

THE HOME.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE HOME OFFICE, ON HILLSBORO STREET.

A. H. MERRITT, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One dollar per year in advance. Not strictly in advance ten cents per month.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: 1 square, 1 time, \$1.00; 1 square, 1 month, 2.50; 1 square, 3 months, 5.00; 1 square, 6 months, 7.50; 1 square, 12 months, 12.00.

SPECIAL RULES. The Editors are not responsible for and will not be understood as endorsing the views of contributors to the columns of THE HOME, and they reserve the prerogative of withholding the names of contributors if it should be deemed proper.

The American system of ambulance service has been introduced in Paris.

The Michigan University has hired a professor to teach the students the art of dramatic writing.

During the last fifty years the climate has so changed, that a man can now live at an altitude of a tenth of a mile higher than before.

Governor Waterman, of California, will not permit paid attorneys to appear before him in the interest of those seeking pardons.

The rate of mortality among the Indians increases about ten per cent. a year. The more they are civilized the faster they die.

The whole number of Christians in China is now over 32,000, while those in Japan are over 1,000. In each country over 4000 were added during 1887.

It is not an uncommon thing for emigrants to land at Castle Garden, New York, with families of ten or twelve children, and recently a husband and wife, with thirty-two children, descended the pier.

A discussion is going on among some of the Eastern papers as to what flower should be chosen as our national emblem. The Chicago Herald thinks that the blossom most emblematic of modesty, the distinguishing trait of American character, is undoubtedly the shy and shrinking violet.

After all, Buffalo Bill's visit to England was not without substantial results. He declares the Atlantic Ocean. He claims that he introduced pop corn into that country, and it is now very popular. At one of Buffalo Bill's exhibitions 20,000 balls of pop corn were sold, and even the royal family munched this delicacy.

Empress Victoria, of Germany, has turned inventor, remarks the New Orleans Times Democrat. She drew plans from which a writing desk has been manufactured, which enables the Emperor to write whether lying in bed or standing up. It is available in any position, and the mechanism employed is said to be intricate and remarkably effective.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, a French scientist, gives figures showing the quantity of tobacco consumed in the different countries of Europe. The rate per 100 inhabitants is as follows: Spain, 110 pounds; Italy, 123 pounds; Great Britain, 138 pounds; Russia, 152 pounds; Denmark, 224 pounds; Norway, 239 pounds; Austria, 273 pounds.

Proceedings in the New Mexico courts of justice are usually conducted in the Spanish language, records the New York Herald and it is very often happens in a trial, it is said, that not a single jurymen can speak English. The two lawyers who stand at the head of the criminal bar in the Territory owe their success almost entirely to their fluent command of Spanish.

The Chicago Herald remarks that "Pennsylvania is said to have been the first State to break over the old and well established custom of hanging murderers only on Friday. Many other States, Illinois included, now depart from it. There was never any good reason for it anyway, and as there are few States that do not need a hanging every day in the week, it is well to do away with it altogether."

An experiment in co-operation will be tried by the Knights of Labor of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and will be watched with interest. A tract bordering on Grand river is to be settled and turned into farming land, where fruits and vegetables may be raised. Canning works and other enterprises are to be established in time. The colony will pay its officers no salaries, and all disputes are expected to be settled by the decision of the Board of Arbitration without going to law.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening of an album all alone.

And mused on the faces of the friends that he has known; So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design

I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart's heart of mine. The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise

As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes, And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yearn

Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke. 'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start,

Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart; And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine.

When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine. Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,

The voices of my children and the mother as she sings, I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme

When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream. In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm

To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm. For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine

That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine. A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace

Floats out of my tobacco as the genius from the vase; And a thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes

As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies. I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checked dress

She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress With the ringing declaration that, "as surely

Grew round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine. And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand

As we used to talk together of the future we had planned. When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do

But to write the tender verses that she set the music to. When we should live together in a cosy little cot

And in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot. Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine

And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine. When I should be her lover forever and a day

And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray; And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb

They should not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come. But, ah, my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,

And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there; Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign

To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine. —James Riley, in Boston Pilot.

SEVILLE'S BLUNDERS.

A scrawl, of "not available," across the top of a prim looking sheet of manuscript, and it was refolded and passed to the left hand of the table, with an air that bespoke its final disposal; then the young editor gave his attention to a more interesting subject.

editorial nom de plume of "Fanny Blossom" was given, the real name Millie McKay, and the editor repeated it to himself musingly.

She was evidently a writer of ability, and he would just write her a little note of acceptance, with a request, also, that she would become a regular contributor to the paper.

Then he thrust it into an envelope and laid it beside another addressed to Herman Seville, which contained the little poem with the fateful words, "not available," branded upon its first page.

It was almost dinner time, and editors, as well as more commonplace mortals, feel the cravings of appetite. Herman Seville began to think of the wants of his inner man; then his thoughts went back to the sentimental note he had written to the girl he loved, and glancing at the first lines, that there should be no mistake, he placed that also in an envelope.

Just then the telephone set up such a jabbering that he sprang up and answered a message; then he directed those letters and mailed them on his way to dinner.

And, as he seated himself at the hotel table, and a trifle inebriatedly, perhaps, awaited the filling of the bowl, he had the calm self-consciousness of having done a big stroke of business.

Yes, he had really done much more than he gave himself credit for. That same evening he called at the home of Ethel Vinton, the young lady to whom he had that forenoon penned such a tender little note.

He was to be her escort to an opera, and the anticipation of spending the evening by her side was very pleasing to him. His surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, instead of his charmer, he found a note awaiting him. "He had decided not to attend the opera, and the maid handed him a letter. Ah! that would doubtless explain. Perhaps the dear girl was ill; and with that regretful thought, the editor resigned the note to a breast pocket in the immediate region of his heart. Then he went back to his sanctum.

A lady, tall and angular, with her head and face enveloped in a bright green veil, that quite enshrouded her features, arose from his office chair as he entered, with a bow which did credit to her early training. Then, in precise and measured words, she proceeded to express her gratification at being at last appreciated. The editor's little poem must be a success she had been confident, and she was delighted at his request. Certainly, she would furnish a poem weekly, on any subject, in any style of verse, and of any desired length.

"It was so easy for her to rhyme," she said, and she threw back the folds of vivid green that had concealed her face, and revealed the thin, lank visage of a maiden of forty-five summers.

She had a sallow complexion, her piercing black eyes were small and glittering, and about her temples she wore short, corker-curled curls that bobbed up and down in her earnestness.

Her gaze was fixed upon the editor's face, and he seemed quite mystified regarding her meaning; but when at last she paused for breath, he gave utterance to his thoughts.

"My dear madame," he said, conciliatingly, as the elderly dame for poetic fame stepped expectantly forward, "I think there must be a mistake."

"How, or where the mistake had been made he was still at a loss to determine. "A mistake!" exclaimed the woman, in a high-pitched tone. "How can it be? You needn't deny that you wrote this; your own name is signed to it; and she held before him the note which she had written to Millie McKay, the acceptance of her sketch, the request that she should become a regular contributor.

Yes, there at the bottom of the page was his name, but the address on the envelope was to Melitable Smith.

"The deuce!" what have I done?" Herman Seville ejaculated, and he drew from his breast pocket the note which he had been so impatient to read; the precious note that was to explain why Ethel Vinton had refused to attend the opera in his company. The paper only enclosed his own note to Ethel, but inside of it instead of the tender sentiments which he had written, was Melitable Smith's poem, the "not available," and he passed it to the indignant lady.

"You see I have made a blunder," he went on, apologetically. "This, madam, was designed for you, and I sincerely regret that I should have raised any false hopes regarding your poem; but really we have more articles of that kind on hand than we shall be able to use for a long time."

"You may spare your regrets," Miss Smith exclaimed, indignantly, as her small black eyes flashed fire. "Men are false, all of them, and I might have known that your word could not be depended upon; then drawing the green veil over her sallow visage, she dashed from the room, and Herman Seville began to pace the floor.

It was an unfortunate mistake, but he would call at Mr. Vinton's in the morning and Ethel would laugh at the ludicrousness of the affair.

But he was not through with trouble; for although he slept that night, his visions were haunted with elderly maidens, maidens with piercing eyes and huge bundles of poems, and he arose an hour earlier than usual, and aided his digestion by a morning walk.

That forenoon he called at Mr. Vinton's residence, but again Ethel sent excuses, and he returned to his sanctum with the uncomfortable feeling that he had not been guided by heaven's first law in his literary work of the previous day.

Another surprise awaited him. Seated at the street window of his office was a lady, young and bright, and with an expression, with large hazel eyes, and fair thoughtful face; her vivid lips had a bewildering, fascinating curve, though they seemed a trifle too firmly set, and in her cheeks was a tint like the lining of a rare seashell.

She arose and met him with an open letter in her hand. "I do not think that this is intended as an open insult," she said in a low, musical tone, which the editor thought was impressively sweet, "but I cannot put any other construction upon it. Perhaps you can explain," and the beautiful hazel eyes looked up questioningly to Herman Seville's face, as she placed in his hand the note designed for Ethel Vinton.

That note, which he had penned so carefully, which he had read and reread that mistakes there should be none; and what a mess he had made of it.

"Have a seat, Miss McKay," the editor said, as he drew forward the most comfortable chair of which his sanctum could boast; and the young lady settled down to listen to the untangling of his haps that Herman Seville had brought upon himself, through his own carelessness, and in spite of all efforts to retain himself, Millie McKay's amusement at his misfortunes found vent in a low, musical laugh, which, notwithstanding it was at his expense, the editor took no offense.

That explanation, however, did not make it appear that Ethel Vinton was anything more than a good friend, nor that the tender, little note which had so awkwardly fallen into Millie McKay's hands was aught but sheer nonsense.

May that editor be forgiven for his unfortunateness, for he seemed to be regarding Melitable Smith's assertion regarding the falsity of mankind.

That it was exceedingly gratifying to Millie McKay to learn that her sketch had been accepted may be believed, and also that she was desired to become a regular contributor to the Weekly Journal; for she was dependent upon her own exertions, and from her own indifferent success in the past she had not decided to relinquish an hour's labor.

When the young authoress left Herman Seville's office it was with a lighter heart than when she entered it. The note, that she had felt as insulting, had not been designed for her; indeed, it had meant nothing at all, or so that handsome editor had made her believe, and she went back to the small, third story room, that was kitchen, parlor, sleeping room all in one, and commenced another story forthwith.

And when she had gone Herman Seville leaned back into his chair and fell into a reverie, the burden of which was, that he did not much care if Ethel Vinton was offended, or Melitable Smith, either, and because a certain article was not available, he was sure he was not to court the smell of flowers, the gentle breath of kine, the pure bracing air, and the merry songs of the birds;—just listen to the drumming of that woodpecker!

She was a very agreeable girl, too; she would be a peasant acquaintance, and so she proved, in time, more than acquaintance, or even friend, for Millie McKay finally became the editor's wife and was not obliged to write sketches for a living.

And thus the mishaps that were caused by Melitable Smith's unavailable poem, resulted, also, in bringing to Herman Seville true love and happiness. —Yankee Blade.

The Wood Buffalo. There still remain some of the wood buffalo. This is an animal larger than the American bison of the plains. They are larger, coarser-haired and stronger-horned. I mention this peculiarity of difference in the horns because it is believed that the shape and the broken and crooked nature of the horns of the native buffalo has been acquired by the habit of digging into the gravel, whereas in the more northern species they had to contend with other conditions, where straight horns would be of more use, for instance, they use them there for clearing aside from their pathway the brush and luxuriant undergrowth. These animals would weigh at least 150 pounds more than the buffalo of the Saskatchewan plains.

In the northern regions the vetches and grasses are so high, and the snow-falls not being unduly heavy, they have not had to paw and break the crusted snow, as was the habit of the buffalo, and that may account for their superior size. In the country where these are found horses can not be used in pursuit, and they are stalked in the same manner that the moose and the other large animals are. It is difficult to form an accurate estimate of the number of these animals that may yet be left, but perhaps investigation may show that 500 or 600 may yet remain in scattered bands. Owing to the fact that the horse can not be used in pursuit, it is more difficult for the Indians to hunt them, and, indeed, to find them than it was in the old days of hunting upon the plains.

So rank is the undergrowth of this rich country, and so difficult is it for the Indians to get to these animals, that perhaps just now any attempt on the part of the Government to afford protection to them would be useless. If, however, some regulation would prevent white sportsmen from deliberately coming into the country to hunt these animals for mere pleasure it might result to advantage. At present it would be vexatious to the Indians, and of no great use, as the animal has become in its habits so much like the moose that he is liable in a great measure to protect himself.

Why a Baseball Curve. Lovers of baseball may find it convenient to keep in mind this explanation of the pitcher's curve from Mr. R. A. Proctor. If the ball is advancing without spin, or is spinning on an axis lying along its course, the cushion of compressed air carried forward by it is conical—or rather conoidal—and therefore resists the progress of the ball equally on all sides, affecting only the velocity. But in the case of the curve, where the ball is spinning on an axis square to its course, the air in front of the advancing side of the spinning surface cannot escape so readily as if there were no spin, and escapes more readily on the other side. Hence the resisting-cushion of air is thrown toward that side of the ball where the spin is forward and removed from the other side, and the ball is deflected from the region of greatest resistance.

An Indian and a Panther. A short time since a bloody fight occurred between an Indian and a panther twenty miles south of Mercer, Texas. A party of Indians from a neighboring village were out hunting wild turkeys. One of the party who had strayed away from his companions met a large panther and shot at it, wounding the beast and greatly infuriating it. The panther was in close quarters and rushed upon the Indian before he could reload, and a bloody fight ensued. The Indian drew his knife and when the panther sprang upon him cut the beast's throat from ear to ear, but at the same time the animal fastened its fangs in the throat of the Indian, and a death struggle commenced. When the other Indians reached the combatants both the Indian and the panther were dead. —Chicago News.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dubious—A Pugnacious Argument—Where it is Stored—Playing With Fire—Disillusioned, Etc.

"I never saw a man eat his meals in such a hurry as Mr. Phipps does," said the landlady. "He just sits down to the table, orders his dinner, swallows it, and flies."

There was a perfect silence when she finished; not a boarder could speak for yawning in his throat, as her last words touched a tender chord. —Detroit Free Press.

Pugnacious Argument. "What is the matter with your face?" asked one travelling man of another whose countenance looked like a railroad map.

"Oh, nothing much," was the reply, "an friend of mine with whom I had an argument, said he didn't like the way it was any fixed it any different for me." —Meridian Traveler.

Where it is Stored. "Is there any such thing as law in this country I should like to know?" said an irate individual as he rushed into the prosecuting attorney's office.

"Yes, of course there is," was the reply. "Whereabouts?"

"Just glance through that copy of the Revised Statutes over there." —Meridian Traveler.

Playing with Fire. Mr. Lightpurse (in theatre aisle after the play. Miss Fairly on his arm; aisle crowded; Lightpurse's pockets empty, but his brain full of ideas)—I should like to invite you to stop at the restaurant for refreshments, but, of course, I can't do so, as it is not considered good form for a young lady to go to such places late at night without a chaperon.

Miss Fairly (deftly causing an elderly female just ahead to turn around)—My aunt, Mrs. Eathery, Mr. Lightpurse.—Omaha World.

Disillusioned. "How delightful it is out here in the country!" exclaimed Miss Gushington, "the sweet smell of flowers, the gentle breath of kine, the pure bracing air, and the merry songs of the birds;—just listen to the drumming of that woodpecker! How romantic!"

"Woodpecker be darned!" said Uncle Henry; "that ain't no woodpecker, its only that typewriter gal that the new boarder brought down from the city yesterday. She's at it all day long." —Boston Transcript.

The Professor Knew His Gonus. A Professor of Natural History wandered away from the Smithsonian the other day and got into a lawyer's office on F street, where there is a very pompous young clerk. The professor asked two or three questions on the point at issue, and the clerk finally remarked to him very largely:

"I tell you it's true, and it is true. What do you know about law, anyway?" "Nothing, nothing at all," replied the professor meekly; "but I know a great deal about natural history, and I think you are an ass." —Washington Critic.

A Change of Title. Two are riding in a street car, when one says to the other: "Look here, Mac, here's Hoadley coming; he has just written a book, remember the title, 'Forever Beret,' and when I introduced it as something about it, it will please him."

Hoadley enters and is at once introduced by his friend to Mr. Mac, who says enthusiastically: "So glad to meet you, my dear sir. I have wanted for a long time to know the author of that charming book—'Forever Beret.'"

"No, George, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know."

"When did your father fail? I hadn't heard of it," he said, turning pale.

"He failed yesterday, and is very much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my undivided care and attention, and though it may break your heart, George, we must part forever."

"Noble girl!" thought George, as he hastily grabbed his hat and with his broken heart went out into the night. —Texas Siftings.

Big Luck. Smith (lifting the cover of his basket and displaying it full of fish)—"Nice mess, eh, for one day's sport?"

"Brown—" "Yes; did you catch 'em all yourself?"

"Smith—" "Certainly, of course."

"Brown—" "Where did you catch 'em?" Smith (slyly)—"In a little stream in Pennsylvania. But I can't give the snappy away, you know, old boy!"

from the house; I fear he may have killed himself."

"Well, I'm glad you refused him," said the old man spitefully. "He has just beaten me five straight games of billiards." —Life.

The Fatal Hair Cut. "And this is the end, Miss Petherbridge!"

The speaker was a young man of magnificent physical proportions. He stood erect before the fair-haired girl and looked searchingly at her eyes. And as Maud Petherbridge met his gaze unflinchingly she felt in her inmost soul that she had never seen a finer specimen of athletic manhood than Alpheus Swackhammer.

"It is, Mr. Swackhammer," she replied firmly, but with a tinge of sadness in her low, musical voice and her lovely eyes luminous with a tender pity.

"Deeply as it pains me to utter the words that sever the relations between us and dissipate the dream of happiness in which we have indulged, it must be done."

"Maud Petherbridge," exclaimed the young man, resolutely choking down emotion that impeded his utterance, "it would spare you this if I could, but it is best, perhaps, that you should know. Why? O, why," she broke forth wildly, "did you have your hair clipped close to your head?"

"Is that all?" exclaimed the young man, impetuously, as he took a step nearer; "it will grow out again."

"It is not that," she replied, as she motioned him back with an involuntary gesture and shook her head with a sigh of bitter despair. "I have never told you that I am a student of pre-nology. Yet I am. I can now read your head like an open book. Mr. Swackhammer, you have no spirituality, no sublimity, no continuity, no veneration. Your principal faculties are your combativeness and your alimentiveness. We could never study Browning together. My dream is over."

The young man crushed his hat down on his cropped head, and a moment later the walls of the princely mansions on either side of Prairie avenue echoed with the sound of his heavy tread on the sidewalk as he strode away in the chill night air. —Chicago Tribune.

The Times of Crimes. The German government in a statistical account recently published, deals with the particular periods of the year in which crimes are usually committed. Of the 300,760 crimes which occurred in 1883, which is the year taken, it is possible to fix the month of occurrence in 31,403 instances. The year is divided into four seasons—winter commencing with December and running through February; spring commencing with March and running through May; summer commencing with June and running through August, and autumn commencing with September and running through November. It is found that winter claims 80,073, spring 73,977, summer 81,861, and autumn 82,250. In this it is seen that spring is the most favorable season for public morality and autumn the most unfavorable. Regarding the particular character of the crimes committed, it is found that offenses against the State, religion and public order in winter numbered 98 daily, 93 in the spring, 103 in the summer and 106 in the autumn. In this autumn leads again; but in this class summer far exceeds winter, as it did also in crimes with which violence and threats against officials, were connected, the number for winter being 95 daily and for summer 107. Of crimes against the person 82 fell daily to winter, 10 to spring, 102 to summer and 108 to autumn; of crimes against no life, 69 daily to winter and 11 to summer; of offenses taking the character of slander, summer takes the highest 119, while winter only 60 daily; of assaults, winter claimed 93 and summer 217. The daily number of serious robberies were 22 in summer and 15 in winter; of petty robberies, 81 in summer and 112 in winter; the cases of receiving stolen goods numbered 77 daily in summer and 132 in winter, the last holds the ratio of robberies of both classes committed, and is a necessary result, one depending on the other. The relation borne by offenses against property was as follows: Summer, 101 daily; autumn, 102, and winter, 96. It is found, therefore, that temperature has decidedly more effect at various times upon one class of criminal inclination than another. Autumn leads through nearly all the classes, and why this is so, except it is in anticipation of winter—generally a hard season for the poorer classes—is hard to explain. The subject is an exceedingly interesting one. —The Doctor.

FAIR CHARMER AND SWEET PITY

Her silken gown it rustles

And she goes down the stair, And in all the place there's never a face— One-half, one-half so fair. But oh! I saw her yesterday— And no one knew 'twas she— When a little sick child looked up and smiled As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters, Her eyes glow bright—grow dim— And all around no man is found But thinks she thinks of him, But oh! to her the best of all, Though they be great and grand, Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick!

At the touch of my lady's hand, Her little shoo of satin Her eyes gleam beneath her skirt— And a foot so small could never at all To move in mire and dirt, But oh! she goes among the poor And heavy hearts rejoice— As they can tell her how her well— To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is soft as feathers Upon the nestling dove; Its touch so light I have no right To think, to dream of love— But oh! when, 'ad in simplest garb, She goes where none may see, I watch, and pray that some happy day My lady may pity me. —H. C. Sumner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Hum, sweet hum—The beehive.

Loud shoes—Those that squeak badly. News of the weak—The hospital reports. The latest thing out—Generally your match.

The home stretch—A nap on the lounge. Two for a cent—A pair of blood-hounds. Can a bank that can stand a loan be called an infant industry?

When the young writer reads the reviews of his first work he often finds it is a gaudy book instead of a novel.—The Journalist.

Gentleman—"If you will get my coat done by Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." Tailor—"Oh, if that's your game, it won't be done." —Sifting.

Luxurious virtues deers the plains. The clover sweet the sunshine fosters. And now the bottom; goat disdains. Tomato cans and circus posters. —Boston Courier.

Down on the washboard a single wave from a pretty woman's handkerchief will attract more attention than all the waves of old ocean put together.—Texas Sifting.

The porcupine is probably the best informed of all the animals. He can give you more points than you will know what to do with in a week.—Burlington Free Press.

"And so the ice cream season is again upon us, George, she said shyly. "Yes," he responded. "I never pierce up a paper now that I do not expect to find some awful case of poisoning." —The Epoch.

Beneath a riel persimmon tree Two rapiers have eyes been to be. "Cut him," said the first; "I'll catch you tom-err!"

But Other shook his head: "No poison!" Etiquette—"It is correct to address the Lords of the Admiralty collectively as 'My Lords,' but it would be equally appropriate to add, 'I hope your Warships are getting along satisfactorily.'"

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" A maxim quipped by Shakespeare's tom-h.

Alas, that Shakespeare did not tell us if A rose by any other name would cost as much!

"Dress," said Smith, "with all the force of an original idea, 'does not make a man.'" "No," replied Jones, gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dressmaker's bill he had just received, "but it often breaks a man." —New York News.

B-hold him a man once exalted in station, In the friends and of future let it. A few simple words solve the whole situation. He monkeyed with stocks and got left. —Sifting.

As long as scrollets must fall, why do they not come down over the backman who rings door-bells in the dead of the night, and wants to know where No. 4193 is? It is too long to wait for future punishment in cases of this sort.—Courier-Journalist.

The breezes flit soft on the prairie, The steamers puff from the main, Maud swings on the gate like a fairy, And summer's come back once again. —Du's Paraphraser.

The man who has a brand-new typewriter, and leisu e, and lots of linen-woven manuscript paper, cannot help feeling that he has it in his power to make a big literary reputation for himself, if he can only think of something to say. —New York News.

There was a young man in Cuba Who was learning to play a tuba, When the fruit all horned, Tooted loudly in scorn, And provoked a rebellion in Cuba. —Chicago News.

"He's no better, doctor. You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpence. I had a sixpence, but I gave him as much as would lie on five pennies and two half-pennies, and it's done him no good at all, at all." —San Francisco News-Letter.

"I