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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

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And I contended with them and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

Her Will Devised the Clever Strategem that Won Her Hand.
A bold Kentucky Colonel was the father of a lovely daughter, who loved a young man in all respects unobjectionable. All the girls and matrons in the country sympathized with the lovers, and the gossips pronounced it the happiest affair in the line of marrying that had been heard of for a long time. But the Colonel was an obstinate man, with a very red countenance, fierce gray eyes and a nose somewhat mottled in blue and purple from the long habit of generous potations of Bourbon.

The more he heard of the courtship the more he swore that he would have no such puppy for son-in-law, and the young man got into such a state that he was afraid to see his betrothed except surreptitiously, and both were afraid to open the subject to the Colonel. Happily, when the path of true lovers does not run smooth, owing to the opposition of a cruel parent, the misery of the situation heightens the delight, and so the wretched, happy couple went on day by day, as tens of thousands have done before.

The stolen interview and the surreptitious note, and the agony and fear and the constant suspense made the hours glow with remorse. But anon, the Colonel learned through one of the gossips that he was likely to be a father-in-law without his consent. He stalked up and down the hall muttering and growling something to the effect that this was the first time in his life that he had ever been opposed, and by Jupiter and all the other gods, it would be the last! Then he sent for his friend the Major, and the two worthies discussed whether the presumptuous rascal should be horse-whipped, shot on sight or politely slaughtered according to the code.

The last method was determined on, and a challenge delivered to the enemy, with an explanation of the conclusion that accorded the chivalrous terms, "as a lady's honor was concerned, sir." But a woman's quick wit, always sharper under the inspiration of love and romance, suggested a rising act of tragedy. Twink smiles and tears the maiden implored her lover to obey her wishes, saying: "You know, dear, how obstinate papa is; the only way I can get anything is to pretend not to want it, and it was just so with mamma when she lived. Now, do you understand?"

In the mean time the Colonel and the Major prepared to make worms' meat of the poor lover. The proposed fatal morning dawned; the gentlemen were promptly on the ground and the ceremonies were about to proceed as usual, when the blood-thirsty Colonel with great formality said: "Colonel, my friend has done you a wrong which he proposes to repair without the loss of his life, which would only make the matter worse for the young lady. It is true that he has declined to marry her, but the modesty of the thing choked the Colonel out of utterance. "Yes, and he desires to offer an apology and—"

"Apology!" shouted the Colonel. "Hang his apology! Refuse to marry a Kentucky gentleman's daughter! By all the infernal gods, we'll see about that! Major, get me a preacher, sir, and a church, and all that sort of thing, mighty quick. There'll be a wedding, sir, or a funeral in less than half an hour. Not a word, gentlemen, I don't like a puppy for a son-in-law, but my honor shall be vindicated."

Of course the Colonel had his way, but if he ever finds out the hoax he will burst a blood vessel or fall dead of apoplexy. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

BEGGING THE QUESTION.

Mrs. Brown-Jones, a society leader. Mrs. Jones, her husband. Mrs. Brown-Jones—"My dear (Mr. Jones yawns and lays down paper). I want to give a German."

Mr. Jones—"Give him what?" Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Do you know what a German is?" Mr. Jones—"I suppose you referred to a native of Germany; but I perceive by your tone that society has to do with it. Now, why not give an English? You are such an Anglo—"

Mrs. Brown-Jones (ignoring his last remark)—"I am only going to have young people; and want to think of something for the men's favors." Mr. Jones—"What are they?" Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Oh, what the girls give to the men when they ask them to dance! Now, what would you suggest?"

Mr. Jones—"I hardly like to interfere. Let them give what they want. It would take the present of a steam yacht to make me dance." Mrs. Brown-Jones (severely)—"We must supply the presents." Mr. Jones (after a prolonged whistle)—"That's different—my purse is limited, and—"

Mrs. Brown-Jones (calmly continuing)—"We want something appropriate for the men to hang on their coats." Mr. Jones (confidentially)—"Well, but—"

Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Something nice like scarf-pins or—"

Mr. Jones (starting)—"But, my sweet wife, men never wear scarf-pins in their coats. Now, if you want something on that order, what do you say to a dozen neckties? You have always admired my taste in that line." Mrs. Brown-Jones—"I see no fun in it at all." Mr. Jones—"Then why do you have it?" Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Have what? I was referring to your singular remarks."

ed as if some one was walking up stairs! The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head, and lay there trembling, not daring to move.

"Something," continued the lawyer, "entered my room, and I threw the sheet over my face. I felt rather than saw a faint yellow glimmering light. I could not move at first, but I presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face, and—looked!"

"Well!" cried the bishop, excitedly. "In the center of the room," said the lawyer, slowly, "stood a tall old man. He seemed gaunt and worn with age or hunger, and his long gray beard hung half way down his breast. He was dressed in a queer household with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly shaped lantern, from which flowed the yellow light, making strange ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff, the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor, looking at me. Presently I said, 'Whence art thou? What dost thou require?'"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face. "He said"—replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—"he said: 'I beg yer pardon, sur. I'm the watchman of the street, sur; an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sur, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door stood open! If ye do be layvin' it that way, sur, it's bad luck ye'll have before the mornin'!"'—Harper's Young People.

ANY AMOUNT OF FUN.
But His Dad Licked Him for It, Coolly, but Thoroughly.
Old Sam Johnson, who lives down in a Kennelbeck county town, is about the sanest and most straightforward fellow you ever saw, says the Lewiston Journal.

The other day he heard an awful chatter out on a long hill near his house. He got out to the scene just in time to see his son Jed mount the ox cart, hold up the tongue and coast down the hill with a thunderous roar and a cloud of dust. The old man started on the trail down the hill, picking up a club on the way and yelling for Jed to come back and take a licking. But the nearer he got to the trembling Jed the more the real novelty and humor appealed to him. When he got to the foot of the hill he was grinning like a "chessy cat," as Jed afterward declared.

"What in tarnation you doin' with that ox cart, Jed?" "By gorry, dad, I'm a-slidin' down hill in er, dad; and it's more fun 'an de injuns. Jest help me toost 'er up hill and take a ride," said Jed, taking courage from his father's grin. "You sassy imp," sputtered Sam; "I'm a good mind to walt you." "Oh, dad, come on; it's slathers of fun." "Not by a darned shot! And 'sides, some one may see me." "Git out; they won't neither. Take hold 'ere an' we'll run 'er up hill."