

RESTFUL SYMPOSIUM.

THE ECONOMICAL GIRL.

She's a dashing little student
Of economy, and prudent.
In a most painstaking fashion,
I would really have you know;
And she looked up with eyes upgancing,
Most bewitchingly entrancing,
And my thoughts flew back to courtship,
Many happy years ago;
Soon her gaze grew fond and fonder,
And I then began to ponder
Some sweet words I'd whisper to her
Of a liberty I'd take;
But she smiled a smile platonic
As she said in words laconic:
"What a splendid lot of carpet rags
Your overcoat would make."

A LITTLE GIRL'S BASE HIT.

"O, papa," exclaimed a little girl in the grand stand at the beginning of last Wednesday's game. "See the two men with bustles on their faces!"

WHY HE WANTED TACKS.

He was an amateur yachtsman, and he looked around the store in a timid way before he hesitatingly asked:

"Got any tacks?"

"Yes, sir; plenty of 'em. How many papers?"

"I guess I'll take a paper of star-board and a paper of port. I'm going a-sailing, and I want to be provided with both kinds."

HARD ON THE COUNSEL.

The following experience of a Mississippi lawyer was related by himself to the writer many years ago. He said:

"I was defending a prisoner for horse-stealing, and seeing no other means of defending him, under the circumstances, I set up the plea of insanity. I argued it at length, read many extracts from works on medical jurisprudence, and had the patient attention of the Court. The prosecuting attorney did not attempt to reply to my argument or controvert my authorities; I seemed to have things my own way, and whispered to the prisoner that he needn't be uneasy. Then came the Judge's charge, in which he reminded the jury that there was no dispute between counsel as to the facts of the case. Indeed, there could not have been, for several witnesses had sworn positively that they saw my client steal the horse."

"But," concluded the Court, "the plea of insanity has been set up, and I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, that it should receive your very grave and serious deliberation; but I must be allowed to say, gentlemen, that for myself, upon a review of the whole case, I can discover no evidence of insanity on the part of the prisoner, except, perhaps, in the selection of his counsel."

—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.

A GOOD IMPRESSION.

Outside the lines of his own science, (Mathematics,) Prof. Pierce of Harvard was a man of the keenest intellect and the soberest judgment. One evening, just after the close of the war he was at an evening party in Washington, and was introduced to a quiet man, whose name he did not catch; but he sat down beside him, and soon was engaged with him in a long and earnest talk. At the end of the evening he asked his host, "Who was that man to whom you introduced me? I didn't catch his name, but he seems to me the cleverest and solidest man I have met in years—a man of great powers."

"Why," said his host, "didn't you know? That was General Grant."

Professor Pierce was much more than a moderate Democrat in politics—he was an extreme Democrat—but the impression of that evening was never effaced.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.

BIRD SHOT.

Honest John Blake was for several years the well-known Governor of a New England State. Governor John had a brother William, perhaps equally honest, though less well known, who was a sportsman, and somewhat given to the cheering cup. On one of his shooting excursions William and a boozing companion found that their horse did not trot quite rapidly enough to correspond with their exhilarated notions of the proper speed, and the companion fired a charge of bird-shot into the animal to encourage him. The horse dashed wildly off, the buggy rocking, hats and parcels flying in all directions, and William, ruler of the storm, shouted with delight "Shoot 'im ag'in! He goes [adm'ably]." Editors Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for September.

THE UNLUCKY ONES.

Omaha child—Mamma, Mary says her father is an Irish-American and she's awful stuck up about it.

Mamma—Well?

"And Gretchen says her father is a German-American and she's awful stuck up, too."

"Yes."

"And Marie is bragging because her father is a French-American."

"I can't help that, dear."

"Well isn't there anything I can brag off?"

"No, pet. You are only an American."—Omaha World.

A GOOD REASON.

"What's the matter sonny?" asked a old gentleman of a little boy who was crying bitterly. "I've run away from home." "Why don't you go right home; your father will be very glad indeed to see you. Don't you remember the story of the prodigal son?"

"Yes—yes sir." "Why don't you follow his example?" "Cause I don't like veal."

A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"Hanging is too good for you," said a judge to the condemned man. "I know it is," replied the prisoner frankly; "and if you can suggest something else, judge, you can't do it too quick."—Drake's Magazine.

A TENDER MEMORY.

"We will sing the 329th hymn," said the minister at the close of a pathetic funeral sermon. "It was a favorite with the remains."

SOTTO VOCE.

"You were quite attentive to the sermon this morning, husband dear." "Quite so, yes." Which part of the discourse did you think reflected the most human nature? "The sotto voce part, by all means." "What part was that?" "Why, the part where he said 'darn that fly.'"—Yonkers Gazette.

GOING BACK ON OLD HARRY.

A witty lawyer, many of whose sayings are famous, said to a friend: Did you hear that—(a lawyer whose ways had been devious) had turned State's evidence?"

"How is that?" said the other. "He has been converted and joined the church."

DELICACY.

"Don't you swear?" asked a ministerial looking man of a sailor on the dock.

"Partly often," was the reply "Drink?"

"—m—yes. I git dry onct in a while." "Gamble?"

"When th' v'yage's over I shake a few dices."

"Chew tobacco?"

"Look here, shipmate, ain't you gettin' kind'r curious?"

"Answer me that; do you chew tobacco?"

"Wa'al, yes I do."

"That's what I wanted to get at, and I meant to do it in a soothing, gentlemanly way, as it were. Gimme a chew, will you?"

NO ADMITTANCE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I am going to the dog show, sir," she said. "Will you take me, my pretty maid?"

"There are no prizes for puppies, sir," she said.

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

During the hot spell:
Guest—I rang for some ice cream.
Send me up \$100 worth.

Walter—But, sir, nobody can eat \$100 worth of ice cream.

Guest—Who said I was going to eat it? I'm going to put it in the bath tub and sit in it.

MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE TRUTH.

Mother. "Johnnie; go up into the back room; I'll teach you to tell me lies."

Johnnie. "I ain't been telling no lies."

Mother. "Yes, you have."

Johnnie. "No, I haven't. You wouldn't believe me if I had, so what's the use in my lying?"

SUMMER BOARDER.

Farmer Host: "Hey, Mister, you'd better hurry an' git up; the family is settin' down to the table."

Boarder (wearily): "Thanks; I never eat during the night."

FOUND A MAN AT LAST.

Burglar: "I tell you it's awful the way things are in New England. Twenty or thirty women to every man I had a narrow escape once. I noticed a lot of the finest diamonds you ever saw on a Boston girl just going out of the house to a lecture or something and I watched my chance and got in and in and hid under her bed. You see, I was thinkin' she would be so interested in the lecture she went to that she wouldn't think to look around for burglars, you know."

"Yes."

"But when she came in the first thing she did was to look under the bed, and there she saw me."

"Did she scream or faint?"

"She just grabbed me with both hands and held on like grim death."

"Eh! How did you get away?"

"I explained to her that I was already married and she let me go."

OSCAR'S ORIGINALITY.

John Drew told me a story about Oscar Wilde and Whistler, the artist. It was much chaffed about in England that on Oscar's lecturing tour in America he introduced a great many clever things which had really been originally said by Whistler, Dante, Rossetti, Goodwin and others of the aesthetic circles in London. After his return he was at dinner with the coterie, and many bright things were said. After one brilliant remark by Whistler, which was very successful, Oscar looked up and said:

"Whistler, how I wish I had said that."

"Never mind, Oscar," said Whistler, quietly, "you will."

VALUE OF WATER POWER.

A Syracuse lawyer, in drawing up a brief, referred to a "gote," a "carpentir," a "hotell-keeper," and a "constebul," and yet he won his case. A lawyer who can weep before a jury has no need of any orthography at all.

IVY.

Thou art a friend for evil days, and show thyself most constantly when the summer crowd
That revels in the sun, dismayed and
Has shrunk away till softer breezes blow.
Exultingly thou shakest off the snow,
Emerging boldly from thy coil white
shroud,
With beauty unimpaired, a conqueror
proud.
A daring climber thou, and yet the low
Unsignifying things of earth thou seekest
out
To weave thy graceful tendrils round
about.
Brave, faithful ivy! I would learn from thee
Amid life's ills invincible to be:
And in this tangled coil where ill I see,
Be mine to veil it with sweet charity.
—Quiver.

BUFFALO BILL'S STORY.

I have from earliest infancy been used to the life of the prairie. Riding, trapping, shooting, and fighting come as second nature to one bred as I, and in the wild west we think no more of a fifty-mile ride through the virgin forest or over the snow-capped mountain, unattended and unprotected save by one's own prowess, than does an average Londoner of crossing a road. It was a perfect afternoon some twenty years ago that I mounted my steed and set out from the horseshoe valley. I was alone bent on sport, bear by choice, but anyhow sport. I soon got out of sight of the station, and as my horse strode through the underwood he frequently scared up game—sage-hens and jack-rabbits. Antelope and deer were every moment passing my trail as I gradually ascended the mountainside, until the country got bleaker and wilder and the vegetation less-marked. Then I knew that I was in a likely sort of place for bear, but still saw none. In this way I got along until, feeling the pangs of hunger, I shot a bird, and, dismounting, unsaddled my horse, tied him up, and having built a little fire and cooked the bird, I made a square meal, and fixed myself right away for a couple of hours' siesta. This over, I remounted, and, disappointed at the lack of bear, decided to camp out for the night, in hopes of getting better sport for the next day. I rode on, therefore, until dusk, for the days were drawing in, and it was dark early, and, having found a suitable camping place, I shot a couple of sage-hens for supper and breakfast, and made all snug. I had just tethered my animal and was about to light the fire when I was startled by the sound of a horse whinnying further up the stream. I was very much astonished, for I was in an exceedingly wild country, miles away from camp, and the last place in the world where to expect to find men. I immediately ran to my animal to prevent him answering the sound, and pondering over it concluded that there must be some Indians camping near by. I was very anxious to find out who the owner of the strange horse was, and that, if possible, without letting him know of my presence. I therefore took my gun and made on foot for the spot. Judge my surprise when having descended a few hundred yards, at seeing over a dozen horses grazing. I was evidently in the neighborhood of a large party, and soon discovered their whereabouts by a ray of light streaming from the bank close by. I carefully crept up to the spot, and found the light came from a dug-out in the mountain-side. I listened and heard voices, and soon distinguished language which told me that the inhabitants, whoever they were, were whites, and not Indians. They were evidently a party of trappers; so thinking I would make their acquaintance, I boldly walked up to the door and knocked.

I heard a muttering, as of whispered consultation, and then a gruff voice called out, "Whose there?"

"A white man and a friend?" I replied, and without more ado the door was opened by a great hulking fellow, who bade me enter in tones none too courteous.

I entered the dug-out and gazed upon eight of the most villainous looking men I have ever seen in my lot to see. I recognized two immediately as having been discharged some months back from their employment for horse-stealing, and they were all well suited to one another. They were evidently a band of horse-thieves and desperadoes, the curse of the country and a danger to every honest man. I was speedily put through my paces.

"Where are you going, young man, and who is with you?" demanded he who seemed to be the chief.

"I am entirely alone. I left Horseshoe station this morning for a bear-hunt, and not finding any bears determined to camp out for the night, and wait till to-morrow, and was just turning in when I heard your horse whinnying, and so came up to your camp to see if there were any pals of mine here."

The answer was evidently regarded as not entirely satisfactory. "Where's your horse?" demanded the chief. "I left him down the creek," I answered. The men immediately proposed going to fetch the animal, but I saw at once that this would never do. I was at the same time entirely in their hands, and could not do much against eight,

so, not liking the idea of their fetching my horse, and so cutting off my only means of escape, I proposed to fetch it myself. "I'll leave my gun here," I said "and will bring up the horse." This did not, however, suit the gentlemen. "Jim and I will go with you after your horse," said the chief, but you can leave your gun here just the same." It would have been idle to resist, so, cheerfully saying "All right," I put down my double-barrel, and followed my ruffianly leaders.

We went down the creek in the dark. There was no moon, and it was hard to see where we were putting our feet. At length we reached the horse, when one of the men unhitched the rein and said "I'll lead him." "Very well," said I, "lead on."

I picked up the sage-hens I had shot. We turned and retraced our steps, the thieves leading my horse and I following in the rear. My plan of escape had failed, and things began to look ugly. I suddenly resolved to fight for my freedom. I had two revolvers with me, the men not having taken the trouble to search me—as yet. It was pitch dark. I purposely dropped one of the sage-hens I was carrying, and asked the man next to me to pick it up. He stooped and began to feel for it on the ground, when I quickly drew my Colt and struck him a tremendous blow on the back of the head, knocking him senseless to the ground. I then rapidly turned round, and saw that the man in front had heard his companion fall and had turned to see what was the matter, his hand upon his revolver. We faced each other simultaneously, and before he had time to fire I shot him dead through the head. Then jumping on my horse I made tracks through the darkness as well as the rough ground would allow.

The other outlaws in the dug-out had, however, heard the shot, and guessing that there was trouble, they all came rushing down the creek, and following the sound of my horse's feet, gave me chase. It was a ride for life, and I spared not my horse. The ground was rough and hard, and my hunters were gaining on me. Soon I heard them firing at random; then their voices as they crept on to me. The game was up; I had but one chance of escaping with a whole skin. Leaping off my horse, I gave him a hard slap, sending him careering off along the valley, while I rapidly took to the underwood just as my pursuers rushed by in hot haste, believing that I was still on the back of my horse they heard clattering down the ravine.

I passed that night in the open air, and at early dawn tramped, footsore and weary, and played out, to the station, some twelve miles off, where I told the story. We formed a party and rode to the dug-out to interview my comrades of the previous night, but to no purpose. The dug-out was deserted as though it had never been the habitation of man, and the only trace of human handiwork to be seen was a newly-closed grave.—London Globe.

White Man's Love.

Near Indian Lake, Hamilton county, in the State of New York, there still lives a beautiful Indian woman who years ago figured as the heroine in a sensational romance. The story told is of her marriage with a wealthy young man, Gabriel Mead, who lives near New York city. His family were displeased with the alliance of one of their kin with the handsome but dusky descendant of the Adirondack aborigines and he parted from her, but not until his relatives had settled \$10,000 upon his Indian bride. Some time afterwards Mead repented of the separation, returned to the Adirondack region sought out his wife, pleaded his suit with renewed fervor and again they were married. Harmony did not stay long under their roof, however, and again they separated. The Indian girl is now building a dwelling and store at Indian Lake, which, being thrifty and enterprising, she will manage herself. She still preserves much of her youthful beauty, but wants no more of "the white man's love."

A Long Visit.

Fletcher Hines, of Indianapolis, the only son of Judge Hines, the former law partner of Ex-Senator Harrison, and the prospective heir to a round \$1,000,000, figures in an alleged elopement, which has excited that city beyond all precedent. At the age of twenty-six he married an estimable young lady belonging to an excellent family in New York State and removed to a country place near the Indiana capital, where they began life amid luxurious surroundings. Hines was a model husband for a time and his wife appeared very happy in the love of the handsome Harvard graduate. Later on his fondness for society created comment, his attentions to one Miss Alice Goodwin being particularly noticeable, but still nothing radically wrong was apprehended. On Sunday evening he bade his wife and children a casual good-by, saying that he was going to visit a natural gas well near by and he would soon return. He has not been seen since. Miss Goodwin, who is a young and pretty girl of about nineteen, also disappeared on the same evening, taking her clothing and jewelry.

A Romance of Marriage.

Here is one of the queerest romances of marriage. The Gil Blas, in mentioning a birth in high life at Paris, relates this week an amusing story of incidents which led to the marriage of the parents. The happy father, a marquis, is 70 years of age, while his wife is some thirty-five years younger. The child is a result of a marriage of ten years. The Marquise is an English woman. She was formerly a teacher in one of the private schools of Paris. She believed in the English idea of flogging and she occasionally punished her pupils with a cane. One of the patrons of the school was the coachman of the Marquis in question. Both of the coachman's children were refractory and were frequently punished. The coachman resented this assumption of authority by the teacher, and warned her never to flog his children again. The teacher persisted in her course, and soon afterwards had occasion to give one of the coachman's children another flogging. A day or two afterwards the teacher was passing the house of the Marquis, when the coachman rushed out, seized the teacher, drew her into the courtyard of the house and then and there proceeded to administer to her an old-fashioned spanking in retaliation for her punishing his children. The Marquis happened to come along while the coachman was in the midst of his castigation. He flew into a great rage and promptly rescued the unhappy lady from her undignified position. The acquaintance made by the Marquis with this lady under such ridiculous circumstances led directly into an intimacy and subsequent marriage. In fact the coachman's spanking resulted in giving a poor English school teacher one of the leading positions in Parisian society.

The Welcome Guest.

A writer meditates in Harper's about staying in other people's houses. As this is the "come-and-stay-with-me-a-week" time of the year, it is rather anxious to be told that agreeable and fascinating persons who are always in request as visitors put themselves under a great deal of mental strain. It is not easy to live in other people's houses, even for a few weeks. To sleep in a new bed, to breakfast at an unusual hour, to await the hostess' pleasure (or the coachman's) as to whether you shall have your afternoon drive, to talk to the stupid member of the family, or to endure the conceit of the brilliant one, all require patience and self-control. The family dog may be a brute of which one is afraid. Everyone who has paid many visits knows of the disagreements which haunt even the best regulated families. Perhaps for this reason colorless people are generally chosen as model guests—persons who have just enough anecdote and not too much, sufficiently good-looking to please, not enough good-looking to alarm jealousy—the person who has no disagreeable incumbrances to bring along, the creature made up of tack and ready adaptability. Such is the ideal visitor, the person always sought for and seldom found.

A word for the Parlor.

It is the fashion among people who sneer at everything to speak of the parlor as an unnecessary room. This may be true to some extent in the city where space is valuable and where children enjoy so much less freedom than in the country, but the parlor is a room of essential importance to the country housekeeper, a harbor of refuge which she may be always sure is free from tiny muddy boot marks, small finger-marks, and consequent untidiness. There are many days, canning days, housecleaning days and others, that it is impossible to keep the living-room* daintily neat; days when it must be neglected by the tired housekeeper for something more important. The parlor which is not subject to disturbing influences may be safely relied on at such times, as on all times, to receive the informal caller or the inquisitive visitor.—The N. Y. Tribune

Suicide of a Dentist.

A Parisian dentist, about fifty years old, has just committed suicide in very tragical circumstances. He had fallen desperately in love with a rather good-looking woman, who was a singer in a suburban cafe concert. She did not return his affection, although she continued to frequent his surgery. She went there recently to have, as she said, one of her teeth stopped, and the dentist renewed his protestations of affection, but, as she refused to give him any encouragement, he suddenly locked the door of the room, sat down and scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper, and then deliberately shot himself. While dying, according to the woman's statement, he caught her in his arms and passionately embraced her. This accounted for her clothes being covered with blood. The neighbors state that besides the report of a revolver, they heard sounds of an altercation in the surgery. The dentist was a married man, but had lived apart from his wife for many years.