

TOO LATE.

What silence we keep year after year, with those who are most near to our dear ones...

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—These close familiar friends, who loved us so...

For weak and poor the love that we expressed Now seems beside the vast, sweet expression...

This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full visioned only when the mystery of death has been fulfilled...

Give consolation to the bereaved. Give consolation to the bereaved. Give consolation to the bereaved.

A TUNNLE WITH A TREE.

I imagined it would take me about half an hour to put up some boxes for the accommodation of the blue birds...

This oak is the pride of my estate. It is erect, lofty, symmetrical, now in its fullest vigor...

In the endeavor to place the bird houses on it I find that perversity dwells among its branches...

I wanted to put the boxes on the oak about twenty feet from the ground...

I tried to insinuate the ladder between these crabbed, obstinate little branches...

I saw that I must cut these branches off. I could not reach them from the ground...

Posting the step-ladder at the foot of the tree proved another difficult operation...

At this time it occurred to me that I was a long way off from placing those blue bird boxes...

The step-ladder sided with the tree, and was unreasonably particular in getting a level base...

At last I mounted this ladder and commenced operations with the saw on branch No. 1...

I sawed worried by the thought of a possible broken neck or leg, and experienced great wear and tear of mind and body...

There was nothing to do but repair the ladder. The placing of the bird boxes on the tree had retired farther in the distance than ever...

During the week several house-hunting birds had inspected these apartments. They seem difficult to suit, and make no choice...

I thought when I commenced writing this story there was a moral concealed in it somewhere...

Now that I have finished it I can't find any. I deem it more kind to consider to leave the reader to find his or her own moral...

A whole wholesale tobacco dealer in New York City claims that cigarette smoking is dying out...

A Philosopher in Rags.

"Say, boys, did you see my pard about here?" The speaker was sitting on a stone wall by the roadside in Dorchester...

"Your pard? How did you happen to lose him?" asked some one.

"Well, yer see, we was stidin' on a fence up the road there and a cop came along and told us to git. Pard, he skipped, and I told him I would meet him down the road here...

"Did you have to pay any fare?"

"Well, I guess not; I came up on the freight. The brakeman on that train is a sure chap; he played a good trick on me...

"Yes, plenty of times. Boston is the darling place to live in, if a feller has plenty of money...

"Are you married?"

"Yes, I left my wife in New York. She was a tough one."

"How did you happen to leave her?"

"She had had that eating, smoking and drinking—and it cost too much to support her; just the same with all women."

"Do you ever do any work?"

"Very seldom; the doctor says that work will injure my health. I had a job offered me about a month ago...

"What do you find any trouble in getting enough to eat?"

"I generally keep something ahead, though. Here the tramp in buttoned his Prince Albert and displayed an inside pocket filled with food and cigar stubs..."

"What do you find the hardest stuff to get hold of?"

"Tobacco and money. I can get along without money, but without the tobacco I am gone. The other day a man offered me a glass of whisky, but I told him I would rather have a chew. He didn't have a cent, but he gave me a dime and I bought one."

"Do you find any trouble in getting enough to drink?"

"I found it in place to get the pure old whisky and plenty of it; but over in Detroit the darned rascals make three barrels out of one of the Canada barrels. They adulterate it; but that is business, and they are not some of our kind."

"Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

"I have been down to the police station, but I don't like the look of the ranche, and there's too many cops lying around. I guess I will go out to the Milton station house; they furnish a good feed out there; down here they don't. Milton is the dearest place I ever grub; there's none of yer brass-buttoned pealers around there."

"Where are you going to strike for when you leave this place?"

"I was thinking of goin' over to Europe, but it's hard to beat a passage on a steamer, and if they happen to catch you they will make yer work yer passage. So I have never given up the idea. I guess I will go West. Well, boys, you see a chap that looks like me, and you know the name of Jim, send him along. Good day."—Boston Globe.

On the Next Block.

After walking up and down several times past a Gratia Avenue clothing dealer's yesterday, a stranger halted and said to the man at the door:

"Do you remember me, sir?"

"Not shut exactly, my friend. Who was you?"

"It's in the man who paid you twenty-eight dollars for a suit of green clothes last October, and inside of a week the moths ate 'em up?"

"You don't say so?"

"You bet I do, and I'm here to get satisfaction!"

"My friend, you make a dreadful mistake. All der moths in dis store vvas in der sky-blue suits for fourteen dollars. If der man on der next block keeps his in der pottle-green suits for twenty-eight dollars dot ghas all right. No two men do peensess alike. Only, if you go up dere wish you to tell him for me before you run his little dot if he keeps his moths in der pottle-green suits he vill soon haf to shut up der shop. Des shade makes enery insect color-blind in ten days."—Detroit Free Press.

Richly Deserved It.

A man, with a decided expression of intelligence, went to a pension bureau the other day and said to the proprietor:

"I think that I am entitled to a pension."

"Were you wounded?"

"No, sir; was never in the army."

"Have you been disabled in any way while serving the country?"

"No."

"Then why should you receive a pension?"

"The applicant removed his hat and displayed a bald head. 'Look on top,' said he. 'Do you see any attempt to bring two hairs from the back of my neck, and wind them around on the top of my head? No, of course you don't. Am I not the first man who has not attempted to conceal his baldness with two hairs? Of course I am. I think that the government should reward such originality.'"

"Bill," said the manager, "make out pension papers for this gentleman."—Arkansas Traveler.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, defines that parental fondness which ruins so many children nowadays as "love that has lost its wits."

—The constitution of Alabama forbids the formation of any new county of less area than six hundred square miles, or the formation of a new county of that size if it reduces any old county below that minimum.

—The Connecticut Legislature has settled it. A bill was introduced short time ago to tax geese and bachelors, and was opposed by a Mr. Harrison, who said that there already was a bill taxing geese, and a man who had lived a bachelor to the age of thirty would come under it.—Chicago Herald.

—Governor Cleveland, of New York, has signed the bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. This has created a breeze among the manufacturers of that article, who have large amounts of capital invested in the business, and who are loudly denouncing the measure as unconstitutional and unjust. They declare that they will defy the law and let the courts decide on its validity.—N. Y. Herald.

—It is said that the scene of the recent Vedder-Pearson tragedy at Luna Island, Niagara Falls, is the prettiest spot, where, in 1850, a young man named Addison playfully threatened to throw the little sister of his betrothed (who, with her mother, completed the party visiting the spot) into the rapids. The child shrieked and sprang from his arms into the swift running water. He instantly jumped in to save her, and both were lost.—Buffalo Express.

—From experiments made upon the pulse and temperature as affected by smoking, it has been found that the rate of heart is increased. Let the average temperature of non-smokers be represented by 1,000, then that of moderate smokers would be 1,003, and while the heart of the former class was making 1,000 here in the same space of time. This quickening of the action of the heart is considered a dangerous symptom.—Chicago Tribune.

—A Chicago museum exhibits a double-headed cow, described as follows: "This cow has two well formed heads of equal size and is well armed with four brass-tipped horns. The main head possesses all the features of a bright and intelligent member of the bovine family, but the other looks like the expressive eyes. However, the animal sees, hears, and touches with both heads, eats with one and drinks with the other. The body is perfect and hand-ome, the cow being a full-blood Durham."

—"That I want you to collect that and put it to my credit," said old Farmer Applegate to the cashier of the First National Bank of Massachusetts, N. J., a few days ago. The cashier examined the request for a moment, and handed to him, and found it to be a check for \$270, drawn by a New York merchant in 1872 in favor of the farmer. It appeared that the check had been given in payment for a load of coal, and had been hidden during the past twelve years in the farmer's feather bed. It was sent to the merchant and duly honored.—N. Y. Mail.

—One of the bloody customs among the Hindoos of a certain class is to require every woman, previous to piercing the ears of her eldest daughter preparatory to her being betrothed in marriage, to undergo the amputation of the first joints of the third and fourth fingers of her right hand. The amputation is performed by the blacksmith of the village, who, having placed the finger in a block, performs the operation with a chisel. If the girl to be betrothed be motherless and the mother of the boy have not before been subjected to the operation, it is incumbent on her to suffer the operation.

—A Massachusetts Yankee went to California several years ago, got dead broke, and was on the point of starving to death. He then joined the Pintos at the Pyramid resort, and he remained there until he had fully mastered the language and habits of his dusky friends, and then painting himself and assuming the garb of a red man went to Walker Lake, where, in consideration of his able advice in the councils of the tribe, he was elected a chief and allowed three wives. He says that, although he has longed for the bayonet from the Bay State, he was perfectly content to remain where he was, as he found the roaming, independent life of the Pintos just the thing for a man tired of the busy scenes of civilization.—Boston Herald.

Faith in Popular Gullibility.

Faith in the exhaustible credulity of the masses has been the foundation of many a charlatan's fortune. At the time of the South Sea bubble, when new projects of the most wild and posthumous character found promoters with ease, an astute and audacious adventurer advertised for subscriptions to an enterprise of the nature of which was to be concealed for a certain time, and he actually made several thousands of pounds out of it, the people paying for shares with blind eagerness. With this passport he was enabled to rank the ingenious but unprincipled American citizen who has just been arrested for doing an extensive business in advertising all manner of enticing things to be sent on the receipt of postage stamps. The number of swindlers who have waxed fat on similar but more carefully devised schemes is no doubt very considerable. The rogues who engineer them rely upon the desire of most people to get much for little. They know that the greed of gain often obscures the judgment, and that though all countries be equally susceptible of such schemes, the Duke of Wellington's maxim that "good interest means bad security," yet there are always plenty ready to spring at any bait. If it is only a glittering enough. The so-called "sawdust" sharpers who pretend to sell counterfeit money, and send the victims to the penitentiary, are a set of shrewd knowledge of the baser elements in human nature. They select for their dupes persons who are willing to be deceived themselves, and whose own knavery shuts their mouths when they find out the swindle. Probably no professional sharpers would enter upon so very bold a game as the young man if the postage stamps played for as they mean to make their living by their rits they dare not thus openly advertise their dishonesty. But the fact that such a trick should have been so successful, and that it should have been carried on for so long a time without detection shows that the crop of gulls continues to be as large as ever, and that whatever else fails there is no prospect of "shortage" in this line of production.—N. Y. Tribune.

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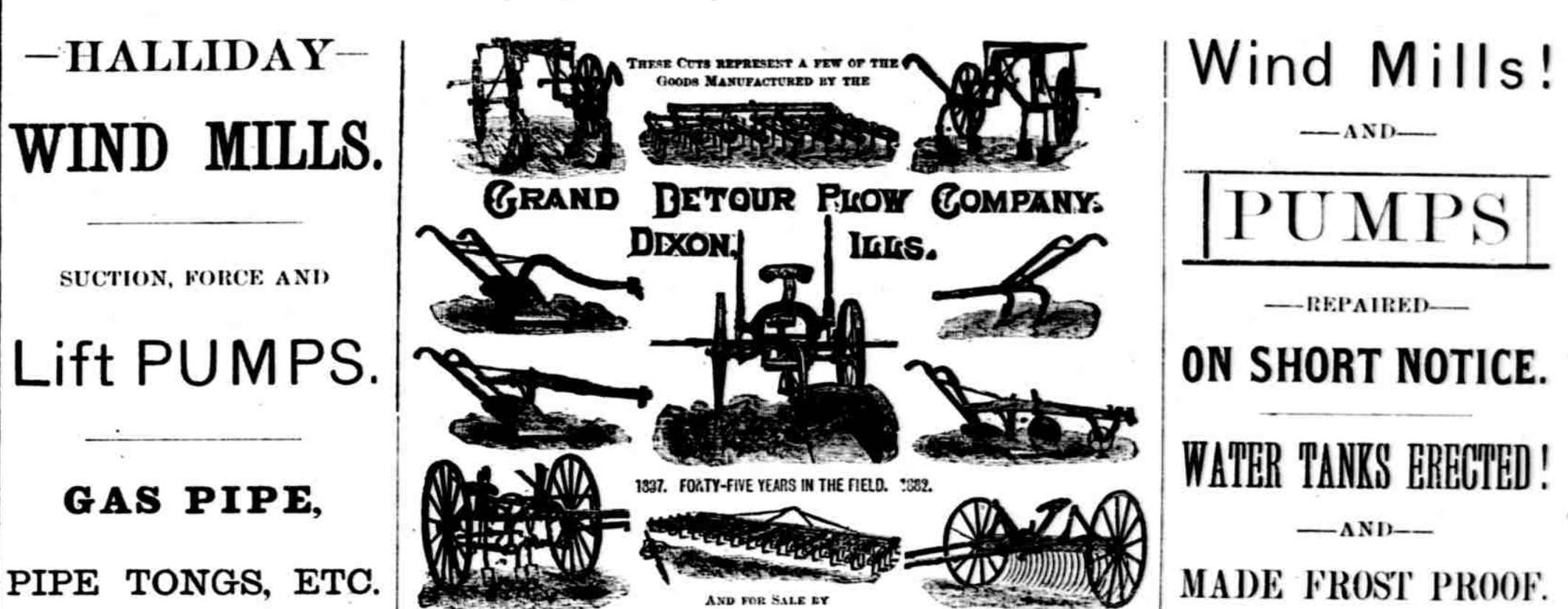
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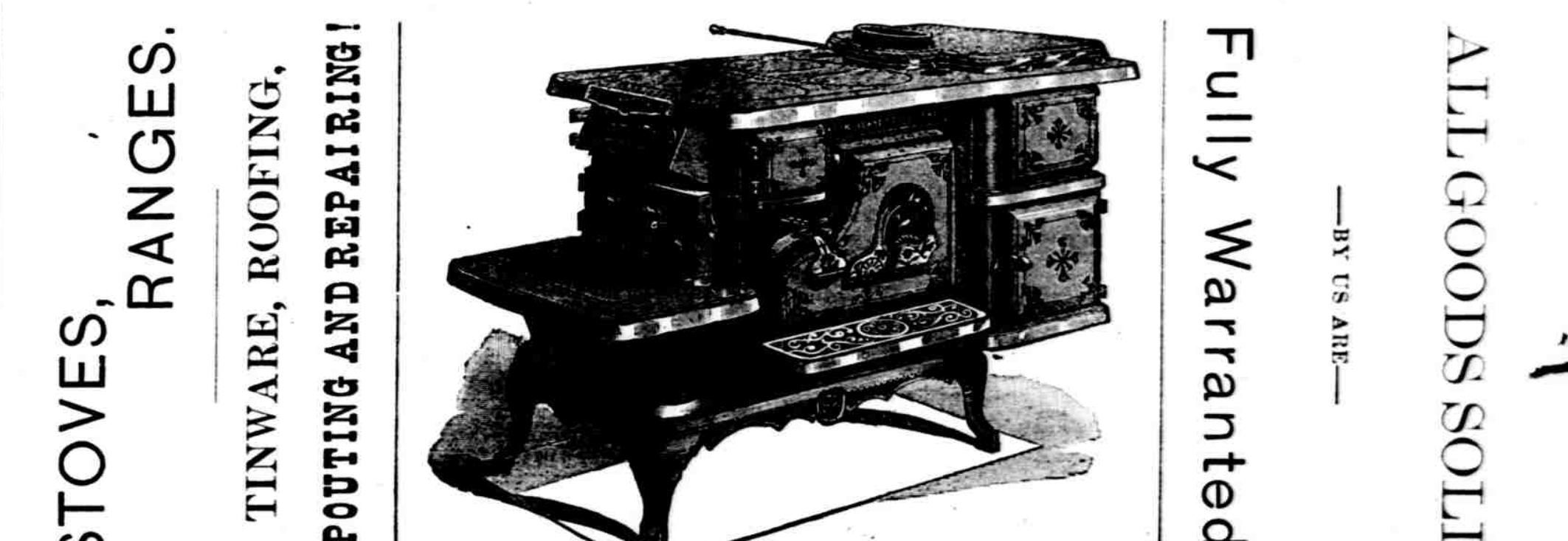


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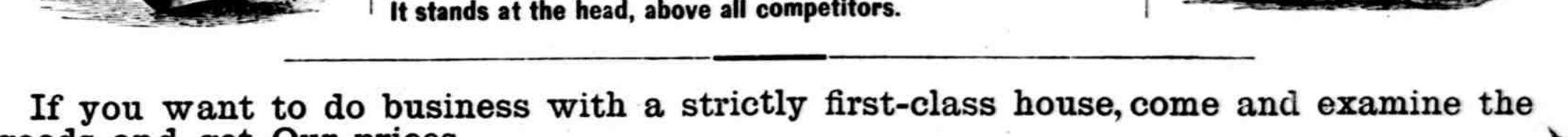
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