The children kept centing, one by one,
Till the boys were fire and the girls were three,
And the bits brown house was slive with fun.
From the besement floor to the old roof tree,
Like vators flowers the little one s grew.
Notioned and trained with the tenderest care;
War mer by Lee's some hime, bathed in its dow,
They bloomed the observy like roses rare.

But one of the boy, grew weary one day.

And beauting his nest on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me all while on your know and rest"
she cradled him close to her for I cmbrace,
she hush d him to sheep with her sweetest song.
And raptures love suit lighted his face
When his spirit had J shed the heavenly throng.

Then the cldest girl with her thoughtful eyes.
Who shood where the brook and the river meet?
Stole softly away 101: Paradise
Ere "he river" had reached her slender feet,
While the fainer's eyes on the grave are bent.
The mother locked upward be joind the skies:
"Our ressures," the whispered were only lent,
Our darlings were angers in earth's disguise."

The years fiew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from their father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair.
That lovers were specify to woo and win;
And with orange bioseoms in braided hair.
The old home was left, new homes to begin.

80, one by one; the children have gone—
The bays were five and the girls were three;
And the log bown hone is glowny and lone,
With but two o'd folks for its cumpany.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together to evolute.
And say, "All the children was kept at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

#### IN THE MABERLY MINE.

"John Wallacel" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, some visitors are coming down in the You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."
"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I

must be lackey, too. as well as drudge! Well, so be it. It is only another stick to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back so much the better. I shall be done with it."

When, at my father's death, finding his estate heavily encumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially speaking, in ice water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owner's ignorance of my existence. I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me-the home of Eve Guion.

She was a beautiful girl, young and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too was over. A polite note from her father informed me his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions, and as I received no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself, I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this, I lost hope and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village and after two years of wandering I, often in destitution, strauded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled with visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was living only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering those persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signalled from

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of humanity I had least wished to meet -Eve Guion and her father!

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly Mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour after all. Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance s much that I was sure that neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the appearance of a man whose life was spent under the ground.

My head swam and my heart beat quick and loud, as I stood before hermore beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me. The season I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such a notion never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were preparing to de-

scend into the galleries. "Years enough, madam, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively. "My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps, said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must

trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no far away hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round

We remained in the galleries two hours-more than twice as long as was necessary, to their thorough inspection. have an unaccountable fascination for

She loitered on one pretext or another until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without be

traying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well of the woman I loved beating against my this staple production. Since Septem-that I should lose my self-control and all own, her warm young cheek touching ber, 1871, all children born into the

of my love, bitterness and despair would my cold one in the embrace of love and burst out in a torrent. I therefore was death. careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had rushed upon me again. guessed aright. She was endeavoring to might speak to me.

But I foiled her quietly but skilfully, twice over and there was no longer the gloriously as I shall." shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to he visited.

Eve's eve caught sight of it. "Here's a chamber we have not seen,

she said. into it twice and it is considered dauger-

ous. "I mean to see it at all events," she re replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I

am sure." She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words: -

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I caution.

Then she entered the chamber. But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him | can reach it we are safe." to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a re-

heard her sigh. The moment I put my foot into the chamber, my senses, trained by long ex- the water out of the chamber. The next perience to note the varying phenomena of the under-world, detected a hint of

coming danger. There was a faint rumbling in the earth. The air was close and had a taint of electricity in it similar to that which then the water overcame me. precedes a thunderstorm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and There was a roar and rush as of a Niag-

small fragments of wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by coming. "Out! out for your lives!" I cried,

springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warn ing. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and trampling of the escaping men. I know if I could | tence were still left to me. hold the water in check for ten minutes them, As for my own-well, one life, tered in all my wretchedness and exile exchange for a hundred fathers of fami-

When I first saw it, the jet was no sand bags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me, With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half around toward the opening face was very pale, but firm and self-

"What are you doing here?" I cried. minutes. "And what are you doing here?" she

asked, quietly. "My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape.

"Then you will be drowned!" she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strangely gentle voice

"Ah, you know me!" I cried. "I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see

you. "To taunt me with my poverty!" cried. "When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became onteast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes.

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that 1 am here," she said. was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here.

"Well," said I, sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

'You persist in remaining here?" she "I must!" I said. "I should be coward and a wretch to desert my post

now. "Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you.' "Why?" I asked, amazedly; "are you

jesting with me?" "Can I jest with death, Wallace, orlove?"

Then before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and, putting her arm around my neck, drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace, The old man was growing impatient, but she said sweetly, "but it would be the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us.'

With death staring me in the face-not five minutes off-1 have never known a happier mement in my life.

As I stood there, with my arm in the to three years old. The railroad facili-fissure, with the blood surging in my ties are very effective in bringing the to three years old. head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart

Then consciousness of her position

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not separate me from her father that she die. Go live, my darling-live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Ge, and after the galleries had been explored and believe no man ever met death so

> "We go out together, or we die together," she said firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the "No, madam," I interposed, "it is no chamber. I could hear the subterranean longer worked. The water has broken stream roaring more threateningly in the chamber. I could hear the subterranean bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? Was there yet some hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time we might, perhaps, mean to speak to you in spite of your escape after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. will hold on here a moment more. If we

Eve looked at me sharply an instantshe feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind, but proachful look as we entered, and I she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts and ran through thirty seconds seemed like hours. I desperately held my own against the

water, while every nerve seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend, I was flung down as by a giant's hand.

whence it would come Louid not guess, ara, and, with a whirl of lights and faces, As I turned to arge my visitor to a a chaos of confusion and terror, I knew hasty retreat I caught sight of some no more. When I slowly struggled back to life,

after many days, I was far from Maberly a jet of water. Then I knew what was mine. I was no longer John Wallace, gang-master, but Wallace Grover, gen tleman. I was in my father's house. My old servants were around me, and,

like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene, My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit

than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modern compe-This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, I could save the lives of every one of whose love and faith in me had never fal-

and that a useless one, seemed a good and whose strong will had drawn com fort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow. If Mr. Guion objected to the turn aflarger than a man's finger, but in a mo- fairs were taking he had the sense to

ment it had enlarged to the size of my offer no fruitless opposition to his daugharm, and a heavy stream of water began ter's inclination; and I will do him the to pour into the chamber. There was justice to say that he performed his part no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor at our wedding with a very good grace.

### Coffee Growing.

A gentleman who traveled through the principal coffee plantations in Brazil in 1874 furnishes some very interesting points in regard to the cultivation of coffee and also the country and climate. He in the chamber, and there, to my horror, says the soil that is considered the best still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her to plant the coffee trees in is dark brown sandy loam, but the reddish colored soil (similar to that of Ceyion, through not so dry and hard) is also considered to be "This place will be full of water in five excellent. The plantations are from 1500 to 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and are generally situated in mountainous regions, on the side of hills and on plateaus. The size of plantations differ considerably, as they range from 800 to 2500 and 3000 acres. The coffee tree when full grown stands from seven to ten feet high, with branches extending six to eight from the bottom. On each branch, between every two leaves, there is a bunch of about a dozen pods, somewhat resembling in size and form the edible part of a cherry; instead of which, in the shape of a pit, is a thin shell like covering, containing the coffee beans, of which there are two varieties, namely, a flat bean and a pea berry, so called from its similarity to a This latter variety there is in very limited quantity to be obtained, and its difference from the common flat bean is said to result from the delicacy of the tree, although the fine appearance and qualities of the berry command a higher price. The trees are planted in rows, and on each twenty-four feet square a large shade tree is planted, which must have a large trunk end moderate crown. Around the trunk of the coffee tree a hole from ten to twelve inches deep is dug, in order to provide for the rain and The coffee tree produces after moisture. three years few beans, but on the fourth year double the quantity of the preceding, and in five years it is generally full grown, and yields according to its age and the soil and climate in which it is planted. Some trees produce from two and a half to three pounds each, and there are trees yielding from one to to thirty two pounds each, while many raise from ten to fifteen pounds spiece. A large number are said to have produced from eight to ten pounds clean coffee to a tree. The following provinces are where the principal coffee plantations are situated: Rio Janeiro, Santos, Campinas, St. Paulo and Minas. In Santo the country is very fine, and railroads have greatly improved the transportation of the coffee from the interior to the coast. One of the greatest wants of the country for a long time was laborers. When the railroads began to extend their operations through the provinces it liberated a host of hands; those who were formerly engaged in mule driving were then employed in the cultivation of coffee on the plantations. The Santos coffee is used very largely in Europe, and is of a somewhat milder flavor than other Brazil coffees. The province of Santos produces from 1,000,-000 to 2,000,000 bags of coffee. Some idea of the immensity of these

> coffee to market, and the gradual abolition of slavery in the Brazils is doing much to extend the wonderful trade of Dr. Cluness was asked this morning

kingdom are free, though the govern- as to what would be done and where a fazenda or planter, who by good treatment expects to retain their fature ser-

vices for a fair comuneration . The province of Misas, another large zils) and a most salubrious climate. The the coffee trees after six years growth average from one and a quarter to one and a half pounds per tree, which is much below St. Paulo, although on some as fifteen pounds per tree. In Minas but little fertilization is used, and the trees are planted from ten to eleven nature. Minas, which contains some aplendid views and picturesque places, together with its tropical plants, is well worthy of a visit from the tourist, Among the great plantations of Brazil which bave a world wide reputation, that of the Frazenda St. Anna, belonging to the Baron de Bonito, is said to be the best conducted and most profitable establishment in the province of Rio Janeiro. The proprietor owns four plantations closely lying together and containing several millions of trees. Every department and every detail connected with it is very systematically arranged, and the labor is, therefore, made productive with very few hands. The number of laborers employed on this estate is estimated at 1000, including men, women and chil-

From Brazil, which is one of the finest countries in the world, and which produces the largest crop of coffee, United States is said to have imported in 1882 over 2,500,000 bags. Four years ago the estimated area of acres under cultivation was 1,500,000 which annually produced about 5,000,000 bags of coffee, though at the present time of writing Brazil, it is said, produces annually about 7,000,000 bags on a vast area under cultivation .- New England Grocer.

### The Exchange Editor's Mind Weakening.

"Now I wonder where that bald headed old old clump has gone," murmured the boys thoughtfully, as he turned the edge of the exchange editor's shares by trying to cut a cast-iron joke out of a New Jersey agricultural weekly.

At that moment a very tired man, with a red-hot nose, beer on his mustache and mud on his white vest, glided into the room and seated himself at a table with gloomy dignity. It was the exchange editor.

"Go and get a club and prepare to kill 50 year old fools," he growled.
"All right," said the boy, skipping

gleefully across the room for a poker his piquant features sparkling with satisfac-"Trot out yer fool," tion at the order. he added,"and I'll flatten him out so yer can use him fer a blotting pad.' "To think that I should have lived so

long and know so little," wailed the exchange editor, heedless of the lad's enthusiasm, the remembrance of his griev ance rushing to his brain with force enough to make a dint on the side of his

"Well, yer know you can't help it. Men of your shape are only half witted," said the boy, with a tender effort at con-solation. But what have you been doin' to yourse! ? You look as if you'd ing. They didn't cry out, "Put it thar!" been loadin' up a mud cart."

ver pick up his horse.

"Then your mind must be gone,"whispered the boy, in fearsome tones, like those of a man asking a colored restaurant waiter for a second supply of fried potatoes.

"Yes. I saw the mangy thing fall, and like an unintellectual meddler, I had to profler my services." 'Yes!' interjected the boy breath-

"The driver had his mouth too full of oaths to answer, but I thought he would appreciate my efforts, so I loosed up the martingale and the center bit, shoved the | to be pounded to a lifeless mass!" crupper through the hawse holes, bent the piston rod around the breeching, took in a reef from the collar, and made a true lover's knot with the car hook and the tongue pole. Then the horse kicked me in the disphrams and chewed off the

driver's coat pocket."
"And then?" queried the listener, almost bewildered by the avalanche of

tenchnical terms. "And then the driver called me a mutton-head, and said that when he got the horse right side up he'd twist me until I could wipe my nose on the back of my

west. "Well, there might be some conven-ience in that," said the boy. "But what reader class again!"—Detroit Free Press.

did you do nexti" "Do? Why I saw the horse gradually being pried on to his feet, and I sized up the driver to have nearly as much muscle as profanity, and I went in to ask a saloon keeper's opinion. He told me that no one but a fool or a prize-fighter ever offered to assist a man whose horse had fallen on the street.

"Maybe he'd been there," remarked the boy.

"I guess he had," replied the exchange editor. And then the old man and the boy shook their heads gloomily and knowingly.-Pittsburgh Sunday Traveler.

# An Interior Quarantine.

Recently there was to have been meeting of the state board of health in this city, but none was held, owing to the absence of several of the members. Two members reside here-Dr. Hatch and Dr. Cluness. They consulted to gether and were of the opinion that some measures should at once be taken to prevent the introduction of yellow fever by rail from Guaymas, Mexico. Dr. Gibbons, a San Francisco member, was of the same opinion. Dr. Hatch, of this city, therefore, went to San Francisco to talk with other members. The result was that on Sunday he started south to see what could be done. It is understood that the railroad companies plantations may be inferred when it is are willing to do all in their power to stated that on this plantation in question prevent any person with the yellow fever being brought to the interior. On the there are said to be 380,000 acres including nearly 200,000 young trees from one Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad last week, east of Deming, the railroad company employed a physician to inspect every train going east, and detain any persons who were troubled with the

ment agrees that there services up to the quarantine was likely to be enforced, fazenda or planter, who he good treatmuch must be lett to Dr. Hatch. The state board had no right to go out of California and establish quarantines. coffee producing region, has an arel of Yuma, he said, would be a good place 200,000 square miles or more, with about The town is on the cast bank of the Colfrom 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 innabitants orado, which there forms the California the best populated district in the Bra- state line. To go far beyond there for a location would also leave the gates open elevation is about 2000 to 2300 feet, and as there are stage lines from the Mexican coast to Tueson and other interior towns, which furnish shorter routes to Califernra than the ones from Guaymas over to El Paso or Deming. Persons plantations they have yielded as much reaching the railroad at any of those points and coming north must pass Yuma. Dr. Cluness was emphatic in saying that the fever can be spread by feet spart to the square, and when railroad as well as by sea, and referred full grown are from ten to twelve feet to the ackbowledged fact that in 1879 the high. The soil is mostly of a reddish fever was taken to many towns in southern states by rail, and that quarantines were enforced on all lines of railroad .-Sacramento Record-Union.

#### Playing with a Rattlesnake.

will frequently permit children to play with them and handle them without molestation had an apt illustration in Eldred township. Two little children, the one but two and the other three years of age, were playing together. The former was the child of Franklin Smith, the latter the child of John Heins. They were playing in Smith's yard. Mrs. Smith having occasion to go to the door saw the two children sitting side by side on the grass. Her child bad a short stick in its hand with which it was giving frequent light taps on the ground in front of it. Mrs. Smith supposed they were playing with a small land turtle which had been about the yard for some days, and after watching the children's mirth for some time she walked toward them to see what they were doing to the turtle. When she had approached to within a few feet of them she was horrified to see that the children were amusing themselves with a large rattlesnake. For a moment she was speechless and motionless. The snake lay full length, apparently enjoying the caresses and attention of the children. At the touch of the stick the snake would simply raise its head open its mouth and dart its tongue in and out. It was this that made the children laugh. Recovering herself, Mrs. Smith advanced a step or two, The snake discovered her. Instantly is whole attitude changed. Like a flash it threw itself into the coil of springing, by which it alone can inflict its deadly bite. This movement frightened the children and they moved away out of its reach. Mrs. Smith then found a club and succeeded in despatching the snake. This done she fainted away. She was found uncouscious on the ground by a neighbor who was passing, with the children crying at ner side and the dead snake a few feet away. She was soon resuscitated and told the above story. The snake was over four feet long and had seven rattles. -Stroudsburg Dispatch to St. Louis Dis patch.

## The Man With a Vow.

They met on the crowded avenue, yesterday, in front of the city hall. One was a young man of about 22-the other was 60 years old. One lives in the northern part of the state, the other in the southern. Fate had brought them together, There was nothing cordial in the meet and pump handle each other like a cou-"I have been helping a street car dri- ple of old friends. On the contrary, the young man grew red in the face and breathed hard, and stammered out:

"Ten years ago I went to school to

"Yes, you did," was the calm reply. "And one day you licked me almost to death for an offense committed by an-

other boy. "Well, you were always in need of a

licking. "And I swore," continued the young man, "aye! I registered a solemn vow that if I ever met you after I had grown up I would have my revenge. Prepare

"I'm prepared," replied the old school master, as he spit on his hands, and in a minute the fun was raging. The young man rushed upon him with a war whoop but his nose struck something and he feil down. He got up and rushed again, and this time he was flung down, rolled over, stepped on and left with a number of loose teeth and a splitting headache. The police took him in, but when they came to hunt for the old man he was across the street trying to pin up a rent in his coat and saying to some of his friends;

"Ah! it brings back all the memories of the old red schoolhouses to get my

PRIMEVAL TINDER.-There are some kinds of mushrooms, notably the woody and leatherly ones, that no more suggest ideas of a meal to us than a log of timber or a pair of old boots do. But if we do not think of eating them we can fashion them into excellent razor strops or other useful articles on occasion. eral polypores make first-rate tinder, and for such purpose they have undoubtedly been used from very remote times. inter that fires were kindled by this means in the ancient Swiss lake dwellings, from the fact that they occur among the remains in almost every one of these old habitations. The common tinder polypore has also been found in the lake dwelling at Lochlee, in Ayrshire. Perhaps they may have been put to some other use. These old lake dwellers were probably not without their vices, and may have pounded polypores to dust, and sunffed that up as eagerly as certain natives of Northern Asia do at this day .- Good Words.

A DECEPTIVE MORMON MISSIONARY .-Regina Anderson, a young and beautiful blind girl who had been deluded into exchanging her home in Sweden for one in Salt Lake City, but who was rescued as Castle Garden by her brother and sister, said of the missionary who had de-ceived her: "He told me that in Utah the weather is always pleasant, and that Lobody lived there but rich men,a great many of whom wanted wives. He told me that a husband was waiting for me, among his people, and said that he owned a big coal mine, lived in a palace, and owned a dozen carriges and a great stable of horses."

"No," said the city editor. "the dra-matic critic is not in. But I can go out and take a drink just as well as he can."

#### SHORT BITS.

Cod liver oil from selected livers is the latest assuring advertisement.-N. O. Pieaynnne.

"No." said a Philadelphia belle, "no electric light for me. It can't be turned down low enough."

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," said Mary's father when he refused to buy her a new bonnet.

The Prince of Wales will visit this country in March. And what will poor Gebby do then, poor thing.

When friends applaud your sudden wealth be on your guard. The hungry dog wags his tail because he thinks you have something in the sack for him.

"Adele."-Yes, your poem, "He loves

me very dearly," is a remarkable pro-duction, but if you want those pleasant relations to continue, don't let him see it The dry goods youth of the Yonkers Statesman says that it rather perplexes a

clerk to have a colored woman enter the store and ask to be shown some flesh-colored kids. The treasurer of Jackson county, O., has not only skinped out with about \$8000, but has eloped with a pretty girl. The singular fact that venomous snakes

The Ohio man never does things in balves .- N. Y. Com. Teacher-"Define the word excavate." Scholar-"It means to hollow out." Teacher-"Construct a sentence in which

the word is properly used." Scholar-'The baby excavates when it gets hurt." "What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a teacher of a slow boy. 'Im going to be a school-teacher and

make boys do the ciphering," was the re-The Norristown Herald relates that when a church committee called upon a merchant for a subscription toward their oyster supper, he liberally offered to contribute the oyster-and yet they were

not satisfied. A Kentucky newspaper is anxious to enter the presidential canvass on a platform calling for whisky for snake bites only. It's all right if it only adds a second plank calling for more snakes.— Bos. Post.

"Do you ever observe how very devotional Deacon Buffam is?" asked a good lady of her husband. "Yes, my dear; the deacon is very devotional; he always keeps his head bowed in prayed till the contribution box has passed."-Som. Journal.

Oscar W.—Certainly, dear boy, the critics were wrong—they always are. All your play needs is revision. Rewrite the acts, put in new scenery, and get a few fresh characters, and it will be a success if it succeeds .- Life.

"How many races are there?" was asked by a Kentucky schoolma'am, Up sprang a shocked youngest, with a yard-wide smile on his face, and ex-claimed: "Three—the spring meeting, midsummer speeding, and fall fairs."

"You are on the wrong tack," said the pilot's wife, when the hardy son of the loud-scunding sea sat down on it and arose with the usual exclamations. "No," he replied albr a critical examination, "I'm on the right tack, but shoot me dead if I ain t on the wrong end of it." A man in Pennsylvania eracked

railroad torpedo with a hammer the other day, and his widow remarked to the wit of the Rochester Post-Express, shortly after the funeral, that William possessed a good deal of information on general subjects, but unfortunately snew very little about torpedoes. Some time ago a dispatch was sent from St. Louis to Memphis, addressed

to "James Giles, pie clerk, steamer Magenta." There was no man named Giles on the boat, and the message was not delivered, whereby a lawsuit ensued. The person meant was James Gillespie, clerk of the Magenta.

Originally, the peach was a poisonor almond. In olden times its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia, The transportation and cultivation not ouly removed its poisonous properties, but produced the delicious fruit which we now enjoy in its season.

An ancient estate in Leicestershire was offered on sale on August 7th last. The The property, which comprised an area of 3010 acres and produced a gross rental of \$31,000 a year, exclusive of two manors, sporting and hunting, which in the aggregate, worth a considerable sum, in-cluded a great part of the town of Mar-ket Bosworth. The mansion had been for three centuries the ancestral home of the noble family of Dixie, and from its windows the battle of Bosworth field, in which King Richard lost his life, was This magnificent property. witnessed. however, failed to find a purchaser, as no one was willing to start with the limitation offer of \$750,000.

# Trout Striped with Gold.

W. B. Bender, chief clerk of the Ophir Company, who has just returned from Inyo, says that in some lakes situated up toward the summit of Mount Whitney, are found trout that have along their sides a golden stripe. No such trout are found in any other place in the known world. They are from ten to eighteen inches in length, and those who have seen them say they are the most beautiful fish they have seen in any part of the world. After the fish have been out of the water for some time and have become dry and shriveled, the brightness fades out of the golden stripe to a considerable extent. These beautiful tront are found in a chain of lakes lying in a deep canyon. A few days ago a party went up from Independence and caught 200 of these trout. Without much trouble they might be planted in many places in the lakes and streams of the Sierras, -Territorial Enterprise.

CURIOUS CASTINGS. - Among the curions things exhibited at the Louisville Southern Exhibition are thirteen medallions or castings of iron representing Christ and the twelve apostles These were cast from nativo ores nearly one hundred years ago, at the old Bellewood furnace upon the Cumberland river, in eastern Tennessee, in molds made of green sandstone. Considering the rudeness of methods and the infancy of art in that section and time, they have a finish smoothness and polish that is remarka The delineation of features, the eyes, brows, chin, etc., are nearly if not quite equal to the very best grade of chisel work.