"ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

"She's only a farmer's daughter,"
A stylish lady said,
With a scornful glance of her handsome eye,
And a toss of her haughty head.

She frilled and flounced and furbelowed
In the very latest style;
Her head was a wonder of crimps and curls,
And her train something less than a mile.

Her hands that sparkled with many a ring,
Were shapely and fair to view—
As they well might be, for no useful work
Were they ever allowed to do.

To hear her talk of the "lower class,"
Of their sins against propriety,
Of "her family," and of "country girls,"
And her horror of "mixed society,"

One would think that among her ancestry
She numbered at least an Earl;
(Her father was once a carpenter,
And her mother a factory girl).

They say she is brilliant and beautiful
I will not their words deny;
But ah! the farmer's daughter
Is fairer far to my eye.

She is not in the height of fashion,
But is very becomingly dressed,
With flounces enough for comfort,
And they look as if made of the best.

Mirth and innocent happiness
Out of her blue eyes shine;
Her hair is untortured by crimps or curls,
And she wears it by right divine.

No mother tells in the kitchen for her,
While she on the sofa lolls,
Novel in hand, dressed in her best,
Receiving her morning calls.

A share in the heat and the burden of life
She willingly, cheerfully takes,
And duty, and love, in that happy home,
A pleasure of labor makes.

And though you may smile at this curious fact,
I have seen her with hoe in her hand,
While she planted the corn, or waged war on the weeds,
When man's help was scarce in the land.

And her flowers—well, next summer you'll see them yourself,
As you ride past the farm on the prairie,
And mark the home, covered with roses and vines,
The work of this Martha or Mary.

And I'm sure you will say, spite the verdict of those
Who live out in fashion's gay whirl,
That "only a farmer's daughter" means
Only a sensible girl!

ANASTASIA'S GHOST.

How well I remember that dismal November night. Some vague presentiment of evil weighed upon my heart, as I sat alone in the twilight. And yet there was nothing apparently to make me gloomy. On the contrary, I ought to have been more than usually cheerful; had I not received a delicious promise from Katie Nelson that very afternoon?

It seemed to be odd, to be sure, that a gray-haired widower like myself was to marry this girl of eighteen. Her mother had been a housekeeper in our family, but died soon after Katie's birth. So it happened that she was adopted by us, as we had no children of our own. My wife treated her kindly, but without much warmth of feeling. Anastasia was of such a peculiar disposition that I actually believed she was jealous of this infant.

Poor Anastasia! she warned me solemnly on her death-bed never to marry again, and threatened to rise from her grave in case of such an event.

Katie was in her tenth year when my wife died. I sent her away to a boarding school; and, as business called me abroad, did not see her again until my return, eight years afterwards. I was somewhat bewildered to find a lovely woman, instead of the little girl I had left in short dresses. Of course you can guess the sequel. I fell in love with this charming adopted daughter. There was something in the frank tenderness of her manner that completely won my heart.

It was evident that she was deeply attached to me. I could not help seeing how much higher she valued my society than that of my nephew, Charles Raymond, who had accompanied me from abroad. She never addressed him except in monosyllables, and would flush all over with embarrassment if he but entered the room. But with me, she was always self-possessed, and so talkative and sociable that I could not help pitying Charlie. He was really quite good-looking, and I used to wonder sometimes at her antipathy. Poor fellow; how I dreaded to tell him of my approaching happiness. It would be a great blow to his hopes, for he had expected to inherit my fortune.

Katie wasn't a bit like other girls that I had ever known anything about. Instead of blushing at my confession that afternoon she turned pale, and shivered as if struck by a sudden chill. I noticed, too, that there was a strange quiver in her voice when she finally consented to be my wife. I was apprehensive that Charlie had told her what Anastasia had said on her death-bed. And yet I couldn't believe her would be so inconsiderate. Somehow, I couldn't forget that warning. Anastasia was a remarkable woman, and would surely keep her word, if ghosts are permitted to walk the earth. Thinking thus, I began to grow frightened at the shadows in my room, and hastily rang the bell for lights.

"Why are you so late, Bridget," I asked, sharply, as the servant entered the room.

"Indade, sir, and it's meself that's been with Miss Katie every blessid minnit, and she's almost kilt with a pain in her head."

Could this be the result of our conversation that afternoon? Considerably startled, I questioned Bridget eagerly. Charlie came in while we were talking.

"Katie ill?" he said, with a shadow on his brow. "Is it anything serious, uncle?"

What business had he to take any special interest in Katie.

"Only a headache," I answered, coldly. "She is subject to such attacks. Bring in the tea, Bridget."

"We shall have a lonesome evening," Charlie sighed.

I half believed that he was in love with the girl himself.

It was cheerless, though, without Katie. I missed her bright face behind the tea-tray. Charlie left his cup untasted. My jealousy was aroused, and I watched him keenly.

As soon as we were alone, I said, half angrily, "What is the matter, Charlie? You look as if you hadn't a friend on earth. I didn't know before that you liked Katie so well."

The crimson leaped up to his very brow.

"I am glad that you do," I continued, hastily, "for you will soon be connected by ties of relationship. She has promised to be my wife."

"You are jesting, uncle!" he said, doubtingly.

"I was never more serious in my life," I answered.

Charlie showed evident signs of agitation.

"You have no right to sacrifice that young girl," he said, bitterly. "You are old enough to be her father. Of course she accepted you from gratitude. How dare you think of such a thing!"

"No wonder that you rave," I replied, with a mocking smile; "you are disappointed of your inheritance."

At that moment the wind gave a fearful shriek outside, and I thought of Anastasia.

"Are you not afraid to marry again?" Charlie inquired, maliciously. "You remember the warning?"

"Nonsense!" I answered; "it will take something more than a ghost to frighten me out of this marriage."

I had scarcely finished speaking, when there came a gust of wind, and a crashing of glass, and the storm actually swept into the room. We glanced around us in dismay. The boughs of a large elm tree, that stood in front of the house, had fallen against the window.

Charlie gave me a peculiar look as I cowered over the fire, and then barred the window in such a manner as to keep out the rain. A strange gloom enveloped us both, and we did not return again to the subject we had been discussing. Our conversation was fitful, and it seemed a relief when we separated at bed-time.

There is no use in denying that I was troubled a little with superstitious fears. I peered round anxiously into every corner of the room before retiring, but found no sign of any mysterious visitant. I had such a fear of the darkness, however, that I left the candle burning.

The fury of the storm had not abated, and I lay awake some time listening to the wind. At last, however, I fell into an uneasy slumber. How long I had slept I know not, when I was awakened by an icy touch upon my forehead.

I started up, with a thrill of apprehension. The light emitted a faint, sepulchral gleam. Oh, horror! what was that I saw? A figure, robed in white, came gliding toward me from the foot of the bed. The face was hidden from my view, but I knew from the form that it was the ghost of Anastasia.

"William Raymond," came in a hoarse voice from the figure; "I am here to avenge your infidelity, and to drag you down to the grave in my embrace."

I shrieked with terror as I felt her clutch my throat, and cried, faintly, "Mercy! mercy!"

"You would marry Katie Nelson, would you?" whispered the ghost, mockingly. "If you do not wish to die"—and here the icy fingers pressed so tight that I gasped for breath—"promise me that you will not take a second wife."

"Oh, I promise! I promise!" said I, half dead with terror.

"Woe be unto you, if you deceive me!" answered the ghost solemnly. And I heard no more.

It was some time, however, before I ventured to cast a timid glance around the room. The ghost had disappeared. The storm, too, was beginning to subside; but I could not go to sleep again, for I found it impossible to forget that phantom and its deadly clutch upon my throat. I resolved to say nothing about it. Of course, people would ridicule the idea of a ghost. Nevertheless, I did not dare to wed Katie Nelson; yet how could I explain this sudden change of purpose? I fervently hoped that she would not die of a broken heart, the poor child! What should I say to her?

After considerable reflection, I resolved to trust this delicate affair to Charlie. The proposed marriage was so odious in his eyes that I knew he would justify my apparent treachery to her, if possible.

Morning came, and I arose in a feverish state of mind. How I dreaded to meet Katie at the breakfast table! but, fortunately, she did not make her appearance. Charlie looked so troubled that I almost fancied he, too, had seen the ghost.

After breakfast, I said to him, with an embarrassment that I strove to hide, "My dear boy, do you remember what we were talking about last evening? I have been thinking over the matter seriously, and am afraid that a marriage between Katie and myself will result in unhappiness; but I have not the courage to brave her reproaches. Now, Charlie, will you act as mediator, and make known this change in my views?"

"Why, uncle," he answered, and I was almost sure that I saw a gleam of mischief in his eyes, "something extraordinary must have happened. You are not usually so fickle!"

"We won't discuss the matter," said I, in an irritated tone. Will you, or will you not, grant my request?"

"Of course, I will," he replied; "but it is a difficult task. The poor child will be so disappointed!"

I detected a joyous ring in his voice, and looked at him rather suspiciously.

His diplomatic mission was successful, however. Late in the afternoon, Katie came down into the library where I was sitting. I had never seen her look prettier.

"Oh, Mr. Raymond!" she said eagerly, "I am so glad that you have changed your mind! It was all so unexpected yesterday. I never dreamed before that you loved me in any other way than as a daughter."

Was this acting? was she trying to deceive me in her sweet unselfishness?

"Then you never loved me?" I asked.

"Dear Mr. Raymond, you know better," she answered; "only it was not exactly the kind of love one ought to feel toward a husband. You are as dear to me as if you were my own father; but you are so much older than I, that—that——"

She hesitated, and did not finish her sentence. I remembered my gray hairs with a pang of mortified vanity. Was not the ghostly visit enough? Must I be tortured in this manner afterward?

The veil was torn away from the delusion I had cherished. Alas! I had misinterpreted her childish affection. It might be that she loved another. I looked down into the face where a vivid scarlet glowed, and read her secret.

"My dear child," I exclaimed, attempting to control my agitation, "tell me everything."

"Oh, Mr. Raymond," she answered in confusion, "Charlie has asked me to be his wife."

The rascal! No wonder that he remained with her such a long time that morning; no wonder that he boasted of the satisfactory manner in which everything had been explained.

"The impudent fellow!" I muttered, impatiently. "What did you answer, child? Do you love him?"

Low and soft the answer came:—"Yes."

The heart of a woman is a mystery that I cannot fathom. I was certainly outwitted by my nephew. He might have been afraid, however, that my conscience would reproach me if Katie showed her disappointment. I have little doubt that she loved me far better than she would confess.

Ah, well! they were married in due time, and we are all living together. The dear children do everything they can to add to my happiness.

Katie is still a beautiful woman, and Charlie is the staff of my old age.

I never saw the ghost again. In fact, I have good reason to think that the mysterious visitant was a certain graceless nephew of mine, who had fallen in love with Katie. Of course I forgave the deception long ago, as it saved me from a terrible mistake.

I am much happier, probably, than if I had married the young girl whose heart belonged to another. I am not certain, however, that she did not accept Charlie from pique at my rejection. Any way, he has made her a good husband.

SENATOR HAMLIN is said to be the most graceful male dancer in Washington.

Useful Hints for the Home Circle.

IT is said that half a cranberry, bound on a corn, will soon kill it.

TO MAKE silk which has been wrinkled appear like new, sponge the surface with a weak solution of gum-arabic, and iron on the wrong side.

PICTURE and mirror frames are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped into a liquid made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

SHOULD the top of your lamp become loose, take it off and wash it with soap. Wash the glass also; then put plaster of Paris around the glass, put the brass top on again, let it stand until hardened, and it is ready for use again. A lamp never should be filled quite full, as the kerosene softens the plaster.

A GOOD moth preventive is this: Mix half-a-pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The cloths or furs are to be wrapped in linen, and crumpled up pieces of blotting paper, dipped in the liquid, are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strongly. This requires renewing about once a year.

IF sleep is taken *after* dinner it should be in the sitting posture, as the horizontal position immediately after a full meal is unfavorable to healthful digestion. But those who need rest and sleep during the day should take it *before* dinner. A writer on the subject says: "Ten minutes' sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes, and prepares the system for vigorous digestion."

THE spare beds in every house should be kept free from all covering save a light spread, and both bed and spread should be regularly aired. Merely covering up a bed with blankets and counterpanes will no more protect it from dampness or keep it dry than a pane of glass will keep out light. The atmospheric moisture will penetrate all woven fabrics. Many a friend or welcome visitor has been sent to an untimely grave or afflicted with disease by being put into a bed not thoroughly aired.

Shiffleswess.

Shiffleswess and lazyness are often confounded, but thare iz really much odds between them.

Lazy folks hate to work, but when they do set about a thing, they often do it better than any one else kan, while a shiftless person iz az often bizzy doing things so slovingly that it disgusts everybody.

I hav seen lazy wimmin who were az neat, and az klean az a nu 3 cent piece, and I have seen shiffless ones who waz az bizzy az a hunny bee in a sugar barrell, and az badly daubed up.

Shiftless people make almost az mutch trubble in this world az wicked ones do. They never do ennything entirely right, and perhaps not entirely wrong, and yu kant git a good average on one ov them, enny more than yu kan on the fuss and hurry of a pissmire.

I hav a grate menny lazy ones on mi list ov acquaintances, and even friends, but I never hav ennything to do with a shiffless one. They are alwuss reddy to borrow sumthing, and are allwuss reddy to keep it.

I luv to lend things, even mi boots and umbreller, but I do hate to hav to go two miles and a haff after them, in a wet day.

The shiffless and the drunken are a good deal alike; every time yu lift them up and let go ov them down they go again.

Yu kan't help this kind ov people, yu kan't even skare them; they will promise ennything, and they will tell a lie just az honestly az they will tell the truth.

I had rather watch two raskals than one shiffless kuss.

Lazy people kan be puntched up a little once in awhile, but the more yu puntch up a shiffless one, the wuss yu and they are off.

Death iz the only sure kure for shiffleswess — they kan't fool with this remedy mutch.—*Josh Billings.*

National Debts.

	Debt.	Interest.	Rate per cent.
France	£ 900,000,000	£ 33,000,000	3½
England	780,000,000	26,700,000	3¾
United States	433,000,000	19,500,000	4½
Italy	350,000,000	15,350,000	4
Austria	350,000,000	15,000,000	4½
Spain	375,000,000	11,000,000	3
Russ	340,000,000	13,450,000	4
Turkey	135,000,000	9,500,000	7
Germany	200,000,000	9,000,000	4½
Egypt	75,000,000	7,500,000	10
India	130,000,000	5,900,000	4½
Mexico	63,000,000	4,000,000	6
Brazil	82,000,000	3,100,000	4
Australasia	46,000,000	2,700,000	6
Peru	37,000,000	2,600,000	7
Holland	80,000,000	2,320,000	2¾
Portugal	69,000,000	2,150,000	3
Belgium	36,000,000	1,750,000	5
Hungary	32,000,000	1,500,000	5
Canada	30,000,000	1,500,000	5
	£4,590,000,000	£ 188,550,000	

A PERILOUS SLEIGH RIDE.—The Hartford *Post* says that a well-known Captain of that city, who owns a fast horse, concluded that he would take a sleigh ride the other day, and with his wife went to Winsdor Locks by the way of the river. They arrived safely, visited their friends, and toward night started for home. It had commenced snowing, and their friends were anxious about their ride home. But the Captain, knowing the speed of the animal he owned, bet that he could do it in a given time. The bet was taken, and he started and made half the distance inside of time. Then the wind, which was blowing a squall, struck the sleigh, throwing it clear round, and nearly throwing the horse down. He started off again, and had gone but a short distance when the squall again struck them, swinging the sleigh around with great force, and this time throwing the horse. The Captain got out to get the horse up and was blown some rods away, and so blinded by the snow that he could not see the team, and could only regain it by following the sound of his wife's voice. He finally reached the team, however, got the horse up without damage, and started for the city, where he arrived behind the time stated. He says it's the first time he was ever frightened.

A Condemned Man's Hair Turns White Suddenly.

Father Lechner visited Ike Hooper, the condemned murderer, early yesterday morning, and informed him of the refusal of Governor Smith to grant Executive clemency. Hooper was at first much agitated, and trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind, but soon became more composed, and during the day seemed to have become more reconciled to his fate. A remarkable fact in connection with this case is an exemplification of the oft-told story that men's hair sometimes turns gray in a single night. When Hooper was sentenced by Judge Pottle last month his hair was perfectly black. The morning after the sentence was imposed Mr. Bridges, keeper of the jail, noticed on entering the condemned man's cell that a portion of his head was perfectly white. He immediately asked him where he had obtained flour to put on his head. Hooper was surprised and said he knew nothing about it. Mr. Bridges then went up to him and discovered that a large part of his hair immediately on the crown of his head had actually changed from a deep black to a snowy white during the night. The agony of a few hours had done what years generally accomplish.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Curiosities of Figures.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

MR. EDITOR: As your columns are always open for instruction and information, and to further the same object, I would be pleased to have you insert the following interesting and wonderful combination of figures. In all three of the squares no two numbers are alike:

1.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

No. 1 is a simple square, containing nine spaces, and if added up, or cross, or from corner to corner, it equals 15.

2.

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

No. 2 is a little more difficult. It contains twenty-five spaces, and, if added the same as the other, it equals 65.

No. 3 is truly wonderful. The number of spaces contained in No. 3 is one hundred, with no two alike, and if it be added up or down, across, or from corner to corner, it is the same—505.

3.

90	14	12	100	84	93	4	96	10	2
16	66	36	37	63	22	80	81	19	85
92	39	61	60	42	75	25	24	78	9
7	59	41	40	62	23	77	76	26	94
88	38	64	65	35	82	20	21	79	13
18	55	50	54	43	27	73	72	30	83
86	45	52	48	57	70	32	33	67	15
3	44	53	49	56	34	68	69	31	98
6	58	47	51	46	71	29	28	74	95
99	87	89	1	17	8	97	5	91	11

And by omitting the outside row of numbers, and adding either way, as before, we add 404. And still further to change: If we divide the inside into four squares, and adding any one of the small squares in the same manner, we add 202. SQUARE.

Horrible Death from the Bite of a Tarantula.

MRS. Jervis, the wife of a farmer living near Sacramento, died a few days ago in this city from the bite of a tarantula. The case is singular, and is another instance of the deadly attributes of this insect, not uncommon in many portions of California. Some six months ago, Mrs. Jervis, then living on her husband's farm, had occasion to strike a light, and going to a closet felt about for a match. While so doing she found something in a piece of writing paper which she thought mightbe a bunch of matches, and took hold of it. As she did she feft a sharp pain like the prick of a needle or pin, and found something attached to her fore-finger. She screemed with terror. Her husband rose, lit a candle, and to his horror found that she was bitten by a tarantula—whose poison is deadly unless the wound be immediately cauterized. He told his wife that she had only one chance of her life, to have the injured part cut out. She consented, and getting his razor, he cut a piece one inch square out of her finger. The unfortunate woman stood the operation heroically, but its effects were not such as were desired. She lingered for six months in continual agony, her blood literally drying up, till she was reduced to an absolute skeleton. Three months before her death her entire right side became paralyzed; yet, strange to say, the hand had a tendency to crawl, and the fingers incessantly moved like the legs of a spider. This feeling she said she could not control, and it presents one of the strongest phases of this disease, though a usual accompaniment, so averred, of poisoning by insects of the spider kind.—*San Francisco Post.*

A Good Joke on Safe Blowers.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* tells the following: The "gopher blowers" will give the town of Harrison a wide berth hereafter. The experience of two of their class a few nights since will no doubt disgust the whole fraternity of "cracksmen," and the town will be free from the depredations of thieves. It all came about in this way: Mr. William Colloway has a large flouring mill at Harrison. Since the cold weather set in the mill, being run by water-power, has been idle. When the work ceased the proprietor removed all his books and papers from the safe in the mill office to a more convenient place in his residence. A few nights since two safe-blowers entered the mill for the purpose of robbing the safe. The door was drilled in the usual way, and every preparation made for a blast with powder, but by some means the burglars, after working nearly all night, were frightened off before completing their operation.

The joke about the whole matter is, first, the safe was not locked and the door could have been opene simply by taking hold of the knob; and, second, only a few postage stamps would have been the reward if the burglars had succeeded in opening the safe.

Butler and Poland---A Pleasant Dialogue.

During the night session Messrs. Poland and Butler were discussing privately upon the floor which measure, the Arkansas report or the Force bill, ought to take precedence, when Gen. Butler said, "I don't believe you have any desire or intention to get your resolution upon Arkansas before the House." To that Judge Poland replied: "You have no right to say that. What evidence have you?"

Gen. Butler—"None, perhaps, but I believe it."

Judge Poland—"I don't believe that you believe what you say you believe."

Gen. Butler—"I do believe it."

Judge Poland—"I believe that you are a d—d liar."

Gen. Butler—"My courage, sir, has never been impeached. I am quite able to resent an accusation like that. You had better be careful."

Judge Poland—"I don't think I have great courage, but I have quite enough for this occasion. Not much is needed."

At this point the two men parted, and, as Judge Poland turned around, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, who stood at his elbow, remarked that he thought that Judge Poland might have needed some assistance, and intimated that he was ready to render it. Mr. Poland thanked Mr. Lamar very cordially.—*Washington Letter.*

CONGRESS.

Scenes and Incidents Attending its Closing Hours.

[Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

The close of the Forty-third Congress was unmarked in the House by special incidents, save that which followed the final address of Speaker Blaine. When his last words and the hammer fell, there was a scene which the oldest members of Congress do not remember to have ever witnessed in the hall of the House. Members-elect, ladies, and visiting strangers thronged the floor, every foot of which was occupied. As his speech concluded, the immense audience on the floor and in the gallaries manifested the greatest enthusiasm, and cheered until it seemed as if the applause would never end. Blaine himself, relinquishing his gavel and his chair, descended to the desk of the reading clerk, and was so moved by this spontaneous manifestation of non-partisan approval that for a moment this strong man bowed his head to conceal his emotions.

Just prior to the adjournment the Maine delegation in Congress had placed on the Speaker's table a large morroco jewelry-case containing a present from that delegation as an acknowledgment of their high regard. The case contained a silver gavel and tankard.

An amusing incident of the closing minutes was the dispatch of messengers from the House to the Senate with the enrolled bills, in order that they might receive the signatures of the Vice-President and the President before Congress should end. House pages, as the bills were hastily signed and presented to the House by the Speaker, would snatch them one by one, dash through the crowd in the main aisle, traverse the length of the Capitol and arrive breathless at the Senate Chamber. Gen. Chipman, delegate in Congress, closed his career by acting in this capacity. A bill to incorporate the Inland and Seaboard Coast Company of this District, which passed the Senate last session, had received a verbal amendment in less than ten minutes before the Congress expired. The House concurred. In this brief space, the bill would become a dead document or a law. Chipman previously enrolled it with his own hand, had it approved by the Committe on Enrolled Bills, presented it to the Speaker, and snatching it with the signature undried, himself ran with the bill to the Senate and saved it, it being signed by the President as the minute-hand reached the hour of noon. This incient was not without its lesson upon the House. It showed, as the most experienced legislators are agreed, that the present method of enrolling bills and the processes of final legislation are exceedingly imperfect and dangerous. The enrolling-clerks of Congress for the last forty-eight hours have sat at their desks without sleep, and almost without food, engaged in enameling upon the cumbersome parchment the bills which became the basis of the laws of the land. Last year, a slip of a comma in this parchment enrollment cost the Treasury millions of dollars in the silk ribbon cases. The miracle is that those clerks, working with almost superhuman energy in the closing hours, do not make blunders of the gravest character. In all this haste, every i must be dotted and t crossed, and compared with the original bills. This is done under the supervision of a standing committee of both houses. No one who should watch these processes of enrollment would fail to discover an opportunity for intentional fraud. The pressure of time is too great for knavery. The danger is from the accidents incident to haste and fatigue.

It was remarked by the oldest enrolling clerks that never in the history of Congress have so many large bills been presented for enrollment or completed in so short a time.

It is not possible to-night to state in exact figures the aggregate amount of money appropriated at this session of Congress. The Clerks of both houses are so entirely overcome by the exhausting labors of a continuous session of nearly three days and three nights that the footing has not been made. A very near approximation, however, is possible. The approximate appropriations, from which it is thought the official footings will show very slight deviations, are these:

Legislative Appropriation bill	$19,613,000
Army	27,750,000
Navy	17,000,000
Fortification	850,000
Consular and Diplomatic	1,350,000
Postoffice	8,500,000
Pension	30,000,000
River and harbor	6,000,000
Sundry Civil	25,500,000
Deficiency	2,500,000
Relief bills and private claims	2,121,000

The policy of abolishing indefinite appropriations, which, was begun last year, has been strictly followed and greatly extended; all the appropriations of moment this year are what is known as permanent. In the matter of public building there is a strict limitation upon every appropriation, the limitation being such that, with two exceptions, there are no appropriations for public buildings for which there is not an actual plan and detailed statement of estimaties.

Speaker Blaine at one time despaired of the passage of the Sundry Civil and the Deficiency bills. The most wonderful speed in legislation ever known was on the conference report to the Deficiency bill. It came from the Senate with thirty-five amendments. Each of these amendments was considered, some of them modified, and all caused some debate. Yet the conference report was adopted in thirty-five minutes from the time the bill reached the House.

A Night's Experience on the Branch

The Illinois Central branch to Centralia, in times agone, furnished material for many a good story, and when the boys were off duty they would congregate at the "round-house" and spin yarns relative to the wonderful things that happened since the road was built. The branch was thrown together in a hurry, out of cast-off rails, laid upon crooked ties, the latter resting on an ungraded bed, except in a few places. An old engineer, who rejoiced in the not very euphonious cognomen of "Boots," and who was fond of the marvelous, at a certain gathering held in the above mentioned rendezvous related the following story relative to a night's experience on the branch:

"You remember, boys, in 18— the winter that the flanges of the rails were filled with slush and ice for a hundred miles out from Chicago? Well, one night during that very identical winter, your old pap was coming north with a heavy freight engine, following No. 2, which consisted of only a baggage car and one coach. It was snowing and blowing like blue blazes, and you couldn't have seen two feet beyond the headlight. I thought it mighty queer that I didn't see any signs of the next station, wereh we were to meet No. 1. I looked at my watch, and discovered that I had just *two minutes* to make the meeting point. You can bet your bottom dollar I gave her all she was worth, pulled her wide open, gave her a little sand, and yelled out to my fireman, 'Stoke it to her Jim, if you don't want to be sent home in a box-car for burial. We've just got one minute between us and glory! Jam her in lively, boy!' I'd hardly finished the sentence when, to my horror, I heard the rumble of car wheels, and before I had time to say, 'the Lord have mercy on our poor d—— souls!' No. 1 passed us fairly flying along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and on the *very same track too, by thunder!* Don't believe it, eh? Well, you see the rail flangers were plumb full and froze up, and we had actually jumped the track, and standing still on the frozen prairie, had made enough revolutions to take us to Cairo and back. Smoke my head-lights if that's a lie!—*Galena Gazette.*

Postage-Stamp History.

Now that stamp-gathering is such a wide-spread recreation, it will be of interest to many to learn that the second postage-stamp issued in the United States was engraved by Thomas Chubbuck, who was in Brattleboro, Vt., from 1845 to 1848, while his invalid wife was undergoing treatment at a water-cure there, and had an office directly over the postoffice, by which he became intimate with F. N. Palmer, the Postmaster. At that time, it cost 5 cents to send a letter, and prepayment was optional. Postmasters' salaries, moreover, were graded, as they are now, to some extent, by the amount taken in at the office, and the Postmaster at New York, thinking that the people would be more apt to prepay their postage if they could do so by means of stamps, had some struck off at his own expense. One of these reached the Brattleboro postoffice, and the plan commended itself to Mr. Palmer's judgment, who determined to increase the revenues of his office, if possible, by the same means. Accordingly he employed Mr. Chubbuck to prepare a copperplate for him, containing eight stamps, and had 500 printed. They were printed in black ink upon buff paper, and were of about the same dimensions as those now in use. The design was very simple, consisting of an octagonal center, differing from the border in the direction of the tinting lines. The center contained the initials of the Postmaster, "F. N. P.," in fac-simile of his handwriting; above it was "Brattleboro," below "Five Cents," and on the sides "P. O." Before the issue of 500 stamps was used up the government began to publish postage stamps and the destruction was ordered, both of the stamps on hand and the dies. Hence has happened the extreme rarity of the stamps, which has led some to doubt their existence. Mr. Chubbuck had a single sheet of the stamps in his book of samples of his work for a number of years, but finally sold them about two years ago to a New Haven gentleman, who gave him a dollar apiece for them, leaving the engraver chuckling over his bargain. Meeting the gentleman some time after, Mr. Chubbuck learned that he had sold the stamps for $10 apiece, "but the man I sold them to," said he, "got $20 apiece for them." This gentleman wrote an account of the stamps, which was published, without Mr. Chubbuck's knowledge, in an English postal magazine, with a woodcut of the stamps. In consequence of this publication Mr. Chubbuck has received numerous letters inquiring about the stamps, and offering generous prices for copies of them, one man being willing to give $100 for the original plate, if obtainable. The plate, however, has been destroyed, and the stamps are never met with except in the album of some philatilist who has been fortunate enough to secure a copy of the rare curiosity.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Billings' Proverbs.

Men are apt to think they are not appreshiated in this world, but the trubble iz, we mark our goods so high that we kant dispose ov them.

If you have enny doubts about the propriety ov a thing, yu may be pretty certain that the doubt iz right.

The man who hain't never been cheated don't kno so mutch now az he will sum day.

We all ov us expekt to be fondly remembered after we are ded and gone, but we go into our graves like a shower of rain into the buzzum ov the oshun, forgetting and forgotten.

I hav often heard of men who knu more than they could tell, but I never hav seen one ov this breed yet; but I hav often seen thoze who could tell a heap more than they knu.

Modesty and diffidence are often konfounded, but one iz the conshiousness ov virtew, and the other iz the conshiousness of ignoranse.

Human beings are natral slovens, born so. Yu hav got to hold a yung one to wash hiz face, and, when you want to comb hiz hair, yu hav got to run him down.

Wimmin don't like to be loved too mutch, and I glory in their spunk.

Opportunitys, like game birds, hav got to be taken on the wing.

A Philosophical Puzzle.

Philosophers and common people take different views of things, and the people are often right when philosophers blunder. An inquiring student once proved this to a learned professor. One of the students at Davidson College, who was too lazy to do anything right, was in the habit of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could, and twisting it around. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, a fellow-student took it up and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry, "Why is it that this chimney is smoked up to this point and no farther?" The learned gentleman entered into an elaborate scientific explanation of why it was, arguing with great lucidness, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the student said to him, "No, sir, you are wrong." "Why is it, then?" inquired the professor. "Because the fellow's finger wasn't long enough to reach any farther," replied the student.

"Died Yesterday."

Every day is written this little sentence: "Died yesterday, so and so." Every day a flower is plucked from some home; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day from summer fields of life some harvester disappears, yea, every hour, some sentinel falls from his post and is thrown from the ramparts of time to the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write the funeral of one "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street. "Died yesterday." Who died? A young girl, pure as the white blossoms that are resting lightly on her cold brow, was stricken down in the springtime of life, and that heart of hers is still now, for she "died yesterday," and is now being borne to the garden of slumberers.

"But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost; for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death is a triumph gained."

A PROVIDENCE firm is making a $400 rifle for King Kalakaua.

DON'T STAY AFTER TEN.

I've just a word to say to you
When me you come to see—
You know that none in all the world
Is half so dear to me.
'Tis this I would request of you,
That when you come again
To see me in the evening
You won't stay after ten.

For after ten, as moments fly,
I tremble o'er and o'er,
Lest papa's visage I should see
Come peeping at the door.
He's there to execute his threat;
He said he'd surely come
If e'er you stayed so late again,
And tell you to go home.

And when I down to breakfast go
Papa will frown at me,
And say, "My child, that beau of yours
Is going to hear from me.
This sort of thing I will not have,
So, when he comes again,
I'll just go down and show him out,
If he don't go at ten."

And so, though your society
Makes heart and soul throb warm,
I heave a sigh of vast relief
At your retreating form.
You know that you are welcome, aye,
Oh, best beloved of men!
But many a scolding you have caused
By staying after ten.

Wit and Humor.

A GRATE discovery—Coal.

THE present day—Your birthday.

HOW TO signal a bark—Pull a dog's tail.

A ROOM attic complaint—Finding fault with a Garrett.

TO MAKE a drum stick—Set it on the head of a tar barrel.

ONE who can always get bread when he kneads it—A baker.

WHEREVER a burglar comes across a good opening he is apt to improve it,

WHY were the soothsayers of old called augurs? Because they were such horrible bores.

LET your motto be, "Liberty or Death," and if it comes to the pinch, take the most of it in liberty.

WHY don't the base-ballists offer a prize mug for the championship? They have nothing but "pitchers" at present.

HE who goeth it blind sitteth down upon the bent-up pin, while the observing man scanneth the chair seat before he squatteth.

A CORRESPONDENT says the reason why sailors prefer the three-masted ships to those with two masts is that no man can serve two masters.

AT last accounts, the Philadelphia detectives were still hard at work in the bar-room of the Continental Hotel hunting for Charlie Ross.

THERE was a room with eight corners. In each corner sat a cat; before each cat sat seven other cats, and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many cats in all?

MR. MUTTON, who was put off a passenger train at Omaha, and sued the company for damages, threatens to lamb some editors if they don't stop joking about him.

"NO," SAYS Smidkins, Jr., "we are not going to Florida, but pa has promised to take us all over to Brooklyn some day. It's hot enough over there, he says."—*New York Mail.*

"IF there is anything," remarks a nervous old gentleman, "which will agitate a person, it is passing through a crowd of small boys who have four or five snowballs under each arm."

A CYNICAL writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

A SAVING husband—"George, dear don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No love—economical! Same piece of bread does for both!"—*Punch.*

"WHERE are you stopping, Bill?" inquired one seedy man of another. "Stopping at the Russell House," was the reply. "Russell House? Where is the Russell?" "O, you see, I sleep in a dry goods box and rustle around like blazes to get something to eat."

A KANSAS hypochondriac, meditating upon the death of a dog-fancier in his neighborhood, gives vent to mournful thought. "Our great men are petering out sort o'rapid like these times. Whisky kills most on 'em; some tumble overboard, and 'casionally one gets hung."

A YOUNGSTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go 'way from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent demurely, replied: "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

AN enterprising soapmaker daubed the rocks all the way up the Hudson with the appeal, "Use Smith's Soap." Whereupon his rival, the still more enterprising Jones, after much cogitation, started his whitewasher up the river to append to each of Mr. Smith's appeals "If you can't get Jones'."

A "Moving" Scene.

Not very long since a daily paper "wrote up" an individual in all the colors of the rainbow and of several tints a good deal darker than that curved emblem of hope. In fact, by the time the paper got through with him his character appeared of African hue and there wasn't enough hide left on him to cover his nerves of sensibility. They wrote him up in one column and down in another and crosswise between times, until there wasn't a semblance of humanity left. It was fun for the boys editorial, and so ended chapter first.

Chapter second transpired the next day, when the written down individual found time to call around at the editorial office. He came in with tears in his eyes and his fist doubled up. In one hand he clasped a persuasive looking club and the other tenderly caressed a big bowlder. He entered the sanctum, and, in those dulcet tones that betoken a likelihood of something "gwine to drap," inquired for the editor. That gentleman, scissors in hand, was calmly perusing a newspaper, searching for an original article. Not noticing who his visitor was he promptly remarked, "I am, sir." And then he looked up in joyful expectation of a new subscriber. One glance was sufficient. He didn't see a two-dollar greenback; but an irate individual making for him with glances that meant vengeance. He