ing eccentricities are the result of certain a four page letter in two secends. I is about to be turned out of doors she open grate, no matter how fierce the fireimmediately sells everything except a never burn; that backers always have closk and hood, preferably black or gray. Then she lets her back hair down. She is ready now to face the world, and grabbing a small child in one hand and clutching the folds of her cloak in the other, she goes out into the night. If it is winter, and I have observed from the parquet, that she usually selects one of the coldest and stormiest nights in the winter, she finds some spot convenient to a lamppost, where snow is falling like-well, like so much paper. Then pressing the child to her, exposing one hand on which there are from one to three flashing diamonds, she mutters, "My God, we are starving What shall we do?" On rare occasions a summer night is selected. Then she goes down to the riverside and says, "Oh, my God." I have searched long and eagerly for female outcasts of this type on the streets of New York, and I have never found one. Several times I have thought I was about to be successful, when I would discover that what I mistook for a spotlessly clean cloak was only a dirty black shawl, and instead of a blood curdling, despairing, "Oh, my God," I would hear, "Say, mister, give me a nickle, will yer?" which shows that it is much safer to depend upon the drama than on individnal research.

Then I have learned that by some occult process people are taught to ejaculate, "My God," at opportune moments. It seems that people who never uttered a word of prayer or blasphemy, or even indulged in wild exclamation, always say, as if by instinct, "Oh, my God!" when a valuable article is lost, when a long lost brother is found, when anything really exciting happens. In my feeble way I have looked for people addicted to the tragic "Oh, my Goo" habit, but I have not found them. So far as my observation has extended when anything startlingly unusual happens, people either say nothing or content themselves with "the devil!" or "Jerusalem!" which shows that individual research is nothing. For real life go to the drama.

Now it has happened that most of the This is the judgment of nearly all true first-class scoundrels I have known republicans. The committee should have been blondes. But my experience is of no value, for I know from the drama that villians are almost invariably dark. The villians I have known not be objected to. were, so far as appearance went, mighty pleasant fellows. You wanted to treat and introduce them to your family—and quiry develops the fact that the general loan them money if you had any. But been making a night of it-men whom you think you would instinctively avoid if you had any money about your person. All of which shows that for the real thing you have got to go to the

In my own experience I have left valuable documents, private correspondence, etc., on a table, and all sorts of people, including enemies and villians, have come and gone, leaving my property untouched. I am afraid all of my experiences are unusual. I know from the drames that the minute a person drups a letter, bunch of keys or any valuable article, on the table and leaves the room, some one enters immediately, goes at once to the table. and commits petit larceny. The drama is the thing.

I have learned from the drame that nearly every body writes shorthandcomething I never would have learned anywhere else. They must write short-

female outcast. I know that those seem- hand, for it is a common thing to write fixed rules. When she learns that she have learned that letters thrown in an few diamond rings, and purchases a long gray hair; that maids and men servants always discuss their masters' affairs in the front parlors; that the bero who appears in a snow storm to rescue the outcast, always wears a black cloak, high top boots, and carries a riding whip; that every family contains at least one spinster with short dresses, ringlets and a razor back nose. For life, as it is really lived, there is nothing like the realistic drama.

W. MORTON SMITH.

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To politics I am a slave; I obey its every command.

To it I am wedded;

It leads me, whether right or wrong;

It controls my every faculty.

With its unyielding grip

carries me each day further and further from my path of duty.

My efforts to sever its companionship are futile

It possesses me; it enthuses or disheartens me:

My very being depends upon it;

am I with it.

Several candidates for city office have wisely suggested to the republican city central committee that all aspirants be restrained from securing more than 250 names to their petitions, so that no one who may later on be a candidate can be shut out by reason of his inab lity to obtain the requisite rumber of signers, because his friends might have placed their signatures to the tallysheet of s me candidate who did not require half the names he asked for. This suggestion was advanced in last week's Courier and even had it not been made the central committee would have discovered the inadequacy of this proposition were not candidates restricted to the necessary number of petitioners. Five hundred and fifty names should be the extreme limit.

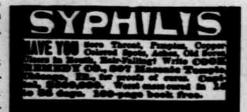
The central committee will probably hold another meeting soon, at which time they should unanimously adopt all amendments proposed at its last sitting. subserve the party, and doubtless will.

As to the adoption of the proposed amendments to the Crawford system, a few modifications in some of them would -Scroll Designs

Candidates for every office but that of them kindly, invite them to the clubs city treasurer have made their sally. Inloan them money if you had any. But term (which republican party has al-they couldn't have been real villians, for ways tendered efficient officers) by muthe drams has taught me that villians tual consent. It would indeed require a look like dressed-up barbers who have man of extraordinary nerve to oppose Mr. Aitken.

> The colored and Hebrew voters will make themselves heard next spring, and it is right that they should. Each of the e races now have a candidate before the people, and if they are not elected some one will likely sweat for it later on.

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