"Now, Miss Gray, we have missed our car, and have a long walk before us, clear to Lincoln Park, so I am going to take the opportunity to tell you the story I spoke of before, for I don't want you to think that No. 21 is haunted only by ghostly memories. Well, to begin with, one dreary, rainy night, there was a ring at the bell after everybody had gone to bed, so I threw on my wrapper and went down myself, thinking it must be a tele-gram. But when I opened the door there stood the queerest looking man, tall and big, and my, oh, my! what great hands and feet he did have, and such a shock of sandy, bristling hair; a freekled gone.

Though letter by the senior partners brother to a Thanksgiving dinner, and so young Ringwood, being exceptionally found of turkey and pumpkin pie, had set face, and the most comical nose I ever saw. And you would have laughed to hear his voice-such a funny one. His only baggage was a thin old carpet-sack and a cotton umbrella.

"Well, how d'ye do?' said he. 'Be

you the landlady?""
"'Wal,' says he, 'I did put up at the tavern, and was gettin' ready to roost, when they said they'd charge \$3 a day, and I jest thought, fore I'd pay it for them gimeracks and statters and dishes, that yer grandmother couldn't tell what's made of, I'd set on the fence all night, though they mostly be made with pints on top in those parts. Naow, can you give me pork and beans and sensible grub for a fair price?"

"I think so; anywhere from \$4 to \$8 a week, according to accommodations, says I. "That'll do," says he; "Let's squint

around.

No. 21 happened to be the only vacant room, so I showed him that, and told him it was the highest-priced room in the house, but he said it would do, and sat down in the best chair, and soaked it through from his rain-dripping clothes, ruining it in five minutes. He looked so suspicious that I made him pay in advance, and then I saw him open the lean carpet-bag and take out a wooden bootjack, then I left him alone in his glory. Next morning he appeared at the table

with that irresistible hair fiercer than ever, now that it was dry, and the amount he ate would have run a steamboat.

I saw the young gents smile at each other, and the older ones looked amused, and I trembled for the poor fellow. The only lady boarder I had was a Miss Birch-a seamstress on the fourth floorand, without meaning her any harm, I must say she was the homeliest creature that ever offended my two eyes, and as good as she was ugly. And the new boarder-Barnabas Capstack, his name was-no sooner saw her than he seemed to fall in love with her. Why, that very first day, when he "reckoned he'd walk down to the cross roads a spell," he bought her five cents' worth of peanuts, and from that time on his attentions were untiring. He was always bringing her things, candy, illustrated papers, fruit, ribbons, cheap jewelry, and once a yellow sent her thirteen valentines, all directed in the same hand. And really I think it It was too much for gravity. was on her account solely that he stayed so long, as the other boarders made it so the fourth floor, and spent their winter in tormenting poor Mr. Capstack.

They would fill his pitcher with kerosene, and he would wash his face in it, and then come to me and say that the gas was certainly leaking in his room, it smelt so strong. They cut white horse-hairs over his bed in fine little bits, and these sting like 20,000 mosquitos, if you don't know it. Then the poor fellow would come down in the morning with little sores over his face, and, I suppose, the rest of him, where he'd scratched the skin off. They would sew up his clothes and exchange his pantaloons for a pair that wouldn't reach down to his blue socks, but he'd tie them down and remark, like the Brother Jonathan that he was, that "that air goods kinder And they even played shrinks." the old snipe trick on him-took him out to Burnham woods and left him holding a candle till they should drive up the game. And he held up the candle until it burned down to some powder in the end and exploded; and the way he came galloping down Eagle street about 4 o'clock in the morning suggested that he was scared, to say the least.

But, my! he took it all so patiently, and was so good humored, and was so faithful to his true love, and he paid his board so very prompt, that I could not help liking the fellow.

He never gave much account of himself. He said that he had got tired of farming, and he could find something to do in the city, and was employed in a big wholesale house down on Broad street. So he lived on with us for a number of years, bearing all the jokes patiently, drinking castor oil in his glass of milk, salt in his coffee, soap in his pie, and, I suppose, a thousand other things that I never knew of, and grew more and more devoted to Miss Birch the more she snubbed him until one day she care to my room, and I knew she had something to say by her looks, so I let her talk on, and finally she says:

"Mrs. Compton, I do believe I'll have to marry that fellow to get rid of him." "Well," says I, "that's a sensible way, for its a sure one. Just marry him, and he ll trouble you but little after that, I warrant." But bless you, how she flew

"Mrs. Crompton," says she, "I didn't expect to be insulted by you. You know as well as I do that Barnabas is above the common run. He's so faithful and true. Why, he asked me to marry him four times last week, and five times this, and last night he sent up the loveliest note along with a quart of oysters and a pair of shoes, and now if you think he is going to neglect me like other men, You're very much mistaken!" and then bounced out of the room, and wouldn't come back for a week, and I learned, my dear, not to take a woman at

her word. One night, a few months later, in came Barnabas, bristles up, and flaming neektie, and he seemed to have something to say. He wiggled and squirmed in his chair, cleared his throat, stared at the pictures and the ceiling, upset a vase saw, always, spilling, tearing, breaking the surly reply.

things), and this evening he did more damage than usual. When the hours had passed until after 11, and still he sat, I told him I never sat up very late. I guessed I should have to ask him to if one could only find it all out. leave. But he only fidgeted the more and at last I thought he was choking;

his face got fairly purple. "Miss Compton," he says, "the Bible, says, ye know, and I thought being as so kind as to step down. It's at the in a business way, brown church of a Tuesday morning, ye Beggerly clerks a know, and if you'll be there 'bout 3 through letter by the senior partner's o'clock we'll be much pleased," and with brother to a Thanksgiving dinner, and so

loads and loads of things. I went up in the midst unspeaking. There were country road. brooms, scrub-brushes, curry-combs, bed-bug poison, mouse-traps, boot-jacks, soap enough for a century, a canned cat, a rolling pin and poker tied together with ribbon and labeled, "Firearmsdangerous," a barrel of beans, hair oil, and goodness knows what else.

Miss Birch was offended, and Barnabas

"Never mind, Nanna, them things is all useful articles, and will come mighty handy in our shanty. And Miss Compton, if you will kindly say to the boarders that we have got a shanty down on the cross-roads quite a step from here, and we'll be happy to see them thar to-morrow night, I'll be obliged to ye. I'll send up a wagon to take 'em down, seein' they've been so handsome."

Next morning I went down to see them married, and now when Barnabas had his hair oiled down to his head and his new suit on, he was quite a gentleman in appearance, though one of the 42s did say something about flour bags when he saw his white gloves. And Miss Birch was as trim and neat as a pin, as she always was, and made a very good appearance.

When the ceremony was over they were driven away. That night we were all ready, and I saw that the young gents done up in black moroeco. Instantly were in for some fun, when a row of carriages-nice ones-drew up at the door. and the driver gave me a queer note from Barnabas and Mrs. Capstack. "He

surprised. But when he drew up at the beautiful State street, I was amazed. I knew there must be some mistake; so I ran up together, with rich soft carpets and beautiful furniture, looking through the glass door. But there was Barnabas, sure enough, smashing over the loveliest and sat down, but we hadn't a word to sky. And to think of the elegant supper dress pattern. He asked her to go to every entertainment that he heard of and she always refused, but that made no lights, and poor Mr. Capstack rushing she always refused, but that made no lights, and poor Mr. Capstack rushing the b. g., "that man is one of the greatest rushing around and cracking his shins against the lady." furniture in his efforts to entertain us.

And don't you think all this time he'd been a partner in the wholesale house, unpleasant for him. There's no stopping and some of those very gents are his if she'd been born in it.

But, my dear, never trust appearances; it is a deceitful world.

# Japanese Farming.

Milton S. Vail, a missionary in Japan, gives, in the Methodist, the following account of Japanese farming: "The farmers in Japan seem to operate on a small scale. All the land belongs to the Government, and all have to pay a ground rent. Wheat, barley, rye, and buck-wheat are grown in rows, the weeds being kept out by hoeing. It seems strange to see all their grain growing in rows, but no doubt good crops are thus produced. Rice is the chief product of Japan. The earth nearly everywhere is black, and the black soil of the valleys, when well cultivated and made to hold makes good rice fields. The soil is broken by manual labor. Men go into the mud up to their knees, and with a "It was all your fault," shrieked the long-bladed hoe turn the earth over. Horses are used to harrow it down, and when ready the rice plants are set out by hand. The rice of Japan is very fine, and the Japanese know how to cook it. With them it is the principal article of feed-a little rice I look like a robber's apprentice?" with pickles and tea, often constitute the meal. The people do not know how to make bread, but seem to be very fond of it when they can get it of foreigners. They have flour, which they use in various ways in the simplest kind of cookery. I noticed in coming to this place (Hakone, a mountain town fortyfive miles from Yokohama) that at some of the inns, instead of giving tea, they gave us a drink made of pounded wheat. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, egg-plants, corn, melons, cabbages, onions and turnips are also grown, and other vege-tables, the names of which I do not know and never saw in America. I think all the vegetables grown in New York can be cultivated here. Of fruits we have peaches, plums, oranges, strawberries, pears and persimmons, also figs.

WAGNER THE ICONOCLAST.—The path of Richard Wagner is littered with the traces of almost ferocious onslaughts upon those of his fellow artists whom the world holds dear. He has visited church yards and wreaked spite upon the tombs of the dead. One after another, great and cherished reputations have felt the sting of his keen and acrid pen. He has mocked at Meyerbeer, treated Mendelssohn with disdain, struck hercely at poor gentle Schuman, laughed at Berlioz, patronized Mozart, and, so to speak, made a post-mortem examination of Beethoven to lecture upon his disease. What he thinks of the living Braums, we shall, it is said, soon know more fully, and then perforce this truculent master must rest until some one else is guilty of eminences. All this may be the result of extreme fervor, of that "noble rage" which makes a man spurn even the restraints of decency for the sake of the cause he champions.

"What plan," said one actor to another, of flowers on the table (by the way, he was the most destructive creature I ever benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was

#### THE LEATHER EAR.

There is always a horrible mystery about the inside passengers to a coach

Fred. Ringwood had a hand-bag con taining a fresh collar and a spotted silk neckerchief, a few rather good cigars, and a small bottle of Santa Cruz rum. He was on his way to Evenden to spend how ye was once thar yeself, that maybe a day and eat a Thanksgiving dinner it wouldn't be too much to ask yer to be with a gentleman whom he knew merely

Beggerly clerks are not often asked out fond of turkey and pumpkin pie, had set Of course, it got out through the out that afternoon with the liveliest antihouse, and Monday night presents from cipations of enjoyment. The holiday out the boarders began to arrive. Such of town was an immense thing, not to speak of a day and night in a country and there stood Barnabas and his bride house and twenty miles of coach and

A very singular looking female, in the proverbial nubia and coarse black gown, sat bolt upright in one corner opposite Fred, while the middle seat was occupied by a gentleman of 50 years, perhaps, in a dark surtout, a black stock, which he wore uncommonly high, and a red flannel bandage around his head and face, covering his ears. During a relayof horses at Bangcoke, Fred undid his luggage and applied himself to the rum sparingly.

'A little spirit cheers the heart and elevates the soul," said the man with the

"Have some?" said Fred in duty bound, xtending the flask.

Untying the bandage the stranger, reduced the quantity in the bottle to a

mere gill at a gulp.
"Poison—poison," said he sententi-

Now there was a peculiarity about this man which gave Fred a cold chill and made him sit further away, and when the coach rattled off he got such a jerk as gave the back of his head a lump as large as an egg. The man who did not object to poison calmly replaced the red flannel. He had a curious deep red scar across went out and got into a carriage, and his right cheek, extending from his temple to his chin, and his right ear was Fred felt for his pocket-book, and suddenly remembered that he had none. He carried a handful of loose coin in his trouser pockets, and mighty lucky was is going to be extravagant forever," I he in the middle of the week to be able thought, but I knew his turn and wasn't to jingle the bit of silver he carried with

him to Evenden. The man in the middle got out at Stergray stone house on the finest part of ling's, where the coach took a header, and Fred actually felt relieved, as no doubt did the lady in the black gown, the steps and into the vestibule, where I although henceforth she kept her eye could see a vista of lovely rooms opening | mainly on Fred, who, in truth, had a rather rakish rir, but so little egotism that he felt only moderately flattered by the lady's attention, and rather conceived the idea that she enter-Apollo Belvidere in his haste, coming to tained lively doubts as to his respectaopen the door himself. And we filed in bility. " 'That man, madame," remarked Fred with great nonchalence, after the stranger had scrambled out of the coach leaving it to Ringwood and the lady in

> "Good gracious!" exclaimed the lady, with a nervous spasm; "you don't say so. What does he do mostly?"

"Oh, as to that, it is easier telling what he does not do. He dosn't do anyyoung gents when they get started with clerks now, that abused him so! And he thing elderly and nice, but everything of their jokes. There were the two in 2414, is the most devoted husband, and Mrs. the Dick Turpin - Sixteen - String Jack clerk, with a partnership in view, while one in 25, those up in 36, and some from Capstack manages her house as nicely as sort, you understand? It's a wonder that I've no doubt that we can make all things

our heads are on our own shoulders. "Why didn't you say so before?" snapped the lady with asperity.

"Well, I should have protected you, you know, had he dared any of his highjacks in here. As for me, I would defy any robber to find my money."
"You don't say so," remarked a very

cold blooded voice at the window. The coach had come to a dead stop at a point on the road completely shrouded by dark evergreens, on which the first few feathery flakes lay like rivulets of seed pearls.

Fred's heart galloped up into his throat, and came near going down the barrel of a carbine which the gentleman in the flannel bandage rested at full cock on the sill.

"Come, you know; this is devilish mean in a chap who has just drank my the water from the neighboring hills, liquor down at a mouthful," remon-makes good rice fields. The soil is strated Fred, his hands trembling too

lady in the nubia; "you enticed him to get drunk and be bold."

"Perhaps you will intimate next, madame, that I am his aide-de-camp, said poor Fred, in the last stages of despair, talking wilder to gain time. "Yes, you do."

At this the highwayman laughed upreariously, so much so that the bandage slipped off and revealed that horrible leather ear again, which gave him so sinster a look that Fred fairly recoiled to the other side of the coach.

"Come, come; I've no time to waste here. Unless you wish to drive me to extreme measures, you'll hand over your valuables directly. Madame, I've taken a fancy to that gold snuff-box and watch seal.

heaven sixteen years ago." picture in miniature done up quaintly with a gold back, surrounded by insignificant little pearls. Priceless in Fred's

ner's niece, a girl whose visits to that dull old iron house had left each time a broad band of sunlight in his dull, hard life. She had gone back home now, somewhere very far away-thousands of miles, he thought, and in giving the miniature had whispered three words:

"Good-bye-hope-wait." "What have you there?" said the robber, sternly, as Fred endeavored to conceal the locket up his coat cuff. "No tricks, sir; be quick! Out with it! Is it

"Yes; it is the picture of the woman I

love and never hope to see again, and death only will rob me of it. You can kill me if you will, but pollute this token you shall not!" Under excitement Fred was coming out manfully. He was a fine, muscular young fellow, and when his blood was up carried very little for threats or fire-

# wood," said the highwayman, scornfully, as familiar with Fred as if he had stood

"You may keep that bundle, Mr. Ring-

godfather to him twenty years before. "My real object is not to take trifles from you, but an important bit of information. You are the rather poorly paid, but confidential clerk of Giles, Leadbeiter & Reid, of Cumberwell Road and Harrow ditch. I must know who deposits the funds in the safe, how late it remains, there, and who will be on watch there to-

night at 12." The lady in the black gown seemed transfixed with horror. All this going

on under her very nose. Fred gave a fast thought to Emily Giles, and buttoned her locket over his

heart. "Why, you villain," said he, folding his arms tenderly over it. "Betray my employers -- the men who befriended me, an outcast and foundling, and trust me as they trust no one else? You are welthat will gratify you, but never a word will I speak of their affairs while I have a drop of warm blacd in my body.

The robber made a motion toward Fred very difficult to understand, while the lady in the black gown threw her fat arms around his neck much to his disdismay.

"Dear fellow," she murmured. Here there was a smothered cry outside, a scuffle of a moment's duration on the frozen ground, and the driver cracked his whip. The horses plunged forward at a mad gallop, and in an hour's time were drawn up before a superb avenue

of chestnuts leading to a magnificent old red brick country house with window

casements. This was Evenden, and Fred, feeling stiff and sore, full of knocks and bangs, his hair terribly touseled, handed his bag to a valet, who came to meet him, with the air of a young D'Orsay, and was soon standing in a splendid old then." drawing room, shaking hands with an elderly gentlemanly man with prominent cheek bones and mild blue eyes, whose voice reminded him constantly of some one else.

Dinner awaited-such a thanksgiving dinner as one might expect to eat in such a manor, but what was Fred's surprise to see Emily Giles advancing to meet him with a pretty dove-colored gown which exactly matched her eyes, while Leonard Giles, the senior partner's brother, smiled on in approval, and a stout elderly lady in black gown, stood hold-ing a gold snuff-box in her mittened hand, looked at him benignantly.

"No adventure coming down, Mr. Ringwood," asked the senior partner's brother, after the dessert had come on, and Fred was growing deliriously happy eating philopenas with Emily, across corners.

"No robbers—no stoppage, nor anya little late, Mrs. Waggoner and I." Mrs. Waggoner was Emily's more than

mother. "Nothing worth mentioning," answered Fred, turning a trifle red in the face as he remembered the rum which was plen-

tifully diluted with water and annis seed. "Frederic, you are a good fellow, and full of the right stuff. Emily, I don't mind telling you, my dear, that you have made an excellent choice of a husband. From to-night, Mr. Ringwood, you enter my brother's business as an interested if we are disturbed, just consider me

atisfactory Emily and Fred go down every year to the Keiths' forerunner, in which the chileat Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners | dren joined heartily. at Evenden.

#### Smugglers Building Tunnels and Rallroads.

A remarkable case of smuggliog, a correspondent at Rome writes, has recently come to light here. For some time past it has been observed that large quantities of goods, especially sugar, arrived by rail in Rome, and were declared "in transit," thus being free of the octroi duties. Goods thus declared are warehoused outside the city walls, and thence are either carried to the villages round Rome or brought into town in small quantities, paying duty as they come in, so that there would have been nothing remarkable in the business except the magnitude of the operations, and this excited suspicion. A watch was set and it was found that the goods were all stored in a small warehouse outside the Porta Angelica, the gate under the vatican, and that they apparently never came out again either in large or small quantities. The sharpness of a revenue officer, or brobably a traitor in the camp, suggested that there must be an under ground passage into the town, and special watch was kept on the houses inside the city walls. On Dec. 28, thirty-four casks of sugar arrived as usual, transit," and were taken to the suspected store, and next morning two empty carts were observed to enter the courtyard of a house just inside the wall which | Betty. was under surveillance. After setting watchers on the house outside, the police eal."
sugar loaded on the carts which had entered empty, and a further search revealtween the main house and open cham-Tobias gave me these before he went to ed a hole in the ground covered with ber. boards and loose earth. Entering Fred had but two treasures in the this by a short ladder, the poworld. One was the heart of a wonder- lice found themselves in a tunnel fully pretty girl, the other was her about six feet high and three feet wide, running underneath the town-wall and ditch straight to the warehouse ontside; rails were laid down on the ground, and eyes, though it was but a shabby little in the warehouse was found a little truck a draft from the direction that I had in the warehouse was found a little track to run on them. The tunnel was nearly one hundred yards long, and some notion may be formed of how profitable a busimay be formed of when successful, when sessing Emily, who was his senior part. may be formed of how profitable a busiit is considered that it could pay those who carried it on to construct a tunnel of such dimensions .- St. James Gazette.

A COLORED MAN'S CRITICISM .- During the performance of the Masque of Pandora, at the Boston Theater, a downtown gentleman gave one of his colored help a ticket to see the play, jokingly re-marking that he should like to know how he liked it, and what he thought of Mr. Longfellow as an actor. The next day our colored friend reported "that he liked de play very much, and Mr. Longfellow was a very nice base singer;" he added, "I don't like dose kind of plays where the talking is all done by singing- Boston Commonwealth.

The way to produce a smile on the face of Nature is to plant it with seeds of flowers. Tickle Nature in that way, and she will laugh with blossoms.

### The Kelth's Forerunner.

Mrs. Keith called in the morning, and judging by her nervous, restless manner, we concluded that her errands wasn't altogether pleasant, to tell at least, but we tried to help the little woman by being more chatty and jolly than usual. After she had conquered her timidity suffi-

ciently, she said: "I called to ask a favor of you, Hetty, but I'm afraid you won't thank me after

I tell you something." "Have no fears, but tell us about this

something, 'she replied, quickly,
"Well, it has been several weeks that we have heard a noise in our ell chamber that we cannot account for. We have listened and searched to no purpose. I tell you this because I wanted you to stay nights with the children next week, while husband and I go to Riverside. They wouldn't object to staying alone if it wasn't for this mysterious noise. I hope we shall understand about it, sometime, for it makes the children so timid."

"What is it like?" I asked. "A loud knocking, then dying away gradually; mother Keith says something terrible is going to happen, and these re-

cated warnings are to prepare us. Worrying then, thought I, is what has made the little woman so thin and pale he last few weeks, and she wants to visit er folks before the "something terrible"

appens.

on all about the noise when you return," I replied stoutly.
"I hope you will," sighed the little woman, "but I don't know, husband and

Come! Of course I will, and I'll tell

I have failed." "Well, I don't intend to; if husband

and I have failed," I laughed. "Just like you, Hetty; full of courage," replied Mrs. Keith, looking brighter and more cheerful than she had for a month. "I can depend on you,

"Of course," I replied, "I should be delighted to ferret out the secret." Hitherto the Keiths had visited River-

vale during the lull of farm work after hay and grain were housed, but the fear of that impending "something" had changed the time to mid-planting. Although I had the reputation for

courage and persistent energy, I didn't relish the job of ferreting out the Keiths' forerunner; but I had promised and was too proud to recant; besides, we were neighbors and friends.

The morning they started I went over to help them off, knowing that there are many last things to say and do, even when we're all ready. The good-byes be-tween parents and children were really touching, and to an oppositely constituted person from myself, the scene might have been affecting, but I laughed, threw old shoes for good luck, and promised to superintend the sending of a postal daily, 'Now, Reny, if you want me, I'll take my sewing and stay with you during the day," I said, after the Keith's were out

of sight. "No, thank you; it is nights that we want you. Come at sunset, if you can,"

she replied.

"All right," I responded, laughing to myself at the credulity of human nature. The influence of my defiant manner was to restore cheerfulness to that house; so we spent a very jolly evening.

At 10, I said "now let's go to bed, and captain of this knocker-raid." The first and second night weall slept beautifully, newspaper editors will be apt to treat the and I began a good-natured ridicule of spring poets with a greater amount of

The third day it rained, not like Aunt Peggy's rainy day that begins at noon, for this began at midnight and did faithful work for twenty-four hours. Then three events occurred, almost simultaneously. The wind soughed from the northwest through the old elms, driving the dead tree branches against the house roof, rattling the roof shingles, clapboards and blinds with such force that one might think that all the runners in Brookhill had met at the Keiths' for a genuine "lark" there was such a racket, the old time-piece banged out midnight, and the real Keith forerunner began operations in earnest. For half an hour listened, the perspiration bursting from every pore. At last I sprang from the bed.

"That knocking is made by the wind," I said loudly, to reassure the children, who were awake and asking all sorts of questions in a whisper.

'Do you believe it, Hetty?" asked Frank, who was crouching trembling

just autside the room door. "Believe it! Of course I believe it. There was no knocking till the wind rose. Now hear it. Its rhythm and melody, if it has any, is made by the northwest wind," I said, quickly, for my teeth were chattering and my whole frame quivering with reaction. We'll

light a lamp and investigate." "Oh, don't, Betty, don't! I'm afraid it's something awful, "moaned Frank and

"Guess not! Awful things generally come to a head or die; but this, by your entered the one inside the walls, and accounts, does neither," I replied, there found the thirty-four casks of laughing, and holding the lamp at arm's

The knocking ceased, but I stood peering into the darknes).
"It stopped just so when father stepped

in here, and mother pulled him back, she was so scared." I took another step. The sound begun again. Then I set the lamp on the floor; ing melody. I rapped it sharply, pro-ducing the identical raps of the forerunner that had sent the Keiths to Rivervale two months before their usual visit. We

and then retired and slept until sun up. The next postal, with the following written upon it, was dispatched to the

DEAR PARENTS: We know all about the forerunner. "Taint nothing. We set out to mail it, but cluded to wait and let you see it. Helty is a regular brick. She'd beat a General anywhere. I'd like to vote for her to be President, for she wouldn't scare or act spoony about

anything. Your affectionate Sun. "So you fixed it, Hetty," said the Keiths, before they alighted from their

"Yes, just come and see it," said the children, leading the way.

"Well, well, how easy it is to be fooled, especially when it's dark, and most all scares happen in the dark," said Mr. Keith

Ever after that I was the personification of everything that made living a success to the Keiths.-[Golden Rule,

## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

A spirit photograph-A photograph of a distillery. Funny items are made by adroit turns

of the humor-wrist.

Cannibals are captive 'ating or atures. Steubenville Herald. A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Be-

cause its a catarrh-act. The man who has gathered a big ice

crop wants to keep it shady. What is fame? Fame is the result of

being civil to newspaper men. Telegrams, according to the New Haven Register, are to be consolidated

into Jaygouldigrams. Captain Eads' ship railroad is no new

idea. Didn't Charon pull a boat over Styx?

When a New York young man pops the question he now says, "Let's consolidate. Eggs are higher in New York than

was ever known before, and consumers are impatient to throw off the yolk.

Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less self-denial. "He got his just deserts," remarked

Brown. "And mine, too," ejaculated Strong, as he surveyed the table and saw the after-dinner luxuries all gone. "You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight

hundred and seventy years ago." Sally: "Lor, miss, how the time do slip away! It is said that pork fed on Cincinnati whisky is never effected with trichinosis. When the parasites get a whiff of the

whisky they take pity on the pig and leave. A northern newspaper claims that an Alderman has been injured by the accidental discharge of his duty. These ac-

cidents are very rare. An Irish soldier called out to his companion: "Hallo! Pat, I have taken a prisoner." "Bring him along, then, bring him along!" "He won't come." bring him along!" "Then come yourself."

"Do you favor my suit?" said Claude to Angelina, the other day. "Yes," was the crushing reply, "I look with more favor on the new clothes than I do on their owner." A New York Ledger story writer died

the other day, and they wrote him this epitaph: "The chapter of this world is ended-to be continued in the next." An editor, the day after experiencing religion, wrote: "The storm last Tues-day caused great d—age in H—ertown,

Pa. A man named G-dfrey was dangerously injured."- Puck. An Italian has invented a device for instantaneously detaching a horse from a wagon. The Boston Transcript be-

lieves this is an infringement on the rights of Texas horse thieves. After four mouths of a severe winter newspaper editors will be apt to treat the respect than usual-will at least refew lines of their contributions before consigning them to he waste basket .-

Norristown Herald. The story is told that some one once asked the late Dr. S. H. Cox, whose wit was irreprepressible, how it happened that out of his large family, half had left the Presbyterian church. "Oh!" he rethe Presbyterian church. plied, "it is a case of the virgins of the Scriptures-five were wise and five were

Episcopalians. Mr. John Bell, an English owner of a private gallery, which had cost \$1,000,000, tried to will his pictures to the City of Glascow, but he unfortunately wrote his will in pencil. Under British law, he might as well have written it in water. His pictures have been sold for the benefit of his heirs, and his good intentions

follow him. "I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one asked his uncle. story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

Slightly sareastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark, "Glad to see you, sir; with the remark, "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astoniahed ished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

MR. EDMUNDS ON BIENNIAL SESSIONS. -Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, has lately witten a letter to a Massachusetts inquirer in which he says: "I do not think the change from annual to biennial sessions of the Legislature in Vermont has done good, but the reverse. I am satisfied that it has resulted, in con-nection with the one-term idea which came in with it, in having a smaller proportion of the members of former experience, and, in respect of the re-elected members, has left them in a condition of less memory of, and less acquaintance with, previous legislations, etc., than they had under the annual system. I believe, also, that, even in our little State, the general value of annual sessions, compared with biennial, is all laughed until our nerves were quiet, great in respect of keeping up personal acquaintanceship, communion, and interchange of ideas upon all topics, from the simplest agricultural and school district affairs to the broadest ones of finance and politics, among the citizens who thus assemble. Again, even in as simple a com-munity as ours, the frequent critical ob-servation and overhauling of every de-partment of administration is, I think, of immense value as a preventive as well as a corrective of bad or negligent administration. In all these respects, and many others that may be mentioned, I think the annual meetings of the representative men of a commonwealth are worth a hundred times what they cost.