

"ALL AMERICANS."

BY GEOFFREY BURNHAM.
 "We are all Americans here,"—D. Kearney.
 All, all Americans? Oh, no!
 Honestly, has in hand,
 Before that honored name low—
 "True born Americans."

Children of sires whose heart and brain
 On freedom's altar laid,
 Forever broke the despot's chain,
 And tyrants fell dismayed.

Such birthright grand we may not claim,
 Nor dim its luster bright;
 Their deathless heritage of fame
 We may not, dare not slight.

The grating branch, no doubt, looks fair,
 To bring forth precious fruit,
 But time's required ere it compare
 With the old native root.

Allen in blood, we oft times feel
 The head can't wear the heart,
 As hallowed memories o'er us steal;
 That longings strong impart.

But, thus through sacrifice, we learn
 True loyalty to prize,
 And this great name, "American,"
 Grows sacred in our eyes.

He Didn't Want a Coffin.

He came into the office of a West End undertaker the other day with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-hearted man of coffins looked upon his visitor with a gaze full of pity and thankfulness—pity for the customer's loss and thankfulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened by the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial cases nodded a silent assent and condoling recognition; the young man from the country said, "How'd ye do?" Then ensued a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business.

"Can I do anything for you to-day sir?"

"Well, I reckon so, stranger!"

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

Young man stared a moment, then, as a light gradually broke in upon his perplexed mind, he smiled more suggestive of sorrow than happiness, and replied: "No—my wife."

"Sudden?"

"No—expected sum'um of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"Bout four o'clock this morning."

"Looks natural?"

"Rather." (Spoken carefully and expressive of some doubt.)

"About what do you want the cost of the coffin to be?"

"Don't care for expense; get it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsum, cause she is the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Silver-headed screws too, I suppose?"

"Ya-a-s, I s'pose so. An', stranger, just put a bully top to it."

"Of course; and you'll want a glass in it, also, I suppose?"

"Ya-a-s—Oh, certainly—you bet. Git her up snipions, you know, old fellow. None of your dratted one-hoss fixins for me. No, sirree."

"Just so. Silver handles of course?"

"Eh! What's that you say, stranger—silver handles? Oh, dern it, now, won't that be pillin' it on too hefty like? I kin stand silver screws and sich, but there's no use makin' the hull tarnation trap of silver. The thing has to be moved and must have handles, but I ain't quite so stuck up as that now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well, acquiesced the man of obsequies, "I'll put ordinary handles on it, then."

"Eggs-actly—them's em mister; now yer talkin'." Ordinary handles'll do. But I say, stranger, (reflectively) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"Wh-wh-wheels?"

"Yes, wheels. What's ther matter with you, anyhow?"

"But whoever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"Coffin!" shrieked the dejected-looking young man. "Coffin! Now, who the dickens said anything about coffins?"

"Why, don't you want a coffin?"

"None! I want a cradle—a trap to rock my new baby in."

"And ain't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jugfull. Don't you make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, Lord, let me catch that fellow that sent me here."

And the grief-stricken youth crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hands deep down in the pockets of his trousers, and pounced out on the street, searching for vengeance.

Neatness in Farming.

"Order" is said to be "heaven's first law," and neatness is nearly allied to it, so it may be safe to conclude that if a man is orderly on the farm, he is also neat. This idea of neatness in working in the dirt and filth seems paradoxical at first, but tidiness and beauty spring from the earth in the form of flowers, and the variegated landscape. A nice writer on this topic says:

Nothing gives evidence of thrift and enterprise in farming better than keeping everything in order. There are times when even the most painstaking farmer are compelled to let things go somewhat at loose ends, but upon the first occasion of spare time and due diligence thereafter, the wonted appearance of things about the premises returns. At the cost of a little time and labor when required, an appearance of an untidy farm may be so improved as to add considerably to its value, and the price obtained in the event of its sale. The contrast between neat and slovenly kept farms represents more in a pecuniary point of view, very often, than is generally supposed. Take a farm which by its appearance shows clear culture, from which stumps and bushes have been removed, the buildings kept in repair, the fences and gates in order, the rubbish kept from the roadside and fence corners, the tools housed when not in use and the stock exhibiting evidences of good care and attention, and in the event of its purchase it will bring relatively much more than one equally fertile, but kept in a slovenly way. Weedy fields, tumbledown fences, gates with broken hinges, buildings out of repair, implements scattered about the farm, where used last, lying in a heap, and inferior looking stock, take from a farm naturally fertile a good round sum in the event of a sale.

The annual reunion of the Society of the Burnside Expedition and the Ninth Army Corps will be held in Albany, on Tuesday, June 17th.

That Telephone Office.

Last Wednesday morning, D. T. Nine, the manager of Dun's Commercial Agency, was sitting tranquilly at his desk in the old Board of Trade building, intent upon the delicate task of reporting the financial and moral condition of our Peroria merchants. The east window was open, and the gentle zephyrs fanned his cheek, bearing upon their wings the sweet odors of the Illinois river, mingled with the fragrance of boiling hops, tar and coal gas. His aesthetic ear was charmed by the harmonious combinations of sounds peculiar to South Washington street.

Upon the floor above, the playful patter of children's feet, mingled with the steady hum of a sewing machine, formed a pleasant accompaniment.

The door opened.

"Good morning," said the visitor, a Main street clothing man; "can you tell me where Bell's telephone office is?"

"Next floor," said Vine, and resumed his work.

A few minutes elapsed. The door again opened and a supervisor came in.

"Say, boss, where's that telephone business?"

"Next floor," placidly replied Vine, as he turned to his work again, and tried to find where he left off.

"Mister, is the telephone office in this building?" said a timid voice belonging to a newspaper reporter. (You have probably noticed that reporters are always timid.)

"Yes; up stairs."

Again all was still, but for the scratching of Vine's pen, the screeching of nineteenth century engines on Water street, and the rumble of about seventy-five wagons on the stone pavement in front of the office.

Vine then thought it about time to sigh—and he sighed. None of your genteel, persuasive, inaudible sighs, but a sigh that broke off two vest buttons and almost loosened a front tooth. A voice addressed him:

"Pardon me, sir, but will you please tell me—"

"Next floor," said Vine, with a ghastly, frozen smile; and he took up his pen and proceeded to tackle another unfortunate merchant.

Door opens very slowly to the soft music of the hinges.

"Third floor!" yelled Vine. "Suffering Moses! how many more times have I got to—"

Another visitor—school inspector with a bushy head of hair—"Where is this tel—"

Vine reached for his double barreled shotgun, and took up his station at the door.

"Can you tell me—" began a country gentleman, with a bald head and a benevolent countenance, pushing past the school inspector.

"No, sir; I can't tell! I won't tell!" said Vine. "I wish Bell's telephone was sunk ten thousand feet in the strongest kind of a sulphur well! I'm not paid to direct folks to that office, and I'll be everlastingly—"

"Can you tell me anything," persisted the last comer, "about Street, Walker & Doolittle? I want to obtain some information about them."

"You didn't want to ask about the telephone?"

"No."

"Come in, sir."

The gun was put away, and Vine immediately fastened a large placard on the outside of his door: "This is NOT the telephone office!"

Stroke of Genius.

The other day a muscular young fellow, having an odor of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to get about one photograph taken, but on learning the price, he concluded to invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair, he shut up one eye, drew his mouth around one side, stuck up his nose, and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. It beat Sol Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said:

"You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come clear here from Allegan county, six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—heaps! I've writ to her that I was blown up here on a boat and disgraced for life. She's awful proud. When she gets this and sees how that expiation wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover quicker'n wink—see? How do you like the plot? Just gaze on this picture once and tell me Mary Ann won't send back my love letters by the first train?"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained it all, it said:

"My Ever Dear Girl: I inclose my picture that you may see how offed bad I was hurt, tho I know you will live me just the same."

"Ever see that game before?" he asked of the artist, as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasin' a wagon, and I think it's boss. Blowed up—see? Disgraced for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has concluded to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out here who owns seven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty acre lot."

The Kind of a Coachman to Get.

"Isabella, my dear," said a rich gentleman on the South Side to his eldest daughter and housekeeper, "Isabella, my dear, I have engaged a new coachman."

"Have you, pa?" replied the mature, but beautiful girl; "what is his name?"

"Herbert Montgomery," said his father.

And all the evening the lady went scribbling "Isabella Montgomery," and Mrs. Herbert Montgomery, and so on over her blotting-pad, and she went to sleep to dream that Cupid, with a pair of blinkers over his eyes, sniled upon her—nary, burst into a horse-laugh—while marriage bells chimed in the distance, and Herbert Montgomery underwent a transformation scene into a Lord with \$400,000 a year. And her wily father, smiled, too, as he sought his couch, for Herbert Montgomery is fifty-eight years old and has a wife and seven children.—Chicago Tribune.

A Patriotic Plea.

(Interview with Col. T. E. Crittenden, of War-rensburg, Mo.)

Andrew Johnson, then a refugee at Camp Dick Robinson, near Danville, Ky., came to Lexington, Ky., in the summer of 1861 to make a speech against the evils of secession. It had been announced for days preceding that the speech would be made at the Opera House. The city was filled with cultivated and elite citizens of that unsurpassed country, John Morgan, the famous raider, was then organizing his regiment at Lexington. The secession spirit was wild with anticipated success of its cause. At the appointed hour the Opera House was crowded almost to suffocation with ladies and gentlemen—with those clinging to the Union with unshakable affection, with those undecided where to cast their lot, with those filled with the idea of a new government and a new order of things. Mr. Johnson entered the hall from the front, accompanied by a few friends, looking every inch a man. He was then in the prime of life and beauty of a well-developed manhood, like Paul of old, stood ready to offer up his life in defense of the hope and faith that possessed him. As he entered the house a shout went up from friend and foe, because all saw at once in the man that wonderful power and magnetism which made him the pride of Tennessee and the acknowledged friend of the people. There was something grand in every step that he took. Threats had been made on the streets of the city that day by young rebel spirits that Mr. Johnson should not deliver a Union speech on that occasion; others declared that he should—both sides were armed more or less. There was a dread in the minds of the more prudent of both sides that a "bloody drama" was imminent. Mr. Johnson saw at once the danger surrounding the occasion, and with a masterly stroke quickly quelled the surging, excited throng of people, with the following happy introduction: "I stand to-day a refugee from home, from my adopted State, in whose councils I have stood as a tribute of the people, from my loved wife and children, and have sought a temporary home in the grand old State of Kentucky, in the historic city of Lexington, under the shadow of that monument which stands in memoriam of the grandest man the world ever saw! Kentucky was the fit home of a Clay, and Clay was the true representative of such a State. Monuments of marble are not necessary to perpetuate their glory. They are a part of the history of our common country and will only be forgotten when we—fellow-citizens—shall forget the glory of that country. I am here to speak in behalf of that country—and inseparable—just as our forefathers made it—just as our Clay preserved it in the compromise measure of 1850, when he said: "I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I am for the dissolution of this Union. I answer, never! never!!" So say I, my countrymen! I, Kentucky, the friends, neighbors and constituents of such a man, give my reasons to-day why this Union should be preserved, why war, the last alternative of civilization, should be avoided! Shall I be heard for my cause, even by the brave and gallant men who are to-day putting on the harness of war under an excitement that will yet make many homes desolate, make many hearts weep over stricken loved ones! Brave men are brave on all occasions; no more afraid of free speech than of free combat. Towards suppress the one and flee from the other! Shall I be heard?" At this point Col. Tom Buford, who had just assassinated Judge Elliott at Frankfort, Ky., moved from his seat to the aisle facing the speaker, and said: "Go on, Mr. Johnson, you shall be heard to-day in behalf of the Union. Kentuckians love a brave man wherever found and under all circumstances." Suffice to say that the eloquence of the orator and the response of the auditor abated all uneasiness in the minds of the fair women and brave men, and the crowd listened with eagerness to the plea of the great natural orator for more than two hours. Few such speeches have ever been made, many hearts weep over loved ones! It was enough within itself to have immortalized him. It was a grand plea for peace, harmony, home and country. Subsequent history has fully verified his brave words. When he said: "I am done. God bless Kentucky! God bless our whole land!" a wild burst of applause was heard from that great mixed crowd of Union men and Secessionists. Andrew Johnson entered that hall a stranger and left a hero.

Human Thorns.

There are certain disagreeable people in this world who seem to take a special delight in annoying others by reminding them of things they would willingly forget. They are human thorns, forever torturing their fellow-men for the sake of torture. Has a man met with misfortune in his business, they are forever recalling the fact. Has a man in times that are gone wandered into devious paths they are forever reminding him of by congratulating him that it is past. Has a man blundered, they are forever telling him what "might have been."

When the Thorn is of the masculine gender, there is one way of getting relief. He can be knocked down and taught manners. When the Thorn is of the feminine gender, the case is different and not so easily disposed of. But Cauterous hears of one such scourge in petticoats who got her deserts the other evening. It was a little party where a score of people were gathered together. The Thorn sat near a young man who, in days gone by, had been guilty of follies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him. But the Thorn took occasion to recall them in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subjected to the same torture before, spoke up so that all could hear.

"Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to forget all that. You have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I. I congratulate you." The Thorn subsided.—Boston Transcript.

Man with broken nose—"I want a man arrested in the saloon around the corner for pounding me." Police Sergeant—"What kind of a looking man was he?"

M. W. F. N.—"A feller with a ball nose and a hole in his forehead."

M. W. B. N.—"A base ball nose?"

M. W. B. N.—"Nin' on a side."

A scaly-looking individual stepped into one of our gentlemen's furnishing stores recently, and asked for a pair of four-ply cuffs. The articles were handed him, and he examined them in a dubious sort of way, and then remarked, "See here. These ain't the right thing; I want the four-ply kind—them that you can turn four times without washing."—Boston Courier.

Marriage.

(Correspondence Detroit Free Press.)

Many a young lady thinks because she has had an advantageous offer of marriage she ought to accept it. She doesn't love him, but she respects him, and she has been advised by her friends that "it is better to marry a man you respect and love him, than to marry a man you love and learn to hate him." She has had this dinned into her ears as many times as she is days old nearly, and almost learns to think that hating a man is a natural sequence of love. Respect is very well; one should have that any way, but it does not take the place of affection. Love should precede as well as follow matrimony. But suppose subsequent to marriage it is awakened for the first time in a wife, what then? If you don't love, don't marry. The connubial yoke sets easy in the shoulders of love, but it is most galling without this and only sufficient support. A man's first necessity in looking for a wife, is to find one cheerful, one who makes a good, loving, cheerful daughter and sister; but above all, one who is physically able to support the cares and duties which attend that position. Does the young lady who is too weak to sweep her own room, do her own work and sewing, think that any sensible young man is going to ask her to be his wife? Some young men are not sensible may, but what a broken reed she will be to lean upon when misfortune or trouble comes. Young men are fast learning wisdom, and find finding that a pretty face and form and showy accomplishment do not make the coming wife. Girls are fast learning it too, and show their willingness to learn by the large attendance at the cooking and sewing schools of the Eastern cities. Many

Wealthy Young Ladies.

Serve an apprenticeship in both millinery and dressmaking and make their own dresses and bonnets. The better educated they are in different branches, the better taste and common sense they bring to bear on the particular branch they wish to excel in. Did any of you ever notice the difference between the educated and uneducated housekeeper? The one brings all her intelligence to bear upon her work, the other works with a stolidness that betrays her sluggish brain. If all servant girls were educated, one would save money even at a higher rate of wages than to employ uneducated women. "Each human being would thrive best under the fullest culture and liberty to grow." Some girls will not marry a mechanic. I think a man of large body and brain, honest and industrious, is much to be preferred to a kid-gloved young man who sports a cane, mustache, nobly snit of clothes—and nothing else. A girl might better take to a profession of a gentleman, with study and hard work, he might make his way up to be a designer or manufacturer, as the years passed by. What too, impedes marriage, is the vanity of young men. They, as much as the girls, want to "live in style." "No man can serve two masters," and the noble, loving girl must stand one side unloved, while the young man worships the pocket-book and waits for the bank account to lengthen. They yearly spend as much on dress and their private luxuries as would comfortably support two in a cozy, cheery home. The world is full of bright, fine-looking, educated, industrious girls, who can dress on \$100 a year, and "who would be as faithful as Penelope, and love a cottage as never Queen loved a palace," but the same world is full of men who attend theaters (alone) night after night, smoke costly cigars, drive a fast horse, belong to the boat and ball club, but "can't afford to marry."

Never Since the Flood.

I have dated that back far enough to avoid controversy as to dates—have there been better, more sensible, practical girls than to-day. They dress well, even handi-clothes, but how, only the girls know. They don't go round the world pleading their poverty, their make-shifts, and I honor them for it. I detest these people who are always groaning in spirit over their poverty or misfortunes. Even the daughters of wealthy parents who have hardly had a wish ungratified, marry poor men and make the bravest, cheeriest little wives possible. Why? because they married a man worthy of their efforts. A German philosopher says that in a society where the men are uneducated and immoral, the women will be more so, as women are what men make them, and in turn, men are reacted upon by their own molding of women. In that society, continues the philosopher, where the men are industrious and brain-developed, the women are more sensible and reasonable. Therefore men may take his own advice and bring up his human affairs. Another trouble is "we marry too young." This especially applies to the women portion of society. American men seem to be infatuated to marry girls not out of their teens. Before she has hardly realized her womanhood and is just beginning to learn the shades of life, she is married; after that, as her nature keeps growing, his, to, they find much incompatibility in their union. A woman changes rapidly from twenty to twenty-five; her ideas and opinions almost turn a revolution—and what satisfied her at eighteen is not at all to her taste at twenty-five. If women married at twenty-five and men at thirty, there would be more happiness in the world, and the nation would be given a new race of men and women, stronger, physically and mentally, for all know that the stronger the parents the better the race of children. Many marry for money. Sometimes one is deceived; sometimes both; but these are cold, loveless, of which both heartily repent.

Wanted Something Useless.

Gentlemen, whose wives, sisters, consins and aunts are strongly addicted to the practice of making six or eight Christmas a year by fanatical celebration of birthdays, anniversaries of weddings, and other notable domestic events, have been known, under financial pressure, to resort to the contemptible subterfuge of offering presents, various useful articles for household, table, or personal use, which would naturally come of themselves if there were no gift-offerings thought of. Sometimes the family unanimously practice this little game, and actually feel that common necessities are somehow invested with new value by the operation. But there are others, doubtless, who look at the practice in another light, and like the little French girl would like a change occasionally. This young lady, it is related, was in the habit of receiving from the prudent father every holiday a useful gift, like a dress, or a hat, or a pair of fine boots. "Pa," finally said the little one, "my birthday comes next week. If you love me and think I have been a real good girl, you might give me something that's useless."

A Terrible Pest.

A NEW AND DANGEROUS GRASS IMPORTED FROM THE EAST, THREATING.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the recent introduction of a terrible agricultural pest. It is a grass that is as injurious as the most of the many weeds which are now causing trouble to our agriculturists. This grass is comparatively unknown to Western people, but is a dreadful pest to farmers in the Eastern States, many of whom have found it one of the main causes of the poor crops they raised before emigrating. Its roots have been brought here probably in the nursery packing, which imported the Canada thistle to our borders. This grass has taken root in three places at least in the city of Bloomington, and our readers can see it for themselves with little trouble. In the east edge of Mr. J. S. Cheney's lot, and pretty generally on the lot adjoining on the east, as well as at the corner of Locust and Lee streets, near the residence of W. H. Powers, may be seen rank specimens of this grass. Besides these patches, there are a few roots in the west side of Mr. Abraham Brokaw's garden, and a very healthy plant in the street in front of the same. Probably there are other infected places in the city, and perhaps many more upon our farms.

This pest has a foothold at Galena, Ill., and at Mineral Point, Wisconsin. Ten years ago it only occupied one spot at the latter place, and now it has ruined the gardens of a large area.

The grass is commonly known by a great variety of names, among which are "couch, quitch, witch, quack, devil's dog, Chandler and witch grass" are the most common. In Flint's "Grasses and Plants" we find this: "Trichum repens. The chief generic marks of this grass are three or several flowered spikelets compressed, with the flat side towards the rachis; glumes nearly equal and opposite; nerves lower rates like the glumes convex on the back; awned from the tip upper flattened; stem three, mostly annuals, but either are perennials; to which the couch grass belongs. The specific character of couch grass are, roots creeping extensively, stem erect, round, smooth, from one to two or two and a half feet in height, striated, having five or six flat leaves with smooth striated sheaths; the joints are smooth, the two uppermost very remote, leaves dark green acute, upper one broader than the lower one, roughish, sometimes hairy on the inner surface, smooth on the lower half. Inflorescence in spikes, flowers in June and July. Introduced from Europe.

Its long creeping roots, branching in every direction, take complete possession of the soil and impoverish it. From the description a botanist will readily recognize the grass in question. It is propagated chiefly by its tough and wiry roots, which can scarcely be killed. Cutting them hardly checks their growth, it appears rather to multiply the plants, and in wet weather they thrive wonderfully under cultivation. In plowed land this grass is worse than all other weeds, having a wonderfully vigorous growth, while in land which is laid down to grass this pest at once takes entire possession to the exclusion of other grasses. We will not attempt here to give a full list of the pernicious qualities of this pest, but will suggest that some steps be taken for its extermination. Should it be allowed to occupy our fertile prairies and become as common as in many eastern localities, the value of our fertile farms will be reduced by many millions of dollars. We are at a loss to suggest practical means for the "stamping out" of this terrible pest, but we assure our readers that some steps should be taken to protect ourselves from the evil effects of this plant. If its roots are dried and burned, they may be effectually killed, and this is hardly practicable except upon a small scale. We are in an agricultural country whose future importance will depend largely upon its present treatment. Drainage and the prevention of noxious plants are matters of great public interest.

Traveling at the Rate of Sixty Miles an Hour.

One of the fastest trains in the world is the Pennsylvania pay car of the New York division, its schedule time being sixty miles an hour. It takes only twenty-four hours for the distribution of a bundle of envelopes containing \$150,000. In all 3700 railroad men are paid on this division. The employees are notified by telegraph of the exact hour when the train will arrive. On the homeward trip, with a selected engine and a roadway cleared of everything that could cause either danger or delay, this tiny train, composed of only an engine and a car, often tests the capacity of steam power after a fashion that would make a Mississippi steamboat captain uneasy. And yet its accidents have been few. Once, when it was tearing around a curve, it struck a hand-car, and the frightened train hands clambered down on the pilot, and saw what seemed to confirm their worst fears. The front of the engine was littered with clothing. But a careful search revealed nothing more than clothing, and information that came soon afterward told of the escape of the laborers before their frail vehicle was struck. Not long ago there were picked up in one of the Trenton tunnels the remains of a man who had been struck by a train, and was so mangled that identification seemed impossible. The corner of an envelope bearing his name, which was found in his clothing, showed that he had been paid his salary only three hours before. Just a month ago, when the car was on its return trip, the news came that the "four" had struck a man on the New Brunswick bridge. The man had been warned that it was coming, but said he was a good runner, and no doubt could get over the bridge ahead of it. It is said to be an actual fact that his body was thrown fifty feet into the air. It fell into the river twenty feet below. On the engine, at full speed, the motion is much less perceptible than in the car. A car swings sideways with more or less violence; a locomotive strains forward and seems to "pound" downward on the forward track. Express trains approaching with the swiftness of the wind seem to be standing still until they are alongside, when they flash by with a roar that only lasts a second. Far away the landscape moves in two distinct arcs, the farthest object appearing to curve majestically toward the track in front, while those nearer the railway start away from before the train and describe a graceful line that brings them toward the track again in the rear. The panorama bewilders the brain and tires the eye.

A man is raven mad when he gets black in the face.

Grain Product of Europe.

The average grain product of Europe is reported at 5,000,000,000 bushels, of which Russia raises one-third, France and Germany 520,000,000 bushels each, and Austria 500,000,000. The United States produces 1,600,000,000 bushels (about the quantity that Russia does), which, in proportion to the population, is much larger production than any other country can boast of. Counting our inhabitants at 40,000,000, we can raise 40 bushels per head, and Europe's inhabitants at 30,000,000, she raises but 16 bushels per head. Russia has 26 and Great Britain only 4 bushels per head. The amount of grain consumed being generally 15 bushels per head, we produce nearly three times as much as we want, Russia nearly twice as much as she needs, and Great Britain not more than one fourth of her requirement. Thus it will be seen that the production far exceeds the consumption, but the excess is used by breweries and distilleries at home and abroad, which, more than any other cause, keep up the price of breadstuffs.—N. Y. Times.

He Got a Check.

He wasn't a man who could be classed with tramps, but yet he was shabby, untidy and dead broke. "You see, my dear man," he explained to a Griswold street lawyer, "I come of an excellent family, have worn diamonds and broadcloth, and am in my present fix simply because my father wouldn't let me wed the girl I love and I ran away. I have concluded to return to him and ask his forgiveness and marry the heiress he has picked out for me. I need only five dollars. As soon as I return to Troy I will forward you a cluster diamond pin as a present. That's the style of a clothes-pin I am."

The lawyer sat right down and wrote him a check for five dollars, and he wouldn't even let the repentant young man return thanks for it. No, if he could do a fellow-man a good turn he was only too glad to do so. What was life worth living for but for its chances to make others happy?

"Just so—Heaven bless you—look out for the diamond pin," said the young man as he left the office for the bank. One minute before he presented the check he was all smiles. One minute after the cashier had had the paper a voice