

WHAT HE LOST.

She was a maiden With rare beauty hidden, And face that was wondrous and fair; With soft glowing light In eyes like the night, And long silken strands of dark hair.

MARRIAGE ACCIDENTS.

Informal Ways of Casting the Matrimonial Noose.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or a look.

"How do you make out what is good in one sex is bad in the other?" "Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm sole, but woman by a yielding husband?"

"Which one?" she inquired with a smile on her lips and a soft look in her eyes. "If you care for me, choose that union in which I may see you oftenest."

"No; that somebody has never come." "Ah, then, I have brought him, after a deal of bother," he said, throwing his arms around her; and the matter was then and there settled.

"What part have you reserved for me?" she asked. "You are to be a charming sweetheart, as you are." "Is there a wife in the piece?" "There is."

"That's a question I never thought about," said the other, nonplussed. However, John's rebuke having forced the question upon him, he decided in the affirmative, and returning to the lady forthwith, proposed, and was accepted.

"I may say, never." "As you are so easily pleased, here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum.

"Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty, and wished to help him out of it; at any rate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife, when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. "It is exceeding lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amidst blushes. Of course he accepted the money; but getting her address, he made such good use of the hint, that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

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FULL OF FUN.

—City Nephew—Well, what do you think of New York? Country Uncle—Waal, it's a pretty big place, but 'tain't much of a place fur pastur'.

—A young man in Louisville was choked to death while kissing his girl. The old man must have had the grip of a demon.—*Merlin's Pinyure Herald.*

—A precocious youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs. "They lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—*Texas Siftings.*

—No further use for it.—Young man (whispering to jeweler)—The engagement ring I bought of you yesterday.—Jeweler—What's the matter with it; didn't it fit? Young man (cautiously)—Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar-buttons for it.—*Puck.*

—Little Maria Lewis, five years old, was told by her teacher that the Mississippi river was called the Father of Waters. "How is that, Miss Mattie?" she queried. "If it is the Father of Waters it ought to be Mister-sippi."—*N. O. City Item.*

—Mrs. Gableton—Oh! Mr. Fogg, I saw your wife in Biastold's store yesterday, and she did look perfectly lovely. Fogg—Don't you know, my dear madam, that every thing looks more attractive in the store than it does after you have got it home?—*Boston Transcript.*

—In a dilemma.—"Why is it that you treat me with such disdain?" asked a young society bean of a married lady. "As long as you are not on good terms with my husband, I can not possibly treat you kindly." "This is a horrible dilemma," responded the gilded youth; "if you show me any attention, your husband refuses to speak to me, and unless he is friendly, you give me the cold shoulder. I never was in such a hideous fix in my life."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Thrown In.—Coal-Dealer—Where's John? Driver—He stayed up to Mr. Brown's. Coal-Dealer—Why on earth did he do that? Doesn't he know we're short-handed? Driver—I suppose he does, sir, but he said he was weighed in with his load, and he had an idea he belonged to Mr. Brown.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Fortunate.—That Cupid in blindness must follow his works, is a blessing and not a disaster. Since it keeps the men from seeing the pimple that lurks 'Neath the maiden's small patch of court-plaster.

—A Conscientious Driver.—It was very warm, and the old gentleman dozed off in the street-car. The car passed his house and still he slumbered. When he got to the end of the route the driver woke him up. "Why didn't you shake me when the car passed my house?" demanded the irate party. The driver replied: "I did think of shaking you, but the printed instructions are, as you see there: Drivers are not permitted, under any circumstances, to handle the fare. I called you, but you were snoring so loud you didn't hear me."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Scot to fellow traveler on Northern railway—May ah ask what line ye're on? Our Artist (who had undergone a wide cross-examination with complaisance)—Well—I'm—I'm a painter. Scot—Map, that's lucky! Ah deal 'pents—an' ah can sell ye white lead four cheaper than ye can buy 't ony o' the shoaps. Artist—Oh, but I use very little. A pound or so serves me over a year. Scot—E—h, man! Ye maun be in a vera sma' way o' beezeness!—*London Punch.*

EMERSON'S DAUGHTER.

Her Sturdy Independence and Disregard of Silly Conventionalism.

Ellen Emerson, daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is as independent in her movements as her father was in thought. She was out walking the other day when it began to rain heavily. Along came a rustic horse dragging a will cart, with a conventional country boy on the rough plank that served for the driver's seat.

RARE IRISH BOOKS.

The Big Demand Existing for Them in the United States.

In a second-story back-room on one of the side streets down town there is a collection of books the like of which is not to be found anywhere in the United States. Here are over 500 volumes in the Irish language, and over 5,000 works on subjects pertaining to Ireland and its people.

When asked regarding the oldest Irish work in America, the proprietor said that it was one printed in Rome at the Propaganda Fide in 1676. It is in the Irish language, and was published for the use of missionaries going to Ireland. It is a catechism, of 12mo size, and was obtained direct from Rome. It is held as a great curiosity.

In speaking of big prices paid for Irish books the proprietor said that he sold to the British Museum some time ago a small 18mo volume for \$88.

With reference to the cultivation of the Irish language in this country the proprietor said that in nearly every city of the Union there have been classes formed to study it, and that the knowledge regarding it is greatly necessary.

—In 1850 there were 6,737 prisoners in the jails of this county. In 1880 the number was 69,268. In 1850 there was one prisoner to every 3,442 inhabitants; in 1880 there was one to every 837 inhabitants.

A SPANISH EXPLORER.

The First European to Lead a Party of Whites Through Texas.

The first European to make extensive explorations in Texas was Alva Nurez, who has left a record of his wanderings, which appeared in Spain in 1687, and which has been used to advantage by H. H. Bancroft in his "History of the North Mexican States and Texas." He was one of the survivors of a party of Spaniards numbering 240 men, besides the officers, who for six weeks sailed in a frail craft, tempest-tossed and suffering terribly from thirst, hunger, exposure and attacks from warlike Indians, until early in November, 1577, they finally stranded on an island on the coast of Texas.

A few of the strongest survivors were sent to the mainland by their fellows with orders to seek help from the nearest Spaniards. The remainder were soon reduced from eighty to fifteen by famine and pestilence, and these few were enslaved by the Indians and soon became scattered from one another.

After these years of captivity he finally succeeded in escaping from his captors with Oviedo, the only white survivor remaining on the island. He went down the coast, passing four large rivers, and finally entered a bay which he supposed was the Espiritu Santo, discovered in 1519. He soon fell in with three other persons belonging to the original party, and these four are the only ones who were known to have survived of the three hundred that had sailed from Florida.

As the Spaniards do not speak of crossing the Mississippi river, as they certainly would had they noticed it, Malhado Island must, therefore, have been to the west of that stream. Their location in the Bay of Espiritu Santo is fixed by certain great sand hills, which Oviedo mentions as prominent landmarks, and at the present day the United States Coast Survey speaks of the sand mounds as rising from an almost level prairie region at the bay which now bears the name of Espiritu Santo.

On the Road to Lunacy.

Meeting an old friend, a drummer, coming from one of the stations, sachel in hand, yesterday, I asked him where he was from this time. He looked at me wearily and replied: "Arappy, tap, tap, arappy, tap, tap." I thought for a moment that he had gone crazy, but he slipped his arm through mine and said: "I can hardly remember where I have been. I can't think of anything but arappy, tap, tap, arappy, tap, tap. You see, unfortunately, about a year ago in one of my railroad journeys I noticed that the noise made by the truck in passing over the rails was always like arappy, tap, tap. I had never noticed it before, and I have never stopped noticing it since. I have lain awake in my berth all night thinking about it. I believe it will run me crazy." He turned off at the next corner, and as far as I could hear him he was saying: "Arappy, tap, tap, arappy, tap, tap, arappy, tap, tap."—*Chicago Journal.*