LAUGHS ON THE HALF SHELL

A Trifle Over a Dozen Spiced for the Occasion.

THE WORK OF THE WITS.

A Varied Assortment of Prose and Rhyme — Mariar's Mishaps in Heaven and the Senator's Dinner—Pointed Paragraphs.

Mariar in Heaven.
M. S. Kimball in Chicago Current.

The pa'son's ben preachin' 'bout heaven
To us who're outen the fold;
'Bout gates made of jasper and pearl,
And streets paved with nuggets and gold;
Says the folks there are saints, or else angels,
Some playin' on harps with gold strings—
(I allow its a sort of accomp'ment)—
To tunes which th' rest of 'em sings.

And I wonder and think of Mariar,
Who left me a year ago May,
How she tackels to all of them fine fixin's—
For she didn't set by much display,
She were humble and shy-like a livin'
As any with whom I'm acquaint;
I reckon she don't feel to hum yet
When she talks with an angel or saint.

When she looks at the amethyst fences,
And walks on the streets paved with gold,
Don't you s'pose there are times when she longs for
The lane in which me and her strolled?
The old grassy lane through the medder,
And the stile where my comin' she'd wait—
Don't you think she'd as lief have the stile there
As the beautifulest, pearly-hinged gate?

And the pond on the farm by the willers,
Where she used to pick cat-tails and flowers,
Ruther than have the big crystal ocean?
—'Cause she did love this old farm of ours.
Set me thinkin' in this way this mornin,'
When I looked at her pansies and roses,
And I couldn't help wishin' her with me,
'Stead of stayin' up there long 'ith Moses.

As for me, it's lonesome 'ithout her—
So solemn like round the old place,
That I'm longin' to die and go to her,
Tho, I reckon I'm lacking of grace.
But if I should be sent down to—t'other,
And could sit down 'ith her by the fire—
Why! what would be nicer in heaven
Than sittin' 'longside of Mariar?

'Tain't orthydox, this way of talkin',
Sez the pa'son to me t'other day;
And he fetched me to his way o' thinkin',
Which was just like Mariar's old way.
So I'm tryin' to live jest as she did—
Go to meetin' as she used ter do—
And her spirit hangs round me and whispers;
"Josiah, I guess you'll pull through!"

Had No Use for It.

"Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that yer has no use for?" said Jim Webster to Sam Johnsing.

"Certainly, Jim; I'se pleased to accommodate yer,' said Sam, handing Jim a dollar.

Jim was so surprised at his luck in getting the money that he bit the coin to see if he was awake or merely dreaming, and in doing so discovered that the dollar was made of lead.

"This yere is a counterfeit, Sam; I didn't think you would do me that way."

"I know it's counterfeit, Jim. Yer asked me fur one I had no use fur, an' I give it to yer. I'm always kind ter my friends."

What He Got.

"What is a contingent fee?" asked a litigant of a well known attorney the other day.

"Well," said the legalite, "if I take your case and lose it I get nothing."

"Yes, yes; that's all right."

"But if I win that case you get nothing."

"How's that? I don't think I understand you."

The attorney calmly repeated his statement. The still nonpulsed litigant persested:

"If I understand you, in neither case I get anything."

"Well, you know, that's not my fault, but that is the meaning of a contingent fee. Shall I bring suit? What do you say? No? Well, I am very sorry. Good morning."

Not a Dude.

"Gettlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

The reporters, to a man, said they would.

"Then write me down as having been simply 'hanged,' 'not launched into eternity.' I'm no dude."

This request caused some consternation among the young reporters, but they all kept their word.

A Bartender's Aim.

"See here," called out the barkeeper, "you haven't paid for that drink!"

"True," replied the gentleman, who was modestly retiring through the door edgewise, "true, I did not. It is a habit into which I have fallen in my advancing years. It is the last infirmity of noble and acquisitive minds to absorb more than they give out."

So saying he gently but hastily closed the door just in time to receive upon its resounding panels a bung starter, lemon squeezer, two beer glasses and a decanter.

"What promptness and what unanimity," said the gentleman pausing to dry his lips with an absent cuff, "That bartender must be a human Gatling."

Dolly's Little Lambs.

"Mamma," said little Dollie Pretzel, the day, "do you see little sheeps making love to each other?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Pretzel, "I see how affectionate the lambs are."

"Are those lambs making love, mamma?"

"Yes, I believe they are plighting their love."

"Do they light the street lamps, mamma?"

"Why, no, my child, what put such a silly idea in your head?"

"You did, mamma."

"Why, Dolly, I never intimated such a thing."

"Yes, you did, mamma. You said those lambs were plighting their love, and if they are they must be lam-plighters."

The Romance of a Summer Tour.

Have you heard of Hannah, she who mastered the piano, and was thoroughly conversant with the thingness of that here?

She could dance the polka mazes and discourse in learned phrases in a most peculiar language that was startling to my ear;

And she had a great devotion to the æsthetic notion, wearing lilies on her garments, and she moved with languid grace,

And when she and I were walking, why the way she kept on talking, made me feel so densely common that a blush came to my face;

She had gained her wondrous knowledge at a famous eastern college, and she was a head and shoulders up above the common herd;

And the way we talked of weather when plain people came together seemed to her, at least she said so, most ungrateful and absurd.

In the ballroom she was queenly, and she moved along serenely, with a haughty way of snubbing people who were not so learned.

Though I tried her heart to soften, yet she snubbed me hard and often, and a raging thirst for vengeance in my manly bosom burned.

Years passed on—at last I found her with a dozen people round her, but their looks were not admiring, and no praises from them fell.

And as I was interested, information I requested, when they told me she was waiter in that second-class hotel!

A Reckless Wish.

"Oh, dear," sighed Widow Jones, "if John had only made a will, there wouldn't be all this trouble about the property."

"Do the lawyers bother you?"

"Bother me? They almost worry me to death. I declare, I sometimes wish John hadn't died."

Wanted a Larger One for a Dollar.

There is a new baby in Bangor, Me. It is a small one. Its little five-year-old sister watched it carefully for a few minutes and then turned to the maternal head of the family and said: "Mamma, couldn't papa have paid another dollar and got a larger one?"

Almost Perfect.

"Have you any offspring?" inquired the severe, long-haired passenger, through his nose, of a stranger by his side.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the polite reply, "a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he use tobacco?

"Never touches it in any form."

"I'm glad to hear of that. Tobacco is monstrously sinful. Does he indulge in spirituous liquors?"

"Never tasted a drop in his life."

"Excellent. Stay out nights?"

"No, sir. Never thinks of going out after supper."

"I'm very much pleased to know, sir. Your son is a remarkable young man."

"Oh, he's not a young man. He's a two months old baby."

Another Thing A Man Can't Do.

A man will smoke and a man will chew
And at billiards he will play;
But he hasn't the figure to wear a mother Hubbard,
Because he isn't built that way.

The Greatest Effort of His Life.

"What this country needs," exclaimed Hon. Tim Campbell on the last day of the recent congressional session, as he placed one hand melodramatically between his coat tails and pointed toward the constellation of Perseus with the other, "what this country needs," he continued, vaguely, as in the admiration of his attitude he lost the skein of his thoughts, "what this country needs—is—is—fewer men and more of them." And then he sat down amid a tumult that sounded more like laughter than it did like applause and the reporters pondered over his last remark till his head ached.

The Preacher's Dilemma.

A preacher, while offering a prayer
He had not time to prepare,
Got stuck in the middle
And gave up the riddle
And sat himself down in the chair.

But the worshipers, save eight or ten,
Still bowed; so he jumped up again
And with self-indignation
And much agitation,
"Excuse me," he added, "Amen!"

Before and After.

Washington Critic: "Frank," said the president, sharply, from behind his newspaper.

"Here," responded his wife, answering to her name.

"I see by this paper that one photographer got sixty of your negatives."

"That's correct."

"And another, seventeen?"

"Accurate again," she replied, counting on her fingers.

"Seventy-seven in all, Frank."

"You are quite clever in addition, Grover. Your mathematics has not been neglected, I see,' and there was just a little edge on the smile she gave him.

"Permit me to remark, Mrs. Cleveland, that I don't like it. It strikes me as rather too much of a good thing."

"Ah, indeed?" very sarcastically; "well, suppose now, for instance, that instead of giving these men seventy-seven negatives after I had married you, I had given you just one before I married you, then what?"

"Um-um," he grunted, scratching his chin. "Um, Frances, I take it all back. You are the president of the United States and I haven't a word to say."

Almost as Bad as One of the Telephone Girl's Tricks.

Louisville Courier-Journal: She stood beside the telephone and turned the little crank, exasperation in her tongue and rage in every "yank."

"Hi, there, when will you resurrect, you unresponsive knave? Will some old fossil please connect this business with the grave:

"Now, then, old corpse, just hold your breath, while time the chance affords. I've nearly tired myself to death, and snapped my vocal chords.

"Please give me Dr. Liver Pad—Oh, doctor is that you? My little boy is feeling bad; please tell me what to do.

"He ate cucumbers, apples too, a most uncommon lot, and now he's turned a billious hue, and doubled in a knot.

"Besides"—Just then the central fiend switched to another wire, and then the tale that intervened filled all her mind with ire.

It must have been some barrel man, with leaking casks to mend; here's what she heard as he began on the other end:

"Hammer the head until it's tight; lighten the middle band; water will swell it up all right, if it's left to stand.

"Apply a coat of pitch without, and when it starts to swell, you needn't have the slightest doubt but 'twill do very well."

You should have seen the doctor when the wires once more ran right, and madam got her wits again and riddled him with spite.

"You nasty, nasty, horrid beast! Paint Johnny up with pitch! You're either mad or tight, at least; I can't just tell which."

He stood aghast and wondering said: "Did you ever, now? A woman is the blamedest thing living anyhow."

The Senator's Dinner.

Arkansaw Traveler: "It's only about twice a year," remarked State Senator William E. Mason the other day to an Arkansaw Traveler reporter, "that I'm smart enough to fool my wife. Last Monday I played a trick that ought to serve as a capital suggestion for other husbands to conduct operations on. Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I began to get faint and hungry; I had been working hard all day and was as famished and as fagged as a hunted wolf. As I sat in my office chair wondering what I was going to find when I got home, an entirely new and marvelously brilliant idea flashed upon me. It broke upon my intellect much as a stray plank dances before the vision of a drowning man. It made my mouth fairly water as it developed its details in my greedy brain. I made a bee line for the telephone and called the central office.

"Give me 5,538," said I, and then I chuckled all over, and my mouth kept on watering.

"'Bur-r',went the telephone. I put my mouth close to the funnel and in a shrill, falsetto voice, asked: "Is that Senator Mason's house?"

"'Yes' came the answer and I recognized my wife at the other end of the wire.

"'Is the senator home?' I asked in the same feminine voice.

"'No,' was the reply.

"'Well, then, is Mrs. Mason there?' I inquired.

"'Yes, I am Mrs. Mason,' was the answer.

"'Oh, is that you?' I cried; 'how do you do?'

"'Why, how do you do?' responded my wife; but I knew by her tones that she hadn't the remotest idea whom she was talking to.

"'How are all the children?' I asked.

"'They are all very well,' said wife.

"'Well,' said I, 'I happened to be in town shopping to-day and I thought I'd go over to your house to dinner.'

"Well, that sort of staggered my wife. She mustered up voice enough to ask:

"'Who are you?'

"Then I answered:

"'Why, don't you recognize the voice? I'm Mrs. Myayah!'

"'I don't catch the name—speak louder!' she pleaded.

"'Mrs. Mya-yah!' I repeated and with that in order to preclude all embarrassing complications I shut off the telephone as tight as I could. Then I threw myself into a chair and laughed till I like to went into apoplexy. Laugh? Well you ought to have seen the plastering fall around me! But, to make a long story short. I reached home about 5:45 and of all the dinners I ever clapped eyes on—gosh! it was a banquet! Wife had her new black silk dress on, and she had slicked the children up so that I could hardly identify them.

"'I think we'd better wait dinner awhile, dear,' said wife.

"'Why, so?' I asked. 'Bless you, I'm as hungry as an alligator.'

"Then wife told me she was expecting a lady guest, and she repeated the details of the telephone in the afternoon. It was a fearful ordeal, but I managed to look innocent, and of course I wondered who the lady could be.

"'Indeed, I don't know,' said wife, 'but her voice was strangely familiar. I've been puzzling myself to death trying to guess who it was.'

"Well, we waited fifteen minutes and then sat down to the banquet—and a royal feast it was. We had soup and fish and a big roast and about a dozen little side dishes, and wife sent out and bought a gallon of pink ice cream and a frosted cake for desert. I stood it just as long as I could. When it came to the thick ice cream I looked at wife kind of sideways and said in a falsetto voice:

"My dear, I am sorry Mrs. Myayah didn't come.

"Wife dropped her Dresden china cup as if she'd been paralyzed.

"'William E. Mason—you brute,' she gasped.

"The children enjoyed the joke as well as I did—yes, and wife, too, got to laughing about it after awhile. Our boy, Louis, said: 'Do it again, pa; it's mighty jolly to have a big dinner once in a while.'

"But look here you reporter, you aren't taking notes on me. Come, come, now, that's not right, you musn't tell the story on me. Put it on somebody else—put it on Bill Campbell."

Flirtation.
Evening Telegraph.

All the flirting and deceiving
Captivating, make-believing,
With its temporary sweetness, tones the pleasure of a day;
And a thrilling memory lingers
Of the touch of slender fingers,
Stolen sweetness, smiles and blushes that have vanished all away.

But perhaps you know the pleasure
Of possession in your measure,
And a year of adaptation has remodelled your desire;
When you modify the rapture
Of your hymeneal capture,
As you shiver in attempting to construct the kitchen fire.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

It's not at all singular that a fat man should find it difficult to stoop to anything low.

"That's a fine business opening," remarked the coal dealer, softly, as he looked down the hole into an empty cellar.

In the report of the escape of a prisoner it is stated that he left his dummy behind. Did the man wear a bustle?

A terrible accident happened yesterday to a young man who was handling dice which he did not know were loaded.

"He Has Never Smiled," is the heading in an exchange. From this we infer that he must live in a truly prohibition town.

"There is a divinity that doth hedge a king," but there is little need of hedging a king if you have it well backed up.

A new gas meter just invented is called the "George Washington.' This is refined satire boiled down and strained through silk. —Life.

Though several cranks may succeed in going through Niagara without losing their lives, let the long suffering people take heart, they can't all do it.

A patent for making food from wood has been applied for at Washington, says the New York World. All people who furnish "board" should apply for an infringement at once.

Hens make a great mistake in not salting their eggs before they lay them. The egg would keep longer and sell better, and the hen would not have to work so hard for higher wages.

Owing to the fact that the mud of the so called Mississippi river is sticky and hard to wash off from the bare feet, most of the persons who go across to St. Louis still use the bridge.—[Chicago Tribune.

The Pittsburg Humane society is drafting a law requiring every horse car conductor to hang on the outside of the car, whenever the number of passengers aboard reaches the prescribed limit, a notice that the car is full. When the conductor is full no printed notice is needed.

Milwaukee has a summer school of philosophy which is now in session discussing the Henceness of the Wherefore and the Correlative Tooness of the Absolute Utter. The relation which these burning questions bear to the price of beer is of urgent importance to every citizen of Milwaukee.

"How is this?" said a man addressing a justice of the peace. "Jackson was arrested for murder, but you are trying him for hog stealing.' "My friend," the justice replied, "It is true that the man committed murder, but he also stole a hog. In this country first try a man for the gravest offence."

San Francisco News-Letter: "Movements of California Pioneers," says one of the dailies. Yes, they are moving, moving to the graveyard, moving from the ranks to lay their old bones in the sandhills before the creamotories get a good start. It is not hard to move a pioneer, even when he is seated at the bar-room stove and is deep in a description now gold was struck on Murderer's bar, in the spring of '50. It is not necessary to swing a club over him to move him, or to explode a bomb under his chair. "Colonel Swiggleton, what is yours?" will bring him to his feet as quick as a bent pin under a schoolmarm's bustle.

RELIGIOUS.

Dr. Spurgeon has issued in regular succession 1,800 sermons.

Evangelist Sam Jones is conducting meetings in Wheeling, W. Va.

Four new churches are building at St. Paul, Minn., at the expense of $250,000.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Methodist district reports 1,000 conversions during the present year.

Bishop Whitaker, of Nevada, has been elected the assistant bishop of Pennsylvania, and has accepted.

The large sum of $2,075 was paid the other day in England for a copy of the sermon preached by John Knox 321 years ago this month, "For the whiche he was inhibite preaching for a season."

A number of the young Lutherans in St. Louis have formed an association to secure funds and erect a statue of Martin Luther, in front of their seminary in that city.

Probably the youngest preacher in the world is J. E. Bill, Baptist, only 12 years of age, who preached a sermon on the 27th ult., at St. Martin's, N. B., to a large congregation.

A handsome brass tablet is to be erected in the Episcopal chapel of St. James, at Elberon, in memory of President Grant. It will be similar in design to the one placed in the same edifice in memory of President Garfield.

Evangelist Moody will shortly open his sixth training school for Christian workers in Chicago, where $150,000 has been raised toward the sum needed for suitable buildings. His co-worker, Sankey, will sail for Europe on Wednesday.

There are six services daily on week-days in St. Paul's cathedral, London—three in the northwest chapel, two in the choir, and one in the crypt chapel; and four services on Sundays, of which one is in the northwestern chapel.

A petition has been prepared in New York, which will be laid before the coming Episcopal convention, asking that some action be taken toward a unification of the christian churches. It has been signed by numerous ministers, and is still open for signatures.

The St. Paul Globe relates that as Bishop Whipple was walking along a street in that city one day last month, an alleged "savage" on the opposite sidewalk pointed him out to a companion and said: "There goes one white man who never lieth to an Indian." That was a compliment worth having.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box.

Eavesdropping.
Somerville Journal.

They sat together in the soft moonlight,
Upon the rocks and gazed out o'er the sea.
He was a handsome, manly youth, and quite
A match for such a lovely girl as she.

Their trysting-place was a romantic spot,
Known, as the lovers thought, to them alone;
For, as old Shake would say, they did not wot
That I had made their secret all my own.

They were engaged; she'd named the happy day.
Within a month they twain would be made one.
Meanwhile they spooned; and I'm ashamed to say
I used to hide close by and watch the fun.

This special night they sat there, slow to speak,
As lovers will, entranced in silent bliss,
Until he drew her close, and on her cheek
Impressed, as lovers will, a tender kiss.

She started, shrieked, and thrust aside his arm,
Then turned away her head and softly cried.
"Why, darling!" he exclaimed, "what was the harm?
What! can't a fellow kiss his future bride?"

But still she sobbed. And then down by her side
In wild alarm he knelt, and begged that she would speak.
"What can I do to soothe my sweet?" he cried;
"What was the meaning of that dreadful shriek?"

She raised her head a little, dried a tear,
The color flushed her face in one hot wave;
"I—I think," she sobbed, "that if you really loved me, dear,
You would go off somewhere, and get a shave."

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Venetian beads in great variety are coming in favor.

The moonstone grows in favor for brooches and hairpins.

Giggling girls nobody like—excepting the young men who are in love them.

Studs for chemisettes are of sapphire, ruby or pearl, often encircled by brilliants.

Chevron, bourette, diagonal and basket, woven effects are seen in the new woolens.

Jet trimmings are richer than ever. Beads cut en cabochon are novelties and are very large.

Mohair braids with applique figures of silk and bead edgings are novelties for trimmings.

Removable hoods fastened with silk cord, are worn with tailor made dresses in the streets.

A sister of the sultan of Turkey is earning her living in Berlin by giving lessons in the Arabic language.

Red cloth, crossbarred with fine black boucle lines, is used for jackets for wear in the early autumn.

Crossed keys studded with pearls and horseshoes surrounded with pearls are favorite designs for brooches.

A New York modiste has sent notes to her former customers offering 50 per cent discount if they will come back and abandon the man tailor.

The basque pointed in front with a postillion back, little or no length over the hips, is worn for every sort of dress, from gingham to cloth of gold.

Plain skirts of velvet, plush, silk or corduroy will have bodices made in postillion fashion and long, sweeping draperies of woolen material.

A pair of crazy shoes has been made at Boston, Mass. The shoes contain 825 pieces of leather and the tops alone contain 109 small shaped pieces.

"Very few musicians," says a writer, "have any regard for time. This is especially true of the young lady who mangles the piano from early morn till dewy eve."

Buttons are to be features of the coming season's trimmings. Those on the jackets will be of larger size, but will correspond in design to those used on the dress.

Short coats for autumn wear fit closely at the back. The fronts are loose and fasten over the vest with one button. A waistband, fastened at the back seams, keeps the coat in place.

Enamelled butterflies with the markings in diamonds are mounted upon delicate spiral springs, so that the wings have the tremulous motion of its living prototype. The ornaments are especially favored for hairpins.

Ulsters for the coming season are made of Scotch tweed with high collars and one or three short capes, The hat corresponds to the ulster. These garments are considered more stylish when they are made without velvet accessories.

Grace Newell, the thirteen year old daughter of a New York physician, is the champion pedestrian of the season at Jefferson Highlands among the young girls who are visiting there. She walks regularly about twenty miles a day.

For tall and slight figures, skirts are made with wide or narrow plaits and short drapery. For persons who are short and stout the skirt should be plain, with long drapery in straight folds, or the dress may be plaited in front, with drapery at the back only.

Buyers of wedding presents who are hesitating upon the merits of appropriate articles for purchase might be pleased with the presents selected by a nice old lady. She sent a pair of flat-irons, a rolling-pin and a motto worked on cardboard reading, "Fight On."

A novel design in engagement rings is to divide the ring and bend the cut ends apart and hold them so by a small gold bar. A jewel is then set on each end, and the result is that the jewels are very close together, but still not united, and are thus quite typical of engagements.

A traveling cloak of Scotch tweed has a full skirt. It is open from the waist, and has deep revers fastened back with large buttons. The sleeves are rather wide and have revers finished with buttons. At the side the plaits are fastened under button-trimmed lapels. Wide revers and a high collar complete the cloak.

Turbans in new autumn shapes will be very popular the season through. There is a variety of styles brought out, so that faces can be suited to becoming shapes. Turbans can be worn on any occasion, the plain or the elaborate style of their garniture settling the matter of their appropriateness for full dress, street or traveling wear.

Norristown Herald: During a thunderstorm at New Richmond two thunderbolts went through a pillow, one at each end. A young lady's head reposed on the pillow, and her hair was singed and ruined and her face burned. Next time she will hang her hair on the back of a chair in a distant part of the room where a thunderbolt can get at it without scorching her face.

"If the Mexicans meet a pretty woman on the street," says a letter in the New Orleans Picayune, "although an entire stranger, they will say to her, 'You are sweet! so pretty! I love you!' No offense is meant, and the lady is not expected to notice it. Such a compliment was paid a pretty Boston girl in Mexico City, and she astonished her plain-spoken admirer by taking her parasol to him."

Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and the proper caretaker of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eye all purchases are made from the huckster or female peddler, for a visit to the bazar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle or tradesman class.

The new woolens for autumn wear have hair-line stripes and checks. They will be used for tailor-made costumes without other accessories, although velvet trimmings will remain in as high favor as during the past season. The fabrics are exceedingly soft and are of light weight. Navy blue, dark green, black, gray and dark red have white stripes, while red stripes on navy blue grounds, black stripes on gray grounds and brown grounds with stripes of lighter tint are also seen. Some of the new striped velvets for trimming exhibit exceedingly tasteful combinations and show at intervals fine lines of golden silk, which gleam with metallic brightness amid the soft, rich pile.

EDUCATIONAL.

Miss Lotta Barrell, of Cambridge, a student in Boston university, is president of the college fraternity Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Mr. Joseph Temple who has already been a generous contributor to the funds of the Philadelphia academy of Fine Arts, has just made an additional gift of $25,000.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Everts, of Chicago, will make a tour through the freedmen's schools of the southwest this fall, and will attend the colored national convention at Memphis, September 22.

F. H. Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., who has been studying at Oxford university, England, for the past two years has received the appointment of assistant professor of literature at Berkley college, California.

The Iowa State Agricultural college is peculiarly fortunate in securing as president Mr. W. I. Chamberlain, LL. D., who for so many years has been the efficient secretary of the Ohio State board of agriculture. This college is doing a practical work, is well equipped, and has now a bright future as a successful agricultural college.

Harvard's catalogue gives four different scales of the estimated expenditure for students' living, running from $483 for the season to $1,361, and with $812 as moderate, but a writer who says he has looked carefully into the subject avers that only rigid economy will enable a student to carry himself through at Harvard for $600 a year.

Among the numerous presents made to Heidelberg university on the occasion of its recent quincentennial jubilee, none probably has excited more wonderment and comment than the gift of the pope, consisting of a highly artistically gotten up catalogue of that of the Palatine library which, in the course the thirty years' war, Tilly, the imperial general, after the storming and sacking of the town, sent off to Rome as a valuable addition to the Vatican library.

The semi-annual statement about Boston schools, now issued, deals with facts and figures. An army of 70,000 children between five and fifteen is mustered, and an actual attendance of 55,000 is reported. Five hundred and eighty-six teachers take care of the 30,000 grammar school children, or an average of 50 pupils to a teacher. In the primary schools 463 teachers have an average of 53 pupils. In the higher schools the number for which the each instructor is responsibles is smaller. From October, 1885, to March, 1886, the registration for evening schools was 6000. Nearly 1000 also were in the evening drawing schools. The large proportion of young women is noteworthy. The popular impression is that boys and young men make up the evening school attendance.

The Young Man About Town.
Ray Garrettson.

A little light moustache and bang,
A little voice, with English twang,
A little coat, called cutaway,
Of either black or darkest gray.

A little glass, stuck in his eye,
A little collar, very high,
A little purse that's very light,
Two little shoes, toes pointed quite.

A little silver handed cane,
No little rubbers for the rain,
A little yellow colored glove,
A little mouth that says "By Jove."

A little walk with pretty Lou,
A little "taffy" for sweet Sue;
A little kiss, a stolen curl,
Departs to see a ballet girl.

A little stroll about the town,
A little dinner worried down;
A little cigarettle to light,
A little club, to get at night.

A little lock of yellow hair,
A little dish of gossip rare,
A little tiny tailor's bill—
He's out of town, the dude is ill.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATICAL.

The ballet of the Paris opera cost $900,000 a year.

Roland Reed is near to the end of his season at the Boston museum.

Miss Maud Miller is again starring with her husband, Mr. Loudon McCormack.

Mlle. Rhea began her very latest farewell tour of this country last Monday night in St. John, N. B.

Miss Agness Larcom, a clever young English soprano, has made a most successful appearance in Berlin.

Mr. Joseph Whiting has been engaged to replace Mr. Louis James in Miss Helen Dauvray's tour with "One of Our Girls."

Mr. Jacobson, the violinist of Cincinnati, has been offered the position of principal violinist at the college of music, Chicago.

Miss Marion Booth, Edwin Booth's handsome niece, is shortly to make her bow as a star in conjunction with the young comedian, James O. Barrows.

The once famous contralto, Madame Alboni, sang at a charity concert at Aix-les-Bains on the 7th inst. The aged artiste was immensely applauded.

The Thalia opera company will have a three weeks' season commencing October 1st, at the New York Thalia theatre, under the management of Herr Gustave Amberg.

Etelka Gerster, having recovered from a somewhat alarming illness, recently appeared at a benefit concert in Paris, and sang with all her old brilliancy and power.

At the forthcoming Leeds Musical festival Bach's mass in B minor will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan without cuts, and some obsolete musical instuments will be employed in the orchestra.

In Miss Annie Pixley's new play next season, "The Deacon's Daughter," she impersonates the willful daughter of stern New England parents who goes on the stage against their wishes and shocks them very much.

Extensive preparations are making in all branches of the American opera organization. The ballet is to be greatly enlarged for next season; thirty coryphees who are to be added to the company will sail from Liverpool on September 7.

Miss Rose Coghlan begins her season on September 27 in Yonkers. Her repertory for this year will include "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "Masks and Faces," "The Lady of Lyons" and "A Scrap of Paper."

German musical papers state that the number of Liszt's known compositions is 647. Of these, 63 are orchestra works, 33 being transcriptions for the orchestra of other compositions; 517 are for the pianoforte, 300 being transcriptions; 29 are compositions for the organ and 39 vocal.

Louis James and Marie Wainwright inaugurated their starring tour at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, last Monday night. The play was "Virginius." James' rendition was received with great favor by the large audience present. The Virginia of Miss Wainwright was one of the most charming characterizations of that actress.

Lotta has received an ape from Brazil. It is an intelligent beast, but he appears to have fallen a victim to a well-known professional malady. Lotta says of him: "He has been spoiled by too much indulgence. He has the 'bippest head,' to use a slang expression, of anybody I ever met. I've named him Ko-Ko."

Tuesday night Frederick Warde, at the New York Grand opera house, played "Julius Caesar," and this occasion was signalized by an incidental event of somewhat unusual interest. Mr. Dixon Jones, late professor of elocution in Harvard university, making his first appearance on the stage, in the character of Marc Antony.

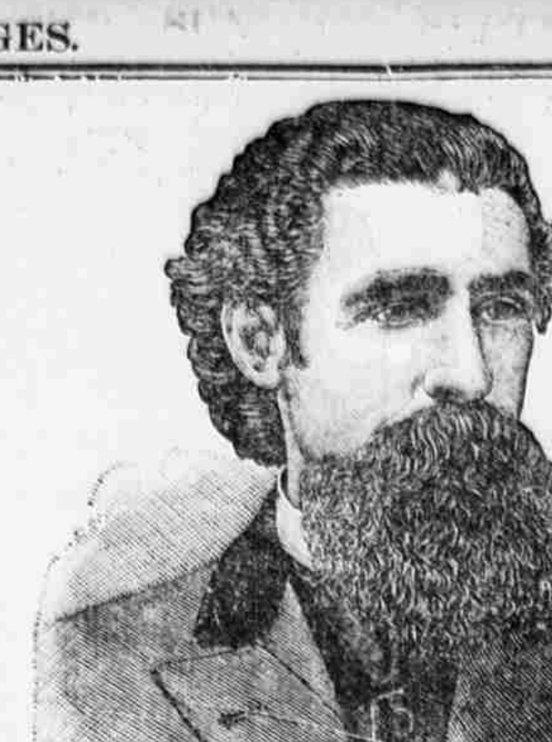
The Emma Abbott opera company opens its season of 1886-87 in Montreal. Among recent accessions to the organization are Alida Verena, a Baltimore singer, lately returned from Europe, and Walter Allen, buffo. Miss Abbott expects to give her admirers through the country "Lucrezia Borgia," "Crown Diamonds," "Carnival of Venice" and "Paul and Virginia," in addition to the former operas of her repertory.

Miss Maud Banks, the youngest daughter of General N. P. Banks, made her debut last week in Music Hall, Portsmouth, N. H., as leading lady of Atkinson & Cook's company in "Ingomar." Besides the Portsmouth theatrical constituency, which is numerous for good performances, the beach people from the resorts in the vicinity came in troops. The Boston Transcript's critic says of her performance: "Of course she is to be judged hereafter by metropolitan standards and by metropolitan critics for versatility; but when this comes, judging from to-night, the chances for Miss Banks are excellent for a favorable report.

Labor and Capital.

Pray, Cholly dear, she laughing said,
The difference tell to me
'Tween capital and labor, so
That I may clearly see.
He sat the maiden on his knee
And stroked her pretty head.
Now this is capital, my dear,
The laughing lover said.
The gentle maiden gravely said,
Oh, yes, my dear, I see.
'Tis capital until we've wed,
And then 'twill labor be.

An elephant belonging to an English menagerie, while marching into Portsmouth one morning about two weeks ago, ran into Helsea barracks, and, seizing a sentry round the left leg, threw him to the ground before he had time to protect himself. The animal then galloped round the barracks square, creating the greatest consternation, but after eating a dish of potatoes and drinking some water, he quietly went away.



The above portrait is that of Dr. McMenamy' one of the most widely known and successsful physicians of this city, and said to have by far the largest practice of any physician in the state.

It is hardly necessary to say that he is proprietor of the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute, corner of 13th street and Capitol avenue, for that institution has already gained a reputation commensurate with that of the doctor himself.

Here hundreds of medical and surgical cases from all the western states and territories are treated weekly by Dr. McMenamy and the associate physcians and surgeons, beside hundreds of cases treated by correspondence in the most skillful manner.

The subject of this sketch was raised in the medical business, having passed his early youth in a drug store, afterwards obtaining his medical education in the best colleges of the land, notably the College of Physicians and Surgeons (medical department of Columbia College) New York city, class of 1864, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, class of 1865 and '66. In rounding off his medical education, Dr. McMenamy has taken special courses at various periods, since entering upon his practice. He has made a special study of diseases of women and sexual and urinary diseases of men. The doctor is one of those men of indomitable energy, keen perception and natural business talents, who would be found in the front rank in any profession. No intelligent person could converse with him half an hour without feeling that he was in the presence of a man of the clearest perception, which enables him to obtain an immediate mastery of the most perplexing medical problem that might present itself.

The Omaha Medical Institute is one of the best advertised establishments in the west. In speaking upon this point last evening, a gentleman familiar with Dr. McMenamy and his methods said: "A carefully worded, truthful advertisement is simply a directory, a guide to persons visiting the city in search of medical or surgical aid. I have always noticed in reading one of Dr. McMenamy's advertisements that he is very careful to state simply where he is located and what he proposes to do, without indulging in those methods practiced by pretenders who advertise to accomplish impossible cures. The better class of physicians, those who really do the practice, appreciate these facts and do Dr. McMenamy justice. There are a few hangers-on to the tail end of the profession, ignorant alike of his advantages or their own petty insignificance, who berate him behind his back. They are men, who, having the desire to be great, imagine themselves so, and having failed in their chosen profession, lay the blame upon their successful rivals rather than their own lack of ability. I have noticed again that there is another class of physicians who are in the habit of "running down" a successful practitioner. These are the men who have been forced to the rear by the growth of the city, which has brought with it a demand for first-class medical talent. They were as good as could be expected by Omaha as a country town, just as her hotels and stores were good enough, but when she became a city, as the hotels and stores and public buildings were replaced by new ones, and the old ones placed in the background, just so these country doctors were replaced by a new class of physicians. And so it is that these ancient fossils of an almost forgotten age are being rapidly relegated to their proper position, in the very dark background. These are the men who, in their impotent rage, hurl their anathemas at the Medical Institute and its physicians. Of course, Dr. McMenamy is doing a splendid business. He deserves it. And so are the other new and capable men in this city who have something more to recommend them than the number of years they have roosted behind a doctor's diploma—viz., medical skill and ability.

A Fast Young Man.
Boston Courier.

The maiden took her chewing gum
And placed it on a chair,
For she had heard her lover come
With swift feet up the stair.

Upon the chewing gum he sat—
The joyous hours flew past—
But when he rose to take his hat
He found himself stuck fast.

"Oh! worse disaster never was,"
She cried as out she ran:
"I ne'er can marry you because
You are a fast young man."

Little Drops.

Little drops of water,
Little beads of sweat,
Really are quite pretty,
But they're very wet.

IMPIETIES.

The Des Moines drug stores are now closed on Sunday. This compels citizens to fill their flasks on Saturday night.

A coffin-maker having apartments to let posted his bill announcing the same upon a coffin: "Lodgings for single gentleman."

One Lutheran missionary and 100,000 gallons of New England rum were recently sent to the Congo in the same ship.

Our late representative to the Cannibal Islands is reported missing. Nothing strange about that under the circumstances, although a politician could hardly be as delicate a dish as a missionary.

At a revival meeting in a country town not long ago a young convert, who was by business a milkman, arose to speak. Just at that moment one of the brethren started in with the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

A Buffalo paper reports that after a service the other evening Bishop Coxe said to a reporter: "I should like to correct the proof sheet of my prayer. You newspaper men and the printers are so unfamiliar with prayer that you're pretty certain to bungle it up badly."

Harry, aged five, had never happened to see the moon in the daytime. He came down to breakfast the other morning shrieking with laughter. "Why, Harry, what's the matter?" inquired the mother. "Oh, mamma," said he, as soon as he could speak, "I've got such a joke on the Lord; He's forgot to take His moon in."

It isn't always possible for pious people to control their angry passions even in the house of worship. A moose walked into a Sunday school at Aroostook, Me., one week ago to-day and interrupted the recitations to such an extent that the superintendent had to knock him down with a Bible and kill him.—Philadelphia News.

"Did you go to the cemetery?" asked Mrs. Dutiful to Mrs. Funeralgoer, referring to a recent funeral in the neighborhood. "Yes," replied the person addressed. "How natural he looked," exclaimed the first speaker. "Just as if he was asleep." "I hardly noticed anything. I never enjoyed myself less in my life." "Why, what was the matter?" "Well, it looked very much as though we would have a windstorm, and I left the windows open at home, and I was so afraid it would rain and spoil my new carpet that I did not enjoy the funeral as I should have done."

A New Jersey ice cream man wickedly and profanely said "Damn me," He was at once arrested. The trembling culprit said to the judge: "My lord, one word. The case is not before you; the phrase was injudicious, I allow, but hear my explanation I implore you, and you will be indignant too, I vow." The judge replied: "I will hear of no defense. Attempt none if you're sensible. I fine you 50 cents for the phrase so reprehensible." And fined 50 cents he was. This would seem to indicate that in New Jersey the remark, "It isn't worth a d—n," really means, "it isn't worth 50 cents."

CONNUBIALITIES.

At a recent English wedding one feature of the service was the substitution for the organ of the vocalion, invented by the bridegroom.

Miss Grace Greenough, who graduated from Smith college last year, will be married October 1 to Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford of Topsfield, Mass., and immediately leave for Asiatic Turkey, where they have received appointment as missionaries.

A Philadelphia society family is very angry because one of the young ladies of the family has married a baseball player. Strange that the family should not like it, as some of the greatest catchers of the season are to be found among the baseball clubs.

The bridesmaids at a recent London wedding were arranged so as to "lead the eye down to the bride's train." Two very little girls marched behind the bride and the other eight maids were arranged according to height, with two perfect grenadiers of girls as file closers.

On the sandy shore of the swelling tide strides many a fair and expectant bride; on pebbly beach and on silvery strands wander the youth who would seek those hands. A year rolls by, and the tides still crash on the silvery sands with ceaseless dash; but the maids and the youths heed not their course, as they think how much it costs for divorce.

The decision of a Kentucky court that a man's sweetheart must return his presents if she doesn't marry him will perhaps put a check on those inconsiderate young females who are ready to impoverish every generous, unsophisticated lover, who happens to fall into their net. This sort of females, however, will still have a great advantage over their infatuated worshipers. No court in the world can compel them to return the gum drops and ice cream consumed before the melancholy truth becomes apparent to ardent suitors.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Last week a Russian entered the register's office at Pittsburg, to take out a marriage license. He stated that ten years ago he was married in Russia. A few days after the ceremony was performed he was drafted into the czar's army. He soon deserted and finally reached Pittsburg, where he became a peddler. In the meantime his wife, who remained in Russia and was ignorant of her husband's whereabouts, had been granted a divorce by the rabbi in whose temple she worshiped. A week ago she arrived in Pittsburg and found her husband. Their was a joyful reunion, and they at once decided to marry again. The register is in a quandary. If there was a divorce it is necessary to produce a decree before a license of marriage can be granted. This it is impossible to procure and the register has reserved his decision.

JACKSON, Ga., August 28.—The other evening Pleasant J. Roberts was called upon to marry a couple at the residence of Mr. Cal. Smith in Randolph's district. Arriving at the house he found it crowded with youngsters, among whom were school children. With some difficulty he soon found the happy couple and pronounced them man and wife. The groom was William Thornton, aged fourteen years, who had run away from his father to get married. The bride was Mattie Smith, the adopted daughter of Mr. Cal Smith, aged fifteen. Young as this couple may seem the match was made as readily as if Thornton had been a widower courting his third wife. On the first visit he asked the girl to be his wife, on the second obtained the father's consent, on the third the bride's father gave his consent. Just at this point some one informed Thornton that the license must be had before the ceremony, could be performed when it became his painful duty to confess to all concerned that he was unable to pay for the license. But the children at Emory Parr's school anxious to know that the law would at their own convenience made each of them the happy head of household, made up the requisite $1.40 by subscription, sent for the license and the squire and witnessed the marriage of the child couple.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

A tape worm 150 long was taken from George Bayle, of Hoopeston, one day last week.

Mrs. Baker, of Winfield, Mich., erected stakes with steel straps on them, and caught six white blackbirds in one day.

J. H. Chester found some white blackberries growing wild near Bronson, Mich. They were ripe and very sweet.

A white robin was seen near Briggstown, Del., just before election day last week. It is supposed this is what ruined the peach crop.

King George, a negro 50 years old, is proving a puzzle to some of the most celebrated physicians in Boston. He has two sets of ribs and two hearts, and apparently has the power to suspend animation.

A snake killed near Columbus, Iowa, is said to have measured 19 feet 3 inches in length and 31 inches around the largest part of its body. Its head was nearly the size of a water-bucket, and was covered by a scaly skin and scanty hair.

Harrison H. Oliver, of Bolton Bell County, Texas, is the most remarkable repository of cold lead in this country to-day. It may seem strange, but he has received no less than 101 wounds, and sixty of the bullets, ranging in size from a buckshot to an ounce ball, still remain in his body.

Charles Amsden, of Dowagiac, Mich., saw a fight between a black hen turkey and a large hawk. The fight ocurred in the air, as high as the tree tops, and was a determined struggle for supremacy. Finally the hawk gave up the fight in a crippled condition, and the turkey flew to the ground apparently uninjured.

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