The Veteran's Story

A Southern Girl Tricked Him, and the Result

By JAMES D. MOREHOUSE

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My meeting with my wife is a curious story in itself, and illustrates the fact that there is no rule whatever for love.

When I was in the service, with that force which was opposing Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah valley, I was sent down to an outpost stationed at a little town some twenty miles south of our main army with a message to the colonel commanding there. While waiting for some written communications the colonel was getting ready for me to take back a young girl came into his headquarters and asked for a pass. She was as trim a little body as I ever saw, bright red cheeks and auburn hair—something one seldom sees in the south. She struck my fancy the moment I looked at her. I was standing behind the colonel, who was writing at a pine table. The girl said she wished to go north to relatives in Harrisburg, Pa. The colonel wouldn't give her a pass to do so. She was about to turn away disappointed when I tipped her a wink.

You must forget I'm an old duffer and picture me as a boy of twenty, full of the old scratch. I thought what a [illegible] episode it would be for me to [illegible] the girl north. When I winked [illegible] it was to convey information [illegible] plan I had conceived to help her out. Then I rushed forward and throwing my arms about her neck gave her a smack. She didn't resent it.

"Why, Mag!" I cried. "How in the world came you here?"

She caught on at once. "I came down just before the war opened, and I've been trying to get back north ever since."

"How's the folks?"

"Pretty well. Mother's in poor health."

"Why do you wish to go north?"

"To do something to make a living. A girl can't earn anything down here."

"Colonel," I said, "I wish to introduce my cousin, Maggie Allen."

Luckily she had not given any name. The colonel shook her hand and told her that since she was my cousin he would most certainly give her a pass, [illegible] for her. I told him that we had been brought up together as children, and I knew that every member of her family were strong Union sympathizers. He wrote the pass and in a little while gave me the dispatches, then the girl and I started [illegible] on a twenty mile ride on horseback.

She was the most delighted girl at the trick I had played you ever saw. Her eyes fairly danced with mischief. She couldn't talk about anything else. We rode along for a matter of ten miles, when, coming to a fork in the road, she said that if I didn't mind waiting for her she would like to go and say goodby to an aunt of hers who lived half a mile up the diverging road. I had been riding twenty miles south and still had ten miles to go on my return. So I told her that if she would release me I would wait for her under a big tree at the fork. She said she wouldn't be gone long and started. I dismounted, lay down at the foot of the tree, lit my pipe and pretty soon fell asleep.

When I awoke I looked into the face of "my cousin" standing in the midst of a dozen or more Confederate soldiers. She smiled at me and said:

"I'm sorry to return evil for good, but the truth is I've been trying for some time to get up into the region with certain information I've been gathering about your army movements for General Jackson. These gentlemen have been waiting for me near here and I just rode over to deliver my information and tell them that you were here with some more of the same kind. Please let me have your dispatches."

I never was so completely done up in my life. I couldn't do anything but [illegible] the documents, which she [illegible] as an escort. They debarred [illegible] con[illegible] that as a prisoner I would only [illegible] circumstances, so after keeping me for a while they let me go on.

I left them, vowing inwardly that some day I would make that girl pay for the way she had treated me. [illegible] [illegible] of the war. I was retained in the service and in Virginia for a while [illegible] and one day, getting a [illegible] [illegible] went over into the [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a tobacco [illegible]

The most satisfactory vengeance [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for her. I [illegible] [illegible] enough of bitterness to [illegible] to [illegible] that [illegible] on her if I [illegible] to think her action [illegible] very bright and declared that instead of making me hate her it had only drawn me toward her. This had a good effect, and she seemed to feel sorry for what she had done, though it was in the line of her duty.

I played my game so well that I succeeded completely, not at once, [illegible] I made several trips to see her. Then [illegible] the past was the I proposed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I concluded simply to drop her without a word of farewell.

I stopped her for four days, then rode over to see her and told her that I loved her, and if she wouldn't marry me I wouldn't [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for twenty years. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for me and I am [illegible] to her.

THE ARTIST'S IDOL.

She Didn't Know Anything About Music; She Only Loved It.

The incident happened upon one of the great ocean liners during an autumn trip when a famous violinist was among the passengers. At first he firmly refused to play, but was finally persuaded, and upon the appointed evening the salon was crowded with eager passengers.

It was a most enthusiastic audience, intelligent, sympathetic and appreciative, yet as the evening wore on people began to notice that the violinist's glance went always in one direction, and after a time others followed it.

They saw a plain little woman, plainly dressed, with no marks of wealth or culture. But she was looking at the master with shining eyes, her face wet with tears, unmindful of everything except the magic of his violin. When the program was ended, pushing his way through the people who would have detained him, the musician went straight to the little shabby figure.

"Madame, I congratulate you—you are ze great artist!" he cried.

She looked up at him almost in alarm.

"I—oh—I cannot play a note," she stammered. "I don't know anything about music. I only—love it."

The violinist shook his big shaggy head impatiently.

"Is it not what I say? You have ze artist soul—ze artist to listen. What good to play to ze deaf—like ze rest?" with a disparaging gesture toward the crowded room. "It is to ze one wis ze heart to listen zat we masters play."—Youth's Companion.

AN OLD TIME EXPLOSION.

Its Curious Phases Told by a Seventeenth Century Scribe.

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, it seems, "about 7 of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barreling up of gunpowder, it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, etc." The most interesting part of the account comes further on:

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another.

"There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial, for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden."

The Green Plover.

Every "man on the land" knows the lapwing, or green plover, though he may not know that this bird is one of the very best friends of the farmer and literally worth his weight in gold several times. It takes its proper name, lapwing, from the regular, slow flapping of the long, rounded wings. Because of its peculiar cry it is popularly known in England as the peewit and in Scotland as peeweep. The Germans call it kiebitz. The French say that it cries count "dix-huit" (eighteen in French is dix-huit, which is pronounced deeswheet). The peewit is found in every country in Europe and Asia. In Great Britain it was once very common, being chiefly found in marshes, moors and meadows, but its numbers are gradually decreasing because its eggs are collected and sold as "plovers' eggs," for which there is a large demand during the proper season.—Smallholder.

The Hawaiian Language.

The language of Hawaii is very simple. Whoever, who begins it for the first time comes the conviction that the aborigines expressed their sentiments in primitive vowel sounds, to which some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Each [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] will be [illegible] if the speaker will drop [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the language is well [illegible] [illegible] Hawaiian [illegible] [illegible] and let the words [illegible] [illegible]—Rotary Magazine.

Glass Windows.

The first glass window in England was put up in an abbey about the year 680. Glass windows, however, did not become general for many hundred years, and as late as 1570 the glass casements at Alnwick castle, the Duke of Northumberland's seat, were regularly taken down when the family was away from home.

Odd Things Such.

"My wife went to town today to get a good plain cook."

"Did she get one?"

"I don't know whether she's a good one yet, but she's plain, all right."—Baltimore American.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

A WIDOW WITH MONEY

By M. QUAD

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Moses Bliss was an old fashioned man. Most folks called him an old "codger."

All at once, when Moses had passed his sixty-second birthday, and was telling himself that he felt as good as the day he was thirty, and had every prospect of living to be a hundred years old, a doctor told him that his left lung was going, and that he must make tracks for a higher altitude at once. Moses was mad as well as scared. He called the doctor all kinds of fools, vowed he wouldn't move a rod, and then set out for Beacon Hill, a hundred miles away.

The higher you can get above the sea the better for your left lung and the more expensive the board. Beacon Hill was only a village, and had only one tavern, and that tavern charged Moses $5 a week for board. Of course he kicked. He called the landlord all sorts of names and said he would start for home next day, but he didn't start.

It was on one of his walks that he met the widow Archer. She had a hammer and nails and was nailing a board on the fence in front of her poor little home. He took the hammer away from her and made the board secure, and then walked off with only a grunt. He had noticed, however, that she was a woman of thirty-five and fairly good-looking, and he was pleased with her.

A call was made next day. He said he had come on business. He was no sooner seated than he asked.

"Look-a-here, widow, why haven't you married again?"

"Sir, you are taking a great liberty," she replied.

"Come, now, I am here as a friend."

"But I don't know you!"

"But you soon will. I am Moses Bliss, up here to heal my left lung, and I wouldn't marry you or any other woman on earth. I've just got a little scheme in my head, and I want you to help me work it out. It's a scheme for your benefit."

The widow saw that he was an eccentric. She rather timidly consented to hear him, and he said:

"I want to ask the same question over again. Why haven't you married a second time?"

"Suppose—suppose I haven't been asked?" she blushingly replied.

"That's it, eh! Haven't been here two weeks yet, and I've heard of a dozen widowers and bachelors about here. Don't jump now. You are young. You are as good looking a woman as I've seen in town. I've no doubt you can cook and manage a house as well as the best of them. I can see only two reasons why you are a widow after four years. Did you vow never to marry again?"

"I—I can't say I did, though I had one of the best of husbands. I don't think we ought to talk about it."

"Then if you didn't vow it's because you are a widow of small means, and these avaricious villains around here want to marry money."

"Yes; I am poor."

"Widow, I want to lend you $100 in cash," said Moses as he counted it out.

"But I can never pay it back, and you are a stranger. I—I think you had better go."

"Widow, here's the hundred. When I want it, ten or fifteen years from now, I'll call for it. Meanwhile buy you some new clothes. You'll soon be hearing that you are a widow with money. Keep a close tongue. Admit nothing; deny nothing. Just be serene."

"But I can't go on deceiving folks," she protested.

"You go right on saying nothing and leave things in the hands of Providence."

The widow found it hard to understand what Moses was driving at, but she retained the $100. Within three days the plot began to develop. Her neighbors began to come in and congratulate her on having money. The county paper came out with a hint that a certain worthy widow had been left a legacy, and the other [illegible] of it. It was known all over the village that in buying a new hat for $8 she had offered a ten dollar bill to be changed. The widow wanted to deny the reports, but she remembered the caution she had received.

It wasn't two weeks before a widower called. He didn't say a word about the rumors. Indeed, he fought shy of the money question. He just said that he had been a lonesome widower for five long years and was getting tired of it.

One day Moses Bliss dropped in to say:

"Just keep still and saw wood. Things is working."

"But three men are coming because they want to marry me," replied the widow.

"For sure. Let 'em come and take your pick."

And a month later, when he returned and made his call, he noticed that the widow was confused and flustrated.

"Well, which is it?" he asked.

"It's a—a widower. He says he's loved me for two years. But I must tell him that I've not got a lot of money."

"Sure, but he's said that he loved you for yourself alone, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then he can't go back on himself. It takes money to start love, but when it gets to going it keeps right on. Say yes and keep serene."

And Beacon Hill will tell you that it turned out a happy marriage and that Moses Bliss got his left lung back.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Chautauqua Seems to Have a Wide Variety of Meanings.

United States geological survey records present these notes on geographical names and their origin and meaning:

Brooklyn: part of New York city; a corruption of the Dutch name Breuckelen, from a village in the province of Utrecht, Holland. The name signifies "broken up land" or "marshy land."

Burleson: county and village in Johnson county, Tex., named for Edward Burleson, Indian fighter, and vice president of the republic of Texas under President Houston, 1841.

Chautauqua: county in Kansas; county, lake and town in same county in New York. An Indian word which has been the subject of much controversy. Webster says it is a corruption of a word which means "foggy place." Another derivation gives the meaning as "bag tied in the middle," referring to the shape of the lake. It is also said to mean "place where a child was washed away." Dr. Peter Wilson, an educated Seneca, says it is literally "where the fish was taken out." Other meanings given are "place of easy death" and "place where one was lost."

Chicago: city and river in Illinois. The Ojibwa Indian form, she-kag-ong, signifies "wild onion place," from a root form implying a "bad smell."

HOLLAND'S RAILROADS.

They Are Operated at a Loss to Aid the Canal Traffic.

In contrast with the history of Belgium, Germany, France and Austria, Holland alone of all European countries presents a situation where the railroads require protection from the competition of the canals.

Holland thus reverses the general rules which apply in all other countries. Railroad development was remarkably slow in Holland. The first Dutch railroads were short local lines, while the waterway system was extensive and strongly intrenched.

At length, convinced that she could not keep pace with other European countries by her waterway system alone, the Dutch government constructed an ambitious line of railroads connecting with the international lines of Europe.

The railroads were built not with any expectation that they would be profitable as investments, but because they were considered absolutely necessary to save the country from industrial decadence. Holland is the only country in the world in which the state has provided both rail and water highways substantially free of capital charge. The railroads are now operated at a loss to supplement the waterways, which carry 90 per cent of the traffic of Holland.—American Review of Reviews.

London's Crystal Palace.

The Crystal palace was a great producer of superlatives in its early days, says the London Chronicle. When Queen Victoria wrote of May day, 1851, as "the greatest day in our history, the most beautiful and imposing and touching spectacle ever seen," she was referring to the whole idea and effect of the exhibition, but "the beauty of the building and the vastness of it all" were important factors in the marvel which she relied upon to astound her uncle Leopold. When the palace moved to the new site Herbert Spencer wrote: "I have been once at Sydenham. It surpasses even my expectations, though I had seen it in progress. It is a fairyland and a wonder surpassing all others." Ruskin said that Mr. Dickens had said that there was nothing like it in fairyland and added bitterly that Mr. Dickens was right.

What America Has Proved.

America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self government, and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.—Daniel Webster.

Heavy Impeachment.

Patient—Doctor, I'm having an awful lot of trouble with the gas in my stomach. Doctor—Yes, yes, I know. These gas fixtures [illegible] are giving people a lot of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the next [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for electric lights.—Puck.

Worldly Wisdom.

"Now that my engagement to [illegible] is broken off I wonder if he will ask me to return the jewels that he gave me."

"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once, for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fliegende Blätter.

A Dear Place.

Hutchison—Who was it said "Home is the dearest place on earth?" Plummer—Some married man who had just received his coal and grocery bills, no doubt.—Boston Transcript.

Difference of Opinion.

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races possible.—Mark Twain.

Jinks' Romance

A Civil War Vet's Tale

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"Jinks," said one of a party of civil war veterans to a comrade, whose bald head shot out a few spears of white hair and whose gums always met when he closed his jaws, "why didn't you never git married?"

Jinks uncrossed his legs, recrossed them the other way and said:

"There's a romance in my life."

"A romance! You don't mean to say there's any romance or ever has been in you! It wouldn't be nat'r'l to you."

"I wasn't always like I am now, no more'n you fellers. I was sleek enough when we was fighting Johnny Rebs."

"Well, tell us about your romance."

"It began when we was goin' up that long slant at Ferderickaburg. If ever there was a place particularly cal'cl'ated to mow down men and have plenty of time to do it, that inclined plane takes the cake. It's nearly fifty year since we was led up there, and nobody hain't yit found out who was responsible. Mr. Lincoln wasn't no soldier, but if he'd seen he'd known it was a good slaughter pen and nothin' else.

"Me and Bob Aker was trudgin' along side by side, expectin' either one or t'other would drop. We was bosom friends. All of a suddint Bob pitched forward. I dropped out and bent over him. He just had time before he fell on t'other side to stretch out a hand with a ring on it and say:

"'Take it to Sue and tell her I want her to marry you instead of me.'

"I pulled the ring off his finger, and he died while I was a doin' it. Slippin' the thing on my own finger, I got up and hurried along to my regiment, though even in this short time the place where we'd been was as wide as a church door.

"Bob had had plenty of time to tell me all that was necessary, for he'd told me the rest often before. Laws, how the boy did talk about that gal! She was the loveliest thing on earth, so good, so gentle, so lovin'. Then he would say: 'It nearly kills me to think that I may git killed down here and some other feller'll take my place with her. If any man does I want you to be her husband, Bill. If I knew she was goin' to you it wouldn't seem so bad.' He'd often showed me the ring she'd given him, and he'd given her one in exchange.

"I was powerful affected by all this, seein' Bob killed right beside me and his turnin' his gal he couldn't have himself over to me. I tell you I was all broke up."

The old man took out his handkerchief, blew his nose and incidentally touched his eyes with the wipe.

"Oh, don't get maudlin', Jinks!"

"I came out o' that slaughter all right, and as soon as I'd got Bob a trifle out o' my mind I fell to dreamin' o' his gal. I'd go over plans to break the news of Bob's message and all about it. I wondered if I could persuade her to take me instead o' Bob and how long I'd be a-doin' it. There'd be lots o' delicacy required, and I didn't know how a rough chap like me could git down to it. The only thing I could do would be to do the best I could. I kind a thort that a good deal depended on my gittin' the gal, for I had some hold on her—Bob had made the request—and I didn't have a hold on any other gal and no prospect o' havin' any other hold.

"The war ended at last, and I'd 'a' gone straight to Bob's gal, but I was mustered out far from her home, and I didn't have no money to buy a ticket with. Besides, I was out at the seat o' the britches. So I had to go to work to git the cash. Of course when I got a place I couldn't git my employer to let me go off courtin' a gal whose heart was like enough buried down in Virginia. Anyway, I didn't like to ask him, and so I kep' a-puttin' the thing off and puttin' it off till a number of years went by. All that time I was pinin' for the wife that I was expectin' to git."

"By gum, Jinks, you air givin' us a romance, ain't you?"

"It was ten years before I got round to goin' to give Bob Aker's message.

"I remember [illegible] the day I went to the town she lived in, a village in a valley. I found the house, a little cottage with [illegible]."

"Oh, cut out them embellishments."

"There was a man [illegible] on the corner with his hands in his pockets chewin' tobacco. I went up to him, and to open conversation I asked him for a chaw. He give it to me, and then I asked if he knew [illegible] gal. He said he'd known her ever since she was knee high to a duck. When I told him that I was [illegible] Bob Aker's [illegible] when he was killed and he had sent a ring and a message by me.

"'What was the message?' the man asked.

"I kind o' wanted to get somebody to help me carry this load o' romance that was breakin' me down, so I showed him the ring and told him the hull story. He just faced me and stood looking into my eyes, and I knew that somethin' was workin' in his mind.

"'Young man,' he said, impressively, 'Bob Akers' gift married me a month before Bob was killed. If you want to give her the ring and relieve me I hain't no objection to your doin' it. You may have fought in the war, but you can't wrastle with her—no man can.'"

"For heaven's sake, Jinks, is that your romance?"

"He's made it out of whole cloth. The reason he hain't got a wife is 'cause he couldn't git one."

ROSES AND THORNS.

An Old Eastern Legend and Its Application to Human Life.

> This world we're living in
> Is mighty hard to beat.
> You get a thorn with every rose,
> But ain't the roses sweet!

There is an eastern legend that when the beneficent Creator prepared the earth for man, causing it to bring forth herbs and trees pleasant to the eye and good for food, each bearing its seed within itself for propagating the kind, the roses had no thorns [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] plants were free from thistles, brambles and noxious weeds.

But the lust and injustice of man in their greedy eagerness to gather the flowers, each one selfishly striving to secure a larger share than his fellow, seemed likely to despoil the earth of its beauty and leave not even enough blossoms to perfect their seed and perpetuate their species. So the kindly All Father provided the roses with thorns for self protection and set a host of defenders of the more tender blossoms by causing thistles and briers to spring up around them like the guards of a castle or the bodyguard of a queen. And this is the reason for the thorns and briers—nature's protection against human greed.

The legend has a wider application. The roses typify the pleasures of life and the thorns its pains. A life of ease and pleasure was not only useless, but satiating. It would demoralize him who indulged in it. Satiety despoils the rose of its beauty and the violet of its fragrance; hence has nature [illegible] [illegible] pleasure the reward of virtuous effort and punishment over-indulgence with penalizing suffering, in the end that greed may be restrained and self control developed with its attendant virtues of temperance, kindness, industry and thrift.—John B. Stoll in South Bend Times.

FOES TO SUCCESS.

Don't Be a Victim of Timidity, Shyness or Self Consciousness.

Timidity, shyness and self consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness and achievement. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self conscious. They think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do and are kept from trying to realize their great life dreams because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

A Congregation of One.

In his younger days the Rev. Sir Charles Lee, D. D., was a [illegible] minister in a scattered country and getting rich at £40 a year. On one occasion on the Sabbath day the windows of heaven opened and there was a deluge on a small scale. The young minister of course was at his post, but only one member of the congregation had the courage to turn up, an old farmer. Candidus Lee suggested that in view of the terrible weather they should adjourn to his study and hold their devotions there.

"No, no," said the old highlander. "It is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also.' You are one and I'm one, and there's the twa, and you'll keep the [illegible] an' [illegible]." And there was a [illegible] for a congregation of one.—London Globe.

[illegible]

The [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a meeting at Church Hazel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a sufficient [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by the arrival of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] coming out, found his way to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] back again and found the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] could [illegible] a perfectly happy man.—London [illegible].

[illegible]

"An' one other thing I want you to remember when you build the [illegible] [illegible] put one of them [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that money can build."

"An elastic step, madam?"

"Yes; I was readin' how Miss [illegible] [illegible] had an elastic step, an' I want mine just like it or better."—Houston Post.

Reasoning.

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] character.

ROCHESTER N. Y.