons, and your daily scrambles of fifteen to twenty miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in morning, stimulated by a frosty night. You know by experience that the sun in these beds does not promote a cold day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun is thawing out and bite for your skin, and you are delighting in the enjoyment of the tonic sort served by the Japanese—a hot meal without, and ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and as it winds through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion.

When you reach the edge of this upland, you look off into a sea of rock, sometimes wild beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow this level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other similar fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are such a native and temptingly at a distance that the novel hunter gratuitously kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere because they never died, buried in the muddy ooze to the middles, and so naturally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the debris or nearer shore.

In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as terrible, on the battle your muscles and back ache doubly, your tongue lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil, and longs for the green shade of the East, and the watermelon, when all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your weary eye. You fall on your knees, and breathe gently on the bone sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp sixty inch a man.

Thus fossil-hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the statesman. He returns East in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until he is off. The country that was hot as furnaces, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes.

Few Die of Old Age.

Only 906 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1200 succumb to gout, 18,000 to measles, 2700 to apoplexy, 7000 to erysipelas, 7000 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered pretty accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

LOVE'S KINGDOM.

You see no pomp of circumstance
No entourage of pride,
My lowly seeming to enhance
As I walk by your side.
All day, at others' beck and call,
My work obscure I do,
But all my shabby surroundings fall
When comes the hour of rest.

You may not know it, friend, but then
I, walking by your side,
Become an emperor, king or man,
Let none my state deride;
For when I turn my own hallo-bye
My wife is at the stair,
The baby claps her hands with glee,
And I am royal there.

—Harper's Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

"What in the world brought Burke down? He used to be the picture of health." "He recuperated too long at the seashore."—Detroit Free Press.

"Money makes the mare go," but now we add, to smile
The money of the wheelman
"Makes the mare go."

—Puck.

"The older a man gets," said the cynical philosopher, "the harder he finds it to feel sorry for a woman whose prize dog has died."—Indianapolis Journal.

[illegible]—"Did Mary tell you that Dakins went yes a kiss when we left to see to you?" Son-in-law—"Why, yes; and it was a great comfort to me—while I was away."—Judge.

Mr. Peabody—"What would you think if I were to tell you that I had been doing the dishes for you for years?" Mrs. Wentworth—"I should think it—it was very sudden."—Brooklyn Life.

"What's the matter, Cotherstone? You look blue." "Things have gone wrong. I seem to be losing my individuality." "Cheer up, old boy—best thing that could have happened to you."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Freddy—"Did you hear of the terrible accident that occurred during the storm yesterday afternoon?" Miss Newcomb—"No, how distressing; what was it?" "The wind blew up the lake."—Chautauqua Herald.

The Little Critter—"I think that must be a colored body, Aunt Jemima." "Why do you think so, dear?" "Because, when you read the description of it, it said that he fought and fought and fought and couldn't be—I guess it really was midnight."—Puck.

Benson—"I'm almost crazy. I sent a letter to my brother, asking him which he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willets, asking her to drive, and I don't know which of them this telegram is from." Roberts—"What does it say?" Benson—"Simply 'Yes.'"—Boston Globe.

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had long been on Mr. Stange's trail, "what is your insuperable objection to insuring your life?" "I don't mind telling you," replied Stange. "The idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is disgusting to me."—Chronicle-Telegraph.

The artist knit his brow. "I wish to picture the heroine with a number twelve waist," he remarked. "But where, in the great, great heart is her?" "Oh, I can answer that for you," replied the author. "It will just say that she has no heart." Then it is to be seen how the master's brush is in touch, immediately disposed to malediction.—Herald Traveler.

The uncle had been telling Bobbie the most thrilling stories of his experiences in the south, ending with a graphic account of how he had once been lost upon Bald Mountain. "My! it must have been awful," said Bobbie. "And did you get back all right again?" "Yes, bobbie," returned the old fellow solemnly. "Never. Fact is, my hair I'm out clear yit."—Harper's Bazar.

A Texas Ball of the Tree.

Yes, sir, they have the greatest timber on earth up in Humboldt County!" exclaimed Sam McConaughy, of the United States Mint, to a San Francisco Post man. "The trees up there are so big—well, I'm not going to tell you how big they are because you wouldn't believe it. Don't know as I would believe it myself, though I do believe what I tell. But just to give you an idea, now, they cut down one tree up there that made enough lumber, wickets and shingles to build a whole town and fence it, and they've still got logs enough left to put up a building as big as the Palace Hotel."

"The butt of the tree was hollow, too, for about fifty feet, and as it fell it left a gap across a deep gulch they used it for a bridge. Four horse teams drive through it. By a little levelling out they can make a footpath on each side of the wagon road through it. That tree was so tall that when they commenced cutting it up they had to make two camps—one at each end, for it was too far for the men working on the top to walk back at night. I don't know what they would have done if several hundred feet hadn't been broken off the top by the elements centuries ago.

"But that was a small tree compared to the—"

McConaughy is telling himself about that other tree.

A Neglected Grave.

The grave of John Fitch, who first applied steam to navigation on Western rivers, is unmarked by any stone in an old cemetery in Nelson County, Kentucky.