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MY SUMMER GIRLS.

I've decided I shall marry, Only I'm so hard to please: Twixt two maidens fair I tarry, One is Winnie, one Louise. Both are pretty appellations, But by fashion disenthralled;

In their intimate relations Winn and Lou they're often called,

If Miss Winn I'd never met, I Long ago had married Lou; If Miss Lou I could forget, I Then would know the thing to do. Winn is very, very winsome, Very pretty and petite. -But there's Lou, you see; and in some Ways she's equally as sweet.

Dear Louise is just the person For a rhymer such as I To indite a pretty verse on, That with Tennyson's would vie.
But there's Winn; and what a pleasure,
What a joy, to sing of her
In a captivating measure,

Setting all her heart astir.

First 'tis Winn my fancy pleases, Then the thought of Lou comes in, And I'm confident Louise is Dearer-only there is Winn.

That is, then, my sad dilemma, If my name were Jekyll-Hyde, I could offer each of them a Chance to be a blushing bride.

So a quandary I'm in, then, Should I win Winn's heart, you see, I lose Lou's—should Lou's I win, then I lose Winn's-which shall it be? Very hard it is, this choosing;

Lou's I win or Winn I lose, Names like theirs are so confusing, I'm uncertain which to choose.

My attentions I've divided, Giving each an equal share, Waiting 'till I have decided Which the wedding ring shall wear. Both of them so please my fancy That my brain is in a whirl, And the only way that I can see

Is to wed another girl.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

A Young Lawyer's Admirable and Successful Scheme.

Mr. Sutton was in his study preparing a paper on Social Ethics to be read before his club. He had a style rather profound, he flattered himself, and was just about winding up with a fine peroration, when he heard a slight rap at his door, and Mrs. Sutton ap-

Mr. Sutton was tired, but as he made it a point never to show temper he merely laid own his pen with an audible, patiently patient sigh, and said: "Well, my dear?"

To which Mrs. Sutton made a hardly appretty walking boots, evidently her own, between her finger and thumb, she said:

"From Frayer's, I presume.

"No," said Mrs. Sutton.
"Well, my dear, if you have gone to some other firm you had good reason, no doubt." As she made no reply, Mr. Sutton ventured a guess: "I really don't know why you should insist on my guessing, my dear, but Whately, perhaps. A very good maker and becoming quite the fashion among the ladies, I believe."

"They came from no such place," said Mrs. Sutton, with a certain amount of as-41Ann 453t. New York N. O. P Y. Box 450 perity in her tone; "I will tell you where,

> "The alley! my dear" said Mr Si hardly knowing what to think, but sure he had something to do with it; "the alley!

'89 APRIL. '89. "You are wrong," Mrs. Sutton rejoined, with great quickness and severity. "Muff has far too much consideration for his mishas far too much c tress to destroy her property. You are the person, Mr. Sutton! There's a limit to New Goods! person, Mr. Sutton! There's a limit to every thing—I can not and will not bear this longer. It was only last week that my cut glass smelling-bottle, the one poor cousin George gave me on my wedding, was broken-

"I replaced it my dear," meekly rejoined Mr. Sutton.

"It could not be replaced. It was a gift

that meant something." Mr. Sutton winced. He never could bear

"But," said Mrs. Sutton, changing her tone, which had verged on the tearful, back to severity again, "I say nothing more on that point, but to resume. It's merely chance that I have not lost my boots. Mr. Sutton, some other way must be devised for getting rid of those cats! I can not sacrifice all my wardrobe. I say nothing of my disturbed rest."

"Mrs. Sutton!" remonstrated her husband, "I grant that I have been reckless in throwing any thing that comes to hand without paying sufficient attention to what it might be, but my dear, when you speak of disturbed rest, pray recall to your mind the fact that it is in an effort to give you undisturbed rest by dispersing those cats from the premises that I have imperiled

"Cats, if let alone, would not keep me awake," said Mrs. Sutton, majestically. "It's your foolishly impulsive attacks on them that I complain of, and these must

"But, Mrs. Sutton; I can not sleep with

that caterwauling."
"I only say," said Mrs. Sutton, very severely, "that some other method than throwing all our valuables over the fence Room Paper and Remnants of all must be thought of;" and with these words Mrs. Sutton took herself and her boots away, leaving her wretched husband seated between the horns of a dilemma.

Their house, a "recherche mansion, suitable for the residence of one of our merchant princes," as the advertisement that first drew Mrs. Sutton's attention to the place styled it, was no longer the source of pride that it had been, for the whole place, especially the alley fence, was infested by cats; the very lowest, most ruffianly of cats in legions. The coarse, gutter tones of their voices, upraised every night as they were, in strains of love or wild vendetta, were too much for the sensitive nerves of Mr. Sutton-he who loved retirement, and whose chiefest pleasure was what he fondly styled "wooing the muse" late at night. Instead he was obliged to listen to the voices of these horrible beasts, and in fact, all of the hours that he should have been sleeping were rendered hideous by these creatures.

Mrs. Sutton had borne with the trouble in enforced patience until her frantic husband had laid his hands on all things. When it came to bric-a-brac and articles of personal property, Mrs. Sutton felt it must be stopped, and had said so. And her husband knew that when she adopted a cer-

That very afternoon he met his nephew,

J. Deming Hazard, a young lawyer waiting for practice, and begged of him to devise a plan to rid him of the pest of his life, and was promised relief. The following morning as he took his way down town he met the nephew who heartlessly accosted him with: "My dear uncle, you look seedy this morning. Had a bad night's rest?"

"That's a matter of course. Have you thought of a remedy?" "Well, yes, I think I may say I have a

"I hope you may have. I hope you have," said his uncle with a sigh. "Any thing you do I will approve. I have tried every thing myself with no result, unless it has been to | dog and his horse. The price of the dog draw those devilish beasts in greater number. What is your plan?"

"That is a 'little thing of my own,' as Bunthorne says. By the way, uncle, how's

"Moonlight?" "Yes, moonlight. As for me, I am in my office working so hard that I never have a chance to see such a thing as a moonlight night. I really don't know when she shines and when she don't. By the way, uncle, you ought to throw something handsome in the way of business my way if I rid you of your cats.'

"I shan't forget you, James," said Mr. Sutton, with great solemnity.

"All right. I am willing to guarantee that the cure shall begin the first moon-light night. Well, you see," in answer to the question in his uncle's eye, "moonlight is good for taking observations. You will like to see this thing work, won't you? When a pleasure. did you say?"

"The moon will be full on Thursday." "And to-day is Saturday; very well."

That night Mrs. Sutton remarked at dinner that Mr. Sutton's nephew had been doing something at the alley fence, so the cook reported. Mr. Sutton made no reply, but rejoiced in his heart.

On Thursday night J. Deming Hazard ar rived just after dinner, and seeking his down with me, uncle, and see the thing work.

Going down into the basement and out into the back yard, Mr. Sutton looked and hear the usual horrible state of things."

"Exactly-just wait a minute." Leaving his uncle, young Hazard went forward until he nearly reached the end of the little garden without in the least disturbing the dozen or more cats pleasantly occupied in giving a first-class concert on an alley

Rejoining his uncle, he observed, joyfully: "Now you shall see."

A minute longer passed with no change, when an old tabby rising to charge upon a foe was seen to describe the most singular movements. She flew into the air as if she had been shot and came down again with an agonized howl only to fly up again with renewed force. Descending the second time she fell into the alley and was seen no

"Is she dead?" demanded Mr. Sutton, who had witnessed this gymnastic feat with surprise.

"Oh, no, only astonished. This is only the prelude to the fun."

In the mean time the remaining cats craned their heads over the fence to gaze after their friend. Silence following, they resumed their concert. For a few moments all went well until one, getting excited, made a rush, and all at once repeated the strange antics of the first, rising in the air as if set off like a rocket, and coming down like its stick, fell into the garden with a yell and darted up a shed roof and disappeared.

Again dismy seized the remaining cohorts. In the mean time the cats' cries had brought Mrs. Sutton to the parlor window overlooking the scene, and the servants had come from the kitchen, and at every fresh performance set up a chorus of exclamations, while Mrs. Sutton majestically demanded what it all meant.

"It's the cats, my dear," said her hus-

"Cats! I should think so! Why do they scream so? What is happening? I demand to know, Mr. Sutton?"

"I don't understand it myself, Mrs. Sutton, but-

Here the attention of all was diverted to a couple of large mousers who rose to their feet and began walking cautiously along with the evident intention of leaping down. Much to their astonishment, a step or two and they too flew into the air, describing perfect curves as they did so, and uttering piercing shrieks, which the servants added to with their cries of "Holy mother, see there! The poor craythurs! Och! listen to 'em thin!'

Meantime the cats, coming down with terrific force, fell in the alley, whence sounded lamentable yowls and cries.

This was too much for those that remained, and there was a rush. Some jumped down decorously, while others flew into the air like their friends before them, and for a few minutes it rained cats, while the girls screamed and Mrs. Sutton demanded that "this unseemly performance should cease."

By this time quiet was restored, and again Mrs. Sutton demanded to know the

"Applied science, my dear madam. Nothing more. I assure you that a few nights of he had distributed along the top of the alley

"You see, my dear uncle, the thing is very simple, Just fix your plates, connect them with your store of electricity, and at the proper time turn it on and there you are and the cats aren't. See?" paid to her save by an old dowager at the farther end of the board, who seemed to be astonishingly deaf.

"Admirable! Admirable, and yet, James, I would not—will any of them die?" "No, no, I guess not. Nervous shock when unconnected with mental anxiety

won't be fatal with cats, I think." "If you have rid us of these cats-" "You'll remember what you said, won't you uncle? You see a slight knowledge of hear; for, when the fish was being brought

"James, I can't thank you enough. shall never forget this-neither will Mrs. Sutton, and any little thing I can do-come to dinner-come in, James, and Mrs. Sutton me, James, from a state that was approach-

growing nervous."

"All right." said his nephew. "I don't think I will come to dinner, though." J. Deming Hazard was as good as his

word. No cats care for electric shocks, and in the course of a night or two the extra- apparently heard this time. "And, my ordinary state of that particular alley fence dear, how many children did you say you ordinary state of that particular alley fence was freely advertised among all cats. They had so far?" came no more. Mrs. Sutton even ventured The above is a literal fact.

She Was Up to Snuff.

A woman was present on the market-day in Constance, France, with a horse for sale at \$1, and a dog for which she demanded \$100. People thought her daft, and told her so. Nevertheless, she said that the people who wanted the horse for \$1 must take the dog for \$100. She finally sold them on these terms. It afterward transpired that the deceased husband of the woman had instructed her in his will to sell his was to be hers and that of the horse she was to pay over to his family.

A Long-Lived Lawsuit.

At Lexington, Ky., a lawsuit that was begun in 1811 has just been settled. It related to a land claim, and the sum in dispute was originally about \$5,000.

FALSE FIRE ALARM.

How an Innocent Old Gentleman Created a Good Deal of Excitement.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball and goodnaturedly complied, says a Boston letter to the Providence Journal. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two men-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both of his servants

Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets vere to be had.

"Why don't you go down to the engine-house?" said the officer. "The men all

So the old gentleman went to the enginehouse but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar uncle in the library announced that his ar- with the use of electric signals. On the rangements were completed. "So come side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense listened a moment, then said: "I see and of the word. From the air overhead-so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment-men began to rain down, completing their toilets as the fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine-house was instantly in motion. Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-man-

nered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say, in the mildest ac-

"I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in

Triple Lightning Strokes.

Some rather curious points which have hitherto been regarded as doubtful were tested by an assistant of Prot. Rucher during a recent heavy thunder-storm in London, and in one or two instances their truth established. One of these points was the ssertion that every flash of lightning is in reality made up of three distinct discharges, following one another with such ncalculably swift consecutiveness as to appear but one flash, even to the closest ob-

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

The most valuable book in the world is said to be a Hebrew Bible at the Vatican in Rome. In 1512 Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of rich Venetian Jews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighs more than 325 pounds, and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was therefore about \$125,000, and that, too, when gold was worth at least thrice what it is now worth.

Sambo's Emphatic Protest.

One of the funniest things that has happened in Greenville, Tenn., for some time was the shooting of a negro the other night by a policeman. The cop blazed away at the man and shot him in the elbow, the ball glancing and striking the negro in the cheek. As he spit the ball out he said: "Look heah, white man, you quit dat shootin' at me; fus' thing yuh knows yuh gwinter break some 'spectable pusson's

winder glass "
SOME BOSTON WAYS.

The Welcome Extended to a Southern Bride in the City of Beans.

Boston hospitality has a peculiar method of its own, says the San Francisco Post. Visiting strangers have discovered that at entertainments here it is not customary to make introductions. Of course the business of introducing people may be carried to excess, but then there is an opposite ex-

For instance, a young and pretty bride from New Orleans was invited to a dinner party on Commonwealth avenue the other night, the understanding being that the festive event was in her especial honor. Nevertheless, upon arriving with her husthis sort of thing will finish the cats as far band she was surprised to find herself as you are concerned. Here, uncle," and shoved with himself off into a corner, withleading Mr. Sutton down to the fence, J. out being presented to any one, and per-Deming Hazard showed him the metal plates | mitted to remain-after a brief word with the hostess-unnoticed and alone. When the butler did finally enter to announce that the repast was ready the host offered her his arm; but at the table no attention was paid to her save by an old dowager at the

astonishingly deaf. "My dear," shouted the old lady, as the soup succeeded the oysters, "pray tell me how long you have been married.

"Only a very few days," replied the guest of honor, also loudly, so that she might be heard.

science is a valuable thing even for a young on, she cried out again: "My dear, have you been married very long?" "Not yet a week, madame," responded the bride, louder still this time.

"Oh!" said the dowager, as if relieved, and thereupon relapsed into silence. But shall ask you to dinner. You have relieved the removal of the roast woke her up again. "My dear," she remarked, "I aid not uning-desperation-and Mrs. Sutton was derstand how long you said you had been married.'

> matron, flushing, half with embarrassment. half with anger. "Ah, yes," rejoined the old woman, having

"Exactly five days!" screamed the young

after a little to replace her bric-a-brac, and Mr. Sutton finished his essay and wrote others —Springfield (Mass.) Republican. F.J. SEERY, M.D. C.M.

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pleasant and the expenses moderate.
The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890. For further particulars address the Presiden

for a Calendar. Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.