AUTUMN DAYS.

A wealth of beauty meets my eye Yellow and green, and brown and white, In one vast biaze of glory fill My happy sight.

The rick-robed trees, the ripening corn, Bright colored with September fire— Fulfillment of the farmer's hope And year's desire,

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds Of bird and bee and running brook; And plenteous fruits hang ripening round Where'er I look.

The mellow sp'ender softly falls On morning mists and evening dews, And colors trees and flowers and clouds With thousand bues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed! I watch ye gathering side by side, Like armies, in the solemn skies, In stately pride. I love the woods, the changing woods,

Fast deepening down the russet glow, When autumn, like a brunette queen, Rules all below. The soul of beauty haunts the heavens,

Nor leaves for long the warm-faced earth, And like a kind mother, the kind air To life gives birth. But death rides past upon the gale,

And blows the rostling golden leaves; They whirl and fail, and rot and die, And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O sutumn days-farewell! Ye go; but we shall meet again, As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

— William Cowan.

POLES APART.

Dick Fellowes flung himself back against the frail door-post of the summer house till the airy building rocked to its foundations.

may not seem much to you, but at least it is the best I have to give," he said, earnestly, looking very white and hurt.

Stella Howard, sitting sweet, and ealm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced toward her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder.

Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if It came out of the ark. Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella did not mind his clumsy, little attentions when no more interesting was at hand; but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer working on the new ra lway line! a creature who couldn't sing or ride, or play billiards; who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was forever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter! Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Colonel Howard's only daughter, and she heartily wished she had never suggested his being invited to dinner-at which he had overturned a glass of chablis over her new lace flounce-or consented to show him the garden in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.

"I don't know what to say. told you it isn't the least use, Mr. Fellowes; your life and mine are poles collar and the grace of self-possession spart; we can't make them meet. I'm in his every movement. Dick had red very sorry you should be pained. Try hands and big boots and suggested a not to show her disdain too plainly.

"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the A moment and then he raised his blood rushing to his temples. "No, head and she caught the old merry you are so cruci!"

And he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have What curiously abrupt manners he had, thought she, as she made her way to the drawing room through the sweet scented roses to sing the song Captain . Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table. How odd to go without b dding good-by! And he was leaving Churistone the next day, she

Captain Thurlow's polished manner ras a pos tive relief after such behavor, and as he turned the pages of the Bohemian Girl!" and murmured comdiments into Stella Howard's well leased ear D ck Fellowes and his wooag faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.

Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with the scheme of some proposed Government works, and he was called 'Mr. Fellowes, the well known and r sing engineer.' Dick rising! Dick famous! Stella

was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.

But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Colonel Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penn less orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she was living. Even in her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Captain Thurlow. Surely there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fall her.

But Captain Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the pretty daughter of his reputedly wealthy Colonel and Miss Howard the penniless orphan. H s engagement to a Lancash re manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortn ght; and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart, which seemed full to everflowing: there sounded in her ears, as if it were a proyheey, Dick Fellowes' parting words:

"No one will ever love you as

Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on the recollection of that wooing as time went on? In the old days life had held to much love for her that Dick's seemed thing little worth the having; now that she was that lonely thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be

a very kind and gentle one. Not that her lot was as hard as that

of many: indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink and nothing to complain of, except that her life had passed her She tried to do her duty, to teach, the children well and wisely, to help

and society cares. The house was to be full for regatta as usual, and Stella had proffised to give up her holiday till they were all gone again. She was writing notes for a great garden party when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excite-

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think! Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie. Isn't it lovely!" they cried. "And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard, very composed-

ly, directing another envelope. "Not know our Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him. He plays tennis with us, and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls. Fancy, mamma, Miss Howard does not know our own darling Sir Richie!"

"Miss Howard has been out of society so long that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes," responded Mrs. Boucher.

The pen rolled over upon the newly addressed envelopes and ruined two.
"Sir Richard Fellowes?" was all M ss Howard could gasp out.

"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetey conferred a few months ago, when he finished his great railway I ne to Thibet; and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you've never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season, young, "Say one kind word, Stella. My love rich and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here, even for a flying visit; but my husband and he are old friends, and he is wonderfully fond of the children. Can it be that you have never heard of him, really?"

"I--I met him some years ago," Stella managed to falter. Gladly would Stella have hidden herself in her distant school room that night and pleaded neuralgia or any other synonym for a broken heart rather than enter the crowded drawing room, whence the soft flow of voices and laughter floated out from the open win-dows over to her own room in the wing.

But Mrs. Boucher had told her that they would want some singing, and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment is at stake.

Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing room behind a tray of coffee cups and hid herself in a sheltered nook near the

At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose shaded lamps threw so dim a light; then she grew aware of a group of smiling, interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attentions to a tall figure in their midst. Could that be Dick Fellowes-that broad shouldered man with the brown mustache and close cropped, curly head, who moved and spoke like a man confident of his own powers and used to succeed and please? Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the shapely cut of his coat to forget it all," she answered, trying bull in a china shop. Was there some mistake after all?

that's not likely. I tell you while you smile and the flash of the quek, gray live no man will love you as I have eyes; and half blinded and bewildered done. Good-by, Stella; I can't stand with a rush of recollections, Stella any more. Heaven bless you, although | made her way to the piano in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's smile and nod.

Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days?" It was Dick's stopped him, even had she so wished. faverite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her. Her voice shook so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought their hostess had a good deal overpraised her governess' style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that tremolo kind of manner so many girls affected.

As she rose from the piano stool her eyes met those of Sir Richard, who was standing blose to the piano. There was nothing beyond the most easual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and Stella got away somehow to her own quarters to find vent for the passionate flow of tears that overcame all her self control.

The next day was to be the grand garden party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils. Ethel and Maud, wild with delight hastened her out to the tenn's lawn long before any one could possibly be expected to arrive.

"Just one I ttle game before the peo ple come to the grounds, M ss Howard. You know we may not play when all the grown up people are here, and we do so want a little, tiny game," begged

the children. Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown and the difficulties of tennis when combined with long gioves and plumed hat, vainly endeavored to

"Only a little scrap of play. Ah! you know you can't refuse," they said. And Stella was forced to laugh and

yield to their entreaties. So that was the picture that met the eyes of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubbery path, among the fragrant syringas, and turned the corner of the terrace steps-a girl's figure in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun against the trees and shrubbery; a shade hat which threw into relief the crisp, bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheek, a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white-winged pigeons toward the dark blue sky. He stopped short, as if spellbound.

"Oh, sir, Richie, vou're just in time! Come along and have a game with Miss Howard-do, do!" cried the children. Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint

and giddy and she felt herself grow white to the very lips. "No, no, young woman," she heard the voice that was so like, yet so unlike, the voice of other days say: "Miss Howard won't play with me-she never

Then he turned to her with a sudden change from the laugh ng tone:

"Have you hurt your arm? I am afraid I startled you;" and he came forward hastily. But Stella drew away as he ap-

proached. "Nothing-it is nothing; pray don't Mrs. Boucher with her numerous guests | trouble me," she said, almost crossly. And as a stream of gayly dressed and began to spread themselves over

She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she should be digressing.

But concerning school. I have no was overtaken.

is nothing.

And in another moment the little bruised wrist, from which he had surrendered.

"Sit down here," was the order, and

Could it be Dick? Was it not all a hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.

The splash of water in the old stone the pines overhead were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness.

quite alone. Did Dick remember the last time world. they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step

by her side. "Stella, do you shrink from me still? been reading and dreaming about. After all the years I have been working I mention the clothes because you and toiling to be worthier of you, am I will so muss them in your travels that slowly and gravely.

the shrinking figure at his side. face grew graver still, and he bit his

asked, after a pause.

Still no answer. With a sudden impulse, Sir Richard stooped and peered under the broad hat which hid her face from him.

"What! crying. Stella!" He was on his knees beside her on the moss. "Have I made you cry?" My darling! my own!" He was trying to take her in his

self. "Ah, Dick, I told you once that our lives were poles apart; it was false then, but it has come true," he murmured, brokenly.

above me in all things. But love can attempt at a radical change. bridge any gulf, Stella. Won t you let Yes, put up with it, my bo me try? It is my trade, you know." And then she struggled no longer. "Dick," she whispered, by and by,

remember what you said that night at an ass. - H. W. Field, in Detroit Free Churlstone? You told me no n.tn Press. would ever love me as you had done. I didn't belive it then, but I know now that you were right."

say-only I put it in the wrong tense. What I should have said was not 'as I have done, but as I do, and as I shall the views of these experts. The scikeep on doing as long as the world entists agree on the following points: shall last.' And that would have been truer st ll, my guiding star; so let it stand like that in the future."

And that point was settled without opposition once and for always .- this tion.

Fattening Swine.

Mr. A. B. Allen, who founded the editor, is now spending the evening of his days on his farm near Toms River, N. J. As in early years, he is devoting very much of his attention to stock raising, and in the November number he gives the following advice about fattening swine.

Swine should be pushed forward now in mild weather as fast possible, as they will gain flesh much more rapid on the same quantity of food than in freezing weather. During the fattening process it has been found highly beneficial to feed a moderate quantity of pumpkins, for when this is done they assist the digestion of the gran or meal given the swine, and enables them to more perfectly and economically turn it into flesh, thus saving a considerable percentage in the consumption of food. Pumpkins, or, what are richer and better, winter squashes, ought to be grown especially for this purpose by all swine keepers. Aside from this, they are excellent for the store stock, as they will do well if fed alone on these -that is, provided they are of a good,

quiet breed. When pumpkins are not on hand a The last are very poor feed for this ognize the right to subsistence by a le purpose, being better for cattle, gal provision for the poor-whereby Grass, and especially clover, is an excellent substitute for roots, so long as tumn, but when turned out to this, the protect themselves from dew and frost alleviate their lot, or teach them, as

storias. the rate of one-half to a third of one of est are or runed by a flood, and yet thus together. Such feed increases the readiness with which men and women proportion of tender, juicy, lean streak- devote their leisure, thought and ening the fat, which is essential to pro-duce a fine quality of hams and bacon. institutions, the succor and nursing of If fat pork for salting and barreling a community stricken with pest lence, alone is wanted, then pure corn, whole the efficient distribution of public subor ground into coarse meal, is the best scriptions, are above praise. A careful roots, harley or rye, as recommended put our own boasted lavishness to

A Chat With My Boy.

My dear boy, this is your 12th birthday, and to commemorate the happy event I want to give you some whole some advice.

I have observed that physically and mentally you are ripening under the democratic influences of a free school, and I wish to encourage you in this atpeople emerged from the conservatory tention to study. If it were not for studiousness on the part of our boys this the terrace and approach the lawn great country would be destitute of a Stella turned and fled into the shrub- logislative congress. Of course, I don't intend to say how much better it would be without a congress, for in that I

"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a doubt that you can whip the teacher, tone that was certainly not Dick's—it should occasion demand, but don't do was too commanding. "I do not want it. Content yourself with assuring the to contradict you, but I can't believe it boys of the fact, and learn to let him have his way. If, however, sometime you should be determined to tender him a chastisement, choose some boy stripped the glove, was in Sir Richard's whom you dislike and persuade him to firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly do it; the result could not be other than gratifying.

You are now approaching a crisis in she found herself placed on the mossy life. At your age a boy begins to grow step of the old fountain, while with in love with himself, and at 18 he has quick, deft fingers Sir Richard dipped what a cold, unfeeling world calls the his handkerchief in the cool, clear b g-head. I trust to you to be rid of it water, and bound it round the slender before you are 21, but if not, by that time it will have become chronic, and you will find that an unsympathetic mooking dream? Stella could only public will, at every opportunity, take

occasion to punch it. At your time of life men, things and books are in league to take youthrough basin and the mysterious whisper of a systematic course of lies. Some day you will think that home and the old folks are slow, and some night, in the The tennis was too far off for them still watches, you will get up from a to hear the merry players; they were sleepless pillow, tie a few clothes in a handkerchief and start out to see the

Now, don't take the clothes, and don't come back until you get a good look at that great old fraud you have

no nearer the goal than when we last your mother will have them to wash parted? Must I ask in vain, as I did when you come back. But I want you then, for the least little word?" he said to go when you get ready-I wouldn't give a copper for a boy who hadn't at Not a movement, not a sound from some time taken it into his head to run His away.

You have often expressed the wish to be a man, but don't hurry old Father "Am I to go away again, then?" he Time. His knees are shaky and his limbs are rheumatic, but his gait is deceptive. Be a boy as long as you can and when you are a man don't let the public see that you have forgotten about it.

Try to be sensible, and, if anything conservative, but let man and boy call you plain Bill all your life.

Have a head of your own. If you don't believe that the sun is stationary arms, but she struggled to free her- and that the world turns, say so. You will be respected, even while you are asked for your proof. Try to bear with the world, as you

will be obliged to leave it pretty much as you found it. Remember it has been "If it had, which I deny, the rela- running along in the same groove for tive positions would be the same. You several thousand years, and that the are, as you have always been, a world public would be likely to discourage any Yes, put up with it, my boy. Some-

day when you are a man, and feel compelled to flog a boy of about your present build, think it over, and if you have when conversation had had time to be not found my advice to be for the best, come a trifle less absorbing, "do you you may conclude that your father was

Honest Scientists.

The Charleston earthquake has "D.d I say that?" he asked, laugh- caused the leading scientists of Europe ing. "Well, yes, I was right, I dare to give the world the full benefit of their studies in seismology.

It will be of interest to summarize First. The causes of earthquakes are not known.

Second. No accurate prediction can be made of their time, place and dura-

*Third. No connection has been traced between the weather and earthquakes.

Volcanoes and earthquakes are both American Agriculturist nearly fifty due to the same general cause. The years ago, and was for many years its globe passes through periods of special volcanic activity, and these periods range in duration from two to twenty vears. We are passing through such a period now, and it has already lasted SIX Vears.

It is believed that there is an earth split under Charleston and the earth in that locality has been in slow motion for many years. It may be centuries, however, before any severe convulsion

Perhaps the most threatening spot in the country is in Wyoming territory. The gevsers there will probably develop into active volcanoes, but the change is not likely to take place for some hundreds of years to come.

Our friends, the scientists, have not added to our stock of earthquake lore, but they deserve our thanks all the same. It is something in these days to find men honest enough to admit that they know nothing .- Atlanta Constitu-

American Pauperism and Charity.

No people are so tender, so generous, so lavish of active sympathy toward the sick, the bereaved, and the few roots may be given raw, of which unfortunate. In states which, probbeets and carrots are better than pota- ably from an instinct under their cirtoes, ruta-bagas, or common turnips. cumstances just and wise, refuse to recfit-nevertheless paupers by the visitait remains green and growing in au- tion of God, the aged and infirm, the blind, the deaf and dumb, lunatics and swine ought to have a warm shed, into idiots, are amply provided for by public which they can come when fed and to and private charity, with all that can during the night as well as from far as possible, the means of self-dependence. American charity toward To make superior hams and bacon, the victims of great natural catastrocorn should be maxed with oats or par- phe, far more common there than ley, or perhaps rye might answer, at here, communities burned out by a forthe latter to the former, and ground more the personal sacrifices made, the feed, jo ned with some pumpkin or study of transatlantic examples might shame - British Quarterly Review.

Fun About the Judge.

'Lias Bugson, the hue of whose complexion has gained for the old man the nickname of Pitch, came to the city some time ago and called upon a law-

"You want a divorce, I suppose," said the lawyer when 'Lias entered. "Dat's it, sah, but how did yer

"Well, there is such a rush for divorces that I thought you might belong to the crowd. They all come to me. Upon what grounds will you apply for a divorce?"

Zertion." "Desertion, ch?"

Dat's it. Now, how much yer gwine charge me?"

"I won't be hard on you. I'll take the case for ten dollars? "An' not charge me nothin' lessen

ver git the 'vorce?'

'Lias, after a moment's reflection, "I kain' go inter sich er trade ez dat. It's too bindin' on merse'f."

"Oh, I'll have to charge you any

"Are you sure that you can prove desertion?"

"Jes ez sho ez I is dat I's libin'." "Well, if I gain the case give me ten dollars. If not, you needn't give me anything.

"Pears like it's sorter too much on ver own side vit. Now, lemfoe tell ver. I'se er sort o' er bizniz pusson, an' I'll 'gree ter die fack wid yer. Ef I prove 'zertion an' yer den doan git de vorce, yer mus' gin me five dollars, an' if yer does git it. I'll gin yer ten. Mine, now, dat ef I kain' prube de 'zertion, I doan claim nuthin'."

"Willful desertion?"

"Yas, sah, "Well, I believe I'll take that." "All right, sah, les put de money

The money was given to a stake holder, and the bill for divorce was filed. When the trial came on, the lawyer, whispering to his client, said: "You'd better make a statement, and then let the witnesses be introduced.' "I doan b'lebe de witnesses is o' any

"'Case de eou't'll take my word." The lawyer laughed. The negro was called upon to make a statement.

"Genermen o' dis hear cou't", said he, "I said dat dar wa'nt no use in witnesses case de cou't would take my word. Mr. Lawyer, I said dat I'd prube 'zertion in dis case, didn't 1?" "Yes

"Uh huh, dat's what I said, an' I'll "Introduce a witness," said the judge.

"No use, jedge." "Why?" "'Case I know dat I 'zerted de

lady. You deserted her?" "Yas, sah. Said dat I'd prube 'zer-

tion. Er haw, haw, stakeholder, gin me mer five dollars.' The judge, after hearing an explananation of the arrangements, said:

'Give him the five dollars." "Thankee, judge," said the negro when he had received the money. Thankee, sah. Yer see, I wuz outer 'ployment, an' knowin' dat dis heah lawyer is allus airter niggers ter git 'vorces, I thought I'd work him er lit-

pose," said the judge. "Bless yer soul, no sah. Dar ain't no nigger in de country dat's got er

better lady den I has. "And you were merely playing with the court?" "Dat's all, sah. Er haw, haw! Oh,

dar's er heep er fun er bout dis ole nig-"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "enter

up a fine of fifty dollars against Mr. 'Las Bugson. "Good Lawd, jedge, what fur?"

"For playing with the court. "Oh," mimicing the negro, "dar's er heap er fun er bout dis old jedge."-Arkansaw

Morsels of Gastronomy. Canned turtle meat has come into general use now for green turtle soup. Advanced epicures now hold that to eat jelly on game, save quail, is a her-

Oysters fried in oil are the craze, and said to be better that way than in any other.

Frogs' legs are usually high and there is what may be called appropriate kicking. Game increases in supply and grows better in quality as the autumn days

It is only the brave and courageous people at hotels who ever eat bread pudd ng.

roll on.

Boston lettuce has come to market again, the "white heart" to the delight of salad-enters. Several new wrinkles in cuisine are

traced to Sherry a Lenox and the caterer at Tuxedo. Now is the time when the gastronomic sportsman goes hunting. like

Dixey, for Welsh rarebits. Red pepper on sardines is the latest gastronomie "fad," and is supposed to take the place of lemon.

In Washington, next winter, the price of terrapin will be contingent upon Mr. Whitney's receptions. Celery and cranberries have come,

and the gobble gobble of the turkey is heard in the Thanksgiving land. Caterers and hotel stewards say six out of ten people nowadays insist upon having cheese with the r pie.

crust of the bread cut off, and are shaped in every way but the old New England pattern. It is "Maryland, quite Maryland," to eat thick slices of fried hominy with duck, no matter of what quacking va-

Modern sandwiches have all the

riety. Our Italian fellow-citizens are quite hilarious over the advice given in the daily papers as to the best way to cook

macacont. An old gastronomic tale in a new gown is that about the Yale professor Express.

He Was One and All.

While the train waited at a small station in Missouri, I called at the office of the local paper and was met at the door by a tall man who wore a swarthy shirt and a hat made during

the 99th Olympiad. "Where is the editor?" I asked.

"I'm the editor." "Ah! Then, will you show me your office? I also am a journalist"

"Well, pilgrim," there isn't much to show, unless you are fond of gazing at an old hand press that wheezes like it had the asthma when I run it, and punches holes through the paper in the vain attempt to do printing. "Where is the large and efficient

corps of assistants? "Haven't any. The only assistant I ever had, worked a week, and is now sueing me for his wages." "Have you no reporter?"

"Certainly not. There is nothing to report around here. Once there was dog fight, but it happened away in the dim, dead past, and has been written up so often that when I touch the subject, the village sexton rings the church-bell to warn me that it is a chestnut."

"Who operates your hand-press?" "I do. I had a boy to do it once, but when he heard the harsh, unnatural mouning of the machine, be laughed in a weird way and went out

a drivelling maniac." "Who solicits advertisements for

"Nobody. People don't advertise here. I carry three patent medicine ads., however. One is for a cough syrup, another for a liquid glue, and one for a liver pad. They pay in merchandise. I have three cords of liver pads in the back yard, and I live on cough syrup. I am trading the liquid glue to a furniture dealer, to pay my funeral expenses when this poor, lisping, stammering tongue is planted in the grave. If you feel chilly you can go out and strap a few pads about you, and you are welcome.

"Do you do job printing?" "No; there isn't any to do. I printed a horse bill for a man once, with a cut of the horse in the center, but when it saw the bill it fell to the ground a corpse, and the owner wouldn't pay

"Have you many subscribers?" "Yes, but they never pay anything. One farmer brought me a dozen eggs last week, but they were of the coinage of 1832, and the perfumery that was stored in them gave me the catarrh."

"Who is your office boy?" "I am. When I get through moulding public opinion, and d scussing the pertinent topics of the day, I sweep out the office and go round delivering the paper to subser bers. After that I engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the press for another week's issue, and when my weary form sinks beneath it's load of toll and care, I go down cellar and refresh myself with a draught of cough syrup. It is a sad life, stranger, and if you have a job worth six dollars a week hoeing corn, I advise you to stick to it."-The Whip.

Short Essay on Locks.

Since the time when primeval man possessed something worth stealing there have been locks. Adam had to lock up his hen-roost as soon as he "You didn't want a divorce, I sup- had any neighbors, and Eve-n before that day was he not locked out of the Garden of Eden?

The lock is a perpetual emblem of man's mherent dishonesty, for if he was never seized with a desire to possess that which did not belong to him there would be no locks. Their origin is coexistant with the possession of property. There have been nations without a knowledge of locks, but they had nothing worth carrying off.

Among the most noted locks in Bible times were the locks of Absolom, but as he was hanged on account of them they must have been a fraud. Defeated by the enemy he bolted, but the bolt didn't save him. Very celebrated, too, were Sampson's

locks, indicating great strength, but they were picked one day by an expert female safe blower, named Delilah, to whom Sampson, in a moment of weakness, had revealed the combinat on. The earliest lock of which the construction is known is the Egyptian, which was in use 4,000 years ago. As the key to it is in hieroglyphics we cannot give it here. Nor can we state the price of an Egyptian lock, but the high-

It is a single lock allowed to grow long and hang down the back. It is called a Bank locks used to be considered burglar proof as a rule, but what is urgently demanded now is a bank lock that will keep the president or eashier from

er the lock the hierogl phic, of course.

The Chinese lock is a very s mple affair.

stealing. There is many a celebrated loch in Scotland, while in England they have Locke on the Understanding, which will probably prevent many Englishmen from comprehending the full purpose and scope of this essay .- Texas Siftings.

The More Eligible Man.

Two men were discussing the availabilities of their favorites for chaplain of the Arkansaw house of representatives. "My preacher is entitled to the place," said one man. "He was a brave soldler in the Confederate army and_ "That's nothing," the other broke

in, "mine was in both armies." "That's all very well, but you see mine is blind in one eye and therefore needs the place. "Mine is blind in both eyes."

"Yes, but you see mine is deaf." "That's nothing, mine is deaf and dumb.

"Well, now, since you begin to talk about fitness for the position, let me tell you that my candidate is deaf, dumb and paralyzed." "That amounts to nothing. Mine is

deaf, dumb, paralyzed, has a bad cold and is in debt; suffers from a loss of memory and can't eat anything. who is recused of buttering his water- Don't talk to me for I have the most melon for dinner .- New York Mail and eligible man in the race."-Arkansam Traveler.