

your Choice of Girls. There's the pretty girl And the witty girl, And the girl that bangs her hair; The girl that's a flirt, And the girl that is pert, And the girl with a baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl, And the rowdy girl, And the girl that is always late; There's the flaxen style, And the girl of wit, And the girl with the mincing gait. There's the tender girl, And the slender girl, And the girl that says her prayers; There's the laughing girl, And the naughty girl, And the girl that puts on airs.

There are many others, Oh, men and brothers, Than are named in this narration; There are girls and girls, And there's all of them pearls, They're the best thing in creation.

ELLEN'S MISTAKE.

"I love you, Ellen, devotedly, madly; and that is my excuse. Oh, Ellen, is there no pity in your heart? Have you been trying with me all this time, to cast me off at last? May I not dare to cherish one faint hope that you will yet relent?"

But Ellen Blair drew back from him as if she feared contamination, and her proud lips curled scornfully as she replied, "How dare you talk to me in that way, Mr. Wallace! How dare you speak to me of love—to ask me to become your wife, rude and uncultured as you are—a poor, standing clerk, without wealth or social position, and so far above you? Leave me—go away; you have insulted me, and may I never see your face again!"

His face grew white as ashes. Pressing his hand upon his heart, he reeled backward grasping a chair to save himself from falling.

"My God! You cannot mean it, Ellen!" he gasped. "You, who have loved me on all this long summer, giving me every reason to suppose you loved me! Take back your cruel words, I pray you—not make my life a barren waste for my own sake!"

"Mr. Wallace, you must be strangely blind not to distinguish a meaningless flirtation, which I have carried on with you as an amusement simply, from something of a deeper portent," she replied. "I never meant to carry you, and, what is more, I never shall."

"Oh, Ellen, how I have mistaken you!" he groaned. "I thought you had a heart; I fondly hoped—"

"No!" she interrupted scornfully; "for I will hear no more."

He said not another word. As in a dream, he left the room, passed through the hall, out into the street. The long, bright vision had faded at last, like apples of the Dead Sea, leaving only dust and ashes.

After he was gone, the woman who had been so proud and cold before him knelt down beside the window, and burying her face in the soft damask of the curtain sobbed as though her heart would break.

"I did love him," murmured she. "I love him madly now. Oh, Ferdinand, Ferdinand! How can I give you up! How can I live my life through, and not see you, or meet you only as a stranger?"

Suddenly her mood changed. The sobbing ceased, and, rising to her feet, pale, proud and cold, she murmured, "Oh, what a fool I am to give him a single thought! Poor as poverty; and it is wealth and luxury I crave. He is a plebeian; I wish to shine in higher circles. I could not be the wife of a mere clerk in Colonial Office."

That evening, when Col. Harmon, old and wealthy, called to place his name and fortune at her feet, she put her hand into his, and said, "Oh, Ralph, this is the happiest moment of my life."

And from the joyful look upon her face no one could think she spoke aught but the truth.

Ten years passed swiftly on. Ferdinand Wallace had long ago left England, and gone out to Western Africa with some small Government appointment. She had married Col. Harmon, and gratified her taste for wealth and show, but she had not been happy.

Then Col. Harmon died, and Ellen shed a few cold, hard tears above his coffin, turning away rejoicing that she at last was free. Perhaps a thought of Ferdinand Wallace came to her then, but he was far away, she knew not where.

One day a letter came from one of her old schoolmates who lived in Brighton, and it contained an invitation for her to go and spend the winter there.

Arriving at her friend's some time near twilight, she was ushered into the parlor by the servant. A tall gentleman, who was talking with her friend, rose up upon her entrance.

"Sir Ferdinand Wallace, Governor of Jamaica—Mrs. Harmon," said Mrs. Minter, going through the usual introduction.

"Thank you; I think we've met before," the Governor replied, extending his hand, and cordially touching the tips of Mrs. Harmon's fingers.

"Can it be possible?" she murmured. "How you are altered! I scarcely should have known you had you not spoken."

"Time changes all," he gravely answered. "I passed some years in Africa; I rose to be Governor of Cape Coast Castle; now they have removed me to the West Indies. I was a poorer man than now—it might be happier."

"And you are married now?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not yet."

"Crossing the room, she whispered, 'You know the question that you asked me once. All my whole life the answer has been regret.'"

"All that you love me?" he exclaimed.

"I loved you all the time. It was my wretched pride that parted us. Now that I am alone, there's nothing stands between us," was her reply.

He dropped the hand she placed in his as if it had been a coal of fire. "My love for you died out long years ago," he said. "You are no more to me than any other woman. Our paths must lie apart."

So she had thrown her heart at the feet, as she had done at hers ten years before, only to be rejected. What greater punishment can any woman have to bear?

AN OBDURATE PARENT.

OPIE READS STORY OF A PERSISTENT SUITOR.

The Father was Obdurate, and Held Out Against the Would-be Son-in-Law. But in an Original Manner All Opposition was at Last Overcome.

Col. Rithers was fat but very game. I don't know why flesh should be taken into consideration when we speak of physical courage, unless it is because we always regard a game man as a sort of hero and are quite unable, in our fancy, to clothe a hero in a superabundance of flesh. Rithers may not have been an ideal hero, but he was game. It is said that he once slapped Ben Thompson's jaws while that great hero of the shooters was trying to break up a show in Texas, and a man in whose word I have absolute faith told me that the colonel once pulled a Bowie's ears. Yet the old fellow was fat, and still worse was so short that he waddled along like a



THE JUDGE STOOD UNDER A TREE. duck He had but one pride, a lovely daughter. He looked upon her with the deep love of a devoted father and with the admiring eye of an artist. Indeed, he was something of an artist, having once painted a picture of a Tennessee river sunset, but, unfortunately, had to shoot a man who innocently asked if it did not represent a brush pile on fire.

Whenever Lucie Rithers went into society the old man went with her. He had compelled her to promise that she would never be married, and he had faith in her avowal, still he did not like to see her thrown in the way of temptation. Once a handsome commercial traveler took brazen occasion to smile at her, but he left the community the next day, carrying with him a note which read something like this: "I should like to meet you early tomorrow morning, with a view of shooting an ordinary size hole through your head. I should have obliged myself by doing so today, but this being Sunday, and our law imposing a fine for firing a gun on the Sabbath, I refrained. Do not let any business engagement prevent our meeting, for I assure you that I will detain you but a few moments."

One bright morning, while a chipmunk was sitting on a stump, rhythmically nodding his head to the song of a cat bird, the colonel stood under a tree, communing with nature, and wondering how he was going to get the steers out of the corn field. He had just decided to waddle into the field and curse them out, when a young man rode up to the fence, dismounted gracefully and approached.

"Is this Col. Rithers?" the young man asked.

"Yes, sah. What can I do for you?"

The young fellow, smiling, replying, took out two pistols, and as he politely extended their handles toward the colonel said:

"Take your choice."

"What for?" the colonel asked.

"I haven't the time nor the inclination to explain. Take one and step off about 30 steps."

"Young man," said the colonel, "I am not acquainted with you, but I must say that I like your methods, and the more am compelled to accommodate you."

THE COLONEL MEASURED OFF 30 STEPS, and, at a signal mutually agreed upon, both men fired. The colonel caught a projectile in the fleshy part of his right shoulder.

"Good morning," said the young man, as he leaped against a tree. The young man gracefully mounted his horse and rode away, and the colonel went home and lay down.

Several months passed. The cat bird was gone and the chipmunk was hidden away under the snow. The colonel stood in the country road, watching the wild geese fly over. A young man came riding along at an easy canter, and, seeing the colonel, dismounted tied his horse and approached.

"Good morning," said the young man.

"How are you, sah," the colonel responded.

"Rather a bright but chilly day."

"Yes, but I don't think this snow will last long."

"No, I think not. The wind is shifting round to the south. By the way, colonel, are you busy this morning?"

"No, not particularly. I haven't fed the pigs yet, but I can let them go for a while. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes, I think so," the young man answered, drawing two pistols and telling the colonel to take his choice.

"Look here, young fellow, as I told you some time ago, I do not know you. Of course I am thankful for the attentions which you are showing me, but it has generally been my rule not to accept courtesies from a stranger."

"I'll have to go you, although I haven't fed the pigs yet."

The distance was measured and again they fired at each other. This time the colonel was slightly wounded in the leg. The young man bade him a polite good-morning and rode away.

When the colonel went to the house, his daughter seeing that something was the matter with him, said: "Papa, I do wish you would take better care of yourself. It seems to me that the older you grow the more careless you become. What has hurt you this time?"

"Oh, nothing only that infernal spotted dog snapped me when I climbed over into the pen."

"Well, but you should not expose yourself so. If you should die what would become of me?"

"Oh, you'd marry, I suppose."

"But you have told me that I shall never marry."

"You shant so long as I live."

Months passed. The plow hands were in the field and the scent of burning grass pervaded the murky atmosphere. The cat bird had come to look for her song, and the chipmunk timidly peeped from his hole. The colonel stood under a budding alder bush; a young man climbed over the fence.

"Why, good morning, colonel. There has been a slight change in the weather since we last met."

"Yes, as I predicted, the snow is all gone."

"Are you busy this morning?"

"The young man produced two pistols. 'I told you some time ago that we were not acquainted, and now I positively refuse to associate with you until we have been introduced.'"

"Ah," the young man said. "I hope you will pardon my seeming lack of good breeding. I am John Piller."

"Well, Mr. Piller, I suppose I must accommodate you."

This time the young man was slightly wounded, but he bowed gracefully and smiled as he rode away.

The season had undergone another change. The gray squirrel ran along the top rail of the fence with a brown nut in his mouth; the cat bird was teaching her young ones to fly, and the chipmunk slyly stole through the dying grass. The colonel walked in the orchard where the red apples gleamed in the Indian summer haze. Suddenly he discovered that John Piller was standing near him.

"A beautiful and dreamy day, colonel."

"Yes, nature seems to be humming a sleepy tune."

"And you are surely not busy at such a time?"

"No, I can't say that I am."

"And you cannot say that you are not acquainted with me?"

"Oh, no, for the last time we met you were polite enough to introduce yourself."

"Your memory is good. Here are our friends, the pistols."

"Look here, young fellow, I am getting tired of your little flirtations. I never had a man to pester me so in my life. You are positively annoying, sah. What the deuce do you mean, anyway?"

"I mean that I want to marry your daughter, Lucie."

"Well, I gad, sah, go and marry her and for the Lord's sake let me alone. I wish I may die dead if I ever had a man to worry me so. Go on and tell her that I say she must marry you, I gad, sah."

There was a happy wedding the next day, and when the few invited guests sat down to dinner, the colonel said:

"Lucie, did he threaten to shoot you unless you married him?"

"Oh, no," she sweetly answered. "We have been engaged for a long time and I have been only waiting for your consent."

"Well, blast my extensive hide, he went about in a queer way. Trying to kill a man is a funny way to gain his good-will."

"Oh, I was not trying to kill you," the bridegroom answered. "The pistols were loaded with pen."

The old fellow snorted and said something about blasting his extensive hide.

Mutually Unsatisfactory. "Look here," said a duke to a reporter, you tell me a couple of good jokes. I want to get them off as original, you know, at a little social gathering to-night. I'll lend you five dollars if you do."

"I don't think it will work," replied the newspaper man, pensively.

"I am so blamed poor that if I am found with five dollars on my person, I'll be suspected to have stolen them; and you are so blamed stupid that if you get off a good joke, everybody will suspect right off that you stole it.—Texas Siftings.

My Uncle. "I don't think it will work," replied the newspaper man, pensively.

At the Marriage Bureau. Elderly Gent—I want to consult with you about getting into a suitable wife.

Agent—All right, sir; I think I can accommodate you. What are your charges? I'd like to know that before going any further.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

THE LIMITS OF STENOGRAPHY PROPERLY DEFINED.

The Hopeless Efforts of Incompetent Persons—What it Costs Them—The Need of Great General Information—Another Field or Women.

There is a good deal of nonsense written and talked, both by those who know and by those who don't, concerning the possibilities and actual achievements of shorthand writing. A few days ago an elderly woman, accompanied by a child of apparently about 13 years of age, appeared before Justice Gorman at the Jefferson Market Police Court and told a pitiful tale. She said that she was a widow, and that the child was her only daughter; that in order to procure some employment for the girl she had been induced to send her to a school of typewriting and shorthand. She had paid to the professor 200 of her hard earnings and had been informed and believed that at the conclusion of six months' tuition this child would be able to earn a fair salary. The professor, however, had failed to carry out his agreement, and at the conclusion of the tuition she found herself with her money gone and no probability of the fulfillment of the promise which had been made to her. She was informed by the Justice that she had any remedy at all it was in a civil suit for damages for breach of contract.

The experience of this child is but a repetition of the experience of by far the larger number of those who attempt to learn shorthand writing. It is a fact that but very few of those who begin to learn ever succeed in becoming competent stenographers. The experience detailed so graphically above amply by Charles Dickens in the tale of "David Copperfield," which is seen to be in fact the experience of Dickens himself, is a fair sample of the difficulties with which the learner has to contend. Few persons, indeed, have the requisite perseverance to continue the much-needed practice in the face of discouraging results, which is essential before proficiency can possibly be reached.

Many of these failures might have been predicted from the start, because an accurate reporting requires a learner on account of the lack of the preliminary studies and training and knowledge which are necessary to make a competent stenographer. It must be borne in mind that the subjects which may possibly be presented for accurate reporting comprise the entire field of human knowledge. There is no department of science, literature, or art which may not some time or other appear in the course of speeches, of arguments, of lectures, of briefs, of dissertations, of debates, or of dictation. There is, of course, no stenographer who is so thoroughly familiar with the vocabulary even of his own language, in all departments of study, as to be able on the spur of the moment to report accurately all kinds of scientific matter. There are, in fact, but very few of the most reliable stenographers in this or any other country who can be relied upon to give a verbatim report of a scientific congress. How futile, how foolish, must it be then for mere children, for persons without even the rudimentary elements of books, to undertake to qualify themselves for such a business!

And yet there are shorthand schools and professors of shorthand that take the money of pupils who attempt this impossible task, which it is known at the beginning that the money so expended is really thrown away by the pupils.

It was related of the late Horace Greeley that upon one occasion an incompetent stenographer was employed by him to take dictation of a political speech. Mr. Greeley talked away with great earnestness and volubility upon a subject with which he was entirely familiar, using the names of many prominent public men in the present and past generation, referring to various public measures of the times, and he had reeled off, as he supposed, a considerable address. It so happened that the stenographer was thoroughly unfamiliar with all about every subject of which the great philosopher had treated, and his manuscript presented for review proved to be a mass crowded with errors, and omissions, and misspelling of names, and misapprehension of what Mr. Greeley had said, that it was entirely useless, and with that force for which Mr. Greeley was renowned among those who knew him, he exclaimed, "What the hell is stenography worth?"

Phonography is worth and stenography is worth all that it is possible to secure by the expenses of the learner, if it is combined with the dexterity of the human hand; but it is necessary, in order to secure this expertise and this dexterity, that they shall be accompanied by a knowledge on the part of the stenographer of the subjects with which he is called to deal. There are legends of alleged competent stenographers who have been able to report, by merely recording phonographic sounds, languages which they did not understand. But whatever of this sort of thing has been done, and it has been done in a very limited degree, and it is absolutely impossible that it should be done at any considerable speed. It is, of course, true that to some extent and by slow processes, words of foreign languages, carefully pronounced, and accurately vocalized, may be recorded by phonographic signs, but the moment this is attempted all possibility of speed in writing ceases. When it comes to proper names, the stenographer who relies upon the sound and has no knowledge of the spelling is pretty certain to make a sorry mess.

There are limits to shorthand. Every honest stenographer will admit that no person is able to report the most rapid speakers or to follow with accuracy an argument which consists of many references to scientific books, and contains quotations which must be accurately recorded. In practice, whatever a speaker makes use of many quotations, particularly of poetry or statistics, the stenographer is always anxious to after using a boldness of hand. Among the very best stenographers the practice of impossibility of one writer being able to record the most difficult speaking with accuracy is so well recognized that in the most important cases a system of check notes is always observed so that points which may be missed by one writer will be caught by another. This is really not an unusual practice, and it has been found to be absolutely essential in many cases.

In shorthand writing there are many exceptions, there are many omissions of sounds and letters, so that a great deal of the accuracy of transcribing depends upon the intelligence of the transcriber. There are comparatively few words which are written out in full in the shorthand notes. It is true that some expert writers are able to write words almost fully, and there are some who write so fully that their notes may be transcribed by others; but the great majority of shorthand writers write notes which can be read only by themselves, and which are in most cases but suggestions of words.

A signal instance of the inability of very expert and accomplished reporters to follow the rapid reading of extracts from books

was shown in a very important case tried in the United States Circuit Court in this city a few years ago. The case had occupied in the taking of testimony several years, it had involved the consideration of vast commercial transactions and the quotation of an immense body of testimony of various kinds. The reporting of this testimony had been undertaken by some young stenographers unknown to fame. When the time came for the argument to be made before the court in this long contested case, involving millions of dollars in the result, the learned and distinguished counsel employed to conduct the arguments, who comprised some of the leading lawyers of the United States, were of course anxious that their arguments should be reported fully and accurately. One side employed the young stenographers who had been taking the testimony for years, and were familiar with the details of it, and with all the proper names that had arisen during the protracted trial before the referee, and had also in their possession a printed copy of all the testimony that had been taken. The other side employed to take the arguments a body of the most accomplished stenographers probably in the United States, men of deserved reputation and of unquestioned ability. But when the test came, when the great lawyers launched out into their arguments consuming day upon days, and consisting largely of innumerable quotations from the vast volumes of testimony which had been taken, when they would grab a book and read a paragraph without even naming the page of it, the accomplished and talented stenographers found themselves sadly at sea, while the young and not so well known stenographers who were familiar with the case and had the printed record to consult, so as to verify the quotations, were enabled to make and did make the best report. This is no reflection upon the capacity of the accomplished gentlemen who did make upon this occasion frequent lapses, owing to their inability to record quotations rapidly read from printed documents.

There are, of course, some fields of shorthand writing which do not require great learning, but merely a familiarity with the ordinary branches of English education. And there are persons of moderate abilities who can master sufficient of the knowledge of shorthand and of typewriting to be competent amanuenses. Undoubtedly the girls who have passed through the normal schools, and have had fair education generally, make competent amanuenses. Some of them, indeed, have advanced to the higher fields of stenographic writing, and even in several instances have become the official stenographer of courts. There is no reason why women should not be as competent stenographers as men are. There are many reasons why women are peculiarly fitted for this work. But the fact remains that there are very many who attempt to enter this field utterly oblivious of the necessary training and study which are the essential preliminaries, and who are yet induced to pay fees to teachers whose only aim is to get money out of their pupils, and who do not scruple to delude them by the most flattering false pretences.—N. Y. Sun.

What a Change. Is wrought in people who suffer from rheumatism when they take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The acidity of the blood, which causes the disease, is neutralized, the blood is purified and vitalized, the aching joints and limbs rest easily and quietly, and a feeling of serene health is imparted. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished wonders for thousands subject to rheumatism. Try it yourself.

Why is it unsafe to venture forth in the spring? Because the flowers have pistils, the trees shoot and the bullrush is out.

Familiar Family Friends should contain a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rosway, N. S., says: "We have used Hagar's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

Why is a chicken roosting on a fence like a penny? Because the head is on one side and the tail is on the other.

Interested People. Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for coughs and croup does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and \$1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Why is a city official like a church bell? One steals from the people, and the other peals from the steeple.

Mrs. Brown, of Sydney Mines, testifies that her son was carried from the pit unable to move from acute rheumatism. After using a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT he was able to go to work and has been well ever since.

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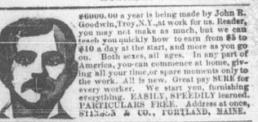
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