I had of suitors more Than you could name them Yet I did give them o'er. Nor wish to claim them. My heart waxed warm for none Whom others smiled upon— I had been moved and won By the King's Jester.

Folks question, How can I Faith, an I do not lie I do discover Fools wearing wisdom's clock As though it fitted. There is Sir Godfrey Hoke, Quite sorry witted;

He proved his peacock-pate When he avowed that fate Meant me to be his mate-Give me my Jester My grandame is mad with grief

Over my choice: It gives her great relief To usd her voice. Harshly she chides when he Culis me sweet posies, And all the maids, perdee! Up tilt their noses They are sore shocked. I wis, But I care naught for this. My motley Jester.

Those waiting-maids would be

Crimson with anger If they but knew how he Mocked at their languor And silly, mincing ways There's Prudence Penny, Of her I like dispraise Far more than any: For she's a haughty jade. Alack! I am afraid His gaming at first made

With love o'erflows my cup;

Still, he's not handsome, Yet I'd not give him up For a king's ransom He will ne'er anger me When we are married. His face will never be Scowling and harried. What though his wits are light? I love him in despite; At church this very night

I'll wed my Jester! -Maud Annulet Andrews, in Century.

ENRIQUE.

How He Helped Fight the Road Agents.

"Well, for one reason," said Mr. French "because lightning doesn't often strike twice in the same place." "That might do for an argument about

most other matters," returned his wife, "but not about robbing stages." "O, stuff!" said the husband, with the air

are always scared to death. I'll risk Enrique for a trip from Redwood City to Pes cadero, and I know you're willing to. Come, get the young gentleman ready; we must take that half-past seven." Mr. French was one of those go-ahead,

sanguine men who are pretty sure to have their own way, and who generally come out right by so doing. The matter that had been discussed at this time was that of a projected trip for their adopted son, Enrique, Enrique was the child of some Spanish

or, more properly, Spanish-American people, who had been friends of Mr. French, and who, when they died, had left their little son to his care. Both his wife and he had taken a strong fancy to the pretty orphan, and had finally adopted him.

The summer-the dry season-of California was just beginning, Enrique was a little fagged with his studies, and it had been deemed advisable to send him to the coast to recruit. Pescadero had been selected as at once healthful, and possessing the proper attractions for the little fellow, and the time had come for him to be made ready. But just as every thing else had been arranged. his board engaged at the house of a fatherly ranchero, even his little trunk brought down from the attic-when, in short, all things were ready to be got ready-what should occur but a startling stage-coach robbery.

Yes, the Redwood City mail-stage, six passengers aboard, and Wells-Fargo's express box was stopped and plundered. Even some comparatively valueless rings had been taken from the passengers, and then the harnesses had been cut and the horses driven away, so that it was some time berescue. This it was that had brought about ters might pounce on us. He only jest the discussion just given between Mr. French and his wi'e. But the father had thought it unlikely that the same stage would be soon attacked again-and so had gone on with his plans for little Enrique's

On the following morning, then, having carefully seen that his gun was strapped to his other luggage, and that his jointed fish- in spite of themselves, and even Enrique ing rod had not been forgotten, Enrique kissed his mother, and entered the back to be driven to the station. The Frenches live in San Francisco, and Redwood City, where Enrique was to take the stage, was about thirty-five miles distant. The ride to the train and afterward that

in the cars, presented nothing eventful. When Enrique got out upon the platform at Redwood there was a tall, spare man with a face heavily bearded and much sunburned, ready to show the passengers to the stage. This personage proved to be the driver himself, and Enrique looked with deep respect | sion of gulches, precipitous cliffs, and bare at his tall, strong figure as he moved about rocky hill-sides. Always on the left rose directing how things should go, and nodding the frowning, craggy mountain. He drew his head authoritatively. This head, by the | in his head with a little sigh. by, was surmounted by an awe-inspiring bat with a mighty brim, slightly inclined toward one ear.

At last every thing seemed to be arranged: Enrique and three of the other passengers -all women-had been disposed of inside. a stout old gentleman and a tall young man had been given seats upon the box, and the driver mounted to his place. He received the reins graciously from an assistant, pulled his gloves a little better in place, and gave the signal to the horses. Away they went they recognized as that of the tall young

First they cradled and bounced along the streets of the little town, then proce more slowly across the black, flat, open country covered with tarweed that extends to the beginning of the foot hills; and at other women uttered dismai grouns. Even ast, more moderately still, up the hills, the man in the glasses looked disturbed. As

Now it was very uncomfortable, for awhile. The sun poured down, the dust rose up, and no refreshing breeze found its way into the deep-cut road. The poor horses clambered and sweated and panted. The stout man outside put up his umbrella and grumbled. The passengers with Enrique them

At last they reached the little hamlet of Searsville, and here the driver stopped the horses. They were glad enough, poor brutes, for the moment's rest, and gladder still when water was brought and they were allowed to plunge their heads up to the very allowed to plunge their heads up to th d and "O deared."

Then forward again, and presently the Mr. Dillyhock! Odear! O dear! way became more agreeable. The road wound about more exposed places, little puffs of air reached them, and now they rolled down into little dells where the cool

trees almost met overhead.

"I hearn this mornin' how the driver was goin' to carry three or four guns with him, after this," said one of the women, who sat by Enrique. "I didn't see nothin' of 'on," she continued, "when I got in, but I s'puse he must have hid 'on round uninchasts." I still the is Wells-Pargo's express measure there hid 'on round uninchasts.

"I neticed that he leeked carefully after a beauty to act as we direct."

"Who is that feller!" faintly inquired in this by Continued in the leeked carefully after a beauty to act as we direct."

"Who is that feller!" faintly inquired in this by Continued in the continued

"Lor!" said another woman, "I hope to mercy he h'aint took 'em. What could he do 'lone aginst eight or ten road agents? 'pos'n the agents did come."

"And I think with you," said the third passenger, a lady-like, rather pretty young woman, somewhat better dressed than the others. "We could do nothing to resist a gang of men fully armed and determined. I in the same place."

boy, and especially his great, dark, Spanish eyes had been observed by his fellow-passengers for some time, but his rather shy manner had prevented their making any advances toward acquaintance. They were glad to hear his voice, and at once replied to him. They had succeeded in finding out most of his brief history, and had learned that he was nearly ten years old, when they

were interrupted by the coach stopping. The passengers all glanced out, in some alarm, but were reassured by discovering that it was merely a pause for a way-passenger. He seemed to have come out of a kind of gorge, and appeared to have come across from another road. He was a short, stoutly-built man, dressed in a gray business suit, was smoothly shaven and wore green spectacles. He appeared to be about forty-five or perhaps fifty years old.

"I think I will ride inside, if there is room," he said, in a pleasant, rather lowpitched voice. As he spoke he came up to the coach door.

"Plenty of room," said the driver. He descended as he spoke, and let in the stranger. The others made room for him promptly, and he was soon seated beside the pleasant young lady. He had no baggage, but carried simply a stout cane.

There was something attractive about the man's face, and all were pleased with him. Perhaps they thought he would be a valua- a lift to Pescaderny." ble aid in case there should be trouble from the dreaded "agenta."

Now the road begun to ascend once mo and soon the coach had reached the loftiest altitude of the trip. The whole Santa Clara Valley lay spread out like a map at their feet and far in the distance loomed the blue peaks of the northern spur of the Coast Range. The air here was thin and hard to breathe, and one seemed almost neighbor to the blue summer sky with its tracery of white, low-lying clouds.

The driver now urged his horses a little, and they bowled along at a good pace over the mile or so of smooth road that extended along the summit. Soon they entered upon a narrow, winding way, penetrating a growth of low-branched trees, and with its course cut out of the side of the mountain like a shelf. Bo onward till at last they reached the open again. It was high noon now, and time they reached Weeks's Ranch. A tremendous crack of the driver's whip, a swinging, cradling gallop, and they tore around a low hill, and in a moment were descending a little declivity to a large farmgathering of the reins in the driver's hands. now a firm foot on the brake. Presto! it was done. One sudden jerk, and then a jolt. "How are ye, Mr. Weeks?" says the driver. It was an old trick with him, and thought that it was a wonderful perform-

The passengers hastened to rid themselve of what dust they could, and sat down to saw the four new horses put to, in place of the six that had brought them bither, and then they took their places again.

ance, and his admiration for the driver in-

"Why do they put only four horses in place of the six?' Enrique ventured to ask the new passenger, as they started.

"Because said the man, with a please smile, "the way is mostly down hill." "Thank you," said Enrique, much grati

fied. The man smiled again. "He's a first-class chap." thought the la to himself. "I reckon he likes boys." The fresh horses now seemed disposed show their mettle, and the driver was will ing that they should. So they dashed on bravely for awhile, and during the interval no one seemed disposed to talk. A few miles further, and they came down to

slower pace, and now the way was growing wilder and more rocky. "It was along here somewhere, I was told that the stage was robbed," said the gentle man with the spectacles. His hearers

"Great Joshua! I hope the' ain't non round this time," said the old lady, who had been formerly for war. "I told Mr. Dilly bock 'fore I left this mornin'," she went on "that jest as likely as not some of the crit-

"And I told my husband," said the other older woman, "says I. Mr. Pennidge, if I come back dead to-night, you mus n't be surprised, and he said he wouldn't. I do pelieve he didn't feel jest right about havin' me come, though, truly."

The young lady and the gentleman smiled was amused. The two women chattered on Soon they passed through the romantic little village of San Gregorio. Here the two old ladies made some talk about "gittin" out and stoppin' over," but made no move to carry the idea into execution. Now they were whirling through a desolate region, and presently the horses were holding back. sided by the brake, down a long and perilously steep hill.

Looking out Enrique saw, on one hand, high, bald cliff, and on the other a frightful ravine, and still further on a long success

"What is it!" asked the young lady pleasantly. "Nothing," said Enrique, trying to smile back. He was ashamed of the depression

this wild scenery gave him, and like the little man he was, would not say any thing to disturb the others. Now the stage lurched, and came to an abrupt halt. "Yes," they beard the driver say, "I saw

"Then drive slowly," said a voice, which "Get your pop ready," he added next mo-

ment, "I do believe there's going to be busi-The young lady turned deadly pale. The for little Enrique he did not quite understand it all, but felt strangely excited.

"Hello?" said the driver. "Why, them fellers are comin' down, and mean to show mselves. Bold, ain't they!" "One, two, three, four," answered the

young man, rather irrelevantly. "Four of "Yes, they've got down into the road, and

why did I ever leave my home, and poor

Can't be he would tempt Providence not to | The poor woman ground, but made no

other rej Now the stage joited on again slowly, and presently came to a halt once more. They were now just beneath a huge, towering I'm sure, for my part, I should go for all cliff, while on the other side was a fearful han's bein' jest as submissive as they could, ravine. A little to one side of the cliff the mountain receded less abruptly, and here grew a few stunted trees and bushes. kind of sheep-path here appeared, and it seemed to be by this that the new-comers

had descended. Enrique thrust out his head once more am sure, for my part, I only came to-day Far away to the south and east be could because I thought it would be an unusually see where the road repeated itself in a safe time. Lightning rarely strikes twice white, indistinct line. Just below this it "That's what father said," here spoke up his father say that near Pescadero there Enrique. He judged it a fitting time to say | was a place where the roads wound about a word, and was heartily tired of keeping in such a manner that three distinct see still. "He thought the robbers would keep tions of it could be seen at once, one above away from the stage for awhile," he went the other. He knew that this must be the on, "and hide, may be, for a spell, like mice." place. They were then upon the upper of The bright, animated countenance of the these shelves or terraces. He was enabled to see the two sections, because the read

there curved. All this took but a glance, and he noted it scarcely realizing that he did so. Then be leaned out still further, and looked eagerly for the four men.

There they came, guns in their hands, and dressed in rough, coarse clothes. But what interested him most was the fact that they were not masked, as road agents were said to be, and that they carried their weapons in a peaceful manner.

"Only a party of hunters," he thought,

with a glad jump of the heart. Then his

eye happened to rest on the uppermost dis-tant curve in the road. Something was flashing in the afternoon sun and creatures like horses, were seen to be in motion. "A party of men with guns." he said to himself, "and they are riding dreadfully

fast. What can they be after. He sank back in his seat too much excited to speak, or scarcely to think. Just then-Well, Buckskin Tom, how's the old body? I used to know you, but guess you've for. gotten me. My name's Chandler, from Deer "Don't know you, Mr. Chandler," they

heard the driver say. "No; thought you didn't. Well, me and the kit of us here have been huntin,' and we're pretty tired. Reckon you can give us They heard a low murmur from the box at

this, and it was apparent that the driver and the express messenger were talking. Once or twice they also thought they heard the tones of the stout passenger. "Can't accommodate you," spoke up the driver at last. "It's only a mile to Kennett's ranch. Keep the road we're going a mile, and take the first turn to the left. Only

keep you until you are rested." Once more Enrique ventured to peep from the window. He witnessed a sight that gave him a thrill of astonishment and terror. One of the four men was standing near the window, and Enrique saw that one of his long whiskers was hanging loose from his face. It was evident that the man wore a faise beard.

half a mile from there, and Kennett will

A glance at the other three strangers showed that they were an unusual amount of hair about their faces. It was evident that they, too, were disguised.

Scarcely had Enrique made this startling discovery when their fellow-passenger with the spectacles drew off his gloves, and made house. A dexterous, back-handed twist of as though to leave the coach. The boy, glancing at him in surprise, saw that he was fumbling with some object in an inner pocket, and the next moment he produced a small revolver. His mouth had a fierce, set look now, and his eyes seemed to shine through his spectacles in a way that terrified why should he not be cool! But Enrique the lad. While Enrique yet stared at him he deliberately cocked the revolver, deftly opened the coach door, and swung himself out upon the step.

The next moment he pointed his revolver up at the messenger. Before a word could be said, dinner. This was presently over and they a motion made, a pistol shot rang out from the box, and the man with the detached beard dropped instantly from sight.

"Tie on your whiskers better, next time, Tiger Rod!" thundered the voice of the express messenger. "I'm on to your game-Give 'em the lash, driver!' As he spoke the crack of the heavy stage

whip sounded, and the coach made a great bound forward. Meantime, how had it fared with the man with the spectacles!

We have seen that he had raised his pistol, and seemed in the very act of firing it. It was at this precise moment that the mes-senger himself had fired, and in doing so had changed his position. On firing he had leaned far over toward the driver, so as to avoid a return shot, and by so doing had taken himself out of the would-be assassin's range. And now the stage was flying forward at a terrible pace, and the man bad much ado to keep his footing. He managed it after a few seconds, and then flattened himself as much as possible against the coach. This was to avoid the return shots of his friends, which now came singing past

Taken completely by surprise by the act of the messenger, and not prepared for the headlong plunge of the horses, they had been unable to make an effort to prevent the escape.

The young girl sat dumb with fright, the other women were crouching in the bottom of the coach, also tongue-tied with terror, and poor little Enrique half stood in his place, his great eyes fixed wildly on the man with the pistol.

And now the ruffian seemed to think a second opportunity had come. Doubtless. the messenger was in his old place, and could be reached by a bold outward swing. It was evident the effort must be made soon too, as the man might look down and dis-

Swiftly the wretch swung out from the step. His revolver was once more raised. Then came the climax of Enrique's life. He saw the pistol raised. he saw the man's cerdy fingers chuched upon the door frame. The one supreme suggestion of the moment came. At the boy's feet, where he had kicked it about all day, was a small iron wrench. Stooping like lightning the little hero caught it up, swung it aloft, dashed i down with all his force on the clinging

There was a yell like that from the throat of a dying wolf as the man loosed his hold and fell, bruised and maimed, into the road and Enrique saw him no more. The coach rolled on; the messenger was saved! The coach did not stop until Kennet'

ranch was reached. Then the driver disnounted, and the women told him the story of Enrique's opportune act. You may be sure that both the driver and the measurement whose life the boy had saved, made much of him during the rest of the trip. He was a hero at P escadero for a whole week.

P. H. COSTELLOW. -An ingenious device for controlling excitable horses has been invented save the Indiana Farmer. It is at tached to the brow band of the bridle. and a light but firm cord runs through loops along the reins to the hand-piece. "In case of fright pull the cord, and diverts his attention from the object of

and the cost of the ceasus was \$44,877. | Capt. Bassett, in Ohio State Journal. This represents a cost per capita of the course of 1790.

HINTS TO INVENTORS.

Let Them Try Their Skill by Designing a Really Confortable Seat. Thousands of models of a perfectly comfortably seat will be made this winter in the Northern States by healthy boys playing in the snow banks. They will cast themselves backward against the slope of the drifts and sink and wriggle themselves into a position of heavenly rest in which the absolute Gladys, the beautiful, the young, is and dexterity with which they shave. to go. content of the head, shoulders, back, dead. and legs allures body and soul to slumber, even in a temperature of zero. And there is not a chair-maker in this smartest of nations smart enough thus far to have made a chair on the lines left in the snow bank by the boy's body.

For forty-five years the male American's experience of chairs and other furniture to sit on has been a martyrdom to ignorance and fashion. Their convex surfaces may be the deserved punishment of our national sin of permitting unrestricted immigration. They came from Germany, and were the treacherous gift of German upholsterers to the confiding Republic that welcomed and fostered them. By reason of the convexity of the seats there is not in any well-furnished parlor in this city a comfortable chair or sofa. To sit on them is to sit on a globe or a cannon ball. The seat should always be hollow.

But the palm of reckless cruelty and unthinking stupidity in the manufacture of furniture for domestic life is piled this: easily carried off by our American swift money makers. Consider the rockingchair which curses our places of summer resort, seaside and mountain. Look at the abominable thing laterally! It is the contrivance of an idiot or a devil. The seat slopes steeply backward. The rockers short and excessively curved, serve additionally to throw the front edge of the seat up into the air. This lifts the sitters feet from the floor and brings the weight of the legs on the sharp edge of the seat front. and accomplishes a torture which no human being can endure for over fifteen minutes without an outery or an oath. Regard the thing's back! A recess, too deep by half, invites the shoulders to repose. Below this recess a malicious bulge in the structure iams the tender small of the back. forces the lower part of the spine to sustain the entire weight of the reclining trunk, and defeats possibility of rest to the shoulders. It must have been a Puritan cabinetmaker's idea of the line of beauty that established a curvature of the American rockingchair's back, which from the shoulders up recedes into space and mockingly youd endurance, he bought a gun, and, tonsorial artist. The familiarity of a delphia Record.

refuses the weary head. Certainly, there is a great fortune for somebody in a perfectly restful seat on chair, sofa and rocker for American use. The nation is in a state of mad revolt and in a mood to be reckless about the price of relief. The mechanic who starts for this gold mine must carry in his hand and hold before his eves the "convex" utterly smashed, hated, despised, and spit on. The established model of our rocking-chair's back must be felt by him to be the unpardonable sin and the crowning shame of American household art. This mechanics soul must be filled with a reverence for curled horse hair, and his gorge must rise chronically against moss, excelsior, tow, shoddy and rags as material for a seat for an honest man to make for a good man to sit on. -N. Y. Sun.

BOOZE FOR SENATORS.

What Led to the Origin of the U. S. Senate Restaurant. "Tell me about that hole in the wall? "Well, it was one of the famous institutions of our early days. I'll give you a full history of it-something that has never been told in print. It had its origin in ham and bread. One of the Senators suggested to John Beall, who was sergeant-at-arms away back in the thirties, that it would be a good thing to have a little luncheon et near by the hall, where hungry Senators could run out and get a bite

"So Beall's wife boiled hams and made bread, and Beall brought them down and set them up in a little circular room just north of the rotunda and on the east side of the corridor. Soon he added pickles, nuts, salads and such little delicacies, and the place became very popular. Then somebody suggested to Beall that there ought to be a bottle of whisky there, and after the whisky had been procured there came a demand for gin. rum, brandy, wine and all sorts of things. In a little while the place became a regular saloon. There was no bar, of course, not even a sideboard. the bottles and demijohns being set in rows on the shelves.

"For a long time the Senators used to go in there and help themselves to whatever they wanted, and the expense was run in under the contingent account, as horse hire, or something like that. After a time the stock got so large and popular that it was no uncommon thing to see a dozen Senators and their friends in there drinking and having good times. The little room, not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and taking its name from the fact that it was simply a hole in the wall, lighted only by one window, was often badly crowded, and a good deal of confusion resulted in the arrangement of the stock, so that the Seaster who had a favorite brand of liquor had

much trouble in finding it. "Thus it became necessary to put a man in charge, and after a time the exinstantly the horse is blindfolded. This pense became so great that it was not easy to work it off in the contingent fright and puts him into another train account. Then the Senators were reof thought. Let go the cord and the quired to pay for what they got, and strongest possible manner that my of thought. Let go the cord and the direct to pay for what they got, and double spring instantly withdraws the after this was done the popularity of name must not be mentioned in contact.

The habit of making allowances for Lay down a foor of rails, upon which rapidly. But it was kept up for some ever. years after the Senate moved into its Reporter-But, Senator, I have nover others. -The population of the United thing. I'm thinking, that the walls of such connection. The idea has prob-States in 1790 amounted to 3,929,214, that dark little room are dumb."_ abig never occurred to any-

This represents a cost per capits of

1.12 cents. In 1880 the population
amounted to 50,155,783, and the cost of
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an alarming rais. A confirmed was \$5,8 cost per capita of 11.68 cents, or more and takes four ounces of the fiery fluid manager of your paper to send me 500 tience to prosy talkers, and emiling at of the camer nearly as well as in a

THE WESTERN EDITOR. lightly Mixed Character of His Labors in

"As we pen these lines," wrote the sble editor, "our eyes are rivers of tears, and our soul is fraught with poignant woe. A gentle, luminous star that shone more lustrous than all the stars about her, has died out, and

At this juncture the foreman entered himself to be fifteen or twenty minutes the able editor's room and informed in the chair, and five minutes of it is morning." "O, yes, I did, mamma." him that a short item was necessary to spent in dodging hair tonics, bay rum, "Well, what did the minister say?" fill the last column on the second page. brilliantine, face lotions and powder. and the editor wrote this:

our business. Several hundreds of run it over with a razor, sponge it off, dollars are due us, and if they are not and then the man dries it himself with forthcoming immediately the accounts a towel and leaves the shop five or six adjuste the next station at which the will be placed in the hands of a col- minutes after he has entered it. Very train will stop. It is a dial, the index lector.

the article about the dead one: "Her life and death reminds us the short but beautiful existence of the get shaved after they have assumed flower; born under smiling skies nour- evening dress. There is no pomatum ished by gentle breezes, only to be cut or cosmetic of any sort used, so that "What is the matter with it?" Custooff by the pitiless wind from the north. | the "barber's smell" is agreeably lack- mer - "It shoots too accurately." It seems like an unhallowed dream- ing. that Gladys is dead, but she is doubly

dead, in that she died so young." and was instructed by the manager of the Brokeslate Coal Company to write and print a short reading notice for Twain, has built up a reputation for Mayor J. H. Stine, of Washington, that corporation, and he at once com-

comfortable without warmth. will buy no other."

day; the golden glow of the sunlight, of shaving himself. streaming into her chamber, seemed a and colder shadows of death dimmed British barber." those tender eyes, left the damp upon her beautiful brow, and all was over."

to the printers:

general havoc. At last, enraged be- most gallus and showy Southern negro talked about, it was her own."-Philahearing the usual racket in the garden | London barber is almost as bad as his | - A man of the humbler class about midnight, he opened the window morning he found that he had shot one tures them, with endless enthusiasm. of his own cows, which had broken from the stable and wandered into the yard. The laugh is on Andy.'

He again resumed the obituary: "We have watched this young girl grow from childhood to young and glorious womanhood. We have watched her when she went by like a sunbeam and marveled at her beauty, and to-day we see the bridal robes substituted by the clinging cerements of death and our tears seem drops of blood ebbing from a crushed and anguished heart.'

When this was written a reporter entered the room and handed him a marked copy of a local contemporary. after reading which he rapidly penned

the following: "The scurrilous dish-rag which published in an obscure alley of this town by a lop-eared leper who spends his evenings trying to wash the tar off his body with benzine, says that we received fifty dollars for supporting General Strutover for the office of constable. It is scarcely worth while for us to brand this as an infamous lie, which would make Ananias green with envy. were it not for the fact that there are people who do not know the true character of the moral and physical wreck making the charge. We do brand it as a lie, and therefore as a lie we will cram it down the craven throat of the degenerate coward who uttered it."

The obituary was taken up again: "In this, the dark hour of our sorrow, we have the sweet consolation of knowing that the gentle Gladys, too lovely for the harsh blasts and tempests of earth, is now where the tear never falls, where the sigh is never heard, where the footfalls of death never echo on the jasper streets. We can only hope that in the uncertain future when we, too, have crossed the waters of the river of death, we can meet her there - there where the chorus swells forever and snowy pinions fan the perfumed air."

Another telephone message, and the editor, taking a fresh slip of paper, scribbled this:

"General Tom Breighton is going about town to-day with a broad smile on account of a handsome boy baby who has taken up his abode at the house. Tom has the congratulations of ye editor.

Then he wrote the final sentences of the death notice:

"This is indeed a sweet thought, yet we are stricken with sorrow that in all the weary years to come we can hear her voice no more. But what avail words? We can not speak the thoughts piece of music that you can not exethat surge through our brain; the cute with case. tears fall from our eyes on the paper before us and the pen drops from our trembling hand. Peace, eternal peace to the ashes of her who is gone.

The weary editor's day's work was now done .- Lincoln Journal Medesty of Greatness

Eminent Statesman - I wish you

present chamber in 1859. It is a good beard your name spoken of in any An erect on rriage—that is, a sound ing material, such as straw, march hay Eminent Stateman (with vehemence)

than ten times the cost per capita of at one time, and the effects are even the construction of 1790.

Tribune.

BARBERS IN EUROPE.

Their Peculiarities not Forth for the Edi-Scation of the Reader.

French barbers wrap the end of a towel over the fingers of their left hand, in a mild form and died. and when it is necessary to touch the face at all it is the towel which comes ber's hand. The main point about their is dead forever. Glady Swivelhurst- work is the extraordinary swiftness In America a man usually reconciles - "You did not pay very close at-The French use none of these things. o'clock Thursday morning, and, O ma. "We must have money to carry on They lather a man's face very slightly, can I go?" many Frenchmen shave twice a day if of which points to the station. One is Having dashed this off he continued they are going out in the evening, and set up in every car, and the indices of it is the regular custom to step into a all are moved at once by electricity. barber's on their way to dinner, and working from the locomotives.

I am quite aware that I am running you want?" Customer-"I guess not. in to the face of tradition in commend- I'm the proprietor of a shooting gal-Here he was called to the telephone, ing French barbers. The tradition is lery, and I give prizes to those who false. That brilliant satirist and score the highest number of points"master of grotesque lampooning, Mark Yankee Blade. the French barber which he will never is making a collection of branches be able to shake off, as far as the be- from trees that grew on great battle "Every man's house should be his liefs of Americans are concerned, fields of the war of the rebellion. He palace, and a palace would be very un- But the man is maligned, nevertheless. has just received from a friend of Vir-

prudent man will order his coal from But Mark Twain's sarcasm on the Chancellorsville, cedar from Hancock's the Brokeslate Coal Company. This barber of England is well bestowed. winter quarters in 1863-4, and cedar coal is free from dirt, dust and clinkers. He has even understated the case. A from Slaughter's Mountain. It burns freely and gives great heat. distinguished American novelist whom Purchasers will always receive full I met in London told me that he was stop at frequent intervals for the enweight, and having used this coal once glad that he had come to England for gineer to sleep, has fitted up a box car two reasons. In the first place he had as a theater, hitched it to a freigh Then the death notice was continued: learned to bathe every morning, and train, and whenever the train stops for "It was the morning of the wedding in the second he had acquired the art an hour or two to unload a box he and

promise of a life of happiness to come: me free from colds in the head, and by ten cents a head. but ere the shadows of the evening had the second I escape the horrors of the fallen upon the brown earth the deeper | barber shop, and particularly of the

Here a messenger boy handed him a as all the toffs are shaved by their for nearly half an hour this afternoon. note. He read it, and taking another valets, and the men who imitate them and did nothing but talk about the sheet of paper soon sent the following shave themselves, so as not to reveal baby." Mr. Winks "Bless his little "James Cobbleton tells a good joke servants. The few barbers that exist, admire and talk about the little cheruh, on Andy Shellhorn. For several nights however, make up in crime for this do they? Of course they do; they can't the latter had been annoyed by cattle paucity of number. They are brutal help loving -" Mrs. Winks "tirewhich broke into his yard, causing to a point never attained even by the cious me! It wasn't my baby she brutality. He pulls his customers

I have never been able to understand day came. All over Germany they give great strictness, power and almost in- ish it. defatigable work of the German police. It is impossible for a debtor to get across the border, and hence the truth-

The first barber I ever had in the German empire was the picture of Fritz Listz, the pianist, except that he was not gray. He charged about twenty cents a week for coming to my hotel and shaving me every morning, and it was two weeks before I got over being abashed in his presence. He had a huge shock of blonde hair, which was combed back from a noble forehead and cut off square across the neck after the fashion of Abbe Listz, and he invariably were a frock coat, buttoned well around his small waist. A flower bloomed in his buttonhole, and he came with his lather all prepared in a little water-tight box. He usually hummed an operatic aris as he shaved me, and it was a long time before I could summon up sufficient courage to interrupt him for the purpose of practicing queer German upon him before

breakfast. - Biakely Hall. HOMELY BUT SOUND.

What Young Ladles Should Avoid and

The principles which underline good manners are the same the world over, the Middle States it will do to cut les and it will do no harm for American when it is four to six Inches thick, but girls to give heed to the following rules in the more northern regions thicker written by an English lady of rank for ice can be obtained. If the ice is her own youthful countrywomen:

WHAT TO AVOID. harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagance in conversation-such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly to bring the blocks out of the water. that," "loads of time," don't you know," "hate" for dislike," etc.

Sudden exciamations of annoyance, surprise and joy-often dangerously approaching to "female swearing" as boards. In packing in the ice-house bother!" "gracious!" "how jolly!" Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters even to

posom friends. Attempting any vocal or instrumental

Crossing your letters. Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow. WHAT TO CULTIVATE

and all they may do for you.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-

connected with them, thus avoiding around the sides to keep the covering -And it must not, sir-it must not! giving offense through not recognizing in position. In removing the ice, open

* Christian Adventa

MISCELLANEOUS.

-A man in Nebraska vaccinated his hogs for cholers. He experimented on 307 head, 290 of which took the disease

-A thief at Dubuque stole a barrel of eggs, but because the warrant did into contact with it and not the bar- not specify that they were hens' eggs instead of goose, or bird or alligator eggs, he was turned loose and allowed

> attention to the sermon, I fear, this "He said the pienic would start at ten -A contrivance has lately been in-

> tro 'uces on the railroads in Russia to -Customer-"Say, this rifle you sold me vesterday is no good." Dealer-

The as any old resident of Paris can testify. ginia cedar from Mine Run, pine from

Dealer-"Why, isn't that just what

-A fellow in the South, where trains his little troupe of barnstormers give "The first of these," he said, "keeps | the rustice a dramatic performance at

-Mrs. Winks "Hold the baby a moment, there's a dear. I want to put back these pictures I got out for Mrs. It is considered in England rather a Minks to look at. Such a tiresome common thing to go to a barber shop, creature as she is. She was here the fact that they have no personal heart. So the ladies come and sit and

tered a public library in London and of his room and blazed away. In the around, jerks, scrapes, saws and tor- asked for a book, saying in reply to a question that he wanted "'Omer." The next inquiry was whether he why any man adopts the calling of a would have a Greek text or a translabarber in Germany, for the pay is ab- tion, to which he gave the following surdly small. I don't remember the reply. "I don't know nothing about a exact figures, but know that it never Greek un; what I wants is to read failed to startle me when reckoning what Mr. Gladstone reads." After half an hour's reading (with his fincredit with a degree of truthfulness gers stuck into his ears to insure which the foreigner considers a beauti- against interruption) he said he ful tribute to the general honesty of thought it was "rum sort of stuff," and human nature, until he learns of the went out. He has not returned to fin-

-A little boy in one of the Brooklyn public schools, encouraged by his mother's assistance, had worked for a month to get the honor medal, which was to be awarded on Friday last. The lad was an inveterate breaker of rules in the class room, and he made a great effort to get perfect marks. At the last moment, however, he received one had mark, and his rival took the prize. Reporting the fact to his mother, he said he did not care particularly for the old medal, but it was the clear waste of goodness that he regretted. His mother has abandoned further ambition for him for the present.

THE FARM ICE-CROP.

the Parking of Ice-Mouse.

While the farm lies buried in its

wintry shroud, the ice crop is ready

for the harvest. No farmer who has

once enjoyed the advantages of having a supply of ice during the warm months will willingly forego them for a single season; for ice in midsummer is not only a convenience but a luxury. The earlier the crop is secured the better. Although ice is sometimes formed late in winter, there are seasons when, if it is not secured early. the chance is lost for the year. In covered with snow it must first be scraped off. Then lines are marked A loud, weak, affected, whining, on its surface for the saw. An inch board, six feet long, with a cleat firmly attached across the lower end, is used Then they are shoved along the surface to the sleigh, into which they are loaded by means of an inclined plane of planks or surround the ice with some nonconducting substance and provide perfeet drainage at the bottom and ventilation at the top. Saw-dust is one of the best non-conductors, about one foot in thickness all around being sufficient. The interstices between the blocks should be filled with the same substance. No expensive structure is needed for an ice-house. Any thing that will hold caw-dust is sufficient for practical purposes. In the absonce of other receptacies, one corner of a baymow or wood-shed, partitioned of The art of pleasing those around with rough beards, will beep the less you, and seeming pleased with them just as effectually as a more costly The charm of making little enerifices convenience, or the ice-house will quite naturally, as if of no account to not hold quite enough, the supply the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of stack the blocks as compactly as possibie. Cover thickly with nea-cor or cornelalies. Finish the top so so to A good memory for faces, and facts shed rais, and put boards and rails