

THE OLD FIDDLE

[Boston Budget.]
We little know the thoughts that sweep
Each heaving human breast...

The cricket with his shrill refrain,
The thrush at close of day,
The cow bell swinging in the lane...

The partridge drumming on his log,
The tree toad in his tree,
The yellow-hammer's first spring note...

The moaning winds, the beating rain,
The sift of drifting snow;
All these are sounds that bring again...

But of them all, each one but brings
Some part of life's young riddle;
While one calls back so many things...

A CALIFORNIA WELL

That Supplies Good Drinking Water and Good Fuel at the Same Time.

[San Francisco Bulletin.]
Cutler Salmon, of French Camp, not far from Stockton, Cal., sunk a well with a seven-inch tube to a depth of about 840 feet...

Some one suggested the idea of seeing if the gas would burn. A coal-oil can was put over the top of the tubing, and, having a hole punched in it, an improvised gas fixture was at hand...

He put a pipe perforated with small holes across his large open fireplace, turned on the gas, applied a match, and the problem of cheap fuel was instantly solved.

Fred Douglass and His Bride.

[Cress in Inter Ocean.]
The other day I met on the train Fred Douglass and his bride making a pilgrimage to Harper's Ferry...

As to Mr. Douglass, on being introduced to her I came to the conclusion that between fulsome praise and absurd abuse she has been more misrepresented than any white woman I know.

A Case of Vertigo.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Judge, were you ever a victim to vertigo?"
"Well, I didn't call it by that name, Mr. Rogers.

A Forenoon's Engagement.

[New York Graphic.]
Oscar Wilde, among his various stories told in the United States of which he was always the rosiest hero, related that once, while on a visit to an English country house...

The Smelling-Bottle Craze.

[Chicago Herald.]
The smelling-bottle craze has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months. It is a costly fashion.

The Duties of a Country Editor.

[McGregor Plaindealer.]
Being proprietor, editor-in-chief, local editor, city editor, agricultural editor, puzzle editor, fighting editor, paragrapher, proof-reader, foreman, compositor, job printer, bookkeeper, collector, circulator, solicitor, manager, pressman, to make bills, orders, pay bills, pay printers, taxes, pay house and office rent, pay insurances, premiums, buy clothes, food, and shoes for himself, wife and baby, be brewer-general, roastabout, devil, and do chores.

San Francisco: If it is desirable to make a man contented with a hard and hungry lot, then it is folly to educate his mind.

Reference to an Old Story.

[Rome Letter.]

His holiness, the pope, has received the present of 120 palm-tree branches, sent by the chapter of San Remo, represented by Mgr. Bresca. This monsignor is the leading member of the Bresca family from San Remo, which has appeared every year before the pope on Palm Sunday since 1586.

The architect caught the idea and complied with the suggestion. The obelisk triumphantly rose on the pedestal. The trespasser, however, was arrested and brought before the pope.

Regulated by a Hair.

[Washington Letter.]

In the base of the capitol at Washington is the engine by which the house, the senate and the committee-rooms are warmed and ventilated.

Good at Collecting.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One day at Birmingham an old darkey dropped down upon half a dozen of us at the Nixon house and explained that his church building had been blown away by a cyclone.

Camels in Egypt.

[Happicott's Magazine.]

A word here as to the camel, the much belauded "ship of the desert," that enjoys among those who have not come into contact with him a much better reputation than he deserves.

Some Lurid Writing.

[Eastern (A.N.) Times.]

By this time the supports of the upper deck were being eaten rapidly away, and the flames circled round and round over the hurricane deck.

A Mother Out of Place.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A pretty girl dropped to the floor in a faint the other day while she was playing the piano in the parlor.

Wanted to Write a Card.

[Exchange.]

"I want to write a card, I'm from Newport, Ky., sir, and I may be exceedingly green, but when a lot of giddy girls pin a card on my back with 'keep off the grass' written on it in big letters, and I go around town all morning with it hanging to me, I think the limit has been reached and the matter becomes a subject for newspaper comment.

Baltimore American: It is no exaggeration to say that the cigarette is doing as much harm to the rising generation as alcohol. All physicians who have examined the subject acknowledge that fact.

LIGHTHOUSE BIRD CATCHERS.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"Run, wife! Go below or they'll be dashed to pieces!"
The keeper of the Atlantic City lighthouse was watching the hydraulic floating lamp in the top of the tall tower one night lately, and had just brushed a speck from one of the plate glass sashes when the intense rays from the great fixed light that warns off all floating ocean life from destruction, were streaming, when, turning his head in answer to a strange flapping and whirring noise, he uttered the exclamation.

"What shall I do?" asked the plucky little woman, who is in the habit of keeping him company during the early part of his vigils. "Go for the net! Drive them off! Take my overcoat with you and save all you can!"

"Did you notice that scarlet tanager in the house as you came up?" asked Abraham Wolf, the keeper, of his guest, the scribe. "Well, that gorgeous fellow got here from the West Indies somehow. I picked him up in the net one night during a heavy thunder storm.

The Child Who Got Paddled.

[Guth's Letter.]

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, I think, at Marysville, Cal., which was then an established, yet shanty-like, town, lived Judge Stephen Field, and in his law office was a young fellow named George Gorham, who boarded with a plain family, and at the table another guest was a florid, Welsh-looking stranger.

Father and Son.

[M. Quad's Letter.]

I want my boy to rub against every day life a little while he is a boy. If he has the idea that a hunter's life is full of juicy buffalo steaks and victories over grizzlies, I'm going to send him into the woods for a week to live on woodchuck meat, carry a cold in his head and be jumped out of his boots the first time an owl hoots.

A Good Institution.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

A novel and salubrious institution has been established in New York city. It is known as the "New York Labor Exchange and Lodge." Its manager is Mr. D. M. Davidson. We may gather its purpose from the following "bill of fare":

A Sultan's New York Mail.

[New York Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.]

The doing up of a mail for the sultan of Turkey chances to come under my observation in the office of the Turkish consul. There were numerous letters, which were none of my business; but a package of papers seemed public property, and so it is not improper to tell about them.

Where Were Dolls First Made?

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Nobody knows, but they have been used since very early times, and by children in all countries, savage as well as civilized. The largest manufactories for dolls are in England, and, as in other trades, there is a very minute division of labor.

He Narrates the Experience of a Friend to His Assistant.

[New York Sun.]

"A front of mine gets marrit, Santay," said the German barber in the Bowery last week. "He bopped der question in der latest adyle. Der alt-fashioned-luf-in-a-coddage-grackers-and-kisses-peezness peen blayed ovid. Mine front he leans over his sweet-heart and dakes her lily-vite haun, und, seeing a moment pedeen der raddle of dwo elevated drains, he sayt: 'My breecious, my sweet und luffy darling, I would like to pronounce yourself my wife.'"

Some Facts Concerning Australia.

[Cincinnati Times-Star Interview.]

"Sydney is a very handsome city indeed. The structures are built of stone and brick, the streets are wide and clean. The houses are not made four or five stories high, for there is no occasion for it. Ground is not so scarce yet. It is said that Port Jackson, its harbor, is the most beautiful in the world.

"We export a great deal of wool, mostly to England, and also meats, then copper, tin and other minerals, skins and tallow, etc. We import, however, from all countries. I from England we get cotton, silk, woolen goods dry-goods, etc.; from Germany we also get woollen goods. From America we import rural implements, machinery of all kinds, especially tools; formerly wheat from California. Dried apples and canned goods are very largely imported from your country.

How Circus Lemonade Is Made.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Signalling that it was all right, the circus man lifted up the flap of the tent for the porter to enter, and quickly followed him inside. "This," he said, "is where all the circus lemonade is made, and, glancing at his watch, 'if you will wait a few moments you will see it done.'"

The Death of Profts.

[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

An old and accepted economic doctrine is that "competition is the life of trade," but many manufacturers are finding that competition has been carried to such a ruinous extreme that it has been the death of profits.

One Hundred and Thirty Years.

[Chicago Herald.]

A correspondent who has passed some years in Russia states that in the village of Velkott, in the St. Petersburg government, an old woman is living who has just attained her 130th birthday!

The Barber on Marrying.

[New York Sun.]

"Chummy, my own sweet luf," she had sayt, 'are you sure you can afford it? I would not deceefe you, taring; you haf calt me breecious and you will find me so. Affghuhn costs nodings, but stlyshness und high-tone cows a beab of money. Can you all dot afford, my own dear luf?'

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