I LOVE THE PAST.

I love the past, the dear old past,
The days of chivalry and song,
My eyes thereon are sweetly cast,
As time in circles speeds along.
It is so fair, so glorious there,
That all my heart is beating fast.
And these for me are friendships free,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, those quiet times,
So hallowed by the poet's lay.
The charm of song, the sweetest rhymes
Wherewith to bless a summer day.
The men so bold we there behold
Their fortunes free with beauty cast.
Ah, these to me pure friendships be,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, those warlike days,
When men possessed a purpose strong,
And filled with faith a thousand ways
Pursued the life of noble song.
Then hearts were true and bright as dew,
Then hope through loss and death could last.
Ah, these to me brave friendships be,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, and would that I
Could turn and live within its pale,
That I might see its golden sky,
And all its fair surroundings hail!
My heart is there, I breathe its air,
And cling to all its skill amassed.
Ah, these to me fond friendships be,
I love, I love the dear old past.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maid in stood in a gros grain silk,
Viewing her Jersey o'er.
Sad, sad, sad.
Then wickedly winking her eye
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad:
I'll put you on, or die."

"Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue most bitten in two,
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through.
With moans and sighs and tears,
With tears and sighs and moans,
She pawed the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed;
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head;
While in a closet dark
The naughty Jersey laid
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain,
And sorry was the maid.

—[Washington Capital.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

BY FLORENCE KIRK.

Edith Rayner laid down the stocking she was darning, and gave herself up to the settling of the question which all the morning had been puzzling her brain. She sat with idle hands, with an absent look in her deep gray eyes, trying to contrive to think. To a rich young lady an invitation to a brilliant party is—well, it is but a question of what will be most becoming—the richest and latest design. But to a poor one like Edith—Ah! she knew just what and how it was.

"I would not go," she said to herself, "No, I would not go if it were not for Robert; and he does not consider that I have nothing to wear. "Dear, dear! My garnet cashmere would look—how it would look beside gay silks and satins!"

But Robert did think and consider; did wonder how he could manage to add a little to his sister's wardrobe for the occasion. He thought of it over and over again, until—well, what had he done? The artist stopped and gazed at the canvas. A new idea entered his mind. Slowly under the touches of the brush grew a graceful form, with a mass of pale golden hair, a warmly tinted, oval face. About the symmetrical form fell soft folds of garnet. It was not the work of an hour, nor a day, but of many. And now with satisfaction, the painter contemplated the finished picture. It was Edith—and true to nature. He had painted her in an attitude she often assumed when in deep thought and meditation; an attitude of grace, full of suggestion to a poet's fancy.

"Edie shall have this for her birthday," said Robert; "and if she does so well for canvas, surely she cannot look ill among the richly feathered crowd tomorrow night. Ah, Deven, I am very glad to see you!"

It was an artist friend who had entered his studio unnoticed, but not alone.

"Mr. Rayner, Mr. Blanco. This gentleman, Robert, is a lover of art and wishes to see your pictures. As I am in a hurry and have business down town, I will leave him with you a short time."

Robert willingly showed his pictures.

"And this is all?" inquired Mr. Blanco, as his eyes wandered around the room.

"All," replied Robert, "except this," directing his attention to the painting still on the easel.

His guest stood regarding it for some time, and then astonished Robert by asking the price.

"It is not for sale," said Robert.

"But I like it," replied Mr. Blanco. "I like it, and well, I will give you one hundred and fifty dollars for it."

To an artist just making a name as Robert was, the amount was too tempting. Mr. Blanco had the picture sent home, and Robert and Edith were made happy by the good fortune.

"And now, Edie," said her brother, after they had devoured the three green fifty dollar bills with their eyes, "now you can have something new to wear."

* * * * * *

The elegant house on A—— avenue was ablaze with light. A constant stream of carriages came and went, leaving handsomely-robed and handsome women—aristocratic and pompous men, polished and self-possessed ladies and gentlemen of fashion and society.

In the dressing-room, shrinking and dazed, was Edith. How she wished herself back in their plain but cosy little home! Robert was becoming successful. His success though limited, had obtained the invitation that had brought them there that night. In vain did Edith look among the throng for another as plainly dressed as she. The dark garnet dress had not been supplanted by any new one and though it was pretty and neat and intensely becoming, she felt she looked in shabbiness as conspicuous as a black sheep in a flock of white ones. She felt out of place entirely, and when Robert left her for a little while she congratulated herself on being out of sight in an obscure corner.

She was sitting looking at the gay people, when she saw her brother on the other side of the room with a party of friends. She thought he beckoned to her. Had she only known her mistake! She started to go to him, and somehow, in the lace flounces of a sweeping dress fell her unwary footsteps. It was all done so quickly that Edith stood still, seemingly fascinated by the broken meshes of the lace-covered train. She was not annihilated by the looks of the pretty owner of the garment, for they were not seen by her.

"By all that is lovely, Rayner, there's the counterpart of my picture you painted. I thought it was ideal, but there she is in flesh and blood, and a pretty scrape she is in, I should say."

"Why,"—and Robert started—"that's Edie."

Edith with her brother by her remembered herself.

"But Robert, I tore the dress so fearfully, and it is such lovely lace!"

"Humph!"

They looked up to see Mr. Blanco near them.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Rayner, but your friend need not worry over those torn furbelows, which happen to belong to a cousin of mine."

Mr. Blanco knew, and Robert surmised, that the desire for an introduction was what drew his remark.

"How beautiful your cousin is," said Edith, later on in the evening, when she sat *tete a tete* with Albert Blanco. All her reserve seemed to vanish in his presence.

"Yes," was the reply; but she is not half so beautiful as—"

His eyes dwelt for an instant on his companion's face, but the sentence remained unfinished.

* * * * * *

It had been some months since the events of the ball. The friendship had quickly strengthened between Mr. Blanco, Robert and his idealized sister. In fact Edith wondered if it were not something more than friendly regard she felt for her friend. But had not his cousin informed Robert that Albert was engaged? Oh, dear! why should that irritate her?

For a second time she was dreaming by a bright coal fire, one hand supporting the sober, pensive face. Her revery was broken by the entrance of the object of her thoughts. She knew Albert had been for a long time in the studio with Robert.

"And are your thoughts pleasant?"

"Not very," was her reply.

"I have been asking Robert to bring you to my house this evening. I have a painting we have been discussing."

"A painting?" she asked with some curiosity. Of what? I should like to see it, if it is something nice."

"I wish you to do so, Edith, for the picture is beautiful, and of a lady whom I love and hope to marry. Will you come? Would you like to see her?"

He waited some time for the hesitating "yes," and noted, not with displeasure, that it was given reluctantly.

Robert thought her less communicative, less cheerful than was her wont, when he came in and found her alone. And he, too, seemed to smile over the unusual mood.

Albert Blanco's home was one of wealth and luxury. Edith noticed it all. She had never before been there; and yet Albert soon put her at her ease. He had a faculty for making her forget her embarrassment in strange places.

"I will show you the picture now," he said, after they had finished looking at some drawings. Words cannot express how I love the original."

"She ought to be very happy then," replied Edith, before she thought what she was saying.

He had taken her into an adjoining room.

"This is the painting, Edith."

Only one glance did she give to her own counterpart and portrait, and turned to go; but a detaining hand and arm prevented.

"Is she very happy, Edith, as you said she ought to be?"

We think she was and is, for certainly no happier home exists than that of Albert Blanco. And his wife, Edith, never now is put to her wits' end to get something to wear.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LIARS.

The great American liars from Erie, Pa., and Texas have evidently formed a partnership and established branch offices in all the chief towns and cities. They are turning out copy fast. We have only time to note the story of a sparrow which catches six ducks every day, taking hold of them with its bill, shaking them as a dog does a rat, and then throwing them over its head; of a young man in Alabama who for several years, being destitute of beard, had a hard knot in his neck cut open and found a beard all rolled up and nicely packed away in this wen; of a Bridgeport (Conn.) "Professor" who has invented a brass belt with a nipple from which he noislessly projects a pellet, and which, in the presence of a witness, killed a dog in fifteen minutes without the animal's knowing it was hit; and finally, of a St. Louis man, who, by means of two plates of glass one-thirty-sixth of an inch apart and filled in with glycerine, has made a telescope with which he is able to see a carmine sea, strange bat-like birds, and insect men with rudimentary arms and wings, or antennæ, who were fishing in the sea.

In Washington the workingmen are organizing to protect working girls from street insults. The idea is a good one. Policemen are entirely useless except to arrest drunken men, and have been known to stare impudently at women on their own account. A few hard-fisted, laboring men might do good by knocking out loafing dudes who annoy girl clerks and working women on the streets.

MAKING STEEL PENS.

The Process of Manufacturing Steel Pens --Opposition to the Goose.

The steel pen is a modern invention, not fifty years having elapsed since it was introduced, and, like many other innovations, it met with much opposition and had a number of rivals. Of these the quill pen was the most formidable, and to this day the quills of geese are used by some old stagers. Pens of silver and of gold, the latter especially, have been great favorites with those who admire much flexibility in a pen, and the handy self-feeders, as the stylographic, have plenty of users. But, after all, the steel pen is the most generally used, and, unlike most inventions, the method of its manufacture has not been essentially changed or improved.

The steel from which pens are made is the finest crucible cast steel rolled into sheets 7-1,000 of an inch thick. From this the blanks are cut by means of a punch and die in presses worked by hand or foot, the operators being girls. The side slits in the pen, the central oval or semi-circular hole, the corrugations or embossings, the curved or semi-circular form to the originally flat blank, and the stamp of the pen or the maker, are all formed and produced by similar means—the screw hand press or the lever foot press—by the use of punches and dies, each pen being handled separately.

These corrugations and slits and central cuts are not merely fanciful ornaments, but are intended to adapt the pen to the user. Some want a resisting pen, very stiff and allowing considerable pressure without opening the nibs wide enough to make a heavy mark; others a yielding pen that requires but a touch to open the nibs. Then there are many degrees of these qualities required, as well as differences in sizes; so that a single establishment makes no less than forty-six styles of steel pens.

Of course, cast steel of such extreme tenuity becomes hardened by these successive pressings and punchings, and must be annealed. This is done by placing the blanks or unfinished pens, in a cast-iron box, which is then covered by a larger box, leaving a space all around of half an inch or more, which is filled with ashes or fine charcoal. The whole is then subjected to a glowing red heat for about two hours, and allowed to cool. When annealed these blanks may be rolled up by the fingers just like so many bits of tea lead, which they much resemble in softness.

In heating for hardening the same method is used—packing in double boxes six or eight inches square—and when the pens are red hot, they are poured into a tank of animal oil. When taken out from this bath they must be handled carefully, as they are not only stiff and brittle, but crumbly; they can be squeezed to minute fragments between thumb and finger. They are then placed within a cone-shaped sheet-iron receptacle open at the large end and mounted on a spindle, and are rotated over a glowing fire until they turn to a full or "low" blue. They are then chilled in oil, and when cool are rattled in saw-dust until they are quite clean and bright. The next process is the grinding of the nibs on minute wheels of fine emery and of corundum, and lastly comes the essential process that completes the pen and makes it a pen—the slitting of the nibs. This is done by a pair of shears acting the same as the presses and punches. This splits the steel from point to central hole without removing a particle of material. The pens are then lacquered, straw or brown, blued or blacked, or left bright, as the style demands, and packed for the market.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF SCOTT.

Scott wandered as freely as Shakespeare to all points of the world's compass, in contempt of the unities of time and place. He constructed human types for obedience to the one unity retained—consistency of character—as harmoniously as Goethe. There was only wanting to him the philosophical spirit, which, by the permanent sense of an inscrutable destiny, gave to their drama of human life a more or less somber coloring. Scott's universe was not a very mysterious affair at any time. He seems to have believed that the whole cycle of things from age to age was superintended by a Providence as cheerful as himself, who distributed human lots on a perfectly intelligible law of kindness. He never had the slightest difficulty about the arrangement of society; its inequalities and gradations of misery. In his view there were those who should rule, and those who should acknowledge their rule by loyalty and obedience. For the one set there was all the pomp and circumstance of immemorial etiquette and a pre-eminence in high deeds; for the other set there was homely industry, and a willingness to be useful—the industry, it might be, of picturesque thieving, and a willingness growing out of close attachments which were all the more delightful if they were absurd.

A Social Difficulty in Chicago.—"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies."

"Yes, but you see my husband don't want me to associate with them."

"Indeed, what have they done?"

"Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

Bad Form, You Know.—Elder Sister—"Geraldine, why did you take so much trouble to snub that handsome, manly young fellow we just met?" Geraldine—"Oh, that's Harry Hardlines. He hasn't a cent to his name and he's got a mother to support, and that sort of thing isn't good form, you know, nowadays."

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

A monument for Adelaide Phillips will soon be put up at Marshfield, Mass.

Mrs. Mackey, wife of the "Bonanza King," will probably make Washington her home after New Year's.

Lady Anne Blount, daughter of the Earl of Lovelace and his late Countess, Ada Augusta Byron, is said to be a speaking likeness of her grandfather, Lord Byron. When Lady Anne was presented to the Queen her Majesty kissed her, saying as she did so: "I do that for the love I bear your ancestor, the poet whom I most love."

Miss Kellogg's first appearance on the stage took place when she was a child five or six years of age at a juvenile concert in Birmingham. She sang a song entitled and ending, "Who will buy my roses red?" and as she uttered the last line, at the same time holding forth the flowers, Thomas M. Newson, then editor of the *Daily Journal*, exclaimed, "I will buy them," and placed a bright new silver coin in the hands of the half-frightened young singer.

There are some very curious laws in Saxony regarding servants, girls more especially. The mistress is obliged by law to allow the servant one pound of butter and one of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the girl furnishes her own bedding she secures 1¼ cents per night for so doing. Seventy cents a month is allowed for her washing, and she receives 5 per cent upon all purchases she makes. She is required to give one month's notice before leaving her place. The law also requires that each servant keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon her leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause and the girl's character.

Miss Hubertine Auchert, the handsome editress of the woman's rights paper of Paris, *La Citoyenne*, had an unpleasant experience lately. She took a trip to the seaside, and at Rochefort entered the omnibus, which conveyed her, with other tourists, to the hotel. When she arrived and asked for a room, she was informed they had no rooms for ladies who travel alone. When she asked where, then, she should go, the "gallant" hotel man remarked that was her own lookout! The other tourists laughed and sided with the hotel man. How she got other shelter is not related, but when she wrote for her paper she put forth a plea for a hotel for ladies as there are cars for ladies.

CRACKING, STABBING AND SCULLING

There was an angry, dark frown on the generally genial countenance of Uncle John Fisk, of New York. He glanced around suspiciously to see if he was observed, and then beckoned to a swarthy stranger, who was standing near. The stranger approached, and stealthily exhibited a weapon of gleaming steel. It had no hilt or guard, the blade being of the same piece of steel as the blade.

"Can you stab, and stab quickly?" asked Uncle John Fisk. The stranger nodded assent. "Then go and get in your work," replied Uncle John. Now, a member of the Produce Exchange accidently overheard the remarks and became alarmed. He went to Sam Robins and related what he had heard, saying:

"If there is any stabbing done it will be traced to Uncle John, and he will be arrested."

Robins looked at him in astonishment.

"What are you giving me? Why, Fisk wouldn't stab anything except a steak. He was hiring an oyster-stabber."

In response to a request for information on the subject, Mr. Robins said:

"There are three ways of epening oysters—cracking, stabbing and sculling. Have you ever been in an oyster-saloon and stood up to the counter and eaten raw oysters? Well, a cracker is a man who opens oysters by laying them on the block and breaking off the shell with his knife first, after which to open the oyster is easy work. It is the old-fashioned style, but is gradually falling into disuse for the reason that particles of the shell and mud are liable to fly into the face of the customer or remain on the oyster when opened. Stabbing an oyster is a Boston style. It it gradually being introduced all over, and must supercede cracking ere long. To stab an oyster the bivalve is held in the hand. The knife is then run in until it catches the eye of the oyster, and then the shell is dexteriously taken off. Some men lay the oyster on the block and stab them instead of holding them in their hands, but the principle is the same."—[N. Y. Sun.

And He Did.—"I'll tell you what," said a prominent stock speculator to the proprietor of an up town hotel the other day, "there is bound to be war between France and China."

"Yes, it looks that way."

"It will be certain to raise French wines a notch."

"Yes."

"And my advice to you is to lay in a full stock at once, and thus get the benefit of the advance."

"Thanks—I will."

And half an hour later he was telegraphing to his cider-maker in New Jersey to increase his order by 10 barrels.—[Wall Street News.

Langtry's American Slang.—Mrs. Langtry, after telling a New York reporter what she intends playing this season, wound up the interview by saying: "Well, now isn't that enough about business? I want to tell you something funny. Do you know, I was accused by my friends at home of speaking with an American accent; while here all the critics blame me for my English accent. If I didn't pick up the American intonation I certainly caught up lots of your slang, and very good slang it is, too. But one uses it quite unconsciously, and it strikes those unused to it at once."

CONCERNING A SENATOR.

A Half-Waked Statesman Catches Sudden Sight of the Danger Signal.

Ex-Sergeant at-Arms French, in his interesting lecture, "Ten Years Among the Senators," relates the following amusing anecdote concerning Senator Davis of West Virginia: "There was Davis, of West Virginia. From the humble position of a brakeman upon the railroad he has fought his upward way to two honorable elections to the Senate. An industrious, useful, honorable member. A diligent, conscientious worker on appropriation committees, and, with Windom, earnest in all efforts for improving and cheapening transportation from the interior to the seaboard. It is wonderful how the influence of early education or early habits cling to us in after life.

Senator Davis, who, I have just told you, was in earlier days a brakeman, once gave the senate an emphatic demonstration of this oft-noted fact. Judge Thurman, being a generous snuff-taker, carried an immense red bandanna handkerchief; and when he arose to speak usually, as a preliminary, grasped his nose with the red bandanna and gave a blast like a trumpet. It was well toward morning of a wearisome all-night session, and Senator Davis was asleep, his head resting upon his desk. But I will say for the senator that he was not often asleep in the senate. Senator Edmunds had provoked Judge Thurman to a speech, and by introduction, the judge unfurled his red bandanna and blew a blast of more than usual power. Mr. Davis may have been dreaming of his old railroad days; at any rate he sprang to his feet in a half-dazed condition, and, catching sight of the red flag—the old signal of danger—and seeming to imagine that he heard a shriek of alarm from the open throttle of a locomotive calling "Down brakes!" seized his desk, and, by the brakeman's firm, quick twist, wrenched it from the floor. I was not present on this occasion, and, therefore, cannot assert the entire truth of the story from personal knowledge. But it was often repeated about the senate chamber, and I never heard any of the details called in question."

DESCRIBES HIS WIFE.

A few days ago the wife of a German living in the eastern part of the city was suddenly called to the country by a message from a sick sister, and she left home expecting to return at night. Being delayed, and having left no word for her husband, he naturally became anxious and went to the police.

"How old was your wife?" asked the captain of the station.

"Vhell, she vhas as oldt as me."

"How old are you?"

"I doan' tink much about it for two years, but de last time I count oop I vhas 40."

"How tall is she?"

"Vhell, she puts her chin on top der fence and looks oop and down the shtreet"

"She's about five feet, eh?"

"I expect she vhas from five to seven feet. Dot makes no deeference. If she vhas kildt she vhas deadt all oafer."

"What is her weight?"

"Vhell, I can't hold her on my lap any more, I pelief if she falls down oop shtairs it preaks all der blaster off der house."

"I'll put it down at 200. Describe her looks."

"Vhell, somedimes she looks like she comes from der boorhouse, and sometimes she looks like a lady mit a rich husband."

"Dark hair?"

"Let's see! By shimminy! I pelief so, but—yes—no—vhell, I gif it oop. If she vhas deadt dot hair make no deeference."

"What colored eyes?"

"Vhell, dot troubles me some more. Let's see. Vhas a cat's eyes plue?"

"Hardly. They are black, with a yellow pupil."

"I doan' know oof my vhife hadt some pupil's in her eyes, but I hear der shildren say she looks like a cat."

"Any peculiar marks?"

"She lose one toe vhen she vhas a shild."

"No—no. Any marks on her face, fingers missing, or any scars?"

"Let's see. Last spring has has a boil on her neck, but don't vhas all cured oop. She shtrike a clothes-line mit der ax and plack her eyes, but dot vhas all gone. I doan belief she any marks has. You shust tell der bolicemens to look oud fur a fat womans mit a green dress; oof he sees some one dot is my vife. If he doan' see her it vhill be some odded vhomans."—Detroit Free Press.

A millionaire of New York, prominent in social circles, paid $6,000 to secure the release of a French prima donna from an engagement and fled with her to Europe. This seems like a good deal of money, but if is not much to pay when a man wants a whole prima donna to himself. Freddy is reported to have expended over $80,000 for the simple privilege of being laughed at and talked about as the sole proprietor of the affections of one who is a third-rate actress. Prima donnas ought to come much higher.

Seeing a picture of Father Time, bald-headed and with a scythe, Dan Frohman commenced booking him for 1900, and sent his brother out to engage the old man at any price. David Belasco will write the play as soon as he sees it. The Frohmans beat all other managers booking time.

Dio Lewis has a plan by which beauty may court the sunshine and woo freckles.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA AS A MUSK-OX HUNTER.

The leader of the overland arctic expedition of 1879 describes, in the September *Century*, "A Musk-Ox Hunt" with the aid of numerous illustrations. He says of their first chase after the game: "Great fears were entertained by the experienced hunters that the musk-oxen had heard our approach, and were now probably 'doing their level best' to escape. The sledges were immediately stopped and the dogs rapidly unhitched from them, from one to three or four being given to each of the eleven men and boys, white or native, that were present, who, taking their harnesses in their left hands or tying them in slip-nooses around their waists, started without delay upon the trail, leaving the two sledges and a few of the poorer dogs in charge of the Innuit women, who had come along for that purpose, and who would follow on the trail with the empty sledges as soon as firing was heard. The dogs, many of them old musk-ox hunters, and with appetites doubly sharpened by hard work and a constantly diminishing ration, tugged like mad at their seal-skin harness lines, as they half buried their noses in the tumbled snow of the trail, and hurried their attached human being along at a flying rate that threatened a broken limb or neck at each of the rough gorges and jutting precipices of the broken, stony hill-land, where the exciting chase was going on. The rapidity with which an agile native hunter can run when thus attached to two or three excited dogs is astonishing. Whenever a steep valley was encountered the Esquimaux would slide down on their feet, in a sitting posture, throwing the loose snow to their sides like escaping steam from a hissing locomotive, until the bottom was reached, when, quick as thought, they would throw themselves at full length upon the snow, and the wild, excited brutes would drag them up the other side, where, regaining their feet, they would run on at a constantly accelerating gait, their guns in the meantime being held in the right hand or tightly lashed upon the back.

"We had hardly gone a mile in this harum-scarum chase before it became evident that the musk-oxen were but a short distance ahead on the keen run, and the foremost hunters began loosening their dogs to bring the oxen to bay as soon as possible; and then, for the first time, these intelligent creatures gave tongue in deep, long baying, as they shot forward like arrows, and disappeared over the crests of the hills amidst a perfect bewilderment of flying snow and fluttering harness traces. The discord of shouts and howlings told us plainly that some of the animals had been brought to bay not far distant, and we soon heard a rapid series of sharp reports from the breech-loaders and magazine guns of the advanced hunters. We white men arrived just in time to see the final struggle. The oxen presented a most formidable-looking appearance, with their rumps firmly wedged together, a complete circle of swaying horns presented to the front, with great blood-shot eyeballs glaring like red-hot shot amidst the escaping steam from their panting nostrils, and pawing and plunging at the circle of furious dogs that encompassed them. The rapid blazing of magazine guns right in their faces—so close, often, as to burn their long, shaggy hair—added to the striking scene. Woe to the over-zealous dog that was unlucky enough to get his harness line under the hoofs of a charging and infuriated musk-ox; for they will follow up a leash along the ground with a rapidity and certainty that would do credit to a tight-rope performer, and either paw the poor creature to death or fling him high in the air with their horns."

THE VERY ODD "PIONEERS" OF DAKOTA.

It is not strange that the dwellers in Dakota should be somewhat different from common folks. Nowhere else beneath the sun was there ever gathered such a pioneer population. No hickory shirts and hobnailed rawhide boots; no log cabins and coonskin caps; no lumbering old ox-wagons, full of tow-headed brats, with a half dozen brindle dogs trotting along between the wheels; no coarse home-spun and hog and-hominy; no toil-swollen hands and smell of sour sweat and manure piles; no, no. Our pioneers come in palace cars, reading the latest novel, or Longfellow's rhythmical twaddle about "The Land of the Dacotahs," which always reminded me of a two-tailed dog with a tin can tied to each. Their costumes tell of jaunts to Newport and Saratoga, and their wives and daughters are up in all the mysteries of Worth, Demorest and Butterick, and familiar with the newest agonies in opera airs and dance steps. All farm work is done by machinery. The ground is broken with sulky plows, the sowing is done with buggy seeders, the golden grain is harvested with self-binding reapers and thrashed by steam, while the engine feeds itself with straw for fuel. Our grangers farm in city tailor-made suits, with kid gloves on their hands and diamonds blazing in their shirt-fronts, while the dainty cambric handkerchief, with which they carry on gentle flirtations with toil, give forth the soft fragrance of new-mown hay, with rose or jockey club.—[Correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lampton family have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths, so that the family is far from being childless. A few weeks ago there was another death in the family, and the undertaker's assistant called at the house. A small boy met him at the door. "Is your pa in?" "What do you want to see him about?" "I want to ask him when the funeral will take place." "You needn't see him then at all, if that is all you want. I can tell you that. Pa always buries us at four o'clock in the afternoon."