POOR MAN'S WHALTH.

BY J. W. BILBY. A poor man! Yes, I must confess-Ke wealth of gold do I possess; Ke rawnre fine, with grar og kice. No raune fine, with grar ng kice.
Nor fields or waving grain are mine;
No foot of fat and fallow land.
Where rishifully my free may stand.
The while I claim it as my own—
Ry dred and litle mine alone.

Ah, poor it deed! perhaga you say-Ah. poor I. deed! perha is you say—
But spare me your compassion, pray!
When I can't ide, with you, I waik
In sature's company, and talk
With one who wil, not alight or alur
The entil foreer doer to her—
And one a ho answers back, be sure,
With smile for smile, though I be poor.

And while communing thus I count
An inner weeth of large amount—
The wealth of honest purpose blent
With p nury seawin mentat—
The wealth of owing nought to-day
But debts that I would gladly pay.
And wealth of thanks at it unexpressed
With completive innerest.

A wealth of patience and centent-For all my ways improvident;
A faith still fondly exercised—
For all my plans unrealized:
A wealth of promises that still.
Howe'er I fail I hope to fill,
A wealth of charity for those
Who pity me my 'agged clothes.

A poor man! Yes, I must confess
No wealth of gold do I posses:
No pastures fine with graing sine.
Nor fields of waving grain are mine—
But ah, my friend I've wealth no end!
And millionaire might condescend
To bend he knee and envy me
The opulence of poverty.

FAIR AND FALSE.

"Coro," said old Miss Duchesne abruptly, "did you ever have your fortune told?"

Cora Leslie was dreaming over her needlework, in the soft light of the April noon. Blossoming cyclamens were in the deep casements; a white hyacinth hung its odorous bells in the sunshine; a blue ribboned work basket was drawn close to the window, and a fire of logs burned, with a comfortable, crackling sound, in the deep, tiled fireplace.

Cora started at the sudden question, and then smiled.
"I?" said she, "My fortune told? How

should I? We city girls never stumbled across gypsy camps; and I don't believe in the wise women who advertise from city flats."

Old Miss Duchesne was sallow, with black hair, scarcely as yet sprinkled with gray, although sixty years had passed over it; sharp, black eyes, and a nose and chin which nearly met. She looked almost like a sphinx herself as she sat

"I used to tell fortunes when I was a girl," she said.

"No; by palmistry;" Shall I tell yours?" With cards?" laughed Cora.

Cora looked at the old lady, with sur-Was she in jest or in earnest? Why did she speak so sharply? Why did those glittering eyes seem to burn their way into her very brain?"

But Miss Duchesne had been the school friend of Cora's mother, years and years ago, and Cora had always humored her eccentricities.

"If you choose," said she, half-hesi-

"Give me your hand," said Miss Duchesne-"the same hand which you are one day going to bestow upon Duke Chesterton in marriage.'

"Yes," said Cora smiling.

"A white, plump, velvety little hand," peering so closely into the palm that her nose almost touched the rosy "Let me see! let-me-see! The line of luck; the line of life; the line of love! Ah, here we are! Beware of a dark She is coming between you and the line of love. She will work you some trouble yet.

Mirs Duchesne dropped the hand, took off her spectacles, and solemnly placed them in her pocket. Then she leaned back in her chair and regarded Cora in-

tently. The girl sat as if some new light had suddenly dawned upon her brain.

"You mean my cousin Ariadne?" said she, involuntarily.

Miss Duchespe nodded. "I mean your consin Ariadne," said she, "Child, child! can it be possible that you are so blind as not to see what is going on under your very eyes. That girl is winning your lover away.' Cora smiled incredulously.

"Oh, but," said she, "that is quite impossible. Duke loves me! he is en-

gaged to me!"
"Men are as false as Mephistopheles, said Miss Duchesne with energy. "There never was one yet proof against the wiles of a siren like Ariadne Buckingham." "Miss Duchesne, you must not talk

so," faltered Cora, with the color varying under her cheek, and a startled look her eyes. "Ariadne is my guest. Duke my engaged lover. I-

Silently Miss Duc jesne drew aside the ruby velvet draperies of the window and pointed to where Miss Leslie's own carrige was drawn up opposite the curbstone. Ariadne Buckingham-a tall. brilliant brunette-in a carriage costume of salmon satin and plush, was just stepping out. Marmaduke Chesterton, bow ing low over her hand, pressed his lips to it as he assisted her to alight.

"Do you see that?" said Dachesne. Cora burst into tears and hurried from the room, just as Miss Buc tingham en-

tered from an opposite portal, all smiles, followed by Mr. Chesterton. "Where is Cora?" said the brunette, "I hope her headache is better. We have had such a delightful morning at the picture gallery, Duke and I. And we have brought home some exquisite out flowers to arrange for dinner. Where are they, Duke? Bring them in here. I strap passing around their foreheads,

But Miss Duchesne did not return the fair Ariadne's smiles. She gathered up her knitting; made some curt reply about desiring to be alone, and stalked out of the room.

"Cross old thing!" pouted Ariadne. "One would almost imagine, Duke, that you were her lover, and that she was jealous!"

She laughed a shrill, sweet twinkle of sound. Marmaduke Chesterton laughed, it has come about that the Newhaven also. All that Ariadne Buckingham did or said was perfect in his eyes.

Miss Buckingham's father had lost his Il in unfortunate ventures, and Ariadne had been brought up on an income of nothing per annum.

Every one pitied poor Ariadne, who, nevertheless, was always exquisitely dressed, went everywhere, and lived. metaphorically speaking, on the fat of Two of them were young, one old. The She had written to Cora Leslie, her

mother's cousin, that she would like to spend a winter in Philadelphia, and Cora, full of sweet, womanly compassion, had promptly sent money for her

"I never had a sister," wrote Cora "and I am sure I shall love you dearly!" And it was thus that Ariadne had re warded her. The old story over again, of the serpent who stings its benefactor. But, although Cora had been blind, the rest of the world, like Miss Duchesne,

were more clear sighted. Colonel Vavason, Mr. Chesterton's uncle, took him sternly to task for his defection from the line of equity.

"Duke," said he, "I may be a little old-fashioned, but all this looks to me like a piece of first-class villainy! Miss Leslie has neither father nor brother to interfere in her behalf. She is a jewel among women, and that Buckingham girl is a heartless flirt!"

Duke laughed. "My dear uncle," said he, "you take things too seriously! Can not an engaged man so much as look at other women?" But one day, in blossomy May, Colonel Vavason's card was brought up to Miss

Leslie. Cora was preparing to go out with Miss Duchesne for a drive. She was full of bright happiness that morning, and even Miss Duchesne breathed more freely, for Arisdne Buckingham had left them the night before, in response—so at least she gave them to understand-to a telegram from her father, who was ill. The nightmare dream was over at last-all the world was May.

She ran down into the drawing room, where Colonel Vavason leaned against the mantel, tall, pale and handsome. "Oh, Colonel," she said, "I am so glad to see you. Duke is coming at 2

o'clock to---

pale features, the look of muto horror in 'Duke will never come here again,'

said he, in a low tone. "be a heroine, Cora. Bear your trouble bravely. Duke sides. -H. H., in September Atlantic. went away before daylight. He left a note asking me to tell you. He loves Ariadne Buckingham, and has followed her to her home!

And so Cora Leslie closed the chapter of her first love-or rather, Marmaduke Chesterton closed it for her.

Of course there were plenty of people to gity her with ostentations sympathy, and plenty to say that they had prophesied it all along; plenty to comment on Cora's trusting blindness and Duke's smooth hypocrisy.

But Cora held her own valiantly. She was a little paler perhaps; a little quieter. But the heart wound was too deep for any sarface bleeding. And the world whispered, behind its je weled, fan "How well she bears it!"

At the end of a year Marmaduko Ches terton came back. He was not married to Miss Buckingham, after all. The beautiful brunette had accepted his presents, smiled on him with those melting eyes of hers, amused herself at his expense, and finally wedded a young lieutenant of artillery, to whom she had been engaged for years, and poor Duke's eyes had been summarily opened to the folly of his ways. He was pale and haggard : s he stood there in the boudoir, where he had first asked Cora Leslie to be his wife.

But Cora was lovelier than ever. As he looked at her he marveled that he could ever have cared for one like Ariadne Buckingham.

"Cora," he said in a broken voice as she cordially gave him her hand, "can you ever forgive me?"

"On, yes," she answered, smiling, "I forgave you long ago. And, ch, how you must have suffered, Duke!" "But," he went eagerly cn. "I am

disenchanted now. My eyes are opened at last. I know now, that I never really loved any one but you. Sweet Cora, is it too late to ask you to renew our engagement once more.'

"I am afraid it is," said Cora, still se renely self-possessed and calm.

"But why?" he urged, half maddened by suspense. "One reason," answered Cora, "is that

I have long ceased to care (except of course, as a friend) for the man who loved Ariadoe Buckingham better than me. The other is that I am to be married next week to Colonel Vavason."

"To-my uncle!" "Yes, Duke," she answered serenely, "to your uncle." I love and honor him as I never loved and honored man be-

So Marmaduke Chesterton lost both blonde and brunette, and Miss Duchesne was satisfied at last that her darling was

worthily wedded. As for Cora she believes with the poet that: "There is a providence that shapes our ends Rough how them as we may!" For did not that darksome path of pain

and suffering lead to sweetest sunshine at last? The Newhaven Fishwives.

Most picturesque of all the figures to be seen in Edinburgh are the Newbaven fishwives. With short, full, blue cloth petticoats, reaching barely to their ankles; white blouses and gay kerchiefs; big, long-sleeved cleaks of the same blue cloth, fastened at the throat, but flying loose, sleeves and all, as if thrown on in haste; the girls bareheaded; the married women with white caps, standing stiff and straight in a point on the top of the head; two big wicker-work creels, one above the other, full of fish packed securely, on their broad shoulders, and held in place by a stout leather am sure Cora will excuse us for invading they pull along at a steady, striding gait, her bondoir." it taxes a man's strength merely to lift. In fact, it is a fishwife's boast that she will run with a weight which it takes two men to put on her back. By reason of this great strength on the part of the women, and their immemorial habit of exercising it; perhaps also from other causes far back in the early days of Jutland, where these curious Newhaven fishing folk are said to have originated, men are a singularly docile and submissive race. The wives keep all the money which they receive for the fish, and the husbands take what is given them-a singular reversion of the situation in most communities. I did not believe this when it was told me, so I stopped three fishwives one day, and, without mincing matters, put the question direct to them. young women laughed sancily, and the old woman smiled, but they all replied

unbesitatingly, that they had the spend-

ing of all the money.
"It's a' spent i' the hoos," said one, anxious not to be thought too selfisha' spent i' the hoos. The men, they cam home an' tak their sleep, an' then they'll

be aff agen." "It 'nd never do for the husbands to stoop in the city, an' be spendin' a' the money," added the old woman, with

severe emphasis. Whoever would see the Newhaven fish-wives at their best must be on the Newhaven wharf by 7 o'clock in the morning, on a day when the trawlers come in and the fish is sold. The scene

is a study for a painter. The fish are in long, narrow boxes, on the wharf, ranged at the base of the sea wall; some sorted out, in piles, each kind by itself; skates, with their long tails, which look vicious, as if they could kick, hake, witches, brill, sole, flounders, huge catfish, crayfish, and herrings by the ton. The wall is crowded with men, Edingburgh fishmongers, come to buy cheap on the spot. The wall is not over two feet wide, and here they stand, lean over, jostle, slip by to right and left of auctioneer, or to get first speech with another. The wharf is crowded with women-an army in blue, two hundred, three hundred, at a time; white caps bobbing, elbows thrusting, shrill voices crying, fiery blue eyes shining-it is a sight worth going to Scotland for. If one has had an affection for Christie Johnstone, it is a delightful return of his old admiration for her. A dozen faces which might be Christie's own are flashing up from the crowd; one understands on the instant how that best of good stories came to be written. A man with eyes in his head and a pen in his hand could But she paused as her eyes fell on his | not have done less. Such fire, such honesty, such splendor of vitality, kindle the women's faces. To spend a few days among them would be to see Christie Johnstone dramatized on all

Zorilla,

Zorilla is, he told me, a native of Estremadura. It was not he who brought in the Duke of Aosta to replace Isabella, but Prim. Zorilla has been a republican ever since he left school. He is a lawyer by profession, had good business, but never enough to make a fortane, However, though not rich, he can live in simple dignity here in Paris, and he is able frequently to assist poor countrymen who apply to him for relief. He goes very little into French or Spanish society. Clemenceau is one of his personal friends, and M. Lockroy, Victor Hugo's son-in-law, another. With political men of his creed living in Barcelona, Madrid, Cadiz, and other towns, he is in active correspondence. He demonstrates the necessity of republican institutions, but does not conspire in the old-fashioned sense of the word. By "not conspiring" he means that he does not organize resistance to the monarchy. But he advises it whenever it is practicable; and whenever there is, in consoquence of his advice, an insurrection, he will then go back to Spaia. I believe him to be there now. Zorilla is a man of cool head. He is in daily practice a philosopher, and a man of duty. Vanity has a small place in the motives which actuate him. He has high aims simply because he likes what is elevated, and is satisfied that in the long run God will not suffer the world to become the prop erty of contemptible people whose moral horizon is limited by their appetites and base passions. Zorilla has not an emphatic or bombastic way of expressing I is hopes and convictions. He talks as a man of superior intellect might who was under sentence of death an I saw the world in its true light. The tone is quiet. He reasons clearly, and is very sure of the stability of the premises from which he draws - his conclusions. While he explains the why and where fore of the faith that he keeps bright, he twirls and puffs a cigarette. He is not handsome, but has a well characterized face. His teeth would be all the better if looked after by an American dentist. His nose is long and of a delicate outline. and well developed at the nostrils. He has dark, keen eyes, which do not express curiosity, but receptivity and discernment. He often observes without being conscious that he is observing, and finds himself under the influence of an impression which he was at no pains to form. Then he reasons upon the things that have impressed him. His forehead is high and whiter than the rest of his face. The hands are the color of ginger bread, but of an aristocratic

shape. Zorilla sometimes goes to Mme. Adam's. He was an intimate friend and a warm admirer of Gambetta. Zorilla was turned out of France by the Mac-Mahon government, which helped the Rute Serrano-Payia intrigue. He said to me when he came back to Paris in 1870: "Mark my words. The Spanish royal family will disgust even their moral-order friends by their ingratitude toward France." A short time ago he reminded me of his prediction. Alfonso was then making known to Europe his desire to keep within the Germano-Austro-Italian orbit,-Madrid Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

A Carlous Convention.

About three hundred ladies and gentlemen, each wearing a badge of pale blue ribbon on which were the letters "N. D. M. C.," met yesterday at Lyric hall, in Sixth avenue, opposite Reservoir square. They were members of the National Mute convention, which then began its three days' session. When the hour for assembling arrived, a fine-looking young man with dark-brown side whiskers and mustache, stood at the entrance to the hall and waved his white pocket handkerchief, and at the same time motioning toward the hall. number of young men who had been gathered in groups on the sidewalk, gesticulating and in that way gossiping at one another, stopped gesticulating and went into the hall. Then began the most quiet convention ever held in this city. The chairman, Professor R. P. McGregor of Columbus, O., presided and controlled, to a certain degree, the proceedings without the use of a gava!. Such an article would have been of no use in his hand, for the sound of its rapping would have fallen upon ears dead to the sharp cracks which have so often

attention or to quiet a too obstreperous member of the body whose proceedings, unbroken by any noise, were oppessive in their silence rave to the deaf mutes themselves. To them there was apparently as much interest in the proceedings as to the members of any convention of speaking people. The enthusiasm evoked by any speaker was manifested by the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, which seems, there-fore, to be a matter of impulse rather than of education. This peculiarity was noticeable about the clapping of the hands. When it was done the hands were held up even with the face or above the head, so that the right speaker might see, as he could not near, the signs of approval. The manifestation of the disapproval of any sentiment uttered was to the hearing person less manifest, as it was shown by a violent shaking of the head or a vigorous waving of the uplifted hand. But it was perfectly apparent

to the speaker. The morning session was formally opened with prayer by the Rev. Job Turner, a deaf mute minister from Virginia. To the speaking person it was each other, and run up and down in a strnage and at the same time expres-their eager haste to catch the eye of one sive and impressive invocation. There There was neither bowed heads nor closed eyes in the audience, though there was evident reverence for a God who had afflicted and yet was held merciful. Every one watched intently the face and fingers of the round, gray-haired and pleasant faced dominie as he asked for God's blessing upon the deaf mutes and for his direction in any action they might take to improve their spiritual and temporal welfare. At the conclusion of the prayer, President McGregor, who is an instructor in the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, Ohio, made his annua! address in the sign lan-

The afternoon session was devoted almost entirely to the exction of officers. Preceding the report of the committee on permanent organization, letters from various persons who were unable to be present were interpreted by the sign language. One of these was from Mayor Edson, and another from the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gullardet of St. Ann's church. He said his presence at the International convention of teacher's of the deaf and dumb at Brussels, Belgium, prevented him from being present. His assistant, the Rev. John Chamberlain, promised to bring to the convention to day for exhibition the service of silver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the New England convention of deaf mutes fifty years ago. At the conclusion of the reading of these letters, W. G. Jones, an instructor at the institution for the deaf and dumb in this city, and whose mother was at one time a leading actress in this city, gave a remarkable exhibition of the sign language. He told the story of a mischievous monkey who followed the minister to church, and who, perched back of the pulpit, imitated the actions of the minister, much to the amusement of the audience and the disgust of the minister. The letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet were not used, the whole story being told in pantomime, the minister, monkey and the laughing audience being so eleverly depicted that no one could mistake the intention of the narrator nor lose the thread of the story.-N. Y. Times, August 29th.

What a Lie Did. is to tell the truth, said a gentleman who | some time, however, before its patrons was traveling on horseback through a by the way, has not always been so favor very lonely part of the country. I was able in price as at the present time. Durnever a brave man, and I was not in the | ing the war it was one of the most essenleast surprised upon discovering that I tial necessities of the arms surgeon, and every sudden cry of a bird, startled me. | dollars an ounce. couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as I remembered a man who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the ghastly face came up, and I turned sick when the gaping wound in his throat came up with startling verisimilitude.

While I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to face with two men, who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grapevine, and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding, sent a thrill like a streak of icewater up my back. I saw at once that they were desperate men, and felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Flight was out of the question, for any such move on my part would, I was convinced, prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and, assuming what I fancied was an unconcerned expression, I said, 'good morning."

"How are you?" they replied. "Going

far? "I don't know that it is any of your business," I replied. "I don't want any trouble with you, for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of a human being."

"A bad man, I reckon," said one of the desperadoes.

"At one time I could not have denied such an accusation; but as I tell you, I have resolved never to kill another man, I hope that you will not molest me." "Hold on, pardner!"

"I've got no time to talk."

"But hold on! What's your name?" "I'm Bill Poston, the outlaw, and the nan of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I don't want you to cause a breaking of my resolve.

"Do as you like about your resolve," said the taller of the desperadoes. don't know who you are, but I know you are not Bill Poston, the robber. "How do you know?"

"Because I am Bill Poston, and this is my brother."
"Oh, Lord!" I supplicated, "have

mercy on mel" "Climb off that horse, Cap.; I reckon we'd better hang you right here. I begged, but saw no mercy in their

eyes; I prayed, but I heard no answer. "I'll teach you how to go around the country committing depredations and laying them onto me! Fine man you are! Stole that horse, I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him ap right here.

"Oh, my kind friends! I have com-

place o discussion. You wouldn't hang governor, would you? Just think of

what your state would lose!" "Who is your opponent?"

"Colonel Biacket.

"What sort of a fellow is he?" "He's a bad man."

"Are you well acquainted with him?" "I never saw him, but know he is a

"He's a much better man than you are, or at least will soon exhibit more capacity for executive duties than you can possibly show. In short, he'll be the liveliest man pretty soou.'

They put the rope around my neck. prayed in vain, I asked the Lord to forgive me my sins, and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn up. "If I let you go will you promise never again to use my name?"

"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything for you, and when I'm elected governor I'll pardon you."

"All right; you may go this time.

Take off the rope, John. I mounted my horse and rode away, with tearful thankfulness and a determination never to tell another lie. Next day when I reached the place of discussion, a large crowd had gathered. When I approached the people were shouting with laughter. Great Alexander! Some one was relating my experience. Shoving my way forward. I recognized in the tall man the one who had accused me of taking his name. He was my opponent. I could not face the crowd and left as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a joke. At the election I was defeated by an overwhelming majority.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Rival of Quinine.

Cinchons, or quinine, or Peruvian or lesuit's bark, as it is variously called. long a remedy in intermittent fevers, and for the purpose unique, is destined be-fore long to have a rival in a newly discovered medical agent, by Prof. Fischer of Munich, in Germany, which has been given the name of "Kairin." It appears that in a long series of investigations concerning the nature and actions of quinine, Prof. Fischer found that by neans of a succession of chemical transfortations a substance is obtained in the form of a white chrystaline powder, from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. The rapid diminution of fever heat is the chief effect, so far as has been observed. that is yet produced, and in this respect its efficacy is said to be remarkable. It is believed that among other things it will render the use of ice in fever cases entirely unnecessary, and that its skillful employment will enable the physician to moderate the temperature of the patient; it is also said that it bac less inconvenience for the stomach than quinine, although it is not shown up to the present time that it possesses that toni? and restorative influence for which quindine is so frequently administered. From the chemical and physiological point of view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer finding out the chemical nature of quinme itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery has been patented, and a manufactory of "Kairin" been established. As it is said that the cost of producing a kilogramme, which is about thirty-five and a quarter ounces, of the new agent is not far from I once had an example of how well it sixty dollars, it is evident that it will be was once a prominent candidate for gov- can hope to see it take the place of ernor of Arkansas. Some time ago I quinine in practical pharmacy. Quinine, was scared. Every rustle of the leaves, in many cases sold as high as twenty

SHORT BITS.

"Could ye lind me the loan of a pipe an' tobacky?" said Pat;"I have a match. "What did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." 'What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half, "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop.

Clerk of the Court .- "Owen Doherty. Are you Owen Doherty?" Prisoner (with a merry twinkle in the eyes)-Yes, begorra, I'm owin' everybody.

An Irish soldier, on hearing that his widowed mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed: "Murther! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does I shall lose the estate."

A satisfactory answer: Barber—"Dear me, your beard's very strong; how often do you shave?" Van Jboom (Dutch mariner) - "Dree dimes a week effery tay bot Sondays; ten I shaves efferey tay."-London Punch.

A Parisian author has translated Stakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle!" in French, thus: "Get out, short candie!" That isn't as bad as the translation of an exclamation of Milton's by a Freshman, who rendered "Hail, horrors, hail!" thus: "How d'ye do, hor rors, dow d'ye do?"

Saving the Wheat.

Just when the respers ought to have been at work in Michigan it was raining every day, and a dozen times per day, and farmers were a blue lot. Sunday came and it was a clear, fair day. At Delhi, in Ingham county, a fair sized congregation had gathered at a country church to hold the usual service, when the minister arose and said:

"Brethren, the Lord has finally given us a fair day. He paused here, and a couple of farm

ers slid out. "He has given us six days to work and one to rest, but during the last week you have rested six.'

Here four or five more went out, and he turned to the few left and centinued: "A farmer who has thirty acres of wheat aching to be reaped should realize that the Lord knows that no man can worship him on an empty stomach."

The last farmer started for home, and the good man looked over the women and children and said: "Old Mrs. Radwick is nearly blind,

and Deacon Jackson has no wheat out. I guess the three of us can visit with the mitted no depredations. I am a candi- Lord so well that he won't hear the rest brought windy politicians to order. A date for governor of Arkansas, and am of you driving the respers and I wave of the hand was sufficient to attract on my way to meet an appointment at a the wagons."—Wall Street News. of you driving the respers and loading

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

There are 12,000 school houses in Illi

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by university men, and made by the same tailor.

The Scranton Republican believes that the building of school houses will tend to make the building of prisons unneces-

The New Orleans Times Democrat states that Minnesota is the only state in the union which has passed a law binding the high schools and industrial colleges closely together.

The best product of the public schools is in the rural districts, where schooling for part of the year is connected with work on the farm the rest of the year,-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Schoolmaster, an English educational journal, is discussing the question of mid-day meals in the schools. It states that the introduction of a hot Irish stew in a London mission school has been a great success as an incentive to study.

The scheme for introducing pictures into elementary schools in England has taken practical shape; and an "Art for Schools Association" has been formed, with Mr. Buskin as president and Mr. Mundella and the chairman of the Lon. don school board among the vice presidents. Besides the introduction of pictures into schools, the association proposes, so far as may be practicable, to undertake oral instruction in the national gallery and elsewhere.

The Congregationalist thinks that there need be no rivalry between Christian colleges and state colleges, Each is the complement to the other. the Christian colleges are such as they should be made to be, their influence will permeate the whole system of education with religious influences, and compel state schools to maintain a high or even religious standard, or students will be drawn from them to the denominational schools.

The Buffalo Courier lifts up its voice to protest against overstudy. "The edu-cation of children," it says, "is a pretty badly botched affair at best, but when parents and teachers conspire against the health and life of a bright child who needs muscle and stamina more than mental culture, there can be but one result. Ought not every municipality to have its skilled physician or board of physicians, whose duty it should be to enforce the simple laws of health in the schools and to relieve from the severities of school discipline all who have not the bodily strength to withstand them?"

A number of benevolent men in New York have founded a free kindergarten and connected with it a school of mechanical training, of which the distinguished philanthropist, Felix Adler, is the director, with a principal who was distinguished in Germany as a teacher, and who has also the mechanical skill. Professor Adler states that his plan is "that one model school should be erected, in which the entire system of rational and liberal education for the poorer elasses might be employed from beginning to end, hoping that it "would not be wi bout effect upon the common school system at large.

Where He Get Left.

Recently we intended to do a favor by rushing a huge, ugly spider fom young lady's dress collar; we didn't go on the other side of her to do it either. We brushed, and two lacerated fingers, a torn dress collar, and a metal bug with two broken legs was the result; no, not all of the result-there was a mad girl, who called us endearing names, such as 'you horrid thing," to spoil her beautiful bug. Well, firmly resolving that we wouldn't notice even a tomato worm on a girl's cheek, we expected no more more trouble. That's where we got left. The other morning we met her. She immediately put on a can't-resist it smile. We saw it, and a little green worm also, crawling slowly toward the uncovered epidermis under her ear. "How natural that worm's movements are," we ventured to observe, "it is as perfect as life." It remains in doubt whether a can of dynamite exploded about her or a cyclone struck us, but a velley of screams, mingled with "You horrid brute!" greeted us, and now if we see a bug on a girl we won't see the girl. Our standing in society must not be jeopardized by ruining copper bugs and permitting live worms to crawl on a fair neck. Not much .- Coldwater (Mich.) Repub-

An extract from a lecture by Dr. Richardson before the Society of Arts, London, on "Natural Necessities as a Basis of Natural Education," states the results of the introduction of industrial schooling in connection with book learning, in a large school of about 600, of whom about half were girls. The industrial occupation was gained for the girls before it could be provided for the boys. This puts the girls on half time tuition in book. Yet the inspectors found at the periodical examination that the girls were mentally more alert, and in book studies were in advance of the boys who had studied full time.

At the trades union congress, Birmingham, England, recently, Joseph Arch offered a resolution that, considering the large amount of waste land in the kingdom which is capable of cultivation, radical changes in the land system of the country are required in order that the land may be put under productive cultivation for the benefit of the community. thereby offering a check to excessive immigration. An amendment was offered calling upon the government to declare such land government property, and with this addition the entire resolution was adopted.

Admiral Baldwin's snuff box coronstion present from the Czar is thus described in a Hamburg letter: mated to be valued at \$15,000. Six solitaires, three on each side of the portrait, are said to be worth \$1200 spiece. The portrait is surrounded by a ring of about forty diamonds. The box itself is an art gem, and has a capacity for fully half a pound of snuff."

Miss Fortescue has retired from the London stage, to become the wife of the young Viscount Garmoyle, eldest son of Earl Cairns. Her real name is Finney.

The Buffalo public schools have used the same text books for twenty years.