Let it pass! Strife corrodes the purest mind; Let it pass! As the unregarded wind, Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word; Let it pass! Think how often you have erred: Let it pass! Since our joys must pass away, Like the dewdrops on the spray, Wherefore should our sorrows stay? Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill; Let it pass! Oh! be kind and gentle still; Time at last makes all things straight; Let us not resent, but wait, And our triumph shall be great: Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass! Lay these homely words to heart, "Let it pass !" Follow not the giddy throng; Better to be wronged than wrong; Therefore sing the cheery song-Let it pass! Let it pass!

## THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

BY ALGERNON.

Darkness was creeping over the forest. A patch of blue sky showed pale between the tall trunks of the pines. In the west a bar of dead gold, low down, marked the sunset. The outskirts of the wood, where the daylight lingered, seemed, with the wild flowers under-foot and the great straight trees rising on every side, like the entrance to some mysterious fairy palace, where a mortal should penetrate with bated

Over the parched fields the evening dews already lay thick and refreshing, but where the brown pine needles formed a soft carpet, odorous and spicy, the earth still retained the warmth imparted by the sun, now sunk to its rest. Birds and insects alike were asleep, and not even the flutter of wings broke the majestic silence of the woods.

shadows, hastening his steps as he growth by his feet brought him always reached the stronger light of the clearing. He had a gun on his shoulder and a game ponch slung to his side.

"Where are you coming from so there! late?" said abruptly a musical voice, that seemed to rise out of the very ground.

He stopped with a thrill and looked down.

Lying prone upon the grass, with her chin in the palm of her hand, was a young girl, who glanced up half laughing. The outlines of her slim slight body, in a dark woolen gown, were scarcely distinguishable on the dark ground. She continued to laugh at his surprise, and repeated:

"Where were you coming from?" "I have been hunting. And youwho are you?"

The girl rose to a sitting position, and, her hand still resting on the grass, said:

"Sylvia! Are you the dryad of the forest? Is your mother a nymph? And do your feet grow, in roots, from the ground?" And he laughed. # The girl stood up. Her shoulder touched his.

"Yes, I am Sylvia, the forester's daughter. And I live in there," pointing toward the shadowy depths of the sleeping forest. "And you-who are

"My name is Royal, and my father lives at the manor-house." "Ah, you are the son of the master,

then? The lord of the manor was still and always the "master" in this secluded corner of the earth.

"And what were you doing here?" said Royal, and he looked at the girl fixedly by the last rays of the dying day.

She did not evade his glance. Her shadowy eyes, of a changing color, returned his gaze without dropping. She smiled, showing her white teeth, and pushed away the heavy dark hair from her low forehead.

"I was waiting for you," she said simply; "I knew that you often pass this way at evening, and I wanted to

He laughed. "Men should not be so easily startled. That is what my father says-that a man should have no fear nor shed no

"But I have seen my father shed tears," said the girl gravely. "When?"

When they carried away my dead mother."

There was no reply to this. Royal also had lost his mother, but he had not seen his father weep, for all that. "You are older than I," said Sylvia after a minute; "you must know a great deal. Can you read?"

"I should hope so," laughed Royal. "I can't I know nothing at all," said Sylvia, sighing. "My father is away all day. I am always alone." "Always alone? That is hard for

you! "Oh no! there are so many wonderful things in our forest-the flowers and the birds. But you only care for in the limpid mirror beneath them those who have not been seen, when the birds that you my kill them."

Royal touched his empty pouch significantly.

"Why did you wait for me?" replied

"Not always." Sylvia laughed. "I'm glad you missed them," she She, hesitating, seemed to be pursu- smiled back at him.

ing some thought that evaded her. "I speak to no one, ever," she finally "My father comes in late and on watch all night long. The poachers of her beauty. come after your game, you know; one must protect it. Well, I wanted to speak to someone."

"And why to me more than to another?" said be, moved a little. the same age as I am; you are hand-some, and you look kind. I thought

you would not laugh at me." She had begun to walk on. Royal followed her and they took the road to the manor.

The bar of dead gold had faded away; night was coming on; the stars were shining, like gleaming points, one by one against the blue. At the edge of a

field the clearing stopped.
"Good night," said Sylvia.
Royal lingered. This encounter to him was like a dream and had a dreamlike charm. It was the poetry, dimly apprehended in hours of silent study, that had taken sudden and tangible shape. But the lights from the house vonder showed through the gloom, and | brook, they were lost to sight. he could tarry no longer.

"Good night," he said, regretfully. "You will come back?" asked Sylvia, the softness of a woman's intonation in | waist. her child's voice.

"Yes." She made a parting gesture with her hand, stepped back and abruptly seemed to vanish, an impalpable form, in the shadows. It was as though her recent presence had only been a vision of his overwrought imagination.

"Sylvia!" he called aloud. "Yes," said her voice, and dimly through the dusk he saw her white face turned toward him.

"Good-night," he said again, reassured. "Good-night," came the answer softv from the depths of the transparent darkness, and the last syllable seemed to die away in tremulous vibrations into the echoing distance.

Every night the twilight and the stillness fell over the forest a little earlier, the freedom of her movements. for the summer days were shortening into autumn. And every night, a little earlier than the last appointed hour, Royal met Sylvia on the border of the

Great friends had they grown. The pedantic superiority, on his side, of one on the verge of early manhood, the half-savage elusiveness of the girl, only served to keep life between them a tantalizing dissension that drew them, by the very force of opposites, irresistibly one toward the other.

All day Royal was about the fields and the woods, but when evening came A youth came out from the heavy a pathway traced through the under- sadly. to the same spot.

As he approached a curious emotion would seize him, a mixture of joy and of foreboding. If she should not be

But he always found her half concealed by the tall grass, waiting for him, silently turning her smiling face toward the forest, and a sort of shame | flush rising to his cheek. would take possession of him for the weakness of his fear. And then he would sit down beside her, and he

would talk while she listened. For this curious girl found few words with which to clothe the thoughts in her soul. Her eyes alone could speak for her. And the dark velvet-like softness of her gaze-that somehow made him think of the dusky depth of the forest itself, as though she had been an incarnation of it-lingering on his one

night made him exclaim: "Do you know that I love your

It seemed to him that the sun was setting later this particular evening. In reality, he had come earlier than ever before.

She smiled, though still without speaking. "Your eyes, and all your whole per-

son," Royal went on, his eyes gliding over the delicate oval of her face, her round neck, her slim waist. "You are beautiful." Sylvia continued to smile and to look

at him. A sudden ardent desire rose, irresistible from Royal's heart to his mouth. He bent toward the girl, but she, start-

ed by the new look in his eyes, sprang to her feet. "You are not going yet?" he said, stretched idly upon the dry warm

"Come. I have something to show you." He took up his gun and followed her.

He would have followed her anywhere and everywhere. After a minute's walk the girl stopped at a rock which, abruptly, sank in-

to a limpid stream. "See how beautiful it is," she said. It was the first time Royal had ever been there. The cool freshness of the running water and the silvery verdure of the overhanging willows seemed to calm his sudden inexplicable emotion.

Sylvia had thrown herself down upon the rock, and he went and sat beside A little stream of 'water sprang from the stone and fell into a small basin which Nature had hollowed for it between the tree trunks. In the bottom of this hollow were two or three open

springs which, bubbling up joyfully, went to feed a dancing brook. The basin was not deep; a man would have stood in it no higher than his knees. But the ivy and other clinging vines which covered the stones as with a carpet transformed the spot in-

to a remote and sylvan seclusion. "Is it not beautiful?" repeated Syl-

Snatching some of the ivy, in long tendrils, from the rock, she wound it into two wreaths, one of which she laid upon her hair.

"Look at me," she said, leaning over the water. Royal, leaning over likewise, saw the girl's smiling image.

"How pretty you are!" he said,

And Royal would lean afresh over Royal also pursued his way. the crystal basin where her face Not seeing him appear, his father, Amusant.

As soon as he raised his head the smile vanished, giving place to a little air of severity, so that he was fain goes out early. Sometimes he is out to turn again to the reflected vision

Fascinated by his fixed gaze, a sudden new emotion springing up in her own heart, the girl, as though yield-"And why to me more than to anoth-ing to the imploring eyes down there, lifted her hand slowly to her lips and threw a kiss to his mirrored

The face she had been looking at abrubtly disappeared and Royal seized her in his arms.

"I love you! I love you!" he whispered; and his hot lips pressed a kiss

upon her soft cheek. Feebly, and trembling in every limb, Sylvia disengaged herself. The two ivy wreaths fell into the spring.

"Ah, they are floating away!" she

The circlets of intertwined ivy had already drifted out of the hollow, and now touching, now separating, were floating off with the stream.

A sudden sense of sadness seized the girl's heart when, at a turn of the "Already!" she murmured. Royal was not looking at the brook.

He had passed his arm around her-"Come back into the wood," he said,

"No, no; leave me!" Instead of his replying, he pressed a

second kiss upon her cheek. Violently she tore herself away, and escaping from his arms, slid into the water at their feet.

"There is no harm done," she cried. She was laughing and trembling at once, half from emotion, half from the sudden shock of cold. She stepped out of the water, and her

eyes fell on a willow not far off. "There are our wreaths," she said, as Royal stood beside her. Her dress, dripping with water, clung to her round young form. Careless of the fact, she was stepping innocently

away, even raising it and throwing it over her arm that it might not impede But Royal seemed no longer to see

the charm and alluring grace of this young creature. The brusque ending which his love-dream had met had put a vague disgust in his heart, and a sort of haunting anxiety. "Where are you going?" he said, as

she turned in a direction he had never before seen her take. "Home, to dry my clothes," she re-

"Let me go with you?" "No, no," she said hastily. "My father must not see you. Go, now!" "Do you want me to go?" he said

"Yes." They had both grown very grave. "To-morrow, then," he said looking at her and daring to ask nothing. He was waiting. She held out the ivy wreaths.

"Take them." And, mechanically, he obeyed her. "May I say good-night?" he asked, a She turned her head toward him, and

the kiss he laid upon her cheek was that of a brother. "Forgive me," he murmured. "It was my fault."

The girl's eyes drooped, and they stood silent, facing each other. "You are not angry?" he asked.

"Quite surely?" Instead of replying she leaned toward him and gave him back a kiss as sisterly and chaste as his had been brotherly and pure.

"To-morrow, then." he repeated. "Good night," came the answer, long drawn and musical. Slowly Royal turned homeward. The

sun set just as he entered. The next day he waited long for Sylvia, but in vain. The day after that he sought her at the spring; then again at the old trysting place; but she was not

to be found at either spot. Then he turned into the path that led to the forester's. He came to a little house after a time. A man whose surly aspect did not invite advances sat on a bench before the door. It was Sylvia's

"Which way to the manor?" asked

"In directly the opposite direction to the one you're going," said the man; then dropped his arm with a sigh. Royal hesitated and their eyes met. "What else do you want?" the man

said brusquely.
"Nothing," and Royal retraced his

The following day it rained. Toward evening, however, a yellow humid ray pierced the clouds. Royal once more sought the clearing on the border of the woods and the pathway he had seen but twice, but which haunted his mem-

As he was passing near the spring two men came out of the wood carrying a bier. Behind them walked the forester alone. Seized with a sudden terror Royal looked at the man. Two great tears were rolling down his

The gravedigger, his shovel on his shoulder, came slowly after the group. "Who is that?" said Royal hoarsely

v to him. "Sylvia, the forester's daughter. She took her death of pneumonia running about the woods. It was short work, carrying her off. A good girl she was, but always half a savage! Those people, they speak to none," he concluded shrugging his shoulders and looking at the silent man who followed his daugh-

Royal dared not follow, too. - He sat down upon the rock, but there so desperate a despair seized him that he started up again.
On going back to the village he pass-

ed the cemetery. It does not take long to conduct the last rites of the poor dead, especially of alive, mixing with the living.

ordinarily so calm, became anxious and sought him in his room.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as his eyes rested on his son's face. "I have suffered." was the reply, and

Royal turned away. "Tears? Then, do not weep," said the older man. And yet on that day Royal had wept

the first tears of his manhood.

bittle Mrs. Dodds. Soon after the close of the civil war, and when the West was a great deal wilder than it is now, several of us took the stage one day from Austin to Eureka, Nevada. As a matter of fact, there were five men and one woman, a dumpy little body with rosy face and blue eyes, whose name was Mrs. Dodds. She lived in Eureka, and was returning

home after a visit. The stage route had been clear of road agents for a long time, but as a matter of ceremony each man carried a revolver in a holster belted around him, and there may have been two or three bowie-knives in the crowd. We got away from Austin in good shape, and in an hour we were all pretty well acquainted. Nothing of particular interest happened during the day or early evening, but about 9 o'clock at night, while most of us were half asleep, the stage came to a sudden halt, and a clear, sharp voice rang out:

"If you move a foot I'll send a bullet through your head! Inside the stage. there! No nonsense, now! Hand

those pistols out butt foremost!" He threw the door open and covered everybody with the muzzle of his revolver. Stage passengers have been called cowards for permitting themselves to be "held up" by one man. The time between the stoppage of the stage and the opening of the door was so brief that none of us could have pulled a pistol. After that, to have made a motion would have been to invite a shot. Any one of us would have been a fool to resist.

"Step down here!" commanded the agent, and one by one "we stepped." As each man descended he pulled his pistol and laid it on the ground, and then took his place in the line.

"Ah! a woman here!" said the agent as Mrs. Dodds started to come down. "You may remain in the coach. I don't rob women. She settled back, and he turned to us,

a pistol in each hand, and briskly remarked: "Now, then, time is money. Each of you gents shell out, and place the boodle on the ground. The man who attempts to swindle me will get a dose of

We began to shell. I stood nearest the coach, at the head of the line, and I placed watch and wallet on the ground.

mu the wh dov cro

her husband a pocket a purse of \$500. and we slipped in another hundred to buy the little woman the nicest silk dress in the Silver State. - Detroit Free Press.

Not Likely.

At the Detroit & Milwaukee Depot the other day a woman about 45 years of age had considerable trouble with a crying child a year or so old. It evi- any thing for publication, and after the ford. It was being sold by subscripor something of that sort, and she finally turned to an old gent with a satchel between his feet and said:

"I want to get to a drug store. Can't you take care of the baby while I'm gone?" "Good land," he gasped as he leaped

up, "but I know what you're after! You want to leave the young un on my hands!" "You old idiot!" she yelled at him. "This here is my eleventh, and as I

never ran away from any of the rest am I likely to leave this one?" "But, ma'am-"Shut up! Leave a child on your hands! Why, you old wilted-up turnip,

a cow would be afraid to trust you with her calf!" He grabbed his satchel and skipped out doors, shaking in every limb, and the baby was left to bawl it out until the mother returned.—Detroit Free Press.

Kiss Me.

Then kiss me, sweet, just as you please, I will not pout, nor scold, nor tease; Kiss me, dear love, in thy sweet way, But kiss me oft, sweetheart, I pray! Oh, sweet, I would be understood, Give me a little kiss, and good; Kiss me, and in thy own sweet way-Kiss me by night, kiss me by day; Kiss me at morn, at noon, at night-Kiss me or when you think it right; Kiss me in pleasure, or in pain, Oh, kiss me love once and again!iss me, whate'er you mood may be, With thrilling, soulful eestacy.

—Goodall's Daily Sun.

Economizing.

M. D'Harpe has been treating himself to a new hat. Proud of his con-"How pretty you are!" he said, As Royal reached the enclosure the looking up that he might compare last trace of gold was fading from the for it?" asked a friend. "It cost me hospital chased by the phantoms of dethe original with the reflection.

"No, no," she cried, pouting. "It is only in the water that you must look at me."

In or it, asked a friend. It cost me has trace of gold was fading from the sky, and the gravedigger was smoothing ing his last shovelful of earth. The sixteen francs on the lining." "True," passionate manner, Confucius accepted forester, also still in silence, turned back slowly to his lonely home, and look at me."

In or it, asked a friend. It cost me his planticum tremens, but in a calm and disputation of the passionate manner, Confucius accepted his doom. The Chinese papers very back slowly to his lonely home, and look at me."

I paid my hatter; but I went without truthfully say: "His death has cast a bloom over our land and filled a long of the woman, kindly; "you may dinner vesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long of the woman, kindly; "you may dinner vesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long of the woman, kindly; "you may dinner vesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long of the woman, kindly; "you may dinner vesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long of the woman, kindly; "you may dinner vesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long the passionate manner. Confucius accepted his doom. The Chinese papers very back slowly to his lonely home, and look at me."

A STORY OF DANIEL DREW.

How He Got Even with a Lot of His Some of His Peculiarities as Detailed

Tormentors. The blunder of a messenger boy in to tell of dead and gone Uncle Daniel Drew. Mr. Drew was squeezed one Drew felt grieved, while other people were correspondingly high spirited and happy. It was a great thing to eatch the humor fell on Uncle Daniel's own ears, but he didn't seem to pay much heed to comments that made all the rest of Wall street laugh hilariously Some young men old enough to know better even went so far as to accost him personally and laugh in his face. Behind the smile that lighted his face it is barely possible that the recording angel heard a gritting of teeth, but the festive brokers did not hear any such thing, and they went on their way rejoicing for many days. One evening a big congregation of them were in an up-town club when all unexpected in marched Uncle Daniel Drew. He had called only for a moment, he was hunting for a man whom he did not find. It was not an excessively warm night, but Uncle Daniel seemed to be much overheated, and two or three times he drew out his big white handkerchief and bathed his face in it; and finally out of his pocket with the handkerchief came a slip of white paper to float and circle around until it settled at his feet on the floor. Mr. Drew didn't notice that he had lost anything; the speculative gentlemen before him did; and the foot of one enterprising broker was big enough to cover the slip of paper as it lay there on the floor. Mr. Drew went out. The eager crowd gathered up the white scrap, and this in the Wall street king's own unmistakable handwriting was firing editorial shots at Mr. Greeley for what it said: "Buy me all the Oshkosh his peculiarity in this respect. Webb stock you can, at any price you can get pretty high. Everybody was agreeing that it was too high, and that a tumble was inevitable, but the handwriting of the millionaire operator plainly ex- any notice of them, but he finally beposed on that slip of paper was suf- came tired, and answered through The ficient to convince that eager crowd in | Tribune: It is true that I am not as that club-room that night that some new | particular in my dress as are some peotherskyward. Right through the mill- not wear my costume through the stone they saw it all, and then and there clemency of the executive when I they made up a pool to buy twenty or should be wearing the stripes of the As I straightened up I saw little Mrs. thirty thousand shares the next day. Dodds hitching about in the coach. In They did, and the man who sold it to

efully planned.

An Account of Contucius. and of Chinese humorist whose ne was really Keing-fu-tse. This ne translated means Reverend Mas-King. He was a great man, and ny of his sayings have been eme of penmanship was like that of fellows from the country had borrowed . Spinner, who did some paragraph | money on. k at one time for the treasury detment. Confucius is said to have a kind of Chinese Moses, and peowho knew both of these gentlemen

racteristics in common. once to lecture, after he had become a great man, he had only \$7.50 in the had asked twice as much for the oxen. house. His old neighbors said that he tor asked him if he had ever written lished by the Chase Brothers, of Hartdently wanted paregoric, peppermint lecture was over announced in his pa- tion, and they said they never had a

little inclined to sag at one corner. He became a school teacher in the graded school at Loo and carried cold fried pork and rat sandwiches for his

dinner. When asked what one sentence would best express the conduct most fitting for one's whole life, he said: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you." This sentence, in horse stealing, fifteen years. substance, afterward appeared in book form and is now widely quoted. It is a lawyer was observed to speak excitedly very popular piece of advice, and many to his client whereupon the client stood people give it to other people.

Confucius was a great man and the all the typographical work himself with | were not interfered with. a marking brush. His signature was a marvel of individuality and looked like urged the prisoner. the footprints of a kangaroo that had been scared out of a mudhole and li.

on a pillow-sham. But death has claimed him. Like the man who has done his chores and ejected says he is gwine to ask you to give me a the cat and blown out the gas, he lay down new trial, and I want you to protect to enter into the dreamless sleep which me, judge." comes alone to those who have done their work well. Not in the midst of quest he showed his purchase to every- frantic yells of defeat; not on the rough refusing.—Texas Siftings.

HORACE GREELEY.

by His Son-in-Law. "The peculiarities of Horace Greeley the stock-exchange a day or two ago, have all been greatly overdrawn," said by which an order intended for one his son-in-law, Col. Nicholas Smith, of broker was given to another and the New York, to a reporter. "It is genoperations of a prominent speculator erally thought that Mr. Greeley was exposed, recalls to a New York Times very much given to profanity when exwriter a story that Wall street men love cited, but all the time that I knew him I never heard a single profane word fall from his lips, and my wife has often famous day by operators in Northwest said the same. His temperate habits stock, and he laid down a big pile of are well known; he never touched anymoney in losses. Not unnaturally, Mr. thing in the way of liquor, except cider, and, singularly enough, was very fond of cider. I have a boy 8 years wily deacon napping, and a hundred old, who is named Horace Greeley, and jokes went the rounds in celebration of he has inherited this love for eider and his upsetting. Some of these bits of dislike for other liquors from his grandfather, illustrating the great law of heredity. Mr. Greeley was very positive in his convictions. To illustrate: Dr. White, the late president of Cornell university, tells this story of him. In company with the professor of Latin and Greek at Cornell university, Dr. White called upon Mr. Greeley. The professor rallied Mr. Greeley upon his known objection to the dead languages in the practical education of young men, and a hot discussion was commenced. Mr. Greeley piled argument upon argument until the professor was cornered.

"'You must admit, Mr. Greeley,' he finally cried, 'that the Latin and Greek are the great conduits through which the learning of the ancients have come

down to us? "'Yes,' said Mr. Greeley, 'I admit that, but,' pointing to the water faucet, 'you see that faucet; I drink three or four glasses of water daily from that, and the water comes there through the Croton aqueduct. But, my dear sir, is that any reason why I should chew so

much lead pipe?' "Mr. Greeley was not very particular in regard to his dress. Parton, in his 'Life of Greeley' tells a good story of him. Webb, of The Enquirer, was very neat in his dress, and was always some time before had been engaged in it below par." Oshkosh was already a duel, and had been sentenced to the penitentiary, but was pardoned by Mr. Seward. Mr. Greeley stood his remarks for some time without taking scheme must be affoat to send it fur- ple, but I can say for myself that I do

a few seconds the barrel of a revolver them was Daniel Drew. He blandly marks from The Enquirer. Work was "This caustic reply stopped the rerested against the side of the open door. told them all about it as they saw their Mr. Greeley's nepenthe. My wife has The agent had his left side to the coach, and was about twelve feet away. If often points a day. Mr. often told that he would go out to his country house, Chapauqua, on Friday ing a dozen points a day. Mr. country house, Chapauqua, on Friday w's handkerchief exercise had been evening to remain until Monday and rest. But Saturday, after working all morning in his grove at his favorite pastime of sawing limbs off the trees, at noon onfucius was the Latinized name of he would board a train for the city. . There are fifteen or twenty of his old saws lying in the barn at Chapauqua now, some of them with andles forty feet long, to reach the top limbs of the trees. I believe he gave away more money during his life than any man med in history and handed down to that ever lived. I have now at home present time. His style of humor about a ton of worthless paper, and at of the profound variety, but his least a bushel of old watches, which

> "The old Quakers around Chapauqua used to be very much amused over his supposed gullibility. At one time an old friend wanted to sell him a pair of that they had many strong personal oxen for which he asked an exorbitant price, but Mr. Greeley, without saving was born in Loo on June 19, 551, a word, gave him a check for the ., and when he went back there amount. The Quaker, some time later, was heard expressing a wish that he

"When Mr. Greeley was nominated had been very much overestimated, and | for president if the election had taken that they knew him when he was a boy. | place a week later he would have swept They also said that there were dozens the country. But the capitalists of of other boys in Loo who were just as Wall street knew he would not serve good humorists as Confucius ever dast their interests and opposed him. His be. One reporter on the Loo Vindica- history of the civil war was being pubper that the lecture business was "over- book which sold so rapidly. Just at this time Mr. Greeley went on Jeff Confucious lost his father at the age Davis' bond and he was set at liberty. 3 years, and so had to rustle for him- The book dropped dead in the hands of self, as he says. He was essensially a the publishers just from this action. self-made man, and never wore sus- Ten years later the country saw that penders, even in the best society. He | that was the only civilized way of diswore a style of dress which has since posing of Mr. Davis. The work of Mr. become very popular in China, consist- Greeley was all for his contemporaries, ing of wide pantaloons and oolong cut- he did nothing to perpetuate his name away coat. His complexion was a lit- in the minds of posterity, and his name tle on the yellow order, and his eyes will live only in the memories of the were similar to each other, though a people as a great and good man."-St. Louis Republican.

A Client Demands Protection.

A few days ago, in the District Court, a prisoner, who had been defended by one of our young lawyers (who had been appointed by the court) received

up and told the judge that he looked to him for protection. leading humorist of his day. He published a small paper at one time, doing that the sheriff would see that his rights

After the verdict was announced this

"But that is not what I mean?"

"What do you mean?" inquired the judge, kindly. "I want you to protect me. This young man you 'pinted to defend me

And now that young lawyer tells peopie that he won't defend pauper crimclashing arms, beneath the clouds of inals without being paid for it, not even war, amid the shouts of victory and if Judge Noonan sends him to jail for

my dinner yesterday."—Paris Journal gloom over our land and filled a long may carry in that ton of coal, but don't felt want."—Bill Nyc, in Chicago News burn yourself."—Fort Worth Gazette.