There was once a perfectly modern girl, With perfectly modern ways, Who saw perfection in everything That happened to meether gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she saw,
And perfectly awful, too.

That none would have dared to doubt he

So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time,
Was perfectly, awfully warm;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school, In a perfectly horrid town; And the perfectly hateful teachers there Did things up perfectly brown.

Her lessons were perfectly, fearfully long, But never were perfectly said, And when she failed, as often she did, Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended is perfectly mag— With a perfectly heavenly spire. And perfect crowds go there to hear! A perfectly stanning choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet— The last the perfectest out; The books she reads are perfectly good, (Just here we raise a doubt.)

A ride she took was perfectly grand, On a perfectly gorgeous day, With a perfectly nouby friend of hers Who happened to pass that way.

he perfectly elegant falls she'd seen, When on her way to the lake; nd the graphic description she gave us all Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up,
In a perfectly killing style;
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this "perfectly" poem.
And write to the end of time,
But fearing to wear your patience out
Will bring to an end my rhyme.
—Chicago Saturday Herald,

Mrs. Maddox's Allowance.

' It's a shame!" said Mrs. Maddox.
'So it is my dear," said Miss Owlet.
'But how to help oneself?" said Mrs. Maddox, thoughtfully.

"That's the very question, dear," nodded Miss Owlet. Life is a problem !" sighed Mrs. Maddox.

There's no disputing that fact," said Miss Owlet. "He used to talk very differently before we were married," said Mrs. Maddox.

"Oh, men always do," nodded Miss Owlet. "At least," correcting herself, with the wintry semblance of a blush upon her withered cheek, "that's what I've heard. Of course, when I've never been engaged myself— Abem!" But Mrs. Maddox talked on without

paying any heed to her friend's simper-

ing manners.
With all my wordly goods, I thee endow.' That's what he vowed and swore at the altar," she avered in an excited manner. "And I haven't got any of 'em; and every fifty cent piece or quarter of a dollar that I venture to ask for. I have to undergo a regular catechism about. And my silk dress has been turned half a dozen times; and I'm positively ashamed of that old beaver-cloth cloak of mine; and as for new gloves-bless me! I always have to keep my hands under my shawl when I go anywhere, to hide their shabbiness.

Miss Owiet sighed softly.

"I fear, dear," said she, "that Mr. Maddox is a little inclined to be parsimoni-

"¡Oh, it isn't that!" said Mrs. Maddox, shaking her head. " It's because he has an idea that a man's wife has no rights, pecuniary or otherwise. I wish I had an income of my own.

You ought to have," said Miss Owlet. "I think the State Legislature ought to take the matter up," said Mrs. Maddox. "I declare to goodness, if I could get enough ladies to sign it, I'd originate a memorial myself."

"It wouldn't be of any use," said Miss Owlet, pursing up her lips. "The law in-variably espouses the cause of the strong-

But I think he ought to let me have sure I work hard enough for it. I'm

an allowance," said Mrs. Maddox. cook, and housekeeper, and seamstress I do all the washing and mending for him and his old mother, and the two children by his first wife. I count the linen that goes to the wash, and lock up the sugar, and the tea, and the nutmegs, and at that I'm grudged a dollar-bill to spend as I please! I declare I sometimes think I'll revolt!"

We unmarried ladies are the best off, after all," said Miss Owlet, grimly.

And Mrs. Maddox shook her head, and said she didn't know but that her friend

was right,
Mr. Maddox came home to tea, that night, in a perturbed frame of mind. Here's a sad catastrophe!" said he "Louisa Ann is deranged!"

(Now Louisa Ann was the wife of his only brother-a hard-worked, sickly little woman, who had officiated as drudge-inchief, with neither rest nor recreation, until she had literally dropped at her

"Deranged?" echoed Mrs. Maddox. nearly dropping the plate of muffins which she was placing upon the table. "They sent her to the asylum this morn-

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Maddox.
"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Maddox.
"Why don't you wonder?" somewhat "Why don't you wonder?" s sharply demanded Mr. Maddox.

"Anybody would go crazy that was worked like Louisa Ann," said Mrs. Maddox, gently repressing the auxiety of her youngest step-child for more sugar on her slice of bread and butter. "Nonsense!" tartly responded Mr.

Maddox. "A woman isn't created to sit with her hands folded, and do nothing. And Louisa Ann always was a feeble, in efficient creature. But Thomas wants us to engage a house-keeper for him." housekeeper?"

"From the intelligence office, or the employment bureau, or some such place," explained Mr. Maddox. "You might step down, Clara, and pick out some respectable-looking person, and send her to my office to-morrow morning. It's not a light place, you know. There's the three children, and Louisa Ann's aunt, and-

To-be-sure," said Mrs. Maddox, deluging the tray with tea, in her abstraction. "Yes, I'll see about it the first thing in the morning, my dear."

And, sure enough, Mr. Maddox had scarcely opened his day-books and ledgers

the next day, when the office lad announced "a lady to see him."

"Ah," said Mr. Maddox, putting his pen behind his ear, "Clara has been remarably expeditious! It's the housekeeper for ther Thomas. Tell her I'll be at the outer office directly."

The lady was dressed in black, closely yeiled, and, so far as Mr. Maddox could judge, was rather agreeable than other-

But-what he didn't like quite so well -she spoke through her nose, in a de-cided drawl, and avoided looking him full in the face. "But," thought Mr. Maddox, "we all have our little peculiarities."

"So you would like a situation as housekeeper, ma'am?" said he, politely. The lady bowed, and tapped her little box-toed boot nervously on the floor.

"Have you ever lived out before, in shem!-that capacity?" questioned Mr.

"I am in a situation now," answered the lady. "Indeed! And may I make bold to ask

why you are leaving it?"
"I am not satisfied with the remuneration I receive," was the decided reply,
"Indeed!"

Mr. Maddox stroked his chin, and looked so reflectively inquiring that the lady added:

"To tell you the truth, sir, I am expect-ed to work for my board and clothes in my present position-and no one can live

"Oh, certainly not, certainly not!" said Mr. Maddox. "I don't blame you for desiring a change. As for your references-"I can furnish the very best, sir!"
"What can you do?" inquired Mr.
Moddox, fitting the points of his ten fin-

gers together in a business-like sort of Everything," said the veiled candidate, succinctly.

Mr. Maddox began to think that his Clara had discovered a treasure,
"That is well," said he. "Because ma'am, I think you will find this rather an

arduous position. My brother has three little children, and an old aunt, who naturally requires a great deal of attention. Of course he expects to keep one maid-of-all-work-" I should suppose so," interposed the

"And I dare say," bowed Mr. Maddox, that you will receive every consideralion.'

The veiled lady inclined her head. " Might I ask, sir," she hesitated, " how much you think I ought to receive in a place like that?"

"Oh, twenty-rive dollars a month, at the very least," said Mr. Maddox, briskly. My brother expects to render a reasonable remuneration, and I am sure he will regard that as little enough, considering the wear and tear of such a place. And—"
But he stopped short as the lady lifted her heavily-embroidered veil, and pushed back the close black bonnet that hid her auburn braids, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, and merry dimples around her lips.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, blankly. "Yes, Clara!" she retorted archly. There's nothing like getting a businesslike understanding of these little domestic arrangements. And if your brother Tom's housekeeper is worth twenty-five dollars a month-at the very least, as I think you remarked-I certainly shall expect to receive as much!"

"Yes; but-" "And I shall also engage a maid servant at once," added Mrs. Maddox, composedly. "Or, if you object to this plan will advertise at once for a situation as housekeeper. Some position I am determined to have, in which I can earn at least enough money to clothe myself decently

Mr. Maddox wriggled about in his seat like an electric eel. "Clara," uttered he, "this is the most

extraordinary-" "Is it not extraordinary," broke in Mrsspare as I do, for her board and the plainagree with you-twenty-five dollars a month is too little. We'll call it thirty, And as for Tom's housekeeper, we have that his maiden sister has consented to leave off teaching, and assume the charge of his household until Louisa Ann gets

"But, my dear-" interpolated Mr. Mad-

dox. "You couldn't hire any one for less,"

"But you are my wife?" "Is that any reason that I should be your slave?" retorted Mrs. Maddox: "No, my dear. We have looked at it in a fair, unprejudiced, business point of view, and we have decided that a man's wife should at least possess the same privileges as his

And Mr. Maddox was compelled to capitulate. What else could he do? 'Clara should have been a lawyer," he said, confidentially to some of his friends. Upon my word she has an extraordinary

And that was how Mrs. Maddox came into possession of the monthly allowance which she finds so convenient, and also of the neat little maid, who trips around the house with a broom and duster of a Monday morning.

"If you can't manage a man in one way, you must in another," she says.

Anecdote of Queen Victoria.

Says a London journal: The Queen was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning the young Queen was waited upon at her palace, at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to make them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line-that sentence that he be shot dead. The Queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view, "What has this man done?" she asked. The Duke looked at the paper and replied: "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear is incorrigible. He has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh! think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence." "Influence!" the Queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright saving word—"Pardoned!" The Duke

was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city. A bosom friend-the baby.

A Useful Plant-bug-the Cockineal.

While the Cocci, or plant-bugs, are in our country deservedly detested as a nuisance, destroying the beauty of many of our garden plants by their blighting pres-ence; while, in 1843, the Coccus of the orange trees proved so destructive in the Azores that the island of Fayal, which anqually exported 12,000 chests of fruit, lost its entire produce from this cause alone, two tropical members of the family, as if to make up for the misdeeds of their relations, furnish us-the one with a most splendid of all scarlet dyes, and the other with gum-lack, a substance of scarcely inferior value.

The gardener spares no trouble to proteet his hot and greenhouse plants from the invasion of the Coccus hesperidum; but the Mexican haciendero purposely lays out his Nopal plantations that they may be preyed upon by the Coccus cacti, and reoices when he sees the leaves of his prickly pear thickly strewn with this valnable parasite.

The female, who, from her form and habits, might not unaptly be called the tortoise of the insect world, is much larger than the winged male, and of a darkbrown color, with two light spots on the back, covered with a white powder. She uses her little legs only during her first youth, but soon she sucks herself fast, and henceforward remains immovably attached to the spot she has chosen, while her mate continues to lead a wandering life. While thus fixed like an oyster, she swells or grows to such a size that she looks more like a seed or berry than an insect; and her legs, antennæ and proboscis, concealed by the expanding body can scarcely be distinguished by the naked

Great care is taken to kill the insects before the young escape from the eggs, as they have then the greatest weight, and are most impregnated with coloring matter. They are detached by a blunt knife dipped in boiling water to kill them, and then dried in the sun, when they have the appearance of small, dry, shriveled berries, of a deep-brown purple or mulberry color, with a white mat-ter between the wrinkles. The collecting takes place three times a year in the plantations, where the insect, improved by human care, is nearly twice as large as the wild coccus, which in Mexico is gathored six times in the same period.

Although the collecting of the cochineal is exceedingly tedious-about 70,000 insects going to a single pound-yet, considering the high price of the article, its rearing would be very lucrative, if both the insect and the plant it feeds upon were not liable to the ravages of many diseases, and the attacks of numerous

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez first made the Spaniards acquainted with cochineal. They soon learned to value it as one of the most important products of their new empire; and in order to secure its monopoly, prohibited, under pain of death, the exportation of the insect, and of the equally indigenous Nopal, or Cactus cochinellifer. In the year 1677, however, Thierry de Meronville, a Frenchman, made an effort to deprive them of the exclusive possession of the treasure they guarded with such jealous care. Under a thousand dangers, and by means of lavish bribery, he succeeded in transporting some of the plants, along with their yetsol parasite, to the French colony of San Domingo; but, unfortunately, his perse-Maddox," that a woman should be ex pected to toil and slave, and scrape and sults, and more than a century elapsed stated that the butter and cheese exportafter this first ineffectual attempt before est of all clothes? Yes, very low, I quite the rearing of cochineal extended beyond its original limits.

In the year 1827, M. Berthelot, director of the botanical garden at Orotava, introjust received a telegram from him, stating duced it into the Canary Islands, where it thrives admirably upon the Opuntia ficus indica; so that in 1838 the exportation amounted to 18,000 pounds, and has since then been continually increasing. Cochineal is now reared near Valencia. Cadiz and Malaga, and in Algeria; in various parts of the West Indies and the United States of Columbia; in Brazil, East Indies and Java; and though Mexico still continues to furnish it in the greatest abundance, yet in point of quality it is distanced by its youth rival, Tene-

In the year 1856 more than 800,000 pounds of cochineal were imported into France, of which the Canary Islands alone furnished nearly one-half-a proof, among others, how much the wealth of a country may be increased by the introduction of a new article of commerce.

Conscientions Witnesss.

[Oil City Derrick.]

The interest in the Talmage trial increases faster than interest on a bank In fact, it is expected that the interest will be compounded at last, or that the trial will. Our New York reporter is busy taking down the notes of the testimony, and his first page presents the following appearance

Mr. Millard to Mr. Bright (showing with ness a paper) - " Who wrote that edito-

What editorial?"

"That one my finger is on." " Which finger?" "This finger.

This finger on this editorial?" "Yes." "What about it?" " Who wrote it?" The finger?"

No, the editorial." What editorial? This editorial in this paper, which I hold up before you, which is headed 'Columbine and Harlequin,' on which I now ploce this thumb.

You want to know who wrote it?"

" Why?" "It is of interest in this case." What case ?" Talmage's case."

Do you know who wrote that editorial?" excitedly. What editorial?"

The one just showed you." The one in that paper?" Yes. "The one you put your finger on first,

and then put your thumb on it?" You want to know who wrote it?" "Yes."

Witness reluctantly replied, "I don't know. In Patterson, the other day, as a Ger-

man farmer was driving up to a railroad crossing, the flagman warned him that the train was coming. "I guess I beat dat train, or else I see some fun," answered the granger, and drove on. Two frightened horses, a load of grain sowed broad-cast over the neighborhood, a pile of kindling-wood with a wheel tire or two mixed in, and a German sitting in a ditch were seen about a minute later. seen some fun.

Milk, Butter and Cheese.

So rapid has been its development and silent its progress that few are familiar with its extent or realize its magnitude, though as articles of food, butter and cheese each command more attention than any other. It is a matter of surprise to what magnitude the dairying interest has grown in the United States. The production of butter and cheese as specialties began in New York scarcely thirty years ago, but it is now one of the leading industries of the Commonwealth. In Pennsylvania the best counties are devoted to dairying; the northern part of Ohio makes it a specialty; several counties of Michigan, all of northern Illinois, the best sections of Wisconsin, and portions of Iowa, give almost exclusive attention to making butter and cheese. Colorado has established several cheese factories, and California from within ten years has changed from an importing to an export-ing State in these articles. Fifteen years ago, Chicago merchants obtained their supplies from the East; while he present time one millions of pounds at the hundred millions of pounds pass through that city for New York annually Canada within a brief period has become our competitor in the English markets, to the extent of 80,000,000 pounds yearly while she formerly bought of us. With the exception of the States mentioned and a few counties in Vermont and New Jersey, the remainder of the United States buy more than they produce. The entire South is supplied from the North. The value of the land and cows in the United States employed in furnishing

butter about 1,500,000,000, of the former 130,000,000 pounds will be exported this year, and about 25,000,000 of the latter, the value of the two is about \$350,000,000 or \$50,000,000 more than the wheat crop of the country; three times more than the oat crop; four times more than the potato crop; one seventh more than the hay crop; one third more than the cotton, and but one-fifth less than the corn crop. The number of cows in the United States is over 13,000,000; which is six times the number in Great Britain, over twice the number in France, two and a half times more than in Prussia, and more than in the countries of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Finland, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland combined; although these countries together contain four times the population of the United States. The proportion of cows to the inhabitants here is twenty-nine to each one hundred persons. The industry is one which has not only grown to enormous proportions, but is rapidly increasing and has an almost unlimited field for future expansion. Take Iowa for instance. The export of butter and cheese is yet in its infancy. There is a wealth in the future dairy interests of Iowa that will out

milk, butter and cheese is not less than

The production of cheese is estimated

at 350,000,000 pounds per annum, and of

\$1,800,000,000.

rival all the gold and silver mines of California or any of the Territories. There is another view of this question that is interesting from a national standpoint. The butter and cheese products are contributing as much as any other product toward building up an export trade. American butter and cheese are finding ready sale in European markets. It is a trade that is destined to rapidly increase, and will help swell the balance of ed this year have paid ever over \$1,000,-000 freight charges for ocean transporta-At that rate the butter and cheese products of this country will soon pay enough freight charges to support American line of steamers, an These articles pay to the railroad companies over \$5,000,000 annually for transportation, and the article of milk pays as much more. Loaded on railway cars, ten tons to each car, the butter and cheese produced in the United States in one year would fill twenty-two thousand cars, and make a compact line one Lundred and thirty-five miles long. foregoing interesting facts we glean from an address by Mr. J. H. Beall, prepared at the suggestion of Gov. Seymour and members of the committee, and intended to draw attention to the approaching international dairy fair and the important interests which it will represent.

Fish Culture.

Missouri has succeeded in the attempt to get a law for the creation of a fish commission, and the appropriation of a sum of money to establish a hatchery for fish propagation. Her Legislature had before been importuned to give some attention to fish culture, as has been given in all the other States where the conditions are favorable for the business, but it has only recently awakened to the importance of the enterprise. There are numbers of streams in Missouri suited for increasing the supply of food fishes, and there can be no more propriety in permitting the waters of these streams to flow profitlessly in this respect to the sea than there would be in neglecting the cultivation of arable lands eligibly situated for productive purposes. California and Oregon offer their salmon in exchange for the varieties of the finny tribe which beretofore have been strangers to the Pacific coast streams. In this respect California has a great deal With the exception of the trout, she has no fishes in her fresh-water streams that are acceptable for the table, and the Bay is becoming so rapidly depleted of its scaly denizens, that there is every reason to desire such a barter as will bring us in exchange for our salmon some dozen or more varieties of fish from Northern waters, which experiment has shown will flourish here, and in time make our supply all that could be desired. Missouri is a fittle late in venturing upon fish culture, which has found great favor elsewhere.

A Scall that Would not Starve.

An Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum on March 25, 1846. The animal was not known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into the shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on the table, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving this contented gasteropod simply went to sleep in a quiet way, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself, began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait, which may be seen of life size in Mr. Woodward's "Manual of the Monusca. Now, during those four years the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing He had not beaten the train, but he had at the end of the period as he had been at the beginning.

Feasted With Fun.

A recent libel suit in moscow, in which city the author of a quarto volume was subjected to a most ignominious punishment, very forcibly reminds one of the inestimable blessings enjoyed in a country in which the freedom of the press is a guaranteed and established right. The facts in the case referred to are as follows: In the above-named city, a goodly-sized book was published in vindication of the rights of the subject. The work containing sarcasms aimed at the venality of the officials, with many satirical and humorous allusions to bribe-taking and other in-Even the Czar himself was iquities. handled without gloves, his acts were fearlessly denounced and a powerful argument was adduced in behalf of the rights of his subjects. The administration of law was set forth in strong, plain language. The book attracted general notice, but this was bad for the author. He was wrrested and thrown inro drison. After a short and summary trial his production was pronounced a libel, and he was condemned to "eat his own words" or suffer the punishment of the knout. terrible instrument of torture is in the shape of a long whip or scourge, and is composed of many toughthongs of thick, hard skin plaited together and inter-woven with strands of stout wire. The criminal is stripped, and is firmly bound to two stakes, which are sufficiently wide apart to admit the free motion of the head. The blows are laid upon the bare back, every stroke cutting like a knife, and soon the victim of the scourge is a shapeless mass of blood and flesh. hundred blows are equal to a death sentence. This was the alternative of the unhappy author. The day fixed for carrying the sentence of the court ibto execution arrived. A platform was erected in one of the public squares of the city. Bound hand and foot, the victim of despotic power was seated in the center, of the platform. An immense concourse of people had gathered to witness the strange spectacle. The Imperial Provost, the magistrate, the physician and the surgeon of the Czar were in attendance. The obnoxious book had been separated from its binding, and as an act of grace the mar-gin had been cut off. The leaves were then rolled up, not unlike cigar-lighters, And there they were—a basketful. Now the meal began. Amid roars of laughter from the ignorant and degraded populace. The Prevost served the author leaf by leaf with his own production, putting the rolls of paper one by one into his mouth. He slowly chewed and swallowed one-third of his book, when the medical gentieman concluded he had received into his stomach as much of the innutritious material as was compatible with safety. He was then reconducted to his cell to digest his meal. The two following days the same scene was enacted, until every leaf was swallowed, and, as a matter of fact, he was competled to literally eat his own words and feas: on his own fun.

Oriental Pedestrianism. Lazy as we are wont to consider the Ori-

entals, many of the "matches against

time" achieved by them may bear comparison with the best of those now pending among ourselves. An Arab donkey boy will go at a run all the way from Cairo to the Pyramids and back again, without any visible signs of fatigue. A Hindoos, who appear barely able to carry a hand bag, will take a heavy palanquin, containing an officer and all his belongings, over the ground at a smart trot for hours together. Even more marvelous are the achievements of the Persian Shatirs (professional conriers), who. trained from their very childhood to feats of strength and activity, daily accomplish distance bordering upon the incredible. Not many years ago one of these men reached Terheran fully two hours before his appointed time, having covered an immense tract of very difficult country in fourteen hours of almost incessant running; but his chief, so far from praising him, simply remarked: "Could you not have done it in twelve?" and on his return journey the indomitable man actually did so. The occupation is a dangerour one, not only from the extraordinary exertions which it demands, but also from the fact of the runners being so tightly girded that a fall or even a stumble would be certain death. Persian chroniclers relate that a certain native prince once promised his daughter to any man who would keep up with his chariot all the way from Teheran to Ispahan. A celebrated shatir undertook the task, and held his own till the gate of Ispahan was in full view, when the shah alarmed at the prospect of having to make good his rash promise, let fall his whip. runner, knowing it would cost him his life to stoop, contrived to pick it up with his feet. The treacherous monarch then that his fate was sealed, exclaimed reproachfully: "Oh! king, you have broken your faith, but I am true to mine!" picked up the ring; and fell dead on the spot.

Trade and Business Notes.

The total amount of salt marketed in the United States during the year 1878 was 7,662,656 barrels, of which 3,075,233 barrels were imported; 1,855,884 barrels were made in the Saginaw district, Mich.; 1,443,239 barrels were produced in the Syracuse district, New York; \$50,000 barrels in Ohio and Virginia and 450,000 barrels at other points. The domestic manufacture of salt is increasing from year to year, and the consumption of salt is undergoing a corresponding decrease.

The recent large and continuous importations of American fresh meat and provisions into the north of England," says the London Times, "are producing quite a revolution in the trade of the outchers in towns such as Newcastle-on-Tyne, Gateshead, Shields and Sunderland, especially those supplying the working classes. American fresh meet of really excellent quality is sold in shops which have been opened by companies at eight pence per pound for best roasting pieces, and from seven pence to five pence per pound for other qualities. They have opened large sales, and in many instances the opening of these shops has had the effect of bringing down the the prices of English beef two cents per pound. A large quantity of American bacon and hams is sold at retail in the northern towns. The price from eight pence to four pence per pound. A very excellent quality of American bacon is sold among the working classes at five pence per pound in pieces.

In the spring the thoughts of the young turn to love, and of the old to setting

Some Samples of New England Wit and

Arthur Gilman's recent Lecture. On the morning after the first delivery of this lecture in a Massachusetts town, the driver who was taking me to the station said to me: "That was pretty tolerable good, what you gave 'em up to the hall last night. I hav at seen nobody that didn't like it, but Old Deacon Fry, and he never likes nothing. He said it might be well enough for light-minded kind of folks, but he thought there was parts on it was dreadful shallow."

The principle of mirth is not a deep one, but it is as innate in the mind as any other original faculty we possess. More sayings and incidents provocative of true mirth can be found nowhere than in our Northern States, on all subjects. We are apt to find only what we look for, and thus peculiar wit often has to be explained to people in good set terms.

Frequently the speaker has no adequate conception of the force of his own remarks. "I'm kept so busy with this big estate my brother left me, said a sharp Yankee lawyer, "I declare sometimes I amost wish John hadn't died." I remember having read, in a letter from a tourist in our Northwestern States, a description of the difficulty of shooting the rapids of one of our Northern rivers, and the slow process of poling up stream again. Two of the settlers undertook to dispense with the usual boatmen; the boat was upset, and the two adventurers were swept rapidly down the river.

A tall, gaunt shopkeeper ran down the pier, crying, "Save the read-headed one! For heaven's sake save that man with the red head!" This started the people to work, and they saved him. The tall, gaunt man waited to see that life was not quite extinct, and then turned away with the remark, "I wouldn't have had that man drowned for consid'able. He owes me \$16." there's something in that," said one of the bystanders. "I expect a man don't know how valuable he is in this world till he owes somebody some money, Then folks wants to know where he's goin'." A stage-driver in the White Mountains, when asked what he thought of the Notch, replied: "Well, I was born around here, you know, and I don't mind it so much. But if I should go down to New York, I reckon likely I'd gawk around considerable myself.

A dozen years ago there used to come a rusty old dealer in farm produce to Boston. One Saturday night, having sold everything but a keg of apple-sance, he exchanged this in a tailor's shop for an overcoat, which the tailor told him fitted him perfectly. Next morning, on the meeting-house steps, all his friends began to disparage his purchase. "Why, it's all puckered up behind; it don't touch you nowhere." "Well," said the farmer, I couldn't see it behind when I bought it, but I took his word for it; he seemed to be a nice sort of a man. But I guess I ain't got much the worst of this trade, after all. I guess when he comes to eat well down into that air keg of apple-sass, well down toward the middle, I guess he'll find it just about as puckery as the

coat is.' During the existence of the Dorr rebel-Sikh dispatch bearer will scamper lion in Rhode Island, the leader of the through miles of jungle in the dark, insurgents drew up his men on the sumshaking a bunch of metal rings to scare mit of a hill near Providence. Pointing away the tiger and hyena. Four meagre to the advancing troops, he said: "Youder, my men, come the enemy, the aristoerats who would rob you of your suffrages. Fight 'em to the last gasp, and, if you have to retreat, do it with your face to the foe, selling your lives dearly at every step you take, and (as the troops came nearer) as I am a little

lame I guess I'll start now. A small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside, when a passerby stopped and said: "Pears to me your corn is rather small." "Certainly. said the boy, "it's dwarf corn." it looks yellow." "Certainly," replied the boy, "we planted the yaller kind." "But it looks as if you wouldn't get more than half a crop." not," said the boy, "we planted her on shares. "

The Judge's Joke.

On a very cold day two men were driving along a narrow road, in opposite directions, and one or the other would be compelled to turn out. This would not be an easy job, for the snow was nearly two feet deep on either side of the road; so they drove close to each other before they stopped. One of them drove a light sleigh, while the other had two horses hitched to a heavy load of lumber, and it was but natural for the driver of the heavy team to suppose the other would give the road. But this, he who drove the sleigh did not intend to do. He was a witty man, and, as he filled the position dropped his ring, when the shatir, seeing of judge, he was held in awe by most of the people near where he lived.

"Turn out!" exclaimed the judge, as soon as the teams had come to a stand-

"I won't do it," answered the other, stoutly. "You had better," replied the judge :

"if you don't, I'll very soon show you what I'll do." The man eyed the judge keenly for a short time, and then, fearing that the man of law might go to extremes, he got off his sled and commenced tramping snow so that he could get his team out of

The judge sat quietly in his sleigh and watched the teamster at his laborious task, which lasted half an hour. At last it was accomplished, and the two teams were ready to resume their respective journeys.

"Now," said the teamster, addressing the judge, "I would like to know what you would have done if I had not turned

Why," answered the judge, with a dry smile, "if you had not turned out, I would."

Small Change.

We were bridesmaids at a funeral a few evenings since, and everything went merry until the minister, who had just returned from church, mistook our coat for his own and hunted through the pockets for his Bible. He fished up a pack of cards, a paper of fine cut, and a flask which some evil disposed person had placed there. We looked at the groom, shook our head deprecatingly. and told him that he shouldn't have worn that coat at such a time. All eyes were focussed on him, and he turned as red as a danger signal. We didn't get a smell of the wedding cake.