

EQUIPOISE.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean— The diamond point, on which to balance life...

A VERY QUIET RUBBER.

BY JAMES PAYNE.

If the meditation of Mr. Gray had occurred to him in the churchyard of Tisbury, Burks, his "Elegy" would have taken a different turn...

not from penitents, but it would have availed him nothing. They knew he was quiet in his manners...

Mr. Newton felt that he had none of these weaknesses, and was worthy to be the partner of any one of the four. But though envious of them, he was not malicious...

After many years' absence from the home of his fathers, I returned to Tisbury the other day and found my friend of the scarf and bathmat still above ground and busy, as usual...

He shook his head. "Folks die, Master James, of course," he said; "there is no falling off there."

"Dear me!" said I, "has cremation made such strides, then?" He smiled contemptuously. "In a Christian land, sir, that will never succeed."

Mr. Newton smiled benignly, as though he would have said, "There is generally 'something' in what I say, if you will only favor me with your attention."

"It must be rather sad for you to have to come here so often," said I, and on such melancholy errands.

I felt the observation was a foolish one directly it had passed my lips; but it is one thing to know what is commonplace and another to know how to avoid it.

"Melancholy!" he exclaimed, "not a bit of it. The great majority of my friends lie here, and I have no disinclination to join them."

"I was but a boy in their time. You used to tell me about them."

reduced to two double dummies. Miss Lake used to say, 'We can't help playing for our own hands now, dear, can we, as poor Mr. Groves used to do.'

The undertaker was so moved that if he had seen the same demonstrativeness in one of his own mutes he would have given him a shilling.

Here the undertaker gave a sigh so significant that I could not for the life of me help observing, "There are few whist players can say as much, Mr. Newton."

"No, you are wrong there, Master James, leastways, if you think as conscience is a pricking me, I have never played into Sunday morning, though it is true I have sat up till after 12 on Sunday nights and begun them."

"Mr. John Bland, a chess player, proposes to revolutionize the game by making the board nine squares wide, and adding besides a pawn another piece, to be called the 'Premier,' possessing the combined powers of queen and knight."

"I assure you, Master James, she said it so pitiful that I couldn't answer her for tears. I only nodded my head and looked mournful, like one of my hearse horses."

"Then she added, 'And if you don't think it would be wrong, Mr. Newton, I should like the two packs of cards we last played with—we always used to make them last three months, you know—put into my coffin. Would you mind seeing to that yourself?'"

"Of course I said it should be done, and it was done with my own hands. There are some folks as would think it irreverent, though I have known the same people drop a boy into a child's coffin, with tears ready to break their hearts; yet, what are cards but toys, and we but children? Well, I buried his poor old lady just as she wished, and there they lie, all four of 'em."

"That was your doing also, I suppose?" I inquired.

"Yes, no one has observed it but yourself; but I thought if I made it tabular it would look more like the real thing. It is a very quiet rubber!"

On the elevated train he met three other reporters going down to their offices, and he told them his dilemma. "Oh, it's lucky you got on this train."

"And he's a peculiar old chap," said a second man. "You have to know how to treat him. He's the president of the society, you know."

"Oh, trust me," said the young reporter with a confident smile. Down the aisle he went, and reaching the "president" he gave him a terrific thump on the back.

apologies, the old man frantically brandishing his umbrella and making violent whacks at the head of his assailant.

The barber drew his fingers gently across the face of his victim and said: "You have a strong beard, sir."

"No shampoo, sir? Your head really needs it."

The man in the chair drew a small tablet from his pocket and wrote on it: "I am deaf and dumb."

The waltz had its beginning in Germany and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England.

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There is value in experiment. Love is mutual understanding. The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.

General silliness not only pays on its own account, but because to be tidy is to be economical.

If everybody knew what one said of another, there would not be four friends left in the world.

Every individual owes obedience to something, and there can be no obedience without authority. Indeed freedom, rightly understood, imposes the most solemn obligations of all.

Of no use are the men who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that to-day is a new day.

There are things that could never grow familiar. Daybreak is one. There is always mystery about it. It is like coming to life again after death.

There has been so much justly said about the prejudicial effects of overwork, especially in using up the powers of man and cutting short his life, that it may be hastily assumed by some that work itself is opposed to length of days.

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AN INTERESTING OPINION.

Some Information Which Old Hatch Is Anxious to Acquire.

A lady—we shall not tell her name—had a most amusing experience with Benjamin P. Hutchinson the other day.

This is rather ungrateful employment, but this lady applies herself cheerfully to it, for she recognizes it as a part of her Christian duty.

On her part the fair solicitor was considerably surprised; she had heard that he was a hard, unfeeling man, yet had he not responded promptly and generously to her appeal?

"We do not always get our reward here, Mr. Hutchinson, but we should remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

The following is the description Mrs. Jefferson Davis gives of Daniel Webster in her "Memoir" of her husband.

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He was waiting for his turn in a Grand River avenue barber shop, and he quietly remarked to the barber that he had been out in the Indian country.

"Yes, huntin' rabbits, I suppose?" replied the barber, seemingly not the least interested.

"Of course I did! I was all through the late troubles at Pine Ridge."

"Anybody wounded in the knee out there?" asked the barber as he reached for the water bottle.

"Not by a jugful!" exclaimed the waiting man as he reached for his overcoat.

The Deacon Was Thankful.

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deacon. "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening."

Dr. Prayery—Search the history of the whole world, and you will find nowhere else so inspiring an example of bold, fearless enterprise combined with gentle godliness as you find in St. Paul.

Thirty thousand dollars will be spent at Trieste on a monument to Dante.

The American painters in Paris will send their works in a body to the Berlin Exhibition and have a section to themselves.

Meissonier is to have a statue, but he will in a sense pay for it himself, as the money is to be raised by an exhibition of his works.

The Art Club of Philadelphia is suffering from popularity and will have to spend \$25,000 at once in order to provide space for its members and guests.

Hampton, N. H., has voted to erect a monument to the memory of General Henry Dearborn of the Revolutionary war, who was born in that town in 1751.

Professor Halsey C. Ives, who has been selected to manage the art department of the World's Fair, has been connected with Washington University School of Fine Arts for 17 years.

A "Gallery for British Art," or a sort of London "Luxembourg," is to be built at South Kensington, opposite the museum, to cost £80,000, the gift of an anonymous donor to the British government.

The principal picture galleries of Europe are ranked according to the number of pictures they contain: 1, Versailles; 2, Dresden; 3, Madrid; 4, Louvre; 5, London; 6, St. Petersburg; 7, Berlin; 8, Vienna; 9, Munich; 10, Florence; 11, Naples; 12, Venice; 13, Antwerp; 14, Turin.

The statue of the late Henry Ward Beecher, on which the sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, has been working more than a year, is nearly completed, and the Beecher statue committee of Brooklyn has arranged to have the monument unveiled Wednesday, June 24, in City Hall Park.

John Deery, an attorney and art connoisseur of Dubuque, Iowa, has just come into possession of a remarkable picture, which was taken from the ruins of an old Spanish mission near Santa Fe, N. M.

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