

horrified tones, "in the name of heaven, who and what are you?"

"Oh, heaven help me!" she shrieked, in a voice that chilled our marrow—"I am old man Bender!"

A weird, wild whoop rent the silence of the sanctum—and the woman was alone. There was a sound as of a rising journalist scrambling up through the narrow copy tube, and the next instant a bare head, with a quill over one ear, burst through the hatchway in the roof, and, followed by a complete set of editorial anatomy, emerged, and running head-first to the rear wall of the building disappeared down the lighted shaft, and was seen no more until the next day at three p.m.

We never saw the woman again, and wist not where she is, but we smile in bitter derision whenever we read that the police have arrested an old man answering the description of old man Bender.

It was a sad scene when the authorities took a poor man from Happy Hollow, and sent him out to the poor house. The parting between the poor man and his ever-dogs, which he distributed among his sympathizing relatives, was affecting in the extreme. We believe the man had a few children, too, but not enough to make a fuss about.

A bashful young man, while out driving with the dearest girl in the world, had to get out and buckle the crupper, and hesitatingly exclaimed that "the animal's bustle had come loose."

Five Women.

One afternoon five women went out on South Hill in a street car. One of them was a fat woman in a black dress, with a cameo pin as large as a stucco ornament. She breathed at high pressure, about 103 to the minute. A woman with a thin, long neck, and sad eyes, and a Paisley shawl, sitting on the other side of the car, said, in a feeble voice:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Waughop."

"Oh, (puff) Mrs. Dresseldorf, (puff, puff,) how do (puff) you do?" (Puff, puff.)

"Oh, I ain't feeling well at all. I've had so much trouble with my lungs, and nothing seems to do them any good. I've tried onion gargle, and three kinds of expectorant, and wine of tar, and two of Dr. Bolus' prescriptions, and one of Dr. Bleadem's, and a new kind of ointment, but nothing seems to have any effect on them. How do you feel to-day?"

"Oh," groaned Mrs. Waughop, "I'm not getting on at all. My asthma is worse every

day (puff, puff), and I can't sleep at night, and I'm afraid I'll have to give up entirely (puff, puff). I could hardly get out to-day (puff, puff, puff). I went to Greenbaum and Schroder's and around to Guest's and down to Carpenter's (puff, puff), and into Parsons' and up to Mrs. Voorhees' (puff, puff), and down to Wyman's and up to Wesley Jones' and into Gus Dodge's and (puff, puff, puff) down to the express office, and then by the time I had made a couple of calls out on North Hill and went to the doctor's, I was as tired as though I had walked a mile (puff, puff, puff). I don't know what's going to

become of me, I'm afraid. How are you, this afternoon, Mrs. Dinkleman?" she continued, turning to the next woman, a lonesome-looking female with a wart on her chin, who smiled dismally on being addressed, and paused in the midst of a search for a street car nickel in the bottom of a black reticule as big as a hair trunk.

"I'm about half down with the chills," she said, with a prolonged sigh; "I have such a fever every night, I don't get two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and I'm afraid I'll be down sick before I get through with it. My eyesight is failing, too, and I have a constant headache that worries me nearly to death. I am glad, Mrs. Mulligan," said Mrs. Dinkleman, turning to the fourth woman, "to see you able to be out."

Mrs. Mulligan bowed feebly to the rest of the ladies. "Indeed I oughtn't to be out," she groaned, "I ought to be in bed this minute. I haven't had this flannel off my throat for three weeks, and I'm afraid I'll lose my voice entirely. I've had a misery across my back since I don't know when, and I had to have three teeth pulled this blessed afternoon. I was that bad with the rheumatiz all last week I didn't dare stir out of the house, and I've got a felon coming on my finger just as sure as I'm a living woman. What appears to be the matter with your face, Mrs. Gallagher?" she asked the last woman in the car.

"Neuralgia of the eyes," the last woman, who wore black glasses and green goggles, remarked, in such lugubrious tones that they cast a gloom over the entire community, and the masculine occupants of the car wondered if there was a well woman in America.

The Goblin Gate.

We once knew a most worthy man, whose irreproachable life was at one time threatened with mental and physical wreck, all on account of his front gate. He lived out on North Hill, with his charming wife and seven lovely daughters. He was a pale-faced, anxious-looking man, who moved about and looked and spoke as though he supped with

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