OF A WEDDING

What Transpired in the Pullman State-Room at the Beginning of the Journey.

A SLIGHT MATRIMONIAL BREEZE

How the Groom's Weakness for Tobacco Provoked a Little Tempest of Tears.

Scene-A Pullman state-room. (Enter porter, conducting bride, in tailormade travelling dress and the last stage of exhaustion, also groom. Outside the last "Good by, Kitty!" and "So long, old man!" drift away behind the starting

The Perter-Dis is yo's, sah. On de sunny side, an' all nice an' qui't. An' hyar's yo' b'gage. Shawl strap, two humburellers, an' a bag, an' anudder bag, an' anudder bag, an' anudder bag-fo' bags. T'anks, sah. Right outside, ef you want anyt'ing. (Exit the porter.)

The Bride (dropping into her seat)-

Ah. h. h! The Groom (dropping into his)—Oh-h-h! (Interval of eilence, during which groom, pocket, withdraws it guiltily on catching bride's eye.)

The Groom (with apologetic haste)-No. no. Kitty; I wasn't thinking of itat least, not for some time yet, I mean. I was merely looking to see if they were The Bride (petulantly)-Oh, go and

smoke, if you like. But I shouldn't suppose that you'd want to so soon. The Groom-And I don't. Only, as

haven't had a cigar since morning-The Bride-You do want to! I thought so Go and smoke!

The Groom-But honestly, Kitty -The Bride (quite crisply)—And I should much prefer that you wouldn't. Still, since you seem to crave it --The Groom-Why, if you wish me not

do. Go and smoke! The Groom—No, indeed!

(Silence. Bride draws several long, irregular breaths)

The Groom (glancing at her uneasily) What is it? The Bride (drawing another)-Nothing.

intend staying at? The Groom-Colossus, I think, if that

suite you. The Bride-Oh, anything suits meanything. But I fancied we were going to the Leviathan.

The Groom-Very well, then, we will. The Bride (sighing)-I've always disliked the Leviathan ever since a waiter there

The Groom-I said the Colossus, you remember.

And I perfectly hate The Bride-Colossus. I've told you often how the hall porter stopped me and asked if I were a guest of the house or not. Why-The Groom (patiently)-Well, then,

there's only one other house—the Masto-The Bride (throwing up her hands)-

Oh, don't-please don't! That was where somebody committed suicide-suicidewhen Aunt Martha was staying there! Suicide! Oh! Perhaps we might have that very room. Oh! The Groom (stonily)—Then where are

we to stay

The Bride (much irritated) - How should I know? It's a man's business to decide these things. For my part, I am willing to go anywhere, as you see, and I think it's extremely inconsiderate of you to trouble me with questions about hotels, I really do. The Groom (bewildered)-Why, it was

you who asked the questions. You said-The Bride (chivering and violently rubbing the carres with her foot) -I said! If that isn't like you, Frank! You're always and forever recalling what I've said! I'm continually saying something Why, if I paid any attention to what I say I wouldn't have said scores of things I have. I wouldn't have said-

The Groom (losing his temper, and no wonder) - Go on. I know what you mean. You wouldn't have said "Yes," when I asked von to marry me.

The Bride (desperately)—No, I wouldn't! (Precipitating hereself upon the groom and holding him fast.) Oh, I would, Frank, I would, I would! Oh, you poor, dear old fellow, can't you see there isn't a single, solitary grain of common sense left in me? I haven't eat down an instant today, and I've been dressed and undressed and sermonized and congratulated and mination of any species of animals known cried over and advised and hurried about, from the house to the church and from the church to the house, and from the house to the station and from the station into the car, and "m so tired and nervous and trembling and cross and headachy and perfectly horrid, and I'm surprised you don't hate me, and I know you do, and I avidity. should think you would, and I love you ten thousand million times more than I ever did in my life—oh, boo hoo, boo hoo, boo-

hoo, u-u-u-h, boo-hoo! The Groom (in agony)-Kitty! Don't

Kitty. The Bride (continuing to weep) - I haven't doesn't mean anything-I'm crying because better already boo hoo! I knew that it shaggy brute. must come—that I'd got to have it outonly you would keep arguing with me-just like a man-and you haven't the least idea how handsome you look when you're vexed -and I was wishing all the time that you'd get savage quicker, so that we might have is over sooner ha, ha, ha!

The Groom (recovering a little) -Then you don't actually mind going to the Colossus? The Bride (laughing airily)-What an

iden! Of course! It's a lovely house!

The Groom-Or the Leviathan? The Bride (laughing again) - That either. I like it immensely. The Groom-Or the Mastodon?

yes! Aunt Martha says it's really splendid. The Groom (puzzled) - But-The Bride (seizing his chin and shaking

The Bride (with a third laugh-Why.

and the man who committed suicide were -were-well, that they were a part of the rest of it?"

The Groom-"And you actually won't mind if I smoke a cigar-sometime?' The Bride (radiantly)-" Mind? Why, should have proposed it myself in another second, if you'd only let me alone, and then I'd have got entirely through with thatflurry-before you came back. Please go now, while I bathe my eyes, and fix my hair, and get presentable again-won't you

(Prolonged embrace and complete reconciliation.)

The Bride (as groom is reluctantly leavng)-" Frank, dear, you ought to have learned one thing since we have been in this car.

The Groom—"Which is—" The Bride (with a mysterious, yet tender smile)-"That we're married, dear! I wouldn't have dared act so before."-Manley H. Pike in Puck.

RULERS TO BE PITIED.

carcely a Crowned Head with Perfect

Health. pusting his hand to left upper waistcoat nerves The Czarina is even worse, and is mates into a spoon-holder on the diningthe Empress is a martyr to sciatica, rheumanic fever and melancholia. She belongs to the Wittelsbach family, who in the demented Kings of Bavaria. The King of Wurtemberg is said-by North there we lay, while a lot of dizzy spoons, half crazy; King Milan of Servia is haunted day and night by the dread of assassination; and lastly, the Sultan cannot enjoy a moment's peace because he expects to meet the fate of his predecessor. Three more miserable men, they say, cannot be found in all Europe than the Czar, the Sultan and King Milan. The German Emperor's physical defects, again, are well known. The King of Holland is paying the penalty The Bride (with decision)—I certainly of violent liberties taken with a naturally strong constitution, and has now sunk into the dotage of an irritable invalid. The King of Italy suffers from chronic gastric derangement, brought on by excessive smoking of green cigars. The infant King of Spain has no constitution at all, for his father ruined his by (Pause.) Oh, nothing. (Pause.) Nothing excesses, and was only kept alive latterly whatever. (Pause.) What hotel do you by opiates and champagne. The King of the Belgians is lame. The Queen of Roumania is haunted by hallucinations, which sympathetically affect King Charles. In truth it is a grim and ghastly list; and of all the sovereigns in Europe only Queen Victoria and the Kings of Denmark, Sweeden and Greece seem to be blessed with sound minds in sound bodies. To complete the list, it should be added that the late King brought me sugar with my order for of Portugal had been a most unhealthy and unhappy man for nearly thirty years, as he had never had a month's respite from illness of one sort or another since 1860.

A Woman's Weapon.

When we remember that nearly a hundred workmen—that is, nearly a hundred separate processes—are required for the making of every needle threaded, from the construction of the coil of fine steel wire to the last polishing of the point, the facility with which we use, lose and break needles, and the cheapness with which we buy them, border upon the business of Aladdin's lamp.

It is only about 200 years that we have had our little steel needles, they having been brought in from Spain as a luxury in gin upon him claimed me for his own and the "Great Eliza's" reign, but not entering into common manufacture till 100 years laser. They were then a very clumsy thing me feel mean when a man trades a dime in comparison with the shining little rapier of to-day, wonderful improvements having been made in the delicate manufacture since that time. The needles found in old tombs, such as those whose age is supposed to be numbered by thousands of years, were of bronze and of a very coarse size : but needles of some still more primitive design were undoubtedly used by the older nations, and they must have been slender ones that sewed the delicate muslins of the Chaldean and Indian women, and of those of the Assyrian, Egyptian and the farther east, although, in the earliest periods of all peoples, doubtless bones and thorns were made to serve the purpose.—Harper's Bazar.

Killed off all the Buffalo.

Twenty years ago there roamed over the plains and mountains of the far West nearly 8,000,000 buffaloes, says the Washington Post. To-day there are less than 500 head of the animals in existence. There has never been such an almost utter exter-Had hunters gone to work to systematically exterminate the species they could not have been more successful. Had the buffalo been a wild animal doing infinite damage to persons and property he could not have been hunted down and uselessly and wantonly slaughtered with more

To-day the species is dying out. There are but eighty-rive head of wild buffaloes, 304 alive in captivity and about 200 under the protection of the Government in Yellowstone Park. There is also said to be about 550 head in the British prosessions, north of Montana, but this is a been so happy all day-boo hoo! This mere rumor and the unverified report is not given much credence by those who are I can't help it - boo hoo! - and I'm feeling posted on the haunts and habits of the

All for a Free "Ad."

Wylie-What's the matter with you Reilly? Why so furious? Reiley-Have you read this infernal article about me in the Evening Hash

Wylie-Why don's you treat that with silent contempt? Reiley-So I would if that scoundrel reporter hadn't misspelled my name.

Generous.

Mrs. Charity (to beggar woman)-There, the waist gone. If you will get four or five of fool killers.

WHAT A NICKLE DOES.

Large Amount of Work Ac by a Very Small Coin.

I am a nickle, and if you dont't think I have to hustle listen to this tale of woe. Just to give you a sample of what a day's work for me is, I will begin at the hour of 3 o'clock yesterday morning, when a tired compositor who had been slinging solid the livelong night fished me out of his pocket all stained with antimony. He handed me to a street car conductor, who cast on me one glance meant to be fascinating, and dropped me into a nest of my kinsmen, some older, some younger than I, and rang the bell as I touched bottom. I had just gotten on speaking terms with my metallic sisters and cousins and aunts when up I came again, side by side with a fellow who claimed to be of genuine mintage, but who, I am sure, was made on North Clark street, and poured as change into the hands of a club man who was going home. He carried us with a tenderness that made us think maybe that we were presty much all he had left after paying dues and incidentals, and when he finally A wail comes from Berlin concerning the reached his home he tried to unlock the unhealthfulness and unhappiness of the front dcor with me. But finding that I was present rulers of Europe, says a writer in not built that way, he tried a key with the London World. First, the Czar is better results, and entered a very tidy home hypochondriacal and terribly shaky in the indeed. Then he dropped me and my subject to attacks of intense nervous pros- room table with so much of a racket that I tration. The Emperor of Austria is a heard a sleepy woman in an adjoining room healthy but a heart broken man, and ejaculate; "Oh, I know what that is; it's nickels and pennies."

She needn't have been so contemptuous about it. Nickels may be of small account, produced other samples of royal misery but they are all they pretend to be and do just what they promise every time. Well. Germans at any rate—to be more than standing on their heads all around us, tried to pick up an acquaintance until daylight came, and a ray of sunlight ran right through a rift in the curtain and touched me with a really cheery attention. Presently a girl with her hair in papers spooned me and two or three others out and carried us tightly in her hand to the butcher shop, where she rolled us across a greasy and not too tidy counter into a till as shallow as most other people whose sole purpose is to hold money. But we are all reasonably clean. That's what I like about a nickel. There is some character about it, and it doesn't take contamination from everything it touches, like this stuckup paper money, which cannot travel through three pairs of hands without showing where it has been. Nickels may be handled by all sorts of people, but we never give anything away. If we knew where Tarcott was we couldn't give it

> About 9 o'clock a little girl started home with me in her mitten, and pinched so tightly that I slipped through a hole in the thumb, and rolled right down into the middle of the sidewalk.

"Now," though I, "I will lie here and watch the people pass." But I didn't. A wanderer gobbled me up with some very dirty fingers and skated me into a saloon on the bar and for a shamed half minute against the smooth cheek of a goddess of altogether too much liberty in the till. She whispered to me that she had last been held by the treasurer of an Anar- and so long as your plant thrives your plane chist meeting. I was in some danger of ought to, or else there is something wrong injury there, for it was quite a drop from the bar to the till, and money kept tumbling in. But I put up my shield and defended myself as best I could, until a man with a smell of hayseed, cattle cars and bore me away in company with more beer than was good for him. It always makes for me and a glass of beer-just as though we were of equal value. And then I don't think much of a man who drinks beer on a winter morning, anyway. But he found me worth something to him, for, after his beer quit interesting him he traded me for a morning paper down at the stock yards, and I noticed the boy didn't give him any change, either, calculating on his verdancy, I reckon. The boy had two more like me and he played "heads and tails' against another boy of like riches, and won. Then he passed me over the fragrant counter of a bread store and went home to a very late breakfast with a loaf of bread like an Ericsson torpedo.

Before I got acquainted with the people in the till the baker drew me out and handed me to a scrub woman who had just polished the floor. She had done a good deal of work, and I feit somewhat lonesome with the few who went with me to pay her; but when she traded me for a package of smoking tobacco next door I don't know but I thought she had had enough. I don't mind stopping to tell you that if I had to get down on my knees and grind around over a wet floor haif an hour for a dime that I wouldn't smoke very much. But the tobacconist was a right good fellow, and when his little girl came in from the living rooms in the resr, in a jaunty hood and girls, too. soft, warm cloak, he gave me to her without saying a word. And I thought then. that was the first time all day any one had given me up just for pure love. There were three more like me in her pocket, and one went for car fare, one for caramels, and the last one dropped into a notion store for so neat a little purse that nobody would have noticed there was no money left to go inside.

Presently a man bought some handkerchiefs, and I went out to him in change, finding just one fellow in his pocket-a near relation, by the way, one of the San Francisco branch of our family, and just my age. The man handed us out together for a very common dinner indeed, and I began to hope we might travel together for awhile, when down again I went in change to an exquisite fellow with a fur collar on his overcoat, and a shiny plug hat. I noticed he seemed ashamed of having eaten in such a cheap place, and dodged a little as he reached the street. He spent me for cigarettes, and for the first time all day I felt like protesting. I had been in some honest hands and done some square trad. my good woman, is an old dress of mine ing, and I do think it was asking a good with only the front widths and a part of deal of me to go an even trade for a bunch

yards of brown cashmere to combine with But it seemed to be a busy Saturday, it, and some new lining and velves for a and I was out again in no time and away collar and cuffs and a panel at the side, it with a man who thought I was worth as he generally slops over. it)—"You fool sh boy! Don't you under-will make you quite a neat and comfortable much as a little piece of champaignestand that the sugar and the hall-porter gown. That is all I have for you to-day.

Soaked tobacco which lay beside me. ant can be as influenzial as the Czar.

After such judgment I wasn't surprised to see myself spinning over a bar into a saloon till again, where I lay until a little girl got me and carried me off in the same hand which bore a bucket of beer, while a pretzel filled her other hand. She seemed such a nice child that I hoped she might soon learn from eminent authority that intoxicating drink is never sold to children in Chicago. It seemed I was on a downward tending course just now, for from her home, squalid and cheerless, I went to a Chinese laundry for a shirt that should have been done up at home and I wondered as the pig-tailed leper handled me how long it would take a lazy, beer drinking wife to do up a hard working

The Chinaman bought rice with me, as

might have been expected, and I rolled into the till of a busy cashier of a mammoth store, glad to escape anywhere. The girl cashier pulled me up again in a minute and sent me away as change, and I fell into the warmest, softest hand I had known in years. It was the hand of a mighty pretty young woman, whose good clothes bore a faint perfume, and whose honest, loving care in buying for some one at home made me wish I might know her better. She put me into a soft little purse beside some of that awful paper meney and against one of the yellow aristocrats of our species, but when she got on the street car she picked me out with pretty gloved fingers, and I kissed them for luck before I dropped into the conductor's gaping pecket. I crept well down into a corner and lay there secure from disturbance while many of my relatives came and went, and I could plainly see through my prison wall that many strong young men sat still while tired or weak women stood up and clung to the straps swinging back and forward with the changing impulse of the cable. But the general condition was compensated now and then when a strapping young woman sat down thankless in the seat yielded to her by a weary old man. At length the whirling, jerking conduct of the car told me we had almost reached the northern limits, and I began to think I would mingle again with the nimble nickles down town, when at the last moment I went to a fat, warm palmed man, who pressed me warmly.—Chicago Herald.

THE CARE OF A PIANO.

It is Weil to Keep a Growing Plant in the Room.

"It is a popular notion that pianosought to be kept very dry, says a musical man in the Mail and Express. Nothing could be more fallacious. Pianos are not nearly so much affected by heat or cold as thay are by dryness, and reversely, by dampness. It is not generally known that the soundingboard, the life of a piano, is forced into the case when it is made so tightly that it bulges up in the centre, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible, but, of course, it contains some moisture, and gathers more on damp days and in handling. Now, when a next door to the police station so quickly piano is put into an overheated, dry room that it made my nead swim. He laid me all this moisture is dried out, and the board loses its shape and gets flabby and cracks I rested beside as bad a brand of fusel oil Even if it doesn't crack the tone loses its as I ever hoped to smell. Then it was resonance and grows thin and tinny, the gone and I ground my hardened front felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up, and the whole machine rattles. " How will you prevent this ?"

" Keep a growing plant in your room, with it. It should be noted how much more water will have to be poured into the flower-pot in the room where the piano is than in any other room."

Cute Things from Kansas.

You hardly ever find a fool who does not think he knows it all.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who cleaned house in September as religiously as she did in the spring? It is unpleasant to think of, but if you

were held for postage would you have a friend who would redeem you? When things get serious women stop

talking and men begin. The strength of a young lady's opposition to smoking depends upon whether it is her brother or some other young man.

A deserted wife attracts but little attention, but a deserted husband gets the sympathy of all the widows, old maids and newspapers in the country.

The average man is forgotton in two days after his funeral; if he has been a good man, and worked hard all his life, he is remembered two weeks.

A male reformer may be defined as a man who has made a failure of business, and a female reformer as a woman who has made a failure of marriage. - Atchison Globe.

Without Doubt.

Sumway-So you have returned from Paris. Saw the Bois de Boulogne, I suppose? Sawnter-You are just right. And the

A Dubious Compliment. He-How beautiful these flowers are

They remind me of you. She-But they are artifical flowers, There is nothing real about them. He-Yes, I knew that as soon as I looked at them.

They Are Too Busy Now.

The great question now is, "Should olergymen use tobacco?" We think not. The clergy is absolutely overworked testing and testimonializing patent medicines. We shouldn't expect too much even of the clergy.

He Got Ahead.

Mrs. Yeast-How is your father's new business, Johnnie? I hope he'll get shead ! Johnnie Crimsonbeak-Oh, yes, 'm. He was out with Mr. Yeast last night, and he's

got a daisy head this morning. What so useful or so suitable for a

Xmas gift as a warm Otter, South Sea the present title of which, "The Bouquet," Seal, Persian Lamb, or Beaver Cap? A choice stock of Gents' Dressing Gowns, and Dressing Jackets just to hand. Cheap and stylish, at Treble's, corner King and James streets.

-When a man is too full for utterance

- Nowadays the humblest Russian peas-

Old Log Cabin.

election day approaches, and your friend asks for your vote How he shakes your hand and takes you for a He will praise you and cajole you, say you are a man of note, Praise your wife and tell her, Babe is growing

He will deal with ponderous questions, Make your streets and crossings clean.
Give you sewers like the viaducts of old, Give you anything you ask for, as he never can be mean : Make you think that he will furnish all the

When election day is over, and your friend has won the race, And has joined the ring for dealing with your ask him to redeem his promise, and he'll laugh you in the face— Treat the arguments you introduce as trash.

Since you want your friends to gull you, No one else should interfere: Your desire to be humbusged is so great, We will leave you now to cherish all the hopes you hold so dear. While your friend works for the interests of the

AD INFINITUM.

Coming Back, They say if our beloved dead Should seek the old, familiar place, Some stranger would be there instead, And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be In other homes, but this I know-Could my lost darling come to me That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone. Ofitimes the winter winds have blown; The while her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone

Have slowly learned from day to day In all life's tasks to bear my part. But whether grave or whether gay I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way, And friends are round me, true and tried; They have their place, but hers to-day Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath, And joy too deep for word or sign, To take my darling home from death And once again to call her mine. I dare not dream the blissful dream,

It fil s my heart with wild unrest, Where yonder cold, white marbles gleam, She still must slumber. God knows best.
—San Francisco News Letter.

GOOD-BYE, "GENTLEMAN."

O, the funny airs and graces
In the speech and in the faces
Of these daughters of the girls of long ago! When a gentleman goes calling On a girl, she now says, drawling "man" has been to see her, den't you know.

Tis a "man" who takes her riding, Or to toboggan sliding—
'And never," now declare the ancient beaux,
"Since Adam dolve and Eve span,
Has the name of gentleman Been quite so out of fashion, don't you know.

THE GOOD TIME COMING. Now is the time the youngsters tough Affect all manner of contrition, Till there is scarcely room enough In Sunday school for the addition And thus in unaccustomed pipe Each lad his own refrain will mingle:-'I wonder what they'll hang for me Upon their blamed old Christmas tree Oh, don't go back on us Kris Krngle

THE PESSIMIST AGAIN Tell us not in spoony verses Married life is all a dream; He who oft his joy rehearses
Ain't so glad as he may seem. Heads of all bald men remind as
We should choose our wives with care Or departing leave behind us Half our natural crop of hair.

School-Girl's Composition on the Cow. The following composition was handed in a few days ago by one of the smaller girl pupils to the teacher of a primary department in one of the city schools:

"A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side The tail is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into a barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that killed the cat that worried the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Cows chew cuds, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—San Francisco Examiner.

Information Freely Given.

Mrs. Fangle (who is reading the paper)-What are these Caledonian sports, dear? Fangle—Caledonian sports are Scotch

It takes a good deal of sand to perpetrate some sugar frauds.

Where are you going, my pretty maid? Going to Sunday school, she said. Have you been of late, my pretty maid? Not for about a year, she said. Then why do you go, my pretty maid? Christmas is coming, sir, she said.

Edwin Booth intends to repair the monument to George Frederick Cooke, the English actor, in St. Paul's churchyard. It was erected by Edmund Kean in 1821, and was restored by Charles Kean in 1846, and again by E A. Sothern in 1874.

Many a youthful scion of wealth is dependent on papa labor

HEART-BROKEN. Ah! wicked girl, you broke my heart; How could you act so bad a part? But that, alas! is not the worst; You broke my heart, but broke me first.

It discourages a young mustache to be called down. The fact that the world generally speaks

well of the dead does not seem to encourage suicide among the class who never get a good word while they are alive. -A man told of an adventure which was so horrible that he said it just raised his hair. "Well." said the baldheaded

man in the back corner, "I guess I'll try it.' Mrs. Langery's first appearance at the St James, London, will now, it is decided.

take place in a piece of Haddon Chambers, will be changed. The heir apparent of the Japanese empire having become of legal age, 11 years last month, was given a sword which is

said to have been kept in the Imperial family for nearly 1,300 years, and installed in an office that will entitle him to be called Colonel or something of that