Dear Bethlehem, the proud repose Of conscious worthiness is thine. Rest on. The Arab comes and goes, But furthest Saxon holds thy shrine More sacred in his stouter Christian hold Than England's heaped up iron house of gold. The stony hill is Heaven's stair;

Thine every stone some storied gem. Oh, thou art fair, and very fair, Thou holy, holy Bethlehem! The very dust more dear than dust of gold Against my glorious sunset-waters rolled.

And here did glean the lowly Ruth! Here strode her grandson, fierce and fair, Strode forth in all his kingly youth And tore the ravening she-bear! Hear Rachel sleeps; here David, thirsting, cried For just one drop from yonder trickling tide. -Joaquin Miller.

LIB.

The first time I ever saw Elizabeth Dill, climbing up a narrow, rocky pass and the coach was coming down. As it passed me, I caught sight of a pale-faced, scrawny lityellow hair was flying out in the breeze, and her bare feet just escaped the rocks in

I sat down on a rock, and watched the clumsy coach until it went rolling and sway-

of which, before the girl reached me, there

"Lib! You, Lib Dill! Whar on airth air ye?"

The child was within ten feet of me when the woman called. In reply she cried out, bunch of them in front of his coarse white in an injured and irritated tone: "Here I be!"

"What ye been doin'? Oh, I know! hangin' on to the stage, like the tom-boy ye air! Want another lickin', eh?" "I don't keer fer yer lickin's!" cried the

child, tossing her unkempt head defiantly, while a frown came over her thin face. "Well, you better care, miss!" cried the you." woman, angrily.

The girl stood directly in front of me now, fearless and unabashed. With one defiant ring, and her bright eyes were red swift, angry movement of her right hand, and downcast. she stripped her thin white arm of the loose calico sleeve that covered it, and held it out | my account," I said. before me.

"Look there, and there, and there!" she cried, pointing her finger at three long, discolored marks on the upper part of her arm.
"Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's "Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's after that?" she asked, with an expression pitiful to see in the face of a girl of fourteen years.

"Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's today, an' I thought I'd kinder like to send her somethin'. I've got it in this little box. It ain't much of anything, but may be she'll like it, comin' so far like."

"Then I started out, an' I found Mandy

"What ye doin', Lib Dill?" screamed

"I said I was going to show them marks to everybody I could long as they was there," said Lib to me. "She give 'em to

There came a wistful expression to the child's face, a wistful and pathetic quaver in her thin voice, as she pointed with her bare arm toward the stage coach, which had This ain't much of a place fer folks ter appeared again on a distant part of the grow decent in. If anything should ever

"Do you know, mister," she went on, "that if I could only do it I'd hang on to that old coach some time till it had carried

me clean away from these parts?"

"And leave your parents?" I asked.

"Parrents!" she sneered. "Them ain't my parrents-wouldn't own 'em it they was. She ain't no kin at all, an' her man's only some forty-fifth cousin or other of my dead-an'-gone mother. But they're just as much kin as I want 'em to be.'

The words were uttered with scorn, and

on a rock near me, rested her chin in one of her thin hands and asked:

"Where you from?"
"From Ontario," I said. "Purty country, ain't it?"
"Very pretty indeed, at this time of the year." It was then October. "Have you ever been East?" I asked.

laugh again. She stood on a bowlder, and faster. unbroken in the distance. "Mister," she said, "I ain't never been beyond them mountings in all the days of my life. Crystal City I are at the first state of the days of the mountings in all the days of my life. Crystal City I are at the first state of the days of the mountain note, and watched the day-light disappear. By 4 o'clock it was gone, and the storm had increased.

"It's darker'n a stack of black cats, an' further north an' south than I ever was. little, and it had stopped snowing. I was Me been East? Better ask if I ain't been waiting to hear the conclusion of a "yarn"

ter college, too!" "I don't suppose you have a school here," I said, as gently as I could.
"Mister, I'm the only boy or girl of

school age or size in ten mile o' here.

Have you any children, mister?"

"I have three," I said.

"Got a little girl, mebbe?"

"Yes." I said, "a little girl," thankful she was not as this child was.

"Mebbe she's bout my size mister?"

"Mebbe she's 'bout my size, mister?" "She is," I said. "Well, now, mister," said Lib, slowly

and deliberately, "how would you like fer her to be licked fer nothin", like I am?"

I shuddered at the mere suggestion of such dread contingencies. Lib went on—
"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon

The pathos and hopelessness in her voice

brought tears to my eyes. "And, mister, do you know I'd walk, I'd was me crawl, away from this place this day if it mine.

Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes; her head held high in defiance until now, dropped low; her voice faltered as she went

"If it wasn't for Laty."

"And who is Laty?" "The baby that there woman held in her arms when she come to the door. Her baby it is. He's the cunnin'est little thing! He loves me, he does. He puts his arms round my neck, and says so as plain as anything. Don't you want to see him? He ain't a bit the mountain side. As we bent over her the mountain side. As we bent over her the rays of the lantern fell across the thin, pale face of Elizabeth Dill—thinner than ever, and paler from the suffering she had endured that night.

She had fallen prostrate, and was too much exhausted to rise. A ragged old phia Record.

"None. We must close the house, go "None. None. We must close the house, go "None. None. We must close the house

afraid of strangers, and he likes men folks. She thinks a sight of Laty, she does; so

does Laty's pa.' The woman here came out of the cabin, with the adored Laty in her arms. Lib and I went forward to meet them. The

woman's voice was harsh and forbidding. "What's she ben tellin' you, mister?" she asked. "A pack o' lies, I'll be bound. The truth ain't in her, no, it ain't. Now git up to the cabin, miss, and mind Laty. I'm going to tell yer pa on ye, and you'll see what you'll git then." "My paw!" cried Lib. "Jack Lane

ain't my pap, an' you know it."
"Sass-box!" was all the answer the woman vouchsafed to this outburst from

two miles of the place, and in those three weeks I saw enough to convince me that poor Lib had not told a "pack of lies," in describing her sufferings. Her life with

the Lanes was a hard one. They were maliciously and wilfully cruel to her.

More than once did I intercede to save her she was hanging to the boot of a stage-coach in the Rocky Mountains. I was from the cruelty of Jack and 'Mandy

Her devotion to baby Lathan did not win from his parents any corresponding tle figure, in a dirty calico dress, holding to the straps of the boot behind. Her tangled often met her carrying the heavy baby in her weak arms on the mountain trails.

"We have real good times when we're off by our two selves," Lib said to me one day. "We talk to each other so! I'm going to make a man of Laty some day; ing around a curve in the pass. Here the he ain't going to be like the things there girl dropped lightly to the ground, and came toward me, kicking up the dust as she quickly advanced.

A hundred yards or more ahead of me there stood a rough log-cabin, to the door

A hundred yards or more ahead of me there stood a rough log-cabin, to the door

The ain't going to be like the things there are round here. He's goin' to have schoolin' an' go out 'mong decent folks, and be somebody in the world. Ain't he purty when he's fixed up?"

He was fixed up that day. He had on a "Then he cooling to be like the things there are round here. He's goin' to have schoolin' are round here. He's goin' to have schoolin' and be somebody in the world. Ain't he purty when he's fixed up?"

He was fixed up that day. He had on a "Then he cooling to be like the things there are round here. He's goin' to have schoolin' are round here. He's goin' to have schooling here. He's goin' to

new pink calico dress, clumsily made, and came a slatternly woman, with a dirty baby in her arms, and called, in a sharp, rasping voice:

a long-sleeved white apron. His hands and face were clean, his yellow hair lay in what Lib called a tumble curl on top of his head. I had never seen him look so pretty before. Lib had twined a wreath of mountain flowers around his head, and pinned a

> When the time came for me to go away, Lib followed me far down the dusty road, unmindful of 'Mandy's shrilly-uttered commands to "come right straight back!"

"You had better not go too far, Lib," I said, when we had walked about half a mile; "'Mandy will be so severe with senses.

"Oh, well, what if she is?" asked Lib, wearily; but her voice had none of its old "I should be sorry to have you suffer on

"Oh, I don't mind it, but I reckon I'll go

Lib held out a small, flat pasteboard box. the woman. "I see ye, and ye'd better look out!"

"I said I was going to show them marks green ribbon—Lib's one treasured bit of feminine finery.

"Well, good-by, mister!" she said. "You've took more notice of me than most there," said Lib to me. She give the said Lib said 'bout me bein' patient and good, an' like. all that. They'll do to tell Laty some day. I reckon I'm 'bout as good as I'll ever be.

happen to Laty, I'd run away from here."

My heart ached for the forlorn little creature, as I watched her climb the mountains in her rags, while I held in my hand the one poor possession she valued most.

My business took me to a small mining camp, five miles distant, where I was to remain for a month. It was the first of December before I could set a day for my departure. I intended starting on the third. On the afternoon of the second, signs of a storm were seen in the low-hanging cloud that hid the snow-covered mountain peaks. on Lib's face was a malignant look that no The snow lay smooth and white on all the young girl's face should wear.

Unmindful of the woman's command to "Come right straight here!" Lib sat down on a rock near me restable.

I watched with dismay the gathering storm on the afternoon of the third. By 3 o'clock it was snowing fast; the short day "Very pretty indeed, at this time of the ear." It was then October. "Have you ver been East?" I asked.
"Me!" Lib laughed that unpleasant mining camp, and the snow fell faster and "Yes," said Lib, wearily, a little later,

pointed far away to the west, to where a long line of mountain peaks rose dark and little mountain hotel, and watched the day-

the garrulous landlord was telling me.

"An', sir," he was saying, "if you'll b'leeve me, that thar ole cattymount jist riz up an'—great Scotland! did ye hear

He jumped to his feet and stood still, in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly. "I did "Sh-sh-sh!" he held his red and calloused hand up as a sign of silence, and tip-toed

gently toward the door. Sharp and clear arose a prolonged cry,

"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon not. Well, I do hope that little girl of yourn'll never be like I am, nor what I'm likely to be when I grow up."

The pathos and hopelessness in her voice.

"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon buffalo skins and started for the door.

I followed him, pulling on my overcoat and mittens as I went. We had taken but a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door when the cry was a few steps from the door.

The pathos and hopelessness in her voice.

"It's from the Red Mountain trail," he said, "an' the person that's doing the yelling is getting mighty weak."

Very weak, indeed was the person whose pitiful cry we had heard. We found her half buried in a great drift of snow far up the mountain side. As we bent over her

cloak was wrapped around her and a thin shawl had fallen from her tangled yellow hair. A lantern lay by her side, but its light was out. She could not speak until we had carried her down to the little hotel and chafed her chilled form for a long time. Her first words were,-

"Jack Lane—' Mandy! Git a doctor and go to them. Let me be. Go to them an' to Laty. He's all alone. Poor little fel-

ler! Poor Jack! Poor 'Mandy!"

A dozen men were soon fighting their way through the drift to the Lane cabin, five miles distant. It was midnight before Lib could tell her sorrowful story, and then it was told with sobs and tears.

"It was only a little after dark," she said. "We were all setting in the front I stayed three weeks in Jack Lane's room Laty was in my lap, an', some way cabin, for it was the only habitation within or other, I let the little feller fall. Of course Jack and' Mandy was mad. I don't thravelin', so av coorse ye nuver rode in a blame them, an' I didn't mind it much when Jack whipped me with the ramrod of his gun. I'd ought to have been keerful. 'Mandy was so mad she driv me out into Winsda', and Toozo an' Hinnery, divil take ''O' co'se you's safe gubner is safe in saying thing he pleases, but do with the pleases, but d

the shed-room. You know how that is, mister," Lib, said, turning to me.

"It runs back right up agin the mountain, an' there's a cave off the end of it where Jack keeps his taters and turnips in winter. It was real snug in the cave, an' old Tobe, Jack's dog, was in there. I snuggled up to him, an' cried because I had hurt Laty.

"Purty soon the front door opened a little and Laty came toddling into the shedroom. I could see Jack an' Mandy playing checkers by the fire, an' they didn't notice Laty. I slipped out an' ketched him

"You poor little feller," I says, 'Lib didn't go to hurt you; Lib loves you bet-ter'n anything else on earth. "Then he cooed in his cunning little way

an' laid his wet little cheeks on mine in a way that like to have broke my heart. I was standing in the cave door, holding him sind fur me. Well, to make a long sthory so, when there come an awful roar. I saw short, Oi had the worth av me two dollars Jack an' 'Mandy jump up, scared like, an' I stepped back into the cave with Laty, an' Here Lib quite broke down, and cried

"After awhile I crawled to the cave door. The snow an' wind was blowin' in. The cabin was gone; there wasn't a sign of it. Then I knowed there'd been a snowslide.

but there wa'n't no answer at first. Byand-by I heerd some one cryin'. Jack's
lantern was in the cave. He'd jest been in
there, coverin' up the things with old rags

and by I heerd some one cryin'. Jack's
me half a dollar,' says he. 'Thin Jay
musht be shtuck an you, me purty b'y,'
sez Oi, 'fur he nuver gev me a cint in his
loife,' sez Oi. That's all the satisfaction

Globe-Democrat: "I always have a feeling
of view for girls who have florid or sallow thought I'd like to go a piece with you. I and straw, an' we always kept matches on Oi gev him, but Oi towld him, an' he goin' of pity for girls who have florid or sallow been thinkin' 'bout that little girl o' yourn a shelf in there. I got the lantern an'

> wedged in 'mong some rocks 'bout a hundred yards down the mountain. She was cryin' an goin' on awful, poor woman! The way she tuk on 'bout Laty was awful. She couldn't stand, an' I couldn't get her up to

> "' 'Mandy,' says I, at last, 'I'm goin' down to Crystal Camp for help.' 'You can't,' says she, awful feeble

"'I kin,' says I, 'an' I'm goin', too. An' now, 'Mandy,' says I, 'you jest brace up till I git back; you jest think o' Laty. You're his ma, an' he needs you; think o' that. An', 'Mandy,' says I, 'if I don't git back, an' you git out o' here all right, you remember that Lib Dill ain't no hard feelin's agin you nor Jack; an' if I do git back, an' you don't git out o' here, you remember to your last breath that Lib Dill will be a mother to your baby.'

"Then I brought straw an' rags an' covered her up the best I could. She lay still, cryin' an' goin' on fit to break one's heart. I bent over her an' said:

"Good-by, 'Mandy; I'm goin'.' "She never said a word, but she flung her one free arm round my neck an' kissed me, an' that made it all right 'tween me an' 'Mandy Lane. Livin' or dead, I ain't nothin' agin her.

"I went back to the cave, and made Tobe lay down by Laty. 'Don't you move,' says I to the dog, an' he won't. They'll was nearly done; it was growing dark in find him and Laty all covered up under the narrow gulch; the wind moaned up straw and rags behind a tater box in a cor-

"I did have an awful pull to git here, but I knowed ev'ry foot of the way. It was lucky I snatched my old cloak and shawl when 'Mandy drove me out, or I'd froze."

Before noon the next day Silas Ray, the mountings in all the days of my life. Crystal City lays at the foot o' that range, an' I was born there. That stage coach goin' down this pass'll be further east by noon than I ever was. From this rock I ean see further porth an' south then I ever was. It is a stack of black cats, an' landlord, came down the mountain, carrying Baby Laty tenderly in his strong arms. The child was asleep with the tears on his pretty face. Lib reached up her arms for the baby. Silas laid him gently down by her side and said.

"I reckon you've as good a right to him as anybody now. They're bringing his father and mother down-dead."

My interest in the brave girl and her forlorn charge led me to take them with me when I left Crystal Camp, and I finally turned them over to some wealthy friends of mine in the east, who were both willing and able to provide for them.

This was ten years ago. A few days since I received a letter from Lib Dill, who is now a school teacher in a new town in northern Ontario, in which she says that Laty has grown to be a bright and good boy, and that she hopes to make a good man of him yet.

She also alludes to a certain young farmer, between whom and herself there ap-

repeated. I could not tell from whence it came, but my companion's sense of hearing was more acute and better trained than Saturday night.

How to Economize.

Mr. Poorman-Yes, my dear, all is lost. I am nearly bankrupt. We must leave the city at once. Mrs. P.—Mercy me! No operas, balls,

"None. We must close the house, go South, and board at the St. Fashion Winter

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Mrs. Magoogin Tells Her Neighbor About Riding in a Pullman

"Oi say Mrs. McGlaggerty, did ye uver have air a roide in the Pullman car, Oi "Sure an fwat koind av a car is that Mrs.

"A Pullman car, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Fwhy id's a Pullman car, so id is—a car that ye goes to bed in beloikes ye'd go to

bed in yer own house, me frind.' "Sorra th' wan av me aiver rode in anythin' but a sthreet car, Mrs. Magoogin.' "Ah then id's the great toimes ye doz be afther missin' intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow. "But fwhat's the ushe av talkin' about id me frind! Sure an naither yersel' nor Jurry's uver done very mooch their manner, towld me aff Oi wantid to thravil in shtoyle it id be betther fur me not to roide in th' smokin' car wud th' wrackers an' th' three card montey min, but to hoire now." a bed in the shleeper an' take it aisy ong "Ye root, as they sez in Frinch. So bad sesht to here. me, fwhat diz Oi do but go to the officer in the windy at the daypot an' hands him me two dollars, and he gives me a bit ava kip-peen of pasteboord that lets me in pasht a sthuck-up naygar wid a fwhoite cap an into a caar that id make Queen Victory sick to luk at, wud kushins a fut thick an' gooldmounted handles an th' saits loike there wur an Andy Milligin's coffin that his shkinteyed sisther ped foor hunder dollars for fwhin he was dead. Tare an' owns woman! but it was scroomptious! Oi was nuver in th' loikes av id afore, an' Oi nuver hope to be in th' loikes av id again until Oi'm goin' to heaven, fwhinuver id's the will av God to out av lukin' at th' car, but d'ye think Oi tells you what I b'l'ebes; I b'l'ebes dat shlep'? No, mam. Oi nuver closed an oye | w'en I went out you shet dat dog up sumall noight long, fur bechuxt th' nise av th' car, mers. Ez de gubner o' de state you is er an' the fear of being kilt O1 kudn't shlape | smart man, an' ez er smart man you knows for a long time before she said—

"Well, the next minute everything was pitch dark. Jack nor 'Mandy nor the cabin nor nothin' was to be seen. There was the awfullest roarin' an' crashin ever I heerd. Me an' Laty an' Tobe all cuddled up in a eff wind my shoos. The robben had thur the leaf of being kit of kudit shiape a wink. An begorry, id's gud Oi didn't fur, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that naygur waitin' fur me 'round yander at de wagin an' down in' car all noight, an' about daylor and the leaf of being kit of kudit shiape a wink. An begorry, id's gud Oi didn't fur, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that naygur waitin' fur me 'round yander at de wagin an' down in' car all noight, an' about daylor was to be seen. There was the loight didn't Oi catch him thryin' to make the leaf of being kit of kudit shiape a wink. An begorry, id's gud Oi didn't fur, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that naygur waitin' fur me 'round yander at de wagin loight didn't Oi catch him thryin' to make show you got dat dog. W'y, here he is, aff wind my shoos. The robben had there are should be a wink. An begorry, id's gud Oi didn't fur, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that naygur waitin' fur me 'round yander at de wagin loight didn't Oi catch him thryin' to make show you got dat dog. W'y, here he is, Me an' Laty an' Tobe all cuddled up in a aff wud my shoes. The robber had thum corner of the cave, scared out of our seven in his hand fwhin Oi grabbed howlt av him Gubner, you must 'skuze me fur 'cusin' an' put the kabosh an his little game be you, sah, but I ain't got no conferdence in tellin him Oi'd have him arreshted fwhin we deze yere politicians, nohow. Come yere, git to Boshtin. An' the gall av him! didn't Jupiter; come yere, sah. Oughter had he say to me fwhin we war laivin' the car mo' sense den ter fool 'roun' deze dimethat Oi ought to give him twenty-foive crats."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"I yelled an' yelled for 'Mandy and Jack, ut there wa'n't no answer at first. By
me half a dollar,' says he. 'Thin Jay

How She Was Cured of

Jacksin! so Oi wud, Mrs. McGlaggerty." —John J. Jennings, in N. Y. Mercury. A Cat With a Living Necklace.

Mrs Fenton of North Bergen, N. J., says the New York Sun, is alleged to be the possessor of a white cat with a living necklace. The necklace is a slender black snake about two feet long, its dark color showing in marked contrast to the cat's white coat. About a month ago the cat went boundinginto the breakfast-room, hissing and spitting in a paroxysm of terror. Her alarm was quickly shared by the Fenton family, who were at the table, when they ascertained that she was half strangled by a snake that had coiled itself around her neck. She seemed unable to help herself either with teeth or claws, and her friends undertook to help her with sticks and umbrellas. They chased her around the room, whacking away vigorously at her, missing the snake but hitting the cat the result was a great beautifying of counevery time, until pussy, not approving of tenances. No matter what is wrong with this mode of deliverance, sprang wildly out the face the juice of the watermelon will

of the window and ran away. For three days Mrs. Fenton mourned for her cat as for one dead. Then her pet returned still wearing the reptile necklace. She was tranquil now, however, and seemed to like the situation, resisting every effort to remove the serpent. A saucer of milk was placed before her, and as she lapped it up the snake uncoiled part of its body, lowered its head into the saucer and the two drank amicably together. This singular friendship has continued. The creatures are almost inseparable. When the snake occasionally uncoils to stretch itself the cat grows very uneasy. They feed together, and when the snake eats too fast the cat pushes its head to one side. The snake signifies its disapproval of unseemly voracity on the part of the cat in the same

A Man After His Own Heart. Farmer (at country school)-Be you the teacher?

"Yes, sir." "So it was you that thumped the tar out'en my boy Tom last night?"
"I did punish an unruly scholar."
"Punish? Well, I should say so. You

stamped on him, an' slugged him, an' ended by kickin' him clear across the school yard. Is that correct?"

"Pretty near." "Let me shake hands with you. I have to admire a man who can knock out my son Tom, for I'll be hanged if I can do it." -Lincoln Journal.

Might Give Himself Away. Wife-You shouldn't take such a morbid view of life, my dear. Look at poor Mr. Smith, with his small income and his wife

slowly dying, and yet he has a cheerful smile and a pleasant word for every-Husband-Is his wife dying? Wife—Yes.

Husband—And is he cheerful and plea Husband-Well, if he doesn't look out

he'll give himself away.-Sunday Na-Worth Hearing.

Young Mr. Sissy (who prides himself on his music)—"So you would like to hear me sing before I go, would you, Bobby?"

Bobby (politely)—"Yes, sir; if you would be so kind."

Young Mr. Sissy—"Are you particular about what I sing?" Bobby—"Yes, sir; I would like to hear some of what sister Clara calls your alleged singing."—Epoch.

WANTED HIS RIGHTS.

The Governor Was a Smart Man, But He Couldn't Keep the Dog.

An old negro who had called on the governor of Tennessee soon returned, wearing on his face an expression of anxiety.
"Gubner," said he, "w'en I come up here
jest now I fotch er little black an' tan dog

"I don't remember," the governor re-

"But I does, sah. I knows dat w'en I wuz comin' up dese yere steps he wuz trot-tin' 'long at my heels; knows it mighty well, fur he tuck holt o' er string dat hung outen my britches laig an' come mighty nigh makin' me fall down.

"I don't know anything about that," the governor replied, "but I am safe in saying that he did not come in here." "O' co'se you's safe in savin' it, sah; er

gubner is safe in sayin' mighty nigh anything he pleases, but does you think dat de "Of course it is. What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean dis. Dat dog wuz wid me w'en I come in yere, but I doan see him

"You don't see him because he is not in "Yes, sah, I reckon dat hab sunthin' ter

do wid it, but why ain't he yere?" "That's more than I can tell." "It's more den you is tole, I know dat. Look vere, gubner, turn de dog loos, and let me go 'bout my mighty 'portant biz-

"I know nothing of your dog, I tell you. What do you mean by talking to me thus?" "I doan mean no harm, er tall, sah. I does mean dat I wants dat dog. Look yere, gubner, doan joke wid me. Turn de

po' dog loose." "I am not joking, you old simpleton." "Den you is in earnest, an' ain't gwine to turn the po' dog loose? Now, look yere, I doan wanter make you mad, but I come er trottin' outen dat udder room.

out, thet aff he uver put a hay-aiter that chawed tobacky in his sleep a-top av me in his Pullman caars agin Oi'd break his black been about when a bran bin had been exjaw fur him. An' be th' toe nails av Gin'ral ploded. I feel sorry for them, not because Jacksin! so Oi wud, Mrs. McGlaggerty." of any harm that the freckles do, for really I think them nice, as they are evidence of a pure, light, and healthy complexion, but because the removal of them or the sallowness is so easy if they only knew how. I accidentally discovered a sovereign remedy a couple of years ago, which costs next to

"One day the plumber shut our water off, and I could get none in which to wash my face. I was fearfully soiled, and looking out of the window just then, I saw a friend approaching to call on me. Glancing about me, I noticed half of a watermelon from which the meat had been removed some time before. It was partly filled with juice, and I hastily washed my face in it. The result was so soothing that I repeatedly washed my face in that manner. Judge of my astonishment a few days later on seeing that there was not a freckle left on my face. A number of my girl friends then tried, and rectify it and produce a clear skin."

How Jacksonville Got the Fever.

The proposition that all the world loves a lover probably does not hold good in Jacksonville now. This whole vellow fever business is a love affair. McCormick, the man who brought the yellow fever to Jack-sonville, was a lover. His sweetheart was in Tampa, and Tampa was isolated on account of yellow fever. But yellow fever or no yellow fever, McCormick wanted to see his girl; so he managed to pass the cordon and steal an interview with his love. Then he came back to Jacksonville and brought yellow fever with him. Surgeon-General Hamilton is authority for this short history of the spread of yellow fever. It is another confirmation of the wisdom of the sage who once declared there was a woman at the bottom of every mischief .- Washington

His Money's Worth. Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband at Coney Island)-Vot you shtay in dot water so long

Mr. Isaacstein (teeth chattering and blue with cold)—Dot b-bath vas t-t-twenty-five c-cents mit no l-limit. I shtay in so l-long as I c-c-could, so hellup me !- New York

French.

Disgusted Guest (at a \$5 a day hotel)— Say, waiter, I can't make anything out of this French bill of fare. What do these things mean?

French waiter-Sure, oi dunno, sor. Sound 'em off onyway, an' oi'll bring yez in a square male. That's th' way they all do, sor.—Ex.

OWED TO HALIFAX.

The haddock's feet are on thy shore, Canada, my Canada; The halibut is at the door, Canada, my Canada.

For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,
For codfish, hake and mackereel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steal,
Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cower in the brine,
Canada, my Canada;
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada;
Defend thy sculpin, save thy skate,
Strike for thy shad with sole elate,
Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait,
Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada;
Put up your swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other cheek—please do,
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada.
—Bob Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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