

### POOR UNCLE SANDY.

How He Rewarded the Kindness of His Generous Benefactor.

It was when winter was just closing in, and the frost was making the planks crack and snap, that I met Uncle Sandy. He was of real old African stock, with a smile always covering his face, and he laughed heartily as he stopped me and said:

"Was just a-finkin' I was just a-finkin' dat if I should meet de angel Gabriel, an' he should ax me to walk wid him, an' dese yere butes should frow me down, how 'shamed de ole man would be of hisself—yah! ha! ha!"

He held up one foot and then the other. I could see his black toes peeping through the holes. I gave him some money to get repairs made, and it was three months before I ran across him again. Then I met him one biting cold day. He was without an overcoat. He remembered me, and he burst out laughing as he said:

"Got dem butes all fixed, but Gabriel didn't dun cum along yit."

"You couldn't walk far with him without an overcoat."

"Dat's so, mas'r. If Gabriel should cum I'd hev to take him whar 'dar' was a fish—yah! ha! ha!"

Between Uncle Sandy and myself and a second-hand dealer the old fellow got an overcoat—the first he ever had. If you give to charity you like to give to those who neither demand it nor seem to expect it. That gives you a chance to surprise them, and a word or two of gratitude is ample recompense.

When spring came I met Uncle Sandy for the third time. It was slushy and sloppy, and the old boots were rent and worn. There is an 'aid even to an old boot. You may peg and patch and cobble, but the day comes when the leather loses its life.

"Looking for Gabriel?" I asked as he was about to pass by.

"Oh! dat's you, is it? Yah! ha! ha! No, I isn't lookin'. I'm jist hopin' he won't cum. Dese yere ole butes hev gone at last. Doan' want to make Gabriel 'shamed of me, you know!"

He was fixed up for boots, and one day, two months later, a boy came after me and I went with him to find Uncle Sandy on his dying bed.

"Gabriel ar' a cummin' purty soon!" he said, as he gripped my hand.

"And are the boots out of repair?" I asked.

"Tain't de butes dis time, mas'r. It ar' de soul! Ize ready to see him an' to walk wid him long de dark road. Kneel down yere. Ize ole an' pore an' ayin' an' 'dar's only one way I kin pay ye for whar ye hev dun for me."

And he put his black hand on my head and prayed:

"Oh! Gabriel, dis yere white man shod me an' clothed me an' fixed me up, dat I might walk wid ye if ye happened dis yere way. 'Seuse his faults, forgive his sins, an' when de ho'n blows an' he cum up to walk in at de gate, doan't stop him. I'll be dar to guide him in, an' I'll tell de Lord all about it, an' please doan' make no mistake—amen!"—*Detroid Free Press.*

**Not Very Particular.**  
Mrs. Shopper—Let me see something in dress goods.  
Mr. Tape—Yes'm; what kind can I show you?  
Mrs. Shopper—Oh, I'm not particular at all. It's only for a kind of knock-about dress that I want it. Most any thing will do. But, of course, I don't want it too light or too dark, something about medium. No, I don't want a stripe, I never wear stripes. Something in—No, I don't think I'd care for a plaid, and the checked piece is of rather better quality than I'd like for such a dress. I'd like something at from fifty to sixty, or, perhaps, sixty-five cents a yard. No, I don't want any thing with a polka dot in it, nor a trikot, nor serge, nor cashmere. I'd rather not have a solid color at all. No, that piece is hardly as good as I'd like, although I'm really not at all particular about it, as it is to be worn for common; still, I think I'll just run over to Ribbon & Satten's and see what they have.—*Detroid Free Press.*

### The Music of the Ancients.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only ram's horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sabet was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music; and yet, according to Josephus, they had 200,000 musicians playing at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died at such a concert in the greatest of agony.—*London News.*

—In trying to obtain a jury for a murder trial at Hudson, N.Y., the other day, the district attorney asked an Irishman if he would hang a man if he thought he was guilty of murder.

"Shure, it wouldn't be me that would hang him, it would be the sheriff," was the answer.

—A turkey gobbler at Darlington, S. C., sat upon some guinea fowl eggs, hatched a brood of chickens, and took proper care of them.

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

"Old Simpson" is an odd character at Wakefield, Mass., who is worth \$1,000,000, but lives the life of a pauper.

—Sir Morell Mackenzie was impelled to study medicine and surgery by the earnest advice of his widowed mother.

—The best-paid drummers traveling for Chicago houses are five men in the grocery trade, who receive salaries of from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year.

—Emperor William is said to be an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, smoking even at meals between the courses. He eats but little and seldom drinks wine, but takes quantities of tea.

—A generous patron was a lady who contributed to a fair held the other day. She brought a large number of useful and fancy articles to assist in the adornment of the tables, and after they had been accepted purchased them all herself.

—The lady who is reputed to be the most beautiful woman in San Francisco is the mother of two children, and although thirty looks like a girl of eighteen. She indulges in a sponge bath every morning and takes a brisk four-mile walk after lunch.

—O. J. Brown, an old-time stage-driver, celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary by driving eight horses, attached to a Concord coach, from his home in Claremont, N. H., over to Windsor, Vt., with seventeen of his oldest friends and neighbors as passengers.

—A Springfield (Ill.) business man whose check is good for a quarter of a million has never been able to read, and all his business transactions that involve figuring are carried on in his head. Yet he is not an illiterate man, for he talks well and few persons who meet him suspect his lack of the rudiments of education.

—Master Melbourne Grubb, who lives near Wytheville, Va., is thought by his parents to be the largest boy in America. He measures forty-seven inches around the waist, forty-four around the chest, twenty-four around the thigh and thirteen around the muscles of the arm. He is five feet two inches high and weighs two hundred and ten pounds and was ten years on July 3, 1888.

—A man living in an outlying district near Concord, N. H., recently opened a bank account in that city, depositing \$300. He was given a liberal quantity of checks, which he brought up ignorantly that he was soon used up and told that he had overdrawn. When asked to settle, with great indignation he made the characteristic reply: "Didn't you give me all these checks, which are not half used? If I owe you any thing I will draw a check and pay you."

### A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Miss Dollie Footlite, who made a complete dash on the trombone player, refers to him as the "great horn spoon."—*Terre Haute Express.*

—A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—After I finish breakfast at Mrs. Slindley's," remarked Chumley, "I feel like a martyr." "I see," observed Dumley; "you have suffered at the steak."—*America.*

—First dude—"Why do you hang two thermometers in the window?" Second dude—"My dear fellow, one is for the heat and the other is for the cold, you know. You ain't as well up in astronomy as I thought you was."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Ah, really, doctor, do you think a ship a good place for detectives to go in an emergency?" "Certainly, Mr. Fatwit; the very best." "Why so?" "Because detectives are always searching for clues and they can find more clues on a ship than any other place that I know of."—*Ocean.*

—Jawkins—"Want Softleigh to join our literary club? Why, I don't believe he ever read any thing but Mother Goose and the book of etiquette in his life." Hogz—"Ah, but then he has such a high forehead, you know, and wears his eyeglasses with such a very intellectual air!"—*Judge.*

—"I've brought back that ring I took yesterday on approval," he said to the jeweler. "What was the trouble; didn't it fit?" "No," he said, sadly. "I thought—well, that is—well, you see, brought it for a certain finger, but she wouldn't wear it on that, so I've come back with it."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

—"Not an expert—First tramp—"You look right respectable this morning, Joe." Second tramp—"Well, I ought to. I paid ten cents for a shave and clean up." First tramp—"Can you get cleaned three times for a quarter?" Second tramp—"Indignantly!"—"How do I know? I never got cleaned three times, yit."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Newspaper man—"Did you see that clever little puff I gave you this morning about your recent success in business, and how well you are doing?" Potts (gloomily)—"Yes, I saw it." Newspaper man—"Well, weren't you pleased?" Potts (earnestly)—"Shears, there were seven creditors at my house this morning before breakfast!"—*Texas Siftings.*

—In Zanzibar not long ago there was a race between a zebra and an ostrich. The riders were cruel in the extreme, and it was painful to see the stripes that the zebra was compelled to carry. The ostrich was in high feather at first, but when the zebra came out ahead, it went and buried its head in the sand, though perhaps if it had had more sand it might have won the race.—*Texas Siftings.*

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The amount of strength exercised in an ordinary hand-shake is eleven pounds.

—The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest, or Gurisankar, of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,002 feet above the sea level.

—A Georgia lover, when refused by his adored, whipped out a razor and sliced off one of her ears. After this little evidence of affection she concluded she would have him.

—Here is a new field open for the industry of woman. A lady in Minneapolis makes a good living by teaching whist, and a lady at Camos, Idaho Territory, is a practical shoemaker.

—More sheep and lambs are killed in New York than in any other city in the world, over two million head being slaughtered annually, and, with the increasing demand for mutton and lamb, the chances are that she will continue to hold first place for some time to come.

—A man in Lowale, Ga., drove a piece of steel filing into his eyeball and a surgeon spent some time in vain endeavors to extract it. Finally he brought a powerful electro-magnet to his aid, by means of which the offensive particle was at once removed. It was over a quarter of an inch long and its entire length had been imbedded in the eyeball.

—A popular young Kansas City woman committed suicide because she fancied herself too homely to live. Her age was twenty-six. A few years ago she became imbued with a crushing sense of her homeliness and refused several offers of marriage because, as she said, she could not inflict herself upon any man. The peculiar phase of the matter is that she was far from being homely and was well to do in her own right.

—Twenty years ago, Mr. Jackson, of Kentucky, by some hocus-pocus, made his partner Tallafiero lose a good bit of money. Then the two separated, and in the course of time Tallafiero died. Very lately his wife received from Jackson the full amount of her husband's loss with legal interest thereon—along with the statement that the wicked partner had gone to Australia, and grown and flourished to equal its famous gum trees, but could not rest easy until he had restored what was lost by reason of him.

—The question as to what a "vegetarian" actually is having arisen in a discussion of vegetarianism in London, an expert gives the following definition: "A vegetarian is one who, for any reason, abstains from all foods and food adjuncts which are obtained only by the destruction or loss of animal life—i. e., the flesh of animals (fish, flesh and fowl), and the products of such flesh (dripping, gravy, lard, suet, animal and fish oils, etc.), and who may use, at his or her option, such animal products alone as are yielded by the animal kingdom without loss of life—i. e., milk and its products, eggs, honey, etc.—in addition to the food products of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms."

—The block system as it is now termed in railroad parlance, is simply the division of a railway into certain numbers of what are called telegraph districts, the distance between which is determined by the amount of traffic, and each block station has signaling instruments by which the signal man communicates with the box at each side of him. Now when a train enters any block a semaphore signal is lowered, and no train is allowed to follow until the one in front has reached the end of the block, when the signal is raised and at the same time lowered for the block ahead, etc. The block system in use in Europe and in this country generally employ mechanical devices for lowering and raising the outdoor signal, but these, it is thought, will eventually be replaced by automatic devices.

### Libel Suits Against Newspapers.

Every newspaper in the country which is, as the phrase goes, "worth a libel suit," knows by long experience that as the laws now stand in most of the States no matter how carefully a journal is edited it will have libel suits brought against it. The *Herald* tries its best to draw the line between exposure of public wrongs, which is the highest duty of a newspaper, and attacks on private character, which are inexcusable; and yet there is no year in which we are not threatened with ten or a dozen libel suits. There is a class of "shyster" lawyers who make it their business to annoy respectable newspapers in this way. They read the journals and where they imagine that a suit for libel will lie they run to the person concerned, magnify his wrong and urge his suit, offering to prosecute it for a share of the plunder. Of course in a great majority of cases such suits come to nothing. They have no justifying cause. But the shyster lawyer gets some money from his client, he annoys the newspaper and he makes his living.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### At the Church Fair.

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Gushaway, that you popped all this corn yourself?"

"I did, Mr. Spoonamore. The work was done in a good cause. Besides, I really enjoyed it."

(Tenderly) "The sound of popping is—is not disagreeable to you, Miss Gushaway?"

(With cold, business-like manner) "Not when it comes from popcorn. How many bags will you have, Mr. Spoonamore?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

### KNOWING PARROTS.

**One Knew How to Mourn and the Other Prophesied His Death.**  
Jim, who came from Mexico, is a wise bird. Just across the street lives a dignified brown spaniel, who rejoices in the name of "Curley." To vary the monotony of a long summer day, Jim will "lay himself out" to entrap the dog. First, he will whistle, using all the varying inflections usually held out to the dog kind. If this fails, he will call "Curlee, Curlee, Curlee!" in his most dulcet tones, which usually fetches the unwary animal.

The meditative attitude which Jim assumes, as the panting dog rushes into sight, is equalled only by the inquiring innocence of his expression.

Presently, catching sight of the "green bird that talks," Curly slinks disconsolately homeward, devoutly hoping that no one has seen him.

A well-known professor of biology, Dr. Steere, of Michigan University, has been spending the summer at the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of collecting rare specimens. Shortly before his return, he was presented with a fine young parrot, that had learned only a few English expressions, and those mostly current slang picked up from sailors.

On the home voyage he entrusted the bird to the care of a boy, who promised to see it well cared for. Like most other boys, his intentions were good but his judgment was at fault; for he hung the bird in a small, close room near the engine, "to keep it warm."

The next day the professor thought he would take a look at the parrot, and, accordingly, he was guided to the cage. What was his alarm and indignation to find the poor creature nearly dead with the heat.

He took it to his state-room and made all the effort in his power to save it. After he had worked over the suffering bird for a few moments it slowly raised its head, looked at him solemnly and gasped: "I'd sell myself for a cent." A moment later, and poor Poll, who had, pathetically enough, valued his condition aright, was dead.—*Detroid Free Press.*

### CHINESE CREMATION.

**A Sickening Spectacle Seen on the Roadside by a Traveler.**

The other day when riding into the city from the country I saw a strange sight indeed—let us call it cremation as practiced by the Chinese.

On the occasion referred to, in the midst of so much that was beautiful, appeared a sight most horrid and revolting. On a slight mound between the path and the lake lay a man upon his back. Round his head and the upper part of his body a little wood and straw were placed, which, when I rode up, were already in a blaze. The burning was being superintended by one man only, whose courage I was told was "very great." Although there were many passers-by, no one seemed to think much of what was going on. I rode nearer to make inquiries. The man, they said, was a Tartar, and he had only died the day before. Judging by the appearance of what was left of him I should think he was between twenty and thirty years of age. It was truly an awful sight. Beginning at his head, the intention evidently was to burn him inch by inch to his toes. But, worst of all, the heat of the fire, combined with the intense heat of a noontide August sun, had caused his body to swell.

Even from the path the dreadful state of the man's body could be distinctly seen. The only persons looking on in addition to the man, who, truly with "great courage," was stirring up the fire, were two men and a boy, who, holding their noses, surveyed the scene from a distance. I ought to have mentioned that the man lay upon his back, with one arm raised, pointing to the clear, blue sky. I am told that when those so lately dead are exposed to the heat of the fire their muscles contract and their bodies assume all kinds of strange attitudes. Sometimes a man will be raised to almost a sitting posture. As the cremations are very frequent and generally on the same spot there would be little difficulty in bringing some of the offenders to justice and thus put an end to these inhuman and barbarous spectacles.—*Hong Chow Cor. North China News.*

—At a Boston hotel the head waiter came out of the office and informed the learned and cultured clerk that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the clerk, "and propitiate him in some way—I leave it to you." Back went the waiter to the dissatisfied boarder and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get right out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

—Americans will not feel sensitive because they are charged in a new English book on America with "eccentricities of diet, excess in smoking, unhealthy heating of their houses and excessive shaving." The time has passed when any foreign criticism inflames the country with rapture or indignation.

—Two farmers were bargaining over a horse. Said the one to the other—"It's a guid horse, I'll say that, but I maun tell ye it has got ae wee bit faut; it's gien to rinnin' awa' wi' ye." "Ah, weel," said the other, "If that's a', it'll dae fine. Man, the last horse I had was gien to rinnin' awa' without me."

—A visiting Englishman describes our Presidential elections as a quadrennial contest to decide the question who shall be the National Private Secretary.

### TEACHING GOOD MANNERS.

**The Most Hopeless Task Which Mortal Man Can Undertake.**

But fine manners no code can teach. If they are conscious they become artificial, and are fine no longer. A man indeed may be taught to avoid grossness and impudence, and not to mistake them for ease. The youth who puffs a cigarette when he is walking with a lady, who is free and easy instead of scrupulously courteous in his address and tone, may be told that he is merely ungentelemanly vulgar; and if he choose he may correct his behavior; certainly he would correct it if the lady showed him that she required the correction. The impudence of young men generally reflects the weakness of young women. If they required courtesy there would be little insolent freedom of behavior upon the part of their cavaliers.

What may be learned in the cultivation of good manners must be acquired in the school of experience. It is, of course, a superficial and external knowledge which is so acquired, and its extent depends upon the power of accurate observation. Is it not Goethe's *Connoisseur* who asks to see the best pictures? But what determines the best? Is it the state of the owner, or their degree and kind of reputation? The manners which strike Daisy Miller as fine, and which she will emulate, are not those which would attract another. The manual, indeed, is the result of observation. It is a lesson drawn from experience, and its value depends, therefore, upon the fact that it is drawn by Daisy Miller or by another. The better rule is the more general one—not to think always how you are behaving, but always to cultivate that kindness of feeling, that generous sympathy and friendly understanding, which will unconsciously regulate behavior.

The lovely lady of whom we were speaking, whose sweet smile and good-morning children crossed the street to see and hear, had studied no manual, but was taught by her own kind heart. Had she been cold, selfish, haughty, supercilious, her manner, however dazzling, would have been icy. The manual will do no harm if you use it to correct obvious faults of behavior. But good manners spring from a good heart. They may be imitated, indeed. The manners of Aaron Burr were called fascinating. But they were chromo manners, the ingenious mimicry of deep and tender color. Gilding and plating there will always be. But we must remember that gold and silver are still the only precious metals.—*George W. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

### COUNTRY HOMES.

**A Contrast in Rural Family Life That Is Noticeable Everywhere.**

It has been my privilege to visit a great many rural homes. In some it seems no wonder that children grow up tired of the humdrum; for from morning till night the same routine prevailed day after day. They must do this and do that, and if a little tardy there was scolding, and when they did as directed there was never so much as a "thank you." Often I grieved for many a boy and girl just nearing manhood or womanhood, knowing that their hearts and minds were starved. See them come into the setting-room at evening time, after the day's work on the farm, or in the kitchen, and see them sit down so weary and spiritless, with nothing to interest them—no nice books or papers; no innocent games to quicken thought; no confidential talk with father or mother, perchance about some farm product which was to be raised or sold; no bright rooms to make home attractive. It was work, work, with no thought beyond "saving money"; the parents seemed to care only for what the children could help them "make"; and no part of the proceeds, however small, was given to the children, to encourage them to work, or to buy something which would gladden their lives.

Other homes were almost ideal. Bright rooms; books and papers; intelligent conversation; a general air of refinement; loving words between parents and children; perfect trust of the entire family. For each act, however trivial, the kind "thank you" was given, and a request was accompanied with an "if you please." No harsh words, hardening the temper of the young; and the day's toil was pleasure because the labor was appreciated. The heads of such families are rewarded by their children's love for them and of home, and there will be no need, or desire, to go to the homes of others, or to the streets for amusement; they will prefer their own homes. Most children have taste for the beautiful; give them some thing of beauty for their own—a picture, a book, an animal to pet, or whatever they incline to, and then witness the pleasure it will bring to them. Encourage the children in all that tends to ennoble; and in old age you can look upon sons and daughters refined, intelligent and a blessing.—*Alice, in N. Y. Tribune.*

### Two Charming Girls.

She—Do you not think, Mr. Horsey, that Clara Hendrix is a very charming girl?  
Mr. Horsey (with great delicacy)—Well, yes, Miss Phoebe, but you can give her ten pounds and beat her hands down.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Oats make the best grain food for young stock, and especially for calves and colts. If ground and fed with turnips (cooked) the young stock will thrive on such diet and grow rapidly.

### JAPAN'S SACRED DANCE.

**A Picturesque Ceremony Conducted by Young Priestesses.**

From Kasuga gate the upper avenue of lanterns leads the way to the Wakamiya shrine, dedicated to the early gods of the Shinto religion. Here the old custom of the sacred dance is kept up, and a group of young priestesses are waiting to repeat the measures danced by Uzume before the sun goddess' cave in prehistoric times. The little priestesses are all between the ages of nine and twelve, as timid, gentle and harmless little things as the deer that often stray in and watch them. Their dress is the old, old costume of the imperial court, a picturesque lower garment or divided skirt of the brightest cardinal red silk, that half covers the white kimono, with square sleeves and pointed neck, filled up high with alternate folds of red and white. When they dance they wear over this loose kimonos of white gauze, painted with the wistaria crest of the Kasuga temple, the front of the gauzy garment half covering the red skirt, and the back pieces trailing on the mats. Their faces are plastered so thickly with white paint that they lose all expression, and, following the old fashion, their eyebrows are shaved and two tiny black dots high up in the middle of their foreheads take their place. With lips heavily rouged the countenance is more a mask than any thing human. The hair is gathered together at the back of the neck and tied with loops of gold paper, and then folded in soft white paper, allowed to hang down the back. Long hair-pins, with clusters of wistaria and red camellia, are thrust across the top of the head, and fastened so that they stand out like horns over the forehead. In detail the costume is not pretty, but in its general effect it is singularly bright and picturesque.

One can have as many priestesses and as long a dance as he will pay for, and as soon as the money is handed over the two priests get into their ceremonial white gowns and high black hats and, sitting before the ancient drums, chant, pound and blow on doleful pipes an accompaniment for the little dancers. The sacred dance is solemn enough, and each dancer has a fan and a bunch of bells, from which hang long strips of bright-colored silks. They advance, retreat, glide to right and left, raise their fans, shake their sacred baby rattles, and with few changes in the measure repeat the same figures and movements for a certain length of time. If one pays more money they continue repeating the same thing, and the priests can wait the endless accompaniment by the hour. To us the dance is simply a curious and picturesque custom, but one should see the faces of the devout old pilgrims, who have hoarded up their money for months and often years for the trip, to know something of what it means to them. It is really pathetic to see their faces glowing and their eyes almost filled with tears at their satisfaction with the fine spectacle that is so rare an event in their lives, and which crowns their summer pilgrimage to the old shrines of their faith.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

### Where the Sun Does Not Set.

A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea is thus described: "The ocean swept away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun swung perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the floor, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

—"You don't know, Jehones," said his editorial visitor, "what the temptations are that assail the political journalist. Publishing your modest little society paper, as you do, you have to deal with a constituency unlike mine in every respect. Your manhood is not assailed. No attempt is made to buy you openly. You, my friend, have never been approached by any political emissary who wanted to purchase the support of your paper outright for \$500 to \$1,000, or some such paltry sum." "Never!" replied Jehones, with a wistful, yearning look.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Hartford is literary, but not geographical. When the bronze image of H. Wells found his present resting-place on Bushnell Park, this inscription was chiselled into the base: "Horace Wells, who discovered Anesthesia." And a pretty society girl, happening to pass that way, read the inscription and wrestled with the problem therein suggested until she reached home; and then, with her brows knotted with perplexity, she said to her sister: "Millie, where is Anesthesia?"—*Puck.*

—Leaves and dead branches return to the soil the same substance the trees take away.