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WHAT THE VIOLINS SAID.

["We're all for love," the violins said.

-Sidney Lanier. Do I love you! Do I tove you? Ask the heavens that bend above you, To find tanguage and to prove you

If they love the living sun. Ask the burning, blinding meadows If they love the falling shadows-If they hold the happy shadows When the fervid day is done

Lost amid the not field mazes, Lifting up their thirsty faces, If they love the summer rains Ask the linnets and the plovers,

In the nest life made for lovers-

Ask the trees and ask the clovers-Will they tell you for your pains? Do I, darling, do I love you? What, I pray can that behoove you! How in Love's name can I move you, When for Love's sake I am dumb!

If I told you, if I told you, Would that keep you, would that hold you, Here at just when I enfold you? If it would - nush, darling, come

-Engabeth Stuart Phelps

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried up, trascible man, and be used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel ear lappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders recorded in it and tell how bad the world

One day be had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen he tipped back in his chair, drew a red If you want a refreshing drink or a good cigar, drop in silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said

"Come, father we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it " Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles

What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?' said Blewitt. One of the boys looked astonished and said "Doin? Why we are getting ready

to cut the wheat Blewitt stared a moment and then said "Why in thunder don't you hitch on to that reaper and stop foolin with them

The boys looked at each other in surthe shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels

"Boys." said Elewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper? Charley, the second boy, looked at his

father pityingly and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad

'Why darn it." said Blewitt, "you can never run them bundles through a thresh-

'Threshin machine," said Charley; "why, you know as well as I do that I UnionTonsorial Parlors shall have to flait this wheat out mornings and nights while going to school this and nights while going to school this What ails you father?"

Blewitt, as we said got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down and 'Flail it out! It must be threshed

ready to ship on the cars next month " 'Cars, cars," said John, "don't know what ails you, father or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshin' machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now

Blewitt pinched himself to see if be was awake and strode angrily to the house As he approached it he heard a rumbling and roaring like wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning Who o o went the big wheel and Blewitt sank into a chair and velled

"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'Y" "Doin?" said his wife, "why, spinnin', of course I must get out forty yards of full cloth for you and the boys, and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder blades, and the legs were as wide as two bushel

"Well, I'll bedarned," was all he said. Dreamily he sauntered out again to the wheat field, and John bailed him. "Father, if you ain't goin' to help cut

the wheat, suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood?" Blewitt was composed, but he said: "I

had intended to burn coal in the sitting room and parlor, and not cut much "Coal, coal!" said John, angrily: "now

see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am goin' to git a doc-Elewitt began to think he needed one

himself Here his boys had never heard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars He felt of his full cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's arm. He took out his lance, and then Blewitt groaned again.

'I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will caim down and be all right." 'Don't you know bleedin' was played

out fifty years ago?" said Blewitt.
"How he wanders," said the doctor, and

Then he came to minself be heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with

a spindle as natural as life. What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?" said Blewitt from the Why don't you go down to Takem's at A'bany and get photographs?"
"Photographs," said the whole family; "what funny names be gets off in his

Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somehow out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so be just lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed that the fireboard was down and a fire was built in the firepiece A kettle was on the hearth and was covered

with live coals Soon he saw the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuits and he weakly said "Why don't you use the cook stove?" "Poor pa." said Angelina. "bow he wanders Cook stove.

Wonder what he means?" Blewitt closed his eyes and thought. Bayley his new neighbor, was a man be could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him, so he called his wife and told her to send over for him "Why, you know," said Mrs Blewitt,

Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years "ln-jail-for-debt," said Blewitt,
"here we are again I have been transplanted I give up. but, say, here is two cents You send a letter down to brother

John and he will be up here in a day or two "Why, husband, the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and further-more, it will cost a shilling-twelve

cents-to send a letter to Albany "Say." said Blewitt. "just bury me, will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage coaches twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then!"

There goes another new word," said his wife in a solemn voice, and she wetted a cloth and laid it on his forehead, as she repeated to herself. "'Telegraph:' what a funny word!

Blewitt was in despair Could it be that all the common things of life were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in front of his house! He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well sweep Along the other side of the road ran a dense forest He was willing to swear that he had once owned a nice meadow where that wood was. Backed up against the log fence was an ox cart with a neap as large as a young liberty pole Down cellar he could hear the banging of an old fashioned churn. He looked up the road to the east and saw the road was full of great hemlock and pine stumps and over it the doctor

was coming on horseback, with saddle Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose from the lounge and went to

the door to consult with his wife Maria, said he, "there has been enough of this foolishness You stare at everything I talk about, and I can't locate myself, or seem to fay in with my surroundings Now will you just answer me

one question?" Certainly I will if I understand it," "Well then who is president of these

Why. John Adams, of course," she Blewitt sank down and whispered Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin round the circle?"

No. never. " she answered.

ere United States?

"Then all right Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away up garret. I have got through " said Blewitt, and he went back to the lounge and fell asleep. When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were stirring around, getting ready for meeting. His wife, of whom he was somewhat proud, had put on a dress with a waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath but he had got through talking.

smiled, but said nothing At last Mrs. Biewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church. "Certainly certainly," said he, "any-thing to accommodate. Tell one of the

The boys had on suits of full cloth and

shirt collars seven inches wide Blewitt

boys to hitch a horse on to the top car-"Top carriage! There you go again."
"Well, then," roared Blewitt, "hitch
well, then," roared blewitt, "hitch on to the stone boat, hitch on to the ox cart, hitch on to anything Have it your

own way Why, we will go on horseback-you on the saddle. I on the pillion behind,' said the wife

"All right," said Blewitt, and away they went Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing at the church, which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long too It lasted two hours On his way bome from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up He asked her what alled her, and she told him in a trembling voice that his queer talk had made the minister think him bewitched,

and she feared he would be burned or drowned "What kind of a country is this, anyhow?" asked Biewitt Then Mrs Blewitt reminded him that

and that everybody believed in it and the church was death on witchcraft. 'Then I guess we had better light out from here," said Blewitt, as he clapped

in New England several had thus died,

spurs to his horse Away they went, rattle-te bang, over stumps and logs and stones, and there was a rattle and rour behind and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went, Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back, and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's work He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage, and was just taking

out his daily mail, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the bired girl was blacking the cook-

ing range With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field, and, as the reaper stopped, he said. "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times is good enough

"What's that, father?" said John. "I thought you was in favor of the real, honest, reliable, good old fashioned times

of a hundred years ago?" "Never you mind, John," said the smiling father "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charley have your sidebar buggy; and-say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt you may go down to Barnum's circus to-

morrow and cut the wheat next day." He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest, and muttered as he went to the house "Darn the good old times! These ere times will dew fur

me!"-Prof Gouge in Albany Journal. The Ocean's Floor.

Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. The whole ocean is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London for the purpose of ocean surveys has been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of currents and the floors of the four great oceans. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain range in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creat-

ures never seen in upper currents. There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep sea soundings east a curious light. Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient action was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of for three weeks. ulous cities. Dr. Bourbourg and other eminent archæologists assert that this lost continent extended from the coast shape of a plateau discovered in surveying the ocean's floor corresponds with this theory exactly. We may yet find the lost Atlantis.-St. Louis Re-

public.

Ready Wit of One Girl. The White Sulphur girl has a reputation the southland over for audacious wit. An old beau, who knew the place when the famous Mattie Ould, of Richmond, sustained her belleship here through several seasons, said the White Sulphur girl was as bright and startling of speech as ever she was. Then he told a story of a fair maiden who is enjoying her first season out of school. He identified her as the daughter of an ex-congressman. The father had given a dinner in honor of the daughter. He was very proud of her. He looked upon her somewhat anxiously to see an ensemble that was singularly and how she would sustain herself among his old friends. "The dinner was nearly over," said the old beau. "We were getting ready to make some encouraging and congratulatory remarks about the debutante as we were called on. In the full the young lady arose, and raising her glass said she would like to propose a toast. Of course we all applauded. Then this girl, fresh from school, heart and fancy free, said, 'I propose that we drink to my father's

future son-in-law."" "What did the old man do?" some one asked.

"Do?" repeated the old bean. "He tried to catch his breath. We were all paralyzed."-Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

About Thunder Clouds.

approach of a thunder storm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus ("wool pack") clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved that thunder storms, like wind storms, advance over the country generally from some westerly point. This bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of lighter upper clouds (cirrus, or "mare's tail") which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electric explosion or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers of cirrus emanat-

ing from its upper surface are visible when the cloud is looked at sideways

England's Abominable English.

The common people in England speak all sorts of dialectic abominations, but with the exception of perhaps one man in 10,000 they do not speak anything that bears any respectable relation to written English. The English drawling burr is quite as unintelligible and not half so musical as that brogue of the Irish which the English are so fond of ridiculing. It is, on the whole, nearly as easy for an American to understand a French porter as an English one, and if the Frenchman pretends to speak English he speaks it a hundred times better than the Londoner does, When it comes to proper names, names of streets, or anything which cannot be guessed from the context, the average Londoner is as utterly unintelligible to the ear untrained to the monstrosities of his pronunciation as if he spoke Choctaw. It is a thousand pities that the English cannot be taught to speak the American language, which is a hundredfold more clear, more classic, more elegant and more consistent than the tongue spoken in England.-Chicago Tribune

The Use of Hair Powder. The rise and fall of hair powder is one of the most interesting things in the chronicles of fashion. In 1614 some ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine powdered their hair in order to produce an eccentric figure. This is supposed to be the origin of the custom, but so slowly did it spread that a century later, during the reign of George I, two ladies who powdered their hair were laughed at, and at the coronation of George III there were

only two hair dressers in London. But in 1795 so universal had it become that the annual amount of flour used for hair powder was valued at thousands of miles by a tiny creamy £1,250,000, or more than \$6,250,000, and the number of persons wearing it. were estimated at 200,000. Think of the loaves of bread this flour which went to serve a caprice of fashion would have made? After this the fashion dwindled, until in 1803 the amount of flour used for powder had sunk to the value of about \$200,000 .-

Cloak and Suit Review. A Victim of Over Indulgence. Lady Chatham's dog suffered from over feeding, and became so violently ill that in their days, of a country in the west-ern seas where flourished the first civilinestly for a doctor for her favorite, and zation of mankind, which by volcanic at length heard that the blacksmith of the village had said he could cure it. The

Izcalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed a continent loaded with poptimes a week, but this was steadily refused, and the man was at length allowed

to depart with the patient. For the next three weeks much amuse of Africa to near the West Indies. The ment was afforded in the smithy by the sight of Lady Chatham's fat poodle tied under the bellows in such a position that it panted with the exertion of getting up whenever the bellows was used. smith's boy also drove the creature round the orchard three times a day, tied with a string. This reduced the fat of the pampered animal, while a simple diet of bread and milk restored the tone of its digestive organs At the end of three weeks the smith returned the dog fully recruited. and received a handsome reward.—Rev. William Quekett's "Sayings and Doings."

Alphonse Daudet's Youthful Beauty. When I first saw Alphonse Daudet he was as beautiful as a woman. Long almond shaped dark eyes of a soft yet brilliant brown, delicately cut features, long brown, glossy locks falling upon

his shoulders and a complexion as pure-

ly and transparently white and pink as

that of a girl of 16, went to make up

strikingly attractive. When Daudet in his youth was engaged to become the secretary of the Duke de Moiry he was surprised at being received at his first interview with his employer with a marked degree of coldness and an abrupt intimation that he might retire. The Duke afterward confessed laughingly that on beholding the soft eyed, blooming, long haired youth he fancied that some one was playing a trick on him, and had substituted a pretty girl to represent his new secretary. But the passage of years as well as Daudet's intense sufferings from rheumatism have deprived him of the delicate bloom and feminine

in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

charm of his early years. - Lucy Hooper

Among the earliest symptoms of the Tom-You look worn out, old fellow. The penalty of popularity, I suppose? Popular Young M. D. (wearily)-Yes, I attended two small but lively germans

> last night. Tom-Too much for one night. P. Y. M. D.-Rather. At the same

house, too. Tom-Heavens! How odd! P. Y. M. D.-Not at all. My worthy patron, Schimmelhopfer, became the father of twins last night.-Pittsburg Bulletin.

Baby's Looks.

Fond Mother-Who do you think the baby looks like?

Fond Uncle-Well, if I were rich I suppose it would look just like me, but as I am struggling myself I suppose its looks must be on the other side of the from a distance. - New Orleans Picayune. use, -Judge.