

RALPH'S MISTAKE.

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Dusenbury's musical voice, and a faint shrug of the widow's graceful shoulders conveyed the impression of an underlying sneer.

"What's that?" Ralph Entresol asked, following his companion's glance to a little alcove on the opposite side of the brilliant parlor, in which stood some very handsome flowering plants in full blossom. A piquant girlish face was bending over the central vase, a face sparkling with a fire and color that rivaled its surroundings. Ralph Entresol was not insensible to the allurements of the picture.

The widow saw and shrugged her shoulders again.

"Such a pity that Nora Payne should have broken with Burt Vansant. Everybody thought that was going to be a genuine love match, but I don't suppose there are such things nowadays."

"No?" questioned the wealthy lawyer, in his non-committal fashion, and still watching Nora with interested eyes.

"Vansant & Milligan failed last week, you know. Miss Nora, doubtless, thinks she can find a better market for her charms than a bankrupt merchant."

"Perhaps they were never engaged," Entresol remarked dreamily.

"Possibly. I don't see that it makes much difference, however. They were always together; the most devoted pair in the world, till recently. It was not Vansant's fault if they were not engaged, and the rupture now is certainly her doing. See, Mr. Entresol."

Mr. Entresol did see; he had never once removed his admiring eyes from Nora Payne's sparkling face. Burt Vansant stood now at the entrance to the alcove, and Nora was speaking with him, apparently in reply to some remonstrance or urging on the young man's part, for she shook her graceful little head emphatically and frowned slightly. Burt turned away presently and sauntered down the room, his handsome face wearing an expression of angry pain, while Nora looked after him a moment, still frowning.

Her glance, on its way home again, encountered the lawyer's. She colored vividly an instant, then laughed and nodded.

"She baits her hook very prettily. Go at once and be caught," laughed Mrs. Dusenbury, but she bit her carnal lips with vexation, as the lawyer, nothing loath, smilingly excused himself and crossed over to pretty Nora.

"She's an outrageous flirt, and that is what she is," muttered Mrs. Dusenbury from time to time, as the evening wore on without returning to the circle of her charms Ralph Entresol.

"He's an idiot though, if he marries her after what I told him."

And still the lawyer lingered and watched, in a sort of intoxication, the changeful ripple of Nora Payne's bright, expressive face, and bent his grave thoughtful eyes to the study of those other darkly sparkling orbs which Nora flashed in shy mischievousness at him.

"Come and see us, Mr. Entresol," Nora's papa said, as he claimed his little girl from the lawyer's obsequious arm later in the evening, when the party was breaking up.

"Yes, do, and I'll show you my cactuses. They are altogether finer than those we were looking at this evening," Nora echoed, letting a little velvet palm linger an instant longer than was necessary in Ralph Entresol's hand at parting.

"I suppose I am bewitched," the lawyer mused that night, as he lounged in an easy chair and slippers, and dreamily watched the ruby blaze in his piled up grate, instead of retiring sleepily to his couch. "At my time of life, too. But I'd like to know if it isn't enough to bewitch any man, the idea of basking one's life time in the sparkle and glow of such a pair of eyes as that Heigho."

And in due time he went to see Miss Nora's cactuses.

There is no calculating the movements of single gentlemen of a certain, or rather uncertain, age. A man may traverse the blooming ranks of young womanhood unmoved half his lifetime, and as he turns the corner, go down with a splash over head and ears in the sea of matrimony.

Ralph Entresol had known Nora Payne half her pretty lifetime, at least, without a tender thought in her connection till that evening, when, with Mrs. Dusenbury's sneers at the girl in his care, he looked across at her, standing among the geraniums and cactus buds, herself fresher and more blooming than any of them. Cupid transfixed the lawyer's heart at that moment, and, rash as your cautious people are upon occasions, he asked Nora that evening to marry him as they were looking at her flowers.

And Nora stammered and blushed, and pretended to be very much astonished, as doubtless she was, and then said:

"Yes."

"It was a surprise, papa," Nora said, in response to her father's curiously triumphant congratulations.

"I hoped for something of the sort when I asked him here. But it has come sooner than I looked for," said Mr. Payne with a long, sighing breath, that made Nora look at him wonderingly. "At least you are provided for now?"

"Why, papa?"

"It don't matter now," Mr. Payne said, dreamily; "it was you I cared for, my poor, motherless darling. I was heavily involved in the failure of Vansant & Milligan. I shall not be able to keep my head above water much longer."

"More trouble of Burt Vansant's making. I am glad that I refused his cousin Maud's address," Nora said, as she stole a caressing arm about her father's neck.

"Payne on the eve of failure?" Ralph Entresol had just happened upon the vague rumor, and somehow Mrs. Dusenbury's sneering words came back to him in the same breath. "And that is why she said yes, so readily," he thought, with a sharp twinge in the region of the heart, "and I was

fool enough to think that girl might love me as I do her."

However, he called upon Payne at his counting room that evening and offered to lend him enough to stave off ruin, if any reasonable sum would do. Payne almost shed tears as he accepted the offer.

"Don't tell Nora," Entresol stipulated.

"Ralph Entresol deserves you, dear," Mr. Payne said, as he gravely kissed his daughter that evening. "I hope you love him, Nora?"

"Mr. Entresol did not ask me to love him; he asked me to marry him," Nora said chillily. "I suppose he thought his money would supply all deficiencies of any kind soever."

"Entresol deserves to be married for himself," Mr. Payne repeated, but Nora made no reply.

The engagement was a short one, by Entresol's own desire; but, considerably to Nora's astonishment, he upon two distinct occasions offered her the privilege of receding from her promise if she hesitated any about fulfilling it. Each time she looked straight at him with clear, honest eyes, and asked:

"Do you wish the engagement broken, Mr. Entresol?"

"Certainly not; but I don't want an unwilling wife."

"I shall not be an unwilling wife."

And so the matter had ended.

The engagement days were oddly formal. Ralph Entresol, though undoubtedly very much in love, and reasonably prosperous in his wooing, did not seem happy, but quite the contrary.

Mr. Payne looked on and thought: "It is his way," and Nora shut her red lips very tightly and said to herself: "He don't deserve that any woman should love him."

And so the wedding day came, and a lovelier bride never wore tulle and orange blossoms, or made the heart of bridegroom thrill with solemn happiness.

"She looks happy," thought Ralph Entresol, as the little hand fluttered into his, and the sweet, arch face lifted itself brightly toward him, an instant before entering the waiting carriage.

"Is it impossible for a woman to find happiness in marrying so selfishly? I must teach her to love me. I must try to teach her to love me, she is such a child yet," and he suppressed a sigh.

The wealthy lawyer had prepared a home befitting the lovely young wife he was bringing to it.

"If she marries me for my money she shall have her price," he had said to himself gloomily, as he superintended the costly decorations and carefully attended to the perfecting of every interior arrangement.

Nora's rapture, as he conducted her over it upon their return from the wedding tour, would have been sweet to the ears of most bridegrooms; but Ralph Entresol listened with a gloomy countenance, an unsmiling, stern face.

Nora was not unmindful, and presently, when they had seen all, she stopped beside her husband, grave as he.

"It is all very beautiful," she said, "and I dare say I am a very unreasonable woman to find any lack amid such perfection, but I do."

Ralph Entresol stood with averted face, but he turned swiftly as she spoke, struck more by the tone than the words.

"Yes, Ralph, to my mind it all lacks one thing. If I cannot have that, it is all, beautiful as you have made it, valueless in my eyes."

"And what is that, Nora," he asked, in a low voice.

"It is the love and confidence of my husband."

"Nora!" with a start and a quiver, "you have always had that."

"Your love, possibly, but only in such stunted fashion as your entire failure of confidence prescribed. There is something between us, Ralph. What is it?"

"Oh, Nora."

"Tell me, my husband," and Nora drooped toward him as a blossom toward the sun, and lifted eyes deary and dark with emotion to his.

"Do you love me, Nora?"

The sweet, tremulous lips quivered into tender smiling.

"If you had ever asked me before I should have told you as I tell you now. Yes, Ralph," and Nora hid her face in her husband's arms, and the tears which would come now he kissed away, while he pleaded, not in vain, for forgiveness for the long doubt.

Man or Woman?

Whitehall Review.

One of the most remarkable historical mysteries on record, rivaling that of the identity of the man with the iron mask, is that of the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, who was French envoy to England in 1761. He acted as private agent to Louis XV, and lived in London for fourteen years. He was a handsome man of a rather effeminate appearance, and was noticed to be very shy of the ladies, and to avoid general society. While he was there the story got about that he was a woman, and the scandal thus aroused caused King Louis to recall his ambassador and order him to assume his proper dress, that of a woman. This she did, and was always afterward known as Mme. d'Eon. A life of this remarkable personage stated that she assumed the dress of a youth in order to secure higher educational opportunities, and thus entered the college Mazarin at Paris, and afterwards became doctor of laws, was the author of several learned volumes, and was introduced by Prince de Conti to the king. It was said that the king knew the secret of her sex, but for her remarkable talents selected her to undertake a secret mission to Russia, which was so well performed that she was afterwards sent to London. During the French revolution Mme. d'Eon again went to England, where she died in 1810. After her death it was asserted that the character of a woman was a disguise, and that Mme. d'Eon was a man after all. But the facts in the case are not regarded as proven either way. This curious personage, it might be remarked, never contracted a marriage in the character of either sex.

ODD FACTS AND FANCIES.

Comely girls of marriageable age are sold in Yokohama for \$16 each.

Berlin ladies carry waterproof cloaks with them when they go in bathing.

An insane woman in Castle Garden Sunday mounted a box and tried to auction off her baby.

The London courts have decided that a man is not at liberty to keep in his back yard a dog that barks and howls.

The latest novelty in the show business is an exhibition of noses, which has recently been held in Austria. Eighty persons competed for the prize.

Boston Old North church, in which Robert Newman displayed the two lights to Paul Revere, showing that the British came by sea, is going to be restored.

A San Francisco lawyer has written and copyrighted a sensational comic drama founded on the incidents of the Sharon divorce trial. Its title is: "Wife or Mistress, or, Althea's Dream."

England is shipping to Egypt the rolling stock of an eighteen-inch gauge railway. The line will be laid from the Red Sea to Berber, and the road will be used for the shipment of soldiers and military stores.

A famous veterinary surgeon was summoned by telegram to Scotland a few days ago by a well known lady, to meet the local adviser in consultation on the case of her favorite pug. He had to travel nearly 500 miles to reach his destination.

A new dish with which epicures tempt fate and give an impetus to stomach anodines is composed of sliced oranges, sliced pineapples, sliced bananas, sliced hard-boiled eggs, sliced cucumbers, vinegar and sugar. It is called a fruit salad.

There has been some discussion as to whether a lady should recognize a gentleman while he is having his shoes blacked on the street corner. Gentlemen have taken off their hats under such circumstances and have received the cut direct.

The average power of Niagara Falls is estimated at seven million horse power, and the cost of a plant necessary to utilize this power, transform it into electricity, and transmit it anywhere within a radius of 500 miles, at \$5,000,000,000.

If you want to have a letter to the pope surely reach its destination, inclose it in three envelopes, all three sealed and each one bearing this superscription:

To His Holiness Pope Leo III.,
Prefect of the Congregation of the Holy Office at the Vatican,
(Personal)

The prelate in charge opens the first envelope, then the second, but at the third he is obliged under penalty of excommunication, not to open it and hand it to the holy father.

The amount of absinthe drinking which takes place at Marseilles, where the cholera still lingers, is abnormal. The great street is the Rue Cannabiere, which is the boulevard Montmartre of Paris, raised in intensity. The shady side is an almost unbroken series of cafes, and from early morn till late at night usually the tables in front are occupied by Marseillais, with a little decanter full of syrup of gum and two or three bottles containing absinthe, from which they help themselves. Since the advent of the cholera these tables have been wholly deserted.

Value of Manners.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely around, selects for herself the warmest place in the room, perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the grate, curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her. No one calls her selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily, so gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an excess of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosom of all beholders! How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

A Russian Wedding Feast.

The banquet is ordered at some fashionable confectioner's. Nothing is wanting—silver, crystal, flowers and lustres laden with candles of the purest wax. The young married pair occupy seats about the middle of the table, the parents supporting them on both sides, the rest of the company take seats according to the degree of relationship or rank. If they want a grand dinner they order a "general's" dinner, which costs \$30 more than an ordinary one. At this dinner, so ordered, the master of ceremonies invites a real old pensioned off general, who is received with all the reverence due to his rank, and seated in the place of honor. He is the first to drink to the health of the young couple, and is always helped before any one else. He never speaks unless it is absolutely necessary. He is there only for show, and he does his best in return for the \$20 paid him. He never refuses a single dish of all the thirty or more served on such occasions. As the last roasts disappear from the table the champagne corks fly, the glasses are filled to the brim, the music strikes up, and huzzas resound from all parts. But here comes the bride's father with glass in hand, going up to her bowing and making a most woful face, saying that his wine was so bitter that he could not drink it until she had sweetened it. Af-

ter a great deal of pressing she rises and gives her husband a kiss; her father still pretends that his wine is bitter, and it remains so until she has given her husband three kisses; each kiss not only sweetens his wine, but is accompanied with roars of laughter and bursts of applause. After the dinner comes the ball and "the general's walk." They lead him through all the rooms once every half hour; everybody salutes him as he passes along, and he graciously replies by an inclination of the head. At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, all the young girls and those who dressed the bride take her away to undress her and put her to rest; the mendo the same by the husband. The next morning the house of the newly-married couple is again filled with the crowds of the evening before. The young wife is seated in a drawing-room on a sofa with a splendid tea service before her. One after the other approaches her and salutes her. She then offers tea, coffee or chocolate, according to the taste of the visitor. She is thronged for the first time in all splendor as the mistress of the house. The most intimate friends remain to spend the day with the young pair.

Making a Mash.

Yonkers Gazette.

"Henrico!"

"Andromeda!"

"The gods forbend, but this, though form and speech attest it, is surely not the classic face whereunto me lips do sometimes move with am'rous purpose!"

"Nay, but it is, sweet hour, and though there may be here and there a lineament disarranged, or features missing from its wonted place, yet do I swear thee 'tis the old, the oft-kissed countenance."

"Now, be me sire's crest, thou'rt dazing me. Why this, thy dial's front, belikes the pattern of some crazy quilt, or semblance the foms of some blasted sweetmeat mine where jellies multiple had met in mixed carouse."

"I like thy smiles, fair maid, exceeding well. They dove-tail nicely with results that do attest me mild indulgence in that fistic realm whose patron was the Duke of Huckleberry. 'Twas but a friendly joust; a match whereat—"

"Aye, surely 'twere a match! The lurid lightning of thy frontispiece doth that proclaim."

"Tush thee, thou prattler! 'Twere a match, I say, whereat both friendly rivalry and manly culture did meet—"

"That something met, thy countenance gives ample proof, and that they met as meet two toppling towers, e'en so it testifies."

"Why, girl, soft as thy downy pillow were the gloves we wore—"

"And softer yet this wreck of facial pulp wherewith thou greatest me. Had'st thou been bathing in an abbatoir thou couldst not glimmer with such bright veneer."

"And yet me every feature answers to the roll. But, had'st thou seen me rival, gentle one, ah! there were ruin worth thy studious gaze. One ear hung pendant by a filmy thread, his dental parts macadamized his throat, his dental cheek his nasal wings flapped if the gory air, and through the other facial rim peered bones that did of dexterous fracture hint. Ah! 'twere a dainty picture, dame, and breathed sweet tribute to the 'manly art.'"

Rome in the Last Century.

National Review.

It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its special locality, and, in lack of shop fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the coliseum and forum, and the arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was administered with circumstances of barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in carnival, was, in fact, the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And the condemned criminals dispatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantalons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burned on the Campo del Fiori, and for many years later the pilory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during the Napoleonic rule.

What a Good Bank Is.

B. B. Comegys in Barbers' Convention.

A bank may be said to be in good condition when it has an adequate capital (not too large); a contingent fund at least half as large (and no suspended debt or overdue paper); when its deposits are free of interest and three or four times the amount of its capital; when its dealers supply it with business paper to the extent of its needs; when liberal salaries are paid to its officers and clerks; when there is a trained man in reserve for every position that may become vacant; when there is a pension fund adequate to the comfortable support of its worn-out anybody; when it has a board of directors who are not content to be mere figure-heads, but who understand their business and remember their qualification oaths—directors who count the cash frequently and without notice to anybody; who insist that everybody employed in the bank shall take a vacation of at least two weeks every year, at which time another shall do his work; and who believe in this dogma, that "nothing is good enough that can be made better."

Gashoppers in Mexico.

Late advices from Vera Cruz say that myriads of locusts have appeared in that state, and notwithstanding that immense quantities of them have been killed, great destruction to crops has resulted in Yucatan and South Mexico; a hundred square miles of country are covered with the pest, and corn, grass and other crops are utterly destroyed. It is said that thousands of families, dependent upon small crops, will have to be supported by the government during the next six months.

THE NEWTOWN SLEEPER.

Strange Life and Death of a Connecticut Farmer's Boy.

A Newtown (Ct.) dispatch: One of the strangest of the many strange characters which this "land of steady habits" has given to the world was a resident of this delightful little town, in Fairfield county. His name was Sherman W. Platt, and he was known throughout the state as "the Newtown Sleeper." He was a somnambulist of the somnambulist, and the peculiar form which his malady took made him an object of general curiosity, as well as one of special interest to the medical experts of the county. Young Platt lived with his father, a well-to-do farmer, in the little hamlet of Dogdintown, in the southwestern part of this town. He was never a particularly brilliant child, but he was by no means a dullard, averaging in intelligence about with the ordinary farmer's boy.

The strange somnolent states which brought to him so unenviable notoriety were first noticeable soon after he passed into his "teens," and they continued nearly up to the time of his sudden and as yet unexplained death. When the disease—for it is generally considered among physicians that he was the victim of some strange and hitherto unknown intermittent malady—attacked Platt, he would go to bed and be at once wrapped in the soundest of slumbers. Efforts to thoroughly arouse him by shaking, dousing with baths of cold water, the application of electricity, and treatment of a similar nature, were always unavailing. He would remain in his trance-like condition sometimes for only a few days, but oftener the sleep would lengthen out into weeks, and sometimes even into months, his "best record" in any one of these trances, according to a generally accepted report here, being within a few days of five months. During this long period he seemed to have lost all power of intellectual effort, and when he recovered from such an attack the period of his sleep was all a blank to him. Instinctively, it seemed to those who watched him, he would rise from his couch at irregular intervals and partake of the food or drink that was constantly kept in his room to supply his wants. When hunger and thirst were abated he would at once return to his bed and continue his slumbers. When he arose at such times he would speak to no one, would answer no questions, pay no attention to any interference, and was seemingly oblivious of the fact that anyone was near him. A singular fact in connection with the case was that he did not seem to lose either health or strength during these prolonged slumbers, which it was naturally expected would wear out his vitality. Physicians who were called in from Bridgeport first, then from New Haven, and finally from New York, could give no explanation of the strange disease, nor could they suggest any remedy that was sufficient to effect a cure, though many tried their skill.

About a year ago, Platt having begun to frighten his parents by taking short walks out of doors while in his somnambulist state, his father applied to the prostrate court of this district, and Platt was sent to the asylum for the insane at Middletown. Application and commitment were on the theory that his peculiar malady was some form of insanity. He remained in that institution, where there were a few but short recurrences of his somnolency, until the 20th of last month, when he was discharged and returned to his home here. He seemed much depressed in spirits, and his mind seemed to wander at times. On the Monday following his return he wandered away from his father's house, and no trace of him could be had until the succeeding Saturday. On that day his body was found by one of a party of searchers in Sandford's pond. It was perfectly nude, and this added to the misery of his death. The theory was advanced that he had been drowned while bathing, and this was very generally accepted at first as the solution to the way in which he met his death, as there were no marks of violence on his person. Search was made all along the banks of the pond for his clothing, but it could not be found, as it was argued it certainly would have been had he been bathing in the pond. It is possible that the clothes had been found and appropriated by tramps, who sometimes frequent the shores of the pond. It is thought now that he committed suicide, becoming despondent because of the incurable malady with which he was afflicted. This theory is borne out by the fact that some of the people living near the pond remember having seen a man acting somewhat strangely near there the day after his disappearance.

A Novel Duel.

Boston Times.

That was a memorable encounter between the poet, Tom Moore, and the critic, essayist and jurist, Francis Jeffrey. Both of them were of keen and polished wit; both warm-hearted, generous, impulsive and more or less capricious. In 1806 Jeffrey attacked Moore's "Odes and Epistles" in the Edinburgh Review, denouncing them on account of their immorality. This was too much for the sensitive poet. He felt that blood alone could wash away the stain of that abominable criticism. Accordingly he challenged the traducer to mortal combat.

Jeffrey, though small of stature, was great in courage, and he straightway accepted the challenge and named pistols as the weapons. Seconds were selected and preliminaries arranged, when Moore bethought him that it would be necessary that he should provide himself with pistols, and further, as the challenging party, it would be proper for him to furnish weapons for both.

Now, deadly weapons of any kind Moore had never been partial to, and pistols he never owned—at any rate, proper dueling pistols—but he knew that his dear friend, Sir Robert William Spencer, owned beautiful pistols, and to him he applied, being obliged, of course, to tell what he wanted them for. Sir William cheerfully lent his pistols, and then as soon as the messenger was gone from his sight he hurried away to the Bow street office and engaged two officers of his acquaintance to hold themselves in readiness to prevent the two little peppery men from risking mortal damage to one another.

The duel was to be fought at Chalk farm early in the morning. Dr. Joseph Hume was Moore's second, while Francis Homer, of the Edinburgh Review, was second for Jeffrey, but others were on the ground, though not in sight, for both men had many friends who were deeply anxious. And there, on that ground chosen for deadly strife, Thomas Moore and Francis Jeffrey met, face to face, for the first time. They did offer to shake hands, but Jeffrey (he and his antagonist were now alone together, the others of the party being engaged in the solemn duty of loading the pistols) said: "What a beautiful morning it is!"

To this Moore answered: "Yes," and then added, with a smile, "a morning made for better purposes."

Jeffrey's response to this was a sigh. They passed each other and turned, and when they met again Moore related to his antagonist a comical story about an Irish barrister, Billy Egan, who had gone out on a bright morning, as they were out then, for the purpose of fighting a duel. Jeffrey was still smiling at this story when the seconds came out from an adjoining thicket and announced "all ready."

The men were placed twelve paces apart and the pistols given into their hands.

"Now," said Hume, "remember the word. Raise your pistols at the word 'ready.' Then one—two—and at three you will fire."

"Ready!" Nobody can say where Moore's heart was, but his pistol was raised, and so was Jeffrey's. They waited for the fatal signal.

That signal, however, was not given. Instead thereof two Bow street officers emerged from the thicket, one of whom advanced to Jeffrey and a ruck his pistol down with his staff, while his companion went up and collared Moore.

The belligerents were marched off to their respective carriages and conveyed to Bow street, where, as no blood had been spilled, they were let go lightly. And from that office Tom Moore and Francis Jeffrey went forth friends, and their friendship grew and strengthened while they lived.

Walk 'ng A-round a Point.

Wall Street News.

About the first of July a Chicago fruit buyer went over to St. Joseph, on the Michigan shore, to view the peach crop prospects, and he found one orchard owner who was feeling so very blue that he said to him: "Now, then, I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars for your fruit as it stands." "No, I couldn't do it," replied the grower, after some hesitation. "It would seem to be doubling the Lord."

Two weeks after that, when the prospects were still poorer, he appeared in Chicago, and said he guessed he would take the thousand dollars. "But it will be doubling the Lord," observed the buyer. "Yes, it probably will; but I've concluded to doubt Him on peaches, and make up for it by hanging on to taters and cabbage."

A Story of a Wildcat Down in Georgia.

Jasper Times.

Buck Bohanan and John Jordan were out dipping turpentine the other day and saw a wildcat and gave it chase. When they found they were out of caps and had treed the "critter," Buck told John if he would watch he would run home and get caps. So he ran a mile and, finding neither caps nor matches, he got an old flint, ran back and telling John to hold a dead aim on the cat, he struck his tinder over the tube of the gun, when bang! went the fuse and off jumped the cat, whipped a dog and ran about fifty yards before it fell dead. Only one shot struck it and that went through the heart.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the corn trade, says: Intense dry tropical heat has prevailed since August 1. Harvest work proceeded rapidly. Grain matured in exceptionally good form. All the earliest wheat is now in perfect milling condition. Barley and oats vary. In some districts they are excellent and in others poor. Beans are not an absolute failure. The potato crop is unlikely to prove large, but will be freer from disease than for many years. Throughout the past week new wheat has made its appearance in various markets in a condition described as somewhat phenomenal.

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Pa. and H. C. P.

Lincoln (Ill.) dispatch: The last chapter in the Zora Burns case is at hand. Yesterday Orin A. Carpenter packed his traps and shipped them to Chicago. His destination is Blunt, D. T., but to conceal it he has billed his goods to Chicago, where he will make the transfer. An attempt was made to interview him as a last sent-off, but it was without avail. A friend asked him if he did not think Dakota was a cold country to go to. Carpenter immediately replied: "I have been in a—of a hot one for the last eight months, and think the change will be agreeable."

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St. Louis, Mo.

Suicide at Hastings.

Captain J. E. Wicks, a prominent citizen and business man of Hastings, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. The ball entered the left temple, going entirely through the head and frightfully mangling it, and killing him instantly. He has suffered much from consumption lately, the effect of which was wearing out his strength. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a well-specified, and well thought of in the community.