A CARBONIFEROUS CONCEIT.

Back, my love, in the aeons of time,
Ere man on earth did dwell
In the dreamy carboniferous clime,
Perchance I loved thee well.

The self-same question I may have asked
That now sets your cheeks aglow,
When we were saurians and basked
In the sunshine of long ago.

The rich green ferns as a carpet spread
At the foot of stately trees,
That lazily rustled over head
In the languid tropical breeze.

They knew our love, and witnessed the truth
Of the burning words I told
To you when the world was in its youth,
In sunny days of old.

But the sunny day was night at last,
Our former selves were clay;
Into the shade of a vanished past
Our joy was swept away.

* * * * * * * * * *

The sharp, cold wind is blowing,
Driving the fallen snow,
But the coal in the grate is glowing,
And tell me, love, do you know

The fire-light flash is telling
A tender tale and true,
How with love our hearts are swelling,
A love that is old, yet new?

For the gentle light is the same, love,
That kissed us in days of old,
And though ages has held the truth, love,
That once to the trees we told.

Let the storm-king ride in icy pride;
Heed not the wind and snow;
Darling, again I am at your side,
In the sunshine of long ago.

—*Thomas P. Conant, in Harper's Bazar.*

CHINESE FOLK LORE.

Firm Belief of the Celestials in Signs and Portents.

Dread of Unlucky Words and Charms—Amulets—Many Instances of Superstitious Beliefs and Practices Related—The Wind and Water Dogma.

Chinese folk lore presents a subject both rich and varied. Much of it is connected with idolatry, but in every district are found legends and traditions peculiar to the place, with habits and customs corresponding. They have great dread of unlucky words, and on certain days can not be induced to pronounce the word for "monkey," and are careful to avoid all direct mention of death. They will say a man "has passed from the body," or "has passed from the world" or "has gone to heaven," but dislike to say plainly he is dead. The proper word for "coffin" is studiously avoided, and the euphonym "longevity boards" used. You may look in vain for a coffin shop in plain words, but places for the manufacture of "long life boards" are numerous.

The words "hung-shanu" mean literally "empty handed," but chair bearers in calling to pedestrians to open the way invariably say "kat-shau," "lucky hand," because the other expression is exactly the same in sound as "murderer's hand." Bats are considered omens of happiness, because the name is similar in sound to the word for happiness. Their dread of unlucky words is sometimes utilized. A certain family were greatly annoyed by crowds of Chinese men who would gather on an elevated platform overlooking their inclosure and stare at them. Remonstrance was useless. So one of the gentlemen bethought himself of this superstition and posted up an unlucky word in a conspicuous place on the side of his house where it was sure to meet their eyes. The effect was magical. The men disappeared immediately and no further annoyance occurred.

They are firm believers in signs and portents. A comet presages war, and as strife is always going on in some part of the broad empire they always see this sign fulfilled. Eclipses are caused by a dragon devouring the sun or moon, and gongs are beaten furiously to drive him away. The breaking of a mirror indicates separation from one's wife, and the destruction of an oil jar portends even worse evils. Before sitting down they always fan the seat in the belief that if you sit down while it is still warm you will fall out with the last sitter. Sudden sneezing indicates that some one is talking ill of you. Mirrors of a certain kind are said to foreshadow the future, and jewels have been exhibited for a few cash in which his future was depicted to each observer in the shape of a beggar, a mandarin, a merchant, or some other character.

Charms and amulets are much used. Large copper cash with lucky characters inscribed are hung around children's necks. In the court of the temple of the "Five Genii" in Canton stands the tower of the tabooed bell. It was cast about four hundred years ago, and a prophecy foretold it would strike the doom of the city; in consequence of which it was carefully isolated, and all were forbidden to strike it. A rash official, however, ordered it to be struck, and forthwith an epidemic broke out by which over a thousand young children died. Since then bells are worn by children as charms against disease.

When a child meets with an accident or is badly frightened the mother takes him to the spot where the misfortune occurred and presents offerings to the spirits of the place to secure his recovery. Missionaries have had frequent experience of peculiar customs of this sort. On one occasion, as two of them were ascending a hill in the interior to obtain a view of the surrounding country, some rude boys from the village near-by pursued and hooted at them in a most insulting manner. They drove them back with some severe rebuke, and thought no more of it. As they came down from the hill-top, however, they were met by a throng of people evidently much excited. In the midst of the crowd was a woman holding a boy by the hand. She accused them of frightening him so that he was greatly injured, and insisted on their presenting her with a piece from their suspenders, with which to make some tea to restore the boy to his senses.

A more peculiar case occurred in my own experience. Having anchored my boat near a large town, the village boys came out in large numbers, hooting, throwing stones and rendering themselves generally offensive. Rushing upon them I seized one of the ringleaders and threatened to have him punished by the elders of the town if the disturbance did not cease. Soon after I heard a great clamor on the bow of the boat and was informed that the mother of the boy had come to see me. Going out I found her with the boy who, she said, was so frightened that he had turned green, and she demanded a handful of saliva to restore him. Disgusted at the request I turned and left her, but she persisted, and all the people joined in support of her request, so that in sheer self-defense I was compelled to accede. Whether the remedy was efficacious or not I never learned. Another request of the same kind came a few days later from a long-robed scholar, who was very polite in making his demand, but whose little son had been greatly startled by my strange appearance, and he consequently was very anxious to guard against any ill effects.

A certain missionary had a large black dog that accompanied him in his travels, and on one occasion created consternation and fright among the half-clad urchins that swarmed about him. Several were reduced to that alarming state at which a pale green hue shows through the yellow skin, and hair from the dog's tail was demanded to make tea necessary for their recovery.

Their belief in spirits is notorious, and haunted houses are frequent. Elves, fairies, brownies, imps, and other supernatural beings are said to abound. They believe in spirit-rappings, planchette, alchemy, mesmerism, divination of various kinds by bamboo slips, by images, by somnambulism, chiromancy and palmistry. Branches of certain plants are hung over the doors to ward off evil influences, and cast swords are hung inside their bed curtains as protection against nocturnal spirits. Their roads are always crooked and abound in sharp corners to obstruct the approach of spirits, which delight in broad, straight ways. The houses on a street are never built in a line, but present a zigzag appearance, as some project and others are set in. This is to check the progress of the spirits.

Corner houses are avoided because their position affords such facility for the evil spirits to sweep around them. A sharp roof indicates that only a barber shop will prosper opposite. The entrance to a house is never direct. A screen in front necessitating a turn to the right or left, and the arrangement of the open court inside, with its flowers and stands, shows a circuitous path to the inner apartments. Many accounts of supernatural appearances are met with, such as the story of the Spirit of the Mist—the fairy who visited the Emperor Lung, and in reply to his question whence she came, said: "I live on the terrace of the sun in the enchanted mountain. In the morning I am a cloud, in the evening a shower of rain."

Ancestral worship universally practiced by the Chinese is inseparably connected with geomancy or "earth divination," otherwise known as "Fung Shui," the "wind and water" doctrine, one of the most gigantic systems of delusion that ever gained prevalence among men. It is believed that there is a subtle, intangible something, vaguely characterized as "wind and water," that has a most powerful influence upon the fortunes and destinies of men. What the principles of this occult science are it has been impossible to determine. Its power largely depends upon its intangibility, and in the hands of designing men, playing upon the superstitious fears of the people, and exaggerating the effects of the conjunction of certain material influences upon outward events, this system of geomancy has become a mighty power, and has imposed a yoke of most galling bondage upon the people. They have associated it with ancestral worship, so that the two are interwoven and combine to form the strongest barrier to progress and enlightenment of every kind. In explanation of its principles the "fung" wind is said to be the cold air which issues from the earth, and it is in all cases desirable that there be no hollow or depression near a grave lest this evil wind blow into it and disturb the coffin or the bones.

The "Shui water" pertains to the configuaration of the earth, which is supposed to be caused by the dragon whose shape is discerned in the uneven line of ruts along the horizon. The home of the dragon is in the water, in whose winding course he delights. Tracing the water to its source we come to the meeting place of the dragons—the fountain-head of the influences that control human destiny; hence over the gates of many villages may be seen the words "Ui-Lung," "meeting of dragons," indicating the propitious site of the town. The dragon is all-important. He has power to give prosperity to the land, to bring glory to the King and honor to the sage, and is the symbol of all superiority and success in social, political and moral affairs. Hence it appears that the water courses, as the haunts of dragons, are of the first importance, their source, direction, or conjunction with each other, and the influences resulting, being determined by the geomancer's compass. If, for instance, in the case of a grave the water flows past a certain point of the compass the descendants will be prosperous; if it passes at another angle distress will overtake them. This compass, so necessary in determining every location, has twelve cyclical characters, analogous to the twelve signs of the zodiac, inscribed at equal distances around the outer circle. The first is at the northern extremity, and is placed at the back of the tomb which, unless for special reasons, always faces south. The order in which the signs are read and calculations made is from east to west, according to the diurnal motion, as it appears to them, of the sun and stars. If a bend in the water course is noted to the north, it indicates that the descendants, if poor, will be thieves, or, if rich, that they will be robbed. If the same sign appears on the northeast, it shows that the descendants will die young or be left widows, or worse still, men without children. If the bend in the water course occurs to the east they will become vagabonds. At the next point disturbance and rebellion are indicated. At the next a snake will grow of itself in the tomb, causing restlessness to the bones of the deceased, and, consequently, to the fortunes of his posterity, bringing the evil wind of unhappy destiny with special force to blast their prospects.

The water in front of a tomb should never be stagnant, but always running in a stream. Riches and rank are supposed to flow capriciously from point to point, hence so much depends on the course of the water as it flows by the tomb. The cutting of roads or the building of bridges or dams may alter the course of the water and disturb the natural influences of the place, and a man may be ruined in fortune by the displacement of a hundred weight of earth behind the grave of his grandfather.

In building houses, ancestral halls, temples, and laying the foundation of villages, the service of the geomancer is absolutely necessary to secure the proper conjunction of good influences. In front of a village, for instance, a straight road leading directly out of it, with people going and coming, or a small stream flowing in a straight course from it, are said to dissipate the good influences. An open air altar, a bamboo grove or groves in front, and to have the left side low and the right high, are all unlucky signs. The great antidote for this system of grossest error is the spread of Christian science. True knowledge of astronomy and physical geography will do much to break down this mass of superstition which has covered the whole face of nature with a mantle of sinister influences and made a man's personal virtue, as well as his outward prosperity, depend upon the physical surrounding of his home or the location of the tomb of some remote ancestor.—*B. C. Henry, in Washington National Republican.*

DULL DAYS.

Why Some Merchants are so Sensitive to Fluctuation of Trade.

"Why is it that merchants are so sensitive to the fluctuations of trade? I have been in two or three stores to-day and they all spoke of its being a remarkably dull day—but little doing—and appeared quite blue. They have had a good trade right along, and I should think they would rather relish a quiet day, now and then?" interrogatively spoke a citizen yesterday to a reporter. The reporter replied: "Have you ever thought of the peculiar situation of the dry goods merchant? He pays a large rent, he must have a good force of clerks, he must burn gas freely and then goods are sold very low now. His margins are very small and his sales must be large to make his profits equal his expenses. Every merchant knows just what his daily expenses are. The largest retail dealer in the city can tell you just what his expenses are per minute. When the merchant looks at his cash book and sees the money coming in slowly, he realizes that every moment he is losing money, for his expenses are the same, trade or no trade. If his expenses are $200 or $300 per day, you see he may lose money rapidly and there is no wonder that he is sensitive, for men don't like to see the cash account run against them, even for a day. Of course, some are more sensitive to these wrong side accounts than others. Some scarcely notice a day's slackness in trade, making their calculations on longer time—a week or a month—and compensate for to-day's light business by saying that it will be all the more active to-morrow. He is, in many respects, a lucky man. Hope always keeps him in good spirits, while the merchant who broods over a day's dullness casts a gloom over the entire establishment. I sometimes think it would be better if the merchant could only see weekly or monthly statements of accounts, but of course they want to know where they stand each day, and perhaps, as a rule, that is best, yet to some it may be the cause of a certain degree of unhappiness.—*Toledo Telegram.*

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A Social Calamity Averted by a Little Explanation.

He looked all around to see if anybody was within hearing, and then dropped his voice to a whisper and said:

"Boss, I reckon you kin gin me a leetle information. What does a pusson do when he elopes?"

"Why, an elopement is when a man and woman or boy and girl run away together."

"Whar' do dey go to?"

"O, anywhere they decide upon."

"Who pays de expenses?"

"The man, of course."

"How long am dey gone?"

"Sometimes a week—sometimes forever."

"Who pays de expenses back?"

"The man."

"What becomes of de woman's husband?"

"Well, he generally arms himself with a shot-gun, and if he overhauls the couple he shoots seven kinds of daylight through the man and forgives his wife and takes her home."

"Fo' de Lawd! Shoots right at ye?"

"Yes."

"Fills ye right full o' shot?"

"Yes."

"Doan' gin ye no time to run or repent, an' can't be bought off wid a silver watch and $2?"

"No, sir."

"Now! Say!"

"Well."

"I isn't gwine! I'ze changed my mind! Good day!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Dress of Great Men.

Daniel Webster usually wore a suit of snuff-brown color, with a large soft neck-tie. Martin Van Buren was very fastidious about his clothes, and always appeared during the summer in the whitest of white linen duck. His clothes were cut in the latest styles, and he wore very high stock neckties, out of which peeped his standing collar. Andrew Jackson also dressed well, though he did not make his clothes a great matter. Henry Clay wore a swallow-tail, and a standing collar extravagantly high. James Buchanan was always very precise in his clothes, always appearing in full dress.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

—The practice of vivisection is a form of cruelty which should not be prohibited. It is necessary in the pursuit of knowledge, not otherwise attainable, intended to conserve the life and health not only of human beings who inflict it but of the brute creation who suffer.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Horses that are not free drivers will require less urging if driven with a bridle with blinds.—*Philadelphia Press.*

FERDINAND WARD.

How He Passes His Time in the Ludlow Street Jail—Routine of the Day—How the Famous Financier Takes His Imprisonment—His Bath-Tub, Cigars, and Board.

The air was cold and the light gray in the corridors of the Ludlow Street Jail this morning, when Ferdinand Ward awoke. It was half-past seven by the gold timepiece which hangs at night over the head-rail of his iron cot. Outside his cell door was a pail of fresh water, and in a moment he was taking the tub-bath he always begins the day with. The splashing of the water could be heard along the entire tier. His toilet is a careful one, and he does not shave every day only because his beard is lighter than many of the boys'. When he went in to breakfast he bowed with grave courtesy to his fellow-boarders. There are only two of them who can afford fifteen dollars a week for table board. Becky Jones is a guest of the Warden's. "What she eats will hurt nobody," he says.

After breakfast all the morning papers are sent Ward, and he lights a cigar before unfolding them. He finds tobacco a great solace, and his friends keep him well supplied. But he uses neither wine nor spirits. They don't agree with him, and besides he knows they muddle the brain and disturb the circulation. He is very careful to keep his head clear and his system in good order. The papers interest him immensely, and he follows with unflagging interest the fluctuations of stocks. He reads all the theatrical criticisms and sporting news and is a close student of politics. Then he takes an observation of the weather, and if the sun shines on the bricks of the court-yard pavement he prepares for his morning's walk.

Before this the jail-cells have vomited out their over-night contents. The drowsy, ragged, draggled, ill-smelling, no-account mob has been shaken out into the inclosure; has been stirred up and ventilated; has been let move about and bustle where the sun can soften the sullen, seamed faces and the crisp air bathe and brighten the heavy eyes; and has been licked up again and swallowed in twilight caves and fastened down with bolts that even noxious gases and swelling savage curses can not split. When Mr. Ward is ready for his exercise the court-yard is clear again and flushed with pure air.

He walks much both morning and afternoon, pacing back and forth across the seventy-five feet of walled brick with a brisk, cheerful gait. His boots are neat and easy, his dark clothes of fashionable cut, and the dapper stick he sometimes swings a graceful and expensive plaything. He is fond of the warm, bright spots, and when the sky is clear often walks with his hands in his pockets, gazing steadily upward. When Becky Jones comes out for an airing he takes off his hat, and greets her amiably. He admires her at a distance, however, for she clearly disapproves of him. Once, when he kindly complimented her steadfast pluck, she snubbed him. She will ramble for hours in a sort of halting dog-trot, and Ward always leaves her the sunniest places undisturbed. He says very little to his other chance companions, although always affable and obliging. The keepers like him for his good nature, but he is not a lively prisoner. He smiles at jokes, but makes none himself. He is always cool, silent and self-possessed.

This walk usually comes to an end with the daily visit of his confidential clerk, who stands by him with admirable loyalty and disinterestedness. This gentleman is of excellent family and the highest business antecedents. He is known widely and universally respected as a capable accountant and a sincere Christian. When Ward was poor and obscure this man, a friend of the clergyman, Ward's father, lent the young man money and helped him along in other ways. After Ward had joined his fortune with his old schoolmate, the luckless Buck Grant, he went to this gentleman, then occupying a responsible and profitable position, and offered him a place as his confidential clerk. Duped by Ward's astonishing operations, and beguiled by hints of unlimited fortune for the firm, that gentleman accepted the offer. And now innocent of complicity in the young man's schemes, and remembering only his first really sincere gratitude, he is devoting his best energies to unravel the tangled affairs of Grant & Ward, and bring the case into court as soon as possible. A knowledge of the circumstances of his case gains for this confidential agent the confidence of all parties to the suits.

Dinner finds Ward ready and waiting. His appetite is unfailing, his digestion sound, and though his face is still drawn and pallid he has gained flesh. In the early afternoon of three days in the week he receives a long visit from his wife. She is spending the winter in Brooklyn with her mother, Mrs. Green. Twice a week one of his lawyers pulls the big brass knob of the lumbering jail door and is immediately admitted. His legal interests are cared for by the firm of Butler, Stillman & Hubbard. When he has no visitors he reads the few books in his cell until the evening papers arrive. He always shows a great interest in any printed matter relating to himself. It is said that he has a scrap-book containing all the comments that he has seen on his case. He has pasted a choice collection of them on the walls of his cell, otherwise unadorned, and adds to it from time to time such new pictures as take his fancy.

Mr. Ward's solitude is uncheered by the visits of his old cronies. None of the Grants have been near him. As a patron of the drama and a lover of the gay and beautiful, Mr. James D. Fish could easily enliven him with choice anecdotes of the world of fashion as well as finance; but Mr. Fish has sedulously kept away. He seems to have no friends devoted enough to brave a ride in the Grand street cars and a fugitive hour in the gloomy shadows of the jail. Nor does he go outside the walls. There is reason to believe stories to the contrary—pure inventions. Ward is left alone with his thoughts when he is not busy over the record of his eccentricities. Of these he never speaks to his prison associates. Nobody about the jail has ever heard him express an opinion as to his fate or his case. Indeed, he encourages no confidences of any sort. He looks like one who is calmly waiting for something he has expected and provided for. Yet if he has money he carefully conceals it. Tobacco is his only luxury, and his surroundings are hard and unlovely.

The last meal of his day is always a hearty one, and he smokes and reads or muses until his early bedtime. He rests long, yet is not a sound sleeper. At the dead of night wakeful prisoners often hear him cry out in his sleep or tossing restlessly. Sometimes he spends the night gliding up and down the corridor, having got permission. Nobody is disturbed by his silent promenade, and he merely says he is uncommonly wakeful.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

COASTING.

Supposititous Fun on Flipflap Hill in Podunk.

Last night was a gala occasion at the coast on Flipflap Hill. The smooth, hard surface of this fashionable declivity glittered in the romantic moonlight, as though its ermine bosom were studded with an infinitesimal array of diamonds, and the air was made musical by the merry shouts of "Lullah!" "Clear the track!" "Git out of the way, darn yer!" and numerous other manifestations of pleasure of the throngs of jocund sliders who made the occasion notable by their presence.

Prominent among the distinguished coasters were Johnny Green, with his brand-new sled "Ripsnorter;" Sammy Black, who bestrode his steel-clad courser with a grace and dignity all his own; Jim Smith, whose red mittens and stripped tippet were the envy and admiration of all who had the good fortune to witness them; Charley Jones, whose elegant equipage was graced by the lithe form and rosy features of his cousin, Jane Dash; Bill Somes, whose elegant sliding *a la* belly-bumps was the delight of every on-looker; Dick Robinson and Jack Brown and Fred White, and scores of others. Among the elegant turnouts were the well-known sleds "Racer," "Deerhound," "Tiger," "Lion," "Metamora," "Pirate," "Sylph," "Avalanche," and many more too numerous to mention. There were sleds of solid frame and skeleton sleds, sleds with long runners and sleds with short runners, single sleds, sleds big enough for two persons, and double-rippers. Never, perhaps, was there seen such a wealth of sledding paraphernalia, at least upon Flipflap Hill.

And the coasters were quite as "recherche" as the sleds they rode upon so gallantly adown the congealed course, and which they so heroically pulled back to the summit, whence again they shot forth upon their downward, meteoric career. It is estimated by a careful observer that the gentleboys upon Flipflap Hill last night represented a combined property of no less than four hundred marbles, seventy-five pegtops, thirty-nine bowkites and five cigarette holders!

The costumes of the male coasters were severely plain, in most cases, as properly became the high positions occupied in society by their wearers. There were, however, some noteworthy exceptions. For example, Tom Harris' pantaloons were adorned with two *outre* patches upon their broadest part; the sombre outlines of the nether integuments of Bill Jenkins were artistically relieved by permitting a slight show of ermine underwear to protrude through slashes in the same locality; and fringed elbows and perforated knees and neglige hats and porous shoes added to the grand ensemble of picturesque grandeur.

But the brilliant effect of the male garmenture was wholly swallowed up and lost in the radiance of the clothing affected by the girls. Oh for the pen of a Milton to adequately portray the multitudinous combinations and the ravishing aggregate of their environment! There were white hoods and red hoods and green hoods and hoods reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; shawls, gray, brown, black, parti-colored; dresses of inconceivable variety of hue, the richest products of the mills of Lowell and Lawrence; hosiery, home-made and machine-made, darned and undarned. It was indeed a resplendent sight! It was a moving, living panorama of beauty, a kaleidoscope of tints, a paint-shop of colors informed with life!

Toward midnight the sport grew fast and furious. Sled followed sled down the slippery slide with reckless rapidity. Occasionally a rider is unsledded, and again a double-ripper overtakes its predecessor, or runs madly into the fence alongside and scatters its astonished freight and their torn clothing and fractured limbs broadcast upon the chilly night. It was glorious!

There are few places like Flipflap Hill, and no one who has had the felicity of viewing the beauty and the grandeur, the elegance and the eliteness which mark the spot can wonder that it should continue to be the rendezvous of the wealth and fortune of Podunk.—*Boston Transcript.*

—In a recent issue of your paper, writes a lady to the Boston *Journal*, I noticed an account of an orange inside of an orange raised in Mexico. In 1834 or 1835, at the time "Honest John Davis," of Worcester, was Governor of Massachusetts, he boarded at a boarding-house in Cambridge street, facing Bowdoin street, kept by Mme. Wilson. At a ball given in honor of the Governor by Mme. Wilson, in making lemonade for the occasion, one lemon inside of another was found, and, as in the case of the orange, the inner lemon was perfect and about one-third the size of the outer one. I doubt if I have ever cut a lemon since that I have not thought of this freak of nature, and the surprise and talk it occasioned at the ball, at which it was on exhibition.

—When Dr. Bellows went to Abraham Lincoln to urge the appointment of Dr. Hammond as Surgeon-General, Mr. Lincoln listened to him for half an hour, and then, when Dr. Bellows was done, said with a smile, "Well, I appointed Dr. Hammond nine days ago, but I do like to listen to your oratory." Dr. Bellows was really a great orator. Abraham Lincoln was a great wit.—*Christian Advocate.*

A COLD DAY.

He Had Reason to Feel Discouraged and Broken Up.

The young man took the seat beside me, and as the train rolled on he unwound about twelve and a half yards of bright red and green and yellow and blue knit comforter from around his neck. Then he took off his fur cap and pulled off the knit cap which was hauled down close over his ears. Then he took off his big woolen mittens and a pair of gloves, and then he drew off one pair of arctics. It is not au fait even in the land of the blizzard, to wear more than one pair of arctics on the train. He then chucked off his ulster and unbuttoned his buffalo overcoat. The rest of his wraps he did not remove, as he was going to get off in about forty-five miles. His countenance, when his face began to thaw out, wore an expression of profound dejection.

"Stranger," he said, "do I look all broke up?"

I told him that he bore the appearance of a man whose entire system was one permeation of laminated fractures, from withers to hock. I always talk that way out West. You see I want these guileless children of the "rowdy West" to understand that I am now residing in a land of superior culture, where we look proud and talk through our noses.

He looked at me for a moment, and then reached for his hip pocket. As I dropped under the seat and crept behind my valise he drew out his tobacco-box and I came to the front again, remarking that I was looking for my collar but.

"Oh, you kin talk English, too?" he said, in a tone of admiration. "I wisht I knowed more'n one language. But lemme tell you. I don't look half as broke up as I feel 'r else you'd be askeered to set by me. You know how all killin' cold it was Saturday night?"

I fe't my frosted ear tenderly and nodded.

"Well, I got on a freight train and rode up to Hubbleson's siding, forty-three mild that night, to see my girl. I allowed to visit with her folks all that night and Sunday, an' come home on the passenger Monday mornin'. She lives six mild from the station, an' I tramped out to the house in all that blizzard, and got there 'long 'bout 'leven o'clock Saturday night. An' I'll be teetally cow kicked by a bullrush if there was a liven' soul to home! Old folks, 't seems, had gone away to Lincoln to stay over Sunday, my girl had went down to Grier's Island to stay a week, the hired man had taken the only hors' left on the place and gone down to a dance on Benseley's branch; eleven mild away, an' there I was, left over Sunday where I wouldn't know a soul. Went to Deacon Mumler's and told him who my father was, an' he kept me. Deacon's stone blind and has the asthma so bad he can't talk; his wife's so deef she can't hear it thunder, they have no children an' don't keep no help, an' don't cook anything Sundays. I went to church three times that day and went to two funerals; the deacon goes to bed at eight o'clock and so I shivered on a straw bed under a cotton quilt in a north room for thirteen hours. Now think of all that when a feller 'd ben expectin' a turkey dinner, singin' 'Hold the Fort,' by a melodeon all afternoon and huggin' the purtiest g'rl in all Nebrasky from sundown till one o'clock in the morain', and tell me ef I ain't got more right to feel broke up than any man this side o' the kingdom? Say 'no' an' I'll slam you on top o' the head with this overshoe!'"

I didn't say "no."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

RETRIBUTION.

The Sad Condition of the Man Who Predicted an Open Winter.

Some would-be passengers were waiting at a station up in Wisconsin for a train which didn't arrive, because it was buried in the snow sixteen miles away. A farmer came in, and, after thawing himself out by the stove, inquired of the station agent:

"Ain't yer road open yet?"

He was informed that the road was effectually closed to traffic for that day at least. Next day he came in again. The passengers had dispersed, but the agent was on duty.

"Ain't she open yet?" he inquired, as soon as he could pull the icicles away from the front of his mouth.

"Closed up tighter than a mackerel."

The third day he reappeared, took off his boots to see if his feet were frozen, and put a little sweet oil on his frost-bitten nose before inquiring:

"Open yet?"

"Naw, and ain't likely to be before spring."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the inquirer, disgustedly; "by the great horned spoon, but this is tough. It sarves me right, though, sarves me right."

"How's that?"

"Wall, you see, it's a clear case of retribution. That's what it is—retribution. My well is froze up, the creek on my place is closed solid, I can't cut through the ice on the lake, and my stock is sufferin' for water. There's so tarnal much snow 'round my barn I can't git the doors open, and I have to walk into town, seein's I can't get my horse out. They can't keep the schoolhouse warm and that's closed up. Anyhow, my children couldn't git out o' the house this weather. All the 'taters in my cellar is gone, and those I buried down in the patch are under ten feet o' snow. I'm out of terbacker, an' when I went to the only place in town where I've got any credit that was closed up, too, prob'ly because there wa'nt no trade. By gosh, everything seems to be closed up, even yer old railroad. Am expectin' my wife on that train o' your'n that snowed in down by Jones' Crossing. It's retribution; that's what it is."

"Retribution for what?"

"Why, darn it all, stranger, I'm the man that predicted an open winter."—*Chicago Herald.*

The life of quadrupeds generally reaches its extreme limit when the molar teeth are worn down. Those of the sheep last about fifteen years, of the ox twenty, of the horse forty, and of the elephant one hundred. Many inferior species die as soon they have laid their eggs, just as herbs perish as soon as they have flowered.