

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

[Temple Bar.] When the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in, I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn...

SOJOURNER TRUTH'S SAYINGS.

Her Powerful Outburst at a Woman's Rights Convention.

[Chicago Tribune.] Mrs. Frances D. Gage has recorded one of Sojourner Truth's impressive outbursts on the public platform in the "History of Woman Suffrage."

"Dat man ober dar say dat womin need to be helped into carriages and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place eberywhar. Nobody ober helps me into carriages or ober mud piles, or gibs me any bes' place!"

Death on a Pale Horse.

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.] "Death is on a pale horse, racing right alongside of Eole," said a man at my elbow. We were at the Brighton Beach races.

Arkansas Traveler: Dar's some little truth eben in de bigges' lie, eben if it is no more den de fact dat it is a lie.

INTO THE UNFORGOTTEN LAND.

["Madge Carroll" in Arthur's Magazine.] Arthur Okill sat in his deceased friend's office, perusing in the capacity of executor an epistle directed to Joseph Laux, and signed Erynnytrude Southwayd.

Since that memorable evening he had written all sorts of hard and bitter things against this beautiful, imperious creature, and had closed and sealed the pages time and again, only to open them once more and re-write, although for nearly twenty years her light step had never crossed his path.

"What in the world are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Seth Okill, opening the door of the office from her parlor adjoining. "I thought you were going out."

Despite the changes nearly twenty years had wrought, "Empress Erynnytrude" although she pulled her gray traveling veil over her face, half determined neither to see nor be seen, recognized a familiar residence and bit of woodland green and emerald award.

"I know, I know," replied Arthur Okill interrupting her; "sit down, please; I've something to tell you."

RURAL ENGLAND.

Heartily Old Fashioned Politeness and Fresh Unaffected Country Girls.

[London Letter in New York Sun.] Almost the first thing you are told when you take up your temporary residence in Blankshire, is that your comments must be guarded and your conversation diplomatic, as all the families within a visiting radius of twenty miles are related to each other.

Not so he. Seeing her still so rarely beautiful, so like the queen of life's unforgetten May, memory failed to produce a record of the hard and bitter things written and sealed against her; later loves and ties were ignored, and although self-controlled and apparently cool and at ease, he felt the passion of that earlier, better day blossoming redly in his heart.

The girls—the strong, fresh, healthy, unaffected girls of Blankshire—seem to exist on lawn tennis, with an occasional trial at cricket, in which manly sport they are no mean adepts. But tennis is the inevitable, the universal, the all-engrossing game.

Snails for the Table. [Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] Another "delicacy" in this country is the escargots, or snails. For my part, I don't like them, and after having once screwed my courage to the tasting point I have ever since been wondering where was the pleasure of chewing at a little piece of gristle that bore a close resemblance to boiled sole-leather.

After the Porpoises. [Exchange.] A company has been organized by persons living in Philadelphia and Cape May to catch porpoises, by means of a net invented for that special purpose, and convert them into oil, leather, and fertilizers.

COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE "MIR"—WHY THE NIHILISTS HAVE LEFT THE PEASANTRY.

Every commune, every mir is governed just the way it wants to be. The Russian mir is the perfect realization of the perfect commune dreamed of by certain occidental Socialists.

Yet, after all, what better condition of affairs could the revolutionary party promise to the peasant? In reality, none. But the revolutionaries did find one vulnerable spot through which the peasant brain might be reached and excited to dissatisfaction.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE. Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press. I remember an incident which occurred last summer in my office while I was writing something scathing.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF COLOR. John W. Root in Inter-Ocean. Certain effects of color on domestic animals (ruminants, fowls, etc.) are well known. It is only within a very few years that anything like systematic investigation has been made of color effects on men, but, as far as they have been made, it appears that they can be recognized and rudely predetermined.

A COSTLY RESIDENCE. Millionaire Flood, of San Francisco, is about to begin the erection of what he says will be the handsomest and most costly private residence in the United States.

THE PRISONER'S TASK.

[Swinton's Story-Teller.] He passed the first ten years of his imprisonment without doing anything; just time to turn himself round, settle down and get into the ways of the place.

He devoted a year to reflecting, to weighing the different ideas which passed through his head, and examining what should be the definitive object of his life.

He set to work then. Every time that the sun shone the prisoner held one of the straws in the ray and thus utilized all his sunlight. The rest of the time he kept warm beneath his clothes what he had been able to dry.

And his discouragement! You, the lucky one of the world, who give up a pleasure if you have to take twenty-five steps to get it, dare you throw the first stone at him?

He ended by surrendering and confessing himself vanquished. He had lost the battle. One evening he fell on his knees, crushed, despairing.

Force of Habit. [Milwaukee Sentinel.] Photography is being used to determine the height of clouds, but the photographers cannot break the force of habit, and when they point their cameras at the sky they always say: "Now, look pleasant, please, and don't stir."