A "Bargain" Lesson.

All supper time had Mr. Tart
His wife's high spirits eyed;
Her air of being extra smart
No good to him implied.

She seemed as bursting to reveal
A secret just immense,
And when he, hurried, left his meal
Her joy became intense.

Then, with a glad, triumphant shout,
And victory on her face,
She gayly brought some bundles out
Of their safe hiding-place.

"Now, husband! see my bargains, here,"
She cried in guileless glee;
"I've saved you fifty dollars, dear;
Won't you be proud of me?"

"Look at these curtains—all marked down
From dollars twelve to eight;
These blankets, costing ten down-town,
Were six—just feel their weight.

"These vases, almost given away—
This dress, half value, too;
These other things—'twas bargain day,
John, I can beat a Jew!"

Poor Mr. Tart looked blue and grave;
At last he slowly said:
"Where you the fifty dollars save
I can't get through my head."

Why, John, how easy! They'd have cost
You double what I paid;
t takes a woman, never lost
In bargain time, to trade."

Next night John brought some bundles, too;
The duplicates exact
Of what his wife had purchased through
Her woman's bargain tact.

And, spreading them upon the floor,
He bade his treasure (?) say
What they had cost him at a store
That had no bargain day.

Then while she, speechless, gazed dismayed,
He, with a wicked laugh,
Showed that the bargains she had made
Cost him—a man—most half.

H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.

MY LADY TONGUE.

By Amelie Rives, Author of "The Quick or the Dead."

"Have you really worn that trinket all this time?" he said, with more of curiosity than any other emotion apparent in his voice.

"Certainly," said Judith stiffly. "You were very good in sending it to me, and I was very rude to you."

She got suddenly to her feet and stood in front of him.

"Cousin Phil," she said in a quick vibrating tone that he had never before heard her use, "I began three letters to you about that, but I was ashamed to send them. I was afraid you would not read them. I was sorry—I—I am sorry," she ended under her breath.

There was a pause, but before he could speak, she had turned back the sleeve of her gray gown from her pretty, blue-veined arm, and had unfastened the dull gold links with their sapphire settings.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him; "I—I ought not to have kept it. I—always meant—to return it to you."

"Did you?" said Boughton, in a somewhat curious voice.

He allowed her to put the bracelet in his hands, and stood turning it about in the glow from the fire which made daylight in the big blue stones.

"Of course you don't expect me to keep it?" he said at last, looking up at her.

"Why? why?" she said, rather blankly.

"Oh, well, because I like to fancy you more consistent than other women, perhaps. You know it wouldn't be very consistent to tell me that you were sorry for a rudeness in one breath, and then to commit another in the next. Would it, now?"

"I—don't understand," said the Lady Tongue, who seemed all at once to have forfeited her claim to that title.

"Why, you see," Phil went on slowly, "it isn't very civil to return a gift. May I put it on for you?"

She stood perfectly silent for fully a moment. There was no sound save from the softly crackling fire. Then she held out her arm. As he slipped the bracelet back into its place he said, quietly:

"That was a very pretty custom among the Jews, was it not?—the custom of having betrothal bracelets."

"Did they?" said Judith, indistinctly.

"Why, you must have read of it. The lover put on the bracelet and then pushed back his sweetheart's veil for the first time. Your hair is like a veil, Judith."

"Is it?" said Judith.

There was a hammering at her ears, and his voice came to her indistinctly. She felt that he was drawing her nearer and nearer to him by the arm that he still held, then his hand was on her hair pushing it back from her temple and eyes. Then his mouth upon her mouth.

She seemed suddenly to break from a spell. She pushed him from her with might and main, and stood apart, shuddering but erect.

"You—you—think that you have only to command, Sir Oracle," she said in a steady voice. She even smiled a little. Then she took off the bracelet and laid it on the table between them.

"I cannot wear it," she said, very clearly. "And dad will be wanting me now. Good night."

She was gone, and Boughton stood for several minutes with his chin set in his thumb and forefinger, looking down at the pretty blue and gold kickshaw.

It was just three days after this that a rather lively skirmish took place in the Mill-Meadow.

It was an encounter between Boughton's men, who were on their way to join General——at Gordonsville, and a regiment that had lost its way in following.

* * * * * *

The popping of rifles went on for some two hours, and then Judith could stand it no longer. She rushed out of the house with her father's field-glass, and stood on the top of a little hill near the ice-house, trying her best to make out how things were going.

She was as white as the fold of the little cambric kerchief crossed over her bosom. There was a horrid weight in her heart, an aching almost past endurance in her throat. She stood there for some moments, but could see nothing for smoke.

All at once she noticed the figure of a man running, in bold relief against the broad snow-fields beyond.

A strange panic got hold of her. What was about to happen? He came nearer and nearer, and she saw first that he had lost his cap, and then that he had no sword. Nearer he came, and nearer. He was a splendid runner, at all events, and what was very strange, he seemed to know the approach to the house quite well. As he came to the great clump of catalpa trees which grew on the hill-side just below the ice-house, he struck out to the left.

Suddenly Judith gave a cry. The field-glass dropped at her feet. She put up her hands to her throat, and again that terrible cry broke from her.

Twilight was setting in, but she had seen his face quite clearly. It was Dick—Dick her brother, her father's only son—Dick, the pride of her heart—her soldier—a Virginian. She stood for an instant, her eyes never moving from the copse into which he had darted, and in that instant she had made up her mind.

She rushed to a log cabin some twenty yards away. Uncle Eden was inside; the poor old fellow had sprained his wrist badly some days ago, and he was sitting alone over the smouldering fire with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth.

A moment later he was following Judith down to the copse.

"Dick!" called the girl softly; "Dick! answer; it is I—Judith."

He came after awhile, sullen and blood-stained. There was a bullet-scratch across one of his soft cheeks, and a lot of blood about him here and there.

"What's the matter?" he said, sharply. "How did you know that I was here? I have been wounded."

"And so have I—and so have I!" said the girl. Then she took his arm into both her hands. "Dick," she whispered, keeping his eyes with a look which haunted him for many a long day, "*I saw you running.*"

"Well?" he said, with an attempt at bravado. "What of that? I expect if you take the trouble to look, you'll see many a poor devil running before the day's over."

"I saw you running," she said again, in that strange whisper.

Then she threw herself on the ground before him and got hold of his cowardly knees.

"Oh! darling," she said, "oh! my darling. Go back—go back—go back. No one will ever know. You can say you came to get a horse. There is Hautboy—take him and go back. Quick—quick!"

He stood there, ghastly white under the red stains on his face, with his sullen brows drawn down.

"I tell you I'm wounded," he said. "I've been shot twice in this arm."

"Twice!" she cried. "If it were twenty times, what matter? Oh! Dick——"

"It's my bridle arm," he muttered.

"Your bridle arm? What! you stand there and tell me that? You—whose father has ridden to hounds many and many a time with his right hand so crippled with gout that he had to wear it in a sling? Oh! we are wasting time so. Come—come on—Eden's here. He will have Hautboy in a minute. Come, Dick! Come, darling Dick!"

Then he turned on her. He wrenched himself free from her hands, and stood scowling down at her.

"I will not!" he said, with shut teeth, as she herself sometimes spoke. "You think it's very grand, don't you, to come and bully a fellow with one arm helpless, to get on a great fiery steed like Hautboy and ride into that devil's mess down yonder? That's the way women are brave! Oh, yes—pushing men forward into all sorts of danger, and then playing the coward under cover of their own petticoats. Yes, I say——"

"Stop!" said the girl. She got to her feet, but looked at him no longer.

"Uncle Eden!" she cried.

He stepped forward, his black face taking on that strange ashen hue which is the synonym of pallor in a negro.

"Come with us," she said, once more speaking to her brother.

"What are you going to do?" he burst out querulously. "If you think you're going to force me into going, I'll be——first!"

"Oh! coward—coward!" she said with a very mirthless smile. And then again, "Coward!"

It went through his very marrow. But he took no step forward.

"Come," she repeated. "Don't—don't be—afraid!" she smiled again. "I only want you to come to Uncle Eden's cabin, where you will be—safe!" Again the smile.

Then he followed her. Once inside of the cabin, she turned sternly upon him.

"Take off your uniform," she said. "I am going for Hautboy. Uncle Eden will stay with you."

"What—what are you going to do?" he gasped, staring at her.

"I'm going in your place. Don't sneer; I mean it. Have off your uniform by the time I come back."

He did not in the least believe her, but he took off his clothes as she bade him, more out of a sort of sullen curiosity than anything else. He wanted to see how far she would go.

In ten minutes she was back. He handed her the uniform with a sort of laugh, and she took it without a word and went down into the copse, leading Hautboy, who was saddled with a man's saddle. Half way there she turned and called the old negro, who stood the picture of misery just outside the cabin door.

"Uncle Eden," she said. She took his horny hand and held it between her soft palms. "I'm really going. He doesn't believe it, but I'm going. It—it's the only way. My father, Eden. Oh! dad—dad!" Then she went on quietly again. "I want you to get him off if I'm hurt, you know—well—killed. Either way there'll be room for him to start over. If I'm killed, and they bring me back, don't tell any one. Have me buried for—him. If they wonder about me, never mind. The other would kill dad. That's all. Good-by, dear Eden."

She put one soft arm about his black neck, drew down his loyal old woolly pate, and kissed him twice. Then she went, and left him sobbing as though his heart would break.

It was a soundless gallop over the new-fallen snow, past so many familiar places and objects. Now came the old mill, now the barn, now the spot where she and Boughton had climbed the straw stacks that other December day. Now the leap over the mill-stream. She noticed that the marsh-mallows seemed abloom again, with their brown cups full of snow.

Suddenly there was a flash to one side. A sabre lying on the snow. There was blood on it. Ah! the one Dick had thrown away, of course. She dismounted and took it into her hand, and got up again. The blood was stiff with the keen air, and did not come off when she grasped the hilt. On and on. Nearer and even nearer that sharp, incessant sound. She had ridden as often on a man's saddle in her childish days as on any other, and she had a light, beautiful seat in her boy's clothes.

Ah, yes! there they were. How the smoke hung in the air. Some crows actually flew cawing away, as she rode under the dead sycamore tree where they had their nest. Nearer, nearer, nearer. That was what Hautboy's hoofs, as they suddenly struck the frozen road, seemed to say to her.

Then all at once came something close by her ear. The sound of a wasp alighting to sting. Another and another. Then she realized what it was. She was within range of the rifles. A bullet stung Hautboy's ear and he reared a little.

Suddenly he swerved sharply aside. They had nearly ridden over something that lay on the ground. Something huddled, and dark, and small-looking in a gray uniform. A sort of horror got hold on her; she looked back at it again and again, as she rode on. Then came another and yet another.

Then some lying in this way and that, and across one and another, and then, somehow, she was in a whirl of smoke, and of noise, and of leaping blades, and Philip was beside her. And he, too, had lost his cap, and there was a great ugly gash all across his cheek, and he was saying:

"Dick; You? Thank God! thank God I thought you were killed. Come on—this once will finish 'em," and then she was rushing on with Philip, and on, and on, and on——

And then it was red as though blood had been poured into her eyes, and she could see it. And then golden as though with a great sunset. And then came darkness unutterable, and the noise as of a thousand rivers about, and above, and underneath her.

When Boughton rode up to Carylon, with Dick, as he thought, on the saddle in front of him, old Eden was the first who met him, and in spite of all his agony (for he thought the boy was dead) Philip couldn't help noticing with a dull sort of wonder, how the old man had aged since yesterday.

He shook in every limb, as he followed them upstairs, and then, when Boughton had laid down his burden on the bed in Dick's room, turned and shut the door, and went and fell on his knees besides the bed, and got hold of the coverlet with both hands, panting rather than sobbing, like one who has run a long way.

Boughton stood it as long as he could, walking up and down the room, forgetful of exhaustion in his tremendous excitement, then he came and sat down on the edge of the bed, and put one hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Don't—don't, Eden," he said, unsteadily. "He died so gallantly—poor little chap—I didn't know it was in him," he added, in a hushed voice.

Then cried the old man, lifting up his shaking hands with a certain uncouth majesty:

"Fo' Gord, suh, you must' know—you mus' know. I cyarn stan' tuh heah yuh call huh dat. Oh! my little miss—oh! my honey! Marse Phil, suh, she tole' me not tuh tell, but you mus' know, suh. Hit's right—Hit's right. Oh! Marse Phil, dat ain' Marse Dick, dat's Miss Judiff herse'f—herse'f!"

"What?" said Boughton.

His blood stood still in his veins. There was one instant of absolute nonentity for him. And before he could speak again there rushed in and past him a wild figure, and flung itself on the bed, and moaned and wept and called the name of "Judith" many times. And this pale figure had Dick's pale gray eyes, and the eyes of the figure on the bed were closed. Also there was much red of blood in the red-brown curls.

And when at last the poor, repentant craven had swooned for very grief and horror, Boughton pushed him aside with his foot, and calling him "hound," added an ugly word back of his teeth.

But when the women came to dress her again as a maiden, he was kneeling there beside her with his face upon her hand—and they thought that he, too, was dead.

* * * * * *

So the days wore away, and it was Christmas eve again, when the doctor, coming from Judith's room, said that for the first time he could tell them to "hope." On Christmas morning, she turned her sweet face with recognition toward the half-curtained window, and said:

"Don't I hear the bells, dad?"

He answered "Yes." It was all that he could say, the dear old colonel. And then she said, "Why, it must be Christmas day?" and this time he could only nod. So she asked him to draw the curtain, and lay very peacefully for a little space, looking out at the saffron glare of the weather glim, behind the network of the tulip trees just outside her window. After awhile she spoke again. Just one word this time.

"Dick?"

Then when he came in, his poor, weak features working piteously, she took him to her soft breast and crooned over him, being too weak for speech. And after many words he whispered:

"Oh! Judith, darling, you have given me something I never had in my life until now."

And she said:

"What, dear boy?"

Whereat, bending his face in her pillow, he sobbed out:

"Courage."

Then she reached for him with her thin, little hand, and here is what she said:

"I am so glad, dear boy. It's the only Christmas present I can give you," and she smiled at him, and kissed all of his face that she could reach for the pillow.

And that evening she asked to see Philip.

He came and took her hand without saying anything, but she could hear the clamor of his heart as he knelt close beside her.

"Phil," she said, "I—I thought you might have a Christmas gift for me? Have you?"

"I would have gotten you a thousand if I had known," he began; but she stopped him.

"Isn't there—the—the bracelet?" she said, not looking at him. "I would like it very much. I don't know whether it would stay on——"

He rose white, even to his lips, and went and fetched it. Then as he took her hand to put it on, he said:

"Judith, you know what this means?"

"Yes," she said. "and I—I have something for you, Phil; not much, but I thought you might like it, you know."

"Anything that you will give me I will appreciate," he said, "if it's only the ribbon that has tied your shoe. Tell me, what is it?"

Then said my Lady Tongue, making a sweet outward gesture with her little, slender arm:

"It is—it is myself."

They were married before he rejoined his regiment, and even the cruel war did not divide them; but Dick was shot at Gettysburg, and they said that no lad in all the South had ever died more bravely.

THE END.

IMMOVABLE JAWS.

The Curious Case of an Old Massachusetts Farmer.

Newspapers at the present time contain many interesting stories of old people who are hearty, but it is doubtful if a more curious case than the one reported by the Fall River *Globe* has ever been published. It is that of a Dartmouth farmer named William Bennett, who is nearly 60 years of age. He was born in Tiverton, R. I., and lived for many years in a comfortable farm house on the main road to Newport. When he was about 5 years of age he was attacked with a child's disease, for which Dr. West was engaged to prescribe. The Dr. West mentioned lived in a large mansion below Bridgeport, and was an ancestor of the present family which resides in that vicinity. At the time of Mr. Bennett's illness, salivation was a favorite form of treatment. Calomel was the drug ordered and administered to the patient. Either from carelessness or other cause the mercurial preparation lodged in the boy's jaws, and a cancerous sore was developed. For many weeks his life was dispaired of. Finally the growth was killed, but when it had disappeared it was found that the muscles of the child's jaws were ruined, and, like the upper, the lower jaw would always remain fixed. To regain strength it was necessary to have all his food specially prepared before it was given to him. When placed before him he managed to squeeze it in between the lips which were slowly recovering from the almost fatal work done by the deadly drug. The salivary glands were not injured by the burning of the calomel. Bennett recovered after a long illness and grew up as most Rhode Island boys do who spend a life on a farm. He pays visits to the Fall River marketmen, with whom he has done business for nearly 50 years. He is a ready featured portly man of genial temperament, and with the exception of a slight facial defect he shows no signs of the accident which has kept his jaws immovable for so many years.

How He Played Lady's Maid.

Mr. Goodman, in the sudden absence of his wife's maid, attempts to help her on with her new winter dress.

He—You just see if I can't help you just as well as that blamed English maid. Confound it, after I've helped you once you'll be wanting me to all the time, see if you don't.

She—Well, put it on carefully now over my head. Look out for my hair; I don't see what possessed me to put it up before I put this thing on, though I couldn't have raised my arms, I suppose, afterward. Look out, there's a hook caught in my hairpin. For heaven's sake, Charles, get it one way or the other, I'm stifling and my hair will all be down. There, now, that top steel is too high and the cushion interferes with it. Suppose you could get the cushion out? Rip it, pull it, anything! Don't you see it's 8 o'clock? Got it out? Can't you do it? Pull it, I tell you! All right. Now see if it looks too flat. Well, hook it then. Yes, you can, too, it's only a patent hook. Snap it! There, now, hold it so I can get my arms into the sleeves—not way up there—do you take me for a contortionist? Oh, I never can get those sleeves on; grab hold of the arm-hole with both hands, Charles, and give it a good pull up onto my shoulder; tell me if it begins to burst; does it? The veins in my hands will burst, I believe—open that window, will you—there now—give me the end of that belt, will you; don't tell me, Charles, that you've twisted the waist, and I've got to take it off again! Why, how could you have been so stupid? Where were your eyes? No, you can't pull it off that way—pull it off just as you do a glove—there, now, do exert yourself to get it right this time. Open that window a little wider will you? What is the matter—caught something? Well, never mind. Unhook your watch, and let the chain hang on the dress—it won't be likely to fall off, and you mustn't tear that lace; well, I'll get you another one if you lose it—do get those sleeves on again; there, now, pass me the belt. Oh, that fool of a dressmaker; she's got this so tight, when I told her I wanted to be comfortable. Open that door, will you, so there will be a draught? Now see if you can't hook this waist up. No—begin at the bottom. Why, don't you see, the hooks and eyes alternate on each side, so as to make it hold? Can't you get it together? Why, pull; I can stand it. Torn your finger nails out? Well, for heaven's sake, Charley, don't notice it now. I've got something I'll put on it after we get home. Can you hook that last hook, up on my left shoulder; and then that one down on my right hip? Now, get a good firm hold of the bottom of my skirt and give it a pull down all round. Now do get out of the way and let me look in the mirror. Heavens! I look like a perfect dump. Tip the mirror up a little more, will you? No, not that way—the other way—and go get me your hand-glass, won't you? Turn the gas up a little higher, and do keep out of my way; I can't see a square inch of my dress. Well, it looks a little better than I thought it did at first. Just give that drapery behind a smooth, will you? and pull that ruching up on my neck. There, now, put both your hands around my waist, and give it a good hard smooth down. There, I guess that will do now. I look very well. But for goodness sake don't ever ask me to let you help me again!"—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Put His Foot in It.

"Can it be possible she's your daughter," said old Swank, "I declare, madam, I thought she was your sister."

"No, sir!" said madam, tickled beyond control. "She is my daughter, I assure you."

"Well, she certainly looks old enough, madam."

Love's Labor Lost.

"Tommy," said the teacher, sternly, "your writing is wretched; it is nothing but a scrawl."

"Well, what's the use of learning to write at all," asked Tommy, "when they are inventin' writin' machines almost every day?"

Says Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Many years ago, in walking among the graves at Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions of the surrounding monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' This was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life which I knew and I asked nothing more"

—American experts claim that the addition of cotton seed oil to lard improves its quality for pastry cooks and is not an adulteration.

—"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" "No. What for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He got brough two bars when some one hit him with a stave."

FRENCH WOMEN DEFENDED.

At last a distinguished Frenchman has done himself honor by breaking a lance in defence of French women. In the *Fortnightly Review* for December the venerable Jules Simon undertakes to combat the false impression resulting from a failure to distinguish between Paris and France. The Parisian woman, he says, is one thing and the French woman another. But he insists that the Parisian woman is misjudged and maligned because the writers for newspapers, the writers of fiction and temporary observers in Paris paint her and describe her as she is in the Bohemia to which they penetrate, and not as she exists in the home life of the great city. The women of France, taken all in all, are as virtuous as the women of any other country, and they are the mainstay of religious influence. Their domestic virtues, their thrift, their business capacity, are beyond all praise. Their greatest weakness is their vanity. The restraint exercised by women upon the national tendency to irreligion is illustrated by an anecdote:

M. Cousin told me once a saying of Louis Philippe. In 1840 there was a quarrel between the Jesuits and the University; it was the old struggle between belief and unbelief, which takes every possible shape according to the spirit of the age, and, according to the period, shows itself in petty persecutions or in massacre. There had been a long discussion in the Cabinet. "Above all," said the King, as he rose to go away, "do not get me into hot water with my good queen." M. Cousin made fun at it; but he was wrong. Almost every Frenchman says as the King said, "Don't get me into hot water with my good queen." For my part I commend them, because I do not want to get into hot water with this "good queen," and I congratulate them, because this influence which they feel prevents them from yielding to the influence of sectaries, which would break up society if allowed to do as it pleased.

M. Simon concludes his paper with the following impressive statement:

The evil from which we are suffering is not a degraded state of morals, a condition which I do not believe exists. It lies in the attempts made on two sides, by the Socialists and the Jacobins to unchristianize France. My opinion is that they will not succeed, and for the last three or four years a powerful reaction has set in against them. But if they did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality; not that it is impossible to construct a moral system without the support of a religion, but because this purely philosophical morality is only intelligible to great intellects, and exercises absolutely no influence upon the masses. The evil which we must fight against lies here, in the politics of the present day, it is not in the great mass of the nation, which is religious as well as virtuous.

He Refused to View the Corpse.

Recently Mr. Troutbeck, the coroner for Westminster, was about to hold an inquest at St. James Vestry Hall, Piccadilly, when a gentleman practicing as an accountant in Regent street claimed exemption from serving on the jury on the ground that he was 67 years of age and a little deaf. The coroner having explained that that was not a sufficient excuse, the gentleman said he thought a man of his age should not be subjected to "these little annoyances." The coroner said it was not a little annoyance but a duty. At this injunction the gentleman declared that he had never seen a dead body in his life, and that he would not look at one if the coroner swore him in.

The coroner—You must act according to your oath and conscience.

The gentleman—I have no conscience in the matter. I shall not look at the body.

The coroner—You must behave yourself, or I shall order you to leave the court.

The gentleman—I shall be delighted. I am not bound to look upon a thing I have never seen.

The other jurymen were then sworn, the gentleman in question remaining seated.

The coroner—Will you be sworn?

The gentleman—No, I object to be sworn. I have never seen a dead body, and shall not look at one now.

The coroner—Do you refuse to serve?

The gentleman—If you tell me I am compelled to by Act of Parliament, I will be sworn.

The coroner—You are compelled by the Act of Parliament.

This did not satisfy the gentleman, who still retained his seat and refused to be sworn.

The coroner—Do you refuse to kiss the book?

The gentleman—I will if you give me a clean one.

The coroner—Leave the room, sir, at once.

The gentleman then left the court, at the same time warning the coroner's officer to keep his hands off him.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Death of a Veteran.

The London *Times* says: "The death is announced of Mr. Jonathan Alexander, of Edinburgh, who was present at the battle of Waterloo. He was born at Edinburgh in 1799, and came of a fighting family, his grandfather having been with Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans, while his father was an officer in the 26th Cameronian Regiment. Mr. Alexander joined the 52nd Regiment in the end of 1814, and in May, 1815, accompanied the troops from Ostend en route to Brussels and Waterloo. His regiment was in General Picton's division at Quatre Bras. Subsequently volunteering into the 66th, he accompanied that regiment from Portsmouth to St. Helena in October, 1815, and he remained in the island as one of the guard of the fallen Napoleon until his death in 1821. He used to speak of the anxious care with which the deposed emperor was watched and guarded. In 1822 Mr. Alexander formed one of the guard at Holyrood Palace, on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to Scotland, when the Scots Greys were also on duty. He received his discharge in 1838, since which period he had resided in Edinburgh. He had a fund of anecdotes respecting the celebrated men whom he had seen, or with whom he had been thrown in contact.

Deaf and Dumb Dancers.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League gave a ball in Lyric Hall last night. A party of about 200 young ladies and young men attended it, and they formed a very happy and joyful company, notwithstanding the fact that nearly every one of them was both deaf and dumb. There was excellent music, and the dancers kept remarkably good time to it, aided somewhat by the vibrations of the orchestra and by watching each other very closely. The young ladies were excellent dancers. There was never a quieter ball given in the city. The sound of the human voice was rarely heard, but the dancers kept up a lively conversation for all that. The Union League is a club of 14 boys and young men who are either pupils at or graduates from the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. At this school the articulate method is taught, but, notwithstanding this, one-half the proceeds of last night's ball will go to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappinger's Falls, N.Y., which is named after Dr. Gallaudet, who was the great advocate of the sign system, which is at war with the articulate system.—*New York Times.*

Saved from an Earthquake.

Inscription on a tombstone in a burying-ground on the island of Jamaica: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died the 22nd of September, 1739, aged 80 years. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled in this island, where, in the great earthquake in the year 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the great providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming till he was taken up by a boat and miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and was universally lamented."

A Good Reason.

First Tramp—I wish I was President of this country for jist one day?

Second Tramp—What for?

First Tramp—For the salary, of course.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Glasgow's Underground Railway.

Glasgow, Scotland, will build a second underground railway 7 miles long, 26 feet wide and 18 to 23 feet below the surface, with the steepest grade at 60 feet a mile, at a cost of about $5,600,000 on which a return of 6 per cent. is expected.

Take Your Choice.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat."

"All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"

TWO ABSENT-MINDED MEN.

Conversation Heard in a Theatre Between the Acts.

"Now, be sure not to forget," said a lady, playfully shaking her finger at her escort as he arose to stretch his legs between acts and, turning to a lady friend, exclaimed: "He is so absent-minded."

"Does he forget your letters and errands?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he is so absent-minded I never intrust any to him. But he forgets me. Why, only last week he went out between the acts and never returned. I went home alone and found him peacefully smoking his cigar before the open fire, quite oblivious of myself and the theatre. I was very indignant, but when I began with tears in my eyes, 'How could you go off and leave me so?' the whole occurrence seemed to flash upon him. He sprang to his feet declaring he had been worrying all the evening about something he had forgotten, and so overwhelmed me with loving protestations that I couldn't talk to him very seriously."

"How sad! I wonder if all men are so afflicted? My husband is. Why, I remember one day he arose from the dinner table and, feeling a slight uneasiness in his eyes, began operations upon them with a toothpick, nearly destroying his sight."

"How unfortunate!"

"Yes; and one night I asked him to replenish the fuel in the grate, and in a fit of abstraction he brought in a hod of water and poured it upon the fire, scalding himself and bringing ruin to everything."

"O-o-h, how perfectly awful! But I hadn't begun to tell you the worst about my husband. Why, it was only a week after our marriage, while walking down Woodward avenue arm in arm, he so far forgot himself as to imagine he had an extremely burdensome bundle under his arm, and he offered a newsboy a quarter to carry it for him.

"'But war's your bundle, mister?' the little fellow inquired. And, will you believe it, my Benedict deliberately turned me over to the small boy, and I was so mortified——"

Her voice was drowned by the orchestra.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bare-Legged Ushers for Mrs. Langtry.

In her forthcoming production of "Macbeth" in New York city, Mrs. Langtry positively refuses to be dictated to by criticism or tradition. One of the novel features about the play will be introduced in the front of the house. Behind the scene Mrs. Langtry's will is supreme, but in the auditorium Manager Joseph Reynolds' authority has such weight that the actress has gladly accepted his suggestion that the ushers be clothed in Highland costume. Kilts, plaids, bare legs and claymores are to take the place of the neat little military jackets that they usually wear. Not only the ushers on the main floor, but those in balcony and gallery as well are to don the Scotch undress. Even the man who takes tickets at the door is to wear it, and the colored porter who guards the Broadway entrance is to do the same. These two are inclined to protest against the novelty on account of their innate modesty. They don't like the idea of being stared at.

"I'll go on de roof 'n' shovel snow," said the colored man of all work. "I'll walk de tight-rope across de stage. I'll play eny part dey axes me from de star down tu de super. I'll do eynthing Misser Reynolds say 'cep'n' prance roun' de front door wid my legs all naked an' bar. 'Tain't right to su'ject er gineleman to undignerty like dat on dese civilizin' times."

He is entitled to sympathy.

"Aren't you afraid that the 'gallery gods' will pinch the legs of the upstair ushers?" Mr. Reynolds was asked.

"Well, we thought of that," he replied, "but have come to the conclusion that there's no danger. You see, Mrs. Langtry never draws a gallery. It is mostly the fashionable people who go to see her. No, we are not afraid of being guyed by the 'gods.'"

"Any other novelties?"

"I can tell you of one. All the tiresome part of the witch scene is to be cut out of the play."

Mr. Reynolds expects that Mrs. Langtry will furnish a pleasant surprise to the public.

Looking After the House.

"Good-bye, dear," said the wife to her husband as the train stood in the station. She was going to the country to spend a few weeks, and he was to remain behind to look after the house.

"Now don't leave the house alone at night any more than you can help, will you, dear?"

"No, of course not."

"And see that the shutters are lw s fastened."

"Yes."

"And feed the bird."

"To be sure."

"Don't forget to have the butcher leave a little fresh meat each day for Fido."

"I'll see to that."

"Leave the upstairs windows open as much as you can, won't you, dear, but don't let any rain beat in."

"I'll be careful about that."

"Write to me often and tell me how everything is getting on."

"Of course. I must get off, the train is going to start."

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Then he went to the house, locked it up, and engaged rooms at a hotel.

The Night Before Christmas.

It seems that Troy lays claim to the honor of having first published to the world that remarkable poem, "The Night Before Christmas." "The first rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city," says a contemporary, "the Rev. David Butler, who resigned in 1834, had a daughter Harriet, who sometimes visited the family of Rev. Benjamin Moore, of New York, an eminent bishop of the Episcopal Church. On one of these visits she looked over the poems of his son, Clement C. Moore, who was a professor in the General Theological Seminary of his Church. She found the Christmas poem, which its author regarded as of no value, and carried it to Troy, where it was published in the Troy *Sentinel*, edited by Orville L. Holley. It was instantly copied by the press throughout the country, and has made the name of its author a household word in every home where the English language is read."—*Rochester Union.*

Oddities of a Day.

Many workmen in a York (Me.) bleachery spent Christmas with both hands in slings. A new lime used in dye a few days before had so softened the skin of their hands that the blood burst through.

A man in Malton, Nev., tipped a couple of barrels of whiskey into a natural spring which flowed on his premises and invited all the ranchmen for miles around to come and see it. The next day he sold the spring for $10,000 in gold dust and fled the country.

A Modern Instance.

"Madame, are you a woman-suffragist?"

"No, sir; I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

A Physical Impossibility.

Young Charlie Gunther (whose pa rich)—Jack, she just rejected me, and actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me!

Jack—Oh, she cawn't do that, deah boy. Her dwess is sleeveless, don'tcherknow?

His Choice.

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakspeare or Edison?"

Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Yes. Why?"

"'Cause he ain't dead."

Sucked Before.

Little darling—That was a white-sugar-almond I gave oo, Mr. Squeams. Does oo like it?

Crusty old bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question)—Very much, indeed, thank you.

Little darling—It was pink—once.

Over twenty seizures of illicit tobacco have been made by Inland Revenue officers recently in Prescott and Russell counties.

—Young girls of 10 say that if they marry at all they will marry the best man to be found; but when their wedding day comes the "best man" is not the bridegroom.

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

She Kept a Diary Until She Suspected Her Father of a Mean Trick.

Mark Twain, if he is in a mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first met the lady who afterward became his wife he was not so distinguished as now; his origin was humble, and for some years of his life had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you said 'Yes;' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What?" exclaimed the Judge rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtlessly getting a glimpse at it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzy and me?"

"No, no indeed!" replied the magnate, sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad;" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Mark has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page was worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary." She was Mark's own child.—*New York Mail and Express.*

KNEELING ON A SAWHORSE.

A Very Exciting Contest Between Some Worcester Girls.

Last came the greatest event of the season—the wood-sawing match. On the platform stood seven sawhorses silently awaiting developments. By the side of each saw lay two sticks of wood; one big and one little one. Each stick was to be cut twice in two, and the young lady who completed the task first was to receive a silver pin, with a graven image of a buck-saw rampant thereon, while the lady last to push the serrated steel through the red oak was to have a bottle of Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

To the music of a piano accompaniment the seven young ladies formed in line. Some of them bashfully rested the knee against the stick of wood to hold in place, while the others went at it in business fashion, putting the foot right up where it belonged, showing dainty little ankles and pretty little frills.

Miss Denholm cut the first stick off the quickest, the second also, and looked like a sure winner, but her grit was more than her strength. Miss Rogers and Miss Blood gained and passed her, finishing first and second respectively in 1m. 10s. and 1m. 20s.—*Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.*

The Miseries of High Life.

Mrs. Westend—Oh, such a time as I do have with nurses! I've discharged three this week for not keeping the children quiet, and it hasn't done a bit of good.

Mrs. Tiptop—I notice the noise from the nursery is terrible. Well, I have the same trouble, and my husband, who is getting deaf, actually refuses to be treated for it. I can't see what sort of creatures these child's nurses can be. They don't seem to have a bit of sense. I actually caught one buying cheap candy with her own money to keep the little angels quiet. Just think of the impudence of the thing—putting cheap candy into the delicate stomachs of my children. Well I said I'd discharge her if she repeated the offense, and what do you suppose she did next? Why, when they began to yell and kick at her for not buying them a locomotive and cars big enough to ride in she actually threatened to have their father whip them, just as if she, a common, ignorant nurse, had a right to keep their father, my husband, at her beck and call. No wonder the children laughed and then yelled louder than ever. Even they could see the effrontery of the thing.

Mrs. Westend—Well, I'd send her flying. Dear me! What a racket! Hark! Ah! I understand it now. That miserable creature who calls herself a nurse is trying to stand little Billy in the corner for something. Isn't it awful. Now, if she hits him I'll just send for the police—I just will. I shan't be contented with a simple discharge. It's high time these creatures were taught a lesson.

Mrs. Tiptop—I think so, too. No wonder the little dears learn to yell and kick and bite when they have such examples set them. They see it's a mere question of physical strength—brute force—of course they do. Why don't these nurses keep the children amused? That's what they are hired to do. Well, I must hurry, for I have an engagement at the intelligence office at this hour. I want if possible to get a nurse to replace the one I have now. Since dear little Bobby kicked her shins black and blue she has hated him so she won't buy any more candy for him, and it almost breaks my heart to hear the poor little fellow cry.

Odd Items from Foreign Shores.

Bismarck is now said to be "thin and bony."

The flower trade of London is estimated to amount to £5,000 sterling a day.

The cleansing of the marble arch has been finished, and now, to the