The Death of Love.

And is he dead at last? He lingered long,
Despite the fever-fits of doubt and pain;
It seemed that faith had wov'n a web so strong
'Twould keep him till his pulse beat true again;
Center of so much youth and hope and trust,
How could he crumble into common dust?

Cold blew the icy winds of circumstance;
Prudence and penury stood side by side,
Barbing the arrow shot by crafty chance,
Snatching the balsam from the wounds of pride;
Slander spiced well the cup false friendship gave,
And so Love died. Where shall we make his grave?

Scatter no roses on the bare, black earth,
Plant no white lilies; no blue violet bloom.
Weak in his death as feeble in his birth,
Why should life strive to sanctify his tomb?
Even gentle memory is by truth forbid
To honor aught that died as light Love did.

Let the rank grasses flourish fearlessly,
With no fond footsteps brushing them away;
While the young life he troubled, strong and free,
Turns to the promise of the world's new day,
Leaving the darkening skies to close above
The unhallowed burrial-place of shallow Love.

—All the Year Round.

HOW CLEM COMMITTED SUICIDE.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, my boy? Sit down. Sit down. Sit down and quiet yourself and then tell me what's the matter."

That's the way I talked to Clem—short for Clemence—Alburtis as I took him by the arm one day when he rushed wild eyed and thick speeched into my office, and seated him on the lounge.

"Doc," he said in a helpless tone—my profession is that of a physician—"I'm crazy. I can't collect my thoughts, and the pain in my head drives me mad."

"I know it," I said. "I've told you it would be so many times. You have a buzzing in the ears, black spectres floating before the eyes, and——"

"Yes! Yes! that's it. Nervous twitches of the muscles of the face and numbness of the limbs and——"

"Depression of mind and melancholia," I went on.

"A disposition to suicide," he almost shouted. "I feel it almost necessary to commit suicide. Doc, what'll I do? How'll I stop it? Eh? How'll I keep from blowing out my brains?"

"Nonsense!" I said, angrily. "Don't talk to me about brains. If you go on the way you're going now you won't have any brains to blow out in a few days. You'll be in the lunatic asylum, as brainless as a born idiot."

"I know it! I know it!" and Clem wrung his hands wildly and endeavored to spring from the lounge, but I forced him back into his seat.

"And so I am determined to put an end to my life at once. God bless you! Good-by! I can't endure this agony any longer," and once more he made an effort to rise.

"Sit still!" I thundered out, now almost angry myself, "or I'll send for the police, and have you committed to the Charities and Corrections, to be examined as a lunatic. Now, do you really want to be cured of this attack of teezeeweezees you've got?"

"Yes," he said, a little more calmly, finding he had a superior power to contend with.

"Very well, then, give up all book work. Lay aside pens, ink and paper, go into the country, fish, walk into the woods, feed the chickens, do anything but don't read anything but trash for two months, and, above all, don't think of anything scientific until next winter without my permission."

"But what's to become of my paper on 'The Origin of the Megatherium?' I'm to read it before the Fee Fo Fum Society on the 15th of next month, you know, and it isn't half done yet."

"Confound your megatheriums!" I exclaimed, angrily. "If you want to barter your life, or what you have left of your senses, for a megatherium, why take your megatheriums and do it, but don't come bothering me about your symptoms. I tell you that you must have a complete mental and physical diversion or you'll be a lunatic or a dead man in a month."

"And drop my book on 'The Puerility of Prehistoric Power?" said Clem, mournfully.

"Drop every book, written and unwritten, and write not a line but an occasional letter until I tell you that you may."

The poor fellow buried his face in his hands and sat the picture of despair, but I knew I was right. Clem had graduated from college with high honors and gone to the bar with high hopes, when suddenly his mind had, somehow, become diverted to science, in which, unfortunately, he could afford to indulge from the fact that he possessed a small but comfortable income, left him by his grandmother, so that law could be made only an ornamental part of his life.

More than this, he was a remarkably handsome fellow, and, outside of his scientific studies, possessed more than ordinary common sense. The fact was, he had overdone the matter, and he was suffering, accordingly, from insomnia and over brain work. Entire and complete cessation from study was his only hope. Just as I had told him this there came a gentle tap at my door, and to my summons of it "Come," it opened and two ladies entered—one, Miss Martha Megrims, an old maid of sixty-five, my patient, with nothing at all the matter with her but the want of exercise and employment, and who would not wait for me to call on her, but hunted me down with her moans and troubles daily. Her companion was her niece Lillian, and "airy, fairy Lillian" she was. A more beautiful little creature I never saw, and never expect to see again, and as good as she was pretty.

Their coming just then embarrassed me exceedingly. I could not dismiss Miss Megrims, and I must bear with her usual half hour of groans and grunts, for which I was so well remunerated, and, at the same time, I did not dare to let Clem go, for I knew he was in a dangerous condition of mind, and I was afraid that he might carry out his threat. Introducing him and bringing him into our conference was out of the question, and there was but one way for it, which was to stuff him into my little back room, from whence there was no escape but by a skylight or the door which led into the office.

This I turned on him to do when I saw that he had risen from the lounge, and was standing, as one entranced, gazing on Miss Lillian Brown with a most unmistakable look of admiration, which I fancied was returned shyly by the young lady.

"Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step into the next room for a few minutes," I said; "I'll soon be disengaged."

"Certainly, certainly," he said, moving slowly across the office, bowing to the two ladies as he went, but not shutting the door after him on his disappearance, so that he could hear all that might be said. This was not much that could entertain or instruct him, consisting only of the old woman's usual recounting of the maladies which she could not have had if she had been poor and obliged to walk instead of ride, and the occasional musical tones of Lillian, answering my questions or encouraging her aunt. Over a quarter of an hour was passed in this way, which would have been longer had not Lillian, knowing that I had Clem in the other room waiting for me, hurried Miss Megrims away.

"Who is that, Doc?" said Clem, eagerly, as he rushed back into the room as soon as the office door had closed on the ladies.

"That is the rich Miss Megrims," I said. "She's got more money than she's got time to spend it in, and so plays sick."

"Oh, pshaw!" he said petulantly, "I don't mean the old one."

"Ah! that's her niece and supposable heiress, Miss Lillian Brown!" I replied, carelessly. "She's rather pretty."

"Rather pretty!" he almost shouted. "By the great ichthyosaurus, sir, she's lovely—simply lovely. I never saw anything more beautiful in my entire existence."

"Gone!" I thought to myself. "His brain has given away," and I took poor Clem by the hand and felt his pulse.

"Oh, I'm all right, Doc," he said, laughing, and then resuming his seat upon the lounge and becoming quite calm. "But really she is very handsome, and I don't know that I've ever seen any one that has made such an impression on me. Can't you introduce me, doctor?"

"Oh, you're too much mixed up with megatheriums and prehistoric power to even talk sensibly to a lady, and Miss Brown is a very sensible and practical girl."

"Oh! bother the megatheriums and prehistories. I'm not thinking of them just now. I want an introduction to Miss Brown," said Clem, earnestly.

"I'll give it to you to-morrow," I answered, "if you'll promise me to do just what I tell you until then."

"Certainly, I will," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Very well. I am to call on Miss Megrims to-morrow at 3 p. m. Promise me that you won't open a book, touch pen, or think of megatheriums or prehistorics until then, and that you will go to the theatre with me to-night, and I will take you with me to-morrow."

"Done!" he said, enthusiastically.

"Then we'll go and take a walk in the park," and I shook hands with Clem on the bargain, and we marched away for a smoke and a talk all about Lillian Brown.

That night I took Clem to see an exceedingly funny burlesque, and was gratified at his appreciation of it in hearty bursts of laughter, and the following day he made his appearance at the office faultlessly dressed, something I had not known him to be since he embraced science, and looking so much handsomer and better than the day before that it hardly seemed possible he was the same man. Of course, I carried out my promise, and of course Miss Megrims looked surprised at my bringing Clem, but I did not care for that, for at the same time I saw that Miss Lillian was gratified.

For the first time within my memory Miss Megrims seemed to forget her ailments, and devoted herself to Clem, who had corraled Lillian on the opposite side of the room and appeared to be making the best use possible of his time, which, I had warned him, could not be more than fifteen minutes. She eyed him with a look that amounted almost to a glare, and poured in broadside after broadside of questions about him that would have taken the skill of a diplomat to answer, though, of course, I did it as favorably as I could for Clem, but I came out of the encounter strongly impressed with the idea that Miss Megrims did not want her niece to marry at all, or have gentlemen friends, and that she considered her too young—she was twenty—to think of such a thing at all. When Clem got out into the street he was in raptures. Lillian was an angel; her beauty was almost beyond the earth, and her voice music itself. He was in love, and Lillian had asked him to call again—which, by the way, I had noticed, was more than Miss Megrims did.

Well, time sped on, and I saw plainly that Clem had dropped everything but Lillian. I saw him every day, and heard all about it. He had called again, and had been rebuffed by Miss Megrims. He had called several times more, but Miss Megrims never left the room. Clem did not intend to be rebuffed, but Miss Megrims finally denied him the house or an opportunity of seeing Lillian. Then I stepped in and carried a formal proposal to Miss Megrims, which I backed up with my best efforts, but received a formal refusal. Miss Megrims did not intend that her niece should marry for some years to come.

My reply to this selfishness was my becoming letter bearer between the lovers, and a few days afterward they met in Central Park, although it must have been a hard job for Lillian to have gotten the chance. From the meeting Clem rushed into the office, exclaiming:

"It's all right, Doc. We're engaged. Lillie's going to try and soften the old hippogriff, and if she can't we'll get married anyhow and go abroad."

Clem had carried the war into Africa, and meant to stay there all the time, he said. He had forgotten all about megatheriums and prehistorics, and had no more symptoms and tendencies to suicide. In fact, he was completely cured, and, stranger still, Miss Megrims had become as robust as a prize fighter, and not a word ever came out of her mouth about pains or aches, though she would not give up daily calls, but always filled them up with denunciations of Clem and declarations that if Lillian married him she should never touch a cent of her money.

"Doctor," she said one day, "I never knew a runaway marriage to turn out well in my life."

"Oh! that's a mistake, Miss Megrims," I said. "I have known many. Mr. Alburtis' own parents were a runaway match. She was a great belle, a Miss Ellice Clark, and——"

"What!" screamed Miss Megrims, jumping to her feet. "His mother my Ellice, my darling Ellice! It can't be! Why didn't you say so before, Doctor? The dearest girl friend I ever had in my life, and I've treated her son so badly. It's shameful in you, Doctor. Go and bring the dear fellow here directly."

I did, and when he came she Scripturally fell upon his neck and wept, and then they fell to talking about Clem's mother until Clem cried in concert.

Well, they did not have a runaway, but did up the affair in style, and all went to Europe together, and the last letter I have from Clem declares the hippogriff to be one of the most charming old maids the world ever produced.

A DEER-HUNT IN ALASKA.

Trouble with Quarrelsome Dogs—Queer Custom of the Natives.

The ice being in good condition, with dogs and sleds laden with cooking pots and a few provisions, a tent and deerskin bedding, a start was made early in the morning. The thermometer marked 15 degrees below zero and there was an icy blast from the north, so that it may be imagined that the weather was somewhat cold. Smooth shore ice was found over which our sleds went rapidly, and at dusk (3 P. M.) the dogs smelt the deer and tore frantically in their harness to get at them.

And here *en passant* I may be permitted to dwell upon the annoyances and vexations that an Arctic traveler has to undergo when using these dogs for sled work. The most docile and mild-looking animal is probably the worst of the team, quarrelsome, snarling, and fighting whenever a chance presents itself. For an hour or so the dogs will lie quietly, seemingly at peace with one another; then, as if by some sudden inspiration, one springs upon the other, biting and tearing the legs, ears, and those portions of the body unprotected by hair, and a general melee ensues, only ceasing when heavy blows from pieces of wood or tent-poles strike some tender part. Then, too, at night, the howling in chorus—not a genuine howl, but a species of sharp, drawn-out wails—breaks upon the ear, to the imagination seeming like the wailing of a horde of lost spirits lamenting their bitter lot. Still travel would be impossible during the winter were it not for these dogs. So far as exhibiting attachment or retaining any especial liking for an individual, these animals can not be said to show the slightest trace. They simply come to anyone who feeds them, acting perfectly indiscriminately.

It was too late to start out hunting upon our arrival, so after pitching the tent, making a fire from driftwood to boil our tea over—a process lengthened by ice having to be melted to obtain water,—enjoying a smoke, and feeding the dogs with whale meat, we turned in to sleep. We were all up bright and early at 10 a. m. After a breakfast of tea and crackers, with the addition of boiled beans heated in a frying-pan with snow, a start for the deer was effected. The dogs were left in camp, the most unruly being tied to heavy logs. I may here mention for the benefit of future Arctic travelers that one of the best kinds of food to take upon a sled journey is a bag of boiled beans. Of course they become frozen solid, but when chopped off, heated with snow or ice in a frying-pan, they furnish a meal which for staying qualities I do not think can be excelled. Either oil or lard, not too salt, can be added to the beans when they are boiled, increasing thereby their quality as heat-giving food. After an hour's walking we came to fresh deer tracks. Arriving at the top of a small eminence we saw the herd feeding, digging with their forefeet through the snow in order to reach the covered moss and lichens. There must have been at least two hundred deer in the herd, big bucks with wide-spreading antlers, females and males of all sizes, and here and there a yearling fawn. Crawling over the snow, creeping along inch by inch until within range, is the only manner to get a shot at the animals. The country affords no cover, and the slightest object bearing the semblance of anything strange seems to attract the attention of the deer in a moment. In order to guard somewhat against this matter white drilling overshirts are worn when out hunting.

At a range of over two hundred yards one of the natives fired, his bullet from a Hotchkiss rifle striking the deer, a big buck, over the forequarter, causing him to rear and jump into the air with a bound and then fall dead. The rest of the herd, seeing one of their number fall, scattered in a wide circle, sniffing the air and peering around for the cause of its sudden dismemberment. They, however, resumed feeding in a short time, until three shots, fired simultaneously, laid two more of their number low, while a fourth broke the leg of a young fawn, who hobbled along after its mother for some distance, until a final shot put an end to its troubles. Four deer had fallen before our guns, and the natives proceeded to remove the skins from the head and feet, piling snow over the carcasses to hide them from the other deer, which otherwise they think, would be scared away from the country. It is the belief among these natives that a deer shot one day must not be brought into camp until the following morning. Our submission to this custom cost us the carcass of one animal, which was eaten by foxes during the night.

Next morning a heavy snow-mist to landward prevented our going deer-hunting. To seaward the sky was clear, so that rather than stay in camp all day some of us went seal-hunting, the one woman of our party, with her husband, taking the sled and dogs to bring in the deer shot on the previous day.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

STORY OF A SCAR.

"Do you see that tall, handsome man now talking to his highness?" inquired an old diplomat of me at one of the state balls given by the khedive of Egypt in his fairy summer palace of Gezireh, on the banks of the Nile, says a Cairo correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

"What," said I; "do you mean Mustapha Pacha F., the cabinet minister?"

"Yes; and have you noticed that his right hand is always gloved? Look at it now. He is the only man in this room wearing a glove on that hand, which is contrary to all etiquette. If he were to remove it you would perceive an ugly kind of semicircular scar. In 1876 the English government, alarmed at the khedive's terrible extravagance and repeated appeals to the European money markets, sent out to Egypt a special mission to inquire into the state of the finances of the country.

"In the short space of ten years over $500,000,000 had been borrowed by the Egyptian government, and of this vast sum only $200,000,000 had found its way into the state treasury. What had become of the balance? Two people alone could tell. One of those was the khedive himself, and the other his minister of finance, Mustapha Pasha Sadyk, the most powerful man in Egypt. It is impossible to conceive the enormous wealth of the latter. Large tracts of country belong to him and he had the right of coining money in his own name. His splendor and magnificence were unequalled in the east. His harem of over three thousand women occupied the three immense palaces in which now all the government offices are located, and he had a special body guard in his seraglio of over four hundred superb amazons, who, on state occasions, donned armor and helmets of pure silver. The English envoys devoted all their energies to win him over from the khedive. It appears that they were about to succeed.

"Late one night in June Mr. Julius Blum, confidential secretary and factotum of the minister of finance, informed the khedive that the minister had been won over by the English envoys, and in order to save his own position had determined to turn king's evidence and to reveal to them on the following Saturday the whole of his highness' financial transactions. The next day was Friday, the Mohammeden sabbath. After performing his devotions at the mosque the khedive proceeded in an open victoria to the palace of Mustapha Pasha Sadyk and invited that minister to accompany him during his usual afternoon drive, and, pleasantly chatting together, they drove to the palace of Gezireh. On alighting at that door, the khedive, turning to his minister, invited him to supper on board the vice-regal yacht, which lay moored in midstream. The minister, accompanied by the khedive's sons, embarked and was rowed off to the yacht. A merry evening was spent on board, the whole ship being illuminated, and occasional snatches of music and laughter being wafted over to the shore. At about 11 o'clock the khedive and princess returned alone, leaving on board the minister with the two vice-regal chamberlains, Mustapha Bey F. and Sami Bey Baroudi. Shortly afterward the sounds of a short scuffle on deck were heard by the people on shore, and then all was quiet and the lights were extinguished on board. Soon after midnight the yacht cast loose from her moorings and noiselessly glided up the stream toward the first cataract. Nothing more was ever seen in this world of Mustapha Pasha Sadyk.

"On the next day a decree was issued stating that the khedive had banished his minister of finance to Upper Egypt 'for having dared to oppress his much-beloved subjects,' etc., etc. Four days later the yacht returned to her moorings off the Gezireh palace, and when the two chamberlains above referred to resumed their service it was noticed that Sami Bey wore a handkerchief round his throat as if to hide some wound on his neck, and that Mustapha Bey F. had his right hand in a sling."

DID NOT SUPPRESS IT.

Why Lincoln's War Minister Did Not Suppress a Paper During the Rebellion.

Mr. William M. Singerly, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, who divides with Mr. George W. Childs, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the respect and regard of the city of Philadelphia, will soon be the owner of the fastest steel steam yacht in the United States. It is now being completed at Chester by the best builders there. Mr. Childs has never owned a yacht. But then Mr. Singerly owns several other things that Mr. Childs has never had. Both are alike, however, in that each controls a great independent newspaper, that neither will accept office and that each has had a station named after him on the new Baltimore and Ohio line into Philadelphia. Their paper mills are near these stations. The *Ledger* does not use as much paper nowadays as the *Record*. The latter has quietly won a circulation of upwards of 110,000 daily, except Saturday, when 120,000 copies of the eight-page "double sheet" are sold for one cent a piece. This circulation is the growth of only seven years, and that in conservative Philadelphia, too.

Speaking of the *Ledger* reminds me of a story General Simon Cameron used to tell. "When I was in Washington during the war," he said, "Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, called on me one day and asked me whether I had any objection to his purchasing the Philadelphia *Ledger*. I said that I had none in the world, and then asked him why he came to me with such a question. He said that Mr. Swain, the owner of the *Ledger*, had made my consent an absolute condition of the sale of the *Ledger*, which Mr. Childs was then trying to negotiate. I said I did not understand that at all; that I had no interest at any time in the *Ledger*, or so far as I knew in any other enterprise of Mr. Swain. In fact I hardly knew Mr. Swain except by reputation. However, I repeated I had and could have no objection whatever to Mr. Swain's doing anything that he pleased with his own property. I offered to put this statement in writing, seeing that Childs was not quite satisfied. No, he said, Mr. Swain wanted the assurance from my own lips, and he would like to know whether I would soon be in Philadelphia. It happened that I was to be in Philadelphia shortly and I said so. With that Mr. Childs departed. When I went to Philadelphia Mr. Swain called on me and asked me whether I had any objection to his selling the *Ledger* to Mr. Childs. 'None in the world' I said to him as I had to Mr. Childs himself; 'but why do you ask my consent?'

"'Do you remember,' said he, 'finding a communication on your desk one morning, when you was secretary of war, from Secretary Seward directing the suppression of the Baltimore *Sun* for alleged treasonable utterances?' 'Yes,' I said; 'but how did you know about that? It was confidential.' 'Never mind,' he said, 'I did know about it, and I did know that it was never executed because you laid the matter before President Lincoln and brought him to the conclusion to which you had yourself come, that it was unjust. Well, I was a part owner in the Baltimore *Sun*. If you had suppressed the *Sun* just at that time it would have ruined me. I made up my mind that no one should ever get hold of the *Ledger* who would be likely to use it to injure you. And that is why I wanted to know whether you had any objection to Mr. Childs; because if you have, he can't have the *Ledger*.' I told him I had no objection in the world to Mr. Childs, and shortly afterward the sale was consummated. I remember as though it had been yesterday the morning when I found on my desk at the war department the letter from Seward directing the suppression of the Baltimore *Sun* for publishing editorials alleged to be seditious in tone. I sat down and actually wrote an order to the general in command at Baltimore, directing him to carry out the order of the secretary of state. Then I stopped to think. I remembered that I had once owned a newspaper, a little one, to be sure, but it was all I had, and I said to myself, 'What would have become of you if your newspaper had been suppressed upon the arbitrary order of some cabinet officer based on his own construction of your editorial utterances?' As I sat thinking I tore up the order I had written. Then I went over to the White House, and showing Seward's letter to the president, told him that I thought the course it suggested would be arbitrary and unjust. 'Pay no attention to it,' he said, and I went back to the war department and pigeon-holed it in my own desk.",—*Washington Capital.*

THE AMERICAN SWINDLE.

What Still Happens to People Who Visit Niagara Falls.

If you will talk with 100 people who have visited Niagara Falls you will find ninety of them still mad at the thought of how they were in some manner swindled, and that the other ten remember the place with disgust because of the extortions practiced on every hand. The swindler and robber arrived at the Falls about the time the first hotel was erected, and he has continued to flourish and grow fat until the present hour. There was a time when he was in the minority; he now runs things to suit himself.

When the great State of New York appropriated $1,500,000 to buy the swindlers out and make the Falls free to the people the hearts of the masses were rejoiced. The purchase took in Goat Island, Prospect Park, and a strip of land a mile and a half long up and down the river above the falls. This made a free park of Prospect, with a free bridge to Goat Island, and the fare across the suspension foot-bridge was reduced to 15 cents, and the trip down the inclined railway to 10 cents.

Then the City Council of Niagara passed such ordinances as were expected to either reform the highway robbers who drive the hacks or force them to leave the place, and the people were called upon to visit free Niagara and enjoy themselves. I dropped off there for a couple of days last month, being very enthusiastic over the reform, and ready to credit the Empire State with any amount of public philanthropy.

To begin with, I will leave it to any fair-minded man if there is a hotel at the place which isn't a swindle when it charges $4 per day? The best rooms are second-class to those of mountain and seaside resorts, and the tables no better than the run of $2 per day houses. To help crush out the hackmen and accommodate the people the State leased the privilege of a street-car line from Prospect Park to the cantalever bridge. It is a long ride for a nickel and at first thought one chuckles over the way the hackmen have been euchred. On the sides of the car is the sign, "To all points of interest." As a matter of fact, it hits but two points. On the dashboards is painted the sign: "To the whirlpool." When I saw it I reasoned to myself that the car ran from the park to the whirlpool. Anybody else would reason the same way. In company with a couple of young boys I boarded the car one morning to go down to the whirlpool. No point of interest was touched. The terminus was a walk of five minutes from either railroad bridge and three-quarters of a mile from the whirlpool. When I asked the conductor to explain he replied that I was expected to foot it the rest of the way. It might not be a swindle to advertise a car from Detroit to Buffalo and stop it at St. Thomas, but some folks would insist that it was.

We had been down to the end of the cantalever, and were on our way back when a hackman drove up and offered to take the three of us back to the hotel for 75 cents. As the distance was a mile and a half, the charge seemed reasonable, but he was inclined to do still better. For the small sum of 50 cents he would take us *down to see* the whirlpool. I give his words in italic because they were a swindle. The last time I was there the whirlpool was free. One could get out of a carriage and take his view from the bank. This chap seemed to guarantee just such a sight, and we bit at the bait. When he halted, after a drive of nearly a mile, it was at the door of a curiosity store on the bank of the river. Over the door was the sign: "Admittance to whirlpool, 50 cents!" We indignantly backed out, and I blessed our driver for a swindler, telling him that he had deliberately put up a job on us to get his "whack" from the keeper of the store. He made no denials, but independently offered to leave us there and forfeit his 50 cents. His offer was accepted, and he drove away. We footed it up to the bridge, where a delegation of ten hack-drivers awaited our coming. The biggest chap in the lot got down and demanded that half dollar. He was referred to Halifax. Then he proposed to "take it out of our hides," and the nine fellows backing him seemed anxious to help him. Ten Niagara Falls hackmen ought to get away with one peaceable individual and two boys, but they didn't do it. Something was said about our being able to shoot as fast as they could pound, and all but one climbed upon their vehicles and made off. This one said he'd show us a trick or two worth remembering, and he went off after a crowd of his friends. He found several who came down and looked us over as we waited for the car, but it wasn't their day for knocking out. It was only the next day that the City Council sent a complaint to the State Commissioners that the hack-drivers, in spite of all laws and ordinances, were as lawless as in years gone by.

Another swindle is the curiosity stores. You may say that it is not obligatory on any one to patronize them, but at the same time most every visitor feels like carrying away some souvenir or present. Whatever article he pays 25 cents for can be bought anywhere else for 15. Whatever is warranted to him is sure to be a swindle. Whatever he buys for original is a base counterfeit.

Why it is that such a state of affairs has always existed at the Falls, and appears determined to exist there in spite of everything, is a problem. You can't find the equal of it anywhere else in America. The same system, if practiced to half the extent, at any mountain or sea-shore resort, would kill the place in two seasons. There is but one way for a visitor to Niagara to protect himself. Go there with a lunch-basket and a bottle of cold tea. Buy nothing whatever, go to all points on foot, and get out of the place before sundown. You may have your pocket picked, but you will have the satisfaction of believing that the money went to some stranger like yourself.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

She—"By the way, who is that lady in white you have been so attentive to this evening?" He—"Attentive to! You are mistaken; that's my wife."—*Life.*

Baby carriages are now made to cost as high as $375 each. This is good for the carriage-makers, but it looks very much like a blow at our infant industries.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Swellington Jones—"Really, my dear, you owe it to your friends to get a new dress suit." Mr. Swellington Jones—"Well, if I do, I shall have to owe it to my tailor."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Papa, what is a model?" inquired little Johnny. "A model is a small likeness of anything." "And is a model man a small likeness of a man?" "A great many of them are."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Jubilee.—Judge: "Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?" Criminal—"Yes, your Honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee."—*Texas Siftings.*

"You say you were in Germany six months, and in all that time you did not see a drunken man?" "Not one." "That is remarkable. In what part of Germany were you all this time?" "In jail, pard, in jail. Say, stake a fellow for breakfast, can't you?"—*Burdette.*

Magistrate—You are old enough to know better than to drink whisky, Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus—I kain't help it, yo' Honah. I inherited a tas' fo' it. Magistrate—Inherited a taste for it? Uncle Rastus—Yas, sah. Dat boy Sam o' mine is drunk mos' ob de time.—*N Y. Sun.*

"Where have you been, Jane?" "I've been to a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, ma'am." "Well, and what did the lady say to you?" "Please, ma'am, she said I wasn't to give you warning, as I meant to. She said I was to look upon you as my thorn—and bear it!"—*London Punch.*

A brother in Williamsburg, Va., says: "We wish a $2,000-Baptist pastor here who will serve us for $500, and we look to the *Religious Herald* to find him for us." Any pastor who is now on a salary of $2,000 and wishes to get it reduced to $500 will please send us his address.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

"Yes, I am a poor man," he said, as a sad look stole over his expansive countenance, "but that is my misfortune. I ought to have been worth $1,000,000, but an honest man does not have much of a show in this world." "I never entered any." "Ah! you are a professional man?" "No, I am an Anarchist."—*Peoria Call.*

Jones—"Hello, old man, how do you like married life by this time?" Smith (comparatively new to matrimony)—"First rate! I wouldn't be a bachelor again for a good bit." "Indeed! Why, I understood your mother-in-law was living with you." "O, no. Just the other way. I'm living with her." "Well, that does make a difference."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Scene in Chicago. Two long separated friends meet: "Where is Uncle John living, my dear fellow?" "He isn't living." "What! Why, when did he die?" "He isn't dead." "Good gracious! You said he isn't living, and I infer that he is dead." "Well, it's about the same thing. He moved to St. Louis."—*Newman Independent.*

Mr. Winks—"Our traveling man, Biifkins, says the thing in San Francisco now is Japanese, not Chinese, house servants. Everybody is getting them.' Mrs. Winks—"They are really good, then?" "Good! he says they are peerless, absolutely without fault." "Dear me, we must get one. It will make that 'Heaven Bless Our Home' motto seem less like a mockery."

"There's one thing I like about you," said Charley's girl to him the other evening. "Each of my former lovers was continually asking me if he was the only one I ever loved. You have never asked me that question." "No. To tell the truth," answered Charley, "the last girl I asked that of rang a chestnut-bell on me, and I have never asked the question since."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Washington avenue boy was left with a neighbor while his parents went to see a parade, and overheard the following gossip about them: "It was a love match. They are a most united couple. After all, the right way is to marry for love—" Here the boy interrupted with: "Mamma married papa 'cause she was a fool. She said so!"—*Saturday Evening Spectator.*

"Are these spring chickens, Mrs. Caterer?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. Carp. They were foaled—I mean hatched—in March." "Where did you get them?" "From Mrs. Rubric—an honest woman and a genuine Episcopalian." "Episcopalian, is she? That accounts for the scant upholstery on these bones. The good woman has compelled her chickens to keep Lent."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Rich and retired Socialist—My son, you must give up your reckless ways and not squander the money I earned by many nights on the lecture platform. Son—Give it up? Why, there's plenty of money left. Sire—Yes, but not of yours. Son—Correct; but I and brother Jim have decided that you would not tell a lie, so we are going to divide the family estate in three even parts.—*French Fun.*

Mr. Doubledollar—O, Yes, Minnie is very accomplished. Why, she sings in French, Italian and Spanish. Mr. De Smythe—Yes, that is very nice; but I should think she would learn some of those pretty English songs that are so popular nowadays. Mr. Doubledollar—Why, that's an English song she's singing now. Mr. De Smythe—Indeed! I thought it was French, Italian and Spanish.—*Life.*

Wandering philosopher—Yes, my dear sir, I've reckoned up that by walking down-town to my business every day I have saved $300 in the last ten years. Indifferent fellow (who always rides)—and your health is better too? Philosopher—O, much better. Indifferent fellow—Well, I am out that much. Good day! Philosopher—Ah, by the way, could you lend me $5 for a few days?—*Graphic.*

It is related that once when Henry Russell, whose singing of his own descriptive songs, "The Lifeboat," "The Newfoundland Dog," and others, is remembered by many New Yorkers, was singing the latter song in an English town, a man called out: "Was the child saved, man?" He was assured that the child was saved, and at that asked more earnestly: "Canst thou get me a pup?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

"And shall you try to break his will?" the caller wanted to know, after the widow had told her how the recently deceased had fixed the property and rather left her out. "Try?" the widow echoed as she smoothed out her dress complacently. "I don't think there will be much try about it. I didn't have any trouble breaking his will when he was alive, and I don't think it is going to trouble me any this time."

At the Southeast Indiana Conference in Indianapolis a speaker, referring to the hardships of the early days in the West, turned to the venerable Joseph Tarkingham, aged eighty-six years, and said: "I am glad, Father Tarkingham, that I did not enter the itinerancy at the time you did." "I am sorry I did," said the old man. "But I'm not a good horseback rider," said the speaker. "Well, I am," answered Father Joseph. "I can break a colt yet."

"No, sir! he did not die of pneumonia; he died of bill brokers, sir. He projected an unwise improvement of a piece of real estate, made loans, covered himself with bonds and mortgages, and finally incurred a street debt of $2,000, which rapidly rolled up to $8,000 and crushed the life out of him. He borrowed money on call, got paper discounted, and he worked, lived, and died for the bill brokers. Yes, sir, he died of a street debt, upon which he expended his strength every week, throwing it ahead from one day to seven."—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

Langtry's First Appearance.

Apropos of Mrs. Langtry's exceeding beauty as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," Mrs. Paran Stevens tells in a very graphic fashion of the first time she ever saw the lady on the day of her first public appearance in London society. It was at a great tea given by the Coldstream guards at the tower, to which some two thousand people were invited. There had been rumors of a famous new beauty from Jersey, and of course her portrait had been seen in the Royal academy exhibit, but with the exception of a favored few who had met her at small affairs she had not been revealed to the London world. "She came in when the thing was about half over," said Mrs. Stevens, "and people began to whisper about that the new beauty had appeared, and to stand on tiptoe and crane their necks to catch a glimpse of her. She was a perfect vision of loveliness. Dressed in a simple little black frock, cut square at the neck and showing her throat, that was white as milk, and her face framed by a wide, black Gainsborough hat, she made a complete conquest of the fashionable world at first glance. Everything went down before her, and by the next morning she was the most-talked-of woman in England. I confess I was quite as enthusiastic as the rest of the world, for I adore pretty women, and I thought her the prettiest I had ever seen. She seemed quite perfect, from her slender feet to the two rows of pearls she showed every time she smiled. She was excited and a little shy, and a rosy glow came and went in her cheeks, which only made her more irresistible. They tell me she has grown rounded now, but then she was very slim and girlish, and looked much too young to be married. What a triumph that season was to her, to be sure! Probably no other woman has ever been so petted and idolized by the fashionable set in London.

"Her father was the handsomest man in England, so she came by her beauty through direct inheritance. He was dean of Jersey, as you know, and I saw the father and daughter come into dinner together one night, he in his clerical garb and she in full evening dress, and I thought then, and think still, that I had never seen more perfect types of masculine and feminine beauty. I have not seen her since she went on the stage; at one time I knew her quite well."

He Rose to the Occasion.

The greatest argument against kings is that when the king hasn't got his crown and his insignia you can't tell him from anybody else, and if you put a millionaire behind a bar, even by accident, people will come in and demand cocktails of him, and probably tell him to hurry up, as thirsty people who want to get along to the next saloon usually do. But I have never heard of any such mistake so neatly turned as at a big party a few weeks ago. A foreign gentleman, while engaged in foraging for a plate for a lady he had taken in to supper, came on a man with a plate in his hand, looking at it in an aimless way. He thought he was a lazy waiter.

"Give me that plate, please."

The austere figure turned and gazed upon him silently.

"Give me that plate, waiter."

There was no sign. It began to dawn upon the guest that he was mistaken and finally he recognized in the figure a well known millionaire, who was apparently bent on the same errand. Any plain American would have fainted. The foreign gentleman was equal to the occasion.

"Pardon me, sir. I did not recognize you, and we are both dressed so like the waiters that the mistake might have as easily been yours as mine."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"By the way," exclaimed Smithers, "have you two fives for a ten?" "I have," responded Jobson. "Then lend me one of them."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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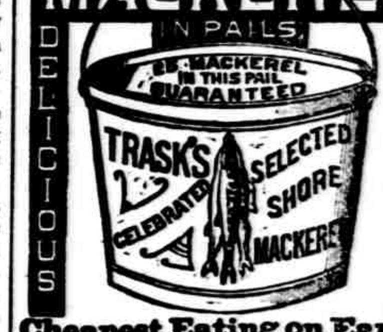

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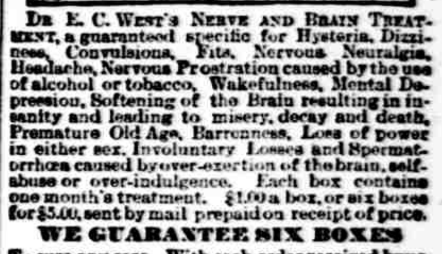

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