

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six months, ".....1.00
Three months, "......50

A HARVEST SONG.

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are all
in the field.
It was an hour and more ago, I saw them in
the corn.
Joy had the table spread and the harvest apples
peeled.
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the moon is in
the sky.
With sweeter, luller voice than yours was never
woman born.
But your voice will not reach the field beyond the
trees.
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the harvest is
in.
Half the eye is in the sheaf, the field is lying
down.
The men must take a breath and be out into the
sun.
So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the heat is very
sore.
I know it by the blaking sun, the twinkling of
the corn.
The pall will be dry and the men will thirst for
sweat.
Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!
Go, Mary, blow the horn! The wind is in the
sleeve.
Go out upon the hill where the echo will be
loud.
Then blow a ringing blast from a full red mouth:
Go, Mary, go blow the horn!
Go, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are still
in the field.
There's Peter in the yellow rye and Dinna in the
corn.
Joy has the table spread and the harvest apples
peeled.
Ah, go, Mary, go blow the horn!

LOVE IN A SHOWER.

"I don't think I care about the nutting
picnic," said the rector's daughter.
"Not care about it?" said Horatia
Dale. "Why, I thought you always
went every year."
"So have it away done, but I don't
think I shall go this year."
"Ah! I see—jealousy!" cried Horatia.
"I am not!" cried Fanny Forester.
"And no one shall dare say such a thing
of me!"
"Nevertheless, it is true," said Miss
Dale, "you are not going to the nutting
party because Harvey Carroll has Orlana
Van Velsor to accompany him. Now,
deny it if you dare! What a goose you
are to go pinning after a man that doesn't
care for you!"
"I don't pine," said Fanny.
"To break your heart because Harvey
Carroll prefers the gaudy city tulip to our
little wild rose of the woods?"
"I don't break my heart!" persisted
Fanny.
"Come, cheer up," said Horatia,
laughing. "Miss Van Velsor returns to
town to-morrow. The ward schools begin
next week, and she must take her
place as second assistant schoolmaster in
Peake street. And even if she should
take Harvey Carroll's recreant heart
with her, why there's this consolation—
there's as good fish in the sea as ever
came out of it."
"I hate vulgar proverbs," said the rec-
tor's daughter.
"You hate Orlana Van Velsor, you
mean," said Miss Dale, shrilly.
"Horatia," cried Fanny, "if you say
another hateful word, I'll—"
"Come, now, Fanny," said Horatia,
putting her arms around the waist of the
sobbing girl. "I'm only trying to raise
your dormant spirit. Don't let this con-
coited city girl think she's breaking
your heart; and don't let Harvey Carroll
suppose he is the only man in the
world. Hush there they come up the
garden path!"
"Not here," cried Fanny.
"Yes, here. Why shouldn't Miss
Orlana want her conquest here as well
as elsewhere?"
"I won't see them," cried Fanny.
"But you must," commanded Miss
Dale. "Do you want her to think you're
a blighted blossom? Brush those big
drops off your eyelashes at once and
come into the parlor."
And Fanny Forester decided that it
was best to obey her friend's counsel.
Miss Orlana Van Velsor was a tall,
brilliantly-complexioned young lady
who called herself five and twenty, who
wore her hair banded, and generally
wore a white lace veil drawn tightly
over the face, after the most approved
style.
The survey Carroll, the handsome village
lawyer, was well-nigh infatuated by her
metropolitan airs and graces, to the
grief of little Fanny Forester who, up
to this time, had been his favorite com-
panion.
To lose the rich guerdon of Harvey
Carroll's love bowed our country girl's
heart to the very ground, and made her
think vaguely that it could not be so
very wrong to commit suicide after all.
For Fanny had no mother, and the rector,
hardly a man, lived in a world of books
and manuscripts, from which he emerged
reluctantly, three times a day, to eat his
abstracted meals.
Miss Van Velsor giggled, flirted her
fan, as Fanny Forester greeted her in a
low voice, carelessly even glancing at
Harvey Carroll.
"You're going to the nutting party, to-
morrow, of course, Miss Forester," said
she. Fanny was about to say no; but
she caught Horatia Dale's warning eye,
and changed her answer to:
"Yes, I suppose so."
"We are going," said Miss Van Velsor
—Mr. Carroll and I. He has deplored
the delights of a nutting party in such
vivid colors that I really am quite
anxious to participate in one. I do hope
it won't rain."
"Oh, it won't rain," said Mr. Carroll.
"I don't think it will rain," said
Fanny feeling she ought to say some-
thing.
"And," Harvey added, "if you are not
provided with an escort, I am sure Miss
Van Velsor will be very glad to have
you join our party."
"Delighted," chimed in Orlana.
"I thank you," interposed Miss Dale
before Fanny could reply; "but Fanny
is to go with my brother Lemuel."
(Now Lemuel was an old bachelor, re-
garded as the common property of all
the girls in town.)
"Yes," said Fanny, clutching at the
straw of escape. "I am to go with Lem-
uel Dale." And Harvey Carroll's con-
science did sting him a little as he met
the glance of unconscious reproach in
poor Fanny's eyes.
"She's a little jewel," he confessed to
himself. "But then she is only a pearl
and Orlana is a diamond of the first
water; and there can be no better chance
for me to propose than to-morrow."
And morning came—one of those bril-
liant, summer-like days that seem to

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (10 lines) first insertion.....\$2.00
Each subsequent insertion.....1.00

CHANCES FOR A SMILE.

"What is true bravery?" asks a New
York paper. It is going to sleep while
your wife sits up in bed to listen for bur-
glars.
A Pittsburg female physician says:
"Woman can understand woman." All
we've got to say is, if she can she's
mighty smart.
Not only met the front windows be
boarded up at once, but the bell knob
must be tarnished. Tarnish can be
bought at any drug store.
Translated from Omnibus: Lisette—
Well, Grettie, how pleases you the
trumpeter? Grettie—O, good, but his
kisses taste a little after brass.
Young man, keep off the grass. It is
said that even a moderate indulgence at
lawn tennis creates an unquenchable
inhuman appetite for ice cream.
Dialogue in a Saginaw, Michigan,
school: Teacher—"How many roses
are there?" Pupil—"Three; the spring
meeting, midsummer, and fall
fairs."
"Where did you get your wonderful
power of language?" asked an admiring
auditor at the close of a lecture. "Oh,"
replied the lecturer, with a laugh, "I
used to work in a barber shop."
It was, of course, an Irishman in his
very best mood who said that; and that
is so grasping that they take a tenth of
all the tenants have, and they would even
take a twentieth if the law allowed them.
The young lady—"Oh, aunt, did
you observe what a badly made dress
Mrs. Brown had on?" Aunt (who
couldn't bear "that woman")—"Ah,
that's how it was fitted her so well,
dear—yes."
A woman in Akron, Ohio, who had
been married four times, was asked:
"When are you going to be married
again?" "Never! I shall forever re-
main single. I hate a man," was her
reply.
"Never engage in anything you would
not open with prayer," said a very strict
orthodox preacher. Whereupon an
irreverent individual arose and inquired,
"What would you do with a dozen oys-
ters?"
"Pass? Of course I'll pass!" replied a
twenty-year-old school girl in this city
the other day. "Doesn't my brother
keep company with the schoolmarm,
and will she dare snub one of the
family?"
"No, sir," said the gentleman. "I am
not brutal in disposition and tastes; but
I hate hypocrites in man or beast, and
if two dogs have a rooted antipathy for
each other I don't like to see 'em con-
ceal it."
"Father," asked a Beacon Hill lad,
"may I go out to-night to hear Governor
Butler speak?" "Yes, my indeed,"
the high-toned Boston parent, "and
here's some money to buy a hatful of
stage eggs."
An exchange says: "A Mississippi dog
bit off a boy's nose and swallowed it."
This shows the thoughtfulness of the
dog. If he had swallowed the nose
without biting it off it must have proved
fatal to the boy.
"Why do good little children go to
heaven when they die?" asked the
teacher. "Because," answered the bright
boy at the head of the class, "because
it's usual to find the children in a place
where there's fire."
"There's one thing connected with
your table," said a drummer to a west-
ern landlord, "that is not surpassed by
even the best hotels in Chicago."
"Yes?" replied the pleased landlord,
and what is that? "The salt."
"Did that lady take umbrage?" said
the proprietor of a Harlem store to his
clerk, who had just had a wrothy dispute
with a customer. "Oh, no; she took ten
yards of Turkey red calico, and wanted
buttons to match."
A poor woman in Lawrence was visited
by a female missionary, who, in the
conversation, asked her if she intended
to bring her boy up to any trade. "Well,"
said the party addressed, "wid respects
to yer, I think I shall bring him up to
be an Odd Fellow."
"Yes," said the blighted youth, "I
want wife to make home pleasant."
"But," objected a friend, "you'd be
howling round town nights all the
same." "Yes; but now nobody cares,
and it would be such a comfort to feel
that somebody was at home mad about
it."
"Do you believe that a woman nowa-
days would die for the object of her
love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I
don't know whether she'd die or not,"
answered the benedict, but I've known
her go wild when the trimming didn't
suit her."
On a southern veranda: "Where is
your lover, Colonel Blank? He has not
been seen for a week." "No, dear
fellow, he has been detained in the city
on business. He shot a judge or some-
thing the other day, and it would not be
proper for him to leave until the trial is
over."
A youngster of a dozen years went to
pass the Whitsuntide holidays with his
grandmother in the country. In the
evening when they sat down to dinner
the grandmother cried: "O, my! there
are thirteen of us!" "Don't be worried,
grandmother," cried the youngster; "I
will eat for two!"
The Fees Given Away by an English
Prince.
Among the items in the estimate of ex-
penses for the Duke of Edinburgh's
special mission to Moscow is £1000 for
"gratuities." People who think that
this amount is exorbitant will perhaps
change their opinion on learning that
when the Emperor Nicholas visited the
queen at Windsor Castle in 1844 he gave
£2000 to the servants and £1000 pounds
to the housekeeper, as well as his gold
snuff boxes, with his picture set in di-
monds, to the lords of the household,
and six with his cipher to the equerries
and grooms-in-waiting. These were the
chief gifts; but for other dependants
about a bundle of rings, watches and
brooches were distributed. When the
late Emperor Napoleon stayed at Win-
d-
sor in 1855 he left £1500 for the servants,

THE CESSION OF LOUISIANA.

Events beyond the ocean were work-
ing more rapidly for the interest of the
United States than any influences the
government itself could exert. Before
Mr. Monroe reached France, in the
spring of 1803, another war cloud of
portentous magnitude was hanging over
Europe. The treaty of Amiens, which
proved only a truce, misconstrued and
violated by both parties, was about to be
formally broken. Fearing that in the
conflict to come England, by her superi-
or naval force, would deprive him of his
newly-acquired colonial empire, and
greatly enhance her own prestige by se-
curing all the American possessions which
France had owned prior to 1763, Bonaparte, by a dash in diplomacy as
quick and as brilliant as his tactics on
the field of battle, placed Louisiana be-
yond the reach of British power. After
returning from St. Cloud from the reg-
ular session of the Senate on Sunday, April
10, 1803, he called on the most trusted
advisers, and in a tone of re-
verence and passion said:
"I know the full value of Louisiana,
and have been desirous of repairing the
loss of the French empire, which I lost
in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have
restored it to me, and now I must ex-
pect to lose it. * * * The English
wish to take possession of it, and it is
they they will begin the war."
They have twenty ships of war in the
Gulf of Mexico. * * * The con-
quest of Louisiana would be easy. I
have not a moment to lose in putting it
out of their reach."
The English, however, had not been
restored to the whole colony, without any
break in the minister who had advised
the cession was summoned by Bonaparte
to read dispatches from London, that
moment received, and which certainly
foreboded war. The English were
making military and naval preparations
with extraordinary rapidity. After read-
ing the dispatches the first consul said:
"Irresolution and deliberation are no
longer in season. I renounce Louisiana.
It is not only the whole colony, without any
reservation. I know the value of what
I abandon. I renounce it with the
greatest regret. To attempt obstinately
to retain it would be folly: I direct you
to negotiate with the English, and to
cede the Louisiana territory to them."
The minister who had advised the
arrival of Mr. Monroe. Have an in-
terview this very day with Mr. Living-
stone. * * * But I require a great
deal of money for this war. I will
borrow it. I want \$50,000,000 for Lou-
isiana."
The minister who was opposed to the
sale interposed, in a subsequent inter-
view, some observations "upon what the
Germans call the souls, as to whether
the Louisiana territory was worth the
price for sale." Bonaparte replied with
undisguised sarcasm: "You are giving me
the ideology of the law of nature. But
I require money to make war on the
English nation in the world. Send your
maxims to London. I am sure they will
be greatly admired there." The first
consul afterward added: "Perhaps it
will be objected that the Americans will
be found too powerful for Europe in two
or three centuries, but my fore-
sight does not embrace such remote fears.
Besides, we may hereafter expect rival-
ries among the members of the union.
The confederations, which are called
perpetual, only last till one of the con-
federates finds it to his interest to
break them."
Louis Napoleon embodied the sub-
stance of these views in his "Idees Na-
poleonnes," and sixty years after the
first consul spoke the words quoted his
grandson is quite taken with the
Mexican invasion, based on the as-
sumed destruction of the American
union, was undertaken. The destruction
which followed was not of the union, but
of the unhappy Austrian prince who
represented his policy, and later of the
Emperor himself.
Two days after this conversation Mr.
Monroe opportunely arrived, and on the
30th of April the treaty ceding Louisiana
to the United States was formally
signed at the White House. Consideration
of Livingston had no authority to negoti-
ate for so vast an extent of territory, but
the former was fully possessed of President
Jefferson's views, and felt assured that
his instructions would have been ample
for the duties of his office. He was
when he sailed from America
Communication with Washington was
impossible. Under the most favorable
circumstances an answer could not be
expected in less than three months, and
by that time British ships would prob-
ably hold the mouths of the Mississippi
and the flag of St. George would wave
over New Orleans. Measurs. Monroe and
Livingston realized that hesitation would
be fatal, and they boldly took the re-
sponsibility of purchasing a territory of
unknown and almost unlimited dimen-
sions, and of pledging the credit of the
government for a sum which, rated by
the ability to pay, was larger than a
million dollars. The price was a sum
agreed upon was \$11,250,000 in six
per cent. United States bonds, the inter-
est of which was made payable in Lon-
don, Amsterdam and Paris, and the prin-
cipal of the same was to be paid in
sums of \$3,000,000 per annum, begin-
ning fifteen years after the bonds were
issued.
In a separate treaty, made the same
day, the United States agreed to pay
\$20,000,000 in addition to the sum ap-
plied by France to the satisfaction of
certain claims owed to American citi-
zens. Thus the total cost of Louisiana
was \$31,000,000 francs, or, in round num-
bers, \$15,000,000.
A different view of this day scarcely credible
to the acquisition of Louisiana by
Jefferson was denounced with a bitter-
ness surpassing the partisan rancor with
which this generation is familiar. No
abuse was too malignant, no epithet too
coarse, no imputation too savage for
the great philosophic statesman, who

have been plucked out of the golden dia-
mond of August itself.
"How delightful!" hissed Miss Orlana,
as she sat gracefully on a twisted trep-
top, and drank champagne out of a sil-
ver cup. "Ah, how indescribably
charming is the country!"
"Could you be contented to live here
always?" asked Harvey Carroll, as he lay
stretched on the green turf at her feet.
"I could desire no happier fate," said
Orlana, lifting her eyes heavenward.
"Then," Harvey was beginning, when
Lemuel Dale came stumbling over the
uneven ground toward him.
"I say, Carroll, what are you dream-
ing about?" cried he, "Don't you see the
thunder clouds piling up in the west?
Don't you feel the sudden chill in the
air? Everybody else is seeking shelter
from the storm, while you stay here, ap-
parently blind, deaf and dumb! Luck-
ily for you that I came back for Miss
Forester's shawl and roused you from
your dream!" And Fanny, leaning on
the arm of her chair, looked up while he
spoke.
Miss Van Velsor caught up her lace
parasol with a shriek. "Is it going to
rain?" she cried. "Oh, I have such a
dislike of thunder showers! Oh, do let
us go to a place of shelter, some nice old
farmhouse, or dear old dame's honey-
suckle-covered cottage."
"The nearest place is the rectory at
the foot of the hill, half a mile off," said
Carroll, doubtfully.
"We shall be happy to welcome you
there," spoke up Fanny, unconsciously
heaping coals of fire on her rival's head.
"Oh, do let us hurry," cried Miss
Van Velsor, clutching at Carroll's arm, as
the thunder broke in low rumbling
tones and the first big drops began to
fall.
But Miss Forester and Mr. Dale
reached the rectory by a short cut across
the meadows, and were at the door to re-
ceive their dripping guests when at last
they reached the haven of refuge.
Carroll surrendered Miss Van Velsor
at once into Fanny's care. "Take her up
stairs, please," Miss Forester said, he-
ing her into the rectory, "I think there's
something the matter with her."
"Oh, I am all right," said Miss Van
Velsor, with a simper. "Only a little
tired with the haste we have made."
But Fanny, looking back with dismay,
quite comprehending Mr. Carroll's dis-
comfiture when she caught a glimpse of
her rival's face. It was striped like a
zebra where the streams of rain had run
down her brow and cheeks, the streaks
of red and white paint blending curi-
ously together; the penciling was washed
entirely from one eye-brow; the other,
shielded by a fold of the lace veil, was
totally unchanged. Fanny was silent,
but Lemuel Dale, honest old bachelor
that he was, proved less discreet.
"Excuse me, Miss," said he, with his
eye-glasses at his eye, "but I rather
think your paint is washing off."
"My paint?" repeated Miss Van Velsor.
And then happening to see the reflec-
tion of her face in the opposite mirror,
she uttered a wild shriek, and went off
into good old-fashioned hysterics.
When she came out of them again Mr.
Carroll had vanished from the scene.
Miss Orlana Van Velsor went back to
the school in Peake street quite unfet-
tered by the golden clasp of an engage-
ment ring, and they say there is to be a
wedding at the rectory, in which pretty
Fanny Forester and Harvey Carroll are
to play the principal parts.
Strange how slender a straw will suf-
fice to turn the current of the stream of
life! If it had not been for that thunder
storm in the woods, the whole aspect of
Miss Orlana Van Velsor's existence
might have been different.
But her complexion, unlike the roses
and lilies of Fanny Forester's face, was
not waterproof.
Chinese Fishing.
Among their fishing appliances are
dip-nets, large squares of netting ex-
tended on a frame work of bamboo,
which is weighted and suspended from a
stake in the water, and the fish are
lowered either from a bank or a
boat and brings up each time all the
fish that may be passing over it at the
time. The casting net is very familiar,
but China is a peculiar home, and it is
widely used by the Chinese in catching
children of all ages. A more original
method of capturing fish is that pursued
by what are known in Swatow as "slip-
per-boats." These craft are generally 25
feet long and 18 inches wide, and they
float in the water, and the fish are
bright moonlight nights, their only im-
plements of capture being a white board
fastened along the outer side of each.
This board catches the bright rays of the
moon, and the fish, who seem to be
more than ordinarily amount of cunning.
Their fish traps are, moreover, manifold
and varied, and of the highest workman-
ship and utility. In the British Isles
this is a means of taking fish practically
unknown and unpracticed, with the ex-
ception of our stereotyped eel and lob-
ster pots. But the Chinese devote them-
selves largely to these strategic methods
of fishing, and with an unwavering suc-
cess that is almost beyond description.
The fish are taken in the shallow waters
of their rivers and seas could ex-
plain or withstand. The day will per-
haps come when western ideas will pen-
etrate sufficiently there to insure the sup-
pression of wholesale fish poisoning and
such like fatal poisoning arrangements
for the capture of small fry as are rather
too candidly exhibited here; but at present
we can only admire, perhaps with a
tinge of dejection, the hundred and one
devices employed in a land where, though
every form of unsportsmanlike de-
struction is in vogue, the fish supply
seems to remain as abundant and accessi-
ble as ever.
Cormorants are another means em-
ployed by the Chinese on lakes and in
shallow sheets of water for taking
fish. This aquatic species of hawking
is of very old date, and was known and