

MORNING SONG.

Sweetheart, the night is over, the mists have
shrunken away:
The morning beams are gathering 'dew drops
from the spray.

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.

THE BIMBLEYS.

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THE COTTON PLANT.

ITS NATURAL HOME IN ASIATIC
TROPICAL REGIONS.

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

The cotton plant is a child of the sun. Its
natural habitat is in the tropical regions of
Asia, Africa and America, but it has been
acclimated and successfully cultivated as far
north as the thirty-sixth degree of north lat-
itude. Its cultivation covers a very large por-
tion of our globe. In the eastern hemisphere
the range of its cultivation extends from
southern Europe on the north to the Cape of
Good Hope on the south; in the western
hemisphere from Virginia to southern Brazil.
It has been most successfully cultivated, how-
ever, between the thirtieth and thirty-fifth
degrees north latitude. Humboldt found it
growing in the Andes at an elevation of 9,000
feet, and in Mexico at 5,500 feet. Boyle re-
ports it cultivated at an elevation of 4,000
feet in the Himalayas. Such elevations, how-
ever, are not favorable to its best develop-
ment. Botanically, cotton belongs to the
natural order Malvaceae, genus Gossypium.
Botanists differ as to its proper classification
into species; some enumerating as many as
ten species, others seven, and others only
three, as necessary to a clear discrimination
between the distinctive characteristics recog-
nizable after making due allowance for differ-
ences resulting from soil and climatic
influences.

ANCIENT COTTON GROWERS. The
beginnings of the cotton plant antedate
the human family. India seems to have been
the most ancient cotton growing country.
For five centuries before the Christian era
her inhabitants were clothed in cotton goods
of domestic manufacture from the fiber
grown upon a soil by her own crude
methods.

Notwithstanding the proximity of China to
India, it was not until the Eleventh century
that the cotton plant became an object of
commercial interest in the latter. The first
made of cotton in the world was 200 years
before the Christian era. From that time
down to the Seventh century it is mentioned
not as an object of industry, but one of inter-
est and curiosity; 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,
especially the engaged in growing and manu-
facturing wool and flax, it was not until 1308
that the cultivation and manufacture of cot-
ton were well established.

Central and South America and the West
Indies grew and manufactured cotton long
before their discovery by Columbus, who
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 Mexicans
consisted principally of cotton goods; the un-
dies 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
as silk, and 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,
since the cloths in which the mummies were
enveloped were of flax instead of cotton. In-
deed, it appears that those nations which were
early celebrated for their manufacture of fine
linen were slow to substitute the cotton for
the flax.

Spain was first of the European states to
grow cotton. It was introduced here by the
Moors in the Tenth century. The first cotton
was planted in the United States in 1621.
"Carroll's Historical Collections of South
Carolina" mentions the growth of the cot-
ton plant in that colony in 1691. In 1790
it was planted in gardens in Talbot county,
Md., latitude 37 north. At the commence-
ment of the revolutionary war Gen. DeLagail
said to have had thirty acres planted in
cotton near Savannah, Ga. It is stated that
in 1748, among the exports of Charleston, S.
C., were seven bags of cotton wool, valued at
\$315.54. A smaller shipment
was made in 1754, and in 1770 three more,
amounting to 240 bales. In 1784 eight bales
shipped to England, valued 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 exporta-
tion commenced in 1788, by Alexander Bie-
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, 45,000,000 pounds were
produced—3,000,000 pounds of which was
exported.—Professor J. S. Newman in Ameri-
can Agriculturist.

The Lives of Longshoremen.
But, however much of adventurous inter-
est there may be among these more hard
forms and expressions of New York harbor
life, the truer interest 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
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
of the harbor. That is a large number of
men. 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, but are marked by such a
generality of natural sense. Every object
that they 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
skill.

As a rule they are uneducated men, the
Irish race largely predominating, but if you
will for one day watch the loading or un-
loading 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 accomplish-
ment of their unregarded calling. Nor would
it be an unpoetic experience. For every flag
of every nation is above these vessels as they
are taking an airing. Every race may be
studied in a wondrous manner. Every object
that the mind can recall or understand is
taking its place for the litter or further
destination. And the fancy easily courses all
seas and lands with the going and coming,
the gainings that are involved, and the pleasures
of the human lives that are risked in these
mighty outreachings of the purposes of
men.—New York Cour. Globe-Democrat.

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

All Right, De Soto.

One day last week an old man with a bald
head, and obviously with a drink or two
stowed away in the place where a drink does
an old man the most good, boarded a Van
Buren street car and looked around for a
seat. Of course he found none, and on ap-
pealing to the conductor, was told that he
could reach Western avenue.
"All right, De Soto," replied the aged pas-
senger.

The conductor 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
been giving him so very much trouble about.

"Oh," said the delighted old party, with a
chuckle, "in 1858, when the first Atlantic
cable was laid, they got a few wires 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." As it well known, sug-
gestions and alligators from three states in
Louisiana experts and internal revenue, and
it was to cover the exact condition of the
crocodile market, and whether the spring
had been good, that a visit was paid
to the big tanks on Charles street,
where a lavish liberality and a free, un-
bounded liberality in the way of one of these
things would tend to discourage any-
thing short of a patent incubator. Why,
I don't half putting her mind to it, and in a
poor season at that, she will get her nest
with seventy-five eggs and crawl away, con-
fidently assured every last one will produce
a little yellow and black striped
thing. It is that the expert hatter is
in for a soft thing. He knows the favorite
laying grounds of the alligator here as thor-
oughly as Johnny does his barman's nest in
the town, and when the time comes for the
haunted mother to come from her lair, he
he simply paddles out, fills his canoe with
the thick skinned, pearly globes, and feels
sure of a fine return later on.

The builder of mills, in his easy chair,
To do his office daily swear
That four was low and wheat was dear,
If it were not very low;
That things look darkly blue and dear,
And says, "Oh, shoot the glad New Year!"
Ring out, oh, trusty chestnut bell,
Ring sharp and clear, and to him tell
That this same tale he's told before,
And bid him tell it nevermore.

Not to do his office daily swear
That four was low and wheat was dear,
If it were not very low;
That things look darkly blue and dear,
And says, "Oh, shoot the glad New Year!"
Ring out, oh, trusty chestnut bell,
Ring sharp and clear, and to him tell
That this same tale he's told before,
And bid him tell it nevermore.

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."

John Taylor, in his reminiscences, tells us
that he was much in the habit of visiting the
green room of Drury Lane theatre in order
to cultivate an acquaintanceship with Lord
Byron.
"By always," says Taylor, "received me
with great kindness, and particularly one
night when I had returned from a public
dinner and met him in the green room. I
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."
—Detroit Free Press.

De Hang—Have you seen anything of my
slippers, Johnny?
Johnny—No, sir.
Mrs. De Hang—John Henry, mind what
you say.
Johnny—I ain't seen 'em pop, honest.
Mamma! my head down 'em low I couldn't
see a blamed thing. I ain't sayin' nothin'
about flamin' 'em, though.—Tid Bits.

Handsome Cowboy—Yes, this is the first
time I've been back into real civilization.
"Now please tell me, in that lonely life, so
far removed from the refining influences of
civilization, you know what did you miss
most?"
"Oysters."—Omaha World.

I'll now quit fooling," said the phy-
sician as he wrote out a prescription, "and
proceed to business." Then he made out his
bill.—Philadelphia Call.

Colored Hunter—Hold on dar, Abe! You'll
strain that gun 'us' thing you know, try'n
shoot dat duck so far off, 'an' de weapon
nudder will be no mo' 'count.—Texas Sift-
ings.

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
leg.—Life.

"There is always sunshine somewhere,"
says an exchange. If it were not for such
little bits of information as this how stale, flat
and unprofitable this world would be.—Boston
Courier.

Lawyer—Now, you say you've known this
couple for years. Witness—Yes, sir. Ever
seen them quarrel? Never. They've always
lived together in unity, eh? No, sir; in
Swampville; that's about four miles from
Unity.—Judge.

A clergyman relates that on one occasion,
after marrying a couple, an envelope was
handed to him, which he supposed, of course,
contained the marriage fees. On opening it
he found a slip of paper on which was writ-
ten, "We desire your prayers."—New York
Daily News.

Tommy was taken very sick. His mother
discovered that he had been eating too much
preserved stuff, and while waiting the doc-
tor's visit, implored him to tell her the cause
of it. "Mother," he said, finally, "Mother,
Mame Duffy rejected my suit, and," hoarsely,
"it drove me to jam."—Tid Bits.

Pittsburgh Tramp—Madam, if you'll fill
me up with a good dinner I'll sawsome wood,
I'm willin' to work. Woman (shortly)—You
know very well we burn nothing but natural
gas. Pittsburgh Tramp—Well, gimme sashin'
to eat, an' I'll turn on the gas for you.—Har-
per's Bazar.

AN ALLIGATOR MARKET.

A DESCRIPTION OF A NEW OR-
LEANS SAURIAN EMPORIUM.

Prices Range from Fifty Cents to \$300.
How They Are Hunted—Fed Twice a
Week—Sent to Europe as Curiosities.
An Old Fellow.

"How do you sell the best, madam?"
asked the inquisitive reporter of a quiet look-
ing 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
high enough to penetrate the chirping,
squeaking, cawing and crowing of the con-
gregation 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
orange and alligators from three states in
Louisiana experts and internal revenue, and
it was to cover the exact condition of the
crocodile market, and whether the spring
had been good, that a visit was paid
to the big tanks on Charles street,
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in for a soft thing. He knows the favorite
laying grounds of the alligator here as thor-
oughly as Johnny does his barman's nest in
the town, and when the time comes for the
haunted mother to come from her lair, he
he simply paddles out, fills his canoe 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, tip-
ping the scales hundreds of pounds. Men
hunt their hideous game after dark, stalking
the swamps, dragging lagoon and, passing
through low, oozy marshes, where vast num-
bers of alligators 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.
The big ones are lassoed and smaller fry
snared in a heavy seine made for this pur-
pose. The hunter realizes he is after danger-
ous game, with lots of vicious habits, and so
besides binding their stupid eyes by a
white rag, when the time comes for the
haunted mother to come from her lair, he
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After bringing in his find of eggs, the cro-
codile farmer heats them in boxes and simply
depends on time to do its perfect work. In
the course of weeks the infant gnaws and
claws at the hard shell until he finally squirms
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 grown persons. Their hide is as or-
dinary as if polished, a bright black and yellow,
which grows dingier and rustier every year
they live.

Passing through the big bird store the all-
igator 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 suspended tanks. These tanks are
built six in a row, the occupants being care-
fully graded according to size. There is very
little family affection among them, parents
rarely hesitating to sacrifice their offspring on
the altar of a healthy appetite. Survival of
the fittest is an unanswerable law to which all
must succumb; consequently they are classed
into two and three year olds. Twice a
week the water must be changed for the at-
mosphere. There is a notorious
unpleasant odor about an alligator that must
be regarded. It is the perfume he brought
from his wild, free life in the forest, and
hangs about him with unvarying steadfast-
ness. Twice a week refreshments are handed
round, beef lights as a rule, a delicacy for
which alligators have a very pronounced pre-
cancer. The half grown variety eat from five
to six at a meal, demanding their uncanny
amount of food until the receptacles refuse
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-
tunity of discovering. Hanging over the side
of the tank in playful, almost intimate, re-
lations with the beast, his shattering umbrella
gave a tip too far and touched the extreme
point of the thing's snout. It was enough;
with a terrific yell 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 alligator's sensitiveness. Lying in
the sunshine, every grizzly feature accentuated.
Their great shovels float on the water
with stupid, evil eyes that blink like yellow
excesses 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 noticeable among
the number. An artist here in town has
them up with all sorts of conical devices, and
preachers, lawyers, gamblers, organ grinders,
cotton handlers and dullesters out of the ridi-
culous 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-
ury that he keeps in close quarters and guards
as the fairest jewel of his entire collection of
beasties. It is a huge, evil smelling, sluggish
reptile, measuring twelve feet, whose age is
calculated at 150 years. He lies sprawled out
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.

The tropical beast is entirely out of place
surrounded with fresh air and the perfume of
flowers. One fancied him crawling slowly
from the heat and slime of some low lagoon,
lying in wait for prey that has no chance be-
tween those weighty jaws. Little niggers and
crocodiles are indissolubly connected in the
ordinary imagination, and one instinctively
looks round for the black juicy morsel to
gratify his hungry, homesick heart.—New
Orleans Times-Democrat.

Origin of the Rustle.
Women will be interested to know that the
rustle is of Persian origin. Not, in his notes
on the "Odes of Hafiz," defines the "reftaig"
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 care 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 more wise,
Than any we have ever seen or known;
But each will love his own.
—Mrs. Clara B. Heath.

RICE THROWING AT WEDDINGS.

Origin of the Custom as Given by the
Chinese—The Wife Seceases.

In the days of the Shang dynasty, some
1,500 years before Christ, there lived in the
province of Shansi a most famous sorcerer
called Chao. It happened one day that a Mr.
Pang came to consult to oracle, and Chao,
having divined by means of the tortoise
divination, 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
a case it is not to be wondered at that Pang
should repair to another source to make sure
there was no mistake. To the fair Peach-
blossom he went, a young lady who had ac-
quired some reputation as a sorceress, and to
the tender feminine heart unfolded the story
of his woes. Her divination yielded the same
as Chao's; in six days Pang should die, un-
less, by the exercise of her magical power,
she could avert the catastrophe. Her efforts
were successful, and on the seventh day great
was Chao's astonishment, and still greater his
consternation and rage, when he met Pang
and his wife in the evening stroll and learned
that he had a great magician than he. The
wife would soon get out and unless he
could quickly put an end to his rival's
existence his reputation would be ruined.

And this was how Chao plotted against the
life of Peachblossom. He sent a postman
to Peachblossom's parents to inquire if their
daughter was still unmarried, and receiving
a reply in the affirmative, he befriended
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 for his selection for
the wedding, the day when the "Golden Phoeni-
x" 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, Peach-
blossom stepped into the bridal chair and
passed on her way unharméd. And now the
ingenious reader knows why he 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 he
fell for 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 weak-
fled; for she knew that, when the night passed,
the "Golden Phoenix" would be succeeded by
the evil star of the "White Tiger," whose
power and ferocity who can tell! "Go you to
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 mid-
night 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 bed-
ties of Peachblossom and Chao, and many
more were there, until they took their flight
to heaven, where now they reign as gods.
And on earth the actors have not idols more
prized than those of Peachblossom and Chao
Kung.—Chinese Times.

The Prince of Wales' Hair.
An everything except the indispensable
tawny beard that falls like a roll of dead gold
silk to the extremity of the neck, Prince
Albert Victor, the eldest son of the
Prince of Wales, models himself on Ouida's
heroine. He is as fond of knickknacks as a
lady. His private apartments are the near-
est approach to the talented but vulgar au-
thor's ideal of a young gentleman's rooms.
He would not brush his hair otherwise than
with an ivory-backed brush to save his life.
Eau 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-
former's art would not be in his own imagina-
tion unworthy of his tastes and position. He
has started in life in fact as an exquisite of
the most objectionable traits of the "First
Gentleman" character by the sensitive shy-
ness of his disposition.

He differs again from most exquisites in
having a grasshopper desire to pay promptly
for the luxuries in which he indulges. In-
deed he worries his attendants to worry his
tradespeople to send in their bills sharp, and
frets and fumes if the astute shopkeepers—
alive 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 France. Prince Albert Victor's
kies of dignified muff 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 dittos. On
the whole he may be described as a very
stately and solemn young man.—London
Letter.

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 the
twelvemonth 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
"hirescent" years and end. 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 hob-
bledehoy—that is, a wingless, half grub,
half grasshopper—and then for a further
stage 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
slender fragility of the insect's appearance
may have suggested a feeble hold of life;
some grasshoppers look like the mere specta-
cles of insects. About others, too, there is a vege-
table, perishable look, as of thin grass blades
that a frost would kill or heat shrivel up; but
the grasshopper has nothing to complain
of as to its length of life. It sings the sum-
mer 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 Selby Harney. He was
born near Nashville, Tenn., in 1800, and
entered the army in 1818. He was brevetted
major general on March 13, 1865.