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Three months, " " .75

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

BY AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The woman was old and ragged and gray. And bent with the chill of the winter's day. And the woman's feet were aged and slow. She stood at the crossing and waited long. Alone, unheeded for a while a throng.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Thou shalt know him when he comes, (Welcome youth) Not by any sign of drums. Not by the vintage of his airs. Neither by his crown, Nor his gown, Nor by any thing he wears.

"It would be an interesting study," says a writer in Demorest's Magazine, "to turn over a hundred or more of the best novels and romances and witness the way this happy—or as often unhappy—event is described and set forth in them."

"It is not very likely that any such revolution as I have hinted at will occur in the marriage proposal as it exists here, is as shocking to French ideas, as any other mode than ours is to us—so tyrannically do convictions rule us. If we can outlive this conviction, it will doubtless be a great step toward the future."

W. S. Sully, M. A., D. D., Professor of the Exegesis of the Holy Scriptures at Oxford, is graciously pleased to speak of certain American romances. "Clearness and exactitude," he says, "are qualities that seem to be fast becoming national characteristics (in America), as our burly English stock is tamed down and refined by other climatic and social influences. The fine precision of American mechanism has long been acknowledged. Scientific transactions and observations (those in astronomy for instance) are published not only at lavish expense, but may be taken as a matter of course—by a delicate accuracy which surpasses the best European workmanship. Again, in classical philology it appears that we are doing better for our best grammars and dictionaries. And I can appeal to me when I refer to the finish and delicacy of American engraving. American theologians are not only more accurate in their proposals to her. If it be true as I am assured, that the most attractive young lady cannot hope to have more than from six to twelve offers at the most in a lifetime, and practically must depend on much less than this number of eligible ones, then, while her field of secondary choice is pitifully small; her brothers are absolutely unlimited, amounting, in fact, to hundreds of millions. I believe I have asked nearly every prominent lady lecturer on behalf of woman's rights if this is not a state of things that needs as much reforming as anything else, and in every instance, I got an affirmative answer. But ask almost all other women, and you will get the opposite answer.

A Family Picture.

"Mary, dear, this is the very time for you to redeem your promise as to the Moridants. We are all alone and that smouldering fire and these comfortable chairs, with pussy purring on the rug, gives just the cozy air to beguile you, and since there are two of us, the two latter would be rather unsocial; so to-night we will have the history of that family. The picture of their lovely heroines stands out so fully before me that I feel quite eager to enter into its spirit of moving life and human sentiment and passions."

"I forewarn you, Nellie, that there is no romance connected with the story of those three lives, and if it interests you it will be from the intelligence, refinement and purity of character of those who have lived, joyed and sorrowed within the lonely home of the Moridants rather than from anything unusual in their history. I proposed to tell it to you simply that you might see that when the touchstone of truth is applied to human life, its surroundings what they may, are usually a mere foil to the main form, comes to all; and therewith learn to be content with what the Divine Father has allotted to us."

"I find, dear Mary, that I take to your moving much more kindly than I thought you, but to night I will have the story; so come now."

Mary Howard reached over and clasped the hand of the younger girl, and silently bent her eyes into the bed of dying numbers, as if they were a link in memory to bear her backward to scenes long since passed into the things that were. For full ten minutes thus she sat, and when she raised her eyes and gave voice to her thoughts, Nellie saw that her liquid depths of their rich hazel that there was that in the history about to be related that touched the full chords of sympathy throughout the soul of her friend, and that, however she might be, it would certainly be given with the deepest interest of her being."

"Although but twelve when Laura Murry became Mrs. Moridant, I remember the bride as if it were yesterday, and the wedding room, too, as if it were a particularly handsome as to features, but a noble head, finely poised upon athletic shoulders, gave the beholder a sense of God's image upon man, and filled him with the idea of strength and power which is always particularly agreeable to recognize in man. His face was the best type of English, with a ruddy-white complexion, while Laura's brought to mind the old Castilian, and was reckoned though she traced her genealogy in America as far back as the settlement of Louisiana. She was quick-witted, spirited and so full of life that it seemed like a glowing spring of youth around it by the mere force of its own energy."

"This was her surface life as the world saw her; but deep down in her inner being lay the deep of strong passion. These had been latent until the day when Moridant awoke them into full force. To her this inner being was too sacred a thing for the vulgar gaze, so she closed the portals of her heart in upon it, and Charles Moridant and she were united therein. The world knew that wealth had allied to riches and gave the verdict usually just, that money had begotten money, and that nothing higher or holier entered the marriage vows between them. They cared not for this. True, Charles was in the world and of it, but his home was to him the sanctuary of his heart and his wife's presiding genius, and he was rather contented with the world's knowledge of it. He knew that its breath would surely contaminate the air about it, even if it proved powerless to touch the substance itself."

"As to Laura, her world was in her husband. Her home was an Elysium, because her all was there. Thus their lives passed on and the world knew not of them, though the angel host looked smilingly down, and departed loved ones hovered ever near them. There came a night when the household tread was hushed, and the heart of Charles Moridant suppressed its breathing in fear and glad expectancy. An hour of dread suspense and nervous agony, a faint light, a mother's soft sigh, and then Mary, mother of Jesus, hovered low, and imprinted a mark upon the soul of the baby loaned to that house. Oh, what an event on earth; an immortal soul taking on mortality, and the gates of heaven entering a world of sin, sorrow and death. A boy child given unto mortal training. No wonder that heaven is stirred and earth pants in gratification at the high honor. Laura's life was now a book, her world was divided; yet there was to her a oneness in father and son that rendered the division only a beautiful mystery—a charming link to life. With the widening of her heart's world her son rather expanded to meet the demand that divided its affection. Charles Moridant was proudly content. He only felt that his soul was fuller, his life richer, even where he knew not that it was a want before. Thus life glided on; and had not a change come, you might have contended, almost without contradiction, that the spirit of beauty held a charmed life over that home."

Another momentous night spread darkness over the earth, and hung a black pall over that house. Death entered, and Charles Moridant grew cold and rigid in its icy clasp, and the heart ceased its throbbing. The world looked on the dumb-stricken woman, and at last saw its error and did her justice. She heeded not its taunts, nor its reproaches, she shut herself up in her home, where every beauty was a mournful pleasure, bringing freshly before her the voice whose admiration had invested them with a sacred charm, the hand whose touch had hallowed each shrub and tree, the feet whose tread had consecrated every spot of the house and grounds; nay, every beauty brought back the spirit that had embodied all of earth to her. Thus, you see, the resting on such a noble admirer was in some kind her grief."

"As the hours waned, the fair boy paled whiter and whiter, and just as the gray dawn came gliding from the east to morrow in a new day, an angel entered upon the light of heaven; and the mother dropped to earth stricken and broken-hearted. In her piteous agony a little voice whispered: 'Take mamma, too.' and with it came thoughts of heaven, and prostrate she cast helpless wretches at the foot of the cross. The Saviour whispered peace, and she arose a subdued and comforted woman. Since that day her life has been rich in Christian love, and while the demand continues for watches of a certain price, it is impossible, from a commercial point of view, to think of improvements. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been especially provided to fashion and out out every one of the minute parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Every watch consists of over 200 pieces, employing over 200 persons in the making of 40 trades; to say nothing of the tool-makers for the artisans. If the construction of the watch were materially altered, all the trades would have to be relearned, new tools and wheel-cutting engines would have to be devised, and the majority of working watchmakers would become useless. The consequence would be that the watch would become enormously enhanced in value, and its possession a mark of distinction in your complicated state of society, even machines in the process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of vested interests, which embarrass attempts at improvement."

"You are interesting me," remarked the stout customer, as he replaced his watch in his pocket. "You have been many years in the business, I suppose. Of course there must have been some improvement in your time?"

"Of course. Watches during the last ten years have grown much in thickness. Oil-finished watches are this and flat. I have had many changes in my time, and a trade dollar. It is impossible to properly adjust the works for heat, cold and position under such circumstances. I should have to give you a long explanation of the packing mechanism to explain the matter."

"Well, has the increased thickness raised the value?"

"No, on the contrary. Watches are now worth 25 per cent less than they were ten years ago. That fact, you will say, bears against my previous remarks. I am referring to the cheaper grades of watches worn by the majority of people. There are watches which sell for \$150, and watches which can be purchased for \$18 a dozen. If you are willing to pay for costly work, almost anything can be accomplished."

"I made a watch for a physician which fitted into a signet ring not much larger than a pea, and which only second hands. It was perfectly accurate, and was used by the doctor to time the pulse of his patients. That cost \$400. Watches are made from the size of a ten cent piece to one that will weigh as much as a man's ladies. They are also fitted in bracelets, brooches, tops of watches, eye glasses, and even umbrellas handles; but they are very luxurious toys."

The stout man paid his bill and went home.

Robert Emmet.

Of late years the annual anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet has been of a character unusually demonstrative. The present disturbances in Ireland remind every Irishman of the troubles and sufferings of a century, from the time of the rebellion of 1798. The purity and loftiness of Emmet's patriotism and his tragic death for his country, have won the admiration of the world, and the enduring and tender love of his countrymen.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin on the 6th day of March 1777. He was brought in the same city, September 20, 1803. He gained high honors at Trinity College, from which he was ultimately expelled for avowing himself a republican. He joined the association of united Irishmen, whose object was to separate Ireland from Great Britain and to establish an independent republic, and he was implicated in the rebellion of 1798. After the failure of this attempt he escaped to France, returned secretly to Dublin in 1802, reorganized the malcontents, established various depots of powder and arms in different parts of the city, and fixed upon July 23, 1803, as the time to seize the castle and arsenal of Dublin. On the evening of that day he directed the distribution of pikes among the assembled conspirators, to whom he delivered an animated harangue. The insurgent band, marching with cheers into the principal street and being swelled into an immense and furious mob, assassinated Chief Justice Kilwarden, who was passing in his carriage, but hesitated to follow their enthusiastic leader to the castle, and dispersed at the first volley from a party of soldiers. Emmet, in disgust at the outbreak and pusillanimity of the insurgents, abandoned them, and escaped to the Wicklow mountains. After the failure of the first blow he checked the other

learned anew its loving interest, and she grew placidly content. Another night came to her out of the many nights of the world—a night gloriously beautiful in the resplendent light of moon and stars. The boy lay sleeping. The mother, keeping watch over her smiling son, filling her heart with bright promises for his future, felt that the light of life was once more passing into her soul. The shrubs and flowers upon which she gazed out from the window took on a new beauty from the fur and frolic of her boy amid their winding labyrinthine through the hours of day, and as they lay sleeping in the smiling light of moon and stars, she turned a lovingly from their exquisite beauty to the nobler, hushed, breathing bosom of the child, who was indeed all the world to her now. An unseen angel hovered over the boy, and smiling, whispered in his ear: 'Thou art so like me, surely thou art of me a part; come with me. The boy lay smiling, as if dreaming beautiful dreams, and the lambent light of heaven seemed gathering over his brow in a strange new beauty, and murmuring, he softly whispered: 'Take mamma, too.' She heard, and with a flood of fondness, bent low and kissed her forehead."

"Not at all," replied the other. "Thin men live at times more magnetism in their system than fat men. Everybody is more or less magnetic; you happen to be particularly so; I happen to be quite the reverse; hence my remarks and advice. For the rest, open-faced watches are always more accurate than hunters. As for the steel springs in hunting cases, mechanical science has not yet discovered anything else to replace them. The public like double cases, and there the matter remains for the present. There are, however, many still contrived parts in watches; and while the demand continues for watches of a certain price, it is impossible, from a commercial point of view, to think of improvements. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been especially provided to fashion and out out every one of the minute parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Every watch consists of over 200 pieces, employing over 200 persons in the making of 40 trades; to say nothing of the tool-makers for the artisans. If the construction of the watch were materially altered, all the trades would have to be relearned, new tools and wheel-cutting engines would have to be devised, and the majority of working watchmakers would become useless. The consequence would be that the watch would become enormously enhanced in value, and its possession a mark of distinction in your complicated state of society, even machines in the process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of vested interests, which embarrass attempts at improvement."

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Watches and Magnetism.

"Sir, you should wear an open-faced watch if you desire to be accurate in your time," said a watchmaker on Chestnut street to the stout man; "you are too magnetic."

"Why, what the deuce has the case got to do with it?" was the interrogative reply.

"Everything. Your watch has a hunting case, necessitating steel springs for opening and shutting. By constant association with your body those springs become magnetized, and they generate their condition to other necessarily steel portions of the watch works, and thus render their movements imperfect."

"Not at all," replied the other. "Thin men live at times more magnetism in their system than fat men. Everybody is more or less magnetic; you happen to be particularly so; I happen to be quite the reverse; hence my remarks and advice. For the rest, open-faced watches are always more accurate than hunters. As for the steel springs in hunting cases, mechanical science has not yet discovered anything else to replace them. The public like double cases, and there the matter remains for the present. There are, however, many still contrived parts in watches; and while the demand continues for watches of a certain price, it is impossible, from a commercial point of view, to think of improvements. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been especially provided to fashion and out out every one of the minute parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Every watch consists of over 200 pieces, employing over 200 persons in the making of 40 trades; to say nothing of the tool-makers for the artisans. If the construction of the watch were materially altered, all the trades would have to be relearned, new tools and wheel-cutting engines would have to be devised, and the majority of working watchmakers would become useless. The consequence would be that the watch would become enormously enhanced in value, and its possession a mark of distinction in your complicated state of society, even machines in the process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of vested interests, which embarrass attempts at improvement."

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movements which had been projected, husbanding his resources in the hope of soon renewing the revolt. He might have eradicated the pursuit of the government, but a tender attachment which subsisted between him and Miss Curran, the daughter of the celebrated barrister, induced him to return to Dublin to bid her farewell before leaving the country. He was tracked, apprehended, tried, and convicted of high treason. He defended his own cause, delivering an address to the judge and jury of remarkable eloquence and pathos, and met his fate with courage. His fate and that of Miss Curran are the subjects of two of the finest of Moore's Irish Melodies.

Robert Emmet had three sisters and five brothers residents of this country. The brothers were all distinguished men, the most eminent being Thomas Addis Emmet, who was at the head of the New York bar and Master of Chancery, until that office was abolished. His daughter, Miss Isabella Emmet, was born in 1792, of ninety years, March 1, 1883, in New York, surrounded by the surviving members of her distinguished family. She was the last of the Emmets who were born in Ireland.

New Michigan Senator.

Thomas Withersell Palmer was born January 25, 1830, one of a family of nine children. His father, Thomas Palmer, was a well-known business man of Michigan, and his mother, whose maiden name was Mary A. Withersell, was the sister of the late Judge Withersell, of the Wayne circuit court. The senator-elect was educated at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. After leaving college he made a pedestrian tour in Spain and supplemented this useful experience with a residence in South America of several months' duration. He began a real-estate business in Detroit, in the year 1852. Two years afterward he married a daughter of the late Charles Merrill, owner of one of the largest lumber businesses in Michigan, and became associated with his father-in-law in its management as a partnership. Mr. Palmer was a man of culture, successful in business, an able speaker, and a possession of social characteristics, Senator-elect Palmer is likely to make his mark in the senate of the United States.

Duc D'Annale.

The Duc d'Annale is the fourth son of King Louis Philippe, and is the eldest of the Orleans princes. He is now sixty-one years of age, his profession is that of a soldier, and before the revolution of 1848 he had rendered valuable assistance in the conquest of Algeria. The events which drove his father into exile also caused him to take up his residence in England, where he resided from 1848 to 1871. After the overthrow of the Second Empire the Duc d'Annale resided in France, was elected a member of the National Assembly and resumed his position as a general of the French army. In this capacity he acted as president of the court martial which condemned Marshal Bazaine to death for his alleged treachery in the surrender of Metz. Up to the year 1879 the Duc d'Annale commanded the seventh corps d'armee. His present position is that of inspector general. He is a man of great wealth, an accomplished scholar, a member of the French Academy and an author. At the present time there seems to be a doubt whether the House of Deputies will succeed in their attempt to depose him from all the Orleans princes, the Duc d'Annale among the number. The heir to the throne in the Orleans family is the Comte de Paris, son of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of King Louis Philippe.

One Picture of Life in a City.

This morning Captain Kerr noticed a young and pretty girl walking to and fro on the north side of the viaduct, apparently in deep thought. "I thought perhaps she was waiting for her lover," said Kerr afterwards, "and paid little attention to her. About an hour after I first noticed her," Kerr continued, "I was sweeping off the draw. There were very few people on the bridge at that time. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, I turned round and the sight that met my gaze froze the blood in my veins. There was that girl standing on the narrow projecting sidewalk, with her feet on either side of the draw bridge, eighty feet above the river. She was holding on to the railing with one hand, looking down into the river below, preparing for a leap to death. I sprang forward and seized her. She struggled vigorously to free herself from my grasp. I clutched her with an almost death-like grip, and thus managed to save her."—Cleveland Leader.

It seems that the earl of Dalhousie has asked the governors of all the states for their views on the sister-in-law business, being especially moved thereto by a letter from "an American clergyman" to the Church Review in which it was set forth that the practice of marrying deceased wives' sisters was mostly limited to certain heart-burning and destroy family concord. A man cannot in this country kiss his wife's pretty sister in any comfortable sort of way, says the unknown dominion, and if he does venture upon a kind of salutation the wife will be jealous, and especially so if she is ill. One case is mentioned where a woman became so much exercised by the presence of a pretty sister-in-law, she threatened her husband like a dog and scolded on her death-bed and make everybody uncomfortable to the very last. But the 33 letters which Dalhousie will get—from bachelors, benefices and widowers—giving the executive observations upon family quarrels; what curiosities of literature!

There is more nutriment in straw than is commonly supposed, and if rich food like corn or cotton-seed meal is fed, more will be eaten by stock.

One square (10 lines) first insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50

FACTS AND NEWS.

There are 40,000 women in New York city who support themselves. Illinois, it is said, has a greater number of judges than Great Britain. A Kentucky farmer has a duck which lays eggs that have shells nearly black. Americans run the horse cars and manage the telephones in Mazatlan, Mexico.

Twenty-eight mining explosions occurred last year, of which fifteen were fatal. Darwin says that horns were not invented until the world was 500,000 years old. Pennsylvania will build more railroads this year than in any recent twelve-month.

A leaf transforms into useful work forty per cent of the energy absorbed, beating an engine. In Asia Minor there are olive trees still in full bearing known to be twelve hundred years old. Four barrels of water from the Great Salt Lake, after evaporation, will leave a barrel of salt.

Col. Tom Patterson, of Greene county, Ark., has a coat composed of eighty oon skins. The pauper farm of Clark county, Ga., turned \$723 clear profit into the State treasury last year. Baldness, some experiments recorded by the Edinburgh Medical Journal show, is probably contagious.

English gold coin has been so worn that it will cost \$4,000,000 to restore the \$275,000,000 in circulation. Between 45,000 and 50,000 elevators are now in operation in the United States, of which 15,000 are in New York.

Hall county, Ga., man has a hat which he claims was captured from a British soldier by his grandfather during the revolutionary war. In the course of ten years seventy-nine murders have been committed in Cincinnati, but during that time there has only been one execution.

In the average New York house one-fourth of the time of one servant is employed in responding to the ringings of ragnen and small peddlers. The first piano was made at Padua, in Italy, in 1711, by Cristofori. The first steam engine was made by James Watt, a Scotchman, and was used by Fawcett, Wood, a monk, and very few were made there until after 1769.

One of the curiosities shown in the Smithsonian, at Washington, is a section of a tree nearly twelve inches in diameter, which was cut down by Fawcett, Wood, a monk, and very few were made there until after 1769.

Satisfied Curiosity.

It was a quiet-looking man with a frayed mustache, who got on a Cass avenue car the other night, and he had a "what's that?" question mark on his face, which was punched in the top, which immediately attracted the attention of a corpulent passenger with cotton umbrellas, who was sitting near the door. "If you please you have some wild animal in that box?" said he, tapping it with his umbrella. "Yes," replied the other, shrinking into a corner. "You have a museum somewhere, may be?"

"No," answered the small man, looking down at his feet. "Well, might I ask what you have in that box?" questioned the fat man, his curiosity increasing. "Certainly," murmured the man with the box, looking like the chief mourner at a funeral. There was a dead silence for several minutes, when the corpulent man spoke somewhat impatiently: "Well, what is it?"

"It is a mongoose," said the melancholy man. "A mongoose—what's that?" asked the man with the umbrella, leaning over and eyeing the box curiously. "It is an animal that exterminates snakes," replied the small man, pulling his hat over his eyes. "And what do you do with it?" asked the fat man, opening his eyes until they looked like water dials. "I don't propose to do anything with it," answered the other nervously. "It is for the extermination of snakes, and delirium tremens, and wants something to kill the snakes he sees."

"But they aren't real snakes, you know!" exclaimed the fat man, opening his mouth until the other could see his cork soles. "No, that's true," said the quiet man, getting up and putting the box under his coat; but then this isn't a real mongoose, you see!" And he evaporated out of the door, while the fat man stared thoughtfully out of the window at the flickering gas-lamps.—New York Claff.

Odd Wagers.

In a shaving match for \$200 a side in Chicago, the winner's time was 2 minutes 55 seconds.

The winner of a corn-raising contest near Rome, Ga., raised thirty-seven bushels on a half acre.

A Salina, Mo., woman won \$30 on a wager that she could chop a cord of wood in less time than a certain man could chop a sum of money two packages wrapped at Davenport, Iowa, entered into a contest. The winner wrapped 3,900 pounds in a single day, using 4000 yards of twine.

A man in a Berlin beer house wagered four geese that he could stand on one leg for two hours. He fell over in a fit at the end of fifteen minutes, and out his hands and face on a beer glass.

The Agricultural Department at Washington has it that the average price of corn in the entire United States for eleven years, from 1871 to 1881, inclusive, appeared to be about forty-three cents per bushel. The highest annual average was sixty-four cents in 1874, while the lowest was thirty-one cents in 1878. The aggregate value of the crop has increased in ten years from \$48,000,000 to \$750,000,000, though the last crop was the smallest for the past seven years.