

AN OPEN SECRET.

Ah! dost thou love and dare not tell it?
And canst thou hide it in thine eyes?
And canst thou from thy Love conceal it?
And dost thou laugh to drown thy sighs?

Alas! I love and must not say it;
My secret sweet I must not show.
I close mine eyes lest they betray me;
I close my lips that none may know.

Yet can I hope to keep my secret
When all earth's creatures tell it so?
They sing it, sigh it, and repeat it,
Till all the world must know my woe!

The nodding grasses tell my story,
The flowers lip it to the sun;
And all the birds, the chirping tattlers,
They seem to know it—every one.

Loud they sing it at my window,
And I'm happy while alone;
But I tremble lest they sing it
To some thoughtless, careless one.

Then the winds, how they repeat it,
Till the crimson dyes my cheek;
For very fear lest all may hear it,
So I pray them not to speak.

And the brook, while babbling onward,
Bears my story to the sea;
Then I'm sure the clover knows it,
Some one told it to the bee.

I would gladly share my secret
With the flowers, birds, and sea;
But how wrong of them to tell it—
Why are they so false to me!

—Lena Reed, in the Current.

THE APACHE CHIEF.

"It's a lonely place, Sarah, sure enough."
"Lonely! Why, Ransom, it gives me the creeps to be by myself alone."
"Well, wife, we mustn't lose heart at a trifle like that. The time will come when we'll have neighbors enough in Long Prairie, and then we'll be glad that we didn't give up at the start."
Ransom Bishop was girding his sturdy little horse as he spoke. Now he imparted a last kiss on his wife's lips, gave the little girl a final toss in the air, and sprang into the saddle.
"I'll be back by bedtime," he said, "so keep some coffee on the fire for me, and a bite to eat in the cupboard."
The pony started with a snort, tossing his head until the bridle chains clinked merrily, and old Boge, the big, gaunt hound, who acted as sentry at the Bishop residence, filled the air with joyous barks as he capered along beside his master.
His mistress called to him sharply, and the hound came back with his head drooping and his tail between his legs, the picture of dejection. Little Dora began tugging at his long ears and pulling his tail, and the dog soon responded playfully to his little mistress's sport.
The mother left the pair rolling and tumbling in the grass and went back to the house. Like a very new settlement there was a good deal to do about the one the Bishops had set up in Arizona, and husband and wife were kept busy from dawn to bedtime doing it.
An hour had passed since Ransom Bishop had vanished over the prairie, and the mother, busied at her household tasks, had quite forgotten her little daughter at play, when the sound of voices outside attracted her attention. Looking out she beheld a sight that made her blood run cold.
Seated on the grass, with her budgy arms around Boge's neck, the child was prattling gaily to a stranger that bent over her.
And such a stranger!
A stalwart Indian attired in buckskin, with the eagle plumes, that denote a warrior, decorating his glossy hair, and a necklace of grizzly claws around his neck. His mustang grazed quietly on the grass near by, and leaning on his long lance the animal's master was entertaining himself with the white baby at his feet.
Mrs. Bishop's first impulse was to give voice to a scream of terror, but she thought better of it and bridled her terrific tongue.
Her second was to rush from the house and clasp her little daughter in her arms, and on this she acted.
At the sound of her feet the Indian looked up. He stepped back a pace, and a smile crossed his savagely handsome face as the mother caught the child up.
"No 'fraid," he said quietly. "Big Bear no fight babies."
"I'm sure I don't see why you should," gasped Mrs. Bishop. "For my Dora is the sweetest little thing."
"Little missus much pretty," said Big Bear. "Here—take um, wear."
And detaching a sort of gold armband of bear's teeth strung upon a golden wire from his strong arm, he placed it around the child's neck.
"Maybe some day Big Bear come 'gain," said the savage. "So by."
And throwing himself upon the bare back of his pony he was off like a shot.
Ransom Bishop found his wife sitting up for him when he got home that night. She could not sleep with the story she had to tell untold.
Her husband listened to it with a serious face. It was the first visit they had ever had from an Indian, and though they had, of course, expected one sooner or later, it was scarcely pleasant news all the same.
"He certainly couldn't have had any harm in his heart to make baby a present like that, though," he said, examining the armband curiously. "From all I know of Indians they do not part with their ornaments to every one."
"He seemed good natured enough," said Mrs. Bishop. "And I tell you, Ransom, he was real good looking for an Indian."
"Trust to a woman to find that out," observed the settler. "Anyhow we can't improve matters by losing our sleep. So let us go to bed."
Settlers on the border have a proverb that the first visit from an Indian brings many, and the Bishops realized the truth of the saying very shortly. A couple of days after Big Bear's visit three Indians rode up to the house. They were civil enough, asking for water and drinking heartily of what Ransom Bishop gave them. While they were lounging about one of them noticed the bear's tooth ornament little Dora wore. He spoke in a sharp tone to his companions, and all three stared at the little girl instantly.

When the settler, who, of course, noticed the peculiarity of their changed manner, spoke to them, they replied with every evidence of respect, and went away with a shout of parting.
Ransom Bishop told the story of his last visitors to his nearest neighbor, the ranchman at Cottonwood Bottom, five miles away. The ranchman laughed when he heard it.
"You are in luck, Bishop," he said. "Why so?" demanded the settler. "In having such a protector."
"A protector! Who?"
"Don't you know who Big Bear is?"
"I certainly don't."
"Then I'll enlighten you. He is the greatest warrior of the Apache tribe, their biggest and bravest war chief. The fact that he left his armband with you will inform every Indian of his tribe who sees it that you are under his protection, and very likely save you many an inconvenience in the future."
This Ransom found indeed to be the case.
Frequently as his farm was visited by savages they always treated his family with marked respect. If they wanted favor or drink they asked for it modestly and civilly. The insolent demands they made on other settlers were never made on the Long Prairie house.
Moreover on more than one occasion the Indians showed themselves ready to do a favor for the farmer of Long Prairie. Once, when a portion of his stock scampered, they drove it back instead of stealing it, as was their invariable custom. Another time they returned him his pony when it strayed away. The farmer, thanks to these acts, began to congratulate himself upon the good luck which had made him a friend of the great war chief of the Apaches.
That personage turned up now and then himself, and you may be bound always to receive a cordial welcome. His chief pleasure seemed to be with little Dora, and he always had a present for her. Once it was a crow that turned somersaults and talked some Indian words; another time it was a little bow and arrow, which he taught her how to use. She possessed quite a collection of moccasins, necklaces of dried red berries, and softly tanned deer and tiger skins, and every visit added to her store.
So three years passed.
Slowly but surely the section of Arizona in which the Bishops had set up their homes had filled up. Where they had been the only one in miles of country, the farms were only a mile apart. The log hut had been added until it was quite an imposing structure, with wings more extensive than the original house. Herds of fine cattle grazed on their prairie pastures, their barns were full, and all about them abundant crops grew on the rich soil. In short prosperity reigned at Long Prairie, and not a cloud darkened the pleasant future which seemed to spread before the settlers there.
But unforeseen events were brewing trouble. The Indians had been annoyed and in some cases treated with injustice by the whites, and an outbreak was smoldering among them. It was only held back by the influence of Big Bear. The war chief was friendly to the white man, and his potent voice in the councils of his tribe kept their anger in check.
One day, however, Big Bear went hunting and met with an accident in a terrific encounter with a grizzly; he was struck down in a lonely pass among the hills, and, as day by day passed without witnessing his return to his camp, the rumor went abroad that the whites had killed him.
Then another chief rose to rule the councils of the tribe.
This warrior cherished a fierce and bitter hatred to the whites, and lost no time in declaring war against them.
In a single night a descent was made upon a dozen settlements; and next morning where prosperous farmers and happy homes had been the rising sun saw heaps of smoking ruins. Such few of the farmers as escaped fled to the larger settlements, and the call to arms went throughout the territory.
A week of the outbreak passed, and the Bishop homestead remained unscathed.
All around the settlers had fallen victims to the ferocity of the savage, but the protection of Big Bear still sheltered his friends. Immunity from attack made Ransom Bishop reckless. He began to think himself safe forever, and though he kept a watchful eye about him, he still entertained little dread of serious trouble to himself.
He was doomed, however, to find himself sadly mistaken.
The ferocity of the Apaches grew with their success, and when they had wreaked their wrath at the expense of Ransom Bishop's neighbors, they began to cast hungry eyes upon the well stocked farm. He was the friend of Big Bear, it is true; but Big Bear was dead, they argued. Why, then, should his friendship protect them? They answered that question one night by attacking Bishop's house.
To offer any resistance would have been simple madness, and Ransom Bishop knew it. All the hope of safety he possessed was in flight.
But how to fly?
The Apaches, apparently certain of the people in the house, had begun operations by plundering the outlying storehouses. While they were thus employed, the farmer got his wife and child out by the back way, only to discover, to his horror, that the gate of his corral had been beaten in and the horses removed from it.
He had hardly made this startling discovery when a mounted Indian rode around the end of the house, in whose gaud the fugitives were concealed. Gaud and thin from sickness the farmer did not recognize Big Bear, and he raised his rifle to his shoulder, when the Indian called out:
"No shoot!" he said. "Me come to save little missie."
Slipping out of his saddle, he motioned to the farmer to mount, and hurried away, as he had come. He returned presently with another horse, and, seizing little Dora, while Ransom Bishop and his wife mounted the chief's own horse, the Indian led way into the prairie.
The fugitives, as they departed, could hear the exultant shouts of the Apaches as they revelled in the plunder

of the store-room, but with the house between them and the savages they gained the open prairie unobserved. As they rode away Big Bear gave utterance to a guttural grunt and pointed back to where a red light began to glow against the sombre midnight sky.
The farm buildings had been fired. But the birds they had sheltered were well on their way to safety. All night through the darkness with his little friend in his arms; and as the sun arose it lighted the walls of the military post at Prescott, a mile away. By early breakfast time the fugitives rode into town. Safe at last.
"And now, 'Big Bear,'" cried Ransom Bishop, "as they drew rein in the plaza, 'you've saved our lives. What can we do for you?' The Indian made no reply, sitting bolt upright in his saddle, his haggard face looking straight before him, rigid and motionless as a statue. A thrill of dread ran through the settler, and he put his hand out and touched the bare arm of the savage. It was stiff and cold.
The great war chief had ridden his last ride. With his little protegee sleeping the leaden sleep of exhaustion in his arms, he had borne her in safety with the last expiring breath of a dying man.
In the cemetery at Prescott is a grave marked by the headstone, on which is carved the rude figure of a grizzly bear. It is the last resting place of the only consecrated ground, a war chief of the Apaches, who spent his last breath in rescuing the family of the white man from the brutal violence of his own race.

FAME AND INFAMY.

Fame is the sum of all the good acts of all time.
Infamy is the sum of all the bad acts of all time.
Fame confers the highest honor.
Infamy the deepest disgrace.
Fame is the reward of an unselfish life.
Infamy is the reward of a selfish life.
It is a bad error to mistake infamy for fame.
Infamy shows well for a time to the uninitiated, surpassing even fame.
Every right work is fameward.
Every wrong act is in the line of infamy.
Infamy insures a harder life than fame.
Fame comes by benefiting our fellows.
Infamy injures them.
Fame's honors are pleasant.
Infamy's brings dishonor and disgrace.
Fame plants gardens.
Fame excels in all labor.
Fame wins in architecture.
Fame is democratic.
Fame succeeds in commerce, excites to labor in school, constructs great works, benefits the state and the people, promotes Christian civilization.
Fame is the sum of the ocean of man's best acts.
Every right act of the scholar, the statesman, the artisan, the engineer, the laborer, is a drop in the sea of fame.
Every act of our lives adds to the sea of fame or of infamy.
Infamy is fame's enemy.
Infamy is the ally of sloth, ease, indolence, and ignorance.
Infamy chooses the down-hill path.
Infamy's great works are wrecks.
Infamy slanders.
Infamy suspects.
Infamy seduces.
Infamy is jealous.
Infamy traduces faith.
Infamy defiles law.
Infamy promotes disorder and disobedience.
Infamy is the enemy of discipline.
Fame begins in the school to labor upward.
Infamy floats ever downward.
Fame's labor is rewarding and satisfactory.
Infamy's work is disorganizing and bitter.
Improved roses, luscious fruits, finest works of art, and unselfish Christian lives are the product of fame.
Ruins, stolen fruits, lusts, intemperate and unimely pleasures are the work of infamy.
We choose for which we shall strive, the honors of fame or the indolent, poisonous, bitter fruits of infamy.—Chicago Ledger.

Reckless With His Blessings.

"Now thanks, my son," exclaimed a benevolent-looking man as a ragged little bootblack handed him a pocket-book which the former had dropped and the latter picked up.
"Now let me see if everything is here," continued the man as he opened the pocketbook and began an examination of its contents. Railroad passes, receipts, and money. Yes, everything is here just as I left it. What is your name my little son?"
"The kids call me 'Sheeney Bob,' but 'tain't my name. Bob Miller's my name."
"Well, Robert! You are a very honest little man, and if you keep on you will become an ornament to society. Many thanks, Robert, for returning my pocketbook. My blessing upon you, my child."
"Say, mister," said Bob, as the missionary started away, "don't you go and get so reckless like wid your blessings. I ain't got no use for blessin's anyhow. You kinder keep 'em, and if yer ain't got enuff I'll buy yer some. Money ain't no object ter me. I ain't stuck on a quarter like you. Why, mister, I ain't stuck on my life the way you is on a quarter."—St. Paul Globe.

His Brother Knew Him.

"Good morning, Mr. Blank."
"Good morning, but I believe you have the advantage of me in the matter of acquaintance. I don't know you, sir."
"Don't know me? You ought to! Why, my brother worked two weeks for you last summer!"—Detroit Free Press.

PAWNBROKERS' SALES.

Buyers Who Know How to Drive a Close Bargain—Credit the Principal Factor in the Business.
But one firm in Brooklyn, says a writer in *The Eagle*, makes a specialty of selling at auction pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges. The business in this city is not as large as in New York, and strange to say the majority of the buyers come from that city. Life in a pawnbroker's salesroom has many features which make a visit particularly interesting. I called at a Brooklyn salesroom one day last week during a sale, and after it was over had a talk with the proprietor. On this particular day a sale of women's wearing apparel was in progress. The large salesroom was filled with women. They are naturally shrewd buyers, but when their minds are schooled by many years' experience in the art of making close bargains it is extremely difficult to cheat them. The sale began at 10 o'clock, and by noon one hundred separate lots of clothing had been disposed of. A casual glance at the majority of the buyers would give one the impression that they were either beggars or female tramps, so shabbily were they dressed. The proprietor pointed out to me a decrepit individual, whose whitened locks proclaimed that she had long since passed the allotted span of life. She was dressed in a tattered gown and wore a disreputable hat. This woman, who is in the second-hand clothing business, is estimated to be worth from \$250,000 to \$500,000. Large fortunes have been made by buying and selling pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges. Much experience is required to make a success of the business, as the trade now transacted is often carried on with but a small margin for profit. Every article pledged has a market value. These values are known both by the broker and buyer, and it is seldom that great bargains are to be obtained. Pawnbrokers often lose than gain by their sales. The sales of men's wearing apparel, jewelry, and miscellaneous lots of goods are attended almost exclusively by dealers from New York. The men are even closer buyers than the women. Jewelry experts can in an instant tell the value of a gold ring, whether it weighs five or twenty pennyweights, and are able to approximate the value of diamonds of all kinds and weights the moment the goods touch their hands. Pawnbrokers occasionally loan on spurious rings and heavily-plated watches. The are, of course, unredeemed, and in time find their way to the salesrooms. They do not, however, pass the eagle-eyed inspection of expert jewelry-buyers. Flaws in diamonds have been discovered by the expert after they have been passed by the broker as perfect stones.
Credit is the principal factor in the pawnbrokers' sales trade. While many dealers are wealthy, the majority do a hand-to-mouth business. Although the sales are chiefly made on credit, the pawnbrokers receive the amount due them in cash less the commission charged, which is 5 per cent. The proprietor of the salesroom, when at leisure, said:
"There is not the money in pawnbroking that most people imagine. Brokers often lose on their pledges, as all goods are pawned for nearly their full value. I have known brokers to lose as much as \$100 on a sale. Of late I have noticed that Italians have come into the trade, which formerly was monopolized by Hebrews. Oh, yes, I frequently lose accounts by giving credit, but in the majority of cases I find that the class who buy goods on time usually pay. Men have been on my books for ten years or more, and never during that time have I been able to close the account. One lot of goods is paid for when the next purchase is made."
"To whom are pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges sold?" was asked.
"The principal buyers hail from New York. There is little or no trade in this city. Fine goods bring high prices. I have sold overcoats as high as \$25, and dress suits at \$20. Dress suits are a comparative drug in the market at any time, but occasionally when an extraordinarily good one is offered it brings a good price. While all women's apparel offered is bought by Brooklyn dealers, the jewelry sold is purchased by dealers over the bridge. Silk dresses sometimes bring as high as \$75. One man who does business in Baxter street, New York, has a practical monopoly of the fine clothing business."
"What difference, if any, exists between Brooklyn and New York pawnshops?"
"In Brooklyn the loans made are not so large as across the river. Neither is so much money required to start in the business. A broker expecting to do a moderate business could commence on \$25,000. There are twenty-five brokers in Brooklyn, and the big ones think nothing of taking in four hundred pledges a day. The smaller firms average from fifty to one hundred pledges. All brokers have regular customers, and these are enabled to get much better loans than strangers. You would be surprised to see the class of people who wear second-hand women's clothing. I often recognize furnished circulars on Fulton street which were originally purchased of me. A large trade is done by Brooklyn dealers in renting apparel to ladies."
A Texas Editor's Wail.
Press-room, compositor's case, sleeping apartments for four, dressing-room, sanctum and business office all combined, and all included in four box-styled walls which compose a single room twelve by sixteen feet—this is the manufactory of those newspaper pellets which we issue weekly under the label of *The Bulletin*. The editorial chair is an inverted pinewood box, ornamented with an artistically engraved chromo, beneath which is the suggestive inscription, "Polly wants a cracker," while our writing desk is a single short board laid across the west end of an overgrown Saratoga trunk. Is it any wonder that there is a very perceptible vein of imbecility running through our editorial and local pages?—*Bullinger (Tex.) Bulletin*.

HERE AND THERE.

A salt well was recently sunk near Alexander, N. Y.
A New York sign is: "Boiled Clam-Juice on Draught."
Strawberry vines are still bearing in Sumter county, Fla.
A forty-five-inch sunflower is being exhibited at Travers, Cal.
Vermont elects state officers, legislature, and congressmen Sept. 7.
Thirty-five firms in Barre, Vt., are engaged in the granite business.
A large number of colored people are patronizing Saratoga this year.
Los Angeles, Cal., is considering the proposition to change the city charter.
A collection of eight thousand buttons is owned by a Halem, N. Y., woman.
Miss Leah Brooks, of Seneca, N. Y., who is only 9 years old, weighs 129 pounds.
A Canadian claims to have found a piece of barbed wire in a hen's egg recently.
Over ten car-loads of salmon have been shipped this season from Oregon to the east.
Promenading on the beach after dark is one of the things Asbury Park will not tolerate.
A Connecticut editor was compelled to resign for referring to a court as a Lime-Kiln club.
Caterpillars are said to be doing considerable damage in the cotton-fields near Avoyelles, La.
Over \$3,000,000 have been stolen by Philadelphia cashiers, clerks and others during the past five years.
It has been figured out that it costs \$1,900 every time the roll is called in the house of representatives.
Steamers are carrying cargoes of California watermelons to Portland, Oregon, which sell at \$3 a dozen.
Frank McDonald, aged 15 years, and Essie O'Neal, aged 13 years, were married recently at Knoxville, Tenn.
A Backsport, Me., idiot recently won a wager of \$1 by driving his horse and buggy off the wharf into the river.
Two Parkersburg, W. Va., young ladies have started on a drive to Clarksburg, a distance of one hundred miles.
The \$10,000 floats figured in the Albany N. Y., bicentennial celebration were sold at auction recently for \$65.
A tunnel 2,300 feet in length is being cut through the hill at Bridgeport, Conn., for the new water-works system.
A colored woman at Lewiston, Va., gave birth to triplets last Thursday. Their aggregate weight was seventeen pounds.
Cat-tails stained red, blue, purple, and other colors are being sold by the Boston small boy as specimens of rural ingenuity.
A New York brewer threatens to close up his brewery unless the quality of water in the public-service pipes is improved.
The grand jury which adjourned at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the last day of July found 250 indictments, mostly on land cases.
The Curtis house, aged 250 years, was torn down recently at West Roxbury, Mass., to make room for modern improvements.
Fifty-seven of the one hundred regular guests of a Niagara Falls summer hotel are foreigners, and twenty of those are titled.
A Hartford, Conn., man circumvents the gas company by storing his meter in a safe-deposit vault when he goes off for the summer.
The fishermen of Long Island sound are having rare sport these days in the capture of bluefish, which are countless in number.
The people of Schenectady, N. Y., are making preparations to celebrate the anniversary of the burning of that town by the Indians.
A couple of sword-fish were recently captured in Long Island sound, off Bridgehampton, N. Y. These fish are rarely seen in those waters.
In Augusta, Ga., the churches have rules which forbid gentlemen from sitting on the right side of the house, as that part is occupied by ladies.
Mobile, Ala., has the distinction of being the only city of the world which, having tried the electric light for street-lighting, has gone back to gas.
John Slaughter, a colored citizen of Louisville, Ky., was severely stabbed one day recently for accidentally treading on the corns of a white person.
One Atlantic city hotel pays \$310 a week for its band and boards it. The amount spent for music at the various hotels this season will reach \$25,000.
A New London oyster-dealer has invented a dredge with which starfish, the greatest enemies of the oyster, can be taken from a bed without disturbing the oysters.
New Jersey people are having an unpleasant experience with mosquitoes this year. In number they are countless, and their viciousness has never been equaled.
In a pocket in the clothes of a drowned man found in the canal at St. John's, Quebec, was a note-book, on a page of which was written: "Will be found drowned; last drunk."
Since the merchant-tailors of Pittsburgh, Pa., published a black-list old bills are being paid up rapidly and new ones are not allowed to accumulate as rapidly as formerly.
A colony of bugs besieged the stores at Patches, L. I., one day last week. In order to escape the insects the merchants were obliged to close their buildings an hour earlier than usual.
A curious publication in the way of unique books is a volume of poems printed in various sized types on paper of every color of the rainbow, and covered in brown paper tied with plain string.

THE TELEPHONE INSPECTOR.

A Tennessee Judge Who Wanted To Be Accommodating.
Judge F— is a very quiet, easy-going man when everything runs smoothly, but let him once get rattled and the neighborhood can not pacify him. He will snarl at his best friend when annoyed, and the man who plays a practical joke on him had better emigrate. Yesterday, as the clock struck 1, he was seated in his office, very much worried over a chancery case in which he is counsel, and his desk was fairly littered with papers, while he was hurrying through with a certain part of his work before dinner hour. Suddenly the telephone bell rang a gentle summons, just as though the girl in the central office knew the judge was busy and hated to disturb him, but was, nevertheless, compelled to, in order to satisfy the individual at the other end of the wire. The judge rose hurriedly, jerked the receiver from the hook, and yelled "Hello!"
A silvery voice—a girlish wondrous-oblige-me accent—betrayed that one of the fair sex was the caller. The judge toned down and inquired, "Well?"
"Is that Judge F.'s?" said the sweet-toned voice.
"Yes," was wafted back.
"Oh! I am so glad. This is Miss N—, and I have been given charge of all complaints on the line. Before making out our new list I wish to learn how your instrument works."
"Just like a charm," replied the gallant judge. "I have no fault to find either with the instrument or service."
"Thank you," was the sweet rejoinder, "but you know how the managers would appreciate a few words of commendation from you, so, if you are not too busy, would it be asking too much if you would devote fifteen minutes toward a thorough test of your instrument?"
When there is a lady in the case the judge is never in a hurry, and in his blandest tones he announced himself at the young lady's bidding.
Another vote of thanks came over the wire, and the soft voice inquired if he could place his ear about ten inches higher than the transmitter in order to test the power of hearing distinctly.
Unfortunately, the judge is large in circumference, but not far from the ground, and he could not reach his arm above the ear-trumpet rack, much less place his head up there.
He was a man, however, who was not to be overcome by trifles, and an idea struck him. He determined to oblige the telephone girl, and he proceeded to inform her to hold the telephone just a minute and he would be ready.
Again the bewitching voice uttered thanks, and the judge put his plan into operation. The telephone was alongside the office window, about half-way up the casing was a stout nail; a revolving bookcase stood on the floor. It was quickly rolled over toward the window; the judge mounted it, grasped the nail on the window-casing with one hand, the ear-trumpet with the other and sang out "All ready."
There was no response, and the judge nearly twisted his neck out of joint as he leaned down and repeated the words through the transmitter.
The sweet voice answered in a low tone, and the judge strained his ears in listening. "Now, judge," came the message, "listen attentively and repeat the following words back to me, so that I may know you heard them distinctly." "What part of speech is the word trans-mo-grific-and-band-and-uality?"
It was too much, even for the judge. On the tenth syllable he squirmed; the nail broke; he made a grab for the telephone box; the bookcase revolved, and the renters in the story below thought the roof had fallen in. When several of them came running into the room the judge was lying in the middle of the floor, the law books from the case between his knees, while in his hand he hugged the fatal ear-trumpet, which he had clung to in his fall, and the cord of which had been snapped in twain.
The matter was given into the hands of a detective, who last night reported to the judge that the telephone company employed no inspectors or testers of instruments, and further, that the call came from a private residence where the judge's wife was spending the day. An air of unusual coolness permeates the judge's home now, and the telephone company has lost a subscriber.—Nashville Union.

Courting in Fancy Dress.
It would seem as if there were no satisfying the changeful mind of women. Everybody knows the disastrous effect produced on the simple village maiden when the versatile Lord of Burleigh dropped the role of painter and showed himself in his true colors. Taking warning by this young lady's sad fate, Mr. Conway, a thoughtful butler, determined to reverse the order of things in the Lord of Burleigh's cruel proceedings. So he went to America, called himself the Hon. Seymour Conway, and wooed and won a high-born maiden to be his wife. He then brought his wife to his buttery in England, where he of course dropped the Hon. Seymour part of himself and prepared to settle down to domestic life. But instead of being delighted at this little surprise the lady is terribly annoyed. It is true she has not died, but she has done the next best thing, and instituted divorce proceedings. Courting in fancy dress seems not to be a success wherever way it is tried.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Texan Away from Home.
Stranger (to bartender)—I'm three days from Texas, mister, whar I was bo'n an' raised, an' I want er drink. Gimme suthin hot.
Bartender—I can give you some powdered glass and arsenic, sir, with pepper-sauce and furniture-polish.
Stranger—No live hornets?
Bartender—Not a live hornet in the place.
Stranger—Well, gimme what you've got. A man can drink 'most anything', but I did want suthin ter warm me up. I start fer Texas ter-morrer, stranger.—*New York Sun*.