THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ended in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then has ened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

And they looked across the waters, and a storm was raving there.
A fierce spirit moved above them—a wild spirit of the air,
And it lashed and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be telling sa ul tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise;
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be!
For no ship could ride in safety near the shore on such a sea.

Then pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh, for power to cross the water and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

'She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?'
Lo! when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Near the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

And memory of his sermon—firstly—secondly! Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, 'Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea,
And then the waters, looking homeward, though their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

It was nutting time.

A blooming band of peasant children had gathered from far and near to have a merry day amid the nut trees and hedges.

I say children—but girls of 15 and lads of 18 and 20 were scattered through the chattering group.

The nut harvest was a joyful time to them.

The young are always attractive in a certain way. The undimmed brightness of the eye—the satiny smoothness of the complexion—the happy smiles hovering around the rosy lips—each has a beauty to itself; but add to the youthful face the charm of perfectly chiseled features, and of lustrous brown eyes, looking out upon the world with an innocent wonder at the changing scenes of loveliness so constantly unfolding themselves before them—frame it in a mass of shining, wavy gold of nature's own crimping—and poise it upon a form so lithe and slender in its exquisite grace that Praxiteles might have chosen it for his model—and you can form an idea of Rika Bremer, the acknowledged beauty of the whole surrounding country.

And there was a romantic story about her going the rounds.

It was said that no less a personage than Prince Eric, the son of the great and good Gustavus, had been standing one morning by one of the palace windows to witness a rustic procession, which had been gotten up in honor of some important victory, recently won by his famous father, and as he stood gazing listlessly out, his eyes brightened suddenly, and he turned to an attendant and whispered a few words which caused him to hasten away. When he returned he was not alone—Rika was with him.

Prince Eric's beauty-loving eyes had been attracted by her, as she had stood amid a group of other maidens, looking at the gayly-dressed columns of her countrymen filing by.

She, too, was in holiday attire, and the black velvet jacket, fitting closely to her slender figure, and adorned with silver-gilt buttons, brought out so vividly the exquisite fairness of her skin, with its rose-leaf tints of red upon lips and cheeks, that she looked like a being of a different sphere as she stood amid her mates.

Confused and blushing, she now awaited the Prince's pleasure. She dared not raise her eyes to his face.

Had she done so she would have been overpowered by the earnestness of the gaze with which he regarded her.

From the moment his eyes rested upon Rika's face the world held but one peerless woman to him.

It mattered not that his younger brother, Duke John, was then in another kingdom, wooing for him a royal bride, upon whose brow rested a diadem, whose splendor far exceeded the one which he was to inherit upon the death of his father.

No. In that moment Elizabeth of England was forgotten. The peasant maid who stood before him had become the queen of his fancy.

"Thy name, little one?" he asked.

Rika raised her eyes to the handsome, earnest face, but dropped them timidly as she met his glance.

"I am Frederika—the forester's daughter—your majesty."

"Nay, not yet crave I for that title, maiden. Young blood must have its vent, and I am glad to know that the cares of government are not soon likely to rest upon my shoulders, broad though they may be."

With a smile he glanced at his stalwart frame, which was acknowledged to be one of the finest specimens of physical comeliness in the country, as was his face called the handsomest of any prince's in Europe.

Rika courtesied respectfully, but did not reply.

If the gracious prince chose thus to address as an equal one of the humblest of his father's subjects, she knew well her position, and was to the full as proud of her unsullied innocence and integrity as the haughtiest maid in the realm.

Her shy modesty added to her beauty in Eric's eyes.

"Where livest thou, Frederika?" he asked, softly; "for I would well like to send thy father a commission to fell some trees which much interfere with the comfort of the King's hunting parties in the forest."

This he said, knowing intuitively that it would startle Rika to give her his true reason and say that he intended to start out himself in quest of fairer and more precious game—which must be ensnared in tenderer toils than those at the command of the keenest sportsman at his father's court.

After a few words more he suffered Rika to go. But the sweet memory of her presence went not with her. It nestled deep within his heart.

After this interview scarcely a week passed that did not find Eric's steps turned in the direction of the forester's cottage.

A glass of milk from Rika's own white hands was the draught most preferred by the royal hunter—although out of courtesy, he would sometimes accept a mug of mead from the sturdy old father.

Matters were in this stage at the time our story opens.

The nuts were gathered, and the merry groups had dispersed to their various homes, with the understanding that they should meet again the next day and go together to the palace and dispose of their treasures.

The next morning found them on their way, dressed in their best, as became so eventful an occasion in their usually monotonous lives; for royalty had such a glamor to uninitiated eyes that the mere sight of the walls which shut it in is eagerly coveted.

It was a pretty sight to any one who might have been stationed at the window, to see that blooming procession of neatly-dressed lads and lasses, as they wended their way along with many a merry laugh and jest, until at last they halted in the great square before the palace.

But to the watching eyes of the prince—who had received a hint of the coming of the nut-gatherers—there was but one face worth looking at among the throng.

"Come," he said to the courtiers who were standing near, "let us go down to the square and make the hearts of yon merry rustics even merrier to-day by exchanging some coins for the nuts they have with them."

A prince's suggestion never lacks for listeners, nor for followers, and soon the rich toilettes of the court people were scattered about amidst the crowd in the square.

Eric's steps were turned at once towards Rika.

He soon possessed himself of her nuts; and after paying for them lavishly in golden coin, he took from an inner pocket a locket and chain, which he gave to her, saying:

"Wear it for my sake. There is no one who would look fairer in it. You ought to be a queen, little Rika, and I will yet make you one."

Before Rika had time to realize aught but that his words had filled her heart with a bewildering sense of happiness, he had gone, his gift alone remaining to prove that she had not been dreaming.

But she soon came to her sober senses.

It was well known that King Gustavus had been holding negotiations with the maiden queen of England to induce her to bestow her jeweled hand up his elder son, and it had reached Rika's ears.

Such a thing had been known as a maid of low degree being wooed and won by a royal suitor. The tale of Grisel's happiness, and of her woes as well, had been a favorite one among the folk-stories told around the humble hearths of the peasantry; and if fate had ordained it to happen to her also, Rika would have been as glad and proud a maiden as ever the sun had shone on. But she would listen to no words of love from one whose hand was as good as given to another.

Thus she thought as she walked slowly homeward.

So the next day a little barefooted boy—the child of a neighboring farmer—was sent to the palace with by Rika with Prince Eric's gift, carefully tied up in a piece of linen cloth, cut from the corner of a web, which she herself had woven from flax raised from the seed, and prepared by her own deft hands.

Could the unconscious trinket have told Eric that Rika's eyes had lingered lovingly and regretfully upon it and that she had pressed it to her red lips again and again, it might have lessened his chagrin in receiving it back again.

As it was, it only kindled anew his determination to win Rika for his own, be the consequences what they might. It should not be said of him that a low peasant girl had given him, the Crown Prince of Sweden, such a rebuff.

He threw a large cloak over his rich court suit, and, thus disguised, he mounted Olaf, his favorite hunter, and hastened toward Rika's home.

Hot anger was contending with his love for the rustic beauty as he rode along.

But when he at last reached the borders of the cleared patch of land in the forest which held the little cottage, had dismounted from his horse and tied him to a sapling, and found himself standing at the door awaiting her answer to his rap, all was forgotten but the thought that he was soon to gaze upon the beautiful face that had haunted his fancy so persistently since fate had first brought it before him.

Rika opened the door and stood for an instant in glad surprise, gazing up into her lover's face in utter forgetfulness of the difference in their stations.

"Ah! little one, thy face for once tells me all tha I wish to know. Thou lovest me! I see it in those eyes."

And before Rika had time to retreat he caught her to his heart and imprinted passionate kisses upon her trembling lips.

She drew herself from his encircling arms and stood panting like a frightened fawn.

Then she threw herself at his feet and, clasping her hands entreatingly, she said:

"Oh, most noble prince, let it not be put against thy record that innocence and virtue received no respect at thy hands! Go, I entreat you! Should my father return and find thee here, he would surely first kill me and then kill himself, in shame and despair! Oh, go!"

"I mean thee no harm, Rika. I love thee; and when one loves he hurts not the object of that love. To win thee, I will give up my heirship to the crown to my brother John; and while he wears the diadem upon his brow, I will content myself with love and happiness with thee."

"Not so, noble Eric," said Rika, firmly, "if thou wouldst make such a sacrifice, I, for one, will not be a party to it. After such a marriage—entailing, as it would, so much loss—love would prove but a transient guest within our home. Reproaches would drive the fickle god away."

"Tell me the truth, Rika," interrupted Eric, with passionate earnestness; "do you love me?"

"So well that I would rather die than know that harm would come to one so noble through any influence of mine."

"And yet you refuse to make me happy?"

"I refuse to work your ruin, noble prince. The present is not all of life. But see—the sunlight has already reached the middle point of yon dial! In ten more minutes my father will be here. If thou would'st shield me from harm, go!"

"I will obey now, but I will not promise to give up the hope which lured me hither. Farewell, for a time, most obdurate maiden."

Then, with a long, lingering, regretful look, the prince turned and departed.

Days and weeks passed on.

At last came a time which was to plunge the nation into mourning. The good and great Gustavus was stricken with a mortal illness.

He died, and was laid beside his kingly progenitors, and Eric was the reigning sovereign in Sweden.

Young, impulsive and his own master, with heart filled with but one image, is it to be wondered at that he suffered no obstacle to delay his union with the maiden of his love, after the days of his mourning were fully accomplished, and that the pretty nut girl of Sweden became its crowned queen?

Piano Playing.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and, as I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew from the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line, as if he was half an hour late.

You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old "36" pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a "special." The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along to the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and, Jerusalem, jumpers! how she did run. I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was "pounding" on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan.

But he did not hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble bee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue would not move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of the "special." In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face, and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Some men have the key of knowledge, and never enter in.—La Bruyere.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—Daniel O'Connell.

Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it.—F. Jacox.

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance.—Garfield.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.—C. Sumner.

We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment.—Landor.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

The darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never hid the light, never put out the stars. It only made the stars more keenly, kindly glancing, as if in protest against the darkness.—George Eliot.

Why, certainly, Ezra, certainly. Anybody can answer a little question like that. They are called the "end men" because they are the last persons the wandering joke reaches in its earthly pilgrimage.—Bur. Hawkeye.

"Going Back on a Friend."

In Elko recently, the trial of Thomas Dunkin indicted jointly with William H. Huyck for the robbery of the Tuscarora stage, was pregressing in the District Court. The Independent says: The prosecution had examined a number of witnesses, the testimony against the prisoner being very strong, but it being entirely circumstantial there was nothing adduced which could locate the guilt. The defendant appeared to be satisfied with the manner in which the trial was progressing, and it was plain that neither he nor his counsel had the remotest idea of the denouement that was in preparation by the attorneys for the State and the officers who had been engaged in working up the case. About two o'clock in the afternoon, when all the witnesses who had been sworn for the prosecution had testified, and it was supposed that the evidence was all in, the District Attorney called the name of William H. Huyck, who at that moment appeared within the bar of the court in the custody of Deputy Sheriff Polk. Huyck's unexpected appearance caused sensation in court, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the alleged accomplice of Dunkin. The prisoner, although evidently surprised and at a loss to understand the meaning of the event that was transpiring, evinced no other perceptible emotion, excepting, perhaps that his face for a moment became a slight shade pale. Huyck was sworn and took the stand. After a few preliminary questions, the District Attorney propounded the following:

"Who were the persons engaged in the robbery of the Tuscarora stage on the night of the 10th of March?"

A pin could have been heard to drop in the court room as the witness slowly and deliberately replied: "Thomas Dundin and myself." He then gave a full account of the robbery, his testimony in nearly every respect corroborating that of the witnesses preceding him. The prisoner was still further surprised by the production of two silver watches stolen from the express box, which was found last night concealed in Dunkin's shop at Tuscarora by Officer Al Parker, upon information furnished by Huyck. The watches arrived by to-day's stage in time to appear as evidence. The case has been admirably worked up by Detective John Thacker and Deputy Sheriff Polk, who are entitled to the greater portion of the credit for the successful manner in which it has been prosecuted in court.

Brewery Refuse in Milk.

The enormous amounts of spent grains which come from the breweries of this country are all consumed by domestic animals in the neighborhood of the breweries, and by far the larger part of it by milch cows. The volume of milk which a cow will give depends very largely on the amount of flesh-producing food she can digest, and brewers' grains, which abound in flesh-forming matter, easy of digestion by reason of the treatment it receives, responds forcibly to this rule. There are but few foods which will stimulate a large flow of milk equal to brewers' grains, but there is no butter in it. When used as an exclusive diet, the milk of cows consuming it soon ceases to produce any butter. When used as a partial feed, the butter product will be gauged by the other food used with the grains. As the grains increase the weight of milk and decrease its value for butter production, it is very unfair for patryns of a creamery to feed grains to their cows unless all the patrons do the same. It is an artful way of watering milk—the milk being watered before it comes from the cow instead of afterward. So far as the butter-making is concerned, both modes of watering produce exactly the same results, and, if not the legal, the moral is the same in either case. It means something for nothing, or to phrase it more exactly, it means money for water. By far the largest part of brewers' refuse goes to feed the cows which supply with so called milk the city or village in which the brewing is done. The people who purchase the milk expect it will be watered "all it will bear," and it is a matter of little account to them whether the watering is done before after milking. Cows supplying milk to a creamery should have no sour or fermented food.

Snake Poison.

The poison glands of snakes are modified "salivary glands;" that is to say, they are new and special structures, but modifications of organs which other animals and reptiles possess. It is a notable fact that, as in a poisonous snake the secretion of these glands is permanently venomous; in a "mad" dog the saliva becomes temporarily poisonous; and it is well known that the bite of an enraged human being may be most difficult of healing, owing to the apparently virulent character which the saliva acquires. We thus see that one and the same organ and secretion appears to become modified for poisoning properties and functions in very different groups of animals. The rationale of snake poison in its action on other animals appears to consist in its paralyzing effects upon the nervous system and in its effects on the aeration of the blood It would appear that it acts by preventing the absorption into the food of the oxygen gas we breathe, and which is a vital necessity for us and for all animals.

Armed with two poison fangs in the upper jaw, the bite of certain foreign kinds is dangerous, and even fatal; in Great Britain the viper and adder, happily, are the only venomous species. The remedies that have been proposed for snake-bite are of course numerous; but Miss Hopley is probably right in following Dr. Stradling when she asserts that, as the poisons of different snakes vary in their effects, it is hopeless to look for any one species for their varied bites. But it is just possible that underlying the variations in the effect of the venom there may exist a common type of virulence. For our own part, we should like to hear of Condy's fluid (or permanganate of potash) having a wider trial on snake bites than has yet been accorded it. Injected into the veins this fluid appears to counteract the effect of the less deadly kinds of venom in a marvellous degree. Possibly in does so because it throws off oxygen in large quantities, and may thus neutralize the effect of the snake poison just noted. But the difficulties and dangers of research in such a field are numberless, and there are few persons, who like Dr. Stradling, are brave enough to risk being bitten and to experiment in their own person on the remedies they deem most effectual for snake poison.—Chamber's Journal.

The Husband and Wife Talk.

I wish you would go and see what Carl and Jessie are doing down at the branch. I reckon their feet are wet and they have both got dreadful colds. I can't keep them away from that branch," said Mrs. Arp.

"Didn't you play in the branch, my dear, when you were a child?" said I. "Yes, but nothing could hurt me then; we were not raised so delicate in those days. Girls can go to a party in a buggy and dance half the night, but that is all excitement, and they are not fit for anything the following day. We went to country weddings sometimes. You remember we went to James Dunlap's wedding. That was a big frolic—an old-fashioned frolic. Everybody was there from all the neighborhood, and there was more turkey and roast pig and cake than I ever saw, and we played everything we could think of. His wife was mighty pretty then, but she has had a thousand children, too, just like myself, and I reckon she is faded and tired." "Jim Dunlap hasn't faded," said I. "I see him when I go to Atlanta, and he is big and fat and merry—looks a little like old David Davis."

"Oh, yes, of course he does," said Mrs. Arp. "The men don't know anything about care and anxiety and sleepless nights. It is a wonder to me they die at all." "But I have helped you all I could, my dear," said I, "and you see its telling on me. Look at these silver hairs and these wrinkles and crows' feet, and my back hurts ever and anon, and this rainy, bad weather gives me the rheumatism, but you haven't a gray hair and hardly a seam on your alabaster forehead. Why, you will outlast me and outlive me, too, and maybe there will be a rich widower stepping around here in my shoes, and you will have a fine carriage and a pair of beautiful bay horses, and—"

"William, I told you to go after Carl and Jessie."

"If Vanderbilt's wife should die and he could accidentally see you," said I, "after I'm gone, there is no telling—"

"Well, go along now and find the children, and when you come back I'll listen to your foolishness. I m not going to let you die if I can help it, for I don't know what would become of us all. Yes, you have helped me, I know, and been a great comfort and did the best you could—most of the time, yes, most of the time—and I might have done worse, and you must nurse me now and pet me, for I am getting childish."

"And you must pet me, too," said I.

"Of course I will," said she. "Am I not always petting you? Now, go 'long after the children, before we both get to crying and have a scene. And I wish you would see if the buff cochin hens have hatched in the hen house."

"She has been setting about fourteen weeks," said I, "but she is getting old, and these old mothers are slow—mighty slow."

I went after the children, and sure enough, they were fishing in the spring branch, and their shoes were wet and muddy, and they were bare-headed, and I marched them up tenderly, and Mrs. Arp set them down by the fire and dried their shoes, and got them some more stockings, and then opened their little morning school. How patiently these old-fashioned mothers work and worry over the little things of domestic life.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Roller Skating.

The roller skate is a wayward little quadruped. It is as frolicsome and as innocent as a lamb, but, for interfering with out's upright altitude in the community, it is, perhaps, the best machine that has appeared in Salt Lake City.

One's first feeling on standing on a pair of roller skates is an uncontrollable tendency to come from together. One foot may start out towards Idaho while the other as promptly strikes out for Arizona. The legs do not stand by each other as legs related by blood should do, but each shows a disposition to set up in business alone and leave you to take care of yourself as best you may. The awkwardness of this arrangement is apparent. While they are setting up independently, there is nothing for you to do but to sit down and await future developments. And you have to sit down, too, without having made any previous preparation for it, and without having devoted as much thought to it as you might have done had you been consulted in the matter.

One of the most noticeable things at a skating rink is the strong attraction between the human body and the floor of the rink. If the human body had been coming through space for days and days at the rate of a million miles a second, without stopping at eating stations, and not excepting Sundays, when it strikes the floor, we could understand why it strikes with so much violence. As it is, however, the thing is inexplicable.

There are different kinds of falls in vogue at the rink. There are the rear falls, and front falls, the Cardinal Wolsey fall, the fall one across the other, three in a pile, and so on. There are some of the falls that I would like to be excused from describing. The rear fall is the favorite. It is more frequently utilized than any other. There are two positions in skating, the perpendicular and the horizontal. Advanced skaters prefer the perpendicular, while others affect the horizontal.

Skates are no respecters of persons. They will lay out a minister of the gospel or the mayor of the city as readily as they will a short-coated, one-suspendered boy or a giddy girl.

When one of a man's feet start for Nevada, and the other for Colorado, that does not separate him from the floor or break up his fun. Other portions of his body will take the place his feet have just vacated, with a promptness that is surprising. And he will find that the fun has just begun—for the people looking on.

The equipment for the rink is a pair of skates, a cushion and a bottle of liniment.—Bill Nye.

"What's in a name?" An inordinate desire to get itself into the newspaper.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.—Fuller.

It has been estimated that there are 600,000 miles of barbed wire fences in use.

Ninety-three thousand acres of land were planted with timber in Kansas last year.

Nearly $14,000,000 worth of cattle are now grazing in what six years ago was Indian country in Texas.

Great Britain has 13,000 registered chemists and druggists and 23,000 registered medical practitioners.

On the western end of the Canadian Pacific road 8000 Chinamen and 3000 whites and Indians are employed.

Out of 9,627,992 registered letters and packages carried last year by the Post-office Department, 726 were lost.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses 3000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads, of air per hour.

Three thousand depositors in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money for twenty years past.

The ground upon which Cincinnati stands was purchased by J. C. Symmes about ninety years ago for sixty-seven cents per acre.

A sleeping car porter who traveled 650 miles with ten passengers worth over $3,000,000 each, says that his perquisites were only fifty cents.

The city of Newark, N. J., contains 1299 factories, with 29,232 workmen. The capital invested is $22,919,115, and the sales foot up $66,234,525.

Sea urchins are so tenacious of life that on opening one it is not uncommon to see the pieces of the broken shell move off in different directions.

The aggregate value of the property of colored people throughout Tennessee is set down at $6,478,951, being an increase of $671,160 over the preceding year.

Farmers in the United States have $12,210,253,362 of capital invested in their business. This sum includes farms, implements, live stock, fertilizers and fences.

Rev. Dr. Hatcher, at the Lynchburg "Baptist Congress," stated that ten years after emancipation was proclaimed 1480 negroes in Pittsburg, Va., owned their homes.

Mssachusetts fisheries employ 25,117 persons, and at least 100,000 persons are supported by this industry, which has just passed through an unusually prosperous year in 1882.

There were on the farms in the United States on June 1, 1882, 10,357,971 horses, 1,912,932 mules, 993,970 oxen, 12,443,593 milch cows, 22,488,590 other cattle, 35,191,156 sheep, and 47,683,951 swine.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that goats are the best land clearers known. It says that a herd of 1000 entirely cleared 500 acres of brush land in three years. Not a vestige of undergrowth was left.

The gold annually taken from the Siberian mines is estimated to be worth $6,000,000. The first discovery of the metal in that country was made at the beginning of this century. The average cost of an expedition in search of gold is estimated at $3000.

The Boston Commercial says: "The theory that the rainfall or water power of the United States has been affected in any way by the destruction of forests, is devoid of foundation in fact. We have investigated the matter carefully, and there is no truth in it."

Altogether Too Honest.

A gentleman stopped his horse at a toll gate, and, not seeing the gatekeeper, went into the house. Finding no one, he began to search, and finally discovered the gatekeeper out in the field at work. Although the old man was quite a distance away, the gentleman went into the field, approached the old man and said:

"You are the toll gate keeper, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," the old man replied, turning and leaning upon his hoe handle.

"Well, I want to go through the gate."

"Ain't the gate open?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go through. It's my business to be there."

"Because I want to pay you."

"And you came all the way out here to pay me five cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman, proudly, looking the old man in the eyes.

"Couldn't you have left the money on the table?"

"Yes, but I wanted you to know that I had paid you."

"You are an honest man."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, while a pleased expression spread over his face.

"You would have walked three times as far to have paid me that five cents, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Here, John," the old man called to a boy that lay in the shade, "call the dog and go along and watch this feller till he gets away. Bet a hundred dollars he steals something 'fore he leaves the place."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Dinner Pot Joke.

In a certain village in a county not far off a small boy kicked up a breeze in the nearest church on Sunday. It seems that a certain good but poor woman bought a small calf's head and put it on to boil, leaving her little boy to mind it, while she went to the church close by.

The minister had reached his "fifthly, my brethren," when a small boy stuck his head in the door and whispered:

"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son instantly, and began to make signs for him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whisper—this time a little louder than before.

The mother shook her finger at the boy warningly and indulged in other familiar pantomine, with which she was accustomed to awe her son. But it didn't work worth a cent. The boy was excited and in dead earnest, as the denoument will show. Raising his voice, he shouted:

"Mamma, you needn't wink and blink at me, but had better come home right away, for the calf's head is buttin' all the dumplin's out of the pot!"