

CORREGGIO'S LOUVRE ANTIQUE.

Noontide's whiteness of full sun illumines her sleep; Its heat is on her limbs, and one white arm raised to sleep.

Conquered, weary with the light, Her eyelids o'ery Summer's plenteous might Her lips absorb.

She is curled beyond the rim Of oaks that slide Their lowest branches, long and slim.

Where her hand has curved to slip Across a bough, Fledged Cupid's slumberous fingers grip

But the sleepers are not left To breathe alone; A god is by with hoofs deep cleft.

Zeus, beneath these oaken boughs, As satyr keeps His watch above the woman's brows

The Turkey Entitled to a Seat. A man going home from Boston on a late train a few evenings ago took one seat and placed beside him on the other a large turkey minus wrapping of any kind.

"No, you don't," said the bird's owner. "That turkey is going to have a whole seat to himself."

"You haven't paid for two seats," said the other, red with rage.

"Haven't I? Well, just see me do it now." He called to the conductor.

Measuring Candle Power. The method of measuring the candle power of light is simply to move an object along a graded scale, away from the light, until it ceases to cast a shadow.

Amethysts. Amethysts and several other so-called precious stones have become so cheap that they are no longer sold by the carat, but by the ounce.

Not So Bad as It Sounded. "George!" said Maud. "I am William," said William sternly.

"Oh, I know that, Willie," returned Maud. "I hurt my finger, and that was my little swear word."—Harper's Bazar.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true and serves some ordinary occasions, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy and feel the loss.—Pope.

Professor Huxley knows of no a priori reason "why snake bodied reptiles 50 feet long and upward should not disport themselves in our seas as they did in those of the cretaceous epoch."

A deserving charitable institution at Wichita, Kan., is a free Sunday nursery, where infants and young children are cared for while their parents attend church.

We read in the "Acts of the Apostles" that handkerchiefs which Paul had touched were carried to the sick, and that miraculous cures were thereby wrought.

It is almost as cruel to joke a man about his fast horse as to joke his wife and children, but newspaper wits have no mercy.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

One of the most cold blooded murders that ever occurred was committed last Thursday at Hiteman Iowa resulting in the death of Mrs. Henry Smith of Hiteman, and the probably fatal wounding of her baby and her sister, the wife of the dastardly wretch who committed the awful crime.

This morning about 10 o'clock, while Mr. Smith was at work in the mine, Frazier came to Hiteman and went to Smith's house. He called for his wife and tried to get her to go home with him, which she refused to do.

Immediately after committing the terrible crime, Frazier left the house, going south through the woods a mile, then turning west. The news of the terrible tragedy spread rapidly, and in a very few minutes a large number of infuriated citizens gathered and started in pursuit of the murderer.

In a short time the maddened mob started on its mission. Frazier was found at Cummings' crossing, near the Cedar mines, about two miles west of Albia, on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad.

The excited mob only grew more furious, and seizing the frightened and cowering murderer they took him away from the officer, and took him back to the house where the terrible crime was committed.

A terrible crime had been avenged and the infuriated mob became calm, dispersing one after another to their homes.

A BAD STORM. Scattering reports coming to Memphis from points in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, indicate that a terrific cyclone whirled up the Mississippi valley from the southwest, crushing and sweeping away houses like straw sacks along its mad path.

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William Harman, a resident of Titusville Pa., committed suicide the other day under very strange circumstances. He got an idea into his shallow pate that he was his own grandfather and the only way to get out of the scrape, so he thought was to cut his throat.

I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my mother, because she was my father's wife, my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my stepmother.

The damage at Tunica, Miss., was great. About 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon the sky in the southwest began to darken and a low wailing sound announced a storm.

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danger. The first hard blow gave way to the cyclone and houses were crushed like eggshells. Huge raindrops fell and the scene was a weird one indeed.

The people on the streets first noticed this wreck and then they saw the roof of the court house was gone, but there was more than this. There were cries and screams of children.

The second trial of the celebrated case of Anton Wood, the 11-year-old boy murderer of Joseph Smith, was commenced in the district court at Denver last Monday.

Compton McCoy, a farmer residing a few miles south of St. Joseph, on the Missouri river banks, was duck hunting on the bar, when he discovered a large dry goods box floating with the current.

People of Washington are beginning to believe the Secretary Morton is an expert herdsman, says the Bee. A few days ago he made several removals on the score of economy.

Notice to Gardeners and Farmers. The Cass county canning company is now ready to contract for 150 acres tomatoes.

Improvement in Canned Goods. It is a long step from the condition of things in Crimean days which justified the witticism, "One man's canned meat is another man's poison."

Giving Him Instructions. He—Remember that you have promised solemnly to be a sister to me.

Distillers of Ohio and Kentucky have been notified that the Internal Revenue commissioner has absolutely refused to grant further time to those who have quantities of whisky in which to pay the tax and remove the goods.

The joint legislative coal investigation committee lately secured from the letter books of the coal combine proof that they are regular articles of association agreements drawn by the organization with a view to evading the present law prohibiting trusts.

Close please find agreement to subscribe to the Minnesota bureau of coal statistics and information. I will say that I have submitted this to an attorney and he informs me that there is nothing illegal in it.

The \$50,000 damage suit of the coal combine against the joint legislative committees is not likely to come to trial, as its members will refuse to pay any attention to the summonses addressed to them under the following section of the state constitution.

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person's grandmother is his grandfather I am my own grandfather.

Mary McGowan, a 13-year-old girl, commenced fooling with her father's revolver. Playfully pointing the weapon at her 7-year-old brother she pulled the trigger at his command to shoot and he fell with a bullet in his head.

A committee of nonunion employing printers headed by Edward Clark, called on Mr. Cleveland and presented a petition, signed by nonunion printer of Washington, asking him to recognize nonunion men in his selection for public printer and protesting against the effort made by a delegation of union printers, headed by Congressman Amos J. Cummings, to induce Mr. Cleveland not to appoint C. W. Edwards on the ground that he is not a union man.

The petition closes thus: "We pray that in exercising your presidential prerogative in appointing a public printer, you will impartially consider the right of the immensely larger, less noisy, less guilty body of your industrial fellow citizens who are members of no union, no boycotting labor organizations, and that the public printer whom you shall select will be a man who will remember that nonunion printers have rights to be respected, equal to those of union printers, and that, as common citizens of a common country, they have as much right to labor at the case in the government printing office as have members of any printers' union."

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THE FOUR PINS.

The Count Bielski, a nobleman of Poland was a very ambitious man. His public utterances had displeased the government. He was arrested, condemned to imprisonment for life and confined in a dungeon far underground. He had no light and never could tell when it was day or night.

Feeling all over his blouse one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy. Yet what could they be to him? He took them from his blouse and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor until he had found them.

This he continued to do day after day week after week, month after month, until the months rolled into years. But they were no longer weary years. He had no object in life. He would defeat the purpose of his jailers, who fondly hoped to make him insane. He would live now until he became an aged man, cheered by the companionship of his four pins. And then when he had become too old to move about his narrow dungeon he would be content to lie down with his four silent friends and die.

In his dreams these pins would often assume familiar shapes. Their heads would take on the likeness of his friends and his relations. They would talk and laugh with him. How happy were these dream moments to the condemned! There was his dear old mother's face. How she beamed upon him! And there were his beloved wife and his two rosy cheeked children—they kissed their chubby hands to their father. His heart seemed bursting with joy.

One night he had a fearful dream. He dreamed he had lost his pins. Oh, horror of horrors! The perspiration broke out in great drops upon his face, his arms, his breast. Thus he found himself when, with a hoarse cry, he awoke. He realized quickly that it was only a dream. His beloved companions were found in their accustomed place. What a sense of relief now filled his heart as he again betook himself to slumber!

Ten years had passed, and the prisoner, and his pins were inseparable. His keeper, who never yet had spoken to him, was now regarded with a new interest. He found that this man—hated as one of his oppressors—had discovered his occupation, and that he would endeavor to deprive him of this solace. Carefully now he guarded his pins.

One day he lost all his pins. He had scattered them, he thought, as before, but now they eluded his grasp. He carefully felt over every inch of the floor of his dungeon. Again and again he repeated his search until he grew weary of the task, but not one pin could he find.

As he lay angry and despairing on the stone floor he was aroused by the noise of the keeper removing the chains and bolts from the door. Presently he entered, bearing with him the prisoner's scanty supply of bread and water. By the dim light of the torch which he carried the prisoner fancied he could discern a mocking smile upon his face. This, then, was the cause. He had stolen his pins. He was now rejoicing at his discomfiture. He must have discovered them while the prisoner slept. Hate now filled the soul of the condemned. His occupation had been stolen from him, but a new thought at once engaged his mind, diffusing through him a kind of mad joy. He would devise a means to torture, to kill his keeper. He knew that this man—the satellite of an offensive government—despised him. He would be revenged.

For a long time he gloated over his contemplated plan. How long he knew not. Then suddenly a light shone before him. It came from the torch borne by the keeper, who had returned. Placing his torch in a crevice in the wall, he walked to the opposite corner of the dungeon from that in which the prisoner crouched, and turning his back toward him began to fasten a chain to the wall. Ha! he was then to be chained to the wall! His blood boiled at this new indignity. He wished to attack the keeper at once, but he had no weapon. His eyes fell upon his hands. They were long and sinewy. He had once been a strong man, but long confinement and lack of nourishment had weakened him. The keeper was undoubtedly a strong man. All this while he remained with his back to the prisoner. It was plain he regarded him with contempt and did not fear an attack. He even lummed a fragment of an insulting song.

Cautionously, slowly—like a cat approaching a mouse—the condemned moves upon his victim. Rage lends him strength. With one bound he is on the keeper's shoulders. His long, bony hands meet like a vise upon his throat. Then a terrible struggle begins. The keeper tries to shake him off. He is a strong man, but he feels he has met his match. Then the keeper beats him fiercely upon the head and face with a bolt of iron. The blood flows down his face and blinds his eyes, but he does not relax his hold. They roll upon the ground—the condemned uppermost. The keeper has managed to secure his dagger. He stabs the prisoner once in the breast. Then the dagger falls from his hand; his eyes and tongue protrude in a frightful manner; his face is a mixture of purple and red—blood trickles from his nostrils. He is dead.

With a maniacal cry of delight the prisoner staggers to his feet, blood streaming down his breast and head. He attempts to reach the door, but his strength fails him. He is mortally hurt. With a scream he falls lifeless across the threshold, striking his head upon the hard stone floor.

But what of the pins? The prisoner had been in the habit before lying down to sleep of fastening the four pins in the left cuff of his blouse. The fear of detection so upbraided upon his mind that one night, in a fit of somnambulism, he had put the pins side by side in the edge of the garment, and there they were afterward found and commented upon by the authorities of the prison.—J. H. Kirwin in Buffalo News.

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Humble. Dr. Wayland tells a good story of a young clergyman who preached a strong temperance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him: "I am afraid you have made a mistake. Mr. Jones, who pays the highest poor rent, is a distiller; he will be angry." The minister said, "Oh, I am sorry; I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones and remove any unfavorable impression and tell him that I did not mean him." Accordingly he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and a good many amusements and was not distinguished above other men as being an ascetic. The pastor expressed his regret to Mr. Jones for anything in the sermon which hurt his feelings. He was somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, Mr. Jones said: "Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."—New York Tribune.

Sure Enough. A good story is told of General Sherman's son Thomas, now known as Father Sherman. In the company of a detachment of soldiers he was crossing the pontoon bridge over the Potomac when the armies were on their way to Washington for their great review in 1865.

The boy was then about 8 years old. One of the men, to make talk, asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father. "No, sir," answered the boy with surprising promptness. "Why, not?" was the next question. "Well," said Thomas without hesitation, "there are plenty of other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father?"—Philadelphia Press.

Solicitous. Mother—Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny—Down by th' ole mill watchin a man paint a picture. Mother—Didn't you bother him? Johnny—Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother—What did he say? Johnny—He asked me if I didn't think twas more dinner time, and you'd miss me.—Yankee World.

Doomed to the Basement. St. Peter—From New York, eh? Well, you didn't pay your grocer and never lost a chance to slip out of your flat without paying the rent. You can't come in. New Arrival—Eh? Where shall I go? St. Peter—Down below. New Arrival—Great snakes! Have I got to go and room with the janitor?—New York Weekly.

Too Much Reserve. "Your girl seems to have a good deal of maidenly reserve about her." "Well, I should think she has. I asked her if she would promise to be my wife three months ago, and she has reserved her answer ever since. I was thinking she had entirely too much maidenly reserve."—Chicago Sun.

Something About Eggs. "Were you at the poultry show?" "Yes; it was very fine. I don't think it can be beat in that line." "I know one thing in the poultry line that can't be beat." "What's that?" "China eggs."—Texas Sittings.

Always Wanting Something. "You women folks are never satisfied," said Uncle Josh. "Here I bring Hannah a fine roll of silk, an she ain't satisfied. Wants to hev it made up into a dress right off."—Harper's Bazar.

A Housekeeper's Wall. Discontentment burks within my breast, Yet in this world of most things I've the best: A husband who's the idol of my heart, A child, a son, a what grief from them to part! And friends— I've got the dearest friends on earth: We mingle tears as well as join in mirth. I've wealth, so much I cannot spend it all; My pursestrings break to every plaintive call. Still I'm unhappy, but I've cause to be. Lives there a soul who does not pity me? I've searched in every corner, every nook, But fruitless, to find a bangup cook. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Identified. Dags—What are you reading there? Scags—The story of "She Who Must Be Obed." Dags—Oh, yes, the romance of a hired girl.—Somerville Journal.

The Restless Man. Of all tiresome things a restless man is the worst. A restless woman cannot begin to come up to a restless man. She gets physically tired out after awhile and must sit down. But a man—he can go on and on forever. In cafes, railroad trains, theaters—in fact, wherever men do congregate—there also is the restless man, driving every one distracted with his ceaseless tramping. He goes up, and he goes down, but he is never weary.—New York Herald.

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