"HAT'S HUNGER.

We sit down to feast for a little while,
We comfort now to our time-pitched cheer—
The wonder-lips are full of a little smile,
The wish, half sad, half merry the other day.
Or we sit down to feast for a little while
And wonder at the cheer's near chide,
That never more will we sit to such fare—
We know, though, the room would look on here.

We rise out in the morning, before birds,
The birds and mice peek at us in the room,
Our hearts are with that now made asters in the night;
All dark and silence bounded in the gloom,
And our hearts who wait or turn to hear
The sound of feet that never will reach again
Or long to kiss white faces that were.
In Hades's long halls, dreary, dim and rain,
The wind from out the have of never claims
A voice more clear to answer by;
The dead leaves, mass of autumn, every fall
Upon our ears, and we hear the sigh
Of a voice or of dead lord once were,
We who knew kind and hundred fancies,
And kill no single one, and hence to hold,
Can never know the pain we feel unfelt.
—San Francisco Examiner.

A GHOSTLY BRIDAL.

The stagecoach which ran between Paris and Marseilles had just reached Grenoble, when the young Baron de Saint Andre climbed up to the front seat.

Here he found a good looking fellow of his own age, and straightway the two became great friends. At the end of an hour they knew each other almost as well as the manner of youth.

The sense of noble birth was on his way to Paris, to buy an officer's brevet, so as to serve his country, as his ancestors had done before him; the other, who also bound for Paris, for the purpose, however, of marrying an heiress, the daughter of an old friend of his father.

"It is an even thing!" cried the young baron laughingly, "A mere matter of chance for each of us. The little god Cupid has no more concern in your business than in mine!"

"There you mistake," returned the other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but I fell in love with her, some odd fancy, the first time I had eyes upon her portrait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a leather card case, and Saint Andre exclaimed admiringly:

"Why, as sure as I live, my dear fellow, you are very fortunate to have that charming, dainty creature placed for you."

"I do not complain," said the bridegroom elect, "now I am going to stop, if it only momentarily, lest Sylvia will allow me. I am expected to breakfast at my future father-in-law's as soon as I reach Paris, and as I must then be presented to my betrothed I want to look as well as possible."

At the end of three days and two nights the heavy stagecoach lumbered into the metropolis and the two travelers went to the nearest hotel and engaged two rooms, intending to take a little rest before dinner. Saint Andre had just thrown himself upon the bed when he heard deep groans in the next room, and on rushing in found his late companion stretched on the floor in agonies of pain. The surgeon was summoned, a physician was brought in and the latter decided that the patient was suffering from acute colic, which had probably been contracted before he left home and had been aggravated by the fatigue of the journey. He pronounced the malady a very serious one, and so it proved, for, in spite of every care, the youth expired at the end of an hour.

Saint Andre was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and when he found that he could do nothing more for his friend he stood gazing sadly at the hidden step which lay on the narrow bed in the bare hotel room. Poor fellow! so young, so gay, looking forward to a happy future and now snatched away without warning! What would the fair betrothed say when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the breaking of the sad news to the family, but there was no one else to perform the mournful and so he set off, carrying with him the dead youth's secret.

When he reached the stately mansion he found door flow open and two footmen lying prone on the hall floor. One relieved him of his satchel, the other took his hat and cloak and a voice was heard exclaiming joyfully:

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little, fat, white haired man, rushing into the hall, "let me embrace you!" and he clasped the newcomer rapturously to his heart.

As soon as he could get his breath Saint Andre said hurriedly:

"Pardon me, my father—"

"I pardon you for being late," interrupted the other. "Look, it is 11 o'clock, and breakfast is growing cold. Come in and see my daughter. The little rogue has been watching the clock for hours, and is all impatience to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the breakfast room as he spoke, and without pausing an instant added, "My wife, Dame Durval, Saint Delaine, here is the son-in-law at last; Sylvia, my child, let him welcome"—

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint Andre, but again his host interrupted him.

"Don't tell me that you wish to draw back at the last moment, my dear fellow! Everything has been arranged for my esteemed friend, your father, but if you have any objection to wait I will hear it later; business can always keep. Now let us sit down to breakfast at once and be quiet. Sit by me, you rogue, and give me your opinion of this pigeon pie."

The visitor was young and very hungry, having fasted since midnight. The shock of his companion's sudden death had unnerved him somewhat, and so for the time being he yielded to the force of circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself, "I cannot bear to pain a dangerous man the joy of those good people; at least we will tell they have had their breakfast."

He joined therefore in the general merriment, ended sweetly upon blushing little the bridegroom, and replied smilingly to his supposed future father-in-law's inquiries.

"How is your Aunt Armande, my boy?" asked the old man suddenly. "I remember her as a charming young woman; when I was twenty I came near falling in love with her! We must look for a good match for her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth in a tone of deep affection; "I hope she will enjoy life for many, many years yet."

"Ah, poor old lady," said the host, with a tender gleam from his little dark eyes. "Aunt Delaine also listened to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the bearing of a born gentleman," she whispered to her brother. "Who would think that his ancestors had always said chamaudes and ortiques!"

Uncle Durval, who read encyclopedias and was thought very learned, whispered quickly:

"And why should he not have as fine sentiments as a nobleman? Away with your absurd notions, sister! All men are equal!"

The clock struck 2, and Saint Andre suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the part he was playing, as he concluded that he had to arrange for his friend's funeral and would be expected at the hotel. He therefore rose from the table, and announcing that he had important business to attend to, prepared to leave. His host protested in vain, Sylvia looked up to him with reproachful and every one seemed disposed to remain.

"I do not understand," began the old man, following his visitor to the front door. "The young man interrupted me, saying solemnly:

"I will explain. At 11 o'clock this morning I died, after a short and sudden attack of colic, and I pass the hard proprietor my word of honor that my body should be removed this afternoon. You see, therefore, that if I were to absent myself from my lodgings it would be very awkward." With these words he disappeared, leaving the old father overwhelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the doubly heard what had happened they decided that the youth was joking.

"He has humor," said Uncle Durval, "I shall congratulate him the next time I see him. He will be here in time for supper."

But supper time came and passed, and there was no sign of the son-in-law. The family became anxious and alarmed, and sent a note which they sent a messenger to the hotel to inquire for the passenger who had arrived there by coach that morning. The proprietor sent back word that the gentleman named had died at 11 o'clock of colic, and that the body had been taken away for burial in the afternoon. The news was received with unbounded astonishment, and little Sylvia burst into tears as she declared that she would wed morning as if she were a widow.

"It was his ghost that came here," said the girl's brother in a tone of awe, and Uncle Durval shrugged his sarcastic.

"Do ghosts eat and drink in the flesh?" he asked. "That fellow was merely some young scoundrel who wanted to play a trick on us. I'll get to good end of the joke, mind, time." Nevertheless the ghost story went the round of the servants' hall, and the footmen boasted of having seen a spirit in broad daylight. The tale spread, until it became a topic of interest in kitchen and drawing room, and the fair young widow who had never been married wore a black gown and veil and shed prodigious tears for the affianced husband whom she had never seen.

Two weeks later she was wandering about the garden one evening, listening sadly to the songs of the nightingales. The stars were shining brilliantly, but the light of their beauty only served to increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but here to stroll with me along these pathways!"

As she spoke a crackling of boughs near her made her start with terror, and in another instant a man broke through the flowering shrubs and knelt at her feet. The stars were sufficient to some purpose then, for by their light she recognized the face for which she had been longing, and in a voice which betokened mingled joy and dread she cried:

"Then you are not dead?"

"No indeed, sweetheart," he answered softly "I am alive, and I hope to live and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered the dinning room the family were playing backgammon. A look of amazement greeted the appearance of Saint Andre, and every one being disinclined of the young bench had no difficulty in telling his story, which he concluded by asking for Sylvia's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the proper period of mourning had elapsed, and Aunt Delaine was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you he had the bearing of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Durval.—Translated from the French by Isabel Smithson for Romance.

Teaching Youngsters to Sling Slangs.

It has been said that Asiatic nations excelled others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes these so great is the use of the sling in the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread being at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they hit it, then the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience."—Harper's Young People.

Fireworks in Europe in 1395.

Fireworks first became known in Europe in 1395, when the Italians in Florence managed to make some. The first spectacled fireworks was in 1518.—New York Evening Sun.

Do not draw a check or send it to a person out of the city, expecting to make it good before it can possibly get back. Sometimes telegraphic advice is asked about such checks.

Six millions of sheep are grazing in California. Two hundred and fifty thousand horses and 100,000 head of cattle are herded on California's ranches and farms.

The region about the Dead sea is one of the hottest places on the globe, and the sea is said to lose a million tons of water a day by evaporation.

The results obtained from using sulphate of copper dressing to prevent the growth of the fungus on potatoes are decidedly satisfactory.

THE BULL'S EVIDENCE.

Lawyer Smith Objected to Its Admission and the Court Sustained Him.

Who is there in or around about Jamesville, Wis., that does not know Billy Smith, the lawyer? Billy sold a fresh bicycle to those which already existed in his office, and in the fraction he filed in a case tried in that city. It was a very odd case, and it excited much interest in the town.

A farmer named Broughton, living near Jamesville, has a neighbor who owned a blooded bull. This bull broke into a field of Broughton's, and that farmer, in an attempt to drive him out, rather got the worst of it. The bull chased him and as the pursued and pursuer reached the fence the bull sided Mr. Broughton in sewing it. To make him on his horns and throw him bodily over it. Broughton warned the owner that he must keep the animal tied up or there would be trouble.

No attention, however, was paid to the warning, and only a few days after the first mishap the bull was found again in Broughton's field. Calling to his help some of his men, Broughton got the bull into his barn, where injuries were inflicted upon it from which it died. The owner of the bull sued Broughton for the value of the beast and that gentleman retained Billy Smith as his counsel.

On the day of the trial the courtroom was packed. It was noised that Billy Smith had several big cases to introduce speaking. I am sorry my informant's memory was so defective, for in relating the story to me he could only call to mind one, but that one was important and had much to do with his winning the case for his client. Billy's wit and humor on this occasion were exceptional even for him, and he had the spectators and even the judge himself laughing the greater part of the time.

Among others there was one witness for the prosecution, a farmhand, who was endeavoring to make out that the bull only did his duty in chasing Mr. Broughton and tossing him out into the road. He tried to make out that the bull was more pity for him than anything, and if Broughton had not, acted properly he would not have been hurt.

"Why," said the witness, "it is true the bull did chase the defendant. He was after him and he did toss him over the fence"—and the witness endeavored to imitate the sound of a bull roaring mildly and not scientifically.

Billy Smith was on his feet in an instant with an objection. "I object," said he turning to the judge, "on the admission of what the bull said or thought. You are well aware, your honor, that it is a common rule in in common law that the speeches, remarks or sayings of persons who may have died in the interim between the utterance of such sayings and a trial cannot be admitted because of the fact that death makes it impossible to produce them that they may be cross-examined or deny having spoken. The bull is dead, your honor, and what he said to Mr. Broughton when he chased him cannot be admitted." The judge saw the point and sustained the objection.—Chicago Post.

The Composition of a Rocket.

The ordinary rocket used on the day so celebrate is made of various compositions packed in tubes rolled tightly round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their weight and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth.—New York Evening Sun.

A Startling Discovery About Rats.

I have made more than 1,000 post-mortem examinations of rats, and the more I labored the strong grew my conviction that the rat, whether of the field or the farmyard, the house or the barnyard, the sleeping room or the cellar, is to an alarming extent the subject of and the transmitter of tuberculosis, and one of the most mischievous instruments to baffle medical science in its efforts to get upon the trail of the disease, to check it and to eradicate it.—Dr. S. E. Weber's Lecture.

Queer Ways of Painting.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes and ornament their faces with representations of various figures.—Jennie Miller Illustrated.

A Slip of the Type.

Lawyer—What do you mean by writing such phrasemaking in the argument "I did defendant and I I jury?"

Typewriter (embarrassed)—I suppose it's because I have no impediment in the speech, sir.—Kansas Fields Washington.

No Friend of Street Railways.

There is a clergyman in Topeka, Kan., who is such a Substarian that he won't ride in the street cars on Sunday, and he is so classified that he will not ride in them on week days, so he walks all the time.

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