Then mother has leisure To laugh with the girls, She shares all her secrets They smooth her soft curls; And deck her with blossoms, And fondly declare That never was mother

So winsome and fair.

And father is jolly; His stories and fun Are the life of the household He has not a son Who does not think father Knows best and is best, And would not work double That he might take rest.

So helping each other In labor or play, In happiness ever The years pass away;
For pleasures are brightest
That many hearts share,
And burdens are lightest That many hands bear.

VOICES OF THE WATER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, not tranquilly, not caring how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with

observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite walk like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into the night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shinning overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars-and more than this, how steadily it rolled away to meet the

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the streets became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they paused, and loose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many colored ring about the candle and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish rlesse."

but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you resear." hands-or choke its way with sandand when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side. restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When the day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun, and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself-pictured! he saw-the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries, came by degrees into the street below; the servants into the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always upright in his bed. He saw them now answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you. Tell fore them, as there had been sometimes

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again-the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or waking moments-of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bear-

pillow and take some rest.

ing me away, I think!"

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now?" They would of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; beuding heard a name he knew. forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up said Walter. Is he here? I should like so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He

was not afraid. The people round him changed as un-secountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's-except Florence; Florence never changed-and what had been Sir Parker Peps, was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. from his lips. Pipchin dozing in an easy chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes | member Walter. I was fond of Walter.' again, and see what happed next with- The feeble hand waved in the air, out emotion. But this figure with its as if it cried "good-bye" to Walter once head upon hand returned so often, and again. remained so long, and sat so still and spoken to, and rarely litting up its face. you."

that Paul began to wonder languidly if Sister and brother wound their arms sitting there, with fear.

"Floy," he said. "What is that?"

The figure lifted up its head, and rose. They always said so!"

and coming to the beuside, said, "My own boy! Don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face and thought, was this his father? But the face so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed he called to it.

out at the door.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa.

Indeed I am quite happy,"

His father coming and bending down to him-which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, ning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and the swift river bears us to the ocean! that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness or together more times than one." his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying-for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling, why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a

baby, Flov? He had asked, increduously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's. Often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant-longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more-then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm.

"She is not here, darling. She shall

ome to-morrow.' "Thank you, Floy." Paul closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the

sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy is it to-morrow? Is she come?" Some one seemed to go in quest of

her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word-perhaps she had never been away-but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke-woke mind and body-and sat about him. There was no gray mist bein the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own, blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, But Floy could always soothe and re- as one who had some right to fondle it. assure him; and it was his daily delight No other woman would have so forgotto make her lay her head down on his ten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am so glad to see it again.

prop him up with cushions in a corner | Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here." His senses were all quickened, and he

"Who was that who said 'Waiter?" to see him very much.

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then; let him come up." And after a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wongrave doctors-they used to assemble | der on his nurse, and saw that she had down stairs and come up together—and | not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought the room was so quiet, and Paul was so | into the room. His open face and maninto the room. His open face and manobservant of them (though he never ner, and his cheerful eyes, had always asked of anybody what they said), that made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his

hand and said, "Good-bye." "Good-bye, my child," cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head.

"Not good-bye?" For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said placidly "good-bye! Walter, dear, good-bye!"turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Re-

"Now, lay me down," he said, "and solemn, never speaking, never being Floy, come close to me and let me see

it was real; and in the night-time saw it around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them,

locked together. "There, at the bottom of the bed."
"There's nothing there, except papa."
The figure lifted up its bead, and rose
"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But that the next shot would certainly hit him. When taken before the justice he was distance to the carry rising travelers, and the carry rising travelers, and the centry runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But that the next shot would certainly hit him. When taken before the justice he was distance to the carry rising travelers, and the centry runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But that the next shot would certainly hit him. Should turn the gas completely out be fore groing to had."

of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were New York has suspended publication. now, how bright the flowers growing on Dressed raccoon meat is regularly them, and how tall the rushes! Now the tept on sale at Cloverdale, Cal., butchers boat was out at sea, but gliding smooth-

ly on. And now there was a shore be-He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did deluge in 1892.

not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not diupon zinc-covered piles. vine enough. The light about the head

is shining on me as I go." The golden ripple on the wall came loss of \$50,000 during the past seaso back again, and nothing else stirred in from the depredations of jack rabbits. the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide

old, old fashion-Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed I older fashion yet, of immortality! And am quite happy." This was the beginolder fashion yet, of immortality! And with regards not quite estranged, when

Presently he told her that the motion

fore him. Who stood on the bank?-

Bill Steptoe's Failing.

"Do you know this man?" "Well, yes, Judge, I ruther consider that I do. Him and me's been a-fishin

"Is he a man of good character?" "Him? Why, blast your buttons, Judge, do you s'pose I'd mix with a man that wasn't white from the ground

"You must answer the question." "Well, hain't I done it, Judge?" "You must not equivocate.

"Judge, I never do, onless it's a case of sickness or needcessity. I work as stiddy as any man in this town whenever I have anything to do. Of course, when I'm out of a job I do stir round some, for I never could bear to set in the house with my fingers in my mouth, but so long as there's a lick of work to be done, you'll-

"Will you stop that nonsense and answer the question?" "Of course I will Judge; why shouldn't I?"

"Why don't you do it then?" "Do what?" "Answer the question." . "What question's that, Judge ?"

"The one I asked you just now." "Which'ns that?" "Is he a man of good character?" "Who? Bill Steptoe?"

"Yes." "Judge, I reckon you didn't know old Jim Brass, did you? If you did, old Jim could tell you-

"I don't care what he could tell me. I want to know what you can tell me." "I could tell you things that would open your eyes, Judge. For instance. one spring old Jim and me and Bill

"I want you to stop this wandering around and answer the questions that are put to you. What do you know about Steptoe's character?"

"Judge, he is one of the whitest men that ever oncorked a jug." "Is he honest?"

"Judge, I've heard old Jim Brass ask that self-same question more'n a hund-

red times, I reckon, and-"There you go again. Is he honest?" "Who? Old Jim?" "No-Steptoe."

"I reckon, Judge, you want the onvarnished truth. "Of course. Out with it. Is he hon-

"As a ginral thing, Judge, yes, but

"But what?" "If you're a playin' old sledge with him, Judge, keep an eye on him. That's all I've got to say. Keep your eye on him, and alwa's count him for game. I that he didn't airn by his own hard knocks, but in playin' seven-up he's just as sure to turn jack about four times out of five as he is to hokus you out of game if you don't keep your eye peeled, and for that reason, Judge, I've alwa's had my suspicions, and to be on the safe side I make it a pint to keep an ace or two up my sleeve whenever I set down to have a friendly game or so with him. My onbiased opinion is that you can rust Bill with anything in the shape of waluables and not feel hard about it afterward, but in card-playin' I reckon he'd skin his own grandmother, if he got a middlin' good chance to do it."-Chicago Ledger.

He Knew the Country Girls.

"I'll tell you what I like," said a drummer from Cincinnati; "I like to be out in the country and get an invitation to a dance or party. The country dance or party is the place of all the world for fun, and don't you hesitate to recollect it. The last time I was at a country party I fell in love with a girl. She was freekled a little under her ears and forehead, but the rest of her face was peachyblossomy, yummy-yummy. And her lips—why, kisses seemed to dance on them, and sit on 'em, and dare you to saw a girl fight as she did. She scratched and clawed, tore off my cravat, busted my collar-button, bit my finger, lost the ribbon out of her hair, and got herself into a perspiration. She was very anher out on the back porch. She was

"'You hateful thing!" she exclaimed. I believe you have impudence enough to kiss me again. If you do I'll choke

your wind off.' "And then she threw her arms about my neck and gave me a terrific squeeze, by way of showing me what she could

"And did you beg off and make your

"Beg off! Make my escape! Say, do I look like a greeny? I kissed her seventeen straight times without stopping to take breath. I know these country lasses, I do, and when one of 'em likes a kiss so well as to give me a hugging invitation to take another, I stand up to the racket like a little man. That's the kind of a grocery salesman I am."

cently, was shot at three times by the town

HERE AND THERE.

The only Chinese paper published in

A resident of San Diego, Cal., bas written a pamphlet to prove that the earth is in imminent danger of a second

The wharves which are built in Charleston, S. C., to replace those destroyed by last summer's cyclone rest

It is estimated that the farmers of Tulare county, California, suffered a loss of \$50,000 during the past season There are ten thousand workmen em-

ployed on the Croton dam and aqueduct, New York. When completed the city will receive per day 320,000,000 gallons of water. Thanksgiving, Alfred Taylor, of Westpond, Conn., celebrated the seventy-

fourth anniversary of his wedding and

his 94th birthday. His wife is 92 years of age, and he has a son of 71 and a daughter of 60 years. Martin B. Pope, of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, is a man thoroughly disgusted with himself. He was a candidate for poor director at the last election, and was defeated by one vote, himself casting the deciding ballot, out of court-

esy, for his opponent. Th editor of a newspaper of Ohio thus appeals to his delinquent subscribers: "To all those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up arrearages, and for one year in advance, we will give a first-rate obit-

uary notice gratis in case it kills them.' While the soldiers were at Seattle, W. T., a number of them who were impecunious struck a brilliant plan for making a "raise." They started out and made a census of all the Chinese in the town, charging each one a fee for taking his name. The whole of Chinatown was gone over, and \$150 was realized

A horse belonging to the Carlisle, Pa., Indian school was sent up from the farm to be shod. There were a number of ready-made shoes on hand in the shop, and the job in the absence of the boss was given to an apprentice. After an interval the following note came to the superintendent: "This horse don't fit none of our shoes."

The tramp law of Connecticut was denounced in his sermon at Stratford on Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Hand, (Methodist) as the only one of the state laws he could not obey. He appealed for pity and charity for the poor and the outcast wherever found, and advised his people to ignore the tramp law, and help the needy under all circumstances.

The total cost of the liquor drunk is \$557,500,000 per year, and the average expense per head of our entire population would be \$10. Last year \$316,000,there was more money sunk in spirits by \$346,000,000 than was paid for boots, shoes and cotton goods. The amount expended on drink yearly would sustain six million people.

Prof. Rice, of Wesleyan university, in recent lecture, told of a freshet at one time when the Connecticut river was fifteen miles wide at Hartford and two hundred feet deep at Middletown. The mountains between the latter city and Meriden were islands in the river that ran to the sound in two channels, the new one running over the Wallingford

plains in New Haven. David Potts, a coal-miner, has commenced a suit against the owners of the Tresckow colliery, near Hazelton, Pa., to compel them to recover the body of his father-in-law, who perished by an accident in the mine. Although the body was known to be at the bottom of don't believe Bill would tech a dollar a pool of water in the mine, no effort was made to recover it, and the pool was afterward filled up with debris from

a new breastwork. The new England society may possibly be gratified to learn that a Boston lawyer, newly arrived in New York, is laboring to recruit its ranks. This gentleman appears to have secured a list of New England people living in the city, and is mailing them a sentimental circular asking for law business. It winds up with what seems a somewhat effusive proposition when coming from an entire stranger: "I am a member," he says "of the New England society in New York, and shall be glad to propose your name if you have not already joined."

From time immemorial pickled cabpage has been denounced by doctors as outrageously indigestible. Of late, however, that dietetic preparation has grown to be quite respectable. It has risen to the dignity of an alkaloid producer. M. Tuyapogu has isolated the substance, and finds that it suppresses the delirium due to a prolonged use of alcohol. So the whisky-seller, in placing pickled cabbage upon the lunch-table, has been for years unconsciously engaged in providing his guests with proper scientific

treatment. The Tuskegee normal school at come and take. I dared, but you never Tuskegee, Ala., which was organized four years ago, has been from the first under the control of colored teachers. During these four years five hundred acres of land have been secured; two large buildings have been put up, besides gry. She sulked a long while and re- half a dozen smaller buildings. The infused to speak to me. Finally I found stitution opened with one teacher and thirty students. There are at present 17 teachers and 225 students in the normal school and 126 in the trainingschool. The school is largely dependent on charity, there being an annual expense of about \$15,000.

Every few days the newspapers contain reports of persons found smothered in hotel bed-rooms because they "blew out the gas." If the smothered man looks like a drummer, or other enlightened individual, the coroner's verdict is apt to hint darkly at suicide. The municipal anthorities of Atlanta take another view of the matter. They have been advised that one-half the deaths from asphyxia are caused by hotel proprietors, and have made a law that economic landlords shall not turn off the gas from the meter at night. A large number of travelers leave the gas burn-An impecunious young man, for the offense of asking for his breakfast at Fresno, Cal., recently, was shot at three times by the town fore going to bed.

STRANGE FOOD.

New York Chef Tells How Dog-

Travelers often come back and tell us of having eaten and relished snakes and other reptiles not appreciated when placed on the home dinner table. Persons who have been confined within the walls of besieged cities tell us of horseflesh and rats as eatables. Wondering how some of those articles were prepared, a reporter dropped into the St. James hotel recently, to talk with John Roth, the celebrated chef, and learn from him some of these mysteries. He was found in his kitchen, studying deeply the dishes that were being prepared for that night's

"Some people eat strange food, don't they?" asked the scribe. "Indeed they do," said Roth, "and I like to try any new edible myself, sometimes. A little while ago I had a nice young dog. Somehow or other the dog broke its leg, and so I killed it. It was so nice and fat, I thought I would see

how it would taste cooked, so I prepared the dog like any one would prepare a joint of pork, roasted it, and served it with the same sort of dressing one would put with pork, and to a stranger the joint had all the appearance of pork, and it tasted delicious. It was very sweet and tender."

"How do the regular dishes in this country compare with the French

"There are many more varieties in this country than in France, and we can make a more varied menu here. Green turtle over there is a very expensive luxury, and terrapin is very seldom heard of. Many of the fish eaten over here are never seen there, and then game is more plentiful here. They have only one kind of wild duck and have not the canvas-back or mallard at all. Partridges and quail are much smaller there than here.

"Did you ever cook snails?" "Very often, and they are very nice when cooked properly. The French people are very fond of them. The best way I know of to prepare them is to let them soak in salt water for about a couple of days, so that all the glue and slime about them is removed. Then take them out of their shells and clean them and remove the head. You then place them in a red wine, claret, or Burgrundy, with some aromantic herbs to flavor them, and boil the whole. When they have become cold take some shallots, garlie, shedwell, cloves and red wine. Then place the small pack in its shell and put a little butter in and bake. After they are cooked serve up with bread crumbs and melted butter. They are very fine. You know English people are fond of salt-water snails, which they call perwinkles. They simply boil these and eat with vinegar and

"Did you ever eat any snakes?" "I never did, but I have met people 000 worth of beer was consumed, and who have told me that some kind of snakes are very good, and why should they not be? Eels are only snakes, you know, and they are eaten in all sorts of

styles." "Rats are spoken well of by some people; did you ever cook them?

"Rats are very nice when they are war, while the German's were surrounding Paris, they were eaten by the besieged in very large quantities. A good way to prepare them is to skin them and clean them, then cut them up and put into wine with aromatic herbs and then make a fricasee of them as you would of a chicken. Horse-flesh is now very popular in France, and there are regular horse-butchers in Paris. Horse-flesh is of beef is. I believe there is a law here prohibiting the sale of horse-beef. Peo-Mail and Express.

Dismissing a Bore.

Did you ever come to a dead standstill for want of something to say and then while taxing the brain for some subject of attack, would feel a wave of silence growing between you and your guest, ike one of those widening circles caused by throwing a pebble into a stream? And then from fear of being in some way submerged in the circle, jump at poet's disappearance as if a trap-door the first subject your eyes rest upon? I have a young friend who is just beginning to have evening callers "all to herself." A young gentleman called upon her last evening.

Before she came down stairs the mo-Lillie was enjoying her first winter

out." She answered that she thought Lillie was doing very well, and that if she protected herself from bores through life as far, she thought there was no danger, but that society would always be interesting to the child.

"Why, how does she do it," said the

wonder-struck young man. "Oh," said the proud mother, "she has a story that she picked up somewhere, about a young man who lost the affections of his lady love, by letting her see too much of him. The story, when she other branches of life besides the coming tells it never fails to send her compan-

ion-to other quarters." The door opens; in sails the radiant Lillie. She talks to Mr. Noodle. She sings to him. She tells aim little anecdotes. She yawns a little behind her handkerchief. But in spite of herself, Private residences even are to be pro that awful silence obtrudes itself upon them. It grows and grows until poor Lillie slowly and solemnly says: "Mr.

about the young man that-" "Ah, Miss Lillie, excuse me, I had no idea it was so late. Shall I see you at Mrs. J.'s to-morrownight? Ah! so glad. Good night." And the bore took his departure, while Lillie's story remained untold that night .- Ingleside.

Ex-Gov Bishop, of Ohio, is 63 years old, but is still very active. Last summer he went to his son's home in Clifton, and, passing through

SCIENCE VS. THE BULL DOG.

New Invention for Getting Rid of Poets, Canvassers, and the Like. Every reader of the comic newspaper must from time to time have had his attention forcibly attracted to the withering contempt and fierce hatred openly entertained by the comic editor against the aspiring poet, whether of the spring or love-lorn variety. The poet, in fact, would seem to hold the same relation to the comic editor as does the red flag to the bull. Week after week, in the comic editor's "Answers to correspondents" may be read such bitter replies as the following: "What ought we to give for your poem? Well, ten days, we should think;" or again, "You should take a long course of Russian baths to get that poetry out of your system; if that doesn't succeed, try a watery grave." Issue after issue of the comic newspaper contains chuckling references on the untimely fate which has overtaken some poet visiting a comic newspaper office, or teems with dark hints as to trap-doors through which poets are buried down into mysterious depths, bloodthirsty insinuations as to bulldogs who keep watch over the editorial sanctum, or portentous allusions as to graves which may ere long stand in need of being kept green. "The poet's lovely widow," suggestively remarks one comic editor in this connection, "strews flowers over his tomb; the wily editor still keeps that bull-

dog in his room." Now, it is doubtless trying to be almost daily brought in contact with haggard and lank young men-for as such is the poet always pictured by the comic editor -who are addicted to such habits as making "scarcely" rhyme with "parsley;" or who, with a monotny that is undeniably ire-provoking, rave year after year of "angel forms,"
"tender-daffodils," and "the flowers
that bloom in the spring." Still the
sanguinary methods confessedly adopted by the comic editor can not but be deprecated by all truly Christian and peace-loving persons; and it would seem that some means by which he might rid himself of his persecutors could surely be devised without resort being had to mayhem, homicide, and kindred crimes.

Such a means has been afforded by the recent invention of Prof. Grimkopf, of Boston. For a long time past, it appears, the professor has had the eve of science, so to speak, turned on the poet and others of his race, and to his enlightened mind the bulldog and the trap door have seemed but crude and brutal methods unworthy of the civilization of the age. One day he came across the story in a local newspaper of a merchant who had succeeded in ridding himself of the importunities of a swarm of female book canvassers by a somewhat novel and ingenious method: Whenever the merchant in question heard a female voice behind him exclaiming in dulcet strains: "Won't you please look at this beautiful illustrated work in nine-nine parts, only 25 cents a part?" he would surreptitiously let loose a number of mice deftly concealed in a cage beneath his desk. The success of the scheme, it was recorded, even surpassed expectation. Linking this idea with the scarecrow of the rural young. During the French and German | districts, Professor Grimkopf arrived at the deduction that if the unwelcome visitor could be disposed of by a moral instead of a physical shock a decided step in advance would have been attained. Following out this train of thought, he was inspired to an invention which will indubitably prove of the highest value.

This invention consists of an apparatus capable of evolving an apparition somewhat similar to that which might be proa little coarse and strongly flavored. It duced by means of a magic lantern and is cooked in the same way that a joint a canvas. Its workings are described as follows: A poet enters the editor's sanctum. The latter, concealing his ple used to be disgusted at the idea of hatred in the consciousness of his trieating frogs, but now frogs' legs are umph, softly, almost unctuously, reconsidered a great delicacy, and are in great demand everywhere."—New York you! Married or single, sir?" If the poet murmurs that he is single the comic editor forthwith sets in motion an attachment on the right hand side of his desk, and immediately there appears on the wall facing the poet the life-size figure of Mr. John L. Sullivan, in alarmingly pugilistic attitude, with the words emblazoned above his head: "The fighting editor is in." The terror inspired by this apparition has been demonstrated to be fully as effective in leading to a were actually opened beneath his feet.

The comic editor's end is thus attained without any approach to battery or bloodshed. If, on the other hand, the poet reply that he is married, the comic editor applies himself to an attachment ther came in and entertained him. to the left of his desk, and instantly While talking she was asked, "how Miss | there is an apparition of a fierce motherin-law, with a wintry and sarcastic smile, from whose ghostly mouth are to be seen issuing the words: "I have come to pay a nice, long visit, dear." This apparition is declared to be even more efwell as she had succeeded in doing so fective than the preceding one. In one instance in which the test was applied, it was attended by striking results. The victim casting one horrified glance at the apparition, rushed precipitately toward the stairs, and clearing them at a bound, disappeared, and, strange to say, has never been heard of since.

Prof. Grimkopf's invention, it is understood, is capable of being applied to newspaper offices. Apparitions suitable to protecting the head of a public department against the pertinacious officeseeker and the merchant against the wiles of the book women can, it is announced, be furnished on application. tected, and the apparition of a tramp at work is declared to be specially efficacious against lusty mendicants. The Noodle, did you ever hear that story invention can scarcely fail to net its owner a large fortune, and it is now to be hoped that the reader of the comic newspaper will no longer be shocked by reading of poets being hurled through trap-doors, or of their being torn to pieces by the cruel fangs of the editorial bulldog. - Brooklyn Eagle.

It Has Come to Stay.

All the evidences are that the improvement in trade throughout the a high gate, was attacked by a savage dog who country has come to stay. The business of the banks-an excellent barometer for trade-shows steady improvement. - Philadelphia North American.

Twenty-five thousand trout eggs, shipped from Michigan to Carson, Nev., were spoiled by being kept too warm in the express-car.