

Missed a Big Thing.

"Boy," said an excursionist to a bootblack at the post-office, yesterday, "are there any sights worth seeing near here?" "Not this afternoon, as I kin think on," was the reply; "but you missed an awful big thing this forenoon." "What was that!" "Woman passed a bogus quarter on a man up here. Man passed a green watermelon on the woman. Both found it out about the same time, and it was 'nuff to make your blood run cold. She called him a gentleman, and he called her a lady, and she busted the green melon on the floor, and he flung the bogus quarter at a dog, and a horse, he run away, and two boys had a fight, and the woman cried, and it was the awfulest time we ever saw. Next time you are coming on a 'scursion you'd better telegraph me and see if there's anything big going on."

That Awful Boy.

He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a large tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys climbed.

"Now wait," said that awful boy "till the first victim comes along, and don't make a noise."

Soon an ordinarily dressed woman came along, and just as she had passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk immediately pulling it up again.

Both now watched developments.

The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what she could have dropped.

She started on, but had not gone far before she came back impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk.

Meanwhile the boys in the tree had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from spoiling the game, and hardly dared look down below for fear of laughing.

A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones, and turned over all the bits of wood and paper and orange peel on the walk.

No money, no key, nothing did they find, and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause of the noise to that, was saved a great deal of sorrow; but when he picked it up, and threw it down several times to test the sound, the wicked boys nearly fell out of the tree.

A man, when caught, would slap all of his pockets, and glance around a little, but it was seldom that he was brought to a right down thorough search.

When anyone saw the trick, after searching half an hour, and saying all kinds of little things for the amusement of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly. To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be most desirable. That awful boy is still "going around." Be wary of him.

Playing the Western Man.

"Look here!" roared a tall chap, attired in a broad brimmed hat and an insolent air, as he approached the ticket window of the Brighton Beach Railroad yesterday afternoon. "Look here, you, I want a first-class ticket on the top shelf

car to the other end of this line, and don't you forget it! See this?" and he developed a horse pistol and stuck the muzzle through the window.

"I see it," replied the agent calmly. "I'm looking right at it. Now what can I do for you?"

"Didn't you hear me bark a few minutes ago?" demanded the tall man. "Didn't you hear me compliment you with an order for the best you've got in your work-shop there? Have I got to put a bullet in there to make you comprehend that I'm waiting here for the upper row of preserves? Must I take the blood of another station agent on my hands before I manage to get what I want? Throw me out the most embroidered ticket there is on the line of this road, or I'll commence to make vacancies."

The agent carefully closed the window, stepped out the side door, picked up the tall man, set him down again on his head, whirled him around three or four times and then kicked him under the gate and out into the middle of the street, where a policeman gobbled him and hustled him off.

"Am I awake?" asked the tramp, rubbing the dust of the conflict out of his eyes. "Never mind about that, am I alive?"

"What did you want to bother the man for?" demanded the policeman, hauling him around by the collar.

"I didn't want to bother him, I only meant to scare him. I hadn't any money to go to the island; so I played the Western man on him, just as I have seen it written up in the funny papers. I say, either those papers are the basest liars on the continent or I missed the combination on the gag!"

And they locked him up to think over which might be the case.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

(Written for the Family Circle.)

Who Was She?

Who is that woman, yonder, wan and weak,
 Standing within the crazy old storm porch,
 Holding a fragile babe whose pallid cheek
 Its mother's heated breathings seem to scorch?
 A while she stands, then clasps her babe more close,
 And drags her weary, drooping limbs away;
 The winter wind is whistling loud and blows,
 With all its sweeping, cold and furious sway.
 She pauses, trembling on the river's brink,
 One lingering kiss she gives her little child,
 And then—oh God! she sees it swiftly sink
 Into the angry waters, black and wild.
 A loud, wild scream, came from her broken hearth,
 And closer o'er her babe's deep grave she bends—
 "My child, my little one, we will not part!"
 And to her Maker her poor soul she sends.
 Who was she? God knows, and perhaps some other,
 Some one who knew the sorrow of her life;
 Some time she must have had some one to love her:
 Perhaps she was a dear and honored wife.
 Yet now no ring gleamed on her cold white finger,
 When the chill waters washed them both ashore,
 In stiff embrace the waves still watch them linger,
 Together now—perhaps forever more.
 She might have been—ah well, God only knows,
 And He is pitiful, and wondrous kind.
 She's sleeping now beneath the drifting snows,
 Her only requiem the wailing wind.

MENOTA, MAN.

Mrs. S. H. Snider.