

## HAPPINESS.

BY KATE TAYLOR.

Do you ask me, love, with fond caress,  
What seems to me perfect happiness?  
A golden day, and a sapphire sky,  
An emerald earth, and you and I  
Roaming through woodlands green together,  
That's happiness in Summer weather.

And say 'tis Winter; outside the snow,  
And inside the fire's warm, cheerful glow;  
And we sit by it, cheek touching cheek,  
Silent sometimes, and sometimes we speak;  
So I find, in Summer or Winter weather,  
Happiness means—to be together.

## MASTER COVILLE AS CUPID.

Mr. Coville's niece, an estimable as well as a pretty young lady, has been visiting him for some time. Shortly after her coming, a clerk in one of Danbury's leading stores made her acquaintance, and became at once her devoted attendant, very much to the delight of young Coville. The clerk is very fond of good tobacco, and smokes an admirable cigar. The portion of it that is not consumed when he reaches the house, he leaves on the porch until he comes out again. The third or fourth time he did this young Coville detected the move, and lost no time in possessing himself of the luxury, with which he retired to an out-of-the-way place. When this had been done several times, and several times the clerk had secretly felt for and missed his cigar he began to grow suspicious and uneasy. Perceiving this, young Coville awoke to the fact that something must be speedily done to counteract the smoker's discretion, and the best way to do it was to so completely involve him in the meshes of love as to make the loss of an unfinished cigar a matter of no account whatever. With this view he put himself in the young man's way at the store. The bait took.

"How's Minnie?" asked the clerk anxiously.  
"She's not very well," said young Coville.  
"Why, what's the matter?"  
"I don't know, I guess you know that better'n I do," answered the youth, with a facetious wink.

"I know!"  
"I guess so. Oh, she's gone on you."  
"Sh!" cautioned the clerk, looking around to see if they were unobserved. "What do you mean, Billy?" And he blushed and looked pleased.

"Why, you see, she's as blisk as can be when you're there, but when you ain't she's all down in the mouth. She don't fix her hair, an' she won't see anybody, an' she goes around the house sighing, an' sets on a chair for an hour without sayin' a blamed word to nobody, but just lookin' at the wall. Then there's another thing," added the young man, impressively, "she don't put cologne on her handkerchief, only when you're coming. Oh, I know a thing or two, you bet!" And he winked again.

To say that the clerk was too pleased, not rejoiced, for anything, is but feebly expressing the frame of his mind. In the excitement of emotion he gave young Coville a quarter. Then he sought his cousin.

"Minnie," he said, "I have been up to Charley's store."

"Have you?" she said, trying to look very much unconcerned.

"Yes, and I can tell you, Minnie, he's just a prime fellow,—way up. But he's gone on you."

"What do you mean, Willie?" asked the flushed and pleased girl.

"I mean just what I say. He's gone sure. He got me off in one corner, and he just pelted the questions into me about you. By gracious, Minnie, it's awful to see how he's gone on you. He wanted to know what you're doin', an' if you're enjoying yourself, on' if you're careful about your health. He'd better be looking for his own, I'm thinkin'."

The girl was pleased by these marks of devotion from the handsome clerk, but her heart failed her at the last observation.

"Why, what do you mean, Willie?" she asked, in considerable apprehension.

"Oh, nothing; only if he keeps a goin' down as he is of late, it won't be many months before he is salted down for good," said the young man, gloomily. "He told me that things of this world wa'n't long for him."

And young Coville solemnly shook his head and withdrew to invest the quarter.

A great happiness has come upon Charley and Minnie now. Four times a week he visits her, and four times a week young Coville pensively sits back of the fence, smoking a cigar and speculating on the joyful future opening before his cousin and her lover.

## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

One of the old-time editors of Michigan was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he could recall many narrow escapes. Twenty-five years ago he was running a red-hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for some county office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he had anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before he walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horsewhip. The two compositors and the "devil" got up with all speed, leaving the

editor without support. He realized the situation at once, and began:

"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horsewhip me?"

"We have," they answered.

"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered this matter?"

"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

"Just so, my friend; but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cow-hided?"

"I dunno."

"Well you never did. Lick me all you choose, and my paper comes out week after week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound or kill. Wallop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horsewhipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, England, France—aye! clear to Jerusalem, that the Carson family of this county live on roots and Johnny cake; that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two shilling suspenders; that the women are club-footed, and the men work their ears when they sing; that the —"

"What is the regular subscription price to the Herald?" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year."

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you—and if any of you want to see any Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## MR. COBLEIGH'S HOE.

Tramps calling at the Cobleigh mansion have received something to eat, if there was anything to give them. Mrs. Cobleigh's mother is visiting her son-in-law. When she discovered that tramps called and were fed, she protested against the extravagance.

"Why," said she, with a pitying laugh, "I should no more think of feeding tramps for nothing than of feeding an army for nothing. The good-for-nothing lazy things, they can work just as well as you can work. They'd never get anything out of me without doing something for it, I can tell you that."

"Oh, that's well enough in theory," observed the soft-hearted Cobleigh, "but it is too troublesome to reduce to practice. It is only a bite we can give 'em any way, and that's not enough to fool around about."

"That's the way with all men," retorted his wife's mother, somewhat impatiently. "Anything to save trouble is their motto, it matters not what is the cost. But I don't believe that way. I believe that every penny counts, and that if you get a little something in the way of work out of these vagabonds, it is so much gain for yourself, besides discouraging idleness and vagabondism. Now I'll take the next tramp in hand, and you'll see the effect."

Mrs. Cobleigh's mother was as good at her word. The next tramp who came along was a great hulk of a fellow in quest of victuals. The old lady had found out in the meantime that the front walk needed cleaning, and she told him if he would work there an hour she would give him something to eat. He assented, and she armed him with a hoe.

She was very much pleased with the success of her plan, and said to her daughter, in an exulting tone, "There, what did I tell you?"

At the end of half an hour she went to the front to see that he was not fooling away the time, and found that he was not. In fact, he had made the very best use of the time, and was powhere in sight. The old lady hastened to the walk and looked anxiously up and down the street, but the tramp was nowhere to be seen.

This made her very sick.

Then she remembered that the hoe was a new one, and the sickness increased.

Every few minutes she would go to the door and cast an anxious glance to the walk, but the object of her longing did not darken its surface.

Such a terribly discouraged old lady has not been seen in Danbury in some time, nor one so prone to rubbing her head and silent meditation.

Mr. Cobleigh has got another hoe, which he has chained to a post in the cellar,—a precaution scarcely necessary.

## THE DOWNFALL OF A NEWSPAPER.

I.

It was morning. The sun shone cheerfully in through the windows of the Figaro office. Ten clerks—neatly dressed and natty—were writing at the carved oaken tables. The Figaro was the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential journal in the metropolis. It was the organ of the political party in power, and had successfully issued from a vast number of libel suits.

Pierre Buisseant. He is the editor and proprietor. He is very rich in intellect and pocket. He has just fought a duel with an envious rival and has killed him. He looks happy.

"Good morning, monsieur," say the clerks, rising and bowing deferentially.

Pierre Buisseant makes no reply. He lays his gold-headed cane on a mahogany dressing-case, throws himself upon a raw silk settee, and lazily glances over the columns of the Figaro.

How proud and scornful he is! Little does he suspect the dreadful storm that is about to burst over his devoted head. But wait!

A man enters the Figaro office. It is Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher. He appears excited. He approaches the rosewood counter.

"Stop my paper," he mutters in husky tones that tremble with emotion.

"The thirteen clerks drop their gold pens and look up with sublime horror depicted on their faces. The place seems haunted with the gloom and dampness of a deserted graveyard.

Pierre Buisseant rises trembling from his couch. He comes forward with cold sweat standing out upon his marble forehead.

"Mon Dieu!" he cries in agony, "you can't mean what you say. I pray you reconsider."

"Stop my paper," repeats Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher.

"Why?" asks Pierre Buisseant, quaking in every limb.

"You have slandered Pitou Gaston," says Jean Jacques; "you say he is a barber, when you know very well he is a chiropodist. He is my friend. Stop my paper!"

And Jean Jacques Lecouvrier wrathfully strode out through the massive doorway.

## II.

Valerie sat at the rosewood piano. She was essaying the most popular airs of the latest opera. Eugenie lolled listlessly on a cushioned sofa deep in the mysteries of "Les Miserables." Little Francois and Henri were playing marbles on the tapestry carpet.

It was the home of Pierre Buisseant the editor. A lofty, gilded, sumptuous palace where luxury had a bidding place and want had never obtruded its gaunt hideous presence.

Madame Buisseant enters. She wears black velvet and diamonds. That she was an editor's wife you could have guessed by the tiara of pearls and sapphires on her lovely brow.

"Where is your papa?" she asks.

"He has not yet returned," replies Valerie.

But there is, just then, a familiar step on the front stoop. In another moment Pierre Buisseant totters in. He is pale, haggard and breathless. He sinks upon an ottoman.

"Mon cher! mon cher!" cries Madame Buisseant, hastening to his side and seizing his cold, trembling hands, while their children gather tearfully around. "Art sick—or full?"

"The worst has come!" he gasps. "I have tried to be a good husband and an indulgent father. And now, after I have amassed all this wealth, I see it snatched from me and in its place dreary poverty. Listen; I am a ruined man. From these scenes of luxury we are suddenly transported to penury!"

"What is this you say? Whatever do you mean?" they shriek between their sobs.

"Mean?" answers the pallid, trembling, wretched man. "Mean? I mean that Jean Jacques Lecouvrier, the haberdasher, has stopped his paper."

But why pursue the harrowing recital further?

Alas!

## ANOTHER YOUTHFUL TRAIN ROBBER.

It was night.

Night in Arkansas.

It was night in several other States as well, but Arkansas is the one with which we have to deal at this writing.

It being our turn to deal.

A lightning express was booming along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Every car was full, many standing in the aisles with that meekness and patience only seen on an American Railroad to accommodate the fellow who wants four seats all to himself.

The lamps blazed fitfully over the passengers' dusters, which seemed to fit fully as well as travelling dusters usually do.

The conductor had passed through (which was more than he would allow any one else to do without the requisite pass), punching people into wakefulness in order that he might punch their tickets.

The train boy had filled the passengers' laps with books, to keep them from bouncing in their seats while going over rough places.

A brakeman had put his head in and shouted, "The next stopping place is—!" the name of the station being lost in the slamming of the car door.

The boy who is always dry, had made his fifty-second pilgrimage to the water tank.

And the woman who wants air had just torn off her last remaining finger nail in trying to get her window up.

This was on a railroad in the State of Arkansas.

Suddenly the car door opens.

A youthful figure appears, holding something in his hand upon which the light glitters. He presents it in a significant manner and cries:

"Now, gentlemen, your money—"

Fifty men turn pale and cry, "Don't shoot!"

Twenty females scream with one voice and some faint.

There is a hasty thrusting of watches and pocket-books beneath cushions and into boots.

Strong men fight for a place under the seats where they can secrete themselves.

"Gentlemen," again cries the boyish voice, ringing high and clear above the screams of women and the din of the train (gasps for mercy from some of the men,) "let me sell you some of this tropical fruit," and he extends in his dexter hand—a banana!

It was the train boy pursuing his useful and harmless vocation.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

## SOMETHING IN THE BED.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night, somehow, it slipped down, and, as the Judge was restless, it worked its way down towards the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, scared, and jumping from the bed, said:

"By gracious, Maria, there's a toad or something under the covers; I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman gave a loud scream, and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go to hollering and waken the neighbours," said the Judge. "You get me a broom or something and we'll fix the thing mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were running up and down her back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it." Put a bucket alongside the bed so we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of his watch was revealed he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was he said:

"I might have known; it is just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It is utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss; not me," said Mrs. Pitman.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me;" then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

## VARIETIES.

WESTERN reformers now propose to substitute a neat and inexpensive bracelet for the wedding ring, made so as to admit of several modifications of pattern, and thus suited to be used some half a dozen different times. It is to be placed on the bride's wrist the day before the wedding, so as to avoid all chance of its being mislaid, and the wedding service is to be changed in such a way that instead of mentioning a ring the clergyman will merely refer to "the bracelet annexed to the bride and marked Exhibit A."

WHAT MAMMA SAYS.—The following is told of a well-known "beauty lady" who is happy in the possession of a little girl about five years old almost as pretty as her mother. Not long ago an elderly, eminently respectable gentleman made an afternoon call, and, as elderly gentlemen often do, he took up the child and kissed her. "You must not do that," said the child, struggling, "I am a respectable married woman!" "What do you mean, my dear?" asked the astonished visitor. "Oh, that's what, mamma always says when gentlemen kiss her!" replied the artless infant.

A SWEET REMINDER.—Some years ago, as the great Barnum was selling off his menagerie, he noticed that when lot 20, a ferocious female Bengal tiger, was put up several bids came from a quiet ordinary-looking citizen dressed in deep mourning, anything but a showman in appearance, and finally the animal was knocked down to this stranger. After all was over, Barnum approached him, and inquired what on earth he could want with such a quadruped. "Waal," replied the purchaser, with a profound and suggestive sigh, "you see, professor, I was a married man, and my wife died last week, and I miss her; so I've bought this tiger." Barnum silently pressed the widower's hand. A chord had been touched. The two men understood each other, and no more was said.

## HUMOROUS.

THE cry of Egypt—I want my nummy.

"A TRUE American," says a Transatlantic contemporary, "is too proud to beg, and too honest to steal. He gets things on tick."

THERE are some experiences in life which make us feel like the boy who, when he stubbed his toe against a sharp stone, said he was too big to cry and too badly hurt to laugh.

SIX pounds bid, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer at an art sale; "only six pounds for this fine landscape, with its flowers, trees, water, atmosphere—and such an atmosphere! Why, the atmosphere alone is worth the money!"

A GERMAN shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, told him when he called for the articles: "Der poots is not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

AN obstreperous individual was making himself generally disagreeable in a beer saloon the other night when a bystander asked the proprietor what his name was. "I do not know vot his name vas," said the irritated Teuton, but his peevishness is a dondering shack-ass!"