

BY DEAN ALFORD.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence And trim their word for pay; In pleasant ruminations let them dwell, Let others back their day.

Guard thou the fact. The' clouds of night Down on thy watch-tower stop; Tho' thou shouldst see thine heart's delight Borne from thee by their swoop;

Face thou the wind. Tho' safer seem In shelter to abide, We were not made to sit and dream; The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about, Cry not, "The way is plain!" His path within; for those without, Is hedged with toll and pain.

One fragment of his blessed word, Into thy spirit burned, Is better than the whole, half-heard, And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam, Let not the bombal down; The smallest spark may send his beam O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Wee, wee to him, on safety bent, Who creeps to age from youth, Failing to grasp his life's intent Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every earnest thought, And as thy thought, thy speech; What thou hast not by suffering bought, Presume not thou to teach.

Hold on, hold on! Thou hast the rock, Thy feet are on the sand; The first world-tempest's ruthless shock Scatters their shifting strand; While each wild gust the mist shall clear, We now see darkly through, And justified as last appear, The true, in Him that's true.

TRUE AS STEEL;

TOLD IN FIVE LETTERS,

BY ETHELIND HAY.

From the Portland Telegram.

DEEP DALE, May 15th, 18--

"MY DEAR FANNY--Now, please don't scold me for neglecting you so long, for you see I am just having the most delightful time in the world! I had no idea it could be so pleasant in a country village, and you know how I cried when papa said we must move out here; but now I am real glad I came; I don't envy you at all, poor thing, you must never die, shut up in that hot, dusty city!

Down here the grass is fresh and green, the flowers bloom, the air is sweet and the dear, little robins sing from morning till night! What more could a heart wish?

Of course, Fanny, you will say in your vulgar way, "Why a fellow, to be sure, so just let me inform you that I have one already."

There, the secret's out, and now, of course, you'll say that's why the birds sing so sweetly, and the country seems so nice, etc.; but I don't care what you say! I'm so happy I don't know what to do, and if Ralph Durham loved you, you'd be happy too!

He has never said that he loved me, Fanny, but his eyes say so, and I believe them; and I--oh! I wonder if it is wicked to love any one as I do him!--he is my hero--my idol--my God! You, you cold-hearted, cold-blooded, little wretch, you have never been in love so, of course, will laugh at me!--but I don't care, dear--laugh, if you choose!--I am so happy I can afford to be laughed at.

He--Ralph, I mean--is an artist, and as handsome as a poet's dream! He has black, wavy hair and mustache, and soft, dreamy, dark eyes--the girls are all in love with him, (I along with the rest,) but he has eyes only for me!

Hark! The gate clicks! O, my heart, be still--be still!! Fanny, Fanny! It is he! Farewell! LURA."

MAY 30, 18--

"MY DEAREST FANNY--I have just returned from a picnic, and though the hour is late, and I am very tired, still I must write you a few lines in reply to your kind letter, and tell you how happy I am!

No, dear; Ralph has not proposed to me yet, but he took me to the picnic, and was very attentive that all the girls were green with jealousy! And at the gate, dear Fanny, he--now you straight-laced, little thing, don't scold--he--well, he kissed me! There, it's out now! Of course he would not have done that if he did not love me--do you think he would?

Now, please, don't sit down and write me a long lecture on propriety and all that sort of thing, Fanny, for, after all, where's the harm in kissing the man you love, even though you are not engaged to him, (so long as you expect to be sometime) or rather, allowing him to kiss you, for, of course, I would not like to kiss a man! Ugh! I should think not! At least, dear Fanny, I should be awfully ashamed afterwards, if I did it.

And oh! I must tell you about the new minister's sister. She is about my age--eighteen--and the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She has a great quantity of yellow hair--"golden," Ralph calls it--and great, soft, blue eyes, and her dresses are all satin and velvet. (Ralph says she is very beautiful, but he prefers brown eyes--you know mine are brown.)

The new minister is a young man, and very quiet and grave--he looks at me often in church, and I talk about him just enough to make Ralph jealous--dear Ralph! how I love him!

I know he loves me, Fanny, but he is poor, you know, so of course he is diffident about asking me to be his wife; I mean to give him every encouragement, however, for it must be a trying ordeal anyhow--proposing, I mean.

Last night we sat down on the rustic bench at the gate, and the moon-beams came through the leaves of the maple tree, and quivered on the green grass; there was a light breeze kissing (now do not imagine that I have "kissing" on the brain) the flowers, and some crickets, chirping in the shrubbery, and altogether it was a most romantic scene.

And Ralph sighed, and began speaking of the past. He has led such a lonely, loveless life, dear Fanny--it makes me sad to think of it! And when he spoke of the future, and wondered whether it would be any brighter, I felt how embarrassed he must be, and wishing to encourage him, I said gently:

"It shall be brighter, if anything I can do will make it so, Ralph."

Of course I thought he would go right on then, but he only thanked me, and taking my hand, told me how happy he was in having such a dear, little friend, and he hoped I would always be true to him! And, dear Fanny, I will.

Papa is calling me--I wonder what he wants! O, Fanny, Fanny!

Was ever poor girl so unhappy as I? Did ever one have so many trials and crosses to bear, in all the world?

Just when I was so happy, and everything was so bright, papa had to interfere! He says--oh! how can I tell it--that I must not go with Ralph any more! He says he is only a worthless artist, and he won't allow any intimacy between him and his daughter! But I don't care what he will, or will not, allow! I have promised to be true to Ralph, and I will keep my promise as long as I live--yes, dear Fanny, I will be true as steel! I told Ralph about it, and instead of asking me to marry him, as I thought and wished he would, he looked so pained and grieved that I felt like crying!

"Never mind, little one!" he said; "it will be all right some day! Curse my poverty!"

So you see, I must wait till he gets rich! I have only seen him once since, and then he was walking with the minister's sister--she is so beautiful! Ta-ta. LURA."

July, 4th, 18--

"DEAREST FANNY--Only one month since my last letter to you, and yet, I am sitting here by my window this glorious morning, a mere wreck of my former lively self.

I have a story to tell you, Fanny--a wretched, heart-broken story, and before I tell it, promise me it shall be a secret, for no one else shall ever know! Now, you have promised, and as I must tell some one, I'll commence!

Ralph is false! He has left the village--left without one tender farewell! He came here, three weeks ago, and found me alone in the rose arbor. "The dew was falling--a cricket calling," and I was sitting there alone, dreaming of him, and of the time when all waiting would be at an end. Suddenly, a shadow fell before me, and looking up, I saw him standing in the door.

"Well, Miss Lura," he said, lightly, are you dreaming here alone in the twilight?"

I answered him carelessly, my heart throbbing painfully, for I felt that there was a change in his manner. He sat for an hour or so, talking cheerfully, even gaily, and when at last he arose to go, not one tender word or caress had I received.

"I forgot to tell you, Miss Lura," he said, pausing at the door, "that I came to say good-by."

My hand trembled and grew cold in his.

"And before going," he continued, "I wished to thank you for your kindness to me this summer--it is so lonely here, I don't know what I would have done without you! It is scarcely probable that we will ever meet again, yet be assured that wherever I go the remembrance of this quaint old village and my dear little brown-eyed friend will go with me! May God bless you!"

And then he stooped and touched his lips to my hand and left me, and without a word or cry I dropped to the ground, and lay there in the long, wet grass, with the dew about me falling, and the cold stars coming out in the heavens to laugh at my grief!

And there I lay all night long, my hands pressed to my head, and dry, tearless moans escaping my lips--my parents thought I was in bed--and in the early morning, Mr. Ashley, the new minister, in passing, heard my moan, and carried me up to the house.

His sister, Cora, has been here all the time I have been ill, and is just as good and kind as she is beautiful.

I am sitting up, to-day, for the first time, and though they all say I am better, I know I will never be well!

My fever has left me, but it is not that that is eating my life away--for O, Fanny, I may as well tell you--I am dying!

The autumn winds will sigh over my grave, and the winter snows fall upon it! I feel it--I know it!

Yet I hold not one bitter, reproachful thought against him--the man I love! I will love him, and be true to the last moment of my life, and if I should linger here ten years, and he should return, he would find me still waiting for him--ready to forgive and forget--for I promised to be true, and I will be true as steel! But alas! it will not be for long! Another month, and I will have passed away--Deepdale will know me no more! And some clear, bright morning, when the sun is shining, and the robins singing, and the rose-leaves falling away, they will carry little Lura out and lay her down to rest under the maple at the gate where he kissed me! I think, perhaps, if I lie there, I can see the sunlight come through the leaves in the morning, and the moonbeams at night--even though I am dead--can, perhaps, hear the robins singing in the branches above me, or the crickets chirping in the grass--I may even inhale the sweet fragrance of the hyacinths and sweet violets, which must be planted by my grave, because he loved them! And, now, I fancy I can hear the minister's voice tremble, as he says, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," over "brown-eyed Lura--aged 18"--that will be upon my tombstone.

But, Fanny, dear, I must close; I will write once more to say farewell!

Yours forever, LURA.

July 20, 18--

DEAREST FANNY--I am feeling a little better. I do not think it will last long, though--and when the end comes I will send for you. At first I longed to die, but now, every one seems so kind to me, I hate to go--but God's will be done! Mr. Ashley and Cora are very kind to me; you should see how frightened he--I mean they, look when I talk of dying! I have never heard one word from Ralph--dear Ralph, we will meet in Heaven, and there, up there, "tis heart to heart. Your loving LURA."

September 1, 18--

"DEAR FANNY--You see it is over a month since my last letter, and I'm not dead yet!--in fact I've made up my mind to not die, after all! Mr. Ashley (Roy I call him) has persuaded me that it's nicer to live, and so we are to be married a week from to-day, and you must come and be bridesmaid! Come right away! Hastily, LURA.

P. S.--Don't say anything down here about that absurd Durham--he was only a barber after all! Roy sends his regards. O, Fanny, Fanny! how I love him! L."

REDS IN REALITY.

One by one the beautiful traditions that have from time immemorial hung a weird sort of romance about savage life in the wilderness disappear before the ruthless pencil of the invading reporter, and the tales of Cooper and the rhythm of Longfellow are thereby left to stand upon their pure literary merits, unsupported entirely by facts. The last occasion furnished for sweeping away the cobwebs of fancy and leaving exposed the bare and unsightly realities of Indian life and character was the grand potlatch, which took place on Squaxon Island about ten miles from the head of Budd's Inlet, last week. General Milroy, Indian Agent on the Squaxon Reservation, having perhaps, as all Agents have, a pride in the noble wards of the Government under his care, resolved that His Excellency Governor Newell, should have a chance to see these in their true glory and accordingly arranged for an excursion from Olympia to Squaxon Island by the steamer Zephyr on Saturday the 6th inst., and invited the Governor and his daughters to accompany the party. The ruthless reporter aforesaid was of course one of the number and we subjoin some of the facts concerning the Indians as they appear in every day life.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS. No allusion to the habits and customs of aboriginal life would be complete without some reference to either Cooper or Longfellow, but to quote from either author anything which would apply to the miserable remnant of a degenerate race, without making that undignified summation indicated in the sub-heading, would be simply impossible. We reproduce from the "Song of Hiawatha" the few lines which may be made, in the most charitable spirit, to serve our purpose:

"By the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood the wigwam of Nakomis, Daughter of the Moon, Nakomis. Dark behind it rose the forest, Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees, Rose the birch with cones upon them; Bright before it beat the water, Beat the clear and sunny water, Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water."

The wigwam, the pine-trees and the Big-Sea-Water, were all spread out before us in delightful panoramas, but we could not discover in the motley group of human beings and quadrupeds which assembled at our approach any semblance of the beautiful Nakomis, or the lily-like form of Winona. If even the old arbor-maker was there he did not show himself. The first object of interest visited was the

"POTLATCH HOUSE," A large lodge or wigwam, about forty feet wide and probably 150 feet in length. It consists of a rude but massive frame-work of trees, the sides covered with shakes, the roof being supported by slender saplings without any intermediate support of collar-beam or truss. A portion of the roof, along the egress of smoke, but left open to allow the egress of smoke, but left very inadequately served the purpose, for the eyes of visitors continually ached from the prevalence of the dense vapor which arose from a score or more of fires, on which was stewing, in pots and kettles of all shapes and sizes, the noon-day meal. Around the lodge, on an elevated platform about four feet wide, running its whole length, sat or reclined the women and children, in all the grotesque, not to say picturesque, attitudes imaginable. Here a comely squaw, clad in the faded, cast-off garments of some one of her aristocratic white sisters, sat knitting or sewing; there an ancient dame, clad in rags and filth, patiently watching and stirring the boiling caldrons of peas and wheat, the sole course of the meal soon to follow. Near the entrance sat a pleasant-faced ketchikan making bread. Her manner was peculiar. The flour was first moistened and stirred in a pitcher, and then poured into a pan, when it was kneaded just enough to give it the shape of flat loaves, which were placed in a fry-pan and inclined to the blazing fire. The loaves appeared after baking still flat and decidedly soggy. In another part of the wigwam he saw loaves which would have been admitted for competition at our Territorial Fair, but upon inquiry we ascertained they were baked in the oven of that innovation upon savage custom, a cook stove, and probably this was the one thing needful to have made all their pastry as inviting. There were possibly 150 women and children.

LOUNGING ON THE PLATFORMS, Which served the purpose likewise of beds at night. Under them and on the girders overhead, were stored flour, potatoes and fruit; a freshly slaughtered carcass of beef being an extra tid-bit laid away for the crowning ceremonies when the Potlatch began. Salmon were likewise a conspicuous article of diet--not the dainty, delicate flavored fish of commerce, but the blotch skinned, lean dog-salmon--and many of these fish, impaled on sticks, slowly roasted before the fires.

THE BRAVES AT DINNER, Where their contents had been simmering all day long, and ranged in a line the entire length of the lodge. This brought them about five feet apart. Strips of matting were then stretched on either side, upon which, after much clamor and a continuous shouting by one who apparently filled the place of master of ceremonies, finally knelt two long lines of dusky savages, prepared for gastronomic battle. Immense spoons, or ladles, made from wood or horn, were then distributed, accompanied by small cedar sticks, the use of which was a mystery soon solved. Each Siwash immediately applied himself to the business of the moment. Dipping a full ladle of the steaming soup or stew (of peas and wheat) from the nearest pot, he placed the smaller end of the vessel between his teeth and by the aid of the stick, shoved the food into his mouth, just as Chinamen eat rice from a saucer with the use of chop-sticks. The capacity of the savage stomach, as demonstrated by this feat, was something wonderful. We have long known that it revolts at scarcely any kind of food, but never before had our eyes beheld the feat of stowing away the largest possible quantity within a given space, in so short a period of time! It was wonderful. No device could have been selected better calculated for the rapid absorption of semi-liquid food, than these same capacious lads, which, elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, presented a straight shute down cavernous throats, without the aid of chop

sticks, but when these are brought into requisition, there was no halt in the passage and the sump disappeared with all the precision of hashed meat through a sausage stuffer. A few of the native women knelt with the men, but they were generally content to sit by silent witnesses of the extraordinary performances of their delighted lords.

TOMANAWUS DANCE. By special request of General Milroy, the great tomanawus dance was executed. It appeared to be more of a devotional, than a mirthful, character. The braves form a ring, in the center of which is placed the tomanawus man of the tribe. They all then strike up a monotonous chant imploring the Great Spirit to bestow all manner of temporal and spiritual blessings. It is accompanied by a stooping, swaying motion of the body, emphasized by beats of the drum. The oldest men, leaning on staves for support, engage in this ceremony. Some of these antiquated specimens are too weak to undergo the fatigue of the violent gesticulation, and simply lean on their supports and nod their heads in perfect time, with the gravity and precision of automatons.

THE EVENING REPERT. The bill of fare for this meal happened to be dog-salmon and potatoes. Long troughs, made of boards, like those generally used in pig-styes, were brought in; a buck then ran his hands into a pot of boiled salmon and hauling forth a fish, tore off a huge morsel and placed it, with an emphatic squish, in the trough. This allowance was placed at equal distances apart, and another brave followed with potatoes, placing one or two of the boiled vegetables on each piece of salmon. The troughs were then arranged in line, and the diners assembled as at the noon-day meal. The hands are used at this meal, but they were quite as effective as any mechanical contrivance could have been for storing away with celerity and dispatch, many even of our oldest residents have never invaded the

DOMAINS OF BARBARIC LIFE, And may be interested in seeking information without suffering the penance as all do who obtain knowledge in this direction from personal inspection. And to these, as well as to those whose romantic ideas of Indian life are based upon fiction rather than fact, we commend the above. The horrible sight, the noisome smells and the intolerable discord of inharmonious sounds, will ever deter those who have once made a visit of discovery from a repetition of the experience.

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone. If it be true, as we read in London correspondence of a New York paper, that Mr. Gladstone snubbed his Queen when she made of him a demand for an increase of the salary of the Prince of Wales, the fact will lift the old Premier in the estimation of every fair-minded man. We read the other day that the Prince had won \$25,000 on a horse-race. It is a fashion of betting men to permit the world to hear of their winnings, but they are careful to conceal their losses. This race in which Wales won was not the first he ever bet at; and it is only fair to suppose that he, like other sporting men, has concealed his losses. This is the more fair when we reflect that without gambling and without indulging in other vices, it would be impossible for the Prince of Wales to spend his income. He receives in round numbers \$600,000 per annum, \$50,000 per month, or, excluding Sundays, just about \$2,000 per day. His house rent and traveling expenses cost him nothing; his gifts in charity do not average two thousand dollars per month; he has no old mother or little sisters to support. The question is simply whether the poor of Great Britain should be taxed to pay for the vices of a dissolute Prince. If Gladstone has had the strength, firmness and sense of justice sufficient to negative the request of his sovereign, why, then, he is worthy to be Premier of the foremost Empire on earth. That Victoria should prefer such a request is a fearful satire on royalty, for it shows that to the Empress of India, even as to the rag-picker, as the nobler faculties are failing with age, avarice, the first instinct which reveals itself in the infant, has returned and has commenced to rule old age. The majesty of royalty cannot frown down this vice. Though possessing millions which she can never use, though hailed as sovereign of the mightiest nation that ever existed, this old woman loves money so much that she will not save her son from disgrace by paying his debts, and, worse still, she would tax England which has been so generous to her and her's to meet the gambling debts of a loose Prince. The showing is not a dignified one for either the Queen or the Prince, but old man Gladstone shines in a magnified light in the interview.

Where are the Boys? "A Sad Observer" writes of the multitudes of idle boys, many of them sons of worthy parents, who are seen loafing about the country towns--boys who are out at night, and who prefer the street to the attractions of the most pleasant homes. There is a great deal about this subject that is difficult. The serious difficulty is found at the beginning, that the training of children is always an experiment made without experience. One must live a life to know how to live. After sons and daughters are grown, character formed, and destiny foreshadowed, it is easy for the parents to look back and discover where they have erred in their training--but it is very difficult, nay, impossible to human wisdom, to foresee and avoid those errors. Sometimes a boy who is carefully and strictly trained will fly off as soon as that restraint is withdrawn, as it sooner or later must be, into ways of

dissipation; and hence parents lose faith in vigorous control. These cases are, however, exceptional. There are a few general rules and principles which should be enforced at whatever cost--of these, first, obedience. Let commands be given only when they are necessary, and let them be wisely given, but enforced them. Second--let it be remembered that habit is the chief force in character. Boys learn to like those things to which they are habituated. Compel them to remain at home in the evenings. They will find it irksome at times, and yet if never permitted to be out at night, except in company and circumstances selected by the parent, they will find amusement in reading, music, and in other refining home pleasures, and by the time they are eighteen to twenty, will have formed habits and tastes which will lead them from choice to exclude evil courses and companions. Do not let a boy run in the streets, and be out at night, and yet hope to save him for anything useful. It cannot be done. He may be lost in spite of all your efforts, but without restraint he is sure to be lost. Let the touch of affection be soft and gentle, but the hand of restraint must be as inflexible as iron. Let him know by continual and consistent kindness that you love him, and yet that you are immovably firm in all questions of principle and right conduct. Interior.

The Value and Pleasure of Agriculture. The chief desire of a man or a woman should be, first, to be useful; and next to be happy. A man's first duty is to mankind; and the next is to himself; and the greatest happiness to a good man is to be of use to and serve his fellow creatures. In doing this the man helps himself at the same time. The production of food and the materials for clothing, is the business of the farmer. No other employment can be so useful as this; and in this lies the value of agriculture to the world. No other employment is so full of pleasure as agriculture, when it is rightly pursued. It is, then, not a laborious work merely of the hands, but a healthful, pleasant labor; full of the most agreeable enjoyment; because in the work of the garden and the field, the farmer is brought face to face with the works and the beauties of nature; and finds, in the sprouting of seed, the growth of plants, the maturity and ripening of vegetation, the growth of his animals, the delights of the changing seasons, which bring to him a ceaseless round of work that is both interesting and profitable; in all these he finds food for thought and means for instruction. In short, a good and successful farmer, in his daily practice, becomes acquainted with many of the wonders of science which appear to him more clearly than to any other man, if he will only take the trouble to open his eyes, and turn his mind to the examination of them. It is a great thing to think of, that the farmer feeds the world; that of all men he is the most important to the comfort, wealth and happiness of the human race; that his influence, if it is exerted for good, increases the enjoyment of mankind, and the result of his work is to set in motion the wheels of all the factories and locomotives in the world; to fill the freight cars; to load the ships; to give employment in one way or another to every smith and carpenter; to every miner; to every lawyer and doctor; to provide in fact for the means of carrying on every honorable and profitable industry. No youth or young man or woman can find a better, happier, more noble, or when well-conducted, more profitable work than that of the farm. It is work; there is no doubt of that. But the man who is employed honestly is the true happy man. It is the idle and vicious who are unhappy. We are told by the wisest of men, that "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet;" and no one sleeps and rests more sweetly than the boy or the man who has spent his day in the corn field, the hay field or at the plow; or the girl who has done her share in the dairy, in the care of poultry, in her household duties. Rural New Yorker.

A Sermon on Push--For Boys. When Cousin Will is at home for vacation, the boys always expect plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazelnuts. As they were hurrying along in great glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man, and a discouraged looking cart. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his house.

The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it for life, push!" It is just the word for a grand, clear morning. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!

"If there is anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is at home, or in town, or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came up with nuts and apples; and that was the end of this little sermon.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES says the only annoying circumstance connected with his Tennessee colony thus far, was the presence of two Tennesseans who squatted on a piece of ground the title of which was so involved that it could not be purchased, and opened a liquor saloon. They could not be driven away until two Indiana ladies started a school next door, when in accordance with the State laws the saloon keepers were obliged to move.

Sympathy comes near and speaks low. It does not shout through a tin trumpet and hail a mourner from the top of a passing omnibus.

ALL SORTS.

A rare chance--to get rich without labor or economy. Man proposes--and woman wishes wasn't so slow about it.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

The biggest glutton in the world, the miller who is all the time bolting meals.

Making a joke is like throwing a stone--if it doesn't come down on its point, it will not spin.

Look out that when you make a laughing-stock of your neighbor you do not make a fool of yourself.

The town of Bridgeport, Conn., has "stayed" population. The town boasts of no less than three corset factories.

All tools going out of use for the son should be put away in a whole and bright condition. Teach the boys the habit of cleaning shovels, hoes and cultivated teeth.

It is suggested that John Bull stuff late Abdurrahman's clothes with sawdust and prop up the effigy with bayonets. A flat Amerer of that sort would stand a chance to escape assassination.

The Detroit Free Press says that O. Burgess was robbed of a diamond pin, but before he could use the fact as an advertisement the thief sent it back with a note to the effect that he could get better ones for a dollar.

The Parisian is authority for the statement that shrimps have succeeded in being as the favorite trinket of the ladies. There are shrimps in pearl and coral and ruby, used as brooches, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, lockets and shoe buckles.

The late John Broughman once at dinner was seated next to Coroner Brier. A toast was proposed, and Broughman asked the coroner what he should drink it. "Claret," said the coroner. "Claret!" was the reply; "that is drink for a corner; there's nobody that!"

A long-winded lawyer recently defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and during the trial the Judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in his sentence."

WHEN Spotted Tail writes a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, closing a check for \$332 to be used for certain legal expenses, who should say the red man cannot be civilized.

Test of Pronunciation. The following rather curious piece of composition was recently placed on the blackboard at a teachers' institute and a prize of a Webster's Dictionary offered to any person who could read and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in pronunciation made: "A religious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his funds in order to make good the deficit, solved to ally himself to a comely, stout, and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head-waiter as his valet. He then dispatched a letter of most unexceptionable calligraphic tenor, inviting the young lady to a meeting. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificial to his sires, and sent a polite note of refusal, and a bowie-knife, said that he would now force fetters hyemeneal with his quene, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The mistake was removed by the coroner. The debris in pronunciation were on the following words: Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted, financial deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay calliope, chameleon, suite, coadjutor, calligraphic, matinee, sacrificial, hyemeneal, isolated, jugular, debris. (Ratland (Vt.) Herald.

The World's Population. The total population of the globe now put down at 1,455,923,000 or 978,000 more than it was ninety months ago, the date of the last published figures are taken from the publication of Messrs. Rehm and Werner, the distinguished German geographers, whose semi-periodical work is everywhere accepted as the highest authority in general statistics. It thus appears that we are increasing in number at the highly encouraging rate of one million a month. No other part in our astronomical system has been able up to date, to make a better showing, so far as population and rate of increase are concerned. As to the quality of the human product turned out on orb, it were best, perhaps, not to indulge in any boastings or to invite too close scrutiny. Truth is sad, and it must be confessed that we have many inhuman who are no particular credit to any regulated globe. Millions there are who do not take the newspapers, other than their own, and in the midst of them there are, besides, great numbers of idiots.

Cooking Hard-shelled Squashes. These, like all the varieties of squashes, are usually prepared by boiling in salt and butter, and transferring to a mushy mass into a dish. This is a mistake; no one knows the richness of a fine Butman, Marbled Hubbard, if it has been served in this style. The mashing of the squashes, which destroys its fine grain, and is as reasonably expected a mealy potato, show its dryness under like manipulation. Again, the old saying, "the bone the sweeter the meat," is emphatically true in application to hard-shelled squashes--the nearer the shell, the richer the squash. Very young little girl or boy has found out about it, and is in the habit of serving them as she would a spoon as cooked them aside. The true way to cook the hard-shelled squashes is to boil them in their shells, and after removing them from the water, to cut them before cooking to a size to serve as cook them by steam, and after removing any stringy portion from the stem, bear them to table without any further manipulation.