

SO OLD, YET SO NEW.

I told you my story last night, love, Where blossoms hang sweet as the May; But as stories like this are old, love, I'll tell you my story to-day: "I love you, I love you, my darling; I love you, I love you, most true; And this is my story so old, love; And this is my story so new."

MONOMANIACS.

Persons Mad on One Subject and Otherwise Soud.

Starting on a Sacred Journey to Jerusalem—Commanded in a Dream to Starve Himself—A "Dumb" Man Speaks—A Would-Be Suicide and a Nomenclator "Crank."

There is something so singular about the developments of monomania, and the strong tenacity with which it clings to the mind, that emotions of wonder are excited by the mere contemplation of them, and to witness them is to be impressed with sensations of unmixed astonishment. Cases of this sort are set down to a greater or lesser extent in our medical journals. A case we recently noticed was of a peculiar nature. The subject was a citizen of Western New York—one of a family distinguished for intelligence, some of which have been identified among the first projectors of those stupendous works of improvement that have made the State a marvel to the nations. The gentleman in question was something of a disputant in polemics, though a layman. Like Paul at Athens, though without a title of that great apostle's unctious power, "he disputed daily in the market with them that met him." By degrees he ceased to obtrude his verbal disquisitions upon his neighbors and fell into a habit of walking along the street and wearing a look of wisdom as if unutterable things were brewing in his mind. At last his malady began to be apparent. He rose every morning precisely with the sun, slept in a room which faced the orient, and had his bed so disposed that he could receive on his pillow the first smile of the great luminary. The wonderful design which he conceived at last came to light. He had become a monomaniac on the subject of Mount Zion and Jerusalem. Upon all to whom he spoke he tried earnestly to impress the fact that the Savior was still living incarnate at Jerusalem, that he had received direct intelligence from Him and was about to visit the Holy City to obtain a personal interview. Animated with this sublime hallucination he disposed of a fine estate and converted nearly all his chattels into cash. He had a family, an amiable circle, consisting of several sons and daughters, intelligent and accomplished. The remonstrances and even ridicule of the former, and the bitter tears of the latter, were unavailing. Oddly enough, he would never converse or dispute on the subject of his mission after the eleventh hour in the morning. Some computation of Jewish time, which he considered vastly important, led to this resolve. He was a magistrate, but no consideration could induce him to attend to any professional duties until after eleven; previous to which his whimsical skill as a quodlibetarian was exerted potently, to the chagrin of all his friends, and to the weariness of every one who fell in his way. After the probation ended his lips were sealed on that theme, and he was as sane, agreeable a person as the village could show. No symptom of a disordered mind exhibited itself. He performed his duties as a citizen, husband and father with strict propriety. In conversation he was witty and pleasing, somewhat ready of wit, and altogether, to appearance, as sound in mind as any of his competers. The sacred journey, however, was not lost sight of. Having positively determined on going to the Holy City, he turned all his money into notes, leaving a sufficiency for his family, and, on one fair morning in May, departed for the land of his heart, encumbered with knapsack and cane, staff and scrip.

He reached New York in ill health, and held many interviews with clergymen—but always before eleven o'clock a. m.—on the subject of his mission. Singular to relate he never seemed to know or think of his intention after that hour. He could not imagine what object brought him to the city; he had forgotten, he would say, when asked, "and must sleep before he could remember." In the meanwhile his family were deploring his absence, and the village was without a judge of the law, the shoemaker of the place being the only citizen on the bench. The monomaniac engaged passage in a ship bound for Beirut, and was within a day or two of his embarkation when he received a letter from his wife imploring him to return and stating (by the advice of a physician) that she was desirous of accompanying him to Jerusalem. He was overjoyed at the proposal, for he would cheerfully have taken his whole household. But a plan was forming under his own roof to break up his delusion and restore him to reason. He reached home in better health than when he left it. His wife warmly favored his enterprise, and wondered, seemingly, at her former opposition to his will. In the meantime a systematic attack was made upon his malady through his corporeal senses. Laudanum was regularly infused into his

coffee at breakfast, and he was soon in the unavoidable habit of sleeping through the entire forenoon. This practice was cautiously, but perseveringly continued until the wild train of Oriental imaginations was broken up in his brain, and he became again sound in intellect, mingling with his fellows as before "dressed and in his right mind." It contains on the subject of monomania, and is a valuable work on the subject of the delusion of the senses, to use a legal phrase, "stood seized and possessed."

Another instance was that of a recent occurrence in an interior town of Pennsylvania. A respectable citizen, by trade a cooper, residing in one of those picturesque and beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia, after a course of deep reflection on metaphysical subjects, was found at last to be affected during his slumbers with a kind of tremor, indicating an unhealthy action of the mind. By day, however, he was apparently well, conversed rationally and attended to his employments with the usual promptitude. By degrees he began to evince on one subject a trivial alienation of intellect. He contended seriously and with the greatest earnestness that man could bring himself, by solemn meditation and communion with his Maker, to a condition in which, even on earth, his physical wants might be forgone and the ordinary nourishment of mortal life be dispensed with altogether. This delusion increased in his fancy until he announced on morning at breakfast that he was then taking his last meal for the space of the following fifty-two days—a number corresponding with the amount of weeks in a year. At first his family were utterly incredulous as to his intention; but they soon found to their sorrow that his purpose was too deeply fixed to be shaken or frustrated. He declared with great solemnity that God appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to abstain from all earthly food for the space above mentioned, promising to sustain him under his self denial with heavenly manna, and declaring that when his probation expired he would be translated to glory, like the prophet of old, without the taste of death. This revelation he most potently believed, and acted accordingly. For a few days he was able to attend to his mechanical avocations, but he grew feeble by fasting, and having taken nothing save water since entering upon the fulfillment of his resolution he was compelled to take to his bed. There he would give directions to his workmen touching their employments, and conversed cheerfully and rationally with all who approached him. The usual circumstance of a man gradually wasting away his life by voluntary starvation soon became extensively bruited through the place, and the monomaniac had, consequently, no lack of visitors. Growing daily weaker he yet kept open house for his friends, and no one who called went away without the refreshment afforded by creature comforts nor, strange to say, without a full belief of his sanity. On the twentieth day the deluded martyr became so feeble as to be scarcely capable of speaking. He was implored to abandon his foolish resolve, and reference was made to his increasing weakness, and an earnest appeal was made to his reason, but he persisted against all entreaty, and would have perished in a few days had not a physician advised that the water which he drank should be filtered through a vessel containing a little rice and some grains of gum-arabic. This partially sustained him, and the regimen, unknown to him, was continued.

Between forty and fifty days had now elapsed since he began his fastidious practice. He shrank not a jot from his purpose, although his flesh had fallen away, his hands become long and bony, his cheeks hollow and haggard. His eye still retained its cheerfulness, and he would say in a faltering voice as he surveyed his attenuated limbs, "God has done this." No Superstitious in his cell, with beads and cross, wearing his knees in genuflections and lacerating his back with stripes, was ever more demented than this simple mechanic in his lofty determination. Every word he uttered when he could be prevailed upon reluctantly to speak of himself or his condition was full of hope, determination and confidence. He cared very little about conversing on the subject of the extraordinary abstinence, did not seem to consider the presence of so many friends an unusual occurrence and was evidently more fond of speaking on any other theme than that of his singular delusion. Seven days at last remained of his painful trial. He became more buoyant in spirit as the time of his appointment drew near to a close; yet he seemed far less anxious about his exit from the world than with respect to the state in which he should leave his temporal affairs. When four days were left him he was reduced to a mere skeleton, but his mind remained firm, and his hallucination waxed strong within him. Ignorant of the occult means by which he had been kept alive, he attributed everything to supernatural agencies. At this time, contrary to all expectations, he began to be melancholy. There was an ebb to the high tide of hope, with which his mighty effort had hitherto been sustained. No one could rightly account for the singular depression of his spirits when so near the goal of his desires, when so near the bright prospect of his speedy attainment. Three days now remained for the completion of our subject's fasting ordeal, when he became so infirm as to lose his power of utterance. Dreadfully alarmed, his friends determined to avert his seemingly impending death by stratagem. Gentle narcotics were mingled with the water he drank, and forty-eight hours of almost uninterrupted slumber fell upon him. On the morning of the last day he awoke. Preparations had been made by his family to inform him, when his slumber was broken, that he had survived his time, and also to place food by his bedside. When told that he had slept his period, he was surprised and teary. He then asked for the food; it was given him sparingly; but so weakened were his digestive organs that the gastric juices refused their office, and before sunset on the fifty-second day of his suicidal fast he was a corpse—the victim of a wild and fatal monomania.

COLTS IN WINTER.

How They Should Be Fed, Cared For and Trained.

It is necessary in order to have a colt grow into a well-developed horse that special pains should be taken to have him kept thriving during his first winter. If foaled late in the season, he should have an extra ration in case the mare's milk is not sufficient to keep him in good flesh. Skimmed milk will answer for this, and a little oat-meal or cottonseed meal should be mixed with it, the amount to be given depending on the age and size of the colt. From a pint to a quart of meal will be sufficient for a colt six months old, according to his size, colts of the heavy draft breeds requiring more than those of smaller frame. Oats, too, may be provided for colts, from one to four quarts per day, the amount depending, as in the case of the meal, on the size and development of the colt. One or two quarts of bran per day will be found a good additional ration, which will maintain a healthy condition of the bowels, and keep them free from worms. The colt should have clean, comfortable quarters, with a dry yard in which to exercise, and when it can be so arranged, the stable should open into the yard, so the colt may pass out and in at will, except in stormy or very cold weather, when the door should be kept closed. During the winter is a favorable time to handle the colt, teaching him to lead quietly, if he has not already learned this, and by occasionally placing harness on him, accustom him to wearing it.—National Live Stock Journal.

Sample of Texas Childhood.

Little Mamie, aged ten, had just returned from a children's party. "Did you dance with Tommy Fizzle-top?" I asked her mother. "No, I didn't. He asked me a dozen times to dance with him, but I refused him. I just let him suffer." "You refused to dance with him? Why did you act so impolitely?" "Because I had my reasons. I don't know what the little six-year-old fellow means. I wonder if he thinks I am going to compromise myself. If he thinks I'm anxious to encumber myself with the cares and responsibilities of matrimony, he is very much mistaken."—Texas Siftings.

A SLEEP-WALKER.

Wonderful Somnambulism Vouched for by a Distinguished Physician.

A remarkable illustration of the marvelous phenomena of hypnotism is given in full in the following hitherto unreported case of repeated stigmatization by auto-suggestion during induced sleep, as given by Dr. Mable, the Medical Director-in-Chief of the Asylum Lefond, near La Roche, France: "On the 6th of last month at my visit, about a quarter-past eight o'clock in the morning, in the presence of Dr. Ramadier, associate physician of the Lefond Asylum, and M. Chauvelot, interne of the service, I plunged V. (one of the patients) into the somnambulistic state, and, wishing to combat the insomnia with which he had lately been suffering, I said to him: 'This evening near eight o'clock you will say to Ernest, the guardian of your ward: "Put me to bed. I am in need of sleep." You will go to bed, and precisely at eight o'clock you will go to sleep, and you will sleep until five o'clock tomorrow morning. During your sleep you will hear nothing, see nothing and feel nothing. Do you understand?' V. answered in the affirmative. The evening at 7:57 o'clock, while walking in the courtyard and conversing with other patients, he stopped suddenly, his eyes became fixed, and several slight spasmodic contractions passed over his face. He passed into the hypnotic—or, rather, that intermediary condition described by M. Dumontpallier—and going to the guardian of the ward he repeated the exact words dictated by me in the morning. He was put to bed, and precisely at eight o'clock he fell into a deep slumber.

"From this moment it was impossible for me to awake him, because he could neither feel, see nor hear any thing. Pressure upon the hysterogenic zone had no effect, but in a short time the patient commenced spontaneously to go through the series of experiments to which he had previously submitted at my hands. He pressed his eyes with his fingers as I had done to produce lethargy; rubbed the lids as in inducing catalepsy; opened the top of his head, as though trying to induce hypnotism. He then commenced the following colloquy, imitating my voice in the questions and answering in his own voice: 'Do you hear me?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Give me your arm.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Now, V., a quarter of an hour after you awake there will be a V on your arm at the place where I now mark it (he marked the imaginary V on his forehead), and the V will bleed. Do you hear? I want you to understand that that V must bleed! Yes, sir.' 'V., count.' 'He counted the numerals up to seven, he started, rubbed his eyes as though awakening, but more slowly proceeded with the eight, nine, ten; but he remained asleep, as was proved by heavy snoring which immediately followed his wonderful exhibition. About a quarter of an hour after this self-conducted dialogue V. went into the peculiar crisis which we have noticed in him after a suggested stigmatization. When it was over we examined the arm and found the V which he had traced in his imagination, and it was covered with blood. This V was on the same spot where I have previously, in the 3d, produced a stigmatization in the presence of Drs. Barth and Delarue. This same series of phenomena were repeated three during the night, the patient holding the same discourse and the result being the same each time.

"At five o'clock precisely V. awoke without knowing that he had been asleep, but convinced that he had been employed in the garden of the asylum, gathering flowers. Here, then, we have a case of hemorrhagic stigmatization produced without intermediary, and by auto-suggestion during induced hypnotism, the stigmata being in the place of old stigmata induced by me on former occasions. The stigmata were not watched through the night with me and witnessed this remarkable exhibition."

It would be easy to relate several other instances almost as remarkable as those given above of the phenomena of hypnotism, each and every one of which is authenticated by the names of the ablest and best known physicians of France, whose experiments have been conducted in such a manner as to leave no room to doubt of the reality of the phenomena or the authenticity of the details. Enough has been shown to illustrate the general character of the results attained, and to show, as stated in the outset, that the human brain under certain conditions, not as yet understood, is capable of exercising an influence upon the matter composing the body not possessed by it in its normal state.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Neatness Indispensable.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways, but if she is not personally neat she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. "Slattern" is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will in all probability turn out an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, act and talk like honest, sensible young women, is the especial task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning how to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. House-work is a drudgery, but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill done.—Exchange.

The trappings of the white elephant of King Theobald are said to be worth a million dollars. The royal regalia are reputed the most valuable in the world, especially in rubies and sapphires. Ruby mines exist just north of Mandalay, to which no European has ever been allowed access. The Burmese are, therefore, likely to yield plenty of loot.—N. Y. Sun.

A CHINESE BOOK OF REFERENCE.

Consisting of 22,917 Volumes.

About the year A. D. 618 the Tang dynasty was established, and the land had rest from its long internal wars. Under the peaceful sway of this imperial house a library of 80,000 books was collected, and rightly to appreciate this statement it is necessary to remember that though the art of making paper from the inner bark of trees, fishing nets and old rags had been discovered by the Marquis T'ai'ai about a hundred years before the Christian era, that of printing was not known, or at least not generally adopted, till about the year A. D. 1000, under the patronage of the Emperors of the Sung dynasty. From that time to the present each successive dynasty has done its part to encourage literature, and more heartily than the Tartar race who now reign. The Emperor Yunglo, of the Ming dynasty, who ascended the throne A. D. 1403, resolved to have a vast encyclopaedia compiled which would embrace all desirable knowledge. For this purpose he appointed no less than 2,000 Commissioners, who, after toiling for years, presented the Emperor with such a handy book of reference in 22,917 volumes. However valuable this book might have proved, it was decided that it was rather too voluminous for the printers, so the fruit of so much toil was stored in manuscript in the Imperial Palace at Peking, where it remains as still treasured. The idea this suggested was carried out three hundred years later by the Manchoo Emperor, K'ang-hi, who commissioned the wise men of the Empire to illustrate upward of six thousand subjects, by collecting all allusions to them which might be scattered among existing books. This encyclopaedia of extracts was published in A. D. 1726, and consists of upward of five thousand volumes containing the cream of Chinese literature. A complete copy of this very comprehensive and valuable work has recently been secured for the British Museum, whose own amazing catalogue scarcely eclipses that of the Imperial Library published at the close of the eighteenth century, and containing upward of 173,000 volumes on all branches of literature, without including works of fiction, drama, or any books relating to the Taoist or Buddhist religions. It is, however, necessary to add that the majority of these books are little more than mere commentaries, by intellectual pigmies of modern days, on the writings of men possessed of a far wider range of thought and freer imagination than these their cramped descendants.—C. F. Gordon Cumming, in Gentleman's Magazine.

THE LAST SLAVE.

A Negro the Master of the Last African Held in Southern Bondage.

The last slave held in a state of bondage in the South was owned by a negro. It was not usual for negroes to hold slaves, but it was the case in some instances, and it is said by those who had an opportunity to know that the negro was a hard task-master, and a more cruel and exacting owner than his brother in white. There lived in Thomas County one Collin Alston, who for years before the war came on had been his own master. He was a thrifty fellow, and as soon as he became possessed of a sufficient sum of money he bought Milly Reynolds, a negro woman. He did not own land on which to work the woman, and so he hired her out. It seems that the woman was something of a physician, after the peculiar methods of her race, and thus her owner turned her skill in this respect to his own profit, and he well knew among her colored neighbors, and it may have been among the whites as well, for the belief in quack remedies and quack doctors is one of the strongest instincts of human nature. After awhile the war came on, and the strife grew more bitter, and the tide of success wavered between the two sections, but with every returning wave the limits of the Confederacy grew more circumscribed, and then came the end. During all these bloody years the woman-physician plied her calling for the benefit of her colored owner, and even after the end had come, and the rest of her race were realizing the mixed joys and sorrows of freedom, she continued the unwilling slave of her sable master. Of course she had heard of the close of the war, and of freedom, but such was the influence held over her by Alston, her owner, that she dared not assert her rights. Among the fastnesses and jungles that skirt lovely Micooskie her master held her in bondage, and now that the negroes had become their own masters, and had money of their own, her calling brought additional wealth to Collin Alston. Nearly a year thus passed, and although Milly Reynolds had often spoken of the boon withheld from her, she could not induce herself to break the chains that bound her. At last, however, with the aid and by the advice of a lady, who is now living in this city, and who gave us the history of this wonderful episode connected with slavery, she ran away from her master, and as he had no authority to reclaim her she became at last free. Both of the parties have long since died, and very few of those who knew of the incident still remain on earth.—Thomasville (Ga.) Register.

An Indiana paper says to daddies whose daughters have married scrub stock: "The father who promptly provides a child for a marriage that dispigns him is pretty sure to save years of heart-burnings and unhappiness by it." This is true. The best thing that a disappointed pa can do is to buy his unexpected son-in-law a grocery and let him board at the old homestead.—

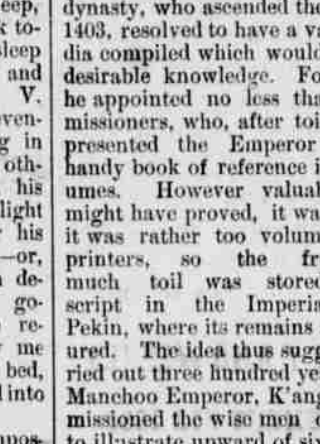
THE MARKET IN THEIR FAVOR.

First Tramp—I say, Bill, have yer seen 'e paper dis mornin'?" Second Tramp—Yes. First Tramp—How's stocks?" Second Tramp—Dey was way up yesterday, wid prospects of fuder advances ter day. First Tramp—It's goin' our way, Bill. You take Broad-street an' I'll take Wall.—N. Y. Sun.

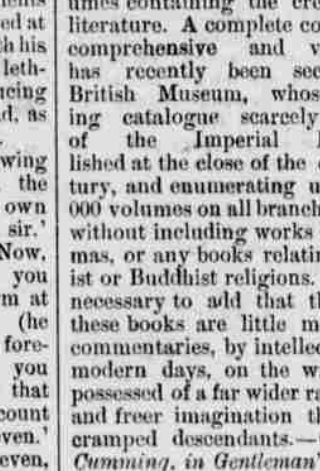
THE BANANA FIEND'S FATE.

A Harrowing Tale Which Isn't True, But Ought to Be.

Behold the wretch who, walking on the street, Drops his banana peel beneath the feet Of passers-by—a murderous conceit. Observe his face as insolent and cool. He stalks along, the mouthing, manching ghoul! Is he a vicious brute, or but a fool, Some cruel spirit's all-unconscious tool?



The victim comes! Upon the slippery snare He spurries steps—his feet are in the air! He tates assist him! Surely does he fare! His head is cracked and mud is in his hair! His arm is broken and his clothes are torn; He is an object gory and forlorn. Spruce as you please he left his home this morn'g. And now he wouid an abstrait ador'n.



BABY COULD TALK.

A Year-Old Conversationalist Whose Language is Simply Marvelous.

Many infants talk at a surprising early age. Instances have been known of babies yet in their swaddling clothes who could discourse on all manner of topics. To be sure, the drift of their remarks had to be interpreted by a fond mother, but no one would dare to say that baby didn't talk. I myself heard a year-old child say great many things one day recently. I was calling on a friend whose baby was just a year old. "Can he talk any yet?" I asked. "Talk!" exclaimed the fond mother, with an injured look. "I should think so! He can just say everything. Can't you, ducky daddie?" "Boo, boo, bee, yea, ya," screeched baby, growling back in the face with the effort. "Hear him!" cried the fond mother. He said, "I guess I can talk." "The information surprised me a little, but I discreetly held my peace." "Now, tell the gentleman name," says baby's mamma, cooing. "Boo, hoo, da, da, boo." "Charles Edgar Jones, just as plain as anything could say it, you little sweet!" cries the triumphant mother. My surprise increased. "Now, tell mamma who you like best in all the world." "Boo, hoo, bee, da, da!" "How cunning!" I exclaim. "Da, da, means 'papa, don't it?" "Mercy, no! Didn't you hear the little blessing say as plain as could be that he liked the gentleman best? He means you."

I am flattered, of course, and amazed at my own stupidity. I thought I was familiar with the "King's English," but the English of this little King is new to me. "Now say 'Sing a song o' sixpence for the gentleman.'" "Yea, yea, boo, boo, ba!" splutters baby. "No, no, deary," says mamma approvingly; "that 'Little Bo' is now say the other."

A FORCIBLE DECISION.

Judge Peterson's Opinion on the Average Bill Collector.

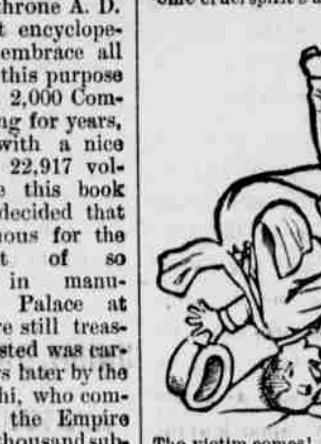
A powerful decision was recently rendered against bill collectors by a Nashville Judge. The Judge, it seems, is in the habit of taking an appeal when a bill is presented to him. This annoyed the collectors. One bold young fellow was determined to face the jurist in his den and argue from tabulated evidence, showing that the Judge was much in debt to a wholesale liquor house. The unflinching young man walked into the court room, took a position in front of the Judge's desk and said: "This is Judge Peterson I believe." "Yes, the Judge answered, as he suspiciously eyed the young man. The collector handed the Judge a bill. The Judge looked at it, recognized it as an old acquaintance, handed it back to the young man and said: "Tell them that I'll come by and settle." "They've heard that—several times already," the collector replied. "Now I want to know whether to come back here or not." "No, you needn't." "Well, then, I'll stay until you render your decision." The Judge flew out over the desk like a piece of whalebone, and knocked the young man down—knocked all his teeth into the southeast corner of his mouth. It is likely that the young man may appeal from the decision, but it should teach a lesson to bill collectors. Why, hang it, when a man says that he will be around the first of the month why don't they thank him politely and retire?—Arkansas Traveler.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS SHOULD BE MADE OF GREEN GLASS.

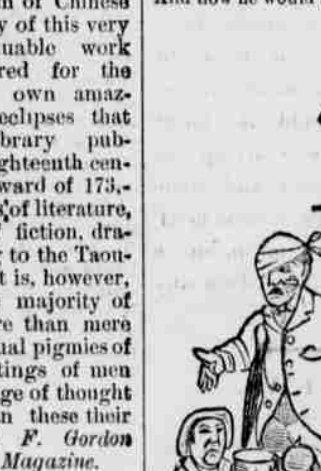
Memorial windows should be made of green glass. This suggests a way of keeping memory green.—N. O. Picayune. —Post: I send you my poem, but perhaps mistook in not writing a reply to it. Editor: No matter, we'll do the refraining for you. —Ottar of roses is now selling at \$119 a pound, and a great deal of suffering among poor people is expected this winter in consequence.—Boston Transcript. —Nothing makes a miser feel his impoverished condition so much as to travel a little and thus discover that there is much of the earth he can never hope to possess.—Chicago Herald. —Boarding-house landladies are as much afraid of strangers who do not pay in advance as the average woman is of a gun. They are so liable to go off without a moment's warning. —It is said that a man who eats onions always keeps a secret. This is partly due to the fact that the man who eats onions is rarely allowed to get within whispering distance of his fellow men.—Chicago Mail. —A man sued another for a note. Two lawyers on each side were engaged, a jury company was summoned, a jury empaneled and several hundred citizens crowded the court-room, as the parties were conspicuous citizens. The court opened and the note was produced. A close examination showed it not to be due under eight months. Court adjourned.—Boston Budget. —"Father," he asked in his child's way, "suppose you owned a silver mine way out in Nevada, and you was afraid it would spoil in half a week, 'spoil' How?" "Well, I don't know how, but the boys all say you had to use salt to carry it through, and I was going to ask—" "That's enough, sir. It's already four minutes beyond your bedtime. You can go to bed, boys say so."—Wall Street. —"My dear," said a daughter's wedding morning, "an untried life is before you. You're putting away forever the light and less existence of girlhood and taking upon yourself the serious responsibilities of the wife. Do you feel that you will approach the matrimonial altar to-night impressed with a full knowledge of the solemn vows you there will take, and—" "Of course, papa; how absurdly you talk," replied the young woman. "But we are to have a rehearsal this morning at ten, and I must not keep them waiting. Good-bye, papa."—Chicago Tribune. —Then and Now.— When you are young, how well you know A little money makes great show, Just try to get a dollar, and you'll find 'Tis then a dollar looks like this: \$

PITH AND POINT.

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The victim comes! Upon the slippery snare He spurries steps—his feet are in the air! He tates assist him! Surely does he fare! His head is cracked and mud is in his hair! His arm is broken and his clothes are torn; He is an object gory and forlorn. Spruce as you please he left his home this morn'g. And now he wouid an abstrait ador'n.



BABY COULD TALK.

A Year-Old Conversationalist Whose Language is Simply Marvelous.

Many infants talk at a surprising early age. Instances have been known of babies yet in their swaddling clothes who could discourse on all manner of topics. To be sure, the drift of their remarks had to be interpreted by a fond mother, but no one would dare to say that baby didn't talk. I myself heard a year-old child say great many things one day recently. I was calling on a friend whose baby was just a year old. "Can he talk any yet?" I asked. "Talk!" exclaimed the fond mother, with an injured look. "I should think so! He can just say everything. Can't you, ducky daddie?" "Boo, boo, bee, yea, ya," screeched baby, growling back in the face with the effort. "Hear him!" cried the fond mother. He said, "I guess I can talk." "The information surprised me a little, but I discreetly held my peace." "Now, tell the gentleman name," says baby's mamma, cooing. "Boo, hoo, da, da, boo." "Charles Edgar Jones, just as plain as anything could say it, you little sweet!" cries the triumphant mother. My surprise increased. "Now, tell mamma who you like best in all the world." "Boo, hoo, bee, da, da!" "How cunning!" I exclaim. "Da, da, means 'papa, don't it?" "Mercy, no! Didn't you hear the little blessing say as plain as could be that he liked the gentleman best? He means you."

I am flattered, of course, and amazed at my own stupidity. I thought I was familiar with the "King's English," but the English of this little King is new to me. "Now say 'Sing a song o' sixpence for the gentleman.'" "Yea, yea, boo, boo, ba!" splutters baby. "No, no, deary," says mamma approvingly; "that 'Little Bo' is now say the other."

A FORCIBLE DECISION.

Judge Peterson's Opinion on the Average Bill Collector.

A powerful decision was recently rendered against bill collectors by a Nashville Judge. The Judge, it seems, is in the habit of taking an appeal when a bill is presented to him. This annoyed the collectors. One bold young fellow was determined to face the jurist in his den and argue from tabulated evidence, showing that the Judge was much in debt to a wholesale liquor house. The unflinching young man walked into the court room, took a position in front of the Judge's desk and said: "This is Judge Peterson I believe." "Yes, the Judge answered, as he suspiciously eyed the young man. The collector handed the Judge a bill. The Judge looked at it, recognized it as an old acquaintance, handed it back to the young man and said: "Tell them that I'll come by and settle." "They've heard that—several times already," the collector replied. "Now I want to know whether to come back here or not." "No, you needn't." "Well, then, I'll stay until you render your decision." The Judge flew out over the desk like a piece of whalebone, and knocked the young man down—knocked all his teeth into the southeast corner of his mouth. It is likely that the young man may appeal from the decision, but it should teach a lesson to bill collectors. Why, hang it, when a man says that he will be around the first of the month why don't they thank him politely and retire?—Arkansas Traveler.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS SHOULD BE MADE OF GREEN GLASS.

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