THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
Most every other night
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the tother
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby wooin'!
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No counting night or day
I had no fought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while.
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My hinges ache; the lock is weak,
My pockets in a whirl:
I hear that awful doctor speak:
It is another girl.

—Denver Tribune.

Girls on a Farm.

And what has already been said about out-of-door work for girls, the question comes up whether any have ever tried to manage a whole farm.

Yes, one of the best managed and best paying of the smaller farms in a certain rocky New England town, is at this moment owned and is being carried on by two maiden women, sisters.

Their father lost his property when the younger was thirteen, and after that he hired a farm, taking it on shares; but he seems to have made bad trades, was unfortunate, and though he changed about from place to place, did not better himself.

Meanwhile the children scattered as they grew old enough to take care of themselves, the boys eventually settling in life and having families of their own. The three girls went to a cotton factory, where they worked until they had laid by money enough to buy a small farm. One died, and the two others took her earnings and put with their own, and so were able to accomplish the sacred purpose of all those years of toil, and secure a place which should be a home for their parents, now getting along in years.

It took nearly all they had to pay for it and buy some cattle to stock it with; so they were not able to hire a man to help, and it was clearly the duty of one to work out of doors with her father, while the other cared for the house.

The very small sum they had left they put into a savings bank for a "rainy day;" and then and there they began life anew, owing no man anything, and resolved never to be in debt. The mother was feeble, and the father not very strong, so there was enough for these two brave girls to do. Dorothy stayed in the house, attending to the dairy and general work; Rebecca went out with her father into the fields, helping plant and hoe and do the haying and harvesting; and in winter she took all the care of the barn to save him from exposure. As he grew older, more and more devolved upon her, and for the last eight years of his life he did nothing at all.

The farm has sixty acres, an orchard, a pasture, fields for tillage and mowing, and a piece of woodland which supplies the family with fuel—just enough land, and none to spare. They do not have to buy wood, hay, grain, fruit or vegetables. They appear to have selected wisely, and their little "place" is all they could ask for.

This last year they raised thirty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of corn on the ear, and thirty bushels of sizable potatoes besides many small ones suitable for feeding out to the cows. They dried one hundred weight of apples, and sold over one hundred pounds of butter, having on hand at the time, they told me, a hundred and twenty-five pounds, waiting for a rise in the price. Besides they had some profit from eggs; and they had boiled down two barrels of cider ready to be used in "Shaker apple sauce." These were the chief items. The hay is fed out on the place.

They keep four cows, and generally find the dairy part of the farming the most profitable. Their butter is so nice that it always commands the highest price. "We have to plan according to circumstances about our produce," said Rebecca, "and watch the market as men would."

Neither of them has ever held plow or driven, mowed or reaped, but they have done nearly all other kinds of farm work. They hire a man to do the harder part. And they ask the advice of some experienced neighbor of the other sex, about "laying down" a piece of land, and the "rotation of crops." They manage carefully, and sell what they have to spare.

They have now spent by far the greater part of their lives on that sunny little farm in the hollow, and are getting to be elderly women.

They have more than they hoped for—a home for the parents, who both lived to be over ninety, and who had no cares or debts after these filial daughters took matters in their own hands; and they have had a good living, and are better off than when they began. For, besides owning the land and the modest house with its substantial and well-kept antique furniture, they have considerable money out at interest, "enough to carry them both through."

They have a common purse so far as their mutual interest is concerned, but if one wishes to buy a book, or subscribe for a newspaper, or go on a journey, she uses her own money. They have labored no harder than thousands of women who have nothing to show for it, while they have prospered in every way. They are sound-minded and intelligent, and have the respect of every one.

They were healthy and cheerful, and it is a pleasure to talk with them and to see their snug home, with its cosy outbuildings for the cows and pigs and poultry, and the picturesque bit of garden and orchard, and the outlying fields.

Such is their simple, true story; and why cannot other girls who have laid by a few hundred dollars do as well?

Another woman in the same time has done even more than these. She has had the entire care of a farm of one hundred acres for twenty years—the old homestead of her family where she was born and brought up.

In her youth she learned a trade and worked in a shop, but the confinement was injurious to her, and so she went home and began to help her father in the corn-field and about the haying and harvesting; and she feels sure that by the change she saved her life.

From being in a dangerous condition with death threatening her she became robust, and now, at 60, is so strong and well that she looks as if she might live to be a hundred.

From necessity she gradually began to assume the whole management of the farm, having no brother, and the property eventually came into her hands. She now does her own work, just as any man-farmer would, plows all day, harrows, plants, sows, reaps.

She told me that she cuts twelve tons of hay (in which, of course, she has help). And last year she herself picked from her orchard 250 bushels of apples; she raised thirty bushels of potatoes, doing all the work, besides a great deal more.

As a sample of her in-door work, it may be said that she made and sold from her three cows two hundred pounds of butter, having churned seventy between the middle of October and the following January.

She seemed on my visit to her, perfectly willing to tell about her methods and her success; and her opinion was that women would do best in th dairy business. She has tried raising young stock, and in some years it is profitable, selling the animals when two or three years old. She always kept an excellent horse, and does most of her work with him, but occasionally has a neighbor come with a yoke of oxen.

The day we called, which was in midwinter, she had just driven into her dooryard with a load of wood, which she left on the sled while she took us in and entertained us. She was then living alone (though generally, I think, having some one with her,) and her only companion besides a cat was a most vigilant dog who kept a sharp watch on us.

The interior of her house was as tidy, cosy and comfortable as if its mistress made it her sole care; a pleasant, roomy, sunny, old fashioned New England interior. And outside it represented the typical New England farmstead, a rambling, antique red house, large enough for two families, with a front door and a side door, and a great chimney suggestive of open fireplaces and baking days and profusion of substantial fare.

It faced the south, and a few lilac bushes grew beside the "walk;" and at the L was a grass plat crossed by a hard-trodden path to the big barn. There a long row of windows let sunshine in on the dusty mows and the stalls, and before it was a great yard where a herd of young cattle were sunning themselves—altogether a thrifty, home-like, attractive place.

She said she enjoyed her out-of-door work; and she seemed as cheerful as she was clear-headed; a shrewd, bright, business woman, who knew just how to lay out her work, how to buy and sell, what crops would be most profitable, and all about farming. She was very companionable and interesting, full of information and of excellent judgment, but, as may be inferred, an original sort of person.

This is an extreme case, with which the pressure of circumstances has had much to do. But health, a cheerful spirit and absolute independence have been gained.

All three of these were in part forced to follow farming; and daughterly care of failing parents seemed to have had a large share in deciding their life's work. They have been exceptionally successful, are contented, are respected; and though no girls who read this may wish to venture on agriculture to such an extent, they may gain some suggestions about what women can do.

The Parental Relation.

"Children are a heritage from the Lord." The care of them is a sacred trust, and for the discharge of this trust parents are responsible to society and to God. The child is the sum of inherited traits from his parents and their ancestors, modified by the circumstances attending his introduction in life. In the hands of his natural or appointed guardians he is "as clay in the hands of the potter." They may not change its elementary constituents, but they may eliminate what would mar its perfect beauty when in its completed form, and they may incorporate with it some new quality; they certainly can mould it and make it into shape as they will, if they have the requisite moulding skill. Here is the great difficulty. The mother may be called on to train a child that by some unknown law resembles her husband's father, and has qualities widely different from those she or her husband possesses, qualities which she she knows not how to manage. What wisdom does she need that she may do the right thing, and especially that she should not do the wrong thing. This she can learn only by careful study of the child's character, and by close observation of the results of various methods of managing him. Marriages contracted between parties of widely different nationalities or temperaments or antecedents result in just such conditions of parental perplexity, and result also in satisfying thoughtful parents that systems of training for children should be flexible and adaptive rather than rigid and uniform. What is the making of one child may be the marring of his own brother. To hold, for example, a clear-headed, matter-of fact child to the utterance of the simple, unvarnished truth is an easy matter, but to hold an imaginative, enthusiastic, impulsive child to the same thing is impossible, and yet both children may be equally desirous to state the thing that is, or that seems to them to be. Then, in the matter of obedience, some children with a hearty frankness easily do just as they are told to do, others with an apparently proud concession, while both alike may be equally disposed to do what is lawfully required of them. The son who said, "I go not, sir," but "afterward repented and went," was the son who really did the will of his father.

It would seem that the first thing for a parent to do is to get acquainted with his child, and so to place his mind along the level of his child's mind and in such contact with it that he may understand its workings and so become familiar with all its approaches. He will then easily know how to regulate, direct and restrain its action, until the child becomes his own intelligent master, and no more needs the parental guidance. Most parents in a general way care for their children, and are disposed to do everything that can promote their interests. They provide a home, clothing and other comforts and necessaries, but never give time for exchange of ideas, of preferences, and for that intimate mutual understanding which is the basis of sympathy and friendship, and which leads the child to repose the most sacred confidences in the parent. There are no friendships purer or sweeter than those between parents and children. Sons who find in their father an elder brother, daughters who find in their mother an elder sister, seldom stray from the paths of virtue. Said a mother: "I scarcely ever played with my children, for I found that when I did so I was afterward unable to control them." If that mother had learned to play with her children without ceasing all the while to control them they would not have broken her heart as they afterwards did, by throwing off, with their minority, all restraint, and indulging unlimitedly in everything she had forbidden them. The most successful and beloved teachers and parents are those who enter most earnestly and heartily into the sports and enjoyments of the young in their charge, and through their affections thus acquire unbounded influence over them.

If men and women are but children of a larger growth, children are men and women of a lesser growth. Though both statements are equally true, we are much slower to accept the last than we are to accept the first. However tiny and puny and young the baby man may be, he's a man for a' that," and when he comes to his estate, the wrongs and injustices done to the child will be the wrongs and injustices done to the man, and will be remembered as such. "If my father had only given me, when I was young, the one hundredth part of the money he left me when he died, I could have gone to school and could have made a much better record than I have. He kept me cultivating the farm when I ought to have been cultivating my mind. But he meant it for my good." So said a thoughtful farmer to his son, who was first leaving home to go to school.

A few fleeting years suffice to bring parents and children to the common plane of manhood and womanhood, where they are all subject to like conditions. Hunger, thirst, weariness, pain, sickness, death—the burden of life, like the pressure of the atmosphere which none escapes—in one form or another press with equal weight on all. The parents are for a little time permitted to pioneer for their children, to make a way for them and to prepare them and fortify them for the labors they must perform, the responsibilities they must assume, the sorrows they must suffer—to fit them to act well their part in the great drama of life.—N. Y. Tribune.

Pure Olive Oil.

"Nine dealers out of ten don't know what real choice olive oil is," said the buyer of a large importing house, "and it is not very strange, either, since but little of it is sent to our market."

"Can it be bought from any first class grocer?" he was asked.

"No, indeed. Olive oil can be bought but not the finest grades. If you had ever tasted the best you would readily believe what I have just said when you dressed your salad with the other. Oil of the finest quality has a faint, agreeable odor, and a delicious, indescribable taste. When spread over nice, crisp lettuce or used to dress a cucumber, it lends a flavor that requires actual experience to appreciate. Why, its a pleasure almost to look at its pale, greenish color."

"Why don't we get more of this oil? The best of everything else usually comes here."

"It is easily explained. There is not as much demand in America for choice oil as there is in Europe. Thousands of Americans will not taste oil under any consideration, while in Italy and the south of France the poorest person would think his meal incomplete without it. The best grades are kept for home consumption, while the rest is exported. Do you know that there is as many qualities of olive oil as you have fingers and toes, to say nothing of the almost hundreds of adulterations and imitations?"

"A high degree of skill is shown in the manufacture of olive oil. The thoroughly ripe olive yields about 70 per cent. of oil. The persons who make the finer kinds gather the fruit by hand as soon as it begins to color. It is spread under sheds, where it is allowed to remain, until most of the moisture is evaporated. The ripe olive is of a dark, purple color, and yields considerably more oil than that I have just spoken of. So you can see why the two oils should be of different value. The process of manufacturing the oil will give you a good idea of the grades.

"The olives are crushed to a pulp in a mill and then placed in sacks of loosely woven cloth. These sacks are piled one upon another and are submitted to pressure. The oil which flows from them is run into a vat containing water, from the surface of which it is afterwards dipped. The first pressing is called virgin oil. A second quality is obtained by mixing the pulp with very hot water and submitting it to additional pressure. Then there is a third pressing, after which the pulp is chemically treated for other grades."

"What kind of oil is used in the ordinary eating house?"

"It is an oil made from cotton seed, and has no more the taste of olive oil than it has of ginger. It is thick and, to me, very unpleasant. It is only in first class hotels and restaurants that olive oil of any grade at all is served. There is also an oil made from ground nuts, which does not seem to be very popular. Of the cotton seed oil there is an immense sale."—N. Y. Sun.

Uncertainty and ignorance can hardly produce anything but cowardice and rashness; true courage is associated with judgment and reflection.

Crime in the Blood.

"Is there such a thing as hereditary criminal instinct?" asked a St. Louis reporter of the force of detectives who congregated at headquarters "to sign up for the day," with a view of getting most information from their unanimous opinion.

"Such a thing as crime running in families?" repeated Detective Lawler. "Yes, there is, and there is no better proof of it than we can show right here in St. Louis, where there are several families, nearly every member of which has been convicted of crime. In one of the murder cases now before the criminal court a defense of hereditary love and yearning of strong drink is to be introduced as a defense, and on just as good grounds some of the criminals locked up in our jail and in Jefferson City penitentiary might set up a defense of hereditary inclination to be criminals. It is not an extremely uncommon thing to find whole families participating in and living by crime. Only a few days ago we had a case in the jail. The sheriff of St. Francois county, Mo., on his way to the penitentiary, had five prisoners in charge 'going up' on sentences of from two to six years. They had been detected in burglary of a farm house in St. Francois county, and it was supposed that this was not the first job of this description in which they had taken a part. The principal prisoner was under a six year sentence. His wife was going to the pen for four years, and his brother and sister for three and two years respectively. The father and mother were dead or they would probably have had a place in this family group. This however, is rather an instance of a family uniting efforts in the perpetration of a single felony."

"Have we any families of this description in St. Louis?'

"Yes, only they are a stronger proof of the fact that a tendency to commit crime is transmitted from father to son and pervade a whole family. There is one family here named McGuire. The old man has been in the pen, and two of his sons are making tall efforts to follow in the foot prints of their respected father. There is another family here, all the members of which are criminals, and as the two respectable persons in it bear the family name, it would be wrong to implicate them by a publication. They will be readily identified by any officer on the force and many of their victims when you state that the most daring of the batch are Tommy M——s and his sister Kate. There were five boys and two girls. Three of the boys turned out to be thieves, and the two girls as bad. The girls are living with two men enjoying the reputation of thieves, and docketed in the Rogues' Gallery as 'palls' of their three worthy brothers-in law. This batch has been repeatedly arrested, but we have never succeeded in getting more than one of them out of harm's way. Another family named Bryland worked St. Louis for a long time. There were four boys in this gang, but all died of consumption, brought on by the night work done by them in bad weather and dissipation."

"These are not blooded crooks from their birth, are they?"

"Well, you would think they were if you knew them, for they have a regular growth. The little ones begin at petty thefts from hawkers' and farmers' wagons, market stalls and grocery store exhibits and railroad freight cars, for which, on account of the smallness of the offense and offender, they escape punishment. The next step is pulling dampers; that is, tapping tills of small shops. Picking pockets, which requires a little more science, is the next step, and about this stage they are taken in tow by their elder brothers and serve as 'kids,' to be lifted in a window, to open a door, or perform similar functions. After this they are full fledged and capable of performing jobs for themselves."

A New England Farmer's "Summer Boarders."

This change in the method of disposing of milk has greatly affected another branch of farming—the raising of hogs. In years past every family had a number of porkers, who were fed on buttermilk. By this means the farmer killed two birds with one stone, for the refuse of the butter-making process was thus converted into American pork, that bug bear of Bismarck. But, with the stoppage of butter-making, buttermilk became extinct, and the hog—that is to say, the four-legged variety—has become almost a rarity.

With this source of revenue cut off, the farmers looked about for an opportunity to reimburse themselves, and they found it in "city boarders," who come out every summer from comfortable homes in New York, to stew and broil in the country, under the impression that they are having a "good time." Anxious to know something about the profits arising from this business, I inquired of an old farmer as to the result. The old man was meek-looking and talked affably. I said to him:

"Do you make much money here from summer boarders?"

The venerable cutter of grass looked pityingly at me over the tops of his glasses, as he replied:

"We farmers don't invite these folks out to the country 'cause we want society. Oh, no; we don't take in city boarders to lose money. I got a round dozen, all women and children up to my house, and the house ain't very big nuther. I got $72 a week out o' them 'ere people and I reckon I make $40 a week out of 'em."

"Does not the bracing air give them heavy appetites?" I inquired.

"Stuff and nonsense. Why, when they first come you'd think they'd never had nuthin' to eat; they want to eat all the time. When we first took boarders I kinder held in on 'em, but I found a trick worth two of that. I just let 'em pour down all the milk they want and eat all the apples they can, and soon the milk makes 'em billious and the apples give 'em the collic, and then they settle down kinder steady like. I'm generally about $300 ahead at the end of the season. I must git out here," added the old man as we came in front of a pleasant farm house. "Come down to prayer meetin' to-night." I thanked the old man and promised to attend, but failed to keep my promise.—Corr. Boston Transcript.

J. W. Mackay and his wife will spend the coming winter in New York.

A Doomed Man's Frenzy.

A Philadelphia telegram of the 8th says: There was a very remarkable scene in a condemned murderer's cell in Moyamensing prison this afternoon. More than a year ago John McGinnis was convicted and sentenced to suffer death for the deliberate murder of Mrs. Reed, his wife's mother. Every legal effort to save his life has been made by his counsel and failed. His death warrant, signed by the governor, reached the sheriff this morning. This afternoon, accompanied by two deputies, the sheriff went to the prison to read the death warrant to the doomed man, as provided by law. McGinnis had been told to prepare himself for bad news. The superintendent and one of the prison physicians accompanied the sheriff and deputies to the murderer's cell. As the turnkey unbolted the lock and threw open the door, McGinnis rose from the bench on which he was half reclining, half sitting. He was very pale and nervous. When he saw who his visitors were his emotion overcame him and he fell upon his knees. Raising his hands, he repeated earnest and fervent prayers in a loud voice. This lasted a few minutes, and then he was somewhat calmer, but still very pale, and a nervous twitching was noticeable at the corners of his month.

"McGinnis," said the sheriff, with considerable feeling, "I am truly sorry that I am the bearer of bad news for you."

The sheriff paused. McGinnis' face had turned to the color of ashes; his jaw fell, he staggered, and had to place his hand against the wall to steady himself. In a moment, however, he recovered control of himself, and in a low voice said: "Go on, sir; I can bear the worst."

The sheriff proceeded with his melancholy task. "I suppose you understand what has caused this painful visit. The governor last week signed the warrant for your execution, and it was received by me to-day."

"My God," the doomed man murmured hoarsely, and then he said more distinctly, "Go on, sir; I understand you."

"It is now my painful duty," proceeded Sheriff Keim, "to read the warrant to you." The sheriff went through with the task. As soon as he had read the introductory phrases, McGinnis dropped on the bench and buried his head in his hands. For a few seconds he shuddered violently, but after that he remained quite motionless.

When the sheriff had finished he lifted his head from his hands and got upon his feet. For a second he gazed steadily at the litle group, and then he dropped on his knees again and began to shout and yell. "My God! my God!" he cried, "am I to die in this way? I call upon you to protect me. As Christ was crucified by Pontius Pilate, so am I to be crucified by these men. It is a shame, an outrage," and he arose, flinging his arms wildly in the air for a moment. Then he beat the walls of his cell and shouted like a man bereft of his senses. Superintendent Perkins took him by the arm and whispered a few words of consolation in his ear, but the man would not be comforted. He was wild and threw the superintendent from him. Mr. Perkins then took hold of him in a manner which plainly indicated that he was tired of the scene, and McGinnis calmed down sufficiently to listen to what Sheriff Kiem had to say. The sheriff said if there was anything he desired, not forbidden by the rules of the prison, it should be furnished to him, and every effort made to make his position as comfortable as possible. At first he said there was nothing. Then he thought a moment and said: "Yes, there is something I would like. I would like to have a smoke and some tobacco." This was promised him, and preparations made to retire, when he broke forth again, calling upon God to protect an innocent man. When he had calmed down again he said: "Oh, yes, I would like to be hanged upon my knees." The sheriff shook hands with him and bade him good-by, and the heavy door was closed upon McGinnis.

A Western Mystery.

A letter from Milwaukee, Wis., says: A great sensation was caused lately by the publication of statements concerning one Michael Holmes, who died in this city a few days ago. Holmes came here but a short time ago, and no one appeared to know anything about his antecedents. He was non-communicative in regard to his history and made but few acquaintances. About two weeks ago he had a misunderstanding with a fellow countryman named Patrick Johnson, which ended in his receiving such injuries that he has since died from them. It now appears that he made a partial confidant of another Irishman named Fitzgerald. So much of his story as is known is now made public. With three others he secretly left Dublin the night following the Phœnix Park murders and came to this country, and after drifting about from place to place finally came here. He told Fitzgerald in confidence that he had not written to his wife in Ireland for fear that his whereabouts would be learned, and also said that some of those charged with murder were innocent men. The opinion is universally entertained here that Holmes was connected with the assassination, if not actually engaged in it.

Homing Pigeon Flights.

The birds of the Boston (Mass.) Homing Pigeon club, countermarked in this city last Wednesday for record in a five hundred miles journey, were liberated in Stratford, Ont., on Saturday morning. Returns on the day of loosing were looked for, as the birds were in good condition and had done well in their journeys through the season. The storm on Saturday afternoon, however, probably defeated this. The returns on Sunday were: One bird at 8:38 A. M., to George Darby, of Roxbury, the winner of the special prize for the first bird making the record to the vicinity of Boston; one bird to F. Schworm, of Boston, at 10:33 P. M., and one to R. Hooper, of Boston, at 12:30 P. M. All of the birds that entered in the race were flown this year for the first time, and none of them had been nearer Stratford, Ont., than Rochester, N. Y., 169 miles distant. In this race, flown on July 9, the 336 miles were made by four birds less than ten hours, and more than half the distance was through a storm.—New York Tribune.

ALL SORTS.

A pert miss says she bangs because she don't want to look so forehead.

In fashionable London there is noted a great increase in the number of ladies who drive gigs.

Bancroft, the historian, though eighty years old, is reported as one of the best equestrians at Newport.

A Zulu belle may be said to be like the prophets, because she has not much on her in her own country.

Queen Victoria has received a woman physician, Mrs. Scharlieb, with unusual favor at Windsor Castle.

In India they gamble on the weather, but in this country they bet on Wiggins—to lose, every time.

"Never mind the wire—wherefore?" is the agony evolved by a Philadelphia paper of Pinaforical proclivities.

A Philadelphia paper thinks there is a wide spread conviction that this country should be put on ice immediately.

A well-known actress, Mrs. Kendal, was presented at court recently, her chaperon being the Countess Rosse.

Theodore Tilton is now in Europe. Mrs. Tilton is said to be somewhere in Central New Jersey, taking in sewing for a living.

There is one thing about Munchausen, says a Philadelphia paper to his credit. The baron never tried to be a weather-prophet.

Robert Buchanan intends to come to America next winter to supervise the performance of a play made out of his "God and Man."

An Arkansas editor says that the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his false teeth.

The Truthseeker, the organ of the infidels, counts among its constituents "all the judges in the supreme court except Justice Strong."

The treasurer of a Long Island base ball club and $70 belonging to the organization are missing. In whom can we put our trust?

The heading "Another Safe Robbery on the South side," leads the Oil City Blizzard to remark that most robberies are safe nowadays.

Up to the hour of going to press David Davis' bride had not addressed him as, "You dear little baby," or "you fat little ducky darling."

Rev. Thomas Harrison, known as "the boy preacher" when he was younger, has announced his intention to convert the city of St. Louis next winter.

"Dwo vos schoost enough, budt dree vos too blendty," remarked Hans, when his girl asked him to take her mother along with him to the dance.

An Alabama judge has decided that a man who puts his satchel on a seat in the cars reserves that seat—unless the man that moves it is bigger that he is.

There is now no living member of the group pictured by Carpenter's celebrated painting of "Signing the Proclamation." Montgomery Blair was the eighth and last.

"The difference," said Twistem, as he thumped his glass on the bar, "between this glass and a locust is simply that one is a beer mug and the other's a mere bug."

Prince Bismarck has become suspicious and crabbed in his disposition to a degree that makes it impossible for any public official but the most obsequious to serve under him.

Even Socrates, says the Saturday Review, could make no head against an opponent who argued "that if a dog was yours and was also a father, then the dog was your father."

Count de Chambord's Castle Frohsdorf, one hour's distance from Vienna, which "shines out of a dense forest like a snow-white Easter egg in a green nest," is a plain square building.

The rheumatism which has driven Princess Beatrice to the continent, is said to have been caused by the low-necked and short sleeved dresses which the queen makes her wear.

When the rifle team returns, the members will feel like scooting home across lots. The boys doubtless did the best they could. Angels couldn't do any better than that.—N. Y. Com.

A contemporary, in reporting a case of attempted suicide, alludes to it as the "rash act." Such language strikes the mind of the intelligent reader with a "dull thud."—N. Y. Com.

"No," said Mrs. McGill, "we don't celebrate All Fool's Day at our house. The 'squire never pays any attention to legal hollow days; and as for me, I feel just as foolish one day as another."

An up-country exchange asks this idiotic question: "Did Romeo for what Juliet?" The man who would perpetrate such an atrocious one as that would not only pick a pocket, but steal an entire clothing house.—N. Y. Com.

The wild agony of a man as he kisses his wife and children good-bye at the depot before they "go to see grandma," is only equaled by his intense exuberance as he applauds the singers at the circus a few hours later.—Syr. Herald.

The New York Morning Journal makes the remark that "There were no watermelons in the Garden of Eden." It is more than likely that the watermelon was the real forbidden fruit, and that it doubled up the existing population a once.—N. Y. Picayune.

A famous North Carolina clergyman while preaching from the text, "He giveth His beloved sleep," stopped in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a large portion of my auditory."

A new use has been found for cotton. Manufactured into duck it has been successfully introduced as a roofing material. Aside from its cheapness it possesses the advantage of lightness as compared with shingles or slate; it effectually excludes water, and is said to be a non-conductor of heat.

The editor wrote it: "Toronto Odd Fellows have endowed a cot in the hospital of that city for the benedt of sick children;" but the new compositor, who was not familiar with the scribe's chirography, set it up: "Twenty old fossils have dossed a cat in the horse pond of that city for the bone-pit of six Chinamen."—N. Y. Com.