THE FIRST PARTY.

Do you notice that young fellow—
Eyes of blue and moustache yellow?
He's so happy that he can't conceal his joy.
Why!
He's a daddy!
He's a papa!
He's the father of a bouncing baby boy.

What a grin expands his features
As he greets his fellow cre tures
When he meets them in the morning coming down.
My!
How he slaps you!
How he grips you!
He is certainly the craziest man in town.

And he never tires of telling
What the baby weighed, or dwelling
On its beauty and its rare intelligence.
Yet—
We'll not tell him—
Though we're certain—
That it's like all other babes in looks and sense.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE CALICO FROCK.

It wasn't a hot day, nor a cold day, nor a damp day, but it was an atrocious day, a clammy day, an unbearable day, a day that made your clothes stick to you like poor relations, that brought out cold sweats on pitchers and goblets, that made your back a race course for contemptible little chills and the rest of your body a target for a thousand invincible pins and needles, that made the grasshopper a burden and the dusty, begr mmed city a pandemonium, that made Solomon Griggs, batchelor, of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., the great clothing merchants, shut up his ledger with a bang and start for the country by the next train, remarking to old Grimesby, the head clerk, "that the city was stifling." To which that worthy replied: "So it is; but how about the fellers that can't get out of it and must stay to be choked?"—a problem which I suspect our friend of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co. troubled his head very little about, being just then busy in looking into the dusty recesses of that picture gallery which memory furnishes and arranges for us all, at a single landscape hanging there. A low house with mossy, overhanging eaves, standing on the slope of a green hill, shaded by branching elms, with level fields stretching off in the foreground toward the sparkling water on one side and dusky woods on the other, and there, dusty, sweating, and tired, Solomon found himself just about sunset. Out came a ruddy-cheeked, smiling old lady in a cap and apron, that had attained a state of snowy perfection unknown to city laundresses.

"Why, bless me, if it isn't little Sol.—why, who'd a thought of seeing you?" and she folded the stalwart bearded man in as warm an embrace as though he were in reality still the little Sol. of former days.

"And how do you do, Sol.? Come in, come in; don't stand out there. You know the little path and the way to the pantry yet, I dare say. Come in; you needn't start back—its only Rachel."

"But I didn't know you had any young ladies with you, Aunt Hester."

"It's only Rachel, I tell you—Rachel Hart, the seamstress. Are there no women in your city, that you are afraid to face a little country girl?"

"Little indeed, thought Solomon, as he acknowledged his aunt's somewhat peculiar introduction—and not pretty, either—with large eyes of that uncertain gray that sometimes beams darkly blue and then deepens into brown with a smooth low forehead, and light brown hair drawn tightly across each ear, just revealing its crimson tip; a face irregularly featured, and rendered still more striking by the singular contrast between its extreme pallor and the intensely scarlet lips—the personificat on of neatness, the embodiment of reserve.

"An odd little person," thought Solomon, "but it's none of my business," and dismissing her from his mind, he proceeded to the much more important business of making himself presentable at Aunt Hester's tea-table.

Solomon did ample justice to the snowy bread, golden butter, and luscious strawberries, and later, as that worthy was indulged in a stroll across the fields, he lifted up his eyes and beheld the little seamstress, whose existence he had quite forgotten, under a venerable cherry tree, making desperate efforts to seize a tempting branch on its lowest boughs—revealing in her gyrations a very neat foot and ankle, and looking almost pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Now Sol. was a gallant man—decidedly the preux-chevalier of the firm of Griggs, Makem & Co., so that whenever, as had once or twice happened, a petticoat ventured into the moldy shades of that establishment, Sol. was the man whom destiny and the other partners selected to parley with the enemy.

Advancing, therefore, with a happy mixture of confidence and condescension, Sol. plucked the cherries and was about to present them when independence in a calico frock stepped back and with a cool:

"Keep them yourself, sir; I don't care for them."

"I thought you wanted them!" stammered Sol.

"So I did, because they were difficult to obtain. Had they been on your aunt's table I would not have touched them. It is the glow of triumph that gives a pleasure to its zest. Eat the cherries yourself, and good evening, sir!"

"Stop a moment!" said Sol., not a little astonished; "that is—I mean—permit me to accompany you!"

"No, you would expect me to entertain you, and that would be too much trouble."

"But, if instead, I should entertain you?"

"You can not."

"Why?"

"You could tell me nothing new. You are only a crucible for converting bales of cloth into the precious ore that all the world goes mad after. No doubt you are all very well in your way, but there are alchemists who could transmute our humdrum daily life into golden verse or heavenly thought. To such a one I might listen, but you and I have nothing in common."

"Not even our humanity?" asked Solomon.

The stern face of the young girl softened a little, but only for a moment.

"No!" she answered, angrily, "not even that. I, you know, am made of the inferior clay—you of the pure porcelain. Do you not remember how even good, kind Aunt Hester told you there were no young ladies with her, only the seamstress. You are slightly bored already, and think me odd enough to amuse you for a while; but if some of these gay ladies—among whom I hear you are such a favorite—were to come here you would not even know me. Good evening, sir."

"What a furious little radical," thought Sol; with an uneasy laugh, as he watched her retreating figure. After all, he was not quite sure that she had not spoken the truth.

If the calico frock had been a flounced silk, for instance, how many degrees more deferential would have been his manner in presenting the cherries!"

Query the second:

If the calico frock had been walking down Broadway about 4 o'clock in the afternoon would he, Soloman Griggs, of Griggs, Makem & Co., as will ngly escort it as across those green fields, where if the robins and bluebirds did make remarks it was in their own language?"

Sol. couldn't answer the question satisfactorily, but he went to bed and dreamed all night of the little Diogenes in her calico frock.

That week and the next he waited patiently for the first glimpse of that remarkable garment coming around the corner, but in vain. And when, in such a very careless manner that it was quite remarkable, he wondered audibly "where that odd little girl lived whom he saw on the eve of his arrival," Aunt Hester answered dryly: "Always up—thereabouts" pointing with her hand. She boarded, she believed, with some queer sort of folk there, though, for that matter, she was queer enough herself. And this was absolutely all she would say on the subject.

The next day Sol. took it upon himself to wander up that way. "thereabouts," and was rewarded with a glimpse of the calico frock going through a broken gate, and following it closely, came up with the wearer as she was about to enter the dilapidated front door, at which piece of impertinence she was so much incensed as to turn very red, while tears actually started to her eyes.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply enough.

"To see you!" replied Sol., who, taken by surprise, could not think of nothing but the truth.

"Well, you have seen me—now go!"

"But it's a warm day, and I am very tired!"

"I can't help that. It's not my fault—is it?"

"You might ask me to walk in and sit down if you were not as hard hearted as a Huron!"

"Tis is not my house."

"You would then if it were?"

"I don't say that."

"Well, then, I am thirsty; give me a glass of water."

"There is the well, and an iron cup fastened to it by a chain; help yourself."

"You inhospitable little misanthrope!"

But she was gone, and the next time he inquired for her Aunt Hester told him, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, that she was gone to the city.

Perhaps the good soul had been troubled with visions of a future Mrs. Griggs, and was not altogether displeased that an insurmountable barrier was placed between "that odd Rachel Hart and her nephew Sol., who was a good boy, but didn't know the ways of women."

Be that as it may, her joy was shortly turned into mourning, for Solomon received dispatches requiring his immediate presence in the city. At least so he said, for Aunt Hester was immovable in her conviction that "that Rachel was somewhat at the bottom of it." She even hinted as much to Solomon when he bade her good-by; but he only laughed, and told her to take care of herself.

After all, business could not have been so very pressing, as he spent the greater portion of his time wandering through lanes and back streets, not unfrequently dashing down alleys with the inexplicable exclamation of "That's her!" whence he always returned very red in the face and sheepish in expression.

Three months had passed away, when he nearly ran against a little woman, who looked up in his face with a sardonic smile.

"Your eyesight is not so good in the city, Mr. Griggs. You don't know me here."

"Rachel—Miss Hart—I have been looking for you everywhere. I—I—where do you live?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, shortly: "Come and see." And turning, led the way through narrow streets, reeking with filth and teeming with a wretched population, up a flight of broken stairs, into a dingy little room, whose only redeeming feature was its perfect cleanliness.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Griggs?" she asked, with a scornful smile. "Now that you know my residence I trust to have the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"And you live in this den?" asked Solomon, heedless of her sarcasm. "How do you support yourself?"

"By my needle."

"And how much does it take to keep up this magnificent style of living?"

"By unremitting exertion I can earn $2 a week."

"Great heavens! why didn't you come to me?"

"For two excellent reasons: First, I should have known where to have found you; second, I should not have come if I had."

"Of course not. Your pride is to you meat and drink. Still you might have come. We are in want of hands."

"I do not believe it. You wish to cheat me into accepting alms."

"There is our advertisement; read for yourself," pulling a paper from his pocket.

"The sunken eyes gleamed eagerly; she was human after all, and was even then suffering from the pangs of hunger."

"Mr. Griggs, I believe you are a good man," she said, bursting into tears; "I will work for you gladly; I am starving."

And she did work, early and late, spite of Solomon's entreaties, refusing to accept anything but her wages, declining to receive his visits, sending back his gifts, steadily refusing, above all, to become his wife, though she had softened wonderfully toward him.

"You are rich—I am poor!" she said in reply to his passionate arguments. "You are handsome—I am ugly; the world would laugh, and your family be justly offended."

"I have no family, and, as to the world, let it laugh; I dare be happy in spite of it."

"I will not have you."

"Do you not love me?"

"I will not have you," and with that answer Solomon was oblidged to rest contented.

Time passed on—a financial crisis came, and with hundreds of others, down went the house of Griggs, Makem & Co.

Solomon sat in his office gloomily thinking of the woman whose love he had so long and fruitlessly striven to win, darkly wondering if it were not better to cut short an aimless hopeless, blighted life.

"Lady wants to see you, sir."

"Can't see her, sir. What the devil can a woman want here? Shut the door—if any one calls, say I'm out."

Suddenly a pair of arms were around his neck and two clear gray eyes looking lovingly in his, while the voice that was sweetest to him whispered softly:

"When you were rich I rejected you. Now that you are poor I came to ask if you will take me?"

And Solomon, like a sensible man, took the "calico frock."

Took a Mean Advantage of Us.

Last Saturday, while laboriously engaged in writing a leading editorial with a dull pair of shears, the door opened and in stepped a sinful-looking man, who introduced himself as the traveling agent for Blank & Co.'s Circus and Aggregation of Living Wonders. He wanted posters printed, and the way we scattered paper around and quoted prices was extraordinary considering the state of the thermometer. He then mildly hinted that he would like to have a local not ce inserted in this week's edition of the *Bladder*, and casually inquired as to the circulation of said sheet. Now if there is anything upon earth that will get a newspaper man down to hard, earnest, unmitigated lying, it is that little question in regard to circulation. The whole Christian world boiled down and rolled into one pill might be given to an editor to swallow and he would rise superior to its influence and lie like a trooper when asked how many papers he circulated. So far in life we have taken a low grade with the fraternity of liars, but on this occasion, with business as dull and pulseless as an ordinary town-council man, we even outstepped the bounds of prudence, and gathering strength as we went we swelled our circulation until it rivaled even that of the New York *Sun*. And then the bogus agent went into convulsions of laughter and clapping us on the shoulder yelled, "Let up, or you'll kill me! Don't you know me? I just wanted to hear you lie once more! I don't want any printing. I'm Sam Miller, late of Hot Springs *News* and your old partner of other days." Know him—O Memory, thou art not yet dead! Know him—what emotions that question arouses? When we shook hands and "bunked" with him one night on a through freight and introduced to his brotherly notice the superiority of the Texas louse over the Arkansas flea, did he not reciprocate by giving us the benefit of the seven-year itch? When we worked together in New Mexico and wore the same shirt alternately, did he not decamp with the said piece of apparel one night and leave the writer to rustle around next day, wrapped in a sheet? When we met him some years ago, among the Choctaw Indians, elegantly attired in a gunny-sack, cut a la chemise, doctoring Chief Young-Man-Caught-in-a-Trap for ringbone and spavin, did we not unite forces with him and assist in planting our common patient 'neath the whispering sage-brush? And when the bereaved and weeping widow grasped the wretched Samivel by his loose, flowing robe and swore that she would make him her chief if it took all summer, didn't we fly with him and assist in leading the extra ponies? Didn't we steal our editorials from the same paper and then accuse one another of newspaper piracy? And yet, in spite of all these old associations, he has the meanness to disguise himself in a boiled shirt and store clothes and come around and start us a lying about the circulation of our paper. Know him? If he had worn the rimless stove-pipe hat he wore when we saw him last we would have known him anywhere.—*Sam Miller, in Wingfield Evening Bulletin.*

An American Accomplishment.

It is quite a trick to jump off a train going say at thirty miles an hour, and the Americans take a pride in cultivating dexterity in this trick. It takes considerable practice before it can be done successfully. The way to jump is always with the train and always on the left-hand side of the latter, letting the right foot rest on the step, and the left foot swung from the step. Then jump so that the left foot will touch the ground first, and the right foot to immediately follow it, so as to be able to run. Some of the men jump from the middle of the train or the front, but most of them go to the rear car and jump, so that if they fall they will not roll under the cars. A correspondent says: "The best man I ever saw, andt he only man who could hold his feet and stop himself without running at all, was Charle Phillips. He could jump from a train running thirty-five miles an hour, and stop without running a foot."—*Court Journal.*

BILL NYE IN THE SOUTH.

I have recently taken quite a railway trip into the south in search of my health. I called my physicians together, and they decided by a rising vote that I ought to go to a warmer clime, or I would enjoy very poor health all winter. So I decided to go in search of my health, if I died on the trail.

I bought tickets at Cincinnati of a pale, sallow liar, who is just beginning to work his way up to the forty-ninth degree in the Order of Ananias. He will surely be heard from again some day, as he has the elements that go to make up a successful liar.

He said that I could go through from Cincinnati to Asheville, N. C., only one easy change of cars, and in about twenty-three hours. It took me twice that, and I had to change cars three times in the dead of night.

The southern railroad is not in a flourishing condition. It ought to go somewhere for its health. Anyway, it ought to go somewhere, which at present it does not. Accord ng to the old Latin proverb, I presume we should say nothing but good of the dead, but I am here to say that the railroad that knocked my spine loose last week, and compelled me to carry lunch-baskets and large Norman two-year-old grip-sacks through the gloaming, till my arms hung down to the ground, does not deserve to be treated well, even after death.

I do not feel any antipathy toward the south, for I did not take any part in the war, remaining in Canada during the whole time, so that I could not be accused now of offensive partisanship. I have always avoided anything that would look like a settled conviction in any of these matters, retaining always a fair, unpartisan and neutral idiocy in relation to all national affairs, so that I might be regarded as a good civil service reformer, and perhaps at some time hold an office.

To further illustrate how fair-minded I am in these matters, I have patiently read all the war articles written by both sides, and I have not tried to dodge the foot-notes or the marginal references, or the war maps or the memoranda. I have read all these things until I don't know who was victorious, and if that is not a fair and impartial way to look at the war, I don't know how to proceed in order to eradicate my prejudices.

But a railroad is not a political or sectional matter, and it ought not be a local matter unless the train stays at one end of the line all the time. This, road, however, is the one that discharged its engineer some years ago, and when he took his time check he said he would now go to work for a sure-enough road with real iron rails to it, instead of two streaks of rust and a right of way.

All night long, except when we were changing cars, we rattled along over wobbling trestles and third mortgages. The cars were graded from third class down. The road itself was not graded at all.

They have the same old air in these coaches that they started out with. Different people, with various styles of breath, have used this air and then returned it. They are using the same air that they did before the war. It is not, strictly speeking, a national air. It is more of a languid air, with dark circles around its eyes.

At one place where I had an engagement to change cars, we had a wait of four hours, and I reclined on a hair-cloth lounge at the hotel with the intention of sleeping a part of the time.

Dear, patient reader, did you ever try to ride a refractory hair-cloth lounge all night, bare back? Did you ever get aboard a short, old-fashioned hair-cloth lounge, with a disposition to buck?

I was told that this was a kind, family lounge, that would not shy or make trouble any where, and I had only just closed my dark-red and mournful eyes in sleep when this lounge gently humped itself, and shed me as it would its smooth, dark hair in the spring, tra la.

The floor caught me in its strong arms and I vaulted back upon the polished bosom of the hair-cloth lounge. It was made for a man about fifty-three inches in length, and so I had to sleep with my feet in my pistol pockets and my nose in my bosom up to the second joint.

I got so that I could rise off the floor and climb on the lounge without waking up. It got to be second nature to me. I did just as a man who is hungry in his sleep bites off large fragments of the air and eats involuntarily and smacks his lips and snorts. So I arose and deposited myself again and again on tha old sway-back, but frolicsome wreck without waking. But I couldn't get aboard softly enouge to avoid waking the lounge. It would yawn and rumble inside and rise and fall like the deep rolling sea, till at last I gave up trying to sleep on it any more, and curled up on the floor.

The hair cloth lounge in various conditions of decrepitude may be found all through this region. Its true inwardness is composed of spiral springs which have gnawed through the cloth in many instances. These springs have lost none of their old elasticity of spirits and cordially corkscrew themselves into the affections of a man who sits down on them. If anything could make me thoroughly attached to the south it would be one of these spiral springs bored into my person about a foot. But that is the only way to remain on a hair-cloth chair or sofa. No man ever successfully sat on one of them for any length of time unless he had a strong pair of pantaloons and a spiral spring twisted into him for some distance.

At the private house the hair-cloth sofa with a pair of dark, reserved chairs may be found in a domesticated state, waiting for some one to come and fall off them. In hotels they go in larger flocks, and graze together in the parlor. They are greatly in favor among the more blue-blooded mass here—the blue mass as it were.

Demand for English on the Stage.

Mary Anderson is studying French in Paris. Some actors and actresses ought to study English.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Love Letters.

Some one was saying the other day that the art of writing love letters was a lost art. If so, it must be that love has gone rather out of fashion. It seems to us that whoever loves will naturally write an irreproachable love letter, if he allows his pen to report the emotions of his heart. To be sure, there are those prudent lovers who never put anything upon paper—that is, anything in particular—not exactly because they expect to be sued for a breach of promise some day, but because it is unsafe, and letters run a great risk, pass through innumerable hands, and pretty phrases and endearments are too precious to be endangered; others regard their emotions as too sincere and divine to be written out, and are afraid, perhaps, that they will savor of exaggeration; while the others would like to express a great deal, but their thoughts fly awkardly from the pen, and seem to loose all their significance. Many who can talk love and nonsence by the yard, lose their facility the instant they touch a pen; they need the electric presence of the object of inspiration, the retort, the response, or they write an essay, instead of a love letter; others, again, can produce the most gushing specimens of the art, but are dumb before the shrine. Of course the love letter which would seem like a drop of distilled honey to one recipient, would appear cold and calculated to another; one will idealize even the baldest possible expressions till they seem to shine with the radiance of love itself, will say all the writer would have to say if he knew how; while to her neighbor the sweetest words will not suffice to fill the measure of her expectations and imagination, since she always anticipates something sweeter than human thought can frame. There are those who like to read from their love letters to a curious or envious audience; and others—a few—like Hawthorne, who wrote to his wife: "Your letters are too sacred to be read in the midst of people. I never read them," he adds, "without first washing my hands." One would hardly care for them if she could not boast of their possession and advertise it, another feels that they are almost too personal and dear to mention, and learns the contents by heart, as if they were so many poems, as indeed they are to her experience. The love letter must not be too long, nor yet too short, but of that just measure that the reader shall always wish there were yet a little more, if only a postscript; and it should be of that quality which suggests such lovely and tender thoughts, and on a second perusal one is surprised to find that they are not expressed in so many words, so certain was she that they originated with the writer. The loveliest of all love letters, however, are those between husband and wife. As long as they continue, there will be no room for the serpent to enter. They are the bulwark of the home and the safety of life itself. Let them multiply as the leaves of the forest and shine as the stars in the heavens. The mail bags cannot be too heavily loaded with such loving missives. They are the salt of the earth.—*Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.*

Looking for Leon.

While the blizzard was tearing down Chestnut street at 11 o'clock yesterday morning a handsome Englishwoman with blonde hair and large diamonds in her ears, was sitting in the breakfast-room of the Girard house sipping a cup of coffee. She was dressed in a charming morning gown, and tassels that dangled when she walked. From underneath the gown peeped two tiny feet in patent leather slippers. Suddenly with a startled look the woman beckoned to the head waiter.

"Where is Leon?" she asked excitedly.

The waiter didn't know. The woman, getting up quickly from the table, rushed out to the hotel office, and in a tone of anquish and utter helplessness said to Clerk Levi:

"Leon is lost."

"Front!" shouted the clerk, banging the knob of the big silver bell.

A bellman popped up at the corner.

"Go look for Leon; he is lost," said the clerk. Then he banged the bell and shouted:

"Front!" and another bellman came forward.

"Go look for Leon; he is lost."

The bellmen went searching through the corridors, in the smoking-room, reading-room and cafe, and came back shaking their heads, with long faces. The woman looked almost distracted. Her bosom heaved convulsively with suppressed emotion.

"Front!" yelled Clerk Levi. "Look in the kitchen."

The bellman came back with a small poodle under his arm. It had a blue ribbon hanging around its neck and a bell dangling from it. The poodle was licking its chops. The meeting was very affecting. The woman took the dog in her arms and hurrying to the elevator, said convulsively:

"Oh, Leon, Leon, how you frightened me. I thought you were lost!"—*Philadelphia Times.*

About the Size of It.

It is an old story, but still wonderful, how three men could rob a train-load of people. Inasmuch as the passengers had long enough notice to hide most of their money and valuables, it seems that somebody ought to have had time enough to "get the drop" on the first robber with his revolver. However, it frequently happens in these days of civilized advancement that nobody in a railway train is armed with anything more deadly than a corkscrew.—*New York World.*

Our Washington Court.

The order of precedence is again disturbing the court ladies at Washington. If, by one consent, they should all insist upon taking the lowest seat instead of the highest, going up as they were called, they would be justified by the highest authority.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Great Discoverers.

Nearly every druggist has discovered some compound that will cure every disease. This discovery, stopping at respectable advertisement of its merits, is well enough, but the inventive druggist, stops not at advertising, in fact rarely goes that far, but adopts a more importunate method of selling his compounds. A man who has read much of the merits of Dr. Bullrigg's Balm, and who believes that it will cure him, enters a drug store and asks:

"Have you any of Bullrigg's Balm?"

"Yes, sir, we have it. Suffering with a cough?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got plenty of the Balm, but we also have something better. Now here's something (taking down a bottle) which we make ourselves. It's much supe—"

"I want Bullrigg's Balm."

"Yes, I know, but this preparation, as every sensible man in this town will agree, will knock a cough higher than a kite. This bottle will only cost you—"

"I want Bull—"

"Yes, I understand. This medicine is made of the purest drugs and will only cost half—"

"Well, give me a bottle."

"Two bottles? only cost half—"

"Yes, two bottles."

"Thanks, anything else?"

"Have you got any of Nuggleton's Bed-bug Annoyer?"

"Yes. Bothered with bugs?"

"Somewhat."

"Yes, I've got Nuggleton's, but we also have some Bed-bug Murderer which we manufacture ourselves. Every man in this town will tell you that our—"

"I want Nuggleton's."

"Yes, I understand, but this wonderful preparation which we prepare ourselves only costs half what the other does, and it is much better. We spare no pains in its manufacture, and—"

"Well, give me a package."

"Two, did you say? only cost half—"

"Yes, give me two."

"Thanks. Anything else?"

"I'd like to get some of Jackson's Chill—"

"My dear sir, when it comes to chills we make a preparation that—"

The customer rushes from the store.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Crime by Telephone.

A prominent young unmarried physician in West Nashville is said to be on the war path, or words to that effect, as regards a certain fiend who broke into his slumbers a few nights since. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and very cold, when, in his dreams, he thought he was in Baltimore on Sunday morning, while the bells were ringing with all their might from every one of the hundred steeples so near together. But gradually the City of Many Churches faded away, and he came to the consciousness that the telephone had been rattling for about five minutes. Jumping from his bed, with the eager expectation always attendant on a sudden call, the doctor rushed, with bare feet, over the cold floor and shivering yelled out, "Hello."

"Hello, doctor! Have you got any instruments, or are you prepared to dress the wounds of a man who has been cut all to pieces with a hatchet?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" quickly responded the physician, as visions of his favorite practice came to his mind, "where is the,"——

"All right doctor. I am much obliged. If I come across a man cut to pieces by a hatchet between now and daylight, I'll let you know."

The doctor hasn't found the fiend who telephoned him, neither has he found a man cut up by a hatchet.—*Nashville American.*

The Snakes Objected to Fire.

On one of the cold days of last week John Simons threw on to his fire-place for a back-log a large, unsplit oak stick. The piece had laid for a long time on the wood-pile, but with the exception of a small hole in a decayed knot on one side of the stick, it was to all appearances perfectly sound. Simons and his wife sat in front of the fire place, and soon after the stick had been thrown on Mrs. Simons startled her husband with a loud scream and jumped quickly on a chair, pointing excitedly at the back-log. Simons looked, and to his astonishment saw a snake coming out of the hole in the knot, which was on the upper side of the stick. The log had not began to blaze up, and the snake made its escape uninjured into the room and squirmed across to a corner where it coiled itself up. It was quickly followed by two other snakes, who also got away from their imperiled wintering-place in safety. They were all rattle-snakes of good size, and the heat had warmed them into their normal liveliness and activity. Simons killed the three snakes with a pair of tongs. They had twenty-one rattles among them.

A Versatile Applicant.

There is a great deal of learning lying around loose. Applicants for professorships in the technological school will reach five hundred. There were eighty applacants for the professorship of natural history and agriculture in the state university last year. One applicant thought the vacant chair was that of history, and so worded his application. When corrected, instead of withdrawing his application he wrote: "Please write 'natural' before 'hisstory,' 'agricultue,' and let the application stand."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Frugal Mind.

Shall I vind de clock, fadder?" asked Isaac Abramstein, as he shut up for the night.

"No, Yaweob; peesness vas too pad. Choost let it schtop, Yaweob, unt ve'll save de vear unt tear on de veels."—*Chicago Ledger.*