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—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle,
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PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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By order of N. G.

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HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
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As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

The Little Daughter.

Oh, she's a flower!—within our home
So dainty-sweet, so gently glowing,
That every day, new petaled blooms
To our delighted eyes are showing.

And she is a bird!—for in her voice
The tiny music-tones are hiding,
Whene'er she speaks, they just peep out
And gaily call, our fond search guiding.

And she is a star!—her bright, pure eyes
Are beaming in their azure setting
With grave, reproving, mild surprise,
At all our worldly wise forgetting.

And she is a blessing!—ere she came,
Our boys were rough and often ready
For cruel sports, but now, they're tame;
Dear little Eva has made them steady.

Is she an angel?—Ah, no, I say,—
I'd rather think the angels brought her,
For their strong wings can fly away;
And we would keep our little daughter.

Cora Minot's Emerald Ring.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Do you think Maria Randall is a truthful girl?" asked Cora Minot of her friend, Jane Wiswall, as they met by chance on the street.

"What a strange question!" ejaculated Jane. "I do, most certainly, consider her to be a truthful person, and as nearly perfect in every way as any girl I know."

"That's what every one says," cried Cora, pettishly, "and I suppose when I proclaim her to be a *thief*, I shall have the whole village about my ears."

"I should say that that would be a natural consequence of such a proclamation," replied Jane, casting a half surprised, half indignant look into the face of her companion. "But what do you mean? Please explain yourself."

"I was about to do so," said Cora. "Last Thursday was my birthday, as you know, and Aunt Harriet, who named me, sent me a present, as she does every year. This time it was a lovely emerald ring, and of course the first thing I did was to rush over to the Randalls, and show it to Maria.

"She admired it as enthusiastically as I could desire and said she wished she had one like it. It fitted her better, too, than it did me, for it was quite loose on my finger, as aunt wrote me she feared it would be, but it was the only one of the kind she could find in Lexington, where she lives.

"When I started to go home I only put on one of my gloves, thinking I might meet some of the girls and want to show them my new ring. Just as I was going down the steps, talking to Maria, who stood in the door, I gave a glance at my hand to see if the emerald glistened in the sunshine, and behold it was gone!

"It did not take me long to announce the fact, you may be sure. We both reentered the drawing room, and searched everywhere for the ring, but it was not to be found, although I *know* I must have dropped it either in that room or in the hall. We hunted and hunted, until it got to be so late that I had to go home in the horse-cars, and very much out of sorts, too, I assure you.

"Yesterday mamma called at the Randalls to see about it. She doesn't hesitate at all in saying that Maria has found it. She is going away on a long visit soon, mamma says, and when among strangers she can wear the ring without fear of exposure. Mr. Randall says he will replace the ring if it cannot be found, and mamma says he would never offer to do that, were he not convinced that it is in the possession of some member of his household."

"I must admit that what you say about losing your emerald is very singular," said Jane, with a pained expression shading her rosy, frank face, "but I do not believe any one has stolen it. I have no doubt that it will yet be found in some tiny hiding place where it has rolled. I think, too, that your mother, excuse me for saying it, is too hasty, to say the least, when she attributes the motive she does to Mr. Randall's offering to replace the ring. Let us call on Maria now—we shall pass her house on our way—and see whether there are any new developments."

"Very well," said Cora, and soon the two girls were standing on the broad stone steps of Mr. Randall's residence.

Maria herself came to the door in answer to the bell, and after greeting her two friends cordially, she said cheerfully, "Please to come into the dining-room. I hope you will excuse all this dust and confusion, for we have just had the carpets in the hall and front parlor taken up, and the sofa and easy-chair covers removed, trying to find your missing ring, Cora."

"I hope you will succeed," Cora replied, rather distantly, arching her eyebrows just a little; "I don't think it can be very far off"—with a knowing look towards Jane, who hastened to say:

"What a pity you should be put to so much trouble, after your house has had its thorough autumn cleaning, and everything placed in order for the winter;—is a common emerald ring so *very* precious?" she could not help adding.

"Oh, the trouble is of no account, if only we are able to find the lost keepsake; an emerald is not so very costly, I know, but it was a present from Cora's aunt in Kentucky, and so all the more valuable. Besides, my mother says we must leave no stone unturned until it is found."

And so the carpets were taken up and put down again, the furniture looked over, but no ring was discovered. Cora, who was inclined to be hasty, severe and unjust in her judgments on all occasions, did not hesitate to openly accuse Maria of the theft. As she could not prove her innocence, and circumstances being against her, the community were divided in their opinions in regard to her guilt.

It came about that the two families, the Randalls and the Minots, who had heretofore been quite intimate, did not speak to each other even, and the Minots became almost rancorous in their enmity toward the Randalls. As usual in such a state of affairs, the friends of the two families respectively marshalled themselves on opposite sides, and a lamentable condition of things followed.

It came near making a rupture in the church, for some of the people who had so foolishly and vehemently espoused the cause of the Minots, refused to have their children taught in the Sunday school by a "thief." Poor Maria in consequence was constrained to give up the little class of which she was so proud, and in which she was so much interested.

This ring, and the circumstances connected with its loss, did not alone bring about this unfortunate state of affairs. It was the first cause, to be sure, but old family jealousies cropped out, social, party and religious differences became more sharply defined, all of which added fuel to the vicious little flame.

Maria grew thin and pale, and she received so many slights from old friends and acquaintances that her parents were forced to hasten her departure to a distant State where she was to visit her grandfather.

The miserable trouble did not abate with her going away. There were plenty of people, as there is in every community, to keep the fire burning. There remained the "Randall party" and the "Minot party," the same as ever. The pastor, Mr. Wiswall, the father of Jane, who had firmly believed in Maria's innocence from the first, was compelled to espouse, in the least pronounced manner possible, the Randall side, conscious as he was that the family had been deeply wronged.

At that, a number of the Minot party said *they* shouldn't go to hear a man preach who upheld a "thief," if that thief did belong to an aristocratic family. They even went so far as to call a parish meeting to be warned and convened, in which they attempted to pass a vote requesting the pastor's resignation.

Foiled in this endeavor, they withdrew from the society, formed a little organization of their own, and had "layman's meetings" in a public hall.

There were so many parish meetings, and Maria's mother, in addition to her household duties, attending them, her nervous system being wrought up to a tense pitch in the meantime, she at length became utterly worn out, and taking cold was laid low with a fever.

Now Maria, among her new surroundings and away from her enemies, became quite happy for a time. Of course, the worst in regard to the present condition of things at her home, in the church, and in the community generally, had not been told her by letter, and she was beginning to think that peace would before long be restored.

But it so happened that by this time Cora Minot made the interesting discovery that a second cousin of her own had a third cousin living in the village where Maria was staying. The whole story of the ring was written to this person, who was an idle young man, loafing about town, and he was commissioned to watch Maria to see if she should wear the missing emerald on any occasion.

Having nothing better to do, this young man hinted the matter about, so that in a very short time it became generally known in the village that Maria Randall had been sent from her home on account of her thieving propensities.

There was no end to the stories told about her; some going so far as to say that she had stolen a registered letter from the Post Office; others, that she had been an accomplice in a bank robbery! With nobody to contradict these cruel scandals, the old gentleman—Maria's grandfather—and his aged housekeeper seldom going out, it became the general opinion that Maria was in the habit of purloining articles from the village stores and shops. It was not long before she became painfully conscious that she was watched whenever she went out, and one day she received an anonymous letter apprising her of the foul reports that were being spread against her.

Overwhelmed with grief, she kept her room for days. She could not be induced to leave it, until one cold, cheerless day in March a telegram was handed her, saying that her father wished her to come immediately home; then the stricken girl arose, weak and emaciated, and hastened preparations for her return. She knew that the guarded yet tell-tale phraseology of the telegram barely concealed the fact that her mother was very ill, and the long, lonesome journey homeward was a sad one indeed.

The quick mother-love saw, the moment her daughter had entered the sick chamber, that the pale, careworn face mirrored some knawing trouble within, and presently, when questioned, the sobbing, broken hearted girl was obliged to admit that the story of the ring had followed her almost across the continent, and there, in that far-away town, where her grandfather lived, it had been hinted about with all its frightful additions.

Poor Mrs. Randall, a sweet, Christian lady, who had all her life been a blessing to every one about her, lingered a few weeks, and one bright morning in that early spring, as the first arbutus buds were pouring out their fragrance upon the air as they peeped from their snowy buds, she bade farewell to her weeping husband and daughter and faithful pastor, and mounted the golden stair.

With her dying breath she had begged her daughter to keep up good courage, telling her that in God's own time her innocence would be fully established; that she needed this discipline, or the good Father would not have called her to bear this grievous burden.

Marie found these to be fearfully trying days, although she had the rather barren consolation of knowing that a few staunch friends stood by her, among whom were her pastor, Mr. Wiswall, and her dearest girl friend, his daughter Jane.

It was the first warm, spring-like day in April when Mrs. Randall's funeral took place. People from both of the social factions which the loss of that emerald trifle had engendered, turned out to attend the services, for, as has been said, Mrs. Randall was a lady universally beloved and respected. Yet many, it cannot be denied, were curious to see how Maria bore herself, one sentimental unmarried woman declaring, with a sigh, that "It was not often one saw so young a girl as Maria Randall bring the gray hairs of a mother in sorrow to the grave."

Among these curious ones were Mrs. Minot and Cora. Dressed elegantly in colors, in sad taste for a funeral occasion, they came in their carriage, and before the solemn services began crowded up in front, where they could get a full view of the stricken mourners.

At last, when the friends were gathered in the churchyard around the open grave, Cora, in her elegant seal brown suit, pushed up so closely to the mourning group that her own friends even winced at her heartless presumption.

While the arrangements for lowering the coffin were being made, the sun came shining out, and Cora Minot opened her brown silk parasol. As she did so something bright flew out, sparkled in the sun an instant, and hitting the coffin, rebounded and fell at the pastor's feet. He quietly picked the object up and said, his voice trembling with emotion, "Here, I think, is the emerald ring which has caused so much ill-feeling among many of our friends, and brought such a load of misery upon one poor, innocent head, while the death of our beloved sister, whose mortal remains now lie before us, was doubtless hastened in consequence. Let us, as we now 'give thanks to God for the good example of this his servant, who, having finished her course in faith doth now rest from her labors,' also return thanks that the innocence of this dear motherless one has been established in this most solemn and impressive manner."

The scene which followed these touching words of the pastor, and the restoration of the ring there over that open grave, baffles description. The mortification and remorse which seized upon Cora Minot and her mother, and their friends who had formed the "Minot party" during the rise and progress of the cruel scandal, can be easily imagined.

Although overcome with chagrin, Cora confessed on the spot that the last time she had carried that parasol was on that day, in the previous autumn, when she called on Maria to show the emerald ring. She well remembered partly opening the parasol as she was about to leave, but on descending the steps, feeling the air to be chilly, she had closed it again, when the ring must have slipped off her finger unobserved, and lodged within the silken folds. She had lingered, chattering with Maria, and on her return home had put the parasol away for the winter. This occasion was the first one on which it had been used since that memorable day.

Is it necessary that any words of mine should frame a moral to this simple narrative of facts?

Hoaxing the King of Burmah.

The Indian correspondent of the London *Standard* says an amusing hoax has been played off upon the monarch of the Golden Foot. It was announced to his Majesty that an ambassador from the Sultan of Turkey had arrived at Rangoon, and was awaiting the arrival of a ship that was laden with gifts of great value. Naturally flattered by this compliment from such a mighty potentate, the King deputed an officer of rank to proceed to Rangoon and conduct the ambassador to his august but impatient presence. In due time the envoy presented his credentials in the shape of a flowery epistle from the Sultan of Roum, and was received with much ceremony. Valuable presents in return for those supposed to be on their way were showered upon the ambassador and his very limited suit, consisting of an interpreter and a cook. The ship from Roum must have been detained by contrary winds, for the ambassador, having further to go, was obliged to take leave of his Majesty before his imperial master's offerings made their appearance. So he returned to Rangoon, but there the impostors fell out over the divisions of the spoils, which amounted to something like £3,000. The cook, disgusted with the share alloted to himself—not more than £80—gave information to the police, and declared that the plot had been planned by himself, the supposed interpreter (one Hassan, a broker), and the Burmese official who contrived to be deputed to receive the ambassador. That exalted personage was himself a liberated Arab or Abyssinian slave who had come to Rangoon as a faquir on board a native ship from Nagore, and was simply a tool in the hands of the clever rogues, his accomplices. The Burmese officer naturally pleaded not guilty, and seems to have satisfied the King of his innocence, though public opinion points to him as the originator of the fraud.

It is said that lazy folks take the most pains. To a man well housed, well fed, and well clothed it certainly appears that the tramps have a hard time of it. One of them who has lately had a railway ride for nothing is certainly entitled to something moderately akin to pity. He boarded a train at Omaha, and having neither money nor ticket to recommend him to the good graces of the conductor, he was ejected, put off, dropped and left behind. Thus made wary, he ensconced himself in the fire box of a stationary engine on a flat car which was going through to San Francisco. Somebody shut the door, and the poor tramp was a prisoner. He could not sit. He could just turn about. He had only a few crackers in his pocket. He had nothing to drink. In this situation he rode 900 miles; then he arrested the attention of a conductor by scratching on the inside of the engine with his finger nails. They released him more dead than alive, and probably more in love with pedestrianism than ever.

Miss E—— was looking at the picture of Arab life. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"I wish you'd tell me, ma'am," spoke up a man standing by with his wife, "what that picture is supposed to represent."

"Why," returned Miss E——, "that is plain enough; it is an Arab sheik sitting at the door of his tent surrounded by his wives."

"What's that she says?" asked the man's wife, who was slightly deaf.

"She says," returned the stranger, "that it is a man with the 'shakes' being taken care of by his wives."

Drinks are a constant drain on a farmer's property.

The Golden Fish of Owari Castle.

In nearly every large city in Japan there is, or was, a large castle, in which the prince of the province or his soldiers lived in time of peace or fought in time of war. In Nagoya, in the province of Owari, in the central part of the main island, was seen the largest and finest of all the castles in Japan. They were built of thick walls of stone masonry from twenty to one hundred feet high, and divided from the outside lands by moats filled with water. At the angles were high towers, built of heavy beams of wood covered with lime to make them fire-proof, and roofed with tiles. They had many gables like a pagoda, and portholes or windows for the archers to shoot out their arrows on the besiegers. These windows were covered with copper or iron shutters. At the end of the topmost gable of the tower, with its tail in the air, was a great fish made of bronze or copper, from six to ten feet high, weighing thousands of pounds. It was a frightful monster of a fish, looking as if Jonah would be no more in its mouth than a sprat in a mackerel's. It stood on its lower gill, like a boy about to walk on his hands and head. It always reminded me of the old-fashioned candlesticks, in which a glass dolphin rampant, with very thick lips, holds a candle in his glass tail. In Japan, however, the flukes of this bronze fish's tail, instead of a candle, were usually occupied by a live hawk, or sometimes an eagle, cormorant or falcon. Half the birds in Fukui solemnly believed the castle towers to have been built for their especial perch and benefit. I often have seen every fish-tail of the castle occupied by crows. They were finishing their toilet, enjoying an after-dinner nap, or making speeches to each other, observing the rules of order no better than some assemblies in which several persons talk at once.

We sometimes say of a boy having wealthy parents, that *he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth*. Now, as the Japanese eat with chop-sticks, and use their silver for other purposes, they express nearly the same idea, in other words.

In Japan, the better class of people—those who enjoy the privilege of wealth, education or position—live either within or near the castle. One of the first things a well-born Japanese baby sees and learns to know out doors is the upright bronze fish on the castle towers. Hence, a Japanese is proud to say, "I was born within sight of the *shachihoko*," (the Japanese name of this fish.) The princes of Owari were very proud, rich and powerful; and they determined to erect gold instead of bronze fishes on their castle. So they engaged famous gold and silver smiths to make them a *shachihoko* ten feet high. Its tail, mouth and fins were of solid beaten silver. Its scales were plates of solid gold. Its eyes were of black glass. It cost many thousands of dollars, and required about twenty men to lift it.

This was at Nagoya—a city famous for its bronzes, porcelain vases, cups and dishes, its wonderful enamel work called *cloisonne*, and its gray fans. Thousands of the Japanese fans with which we cool our faces in summer were made in Nagoya. Well, when, after much toil and the help of great derricks and tackling, the great object was raised to its place, thousands of persons came from a distance to see the golden wonder. The people of Nagoya felt prouder than ever of their handsome city. In all kinds of weather the golden fish kept its color and glittering brightness, never tarnishing or blackening like the common *shachihoko* on other castles. Morning and evening, the sunbeams gilded it with fresh splendor. The gold and the sunlight seemed to know each other, for they always kissed. The farmers' children, who lived miles distant in the country, clapped their hands with joy when the flashing flukes on the castle towers gleamed in the air. The travelers plodding along the road, as they mounted a hill, knew when the city was near, though they could not see anything but the gleam like a star of gold.

Alas that I should tell it! What was joy to the many, was temptation to some. They were led to envy, then to covet, then to steal the prize. A man whose talents and industry might have made him rich and honored, became a robber—first in heart, and then in act. He began to study how he might steal the golden fish. How was he to reach the roof of the tower? Even if he could swim the moat and scale the wall, he could not mount to the top story or the roof. The gates were guarded. The sentinels were vigilant and armed with sword and spear. How should he reach the golden scales?

A kite, twenty-five feet square, was made of thick paper, with a very strong but light bamboo frame, with tough rope for a tether, and a pair of bobs strong enough to lift two hundred pounds. No man could hold such a kite. The rope was wound round a windlass and paid out by one person, while two men and three boys held the hand-cart. A very dark, cloudy night, when a brisk wind was up, was chosen. When all was ready at midnight, the hand-cart was run out along the moat, the robber, with prying tools in his belt, and his feet in loops at the end of the bobs, mounted on the perilous air-ship—more dangerous than a balloon. The wind was in the right direction, and, by skillful movements of the cart and windlass, the robber, after swinging like a pendulum for a few minutes, finally alighted on the right roof.

Fastening the bobs so as to secure his descent, he began the work of wrenching off the golden scales.

This he found no easy task. The goldsmiths had riveted them so securely that they defied his prying, and the soft, tough metal could not be torn off. He dared not make any clinking noise with hammer or chisel lest the sentinels should hear him. After what appeared to be several hours' work, he had loosened only two scales, worth scarcely more than fifty dollars.

To make a long story short, the man was caught. The sentinels were awakened, and the crime detected. The robber was sentenced to die a cruel death—to be boiled in oil. His accomplices received various other degrees of punishment. The Prince of Owari issued a decree forbidding the flying of any kites above a certain small size. Henceforth, the grand old kites which the boys of the province had flown in innocent fun were never more to be seen.

As for the big golden fish, it was afterward taken down from the castle in Nagoya, and kept in the prince's treasure-house. When I saw it, it was in Tokio, at the museum. It was afterward taken to Vienna and exhibited at the Exposition in 1873.—*St. Nicholas.*

Balky Horses.

Several of your correspondents are discussing this question with various results. Several plans have been proposed,—some of them practicable, but often involving too much trouble and labor. Some claim that balking is the result of improper education, but no one who will carefully investigate the trouble can fail to believe that the disposition of the animal has much to do with it. If a horse balks once and is whipped for it, the chances are that he will balk again, and if this remedy is repeatedly tried, the bad habit is confirmed. In nine cases out of ten, the entire absence of anything like a whip or cross language, and the presence of anything which will give the animal a new idea or take his attention from the trouble, will usually cause him to start promptly. In some cases, simply raising one fore-foot up until the horse starts will answer the purpose; in others, a string tied lightly around one ear will produce the same effect. A rag or bunch of cotton stuffed into one ear, a handful of dirt in the mouth, a string tied tightly around the fore leg, a small rope tied around the root of the tail and passed in front between the fore legs and drawn tight—all seemed to have one and the same effect of taking the horse's attention and diverting it from the balking. In many cases, the trouble is caused by a nervousness on the part of the driver, which is easily communicated to the animal, and can be remedied by allowing the animal to stand quiet until the trouble is forgotten. In any case, the whip is the worst remedy that can be tried, and its improper use is, probably, the most prolific cause of the difficulty.

Mourning Customs.

The ancients had queer ideas about mourning for dead. The Egyptian women ran through the streets crying, with their bosoms exposed and their hair disordered. The Lycians regarded mourning as unmanly, and compelled men who went into mourning to put on female garments. In Greece, when a popular general died, the whole army cut off their hair and the manes of their horses. At the present day the Arabian women stain their hands and feet with indigo, which they suffer to remain eight days. They also carefully abstain from milk during this time, on the ground that its white color does not accord with the gloom of their minds. In China the mourning color is white. Mourning for a parent or husband is required there by law under a penalty of sixty blows and a year's banishment. When the Emperor dies, all the subjects let their hair grow for one hundred days. In the Feejee islands, on the tenth day of mourning, the women scourge all the men except the highest chiefs. Another fashionable custom there requires the friends and relatives of the deceased to assemble on the fourth day after the funeral, and picture to themselves the amount of corruption the corpse has sustained by that time. In the Sandwich Islands persons desirous of going into mourning paint the lower part of their faces black, and knock out their front teeth. No doubt this causes a very sincere kind of mourning for the time.

A French Story.

A young man of good family makes at the seaside the acquaintance of a handsome young woman, seemingly of high social position; falls desperately in love with her and wishes to marry her.

Here, to his horror, begins an avalanche of cruel anonymous letters, informing him that his spouse-elect is this, is that, is the other, in fine, is anything but what she should be.

The lover vehemently protests that these are calumnies, and hastens to the prefecture of police to obtain a triumphant refutation of the charges against his sweetheart. In view of the gravity of the case, the prefect consents to investigate the lady's record. The poor lover listens breathlessly as the official runs over the books.

"Ah, here we have her! Schnitzer—Olympia: passes herself off as the Countess de V.; age, twenty-seven; ran away from her mother (midwife, No. 99 X street) at thirteen, with Y., barber; subsequently was left a heritage by her alleged uncle, Z., druggist; next heard of at—" Here the official looks up and sees the young man with his head bowed despairingly on his arm and his whole frame racked with agonizing sobs.

"Come, come," says he, kindly, "cheer up. There's nothing to be glum about. Look!—a record as long as your arm, and never a single conviction for anything!"

Expensive Love-Making.—French ladies are not so averse to soft compliments as to *prosecute* the men who make them, but they have the wit to make such amusement dear for their flatterers sometimes.

A very beautiful young lady in Paris, at a private assembly, lately took round a small salver and solicited alms for a charitable object. A gentleman of the party laid a hundred franc note on the salver, saying, "That is for love of you." The lady paused for an instant, while a beautiful blush suffused her cheeks, then said, "And now for the love of the poor, if you please." Her ready wit was rewarded by another hundred.

Osages think that the spirits of their enemies will act the part of servants to them in the happy hunting ground.

A Poser.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, on a certain occasion, paid a visit to his brother Ebenezer at Abernethy.

"O, man!" said the latter, "but ye come in a gude time. I have a diet of examination to-day, an' ye maun tak' it, as I hae matters o' life and death to settle at Perth."

"With all my heart," quoth Ralph.

"Noo, my billy," said Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folks easy to examine but ane, an' him, I reckon, ye had better no' meddle wi'. He has our auld *fashions* way o' answerin' ae question by putting another, an' maybe he'll affront ye."

"Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do you think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools?"

"Aweel," said his brother, "Ise gi' ye fair warnin', ye had better no' ca' him up."

The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the parish blacksmith. The gifted Ralph, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such an illtterate clown chopping divinity with him, determined to gravel him at once with a grand, leading, unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the minor clodhoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, called:

"Walter Simpson!"

"Here, sir," says Walter; "are ye wantin' me?"

"Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?"

"Ay," cried Walter; "till he got a wife! But can you tell me, sir, hoo lang he stood *after?*"

"Sit down, Walter, sit down," said the discomfitted divine.

The New Driver.

A widow lady, living in the northern part of the city, hired a new coachman the other day—a stranger who had nothing to recommend him but the fact that he was willing to work for very low wages for the sake of steady employment. He said he had been used to horses all his life—in fact had remodeled about half the equines in this city. He was a long time getting the carriage around the first day, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had called in a wood sawyer to show him how to harness up. In driving down town he took up most of the street, cut a wheel off another carriage and ran into a street car, and the widow began to doubt that he was a professional. When he drove around with the sleigh the other day it wasn't fifteen minutes before the sleigh collided with a swill-man's horse and knocked him over. He next undertook to pass on either side of a cutter, and the owner tumbled out and wanted to shoot him. Going home after a call at the stores he managed to overturn the sleigh, and the widow, buried in the snow, called out:

"I don't believe you know anything about driving horses!"

"Well, mum," he replied, as he picked up the robes, "I'll bet a thousand dollars that I'm used to mules, for I drove 'em in the army for four years; if you'll let me put a saddle on that nigh hoss, and use one rein, I can haw-up and gee-up and glang 'em from Detroit to Texas without breaking a buckle."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Return to the Old Plan.—"Is de lottery done bustid up?" asked old Si., yesterday.

"It has closed up."

"Dat's what I 'sposed!"

"Why?"

"'Kase I seed dat squal of two-bit capitalists was outen on bizness, an' wuz 'muzin darselbs wid der ole tools!"

"How is that?"

"Well, when de lottery was started hit was 'dopted by de resky darkies ez a Godsend, ez en 'zempshun from yearnin' dar bred in de swet of dere brow!"

"They bet on it pretty lively."

"An' dey has bin 'ventin' in dat sinkhole eber sence, an' puttin' in dere time standin' 'round lookin' for de outcome, but de jig is up if de wheel are stopp'd, fer dat's moughty few ob de gang dat hez catched de so' eyes settin' up by can'le lite to count de dividends dat dey got on de turn."

"That's so."

"Dar's de proof right 'round dar in dat hoss lot, now, fer I jess seed fo' ob dem speckerlators on de lottery playin' kyards dar fer tree kyar tickits an' a nickel ter see which tree of 'em 'ud go hungry ter day fer de benefit ob de winner!"—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

After the failure of the principal industry, the town of—— became reduced in wealth, and many of its people were much straitened.

A certain woman, who was in a delicate state of health, heard of a townsman who wanted a housekeeper, and offered herself for the place; but Daniel said that he wanted a wife, not a housekeeper, merely.

"I don't want to marry," said she; "but if you will take me to keep house, I'll take care of your things for fifty cents a week."

She was a pretty woman, and Daniel insisted that he wanted a wife. As the alternative might be to be supported by the public, she at length consented to marry; but on a more intimate acquaintance she was shocked to find that her husband was very profane.

She complained of this to a neighbor, saying, "It seems as if I couldn't bear it! I can't have it!"

"Why," said the neighbor, "I don't know that you have any right to complain; you knew he wasn't a professor when you married him."

"O yes," answered the grieving wife, "I knew he wasn't a professor, but I thought he was a seeker."

The remains of several historical personages who were beheaded in the Tower of London more than three hundred years ago have lately been unearthed in making excavations. Those which were thoroughly identified are the skeletons of the Countess of Salisbury, Robert Dudley, the father of Lady Jane Grey, and the unhappy Anne Boleyn.

Of all the paths leading to woman's love, pity is the straightest.

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