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Baltimore & Eastern Shore Railroad.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp. A. M.	Exp. P. M.	Mix. A. M.
Salisbury	6 00	2 15	7 00
Rock-a-Walking			7 12
Hebron	6 12	2 27	7 18
Barren Creek S	6 22	2 37	7 35
Vienna	6 31	2 46	7 55
Rhodesdale	6 45	3 00	8 15
Ennals			8 19
Hurlocks	6 56	3 10	8 34
Douglass	7 02	3 17	8 44
Preston	7 07	3 22	9 05
Bethlehem	7 12	3 27	9 15
Turner			9 25
Easton	7 32	3 47	9 40
Bloomfield	7 38	3 53	9 48
Kirkham	7 43	3 58	9 55
Royal Oak	7 48	4 03	10 05
Riverside			10 10
St. Michaels	7 57	4 12	10 30
Harper	8 02	4 17	10 40
McDaniel			10 45
Claiborne	8 15	4 35	10 55
Bay Ridge	9 45	6 05	1 15
Annapolis	10 00	6 20	
Baltimore, Arr.	10 55	7 15	

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp. A. M.	Exp. P. M.	Mix. P. M.
Baltimore, Lv.	8 35	4 45	
Annapolis	9 20	5 40	
Bay Ridge	9 35	6 05	1 50
Claiborne	11 10	7 15	3 45
McDaniel			3 51
Harper	11 16	7 31	3 56
St. Michaels	11 21	7 36	4 12
Riverside			4 16
Royal Oak	11 29	7 44	4 25
Kirkham	11 34	7 49	4 30
Bloomfield	11 39	7 54	4 36
Easton	11 47	8 02	4 44
Turner			5 09
Bethlehem	12 03	8 18	5 24
Preston	12 10	8 25	5 38
Douglass	12 15	8 30	5 46
Hurlocks	12 25	8 40	6 05
Ennals			6 13
Rhodesdale	12 34	8 49	6 24
Vienna	12 48	9 04	7 00
Barren Creek S	12 58	9 14	7 15
Hebron	1 06	9 21	7 30
Rock-a-Walking			7 35
Salisbury	1 20	9 35	7 45

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 24th, 1890, trains run as follows:

GOING SOUTH. 201 Mail P.M.	281 Pass A.M.	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH. 200 Mail A.M.	276 Pass P.M.
		Baltimore	11 10	8 35
		Philadelphia	10 32	7 11
		Clayton	3 20	4 51
		Kenton	3 21	4 41
		Harley	3 10	4 31
		Slaughters	3 08	4 22
		Marydel	3 01	4 18
		Hadaway	2 51	4 08
		Goldsborough	7 45	4 05
		Greensborough	7 36	3 55
		Hillsboro	7 29	3 48
		Queen Anne	7 20	3 33
		Cordova	7 11	3 24
		Chaplet	6 05	2 18
		Bradley	6 50	2 05
		Tappes	6 39	2 45
		Easton	6 30	2 05
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

A SONG OF POLLY.

Polly, Polly, the kettle sings,
There's a puff of steam like fairy wings.
A fragrance of Orange-pekoe
Dainty china coolly set,
Fragile as frailest of eggshell, yet
Strong in my housewife's dealing.

It's hey for dance, and ho for song,
Old reminiscences brought to one
Over the lea with Polly.
Time's sweet chimes of long-ago when hearts were young,
A trembling minor never sung,
Hushed in tears beside Polly.

For Polly and I, ay, for toast,
Ho for the pet, the, the can toast,
Of youth and love forever
Let broken heart and hint of wrong
Find cheerier note in the kettle's song,
Stirring with brave endeavor.

So, over the crisp brown toast for two,
And tea in the old cups quaint and blue,
Ho for bygone Polly!
Though silver-set hair has crept in white,
Old songs to-night, yet tonight, ay, tonight
We have met, I and Polly!
—Jean Kate Ludlam in Travelers' Record.

A PRESSED ROSE.

Grace Hetherton was happy; that is, young Grace was. There was an old Grace Hetherton too. Aunt and nieces they were, one nearly sixty, the other just turned twenty. And the young Grace was happy that summer evening for the same reason that Aunt Grace had been happy forty years before. She was going to marry Archie Armitage.

For years before Archie Armitage and Grace Hetherton had been betrothed. He was a young Englishman, and a short time before the day fixed for the wedding he had been called home by the sudden death of his father, leaving Grace to wait on this side the water for his speedy, safe return. But that never came. The ship on which he took passage for England never arrived in port. Grace waited and hoped on. "He said he would come; he will come," she said. Her father and mother and her brother John hoped and waited with her, but no tidings came. Until all chance for his return was past, they did not tell her that he was dead; that he had been drowned at sea. Then, at last, they put away the bridal finery.

But still Grace hoped and waited. Her clouded brain held fixedly to the one idea: her lover would return. The months grew into years, but still every night she looked long and anxiously down the drive, and said, "If not tonight, he will come tomorrow."

The father died; John brought a wife into the big, rambling house. Grace's hair turned from brown to gray, from gray to snowy white; wrinkles came into her sweet, wistful face; nephews and nieces grew up about her; but still she looked out from her rooms at the end of the wing and said, "He may come tomorrow." About the country she came to be spoken of as "poor old Miss Hetherton." Visitors to the house saw her sometimes, and she explained to them that she was merely "staying with John and Archie Hetherton."

Now, after forty years, another Grace Hetherton was expected home. She had met the second Archie while traveling abroad. He was the son of the absent man's brother, and in face and figure, in voice and bearing, was remarkably like his uncle.

Gracie walked up and down in the sweet smelling June twilight, from the piazza to the gate and back again. She was waiting for Archie. He had but recently come from England, and was soon to take her back with him, his bride.

As she paced to and fro, she caught the gleam of light from her aunt's windows in the old wing. It occurred to her to go and sit there with the old lady until Archie came. She had told Aunt Grace some time before of her engagement, but when she gave her lover's name, the gentle voice had checked her. "Do not talk nonsense, child, dear! Archie Armitage is coming over sea, true enough. I have been waiting for him. You must not claim him for your sweetheart, my dear Gracie." That had ended the matter. Aunt Grace dismissed the subject as nonsense, and was not to be reasoned out of it. So when the young Archie had come for his first visit to the little town he had not been presented to the mistress of the pretty ground floor rooms in the old wing of the Hetherton mansion.

Gracie crossed the lawn and mounted the short flight of steps to her aunt's door, almost hidden by climbing roses full of bloom. She paused there and looked in, silently. In the center of the cozy room her aunt sat reading by a shaded lamp, her lavender silk dress falling about her in full folds. All her surroundings told of a love for the beautiful. Choice engravings and etchings hung on the walls. A great jar of old fashioned single white roses stood upon the open piano. The shaded lamp cast a mellow, softened light over everything. The corners were but half defined. Gracie was about to go in when she heard the click of the gate and quick footsteps coming up the path. Then she saw Archie walking toward her. He had seen her white dress crossing the lawn and had followed.

"I'll hide from him behind the roses and let him hunt," she thought, and quickly drew back at the side of the steps.

The young man came up the steps. "Grace!" he called; "Grace!"

The figure in the room reading by the shaded lamp turned at the voice. She rose, and for one trembling, uncertain moment stood still. Then, with the lovelight in her eyes, with arms outstretched, with the smile of her happy girlhood upon her face, she moved eagerly toward the door. There stood the young man, pausing on the threshold, looking in.

"Archie!" the gentle voice faltered; "Archie! You have come—you have come!"

The young man understood. To the old lady before him he was the absent lover returned. He came into the room, put his arm about her and kissed her. The young girl understood. She remained silent behind the roses, and watched the pair sit down together on the prim, old fashioned sofa, the face of the woman illumined with joy, her eyes looking tenderly into those of the man, her hands placed caressingly on his shoulders. In her mind the passing years had brought no thought of change in him she loved; she had watched for the same stalwart young figure, the same sunny face she had parted from.

Archie quickly took in the situation, and felt the cruelty of undeceiving her. Better to leave her shattered mind rest firm in the belief that her own Archie had returned as he had promised; that to attempt explanations, even if she would have understood them, He determined to act the part as well as he was able.

She plied him with questions as to his health, the voyage, etc., and he answered with whatever apt fiction came to him, taking her hands in his and smiling back into her dimmed eyes.

"You seem to have been gone a long time, Archie. How long?" She paused and put her hand to her head. "A year—was it a whole year? Yes, perhaps as much as a year. It confuses me to try to remember.—But there! no matter, you are here. How long is it since you gave me the rose that night and said goodbye?"

She arose and took down from a shelf behind her an old volume, in red and gold, opened it carefully and held it out to him.

"You remember how you hated it from the first, at the gate and fastened it to my hair? Her voice trembled with excitement. "There it is, pressed in my annual, the one you gave me. I have kept it to show you."

Archie took the book and bent over it. On the open, yellow page lay a long, crumbled rose. Without a word he put the rose into the pocket of his coat. "It has turned brown while you have been across the sea and back again."

The young girl, listening outside caught the quivering alarm in the voice, and fearing the effect of the unusual excitement upon her aunt now appeared at the door.

"Come in, Gracie, come in! I have a visitor to introduce to you." She took the girl by the hand and led her into the room. "This is brother John's daughter, Mr. Armitage, Gracie, this is my old friend, Archie Armitage, who has just come from England. We have been talking over old times." In her excited joy all sense of inconsistency seemed lost to her.

The young people exchanged a swift glance of intelligence as they bowed to each other, and Grace said to her aunt: "Don't you think you are a trifle tired now, auntie? Perhaps you and Mr. Armitage had better wait until tomorrow to continue your talk? You know you have not been very well."

The white haired woman looked thoughtfully from one to the other. "Yes," she said slowly, "it is probably somewhat late. I will send him away shortly. Will you tell your father he has arrived, dear?"

"Papa knows Mr. Armitage is here, auntie," replied Grace, "and I will go back with him across the lawn. To-morrow you'll have a long day together."

"Y-e-s, perhaps that is best. I seem somewhat dizzy. It has been so exciting to see you, Archie." She stroked her brow slowly with her hand and sat down in her easy chair. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Yes, auntie, I'll come in early and help you dress; but you must get quiet now, auntie, dear. Good night."

"And, Gracie, I'll put on my blue figured gown he used to like to see me in, and the broad garden hat, and we'll have the morning on the lawn. I shall have to show him all the old nooks and corners, and we'll have so much to say, so much to tell each other."

She looked up at Archie with a look of exquisite tenderness, and he bent and kissed her reverently. "Do not rise," he said; "you are overtired and we will have so much to talk of tomorrow. Good-night." He followed Grace to the door, and as he closed it behind him on the picture of the white haired lady gazing after them, they were alike, the woman and the flower.

When Grace opened the door of the old wing the next morning she stopped abruptly. The lamp still burned on the table, and beside it in the easy chair sat her aunt as they had left her, but with closed eyes, and an odd, happy look of youth upon her face, still holding in her lifeless hand the stem of the rose, its fragile petals lying scattered among the soft folds of her dress and on the floor about her.—Charles Edwin Kinkead in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Seemed Monotonous.

The other evening a little girl, a mite of five years, lay on her mother's lap during the children's hour. Play was over and the white robed little figure was ready to be tucked into bed. But she clamored for a story, and the mother told her of heaven of the golden pavements, the great white throne, the snowy garments of the angels and the perpetual praise from the harps of the great orchestra of the blessed. After the story was finished the child was silent for a minute. Then she asked, "Mamma, have we got to do just that for ever and ever, amen?" It will be difficult to insure the orthodoxy of this precocious young person.—Detroit Free Press.

Extravagant.

Some Japanese real estate boomers went out and founded a town and advertised as a leading feature "a great avenue, fifteen feet wide, running the length of the town." This extravagant waste of land was reported to the government, and the boomers were ordered to simmer down or go to prison.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Let Him Try It.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of his lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter anyone could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.—Detroit Free Press.

Tramp—Will this dog pite a poor old tramp?

Servant Girl—Just as quickly as a fat young one.

Ethel—Twenty-five dollars, please, papa, I'm going shopping today."

"What are you going to buy?"

"Nothing; I want the money for car fare."

"I hate this house-cleaning business," sighed a discontented husband. "Wife, let's go live in a tent."

"Better live in con-tent," suggested his wife meekly.

Day—The spirit medium I saw last night had a wonderful affinity for the other medium.

Weeks—What other medium?

"The circulating medium."

Mr. Gittman—What have you done with my wife's pet poodle that I paid you $20 to steal?

Sneak Thief Bill—I returned it and got $50 reward.

Mr. Grump (old friend of the family)—Is Miss Giddy disengaged?

Norah—Disengaged, is it? I shouldn't wonder, sor; her young man jist went out wid a face as black as night.

"I wish you monkeys would quit your everlasting chattering," exclaimed the lion.

"What do you want to put your nose in for?" asked a giddy young simian.

Conductor—What do you mean by blocking travel like that? You almost ran the train off the track.

Tramp—That's home-made sponge cake I struck at the farm house. I wanted to soften it a bit.

WHICH ONE?

"You don't mean it."

"But I do, though."

"Isn't it a rather sudden exhilaration?"

"On the contrary, my dear boy, I have been thinking of it for some time."

Fred Bent gave a low whistle.

"Well, I must say you have kept it mighty private."

"The best policy. If I had told you in the first place you might have persuaded me out of the notion. Now it is impossible."

"But you said you should never marry."

"All bosh, my dear fellow. When a man is young, a mere boy, he does well to wait at marriage and declare that he will never wed. When he comes nearer to my years and gray hairs he will think better of it."

"But Laurie, honest old fellow, have you never in love?"

"Me—never!" And Laurence Weston laughed scornfully at the idea as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Then you are not going to marry for love?" inquired Bent.

"No!"

"What for, then?"

"Oh, a variety of things, I suppose."

"Money, for one thing, I fancy," he went on, "and then I am growing older, my chances to marry well—to my liking—will not always be as fair as they are now, and I always intended to marry finally."

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes, though I would never own it; but I am in earnest now, and I mean to marry before this year is out."

"Have you selected the lady?"

"There are two of them."

"Oh, you are going over to the Mormons."

"No, but you know a reserve force comes handy. If one won't—you know the rest. Now, my dear Fred, all this nonsense about falling in love is bosh—pure humbug. I never could love one woman any better than another, unless I knew her better and discovered in her nature more lovable qualities. I think it is much better to select a woman whom you think in every way likely to suit you, and then set about learning to like her. When a man is head over ears in love his judgment is warped and his eyesight proverbially poor."

Fred Bent laughed good naturedly.

"I don't know, Laurie. I am always in love, so of course my advice is worthless to you."

"Exactly," said his friend. "Now these two young ladies"——

"Would you object to telling me their names?" interrupted Bent.

"Not in the least. They are both called Blanche."

"What, the two Blanches?"

"Yes, Miss Sturtevant and Miss Wellington—both very suitable in every way, and, as far as I know, heart whole and fancy free."

"Well, you ought to win," said Bent. "You are good looking, and, by Jove, you have plenty of assurance. But I must be going. Shake hands and tell me which."

"Shall I see you at the Leonards' to-morrow night?"

"Yes, I shall be there."

The next night found him, fastidiously attired, at Mrs. Leonard's reception.

A shimmer of peach bloom satin in the moving mass of humanity attracted him, and taking a pair of sparkling brown eyes as guiding stars he made his way to the side of Blanche Sturtevant.

As she made room for him beside her she said:

"I thought you didn't like receptions."

"I do not as a general thing," he replied, "but this had a peculiar attraction for me."

The meaning he threw into the glance he bestowed on her sent the delicate rose bloom to her cheeks, and she looked ten times as lovely to his fastidious eyes.

But suddenly, while he gazed at her pretty flushed face, a queer sensation seized him. He felt actually timid about asking this beautiful girl to be his wife, even though he had been for years a man of the world. Somehow he felt as though she could read his very thoughts with those bright eyes.

"Do I look very badly?"

Her musical voice recalled him to his senses.

"I beg your pardon. Was I staring at you? Your dress is beautiful—and you."

"Thank you," she said hurriedly.

"I fancied from the intentness of your gaze you had not quite decided whether I would do or not," and she laughed.

"I was in a brown study," he returned.

The crowd surged around them, and two or three men looked anxiously at the seat occupied by Weston.

Some music was playing in another room, and when the strain had ended he spoke again.

"Miss Sturtevant," he said, "I wanted to ask you a question tonight, but the crowd is so great that there is not much opportunity for confidential talks. If I write to you tomorrow will you favor me with a reply?"

"Certainly!" and the brown eyes smiled sweetly, and perhaps unconsciously at him, as he rose to relinquish his seat to another admirer.

"There—that was neatly done," was his mental comment; "no fuss, no love making to undergo, nothing disagreeable, and if the fates are kind I shall have one of the finest looking and one of the richest women in C—— for my wife."

He threaded his way carefully among the crowd, replying to a kindly greeting here and there, and presently found himself in the conservatory.

But it was occupied.

Standing under a tall palm, a radiant vision in blue and gold, stood Blanche Wellington.

His face brightened as he approached her, for anything beautiful always appealed strongly to the artistic side of his nature, and what could be more beautiful than this tall, queenly woman, with a crown of golden hair and the deep blue of a violet lurking in the cool depths of her eyes!

What an opportunity there was to win for his own this lovely girl!

His conversation with Miss Sturtevant, a few moments ago, crossed his mind, but he dismissed it with a thought.

He could easily explain to her his request. Thank heaven, he had not committed himself!

Miss Wellington turned to him with a smile.

"So you are here this evening. Do you enjoy it?"

"I have not—until now."

What did it matter if that sweet speech was false; it was very neat. At any rate it brought a beautiful color to the soft cheek of the maiden before him.

"Is it not beautiful in here?" she said.

"Yes, it is a fit setting for you."

"Now you are flattering me."

"Indeed I am not; I am always truthful" and he threw a world of counterfeit tenderness into the dark eyes he turned upon her.

It was only a step from that to something more—and he took it.

Holding her soft, white hand in his, he began:

"Miss Blanche, I am growing very tired of a lonely life. I want some one to share my grief and joys. Will you be my wife?"

"Really—I—hardly know," she began.

At that moment gay voices were heard coming in their direction, and she drew her hand away from his clasp.

In another moment the lively party were in sight, and he had only time to murmur, "I will write tomorrow—will you reply?" and presently the cool, tinted place was invaded by the merrymakers, and Laurence Weston beat a hasty retreat.

The next day he wrote the two letters he had promised—for he was a man of his word.

To Miss Sturtevant he wrote thus:

DEAR MISS BLANCHE—I wish to apologize to you for some remarks I made to you last night, and to say that I have changed my mind concerning the matter referred to. It was really of no consequence, and I hope you will not give it any thought. It was only an idle question, which merely amounted to nothing, and in fact the cause which existed for my request no longer exists. Please treat the whole affair as a joke, and oblige, Yours,

L. WESTON.

On another sheet of the fine cream note paper he always used he wrote to Miss Wellington thus:

DEAR MISS BLANCHE—Had time permitted last night I should have urged you to accept my hand and heart. But the crowd was so great and the opportunity for private conversation so limited that it was impossible. You promised to write to me—may I hope for a favorable answer? If so, please appoint a time for me to call and tell you all I would say more fully than I can commit it to paper. Yours,

L. WESTON.

"There," as he folded both letters and placed them in their envelopes, "I feel sure of her reply."

This was in the morning, and in the evening Fred Bent dropped in, as was his custom.

For a few moments the two men smoked in silence.

Then there was a knock on the door, which Mr. Weston answered.

When he came back into the room he held in his hand two letters.

"If you will excuse me, Fred, I will read these," he said.

"Oh, certainly—go ahead. From the fair charmers, I suppose."

Laurence Weston opened the letters at random.

The first read like this:

DEAR MR. WESTON—Although your proposal was a great surprise to me, for I always thought you more not a marrying man, I can say that I am inclined to regard it—and you—favorably. If you will call tomorrow at 10 I shall be glad to receive you. Yours,

BLANCHE STURTEVANT.

Blank dismay was pictured on his features as he opened the other, and read:

Mr. Weston:

DEAR SIR—It is entirely immaterial to me whether your language of last night was a joke or not, and no apologies are necessary. Allow me to advise you, though, that in well regulated society such jokes are considered insults to a woman. Yours,

BLANCHE WELLINGTON.

"What's the matter, Laurie? You look as though you had had a shock," said Bent.

"Shock enough," he replied, tossing the letters toward his friend.

Bent read them.

Then he burst into hearty laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Weston.

"Ha, ha! Because really, old fellow, I can't help it. It's too good—well, if it isn't rich. Did you mean to do it?"

"Mean to do what?"

"Can you ask me?" said Bert, tragically, waving the two sheets of scented note paper in the air.

"What have I done? For heaven's sake tell me if you can, Fred."

"Is it possible that you don't know? You are not very shrewd, Laurie, or else you are in love, and love, you know, is 'proverbially blind.'"

"Go on," said Laurence impatiently.

"Why, man alive, you put your letters in the wrong envelopes, as near as I can see."

A sudden ray of intelligence darted over Weston's face.

"I believe I did," he said ruefully, "and see what a scrape I have drawn my devoted head into."

"Could you make it up with Miss Wellington?"

"I feel sure I could. But Miss Sturtevant has practically accepted me, and see how I must insult her."

"And yet," mused Fred, "you ought to explain to Miss Wellington."

"I know it," distractedly, "but if I do I must also explain to Miss Sturtevant."

"Now, honestly, Laurie, do you care anything for either one?"

"No, honestly, Fred, I like and admire one as much as the other."

"Why not give them both up?"

"And get into the mire deeper than I am? Besides, I am determined to marry one of them."

"Well," said Bent, rising to go, "I am sorry for you, Laurie. This is what your assurance and sound commonsense have brought you to. For my part, I prefer romance. Goodby, old fellow."

"Goodby," came mournfully from the depths of the easy chair.

At the door Bent halted.

"I say, Laurie, I might help you out. I might marry one of them."

"If you only would; but which one?"

"Aye, that's it," echoed Bent, as he closed the door and went down the hall; and the evening breezes wafted his words back, "That's the rub—which one?"—Agnes L. Pratt in Boston Globe.

There is a negro in Scriven county, Georgia, whose home is a huge log. It is 20 feet long and 5 feet in diameter. It is divided into three compartments, one being the owner's hog pen.

Arabella—During your visit to Boston did you encounter Cupid's darts?

Bertha—Boston cupids do not use darts.

"What, then, do they use?"

"Bean shooters."

Ryman—Poor old Squeers, the hairdresser down the street, has lost the patronage of his lady customers.

Cornwallis—Did he make a bad break?

"Well, he put out a sign, 'Hair dyed while you wait.'"

Customer (who has just had his whiskers dyed)—Yes, that's a good job. It's a rich, glossy black. I should think you would use it on that gray beard of yours.

Barber—I have a position in society to maintain. Next!

"Were you in business, my poor man?" asked the lady of Bootless Bob, the tramp.

"Yes, madam, but I was too honest. I asked a woman who weighed 300 pounds to try some of my anti-fat remedy and she sicked the dog on me."

She (during a conversation about art in dress)—I have had no experience with American dressmakers. Papa always buys my dresses in Paris.

He—How delightful! May I be allowed to express a wish?

"Certainly. What is it?"

"That he will always do so."

Shoes and Shoes.

One of the leading banking firms in Paris, on the recommendation of a London correspondent, engaged an English clerk of the name of Stephenson. For about three years the man's punctuality was altogether unprecedented. He came to his work at 9 in the morning and did not leave the office before the last stroke of 5. He was not a man, he was a clock. Besides, during the whole time he never asked for a holiday. One fine morning, however, to the great surprise of his superior, Stephenson blushingly craved permission to absent himself for an hour on the following day.

Next day at 12 he left the office. It was observed that a carriage stood waiting for him at the door. At 1 o'clock he drove up again in the same carriage and resumed his calculations as cool and self possessed as if nothing had happened. This short absence puzzled the brains of all the employes in the bank. The principal himself, eager to obtain the solution of the enigma, invited this paragon of clerks to dinner. Between two glasses of Chambertin the banker said, "You will not think me indiscreet if I ask you what you did with yourself in that hour's leave of absence you applied for last Tuesday?"

"Oh! dear no!" replied Stephenson, "I went and got married!"—Messager Bolteux.

Insulted by a Woman.

"Oh, yes, I'll remember Detroit; no fear about that," said sweet voiced Dora Wiley as she rocked to and from an easy chair in the Russell House. "I shall remember it as the first place in which I was really insulted, and by a woman too."

"How and when did all this happen?" asked the reporter.

"One night this week," continued Miss Wiley in reply. "A woman sat in one of the boxes with her back to the stage. One could hear that sort of thing for a little while, but when an auditor turns his or her back squarely on you for a whole evening you cannot drive from your mind the impression that an insult is intended. Well, that was the feeling that came to mind as scene after scene of the play went by, and still that woman sat there.

"I became so annoyed—exasperated, I might say—that I could hardly sing at all. It affected others on the stage the same, but perhaps to a less extent. The legitimate result, of course, was to take our minds off our work to a certain extent, and to a measure the audience suffered by the acts of that one woman, although, perhaps, they may not have noticed it."—Detroit Journal.

Cheap Funerals in New York.

A Hester street undertaker says: "Funerals don't come very high in this neighborhood, but such as they are the poor people seem to have trouble paying the bills. I furnish what is considered a respectable funeral for $5.50, but that does not include any carriages. The coffin and the hearse attendance is all that I can give for the money. The people by whom I do business are nearly all very poor, and $5.50 represents a small fortune. Only a few of them, in my experience, have ever expressed any objection to having their dead buried in Potter's field, but they all are sensitive and superstitious about the funeral, and will sacrifice almost anything to obtain a coffin and hearse.

"They seem to have no idea of the value of our money. A woman, whose husband died the other day, came to me with a brass ring, which she thought I would take in exchange for a coffin. She was very much surprised when I refused her, and offered to work for me for a year if I would only give her husband a decent funeral. He was finally buried at the expense of the city."—New York Letter.

**Diamond Smugglers' Devices.