Is a quiver with the kisses of the summer wind

at play.

Forth let us sirny, dear, while 'tis summer time All the world is gay, dear, fit for love and rhyme

Sweetheart, come, let us wander; the paths are blossom strewn; There are daisies for your tresses, there are pop

pies for your shoon.

Let their beauty and their glee

Make a tender thought for me Ere the summer day has floated to the golden gates of noon. Why should we part, love? when true lovers wed Summer's in the heart, love, when their bloom

is dead.
—Samuel Minturn Peck in Home Journal.

THE BIMLEYS.

I found myself, one September morning standing by the shore of a beautiful little sheet of water among the Sussex hills, in the northern part of New Jersey, in a sort of Rip Van Winkle study. The metamorphosis had been sudden and complete in my sur roundings. An hour or two ago I had been in the whirl and bustle of active city life. Now I was in the midst of peace and quiet, among rural scenery that was restful to the eye, heart and brain.

The sheet of water at whose edge I was standing was dignified by the name of Lake Wanayanda—an Indian appellation, as I afterward learned-and was a diminutive piete to bear the name of lake.

But it was very beautiful, as I recall it, on that bright September morning, nestled among the towering hills and framed by the foliage of the trees, and with a margin of green formed by the low growing bushes and It was early in the day, and the first rays of the sun had begun to look over the ragged tops of the uneven ridge to the enstward, and with a blaze of glory they presently flooded the bosom of the crystal lake lying in peace before me.

Rocks cropped out from the surface of the ground everywhere, and loose bowiders lay on the side of the precipitous hill whose feet were laved by the clear waters of the little lake. These bowlders, by their precarious tenure of the ground, suggested to me the idea that Sisyphus of old had been engaged here, and that the huge stones, seemingly ready to topple down into the lake, were evi dences of his herculenn and incompleted task.

These verdure clothed foothills, immediately surrounding the sheet of water, were but Liliputian pickets, thrown out in advance of the towering mountain ridge, and contributed pleasingly toward the pretty and

nposing landscape.

As I returned to the little red farm house, about 100 yards from the lake, I saw for the first time Kate Bimley, the pretty blonde daughter of my host. She seemed a girl of about 18, with a rather sad expression upon her attractive face. As I raised my hat to salute her she gave me a nod and a smile, but that smile was a forced one, and there was no spontaneity in her greeting. It was not diffidence that checked her attempt at a courteous and friendly return of my civility, There was evidently a cloud over her young life which she was trying to illumine by a forced ray of pleasantry that it might not be noticed by a stranger.

She was a pleasing contrast in her plain, neatly fitting gown to the maidens I had from to accompany us, somewhat against her been accustomed to see at the fashionable resorts. It was beauty unadorned; purity and simplicity combined; a picture of innocence that would have been so very bright but for the sadness that tinged her face.

After breakfast I went out in quest of hours that would prove tedious without some sort of activity. Strolling over toward the huge barn, I notice! two figures sitting on the immense flat rock in front of the great doors. One was John Bimley, my host, and the other was his brother-in-law, Tom E. kins.

Bimley sat moodily watching the other flat and smooth, and was on a level with the up, and, after acknowledging my presence with a nod, they seemed no way loth to contime their conversation.

"Tom, you've got your initials cut on that corner, now cut any name in full in the center of this stone," said Elimiey. Tom looked at him for a moment sharply,

and seemed to discover something in the man's tones or looks.

"Pshaw! what do you want to advertise yourself in that way forf" "All right; if you don't do it I'll get some

in an unsteady voice.

Just then Kate passed the barn on her way to the spring, casting an anxious look at her father as she passed.

"God pity that poor motherless girl when Pm gone half to himself; but I caught them, though I think Tom did not, as he was busily pounding

a little farther off. Bimley's request and the probable motive. He ceased his work, and, facing his brother. We were soon flying up the slope toward

in-law, said: "See here, John, Pil cut your name for you on one condition, and that is that you will barn. A wild cry of pain from Kate. stop meping and brooding."

"Agreed," said the elder man, but I detected a cynical smile on his face that contracted his nting mood.

Having nothing else to busy himself with, Tom proceeded to mark out the design for this memorial tablet at once, and his skill surprised me when I examined his lesser work in the corner, now completed.

Bimley, apparently satisfied that he had gained his point, went off toward the lake in a listless, moody sort of way. Kate suddenly appeared around an angle of the barn and said;

"Uncle Tom, don't put the name on the rock! Don't please?" There was real terror in her tones that startled Tom into examining her face. It there. John Bimley had scratched the date was blanched, and her lip quivered as she with an old knife: "John Bimley, September

stood there with one deprecating hand raised.
"Why not?" demanded Tom, surprised. "Oh! I can't tell you. But please don't cut the name there!

"But I've promised I would, and Joan will be furious if I refuse now." "Well," said the girl, sadly turning away,

"perhaps you're right." From Tom I now learned the cause of Bimley's depression. It seems he was soon to leave his farm-driven out by the inexorable mortgage. Failure to meet his payments of interest, short crops and a combination of misfortunes had culminated in the less of the

beart ached as I looked after this motherless girl, left not only destitute by the withdrawal of a mother's loving care, but left also with the fearful burden of a father's living, double sorrow pressing very heavily upon her young shoulders, and veiling her

youthful face with premature sadness. Kate corroborated t High up on one of the vendure clad foot ting her hand in mine.

tills I saw the bowed figure of John Bimley moving slowly toward the summit. paused at the top, and, looking back with one searching glance, he disappeared down the further side. I was about turning my attention to the carver's work near me, when I saw the form of Kate pass swiftly and noise lessly out of the undergrowth at the top of

other side. "John's guardian angel," said Tom Elkins without stopping the thuds of his mallet, in reply, apparently, to my questioning look,

the hill and also pass out of sight down the

turned upon him.
"John's terribly down in the mouth since Mary died," he continued, aiming some heavy blows at the bright steel chiscl for a deeper cut. "I think he takes on more about Mary than he does about the farm."

It was clear enough now. The girl's repug-nance to having her father's name cut in the ock; her constant solicitude about him; he stealthy pursuit of him over the hill. read more in his eye and his silence than Tom Elkins did in his short sentences. Life was a burden to him, and not even the strong cord of Kate's love would be able to bind bim to earth for long.

That same afternoon John Bimley viewed

'om's nearly completed work in the center of he flat rock. He smiled sadly as be said: "Tom, put the date underneath it." emed to dawn on Tom's mind that his

prother-in-law meant this work to be a sthumous tablet-a gravestone. "See here, John," he said, jumping up and aying a band on his arm, "you have no call o be brooding about your grave yet. I'd chip out the whole business if I thought"—

"No, no, I don't do that!" said Bimley, forcing a laugh. "I was joking. Say, Tem," said , suddenly changing in tone and looks, "if mything ever should happen to me-you now what I mean-I want you to take care of my girl." His voice was broken and carcely audible, and his hand trembled vioently as he grasped the one extended to him by Tom Elkins. "Now promise me that," he idded, with his whole soul in the words.

"So help me heaven, I swear it?" said Tom, wringing the hand he held. "Don't you worry bout that, John.

At the near angle of the great barn, toward which the men's backs were turned, I caught out one glimpse of a fair white face, and I honght I heard a stifled sob as Kate quickly irew back into concealment.

This sort of thing was getting too painful

nd somber for me, and yet I was held to the lace irresistibly. I could not bear to leave he girl with no other comforter and proector than this good natured but unobservant om Elkins, with the sword of Damocles susended over her young life. I wished to get away from the gloom that

Simley was creating in this quiet, rural re-reat, and yet I longed to be near, and, if essible, avert the blow from Kate's head; or, ailing in that, I, perhaps selfishly, thought I night find a place in one corner of that gentle eart, and cheer and comfort her in her great

Notwithstanding ber solicitude and such sustant watchfulness, I had several times in need this girl to accompany me on short fish ng excursions out on the lake. We rowed ut nearly to the bank farthest from Bimley's arm, where the pickerel were always abundint and hungry. Kate, before leaving her ather, would insist that Tom Elkins should emain close by him, and, in a vicarious way, ake her place as guardian angel. One day, however, as her father was asleep,

xhausted and tired from having sat up all be night before, she consented to permit sishes, and very much against mine. I had, n our excursions together, made no little progress, I flattered myself, in the task of lispossessing her troubled mind of the idea hat her father melitated any harm to him-

elf. I had succeeded, I admit, in this work amusement of some kind to while away the my adopting methods that seemed best and pleasantest to myself; methods that were imnensely self satisfying to the comforter, dence I was averse to the presence of a third party; but I coul but I could not help myself, so

We were having an exceptionally good atch this day, and Kate's face wore a flush man, who seemed engaged in chiseling some of excitement, and her eyes were brighter initials in the hard traprock. This rock was han usual. I sat watching her animated and cretty face while Tom was unbooking a fine ground surrounding it. It was, perhaps, a pickerel from her line. It was a very pretty square of about ten feet, and formed a picture, and I was revolving in my mind natural pavement in front of the huge barn.

The two men were conversing as I sauntered time, unknown to Tom Elkins, that I might ave an opportunity of speaking about some thing closer in my heart than shiny, scaly

> "Bang! bang!" came two sharp freports of s pistol, which the tall, rocky mountain's ace replicated with so distinct intervals that hey seemed like four shots.

> "Merciful God!" screamed the girl, atempting to leap from the boat in the direcon of the Bimley bome. I seized her as Tom seized the oars, and as

we flew over the still water Kate clung to me one else to cut them for me," replied Birnley, in a terror that made her unconscious of her in an unsteady voice. riveted to mine as the boat skimmed toward the shore. I saw then what made me happy even in that tragic hour. I read in her gaze a look of love. Not that floating, airy bliss of happiness that comes to lovers under more Bimley uttered these words in a low tone, auspicious circumstances, but a deep, appeal ing, clinging love; a helpless love that be eches an echo to its sadness, a partaker of away in the finishing touches to his engraving its pain. I pressed her more closely. little farther off.

But Tom had evidently been thinking of it, that I was trying to keep her from flinging

the house. We rushed in together. Not soul was there. Out we went and toward the

and outstripped us in her great haste, told the story of the rash deed. Two forms were lying prone upon the flat ock in front of the great barn doors. One was Bimley's, the other was that of his guar-dian angel. His guardian angel had relaxed

mer vigilance just long enough to permit the consummation of this deadly deed. Two ghastly holes in Bimley's body revealed he outlet of his tired life. Poor Kate, orphaned, shocked, senseless clasped the nerveless hand of her father.

We took her up tenderly and carried her nto the house, where she soon recovered. A low moan was the only reply she made to my comforting words.
On the flat rock I read these words graven

The sun was going down behind the ragged ridge of the mountains, just tinging the lake with its departing glories. We three stood by the edge of the lake talking over the plans

or the future. "You will go with me, Kate, and you shall have a home as long as I have one," said Tom

Elkins, heartily.

Kate glanced from Tom to pie, and back. "I don't know, Uncle Tom," she answered ilmost in a whisper.

Kate and I had a short conference, unknown to Elkins. "What!" said the latter, fixing his eyes in

tently on her. "Don't know?"
"I don't think she will accept your kind offices, Mr. Elkins," I interposed. "Kate has given me the right to put in a much better claim than yours, if you are her uncle, to take care of John Bimley's girl now."

Kate corroborated this statement by put-

THE COTTON PLANT.

ITS NATURAL HOME IN ASIATIC TROPICAL REGIONS.

India Said to be the Most Ancient ton Growing Country-Cotton Found the Western Continent-The First Island Cotton.

The cotton plant is a child of the sun. natural habitation is in the tropical region Asia, Africa and America, but it has acclimated and successfully cultivated as north as the thirty-sixth degree of north tude. Its cuitivation covers a very large p tion of our globe. In the eastern hemisp the range of its cultivation extends for athern Europe on the north to the Cape Good Hope on the south: in the wes emisphere from Virginia to southern Braz It has been most successfully cultivated, however, between the thirtieth and thirty-figth degrees north latitude. Humboldt for growing in the Andes at an elevation of 9,000 feet, and in Mexico at 5,500 feet. Boyle ports it cultivated at an elevation of 4.0 feet in the Himalaya. Such elevations, h ever, are not favorable to its best develop Botanically, cotton belongs to th natural order maivaccae, genus gossypium Botanists differ as to its proper classification into species; some enumerating as many ten species, others seven, and others only three, as necessary to a clear discriminatio between the distinctive haracteristics recogn nizable, after making due allowance for diffe ences resulting from soil and climatic

ANCIENT COTTON GROVENS CON PIO. ings the commercial annals of the human family. India seems to have bee the most ancient cotton growing country. For five centuries before the Christian er her inhabitants were clothed in cotton goods of domestic - ufacture from the fiber grown upon v soil by her own crude nethods

Notwithstanding the proximity of China to India, it was not until the Eleventh century that the cotton plant became an object of amon culture in China. The first mention made of cotton in the records was 200 year before the Christian era. From that time down to the Seventh century it is mentioned not as an object of industry, but one of interest and curissity; an occupant of the flower garden, the beauty of its flowers being cele brated in poetry. In the Eleventh century field culture of cotton commenced in China but owing to the opposition of the people, es pecially those engaged in growing and manufacturing wool and flax, it was not until 1368 that the cultivation and manufacture of cot

ton were well established. Central and South America and the Wes Indies grew and manufactured cotton long before their discovery by Columbus, wh found the plant under cultivation, and the people using fabrics made from the staple. At the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, in 1519, he found that the clothing of the Mexican consisted principally of cotton goods; the na tives of Yucatan presented him with cotton garments and cloths for coverings for his huts, while Montezuma presented him with "curtains, coverlets and robes of cotton, fine assilk, of rich and various dyes, interwoven with feather work, that rivaled the delicacy of painting."

FLAX INSTEAD OF COTTON. Egypt seems not to have either cultivated cotton or used its fabrics at a very early date,

ice the cloths in which the munimies were enveloped were of flax instead of cotton. Indeed, it appears that those nations which were early celebrated for their manufacture of fine linen were slow to substitute the cotton for

"Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina" mentions the growth of the cotton plant in that province in 1606. In 1736 it was planted in gardens in Talbot county, Md., latitude 39 north. At the commence ment of the revolutionary war Gen, Delagail was said to have and thirty acres planted in cotton near Savannah, Ga. Is is stated that C., were seven bags of rotton wool, valued at 23 11s. 5d. a bag. Another small shipment was made in 1754, and in 1770 three more, amounting to ten bales. In 1784 eight bales shipped to England were seized on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States.

The first Sea Island cotton was grown on the coast of Georgia in 1786, and its exportation commenced in 1788, by Alexander sel, of St. Simons Island. In 1791 the cotton crop of the United States was 2,000,000 pounds, of which three-fourths was grown in South Carolina and one fourth in Georgia Ten years later, 1801, 48,000,000 pounds were produced—20,000,000 pounds of which was exported.—Protessor J. S. Newman in American Agriculturist.

The Lives of Longshoremen.

But, however much of adventurous inter est there may be among these more weird forms and expressions of New York harbor life, the truer in erest centers in the thou-sands of toilers whose lives are passed on the docks and in the holds of vessels where the countless products of labor and art leave us for the old world, or are first set down for the new. These are the longshoremen; and there are 18,000 to 20,000 of them necessary to handle the outgoing and incoming freight That is a large number o en. Dependent upon these alone are nearly enough human beings to populate a large city. Their yearly earnings are from \$10,-000,000 to \$12,000,000. They are rough, hard and uncouth, that are marked by such a geniality of nature that the key to a is deflectly to discover when the severity of their labor is considered. Their vocation is not a trade; but you will seldom find any class of men requiring any more actual animal strength, constant dexterity and downright

Irish race largely predominating, but if you will for one day watch the loading or unloading of any great steamer, the marvelous endurance, alertness and brightness you will discover them possessed of will give you a better judgment of the importance they hold to the intricate and large affairs of any great seaboard city, while you will be filled with a genuine respect for the sturdy accomplishment in their unregarded calling. Nor would it be an unpostic experience. For every flag of every nation is above these vessels as they are taking and giving. Every race may be studied in swarthy seamen. Every object that the mind can recall or understand is taking its place for the hither or farther destination. And the fancy ensity courses all seas and lands with the going and coming, the gainings that are involved, and the plea of the human lives that are risked in these mighty outreachings of the purposes of men.—New York Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The die was destroyed after 3,000 of the jubilee £5 gold pieces had been coined, and they are now selling at a premium. One them brought \$40 in London recently.

AN ALLIGATOR MARKET. One day last week an old man with a bald head, and obviously with a drink or two

All Right, De Soto.

Of course he found none, and, or

"All right, De Soto," replied the aged par

onger. The conductor finished his fare taking

all right, when in fact it was all wrong,

"Ring | " all the Growlers.

And crucked some ancient nuts for me. He said that flour was as cheap as dirt,

That his bank account was badly hurt By the profitless trade of the dying year; That flour was low and wheat was dear.

Ring sharp and clear, and to him tell

Ring out, my merry chestnut bell,

That this same tale he told before, and bid him tell it nevermore.

The builder of mills, in his easy chair,

If prices keep so very low; That things look darkly blue and drear,

Ring sharp and clear, and to him tell That this same tale he's told before, And bid him tell it—nevermore.

For prices will rise and profits will grow,'
And then I can say, "I told you so."

But hark! do I hear a chestnut bell?

Gamesters.

I watched the smile on her rosy lips

"Give me the pack, my deal." A flourish a flush, the shuffling done, She dealt me a hand, and I said in fun

An ace, two treys, a queen, a jack, But the card I wanted was in the pack-

A "bob tailed flush" I saw.
"One card," I said, when the bets were made;
I split the treys and drew a spade—
"Twas a club I held before.

With her card she tapped her snowy chin,

And laughingly said: "I always win,
Come, I'll bet you all I've got."
"I'll take you," said I and I saw her start—
"I'll raise you one and bet my heart."—
She "called" me and lost the "pot."

A Byronic Joke.

He Knew Where They Had Been.

A Dismal Failure.

Sweet Girl-And so you have been on

time I've been back into real civilization.

"Now please tell me, in that lonely life,

Short Smiles.

"I will now quit fooling," said the phy-

proceed to business." Then he made out his bill.—Philadelphia Call.

Colored Hunter-Hold on dar, Abe! You'll

strain dat gun fus' thing you knows, tryin ter shoot dat duck so fur off, an' de weepon

nebber will be no mo' 'count.-Texas Sift-

When a man becomes firmly convinced that

he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trousers

"There is always sunshine somewhere."

sava an exchange. If it were not for such

A clergyman relates that on one occasion,

Tommy was taken very sick. His mother

of it. "Mother," he said, finally. "Mother, Mame Duffy rejected my suit, and," hoarsely, "it drove me to jam."—Tid Bita.

Pittsburgh Tramp-Madam, if you'll fill

me up with a good dinner I'll saw some wood,

I'm willin' to work. Woman (shortly)-You

know very well we burn nothing but natural gas. Pittsburgh Tramp—Well, gimme suthin'

to eat, an' I'll turn on the gas for you. -Har-

sician as he wrote out a prescription,

Johnny-I ain't seen 'm pop,

about feelin' 'm, though.—Tid Bits.

'Oysters."-Omaha World.

Tid Bits.

"This time the 'pot' I'll steal.

Detroit Free Press.

lippers, Johnny?

Johnny-No. sir.

plains for ten years?

leg.-Life.

Unity.-Judge.

No, tis only a card, with words that tell,

As I lay it away on my dusty shelf,
"Somewhat of a flar I am myself."
—Northwestern Miller.

Now let me git in mine office chair,

With my good big pen and my

and says, "Oh, shoot the glad New Year!" Ring out, oh, trusty chestnut bell,

That business to the dogs must go,

And says.

pealing to the conductor, was told that be would be able to find him one by the time the

car reached Western avenue.

stowed away in the place where a drink an old man the most good, boarded a Van Baren street ear and looked around for a DESCRIPTION OF A NEW OR-LEANS SAURIAN EMPORIUM.

Prices Range from Fifty Cents to \$200. How They Are Hunted-Fed Twice a Week-Sent to Europe as Curiosities. An Old Fellow.

The concluctor finished his fare taking and resumed his perch on the rear brake, but the old man's words kept ringing in his ears.

"'All right, De Soto! All right, De Soto!' What the thunder did he mean by that?" the conductor asked himself, and he finally became so worked up about it that he went in and asked the old man what it was he had "How do you sell the beast, madam?" asked the inquisitive reporter of a quiet looking woman, who was the one peaceful object in the screaming, noisy world about her. "Well, I hardly know how to answer that question," she responded, her voice pitched in and asked the old man what it was no had been giving him.

"Oh," said the delighted old party, with a chuckle, "in 1858, when the first Atlantic cable was Iaid, they got a few words across, you remember. One of the messages which came from Valencia, Ireland, in response to an inquiry how the wire was working, was: "All right, De Soto." De Soto was the operator's name, you know, and, by gosh, that was the last word they did get through that old cable before size went back on 'm completely. high enough to penetrate the chirping, squeaking, cawing and crowing of the congregation of feathered folk fluttering about. You see, they come at most any price, and when I tell you we get all the way from fifty cents to \$200 apiece, you can understand how prices vary." As is well known, sagar, how prices vary.' oranges and alligators form three staples in Louisiana exports and internal revenue, and it was to becover the exact condition of the crocodile market, and whether the spring

cable before she went back on 'm completely. For months that was all you could hear in this country. It was in every man's month. Whenever we wanted to say that a thing was catch had been good, that a visit was paid by to the big tanks on Chartres street,
a lavish liberality and a free, unpedigality in the way one of these
lays eggs that would discourage anylivery way. say, 'All right, De Soto,' see! That was what I meant when you told me I'd get a seat of Western avenue. I know that this car doesn't hys eggs that would discourage anything flort of a patent incubator. Why, without half putting her mind to it, and in a poor season at that, she will lift her nest with seventy-five eggs and crawfaway, confortably assured every last one will produce a white pullow and black wright just here it is faut the expert blants on the conformal of the expert blants of run any further, and so do you, you young scoundrel? — Gacago Herald.

in for a soft thing. He knows the favorite laying grounds of the alligator bens as thoroughly as Johnny does his bantam's nest in the barn, and when the time comes for the exhausted mother to cease from her labors, he simply paddles out, fills his cance with the thick skinned, pearly globes, and feels sure of a fine return later on. Alligators are brought into town in every

stage, from an embryo state in the egg to great, angry monsters a dozen feet long, tipping the scales hundreds of pounds. Men hunt their hideous game after dark, stalking the swamps, dragging lagoons and wading through low, oncy marshes, where vast num bers of ailigators abide. Several methods of capturing them are resorted to. Those caught with hooks are only fit for immediate killing, as they sicken and die in short order And let me write that "in eighty-seven Both millers and furnishers find their heaves The big ones are lassoed and smaller fry snared in a heavy seine made for this pur pose. The hunter realizes he is after dangerous game, with lots of vicious habits, and so besides blinding their stupid eyes by a lange worn in his cap, he is prepared to send soothing bullet whenever necessary.

After bringing in his find of eggs, the croc odile farmer heaps them in boxes and simply depends on time to do its perfect work. In course of weeks the infant gnaws and claws at the hard shell until he finally squirms As I bunched the cards and she stacked the chips: his way into the world. There is as much difference in the skin of the young and old ones as in a baby's complexion as compared with a grown person's. Their hide is as oril-liant as if polished, a bright black and yellow, which grows dingier and rustier every year

Passing through the big bird store the alligator region is reached. It is a pretty, gar den like place, with tender, lacy vines trained in delicate festoons up the lattice against the dark brick wall. Great red pots hold rich foliage plants that lend a tropical air to the spot, fitting the inhabitants of the long cemented tanks. These troughs are built six in a row, the occupants being carefully graded according to size. There is very little family affection among them, parents rarely hesitating to sacrifice their offspring on Spain was first of the European states to grow cotton. It was introduced here by first the thewas much in the habit of visiting the Moors in the Tenth century. The first cotton was planted in the United States in 1621.

John Taylor, in his reminiscences, tells us grow cotton. It was introduced here by first the was much in the habit of visiting the bigget is an unanswerable law to which all must succumb; consequently they are class first in the United States in 1621. biggest is an unanswerable law to which all week the water must be changed for the salu He always," says Taylor, "received me brity of the atmosphere. There is a notorious with great kindness, and particularly one night when I had returned from a public dinner and met him in the green room. I from his wild, free life in the forest, and had by no means drunk much wine, yet as I seemed to him to be somewhat heated and appeared to be thirsty, he handed me a tumbler of water, as he said, to 'dilute' me."— which alligators have a very pronounced pen-The half grown variety eat from five to six at a meal, distending their uncomely, shapeless stomachs until the receptacles refuse

De Hang-Have you seen anything of my to hold another particle. They feed only at intervals, but have voracious appetites then. They are very ugly creatures, with wretched dispositions, as the reporter had a fair oppor-Mrs. De Hang-John Henry, mind what tunity of discovering. Hanging over the side of the tank in playful, almost intimate, relations with the beast, his sheltering umbrella gave a tip too far and touched the extreme Mamma kep' my head down to low I couldn't see a blamed thing. I ain't sayin' nothin' point of the thing's snout. It was enough; with a terrifying bellow and blowing off of steam the infuriated being rose two inches out of the water and sent his observer exactly three feet in the air. It was a severe shock, and has generated respect, if not admiration for the aligator's sensitiveness. Lying in the Handsome Cowboy-Yes, this is the first sunshine, every grizzly feature is accentuated. Their great shovel heads float on the water far removed from the refining influences ofwith stupid, evil eyes that blink like yellow civilization, you know, what did you misa excrescences on a mud colored surface. A tiny, minute slit in the snout admits enough air to enable them to make a sound frightful enough to scare the stoutest hearted.

The keeper of the tanks said hundreds were sold yearly to traveling showmen, numbers being sent to Europe as curiosities, besides many that were bought by northern visitors. Saloon owners buy them constantly to keep on their counters as an attraction to possess, Chicago and St. Louis being noticable amon the number. An artist here in town sets them up with all sorts of comical devices. He stuffs them up with cotton, and fushions preachers, lawyers, gambiers, organ grinders, cotton handlers and duelists out of the ridicu-lous little figures. One, a burlesque scene in court, was very particularly amusing. These are sold very cheaply and a pretty fair trade is driven.

The saurian merchant has a perfect treas

little bits of information as this how stale, flat and unprofitable this world would be!—Bos ton Courier. ure that he keeps in close quarters and guards as the fairest jowel of his entire collection of beauties. It is a huge, evil smelling, sluggish Lawyer-Now, you say you've known this reptile, measuring twelve feet, whose age is couple for years. Witness-Yes, sir. Ever calculated at 159 years. He lies sprawled out couple for years. Witness—Yes, sir. Ever seen them quarrel? Nover. They've always lived together in unity, eh? No, sir; in Swampsville; that's about four miles from on the floor of his trough in a state of torpid stupidity. The creature looks bored to death and with enough impotent malignity in his depraved yellow eyes to devour every visitor who studied his unhandsome proportions after marrying a couple, an envelope was banded to him, which be supposed, of course, surrounded with fresh air and the perfume of surrounded with fresh air and the perfume of contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written, "We desire your prayers."—New York Daily News.

I flowers. One fancies him crawling slowly from the heat and slime of some low lagoon, lying in wait for prey that has no chance between those weighty jaws. Little niggers and tween those weighty jaws. Little niggers and crocodiles are indissolubly connected in the ordinary imagination, and one instinctively discovered that be had been eating too much preserved stuff, and while awaiting the doc-tor's visit, imploved him to tell her the cause looks round for the black julcy morsel to gratify his hungry, homesick heart,—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

> Women will be interested to know that the bustle is of Persian origin. Nott, in his notes on the "Odes of Hafiz," defines the "refaight" as a kind of bolster which the ladies fix to the under garment to produce a certain roundness, thought by them to be becoming.

-Chicago Tribune.

OUR OWN.

The little child that sits beside our feet May rob us of our strength and rest so sweet, And cause our way with cares to be thick strewn; And yet we love our own.

There may be fairer lands and brighter skies, There may be friends more faithful or me Than any we have ever seen or known; Hut each will love his own.

—Mrs. Clara B. Heath,

RICE THROWING AT WEDDINGS.

Origin of the Custom as Given by the Chinese-The Wise Sorceress.

In the days of the Shang dynasty, some province of Shansi a most famous sorcerer called Chno. It happened one day that a Mr. Pang came to consult to oracle, and Chao, having divined by means of the tortoise diagram, informed the trembling Pang that he had but six days to live Now, however much we may trust the sagacity and skill of our family physician, we may be excused if, in a matter of life and death, we call in a second doctor for a consultation, and in such strait it is not to be wondered at that Pang hould repair to another source to make sure there was no mistake. To the fair Peach blossom he went, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a sorceress, and to the tender feminine heart unfolded the story of his woe. Her divination yielded the same as Chao's; in six days Pang should die, unless, by the exercise of her magrical powers, she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts were sheeresful, and on the seventh day great was Chao's asterishment, and still greater his could be supplied to a second still greater his could be supplied to a second still greater his could be supplied to a second still greater his could be supplied to a second still greater his could be supplied to a second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his could be supplied to the second still greater his second still great etilisation and rage, when he met Pang first a greater magician than be. The would som get about and unless he could quickly put an end to his fair fival's existence his reputation would be ruined.

And this was how Chao plotted against the life of Peachblossom. He sent a go-between to Peachblossom's parents to inquire if their daughter was still unmarried, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he befooled the simple parents into believing that he had a son who was seeking a wife, and ultimately he induced them to engage Peachblossom to him in marriage. The marriage cards were duly interchanged; but the crafty Chao had chosen the most unlucky day he could select for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant. Surely as the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But the wise Peachblossom knew all these things, and feared not. "I will go," she said; "I will fight and defeat him." When the wed ding morning came, she gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit bird seeing made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed. And now the ingenuous reader knows why be throws rice after the bride. If any interest has been engendered in his breast by this tale of the fair Peachblossom, let him listen to what befell her at the house of the magician. Arrived at Chao's house, no bridegroom was there, but an attendant was given her, and the two girls prepared to pass the night in the room assigned to them. Peachblossom was wakeful, for she knew that, when the night passed, the "Golden Pheasant" would be succeeded by the evil star of the "White Tiger," whose power and ferocity who can tell! bed first," she said to the maid. The girl was soon asleep, and still her mistress slept not but continued to pace the room, and at midnight the tiger spirit came, and the morning light showed Peachblossom still pacing the room, while on the bed lay the lifeless body of the little maid. Thus were the magic battles of Peachbiosom and Chao, and many more were there, until they took their flight to beaven, where now they reign as gods. And on earth the actors have not idols more prized than these of Peachblossom and Chao Kung. - Chinese Times

The Prince of Wales' Hair.

in everything except the indispensable tawny beard that fails like a roll, of dead gold silk to the extremity of a massive chest, Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, models himself on Quida's He is as fond of knickknacks as a berom. lady. His private apartments are the near-est approach to the talented but vulgar au-He would not brush his hair otherwise than with an ivorybacked brush to save his life Ean de Cologne and other perfumes have their place in his bath. To write a note on paper that was not the triumph of the per-fumer's art would in his own imagination be unworthy of his tastes and position. He has started in life in fact as an exquisite of the George IV type; but luckily for himself and for the nation he is preserved from some of the most objectionable traits of the "First Gentleman's" character by the sensitive shyness of his disposition.

He differs again from most exquisites in

having a praiseworthy desire to pay promptly for the luxuries in which he indulges. Inleed he worries his attendants to worry his tradespeople to send in their bills sharp, and frets and fumes if the astate shopkeepersalive to the value of having the future king of England upon their books within decent limits—delay in delivering their accounts, Like his father he gets his clothes—and plenty of them-from Poole. Prince Albert Victor's idea of dignified mufti is a frock coat and lavender or gray trousers. He seldom wears a cutaway coat, and even when traveling hardly ever appears in a suit of dittoes. On the whole he may be described as a very stately and solemn young man.-London

The Life of a Grasshopper

As every one knows, it is a rule of nature every winged insect shall die within the year (the occasional individuals that survive twelvementh only proving the rule), for the stage of wings is the last third of the crea-ture's life. After all, it would be very absurd if we did not recognize among ourselves the stages of childhood, youth, middle age and old age, which together cover the span of our "threescore years and ten." An insect's stages proceed in a far smaller compass, and the winged one is the last. It is really the old age of the caterpillar or grub.

Thus a grasshopper may be two or three years a grub, for another six months a hobbledeboy-that is, a winglessthing, half grub, balf grasshopper-and then for a further space a winged grasshopper. In the last stage it marries, and there is an end of its purpose. Nature has no further need for it and does not care whether it dies or not. The siender fragility of the insect's appearance may have suggested a feeble hold of life; some grasshoppers look like the mere specters of insects. About others, too, there is a vegetable, perishable look, as of thin grass blades that a frost would kill or beat shrivel up; a suspicion about their sere and faded edges that they are already beginning to wither. But the grasshopper has nothing to complain of as to its length of life. It sings the summer in and the autumn out, and goes to sleep with the year.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The oldest general of the United States army is William Solby Harney. He was born near Nashville, Tenn., in 1800, and entered the army in 1818. He was brevetted major general on March 13, 1865.