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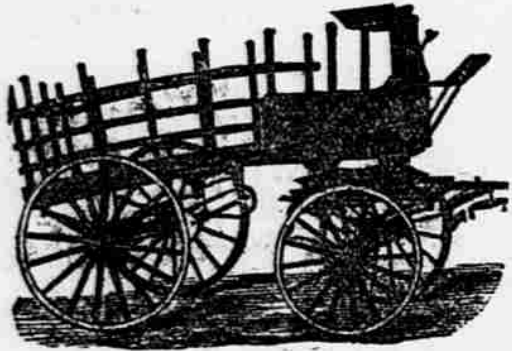
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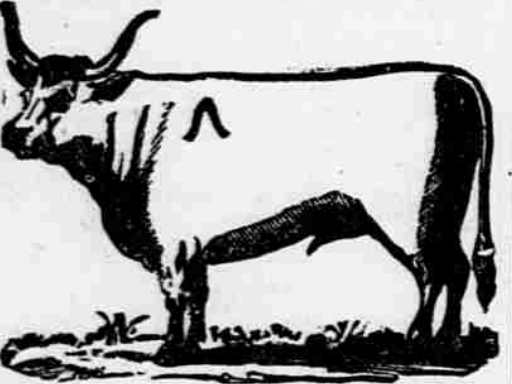
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Under Contract.

A man who was taking in some of the sights at Brighton the other day was led to notice a short-haired young man in a loud check suit, who was accompanied on his rounds by a couple of younger chaps, who seemed to dote on him and to imitate his actions as far as possible. After awhile he with the short hair seemed to get up an aching for a row, and he drove the first peg by approaching the man in a swaggering way and impudently demanding:

"Is you the cove that's got a cigar fer me?"

He received an emphatic negative, when up went his eyebrows, and he continued:

"De cove is inclined to be sassy, but perhaps it's 'cause he don't know me. Chollie, you and Dan give him an eye-opener," and while he assumed a supposed graceful pose, with his hat planted over his ear, "Chollie" approached and whispered:

"He's bad--awfully bad! He's de wickedest fightah in New York, he is. He's going to challenge any kid of his age to a finish--any kid in de world."

"He'd better go and dig for clams!" growled the man.

"What's dat?" demanded the awfully bad. "De cove wants his eye punched, and if it wasn't fur dat copper over dere I'd do it. Perhaps he'll do me de honoh to step around behind de pavilion!"

The man said he would and did, and as he reached a secluded spot and peeled his coat the wickedest observed:

"I begs de cove's pardon, but I just remembered dat I am under contract not to fight until I meets de Oswego Whirlwind. I should like to put him to sleep, but it would beagin de contract."

It was suggested that the other two might sail in for him, but he replied:

"Chollie is me trainer and Dan is me backer, and it would be agin de contract."

The man then suggested that he had a licking in store for the three, and that he should begin business in thirty seconds; but before fifteen had elapsed he was alone.

Lovers of Gems.

William Hunt, the artist, and Henry Ward Beecher used often to meet at Mr. Remick's in Boston, and each was fond of pointing out new gem beauties to the other. One day, while Mr. Beecher was looking over the contents of the safe, he came across a bit of chaledony.

"Ah," said he, "do you know you've got a piece of the gate of heaven here? If you know a fellow who isn't likely to see paradise soon, just bestow this on him to carry as a glimpse of comfort and heavenly beauty."

A little while after Hunt lounged in.

"Here," said Mr. Remick, "is a piece of the gate of heaven--Beecher says so."

"How does he know?" was the reply.

"Oh," said Mr. Remick, "he lives nearer than you or I, and I believe he is in sight of it most of the time. He told me to give it to somebody that wasn't sure to see it in a hurry, so I'll hand it over to you."

Little did either dream how near the recipient was to the entrance of paradise. It was but a few weeks after that the sad accident which lost to America one of her greatest artists. But before his death he had chosen a mounting for his bit of chaledony and sent it to his favorite sister Miss Jane Hunt, who still wears it as an amulet.--Ladies' Home Journal.

Rising and Falling in Church.

A well known Indiana member of congress had as a visitor recently a constituent from the backwoods who was not very well acquainted with the interior of the house of divine worship, but who had thoroughly determined that he would see everything there was to be seen at the national capital during his stay here. Sunday morning, therefore, he announced that he was going to church.

Now, the Indiana member was not much of a churchgoer himself. In fact, he usually devotes his Sunday mornings to his correspondence, which has fallen behind in the course of the week. He allowed his constituent to wander off by himself to find a place of worship. About 1 o'clock the Indiana man returned. His host asked him where he had been. He responded in a matter of fact sort of way that he had been to a well known Episcopal church in the neighborhood, which he named.

"How did you get along?" said the host. "Didn't you feel a bit strange?"

"Oh, no," said the Indiana man solemnly. "I felt all right. I riz and fell with them every time."--New York Tribune.

A Long Ride.

In November, 1889, Capt. Pyevzoff, a cossack officer, started from the town of Bielovetchensk, on the river Amoor, to ride across Siberia and Russia to St. Petersburg, a journey of 5,300 miles, nearly a quarter of the distance around the globe. He travels quite alone on an ordinary cavalry horse; carries his own provisions, makes about fifty miles a day, and is armed from head to foot for protection against robbers. He has met with intense cold, the thermometer showing 58 degs. below zero, but he is in good health and spirits.--Montreal Star.

Just How She Escaped.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Early in the '60s I was a railroad telegraph operator down in Georgia," said he, "and I had a mighty narrow escape from being lynched one day. It was in the afternoon. A gang of darkies came along to where my station was, about three miles from any human habitation. They had in their grasp a beautiful young white girl, and they tied her fast to one rail of the track, right before my eyes. They then stood there, and pointing revolvers at my head said if I interfered in any way they would murder me. Five minutes before the Atlantic express was due they departed, leaving the girl on the track to be cut in two by the train. I was in terrible suspense. I knew I would be called a coward and a cur if I allowed that girl to be killed, but I was afraid to signal the train to stop, because I knew the darkies would kill me if I did. But I was going to save my position anyhow. Just as the train passed my signal station I ran down the track and with a pair of pliers cut the wire connecting the signal to the station. By doing this I thought I could tell the railroad officials that the vandals had cut the wire so that I could not signal the train. See the fine point? Well, while I was cutting the wire the wind came up suddenly and blew a perfect tornado. Big oak trees were blown over so that their tops touched the ground, and I had to hang on to the track so that I wouldn't be blown away. Well, when I went up the track I saw those darkies running away, and I supposed that the girl had been cut in two. I was prepared to look upon a horrible sight, but, to my great joy and utter astonishment, she was still alive. I cut the rope with my pliers and released her. I carried her tenderly up to the signal station, bound up the gashes made in her limbs by the rope, and--"

"And what?" asked somebody.

"And I asked her to be my wife."

"What did she say?"

"She thanked me for my bravery and softly murmured: 'Yes.'"

"But how was it the train didn't kill her?"

"I never found out until two years afterward. Then I met the engineer of that very train. He explained to me that just as the train was about to strike the girl that a heavy gust of wind came along. It was so powerful that it lifted one side of the train over, making it run on one rail for about 500 feet before it fell back on the other rail. It so happened that the girl was tied to the rail from which the wheels raised, and that's how she escaped."

The Mystery of Dimples.

Certain beautifiers declare that even in the adult they can produce dimples by a semi-surgical process. This may be, but, after all, the secrete spring of the dimple is the soul. As the latter overflows with smiles the face assumes a radiance that art cannot imitate. Blue eyes or black sparkle as the light rushes upward from its hidden caves, cheeks glow and dimples appear. For a girl, two dimples, one at each corner of the mouth or near those points, are a lavish gift. The daintiest smile will bring them out well defined and ravishing, a broad grin will expand them into furrows. Therefore it is woman's privilege to smile, if she has dimples. This is no news to the fair sex. A woman with dimples would not lose one for the world. She is very careful of them, and regulates her smiles to the capacity of her dimples.

Moreover, by smiling a woman may produce a pretty good imitation of a dimple--a dimpleoid, the dermatologists would call it. Young girls practice this before a mirror, and with remarkable success. A half hour a day for about two years is generally sufficient to produce good results. The operation is simple. First, carefully ascertain the effect of an ordinary smile. Note the expansion of the mouth. Next place a thumb and forefinger, one in each furrow made by the smile; then alternately relax and contract the smile, at the same time pressing heavily on the furrows. One thing must be avoided in order to give the operation a fair trial. In eating be careful to move only the jaws during mastication. Do not move the whole face. Many a darling dimple, by the latter error, is lost irretrievably. And, above all, practice the same smile without deviation.

She Was Tired of Life.

"I have worked until I am tired out." Thus began a note written by Mary L. Eaglesfield, of Utica. "Bury me in the Potter's field--anywhere--only lay me to rest." A few more words closed her note, and then the girl purchased a vial of laudanum, made her way to the St. Agnes cemetery and swallowed the fatal draught. Some hours later she was found dead. Rest, eternal rest had come.--New York Evening Sun.

COSTA RICA'S latest scheme for raising money and the purpose for which it is to be raised are novel, to say the least. A new theater is wanted at the capital, and an export duty has been placed by congress on coffee in order to raise the necessary money. However, as only \$200,000 is needed for the purpose, the tax will not last long.

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