

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

No novels now, but novelettes; Cigars give place to cigarettes. Titanic "sons" to twinkling "stars." Pictures to sketches, "pomes" to "pars," Bonnets to things like housemaids' caps. Banquets to tit-bits, books to scraps. And three-volume novels to "short stories."

ACROSS THE WAY.

Across the way my lady dwells, Behind her window's sheltering bars, While jealous curtains hide her eyes. As filmy cloudlets veil the stars; And all my lonely life doth know Of happiness began the day When first I saw her sunny face.

Across the way I see her stand Idly to watch the passer-by, Or slowly gaze from east to west. With upturned face to scan the sky; A happy weather prophet she— For, be the morning what it may, My day is fair when she appears.

Across the way I hear her sing, When winter evenings longer grow, Gay chansonnets and ballads new, And tender songs of years ago. A cold dark room, a window wide, And all the price I have to pay, While light and warmth and peace abound.

Across the way I dream I go, And tell my love and learn my fate— Sweet dreams that always gladly end In bliss supreme, in rapture great! She smiles and lays her hand in mine, And then I plead for leave to stay, Or whisper, "Come, love—come with me."

—New York Journal.

FACE IN THE GLASS.

Blythehurst's busy tongues wagged an excited buzz of comments when it became known for a fact that the old manor-house in Witches' Walk was taken. The place had an eerie look and a reputation for being haunted. But the new tenants were not disturbed by the faint, far-off dark whispers that reached their ears unasked. The new family consisted of Arthur Whitting, a humorous writer and something of a recluse—bachelor—and his spinster sister, Miss Florimel, who kept house for her dreamy and unpractical brother. That same determined lady was also in the habit of thrusting her brother out for a "constitutional" regularly after breakfast each morning, deaf to his meek entreaties that he might be allowed to "finish that chapter first." And it was during one of these strolls that he was first awakened to the startling fact that his manor-house was "haunted" by the following occurrence: He passed a field and stumbled upon worthy Farmer Mayhew.

"You're from the old manor-house, ain't you?" observed Mayhew, with a curious glance of his shrewd gray eyes from under the big brim of his sun hat. Mr. Whitting replied that he was. "Never see anything queer yet o' nights?" "Any—I beg your pardon?" faltered Mr. Whitting, with a puzzled stare. "Why, land alive, man, didn't you know the place is haunted—has been ever since a young gal—twain, she was, too, the rector's twin daughter, and powerful pretty—was struck dead by lightning in the little back room with the vines runnin' all over the winder and the porch under it? No? Well, I'll tell ye—"

He proceeded to edify the new owner of the manor-house with a hair-raising chapter of horrors too lengthy to be quoted here. Arthur Whitting forgot his pet jokes now. This was no joking matter. If the servants should get tainted with this silly superstition he recollected with a start having seen Stephens cast a nervous glance behind him in the library at dusk last evening, and they would be giving notice next, and if there was anything he hated it was having new servants about.

Half an hour later Mr. Whitting, hot with his energetic homeward tramp, although a crisp October breeze was blowing, burst into the kitchen and confronted Stephens. "Here, you! listen to what I tell you, now, and see you heed it, or I'll make you do hear? No matter what silly babble you may hear from these country gawks, don't believe it—it's nonsense."

"About the—the ghost, sir?" faltered Stephens, in a whisper, with a sheepish look behind at the yawning cellarway.

Mr. Whitting laid a forcible hand on the fellow's coat collar by way of a gentle reminder.

"You blockhead, if I ever see you looking like that again I'll—I'll shake you. You're old enough to know better. No giving notice, mind. If you threaten to leave I'll lock you up. You can tell your wife the same thing from me. I'm not going to have my household demoralized by a lot of idle talk."

While Mr. Whitting was talking Miss Florimel entered the room.

"Why, Arthur," she cried, "what has disturbed you?"

Arthur desired not to enlighten her then, but plunged at once into a vigorous plea of his own for setting his household an example.

"Florimel, my dear," he said, "I am thinking of changing my sleeping apartment. I shall take the little chamber in the wing—the best out of

the ground floor, with the porch outside and the vines running all over the window. Be good enough to have the room thrown open and aired to-day. I shall occupy it to-morrow night."

Mr. Whitting had rented the manor house as the last occupant left it—furnished. The rector, its owner, had placed it in the hands of an agent immediately after the sad accident that befell his daughter, and had taken the rest of his family abroad. It had not occurred to Mr. Whitting that the next night was that deliciously horrible gala night of the spooks, Hallowe'en.

Stephens quaked in his shoes as he lighted his master to the ground floor chamber at 9 o'clock and the latter turned a disapproving eye on his trembling hands as the sputtering candle they held quivered nervously, and the fellow stared superstitiously into the black gulf beyond the rays of light. When he was alone he speedily lost himself in his book. So absorbed was he that he did not hear Miss Whitting's low rap at the door until it was repeated more emphatically and her voice said through the keyhole:

"Arthur, if you have not yet retired, open the door. I have something for you."

When he had obeyed he was confronted by his sister and a dainty tray of smoking pippins.

"Have you clean forgotten that this is Hallowe'en?" prattled Miss Florimel, cheerily. "Why Art! what a sleepy head you are growing to be, with your everlasting books and ink-pots—in your old age, I am going to say, but 48 is young. I am 55 myself, and see how I have to exert my faculties for us both!"

"You ought to be ashamed—we haven't missed keeping Hallowe'en in at least forty-five years—you haven't, that is. I've kept it ever since I could remember, and— There now, do close that book, and sit down and toast your feet by the fire and drink the ale while it's warm. Good night, dear."

Mr. Whitting blew out the candle and pulled the curtains aside to let in the bright moonlight. But the thick vine-tendrils outside, still loaded down with their luxurious leafage of crimson and freckled gold, barred the way so that only a gleam of silvery light struggled through into the inner darkness. There was a suspicious dimness in the glass as seen by the uncertain light, too, which suggested dust—the bachelor's pet abhorrence. He drew a long track down the obscure pane with his forefinger. Yes, the glass was thick with it. He threw up the sash, and pen-knife in hand began the work of destruction. In ten minutes' time not a single tendril remained clinging to the window, through which a flood of fairest moonlight poured, subdued a little by the thick veil of dust.

Suddenly as he lingered there looking out upon the pleasant landscape, he was conscious of a faint, dim profile between himself and the outer world. He rubbed his eyes and looked again intently. It was gone—no, the faintest shadow of a shape still remained, like a thought undefined. He snatched his flannel penwiper off the desk and hastily, rubbed it over the dusty glass, that he might see more clearly. Then he quickly threw up the sash and stepped out onto the little porch beneath. Not a moving thing in sight.

"Fshaw!" he muttered to himself, with an impatient laugh at his folly, "has the silly tattle of the country turned my brain, too, I wonder?"

But soon that unpleasant consciousness of a mysterious presence intruded on the would-be sleeper again, this time strongly. With a low exclamation of disgust at himself and everything in general, he raised himself upon his elbow and looked toward the window, with difficulty restraining a positive start as he did so, for, clearer than before, it appeared again—a distinct face and figure, apparently standing just outside the window pane, in a position likewise to him.

Mr. Whitting could not have described it, so unreal was the experience, even while its spell was on. He leaned a little forward to see the eyes. Were they open? Only on the faces of sleeping children was that expression of utter oblivion to be seen. This was not the face of a child, but that of a young maiden.

"I'll see how long this thing will last," quoth Mr. Whitting, grimly, to himself. "If she can stand it out there in the cold with a thin frock on, I can stand it in here. We'll see who'll give up first."

Fixing himself comfortably, Mr. Whitting gazed his wide-awake eyes upon the serene profile and waited. Yet through the slow hours of the night that sphinx never moved.

The cheerful voice of a distant chancieer ushered in the gray dawn. Luna's sickly pallor mingled with it, dissolved into it, yielded itself up to annihilation, and it was day. For a brief half-hour Mr. Whitting yielded to tired Nature's demands and dozed. When he awoke the first soft rays of the rising sun were streaming in. The mysterious profile at the window was gone.

Miss Florimel laughed cheerfully when he related his experience, and declared "it was the nuts and ale, and things." They had disturbed her own digestion, she admitted, but had not carried her the length of seeing ghosts. Mr. Whitting was not convinced. It was the agent's business to protect his tenants against annoyance of this species. He decided, against Florimel's discreet counsel, to complain to the agent, to protest, and otherwise vent his indignation.

The agent heard his story in silence. "Last week," he said, briefly, "the owner of the manor, the rector, returned from abroad. He is on his way to visit friends in Boston, and has stopped with a few days in order that his daughter, who is not very strong, may get completely rested before coming

ing the journey. I had best let him hear your complaint—he will explain. Ah! there is Miss Benton now. Miss Frances, will you tell your papa there is a gentleman here to speak to him, please?"

A young woman had come languidly out upon the porch from an adjoining apartment. She had carelessly taken up her station in front of the latter, standing with profile turned toward them, her hands clasped in front of her, and her eyes fixed upon the distant hills.

Still as a statue the girl stood until the agent's voice aroused her from her apparent lethargy. The likeness was complete! Whitting was so startled that he felt himself growing pale. For this, with a ghostly difference, was the very picture that kept him awake all night.

He was in no mind to be trifled with now, and, by Jove, if this pale-faced maid thought to play upon his superstition by prowling about her old home masquerading as a ghost to frighten the tenants off she would pay for her prank—he would tell her father! he would—he would sue the agent—he would move! He would—would—

"Please will you step into the other room? Papa is not feeling well this morning, and is lying down," said a timid voice at his elbow.

The agent had vanished. Whitting was alone, looking silly enough, doubtless with the flush and frown of anger adding their unbecoming emphasis to the deep sunburn he had lately acquired, owing to Florimel's whim of making him tramp for miles in the air every morning after breakfast.

"Ah," he murmured, sarcastically, on the impulse of the moment, "this is the young lady, I presume, who had such a vast amount of fun at my expense by haunting my window at Hallowe'en. I trust you didn't get cold, and that you enjoyed it more than I did."

"I!" she faltered, making a little gesture with her hand—a gesture of scorn and hurt dignity. "I haunt your window, man!"

The scorn expressed in that soft, contemptuous tone of slow disdain would have cut a less sensitive man to the quick, especially her way of saying "man!"

Ere he had time to rally from the attack a deep voice called from the other room:

"Frances, my love!" "Coming, papa?"

Miss Benton deigned to turn her flashing eyes—heaven knows there was no lack now of expression in the angry face she turned upon him—in his direction as she imperiously waved him into her father's presence.

"Papa," she began at once, "this man—your manor tenant—comes here with a strange complaint. He says—he dares to say—that I masqueraded before his window last night as a ghost or something."

"My daughter, my daughter, do not be hasty. You forget the— And the white-haired old rector drew his daughter to his side and murmured something.

To Whitting's amazement the expression of haughty anger and insulted pride instantly faded from the girl's face, giving place to one of pensive sadness, as when one recalls some tender memory inseparable from sorrow.

"Sir," said the old rector, courteously, "you sleep in the little ground floor bedroom in the back wing, do you not? But I know you do, else you had not been annoyed. A few years ago I lived in the old manor house with my wife and my twin daughters. My children were born there, and they had never known any other home. I brought my wife there a bride. I buried her there.

"One of my daughters gave her heart to a worthy man, and they were shortly to be married, when quite unexpectedly he was summoned to Europe to attend the dying bed of a relative. He called home, however, that he would surely be back in time for the 30th, which had been the original date set for the wedding, so that no change need be made on the cards. As she was in somewhat delicate health, being at all times constitutionally fragile, she retired early to her chamber that evening—the small back one on the ground floor—in order that she might gather fresh strength for the morrow.

"There came up that night one of those sudden, violent thunderstorms so common here in the summer time. As she stood dreamily beside her little window, looking out through the pane at the grandeur of the storm—the crashing branches and bending trees—a fearful flash of vivid lightning suddenly enveloped the whole world in blinding brightness, flaring full upon her face and figure, and, by some curious freak, photographing both indelibly on the glass! But my child uttered one piercing shriek and fell to the floor—dead."

"But why was the pane of glass never removed? That would be a very easy mode of getting rid of this annoyance to your future tenants, who may not know the story, but may even be frightened off by it if they be of a superstitious turn."

"Because my poor wife pleaded that the wonderful picture of our child painted upon the glass by the hand of God, as it were, might never be destroyed or removed. 'It would be almost sacrilege to touch,' she said. 'Let it always stay. Promise!'"

"The strangest part of it is, the face of my daughter cannot be seen from the outside of the window by broad daylight, or at close quarters, except vaguely."

A month later the manor house received another family into its spacious rooms—the old rector and his family came home to live. But Mr. Whitting did not move, for shortly thereafter the two families became one.

And the beautiful face in the glass still looks out at twilight upon the pleasant hills, while its counterpart in the flesh smiles at Whitting across the cozy tea table in another room.—Waverley.

Is There a Fifth Napoleon?

A London letter in the New York Press tells a sensational story about the late Prince Imperial of France, and his alleged marriage to an English governess before he lost his life in Africa.

In a French country village, confined in an institution which is half almshouse and half school, there is to-day a youth who is known as Louis N. Moore. Some unknown person pays \$75 a year for his board, clothes, and schooling. The boy wears garments so coarse and hideous that they resemble prison clothes, but his features are those of the first Napoleon and the Prince Imperial combined. A few people in England and France do not hesitate to say that this half-starved, half-clad young man is the son of the Prince Imperial by Miss Charlotte Watkins. After his birth the Empress Eugenie treated her son so badly that he went to Africa, where he was butchered by the Zulus. M. Rouher, a confidential agent of the Empress, then convinced Miss Watkins that her marriage was not legal, and induced her to marry a man named Moore, who was doubtless paid for the part he played in the matter.

The young Louis is now old enough to go out into the world and earn his own living. He is kept in ignorance of his supposed illustrious parentage, and his education has been confined to the commonest branches, as the unknown persons who caused him to be locked up in his prison school propose to have him trained up in some mechanical calling. His detention, however, gives rise to the belief that his custodians have found out that he is the fifth Napoleon, and it is thought that they intend to hold him and secretly give him instruction that will fit him for the highest station, and then bring him to the front when the next Bonapartist movement is started.

It is a very interesting story, but Eugene has recently declared that there is not a word of truth in it.

Another startling theory is advanced in a recent book by Count d'Herrison, who maintains that the Prince Imperial was either foully murdered in Africa or kept from returning to Europe for unknown reasons.

Lottery-Swindling Confessed.

Any lottery concern attempting to do business in the United States is a wilful and persistent law-breaker. Every intentional violator of the law is dishonest. It is hard for a novice to beat a dishonest concern at its own game.

There is only one lottery company doing business in this country that has ever succeeded in making any considerable number of persons believe that its so-called drawings were fair. This company finds many dupes who believe that a gang of persistent law-breakers will not swindle a stranger when it has the opportunity. Perhaps a recent discovery may open the eyes of some who might become dupes.

A reputable business man in Philadelphia received a letter from the general agents of this lottery, inclosing two one-fifth parts of ticket 48665. This letter said:

"We stand in a position to use our judgment as to where prizes will do the most good, and wishing to establish a permanent agency with you, as we are satisfied you will make us a competent agent, providing we give you a good start, therefore have concluded to let you have a prize in the July drawing of \$8,000, this being two-fifths of the second capital prize of \$20,000."

"Inclosed you will also find 115 tickets, for which you must remit \$100."

It is not probable that the swindlers would have let the designated ticket draw anything. They were after the man's \$100.

The concern making this proposal is pre-eminently the "honest" lottery—Youth's Companion.

Take Your County Paper.

No man is too poor to take his county paper, says an exchange, and it is false economy to get along without it, says the Michigan Press Association Bulletin.

Hardly a week passes that something does not appear in its columns that will be a financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he has made or saved from one to twenty times its subscription price.

The city papers do not take the place of a county paper, although some people seem to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they don't give you what you are most interested in—your county news.

You cannot learn from them when and where public meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in and who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to sell land—in fact, hundreds of items which it might be of particular importance for you to know.

Such matter city papers cannot furnish, but the county paper can and does. If you can afford but one paper, by all means take one that is published in the county in which you live.

Mr. Gladstone's Memory.

Another anecdote to illustrate Mr. Gladstone's strength of memory. Sir H. Owen took him on a comparatively recent occasion an important return containing a mass of figures. Mr. Gladstone looked through the return as he ate breakfast and then handed it back to Sir H. Owen, who took it away with him. In the House of Commons on that day Mr. Gladstone dealt with the figures as if he had written them before he ate breakfast. Sir H. Owen remarked that Mr. Gladstone was the only Minister that ever gave him back such a paper.—Westminster Gazette.

LESS THAN \$1,000 A YEAR.

The Cost of Education Now at Cambridge University, England.

The Cambridge students of to-day strike the stranger as a splendid lot of healthy, earnest young men, says a writer in the Omaha Bee. The descriptions of Cambridge life at the end of the last century which have been given us would not hit the mark now. In those days beer drinking and roystering and dog fancying and horse riding occupied most of the time of the young lords, more angles being described on billiard tables than in the class-rooms. This sort of thing is very much looked down upon nowadays, and the boys who make display of their wealth are by no means the most popular. When the young princes were sent to Cambridge the Prince of Wales left positive instructions that their companions were to be absolutely selected from the industry stood highest, and that under students whose morals, capacity and no circumstances should they associate with the fast set of young extravagant lords and rich men's sons, who sometimes boasted that they would not have to live by their learning. Economy, decency, manliness and earnestness seem to be inculcated here as much as book learning. I was told by several fellows that from \$750 to \$1,500 per annum was ample to meet the entire expenses of a young man at Cambridge. That more than this sum was not only unnecessary but undesirable. On the ship coming over I met the sons of a rich Philadelphia iron master, just from an American college. The stories those young men told me of the extravagance of college students in the United States, if true, were enough to make us out of conceit with the higher schools of our own country. Compare the simple rooms of Cambridge students, and Cambridge professors, too, for that matter, with some of the suites of our own college "swelldom." And yet what a procession of great men these little rooms with their narrow staircases, low doors and diamond-paned leaden window casements, have seen. Our rich men, most of them men of simple habits and tastes, would do well to follow the present generation of wealthy Englishmen and insist upon no vulgar display at college. Let them think of the splendid young men Cambridge is turning out at a cost per annum of from \$750 to \$1,000, the first mentioned sum, the faculty says, preferred.

Some five or six years ago the late rajah of Tanjore, a man 40 or 50 years of age, and of the chief native personage in that of India, made up his mind to become a devotee. He one day told his friends he was going on a railway journey off his servants and carriage, he would follow, gave them the and has never been heard of since, friends wept to the man who known to have been acting as his agent who simply told them: "You will find him." Suppose the g. o. m. of Prince of Wales were to retire this, how odd it would seem!

To illustrate this subject, I may the story of Tillelathnan Swam, the story of the teacher of the guru, acquaintance I am referring to in chapter. Tillelathnan was a wealthy owner of high family. In 1853 devoted himself to religious exercises till 1855, when he became "emancipated." After his attainment he sick of the world, and so he wound his affairs, divided all his money goods among relatives and dependents and went off stark naked into woods. His mother and sisters grieved and repeatedly pursued offering to surrender all to him would return. At last he simply refused to answer their importunate and they desisted. He appeared Tanjore after that in 1857, 1859, 1861 and 1872, but has not been seen since. He is supposed to be living somewhere in the western Ghats.

Enough Said.

Mr. Emmet Norris was a careful, prudent man. He lived about twelve miles from the nearest market town, made weekly journeys thither, carrying the produce of his farm behind strong team of oxen. This journey occupied an entire day, and Mr. Norris generally returned tired, but in spirits and full of his day's experience. Once, in early fall, the fact were alarmed to see him coming the yard at supper-time, walking without the oxen. Mrs. Norris hurried to the door.

"Why, father, where's the oxen?" exclaimed.

Mr. Norris made no immediate response, but sat down heavily on door-step.

"I've walked clear from M—," said, in a discouraged voice, "and was worn out before I started chasing after those oxen."

"Did them old critters run away never heard the beat. Where be they?"

"I s'pose what there is left of 'em between here and Boston," said Norris, with a sigh. "I had to take load down to the freight office by railroad, and I had to go and look Mr. Young; so I just hitched a chat saw laying there behind the yoke and to an old car that seemed to be stuck, and I went after Mr. Young. I found him, and we was just a-calling off his office when I saw the car a-movin'. It started up kind slow, then it gave a jerk, and before could get down those steps the cart upside down and those poor critters was going at a rate I didn't believe in 'em."

Mr. Norris looked down at his covered feet.

"Well, Emmet, why didn't you get the car?"

Mr. Norris rose slowly, and looked his wife.

"I own to bein' careless and reckless Amanda, but I ain't so foolish as to peck to stop a train by yelling at it. I don't want to say no more about I've lost a valuable team and the bushels of potatoes, and walked twelve miles, and I ain't in no mood for discussing why I hitched those oxen, or why I didn't unhitch 'em. We let the question rest right here."

A Trial by Jury.

Some time ago in the Barnett Court (N. C.) Superior Court, Judge St. presiding, the trial of a case had protracted till near midnight. The jury was tired and sleepy and showed flagging attention. Willie Murchison, who was addressing the jury, thought arouse them, so he said:

"Gentlemen, I will tell you an anecdote."

Instantly, the Judge, the jury, and few spectators pricked up their ears and were all attention, as Murchison was admirable in that line, had a full of anecdotes, and no one could tell them better. But he soon proceeded to one of the dullest, prosiest, most pointless jokes possible. Everybody looked disappointed. The Judge leaning over, said in an unmistakable tone of disappointment: "Mr. Murchison, I don't see the point to that joke." "Nor I either," replied the witty orator. "But your honor told it to me our way down here, and, as I doubt the lack of appreciation must be due my obtuseness, I concluded to give you a trial by jury."

"Chaos Destroyed!"

To be conservative may be a very good thing; it is possible, however, have too much even of a good thing. This was the case with the great T. Leland, who would have preserved even abuses merely because they had once existed.

This peculiarity of his was summed up by a witty companion, Paul Courrier, who declared that if T. Leland had been present at the creation he would have exclaimed: "Good gracious! Chaos will be destroyed!"

Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrock" is the Arabic word for wood, and under the name of shamrock, the Irish made the national flag of Ireland. The best are increasing constantly.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Prominent East Indians Who Voluntarily Passed into Obscurity.

Some five or six years ago the late rajah of Tanjore, a man 40 or 50 years of age, and of the chief native personage in that of India, made up his mind to become a devotee. He one day told his friends he was going on a railway journey off his servants and carriage, he would follow, gave them the and has never been heard of since, friends wept to the man who known to have been acting as his agent who simply told them: "You will find him." Suppose the g. o. m. of Prince of Wales were to retire this, how odd it would seem!

To illustrate this subject, I may the story of Tillelathnan Swam, the story of the teacher of the guru, acquaintance I am referring to in chapter. Tillelathnan was a wealthy owner of high family. In 1853 devoted himself to religious exercises till 1855, when he became "emancipated." After his attainment he sick of the world, and so he wound his affairs, divided all his money goods among relatives and dependents and went off stark naked into woods. His mother and sisters grieved and repeatedly pursued offering to surrender all to him would return. At last he simply refused to answer their importunate and they desisted. He appeared Tanjore after that in 1857, 1859, 1861 and 1872, but has not been seen since. He is supposed to be living somewhere in the western Ghats.

Enough Said.

Mr. Emmet Norris was a careful, prudent man. He lived about twelve miles from the nearest market town, made weekly journeys thither, carrying the produce of his farm behind strong team of oxen. This journey occupied an entire day, and Mr. Norris generally returned tired, but in spirits and full of his day's experience. Once, in early fall, the fact were alarmed to see him coming the yard at supper-time, walking without the oxen. Mrs. Norris hurried to the door.

"Why, father, where's the oxen?" exclaimed.

Mr. Norris made no immediate response, but sat down heavily on door-step.

"I've walked clear from M—," said, in a discouraged voice, "and was worn out before I started chasing after those oxen."

"Did them old critters run away never heard the beat. Where be they?"

"I s'pose what there is left of 'em between here and Boston," said Norris, with a sigh. "I had to take load down to the freight office by railroad, and I had to go and look Mr. Young; so I just hitched a chat saw laying there behind the yoke and to an old car that seemed to be stuck, and I went after Mr. Young. I found him, and we was just a-calling off his office when I saw the car a-movin'. It started up kind slow, then it gave a jerk, and before could get down those steps the cart upside down and those poor critters was going at a rate I didn't believe in 'em."

Mr. Norris looked down at his covered feet.

"Well, Emmet, why didn't you get the car?"

Mr. Norris rose slowly, and looked his wife.

"I own to bein' careless and reckless Amanda, but I ain't so foolish as to peck to stop a train by yelling at it. I don't want to say no more about I've lost a valuable team and the bushels of potatoes, and walked twelve miles, and I ain't in no mood for discussing why I hitched those oxen, or why I didn't unhitch 'em. We let the question rest right here."

A Trial by Jury.

Some time ago in the Barnett Court (N. C.) Superior Court, Judge St. presiding, the trial of a case had protracted till near midnight. The jury was tired and sleepy and showed flagging attention. Willie Murchison, who was addressing the jury, thought arouse them, so he said:

"Gentlemen, I will tell you an anecdote."

Instantly, the Judge, the jury, and few spectators pricked up their ears and were all attention, as Murchison was admirable in that line, had a full of anecdotes, and no one could tell them better. But he soon proceeded to one of the dullest, prosiest, most pointless jokes possible. Everybody looked disappointed. The Judge leaning over, said in an unmistakable tone of disappointment: "Mr. Murchison, I don't see the point to that joke." "Nor I either," replied the witty orator. "But your honor told it to me our way down here, and, as I doubt the lack of appreciation must be due my obtuseness, I concluded to give you a trial by jury."

"Chaos Destroyed!"

To be conservative may be a very good thing; it is possible, however, have too much even of a good thing. This was the case with the great T. Leland, who would have preserved even abuses merely because they had once existed.

This peculiarity of his was summed up by a witty companion, Paul Courrier, who declared that if T. Leland had been present at the creation he would have exclaimed: "Good gracious! Chaos will be destroyed!"

Shamrock.

Those who believe that one of the lost tribes of Israel settled in Ireland lay stress on the fact that "shamrock" is the Arabic word for wood, and under the name of shamrock, the Irish made the national flag of Ireland. The best are increasing constantly.