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THE OLD STAGECOACH.

'Neath the shed of a wayside inn it
Stands, a relic of bygone days;
Ghosts of a buried past hide in it—
Deadheads all, not a one that pays.
Shades of the fares that once it carried
Ere the days of the iron rails;
Spectral forms of the knights who tarried
Armed to rifle defenseless mails.

Broken now is the brake that grated
On the wheels when the way was steep;
Gone are the steeds so closely mated,
Nightmares now in the land of sleep.
Long since gone is the skillful driver;
Silent now is the guard's clear horn.
Stands it there as a sole survivor,
Wrecked, dismantled and all forlorn.

Years ago grown decayed and musty;
Frayed its trappings by winter's blast;
Chains once bright, now with old age rusty,
Link today to the days long past.
Glistening once, now marred by scratches,
Gone is the gloss it one time wore,
While a hinge or a broken latch is
All that remains now of a door.

Many a long forgotten story
Told of scenes that it moved among,
Many a plot of Whig and Tory,
Formed when the old stagecoach was young.
It hides away in silence jealous,
Spite of the roof which is prone to leak;
Much of the past it might well tell us,
If but its tongue could only speak.
—Fred H. Curtiss in New York World.

HOW HE WON HER.

We were gathered around a blazing grate fire one winter's night in the cozy apartments of a bachelor friend on Church street. Outside it was bitter cold, and the blustering wind was playing a doleful dirge on the eaves of the adjoining buildings. Inside all was bright and cheerful. We had all been boys together, and had gathered in one of our occasional reunions to smoke our pipes and talk of old school days, of the gray haired old schoolmaster who had long ago been laid to rest in the old city cemetery. We talked of the sweethearts of boyhood days—of those who had married, and of those who, like us, had preferred to fight life's battles alone.

Now and then the name of some old schoolmate, who, in the busy cares of life, had almost been forgotten, would be mentioned. As his name was spoken it would recall, perhaps, some prank he had played on the stern faced but kindly old schoolmaster. He was absent now, but we could, in memory, still see his happy, boyish face and mischievous, laughing eyes and hear his joyous laughter. Where was the light hearted boy we knew and loved so well? None could tell. Perhaps he was dead; or, maybe, he was a wanderer on the face of the earth this cold and cheerless night, far away from home and friends.

We had—that is, with one exception—long since passed that age when we should be classed as young men in the strictest meaning of the word young; yet at the same time we could hardly have been reckoned old. The fact is, we were nothing more nor less than bachelors—old or young, as you please. The exception that I have mentioned—not that he was any older or younger than the rest of us, for we were all near the same age—but the reason I denominate him an exception is that he was a married man. He had several years before forsaken us and led to the altar a charming girl whose gifts of mind were as rare as her beauty was perfect.

They have a pleasant home out in the West end and two lovely children to make complete their happiness. I said he had forsaken us. To a certain extent he had, but not entirely, for he would occasionally drop in to have a chat with his old companions. He is the happiest man I ever saw, and would never leave us without delivering a lecture on the satisfaction and contentment of married life, and advising us to forsake the paths of single blessedness, marry some girl and settle down. We knew his advice was sound and good, but somehow we preferred to drift along in the old, easy way. We had not dreamed that there was a romance connected with our friend's marriage, and we would doubtless have forever remained in ignorance had he not chosen to tell the story himself. On the night of which I write our married friend, who had been a silent listener, suddenly spoke up:

"Boys, did I ever tell you the story of how I won my wife?"

None of us had ever heard it.

"If you will have the patience to hear me out," he continued, "I will tell you of a little romance, the equal of which one rarely meets with even in novels. To begin with, I won my wife by means of a game of cards. Now, do not look surprised—I did not literally win her at cards. I—but wait until you have heard the story. I was about twenty-six years old at the time my story begins, and, as you are all aware, was passionately fond of gaming at that time. It was in the spring and the races were in full blast, which of course brought great crowds of sporting men to the city. I was invited to join a number of gentlemen in a game of draw poker. The boys all had plenty of money, and the game was a stiff one from the start.

"Luck favored me and I began to win from the moment I took a seat at the table, and continued to win until I quit the game, when I found myself nearly $800 richer than when I commenced.

"To my left sat a young man who, although intensely pale, was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall and fair, and rather slender, with short, light, clustering hair covering a splendidly shaped head. His eyes were large, of a deep blue and very prominent. His hands were small and as delicately shaped almost as those of a woman. He was neatly dressed, and it required but one glance to see that he was a thorough gentleman. He was very young, his face was smooth, and I judged that he had scarcely passed his twenty-first year.

"Misfortune seemed to have selected the boy as its victim. He had been as unlucky as I had been fortunate. Every hand he played some one would have cards just a little larger. He had lost over a thousand dollars, and though he did not complain and curse, as men usually do when they have a run of hard luck, I could see that he was greatly troubled and becoming more desperate each moment. Finally, about midnight, some one opened a jackpot. Two or three of us staid, and when it got round to the young fellow to my left he carefully examined his cards and then raised the pot. All dropped out but myself. Having a pair of kings I concluded to stand the raise. I called for three cards and the young fellow stood pat. It was his first bet and he shoved out quite a stack of blues.

"After looking at my hand to see what I had caught in the draw, I saw his bet and 'topped' him. He did not hesitate a moment, but called. I spread out on the table a full hand—three kings and a pair of deuces—while he showed down three jacks and a pair of fours. He gazed at my hand in a bewildered, dazed manner fully two minutes, then quick as a flash he drew from his breast a revolver and placed it to his head. I saw the movement, quick as it was, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp before he could commit the desperate act.

"I arose from the table, had my chips cashed and was preparing to leave the room when my eyes rested on the boy. His head was resting on the table and he was muttering to himself, 'Ruined! Ruined! My God, I am ruined!' I saw that it would never do to leave the poor boy in that condition, so stepping to his side I gently laid my hand on his bowed head and asked him to follow me. I shall never forget the look of misery and despair I saw in his face as he looked up. 'Come, go with me,' I said, and he followed me as a child would have done, without a word. When we reached the street I asked him to take a walk with me, telling him I wished to have a talk with him.

"We walked around through the square and out on the old bridge. All was quiet there, and but for ourselves the place was deserted. 'Have you any money?' I asked the boy. 'Not a cent on earth, sir. I am ruined!' he answered. 'Take this, then,' I said, drawing from my pocket $200. 'But before I let you have it you must promise me on your honor as a gentleman—for I see that you are one—that you will never again enter a gambling house or play a game of cards for money, and that you will leave the city this morning. You can repay the money some day if you become able; if not, it will be all right. Is it agreed?'

"He grasped my hand, and with the tears flowing down his cheeks said: 'God bless you, sir. You have saved me, and I shall remember you as long as life lasts.'

"There on the quiet, deserted bridge in that early morning hour the boy told me his story. He had left a happy, comfortable home up in the blue grass region of Kentucky to follow the checkered life of a gambler. He had imbibed the love of gambling while at school, and it had grown on him until it became a ruling passion. It had taken such complete possession of him that in a moment, blinded with passion and oblivious to the teachings of his childhood, he had forged his father's name for several thousand dollars. His father, too proud to proclaim to the world that his son was so debased, paid the check and let the matter drop. The boy had followed the races all over the country, sometimes winning, but more often losing, and now he had lost his last cent. He would now go home, ask his father's forgiveness and be a man once more.

"All this he told me that night, and when he had concluded the gray streaks in the east proclaimed that another day was dawning. Now and then a route boy with his arms full of newspapers would hurry past us, the collar of his jacket turned up and his cap pulled down over his ears to protect him from the crisp morning air. Heavily loaded market wagons rumbled across the bridge, and in the distance the shrill notes of a wakeful chanticleer could be heard heralding the news to man that it was time to prepare for work.

"We left the bridge and went together to a restaurant. After we had eaten breakfast I accompanied the young fellow to the depot, saw him on the train with a ticket in his pocket for home and with a warm handshake we parted—he back to his home to ask his father's forgiveness, and I back to my old haunts. No! That scene in the gambling house of the pale faced boy with a pistol at his head had cured me of my passion. I swore then that I would never touch another card for money, and I have kept my word.

"It was more than a year after I had parted with my young friend at the depot, and I had almost forgotten him, that on going to my office one morning the postman handed me a letter with the postmark of a little town in Kentucky on the envelope. I opened it and read the follwing:

"'MY DEAR FRIEND—Inclosed you will find a check for the $200 you so generously let me have. Do what I may I could never repay the kindness you showed me when I was sorely in need of a friend. I am a changed man now and shall never be tempted again. Father has forgiven me and I enjoy his fullest confidence. He alone knows of my trouble. Thank God, my mother and my sister have never learned of my disgrace.

"'My friend, I want you to come up and spend the hunting season with me. I can assure the best of sport and will take no excuse.'

"Having a little spare time on my hands just at that time I determined to pay my friend a visit. I arrived at the little station on a cool bracing evening in the latter part of October. I was met as I alighted from the cars by my young friend and I could not have been more cordially received had I been a long absent brother. When we reached his home I was ushered into a cozy sitting room, which was made more cheerful by the crackling flames of a huge hickory fire in an old fashioned fireplace.

"His father, a perfect type of the old time Kentucky gentleman, met us at the door and bade me welcome. To the left of the fireplace, in an easy armchair, sat a gray haired, sweet faced old lady quietly knitting. She remained sitting as I entered and I saw at a glance that she was an invalid. She received me with a sweet, motherly smile, and trusted my visit would be a pleasant one. I heard some one enter the room just then, and looking around, my eye rested on a slender, girlish figure.

"It was my young friend's sister, and there standing in the middle of the room I saw my wife for the first time. I thought she was the loveliest girl my eyes had ever beheld, with her graceful figure and rich brown hair and big blue innocent eyes, and I there and then fell head over heels in love with her. Her mother being an invalid, the girl had assumed the duties of housekeeper, and had entered the room to announce that supper was ready. The family did all in their power to make me feel at home, and after the evening meal was over I felt as if I had known them all my life.

"Next morning the son took me over the plantation. It was a typical old southern home. The house was in the center of a large lawn carpeted with blue grass and made bright with brilliant colored late fall flowers, and magnificent forest trees dotted the place here and there. The house itself was large and roomy, with numerous broad and inviting galleries. I was shown the well kept paddocks and given a look at the rare specimens of thoroughbred horses, descendants of the equine wonders that have made Kentucky's name famous the world over. Then we went out into the pastures and inspected the herd of fat, sleek Jerseys. It was a magnificent old place, and I wondered as I gazed at its beauties how even the passion for gambling could have induced the boy to leave such a home.

"I remained with my friends almost a month and was always treated as one of the family. In fact, the father could not have treated me kinder had I been his own son. His boy had doubtless told him of what I had done for him, and the old gentleman could not do too much to show his gratitude.

"The daughter of the family and myself were thrown much together, and before I was ready to leave I had told her of my love and she had promised to be my wife. I led her blushing to her father and mother, and they with smiles of approval gave us their blessing. We were married the next fall. Now you can understand how a game of cards led to my winning a wife.

"My wife and I—and, of course, the children—always spend October and November at the old home. The old people are dead, but my brother-in-law never fails to give us a royal welcome. He, too, has married, and there is not a happier man in the commonwealth; and why shouldn't he be happy, for he has a charming, loving wife, three bright, beautiful children and one of the finest stock farms in Kentucky. What more need a man want?"—Nashville Times.

How a Room Is Filled with Pure Air.

Suppose a medium sized sitting room with four people and two gas jets; the air must be changed every fifty minutes to keep it pure. As air is heated it expands and becomes lighter per cubic foot. If all the air is heated equally, it remains at rest after expansion, but if hot air is in the presence of cold air, the latter, by reason of its heaviness, forces its way down and drives the hot air up. The moving force of air currents is the greater weight of the colder air. This, then, is the force by which we are to drive out foul air and put pure air in its place. Pure external air will always drive out foul air if you give it a chance.—New York Journal.

Why a Foxhound Gets His Name.

The foxhound was so named because it was originally kept as an addition to every pack of foxhounds. It was always noted for being up within a few minutes of running to ground, and aiding very materially in the capture of reynards.—Detroit Free Press.

Vessels Lost for Insurance.

For the enormous numbers of disasters at sea and the great loss of life the British board of trade assigns the following mentioned causes as the principal: Accident, errors of ignorance or neglect, defective materials and perils of the sea. To these four must be added in modern times a fifth cause—the perils of insurance. Scores of vessels are annually "sold to the insurance companies." Some years ago there were 215 British ships in the Baltic, nearly all of which were insured. There were 229 Swedish ships in the same waters, few of which were insured. Ten British ships were lost to three Swedish.

Investigators of the subject are well aware that it is no uncommon thing for ships to be sent to sea with the express understanding between the owners and masters that they will never reach their ports of destination.—Providence Journal.

Doing a Husband's Part.

The negro women of Arkansas have a hard life. They work in the fields and in the house, and die when they should be in their prime. This explains why so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em. I kep' 'em all decent," said he, "an buried 'em all in a store coffin."—Octave Thanet in Atlantic Monthly.

TO PHILLIS, IN ENGLAND.

Darling Phillis, four years old,
Whom for my delight
I will picture as I knew—
Head alight with sunny gold,
Cheeks of roses red and white,
Eyes so large and blue!

I will fill my picture in
With the tales I hear of you,
Telling of the hearts you win,
What you wear and do;
Windfall hunts 'neath apple boughs,
Offers bold of grass to cows!

Yet I know not—can I, dear,
See you as you are?
English things grow dim and far
To the exile lingering here.
Sweet—how sweet!—but faint you stand
Shadow child in shadow land!

Vainly I for my delight
Fain would fashion you aright,
With a sad and wistful sense
Of the spirit's impotence.
You, as now you are, I trow,
I shall never, never know.

Wiser Phillis, in your glee
No such thoughts you heed.
Thinking now and then of me
Far away across the foam,
Happy in your childish creed,
Soon "big ship" will bring me home.
—W. Trego Webb in London Spectator.

SHE PAID HER WAY.

Hooted and Stoned, This Idiotic Woman Was Always Independent.

Every middle aged Philadelphian can remember a wild, picturesque figure that thirty years ago was as familiar a sight to the inhabitants of the Quaker City as the Liberty bell or the wooden statue of Franklin over the door of his famous library.

"Irish Sheelah," as the town called her, was a gaunt woman nearly six feet in height whose vacant eyes told her story before she spoke.

Since she was a child the children with sound brains had hooted at her and stoned her. She was a child still, with white hair and wrinkles. She knew nothing; she did not even know that the learning and thought and pleasure was in the world in which other people found their life.

Her only enjoyment was in the tags of bright ribbons stitched to her old skirt, which the children gave her from their doll rags. These were all that she would accept from them; she was never known to take money. That was the one sound spot in her poor, crazed brain—a fierce pride of independence.

Her old mother became helpless. Sheelah could not work, but she would take no alms. She donned a man's coat and high hat, and set out "to earn money like a man," only to be followed by larger crowds of children than before. Charitable friends attempted to send the two helpless women to asylums. But Sheelah declared that no one but herself should support her mother. On this point she was resolute and—sane.

It occurred to some one to make of her a street debt collector. When a creditor despaired of payment of a small bill he gave it to her. She stationed herself with it silently on the curbstone in front of the debtor's house. She made no disturbance and could not be driven away. But every passerby understood why the well known grotesque figure was there.

The delinquent seldom was able to bear the mortification for more than one day.

For twenty-five years the poor, flighty creature steadily pursued this strange calling in order, as she persisted, to "pay her way." After her mother's death she grew rapidly more feeble and wild.

But she had one solid comfort. "I'm no beggar. I pay my way."

The poor demented woman, at whom so many people had laughed, died at last. Under her pillow was left money enough to bury her.

Even into the grave Sheelah proudly paid her own way.

How many of those who laughed at her could make her boast?—Youth's Companion.

The Wandering Jew.

In Germany the Wandering Jew is associated with the story of one John Buttadaens, who is said to have appeared in Antwerp in the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth centuries. This specter, vision, ghost or impostor last appeared at Brussels in 1773.

In the French legend the Wandering Jew is known by the name of Isaac Lakedion.

The main character in the legend of the "Wild Huntsman" of England, the one whom Shakespeare mentions as Herne the Hunter, is said to be a Jew who refused to let Jesus drink from a horse trough.

Jan. 1, 1644, a person claiming to be the original Wandering Jew appeared in Paris. He said that his name was Michod Ader, and that he had been usher of the judgment hall at Jerusalem in the time of Jesus and Pilate, and that for thrusting Christ from the hall he had been condemned to live and wander over the earth for ever.—St. Louis Republic.

A Bad Country for Hats.

Hats have a hard time in China. The climate, alternating from intense dryness to a horrible humidity, twists and distorts silk, beaver, cloth and felt in no time. Mold and fungus are universal and convert sweatband and brim into green velvet in a single night. Every hat must be put out in the sunlight three times a week or it is ruined.

Besides these foes are ants, which go everywhere, and cockroaches, which fly like birds. The ant enjoys a good hat for a playground and a sleeping establishment; the cockroach desires merely to eat every particle of leather, paper and pasteboard it contains. The only way to keep the pests off is to sprinkle the interior occasionally with carbolic acid, creosote or crude cressol.—Hatter and Furrier.

Horse Sense.

As regards color, gray horses live longest, roan horses nearly as long. Cream colored horses are deficient of staying power, especially in summer weather. Bays, on an average, are the best. Horses with black hoofs are stronger and tougher than others.—Rider and Driver.

PUZZLED PHYSICIANS.

A Patient Who Cannot Swallow Solid Food Without the Aid of Water.

In this city there is a case that has for years puzzled the best physicians. R. H. Allen has for over thirty years been a sufferer from a most peculiar trouble, and yet he is today in good health. His case is said by physicians to be the only one of its kind that has ever been known, and has by a dozen or more eminent doctors been pronounced inexplicable and incurable.

When Mr. Allen was a boy about twelve years of age the trouble first came upon him in the following manner: He was visiting friends in the country one day, and as it was during the season when harvest pears are ripe he ate a great many. After he had eaten quite a number he suddenly began to feel that he could not swallow any more and that his stomach was full up to his throat, so to speak. He was taken with a fit of coughing and choking and seemed to be unable to swallow anything.

When he next tried to eat he found that his food would not go down into his stomach and after a number of attempts to eat found that the only way he could get his food to pass down into his stomach was by drinking a quantity of water or some other liquid very fast and thus force his food down. He had a good appetite and relished his food, but he could only eat so much, and then the valve which carries the food into the stomach would fill up. A number of physicians were consulted and various treatments tried, but all without avail.

The doctors were unable to explain the trouble. Some said that it was due to paralysis of the stomach or the valve which carries the food from the mouth into the stomach. On examination this valve was found to be entirely closed up, and a probe could only be gotten down into the stomach by forcing it through the obstruction, which was so closed up that it would not even allow water to pass into the stomach. The best possible explanation seemed to be that the trouble was due to a stricture of the esophagus, but how this was brought about is not known. The doctors told him that the only way he could get his food down was to drink water rapidly after his meals.

As a result of this advice Mr. Allen has lived and enjoyed good health for thirty years or more. There are some hard substances which he does not dare to eat, as they will not pass into his stomach under any circumstances, but by a little care in his diet he enjoys good health. He eats a good meal and then drinks about a pint of some liquid very fast, and by sheer will power forces the food into his stomach which has accumulated in the esophagus. If he did not do this his food would remain clogged up in the esophagus for days and not enter the stomach at all.—New Haven Register.

The Professional Politician.

I wonder how many men in this city who do not themselves hold offices of any kind, and are not interested directly or indirectly in any distribution of the patronage in the present or in the future, know the name of their congressman? When you come to the minor offices, the number of them is so great that it is impossible for any man who is not a professional to know the names of the holders. I don't say this for the purpose of blubbering over the ascendancy of the professional politician. He owes his success to the fact that he can put up better politics than the amateur. Just so the professional baseball player plays better than the amateur.

Instead of abusing the professional politician we ought to be grateful to him. He takes a great deal of work off our hands, and he does it a great deal better than we could. I don't believe that he makes very much out of it, as a rule, and I think he earns all he makes.—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Sizes of Shoes.

Mr. E. Phelps, of Shreveport, La., is a regular customer of a well known Broadway shoe merchant. His orders vary in some details, but never in the size of shoes. To an ordinary St. Louisian the sizes between 12 and 17 are unknown. They are never seen in the show windows, and no citizen ventures on the street with shoes of this caliber. But a colony of negroes in Shreveport would put themselves in agony to wear a shoe smaller than No. 12, and they labor under no inconvenience whatever when their feet are ensconced in shoes No. 17. The last order called for a dozen, and it was filled from a special department established for this grade.—New York Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Taken at His Word.

At the Methodist Ecumenical conference at Washington an amusing incident occurred. When the question of woman's work in the church was being discussed, Dr. Hoss, who took the old fashioned and conservative side, began by saying, "If there is any man in this body who has a higher regard for woman than I have, I should like him to show his face," upon which hundreds of delegates leaped to their feet, to the great embarrassment of the doctor, who was not prepared to be taken so literally at his word.—Yankee Blade.

Wanted the Needles.

A man customer in a Boston store would not purchase an electric belt because it did not have all those needles sticking out in every direction from it such as pictured in the papers.—Pharmaceutical Era.

The latest invention from Minnesota is an electric plow.

The estimates of the agricultural department show that in 1891 Texas produced 4,435,000 bushels of wheat.

WHEN A MAN IS IN THE WAY.

A Country House Is a Bad Place to Visit When There Are Lovers About.

Have you ever been in a house where there is a couple courting? It is most trying. You think you will go and sit in the drawing room, and you march off there. As you open the door you hear a noise as if somebody had suddenly recollected something, and when you get in Emily is over by the window, full of interest in the opposite side of the road, and your friend, John Edward, is at the other end of the room, with his whole soul held in thrall by photographs of other people's relatives.

"Oh," you say, pausing at the door, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"Oh, didn't you?" says Emily, coldly, in a tone which implies that she does not believe you.

You hang about for a bit, then you say: "It's very dark. Why don't you light the gas?"

John Edward says he hadn't noticed it, and Emily says that papa does not like the gas lighted in the afternoon.

You tell them one or two items of news and give them your views and opinions on the Irish question, but this does not appear to interest them. All they remark is: "Oh!" "Is it?" "Did he?" "Yes," and "You don't say so!" and after ten minutes of such style of conversation you edge up to the door and slip out, and are surprised to find that the door immediately closes behind you and shuts itself without your having touched it.

Half an hour later you think you will try a pipe in the conservatory. The only chair in the place is occupied by Emily, and John Edward, if the language of clothes can be relied upon, has evidently been sitting upon the floor. They do not speak, but they give you a look that says all that can be said in a civilized community, and you back out promptly and shut the door behind you.

You are afraid to poke your nose into any room in the house now, so after walking up and down the stairs for awhile you go and sit in your own bedroom. This becomes uninteresting, however, after a time, and so you put on your hat and stroll out into the garden.

You walk down the path, and as you pass the summer house you glance in, and there are those two young idiots, huddled up in one corner of it, and they see you and are evidently under the idea that, for some wicked purpose of your own, you are following them about.

"Why don't they have a special room for this sort of thing and make people keep to it?" you mutter, and you rush back to the hall and get your umbrella and go out.—Jerome K. Jerome in "Three Men in a Boat."

A Mediæval Survival.

It may interest some of your readers to know that the archaic method of reckoning by tallies is still in vogue in Pau. While there I saw a bundle of tally sticks (there called tailles) suspended in a baker's shop, and on inquiry I found that most of the poorer country people thus registered their purchases until they were able to pay. The tally stick is cut down the center, the baker and purchaser each retaining a half, and when a loaf is sold the two halves are fitted together and a notch made across them, the purchaser thus keeping an exact check upon the baker's score. Upon any payment being made a corresponding number of notches are shaved off.

I also well remember in the fifties being very proud, as a small boy, of being allowed to keep the score at a local cricket match in Norfolk by cutting notches on a stick, every tenth one being deeper. The term "notches," for runs is still often used by modern cricket correspondents who may not have had a similar experience.—Cor. London Athenæum.

The Ancient Egyptian Cats.

The ancient Egyptian cat was the progeny of a species that is wild in that country today, being known as the felis maniculata. This latter may be regarded as the ancestor of nearly all existing pussies of domesticated varieties. Its descendants were brought from Egypt to Greece and Rome, whence they spread over Europe. When the Romans invaded Britain they found plenty of wild cats in the woods, but they owned no tame ones. The felis maniculata is of a yellowish color, darker on the back and whitish on the belly, with obscure stripes on the body and a tail ringed toward the end. Doubtless some domesticated cats are derived from different origins, as is presumably the case with the Angora or Persian variety, which is thought to be descended from an Asiatic wild cat.—Interview in Washington Star.

Getting the Better of Excisemen.

A certain Red John, who was a practiced hand at making illicit whisky in the Highlands, heard that the excisemen were in his neighborhood and were to pay him a visit. He went in his extremity to a friend of his, a tailor, and promised him a boll of malt if he would allow himself to be stretched on a table as a corpse. This was done. The tailor was decently vested in white sheets, a plate of salt was placed on his breast, and the godly old women of the neighborhood sung their coronachs around the bier.

As the excisemen were entering a voice was heard from the tailor, "Unless I get two bolls I'll cry out." The two bolls were promised, and Red John confronted his foes with a sorrowful countenance and an open Bible in his hand. "You have come," he said, "to a house of woe. This is my only brother, who has just died." The officers apologized and retreated. Some time after they learned that Red John never had a brother, but the information came too late.