

AT THE DEPOT.

Walking up and down the platform. Past the door where coffee steams. Where the doughnuts, brown and doughy. Call up hungry men in streams—

A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

white flowers in her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons. When it came, with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scarce, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment.

A MARRIAGE IN WAR-TIME.

"I remember a very amusing marriage ceremony which I once performed. I was busy trying to make up some bread for my men, I was then 'high private in the rear rank' of the old Thirtieth Virginia Regiment, when a bright young fellow of the 'Maryland line' hailed me with: 'I say, Mister, are you a preacher?'

dreamful trouble you will, indeed! Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A Visitor Who Was Above the Vanities of This World. "Are you one of the editors of this newspaper?" she asked, in a fluttering tone, approaching the man who does the 'Questions Answered' for The Eagle.

How He Became Wealthy. "A little man was introduced to the members of the Mining exchange, in New York, the other day, and from the prompt and effectual manner in which he operated, it was apparent that he was immensely wealthy."

THE REVISED BIBLE.

The Revised Bible. Bro. (Ladies) the Lime Kiln Club. Said the president as he held up a parcel, 'in informin' you a worthy citizen of Detroit, who does not care to have his name mentioned, has presented this revised edition of de Bible to de Lime-Kiln Club. We do not open our meetings wid prayer, nor do we close by singin' de Dooxology, but nevertheless I am suah dis gift will be highly appreciated by all. Dar has bin considerable talk in dis club about dis revised edishun. Some of you hab got de ideah dat purgatory has all been wiped out an' Heaben enlarged twice over, an' I have heard odders assert dat it didn't forbididin', stealin' an' passin' off bad money. My friends, you an' saddy mistaken. Hell is just as hot as eber, an' Heaben hasn't got any no room. In lookin' ober some of de changes las' night I selected out a few paragraphs which have a general barin'. Fur instance, it an' just as wicked to steal water-melons as it was las' yar or de yar befo' an' de skeecer de crap de bigger de wickedness."

Let No Fat Man Escape. Fat! You bet he was! And he was one of those cautious men who wear their winter flannels and socks up to the first of June for fear of cold waves and rheumatic twinges. It grew hotter and hotter as he came down Grand River avenue, and he finally slid under the awning of a saloon and dropped down on the head of an empty beer-keg and groaned out:

A MYSTERIOUS BEAST.

Orange county, New York, is greatly excited about a mysterious beast which is said to make nocturnal raids around the neighborhood. There is only one person—a negro—who will swear he has seen the strange animal, but there are scores of persons who claim to have seen evidences of his depredations on adjoining farms, and to have heard his unearthly screams when startled by the approach of men. The negro says he suddenly met with it at the mouth of a cave on the farm of a Mr. Green, and that it stood erect to the height of seven or eight feet and screamed so loudly that it frightened him so badly that he fainted. When he regained his senses the animal had disappeared. Parties have explored the mouth of the cave on Green's farm, and while they claim to have discovered evidences of the whereabouts of some strange animal they have failed to come up with it. It is said that a dead dog, with his back broken, was found near the mouth of the cave, and was supposed to be the animal had also been discovered to search for the strange animal, but the negro will not be of the party.

Fair Play Out West. They give a man a chance out West. Deadwood, Custer, or any of those Western towns, the spirit of fair play to the surface even in justice. In March last, a Michigan man who keeps an eating-house at Gunnison, was over particularly about taking a counterfeit half-dollar, and in the row which resulted he was considerably battered. He therefore called upon the Justice of the Peace and stated his case and asked for a warrant.

THE LAWYER'S BOY.

Anybody who thinks that the boy employed around a lawyer's office has nothing to do but empty the paper basket, run to the post-office, sweep the room, and read the jokes of Blackstone, is grandly mistaken. A boy—that is, a prize of a boy, and one who will eventually become a great lawyer himself—has a heap on his mind, and no time for sling-shots or toys. Yesterday, while a Detroit lawyer was in court, with his boy in charge of the office, a newspaper man who was hunting through the Moffat block stumbled upon the young attorney and was received with:

Kansas Atmosphere and Illinois Fish Ponds. "Speaking of climate," said Dick, "the climate of Kansas gets away with Kansas badly. The water in that country is clearer than the air is here. I've seen fish in the lakes at a depth of forty feet, and counted their scales, but here the air is so dense you can hardly get it up your nose, and I can't see my lead nubes mor'n half the time."

THE LAWYER'S BOY.

"Well, he said you were a blamed grasshopper eater." "Yes, but he didn't mean it." "And he called you a reptile." "Well, he was mad, I suppose." "Yes, and he was mad when he said you didn't know enough to write your own name, and therefore couldn't issue a warrant!" "Did he say that?" "He did."