

THE SONG OF THE JOKE.

With hair all tumbled and tossed,
With brain too heavy with fun,
A funny man sat in his dingy den,
Trying to make a pun.
Write! write! write!
Half hid in tobacco smoke!
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang "The Song of the Joke."
Joke! joke! joke!
While the printer yells, "Cop-ee!"
And joke—joke—joke,
With never a smile of glee;
And it's, to be a claim
In the rascal mud to lurk,
Where American humor never comes,
If this be Christian work.
—St. Louis Globe.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

How to Surely Bring the Monarch Down.

An American Traveler's Story of the First One He Killed—Manner of Trapping the Beast for Showmen—Sagacity of Elephants in Labor.

"The day I shot my first elephant," said an old British Indian, "will always be a red letter day in my sporting calendar. It was in the Island of Ceylon, that pearl of the Indian Ocean, lying at the foot of the great peninsula of Hindostan, the Lanka of the ancients and the Serendib of the days of Solomon the Wise, and sacred in the eyes of all good Buddhists, for is it not there where the tooth of the great god lies upon the golden lotus leaf? Ceylon is the paradise of sportsmen, the beau ideal of a perfect hunting country. All kinds of game abound in the low country and the vast forests of the interior of the island, from the lowly and wary flying snipe to the lordly elephant. True, there are no tigers in India, but they have an equivalent in the stealthy and fierce cheetah, which, in strength and cunning very nearly, if it does not quite, approach the 'Royal Bengal.'"

"On the day in question I had started, in company with a friend, from Trincomalee, the British naval station of the island and perhaps the finest harbor in the world, and after driving some forty miles into the interior we left the 'bandy' and made tracks into the jungle. We were both armed with express rifles, which in my opinion are by far the best weapons for elephant shooting, and we were in hopes that ere long we would come on the trail of the 'ani,' nor were we disappointed, for shortly our attention was drawn by the native guides to the young bamboo on the side of the path, which bore unmistakable signs that an elephant had been feeding there. Soon we came on further evidence of his presence, and on we went, our eyes on the ground, toiling through the jungle after the elephant. And, oh, the heat! And, oh, the thirst! Every now and then we had to halt and wipe the perspiration from our brows, and send a native 'shinning' up a cocoanut tree for one of the young nuts, from which we eagerly drank the milk. We were hours toiling after that brute and thought we would never come up to him. At last the trail led right into a sort of oasis of patna, or grass land, in the middle of which there was an island of jungle. The trail went straight into this, so we were sure that we had Sir Jumbo at last. My friend Jack P. went round to one side while I remained on the other, and then we sent beaters in at each end to drive the elephant out. Suddenly I heard a crackling of brushwood, then a loud trumpet, and Jack's voice shouting that the elephant had turned and was coming my way. I remember well wishing devoutly that he had gone in any other direction, but I had not much time for thinking, as in a minute or so out came the huge brute. He was a 'rogue' and a big one to boot. A 'rogue' is an elephant that has been driven from the herd for some misconduct or other, and he is generally 'mad,' wandering about the country alone and doing all the damage he can. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. A 'rogue' elephant is the only kind you can shoot, as the elephants in herds are very strictly preserved by the Ceylon Government. Well, when this gentleman came out of the jungle he gazed about him for a second or two, and then, catching sight of me, raised his trunk and gave a trumpet that would have made the angel Gabriel green with envy, and then charged right at me. Now comes the difficult part of elephant shooting. There is only one vulnerable spot on a Ceylon elephant, and that is a small oval spot, in size only a few inches, just above the trunk. You might fire a battery of gatlings at any other spot and fail to bring him down, and once I counted eighteen bullet marks in an elephant's skull he killed, and not one of which had probably given him more than a slight headache. When an elephant charges he raises his trunk so that it protects this vital spot, and trumpets shrilly, hoping by this means, no doubt, to scare the hunter. When he is within ten paces he lowers his trunk and at the same time brings his head down, after the manner of a bull when charging. Now is the time to fire. It is an anxious moment, and for one who was but a 'Griffin' at the game it was any thing but pleasant. There was no friendly tree near, and there was but little chance of escape through the jungle if I missed, as it would require a knife for me to cut through the thick undergrowth, while the elephant could go through it like cake-bread. On came the elephant, the ground almost shaking beneath his ponderous tread. Would he never lower that trunk? I stood with my rifle at the 'present' as motionless as a statue, and, just as he seemed to be right on me, down went the trunk. Crack! went my rifle, and I had to spring back a pace or two to prevent the huge beast from coming right on top of me as he fell stone dead at my feet. The reaction was great, my highly strung nerves giving way when the elephant came down as if cut with a knife, and the rifle fell from my shaking hands. I have learned better manners since. Soon Jack came up and we had a regular war dance round the carcass. The 'nigger' was sent up the nearest coco-

nut and we quaffed a beaker to the pleasant passage of Jumbo's soul to the elephants' heaven. Shooting an elephant in a herd and shooting a rogue elephant are two very different things. In the first place, as I have said, you are not allowed to shoot an elephant in a herd under a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars, the Government using all they can catch for the Public Works Department. This is as it should be, for, before the law was established, there was wholesale slaughter among the noble beasts. It was nothing but 'pot' hunting, as the hunter would lie in wait where the herd went to water and then pick them off at his leisure, and, as Ceylon elephants have no tusks it was done in mere wantonness. Major Rogers, of the Ceylon Rifles, was a famous elephant shot in his day, and he was credited with having slain with his own gun over twelve hundred elephants. This I believe to be a well authenticated fact. He once made a bet that he would kill two elephants with one shot. The way he did it was to shoot the mother when the young elephant was suckling her, and the mother falling on her young one crushed it to death.

"Elephants are caught in what are known as kraals. They are caught either for use in the Public Works Department, for service in the native temples, or for sale to some European menagerie. When a kraal is to be formed word is sent to the native headman of the village near where the kraal is to be built, and he, in his turn, sends out hundreds of beaters. When the herd to be operated on is located the beaters form a semi-circle and begin driving the animal slowly toward the kraal. At night they build watch fires, and between them the native patrol, armed with white wands, which are quite sufficient to keep the elephants from breaking through. They gradually work them up toward the kraal, which is an open space in the jungle with some stout trees growing within it. It is surrounded by a strong stockade and has only a narrow entrance. Into this the herd is driven. The herd is generally led by an old bull elephant, and before any attempt to capture an elephant is made this old gentleman must be shot. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the island a kraal was gotten up for his especial benefit, and H. R. H. entered the kraal to shoot the bull, but he missed and the bull very nearly did away with young Guelph. In fact he was right on him when a timely shot, fired by a native sitting up a tree and armed with an old flint musket, brought the bull's career to an end. The bull got rid of, the next thing to do is to send in two tame elephants, with their mahouts, who single out the elephant to be captured. The tame ones then 'scuddle' up, one on each side, and profess great friendship for their wild companion, gradually pressing him or her closer and closer until they have him fast. Then a native slips in underneath and quickly makes ropes fast to the wild one's legs, and he is dragged by the tame elephants to the nearest tree, where, after being thrown to the ground, he is securely bound and left there to starve for two or three days. He is then quite tame, and when he rises up he is no longer monarch of the forest but elephant No. 999 of the Public Works Department, or the great Jumbo of a traveling circus.

"The sagacity of elephants is proverbial, but few who have not personally witnessed it can imagine how useful they are to man in such places as Ceylon. Without their aid it would have been impossible for the Government to have covered the island, as it has done, with a splendid network of roads and railways. In some places it would have been impossible to have transported machinery, and without hoisting machinery the great blocks of stone used in the foundations and buttresses of bridges could not have been moved—but here the elephant came into play, and I have seen the noble beast at work on the roads, moving a great block of stone into position and standing back and eyeing it, and then giving it a gentle push, now on one side and now on the other, until the stone was correctly placed. An officer of the department told me that the most sagacious thing he ever knew an elephant to do was on one occasion when they were unloading some steel piping from a railway truck. The elephant's task was to carry the piping from beside the truck to a little farther up the track. This he did by seizing the piping with his trunk. But it so happened that the piping had been oiled in order to prevent it rusting, so that when the elephant caught hold it slipped from his grasp. He thought for a moment, and then his elephantine mind solved the problem. Near the truck was a heap of sand; the animal kicked the piping over to this with his foot, and then rolled the piping backward and forward in the sand. The oil made the sand adhere, after which the elephant took the piping up and marched triumphantly off with it. Could a human being reason better? No wonder the Government objects to such an intelligent animal being indiscriminately slaughtered.

"Elephants are also in great demand in Ceylon for service in the Buddhist temples. Every temple has at least half a dozen attached to it, and in some of the larger temples, such as the one in Kandy, where the sacred tooth of Buddha is deposited, they have as many as fifty. The largest number of elephants I ever saw together was when the Prince of Wales visited Kandy to view Buddha's tooth. They had a grand procession, or Perahera, in which over four hundred elephants took part. It was a weird sight. It took place at night and the rain came down in torrents. Every elephant had an accompanying guard of about a dozen devildancers, hideously painted, who danced round waving torches and giving utterance to the most unearthly shrieks, while the Prince, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform and surrounded by a brilliant staff, stood on a balcony of the old palace of the Kings of Kandy and watched the antics of his mother's 'children.'—Chicago Herald.

"There is one class of people upon whom whisky seems to have little or no effect—those who let it alone.—Danville Breese.

A QUAKER RELIC.

The Famous Bowne House at Flushing, N. Y., Built in 1661.

The Bowne house in Flushing, which is probably the oldest landmark on Long Island, abounding in historical interest, is to be sold under the hammer at the Real Estate Exchange in New York. It is one of the heirlooms of the Parsons family. The house was built in 1661, and remains unaltered to this day, though much patched. Ten generations of the same family have lived in it. John Bowne, who built it, had a farm of two hundred and fifty acres, most of which is now built upon and comprises a large part of the village of Flushing. Bowne was born in Derbyshire, England, March 9, 1627. He came to this country with his brother Thomas and Sister Dorothy, and landed at Boston in 1643. John Bowne's first visit to Flushing was made in 1651, and he concluded to settle there. In May, 1656, he married Hannah Field. As a farmer he prospered abundantly, and, as stated, built the Bowne house in 1661. His house at once became a meeting-place for the Society of Friends, though he was not then one of them. Mrs. Bowne joined the sect first, and her husband did not long delay becoming a proselyte, which earned for him the enmity of Governor Stuyvesant.

In September, 1662, Bowne was indicted 'for the high crime of being a Quaker, and thereby an enemy of God and the State.' He was fined twenty-five pounds and banished. In January, 1663, he was ironed and transported in the ship, The Fox. He put ashore on the Irish coast under parole to appear for trial in Holland. He was a man of his word, and in due time appeared in Amsterdam and laid his case before a committee of the West India Company, the result being that Stuyvesant was severely rebuked, and the next year—1664—he was succeeded by Governor Nicolls. In the spring of 1665 Bowne was back in Flushing and in possession of his house. His wife, who had followed him to England, died in London in 1665, and while he was pleading his case in Holland his father died in Flushing. The Bowne house became more than ever a resort for Quakers. In 1672 George Fox preached there under two great white oaks, one of which was blown down September 25, 1841, the other, called the 'Fox oak,' standing until 1862. Bowne died October 30, 1695, at the eighty-six. He married a second time, and had thirteen children. William Ustick, the grandfather of Bishop Onderdonk, became the owner of fifty acres of the Bowne farm. One of the Bowne girls, Mary, married Samuel Parsons in 1784, and their sons live on the place. The house is packed full of curiosities and furniture and china of great antiquity. There is an autograph letter of George Fox, 1675, introducing Mrs. Bowne to 'Friends beyond the sea.' It is written in a sprawling hand, contains many pious expressions, and refers to Mrs. Bowne as an 'onest woman.'

The house and contents are to be sold together. Not far from it stands the Quaker meeting-house, built in 1660, without a change since the day it was opened for the first service. In the little graveyard back of it time-blackened stones point out the graves of those who composed the colony of Friends, the Bownes, Lawrences, Willettes, Cocks, Hopkinses, Leggetts, Faringtons and Parsons. In 1691 John Bowne and Nathaniel Pearson were sent as delegates to the first general assembly, but they refused to take the oath and were turned out. Bowne's descendants were less technical. Walter Bowne, a merchant of New York City, was a Senator from 1817 to 1825, and from 1828 to 1831 was mayor of New York.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOCIAL COURAGE.

A Washington Society Lady's Rebuke to Several Fashionable Callers.

All are not ladies who wear a woman's dress. When the old bean in Sheridan's comedy said, as he bowed himself out of the parlor, "Ladies, I leave my character in your hands!" he knew his dear friends would tear it to tatters, before the sound of the closing hall door announced his departure. Sir Charles Grandison and Sir Roger de Coverly may have been a little stiff, not to say pompous, and their old-school manners would be too deliberate for this fast age. But neither they, nor their wives and daughters, ever found fault with host or hostess, nor would they have listened for a moment to any one censuring the person whose hospitality they were accepting.

One of the descendants of these courtly old gentlemen still lives. She is a lady, and resides in Washington. The other day she astounded a group of female visitors by her courageous rebuke of their bad breeding. Among the callers on her reception day were several ladies who, on the previous evening, had attended a large party given by a millionaire and his wife. The party was criticised by these callers, and its hostess picked to pieces. In a lull of the conversation, they turned to the lady on whom they were calling, and appealed to her to confirm their criticisms, in such a direct way that she was forced to speak.

"Well, ladies," she answered, with that repose of manner and calmness of tone which are such excellent things in women, "I have never eaten of her bread and salt, and, of course, know nothing of her as a hostess. But if I had accepted of her hospitality, I should know nothing unkind of her either as a hostess or as a woman."

The courage of the lady, though magnificent, did not cause the visitors to prolong their call.—*Yonk's Companion.*

—A farmer of Ithaca, N. Y., had to defer the completion of some important legal papers the other day because, after trying for twenty minutes in his lawyer's office to recollect the full name of his wife, he failed to do so.

FISHING FOR SUCKERS.

How an Honest Pennsylvanian Makes a Comfortable Living.

"Never saw a natural gas well?" Inquired a talkative passenger, as the train sped along in the darkness and through the oil country; "you never saw a gas well? You ought to see one, especially one on fire. Beats all the fire works ever got up. Something funny about these gas wells, too. All of a sudden they'll start up in a flame, flare two or three times way up to the sky, and then stop as quick as they started. That is the effect of spontaneous combustion. Guess I know more about the natural gas-well business than any other man in the country. I've studied 'em, sir, for many months, and have 'em down fine. Let me see, it's now 9:38 o'clock. At 9:40 a spouter is due over in the valley there, and if you'll keep your eye peeled in that direction maybe you'll see it on fire."

At once all the passengers seated themselves on the side of the car next to the valley and looked intently for the promised display. The gas-well expert sat down across the aisle, took out his pipe and filled it as he remarked:

"I study these gas wells as astronomers study the heavenly bodies, and I can tell to a minute when they're going to burst. Look out now—she's a-coming!"

And sure enough, way down in the valley, seemingly two or three miles away, there was a burst of flame, quickly followed by two or three more, and then all was darkness again.

"Wonderful, wonderful," exclaimed one of the astonished passengers; "the grandest sight I ever saw," echoed another; "marvelous, simply marvelous," chimed in a third.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the expert, "wait till you see one of these wells that take fire and flare out in two or three directions, as if the flames wanted to lick a clean spot off the face of the earth. They're worth looking at, I tell you. Lemme see, where's my notebook? Oh, here it is. Only 10 o'clock—say, friends, if you'll wait eleven minutes you'll see a horizontal flarer a little farther up the road. She's due at 10:16 o'clock. I figured her all out to-day."

Of course the passengers were willing to wait, and they began to look down into the dark valley, anxious to see the great flarer. Soon a word of warning from across the aisle caused every eye to open wide with expectation, and expressions of amazement came from a dozen lips as two dozen eyes beheld a shoot of flame which sprang up out of the darkness, darted this way and that three or four times, and then disappeared with a blink.

"Didn't I tell you I had it down fine?" exclaimed the man with the pipe. "They can't any of 'em get away with me on gas-well business. I've studied 'em through and through. But say, friends, I get off at the next station. I'm a poor man, and my family at home is hungry. Can't you do something for me?"

The hat was passed around and filled full of quarters, half dollars, cigars and whisky bottles, more or less empty, and the whole dumped into the lap of the grateful expert.

"Thanks, gentlemen, thanks," said he, "just tell your folks at home you've seen the great horizontal flarer in the oil regions, and that Bill Cooper, the great astronomer and geologist of the gas-well country, showed it to you. Good night."

After his departure the passengers began telling of the great mystery they had seen, and to wonder how Bill Cooper could so correctly calculate the appearance of the flames of fire.

"I'll show how the trick is done," said a drummer who had been seated in the rear part of the car, and who had not as yet taken any interest in the proceedings. "I'll show you how the trick is done. Has anybody got a match?"

A match was produced. The drummer seated himself on the opposite side of the car, took out a pocket mirror, held it up against the window, and told the passengers to look out in the valley if they wanted to see another flarer. The match was struck and held before the mirror, and lo and behold, there was another flaming gas-well in view of the beholders.

"To make a horizontal flarer," said the drummer, striking another match, "all I have to do is to blow gently on the flame of the match and there you have it. I travel over this road every week and have seen Bill Cooper before. No, there's no use asking the conductor to back the train up to the last station. He won't do it, and if he did you wouldn't catch him. He's down in the valley by this time, fishing for more suckers.—Chicago Herald.

A SMART BOY.

He Writes an Essay on Columbus Which Ought to Have Been Framed.

The following story comes from a school in the midlands. The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus: 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said: 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Columbus said: 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said: 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes, they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said: 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'—London Standard.

—Dr. Holmes' reminiscences of life at Phillips Academy, Andover, and the school recollections of others which have been evoked by them, confirm the general opinion that boys were whipped too much in the good old times. However, as it is incontrovertible that they are not whipped enough nowadays, the thing has been pretty well evened up.—Buffalo Courier.

A FINE MUMMY.

An Account of How the Best-Preserved Egyptian Mummy Came to America.

There have been so many different accounts touching the ancient Egyptian whose mortal remains repose on the shelves of the Tennessee Historical Society that the Union has endeavored to inquire into their respective authenticity. When Prof. Huxley, the distinguished scientist, visited Nashville a few years ago, he took a great interest in examining this relic of antiquity, and declared it to be the best specimen of the kind he had ever seen; and well may it be so considered, for it was selected from millions of the kind in the catacombs on the banks of the Nile especially for our Historical Society, and was stripped of its thick coverings and bandages before it was taken away to ascertain its perfect condition.

It was obtained by our fellow-citizen, Pay-Director J. George Harris, of the navy, who has been a life-long member of the society, as appears by an inscription on the casket that contains it. While Mr. Harris was attached to the frigate Wabash as fleet pay-master of our Mediterranean squadron in the year 1858-59, and when the ship was about to leave Alexandria, in Egypt, a gentleman for whom as a friend he had done some service asked if there was any favor he could render in return, to which Mr. H. joyfully replied that he could think of nothing unless it was to send him to the headquarters of the fleet on the shore of Italy a first-class specimen of an Egyptian mummy for the Tennessee Historical Society. The ship sailed on a cruise, and he thought nothing more of it for months.

One bright morning in May, as the flag-ship Wabash was lazily swinging at her anchors in the beautiful bay of Naples, the frigate Macedonian, one of the squadron, came booming in under full sail from Alexandria, and he was soon informed that it had on board a mummy in a box to his address, at which intelligence he was not a little annoyed, for he had intended his remark to his Alexandria friend merely as a joke, for he knew there was a law in Egypt forbidding the exportation of such relics. When, on opening the box, he beheld a nude figure where he expected for the moment to find a handsomely ornamented sarcophagus covered artistically with hieroglyphics, he was somewhat disappointed until he reflected that he had in a jolly way expressly requested that it should be stripped and carefully examined before being sent that he might obtain a perfect specimen for historical purposes. So it came to pass that the mummy was brought home in the Wabash and forwarded without delay to Mr. Patterson, then president of the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville, who handsomely acknowledged its receipt "in good order and well-conditioned."

It was placed in a glass case by the secretary, which soon became somewhat dilapidated, and the atmosphere probably occasioned some little crumbling of the extremities, but a few years ago Judge John M. Lea, the president, presented it with a beautiful rosewood case, which is not only useful but ornamental.

The historical and scientific value of this specimen consists in its entire nudity, which shows the extent of its preservation. Many museums in the country have mummies on exhibition as curiosities, with closely-wrapped and ornamented coverings where the face only is to be seen, but the object of this specimen is to show how perfectly after death was preserved "the human form divine" thousands of years ago by the lost art of embalming.—Nashville Union.

COLOR EXERCISES.

Why They Should Be Made a Part of the Public-School Curriculum.

Dr. Worms, medical officer to the Chemin de Fer du Nord, has recently published a report, and presented it to the French Academy of Medicine. Among 1,173 railway officials whom he examined, in 224 the visual power for colors was imperfect, independent of any other lesion; 118 hesitated in distinguishing the different colors; 44 distinguished red easily, but confounded green, blue and gray; 4 were perfectly color-blind; 63 confounded red, green and gray. Those who presented an alteration of chromatic power sufficient to prevent clear distinction of signals were not entrusted with the care of a train. The examination of railway servants before they are employed by the company excludes men with Daltonism from being employed in running the trains. Dr. Worms states that the proportion of color-blind subjects was five per cent. Many others, however, did not distinguish colors clearly. These officials had been submitted to an examination previous to that made by Dr. Worms, who suggests that color exercises should be included in public instruction.—N. Y. Post.

Treatment of a Felon.

Take some salt, roast it on a hot stove until all the chlorine gas is thrown off, or it is all dry as you can make it. Take a teaspoonful, and also a teaspoonful of Venice turpentine; mix them well into a poultice and apply to a felon. If you have ten felons at once, make as many poultices. Renew the poultice twice a day. In four or five days your felon will, if not opened before your poultice is first put on, present a hole down to the bone where the pent-up matter was before your poultice brought it out. If the felon has been cut open, or opened itself, or is about to take off the finger to the first joint, no matter, put on your poultice, it will stop it right there, and in time your finger will get well, even if one of the first bones is gone. Of course it will not restore the lost bone, but it will get well soon.—Western Floeman.

—A writer in the Atlanta Constitution gives by request the bill of fare of a "real Yankee dinner," and includes among the beverages buttermilk, "York State tea," sage tea, black tea, catnip tea and bonset. It would be interesting to know where this intelligent Georgian got his ideas concerning a Yankee dinner.—N. Y. Sun.

"SHOWED OFF."

A Performance Which Can Be Witnessed in Numerous Families.

The hearts of many parents have saddened by having their children obstinately refuse to "show off" mental attainments in the presence of visitors. It is always a parental affliction that this display of Johnny's Sally's accomplishments can not be a source of infinite joy to all beholders, whereas the victimized visitor is often enduring in enforced silence the torture forced upon him. Jenkins, a friend of mine, has a son three years old, a prodigy, a future President, and that. The friends of the Jenkins family have different sentiments, which I do not here expose because of my regard for Jenkins. I called at Jenkins' the other evening, when the phenomenon of the family was fairly overflowing with smartness. He came into the room with a whoop and a yell, commenced with a hop-step-and-jump movement that plunged him headlong into my stomach and screaming franticly.

"There, there," said Mrs. Jenkins, "you didn't hurt yourself much, did you? Stop crying and speak your new name for the gentleman."

"I won't!"

"Why, Johnnie, is that the way you talk to mamma?"

"Ya-as!"

"No, it isn't. If you'll speak piece I'll give you some candy."

"I want it first."

"No, dear; speak your piece first."

"I shan't!"

"The gentleman wants to hear something of the kind, but he said he and Johnnie finally compromised and stand up in a corner, give his best jerk, and begin:

"Terwinkle, terwinkle little star, How I wonder what you are, Up above this—"

Here Johnnie suddenly breaks off, goes racing and tearing around the room, upsetting chairs, snatching table-cloths and shouting like a young Indian.

"Don't," says Mrs. Jenkins, "isn't half of your piece."

"It's all I'm going to say," and mad race is resumed.

"Johnnie! Johnnie!" interposes Mrs. Jenkins, Sr.

The infant Jenkins is now standing on his head in a corner, kicking out heels and laughing. This interesting pastime is soon abandoned for the exhilarating one of prancing around the room on his hands and feet and imitating the "woof, woof" of a bear.

"You're too noisy," says Mrs. Jenkins.

"Ain't!" briefly retorts Johnnie.

"You are," says Jenkins, Sr.

"I a-a-a-in't!" shrieks Johnnie.

"You, John Henry Jenkins!"

It is in the father's face and voice but Johnnie doesn't care for ire or anything else.

The result is a sort of pitched battle, in which the combined forces of Ma Jenkins are sufficient to pin Johnnie out by the heels. His mother returns, red and mortified.

"Children never will show off if you want them to," she says, sadly.

It seems to me that Johnnie has "showed off" to perfection.—Des Moines Free Press.

PRACTICAL POETRY.

Advice to Agriculturists From Lowell's Song of Hiawatha.

It is seldom that poets have any direct ideas of real practical life. They are too ethereal and sentimental. They are, however, worthy exceptions as Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Coleridge and others, whose 'divine afflatus' was always guided by such realities as necessary for as practical a work as this. In the spring of the year, we all begin to think of the true power of which the earth, the nurturing mother of us all, is to be aided and prepared by man to bring forth her richest products in the greatest abundance, practical agriculture is worthy of poet, philosopher and statesman. A farmer, who has read Hiawatha, by Longfellow, will admire the true agricultural knowledge which that poet had. The allegory of the origin of corn, in which Hiawatha is made to fast, and to pray, to "Master of Life" (the Supreme Being) for some blessing to the Nation, in answer to which the "Master of Life" sent Mondamin. There is a contrast between Hiawatha and Mondamin, in which, after a three days' wrestle, the former slays the latter, but before death he informs his slayer how he wanted to be buried, and informed how he would be resurrected, and give a great blessing to the nations. In the beauty of the allegory is the knowledge which Longfellow had of the way in which corn should be planted and cultivated to produce the most abundant crop. Hiawatha was to plant the body of Mondamin, which was to sprout and produce a crop of corn, thus be a blessing for which Hiawatha had earnestly prayed. This is the way in which Longfellow talks to Hiawatha:

"Make a bed for me to lie in, Where the rain may fall upon me, Where the sun may come and warm me, Lay me in the soft earth, and make it Soft and loose and light above. Let no hand disturb my slumber, Let no weed nor worm molest me, Let not Keshigahge, the raven, Come to haunt or molest me. Only come yourself to watch me, Till I wake, and stand and quicken, Till I leap into the sunshine."

This is just as good a guide now to the corn planter, as it was for the production of the first stalk of corn. We commend it to our agricultural friends.—Des Moines Register.

—A Scotch dominie, after relating to his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them "why God did not strike everybody dead who told a lie." After a long silence, one little fellow got to his feet and exclaimed: "Blessed sir, there wadna be onybody left."

—A Maine bibliographer has collected the titles of three thousand books and pamphlets printed in Maine or by Maine men, and is still collecting.