HOW PAT MISSED IT. And how his Cousin who Looked Like him

Took a Pretty Wife. Two cousins, whose appearance, names, and handwriting were similar, once found employment in a lumber camp in the Rockies. One night all were interested in a game of cards, and were urging Pat (one of the cousins) to join. Pat had just sat down to write to his girl, but as he was the champion player of the camp they would take no excuse. His cousin offered to write the letter for him, and asked what he should say. Pat told him to write what he would himself say under the same circumstances, which the cousin proceeded to do, ending with an urgent proposal of marriage, to take place at an early date.

When the game was finished, all hurried to bed. The subject of the letter did not again recur to Pat's mind till he received an answer containing an acceptance, also stating that the time designated would hurry his sweetheart somewhat in her preparations, but that she would comply with his request and come at once. Needless to say, Pat was dumbfounded at the contents of his letter, and started to find his cousin, who, when confronted with the question: "What did you say in the letter?" indulged in roars of laughter. Pat handed him his letter, upon reading which the cousin realized he had got Pat into a bad scrape. Later, as he heard Pat disclaim any intention of marrying that "little roly-poly," he felt his own position was still worse, as he had brought it all about; and it dawned upon him it was not so funuy after all. The only way of escape he could plan was to meet the oncoming stage on which she was a passenger at the nearest town and by his most persuasive eloquence and his three years' hard earnings persuade her that there had been a mistake, and induce her to return. With much trepidation, he went the following Wednesday to Helena, and arrived in time to tie his horse to a neighboring tree when the stage drove up. The passengers rapidly alighted, the second to step down being a trim-looking young lady.

He soon heard his own name spoken, and was signalled by a friend, who presented him to the handsome young lady as the gentleman she was inquiring for. With a joyous look she extended her hand, which the cousin rapturously shook. She reassured him by remarking "he had not changed any." In less than an hour he had convinced her that there was no need of further delaying their happiness, had secured a minister, and had the knot tiedhe perfectly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and she wholly unconscious that she had married her supposed lover's

A TEST OF SINCERITY.

And why Enekazi Thought it Best not to be Sincere.

The mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the Court sage, old Enekazi, as follows: "You are always ready to give sensible advice, Enekazi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councillors are really sincere?"

"A very simple matter," replied the sage, confidently. "I will tell you at once, mighty sheik, how that is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very

"Stop," interupped the sheik, "you forget that I am no poet!" "That's just it, mighty sheik! Go and

write at once a long ballad, and read it to your assembled councillors." "But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life.'

"So much the better. When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers, you will judge of the effect for yourself. Tomorrow I will come again, and learn the result of your observations.' Next day the wise Enekazi entered the

sheik's tent, saying :-"Did you follow my advice, mighty sheik?"

"And what happened after you had read

your ballad?" inquired the old man, smil-

"Oh! I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet Ibu-Yemin; another, that I was a new bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard-in a word, they all were in ecstasies and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies." "And what about old Heri-adin?"

eagerly questioned the sage. "Ah! he dropped to sleep whilst I was

reading." "Ha ha! What did you conclude from that, mighty sheik?" said the old man

triumphantly. "What conclusion could I come to?" replied the sheik, with some surprise, "i not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry!"

Enekazi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and-held his peace. For he was in sooth a wise man.

What She Said.

He was a small boy, and he was very much interested in the telephone. The pretty telephone girl at the Fifth Avenue Hotel put him upon a tall chair, and calling up a chum on the long distance wire, placed the receiver to his ear. He was so delighted that the first thing that he told his mamma was that he had talked with a lady in Boston.

'And what did you tell her, dear? 'I told her "hello," and then I told her my name.

'What did she say?'

'She said, 'sput, sput, sput, sput,' "

A Warning to Dialect Writers. Miss Will Allen Drumgoole, who had been for many years the clerk of the Senate of the state of Tennessee, has been recently dismissed from her office, She "wrote up" the mountaineers of Tennessee, and they heard of it, and it displeased them. They instructed their senator, and he made a speech against Miss Drumgoole. He said he was "agin her because she writ agin th' mountaineers and made the people talk something she called a dialect, and I'm fer settin' my foot down on sich."

Better Then Science.

Teacher-Give me another proof that the earth is round. Fritz-Round-trip tickets.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION. An Article Suggested by the Murder of President Carnot. Looking over the records of the past

ninety-tour years-and in the space of a brief article it is impossible to go farther back than the beginning of the present century—one is struck particularly by two things: first, the large number of determined attempts which have been made to assassinate the rulers and princes of Europe; and secondly, the small percentage of cases in which the would-be murderers have been successful in their object.

Once every three years, upon the average, one or other of the rulers of the seven principal European countries, England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Itsly, and Spain, is menaced with a violent death, but nine times out of ten the intended victim escapes, generally by the most marvellous accident. The following list shows how the thirty-one best known attempts of the century are distributed among the different countries :-

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Germany (all failures). 3
Austria (b th failures). 2

Total31

By far the most dramitic royal assassination was that of the Emperor Paul of Russia, on the 24th March, 1801, by his nobles. As usual, Paul had retired to rest booted and spurred, and in his regimentals. At the dead of night he was awakened by an unusual noise; the hussar who guarded his chamber door, the only faithful sentry, as it proved, in the palace, was being killed by nine nobles. They burst into the room and began to attack the Emperor. Paul hid behind chairs and tables, and begged for life. He offered to abdicate; he offered to make each of his assailants a prince; he offered them vast estates, in vain. Then he made a wild dash for the window, fearfully gashing himself, but he was dragged back. He picked up a chair and for sometime kept the nine of them at bay, and only after terrific struggles was he seized and strangled with his own sash.

The life of the late Czar Alexander II. was unsuccessfully attempted five times, in 1866, 1867, twice in 1879, and in 1880. On the 13th March, 1881, at 2 p.m., a bomb involved both himself and his murderer in destruction. Practically the first means of an explosive was that by St. Regent on Napoleon I., in 1800. Fifty-two people were injured, twenty were killed outright; forty houses were wrecked, but Napoleon escaped without a scratch. The tuse was wrongly timed. The annals of regicide contain many awful chapters, but nothing more disgraceful then one little incident connected with this affair. Before CHICKENS, GEESE AND DUCKS, setting the explosive barrel, St. Regent asked a little girl to hold his horse, knowing perfectly well that she would be blown to atoms. As a matter of fact, only her feet were ever found.

Except in the most recent instance, that of the late President Carnot, all the attempts against & rench rulers have failed. Louis Philippe, for example, seemed to bear a charmed life. Fieschi in 1835. Aliband and Meunier in 1836, Darmes in 1840, and Lecomte and Henry in 1846, all did their best to murder him, but he died in his bed.

Napoleon III. escaped three times, from Pianori in April, 1855, from Bellemarre only five months later, and from Orsini and

his accomplices in 1858. On the last occasion, Orsini himself was wounded, one of the Emperor's horses was killed, a footman injured, and the carriage in which Napoleon and his wife were driving was shattered, while its principal occu-

pants were quite unhurt.

Alfonso XII. of Spain was murderously assailed twice, without result. The present Emperor of Austria has also withstood two determined attempts upon his life, and King Hubert of Italy one. The old Emperor William of Germany went scot-free after three assaults.

Five times, 1840, 1842, 1849, 1850, 1882, has our own Queen been face to face with death at the hands of an assassin, but it is satisfactory to know that none of these attempts had the slightest political importance. Three of the miscreants were mere lads, and all of them were more or less insane. The danger to Her Majesty, however, was none the less on that account. All the would-be murderers except one, an ex-lieutentant of hussars, who on the 27th May, 1850, assailed the Queen with a tick, fired with pistols-and missed.

It is curious how many assassinations and attempted assassinations have taken place at the theatre or on the way to the theatre. To mention a few instances, in 1800 George III. was fired at in Drury Lane Theatre by a man in the pit; the attempt on Napoleon I. in the same year, already described, happened on the way to the theatre, as also that on Napoleon III. in 1858; Abraham Lincoln was killed at Ford's theatre; and everyone knows the sad circumstance of Carnot's end.

A Natural Inference.

The good, kind old gentleman looked down benignantly on the small urchin blacking his shoes. 'Now, my boy,' he said, after he had finished blacking his shoes, 'what would you think if I gave you a nice new \$1 bill?

The boy, down on all fours, cocked his head at his prospective benefactor 'I guess I'd think you wanted ninety-five cents change,' he replied, and the subsequent proceedings proved his guess to be

Breaking the News.

It is related that it once fell to an Atehison man to break the news to a woman, that her husband had been killed. . Do you know," he said, calling at her house' "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you dressed like a widow?" She blushed and laughed. "And you are one," he added. "Your husband was just blown to atoms down in the boiler works, but then black is so becoming to you."

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A CONSCIENTIOUS YOUNG PAPA. Thoughtful of Baby and Anxious to Tell the

On board one of the great ocean liners which arrived yesterday, came a very conscientious young papa, says Thursday's New York Sun. He was blonde, he was fat, he was earnest of demeanor, and he sat down beside the customs officer in the saloon and gave his name with an anxious and truthful expression of countenance.

"Are you alone?" asked the custom official, who was blonde himself, but slender. The fat young conscientious papa blushed consciously.

"No," he answered. "I have my wife with me. We went abroad for our wedding trip a year ago January, and I have

our baby. He is-"How many pieces of baggage have you?" interrupted the imperturbable

"Four trunks, two satchels, and a shawl

"H'm,' seven. Have you anything to declare : "Well, I don't know. I have three little

plaques bought for the baby. They are about so big. He took notice of them in a store. They are quite light-colored, you see. He-"How much did they cost?"

"About fifty pfennings apiece?" "What ?" "Fifty pfennings apiece."

"H'm said the Customs officer again. 'That's all right. Anything else ?' "Yes. We have a large case of Blank's Food for babies. You see it's cheaper on the other side than it is here at home, al-

though it's made in the United States. It's the same kind of food babies are fed here-" "That's all right." The customs officer began to have to act the inperturbable. It no longer came easy. "Anything else?" "Nothing else I thought might be du-

tiable." When the usual formal questions were asked about merchandise, commissions, &c., he gave his word and was told where to sign his name, and the official turned to the next person in the long line waiting at his left in the dining room chairs. The young blonde papa hesitated again before the solemn signing of his name to the document.

"I have one other article perhaps I ought to declare," he said conscientiously. "What is it ?"

"A college table cloth." "A-a-what ?"

"A college table cloth. I thought that when the baby gets ready to go to col-

And then a broad and beautiful smile rippled over the official's face. His tired look was gone. But he only said in gentle tones, which feels like balm upon the ears of the waiting passengers, weary of foreign

"Oh, that's all right, too!"

Willing to Fight for It,

An English journal tells a good story at the expense of the earl of Derby. While walking on land belonging to the earl a collier chanced to meet the owner. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land mysel'," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Where did tha' get it fro'?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "An' wheer did they get it fro?" inquried the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did their ancestors get it fro?" "They fought for it." "Well, begad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll feight thee for it!

Too Much for the Philosopher.

Mr. Herbert Spencer on a certain occa sion had a little argument in which he got decidedly worsted.

One day a small boy happened to be in the company of the philosopher when a number of crows flew by. "What an awful lot of crows," exclaimed

the juvenile. The expression did not please the great

"I have yet to learn, little master," said he severely, "that there is anything to in-

spire awe in a few crows." "All right, old man," was the pert answer. "I did not say a lot of awful crows. I said an awful lot of crows." Mr. Spencer did not pursue the contro-

How He Lost Her.

George-I have been invited to a flower party at the Pinkles. What's it about? Jack-That's one of the notions new this season. It is a new form of birthday party. Each guest must send Miss Pinkle a bouquet containing as many flowers as she is years old, and the flowers must have a meaning. Study up on the language of flowers before ordering.

Florist's boy(a few hours later) - A gentleman's lett an order for 20 of these flowers, to be sent to the Pinkles with his

Florist's-He's one of my best customers. Add eight or ten more for good measure.

Irony of Fate.

"Why did you never marry, Tom?" "Well, you see, old man, when I was quite young I resolved I would never marry until I found an ideal woman. After many years I did and her-" "Well, then?"

"She was looking for an ideal man."

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to get married .- (Signed) C. D." Kittie: "I heard to-day you married your husband to reform him. Sarah: "I did."

Kittie: "Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits." Sarah: "He had one—he was a bach

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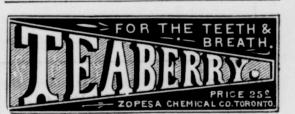
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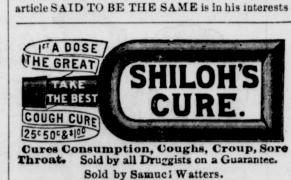


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