







The Wedding of Boss Tweed's daughter.

The story of the marriage of Boss Tweed's daughter at New York, two years ago last June, sounds queerly now that the old man is disgraced and in prison. The ceremony took place in Trinity chapel, and a crowd assembled to gaze upon the magnificence of the affair. At Tweed's residence the halls, stairways, parlors and chambers were crowded with most ingenious arrangements of the most expensive exotics. Among the guests were Sheriff Brennan, Controller Connelly, Superintendent Kelso, Congress man Cox, City Chamberlain Peter B. Sweeney, Judges Daley, Bosworth and Bernard, Thomas J. Creamer, James H. Ingersoll, Chauncey Dewey, Andrew J. Garvey and many others, a few of whom, it will be noticed are neither in exile nor in states prison to-day. The presents filled an entire room and were described as follows. There were 40 silver sets, any one of which would have attracted a crowd if placed in a jeweler's window, and one single one contained 340 separate pieces. James Fisk, Jr., sent a fringed silver contrivance representing an iceberg evidently intended to hold ice cream or some equally frigid substance. The association was beautifully sustained by the presence of arctic bears reposing on icicle handles of the bowl and climbing up the spoons. Singularly enough, Mr. Fisk displayed the same taste as Superintendent Kelso, and their offerings exact duplicates. There were 40 pieces of jewelry, of which 15 were diamond sets. A single one of the latter is known to have cost \$45,000. It contained diamonds as big as filberts. A cross of 11 diamonds, pea size bore the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Genet as donors. A pin of 60 diamonds, representing a sickle and sheaves of wheat, was the gift of J. H. Ingersoll. Peter B. Sweeney's card appeared on diamond bracelets of fabulous magnificence. Cornelius Corson gave a ring with a tiny watch as the seal. Bronzes, thread-needles, cashmere shawls, rare pictures, everything that could be conceived of which is rich and costly, filled the room with splendor. The trousseau of the bride included 14 dresses varying in price from \$300 to \$3200 each, though her wedding-dress of white gros-grain cost \$1000, to which \$4000 worth of point lace was added. A black-silk walking-suit was decorated with 382 bows, and others were elaborated correspondingly. It was a grand wedding, even among the grand weddings of the great city.

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Fun, Fact and Fancy.

A man who don't know anything will tell it the first time he gets a chance. It is apparent to a parent that a great many children get on the wrong track because the switch is misplaced. Quiet but firm: "Wanted by a strong German, a situation in an eating house. He understands the business. "The train has caught up with those cattle again," sleepily remarked a passenger on an Ohio railroad, as he was awakened by the whistle of the engine the other night.

A colored clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit: "There will be four days' metin' every evening this week except Wednesday afternoon. "Owing to John Robinson's circus being in town, the regular Thursday evening praying meeting has been postponed" said a recent number of the Enterprise of Dallas Texas.

An Iowa minister in discoursing to his audience a few Sabbaths ago, said: "Religion in the heart, my friends, is like aces in the deck; without it no man can hold a certain hand. It is the Recorder of Oswego this time. It is reported that he can't make his books balance, and they are going to bounce him. It has been a great season for mistakes in book keeping.

In a California obituary it is stated that "the deceased was a person of romantic nature. He placed the breast of his gun in the fire, and looking down the muzzle, departed hence spontaneously." The St. Louis Christian Advocate has no ear for music, and complains that a church choir is sacrilegious when the line "We are going home to die no more," is rendered. "We're going home to Dinah More, to Dinah More, to Dinah More.

A Sacramento man was found lying entirely naked on the stairs leading to a club-room, and when being removed by a policeman indignantly exclaimed: "You have no business to enter my room and take me out of bed." "Venom of an exasperated ass," comes to us a St. Louis expression. It is about as remarkable as the Irishman's observation that the "sting of the ox was in his horns." The venom of an ass must be in his ears.

"I wish I had your head," said a lady to her lawyer who had just solved a knotty point for her. "And I wish I had your heart," responded the lawyer. It was not long before the lawyer's head and the lady's heart went into partnership for life. A little boy in New Orleans was reproved for telling a fib. He insisted it was only in fun, but his pious mother told him he must ask divine pardon. So the little boy knelt down and said: "Lord forgive me. I wouldn't have done it, only I thought you could take a joke."

Louisville Courier-Journal says: "A man shot a woman in Washington City the other day for a claim of twenty cents. We have to deal harshly with an erring fellow being, but we can't help saying that the man who should shoot a woman for anything less than a dollar and a half is probably not the Christian gentleman he ought to be. An old rough clergyman took for his text that passage of Psalms, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." Looking up apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David, did you. Well, if you had been here you might have said it after mature deliberation."

"Uncle Bob," remarked a citizen of Dal, las to an old negro who sells milk, and who was complaining how much his customers were indebted to him, "you must adopt the cash system." Uncle Bob looked up over his glasses, and with a quite smile and a dubious shake of the head, said: "Now, master, go 'way, go 'way. Can't adopt the cash system whar da ain't no cash!" Old Bangs was a little too fond of his bitterns and one day, after taking a swifter than two too many, he lay down by the roadside to sleep. A buzzard observed him, and thinking he was dead, alighted on his breast and pecked him in the face. Whereupon old Bangs looked up and said, "You're a little bit too smart; I ain't dead yet."

LAUGHING CHILDREN.—Give me (says the writer) the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his angry eyes, and he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, a set to speak, from the parted lips, displaying, a sort of clean, well brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

Running on the Locomotive.—Put your foot in the stirrup and swing yourself aboard. The engineer's little cabin is a regular boardwalk in an elephant. It is a princely way of making a royal progress. The engineer bids you take that customary seat by the right hand window. You hear the gurgle of the engine's feverish pulse, and the him of a whole community of tea kettles. There is his steam cook with his finger on the figure. There is his time clock. One says sixty pounds of steam. The other forty miles an hour. A little bell on the wall before him strikes. That was the conductor. He says, "pull on," and he pulls. The train starts. He has a pocket watch which he glances at every minute. The whistle gives two sharp quick notes. The driver springs back the lever. The engine's tender

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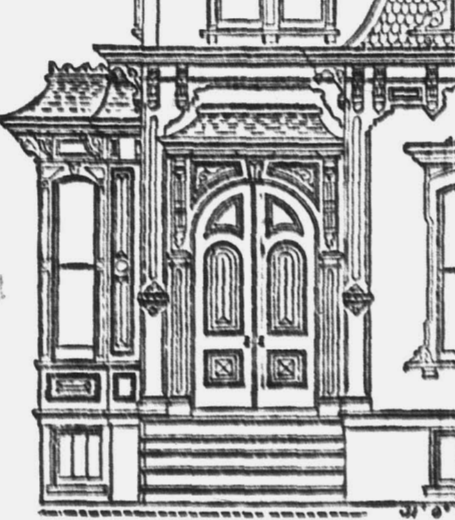
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Stoves, Tin Ware, LAMPS, Etc. The Cheapest Place in the City to buy your TIN WARE, STOVES, LAMPS, etc., F. A. SEITZ, Sole Agent for the Champion Can Opener FOR SALE.

CATER & CONFECTIONER, SOUTH NORWALK, CT. Respectfully informs his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he continues to furnish PARTIES, WEDDINGS, FASHIONABLE DINNERS, LUNCHEONS AND COLLATIONS.

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Drugs, Medicines & Chemicals FINE TOILET SOAPS, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY.

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