Winnie's Welcome.

Well, Shamus, what brought ye?

It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?

Stop there! Don't be lyin';

It's no use denyin'—
I know you've been waitin' on Kitty Magee,

She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely,
Who've loved you much longer and better than she
But 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin'
Your charge I'm denyin',
You're wrong to attribute such wakeness to me;
If tears I am showin'.
I'd have ye be knowin'!
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee;

For mane an' consated,
Wid pride overweighted,
Cold, heartless and brutial she'll find ye to be;
When you she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin.,
She'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been shammin',
Just tryin' to test the affection in me;
But you're the sly divil!
There, now! Plase be civil;
Don't hug me to death, I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me Well, I'll not refuse ye— I know you'll be tindher and lovin' wid me; To show my conthrition For doubts and suspicion. I'll ax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Magee.

-Galveston News. WILL EMMET.

THE MOORE CENTENARY.

A meeting of the Executive Committee for the A meeting of the Executive Committee for the carrying out of the arrangements for the celebration of the above centenary was held in the Mansion House on the 28th ult. Present: R. R. Madden, Esq., M. R. I. A., in the chair; S. N. Elrington, Esq.; Lieut.-Colonel Davoren, J. J. McSwiney, Esq.; J. Sullivan, J. Norwood, James Burke, St. John Brenan, Professor Hennessy and W. L. Barish

34 Rutland Square, Feb. 28. MY DEAR NORWOOD,-My absence in London prevented me from replying at once to your kind note. I appreciate the compliment paid to me by your committee. That, I am glad to see, contains worthy representatives of all classes and parties amongst us. I have had some hesitation in complying with their wish, as it was my fortune many years ago, in an assembly made memorable by the presidency of the venerable Earl of Charlemont and the Eloquence of Lord Carlyle, to speak at length on the genius and character of Thomas Moore, and tions I made on the occasion. But, in my judgment it behooves us all to combine in rendering the celebration on which you have resolved honorable to Ireland and to the poet who so loved and served her throughout his brilliant life. I do not feel at liberty to refuse any small assistance I can offer towards that good end, and I accept the invitation of the committee. Believe me, yours very faithfully. am afraid I can add little, if any, to the observafaithfully, J. Norwood, Esq., LL. D.

The following address to the Irish people and all admirers of the genius of Moore was submitted and ordered to be circulated:

Executive Committee Rooms, Mansion House, Dublin, Feb. 25, 1879.

his country, the city of his birth, it shall be fittingly honored. To this end a committee, embracing representatives of every class, party and section of the resentatives of every class, party and section of the resentatives of every class, party and section of the resentatives of every class, party and section of the presentatives of every class, party and section of the presentatives of their own vanity, imagine they can manufacture immortantly of Dublin. The accompanying programme presents, we believe, a platform on which Irishmen, how diverse seever their opinions, may unite in the condemnation of their conduct. A Rosetti, how diverse seever their opinions, may unite in ow diverse soever their opinions, may homage to Irish genius. We respectfully and carnestly solicit public support and co-operation, so We respectfully and that this programme, though modest and unpre-tending, may yet, in its realization, reflect credit on tending, may yet, in its realization, reflect credit on our common country, and prove a not unworthy tribute to an immortal memory. Cheeks and post office orders for "Moore Cen-tenary Fund" will be received at the National Bank,

Dublin, or by any of the undersigned treasurers, at the Mansion House, Dublin. Signed,
John Barrington, Lord Mayor, Chairman.

HUGH TARPEY, Ald., J. P., High) Honorary

Sheriff,
PATRICK MACCABE FAY,
The programme will include an oration on the genius and character of Moore, to be delivered at noon, on the 20th of May, by the Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan; the recitation of a "Centenary Ode," written by Denis Florence McCarthy, Esq.; a grand concert of music, associated with Moore's works, between the first and second parts of which Mr. Mcode will be recited; and in the evening Carthy's ode will be recited; and in the evening there will be given a second grand concert, consisting of the poetry of Thomas Moore. There will also be formed a Moore collection, similar to the Byron collection, which attracted so much notice in London some two years ago; and will embrace such memorials of our national poets as may be entrusted to the committee. The Lord Mayor has in contemplating to give a fancy hall at the Mayoron. templation to give a fancy ball at the Mansion House, at which the characters for the most part will be selected from the writings of Moore.

After the transaction of some routine business, the committee adjourned.

On Tuesday last afternoon a meeting of the Moore Centenary Committee was held in the Mansion House. chair was occupied by Dr. R. R. Madden,

M. R. I. A.

The following gentlemen were also present: P.
J. Smyth, M. P.: Stephen N. Elrington, James
Bourke, Professor Hennessy, St. John Brenan, Dr.
Norwood, T. D. Sullivan, Edwin Hamilton, Wil-

Norwood, T. D. Sullivan, Edwin Hamilton, William Gernon, Professor Kavanagh.

Professor Hennessy said he had received a very interesting letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, who, at the suggestion of Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy, had been communicated with. (Hear, hear.) The letter was as follows: ter was as follows:

"Avenue Villa, 50 Holland Street, and Ward Street, an

"MY DEAR SIR,-Your letter has given to m

and to your countrywoman, my wife, very great gratification indeed. We thank you for it, and also warmly thank the right honorable the Lord Mayor for his courtesy and kindness, and for the

that head. Some ten or fifteen years ago I published a memory of him in a book of memories of the many great men and women I have known persoally. That memory I am reprinting as a pamphlet (with some becoming omissions and some minor additions). It gave great satisfaction, I may say happiness, to the estimable lady his widow, for I humbly say it went far to remove popular prejudice which believed him to be somewhat devoted say happiness, to the estimable lady his widow, for I humbly say it went far to remove popular preju dice, which believed him to be somewhat devoted to pleasure and 'loving' only a lord. He did love a lord, but subserviency to rank was as far from him as dishonesty and drunkenness. I never knew, in all my experience of the great in letters, a better man—a man of purer and loftier soul. I have said all that, and ere long will send yon a copy of the pamphlet in which I say it. But to the point. I have many things to contribute; among them is a small harp, now and then he used it, just to strike a key-note; the inkstand of George Crabbe, to which he wrote a grand poem; and a letter from the son of Crabbe, presenting the inkstand to Moore after Crabbe's death. That letter and the original poem (in his handwriting) I presented very recently poem (in his handwriting) I presented very recently to the poet Longfellow, to whom I have bequeathed the inkstand. I have also the little plain deal table the inkstand. I have also the little plain deal table that for many years stood in the 'terrace walk' at Sloperton, on which he wrote, in pencil, many of his poems. I have also a little Bible in which he entered the names of all his children the date and ms poems. Inave area a much content and hour of birth of each; the pencil case he carried in his pocket for many years. I had two very interesting medals, one given him at his early school, the other by the Historical Society. But these I gave to the Irish Academy. You will, of course, obtain them. I have other things—a lock of hair in a small locket, containing also a four-leaved shanrock. I do not know what else I have, but you will see how greatly I shall rejoice to contribute all I can. A year or two ago I resolved on placing a memorial window in the church at Brownham, where he is buried. The enclosed programme will sufficiently explain. I shall devote the proceeds of the pamphlet to augment the fund. I have already about £25 of the £150 I need to do that work. I shall have no difficulty in geetting the remainder,

about £25 of the £150 I need to do that work. I shall have no difficulty in geetting the remainder, indeed, I shall supply myself whatever may be needed. My heart will be entirely with you. Whether I can be present on the 28th is doubtful. When that day comes I shall be in my eightieth year. But I love I reland very dearly, and I should wish to see it once again before I remove to a country even more beautiful—only for Mrs. Hall to be with me is an impossibility. She will, I think, live to hear that which I may have to tell her, and her low will be great indeed. I ought to explain that to hear that which I may have to tell her, and her joy will be great indeed. I ought to explain that some of the gifts referred to were given by Mrs. Moore, some by Mr. Charles Murray, her nephew, now dead, and some by his widow. I will soon tell you of others to whom you should apply. If I do but little to aid your grand movement it is not from want of wil! to do much. You will by that movement remove a stain from Ireland, charged so continually with indifference to the great sons and daughters to whom Ireland has given birth, and who are so proverbially said to be the more honored and loved in every other country than their own. 'God speed you!' 'More power to ye!' Ever truly and faithfully yours,

Professor Hennessy said, together with the letter, Mr. Hall had sent some very interesting relics of Moore, and their thanks were due to him for his kindness and interest in connection with the matter.

The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated.

THE MEMORY OF MOORE.

Two things saved a past generation from the lightning bolt of Byron's wrath, gathered darkly in "Avatar"—those were the eloquence of Grattan and the geniuis of Moore.

The tribute of that mighty master of the lyre to our national bard should suffice to faultinday of

writing a preface to the "Melodies" with the object of depreciating their author, resembles nothing so much as a travelling Cockney who should deface the pedestal of an Appollo by the vulgar inscription

of his ignoble name.

Away with them then to the swine-troughs of the sensual schools; their names may be known in the crannies of callow Cockaigne, ours is a poet whose renown has illuminated the world!

The last strains that die on the ear as we leave Europe may be sounds he has created, and the first that welcome us back to the New World those which he first made famous. From Persia to Paris, Cadiz to California, the radiance of his genuis beams undimmed—welcomed under every sky as the inspirer and consoler of the human heart, tenderly inrepreting, sweetly suggesting its finest emotions; tobly arousing it to the highest efforts, and grandly throwing open to its knowledge that celestial beau-

which comes at the call of poesy alone.

Above all must Ireland, the isle of his birth and Above all must Ireland, the isle of his name with the land of his devotion, surround his name with the land of her endearing love. Well does the eternal halo of her endearing love. Gadblic verse term poetry "the pulse of the bard," but the poetry of Moore has been the heart's pulse of his country! Her sorrows and her aspirations, her gayety and her grief, the proud memories of the past, the patriotic desires of the present, the glorious hopes of future time—all these are there, throbbing his particular than the partial of the present of t with immortal life in that living pulse of immortal

song:
Tell us not of the flecks which prying eyes have
found in the stories of his fortunes. In the darkest
time of our nation's history, when the bright day of freedom seemed to have set in blood, never to have a successor, when the sound of the axe yet sounded in his ear, and the pale head of Emmet still before in his ear, and the pale head of Emmet still before the eye, what voice spoke so firmly though so sweetly, for the cause of liberty and the patriot memories of Ireland as the voice of Moore? He did not fear to show his sympathy with the martyred dead when their blood was not yet red on the ground; he did not conceal his ardent devotion to his nation when its fetters had been newly forged, and its page, had just been exact from when its fetters had been newly forged, and its name had just been erased from the roll of nations by the hard hand of power. Let those who accuse him show one who, in those or latter days, spoke so truly or so boldly for a country whose cause seemed lost, a faith whose confessors were enslaved, or a patriotism whose surviving worshippers were banned, branded, and banished fugitives. No; men are, alas! often forgetful of the services of their benefactors, and too frequently ungrateful for the sacrifices of the dead, but the heart of Ireland must cease first to beat and the proud race of the Gael be extinguished forever before the fidelity* to Moore be forgotten or his memory ceases

Then let his centenary be celebrated with the co operation of his nation; and not here in Ireland only, but beyond the seas, wherever the faithful race has

both beyond the seas, wherever the faithful race has borne the name of our native land. For his is not a memory that stands isolated; it is united with great names and a splendid epoch; nor is his renown that of the poet himself alone, it is indissolubly connected with the glory of Ireland, whereof it forms a noble part. The humility with which he disclaimed the praise accorded to him, that he might lay it at the feet of his stricken country, makes that union improved he In those words which written for another irrevocable. In those words which, written for another might have been composed, by a strange prescience, for himself, he made the offering of all his laurels to adorn the nations name, with the self-sacrificing devotion of a true and tender knight.

"Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,
Or if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down,
Enough if freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closer round his lyre.
One ray upon its chords from thee."

-Irishman.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

From the Dublin Nation, March 15. The death of Daniel Reddin, in what, as a gen The death of Daniel Reddin, in what, as a general rule, would be called in the prime of life, but in what was made to him the decreptitude of premature old age—nay, worse, the death-in-life of the helpless paralytic—once more forces into our minds the shocking thought of the means whereby the system of English rule is applied to such of our countrymen as are convicted of political acts, intentions or devices against the British interest in Ireland. Daniel Reddin was one of the men indicted land. Daniel Reddin was one of the men indicted for being concerned in the rescue from the Man-chester policy van. We all know what chance of impartial justice there was for any Irishman brought up on that or a similar charge and confided to the care of an English jury. To be indicted was, in effect, to be found guilty. All the forms of law, no doubt, were hypocritically adhered to—the panel was called over; the chosen twelve were sworn to "well and truly try" the case; the prisoner was asked to plead, the evidence was proceeded with; the counsel harangued on both sides; the judge purred out his charge—all was exceedingly regular from the beginning to the end; but, at the same time, all was foredoomed from the beginning. As for the evidence, it might be that of the most aban-doned characters; and as for the judge's charge, it might be against or for the prisoner; no matter— any evidence was good enough to do; and if the judge was such an ass as not to go for the verdict of guilty, the jurymen knew their duty to the British constitution, and would prudently dispose of the man in the dock. If there were several tried together—why, to the hangman or the turnkey with them all. One of the men who stood in the dock with Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—a person named Maguire—was so apparently innocent of concern in the act for which he had been condemned to die that the press reporters in court, who had taken down the evidence, united in a memorial on his behalf, and he was set at liberty; but let it be noted that the jury never went back of the terrible word by which they had agreed to deliver him to the hangman. Like the priest-hating justice Tuthill Fields, their motto was, "Once we say priest-hating justices of we says, that's what we always says." Another English jury convicted an Irish political prisone English jury convicted an Irish political prisoner right in the teeth of of the judge's charge, which assured them that the alibi established for the prisoner was one of the most conclusive proofs that had ever come under his observation. Still "Guilty" was the word. The fellow in the dock was an Irishman, at any rate. If he had not done what he was charged with, maybe he would do something else; so the safest way with him was to find him guilty at once, and get him out of the way of contriving harm. It was during the time when this principle of action was unquestionably supreme this principle of action was unquestionably supreme in the minds of British jurymen that Daniel Reddin was tried, we need not add convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for five years. He was made to suffer every day of the term. Had he been a garoter or a burglar he might have got out in three years or four, but being an Irishman, charged with an act inspired by political feeling, he had to drink

the cup of suffering to the dregs.

And to the dregs, poor Daniel Reddin drank it. He went into the convict hell a young man, strong of frame and limb, energetic of spirit, light of heart, and he came out—no, he did not come—he was and he came out—no, he did not come—he was carried out, a helpless, quivering, gloomy paralytic. The verdict of the jury, the sentence of the judge, had doomed him not alone to spend five years of his life in the senting his life in the captivity of a prison, enduring many privations, undergoing many indignities, surrounded by crowds of demons in human shape—but it also fated him to drag out the rest of his existence in the slow torture of inaction, under the sway of that despair which must have frozen the heart of the despair which must have frozen the heart of the once strong, active man, when he found his earnest mind was to be imprisoned for life in a frame as weak and helpless as an infant's. How often he must have thought that it would have been better for him if death had come with liberty, as it did to Segrent McCarthy, or to the law mostly. Stored Sergeant McCarthy, or to the boy-martyr, Stowell What wonder if he ever felt that he might have been less unhappy if jail life had driven him mad been less unhappy if jail life had driven him mad, as it did not a few of his countrymen, subjected from day to day, and alas! from year to year, to the insults, taunts and tortures of English jailors! "There is a pleasure in madness which only madmen know." Perhaps what the poet says is true; perhaps the lunatic—even he who has been driven mad by wrong—finds a pleasure unknown to the says is. by wrong—finds a pleasure unknown to reason in the fancies of his distraught brain. For ill-fated Daniel Reddin there never was any relief from the keen, corroding pang of his most pitiable condition. The Government and their friends might have been better pleased had he gone mad, or died in jail, for lunatic asylums have thick walls to muffle cries, and lunatic asylums have thick walls to muffle cries, and dead men teil no tales. But he survived for years, a living memorial of the cruelty he suffered—unable to move about, powerless to lie or rise without help, and obliged to resort to the use of a little cart whenever he wished to go beyond his door. Moreover, his means of living were gone. He could no longer work. He was forced to depend upon the offerings of benevolence for a supply of the merest necessaries of life. Thus in every way he suffered—in the debility of his frame, in the fever of his mind, and in the humiliation of his spirit. The tale he told of the means by which he was rendered a wreck of manhood is one of the most shocking in even the horrible record of British jails. He declared that he was not only condemned, by hard, cold privation, horrible record of British jails. He declared that he was not only condemned, by hard, cold privation, to suffer the terrible doom of the paralytic, but further, that when paralysis had definitely attacked him, he was subjected to torture, burned with hot irons, pierced with sharp instruments, all for the purpose—so it was said—of finding if, indeed he was paralysed. The jail officials, of course, had their version of the story. But we, for our own Mayor for ms courtesy and kindness, and for the honor he does us.

"Surely we respond far more than cordially to your amplication to us; nothing could be too much to ask us to do which could accord honor and homistic ask us to do which could accord honor and homistic ask us to do which could accord honor and homistic and we do fervently rejoice that this country of his renown, not only as a great poet, but as a good man—an honor for all time to the country of his heartlove—for which he did so much during life, and is proud and happy to record a very left we stimate of his worth, as one of the very best of the many worthles it has given to enlighten, benefit, and glorify the world, not for an age but for all time.

"This is not the time and place to say much on"

the most brutal, the most base, ever resorted to by a civilized power to check the free aspirations of a people; and when, in this age of enlightenment, recourse must be had to such means, the power driven to such devices stands condemned before the world.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE RE PORTED FROM SULLIVAN CO., INDIANA.

A special despatch to the Cincinnate Enquirer from Freelandsville, Ind., of the 12th of March, says:—What is considered a remarkable case of trance has happened here lately. The victim is Miss Flora Feihleman, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer residing near this place. The facts, briefly as possible, are these: Miss Feihleman, whose family are Catholics, are these: Miss Feihleman, whose family are Catholics, are these. returned from the school of Notre Dame, Ind., last December. She returned to stay. Since her return she has been in very ill health, seeming to be generally she has been in very ill health, seeming to be generally affected, moaning and tossing in fever at night. Immediately after the late cold spell she was attacked with pneumonia, now so fatally prevalent in this region. Notwithstanding she had the best medical attendence to be procured in this vicinity, she died on Monday, March 3, or at least apparently died, for the village physician in charge so pronounced her. Were it not for the fact of Miss Feihleman being an only child, it is probable she would have been buried immediately, but, as it was, it was decided to hold the corpse until relatives from Ohio, who ed to hold the corpse until relatives from Ohio, who had been sent for, could arrive. This delayed the burial until March 8. The funeral was to take burial until March 8. The funeral was to take place at 2 p. m. At that time, as the friends and relatives were taking a last look, the corpse not yet having been taken from the house, the mother being last to view the remains, suddenly bent over the body, and, uttering a cry, declared that she saw the eyelids move as if in life. The father with other friends, commenced immediately to try by gentle movements to withdraw her from the room. They had nearly accomplished this, when the course, to had nearly accomplished this when the corpse, to the surprise of all, suddenly arose and assumed a sitting posture in the coffin. Miss Feihleman is the surprise of all, suddenly arose and assumed a sitting posture in the coffin. Miss Feihleman is said, by those who witnessed the scene, to have gazed around with a vacant, surprised stare, and then, unlike cases of trance usually, to have sank back apparently exhausted. She was immediately removed and placed in bed, but it was, perhaps, three hours before she was conscious enough to give any account of herself. The period she passed in trance she is perfectly dead to—seeming a perfect blank. The last she remembers was before her apparent death when lying in bed, and the intervening space is to her like a dreamless sleep. The parents are over-joyed, and the case excites much commment in the neighborhood.

THE NEVADA SCHOOLMASTER.

Harry Floty was a University man who had been ome time in Nevada, and having bad luck couldn't

some time in Nevada, and having bad luck couldn't do bette than to leave digging and take to school-teaching. He was pale, slender, and scholarly-looking, and the President of the Board of Trustees said to him sorrowfully, as he brushed a tear:—
"Mister, you may be book-learned, but it takes more than that for a teacher in the Cranberry Gulch School, as you will find. The last teacher sleeps in yonder graveyard; the one before him left an eye and an arm to show his incapacity; the three before him ran away with about four eyes and six legs ore him ran away with about four eyes and six legs between them. Our boys are rough and don't stand

no Lonsense."

"Let me try," replied Harry, I am weak, but I have a will. I'll open next Monday at nine a. m."

At eight Harry went down to the school-house, with a key in one hand and the valise in the other. Sixty scholars were loafing around in a good big rowd to see what would turn up, while the under-aker stood near waiting for a job.

"Ready to slope if he finds we are too much for him," whispered the big bow-legged, cross-eyed bully of the school, a devilish looking chap nine-

teen years old.

The new teacher gazed pensively at the adjacent graveyard, opened the valise, took out three navy sixes and a long-bowie knife, whetted the latter on the state of the former, and the leg of his boot, cocked one of the former, and then said sweetly: "Ring the bell, and we'll have prayers."

The big bully whom he addressed, mildly obey-

ed.

"We will arrange the classes," he said mildly as cocked a revolver and walked down the room.

One after another the boys were examined and classed. He called the first class to recite geography; a whisper was heard behind him, Quick as lightning the teacher wheeled and covered the offender with a deadly aim, as he spoke sternly for the first time: me:—
"Don't do that again, for 1 never give a second

warning."
Recess then came and the boys very much cowed

went into the play-ground.

One of them threw his ball in the air, and before it started to descend toward the catcher the new teacher struck it with a bullet, and from that time Harry Floty has taught school undisturbed .- Argo-

HISTORICAL EJACULATIONS.

Niagra Falls were very much honored by the visit of Princess Louise and Mr. Lorne. It was only the second time that the waters had flashed with delight in the smile of royality. Her Royal Highness said: "How quite too lovely; don't speak let me drink in the whole She subsequently remarked: "I never have nor never shall see such a grand sight again. What I would have missed had I not seen it!" An English tourist at the Falls of the Rhine said in the hearing of Coleridge, that it was "a majestic vaterfall." The poet was pleased with the phrase, and said so. This encouraged the tourist so much that he went on to say that it was "one of the majestikest things of the kind he ever see"-which spoiled it all. If Princess Louise, when standing in view of the Falls, had simply said: "Don't speak;" and kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When Grant was gazing on the ruins of the Coliseum he showed more reticence. He Merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and remarked to his companion in a tone full of feeling: "Let's take something to drink."—Baltimore Gazette.

The Hon Mr. Candler, of Georgia, recently

SHE THOUGHT SHE KNEW.

The passengers in the sleeping coach were just dozing off, when something howled out:

Ow—wow—wow!"

"Great dragons! there's a young one aboard growled a fat man from his upper berth. "I'll bet a hundred dollars none of us get a wink of sleep topicht"

night."
"Wow—wow!" whined the child.
"There he goes again!" growled the fat man
"I never travel but I run across some one's offspring."

spring."
"Who's that talking?" called the mother of the child in a loud voice.
"Me!" answered the fat man. Why don't you

either leave that child at home or stay at home "Are you talking to me?" demanded the wo-

"Yes ma'am, I am! I say it is a shame to bring

"Yes ma'am, I am! I say it is a shame to bring a sick child into a sleeping car to disturb twenty or thirty people."

"Are you a father? she asked.

"No, I hain't."

"Nor a mother?" she continued.

"No ma'am."

"Well, sir," she said as she poked her head between the curtains, "when you have been the mother of eleven children, moved forty-eight times, lived in nine different States, you'll begin to think you knowyour own business. I think I know mine, and if that baby wants to howl he's going to do it, if I have to come over there and kick a ton and a half of conceit out of you."—Ex.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

These days have all the "uncertain glory" that beng to April.

Johnny was hit with a ball the other day. The bawl immediately came out of his mouth.

"I'm bound to have the spirit of my fathers," said the youth who stole the old man's whiskey bot-

A reader asks, "What is original sin?" not up in theology, but our religious editor assures us that Adam and Eve committed original sun by stealing apples. As is the case with small boys who try this thing and get caught, the consequences were

"How do you arrive at conclusions so rapidly?" we asked of Jeems, the othe day. "Why," he replied, "usually by a train of thought."

When a woman burns her finger she cries a little when a woman ourns her line she there a ratter over it and keeps the burn in good condition to show her husband when he comes home, and get sympathy. A man in the same condition will stick his digit in his mouth kick over the office stool, swear at the boy and forget all obout it. One is the effect of love, the other of business. Before marriage-"Oh, my darling, your voice is

Before marriage—"Oh, my darling, your voice is musical to me as a vesper bell whose tones fall softly on the perfumed evening air! Speak again and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished in everlasting night!" After marriage—"I've had just enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't let up I'll leave the house!"

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would be still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you af-

er seeing you twice. When the Senate donated twenty old bronze cannon to the Custer monument, the Baltimore Gazette said they might have thrown in a couple of old brass-

A large majority of persons that skate do so under the evident impression that the skates are fixed on the back of the head; but that is not the proper

What city in France is a man about to visit when he goes to get married? He is going to Harve (have her). An old bachelor being asked the question re-

plied, "To Rouen" (ruin). An agricultural paper says that milk comes through inheritance. Maybe it does but some of it looks as if it had come through a hailstorm with the

ids of the cans off. A party of young fellows found fault with the butter on the boarding house table. What is the matter with it?" asked the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one "its old enough to speak for itself."

A Scotch witness somewhat given to prevarication was severely handled by a cross-examining counsel. How far is it between the two farms?" said the How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel. "By the road it is twa mile." "Yes, but on your oath how far is it as the crow flies?" na ken; I never was a crow."

At an auction sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure when a bluff sailor, who happened to wander in exwhen a blun sailor, who have a claimed:—"My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting nto the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore!" The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

"Now children," said a Sunday school superintendant, who had been talking to his scholars about good poople and bad people, "when I'm walking in the street, I speak to some people and not to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "Because some are good and others are bad;" but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor Paradoxical!-Anice young unmarried lady is a

popular paradox, because although she is always a miss yet she is never amiss.—Some folks are always getting "stout" yet remaining thin.—Although three miles make a league, it does not follow that four will make a conference.—The bone of your arm is not called the "funny bone" because it is the humerus bone.—People who "round" on you very often, generally try to make you believe they act on "the square.

"Editor of the *Times*, I believe?" said a chippy, "Editor of the Times, I believe?" said a chippy, cheeky looking young man as he was ushered into the inner sanctum of the London Times. The magisterial appearing functionary behind the desk said nothing, but bowed stiffly. "It's jest like working your way into a Masonic Lodge to get in here. Had to get an introductory note from our Minister and all that sort of thing before your janitors would let we in the Lyaps hound to see you, before I let? all that sort of thing before your jaintors would let me in; but I was bound to see you before I left Europe." "What may be your business, young man?" said the editor in a grave searching tone. "Well, you see, you English folks are kind of slow and solemn, and you want to be woke and solemn, and you want to be woke up a little.

Ain't much snap about your papers, f'rinstance. I
was paragrapher for three years on the Budgetown
Blatherer and my jokes got quoted all over the
the country. I thought perhaps you might like to
make arrangements to liven your columns with
some original first-class American humor." The
editor just turned around struck a knob in the wall sharply, and in about a minute and a half two policemen entered, and on a sign from the editor took charge of the paragrapher, placed him in a cab and drove rapidly away to the Tower of London. He was never seen again.

In a recent sermon, Brother Talmage said, God thought so much of the Chinamen that he created 300,000,000 of them." same mode of reasoning we are led to infer that He thought so little of Talmage that he only created one of him

LAD

FRIDAY

Gold and The latest

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