A GLANCE BACK WARD.

"Dead." did you sav? I had not heard-Your turn to deal. I knew her well Betore her marriage, when she diew Bears after her as ladies do in whom we see divinity blent, Beaury and grace to ravishment, This holds the soul as in a spell.

She had su: h dainiy ways, and when-Hearts tunnes? I pass-and when her eyes Met yours, you felt no longer wise. But stupid and ashemed and mean, Bo spiritual and erreits, Ho full of gentic dignity And Uis investines was she In her pure life's sufficiencies.

I mind me how, one sulumn day, Inst when the leave were inroing red, I met ber near the bridge where diones The broak along its path of stones, And shadows in the willows high silde through the leavy campy And o'er the spisan way are shed.

she bores pitcher, old and qualat. And dimping to the colored rim. The water sparkied in the cur: When, passing, in ter girlish ion she haughed a nappy hanh and free, And bedeme drink to memory, Her eyes with mockety abrim.

"I drained," you say, " the Giroe's cup ?" Not i, nor do I care in bear The taunting jest while—how this smoke Weakens the surnt and mades one choke And sizen—sir i ab! that will do: I'm better. On upon my view Rises that scance in outline clear.

And through my mind there sounds the rill And through my mind there not be Flooding with ripples gold and brown; The slimy d im. where, in his blue And bornished coas forever new, The dregon fly, a monitor, Chis the cun current with a whit, Beating his farce wings up and down.

And while the willows with their prone. And while the which we which then Thick branchesting a low refrain, 1 see a Rachel young and sweet. Spilling a bectar at my Rei-a holy water-which to fay. Could wach my darkeet win away. Were I to feet its touch again.

she tonsed her curls, and with a nod Tripped lightly past the shellow pool; and 1-1 want my curree, you know Twas nearly thirty yes say.-Two loss a tokini-and now she lies Beade her child, where foreign skies.-"I loved her ?" 1? Don't be a fool?

THE WICKED WORLD.

Born at Arras, which also gave birth to Damiens, and to Maximilian Robespierre and his brother, on July 23, 1775 Francois Jules Vidocq was the son of a baker, who had a lucrative contract of supplying the local government with bread, flour, etc. At thirteen Vidocq robbed his father's till, stole his silver ware, and brought up in the house of correction. After his discharge he stole a large sum of money from his father and fled to Ostend, where a sharper robbed him of his ill-gotten gains. To keep himself from starving he became a sweeper out of the animals' cages in a menagerie. He was advanced to the position of acrobat and tumbler and starred on the bills. His master desired to promote him into a South Sea savage, to eat raw flosh and drink blood in the presence of the audience. But Vidocq had a weakness for his food cooked, and in the year 1791 he returned home, and old Vidoeq killed the fatted calf.

He next entered the French army, and fought so creditably at Jemappes that he was made corporal of grenadiers. He entered Paris in 1776 at the age of 21, and led a fast life until his money gave out, when he rejoined the army in the north. Mixed up in a forgery, he was sentenced to the galleys for eight years, and remained seven years in servitude, when he escaped. He joined a band of highwaymen, and in forty-eight hours afterward gave them up to the authori-ties. He was himself remitted to the galleys, though, and when he got out got trouble also, and was sent back again. Finally he settled down to an appreciation of the fact that there was no future for him in erime, and decided to try and find a market for what he knew of it and its votaries. He stated his case to M. Henri, commissioner of the secret police of Paris, and he was placed upon the force in a subordinate capacity, on general rule of "set a thief to eatch a thief." After three years service he was employed as a detective, and exhibited remarkable aptitude. Here is one of the exploits as told by himself, with which he won his early favor with the authorities: In 1810 robberies of a new kind inconceivable boldness awakened the police to the knowledge of a troop of malefactors of a novel description. Nearly all the robberies had been committed by ladders and foreible entries. So skillfully were they arranged and executed that Vidocq himself followed numerous clews with-OUT BUCCESS. A burglary was committed in Rue St. Claude, in an apartment on the second floor above the room in which the com missary of police for the district resided. The cord of the lantern which hung at his house door had been utilized as a ladder by the thieves. The burglars had left behind them a nose-bag, and Vidocq surmised that the perpetrators might be hackney coachmen, or at least that coaches had been employed in the enterprise. He started on this trail, and, slight as it was, it proved a correct one. He found that the nose bag left by the burglars belonged to a man named Husson, who was apprehended, and from him information was obtained implicating two brothers named Delzeve, the elder one of whom was soon arrested. In a short time Visioeq had the entire band at bay, and most of them were convicted and sent to the galleys. The younger Delzeve, however, had infled all efforts at capture, and bade dehance to Vidocq himself. The wily Frenchman for two years followed the young man by night and by day, in by-places and open thor-oughfares, and finally trapped him. Another important case in which he had an opportunity to develop his rare detective skill was when a galley slave made his escape. He learned that Mme. Noel kept an establishment where men of this kind were harbored. Vidocq was too well known to undertake so important a mission as the capture of this galley alave, except in disguise, so for the nounce he became a galley slave and bor-rowed the name of a thief, one Germain, alias the captain, who had been an istimate acquaintance of Noel, and though the similarity between Vidocq and Germain was slight, he determined to personate him. They had been companions in the galleys, and had escaped from these prisons together. Videoq cut his hair short, dyed both his beard and hair, washed his countenance with white walnut liquor, and garnished his upper lip thickly with a kind of coffee grounds which he plastered on by means of gum arabic. He even doetored his feet to complete the resemblance, and made the marks of letters on his wrists, and even prepared shoes sim-ilar to those worn in the galleys, and all night, and at 4 o'clock the next after- maid.

stamped with the horrid letters, G. A.L , the abbreviation of gallerien, or "galley slave." He adds in his autobiogrpphy that the costume was perfect; the thing wanting only one hundred of those companionable insects which 'people the sol-itude of powerty, and which were, to-gether with frogs and toads, one of the seven plagues of old Egypt. He was promtply admitted to the residence of Madame Noel, with this expression of

pity: "Ab, my poor lad, there is no occasion to tell me where you have come from. I am sure you must be dying of hunger.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I am indeed hungry. 1 have tasted nothing for 24 hours.

She went off and immediately re-turned with some food and wine, which he ate with great engerness, and said: "Mother, you restored me to life."

He then impressed upon her who he was, and began asking in regard to the

man he was seeking. Mother Noel, not suspecting for a moment that she was entertaining the great French detective, gave him away, and asked:

"Are you known to Vidocq and his two bull dogs?"

"Alas!" he replied, "yes; they have caught me twice.

Patting him upon the head, and with a peculiar expression upon her face, she said:

"In that case be on your guard. Vidocq is often disguised. He assumes characters, costumes and shapes to get hold of all unfortunates like yourself."

Poor Mother Noel had occasion to back her own opinion by morning when the two "bull dogs," as she called her guest's subordinates, dropped in and aided him in clapping the bilboes on the gentleman he sought. The year 1814 was the most remarkable of his life, on account of the important captures which followed one another. Burglars, thieves, criminals of all classes became an easy prey to his rare detective genius. About this time a great many murders were committed all along the roads leading to the capital, without it being possible to dis-cover the perpetrators of the crimes. In vain the police had a strict watch on the actions of all suspected parties, but their utmost diligence was fruitless, when a fresh crime, accompanied with circum-stances of the most horrid nature, supplied them with hints from which they could at length anticipate bringing the enlprits to justice. A man named Fon-taine, a butcher living at Labourtille, was on his way to a fair in this district of Corbeil, carrying with him his leather bag in which he had safely deposited, as he supposed, 1500 frances. At a trifling distance from Essonne he stopped to take some refreshment, and falling in with two very well-dreszed men, they entered into conversation with him, found out where he was going, how much he had with him, warned him of the danger of the road, and one of them, showing a huge stick that would make good resistance, volunteered to accompany him.

The night was very dark, scarcely al-lowing the travelers to distinguish one step before them, and while Fontaine was unsuspectedly following the path recommended by his companions, when the one who remained behind struck him over the head a violent blow with his endgel, which made him reel. Surprised, but not intimidated, he was about to turn to defend himself, when a econd blow, more violent than the first, brought him to the ground. Immediately the other robber, armed with a short lagger, threw himself upon him, and dealt murderous blow after blow till he believed his victim was dead. He quickly stripped him of the contents of his money bag, after which they made off, leaving him weltering in his gore. Happily, passengers, directed by his groans, came to his succor, and discovered the wretched man, whom the freshness of the air had recalled to his senses. Information was immediately dispatched of the crime. Fontaino was removed to the hospital, and in a short time was out of danger, Accurate impressions were taken of the footmarks, buttons, fragments of paper dyed in blood, and every insignificant thing at the scene of the erime, with hopes of fastening the offence upon the assassin.

noon, when he began to grow impatient A Case of Father and Daughter Appealed of the success of his plan, he recognized a visitor by the name of Court, whom he had previously suspected of the crime. He secured the necessary papers for the arrest and the next morning ascended to the room which Court occupied. He knocked on the door and the words, sharpely attered, came from within. "Who is there?"

"Why, who should it be but Raoul?" responded Vibocq, closely imitating the man's voice.

Cheerily the response came. "What news? Nothing fresh turned

"Yes," replied Vibocq. "I hav thousand things to tell you."

Thus securing an entrance to the room. Viboeq put Court and his wife under arrest and proceeded to turn over everything in the apartment in which he found a pair of pistols ready loaded and primed, some knives and a large amount of clothes which appeared to have been recently washed. He afterward arrested Raoul, and, after putting the men in separate places of confinement, Court finally admitted that it was he who murdered the poulterer, and was somewhat surprised that the man should have recovered after the terrible beating and arbitration, he exhibited the executive to air, it becomes resinous. cutting that he gave him. Vibocq then side of such a legal mind that the people plied him with questions as to other assassinations, and he admitted that he had murdered several other people. At first he denied that he had any accomplices, to his decisions. His rulings were never and at length he admitted that Clare reversed by the higher courts. He Raoul had participated in the crime of which he was accused.

Vibocq next sought to wring a confession from Raoul. He stole in upon him suddenly one evening, when he was sleeping, placed himself beside him, and whispered gently in his ear, in the hope of leading him, as under the influence of a dream, to answer the questions he put to him. Some unintelligible words escaped him, but it was impossible to make any sense out of them. This scene lasted a quarter of an hour, when Vibocq asked him what became of the knife with which he murdered his victim. He gave a sudden start, uttered some inarticulate words, and plunged from the bed, his wild eyes glaring as though he dreaded the apparition of a borrible vision. He finally confessed, and both men received the just reward for their terrible crimes. him. Ic 1825, a suspicion which had for some time been growing against Vibocq became so generally believed that a strong popular demand rose for his removal. It was said, with what truth no one can say now, that he was himself the originator of many of the burglaries he was so successful in ferreting out. He declared the accusations vile slanders, but popular opinion was too strong and he had to be dismissed.

He became a paper manufacturer, and in 1834 established a trade protection society, which was nothing less than a commercial agency for furnishing information in regard to business men's habits and solvency for the protection of their creditors. He succeeded in this as in other lines. He made quite a hit in literature, publishing in 1844 a revision of his autobiography, which he had first put out in 1829. It had been a failure then, but on the second edition, Eugene Sue's famous novel, "The Mysteries of Paris," having taken the town by storm, Vidocq's book, under the title of "The True Mysterios of Paris," caught on also and made money, if not a reputation, for him. Vidocq died in Belgium in 1850, leav-

ing a handsome fortune to his heirs.

to a Higher Tribunal.

Old Judge Grayson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkanaas years ago, before the "carpet baggers" began their reckless sway, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morn-ing, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time, he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged hum in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little coltage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having once been summoned in a case of nominated and elected him. He soon guined the name of the "hard justice, and every lawyer in Arkansas referred showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study, and no man disputed him.

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see magistrate took his seat. how a man so old can stand the vexations

of a court much longer." "I am not well to-day," said the judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will please dis-patch them to the best, and let me add, quickest of your ability." Every one saw that the old man was

unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence "Is this the woman?" asked the judge.

"Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me, and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law cin have but lit le effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, hacking cough and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me, I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society knowa in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, judge, to excite your sympathy. Thave many and many a time

of cold running water surrounding it. The steam from the boiler being admitted to the vat at a pressure of thirty to forty pounds, the oil of the mint is volatilized and mixed with volatilized and mixed the steam condensed in the worm. The

mixed oil and water are collected into the receiver, where the difference in their specific gravity causes them to separate. No attempt is made to redistill the water which separates, and a considerable loss of oil which is held in solution doubtless results from this lack of economy. The oil is packed in tin cans or glass demijohns, holding about twenty pounds each. The glass demijohns are much the best when the oil is to be kept for any length of time, as its good qualities are more fully retained and it is less liable to discoloration. Oil of peppermint is sometimes adulterated with turpentine and sometimes with oil of hemlock. Pure oil of pepperment, as exported from Wayne county, is colorless and resembles the English oil, except that its odor and taste are somewhat less pungent and penetrating. The oil deteriorates with age, and the aroma becomes more faint; after a certain number of years it thickens, and the color becomes of a yellowish tinge; exposed for a time

A Senator Caught Rehearsing.

A Washington letter to the Cleveland Heard says:

I am reminded of the story of Senator Hoar's great "impromptu" speech on education and labor, which he delivered in the Senate two years ago, the inside

history of which has never been published. It is an illustration of the manner in which great men prepare extempore speeches, which they get off on the spur of the moment to the amazement of the common mind. Senator Hoar is a portly man, with a round face, a high forehead and short, gray hair. He keeps

himself closely shaved and comports himself with the dignity that becomes the Senator who represents classic Bos ton. Some time ago, his family leaving the city, the Senator shut up his house

and procured rooms on New York avenue. These rooms were separated from the suite back of them by doors, above which there was a transom, and in this

suite lived two jolly clerks of the treasury. For some time after Senator Hoar took the front room the clerks did not know who their neighbor was. But morning after morning, they were awakened by him stamping around, pounding the table and declaiming with energy, going over the same sentence time after time. On the third morning one of them swore he would find out who the elocutionist was, and, moving a table to the door, he was enabled, by standing on his tiptoes, to look through the transom. There be saw the portly Senator, in night-shirt and drawers, going through his rhetorical gymnastics before a large mirror, practicing every gesture and studying his part more carefully than the players of "Hamlet." The other clerk was soon by his side, and they took turns at the transom. "For two weeks," said my in-formant, "Hoar practized that speech from one to two hours every morning before he delivered it extemporaneously

The Enervating Effects of Jokes.

in the Senate."

Jest-books, it must be acknowledged, do present a type of literature that supplies a high order of intellectual stimulant. A good joke, indeed, "ex vi termini," cannot be dull;but a succession of even the best jokes read on end is far from enlivening in its effects. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who is liable to distressing attacks of insomnia, has informed me that he has again and again gained relief by forcing himself, when comfortably settled in bed, to read Mark Leonard's "Jest Book." Before the tenth page is reached he finds himself with just sense and energy enough to put the entinguisher on the candle. We shall not attempt to determine the psychological cause of this result, but the fact is of practical interest. Wordsworth found it unavailing in his sleep-

SHORT BITS.

The first theft: The baby's crib, The loveliest spot on earth; The ac A heavy mash: "Truth crushed earth.

Hatters are the people oftenest cau napping.

What next? A cornet recital is latest novelty in concerts.

It is rumored that ex-Senator Tabe puts on a great many frills. In some respects Auglomania is only

another word for assininity.

Some men are club-footed, but it it the policeman who is club-waisted. It is the very rich men in this country

who can afford to put on million airs. A quack doctor makes ducks at

drakes of the money of gullible people Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I hi Cromwell, and Senator Kellogg his Price.

New Jersey legislators, it is said, crack jokes while the chaples is praying fo them.

"A stupid serial story" is what the Louisville Courier Journal cells the star route trials.

"Why does a kiss raise the spirits?" Because it's the cream of ta-ta."-Harvard Lampoon,

Persons who do not understand the nature of an oath should not undertake to use the telephone.

No matter now conscientious a cigar dealer may be he will never display a cabbage leaf as an emblem of his business.

Diamonds should be washed regularly, but it is not necessary to hang them out on a line in the back yard .- New Orleans Picayune.

Dorsey, it is said, does not believe in God. It may also be said that God does not believe in Dorsey .- Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many teachers of our public schools are now absent because of ill health. Sixty substitutes are now employed .-Boston Traveler.

New York has plenty of milk now, The warm weather has released the iceimprisoned brooklets of Orange county. -Boston Traveler.

There was no ice on the ground when Adam fell, but the jar reverberated down through the corridors of the centuries .-N. Y. Commercial.

It is said that the name of a well-'mown Massachusetts ale brewer is Drinkwater. That's all there is in some names,-Exchange,

The ground-hog and goose-bone, not having published an almanac, still maintain their reputation as weather propheta. -Norristown Herald.

German geographers propose to christen a portion of the Northern Ocean the Nordekskjold sea. Don't, it's kjold enough now .-- Lowell Courier.

Notwithstanding the "backwardness of the season," Easter bonnets this year are ripe two weeks earlier than they were last year."-Norristown Herald.

Talk about your hop producing re-gions! Your old-fashioned arm chair with the bent pin attachment holds over everything of that quality.-Exchange,

What man is there whom contact with great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petals of a lotus glistens with the splendors of the pearl .-Hindu.

The man who will invent a sealski sacque which can be worn in the summer time will goin the everlasting regard of thousands of American women .- The Drummer.

On one of the pieces of the paper which appeared to have been hastily torn off to wipe the blade of the knife, were observed some written characters, but they were without any connecting sense. The attorney-general, however, attached great importance to the explanation of this fragment; and upon more closely exploring the spot where Fontaine had been lying, a second morsel had been picked up, and by attaching the pieces together they eiphered out the address, the business and town of a certain man, but so indistinctly that it was hard to say who he was. Vidocq was called in and opened the campaign against the assassin.

The torn address he regarded as an onigma which should first be solved, and after racking his brain day and night he finally concluded how the perfect address should run. This gave him the impression that the assassing were in league with a wine merchant. He directed his suspicions against a man named Raoul. This man he had regarded with suspicion for some time; and the carbaret kept by him had long been marked as the rendezvous of suspicious persons. Raoul, moreover, had married the sister of a liberated slave, and he felt satisfied in his own mind that if the crime was not committed by bim at least it was the work of his brother or some of his relatives.

Every scheme laid by Vidocq to fasten the crime upon Raoul for a long time was circumvented, and he put his place under espionage. The detectives noticed that two persons of infamous character seemed to be on close terms of intimacy with the wine merchant, and were frequently seen stealing from the gloom of the evening and returning next morning greatly fatigued, with their clothes all shotted with mud and dust. The deteetives also noticed a man visit this place who for many reasons they had surmised to be one of the assassing sought for. He had a balt in his gait, proceeding not so much from habitual lameness as from recent injury, and in per-son and dress he was found to closely agree with the description given by Fontaine of one of the robbers, Viboeq started one evening, in disguise, to the wine merchant's cabaret, remained there Conjugal Companionship.

Another discouragement that Dr. Dix might have prescribed for divorce is persistent, unselfish intention, on the part of married couples, to be companionable. Companionship is the basis of all lasting unions of male and female, even among the animals. It is quite true that most married couples were originally mismated, but no fact is better known or recognized, outside of family "circles. than that extreme differences of intellect. taste, acquirement, disposition and nature are no bar to the delightful and enduring friendship, unless in one person or the other there are positive vices or selfishness that prevent the formation of any true and honorable bond with any being whatever. Even heathen philoso phers have urged man and woman to perpetuate and perfect their union by mutual and persistent devotion toward each other. But Dr. Dix has indirectly disconraged this in nearly all of his lectures. His injunction that wives shall be obedient to their husbands, his reprobation, or at least suspicion, of modern women's desire to be well informed on subjects of which their hasbands talk; his criticism of women who are not content to be housekeepers and nurses and nothing more, are all calculated to make women the inferiors of their husbands, and, consequently to a great degree uncompanionable. The lecturer might justly have given his male parishioners, respectable and otherwise, some hard raps, for the custom of many of them is to devote the better part of the day to business, most of the remainder to their male acquaintances, and only their stupid hours to their families.

And, if marriage is the holy institution that preachers proclaim it to be, why did not Dr. Dix blame the elergy of all the churches for not making its duties and blessings the subject of frequent sermons and instructions? Sermons on regeneration, adoption, ranctification, total depravity, redomption, backsliding, malice, envy and uncharitableness abound, but what veteran church-goer has heard during all his life a dozen sermons on marriage?

Frozen Pudding .- One pint of milk, two eupfuls of granulated sugar, a scant half-cupful of flour, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of gelatine, one quart of cream, one-half pound of French candied fruit, four tablespoonfuls of wine. Let the milk come to a boil. Beat the flour, one cupful of sugar and the eggs together, and stir in the boiling milk. Cook twenty minutes and add the gelatine, which has been soaking one or two hours in water enough to cover it. Set away to cool. When cool add the wine, sugar and cream. Freeze ten minutes; then add the candied fruit and finish freezing. Take out the beater, pack smoothly, and set away for an hour or two. When ready to serve dip the tin in warm water, turn out the cream, and serve with whipped cream heaped around.

The dairyman's fortune is his milk-

been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life."

She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned: I was 15 years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride and had loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home-my home, the home of my youth and 'hap-piness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to driuk. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was 'I do not know you!' My husband died-yes, cursed God and died! Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered: 'I know not those who dis-obey my commandments.' I turned away from that letter hardened. spurned my teachings. Now I am lere.

Several lawyers rushed forward. crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead!"

The woman was his daughter .--Arkansas Traveler.

Oil of Peppermint.

Peppermint is grown for its essence chiefly in western New York. Twothirds of the supply comes from Wayne county, which produces 60,000 pounds of oil yearly from 3000 acres. The harvest comes in August, and the first crop is the best. The mint is cut with a sickle, scythe or mowing machine, according to the fancy of the cultivator. After cutting, it is allowed to wither in the sun for five or six hours, and is then raked into "cocks" where it remains a short time before being distilled. It is not every cultivator that is provided with a still. but stills are found distributed about the peppermint region at convenient distances. The apparatus and method differ from those employed in Europe, where the fire is applied to the still. In America the still consists of a wooden tub or vat of heavy staves hooped with iron. The withered mint is packed into the vat by treading with the feet until the vat is full, when a cover, made steam tight with rubber packing, is fastened down with screw clamps. A steam pipe connects the lower part of the vat with a steam cover, and another pipe from the center of the cover connects the vat with the condensing worm. The latter varies in size according to the capacity of the still, and becomes progressively smaller toward the outlet. The worm is so placed as to have a constant stream

less mood to think of "A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by One after another,"

We wish we had an opportunity of advising the poet to try a succession of facetize. When he had got his nightcap on he might have summoned to his bedside the ever faithful Dorothy, and requested that he should be favored with a eries of old jokes "one after another. We believe that wearied nature would ere long have succumbed .- Blackwood's Magazine.

A Poet's Scorn.

The following verses will appear in the forthcoming biography of William Cullen Bryant, written by his son-in-law Mr. Park Godwin, and published by D. Appleton & Co. They were written in 1814, when Mr. Bryant was in his twentieth year, and appear to have been addressed to some young woman who had not lived up to his belief in her. They were found among the poet's papers, and have never before been published. There are a number of them given in the biography, not for their value as poems. but as shadowing forth a little romantic story:

- From fraud, and guilo and faithless art, Yet had I teen as now I see, Thine image never had stained my heart;
- Trust not too far thy besuty's charms, Though fair the hand that wave my chain, I will not stoop with fettered arms. To do the homage I diadain.

Yes, Love has lost his power to wound; I gave the treacherous homicide. With how unstrung and pinions bound, A captive to the hands of Pride.

German Fritters .- Cut in slices about an inch in thickness a stale loaf of bread; beat four eggs very light; add three large spoonfuls of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of or-ange-flower water; pour in one quart of new milk; stir all well together; remove the crust from the sides of the bread; cut the slices in half and lay them in a deep dish; on them pour the prepared eggs and milk; let the slices absorb all the custard; butter a clean pan, and when hot lay in carefully the slices of prepared bread; brown both sides; when cooked lay them on a hot dish, and sift over them powdered sugar and ground cinnamon. Serve hot.

"Pa, are cannibals people that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always livin' on somebody."

Senator Tabor, of Colorado, rising to make his maiden speech, the other day, said: "Mr. President, I am paired with the gentleman from Hampton, Mr. South Carolina."

A calculation shows that a Dundee spinner must spin sixty miles of yarn to earn \$2. Almost any country store can produce men that will spin a longer yarn for nothing.

To thoroughly enjoy the old song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," remarks a friend who has experienced the horrors of seasickness, you must a life on the ocean waive.

A new diploma factory has been discovered by the Detroit Post. It observes that the late Vice President pro tem. hu conferred the degree of M. D. on Mis Addie Burr.

A New York druggist is going to open a soda fountain in London this summer. It will be fun to see the Englishmen sit down to wait for the foam to settle .-Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," said the wood dealer, "I prefet to sell wood to men who do their own sawing. You can't convince a man the has worked all day at a wood pile that there isn't a full cord of it."--Boston Post.

A girl just returned to Hannibal from a Boston high school, said, upon seeing a fice engine work: "Who would evalu have dweamed such a vewy diminutive looking apawatus would hold so much watah!

The Baltimore Saturday says that the shooting season has commenced with the children of Cumberland, one of whom, only five years old, bagged its motherand it was not a good day for shooting. either.

"What is the annual crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; but I know it's enough to make all the whiskey we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

That was a bold man, a defendant in a recent divorce suit, who said that he would rather marry all the women in the world than pay \$5,000, the amount suggested as a compromise.

A lady leaving home was thus ad-dressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle? And let it be a religious one s that I can use it on Sunday."

The old Vermont man who heard that there were wildcat mines in Utah said that if the pesky wildcats were down in the bowels of the earth, people must be dreadful fools to dig 'em up.-Boston Post.

A fashion item states that "the Boston young man is beginning to wear ever glasses and knee breeches." Well, the one necessitates the other. The average Boston young man needs the eye-glasses in order to see his legs .- Puck.