

WINNING.

He wins at last, who builds his trust in living winds and sails just right. The water that is stern and cold... The clouds may darken 'er the sun, yet joy has light for all the years.

Capit's Easy Ways.

When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico a Mexican youth raised a regiment of boys and waged against them the invaders as appeared in Simons a warfare that told. The young man's father was a Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican.

John E. Lane, a farmer, who lives near Springfield, Ill., told his daughter about two weeks ago that he objected to Henry Musgrave, a Springfield young man, because he wrote poetry and affected to admire Democracy as the constitutional party.

Mr. Richard Smith, editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, was writing one of his most thrilling leaders in his office the other evening when three fell upon him as the sound of gunfire tapping at the window door.

A young man appeared at the City Clerk's office in Newport, R. I., on Tuesday, the 14th instant, to file an intention of marriage. When he gave the age of the young woman at twenty years, the clerk told him that under the rigorous marriage law of the State, her father's written consent must accompany the bill of intention.

A Buffalo paper recently told of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horses started to run in the sleigh. Being determined to have it over with, he got the question out the moment the sleigh struck a mile post.

train that they might ride a few miles to Mobile with another girl, a through passenger from the West and a former class mate at Vassar. As one of the Deverport girls was not very well acquainted with the passenger, she said that she would stand on the rear platform to watch the train across the Mississippi.

The Journalist.

The journalist knows all the news. Therefore he is said to have a nose for news. He is a man of many parts—part modesty and part truthfulness. He has great regard for the truth, and approaches it only with diffidence and awe.

The journalist handles the Archimedes lever that moves the world. Archimedes had no foundation to rest his lever upon, and much that the journalist writes has the same airy basis.

Scolded Victims.

The many people who frequently want a drop of something to make them feel right when you are not old or too hot, or too wet or too dry, or too something, will rejoice to hear that foreign chemists have discovered how to substitute wine and spirits. Hereafter a man should be able to carry some crumb of the premium stuff in his vest pocket instead of going about with the ball ball cork protruding from a pocket in his coat, and instead of having his horn companions to the nearest bar, he can offer them a lemon from a nest box no larger than a cigar case.

Women's Shoes.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to the sure and certain step of man. But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the center of the instep as possible.

Recollections of Bullets.

At the battle of Pouch Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him, first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his coat, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man over the head, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket.

Well, as we were saying, it is a disgrace to Milwaukee to have such a case go to the courts, and people will lose confidence in Milwaukee. But, leaving Winnebago street out entirely, there are streets enough for all practical purposes, and there are people who will resent the imputation that it is necessary to carry \$3000 in one's pocket in order to enjoy any religion in a town of 125,000 of the God-blessed inhabitants that ever lived. The papers should not say anything about that law suit, as it will injure Milwaukee as a great manufacturing center.

The Pig's Nose.

Prof. Geo. Macleod, of Princeton College, recently read a paper before the New York Academy of Sciences on "The Proboscis of the House-fly." The wall behind the desk at which the professor stood was decorated for the occasion with diagrams showing highly magnified sections of the body of the common house-fly or "Musca Domestica." There were also some pictures of exaggerated cockroaches and a representation of an enormous lobster, more than three feet long—so large in fact that the teeth in his spoon-shaped jaws, could be distinctly seen.

A Co-actor's Yarn.

The Grand Rapids Democrat publishes the following as having been told by an F. & P. M. conductor at Reed City recently. The crowd waiting for the G. R. & I. train had been listening to some big yarns by an insurance agent, when the conductor chimed in with: "That's nothing. A few years ago I was running a train on the Lake Shore road, and one morning, just as we got under way coming out of Fremont the cow-catcher picked up a pig, landing him right up on the platform next the boiler head. After running two or three miles the fireman crawled out to see what the pig was doing, and I'll be hanged if he wasn't trying to jump off, but couldn't do it. Instead of jumping off at the side he tried to go straight ahead, and the train was going so fast that he could not jump far enough to get away from it. He could get into the air, but before he dropped any that platform would be under him, and after trying forty or fifty times he gave it up and took it cool. Well, sir, when we got into Toledo thirty miles he got down and seemed to be all right, and the engineer said him to his boarding house keeper for twenty-five meal tickets. But after he had been on the ground a but there was a sort of reaction, like the shock to his nervous system had been too much, and he laid down and died before he reached the port."

"I bet you had to eat him just the same," said the insurance man. "Well, that's all right," said the conductor, "railroad men are not proud—they don't want the best, but it was hard on the engineers. Eading that pig made them so cowardly they couldn't make time—just like the pig. One of them got so timid that he was always behind time and the Lake Shore railroad discharged him. Then he came up here and lived out in the G. R. & I. That's his yarn coming there now; he's scared yet; he's had an hour from Cadillac here—thirty-five miles."

Climate always has a great effect on a story. Indeed it is a well known fact that all anecdotes must be altered by the nationality of the persons to whom it is told. Rogers used to tell with great glee and relish of a Jew which a Frenchman and an Englishman had in a dachshund room. When he was dining in London he always said that the Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, ungenerously fired up the chimney, and to his great surprise, killed the Frenchman. When he was dining in Paris, however, he always said that the magnanimous Frenchman fired up the chimney and killed the Englishman. In this way he made everybody happy and helped to allay those bitter national animosities which all but Americans are too apt to entertain.

the law suit did, and cause her feelings to be hurt, but let the arena set as a court. Then her left arm will stand around by the handle on the back of your vest, and it is your turn to look down and see where her mouth is all this time. There will be a smile there that is worth \$2000, and you will have to break it up, but you will have to. She will expect it. Then you have a right to bend over a little, and her eyes will close as though she was going to sleep, her head falls on your shirt bosom, the end of the world comes, and—

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A Russian City.

Odessa has a population bordering on 200,000 inhabitants, and is thus in every respect the third city in the Empire. It has a magnificent position, for it lies high on ravines, which give it a wide command over its large harbor, lately improved, as well as on the open sea and coast, the striking feature of the place being its open boulevard, a terrace or platform about 500 yards in length, laid out and planted as a promenade, looking out seaward and accessible by a flight of stairs of 150 steps from the landing place. Odessa is not an old town, but it is a new town, for there has been of late a great deal of building, and the crumbling nature of the stone keeps the mason and white-washer perpetually at work. It is lively, though monotonous, for its broad, straight streets are strewn with business and the rattle of hackney carriages, heavy-laden vans, and tramway cars is incessant. It boasts many private palaces and few public edifices, and in its municipal institutions it is, or used to be, taxed with consulting rather mere purposes of luxury and ornament than the real wants of the people or the interests of charity. Odessa is in Russia, but not of Russia, for among its citizens we are told, possibly with exaggeration, more than one-third (70,000) are Jews, besides 10,000 Greeks and Germans, and Italians in good number. It is unlike any Russian city, for it is tolerably well paved, has plenty of drinking-water and trees—however stunted, wind-nipped and sickly in every street. It is not Russia, because few Russians succeed here in business; but strenuous efforts are made to Russify it, for the names of the streets, which was once written in Italian, as well as in Russian, are now only set up in Russian, unreadable to most foreign visitors, and the so-called "Italian street," reminding one of what the town owes to its first settlers, has been rechristened as "Pushkin street." Of the three newspapers which flourish here till very lately, not one any longer exists, for whatever is not Russian is discontinued in a town which notwithstanding all that has been done, is not, and never will be Russian. French, is nevertheless more generally understood than in most Russian cities; but Italian is dying off here, as in all the Levant and north coast of Africa, Italy looms as a united nation, such hold as she had as mere nameless cluster of divided States.

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Droughts and Fertility.

A wise provision of nature, says the Prairie Farmer, "turns a long continued drought into one means of restoring or supplying elements of fertility of which many soils have been depleted by constant cropping. Mineral ingredients are indispensable to good crops. Chemical research has shown that an explanation for failing productiveness of soils that were originally rich, is found in many cases in the exhaustion of inorganic or mineral constituents within the reach of the roots of plants. Manures and judicious rotation of crops are the expedients in restoring or supplying these ingredients which are taken away more or less, by what is removed by the land in the shape of farm products. A very dry season may be accepted as not utterly unprofitable, for by a wise provision the ingredients so much needed are brought up from depths below the reach of ordinary farm crops, and in this way when there is a long period of hot and dry weather a vast amount of moisture is carried from the earth by evaporation, and in the process of capillary attraction, the moisture, which has been stored by previous rainfalls and snow, is brought from depths that vary according to the texture of the soil and the severity of the drought. With the water comes, in solution, a proportion of the inorganic or mineral constituents of plants, which are thus deposited within the reach of present or future crops—that is, where they are needed and will do the most good."

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