

"BRER" RABBIT'S SANITY TEST.

"Uncle Remus" in Atlanta Constitution.

"Uncle Remus," said the child, "do you reckon Brother Rabbit really married the young lady?"

"Bless yo' soul honey," responded the old man, with a sigh, "hit b'long ter Brer Jack fer ter tell you dat 'Taint none er my tale."

"Who? Me? Sho! I ain't 'spitin' but w'at Brer Jack's tale dese purty ez dey er any needs fer, yet 'tain't none er my tale."

At this the little boy laid his hand upon Uncle Remus' knee and waited.

"Now, den," said the old man, with an air of considerable importance, "we er got to go 'w'ack behind dish yer yaller-gater doin' w'at Brer Jack bin mixin' up wid. Ef I makes no mistake wid my 'membrane, de place wharabouts I leff of wuz whar Brer Rabbit had so many 'p'intments fer to keep out de way 'ter creatures dat he 'gun 'er feel monstus lumblyfied. Let 'em be 'dey will, you git folks in a close place of 'you wanter see un shed der proudness. Dey beg more samer dan a nigger w'en de patterollers ketch 'im. Brer Rabbit aint do no beggin' kaze dey aint kotch; yet dey come so nigh it, he 'gun to feel he weakness."

"W'en Brer Rabbit feel dis a way, do he set down flat er de groun' en let de 'er creatures rush en grab 'em? He mout do it dese days, kase time done change; but in dem days, he des tuck 'n sot up wid hissef 'en study 'bout w'at he gwine do. He study en study, en las' he up 'n t'ell ole oman, he did, dat he gwine on a journey. Wid dat, ole Miss Rabbit, she tuck 'n fry 'im up a rasher er bacon, en bake 'im a pone er bread. Brer Rabbit tied dis up in a bag en tuck down he walkin' cane en put out."

"Where was he going, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Lemme 'lone, honey! Lemme sorter git hit up, like. De trail mighty cote long yer, sho; kase dish yer tale ain't come 'cross my min' no sense yo' gran'pa tuck 'n all out er Ferginny, en dat a monstus long time ago."

I had I bou'n 'dey'd er bin some bellerin' done rou'n' dar," sezee.

"Snake ain't say nothin', but he look mo' complasy dan w'at he bin lookin'."

"I up'n tole ole Judge Bar," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, "dat de nex' time I run 'cross you I gwine take'n medjer you, en goodness knows I mighty glad I stuck up wid you, kaze now dey wont be no mo' 'casion fer any 'sputin' twix' rse en Judge Bar," sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit ax Mr. Snake if he wont be so good ez ter onquile hissef. Snake he feel mighty prond, de did, en he stretch out fer all he wuf. Brer Rabbit, he medjer, he did, en low:

"Dar one foot fer Judge Bar, dar two foot fer Judge Bar, dar three foot fer Judge Bar; en, bless goodness, dar four foot fer Judge Bar, des lak I say!"

"By dat time Brer Rabbit done got der snake head, en des ez de loas' wud drop 'n he mout, he slip de loop roun' snake neck, en den he had 'im good en fas'. He took 'n drag 'im, he did, up ter whar de ole witch rabbit settin' at; but w'en he git dar, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money done make 'er disappearance. But he year sum'p'n way off yander en seem lak it say:

"Ef you git any mo' sense, Son Riley, you'll be de rimation or de whole settlement, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley."

"Den Brer Rabbit drag de snake long home, en stew 'im down en rub wid de grease fer ter make 'im mo' scooper in de lim's. Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit mout er bin kinder fible in de legs, but he want no ways cripple und' de hat."

Philadelphia Parks. (Joquin Miller.) The great park here has in roads and drives altogether nearly 100 miles.

Our Central park of New York is only a doll's playhouse in comparison to it. Dark and slimy-looking rivers, suggestive of catfish and eels, slide around and about the city.

MARTYRS TO VANITY.

Self-Sacrifice to Fashion That Would Be Noble if Shown in a Better Cause.

[London Letter.] Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's.

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain.

The Antiquity of Narcotics.

The plants which produce narcotic and stimulating effect were in the earliest times sacred plants, used in the worship of the gods, while their soothing or exhilarating effects were known only to the privileged classes of the royal and priestly orders.

There is no record, not even a tradition, that shows when these magical plants that medicine so many ills and produce so many others began to be used. They come down from the earliest antiquity, and when they first appeared they were always associated with the religion of the people among whom they were found.

How Wooden Spools Are Made. (Lewiston Me. Journal.) The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square according to the size of the spool to be produced.

These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and the blocks are dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spools at the rate of one per second.

Josh Billings Aging. (Cor. Inter Ocean.) "Josh" is beginning to look just a little aged, and tired, and bent; his long hair falls in curls down his back, and he brushes heavy locks from his forehead from time to time with a long, bony forefinger.

Garrison's Grief. (Detroit Free Press.) The first copy of the famed "Liberator" was published by Mr. Garrison in 1831. He started this journal without money and without an office.

An Awful Thing in the Soup. (Cincinnati Saturday Night.) It was at a church oyster supper; the merriment was at its height, when suddenly an appalling shriek from the pastor's study (the kitchen) rent the air.

Relics of the Confederacy. (Chicago Herald.) The records division of the war department has recently come into possession of an old scrap book containing many curious relics of war times.

THE FRUIT-WOMAN'S NEPHEW.

[From the French of H. Moreau.] "What you wretch!" cried Pere Lazare, crouching at Versailles, to his son; "you will be 6 years old at Christmas, and you can't do the least thing of use; you can neither turn the spit nor skim the pot!"

One must avow that Father Lazare was somewhat right in his reprimand; for at the moment in which the scene passed, 176—, he had just caught his heir-presumptive in delicto flagrante of frolic and laziness, skirmishing, armed with a skewer in the guise of a foil, with the smoky kitchen wall, regardless of a fowl that upon a table piteously waited to be spit-out, and of the paternal kettle that mutteringly lurled cascades of steam into the ashes.

"Come now! pardon him and embrace him, the poor child; he won't do so any more," said a young peasant, fruit-seller at Montreuil, and sister of the irritable cook, Martha—that was her name—had come to Versailles under pretext of consulting her brother about some matter or other, but really to bring kisses and peaches for her nephew, of whom she was extremely fond.

Father Lazare, you see, was one of those steadfast and fanatical cooks, that consider their trade the chief of all, as an art, as a cult—whose hands are fiercely posed on their carving-knives like that of a pasha on his yatagan; who pluck a goose with the solemn air of a hierophant consulting the sacred entrails, who beat an omelette with the majesty of Xerxes whipping the sea; who when under the memorable cotton cap, and who will hold on to the leg of a stove, dying, as they say the Indian devotees hold on to the tail of a cow.

There are no longer any such men. As for Martha, the fruit-woman, she was a good and simple creature, so good that she was—not foolish, as they usually say, but, on the contrary, spirituelle. Yes, she found even in her heart touching and passionate ways of speaking, that M. de Voltaire himself, great man in those days, never found under his peruke.

Brother, I want more. "Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

Brother, I want more. "Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

Brother, I want more. "Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

Brother, I want more. "Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

Brother, I want more. "Come! 19 pounds, 10 sous, and enough said."

not less freely upon the fruit-seller's cheek. But alas! war has terrible chances; and one fine day the conqueror met with a misadventure which almost disgusted him forever with the mania for conquest. It happened in mania for conquest. It happened in mania for conquest.

Then you should have seen him jump, leap and cry.

"Fire first, Messieurs les Anglais! Marshal, our cavalry has been repulsed! The enemy's column is unshatterable! Forward the king's guards! Pif! paf! boom! boom! Bravo! The English square is broken! The victory is ours! Long live the king!"

Pere Lazare believed himself at least esquire of Louis XV., or colonel. Such an exhibition doubtless makes you laugh! It would have been a miracle, would it not, if the fruit-woman's nephew had risen so high? Yes; but remember that we approach 1789, an epoch fruitful in miracles. Listen:

Lazare first entered the French guards, despite his aunt's tears, who endeavored on parting to console with his caresses, and soon became sergeant. Then the age marched onward, and the fortune of many sergeants also. In brief, from grade to grade, he became—guess—colonel. There were no longer any colonels. The king's ejury. There no longer was any king. You cannot guess. Well, Lazare, the cook's son, Lazare, the fruit-woman's nephew, became a general; no more a make-believe general with a paper helmet, but general for good, with a plumed hat and a coat laced with gold; general-in-chief, general of a great French army, nothing otherwise; and, if you doubt it, open the modern history, and there you will read with emotion the beautiful and grand feats of Gen. Hoche. Hoche was the family name of Lazare. Let us hasten to say—to his praise, that his victories, this time so serious, left him as modest and as good as his infantile victories at Montreuil. So, when on a review day he passed at full gallop along his army's front, there was yet at a window near by a fine old woman, who covered the splendid general with her eyes—breathless from pleasure and fear, and repeating as twenty years before, "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! He will fall!" As for the grumbler cook of Versailles—she was there, too, astonished at having given a hero to the country, repeating with a certain air of sufficiency to those who felicitated him thereupon: "You don't know how much trouble I had to raise that boy! Just imagine, citizen, at 6 years of age he could not skim a pot."

Remarkable Death From Fright. (London Globe.) The most remarkable death from the accident of fright was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, in the seventeenth century. He was at work on a picture in which were represented several death-heads, grinning skeletons and other objects calculated to inspire the beholder with a contempt for the vanities and follies of the day. In order to do his work better, he went to an anatomical room and used it as a studio. One sultry day, as he was drawing these melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded, he fell off into a quiet sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused. Imagine his horror at beholding the skulls and bones dancing around him like mad, and the skeletons which hung from the ceiling dashing themselves together. Panic-stricken, he rushed from the room and threw himself headlong from the window on the pavement below. He sufficiently recovered to learn that the cause of his fear was a slight earthquake, but his nervous system had received so severe a shock that he died in a few days.

Escape from Editorial Stiffness. ('Gala's Letter.') The first person article, which has spread all over the press, began in The London Illustrated News, with George Augustus Sala. The next appearance was in The Washington Evening Star, called "Gadabout's Column" nine years ago. The New York Star then published "The Man About Town," by Mr. Ackermann. The Tribune about the same time published "Johnny Boquet," and followed it with "The Broadway Note-book." A few weeks after the latter began all the newspapers followed suit. The stiffness of editorial comment is thus thrown off, and direct responsibility evaded.

Opens a door in heaven; From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls On green grass. And over the mountain walls Young angels pass. (Tennyson's \$1,000 poem.

Mirra in Tonquin is made of lead.