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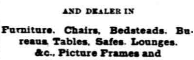

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### *LOVE REPELLED.*

Within the garden wall he sat,
  And softly strummed on his guitar
And filled the air with dulcet strain,
With tenor voice sang this refrain:
  "Thou art so near and yet so far."

The maid—ah! could my pen portray
  The beauty that mine eyes behold!
But no, I'll have to let that stand
And tell the story I've in hand,
  How she his love repelled.

She listened as his song arose
  Above her washtub's sullen roar.
"'Tis awful sad," she said, "but then
I really can not stand it, when
  It sounds so like dad's snore."

A moment more she listened there
  And caught the words the singer sung:
"My heart is sad and pants for thee."
"His heart is sad and pants for me,"
  And washboard down she flung.

Then down the cellar stairs she ran
  (Sweet smiles her face chased o'er),
And, quick returning, brought to view
A chain and dog—a bull-dog, too—
  And quick threw ope the door.

The moon had rose above the hill—
  Bright scene to fill the poet's heart—
When through the night a cry of pain,
A rush of feet, a fall, and then—
  The dog has done his part.

"What's this you've brought, good dog,
  For me? Some clothing from that man?
'His heart was sad'—O, now, I see,
He's sent some of the 'pants' to me
  On the installment plan!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

### ONLY ONE LIFE.

I have before me a fac-simile copy of the London *Times*, October 3, 1798. It is twenty-three inches by seventeen, print clear and large. It is a mite in comparison with the *Times* of to-day. It contains thirty-seven advertisements. There are thousands of country newspapers now printed that are larger and more imposing. It is a plain affair.

The age of the news items is noteworthy. The items from Weymouth were five days old, those from Plymouth four days, and those from Portsmouth, Harwich and Yarmouth three days.

The *Times* of that date has this item: "Among the wonders of the present day, Mrs. Siddons' late achievements at Brighton, Bath and London should not be forgotten. She positively performed at each of these places within the incredible short space of ninety-six hours!"

Bath is one hundred and six miles west of London, and Brighton fifty-one miles south. It was a wonder of quick travel that enabled Mrs. Siddons to play in each of these three places, traveling in all three hundred and fourteen miles, and all within four days. To-day—if the great tragedienne were alive and "in condition"—she might play in Bath in the morning, give a matinee in London after *lunch*, and cap the climax by appearing on the boards at Brighton at night. So far as traveling is concerned, she might accomplish the trip with little fatigue, and have several hours to rest.

And just here I am reminded that last week I met a lawyer and his wife in the Pullman car "Thracia," which left Jersey City Wednesday evening and reached St. Louis Friday morning. Their business required haste. Sunday evening they left St. Louis in the "Thracia," and were in New York Monday morning at ten o'clock. They had been from home four days and two-thirds of a day, had traveled twenty-one hundred miles, and after a day and a half in St. Louis had been out only a few hours longer than Mrs. Siddon's "incredible short space of time."

In fact, if Mr Booth should choose to do so, he might play in New York Monday night, in Chicago Thursday night, and in New York the second time Saturday night the same week.

But this is mixing the old and the new—not very disagreeably, however.

The fac-simile *Times* of October 3, 1798, has one item of news that is in several respects noteworthy. It announces Nelson's victory of the Nile. That battle occurred on the 1st of August, and was not known in London until the 2d of October. Two months were occupied in transmitting the news: "The official news of the glorious victory obtained by Admiral Nelson over the French Fleet, near Rosetta, arrived at the Admiralty yesterday morning at quarter past eleven o'clock."

It is very likely the continent was not in a condition to make traveling safe for an English courier And so Captain Capel had to sail through the Straits of Gibraltar, taking two months to carry "the glorious news" to England. That night "the illuminations were general throughout the metropolis and its neighborhood. * * * And all ranks of the people seemed to participate in the glorious news." And after the play—it was Mr. Kemble—that night, the news of Admiral Nelson's victory "produced a burst of patriotic exultation that has rarely been witnessed in a theater." The audience sung "Rule Britania" and then sung it again with "the loudest and most fervent acclamations we have ever witnessed." They rounded out with "God Save the King."

Two months to get the news of Nelson's victory of the Nile to London! that is a fact to keep in mind. Now no battle can be fought anywhere in the British Empire without the Londoner knowing all about it in the next day's *Times*. And if the victory be on the right side or the wrong he will say "God Save the Queen." But to think of the victory of Wolseley over Arabi taking months or even two days in getting itself reported in London! Surely the world has been "marching in" with big strides as if with "seven league boots."

I am here reminded of an incident which affords a point of comparison between the "old times" and the new. In 1781 Ashbel Green and Samuel Beach, of Hanover, entered junior, half advanced, at Princeton. The former became a noted man. In 1785 he was valedictorian, and had the honor of addressing Washington. The two Hanover classmates became tutors in the college. In 1785 Beach's health broke down and he removed to Charleston. He wrote a letter to his father, who in the stilted style of the day, he addressed as "Honored Sir." In that letter occurs the reference which is to serve as the point of comparison. He mentions the fact that his father's letter had been only twenty days in its passage from New York to Charleston! It seemed to him very wonderful. But now the lastest Guion steamer can cross the Atlantic twice in that time, with time to change cargoes and stock the ship.

In fact we live in a day when wonders, that are almost miracles, go unnoticed by us. A while ago, a Newark banker asked Fisk & Hatch, in Wall street, if they wanted a hundred thousand dollars of United States bonds of a certain kind.

The city banker at once engaged his friend in an animated conversation about Newark. In a few minutes—it seemed but a short time—the Wall street man said to the Newark man: "Yes, we will take the bonds." And when the transaction was completed, said: "It may interest you to know that while we were talking about your wide-awake city, I had telegraphed to our correspondent in Germany a de-

scription of the bonds and the question if they would buy them. And I received their answer in the affirmative!"

Think of Captain Capel two months conveying the news of Nelson's victory of the Nile to London in 1798, and Samuel Beach magnifying the wonders of the mail in 1790, which had carried a letter from New York to Charleston in twenty days! The comparison is sharp and grand.

While in the humor for it I turn to an old paper, the *Ohio Gazette*, published in Marietta, August 8, 1805. The settlement was then seventeen years old. In thirteen years enough people had settled north of the Ohio to form a State. The State of Ohio was not four years old when this newspaper was printed. It contains an advertisement for a runaway slave and President Jefferson's Proclamation as to land sales at Cincinnati, Chillicothe and Marietta. It has some gossip about Madame J. Bonaparte—"the beautiful and accomplished young lady, Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore." It has some news items from France and England, as recent as May 10, from Georgia, June 6, and Vincennes, on the Wabash, June 12. The editor is severe on the failure of the mails from the East, especially from Washington to the Capital of Ohio—Chillicothe. When the contractor was interviewed he explained the repeated failures by saying: "Post-rider had lost his horse! Post-rider taken ill!" And the editor asks: "Will this be taken as a sufficient excuse for the failure of a mail? If so, adieu to all regularity and expedition of conveyance."

A post-rider and a horse in charge of the mail from Washington to the Capital of Ohio in 1805! What a prodigious stride from that to the "National Road," and to the splendid stage coaches of Neill, Moore & Co.; and from the last to the hundreds of railway trains that hourly rush into and out of Ohio and all the States and Territories that lie between Marietta, the starting point, and San Francisco, the stopping point!

And it has not taken long—only one life. Thurlow Weed was a year old when London received the news of the Nile victory of Nelson—stale news, two months old. He was eight when the Ohio editor was so fierce on the "Post-rider and his horse" carrying the mails from Washington to Ohio, and the great journalist is only just dead. The Mail, the Railway, the Telegraph, the Telephone—anything more? Surely we are in the midst of "latter-day glories."—*Joseph F. Tuttle, D. D., in N. Y. Independent.*

### The Late John Brown.

A London letter says: Nothing more curiously marked the exceptional character of Brown's position than the title "Mr." accorded to him in his lifetime as now in the court record of his death. He was first a gillie, then a footman, then personal servant, and it is not usual in this country to address persons in that rank of life with quite so much ceremony. Many worthy people were puzzled to know why a man who rode in the dickey and held an umbrella, and stood behind the Queen's chair at dinner and passed the plates, should be thus distinguished. It is enough to answer that the Queen so willed it. To others than the Queen John Brown was not always an acceptable personage—gave himself airs, said many. In these days it is enough for a man to die to be at once endowed with every virtue and charm, and no English voice is raised to mar the beautiful harmony of the panegyrics upon a man whom the Queen liked. But while he lived it was possible to hear queer stories. There was one of his holding out his hand to Lord Beaconsfield on the railway platform at Hughenden, when Her Majesty paid a visit to her beloved minister. Lord Beaconsfield, they say, did not seem to notice the proffered greeting. This little anecdote rests on the reputed authority of a lady who was present.

Here is another, which I know to be true. A servants' ball was given some years since at Balmoral, guests and members of the royal household, as the custom is on such occasions, taking part. Among the dances was some sort of competitive Highland reel, wherein the object of each performer is to dance down all the rest; to which end it is permitted to any one to disconcert and even totally upset a rival by an adroit twist of the hip, the elbow perhaps assisting. Now John Brown was a proficient in this sport, and it was his wont to carry off the palm and outlast all adversaries, to the great contentment of the Queen, who looked on. But there chanced upon this occasion to be present a certain gentleman skillful at this dancing business, and cunning withal. He, watching his chance when all but himself and the faithful John Brown had quitted or been driven from the floor, by a sudden but quite lawful stratagem, overthrew the Queen's favorite, who fell at her feet, and so was balked of the distinction of victory on which he and his Sovereign alike had set their hearts. The victor paid dearly for his triumph. Before this little incident he had been in the high favor of his royal mistress; used to be sent for of an evening to the royal apartment, where talk and music were to be had, and enjoyed the marks of the Queen's esteem. But after he had thus presumed to vanquish her majesty's chosen personal attendant, this unhappy gentleman languished in the outer courts of the palace, and not for more than two years afterward was he fully restored to favor. Other stories of a not less illustrative character I might also tell, but perhaps this is as much as you are likely to care for about the worthy Brown. Left a snug sum of money behind him, say those likely to know, and there are tradespeople "by special appointment to her majesty" who will regret the disappearance of her majesty's specially appointed servant.

### The Modern Duello.

"I demand satisfaction, sir." "Sir, you shall have it." "I will fight you, sir. With pistols, sir. And balls. At ten paces, sir." "Very well, sir." Second day—"You insulted me grossly, sir." "I had cause, sir." "You did not, sir." "Why, sir?" "Because, sir." "Ah, sir, that may alter the matter." Third day—"But where shall we fight, sir?" "In Canada, sir." "Too cold for me, sir." "Then in South Carolina, sir." "Too hot for me, sir." Fourth day—"I am cooler, sir." "So am I, sir." "But I am not afraid to fight you, sir." "Nor I you, sir." "Still, we might see if our honors may not be satisfied without bloodshed, sir?" "True, sir." "Shall we try, sir?" "We will, sir." Fifth day—"I withdraw the remark in its most offensive sense, sir." "I am satisfied, sir. "So am I, sir." "Let us burst some champagne, sir."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A pew in Grace Church, New York, was sold at auction the other day for $2,200.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Joaquin Miller rises to remark that the daily newspaper is "the six-shooter of Eastern civilization." Every man must have one or fall to the rear of the procession.

—Henry D. McDaniel, who was elected Governor of Georgia recently, is worth about $50,000, and has a practice as a lawyer worth from $3,000 to $4,000 per year.

—Leo XIII. seeks relaxation in the composition of Latin poems, all of which are printed under his careful supervision. After a few copies have been taken the type is distributed.

—George Alfred Townsend has bought a house in New York with the proceeds of his pen, which, like a good husband, he has promptly given to his wife, and in which he expects to end his literary days.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The venerable senior and Presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, Dr. Smith, may be said to have been a citizen under every President of the United States. He was five years old when General Washington died.

—Representative Holman's home, in Dearborn County, is about seven miles from the county seat, where he practices law. He goes down on the railroad in the morning, comes back to dinner at noon, goes down to court again before two o'clock, and returns home in the evening. He has done this for years.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Keppler, who has gone far to the front as the leading American cartoonist, sailed for Europe a few days ago. Five years ago he was employed by a leading publishing house at a paltry salary of thirty-five dollars a week, and he is now said to be worth over half a million. His health, is, however, completely shattered, and his European tour is solely for the purpose of recovering his shattered system.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Postmaster-General Gresham is the sixth member of the Cabinet from Indiana since the organization of the Government. These were the following: Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, 1861 to 1863; John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, 1863 to 1865; Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, 1865 to 1879; J. N. Tyner, Postmaster-General, 1876 to 1877; R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, 1877 to 1880.

—There have now been sixty years of American novels—for it is about that time since Cooper dashed into prominence with his "Spy" and his sea stories, and his character of Leather-stocking. He was our forlorn hope for some years—since Irving could not properly be called a novelist; but now our authors like misfortunes "come not single spies, but in battalions," and there is a ruck of novels, good, bad, and worse.

—In November next four hundred years will have passed since the birth of Martin Luther, and a new edition of the reformer's works is announced as one of the proposed modes of doing him honor which Germany will adopt. Hitherto the best edition of his Latin and German works has been that published at Erlangen, 1826-1857, and in a second edition, 1861. That edition will be superseded by the new one. The German Emperor has presented the necessary funds for the undertaking, and the Prussian Ministry of Worship has appointed a committee to superintend it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## HUMOROUS.

—Business conducted on sound principles. The telephone.

—If a ship-owner wants to auction off his vessel he should not put to sea in a storm. He might lose the sail.—*N. Y. News.*

—"You are a great coquette," said a young man to a Madison avenue young lady. "I plead jilty," was her response.—*Harlem Times.*

—The aisle of a church is not the proper place for a sexton with squeaky boots. He should try some other kind of "ile."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

—Mulcahy says the statement that John Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron vessels at him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Mrs. Spaggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldboy.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Samuel Gunn was recently arraigned in a local court for intoxication. When he shot his breath at the Judge the latter remarked that it was evidently a muzzle-odor, but he couldn't permit a discharge.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—He stood before her holding both her hands in his and he asked softly: "Why am I like a railroad train?" "Because you never get anything to eat?" "No, my own, it is because I hold two-wrists."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—The editor wrote that "he was a member of an old family of musicians," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of nuisances." One assertion was just as true as the other, but the editor nearly swore.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I don't want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple, something like this: 'William Johnson, aged seventy-five years. The good die young.'"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Two Western sportsmen had talked on one side of a wallow, and were hesitating as to whether it would do for either to cross the patch of mud for a bird that had been shot. "The end will justify the means," said one. The other glanced at his jean trousers, and then at the mire, and retorted: "Say, rather, it would mustify the jeans."—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

—An old head—The head of navigation. How to know a sail-maker—By the "cut of his jib." A bug that still continues to thrive—Humbug. The soldier who was at a loss for something to write about, was ordered to "right about face." When are certain persons who travel in France like dissipated young men?—When they are on the road to Rouen.—*Boston Traveler.*

—This is the use to which the telephone is put in Iowa, according to an exchange: An eavesdropper "took this off" the other morning when the thermometer stood at ten below: He (in Lyons)—"Is that you, dearest?" She (in Clinton)—"Yes, love." He—"Put the mouthpiece to your lips." She—"Yes, what?" He (kisses)—"That!" She—"Oh, my! Was that lightning?" He—"Did you get it, dearest?" She—"Yes, love—cool and distant, but so sweet. Call again."

### The Tornado Season.

The tornado season has fairly commenced, though not in the section of country where its most terrible ravages are usually experienced. Those which occurred early in the month at Hot Springs and Ozark, Ark., were comparatively harmless, though thirteen lives were lost and much property destroyed, but the Mississippi and Georgia affair was on a scale sufficient to entitle it to be called the inaugural of the season, and from now until August, or even September, we may look for similar recurrences in the southwestern part of the country. The signal service has investigated over six hundred tornadoes with the result of the discovery that the late spring and summer are the periods when they are to be expected, the larger number occurring in June. This year they have commenced earlier than usual and at points further east than usual, for Kansas, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa are the principal sufferers. Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama, and the borders of Tennessee and South Carolina are more or less ravaged by tornadoes, but—this spring being an exception—not with such disastrous results as attend those which originate in Texas and the Indian Territory, and travel their northeastern course through the States above mentioned.

Although it is early in the season, the recent tornado is one of the most destructive ever known in this country. As nearly as can be ascertained from the conflicting accounts this tornado entered the continent from the Gulf of Mexico, crossing the Mississippi a short distance below Natchez without doing any special damage in Louisiana; at this point it divided, one branch going southeast, the main funnel, however, keeping on its northeastern track, and inflicting the most terrible losses of life and property at Wesson and Beauregard, in Copiah County. It passed Aberdeen, in the northeastern part of the State, crossed Alabama obliquely without much damage, and entered Georgia, in Harris County, crossing the Chattahoochee River, curiously enough, at the very point where every storm has entered Georgia since 1804, the first year in which a tornado was recorded. It is also curious that it divided on the Georgia line, just as it did on the Mississippi line, one branch keeping on its northeastern course, spending itself in South Carolina, while the other veered into Southwest Georgia. It will be seen, therefore, that it traversed an immense area of territory, its damage being spread over five States, though the heavy losses are confined to two. As compared with the damage occasioned by tornadoes in 1881 and 1882, the results are frightful. The whole number of lives lost in 1881 was 187. Last year they amounted to 369. By way of comparison a statement showing the loss of life occasioned by the worst tornadoes of 1882 will be of interest. In April fifty lives were lost at Brownsville, Mo., and Monticello, La.; in May, eighteen at McAllister, Tex.; in June, 100 at Grinnell, Ia., and thirteen in Kansas; and in July, twenty-five at Coalville, Pa. As we have said, 369 lives were lost in all last year, and 187 in 1881. The complete reports of the loss of life occasioned by the recent tornado have not yet been sent in, but it is already known that 190 persons were killed. As of the 283 injured many will die, and many counties swept by the tornado have not yet been heard from, it is reasonable to estimate that the total loss of life will reach at least 250, which is much larger than that occasioned by all the storms of 1881, and only one-third less than those of 1882, which was considered an exceptional tornado year. It will also be observed that it has inflicted a loss of life more than twice as great as that at Grinnell.

In view of such disasters as these and the certainty that they will occur in specified sections of the country at specified times, it is not creditable to science that these terrible phenomena of Nature are not better understood, and that some means for the protection of human life in the tornado area have not been suggested. Now that science says it has exploded Scriptural revelations and pretends it has made a myth of an overruling Providence, it would seem as if it might understand these natural phenomena and strip them of some of their destructive power, and no longer let the wind blow where it listeth. We fear, however, that it will always remain true that no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. The most the signal service has done is to recommend the building of underground dwellings as places of refuge, which is not always practical, and it may be remarked they do not always constitute places of refuge. The only man who has made a practical, well-sustained suggestion with regard to the origin of the tornado is Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, who, notwithstanding his vagaries as a weather prophet and his unfortunate place of residence, is a man of scientific attainment. His theory is to the effect that the tornado is a display of electrical energy, and that the manifestations of every tornado, such as denuding trees of their bark and reducing wood to fibres, are electrical in character, the splintering being occasioned by the passage of the electric current through the sap, which decomposes it into its constituent gases, expanding with terrific force. Whether Tice's theory be true or not, the subject deserves more thorough treatment than it has yet received from the hands of the savants. Who is the future philosopher who will bottle the tornado as Franklin bottled the lightning?—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Railroad Pleasantries.

Two engineers of New Jersey had grand fun the other day. Near Bound Brook their tracks run parallel for three miles and cross. They brought their trains together on this parallel and undertook to pass each other at the crossing. The engines were very evenly matched and the engineers were men who dared, so that they came to the crossing together and each undertook to cross through the other's train. It was rare fun for the engineers, but in running the two trains through each other, men and women and children were mangled and killed. This may not be anything to complain of, but there is a sort of feeling in New Jersey that the engineers of these two trains ought to be talked to.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—This is a recent ordinance in the town of Bellary, India: "Resolved, that as the loose monkeys in the town have become exceedingly troublesome, by attacking women and children carrying eatables, and overturning the tiles of the roofs of the houses in the town, these animals be caught and sent out into the jungles, and that arrangements be made that monkeys may not receive any injury while being seized."

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

☞ **Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars.**

☞ **For time advertisements, apply at this office.**

☞ **Legal advertisements at statue rates.**

☞ **For transient advertising, see rates on third page.**

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## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL:

—A church is being erected by the Baptists in Salt Lake City.

—The Spiritualists claim that from nothing thirty-five years ago the number of avowed believers now reaches 2,000,000.

—The law of Massachusetts establishing evening drawing schools is said to have proved very successful. They have done much toward encouraging a love of mechanical art.

—A Chicago court decides that when a boy goes to a private school and pays tuition in advance and then gets drunk and is expelled the school must return the unearned money.

—The Texas Legislature has given another million acres of land for universities and another for common schools, and voted to submit a constitutional amendment permitting local school taxation.

—At a Methodist Conference held at Beloit, Kan., the members refused to admit or ordain any candidate to the Conference who uses tobacco, and requested the Bishop not to appoint any preacher as presiding elder who is in the habit of using the weed. The Bishop heartily indorsed the wishes of the Conference.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Bishop Riley, Episcopal Bishop of Mexico, has never received any salary, and has given about $150,000 during the past ten years to the Christian work under his care. These facts are now made known by the report of a special committee representing the Committee on Foreign Missions of the Episcopal Church and the House of Bishops.

—The *Tablet*, of London, publishes an article showing the growth of Catholicism among English-speaking nations. In Great Britain, since 1840, the churches have increased from 522 to 1,461; the laity, from 539,500 to 1,384,000. In the United States, in the same period, the churches have advanced from 324 to 5,609, the laity, from 666,630 to 6,143,000.

—The Virginia State Board of Education has accepted the Griffin Farm, near Petersburg, as the site for the Colored and Collegiate Institute, provided the City Council of Petersburg gives $5,000. The college building will be erected near the spot where the memorable "crater" fight occurred during the war. The amount appropriated by the Legislature for the establishment of the school is $100,000.

—Mrs. Amanda Smith, the celebrated colored evangelist, is evangelizing among the colored people of Grand Bassa, Liberia. She writes that she has given many Bible readings, and that she finds among the women of Liberia a great disposition to study the Bible. She finds strong drink to be the great curse of Liberia, and she is laboring diligently in the cause of temperance reform. She will probably make her permanent work in Liberia.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—In Scotland last year there was expended on public schools the sum of £312,047, of which sum schools connected with the Church of Scotland received £28,266; the Free Church schools, £18,215; undenominational schools, £26,207; the Episcopal schools, £9,393; and the Roman Catholic schools, £25,612. A further point in these school statistics is that the total estimated population of school age is 1,169,943, of whom 656,660 are on the books of elementary day schools; but, by excluding children under five—the age at which education is compulsory—the number would be reduced by nearly 306,000.

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### A Money-Making Memory.

George Harding, Esq., the distinguished Philadelphia patent lawyer, is remarkable for a retentive memory.

On Saturday Mr. Harding rode down to Wall street, New York, in a Broadway omnibus. A beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the stage man.

The driver made the change and handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding, who quetly put it away into his vest pocket and went on reading a mowing-machine brief.

Then all was silence.

The young lady began to look nervously at Mr. Harding for her change. "Can it be possible that this is one of those polite confidence men we read of in books?" she thought to herself.

Then she looked up timidly and asked Mr Harding something about the Brooklyn Ferry.

"Oh, the boats run very regular—every three minutes," replied the interrupted lawyer, trying to smile. Then he went on reading his brief.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H., petulantly; "I'm not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes"—(then a silence).

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady ahemed, and asked him what the fare was in the New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't he return your change? Is it possible? Here, driver!" the lawyer continued, dropping the brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her forty cents, sir, forty cents?"

"I did give her the change. I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your pocket," shouted back the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten-cent pieces. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but—"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, eying him suspiciously; "you know a lady in a wicked city like New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents; but before I left home mother cautioned me against polite confidence men, who look so good outside, but—"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, while all the passengers eyed him with suspicion. "I assure you—"

But the stage stopped and the young lady, holding fast to her portemonnaie, got out and fled into the Custom House, while Mr. Harding went on filling up in this form:

"Goodness gracious! Did you ever? O Lord! what shall I do?" etc.

The lawyer got so excited that he went back to Philadelphia in a hurry. He even forgot to take a big fee in a mowing-machine case. He says he'd rather pay ten thousand dollars than to let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story.—*Philadelphia Item.*