

**SWEETHEART DAISS.**  
By FRANCES WYNNIE.

[Longman's Magazine]

The sunset all its golden rays  
Athwart the sky of amber threw,  
When down among the woodland ways  
My bright-haired Daisy came in view.  
(Soft dainties of a dainty shoe  
Had pointed me the path she chose,  
And why I followed up the clue  
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.)

We met—she turned an absent gaze  
To where, far off, a heron flew,  
Nor spoke she till, with trembling phrase,  
Her hand into my own I drew.  
Then Sweetheart Daisy roser grew  
Than her small namesakes when they close,  
And why she flushed so fair a hue  
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

What time the trailing garden sprays  
Were heavy with the summer dew,  
When quenched was the geranium blaze,  
And dimmed the gay lotelia blue—  
Daisy and I came pushing through  
The long loose hedge of briar rose,  
And why we were so glad, we two,  
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

EVING.

Prince Love, all potent sovereign, who  
The fate of lovers dost dispose,  
Why this old world for me is new  
I know—and Sweetheart Daisy knows.

**THE HANDKERCHIEF.**  
—  
OLIVE LOGAN.

Philadelpia Times.

Paul Devereux and his wife were discussing the ethics of the French proverb, "Va te faire pendre ailleurs" (to get banged elsewhere). The young lawyer was of opinion that failure to punish a rogue for his roguery when discovered was moral cowardice of the most contemptible kind, since it threw the necessary vindication of outraged law upon some one brave man, perhaps the last of a score of victims.

His learned disquisition was interrupted by the announcement of a call from his wife's friend, Miss Millington.

Miss Millington, though not a beauty, was a very attractive young woman. Ladies exclaimed, "How stylish!" Men said, "Deuced fetching!" Her manner was sprightly, and her apparel positively splendid.

"Millington," repeated Devereux, "Well, Mary"—Mrs. Devereux's name was Mary—"I'm off down town. By the way, George Rockford at the club last night, announced his engagement to Miss Millington."

Naturally Mrs. Devereux's greeting took the form of congratulation on the happy event.

"Ah, yes, dear George!" exclaimed Miss Millington with enthusiasm, "one couldn't have a better husband—in one sense."

"In every sense, I should imagine from what I know of him," said young Mrs. Devereux.

"George Rockford is young, good-looking, and a Christian; good qualities those, eh, Mrs. Devereux?"

"I should think so, indeed!"

"Still there is one great drawback to his desirability as a husband," explained Mrs. Millington; "he is far from being rich. He has a fair salary in a wholesale house, but no independent fortune."

"Love will suffice," observed sweet Mrs. Devereux, remembering Paul's parting kiss.

Miss Millington looked as if she were about to utter a doubt of the value of love as a circulating medium, but feeling perhaps that it would be useless to comment on a condition of affairs which she had accepted for better or worse she dropped the subject.

"I came to get you to go with me for a walk," said the fetching one, merrily. "The weather is charming. The stores are bewildering. Can you come?"

Mary Devereux complied with delight. Walking alone is dull business. Before leaving the house she called her cook and gave her some necessary directions.

"You have changed your cook since I was last here," remarked Miss Millington, when they were in the street.

"Yes, I'm sorry to say we found that the other woman was dishonest!"

"How shocking!"

"The very day after you were here at lunch we missed three sterling silver spoons. Naturally, she had to go."

"Did you charge her with the theft?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Devereux, looking much distressed. "I thought it better for our own peace of mind not to have any expose. It was as much as I could do to prevent Mr. Devereux from causing her arrest. I said, 'She'll get caught sooner or later—let somebody else arrest her.' He said that was moral cowardice. Perhaps it was a bit of weakness on my part. Still I am not the first who has elected for that course. You know the French proverb, 'go get banged elsewhere.'"

"We shall be hanged on the straps in this car," whispered Miss Millington, with her most fetching smile; "it is packed."

Obtaining males favored the two charming young women who relinquished seats, and the democratic vehicle, which runs for all, soon brought them to the special spot where they desired to alight.

Ah, the fascinating occupation of

admiring shop windows! 'Tis this one has the loveliest things—no, 'tis that! There's just what I want—there's something that would be sweetly becoming to you. Yonder is an article like one Mrs. Vansnoozer brought from London.

"Oh-h-h-h!"

A subdued scream from the carmine lips of fetching Miss Millington. A few—but only a very few of the passers in the thronged thoroughfare turned to glance at the pallid features and quivering lips of the young woman, who stood with her hands on her heart, looking the picture of despair.

"What has happened?" asked Mary Devereux anxiously.

Only in disjointed phrases at first could Miss Millington explain a terrible mishap.

"My purse—stolen—snatched out of my hand."

"Let us tell this policeman," cried Mary, excitedly pushing her towards an officer who was approaching.

"No, no!" sobbed Miss Millington. "Remember you have just been saying—no publicity. Bear anything rather than endure that. Besides, I could not recognize the thief—it all passed like a flash."

"Let us go home—to my home," said Mary Devereux. "We can talk it over quietly there."

The return trip was a gloomy one, in marked contrast to the gaudy of the outward journey. Arrived in Mrs. Devereux's drawing room, Miss Millington flung herself disconsolately in an easy chair and closed her eyes, thus shutting out the vision of this troublesome world.

"How much money was in your purse?" asked Mrs. Devereux in a sympathizing voice.

"Fifty dollars," replied Miss Millington with a deep sigh. "And it was not my money at all, it was my aunt's. I had drawn it from the bank just before I came here. She needs it, must have it the first thing tomorrow morning to pay the rent."

"I think persons in our set suppose you and your aunt to be very well off," said Mary quietly; "you dress so fashionably."

"Oh I am handy and make things go a long way," explained Miss Millington. "My aunt supports me—she has a very small income—and now I have lost her fifty dollars! Oh! what shall I do?"

Mary Devereux was sadly perplexed. She counted the money in her own purse—twenty dollars.

"Dear Miss Millington," she said, "will this be of any service to you? It is all I have by me."

Miss Millington gathered the crisp bits of green paper to herself, but heaved another sigh of despair.

"Thanks," she murmured faintly, "but it is not enough. I must have fifty dollars. Then my aunt can settle her rent, and I will repay the sum by degrees—after I am married."

The case was so urgent that Mary felt justified in going to her husband's private desk, where, to her great delight she found twenty-five dollars!

Miss Millington absorbed the financial reinforcement with some appearance of satisfaction, but her voice rang with added tragedy as she queried where the remaining five dollars were to come from?

Never would the proposal have been put by Mary Devereux that the servants should be appealed to! It was Miss Millington who suggested the necessity of laying the case before them as women and sisters. Their hearts were as soft as their hands were hard, and between them the needed five dollars were without difficulty raised.

Scarcely had the arrangements reached this happy conclusion when Paul Devereux returned.

"Still here, Miss Millington!" he exclaimed, in his pleasant, hearty voice. "Glad of it. Stay to dinner and go to the theatre with us this evening."

And oh! such a pretty present as he had brought home for his wife. A handkerchief of finest French cambric with a frill and entredoux of Valenciennes, and the letter M embroidered in one corner. "Just like my darling husband!" said Mary Devereux kissing him furtively, when Miss Millington's back was turned.

At dinner Mary showed her new treasure, which Miss Millington greatly admired.

"How sweetly pretty!" she exclaimed, examining the dainty mouchoir with her eyeglass. "Marked with your initials, M—mine too, by the way."

"One which you will soon lose," quoth Paul archly.

"Oh no, you mistake," she replied, "my name is Matilda."

The dramatic performance was interesting. The three young people were in high spirits until just as they were departing, when Mary Devereux made an annoying discovery. She had lost her lace handkerchief!

Paul was more than annoyed; he was downright angry. The little article had cost money, and he said there was no senses in losing it right off in this way. He had seen it in his wife's lap not five minutes before; where could it have got to?

The natural inference was that she had dropped it, and all three looked about the floor of the theatre, whence the crowd had now departed.

"If it's found I'll save it for you," said an employe of the place; "call tomorrow."

Meantime Paul's quick eye observed a strange thing. Miss Millington, who was condoling with his almost tearful wife, kept her fist tightly closed; but between the little finger and the palm thereof a shred of lace was visible.

Without a with-your-leave or by-your-leave Paul wrenched this article out of her grasp.

"What's this?" he cried.

It was the missing handkerchief.

"Is this a joke?" he exclaimed glancing angrily into the blanched face of Matilda Millington.

The woman who had covered guilty under his accusing glance, took heart of grace at the word he kindly used.

"Yes, yes, quite so," she gasped with a hysterical laugh. "a joke—a mere joke."

"It is a very bad one," he retorted savagely.

The three walked in silence to the street. There Paul put Miss Millington into a hack, paid the driver and sent her home alone.

Mary Devereux was terribly shocked at the occurrence. Naturally she told her husband of the peculiar incident of the afternoon which had resulted in her giving Miss Millington \$50.

"It was all a trick!" exclaimed Paul, pacing up and down their small drawing room in agitation; "the woman's a swindler—indeed, a thief!"

The secret of Miss Millington's elaborate dressing seemed to be suddenly revealed to Mary's mind.

"We will drop her acquaintance, of course," observed the little wife.

"Ah, but that will not absolve us of responsibility in this matter, cried Paul, excitedly. "I must not shrink the moral duty which is obvious here. I must tell George Rockford of all this."

Mary wrung her hands in sympathy with the poor, erring creature, who had been their guest half the day long.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried, "it will ruin her life!"

"And it will break his heart, for he loves her dearly," said Paul, sadly, "but it must be done."

"Why not let him find out for himself," urged the gentle Mary, "and inflict such punishment as he sees fit?"

"That infernal French bit of sophistry again!" he exclaimed. "Cut it! I am not a coward and will do my duty, though a more unpleasant one never fell to my lot."

In the morning he wired Rockford to come to (Paul's) house at the earliest possible moment. He was bracing his nerves for the painful interview when the door-bell rang.

It was Miss Millington—pale, wild-eyed, gasping.

What did she say? What did she not say? Everything that a weak and sinful woman could say under the circumstances. The love of dress had tempted her; her position of dependence was so galling; the necessity of keeping up appearances was so absolute in the ultra fashionable set in which she moved; and, after all, her manoeuvres had not been unsuccessful; she had caught a husband—a good man!

Paul pounced upon the truthful epithet.

"Too good for you," he cried. "He shall know of this from my lips. I would deem it dishonorable to withhold this knowledge from him, I have sent for him."

"He is coming here?" she asked in dismay.

"I expect him every instant," he said, calmly.

"Let me go," she cried rushing towards the door.

Paul turned the key, took it out, pocketed it. Miss Millington sank into the easy-chair. Mary wept.

"Oh, Paul, husband, you are cruel," she said, between her sobs.

Mr. Rockford was announced, Paul unlocked the door and let him in. He had had difficulty in getting away from business, he said; but the telegram was so peremptory; what could be the matter?

A deadly silence fell on the group. Paul, who had counted so confidently on his power to disclose to his friend knowledge which would make him miserable for life, suddenly found himself tongue-tied. George Rockford looked from one to the other of the trio in complete astonishment at this strange demeanor.

"Will you kindly explain the meaning of this scene, one or the other of you?" he asked in the quiet, direct manner of the business man.

No one answered.

A rap at the door broke the silence.

"Come in," cried Mary Devereux.

To her intense surprise the servant who had been recently discharged walked into the room with a resolute air. A man of flesh, shabby apparel and ditto manner closely followed her.

"Excuse my coming right into your parlor," said the woman, with curt politeness, "but my business is that kind that ye don't want to let the grass grow under your feet about it? See? What I mean to say is, you thought I stole spoons, didn't you?"

"What if we did?" cried Paul angrily.

"What?" roared the indignant servant.

"Why, I'm an honest woman, I am, though I cook and wash. Spoons is safe where I am and how many of those present can say the same?"

"Walk out of the place," shouted Paul in a frenzy.

"In two minutes and a half I will," replied the resolute person who had come to vindicate her character.

"Sam Rowley, perduce them spoons."

Her follower with an apologetic air extracted three handsome silver spoons from the side pocket of his coat.

"Pawnd with me," he whistled through the aperture caused by lost front teeth, "by M. Millington!"

"The spoons was lost the day she lunched with you," went on the Amazonian accuser, "and next day they was pawnd with S. Rowley, a cousin of mine, which is here. Books will show I ain't making no trumped-up charge. She's got the pawnd-ticket book open, you'll find," and the injured person tossed her head indignantly.

George Rockford looked like a man who is on the verge of lunacy.

"Paul, Paul!" he cried, with a bitter moan, "explain all this to me, I beg—I entreat of you."

"Don't ask me George, I can't," groaned Paul, hiding his face in his hands.

Miss Millington rose to her feet slowly.

"The whole question is this, George Rockford," she said, in an icy voice, "would you marry a woman of loose principles as regards—well, doggedly, stealing?"

"No!" he shouted.

"Then nothing remains, I suppose, but for me to say good-bye to you?" she queried.

"Nothing whatever," he roared lustily. "If you hold such loose principles as regards—well, doggedly, stealing?"

Almost before they knew it she was gone—she and her accusers. They had departed, either separately or together, no one noticed which.

"I will explain the matter to you in detail, George," said Paul, sadly, "when I feel a trifle more composed. Meantime, what is our real duty here? Ought we to punish this guilty woman?"

"No, no," replied Rockford gravely. "Let her go! We shall have nothing more to do with her, and if she should pursue her criminal practices among others less tender hearted than ourselves, why let them inflict."

Mary Devereux smiled, and shrugged her shoulders à la Française.

"The very policy I urged upon Paul," she said, with a slight. "Go get banged elsewhere. It is cowardly but it is the easiest way out."

**The Condemned's Statement.**

Nearly a score of years ago, when I was a reporter on a St. Louis daily says a writer in the New York Sun, an atrocious murder was committed in a locality about 200 miles away. A farmer killed his wife, mother and brother, and then coolly sat down on the doorsteps and waited to be arrested. He admitted the crime, explained his reasons and in course of time was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. A few days previous to the date of execution we got a sly pointer that the murderer was going to make a statement or confession of startling interest, and the city editor bundled me off in a hurry to get a "scoop." I found the sheriff a very good-natured man, and very soon after my arrival I was permitted to see the condemned. I explained why I had come, and hereplied:

"Yes, I am going to make a statement; but how do I know you are what you represent?"

"Here is my card."

"But that won't go. Anyone can print what he likes on a card. I want a certificate from the paper."

I telegraphed to the city editor and he telegraphed me back a "character," but the prisoner shook his head and said:

"I can't take anything of that sort. I want a written certificate."

It took me two days to get it, and I was in a sweat all the time for fear some other paper would get on to the case. I lost no time in getting up to the jail with the paper, and the condemned read it carefully and then observed:

"I am now quite satisfied that you are all right."

"And now for the statement," I replied, getting out paper and pencil.

"Well, you can say that after mature reflection I have decided to declare that I am innocent of the murder of which I have been convicted."

"But—but—you—"

"That's the statement, sir, and that's all. I claim to be an innocent man. Good night."

I had been badly sold. That was the sun and substance of the sensation, and indeed all he would say.

**Kaiser and Minister.**

Berlin Letter.

Although his age and infirmities render it difficult, the Great Chancellor remains standing whenever he is received in audience by the young Emperor for the transaction of any State business. On the occasion of his first interview after his accession to the throne, Kaiser Wilhelm, mindful of the fact that he was indebted for his acquaintance with statecraft to the greatest living master thereof, and that he had been brought up, one might almost say, at the very feet of Bismarck, urged the old Prince to be seated while reading his report.

The Chancellor, however, absolutely refused to comply with the monarch's request in the matter. "Pardon me, sir," he remarked. "At the present moment I am not alone in the presence of my young King, who honors me with his friendship and confidence, but I am also in the presence of the representative of the principle of royalty, in transacting State affairs with whom no Prussian Minister can do otherwise than remain standing."

The Emperor remained silent for a moment, and then grasped both the Chancellor's hands, exclaiming as he did so: "You are quite right. Thus it has always been, and thus it shall remain." It is, however, due to the Kaiser to add that he invariably arises from his chair and remains standing whenever the old Prince is discussing affairs of State with him.

**A PRETTY TALL STORY.**  
Remarkable Feat of Railroadng in Colorado.

Among the recent invigorated liars of the town is one who has just returned from a session with ozone in Colorado. It says the Omaha World-Herald. It was his first trip through the mountains, and he was much affected by the feats of engineering skill there manifested, as witness the following:

"I had heard of the curve on the Pennsylvania, where, according to the time-card schedule, the engineer is obliged to lean out of his cab and exchange tobacco with the brakeman on the rear end, so as to give the passengers something to talk about, and I honestly believe it. There was an old, honest, horn-handed miner rode over the road out of Denver with me and he told me several things. Once while we were being jerked around the edge of the mountains and could look out from under the roots of our hair at the track opposite in the valley he told me a tale. Said he:

"That yere track down yan is the one we're onto, but we won't tech it for an hour. We run up the ravine an' down the side of the mountain an' double back. Down thar is wher Sim Lyle saved the paymaster o' the road."

"How? I inquired."

"It were this way: The paymaster's car was hitched onto the hind end o' the freight train, his own engine havin' had a little trouble with her runnin' gear an' bein' abandoned for awhile up the road. Well the train was snortin' and crawlin' aroun' the mountain when all of a sudden the back brakeman comes a runnin' up an' yells to Jim:

"Pull out! Pull out! They's a gang o' rustlers has caught the engine an' are lummin' after us! Pull!"

"Well, Jim Lyle noticed that. He seen at unst that the engine had been fixed up an' that the rustlers had took her to ketch him an' git the dust in the paymaster's car, so he pulled out right past an' tried to outrace 'em, but it wasn't no go. They kep' gittin' up on him."

"Pretty soon he struck the beginnin' o' this yere curve. He didn't slack a breath an' the conductor come rushin' up an' yelled:

"For God's sake, what kin we do? If we run this we'll climba rail!"

"Sallright," said Jim Lyle. "If I calculate rightly that car's saved, as he gaves another pull out an' just as he reaches right here he jerked her wide open. Then we see what was what. Lookin' back, I bein' on the train, seen the last coach go up in the air, there was a jerk, an' away over into the canyon she went."

"Well, where does the salvation of the coach come in? I asked. 'I didn't see any particular advantage in being spilled over a mountain-side and being shot by train-robbers."

"Now don't git frisky," said the old man. "I'm tellin' this yere an' I an't done. That there coach, as I say, sailed over offin the track just like the hind boy did when you used to play 'crack the whip' at school. It floated down as nice as you please an' lit on the track below in the valley an' with the force it was slung rolled ten miles to the next station. When we got there it was on the sidin' an' we pulled by, an' when the light engine load o' rustlers come bulfin' along the townspeople was waitin' fer 'em an' the new cemetery was started in good shape."

**Grant's Gallantry.**

When the honors came upon the Grants, says America, the mistress of the white house began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross-eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and woman-like, gave away when she saw her husband, and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checked career, and said, in his simple way, "My dear, I wish you would not charge them. I love them as they are, and they would seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelet, nor Romeo; nor lover of any clime or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry.

**London Fog is Healthy.**

If London is the metropolis of the land of fogs, there is much consolation to be found in the fact that in spite of the smoke and its fogs it is not only one of the healthiest cities in the world, but it is growing healthier every year, says the London News. According to the official statistics for the quarter ending June last, our annual deaths are only at the rate of 16 per 1,000. If we could eliminate from the calculation some over-crowded and notoriously unhealthy districts the figures would, of course, drop considerably. Still more remarkable would our sanitary condition appear if the area were confined to the high and airy suburbs in which so large a proportion of those who are by day "in populous city pen" are fortunate enough to dwell.

**TALK OF THE DAY.**

It is the skirt of a lady's ball dress that costs; the corsage doesn't count high.

When you hear a young man say that a girl has no heart you may be pretty sure that she has his.

"So you had young Beaumash all the evening. Did you notice his lovely eyes?" "No, dear, I was too busy listening to his clothes."

Tramp—"I have scarcely a rag to my back, mum; can't you help me out?" Lady—"Certainly, sir; here's the rag bag, help yourself."

Lady—"I thought I told you I wanted carrots for dinner." Bridge—"The hostler was busy, mum, an' I'm no groom."

"Say, ma, a mouse has fallen into the milk." His mother—"Did you take it out?" Boy—"No, I have thrown the cat it."

New York boy—"Mamma, isn't that a funny little belt?" Mamma—"Hush child! That's the waist to your sister's new ball dress."

It costs less to go to see a doctor than it does to have him come to see you, but the apothecary man gets there just the same.

Editor (to tipsy reporter)—"What are you writing about?" Reporter—"Whisky." Editor—"Well, I see you're full of your subject."

Briggs—"Hello, Brags! I've just got back from the lakes, you know?" Brags—"I'm very sorry, my boy, but I haven't got a cent."

Too Personal—Old Blodgett—"No boys, there is not near so much drunkenness in the club as there was when it was in it." The boys—"That's so!"

This is the most unkindest cut of all," said Jenkins, as he observed the very small piece of meat that the land lady placed on his plate at breakfast.

Art and Nature—"So you have been 'way to Greece, have you?" "Yes, saw everything worth seeing. 'Mont other things saw Apollo with the bewitched car."

Medical authorities insist that stimulants weaken the voice, and doubtless they do. It must be admitted, however, that they strengthen the breath.

Little Dick—"Do you go to circuses? Circuses is wicked." Little Jack—"Yes; the big shows is wicked, but the ten cent shows ain't. Pop always takes us to them."

Critical parlance. "What I like about Barkin's work is that it is so full." "Yes, Barkin put a great deal of himself in his books. He's that way himself half the time."

Ethel (entering the parlor)—"Oh, Aggie, so glad to see you. (They kiss.) Why, you are engaged to be married. "Aggie—"How do you know?" "I can tell by the way you kiss."

"Is there a wheelright in the delegation?" asked one of the committee. "Why?" asked another. "Because he would be the proper man to act as spokesman."

Transferred Discipline: Mr. Walker Flohr (on his return from service with his regiment at Peekskill—"Number three, down there!" Mr. Dollarive—"Yessir." Mr. Walker Flohr—"Police that ribbon counter!")

Tommy—"Say, Mr. Dryleigh, you can try it on me if you like." Rev. Mr. D.—"I don't understand you my child. Try what?" "Why ma says you can put anybody to sleep in five minutes." (Tableau.)

Nephew (trying to make a good impression)—"Uncle, this port is excellent." Uncle—"Well, I should think so; it is fifty years old." Nephew—"By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!"

Judge (to police officer)—"Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?" Officer—"Is it drunk, yer honor? Shure of it he ud spoke, yore honor, the telephone brith uv 'im ud av made the poles shatter."

Labor-saving Proposition—"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." "Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." "Was, Johnny?" "Because it will do for next time."

Mrs. Winks (at dinner in great hotel)—"Who are those men at that table in the corner?" Mr. Winks—"Don't know." "What are they talking about?" "Base ball, horse races, prize fights and so on." "Oh, they are probably city officials."

City man (on a summer jaunt) "Are you going to have an agricultural exhibition here this year?" Farmer (suddenly)—"No, no, I'm 'fraid not. Most of the old ladies what makes quilts is died off, and there ain't a decent race host in the county."

"Haven't you got some ice that isn't quite so cold?" asked the lady of the house when the usual lump was left in the morning. "Dr. Hammond says that ice water is more injurious to health than coals of fire. Hereafter leave us the warmest ice you raise."

Assistant editor—"Here's an account of a minister assaulted by a disappointed lover, while in the act of performing the marriage ceremony." Chief—"Put it in the railway news." Assistant (astonished)—"Why?" Chief—"He was hurt while making a coupling."

Inez (telling of her yachting trip)—"And from there all the way home we just jugged the shore." Young Saph-head—"Aw, do you know, I would have been werry glad to have been the shore." Inez—"Thanks, but the shore had lots of rocks; quite an attraction nowadays as you are aware."

Omaha papa—"So you are going to marry, are you, my son? I presume the young lady you are about to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?" Omaha youth—"Well you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotter and a batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet."

A young lady at Athens, Ga., has invented a lamp that will come to burn exactly at 10 o'clock. The average Georgia lover has no fault to find with the lamp; in fact, he would be better satisfied if it would go out as soon as he came in. If the young lady want to make a real ten-strike she should invent a father who will go to bed at 9 o'clock.