

COMEDY IN COURTSHIP.

Watch each other through the room, Hate the sunlight, love the gloom, Give the bonbon me a boom; Just engaged. Speak of "angels without wings," Watch the style of wedding rings, Do a thousand foolish things; Just engaged. Fawns around her brother Mike, Brings her "Dreams" by Marvel Ik— Which the maid assumes to like; He's engaged. Leaves off smoke and beer from date, Goes to church to sit with Kate, Puts two dollars on the plate; He's engaged. Hastens on her friends to call, Blithe and gay announces all Schemes for keeping "Old Maid's Hall;" She's engaged. Chooses bridesmaids ten or eight, Buying gowns to deck her fete; She's engaged. Go to play and opera, Sing the "gobbie" and the "baa," Have a fight about "Rocheat;" Disengaged. Maiden weeps the long night through, Lover's beautifully blue, Life's a tragedy for two. Not engaged. Deep the chasm 'tween the twain, Morning—has it come it vain? But to rouse despair again? Not engaged. Hark! a ringing at the door, And a voice, "Miss Kitty Moore?" Kisses bridge the chasm o'er; Re-engaged.

MISS ELLISON'S "FOURTH."

By Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in the Boston Traveller. Miss Julie Ellison was feeling somewhat disturbed and anxious. She was a pretty little lady, well out of the twenties, having passed her thirtieth birthday. But so busy and engrossed had been her daily life from the time of her leaving school at sixteen, until now, she had long since come to regard herself as quite a middle-aged, settled-down, maiden lady. Her parents died during her childhood, and her home had been with an uncle, aunt and one cousin, until, at the age of sixteen, she became apprenticed to a milliner, since which time she had taken care of herself. After serving a proper term of apprenticeship, she had moved to a considerable distance from her former home, having heard of a pleasant place which was quite destitute of a milliner. And here she was living in the pretty village of Benville, where her skill at her trade joined with her attractive person and lady-like manners, had conduced to build up quite a profitable business. But she lived alone in her little rooms over the store, and always expected to live alone, and if she sometimes had day-dreams such as younger and fresher maidens indulge in, no one was ever wiser for it, nor did they ever do her any harm. Several years before the uncle with whom she had lived died, leaving her aunt and cousin, a person of about her own age, in very moderate circumstances. And now she had received a very disturbing letter from the latter, telling of her aunt's death, and asking if it would be agreeable to have her come and assist her in business, she too having been instructed in the secrets of bonnet making, but not feeling the confidence requisite for starting out for herself. To tell the truth, little Miss Ellison did not exactly want her cousin to come. Not but what she, Miss Julie Ellison, was one of the most unselfish, kind-hearted persons imaginable, but there were two reasons which would force themselves upon her recollection. In the first place she had become reconciled to regarding herself as a creature of a past fashion, and her natural inclination was to depreciate herself rather too much. "But that was not so bad," she reflected audibly, "as long as there was only one of us, but come to have two in the same house, I'm afraid people will get sick and tired of us." And then she was forced to remember that during those days of hapless orphanage, cousin Frances was not at all ways kind, constantly showing a jealous, suspicious disposition toward poor Julie, who was much the better scholar of the two, which resulted frequently in trying disturbances, entirely the result of Frank's ill-temper. But then her uncle and aunt had cared for and sheltered her when there was no one else to do so, and although they might have been more just and gentle on some occasions, yet they were kindly and well-meaning in the main. So it never for a moment occurred to little Miss Ellison to refuse Frank's request. "But I don't remain here," she said aloud to herself, following the habit of many solitary persons of conversing with themselves; "I'll have a little larger store and more ample rooms—oh, I wonder if Mr. Dinsmore would rent me that neat little house with the store in front, on the Dinsmore road!" "How rich he must be to own so many houses and so much land, but there! he's as much alone, and as poor off as to folks as I am, when it comes to that, though it is not very becoming of me to be making comparisons between him and myself, I must say; and she fairly blushed at what seemed her audacity. "Well, now, what shall I do?" she asked. "Here it is the very last day of June, close upon the Fourth, and I think Frank had better come right away so as to help me move, if move I do this summer; but first I'll write a note to Mr. Dinsmore asking if he can let me have that house; and come to think of it, I'll write both notes to-night, so as to start them off early in the morning." She took up pen and paper, first carefully directing two envelopes, one to Mr. Frank Dinsmore, Benville Heights, the other to Miss Frank Ellison, of C—.

She had just concluded both letters when the friendly postman passed her door bowing blandly. Thinking it would save her a trip to the postoffice in the morning, she asked the postman if he would kindly mail them for her, and as he readily consented, "with pleasure," she hastily caught up her missives, placing Mr. Dinsmore's note in the envelope addressed to her cousin Frank, and enclosing the one designed for her, in the envelope directed to Mr. Dinsmore. Mr. Frank Dinsmore was a disappointed man. The alternate heat and cold of over forty years had passed over his head without finding him altogether a wiser, as he grew an older man. Then he had been an ardent lover of gain and his coffers were overflowing, but their abundance failed to satisfy him as he had expected. It had been also for several years a pet dream that he would marry some beautiful, accomplished lady, and placing her over his fine establishment, would imagine himself the envy of his neighbors and associates. But the different fair and haughty creatures he had met at swell parties and summer resorts would suddenly become repugnant to him, as some slight test would almost invariably reveal their real characters—selfish and hollow. One afternoon upon returning from the city a little lady had entered the same car with himself, and something about her winning face and lady-like manner induced him to inquire as to whom she might be; and the gentleman next to him had replied that she was a Miss Ellison, a milliner living in the narrower part of the village. Mr. Dinsmore did not pursue his inquiries further, but said to himself while driving from the depot to his home, that he should certainly have sought an introduction to that sweet-looking little lady if she had not been a tradeswoman; but as usual, there were counteracting circumstances wherever any special attraction had seemed to present itself to him. So altogether, at the age of forty-two or three, he had come to regard life as a most vexing and unsatisfying problem. And on this particular morning of July 1, he was sitting solitary as usual in his elegant library, ruminating on the annoying recollection that in a few days would come the Fourth, when all the merry youngsters in town would keep up a tooting of horns, a blowing of trumpets, and a ceaseless snapping of fire-crackers from midnight to midnight again. "What should he do in the matter?" He believed he would go to the city, take a room at the hotel, and avoid it all. Just then the postman's ring made a little ruffle and break in his uneventful reflections, and the next moment a servant glided over the velvet carpet and handed him a letter. It was a small letter, in a queer little envelope of a bygone fashion, and the handwriting, neat and handsome, suggested to him the hand of a little lady. Breaking open the envelope and beginning to read, his look, which at first was one of simple curiosity, deepened into one of blank astonishment and disgust, as he read the following remarkable epistle: "MY DEAR FRANK—It would give me pleasure to see you at your very earliest opportunity. I imagine we are both of us lonely enough at times, and it may do us great good to meet and talk with each other. I particularly wish you would come if possible a little before the Fourth, as I am contemplating making some changes immediately after that date if matters work according to my desires, in which I would greatly like your assistance. It is my hope that your coming will result in great profit and happiness to us both. It surely will be my aim to further your interests in every way possible. Hoping to see you soon, I remain, Yours very sincerely, JULIE M. ELLISON. No. 30 Beach St., Benville, June 30, 18—." "What on earth is the woman driving at!" exclaimed Mr. Dinsmore, as he laid the letter on his knee and folded his hands before him, regarding the note as if it was some distasteful little monster. "What on earth does she mean?" he repeated, "addressing such a letter to me? I wonder what she takes me for? The very little lady, too, whose looks only recently so strongly attracted me." He arose and going across to the window continued less excitedly, "A pretty, modest looking little woman as ever I saw, the very last person in the world I should imagine could be guilty of this," and he glanced more leniently at the little sheet still held closely in his hand. "I don't know," he added slowly, "but it would be the very best punishment I could inflict to march boldly down there and ask an explanation of her singular communication. But no, that is just what she apparently wants me to do." All day long Mr. Dinsmore resolved, wavered and resolved, until by the time the tardy twilight came slowly on he was in a state of mind to say the least very unusual for a man of generally prompt and firm conclusions. To his own surprise he discovered that down deep in his heart was an inexpressible desire to go and find out little Miss Ellison's motive in addressing him with such freedom and presumption. The idea of there being any mistake in the matter never once occurred to him, but the most tantalizing consideration of all was his utter inability to reconcile the looks and bearing of little Miss Ellison with a letter of that character. Once or twice the thought crossed his mind that some one else might be playing a mean joke on either the lady or himself, but that seeming unlikely, he finally dismissed the idea as a most improbable one. "Well, both of it all!" he exclaimed impatiently, "I'll go at all events and see what she can say to clear up this foolish mystery;" and ringing a bell he ordered his carriage, and entering it soon after, directed the coachman to drive to No. 30 Beach street. Looking from her window, as the stars came slowly peeping out, little Miss Ellison saw Mr. Dinsmore alighting from her carriage. "Why, he's come himself to tell me about the house; how good of him!" she said to herself, and almost immediately upon the ringing of the bell, the door opened and little Miss Ellison, modest and blushing, invited Mr. Dinsmore to walk to the sitting-room.

Once seated, without embarrassment or the least apparent confusion, the little lady informed her caller, she supposed he had been kind enough to come personally to talk with her about the renting of his house. And without waiting for a reply, she went on to say, that her present quarters being somewhat contracted, it was her object to secure more commodious ones, and it seemed to her the house on Dinsmore road would exactly answer her purpose. "This was a practical turn of events for which Mr. Dinsmore was hardly prepared. Here was a remarkably pleasing little lady, making a simple business proposal, in a well-worded speech entirely free from the least approach to undue freedom or familiarity. He noticed her small and well shaped hands; also what a neatly slipped, tiny foot peeped from beneath the muslin ruffle of her dress. The plants blooming in the window seemed fresher and sweeter than the profusion of flowers in his own ample beds, and the trim, tarlatan covered bird cage had a look so homelike and simple, he almost sighed at the total absence of anything like sentiment in the little lady's yet so dainty manner. Poor Mr. Dinsmore was more pleased than ever. That she had written to him was demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, but how could she so apparently ignore with such cool ease the real tone of her invitation. "She may be a clever actress," he reflected; at all events I will sound her somewhat; the letter she wrote justifies my doing so." Every word of that letter was clearly in his mind's eye, and as a first allusion to its singular sentences, he suggested that she must be lonely living all by herself. Her fair face flushed a little, as she replied that she had become used to solitude, not only because of living alone, but her early orphanage had left her a very lonesome child, and as the years rolled on she had known nothing better. "But now," she added cheerfully, "I am contemplating making quite a change," unconsciously quoting the words of her letter. "Yes, so I understand," he replied dryly. "Oh, I don't mean only as regards moving," she rejoined hastily, "but I am anticipating having a companion very soon, so I am particularly glad I can have the other house." Then he thought he would sound her a little further. "I hope the arrangement will result in great profit and happiness to you both," he remarked gravely. Something which sounded familiar in his phrase, made little Miss Ellison flush again slightly, which Mr. Dinsmore immediately charged to an awakening conscience, but the practical reply, that that of course remained to be proved, rather nonplussed him. "I believe you particularly wished to see me before the Fourth," he remarked, still voting. "Yes," she replied, "but I expected to call and see you, instead of troubling you to come so far. You are very kind, and I'm greatly obliged, I am indeed," she added demurely. "What a sly puss a woman is, to be sure!" reflected Mr. Dinsmore; "but I'm not quite done with you yet, my little lady," he added mentally. "I suppose you would greatly like my assistance in moving," he observed. Again that conscious flush, as if at some vague recollection caused by his words, but she hastened to assure him there was no way in which he could possibly do so, and her genuine look of surprise at so strange a proposal, again baffled and half vexed him. "I will make a last desperate attempt," he thought. "If you should have occasion to address me again, Miss Ellison," he said, "I trust you will remember that my name is Frank." A puzzled look was her only answer, then so grieved an expression spread over her face that Mr. Dinsmore would have given much to recall the remark. He felt convinced that had Miss Ellison made any verbal reply it would have been, "I took you for a gentleman." Taking as graceful a leave as possible, he drove rapidly home, and standing before the mirror in his own richly furnished chamber he paid himself a memorable compliment: "Frank Dinsmore, you're the most mistaken, ungentlemanly fellow I happen to be acquainted with!" Mr. Dinsmore's call had left little Miss Ellison in a mixed state of mind. She was pleased at having secured the house desired, but was much tried at his remark concerning her manner of addressing him. "Can it be," she asked herself, "that I have made a mistake? Yet everybody calls him Frank, and it certainly was considered proper to use a gentleman's full name in writing an address when I was taught about such things." The morning of the third of July Mr. Dinsmore was slowly pacing the front piazza, when the postman came up the steps. After exchanging a few friendly words the postman remarked: "I found a little lady in some perplexity this morning concerning your name; it was little Miss Ellison of Beach street. She said she had addressed you as Mr. Frank Dinsmore, but feared there was some mistake. I told her she was all right, and I remember," he added, "that I mailed a couple of letters for her a few evenings ago, one addressed to you, and the other to Miss Frank somebody. It looked kind of funny to see the same given name on both letters, and one for a lady and the other for a gentleman. Good day, sir," and the postman continued his rounds. Then Mr. Dinsmore's naturally acute senses came to his assistance. The companion little Miss Ellison was expecting was the Miss Frank somebody, and by mistake he had received her letter. What a dolt and an idiot he had made of himself, to be sure! But he would go the next night, the night of the Fourth, and as kindly as possible explain her mistake, and assure her it was the merest mishap possible. "I'd go to-night," he soliloquized, "only that other Frank has probably just arrived, so instead of going to the city I'll remain here and make a Fourth of July call." He was surprised and half vexed to

find what a relief it was to discover little Miss Ellison was probably the little lady she had always appeared, and taking one of the piazza east chairs he sat dreaming of how home-like and comfortable her cosy room had looked, how delicate her hands were, and half unconsciously he reflected on the way the tiny, slipped foot had peeped from the muslin ruffle. There was undeniably a pleasurable sensation somewhere around the heart at the anticipation of making a second call on little Miss Ellison. Just then the crack of a small pistol disturbed his meditations. "I declare," he said, "the boys are beginning to celebrate already." How long Mr. Dinsmore had been sleeping that night is uncertain, but he was suddenly awakened by the cry of "fire!" Springing up he looked from the window in a direction opposite, and at quite a little distance he saw that the flames were making rapid headway. Hailing a boy who was passing, he inquired where the fire was and the boy called back, "They say it's some woman's house over on Beach street." In about five minutes, Mr. Frank Dinsmore, the wealthy, easy-going bachelor of forty-two or three, was hurrying along the village streets towards the fire. Arriving at Beach street, his worst fears were realized—little Miss Ellison's pretty tenement was enveloped in flames, and she was standing watching it, half dressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders and the tarlatan-covered bird-cage in her hands. A loud-voiced woman was just saying with her crude but genuine kindness: "You'd better a great sight come to my house and not stand watching them plants burn up. 'Taint no use cryin' over spilt milk, specially you that's been that kind to poor folks that doors enough'll open for you, and I sh'd think, Ionesome as you've been, 'twould be pleasant like to go where there's folk's for a change." Mr. Dinsmore was close enough to see the heartick look on the pretty face, and stepping up to her and gently taking the bird-cage, he said almost in a tone of authority, "Miss Ellison, you must come home with me immediately; my housekeeper will be glad to make you comfortable, and you look tired and worn." She turned like an obedient child, and taking his proffered arm, he realized that she was trembling so violently it was with difficulty she walked or spoke. "I suppose this involves quite a loss for you," he said kindly. "Yes," she answered wearily, "but I'm used to losses, and I'm so thankful to have saved Dickey." "How did it come about, I wonder," he said half to himself. "They say a fire-cracker lodged on the roof, but it does not signify. I shall have to start again," she said, with a dreary little laugh, "and I do not care so much for myself, but others will have to feel my misfortunes of to-night; that troubles me most." The housekeeper did make little Miss Ellison very comfortable for the remainder of the night, but in a few hours it was time to arise, and prepare as best she could for breakfast. When she entered the dining room, Mr. Dinsmore was amused and surprised to see how differently Miss Ellison looked in one of the housekeeper's dresses, than that functionary did herself, for although 'twas "a mile too big for such a little lady," as kindly Mrs. Keats said, yet nothing seem'd to set ungracefully on little Miss Ellison's trim figure. Mr. Dinsmore had not closed his eyes since returning from the fire, but during hours of careful reflection, had decided what he should say to his pretty little guest in the morning. After breakfast he led the way to the library. By dint of a few well directed questions he learned the simple story of her lonely life, and noticed how unselfishly she regretted not being longer able to extend to "poor cousin Frank" her needed assistance. "But why not let her come and build her up the business for herself, the same as you had done?" he asked. She looked at him in amazement. "I must go this moment," she said, rising with a cheery laugh, "and see what I can do about first building it up for myself." "Miss Ellison!"—an expression of such embarrassment for a moment swept over Mr. Dinsmore's face, that without knowing why, little Miss Ellison blushed painfully. "Miss Ellison," he repeated, "please remain seated while I tell you something. I am convinced you recently made a slight mistake which I hope will result in great happiness to us both. You unconsciously—mind I say unconsciously—invited me, as I supposed to visit and help you, and what I now propose doing is to simply reverse the style of invitation and beg you will remain here and help me." Little Miss Ellison being utterly in the dark as to his meaning, there was a moment of silence. "You evidently sent me by mistake," continued Mr. Dinsmore smiling, "the letter intended for your cousin Frank; but never mind," he hurried on, "I repeat emphatically what I have already proposed; why not let your cousin come and take your trade, and you stay and be my companion? I'm sure never was companionship more needed, never could a little friend be more warmly welcomed or appreciated." Little Miss Ellison was not naturally obtuse, nevertheless it took Mr. Dinsmore a long time to convince her of the entire sincerity of his proposal. But by the time the pale stars came out, and they were serenely seated close beside each other on the piazza settee, matters had been settled so beautifully for the future that each knew it was the happiest "Fourth" they had ever dreamed of. And a year afterwards, when Miss Frank Ellison was doing a flourishing business as the milliner of Benville, little Mrs. Frank Dinsmore, sitting with her one evening on the piazza settee, told, half seriously and half laughingly, of her "blessed little mistake," which certainly had resulted "in great benefit and happiness" to her dear husband and herself. Ladies at Newport ride before breakfast with a groom "half a mile behind." It is said to be good for the complexion—the ride not the groom.

GEN. EAGAN IN DISGRACE.

Sad Downfall of a Man Who Fought in the Battle of Gettysburg. N. Y. World. "You have indeed fallen low," was the sad remark of Justice Solon B. Smith at the Tombs yesterday to an aged man, who showed every indication of a tramp. "For God's sake forgive me, Sol," pleaded the man. "Liquor has been my curse. For ten years I have been its slave. But from this day forth I will be a changed man. I will quit drinking and make a solemn vow that not another drop of that poison will pass my lips again." "It has now such a strong hold upon you that you couldn't stop it if you tried ever so hard," remarked the judge. "And besides, where could you go? You have no home, your wife won't recognize you any more, and your friends pass by with horror and disgust." "Well, what of it?" said the prisoner. "I can live on forty millions, can't I? What need I care for them?" "Forty millions? Why, you haven't got forty cents," said Justice Smith. "I tell you, Sol, I have it." "How did you become possessed of it?" "Why, I've earned it, to be sure. Where else do you think?" "Drinking has somewhat unbalanced your mind and I'll change the complaint against you into insanity," said the court. "You will be better treated in an asylum than in the workhouse. Officer, remove him." "Please, judge, will you let another officer take him?" said Court Officer Maurice Finn, whose eyes were filled with tears. "Why can't you?" said the justice, in a tone of surprise. "He was my general in the war, your honor," said Finn, "and he was so kind to me that I don't like to repay him in this way, though I know it is done for his good. He treated the men who fought under him as he would his brothers. It is sad for me, sir, to see my old, dear commander in such a position as this, and I and others will see that he is properly cared for at the asylum." The man was none other than Brigadier-General Thomas Eagan, who fought in the battle of Gettysburg under General Meade, and was a participant of almost every battle at that time. At the close of the war he was made an internal revenue officer. BENEDICT ARNOLD'S VAULT. Light Let Into a Secret Chamber in the Old Arnold House at New Haven. New Haven Dispatch in the Boston Globe. An interesting discovery has been made by Thomas Alling at the Benedict Arnold house in Water street. In taking out a portion of the garret floor he found a vault, which is supposed to have been used by Arnold during the war of the revolution as a hiding place for suspects or fugitives whom he wished to befriend. The lifting of some of the garret floor planking revealed the pocket or vault underneath. It is about four and one-half feet deep and six feet square, and is plastered on the sides. Two or more persons could remain in concealment there without being crowded. The vault is located by the side of the large old-fashioned chimney. On the floor adjacent to the vault formerly stood a large bookcase, and it is supposed that through this entrance was obtained to the hiding place. Inside the vault are plain evidences of a former staircase extending to a small enclosed space on another side of the chimney. This place, which is now plastered up, is supposed to have been a sort of a closet. Whether Arnold used the vault for secreting Tories or the patriots, or built it to afford a retreat for himself, no one knows. That it should have remained undiscovered until Mr. Alling accidentally found it shows that it was well designed for the purpose which led to its construction. Once Upon a Time. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle. How quiet was the farm that afternoon! Everything nodded and oozed in the sun or rested in the shade. How the sun streamed down on meadow and field! The corn blades drooped and wilted. In the old hill field I could see the men in the wheat, their arms swaying in perfect rhythm with the swinging cradles. And how like the silver bright blades flashed as they turned! The bees droned and drummed lazily about the old-fashioned "cypress" under the sitting-room windows. We always called it "cypress," you know, because that wasn't the name of it; and they buzzed in vagrant fashion up and down the long rows of flowers that lined the path to the front gate. The morning-glories had closed their bright eyes of blue and pink, but a forest of four-o'clocks were getting ready to wake up, the hollyhocks stood up like blossoming bean poles. I always used to think that Aaron's rod, when it brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms, "looked like a hollyhock; it yielded almonds, but it looked like a hollyhock, I know. The breath of the old-fashioned pinks—no, dear, they were not carnations; they had no carnations then; they were just pinks—came sweetly on the air; and the frowsy bush of "old man" at the corner looked old and wilted indeed; in the blazing heat a tall group of sunflowers stood up like a cluster of hospitable umbrellas; the big bunch of "ribbon-grass" looked as reasonable as a striped summer silk, with the larkspurs drooping over it on one side, and on the other a group of "rugged robins" standing up, cherry and blue as the skies. As though it was not sensibly warm enough to sight as well as feeling, a colony of poppies stood blazing away above their pale leaves, while the coxcomb and prince of Wales feather, add an unnecessary touch of warmth to the parterre. And here, there, everywhere—and trying to get somewhere else—the "Bouncing Bets" swarmed all over the garden, crept through the garden-fence, and ran right along in the corners and right by the dusty roadside, among the disreputable dog-fennel and pheasant rag-weed, clear down to where the big slough crossed the road. I lay under the big

Morello cherry tree by the new well—the one near the house, you remember, seventy-eight feet deep, and yielded the coldest, clearest water in America—and lazily watched a few straggling fleecy clouds sailing aimlessly across the blue skies, as though they had lost their reckoning, and were only waiting to be picked up and set right. I could hear the old clock tick solemnly away in the sitting-room. It limped a little on its way around the dial, and always ticked loudest on the left-hand swing of the pendulum; and it had a startling way of going off at unexpected times in a funny sort of noise that sounded like a cough or chuckle, whichever would scare you most. The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting room door-seat. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work-bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new single-tree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed each other's voices; but I could very plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book, listening to them, and trying to guess their thoughts from their disjointed, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of leaves stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the stray note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while "the singers were over with the business of the house," while the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet, they break forth into singing. How Mrs. O'Harris Turned. Detroit Free Press. The other night a laboring man named O'Harris was drinking beer and playing cards in a Grand River avenue saloon, when somebody asked him what sort of a wife he had. "The humblest, docilest little woman in all this world," he replied. "Doesn't she ever say anything about your spending your evenings away from home?" "Never a word." "And has she no objection to spending half of your wages in beer and cards?" "If she has she doesn't state 'em." "But won't she turn on you some dry? You know that even a worm will turn." "Faith and she will that. I've been going on in this way for the last fourteen years, and for the last two I've been looking for a climax. A wife suffers about so long and then she turns on you." Not more than five minutes had passed, and the men were busy with their cards, when a woman opened the door and slipped in. She stood for a moment to get a range, and then made a bee line for the laborer. Off went his hat, the hair flew in showers, and over went the table with its glasses and cards. Five or six frightened men rushed out doors in a body, the last one helped along by a push from a chair, and as the laborer took the middle of the street and gathered himself together for some tall roaring he cried out, with a lump in his throat: "It's my wife, and she's turned at last. I'd like to see the worm which would upset seven men and a saloon in the elegant manner just witnessed inside." Alcohol and the Heart Beats. As a rule, it is well to let the processes of life in our bodies go on without noticing it, for doubtless it would make us very nervous to have the internal machinery in motion before our eyes. But to prevent people from abusing that delicate machinery, it often becomes necessary to show it; and if a person addicted to wrong indulgence is made "nervous" by the sight, it may save him from being made something far worse. Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar, by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says seventy-four." I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy." I then lay down on the lounge, and said: "Will you take it again?" He replied, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing?" I then said, "when you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by 8 hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night. "When I lie down at night without any alcohol that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper' which you say is the soul of man below." It was a Boston lobster which astonished New York fish dealers, after all. The creature was two feet long, had a tail spread out like a full grown fan and a claw measuring seven inches across, and from tip to tip the claws measure forty-two inches. Women in the churches at Bowling Green, Ky., have to take out boarding-house licenses before they can give charitable suppers and the like.