THE OLD HOMESTEAD

- One day in the early autumn
  Of a bright and happy year,
  I wandered away to the homestead
  To the homestead old and dear;
  A ruin it stood before me—
  A ruin, with moss o'ergrown,
  With the door on broken hinges,
  And falling chimney stone.
- As I wander'd around and around it,
  And in, through each dusty room,
  With only the lonely echoes
  Of my feet a-through the gloom,
  I thought how they sometimes told me
  Thus away from the shining ahore,
  The dead come back in the silence
  To the homes they have loved before.
- And I said, does he—the master,
  The father, who loved so well
  The homestead amid the meadows,
  The brook in the winding dell—
  Does he ever come in the silence
  Of the night's clear, starry hours,
  With his voice of silvery laughter
  Through the tangled weeds and flower
- Does he come, I asked, in the twilight-Does he come to the open door, had sit in the peach-tree's shadow As he sat in the days of yore? And over the foot-worn pathway Does he go to the wicket gate, And stand and wait for the children As he used to stand and wait?
- Does he look adown the roadside, And under the shadowy oaks, And hear the lake-waves nurmur, And the carsman's gentle strokes, Till he sees the children's faces So bright, and young, and fair, With the moonlight's golden brightnes On the black and the auburn hair?
- And when, with their gleeful singing,
  They follow him through the gate,
  To the hearthstone, where the mother
  Dots patiently watch and wait—
  With a face so cheary and bright,
  "Bless God, ch mother, our darlings,
  Our children are safe to night!"
- Is it thus that he sees he homestead, In the beauty of early years?
  Or it's mildow, and blight, and ruin,
  And the children's struggles and tears?
  Does he come in the purple gloaming,
  And wander through chamber and hall,
  And yearn for the dear old faces,
  And the love that brightened all?
  —Fidelia W. Gillette.

## WHAT A KEY UNLOCKED.

one would have wished; indeed, many persons who knew them both intimately, said that Mr. and Mrs. Vivian were samples of what true marriage ought

On this bitingly cold January morning they were standing in the elegant library of their residence in New York, numerous evidences of sesthetic tastes surrounding them on all sides; yet, to have looked into their faces, it needed only a glance to tell you of deep abiding trouble.

She was a beautiful woman, this peer-less Ethel Vivian, with a grave dignity about her that was perfection; with a rare, refined face, lighted by winsome, violet blue eyes, framing the clear, pure complexion, pale cheeks and glowing scarlet mouth, with masses of pale, dead gold hair that had made her husband so madly in love only two years before madly in love only two years before.

Now, two years, after one year of perfect
happiness, when Ethel would tell her
husband such bliss so unalloyed could

the table where the two had so often read together, was a bill of divorce. tion—and all because—why! Ethel Vivian could have t

Laura St. John's wondrous face; she could have drawn you a picture of her with such perfection of accuracy, that you would hardly need to see her. And this is how Ethel would have described the woman who lay at the bottom of her

life-long misery.

A face, witching as a Venus, with such a dainty, scarlet mouth, with the tiny, seed-pearl teeth peeping between her lips, just as the little dimple was called to her scarlet-tinted cheeks by the augh that so often came.

Her eyes laughed, too—those sun-shiny eyes, that sparkled as though they were varnished; wondrous eyes of amber red, with such magnificent red gold red, with such magnificent red gold lashes, that lay like a heavy shadow on her cheek; perfect arched brows, and hair that seemed a fairy gift, so perfect it was in texture, color and grace.

Sometimes when she wore it hanging, unbound and unbraided, just as nature

ad waved it, from the crown of her little, royally set head, to far below her waist, you would have taken Laura St. John for a sprite uncanny gnome, Ethe said; a nymph of rarest beauty, goodness and innocence.

Even after Edward Vivian learned how Even after Edward Vivian learned how deceifful, how utterly unprincipled she was, he forgave it her, because it was himself she loved. So now that this beautiful demoness had so worked her plans that Edward Vivian was oftener by her side of an evening than at his wife's —now that Ethel had freely come to leave that she was no longer necessary to now that Ethel had freely come to learn that she was no longer necessary to her husband's happiness, she had requested him to let her go away; let him be freed legally from the bonds that had grown so galling. Now, there the two stood face to face, to coldly say good-bye. Ethel was deadly white as she took the stood face to face, to coldiy say good-bye. Ethel was deadly white as she took the pen her husband courteously handed sher, to sign her name to that which, once signed, unwifed her forever. But was it not better thus? Had she a right to

blersted?
Then rushing memories of the days then she came there in the flood-tide of happiness came surging over her sore heart; she trembled violently; her cold fingers refused to clasp the pen; and, with one swift, piteous look up in her humband's face, Ethel bowed her head

husband's face, Ethel bowed her head over the divorce bill and wept as only such a woman could weep at such a time. Mr. Vivian looked amazed, then sur-prised; then a sudden grave expression came into his eyes. He turned away prised; then a sudden grave expression came into his eyes. He turned away from her, and began to promenade to and fro, walking with quick, resiles strides, the while flinging quick glance at the glorious head bowed in such mutagony on the table before him. Then half rejuctantly, half angrily, he paused head her.

aunting eyes.

"Oh, the future! The awful midnight, rackless, endless future that looms before me! Edward! Edward! this

"This is not the first time you have openly accused me of infidelity to you and loyalty to Miss St. John. Cannot a man express admiration for a beautiful woman without a jealous wife using it as a weapon to destroy her own happiness? Miss St. John would be insulted beyond measure did she for a moment sup-pose—"
"What?"

It was a siren voice that startled them both; and then Laura St. John, herself, radiant in daintiest blue velvet and min-iver costume, came laughing in, so sweet,

all meant. She was very beautiful at that moment, and she thought Edward Vivian appreciated it to the full; she knew it when he turned toward her.

"I am sure you will pardon us, dear Miss St. John," he said. "At this moment Mrs. Vivian is particularly engaged."

Laura shot him a glance from her

liquid eyes.
"But I must come again and find out what she, means. I must know why I am thus accused."

But her mission was accomplished; and, with a thrill of gratification at her keart, she bowed to Ethel and gracefully departed. And Ethel Vivian, with icy-gleaming eyes, compressed lip and un-faltering hand, now signed her name in full under her husband's.

And so it was done-or undone.

. . . . . . Two years-twice a twelvemonth-and Laura St. John was standing before her happiness, when Ethel would tell her husband such bliss so unalloyed could not last much longer; after six months more of vague suspicion, founded on the most shadowy foundation; then, after the last six months of gradual, then rapid distrust, jealousy, anger—it had all come to this horrible open rupture. And on that beautiful winter morning Ethel Vivian and her husband had met in the library of their home for the last time as more and sife.

Laura St. John was standing before her dressing-table, earnestly peering at the splendid reflection she made, with her personal beauty heightened by the chastely-rare bridal attire she wore, that was faultless from the floating tulle veil, fastened by an orange-blossom spray and a glittering diamond aigrette, to the tiny, white silken slipper, with its rosette scintillating with small jewels. She was beautiful, she was triumphant, for she was successful: and this, her for she was successful; and this, he And the ponderous document lying on | wedding day, would crown her success. he table where the two had so often ead together, was a bill of divorce.

Yes, it had come to that—open separathe hour she first saw and loved Ethel's husband, she had marched straight on,

tained no longer by me, or you might saibly be too late."
She bowed regally, and left Laura She bowed regally, and left Laura ahivering with vague increst at the research folding and unfolding her nervous, chilly hands; but in her very stitude, her vain efforts at courage, was a dumb despair that touched his heart.

"Ethel"—he had not called her Ethel for so long before, that it thrilled her to her very soul to hear it once more—"there was no actual need for this," and he tightly touched the document. "It was at your own request I had it promated."

She bowed regally, and left Laura ahivering with vague increst at the repeated words. A moment later and from her window she saw Ethel going rapidly down the sirect, her black veil fluttering like a death penant in the brisk breeze. She drew a long breath of relief, and a then turned to the beautiful little rose—wood box with a joyous laugh.

"Natural curiosity tempts, me to see what her present can be. Possibly some horrid snake bracelet, or a dagger for my shawl, or something equally delight—ful."

"I know, I know," she moaned; I wanted you to do this; I want it still, because you love me no longer; because you love Laura St.—"

"Mrs. Vivian."

He was stern and icy again; she knew by the curt, sharp way he interrupted her.

and bent her radiant face over the lid. She saw a tiny, vaporous smoke wreath roll upward for an instant, and then—

The terrible noise of the explosion brought the horrifled guests to her door, and they found her lying in her burial robes, fresh in her goodness-like beauty, dead.

On the pink velvet carpet, her eyes fixed in a stare that was frozen horror, Edward Vivian bent over her, and knew for a surety what had wrought it, though no lip then, or afterward, ever uttered a name in connection with the diabolical engine whose silver key had unlocked the portals of death's domains to Laura St. John.

Paul Boynton in England.

One of our prophets who went abroad for honors is achieving them to the full. radiant definites blue velvet and miniver costume, came laughing in, so sweet, so arch.

"My dear Mrs. Vivian, I am so delighted to—why—"

For Ethel had arisen, cold and still, with no welcome on her white face, and only reproachful sorrow in her eyes.

"Miss St. John has no reason to be delighted to sell the word only reproachful sorrow in her eyes.

"Miss St. John has no reason to be delighted to sell the word in the Long Branch surf, last season; and another by proposing to drop off the steamship in mid-ocean, clad in a suit of his, and make his way easily to the other side. In London for some months Boynth has blasted—whose husband she has tempted."

Ethel spoke very deliberately, looked Laura full in the face; then she turned to her husband, in whose eyes there shone a red gleam that portended wrath.

"Perhaps you will assure your friend she is in the way just now," she said, "I have only a quarter of an hour to attend to our business."

And then Ethel consulted her watch with an air of quiet; but oh, how, mader that cold exterior, were her pulses leaping, bounding!

And then Ethel consulted her watch with an air of quiet; but oh, how, mader that cold exterior, were her pulses leaping, bounding!

The form Westminster bridge in their rubber of the suit and floated down to Greenwich. There were, say the London papers, tens of thousands of spectators on the Thames of the solid prompts and the bridge; fleets of leavest followed and senting of the first way as the coldest that And then Ethel consulted her watch with an air of quiet; but oh, how, under that cold exterior, were her pulses leaping, bounding!

Laura stood motionless, with an ungloved hand resting on the library table, her scarlet lips trembling as if her heart was broken—her big, resplendent eyes slowly filling with tears as she looked first at Ethel, then Mr. Vivian, as if to humbly beseech him to tell her what it all meant. She was very beautiful at that moment, and she thought Edward

from Westminster bridge in their rubber suits and floated down to Greenwich. There were, say the London papers, tens of thousands of spectators on the Thames to boats followed and surrounded the floaters, and the river steamer which accompanied them was crammed with people; who, by the way, were enlightened as to the modus operandi of the garment by a brother of the inventive captain, who is an answered all the questions and objections with the greatest ease. Capt. Boynton with the greatest ease. Capt. Boynton illustrated one of the uses of the costume by taking a line in his teeth and convey-ing it with remarkable swiftness from the steamer to a barge; and gave other exhibitions of its facility; the three of them lunching for instance, midway in the current, in an upright position, off a rubber table that is one of his inventive conveniences. One of the novices was a doctor, who tested the effect of the dress doctor, who tested the effect of the dress upon the temperature of the body, and found it warmer at the end than at the beginning. This is important for only the numbness caused by cold prevents swimmers from making indefinitely long distances. Of course, this trial on the Thames is no test of the value of his invention in the waste of ocean, but Boynton is to try it across the stormy channel, pretty soon, which will be more to the purpose.

Style in the writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America.

Russia and Germany use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above freezing point.

France uses the centrigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of conthe purpose.

A Terrific Problem. A recent number of a scientific journal, speaking of the relative proportion of the sexes in the human race, declares that for every one hundred and fifty men that come into the world, one hundred and seventy-two one-hundredths (100 72-100) women are born. I do not dispute these figures. I only ask for light. It appears, according to this, that there are some women who are only seventy-two one-hundredths of a woman What the remaining twenty-eight one-hundredths.

the bourt far far war of loves (and the mindest remains). The more income to the far of the far of

The History of Zere.

"Zero," on the common thermom-eter, like the fanciful names of the con-stellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immor-tal by becoming popular. It may be tal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In expressions like "90 deg. Fabr.," the abbreviation, Fabr., stands for Fabrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitant

two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature, than "from Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact

extremes of Palestine.

But Farenheit's thermometer had been largely adopted, with its inconvenient scale; and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself to science. Then habit made people cling to the established scale, as habit makes the English cling to their old system of cumbrous frac-

to their old system of cambrons have tional money.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when Old Style was exchanged for New Style in the writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahren-

on many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained, when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed

decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made it one of his many

remaining twenty-eight one-hundredths are I cannot imagine.

Now, what I want to know is this: If a woman of this kind marries a one-hundred man and has a daughter, will the daughter get into the sanshine again by killing or

nal\_

Rare and Valuable Recines.

HOW TO MAKE FANCY BREAD .- Take equal quantities of potatoes and pow-dered bones; add to this a small portion of flour and a strong dose of the cheap-est baking-powder. Stir well, and bake in a slack oven. If this won't turn out

fallible recipe, and can be recommended as easily digested by the weakest stomach.

A New Rum Punch.—First select and then accost any stout and gouty old gentleman (an alderman, if possible), as he is walking home. Politely ask him to lend you his stick (or umbrella) for a second; grasp that stick (or umbrella) firmly in your right hand, take off your hat with the left and bow politely; then, as he is returning your salutation, give him a regular good one in his waistcoat (about the third button) with the ferrule of the stick (or umbrella) and then take

The Quincy Herald tells how a conductor on the Toledo, Wabash and Western railroad, on his way with a of the stick (or umbrella) and then take yourself off. (N. B.—The latter part of this recipe should be done with celerity, or the cook, instead of taking himself off, may be taken off himself.) This recipe will be found to make a very rum punch.

Disgusted with Law.

Many a man who has lost a just suit in court will talk in strong terms about the uncertainty of law. But few have such a good reason for their distrust as Dr. Lyman Beecher. He used to tell the following incident with a flashing eye and strong emphasis, even in his old age: He woke one night when a young man in college, and saw his clothes slowly disappearing through a broken pane in his window. His room was on the ground floor. Without hesitation he leaped from the bed, and opening the window, sprang out of it in his night-dress and gave chase. The frightened thief dropped the clothes, and thought only of escaping. But Beecher's blood was up, and he held on in the chase till he grabbed the thief by the collar. When the latter attempted to strike, he knocked him down and choked him till he begged for mercy. The thief then tried to get a knife out of his pocket, but Beecher took it away, and marched him back to college in triumph, and made him quiet on the floor till morning. Then he took him before a Justice, told the story with an honest pride at his own prowess, and waited to see the law do its duty. To his unspeakable disgust the Justice released the culprit because, in the chase, Beecher had lost sight of

Eegs a Healthy Food.—An English paper earnestly recommends an increased consumption of eggs as an important article of daily food. It asserts that this ingredient of diet is an unmistakable promoter of longevity, and that practical advocates of the system will live to be eighty or ninety years old. It gives a still higher incentive to aliberal consumption of eggs, for it advises their use for all those persons who are deficient in brains, as the phosphorous forming a large constituent in the egg will strengthen and develop the brain force. The same authority gives excellent advice as to the different ways in which this desirable article of food may be made palatable. Hard boiled eggs and brown tread and butter make excellent sandwiches; eggs spread on tost make an

In a private letter to a gentleman in New York, the contents of which are fur-nished to the Cincinnati Gazette by a equal quantities of potatoes and powdered bones; add to this a small portion of flour and a strong dose of the cheapest baking-powder. Stir well, and bake in a slack oven. If this won't turn out fancy bread, your stonach must be singularly devoid of imagination.

How to Cook Your Neighbor (unawares from behind, if possible, and in a dark place), and then give him a good one for himself with any instrument you may consider suitable and sufficient. (For our own part, we have generally found any ordinary utensil of the kitchen—say, for instance, a poker—quite suitable, and more than sufficient.) Should, however, the bird be a tough one, and one good one not good enough for him, repeat the dose until further notice, i. c., until the old bird is cooked to your fancy.

How to Curry Favor.—Having procured your game, first soak him well in the very finest port-wine (or old Madein, according to taste) you can obtain. From your sauce bottle labeled "Tosdyism" then take one large table-spoonful, and mix the same judiciously with a teasyoonful or so of "Backhiting." (N. B.—This should be especially highly flavored and pungeant in quality. Carefully skim off say residuum of the unprofitable fat of "Self-respect," and serve up hot and strong.) This has been found an infallible recipe, and can be recommended as easily digested by the weakest stome. Several times they did thus, and then, from a distance of twelve or affect or hitting the but of his musket against the stone. Several times they did thus, and then, from a distance of only the stomach.

The Quincy Herald tells how a conductor on the Toledo, Wabash and Western railroad, on his way with a heavy freight train, behind time, and with a full head of steam, saw a man tractically are tracked to the steam of the steam with a full head of steam, saw a man frantically waving a monstrous umbrella to hail the train. The brakes went down, and with a mighty effort the heavy train was brought to a stop. The individual with the umbrella turned out to be Irish, and the following dialogue to be Irish, and the following dialogue ensued: Son of Firin—"Can I see the conductor?" O'Neil—"You can; that's me." Son of Firin—"Is your name Charles O'Neil?" O'Neil—"It is." Son of Firin—"Are you from Ireland?" I O'Neil—"I am." Son of Firin—"And are you from the county Kilkenny?" to 'Neil—"I am not." Son of Firin—"Well, be gorra, Misther O'Neil, it's sorry indade I am to hear that last, for I had an own cousin named Charles O'Neil lave the Ould Dart and the county of Kilkenny, thirty-two years ago this Kilkenny, thirty-two years ago this coming December, and it's only a fortnight back that I heard there was one Charles O'Neil bossing this train, and how did I know but what he might be the how did I know but what he might same cousin? God bless yer soul!"
O'Neil—"And is that all you want?"
Con of Erin—"Begorra, isn't that Son of Erin—"Begorra, isn't that enough? What more could an honest man want than to see a consin that he hasn't laid eyes on for these thirty-two

There is a proud modesty in merit.

Laws are the silent assessors of God.

There first native Chinaman ever naturalised in the United States was Yung Wing, The flowers swim at the top of the

Mystery and innocence are not akin ssion is more easily borne than

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind. Good-breeding is surface Christianity. No man's religion ever survives his

A golden mask hides all deformities. No sword bites so fiercely as an evil ngue. Every man is his own great dupe.

Nothing succeeds so well as succe No man was ever scolded out of

Good taste is the flower of good sense Our thoughts are heard in heaven.

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.
Time is an herb that cures all diseases.
There is none deceived but he that trusts.

Tunneling the Hudson.

The Hudson Tunnel Railroad Company, that propose to construct a tunnel twenty-six feet in width and twenty-four feet in height under the Hudson river, have organized under the general railroad laws of New Jersey, have raised their own capital, and have gone to work with a vigor that seems to mean business: No subsidy has been asked for, though it is estimated that \$10,000,000 will be required for the completion of the work. When it is open for travel, it is expected that, in addition to its ordinary traffic as a public road, 400 trains of cars will be enabled to cross the river daily. Of course various obstacles have of cars will be enabled to cross the river daily. Of course various obstacles have been placed in the way of the company, but they urge that their work is necessary to the commerce of New York, and they avow their determination to push ahead. Certainly they have discovered the secret of success so far as all plans for rapid transit are concerned. They rely upon private capital to build the road, and this must be the future of all such schemes. State and city aid for this purpose are things of the past.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Was Obliging.

Was Obliging.

The other evening a kind-looking old man was escorted to a room on the third floor of a hotel to pass the night, and it wasn't five minutes before the bell indicated that he wanted to see a waiter. A colored boy ran up, stuck his head into the room, and saked what was wanted. The old man said he didn't want any thing, but the waiter was hardly down stairs before the bell rang again.

"Did you want suffin?" he inquired, as he reached the room again.

"Nothing," replied the old man, as he opened the door.

In about two minutes the bell rang again, and this time the waiter exclaimed:

"If you don't want nuffin, what ar' ve

"If you don't want nuffin, what ar' ye pullin' de bell fur?"

"I want to oblige the waiter," replied the old man.

"De waitah! Oblige de waitah?"

"Yes; it says here, 'Please ring the bell for the waiter,' and if he wants it rung I'm willing to oblige him, though I'm tired and sleepy, and shan't pull it more 'n four times more, unless I know that some of his family are sick."

All Sorts.

Tun Baltimore cyster trade emple 20,000 men.

Anny Johnson, Jr., edits a paper all Greenville, Tenn.

THE Prince of Wales and John Dillons have both "quit off short," A Danias (Texas) man recently killed? 215 rice birds at one shot.

THE Japanese persimmon has been introduced into California.

New Orizans estimates her coming: sugar crop at 200,000 hogsheads. A WILD-CAT weighing 40 pounds have been captured in the vicinity of Trops.

ty, Kentucky, has succeeded in laying a

THE King of Ashantee has gone into retirement, leaving his son to reign in his stead.

THE State of Nevada, with a population of 55,000, has 900 places licensed to sell strong drink.

Stoux Crry has a man named Much-wrath; but he is said to be a very good-natured sort of person.

Covineron, Ga., has a negro man over 100 years old, but he is gradually killing himself by chewing tobacco.

HENRY WARD BEZONER has invested in a tract of land in Florida adjoining his sister Harriet's orange plantation.

THE aggregate force of all boards and a societies in Japan is but one ordained a missionary for each 1,000,000 of people. BARON DE WALDECK, the Parisian art ist, works ten hours a day regularly. He celebrated his 109th birthday last

THE Emperor of Japan talks of visiting: France next summer, coming by the way, of the Suez canal, with three ships and as

THE new Baltimore City Hall, a beautiful marble structure, built at a cost of \$3,000,000, was occupied for the first time March 31.

Ir is stated that a Western editor drives off beggars by offering them 5 cents an hour to read original poetical

'In consequence of the increase of post-age on third-class matter, the Postoffice Department is issuing two-cent newspaper wrappers.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has conferred the cross of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor upon the celebrated violinist, Henri Vieuxtemps. The Pope has forwarded \$200 as and contribution toward rebuilding St. Paterick's Church, Hartford, which was a burned a few months ago.

THE Boston spelling match was Bothered with such easy words as cerusas; ptysu agogtachygraph, giaour, tael, eyot, fichus, euchamy and demoniscal.

A CHANGE for rhymers! The Rev. Ltr.:
Hatfield, of New York, has offered one hundred dollars for the best home mission hymn sent to 149 West Thirty-fourth street, before next July.

Rubles of Wisdom.

Next to faith in God is faith in labor.
It is the manner which is better than like the manner which is

the Educational Commissioner to America from the Celestial Empire, who was made a voter at Hartford last week. station-master on the Harlem road has and dog that smokes with as much ease and i comfort as his master." It forgets to add, however, that it makes his master sick to look at a pipe.

The Remington Gun Works, at Illion.

N. Y., are employing 2,000 meanighted and day upon a contract for 300,000.3 breech-loading rifles for the Spanish government. Between 4,000 and 5,000 a finished rifles are shipped per week.

Mrs. Jemma Shinzer, of North Carolina, has smoked a pipe and drunk strong coffee ever since she can remember, and she is as hearty at 95 as she was eighty years ago. The only time she was ever sick was when she smoked the first

The Seven Wise Men of Greece.

HE Was THE ONE.—Seven or eightboys were rushing around the postoffice.
Saturday, headed by a yellow-haired youth who was saying:

"All I want in this world is to lay myhands on him!"

He presently came upon a boy weighing about ten pounds more than himself, and rushing at him he exclaimed:

"Did you lick my brother Ben!"

"Yes, I did," replied the boy, drepping him bundle and spitting on himhands.

"Wall," continued the atlantable.

hands.

"Well," continued the other lad, back ing slowly away; "he needs a licking once a week to teach him to be civil!"—

Detroit Free Press.

THE STATURE OF PRIMITIVE MAN.
The indications are that the primer man of Europe and his nearer descent ants were of abort stature. The population of the pop