

YOUNG FOLKS.

ASHAMED OF HER.

The following incidents were noted some years ago by a passenger on a railway train in the West, on which a fatal accident occurred. A little blonde woman, very much overdressed, was languidly nibbling cake and sipping champagne at her lunch in the palace-car, when her husband entered.

"Daisy," he said, "your mother is getting on the train."

"Oh, good gracious, where?" she exclaimed, angrily.

He pointed to a tall, ungainly woman, in shabby clothes, going into a second-class car.

"Had I not better bring her into this car?" he said. "There are some rough fellows in that one."

"Does she know we are on the train?"

"No."

"Then never mind. I can't introduce mamma to the Schallers," glancing at some of her companions.

The train rushed on, and the woman who had married out of poverty into a fashionable set, while she laughed and jested with her new friends, wore an uneasy face that showed her terror lest her mother should disgrace her. Her husband said presently,—

"Your mother will want lunch, Daisy. Suppose I?"

"Oh, let her alone! She always takes a brown-paper parcel with chunks of bread and Bologna sausage. She likes that sort of thing."

An hour or two later a jarring crash resounded through the Pullman cars. Women shrieked, and men rushed to the door as the train stopped. A brakeman met them.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen. Broken rail only."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Four or five people. One old lady's a-dyin'. I heard her callin' for her daughter that's on the train: 'Maggy! Maggy!' just now. Take keer, ma'am!" as a little woman rushed past him.

The old woman lay on a clay-bank. Some men were holding her tenderly enough. A physician who happened to be on the train knelt beside her. Her daughter threw herself down and dragged her head upon her breast. The woman's lips were opened, and her eyes stared as if searching for some one. But she did not call for "Maggy" any more.

"Do something!" cried her daughter, wildly. "Make her speak to me! Mother! mother! it is Maggy! Maggy!"

"Madam," said the doctor, "you are too late!"

SHE DID LOVE HIM.

A colored man, named Matt, presented himself at a lawyer's office with the intention of engaging the services of the lawyer in procuring a divorce from "the old woman, who was a torment." The story told the lawyer asked his client if he would follow his advice. He agreed, and the following directions were given: "Go home, prepare a large quantity of kindlings, get up to-morrow morning early, build the fire, keep it going, think over all the things you used to do for her, and do everyone of them just as well as you can. Keep it up two days and then come again. You see, we must have powerful proof that she is unreasonable and cruel, and that you do everything for her."

A few days brought Matt back to the lawyer, but apparently much embarrassed. He assured the lawyer that his directions had been obeyed, and again agreed to follow the lawyer's advice.

"Now, I wish you to go on in this way, do everything you can think of for her, and to-morrow morning, after you have got the fire built, say to her: 'Amanda, I have not done for you what I ought to do, and I am sorry. You have done a great deal of hard work for me, and I don't ask you to do it any longer. I have got the rheumatism, am getting old, and won't stay in your way another day.' You must say it just as lovingly as you can, for you know we must be able to show that while you are affectionate and doing everything for her comfort and happiness, she is cruel and hard. Just as you are coming away, say to her: 'Amanda, if you get sick at any time, and you will let me come, I will do all I can for you.' Now, if you will do all this heartily, and she is still hard and cruel, we shall have a good case against her."

"Poor Matt seemed less talkative than in the previous interviews," the story goes on to say. But the lawyer pretended not to see, and urged him to go on gently, lovingly. He promised and disappeared. "The next evening he did not come, but I met him on the street a few days later, and was amused with his embarrassment. On the way to my office," continued the lawyer, he told me that he had not come to see me as he promised, because he was so busy, etc.—the usual fibs. I laughed, and seizing his hand, said: 'Come, now, Matt, tell me all about it.'"

"Thus challenged, he said:

"Well, boss, the truth is before I got through saying what you told me to say, Amanda put her big arms around me and took me right into her lap, and ever since she has treated me like I was her real husband. Boss, I never was so happy in all my life, and my rheumatism is all gone."—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

A YARN WORTH REPEATING.

"Wall, wall," remarked an ancient and honorable oarsman, who, on the retired list, as it were, was a trifle overcritical of the younger and rising members of the profession, "this 'ere's a world of improvement sure enough. When I was a-pullin'—and, I tell you, I hefted the ash for some big men in my time—Secretary Edmunds, President Arthur—and what a fl; he kin cast! And there was General—what's his name?—he that fought the duel with Colonel Names kinder slips on me these muggy days, but he was a caster too, and I've seen him put an old-fashioned hackle fly eighty-five feet with one hand tied behind him."

"See this earring," he continued, pointing a gouty finger at a gold hoop that hung from his left ear. "The General bored that himself. One day we was out and the two men got into a wrangle, they was always a-doin' it, about their castin', and at last they got me to stand fifty foot off on a p'int—down at Pitch Pine P'int—and hold out a tin mug. The General he bet that he could take the mug out of my hand in three tries by putting the fly through the handle."

"I was gettin' paid well and so, as I thought I couldn't lose more than an eye or so, I stood up, and the first cast the old man took me right through this 'ere ear. I tell ye, I dropped that cup quick, but the General ups and hauls a twenty dollar shiner and tosses it at me and says: 'Jack, lemme reel ye in and its yours.' 'Go it,' says I. So he began to reel in, playin' me for all I was wuth, the Colonel standin' ready with gaff, and when the General got the line all in he hooked the gaff in the slack of my trousers and gave me a sling of about ten foot and yells out: 'It's wuth ten dollars to land a two hundred pound sucker.'"

He paid it, too. They hooked me and landed me, and it cost 'em thirty dollars. When they cut the hook out the Colonel said he'd pay for a gold earring to go in, and said I'd never have sore eyes, and I never have, so help me. That's how I come to wear one earring. I lost the money, though. When the old woman heard on't, she allowed we was all drunk, and so took the thirty dollars for her share."—*Simcoe Island, Lake Ontario letter to the Philadelphia Times.*

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THE MYSTERY OF A RING.

The Rev. G. D. Lindsay, of Auburn, tells a mysterious tale of a wedding ring. The story begins at Old Orchard and ends in Auburn, and the first scene may properly be considered that of a baby in a cradle tossing high and laughing and crowing in babyish glee over the shining glory of a wedding ring. The baby would bury it in the folds of the cradle clothing and find it again and again, and repeat the process and forget to claim the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay who were very busy packing the furniture and trunks for a final departure from the beach. Once or twice the reverend gentleman predicted to his wife that the baby would lose the ring, but as the baby had enjoyed the same sport before and hadn't lost it, the prediction was accounted false. Finally the child became tired and slept, and when the mother looked for the ring it was gone. A systematic search was made, everything was taken out of the cradle, the clothing was shaken, the cradle overturned, and finally the hunt given up. The only alternative of doubt was that the baby had swallowed the ring. The cradle and its clothing were pitched into an express wagon with other goods, the cradle being pitched upon the piazza in waiting for the wagon. It was turned sideways, packed into an express wagon and into a freight car, again loaded into job cart in Auburn, together with the other goods, and finally landed in Mr. Lindsay's home in Auburn, and put by his bedside in his sleeping room at home. The night after their arrival the baby was sleeping in the cradle. Mr. Lindsay a short time after he retired, heard something drop with a peculiar musical tinkle and roll away. "What was that?" he asked. "It sounds like the ring," was the reply of Mrs. L. The story closes with the triumphant discovery of the wedding ring, found on the oilcloth beneath the baby's cradle, whence it had dropped and rolled along upon the carpet. It is still a mystery where it was all of this time, and still a mystery why in the stillness of the night it should have dropped from the cradle of the sleeping baby when it withstood two trips in jolting express wagons and came thirty miles or more in a springless box car.—*E.*

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