On dark and leaden plumes, The twillight droops athwart the closing sky, And in the gathering wild rness of glooms Her shadows lie.

And from the misty strand. The supplyrs Buting fully forth are driven On the vell, where dim and distant, stand The hills of heaven.

And, breaking from repose, The stars, down quivering through the dusky

With golden lustre dim. The croscent most is hovering so high. Her pale light drifting slowly o'er the rim Of the one sky. Beneath the bounding arch.

E8

JSE.

I watched the growing cycles as they run, all passing in a grand trouv phal march To meet the sun,

Until the glory of the night has ceased, and the red eegle mounts his his ring throne In the far east. -Edward C. Hill.

RUTH'S PROFESSOR.

Hillsboro people were very musical. They took short trips to Boston very of- never guess she cared. ten, to attend concer's and operas, and

Professor Bahr held a two weeks' conentertainment at the First Church (no matter what the denomination was) in which all the leading singers were to take parts.

Now there ought to be har "ony among the musicians; but there isn't always. There wasn't in Hillsboro just at present. Miss Lucy Slemmons had been the leading soprano for several years. Not because she deserved to be, but because, like a good many other people in this formers. conceited little world, she has assumed the place herself and wouldn't be put down.

Professor Bahr, with his quiet German manner, and his sharp, far-seeing German eye, saw through Miss Slem-mons directly, and bore with her arro-

It was true that several times, when he don to the piano to sing it, and never appeared to notice that Miss Slemmons sulked the rest of the evening and would not sing.

Still he gave her quite place and attentions enough to satisfy any reasonable woman. But Miss Lucy wasn't reasonable and wouldn't be satisfied. She brown hair out; but she meant totally to eclipse her on the night of the grand it was no wonder the stern German heart concert, and so now, when the sulky fit was moved as the professor looked at was over, she could afford to smile and her. One instant—then he strode to her

"I do hope to goodness Professor Bahr will put Ruth in first soprano, and leave haf run away from me?" Lu Slemmons clear out, said the leading alto, when they were discussing the flushing hotly. probabilities on rehearsal night.

"So say I, Miss Clement," remarked the best basso.

"But don't believe he'll do it. The Slemmons is too strong to be put down," returned the tenor.

"Strong she may be-sweet she isn't," said the basso. "And I think I know what Professor Bahr will do."
"Well, we shall soon see," remarked

Miss Clement, as they were called to or-What Professor Bahr did do, was to

assign Miss Slemmons two or three parts, but not the best ones. When he came to them he said in his odd way: 'Mees Gordon, you vill sing de aria in 'Angels ever bright and fair,' and you

vill sing 'Who's at my window?' Mr Braun vill play de accompaniment. de next chorus, and de second soprano in de 'Greeting.'"

Miss Slemmons bridled and her black eyes snapped.

'I'll do no such thing," she said. "I've been used to the leading parts." Professor Bahr fixed her with his quiet

"Who is de leader of dis class?" he

asked. "I suppose you are," retorted Miss

Lucy, insolently.
"Den you vill obey my orders, or you vill leave de class; it matters not to me,

said the professor. Ruth, who sat silent and blushing. tried to speak, to say she did not care for her parts; but the professor marched grimly on to the next row and gave her no chance, while Miss Lucy, who had no idea of being put clear out, subsided.

But inwardly she was furious, and watched for a chance to revenge herself on Ruth and the professor, too. After the rehearsal was over, Ruth went up to the piano where Professor

Bahr was arranging his books, and said: "Professor, please let Miss Slemmons about them.'

"What, you naughty too? No, I vill voice is not good. You vill do dem. home with her, happy as a king. May I see you home, Mees Gordon?"

"If you please," said Ruth, blushing hotly and retreating quickly for her cloak and books. It wasn't the first time Professor Bahr had walked home with Ruth, or paid her many trifling attentions.

But as they passed Miss Slemmons, she smiled oddly. Perhaps her revenge was not far off.

They rel sarsed nightly, the week of the concert the class duties in the daytime, having given place to Christmas I have known of cases where a rattlefestivities.

For two or three nights Miss Slemmons was friendly and cordial to Miss pulled. The rattlesnakes fangs bend in-Gordon, praised her singing, and be-haved wonderfully well. Wednesday night she came very early and had a little chat with Ruthie about a certain piece they were drilling upon, and was very kind and pleasant. Presently she said: "Ruthie, I'm an old friend, you know. May I venture the least bit of advice?"

Professor Bahr walk home with you so ly pulled out. He took nine full glasses much. Of course there's no harm in it; of whisky at once and went to sleep, and but when a man has a wife, you know

"A wife! Professor Bahr is not mar-

"Why, didn't you know it, Ruthie?

supposed every one knew it. He was married five years ago in Boston. It's a positive fact, and I can prove it.'

But Ruth had recovered herself now. "It does not matter to me at all," she said, proudly. "Of course he meant no harm by mere politeness. I thank you for your caution, Lucy. I shall not invite gossip.

She walked away, and Miss Lucy smiled again. Her work was well done, she thought. She wondered if Ruth would be so distressed she could not sing. But no indeed! Never had Ruth sang clearer or sweeter. Professor Bahr was proud of her. He meant to tell her so after rehearsal; but when he looked for her she was gone. And he walked home alone with a clouded brow.

While Ruthie, hastily bidding goodnight to the friends who were with her, ran in home and flew up to her chamber to give vent, alone, to the shame and agony which were wringing her heart. She could not doubt what she had heard. Lucy said that everybody knew it, and it could be proven. And that being true, Professor Bahr was-why he was a vilthat was all. But be shouldn't break her heart. Thank goodness, after the concert he would go away, and she need never see him any more; and until then she could treat him so he would

She met him the next day and was very when the teachers came out to Hillsboro coldly polite; and at rehearsal she they were always sure to obtain a good brought her father with her, and left be-

fore it was fairly over. Professor Bahr met her again on the vention, and meant to wind up with an day before the concert, but she was still cold. He meant to speak to her, but she

slipped away from him again. "She does not sing one note till I know vat dish means!" growled the pro-

fessor as he strode away. He was not able to spare a moment ot go to her; but fortune favored him. The singers were to meet in the small library, back of the main room where the stage had been erected for the per-

Professor Bahr was there first, running over a list of pieces to be given as encores. In a moment Ruthie came in. leaving her escort at the door. She would gladly have retreated, but it was too late. Professor Bahr called her and late. asked her some questions regarding her gant ways very patiently all through the first solo. She answered him, and threw off her cloak and hood, wishing some one else would come in. The professor wanted a difficult passage interpreted, he stood and looked silently at her for a mocalled sweet, brown-eyed Ruthie Gor- ment. Her costume was a cardinal satin skirt, with white satin polonaise, looped at one side with cardinal ribbons, a second cluster of ribbons falling from her left shoulder; rich soft lace puffings filled the square neck and fell to the long white gloves which hid the whiteness of her dimpled arms, while a single cluster of cardinal flowers rested in her brown was mad enough to tear Ruthie's pretty braids. The bloom of youth and beauty lit cheek, lips and soft bright eyes, and

> "Mess Gordon, tell me why it is you "I-have I?" stammered Ruthie,

"You know you haf! I have not de-ceived you! I vill know what I haf done dat you treat me so !"

His look and tone compelled obedi-In spite of herself Ruth anence. "Why did you not tell me that you

had a wife?" "Because I have not!"

When Professor Bahr was strongly excited he dropped the slight accent which elung to him. "You have!" said Ruthie, clearly.

"Miss Slemmons told me vou were married in Boston, five years ago, and she could prove it, for she knew well!" A strange light came into the profes-

sor's face. "Ah, is that all? That is quite true what she told you. But why did she not Mees Slemmons you vill sing de solo in tell you that my wife died in less than one year? She knew that well, too! I

supposed you knew I was-and am-a widower.' "Oh, no,I--" but Ruthie broke

down here. Somehow Professor Bahr had the little white-gloved hand fast in his.

"I shall always be unless you premise to be my wife and go to Boston with me. You know I love you. I have enough to keep you in comfort. My little liebchen, "Yes," whispered Ruthie. "O let me

go! Some one is coming!" She snatched away her hands, and when the group of singers, who had arrived, came in, Ruthie was very busy with her music, and Professor Bahr was tuning his violin industriously.

But Ruthie's face was so bright and happy, and she sang so gloriously that Miss Slemmons saw her little plot had failed somehow, and was ready to bite herself with vexation. But she couldn't afford to spoil her own voice, therefore she controlled herself.

The New Year's concert was a grand success, and pretty Ruth Gordon the sing my solos, won't you? I don't care star of the occasion. And after it was over Professor Bahr walked up to Buth, right at Miss Slemmons' side, drew her not let Mees Slemmons sing dem. Her hand through his arm and walked away

About Rattlesnakes. Mr. Cill, of Barnum's museum, recently discoursed to a reporter upon the subject of rattlesnakes, as follows: When a rattlesnake first comes into a show his fangs are pulled out, and most all of them think that after that there can be no danger in handling him. That is a mistake. The fangs will grow again unless they are cut out by the roots, and snake bit and poisoned his handler less than three weeks after his fangs had been ward, and are sharper thin a fine needle at the end. When the showmen want to destroy them, they raise the rage of the snake by flaunting a silk handkerchief in front of him. In his unreasoning rage he seizes the handkerchief, and a clever jerk pulls out his fangs. Jack Draper, who was with Gardiner's circus ten or twelve years ago, got badly bitten "Why, certainly," said Buth.
"Then I wouldn't, if I were you, let by a snake whose fangs had been recent by a snake whose fangs had been recent as soon as he woke up he drank six more. He says the whisky did not intox-Ruthie turned white, then scarlet, and | icate him, and that he had a dull numbness of the arms and a general feeling of paralysis and drowsiness that frightened him. Thanks to the whisky he re-I covered in two or three days.

The rattles of a snake are not a sure indication of its age, as the naturalists tell us. They say he gets a rattle every year. Now, I have had snakes that grew three rattles in a year, and some that did not have one in less than a year and a half. Florida rattlesnakes often get two in a year. I think they make more rattles when they are well fed and in a warm place. Rattlesnakes in captivity are not as voracious as other snakes. Fifteen mice will feel a good sized snake for a month, but if you tempt him he will eat double that number. In his natural state he lives on his fat in the winter, and in captivity a snake has been known to live more than a year without food. l'angless snakes cannot kill their game, and I have put them in a cage with a

snake with fangs and have seen them strike their game for them. If I had killed the mouse or rat nothing would have prevailed upon the snake to eat it. Did you ever know that rattlesnakes commit suicide? Well, they do. When we catch them we use a crotched stick and aim to fit the crotch just behind the head. Sometimes we we get it too far back, and that gives the snake a chance to bite himself. When he sees that he has no chance to escape he bites himself and is dead within half an bonr. If he gets bitten by another snake he glides off at full speed to a marsh, where he will find a certain weed-a sure antidote. The toads know of this remedy also, and often use it after being bitten. We are apt to despise these lowly reptiles, but they have good pluck and often foil the

rattlesnakes. Are rattlesnakes good to eat? Well, their flesh tastes like sucking pig and is perfectly transparent. I never made a practice of eating it, but I have tasted it fried and have no hesitation in saying that it was delicious.

Got the Wrong Man.

Few men are better known in the dry goods district than J. E. Pluck, who has for years been New York resident buyer for a large Western firm, yet might be mistaken for a countryman. On Tuesday he was approached near the City Hall park by a "slick young man," as he afterwards described him, whose face was unfamiliar, but who grasped his hand

with great warmth, saying:
"Why, Mr. Emerson, I am glad to see you; how long have you been in the

"Since Saturday," answered Mr. Pluck but really, you have the advantage of

me, I don't remember your face."
"Well, I am a little surprised at that, said the stranger, with a hurt expression. "I used to live in the second, house from you in Greenville."

"Sho! Why, so you did," said Mr. Pluck. "Why, yes, certainly. Why, that was before Uncle Josh died and left me his farm out on the turnpike road. You remember Uncle Josh, don't you? Middle aged man with crooked teeth. Never got married you know, and never had no one but me to leave the farm to. Reckon he wouldn't ha' left it to me if he had had. He was dreadful crabbed, you remember?"

"Yes," said the sleek young man, who was beginning to look a little wild. "Yes, he was dreadfully crabbed, continued Mr. Pluck, talking and walking rapidly. "You remember how he busted up the spellin' match that night you and Nath Gale was a havin' of it nip an' tuck, you don't?"

"Yes, certainly," said the young man, with a somewhat nervous laugh. "But what brings you to the city? You don't come very often, do you:

"No," said Mr. Pluck, "I hain't been down before for ten year come the week afore Christmas, but I had to come now, right in hayin' time, too."

"How was that?" with a great show of "Why you remember that team I used

to drive, don't you? The cream colored mule an' the old sorrel mare?"

"Well, I lost my mule, an' I've come down to see if I can't get another one." "That's lucky," said the young man, very briskly, "for I've got a friend that's got a mule he want's to sell; may be you

can trade.' "Like as not," said Mr. Pluck, "Jet's go see him." They turned into Reade street, and as

they walked the young man asked, "How did you lose your mule?"

"Broke his back," said Mr. Pluck, shortly. "Well, that was rather remarkable.

How did he break it?" "Trying to scratch his tail with his r. Good morning," said Mr. Pluck, and without turning his head he walked into a large dry goods store.—New York

Peregrination in Fevers.

Herald.

The premonitory stage of yellow fever is characterized by an intense longing for refrigeration—fresh water, cold water, cooling fruits, or fruit extracts. The fever dreams of an ague patient are crowded with visions of tree shade and brooks. Even chills are accompanied often by a burning thirst, and during the cold stage of an intermittent fever, the temperature of the system is actually higher than during the sweating stageaccording to Dr. Francis Home, respectively 104 and 99 degrees. In the first place, remove the patient to the airiest available room in the house. The art of house cooling seems to have been lost with the ancient civilization of Southern Europe. There is not a room in the narrowest alley of the Naples Jew quarter where open windows and ten cents' worth of ice would fail to lower the lower the temperature from twenty to thirty degrees below the outer at mosphere. Create a draught and if it is possible, a cross-draught, without fear that the admission of air from a sun blistered court yard would make the room equally uncomfortable. The thermal contrast itself will create an air current, and that draught will be cooler to feeling than the stagnant air of an actually lower temperature. The shade of a leafy tree is never more grateful than when the surrounding trees tremble under the rays of a vertical sun. The evaporation of ice water, or even of common cistern water, will greatly aid the good work. Pour it into flat basins, tubs, etc., and place them in the center of the room, or get a wheelbarrow full of glazed bricks, that can be procured at time with cold water. The water will that he could do nothing but grin and

sink into the porous mass and evapororate more rapidly than from an impervious surface. A bundle of bathing sponges, or a sheaf of bulrushes, suspended from the ceiling and sprinkled from time to time, will serve the same purpose; and, where ice is cheap,a dog's day sirocco can be easily reduced to an April breeze. But the best time to begin the refrigeration cure is an hour after sunset. On this continent alone, the night-air superstition costs annually the lives of about fifteen thousand human beings; for at least one-half of the thirty thousand North Americans who succumb every year to yellow fever, ague and congestive chills, could have saved themselves by opening their bedroom windows .- Dr. Felix Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

A New Orleans Legend.

A New Orleans correspondent of the Nashville American writes as follows: There is no portion of New Orleans so full of interest to stranger or resident as that which a stranger prettily called "the New Orleans of George W. Cable. Its old red-tiled cottage-houses, some with great overhanging roofs that serve as a sort of awning, with high balustrades of tiles set on end, forming an odd decoration around the edge of the roof, are pretty to look upon. Time has softened the angularities in these small houses, the winds of many years have blown a rich soil upon their tops, as witness—I passed a cottage on Bourbon street the other day, upon tae tile | roof of which grew, in luxurious profusion, golden rod, each stalk at least four feet high.

Far down upon the corner of Royal and another street stands a big square house built in old French style. It is five stories, and although there are great scars upon the great stone walls, and the ornate carvings over the peaked tops of the small paned windows are beginning to erumble off, it is a building whose architectural features attract the attention of all the sight-hunting strangers. About fifty-five years ago this house belonged to a wealthy old Frenchwoman whom one may call Mme. La-laurel. She owned many slaves, and when she went to live in her Royal street residence she furnished some of the rooms in grand

That the madame was a she-devil, who tortured her slaves, all the town was beginning to know. There was a deep well in the back yard, in which it was said she hung the negroes, even to the little babies, suspending them by the arms so that the black, cold, foulthey died in the water, especially the babies, who could not naturally endure much of such treatment, the body was weighted, the rope cut, and the poor, freed darkey sunk swiftly out of sight.

In a room on the lower floor of the house Mme. La laurel had built a sort of dungeon-a brick room inside of a brick room. It has one window, with iron gratings across it, and is as black and awful looking as any dungeon you can imagine. The floors in this echoing old building are full of murderous-looking stains; and to day, if water is thrown upon them, they come out blood-red. It was up in the garret, though, that the upon the least provocation, used to take her negroes, tie them to the walls or nail them by the hands down to the floors, and then amuse herself by cutting off toward midnight a black crowd of human beings-that awful result of an outraged community, a mob-surrounded that stately, grim building. The old French mistress listened in scorn to the storm-like clamor, until the tumult of people apparently came to a halt under her own windows, and she heard her

own name cried out with threats for her of the torture. She sprang down the oaken stairway. across the marble hall, past the dungeon. then full of festering wretches, past the well of water—they say the reason 'tis so black to-day is owing to the little negro babies on the bottom-and unloosing the heavily barred back gates, she made her way to the river side. She dodged her pursuers and crossed the river in a canoe. Finally she escaped to France, where she afterward died. They say the mob, after freeing the negroes, fairly gutted the house. Of course the place is haunted. By all the laws of sensationalism it could not but be a place where black ghosts walk. The building was once used as a public high school, but the parents of the girls were superstitious and would not allow their daughters to cross the threshold of the place, so it was abandoned.

An Engaged Seat.

It was a day when everybody was tired and auxious to sit down that a large man, carrying a gripsack, boarded an eastern railroad train, and, after walking through several crowded cars, finally found a vacant seat, and, seating himself, placed the bag on the cushion at his side. Just as the train was about to start, another man entered and made the same journey in search of a seat. As he stopped inquiringly before the large man, the latter said: "This seat is engaged, sir; a man just stepped out, but will return in a moment; he left his bag-

gage here as a claim to the seat."
"Well," said the second traveler, frankly, "I'm pretty tired, and, if you don't object, I'll just sit down here and hold his bag for him till he returns, and, without ceremony, this he proceeded to do. Then the large man, who was bound for Lynn, earnest'y prayed within the inmost chambers of his little heart that his companion right get off at Somerville, or Everett, or Chelsea, anywhere but Lynn or a station beyond. And the tired man thanked his stars for even a moment's rest, expecting every second to be ousted by the owner of the grip-

The train moved out from the station. In vain did the large man try to read the stranger's ticket to see what his destination was. Somerville was reached, but the stranger sat quietly in his place, and the large man grew nervous. The train stopped at Everett, and still the stranger still held fast to the bag, and never any pottery, put them close together on offered to stir. The agony of the large the floor, and sprinkle them from time to man was simply frightful, but he saw

bear it, and get out of the fix as best he could. But the stranger had by this time fully grasped the situation and though thankful for his seat, determined to punish the unaccommodating pig for his sel fish deception. So, when Lynn was reached, the large man put forth his hand for his bag, but the stranger drew back the same with an expression of surprise, saying: "I beg your pardon, sir, but this is not your baggage.

"But it isn't yours," stammered the

owner, blushing. "To be sure, but I propose to see it returned to the proper person. Here, conductor, here's a man who wants to run off with this baggage that doesn't belong to him. Somebody put it in the seat to secure a place, and evidently got left at Boston, for he hasn't claimed it, and now this man wants to run away with it," and he gave the conductor a wink, and, as that official knew the stranger personally, he understood the wink, and promptly replied:
"The only thing to do is to return the

bag to Boston and store it among the unclaimed baggage."

"But," expostulated the large man, "Hold on, there," said the conductor, showing a police badge; "none of this What kind of a man was it who left the

And then the stranger and the conductor and one or two sympathizing passengers combined to confuse the large man, and he, hating to confess to his piggishness, and knowing not what to do, precipitately fled, amid the frowns and sighs of the observers at his wickedness. But the stranger, with a happy, contented smile, had the bag returned to Boston, where the large man had to come next day and identify it. The moral to this true tale is obvious, -Boston Globe.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

William Mather, of Manchester, Eng. is visiting this country for the purpose of learning something of the methods of instruction in vogue here.

The Hartshorn Memorial college for young women, about to be established at Richmond, Va., will aim at giving its pupils a biblical and moral training, as the foundation of all true education.

The Ann Arbor high school wanted a teacher of English and elocution, but of the 1400 students of Michigan university, which is itself at Ann Arbor, not one could be found competent for the situation.

Kentucky is a great state. It is hope lessly democratic, raises fast horses and beautiful women, and has fertile fields, but it only pays the beggarly sum of smelling water came up to their lips, but it only pays the beggarly sum of and there they hung till almost dead. If \$1 40 per capita for the purpose of edu-

cation. In Jersey City there are 50,000 children between the ages of five and eighteen years, whose education by law is made compulsory. The public schools can only accommodate 14,000 pupils. About the same number of children receive instruction in private schools The rest of the school population is useessarily excluded from the public schools for want of room.

The Foundation of Character.

The ground-work of all manly charac ter is veracity. That virtue lies at the worst torturing was done. Here this foundation of everything solid. How blood-thirsty old woman, so they say, common it is to hear parents say: "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many the Picayune says it will then be proper faults, but I know he will not deceive for the young lady who always must be me. I build on that confidence." They dragged away to say: "O, ma, please and then amuse herself by cutting out their nails, and their ears, tearing out their nails, and cutting out their tongues. One night to build upon. And that is a beautiful into a flurry, about small matters.

The second of the brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchor ground, there is substance about the center. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it, and to an immense extent that is saying that we cannot act at all. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it we vindicate our own foot-hold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot in the mire.

Worse than Grasshoppers.

Kansas and Nebraska have raised enormous crops of wheat this year, and will have an immense surplus to send to market. Should the Kansas and Nebraska cereal crop exceed the average by 50 per cent their surplus for shipment will not fall short of 3,000,000 tons. The fact has been established that the grain in bulk can be shipped from Karsas and Nebraska stations to the Atlantic seaboard for thirty cents a bushel, at a large profit to the roads. But in view of the nereased demand for transportation facilities, the trunk lines have put their heads together and announced an increase in grain rates to sixty cents per bushel. As the extra thirty cents steal must be taken off the price of wheat and corn in the west, it will take from the Kansas and Nebraska farmers \$9 on every ton of grain they sell, making a total of \$27,000,000. Now it is doubtful if the grasshoppers, the renowned curse of Kansas, ever robbed that state during any one year of the amount of wealth which the railroads propose to take from them under the protection of the law and the eye of congress and state legislatures.-Chicago Express.

PSALM OF LIFE.

"Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; Lust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not er joyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Finds us better than to-day.

"Art is long, and time is firsting, and our hearts, though stout and braye, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave

"In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouge of life. Be not like dumb. driven cattle,] But be heros in the strife! "Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, and departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

"Let us, then, be up and doing. With a heart for any fate. Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to walt."

ALL SORTS.

New reading of old advice: "My son, get money; dishonestly, if you can-but get money.

The Rochester Express calls for a new coin, value six cents, for the convenience

of newspaper men sued for libel. The London salvation army is \$100,000 out of pocket, which comes of supplying "salvation free."- Lowell Courier.

A boy says that in his composition that "onions are a vegetable that make you sick when you don't eat them your-

Presume you wrote to your wife that you went to church Sunday, just the same as when she was at home.-Lowell Don't forget to purchase a return tick-

et when you go on your vacation. It may come in handy to go back with .- Lowell Citizen. President Arthur has discovered that the mouth of a Yellowstone trout is like

the question of 1884. It is open for de-

bate .-- Life. The notion of having your house connected with the church by telephone, is utterly absurd. How's your wife to see

bonnets by telephone? You can never know what will win the race till after it is over-unless you are confidentially intimate with one of the oarsmen.-Oil City Derrick.

Golden weddings seem to be numerous now all over the United States. You must hurry up and have one, if you wish to be in style.-Lowell Citizen.

The New Orleans Picayune says that 'the man who puts money by for a rainy day can go out and buy an umbrella and gum coat when the day comes."

The sea serpent hasn't struck any of the summer resorts this season. But the landlords are there, so the "bsence of the sea serpent is not noticed .- Burlington Hawkeye.

The St. Louis coopers' strike having ended, the barrel makers will now bring matters to a head. Even a hoop will turn when trodden on .- N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. When the devil goes to prayers be

means to cheat you, and when the politician is especially anxious to save the country, it means he is after a fat government gontract. A good deal of comment has been

made because a Georgia man broke his back with a sneeze; but how much more wonderful it would have been had be broken his knees with his back. We have just received a sample copy

of a new song, entitled, "Put your arms around me, dear." Any lady who desires to try it can do so by calling at our office-we mean the song, of course. Two hundred and four New York ouths under twenty years of age have been married within a year. It is sad to see little children torn from their homes,

but New York young women keep reaching for husbands. "Confidence," we are told, "is a plant of slow growth." The rapidity with which a man swallows the bait of a bunko steerer and thimble rigger is probably the exception which proves the

rule.—Boston Transcript. The minuet is to be revived at fashionable dancing parties in New Orleans, and

into a flurry, about small matters. There is no occasion for a panic in the leather market whenever an Eastern bull begins to bellow or a Chicago girl wears a hole in her shoe .- Cincinnati Commercial.

Curious excise entry. - Alexander Gun, an excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book kept for the purpose, as follows: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

Sulphur Springs, Colorado, is a health resort where two weeks ago a mob took four men out and shot them. The idea of a health resort in Colorado is a place where a man has never time to get sick before he dies with his boots on .- Hawk-

A Cincinnati man, caught in the belting and whirled around at the rate of a mile in about two minutes, was rescued uninjured. When asked if he wasn't frightened, he answered: "No, I thought my wife had caught me and was running me out by the back of the neck."

A Woonsocket man of Boston who

went to hear Mark Twain, and by mistake got in where Joseph Cook was lecturing, did not know the difference. 'Was it funny?" asked his family on his return. "Wall, yes," was the reply, "it was funny, but it wasn't so darned funny.' At Nebraska City a livery man was sued because the horse which he had let to a young couple ran away and threw

them out of the sleigh; but he proved

by the plaintiff's own testimony that a

struggle for a kiss was the cause of the accident, and the jury acquitted the horse of all blame. A New York gentleman recently gave a theater party and supper, and among the delicacies of the table were strawberries at \$2 spiece. The name of the gentleman is not given, but it is safe to wager that his salary is not under \$2000 year-unless he is a New Jersey bank

official.-Norristown Herald. There are but two cities in the United States with more capital invested in manufactures than Cincinnati. They are Chicago and Brooklyn. The value of the goods manufactured in Cincinnati during the past year the board of trade report will show an increase of \$8,000,-000 over that of the year previous.

"These golden autumn days must be very enjoyable to you," said Miss Fitz-joy at tea last evening, "the beautiful coloring of the foliage, the bountiful harvests, the invigorating atmosphere all lend a charm to the life of a farmer, do they not?" "Something so, ma'am," replied Farmer Robinson, "it is all very beautiful to folks who have nothing to do but to look at it; but lugging squash and apples and potatoes all day kinder takes the ege off the real enjoyment, ma'am, now it does, really. But, then, you can come and sit on the wall and look beautiful for Josh's benefits, eh?" and he chucked his oldest son an awful chuck in the ribs .- Boston Globe.