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OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S.

(James Whitcomb Riley.) Wasn't it pleasant, Oh, brother mine, In those old days of the last sunshine...

It all comes back so clear today! Though I am as bald as you are gray— Out by the barn lot and down the lane...

Where the little gourd grew up the sides and o'er The clapboard roof, and her face—oh, me! Wasn't it good to see her again?

And oh, my brother, so far away, This is to tell you she waits to-day To welcome Aunt Mary's feet...

Income of a First-Class Engraver-Work on Magazines. (Boston Herald.) A generation ago the engraver used to be considered of comparative unimportance...

The magazines, you know, apparently consider it as more of a compliment to mention the engraver's name as that of the designer...

A proportion of the leading engravers are fairly well off. I know a number of them who will be worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000...

The income of a first-class engraver ranges, perhaps, from \$2,500 to \$6,000 or \$7,000, the average being nearer to the first mentioned figure...

Burying an Executioner's Sword. [Exchange.] A Paris contemporary gives, from advance sheets of the memoirs about to see the light of Henry Heine...

The Sugar Beet. (Atlanta Constitution.) Sugar is declining the world over, on account of the immense beet root yield...

House Plants. [Exchange.] A method of growing house-plants without soil is claimed by Captain Halford Thompson...

Cincinnati Saturday Night: He had just hinted that he could not spare the time to take her to a picnic.

Marie Engelbach: A good joke should never be unappreciated.

THE INUNDATION.

(Belgravia.) The floods were at Wendethorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither lower-lying streets, and out in the open country...

A voice called upward to those within: "What's that?" "A voice called downward in reply: "Six."

Then, amid the sound of the water, came up the words, "We have only room for four."

"If Jack stays, so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

"There is no man here who would say that for me, so me stay!"

The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said: "I will stay, too," and all eyes turned back to her.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered and went quickly upward. Ward, broken thanks met them and eager promises of return in the first hours of dawn.

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman.

"Nor have I," said she. They stood aimlessly looking into the fast-darkening room.

"The handle of the lantern was loose," said he, as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up."

"No, don't! It's too dark. Please don't let us go up."

"She had found his arm in the darkness and he had been in the darkness, which was much the blacker for that brief interposition of light."

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder.

"No, no, if we could only see them." Again for awhile they were silent, hearing the little sounds within and the ever-increasing sound without.

turning to the window, at a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out. The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below.

"Oh, yes, it is quite easy. But how it flows!" He had better have some of those shawls.

"Do we! Well, the depths, perhaps, of the water, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way and I mine."

"In a sense I have. There is so much space and power. And there is the feeling of having for once put action and responsibility out of one's hands."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?" "I fear it physically, of course—the actual drowning and choking—ah, don't let us talk of it."

"What made you stay?" he asked suddenly. She hesitated a little.

"I hardly know, more than that I said—that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care much myself."

"I don't think that it need be a question of age how much one's life is worth. Mine did not matter to any one, either, and it was not mine."

"You were a rather deeper breasted and made no spoken answer."

"The man sitting by her heard the changing and the deepening tones of the water as it came and up and up."

"You are too young for this," he said abruptly. His voice had changed and deepened like the tone of the water.

"No, no," she answered after a moment. "Don't trouble about me. It's horrible!"

"She again kept silence for a little space, then she said: 'When I heard you say that in the boat, and get up to stay, I felt as if it was a cruel thing not to stay with you, too, as well as to save them.'"

"The man sitting by her heard the changing and the deepening tones of the water as it came and up and up."

his face. They held each other fast, panting and trembling. There was a sound of water, running, trickling and dripping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud, and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposed and fallen.

"It can't be long now," said the man. "No," said she. There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard.

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ANCIENT DIVORCE LAWS.

The well-being of society demands the strictness of the marital relation, yet the evil incident to the hasty marriages, or to uncongenial parties leading to alienation and crime, and the commission by one party of acts subversive of the terms of the contract, have more or less weight to make exceptions to the rule among barbarians and half-civilized tribes wives were put aside with little or no formality.

The Hebrews, to whom we owe many of the leading elements of our civilization, while they recognize marriage as an institution for which a man left his parents and cleaved to his wife, dily wined as polygamy, and countenanced divorce whenever the husbands found some uncleanness about their wives.

When the wife left the husband she was compelled to write before the archon and present a writing in which the reasons for the separation were set down.

Among the Romans the husband had the right of divorce by the laws of the twelve tables. The first divorce was the case of Sp. Carilius Ruga, who put away his wife for barrenness, yet received the condemnations of the simple republicans.

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A Real Summer Hotel.

(Cor. New York Mall and Express.) Of the days I spent in exquisite coolness and comfort in the delightful Cuban houses, there was none when I did not reflect how strange a thing it is that our summer hotels and summer cottages in this country are not built upon the tropic plan.

The most delightful lodgings I ever inhabited were in a hotel in Mantanzas. My bed-room had a floor of tiling at least fifteen and perhaps twenty feet below the ceiling.

A little window high in the opposite wall provided for the circulation of air. When the door was open I saw beyond the little covered gallery that led to all the rooms around a central court, a tropic garden at my feet and the clear sky overhead.

The The Early Heiser a Nuisance. (San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones.") I remember many years ago reading a most sensible article in an English paper on its early rising.

As a positive fact the early riser is a nuisance. In these days when life only begins after dinner, the man who rises with the lark breaks up everything.

The Italian Army has for some years been known as a legion of benedictos. For many years it was a royal rule that no officer holding his majesty's commission should marry unless he possessed a certain amount of private income.

A Burial in Palestine. (Jaffa Cor. Kansas City Journal.) The other day a tomb was opened, and I had the surprise of discovering that as it would seem, might have been dissolved by the hand of the executioner.

In the times of Christ he announced that divorce ought to be restrained to the single cause of adultery, and when his disciples expressed surprise his reply was, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

When the power of the church of Rome was becoming firmly grounded, the doctrine was taught that marriage was a sacrament. For a time this doctrine was rejected by the civil tribunals, but when the church had gained strength enough to take from the civil authorities the jurisdiction of marriage and divorce, the revolution was complete.

Marriage became a religious ordinance, and no power except that of the church itself could dissolve it.

Tell Us of Our Sins. (New York Hour.) Here is a chance for the ministers. When they come home from their long vacations let them omit to tell us what they have seen abroad or in the mountains, but at the seashore. Let them take the people to task for their little sins; don't let us have any doctrinal sermons or theological discourses; let us have undiluted Christianity, which denounces lying, dishonesty, trickery, undue advantage over one's neighbor, inconstancy and all kinds of wrong-doing.

Where Nature Humps Her Back. (Cor. Denver News.) While on earth I never expect a view more glorious than on Gray's Peak. Can't you see on the mountain, and when it is more the stub of a 5-cent pencil, in some sphere of the future there is a panorama more grand in its roughness, more magnificent in its extent and less adapted to general transportation, no wonder that the inhabitants have wings.

The Strength of Growing Birch. [Exchange.] There is a birch tree in York, Me., only about forty feet high, two roots of which have been able to lift some twelve inches a block of granite computed to weigh twenty tons.

Philadelphia Call: A patent device for fastening a neck-tie has just been sold to a company for \$1,000,000. It will keep the necktie in place by leaping with the collar it is worth it.

"OUR OLD MAMMY."

(Detroit Free Press.) "What's that for?" asked a Free Press man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.

"For her?" "What her?" "The story told and the driver got down with a 'Good morning, mammy,' and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car."

"Did you pay for her?" "Yes." "By?" "Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill?"

"Yes." "Well, two years ago he was one of the longest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled and lost all the other virtues lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have brought him, but something happened."

"What?" "He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught an eye dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out: 'Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!'"

"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, without suffering a solitary warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?" "She lives away out, along with a daughter. Mary's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we're sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her a nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?" "Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said: 'My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!'"

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She had something to say to most of the boys, and I remember each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of us that Providence had a hand in it."

A Wonderful Dream. (New York Times.) A correspondent in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming. "In the summer of 1822, when an undergraduate of Trinity college, Cambridge, I was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting-rooms it was customary for each resident's bed maker or porter officer to carry his water kettles for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen and bring it back with water boiling. On one occasion I had overlept my usual hour, and I dreamed a dream which I never forgot. A country farmyard well known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep, and all the animals usual to be found in a farmyard, followed by a north country drover with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived the auditory sounds and the intellectual contemplation of the matter. The bed maker was at my chamber door called me as: 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had been confused; there had been no reasoning; but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination."

The Verbiage of the Courts. (New York Tribune.) "I was in court a few days ago," said a time-worn litigant, "when a young lawyer, arguing before Judge Joseph Barnard, read from one of the papers in the case including the usual verbiage. The judge suggested a briefer statement of the point, probably believing, with the judge of the supreme court in the anecdote, that justices may be presumed to know something of the forms of law. The young man then stated his point in plain and condensed English. The idea then struck me, when I thought it possible to reduce the law of all the summery verbiage now employed."

"In actual proceedings before a magistrate this verbiage is discarded as absolutely unnecessary in argument; yet it is religiously maintained in all matters of pleading and in all orders, injunctions, etc., granted by the courts. Half the delays grow out of the use of verbiage. Half the quibbles out of which some unscrupulous lawyers make their living are based upon this needless use of unnecessary words." A lawyer who was present could give him no encouragement to look for a speedy reform; on the contrary, he irreverently said that the verbiage of the law was as necessary to the existence of the lawyers as the summery of some religions was to the success of its advocates and ministers.

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