SWEETHEART NELL.

"Sweetheart Nell, I want to whisper
Something tender in your ear;
Something I, and not the roses
Or the listening robins hear."
"Never mind the rose or robin;
If you've something nice to tell,
Take a girl's advice and tell it,"
Answered laughing sweetheart Nell.

"Listen, then; I love you darling,
More than any words can say;
If I'd make you understand it
I must find some other way.
Love must find a better language
Than mere spoken words can tell
All its passions, all its longing."
"Find it, then," laughed sweetheart Nell.

"I have often thought that kisses
Were the language of the heart,
When a lover to his maiden
Would his tend'rest thoughts impart.
I could make you know in kisses,
What in words I cannot tell."
"Then if I were you I'd do it."
Laughed bewitching sweetheart Nell.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

A ponderous step sounded in the narrow hallway and a succession of thundering knocks made my door rattle on its hinges. I recognized that heavy step, so like the tread of an enraged elephant, and wondered what under heaven had brought Maj. Philpot to my humble lodgings. Before I could answer the raps, the door was burst violently open, disclosing the collossal figure of the choleric major, who, evidently in a towering rage, stalked across the floor, and seated himself in the only safe chair the place afforded. I am far from being a rich man, you understand.

"Hope I see you well," I began, politely, scarcely knowing just how to take him, for his uncertain temper was a subject for comment by all who knew or had ever heard of him.

"Hope you do, sir; yes sir," roared he, bringing his cane down on the floor with a bang. "You're old George Green, ain't you?"

"I am George Green, at your service, sir," said I, smothering my indignation at his brusque manner, "and, as to my age——"

"To the d——l with your age, man!" interrupted the major with a grunt. "Who the deuce cares how old you are? Keep that as a choice morsel for tea-drinking women. I came to see you to-day because I have heard about you, and am told you are the very man I want to do business with."

"You do me proud!" said I, as the major paused for want of breath. "Shall be happy to serve you in my small way, if ——"

"Lord save us!" ejaculated the major, growing alarmingly red in the face in his efforts to make himself heard the full length of the block. "Why on earth don't you keep still and let me speak. Only one man may talk when I'm around, and I'm that man! D'ye hear that?"

"Anybody can hear you that chooses to listen, if he isn't as deaf as a door-post!"

The major is a rich man and I am not, but there the difference in favor of the major ends; and perhaps nobody ever had talked to him like this before. Any way he calmed down a trifle.

"I'm told you are a detective," he growled, in a deep bass that had all the effect of pent-up thunder in my little room."

"I am."

"I flattered myself that if, as they say it is, "brevity is the soul of wit," my reply must absolutely have had a paralyzing effect on the doughty major. But nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he actually seemed to be pleased I had said so little.

"I'll tell you what it is, Green," he broke out presently, in a stentorian tone, "I'm in a dreadful fix, and I want your help. Understand?"

"Perfectly."

"There's my daughter. You've heard of my daughter, haven't you?"

"Often."

"And she's got no end of beaux and such like fol-de-rols. They all swear by the crook of her little finger that she's the one object of the world worth having."

"To be sure."

"And what with the fifty thousand dollars that her grandmother left her—fifty thousand gold dollars! think of it! —I don't feel inclined to dispute the point. By ardent young men, ladies with fifty thousand dollar bank accounts are objects to be desired, and my Arabella seems to be no exception. But, sir," and the irate father brought his migthy fist down with a resounding whack on his ponderous leg that threatened to split the broadcloth, and rising to his full height, he fairly bellowed, "if my daughter Arabella's judgment is blinded by the little god called Cupid, Arabella's dad, sir, is up and coming, and feels himself able to cope with a thousand fortune-hunting lovers; let them come singly or in pairs—or in battalions, even!"

"I've no doubt about that," as the major paused to gather in a little wind and glared wickedly from the corner of his one eye; "and, if I understand it, you want my assistance in outwitting the rascals."

"That's the very thing!" roared he, in a tone that made the windows rattle. "That's just it, exactly! You've hit the nail slap on the head! It's this way: My Arabella has actually lost her senses, and gone head over heels in love with young Pillkins—know him?"

"Intimately."

"Poorer than a church mouse, prouder than Lucifer, and a demned Democrat in politics! By the Lord Harry! Arabella needn't think for a minute that she can foist young Pillkins on her old dad as his son-in-law. No, sirree. I hate his poverty. I hate his pride. I hate his demnition politics. I hate his very name—Pillkins—pah!"

Pillkins was a lawyer, and once upon a time had been a rival of my own. He was proud; he was poor; and, moreover, he was my sworn enemy. If I could spoil his prospects of marriage with the major's heiress, I determined to do so. Here was my revenge, and revenge is sweet. That is, those who have had an opportunity to know say it is, and I believe them.

"Pillkins knows what I think of his trying to marry my daughter. I've told him. Not only have I told him in plain words that he is a fortune-hunter, but I enforced it by kicking him off the front piazza no longer ago than this morning," went on the major.

"And what did he say to that?"

"Say," roared Philpot, prancing angrily about the room. "Good Lord! He just got up, bowed politely, lifted his hat, if you'll believe me! the inpudent dog! and, says he, 'Since you adopt heroic treatment, my deah major I feel obliged to follow your example and prosecute this courtship in a heroic mannah. I'll have your daughter, or I'll die trying to win her. Rememt er that. But he's mistaken; no Pillkins will ever wed a Philpot—perish the thought. I overheard them planning an elopement, and I intercepted a note from him not two hours ago, in which he gave her the details, and set the time, even to the hour. It is to take place to-night. We give a grand party, you know, and she is to slip away after supper, when the carriages are drawn up in line before the pavement and the guests are taking their departure. She is to put on a long dark wrap, and carry a tuberose in her hand, by which he is to recognize her. There is to be a carriage handy. She is to enter it, and the driver is to go to the—devil. But, unknown to Mr. Pillkins, Arabella's old dad is to put in his appearance just at this opportune time and stop the performance, and Arabella herself is to be yanked up-stairs and sent to bed."

"And what am I to do?"

"You are to come to the ball as a guest. I will introduce you to my daughter, and you must shadow her during the whole evening. She must not be allowed to evade us. I would go home now and lock her up and have an end to it all but for the party. It would never do for her to be absent when our guests arrive. I've spent a small fortune on this party, and I want it to be a success, and I am determined not to give up the entertainment, nor to allow Pillkins to run away with Arabella."

"I'll be there early," said I, eagerly.

"Do. I'll give you a hundred dollars to help me outwit the rascally Pillkins. He's entirely too smart in his own estimation. And if he thinks he will ever 'feather his nest'—figuratively speaking, of course—with Arabella's $50,000, why, then, he'll do it through old Philpot's mistake—that's all."

"You can depend upon me, and I never expect to earn a hundred dollars more easily than I will to-night, my dear major. Let me see: tuberoses—dark wraps—waiting carriages at about 3 o'clock in the morning. I give you my word Maj. Philpot, that if Pillkins gets at Arabella to-night you may use my head for a football."

"Good. I'll expect you early," and with that he tore himself away.

* * * * * *

I hired an elaborate evening suit and took my way to the Philpot mansion. The major lived in elegant style in a big stone-house on Schuyler avenue. He had given me a card, which I sent up by a servant. Instantly the major came into the study where the servant had conducted me to wait a moment.

"Gad!" says he, "you look like a dandy."

"I am a dandy," says I, for to-night, any way. How goes it?"

"Lovely. Arabella suspects nothing. She is rather more affectionate than common, but, in view of her intended flight, perhaps not more so than is natural."

A heavy velvet curtain that concealed a doorway trembled slightly and caught my attention for a moment. What if somebody should overhear us; but no that was impossible. I stepped toward the curtain, but at that moment the beautiful Arabella herself appeared in the farther recess.

"My daughter, this is Mr. Sidesinger, of Columbus. Miss Philpot, Mr. Sidesinger," says the major, introducing us.

The major and I had agreed that I should be known that evening as a Mr. Sidesinger from Ohio—a particular friend of his whom he had not met with in a long time.

As an old friend of her father's I hope Miss Philpot will reserve me a few of the dances on her tablet," says I to the young lady.

"As many as you like," she said affably, and I marked as many as I dared.

She was called away just then by a lot of fresh arrivals; but I managed soon to make my way through the crowd into the ball room. I knew she would not attempt to leave the house before supper, so there was nothing to worry myself about. You know it is not often that a poor detective gets a chance to mingle with the fashionable swells as an equal, and I wanted to make the best of it.

Whenever I thought of Pillkins—and it was often enough to keep me in good humor—I could not help but laugh in my sleeve at the trick we were going to play on him. To earn a hundred dollars and be revenged on your enemy at the same time is enough to make any body cheerful, and Miss Philpot had no occasion to complain of inattention on my part, when in course of the evening I claimed her for a partner. I danced her and I iced her and I walked her four thousand miles, I firmly believe, around the big conservatory. I frequently caught the major's eye, but he smiled the broadest kind of approval, and long before supper-time I had earned the undying hatred of a score of young fellows who envied me my good luck in putting the rest of her admirers in the shade—so to speak. As the hour grew later, I noticed Miss Philpot began to cast furtive glances toward the little study. The major, busy with his guests, still took time to send me two lines by a servant, bidding me to be on my guard. I determined not to take my eyes off his wayward daughter, and though it was impossible to be constantly at her side, still I hovered near enough to see every motion on her part. What puzzled me most was the fact that, contrary to our expectation, she made no motion to leave the parlors. It was long past 2 o'clock. The dancers had tired themselves out and were now scattered here and there in the dressing rooms, or stood wrapped and ready to make their adieux. The time had come, if at all, when the elopement would be attempted. I gradually approached Miss Philpot, but a crowd of people were around her.

"Carriage for the Misses Fenton," "carriage for Col. Bellairs," "carriage for Mr. Parkinson and ladies," cried a number of voices at once, and a stream of people drifted down the broad steps. Miss Philpot languidly advanced into the hall. I followed closely. She was without the prescribed dark wrap and the tuberosies. She seemed not to have the slightest idea of running away with Mr. Philkins. Was it all a mistake of the major's excited fancy after all? I could not help but think so. Still, I waited. Miss Philpot lifted her head and glanced casually in my direction. The stream of people melted away from before her. As I pushed my way through the crowd that surged into the broad hall, she stepped near the wide open door. A roll of carpeting had been laid down the steps and across the pavement. I worked my way toward her, determined to keep her within reaching distance. At that moment a barouche dashed up, and halted suddenly opposite Miss Philpot.

"Carriage for Catherwood," cried the driver. The door opened, as if by magic—a tall form sprang out.

Miss Philpot glided forward. At that instant I recognized Mr. Pilkins.

"No, you don't," said I, clutching at Miss Philpot's flowing robe, as she flew toward him. The filmy dress gave way in my hand; the carriage door closed upon her white figure and the driver put whip to the horses. A hack stood next in line.

"Fifty dollars to you if you follow and overtake that carriage," I yelled to the driver and jumped into the vehicle.

We tore down the street like mad, leaving Maj. Philpot standing at his deserted home filling the night air with impreeations. The flight and the pursuit had taken place in much less time than it takes me to tell it now. It had been almost instantaneous in its quickness, and I did not like to be balked at this stage in the game. Where now was revenge, and where, too, were my hundred dollars? Come what would, I determind at all hazards to overtake the runaway.

"Lay on the whip," I cried to my driver.

"The horses are in a dead run," he answered back. "We ain't more than a half a block behind Mr. Pilkins."

"Then you recognized Pilkins?"

"Oh, yes."

"Keep 'em in sight, and if they stop at any place, increase your speed and catch up with them."

We raced down Broad street, turned the corner of Fourth, and headed for the river.

"Where can that infernal fellow be going?" I thought, watching anxiously the carriage as it dashed over the road in advance of us. We chased them for nearly an hour, when I perceived that we were gaining perceptibly. The driver of the barouche noticed it, and pulled up suddenly in the middle of the road

"I'd like to know what in the deuce you fellows are racing me for at this time of the night," cried he.

"I want Miss Philpot," I retorted, jumping down and opening the door of the barouche.

The driver laughed sardonically.

"You won't find her here."

The night was nearly as light as day. The moon shining so brightly that one might almost have read print without glasses, precluded the idea of her having escaped from the carriage without my knowledge.

"Miss Philpot," says I, putting my head inside the carriage, "you must return to your father."

The carriage was empty; Miss Philpot was not there—nor yet Mr. Pilkins, either.

I was confounded.

"What hocus-pocus work is this?" I cried, angrily. "She was here, for I saw her enter this very vehicle an hour ago."

The driver laughed again; a quizzing, hateful laugh that made me long to knock him down.

"Oh, yes, to be sure she was here. She just got in at one side of this here coach, and she immediately jumped out at the other side, as pre arrangement. And that there Pillkins had a big waterproof that he slipped over her white ball-dress and slipped her into a gig as was waitin' for 'em at the corner. And they're man an wife by this time, in spite of all the detectives in Illinoy. Pillkins give me twenty dollars to race off here and lead you a wild-goose chase, and I'm durned if it hasn't been the best joke in the business to see you smart Alecks fooled so neatly. Hooror for Pillkins."

It was enough to make any man swear, and I swore curses not only loud but deep.

Both the drivers laughed

"I'll take my fifty dollars, Mr. Green," said the fellow I had employed; "and if it's all the same, I'll take it now."

In a dejected and surly mood I returned home.

It was a week afterward that Maj. Philpot thundered down my little hallway, and, thundering at my door once more, thundered himself into my small room, and filled up my best chair with his rotund figure.

"It a demned fine little game they played us, eh, Green, isn't it?" said he, blandly, as he pulled out his big pocketbook and unrolled some bills. "By George! You know my Arabella had Pillkins hidden behind the curtains in the library that night of the party, and they overheard every blamed word we said, and laid their plans to outwit us," and he roared with laughter.

I was amazed.

"But you don't mean to say, do you, major, that you've taken that scamp into your friendship after such a trick as he served you?"

The major only laughed the louder.

"All's fair in love and war, Green, and here's your money. I ain't giving it to you, you know, because you succeeded in keeping my Arabella from eloping, but just for the reason you failed to do so. Pillkins is a brick—a perfect brick—do you hear that?" And the major slapped his legs with immense satisfaction.

"He's poor, I know, but he's sharper than lightning, and as to his politics, while I don't vote as he does, yet they do say that the Democrats are going to run him for the Legislature this fall; and if he pulls in at the head of the race—and I'll bet my bottom dollar he will—why Arabella's dad, sir, will stand in with him to the last cent of his pile."

"What about Arabella herself?" says I, completely dumbfounded at the turn of affairs.

"By gad, sir! Arabella is actually worth fifty thousand dollars more, in my opinion, than before she eloped with Pillkins. Sharp girl is Arabella—just like her old dad, sir, for all the world. Bless you! they came home next morning bold as lions, and my Arabella plumped herself right down on my left leg, and, handing me her marriage certificate, says, as smilingly as you please: "We're married in spite of your Mr. Green, papa; and here we are, and what are going to do about it?"

"And what will you do about it?" says I.

"By the Lord Harry!" roars the Major, "there was only one thing I could do—and that was to forgive em; and I did it right on the spot."

So that was the kind of revenge I was getting on Pillkins. Married to the girl of his choice in spite of me, and taken into favor by her father in the bargain, his punishment was entirely too vague to be a pleasure to me.

"It's all over town," went on Major Philpot, "how they got ahead of us, and here's your money, Green. I'm going to give you fifty dollars extra, so you can set 'em up' to the boys, for there'll be no end of the chaffing you'll get in the next ten days. There's your money, Green, and much obliged to you."

And Pillkins?

"Well, Pillkins actually did go to the Legislature, and is quoted as one of the big guns in his party. He literally rolls in clover, and lives on the fat of the land, and to this day is referred to with pride by Maj. Philpot as "my son-in-law."

And as for me, before I ever attempt again to "head off a runaway couple, may somebody come along and kindly kick me higher than Gilderoy's celebrated kite.

Echoes of the Tennessee Campaign.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"The late Tennessee Gubernatorial campaign was a family affair throughout and a roaring farce withal," said a southern senator recently. "The democrats nominated Bob Taylor. Then the republicans determined to match that with another, and from the same family, and therefore, they pitched on Alf Taylor as their nominee. Alf and Bob stumped and fiddled the state together. When they got into the mountain counties of East Tennessee. Alf felt that he had the bulge on Bob there, for those counties are nearly all strongly Republican, and he sailed in to just lay Robert out on the cooling board. In order to capture the mountaineers the more effectually, he resorted to the native lingo, and the way he thus waded into the affections of his hill-top auditors was just surprising. Nothing daunted, Robert followed suit, and essayed to go one more than Alf had put up. To do that he announced in all his East Tennessee speeches that if any of you durned galoots find a big-bellied jud out thar in the dog-kennel, with a corncob stopper in it, jist wade in and take yer everlasting fill of the true sperrit of Jacksonian Democracy.' This captured the crowd. The speakers' stand became a silent waste within five minutes, and everybody took to the dog kennel.

"Now, Alf is known to be a very sly young man, while Bob is of a more frank and open nature. Alf had kept his eye on brother Bob, and when he saw him breaking for the kennel and taller weeds and bushes he knew that some sort of a game to win the hearts of the mountaineers was afoot. So he slipped around on Robert's flank and was rewarded by first seeing him take a thundering big swig out of a corpulent jug, and then tuck it deftly away among the reeds. He at once slipped away and hired a darkey who lived near to run home and bring him a bucket of buttermilk and an empty jug about as big as Bob's. He first emptied the contents of Bob's into his own jug, and then filled Bob's plumb full of buttermilk. After taking a hearty swig, he, too, slipped away, carrying Bob's whiskey with him. The first man who found Bob's jug, after his generous invitation, was a big, six foot, raw and gaunt mountaineer. He pulled out the cob with a 'whoop,' turned the jug almost bottom up, and let about a pint of the acidulous contents tumble down his throat. His look was one of calm peacefulness while elevating the jug, which was soon followed by an expression of intense surprise and huge disgust, followed by an aspect of flaming and red-hot indignation. He dropped the jug as if it was red hot, jumped about five feet into the air, and yelled out: 'Dod burn his onery hide! Jest let me clap my tater diggers onto him!' and off he started for the stand. The next one to sample Bob's whiskey fainted, and soon the excitement spread all through the crowd.

"Soon Bob arose to make the closing speech, but was received with yells and execrations, in which 'Buttermilk!' 'The fraud!' and 'Hooray for Alf Taylor!' took the leading parts. Bob looked things unutterable at Alf, who met his gaze with a face mantled over with an expression of happy innocence. Then Bob tried to pacify his former friends, but it was no go. A few of the old iron-clad confederates still stuck to him, but the other half voted straight out for Alf, and 'don't care a dod-ding who knows it,' as one of them expressed it. And now the democracy of East Tennessee are divided into two warring factons known as 'Buttermilkers and Anti-Buttermilkers.'"

Why Ignatius Donnelly Believes Bacon Wrote Shakespeare's Plays.

Ignatius Donnelly in North America Review.

The traditions that have come down to us concerning Shakespeare do not, any of them, point to the habits of a scholar or a gentleman. The first glimpse we have of the family was when John Shakespeare, his father, was fined twelve pence, in 1552, for maintaining "a conspicuous sterquinarium before his house in Henley sereet." The first tradition we have concerning Shakespeare himself is that of an ale drinking contest with the "Bidford topers," while yet a young man, in which he became so beastly drunk that he could not reach home, but slept all night by the road side. We are told that he was a deer stealer, and given to all "manner of unluckyness;" and that "Sir Thomas Lucy had him oft imprisoned and whipped." The last tradition we have of him is that his death was the result of a drinking bout with Drayton and Ben Johnson. Neither his father or mother could read or write, and Halliwell Phillips doubts if there was a book in the house of his parents. There is no reference to any book or papers in Shakspeare's will. His daughter Judith signed her name with a cross. Imagine the daughter of Herbert Spencer or William E. Gladstone (and the author of the plays was a greater, wiser, and more learned man than either of them) unable to read or write. It is unconceivable.

Shakspeare himself never claimed the plays. He did not put his name on the title-leaf of any of them, for the name on the title-leaf is in every case "William Shakspeare," very often printed with a hyphen, thus, "Shake-speare," while the three signatures to his will and two others to legal instruments, these being the only autographs we have of him, are in each case spelled Shakspere, which must have been pronounced Shackspere. And this seems to have been the accepted pronunciation in Stratford. In the records of the town council the name of Shakspere's father occurs 196 times, and in not one instance is it spelled Shakespeare. It is given as Schacksper, Shackesper, Shaksper, Shaxpeare and Shaxper. In the poet's marriage bond it is "Shagspere."

Bacon's dearest friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, was undoubtedly in his secret. Sir Tobie writes Bacon a letter in acknowledgement of the gift of "a great and noble token," supposed to be the Shakspeare folio of 1623, and he adds this postscript:

This most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another.

Bacon in the sixthbook of "De Augmentis," says:

As for writing, it is performed either by the common alphabet, which is used by everybody, or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call ciphers.

That is to say, a cipher is a secret alphabet. And we find Bacon corresponding with Sir Tobie, and referring to "works of his recreation," and to "works of the alphabet." And then about the time the Shakspeare folio of 1623, in which, be it remembered, half the plays appear for the first time, is to be published, we find Bacon writing to Sir Tobie that it is time to "put the alphabet in a frame." What was the frame? The folio—for I shall show that the cipher depends on the paging of the folio, and the paging is a frame to the text.

The Langtry Kiss.

From the Chicago Mail.

Mrs. Langtry has invented a kiss that double discounts anything of the kind ever attempted by Emma Abbott. As Lady Clancarty her husband escapes from his pursuers through an open window into her room. She stands with her back to the audience, clear down the stage, near the footlights. The husband looks at her a moment and then rushes wildly into her arms. Then both swing around and expose their profiles to the audience. Then they hold each other at arm's length. Then her bosom heaves, and he pants. Then her head falls upon his breast, reclining backward. There is a crimson blush suffusing her charming face. Then he looks down at her, and she looks up at him. Then there is a perceptible pressure about the waist. Then he suddenly places his lips to hers. Then she clasps him around the head. Then there is a soft, gurgling sound, as of water escaping from a kitchen sink. Then they are, as it were, glued together. Then all is still. Women in the audience become nervous. Bald-headed men are paralyzed Men around town have their watches out timing them. One second, two, three, four, five, six, seven—and then there is an explosion, as if the bung had blown out of a beer barrel. It is all over. That is the Langtry kiss.

AN ESSAY ON GAME.

The Various Kind of Game Which Makes America Famous.

Henry Guy Carleton, furnishes the New York World the following witty essay on "Game."

The two largest varieties of game to be found in North America are table stakes and the grizzly bear. Both are easily obtained, but I would advise inexperienced persons to begin carefully on the bear, and gradually work up to the table stakes.

The grizzly bear does not rise readily to the fly. He is sometimes taken with live bait in the early spring, but is in inferior condition. In December he retires to the depth of a cave, wherein he spends the winter, and, although the game law is silent on this point, it is considered by true sportsmen cruel to follow the grizzly bear into a cave.

It is great sport to pursue a large bear with fierce energy, occasionally stopping to rest when the trail gets too fresh. I once followed a bear four miles. I then sat down to luncheon, full of a sportsman's grim joy, for I thought the bear was not more or less than than six miles ahead. Suddenly I heard a snort of surprise, and, turning, I saw the bear and snorted. I cannot express the gladness I felt. It was a beautiful scene. The broad sun laughed from the infinite blue; the birds sang, and all nature, including the bear, wore a tranquil smile. I climbed a tree hard by to enjoy the view, and the bear came forward in a light-hearted way, and my spirits rose as he sat down with the air of one who expected to camp out for a week.

MY SPIRITS ROSE.

In climbing the tree in my enthusiasm over the scenery I had forgotten my gun and likewise a small flask of liniment, useful in treating the bite of large and deadly serpents which infest that region. The bear found this liniment, and when I saw him lean back with dreamy eyes, emptying that flask into his countenance, I knew trouble was bruin. Nothing is more painful to a true sportsman than to sit for lonely hours on an uncushioned knot in the fork of a desolate tree, watching the gradual progress of a drunken bear towards feelings inclining him to homicide. When the flask was empty and the bear was full, I noticed he plainly saw two sportsmen in the tree overhead and was trying to make up his mind which would be better to save for breakfast. A dozen yards away was a wild bees' nest, and in fetching the gravel a swipe to sharpen up his claws a bit he attracted the attention of the colony, and they attracted his attention half a minute later. They likewise attracted mine, and between me, the bear and the bees, things began to freshen up. I never have seen a bear take so deep an interest in a subject on short notice. He clawed the air and floated about in the wind, threw back somer-saults and waltzed with great rapidity, and in less than a minute, when I slid down the tree and took a bee line for camp, the bear took an ursaline for the woods and I saw him no more.

As it happened, I lost that bear and threw away a great opportunity, but if it had not been for those bees I think I may safely and without bragging say that there would have been plenty of meat under that tree in a few minutes.

Buffalo are a fine, large game, and their robes are highly prized in places where the climate is unfavorable to fleas. A large buffalo robe should be in every sportsman's room, but it is somewhat easier to get when the buffalo does not happen to be inside of it.

Elk are to be found in North America, but they will be twice as plenty in the fall of the year when the "Wild West" show comes back with the other two.

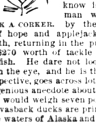
The game fishes of North America are the brook trout, the black bass and the canned salmon. There is also the sucker. The trout and the bass are gamier in the water, but the sucker is the gamiest fish in the world one hour after you take him out of the water, and he gets gamier and gamier every minute. He is a fine, strong, fish, and he gains strength all day.

There is good and economical salmon fishing in the Restigouch river, New Brunswick. The sportsman can purchase a membership in the Restigouche club for $4,000, and his expenses while there do not exceed $200 a week. He may return after a fortnight and ship fine large salmon to his friends from the Fulton market at 40 cents a pound.

The pickerel is not a game fish. He is an insect.

There are large bass in the south. The largest bass on record was taken at San Antonio, Tex. He was 5 feet 10 inches long and weighed 204 pounds dressed. He was a true, large-mouthed black bass, and he was taken by the sheriff of Bexar county out of the choir at a colored camp-meeting.

The greatest difficulty encountered by the angler is in obtaining the proper expression to be worn while coming home. The man who has taken a fish the size known as a "corkers," comes home with an open countenance indicative of great joy, and though the sun and the black flies have given his complexion the general characteristics of an overdone waffle, he is proud and content.



TOOK A CORKER.

The saddest sight I know is that of the man who left home by the early train, full of hope and applejack, for a quiet Sabbath, returning in the purple twilight with $270 worth of tackle and one four-inch fish. He dare not look his fellowman in the eye, and he is thoughtful and introspective, goes across lots and concocts an ingenious anecdote about losing a fish which would weigh seven pounds.

Canvasback ducks are principally found on the waters of Alaska and Barnegat Bay but are more frequently shot by sportsmen on a bill of fare. A friend told me the other evening he shot 416 canvasback ducks and seventy-one geese in Barnegat Bay one evening in two hours. He said if I didn't believe it he would show me both the gun and the bay.

LOST MY BIG ONE.

Snipe are plentiful in New Jersey, and on mellow evenings in June the humble citizen may sit on his front piazza and enjoy snipe, which are very tame, very confidential. The New Jersey snipe is the most aristocratic game in North America, and has in his veins the blood of the first families. Snipe are best taken in the net. I usually cut a small slit in the bar, pretend to be asleep until all the snipe have got in, then I slip suddenly out, tuck in the bar, plug up the hole and go to sleep on the floor.

There are other small game in New Jersey, which are best shot with Persian powder and a kerosene lamp.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the game of North America in one brief article, and I feel that I have drawn but a mere outline of the various fields open to the sportsman, yet with more truth and severity than will be found in the forthcoming annals of the Rod and Gun Club.

Twenty-Seven Killed.

During a drill of sappers at Jasz-Bereny, capital of Jaszygi, Hungary, the instructing officer threw away a lighted fuse, which fell upon a packet of dynamite. The dynamite exploded, instantly killing 27 men and injuring 48 others.

A Carpet Story.

Without entering upon any abstruse speculations as to the relative merits of reason and intuition—that is to say, as to the manners of men and the ways of women—one practical illustration of the methods pursued respectively by the sons of Adam and Eve's daughters will be sufficient to prove to all unprejudiced readers that not only, as the immortal Sam Patch observed, some things can be done as well as others, but that the same thing can be done in different ways and the result be as satisfactory if reached in one way as by another.

So much for preface; now for the illustration.

Not long ago Fogg bought a new carpet, and thinking to save the expense of laying it, he told Mrs. Fogg he would do the work himself.

Fogg and the carpet arrived home early in the afternoon. Fogg got out of his good clothes and into the old suit that had been feeding the moths through the winter. He armed himself with tacks and hammer, with a yardstick, two-foot rule, a carpenter's square, a ten-foot pole, and a tape measure. First he unrolled the carpet, spread it out to cover the floor, walked over it two or three times, pulled it here and twitched it there, puckered his mouth, corrugated his forehead, and was half a dozen times on the point of asking Mrs. Fogg's advice, and would have done it, only he knew it would please her too well.

"Of course," he suddenly exclaimed, as one who recognizes the force of a new inspiration. Then he took his measuring impediments, one after the other, and then all together, and proceeded to get the exact dimensions of the room, with all its angles, recesses, projections and catti-corners. Next he sat down and drew an elaborate diagram of the premises.

"Now," said he, jumping up briskly, "I can go to work in business-like way."

Taking his diagram, he proceeded to the scene of action. He measured here and yard-stacked there and tenpoled in every direction. He labored long and well; he ripped the carpet, unraveled the edges, pounded his nails quite as liberally as the tacks, and uttered language quite shocking, and when he got through—we have Mrs. Fogg's word for it—"that carpet was all askew." It was, as the same authority expressed it, "a sight to behold."

Fogg himself remarked that he never saw such a carpet in all his life. There wasn't any shape to it. He was all right; of course it was all the carpet's fault in cases of this kind.

Mrs. F. said nothing futher than "Well, I wouldn't bother about it any more to-night, Daniel. You are all tired out and had better go to bed."

Next morning Mrs. Fogg, without stopping to change her apparel, went to work to see what she could do. She began at the beginning by undoing all that her lord and master had done. Then she took a string, measured the room, and down its length, soliloquising meanwhile about "so much and half a finger," "three times and two fingers," "once and a little bit over," with various other equally unintelligible remarks.

Then she got down on her knees, and with hammer and tacks she had that carpet down quicker than scat, and as smooth as her own placid brow, and she got up from her work with spirit unruffled and clothing unsoiled.

When Fogg came home and saw the room all put to rights, with the carpet fitting as though it were painted on the floor, he felt proud of his wife; yes, actually proud of her. Of course he didn't say anything further than to remark that it was easy enough to put down a carpet by daylight; anybody could do that.

But Mrs. Fogg doesn't care. She knows that Fogg thinks she is worth her weight in gold, but that he thinks that women, like children, are not to be praised for fear of spoiling them.

But when anybody tells you that a woman is illogical and unmethodical, mention this little story about putting down a carpet.

Mr. W. H. McAlister, Manager Pacific Coast Agency Star Tobacco, 306 Front Street, San Francisco Cal., writes: "I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism in muscles of arm and shoulder. It gave immediate and permanent relief. A member of my family was cured in the same way."

A bachelor's reverie—"What is there more variable than a fickle woman's mind Ah, me. nothing, I imagine. No! Not even New England weather."

San Francisco now receives mail in thirteen days from London.

A door knob lantern, on which is the number of your house, is new.

Chicago's costly and beautiful "Auditorium" will hold 8,000 people.

One would suppose that the wearing of an immense broad-brimmed hat would obviate the necessity of carrying a sun shade. But it doesn't—if the shade is an elegant and costly one.

Patrick Murray, Sexton St. Patrick's Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., was poisoned by poison oak, and was promptly cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

"I want to be an angel," sang a female voice in a side room; and, thereupon a heartless wretch in an adjoining apartment broke forth with: "Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun gun, gun."

"Twas only a little bit of raillery. Pray don't take a fence," she said, when he made an ineffectual attempt to grasp her arm and clutched the paling instead.

In railway circles now days there doesn't appear to be much that is of interest if there isn't a "great deal."

When a woman's hair has begun to turn gray isn't she about old enough to have some sense and discard bangs?

Who, no, my lad! Bless your little innocent soul, no! Lawn tennis will never tumble into disfavor because of the racket the players raise.

The bicycle law of Oregon requires bicycle riders to stop 100 yars from any person going in the opposite direction with a team, and remain stationary until the team has passed.

What Will the Next Craze Be?

By the way things look, the country will hardly get over the Moxie craze. It grows stronger and stronger. It is said the sales were 5,000,000 bottles last year. It is reforming drunkards by the 100,000. People laughed when it first came, and called it a flush, but after two years, it looks as if it had come to stay. The nervous women and drunkards will stick to it, as it seems to be the only thing they can get relief from. It is made into a very fine beverage, and people never get tired of it. It is cheap, too. The owners were shrewd to be satisfied with a low price and perhaps a small profit.

Comparisons are odious. Especially when one chances to hear himself likened unto a mule.

The Greatest Medicine Ever Made.

I am just recovering from a long spell of sickness, and was given up to die by everyone who saw me. I had been suffering from chronic diarrhoea and had doctored with nearly all the physicians in Clark and Union counties. I laid in bed for three months and seven days, and could not move until I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has cured me and now I am in my store attending to my business. I now sell Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to my customers and tell them it is the greatest medicine ever made. All of the people in America could not now break my faith in your medicine. I would risk my life on it doing for others what it has done for me.

J. C. STOUT,
Thayer, Union Co., Iowa.

Give your druggist 25 cents and ask him to order a bottle of the Remedy for you. After you have tried it once you will never be without it.

This represents a healthy life, Throughout its various scenes,

Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address BILE BEANS, St. Louis, Mo.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO

It is a common practice in France to coat the beams, the joists and the under side of the flooring of buildings with a thick coating of lime wash as a safeguard against fire. It is a preventative of prime ignition, altough it will not check a fire when once under headway.

Collar Pads for Horses.

This is not an advertising paper, but for the good of horses we take pleasure in saying that after many conversations with horsemen and seeing many certificates of veterinary surgeons and others we believe that for curing and preventing sores on horses, there has been no better invention than the Boss zinc and leather collar pads, patented, manufactured and sold by Dexter Curtis of Madison, Wis., who was superintendent of the department of horses at the World's New Orleans Exposition.—From the Humane Society Journal, "Our Dumb Animals."

Juggins, the English plunger, recently lost $ 0,000 in two nights at cards.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

A good name and a bad character are not common bedfellows.

Farmers and Stockmen.

The only remedy that cures galls, cuts and wounds on horses and cattle, and always grows the hair in its original color, is Veterinary Carbolisalve. 50c and $1, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

A corpulent tourist seldom makes the ascent of a mountain on foot. The climb it doesn't agree with him.

A Terrible Fire

arouses the apprehensions of a whole city. And yet the wild havoc of disease startles no one. Sad to relate, women suffer from year to year with chronic diseases and weaknesses popular to their sex, knowing that they are growing worse with every day, and still take no measures for their own relief. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the result of life long and learned study of female complaints. It is guaranteed to cure.

Wanted—The vehicle in which people are driven to desperation.

Decay of the Bones.

with some thirty other symptoms, mark the progress of that terrible disease known as catarrh. It advances from stage to stage of fearful annoyances, and if neglected, is certain to end in general debility, and possibly in consumption or insanity. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it in any stage. This medicine has been long before the public, and thousands have been restored to health by its never failing virtues.

Alter-rations—The viands provided for a wedding supper.

* * * Premature decline of manly powers, nervous debility and kindred diseases, radically cured. Consultation free Book 10 cents in stamps. Address confidential. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Papa is sometime asked to contribute to his daughter's happiness and won't give assent.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A half grown lion has been sighted roaming and roaring through Stoddard county, south of Dexter City, Mo.

Pale's Arnica Oil.

The best salve in the world for Burns, Wounds and sores of all kinds, Boils, Felons, Chilblains, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation use Hale's Mandrake Pills. Above remedies sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents by C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

It is estimated that there are 60,000 colored Knights of Labor in the south.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

A recent writer on China puts the population of the empire at 450,000,000.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Our trade on your "Tansill's Punch" is steadily increasing, taking it in ... as a basis. We hope to handle at least 9,000 per month.
MOORE, ALLEN & Co., Druggists,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

The school board of Atlanta will not allow colored teachers to serve in white schools.

Congested Liver is Frequent in the Spring And is relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The whole length of mail routes in operation in the United States amounts to 375,-000 miles.

Relief is immediate, and a sure cure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

The Sultan is a musician, and has composed a piece of music for the imperial band.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of Spirits, General debility in their various forms; also preventive against Fever and Ague, other intermittent Fevers, "Ferro Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Hazard, Hazard & Co., N. Y., sold by all druggists; best tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

RADWAY'S PILLS! The GREAT LIVER —AND— STOMACH REMEDY

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to preform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 34 Warren Street, New York, for "False and True."

** Be sure to get RADWAY'S.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists. $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For the relief and cure of all pains, Congestions and Inflammations. 50 cts. a bottle.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2186 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5.00 to $7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 8, 1887. For Illustrated Calendar, with full information, address E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

PATENTS 15 years' experience; 4 years' examiner in U. S. Patent Office. Send model or sketch for free opinion whether patent can be secured. New book on patents free. References: Commissioner of Patents or any other official of the U. S. Patent Office. E. B. STOCKING, Attorney, 611 F St., Washington, D. C.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WIZARD OIL FOR PAIN

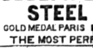
Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, RHEUMATISM, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and All Aches and Pains.

The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but It Cures You. That's the Idea! Sold by Druggists. 50 cts. SONG BOOK mailed free. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

THE BOSS ZINC AND LEATHER COLLAR PAD



has given such universal satisfaction, all harness makers are instructed to refund money after trial of 60 days, if not satisfied they are the cheapest; will last the longest. If you had a sore neck you would not put a soft pad or rough scaly piece of leather on it. Zinc is easy cleaned, always cool. For sale at all harness shops. Manufactured by D. CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

HONEST HELP FOR MEN. Pay No More Money to Quacks. I will send you a NEW SELF CURE that never fails and costs you nothing until cured. Address, HENRY SPRAUL, Box 465, Milwaukee, Wis.

DETECTIVES Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

FIRE, WIND, WATER and LIGHTNING PROOF IRON ROOFING for any kind of City or Farm Buildings. Write for testimonials from your State. Address PORTER IRON ROOFING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

W. N. U. D.—5—30

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

"Woman's Work is Never Done,"
But it can be made much easier if Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap is used in the Kitchen and Laundry.