### HALF FORGOTTFN.

In my youth I once went boating With a muiden in a yacht, Oft past Newport went we floating On each other spooning, dotting; Watching sunsets, quoting verses On the starlit summer sea, Where the west wind still rehearses To the wayes its poetree;

Post try. Try to tell me if I loved ber; Did she love me! And the maiden If I loved her-why?

Oh, her smile, her eyes, her tresses, Floating in the wooing air! Where's the word shat full express Half the witchery of her dres What she was and what she wasn'i?-Girl?-no; saint?-no; sinner?-She? Angel cover it? It doesn'i; Nor can an / poesce,

Poet, sigh. Cipher out the mystic problem; can't even try.

But her name, I think, was Alice: P'r'aps 'twas Ethel, Maude, or Jane. 'Twam't Beckyl-that's sheer malice, Cynic-poured in Memory's chalice, From some Rabelaisian grinning At myself I've done since then. Battered round the world and sinning. As I hope to sin again. Sin a gain? O, confound this moral echo,

Folly fain!

Yes, I think I once went sailing With a some years ago, Making love till stars were paling. Now, with feet upon the railing Sit I, comfortably smoking, Trying to recall her name Did we love, or were we joking? As the comet all aflame! All a flame? Light as timber, out as quickly,

All toe same.

#### THE LEAF OF GEBANIUM.

It is very strange, when we come to to think about it, on what small cogs and pivots the wheels of fate run, and what a alight jur will do toward changing the whole machinery and set it to running in an entirely different direction. It was a geranium leaf that altered the whole course of my life. But for the trivial leaf picked up by a young girl in a thoughtless mood I should not have been sitting here to-day in this pleasant din-ing room, where the sun comes in through the vine-wreathed windows and falls upon the geranium pots inside; and this little girl would not be upon my knee, nor yonder red-cheecked maiden upon the veranda with young Smithers; and neither would that very handsome matron who just passed into the parlor have been in her present situation.

If you will listen an hour or so I will tell you my story. It was just twenty years ago this summer that I married Carrie Dean. She was 21 and I was 27 -both old enough to know what we were about-at least I was, but Carrie was such a coquette that I used to think she had no mind of her own.

Oh, but she was lovely! All rose-colored and white and brown tressed, and pearly teeth, with the roundest, plumpest figure, and as graceful as a fairy in every movement, and with beautiful, shapely hands that were a constant delight to the eyes.

I was just home from college and she was on a visit to my stepmother, her aunt and my half sister Lilla, and her cousin. I had seen a good many girls in my

seven years at college, and some of the belles of the land; but I had never yet attire and paused abruptly. eart stirre nad my eyes as Carrie Dean's stirred it when my eyes met hers in greeting; and the touch of her soft fingers completely set me afloat on the sea of love. I was her slave from that hour-not her slave, either, but her passionate lover and worshipper. And of course she knew it, and of course, being a finished coquette, she queened it over me right royally. There was Fred Town, the country physician, and Tom Delano, the hand some young farmer, both as badly off as I was; and a pretty time we had of it. Fred and I-old chums in former days were at swords' points now, and hated each other splendidly for a few weeks. and Tom I held in the utmost contempt, and railed at them both whenever opportunity presented itself, for Carrie's edification, after the manner of men, and was repaid by seeing her bestow her sweetest smiles and glances upon them the next time they met.

he looked like the last rose of summer

after a rain. "Goo-bye," he said gloomily, "I am going away. She has sent me away and I can't stay about the place. I hope you are the happy one-I do, honestly, Al. She said her heart was given to another, and it's either you or Fred. I hope it is you, and God bless you!"

Here Tom dashed away and left me staring after him in amazement.

"Given her heart to another !" I repeated, with a pain in my chest some-"Well, it is evident that I'm not the other, and that Fred is. Poor Tom -poor me! The best thing I can do is to follow suit and leave, too. I can never see her the wife of another, and the sooner I'm off the better."

So I went moodily up to my room and packed a satchel and got all things in readiness for a speedy departure.

On my way up I met Carrie just emerging from her room, arrayed in her jaunty riding habit, and I could hear Fred's deep tones shouting "Whoa!" down in the yard below.

I watched her trip down the stairs and out of sight, thinking it was the last time I should see her for years, perhaps forever.

When I had strapped the last buckle on my satchel and all was in readiness, I went to say good-bye to my father, mother and Lilla. Lilla was not indoors and my parents looked at me in amazement.

"But, Allen, my son," pleaded father, "I had thought you would enter into business with me. There is a grand opening for you, and I have held the position in reserve.

"I thank you for all that, but I want to travel a year or two before going into business," was all that I could answer, and my father gave me up in despair.

Lilla was still absent; but it was quite dark, and the train would leave in half an hour, so I left a "good-by" for her and passed out into the hall.

It was a long, narrow hall, reaching the whole length of the house, and with several rooms opening into it; but as yet it was unlighted and as dark as Egypt.

About half-way through it I heard the street door open and shut, and a mo-ment later ran full against some one entering.

It is Lilla, I thought, and reaching out my arms caught her between them. "Is it you, Lilla?" I said.

But she did not answer, only twined her arms about my neck.

"Why, little sister," I said softly, "do you love me so much?"

For Lilla was not demonstrative as usual thing, and I was surprised at her movement.

"Oh, better than all the world beside, Allen," she said in a whisper. And then, as I lifted the face to my

lips, the sweet odor of geranium perfumed the air, and my heart gave a great lean.

It was Carrie, not Lilla, that I held in my arms.

She was trying to disengage herself now, but I suddenly caught her light form in my two stout arms, and, opening the library door, I carried her into the brilliantly-lighted room. Her face was hot with blushes now, and her eyes full of tears.

"You are too bad," she sobbed, "and I hate you."

But just then she noticed my traveling

### THE RECAPTURE.

Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman on a clear, bright morning in the tropical latitude of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first lookout of the morning. But the youngster whose station was up in the fore to'gullant croastress paused a moment in the foretop and threw a rapid glance around the horizon.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with all sail set coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir once on deck, and brought up not only the captain, but all the watch below. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-boat alone on the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritible barber-Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had at least a crew. We backed the maintopsail and hove to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

"A gang of runaways," said one, dog-

matically. "Oh, that's nothing. Why, when I' in the old Speedy-

"They've lowered for whales, and got lost from their ship," suggest another speaker.

"Ay, that's more likely."

"The old man makes out eight men in her," said one of the boat-steerers, coming from aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theories were blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit of whales with any more than six in a boat; and even deserters, reckless as they are sometimes known to be, would

or burst at sea, and some of her boats lost with her.

But we were not kept long in sus pense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we in possession of the were whole story, a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian. The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the bark Newcastle of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before by mutineers. The second mate was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck. His two superiors had not the slightest suspicion of anything wrong until they found themselves prisoners in their staterooms.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the bark down among the Marshall Islands and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, and how many were merely cowed into submission to the new authority, was more than the captain

## like to get the services of your surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard and bring the doctor with me. I wish to see you, to make some trade with you." And with a farewall wave of his trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under four lee and lowered his

boat. Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been set adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from the crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful and lukewarm ones they might prattle. We had our instructions and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured. The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on the wind, just as if we had made arrange-ments for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usage of whale-ships on eruising-ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain pos-session of the ship could only be carried

out under the cover of darkness. McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe-keeping, where they chafed under confinement, totally unable to free themselves or to make their situation known to their friends. After dark we have to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay

under our lee. Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew, while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the bark, calling himself mate of her, was amused by the first-comers with a story that his captain made a bargain for a quantity of gunpowder and tobacco, and that our mate had been sent for the money in payment. Suspecting nothing, he invited his visitor below to hardly overload for a long sea voyage. "Castaways, of course," was the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered Unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered the attention of those on deck, and the second boat was almost alongside in the darkness before her approach had been discovered by them.

The alarm was given by the ery, "Boat ahoy!" but too late. As she touched the side, her crew sprang up to assist ours, forming a superior force, with all the advantages of a surprise. McGregor's lieutenant was knocked down by our mate in the cabin. The few men who really had any heart in the mutiny were quickly disposed of, and in less than two minutes from the time the boat was hailed, the quarter-deck of the Newcastle was in possession of her former officers.

McGregor and the other principal in the revolt, still ironed, were carried to Sydney for trial. As our season was up, we kept company with Captain Watson, and made our port there, where we were liberally rewarded by the owners of the recaptured vessel for our share in the business.

#### Old Hickory's Wife.

When Gen. Jackson was a candidate

# Married at Castle Garden.

The rotunda of Castle Garden reverberated with masic, song and laughter last evening. A Hungarian marriage ceremony, performed by a Hungarian clergyman, took place there. The bride is a pretty, [soft-eyed, well-proportioned girl of eighteen. The groom is a young man about twenty-two years old. They are both Hungarian immigrants. Formerly they were schoolmates in Wesprim. As they grew older they began to look upon each other in a light that caused their families to separate them. They resolved not to be separated, and fled to America.

They recently announced their intention of becoming man and wife. Count Paul Esterhazy, president of the Hungarian Colonization Society, took an interest in the conple. The Rev. Francis Keeskemeti, pastor of a chapel connected with the Church of the strangers, volunteered to perform the ceremony. Messrs. D. A. Mayer, L. Karacsonyi, (Hungarian merchants), Superintendent Jackson, Commissioner Hauselt, and numerous Hungarian and American ministers were present in the rotunda of the Garden. One hundred happy Hungarian peasants stood in couples waiting for the Hungarian gypsy band of this city to start the music. The men wore a white garment termed gatya, which resembles a petticoat, and extends below the kness, and a bright-colored, brass-buttoned, tight-fitting jacket called the attala. The women had their hair braided with the national

colors of Hungary. Some of the men had bells attached to their heels. When the music struck up the bride,

led by Interpreter Grneile, walked from a railed inclosure into an open space in the rotunda. She was dressed simply but neatly and carried a large bouquet. The groom, who was in his work-day clothes and wore a pair of heavy dogskin boots, walked after the bride. Behind them came the fifty Hungarian couples. They marched twice around the rotunda and then stopped in front of the clergyman, who sat in a large armchair in the south end of the rotunda. He arose and addressed the couple in their native tongue. The girl looked modestly downward and the young man gazed steadily at the clergyman, who told them that, as they were in a strange land, far away from home, they should love each other more dearly than man and wife ordinarily love. Two bearded Hungarians were then called from among the throng to witness the marriage. The clergyman put the right hands of the couple together and pronounced them man and wife. Mr. Zait Perczel, a relation of one of the Hungarian ministers of state, then presented the bride with a bouquet. The music struck up again and the company began the wedding dance, in which the bride and groom were active participants. The dance was followed by singing, in which all the immigrants joined, and another dance, in which the fantastically clad dancers formed a circle by joining hands, and dashed around in a

careless and boisterous way. The bride's name was Anna Weber. She is now Mrs. Samuel Kovaski, which is Hungarian for Smith .-- [New York Sun.

### Couldn't Work That String.

In the early days of what is now a very for the Presidency, in 1828, not only did the party opposed him abuse him for his weekly newspaper, the editor had occapublic acts, which, if unconstitutional or sion to bestow some advice on a rich and tions taken to keep the matter quiet that influential citizen. The advice was not it only became known through an accikindly taken. On the contrary, word was sent to the office that in case the offence was repeated somebody would be made to suffer for it. It was promptly repeated, of course, and the influential citizen soon appeared and began: "Sir! you" have seen fit to attack me through the columns of your paper. You have declared war. I accept it. From

He is always hopeful, for it is in his sature to look cup.

He is a generous fellow, and what his, is ewers.

He believes in human equality, and thinks the law should make claymen the

equals of the elergy. "Who breaks, pays," must have been originated by the potter. Although in these perilous times, it is more likely to ead, "who pays, breaks." Mr. Potter is also the author of the old read.

proverb, "People who live in china stores should not keep bulls."

A pottery is the place where they make pots, but not Jack pots, by a long chalk. The potters make all things of clay, but this does not make clazay of them, by any means.

This thing may seem to be running into the ground. That's where it has to go, to get the raw material. -Burlington Hawk-eye.

### Social Sensation.

For the first time in the history of Balimore a Sister of Charity has absolved herself from the vows of the Catholic church and taken a chance in the lottery of marriage. The solemn ceremony that transformed a demure Sister of Charity into a blooming bride was solemnized at the Roman Catholic cathedral on Sunday evening last, one of the priests of the parish, Rev. Father Devine, officiating. The case is an extraordinary one. The bride was Miss Lizzie Mc-Donald, of Baltimore, and the announcement of her wedding, which is only just made public, has created a decided sensation in social and religious circles. Inquiry at the cathedral indicated a desire on the part of the clergy to prevent any publicity in connection with the nuptial ceremony. Father Devine refused to be interviewed on the subject. From other sources, however, it was learned that Miss McDonald entered the sisterhood when only 18 years of age, at which time she was a very attractive young lady. After assuming the vow she taught school with the sisterhood at Mobile, Milwankee, Chicago, Mt. De-Sales, Maryland, and other places. She spent altogether eleven years as a devout member of the order. About five years ago she was attacked with a sudden and severe illness, and, at the request of her father, was permitted to return home. At one time she was supposed to be in a dying condition, but finally recovered and was about to resume her religious duties when her father was taken seriously ill. She nursed him tenderly until his recovery and then went to Washington on a social visit, where she met a Mr. Moore. A warm friendship sprung up between them immediately, and, after a brief sojourn at the capital, Miss McDonald returned to Baltimore, and a regular correspondence was kept up for some time, ending in a proposal of marriage from Mr. Moore. Arrangements for the marriage were quickly made, and on Sunday evening last the once demure Sister of Charity cast aside, figuratively, the sombre robes that bound her in the holy sisterhood, and, attired in the brightest of worldly costumes and adorned with a wreath of orange blossoms, became a joyous bride. There was no reception, and the happy couple entered the carriage in front of the archepiscopal residence and drove quickly to the nearest railway station for a bridal tour to New York and the East. Such had been the precau-

Fred drove a splendid span of bays, and almost every day they dashed up the avenue, and dashed out again with Miss Carrie's added weight. And Tom wason hand nearly every evening, and she was just as sweet to one as the other, and just the same to me; and that was what maddened me.

I was not to be satisfied by a "widow's third" by any means, and I told her so at last, and asked her how the matter was to be settled.

"I love you better than those brainless fops know how to love," I said, hotly; 'and now decide between us."

She had listened to my love confession with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes; but when I said this she turned defiantly on me.

"They are no more fops than you are," she said, "even if they have not spent seven years in college. They are gentlemen, and I can't say that for every man of my acquaintance.

And here she shut the door between us with a slam and left me to my pleasant meditation, and half an hour later I met her at the gate with Fred, going out for a ride, which was very aggravating, I must confess.

I thought over my conduct that night, and concluded that I had been a brute. The next morning I found Carrie at the dining-room window alone, and sought her side. She had her hand among the leaves of a sweet-scented geranium, and just as I approached she plucked a leaf and twined it among her braids. I remember how bright and green it looked among the dark locks.

"Carrie," I began, "I fear I was very rude yesterday.

"I know you were," she said, looking indifferently out of the window.

This was a bad beginning. "But, Carrie, I love you so, and when

I see you with that Fred-But here Miss Carrie turned on her

"I am not going to listen to you while

slander my friends," she said. "When yon can speak respectfully of Mr. Town I will return," and here she left me again.

there are asked, with interest.

"I was going away, never to return," ] answered; "but since you said what you did in the hall I have changed my mind.'

Carrie pouted.

"I was only speaking for Lilla." "Then I shall go, shall I, and leave you to marry Fred?"

"I detest Fred," she cried.

"And; you love me better than all the world? "Yes."

So the flirt was conquered at last, and was the victor.

"But how did you know it was not Lilla?" she asked as we sat together.

"By the geranium leaf I saw you put

in your hair this morning. "And but for that you would have gone away and not come back for years?"

"Yes; perhaps never come back, but for that tell-tale leaf."

"Then we will keep this leaf always, she said, taking it from her hair.

And so we have. I procured a little golden box, and there it is to-day one of our dearest treasures.

Of course I married Carrie, and of course that blooming matron is she.

Tom Delano did not die of a broken heart, but married a lovely girl out West a few months after his departure; and Fred Town is our family physician, and has a pretty wife of his own.

EXPENSIVE POSIES, -Jacqueminot roses that sell for ten cents in June now cost \$2 and \$2.50, and many are cold at this rate, they being brought from New York and Philadelphia and ordered by tele-graph when wanted. In a greenhouse of these roses, measuring 100 feet by 30 feet, the first crop only was recently sold in Paterson, N. J., for \$10,000. As these flowers have to be frozen before they will bloom, and bear flowers ordinarily in June only, a late fall carried the bearing of flowers in greenhouses over into easly spring, and hence the high price. As a sample of high-priced flowers, a florist of Union Hill, N. J., recently offered a nurseryman in England \$2000 for a single rose-bush, and was refused, the price being fixed at \$4000. Erastus Corning has several small orchids in his greenhouses at Albany that cost over \$1000 each. In this city on Christmas day, the common lilacs that are seen so plentifully blooming in this vicinity in the spring, were sold for \$2 a single spray, and a good many sprays were sold at that. As an instance of extravagance in flowers at Whitehall there was a reception on Chrissmas day, and there was wanted for it some lilies of the valley and a new variety of sunflower called the Oscar Wilde sunflower. These were ordered by telegraph from Philadelphia and cost for a bunch of lilies as large as a man's two lists, \$12, and for the sunflowers,

\$14 for two .- Troy Telegram.

The Bannock Indians always destroy whatever causes or is connected with death. If a horse kicks a man to death, I left the house then, and did not re- the animal is killed; if an Indian dies in turn till afternoon. As I came up the a wigwam, it is burned. The mule is a path, I met Tom Delano. Poor fellow, short-lived animal in that tribe.

could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bout.

"I have steered west-northwest by placed upon the General's table. He compass, as near as I could, said Captain Watson, "and have run, I should an article in which the character of Mrs. The Newjudge, about eighty miles. castle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northern track, under easy sail. She ought to be nearly due east from us."

"Come below and let's lay off your him. course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see.

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed us the barkrecognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel-running down across our course.

"Of course he won't pass near us if he can help it," said Watson.

"No, I suppose he will avoid ns; but I am going to signalize at any rate. Haul for?" the mainsail up," said Captain Bent to the officer on deck, "and set the ensign at the gaff."

The orders were obeyed, and much to our surprise the mutineers altered their course a little, with the evident intention of speaking to us.

"What can it mean that he is so ready to speak a stranger?" was the question that passed from one to another of the group.

"Now I think of it," said the mate of the Newcastle, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise in one of the Marshall Islends, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms.

"You've hit it," rejoined his captain. "That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new

Their conference was short, but, judging from the expression of their faces when they came on deck and took the mates into their confidence, it seemed to have been productive of something of mportance. The bark's boat, in which the wanderer had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that 'she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were in communication.

"What bark is that?" asked Captain Bent, innocently, after he had given his own name.

The Newcastle of Sydney."

"Who commands her?"

"Watson," was the reply.

"Not just at present," muttered Wat-son to himself, who was crouching in the companion way, so as to see and hear without being seen. "But I hope he strike on the arrival of a young woman may before night."

violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty

old servaut, Dunwoodie." "Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she faw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:

"Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live." "Let me alone," he replied; "how

came you to know what I was going

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back.

He replied furiously: "But I will goget out of my way.

Instead of this she grasped the bridle with both hands. He cried to her: "I say let go my

horse! The villain who reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins the tighter and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them-that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of my reviler-you dare not do it; for it is written. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'

The iron nerved hero gave way be fore the pleading of his beloved wife, and replied: "I yield to you; but had it not been

for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour.' "Gath" writes that sauntering into the opera at St. Louis one evening he found

an empty seat near Mrs. Gen. Sherman. She asked him who he was for for president, and then answered the question herself by saying: "There are two men I hope won't get it; one of them is Grant and the other Sherman," meaning her husband. In this Mrs. Sherman showed excellent sense; and there are many people who cordially second her wish.

The men employed in one department

of the Elgin, Ill., watch factory did not as the first employe of her sex among "One of my men had his leg broken them, but received her with speeches of yesterday," said our captain "and I would welcome and the gift of a toilet set,

this on it shall be war to the knife. My brother will withdraw his advertising. "Never advertised a line with us," re-

plied the editor. "I will ask my friends to refuse you all

job work." "This whole town doesn't have ten dol-

lars worth a year." "You shall have no more legal advertising.'

"Never had a square of it yet, and do not expect any.'

"Sir!" exclaimed Influential, as he

paused in his walk, "I will ride through the county and stop your subscriptions; yes, sir, I will lose you four hundred subscribers between this and winter."

"How many?"

"Four hundred, sir."

"Col.' Blank!" shouted the editor, as he rose up in his wrath, "you are the biggest fool in America! How on earth are you going to take four hundred subscribers off my books, when the Gazette has only three hundred and fifty-five, counting in all the dead-heads and deadbeats? Go away, sir! Go and take your revenge by throwing stones at my cow and making up faces at my dog!"

### Thoughts about Pottery.

Verily, the potter hath power over the clay. Therefore the clay is the pot, but the man who makes it is the potter. Ergo, protest. Refined and scholarly This style six for a dollar. For joke. wo dollars an explanation of this superlative joke and the Hawk-eye for one year will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Put that in your clear Havana seggar and smoke it.

Pottery is the oldest industry in the world. Adams was made of clay. But he acted as though he was only halfbaked. His son Cain did the first kiln in the country.

The potter works the mud, hence we admire his work. His life is one long act of mudder, but he is never hanged for it, though sometimes, he is broken at the wheel.

All his work, however good, goes to the fire. What he bakes you cannot eat, although you eat what the other baker sets on it.

The potter is an aristocrat by nature, and always belongs to a set. To several sets, in fact.

He is independent, and urns his own living.

He is a base ball star, and makes a better pitcher than the "only Nolan."

He is no deacon, but he passes the plate regularly. A rigid temperance man, he is fond of his bowl. And he always makes it go round, too. There never was but one blind potter,

1765, and was so much grander than any and he did not stay blind long, for he other in the country that it was called a made a cup and saw, sir. palace.

dent this afternoon.

### SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Four months ago a dense Virginia forest covered the site of Pocahontas, which now has a population of 2000. A coal mine was the cause.

A Nebraska man named Day recently recovered possession of a valuable dog which was stolen from him. Thus is another ancient aphorism reversed.

Washington has "comet parties." "A good idea, by Jupiter," says young Spinks, "for the boys can now planet to get the girls away from their Mars."

The number of domestic patents issued in one week recently was 330, and vet it is patent to all that the domestic is no better than she ever was.-Boston Trans.

John Bright will deliver his rectorial address to the students of Glasgow University on March 12th, and on the following eveneng address a public meeting in that city. "What kind of dogs are these, Mr.

Briggs?" inquired a customer, pointing to a group of crockery canines. "Terrier

Cotts," said the genial china man, his

A Dover, N. H., family, consisting of three persons, boasts that it consumed

624 pies during the year just closed.

The family hopes that by diligent atten-

tion to business it may do better for

There have been many definitions of

the word school teacher, but the father

of a numerous family declares it to be

five hours of peace and quietness per

"a person employed to give parents

An Illinois court has decided that a

woman's lie about her age doesn't vitiate

her insurance policy. The judge thought

that if they expected a woman to tell the

truth on that point they deserved to be

The deacon's son was telling the minis.

ter about the bees sting his pa, and the

minister inquired: "Stung your pa, did

they? Well, what did your pa say?" "Step this way a moment." said the boy,

There is deep significance in silence. Were a man forced for a length of time

but to hold his peace, it were in most cases an incalculable benefit to his in-

sight. Thought works in silence, so does virtue. What folly would one

does virtue. What folly would one avoid did the tongue be quiet till the mind had finished and was calling for

The old Van Rensselaer manor house,

in Albany, has been deserted and dis-mantled, but even in its desolation it is

described by Martha J. Lamb as a mon-

ument of architectural elegance. It is a

relic of the colonial period, and one of

the few existing links which connect us with the feudal institutions introduced

in New York from Holland upward of

250 years ago. The house was crected in

"I'd rather whisper it to you."

utterance.- Thomas Carlyle.

to a group of crockery canines.

face beaming like a full moon.

1883.

day.

swindled.