For the thistle's purple crown, And the hawkweed's yellow bood; For the crocus in its gown, And the wild bird in the wood;

For the milkweed, spilling out All its board of silken skeins; For the brooks that sing and shout

For the stars that nightly riso,

All the beavens brimming: For the rainbow in the skies, And the crickets' hymning. Thank Him for the red leaf's glow, For the vine's increase,
For the promise of the snow,
And the wide world's lease!

—Mary N. Proceet.

MADAME'S THANKSGIVING.

has step Tanksgiving Day—bah! Dis world has step Tanksgiving Day—eh? My faith, it was so much to be tankful for, dis world?' and with inexpressible rony in her face, Madame shrugged her shoulders and threw away the daily paper with a vigor of contempt that would have ended in its destruction had not little Lizzy, her maid, caught it from the grate-pan on which it deseended.

"Madame will like to read the res of the paper after awhile," she said, apologotically:
"Certainly, child?" replied Madame,
"and you are a very good girl to remember it; as for me, I can remember nothing when I am enrage. Ah, bah Why should this Governor of yours command one to be tankful? We must be tankful when we can. Oh! I do hate foolish!" and Madame took her seat at her breakfast-table and sipped her solitary cup of chocolate with a missive silver spoon, while Lizzy, as good a little Methodist as ever served a

ducked a small courtesy, and faltered "Please, Madame, our minister say we have all a great deal to be thankful for every day. First our health, please, and the sun rising and-and-the flowers growing, and having enough to eat; and, please, Madame, I don't think it means in-in American just what it does in French, only that you ought to have a good dinner and not work, and go to church and say your prayers.

please, Madame." "Oh, I please always to have a good dinner!" cried Madame, laughing. "As for saying my prayers"—suddenly she paused, a soft, kindly look came over her face-"But it is right for you to say your prayers, my child," she ad-"and you shall go to your church to Heaven. and have a good dinner on your Tanks-

giving Day."
"Oh! Madame, I have real nice things to eat every day-better than I ever had Christmas time before," answered Lizzy. "The poor little Galsons are often glad of what you tell me to throw away. Mrs. Galson, you know, Madame, does up your laces.'

"Ah! I have never seen her, She is poor, den, dis Madame Galson?" "Oh! awfully poor, Madame," replied Lizzy. "So poor-so poor they have but one tiny little room. Her husband was rich, but he died. She's a real lady, Madame; and then her eldest boy was drowned; and now she has four children, and all she can do is to

mend and do up lace." "Ah! you see?" cried Madame. "And your Governor says to her, 'Be tankful! See, now, for me: I am rich, richer than you know; but all my family are gone out of dis world. My poor husband-ah, shall I ever forget dat day! And once anozzer ting happened to me. A little sister-a young girl-she had sixteen years-she was younger than I-but it was when we were both young-we slept togezzer; in de morning I wakened, she was not in bed-she was gone! I never saw her again. I cried! Ah! yes. I praved, too; but no answer ever come! Little Lizzic, it is not certain one is happy

ecause one is rich." "I am so sorry, Madame," said Lizzy, "so sorry, and poor Mrs. Galson, she's a French lady, too. There is a knock. I think it is Mrs. Galson's little girl for the lace fichus." Let her come to this room. I should

like to see her," said Madame. ... And Lizzy ushered into the room a pretty brunette girl of some ten years old, who answered all Madame's questions modestly and sweetly, and who spoke French as well as she did English.

"You are right, Lizzy," said Mad-ame, when the child had departed; "that little girl's mother is a lady." And then she sat quietly before the fire knitting some trifle in crochet for a long, long while. At last she spoke, and natpanion: "So your Governor says one must dine well on Thanksgiving Day? Well, I will be a good citizeness. I will have a dinner party; I will ask shall take the billet, eh! Lizzy?"

"Oh, Madame, how good you are," And so, that very afternoon the little exile" requested "the company of anrobe as Mrs. Galson possessed; an English lady would have thought of introductions-for Mrs. Galson was a lady,

"And I have the pleasure of meeting Madame Noir," replied the other; and then the little chat began in pure Parisian French and Madame would have blushed had her most dis-

tinguished friends been aware of her dinner party.

After dinner a grand inspiration seized Madame. "We will go to the pantomime this

afternoon," she said. "There is a pantomime for children at the—. I ove to see children laugh. Come, let us go. Lizzy, order the carriage. Madame the children's bonnets are

so shabby you will be ashamed," cried
Mrs. Galson, "and even mine—."
"We will have a private box. They

and said softly, "French will be

The curtain rose on all the freaks of worth at a very high figure.—Boston The curtain rose on all the freaks of dumbine and Harlequin, and of the two, of wonderful fairies, gnomes and the flowers and vogetables had allowed about; and on doesn't go very much.—Lowell Offices.

donkeys who could sing. The children were in glee. The two ladies sat in the back of the box and talked together. "Is it many years since you left France. Madame Galson? asked Ma-"Many-many!" said Mrs. Galson

I left it when I was a girl of sixteen I have never seen it since."
"Nor I since I left it," and Madame Noir. "I came with my husband. He died very soon. I have no relative

"but I was very, very wicked when I was a girl. Married against my parents' will, and I left home secretly. My husband brought me to America, and I wrote to my mother, but she never answered me. They would not was placed was dismissed before the forgive me. Afterward, when trouble came, I was too proud to write. Madame Noir looked at her guest, and her heart began to beat vidently.

you?" she asked. "I had a dear sister," said Madame Galson. "She was young, but I know her dismay she found that he had not. she would have endeavored to soften my parents. It is strange that she never wrote to me. But in France not to put on hat or wrap, but dashed girls have not the freedom they have out of the house, attired as she was in a here, and my father was very stern. Ah, ves, Gabrielle loved me." "Gabrielle!" cried Madame.

your sister's name Gabrielle?" "Ah! ves," said Madame Galson. " saw by your note that it was also along the street leading to the school, yours, Madame-pardon me, but I believe that at the same age you must have resembled Gabrielle in the eyes. The expression of the mouth-it affected me greatly."
"And your own name, Madame?

asked Madame Noir. "Elise," replied Madame Galson. Our father was Monsieur August Dis- scribe him or give her own name or saux. He had a chateau near Paris. address. Sergeant Frink was visibly His father had made a large fortune as affected by her manner and begged her a manufacturer of silks. He bimself to calm berself before he led her into lived on his property. My husband was a room where there were a number of not of his country, his religion, or his lost children. She tried hard to do so, sentiments. Therefore he hated him; so great was her eagerness to see as yet I had thought he would forgive us, soon as possible if her boy was among yet I had thought he would forgive us, when we were really married, and that the stray waifs, and had, to all appear-

my mother would at least write." "Oh, Madame, what is it that troubles you? Are you ill?" And Madame Galon, interrupting her speech, bent toward Madame Noir, who was weep-

foreigner of mysterious religious views, "Ill?" replied Madame Noir. "Oh, no; I am agitated overcome. Elise, have I changed so much that you do not know me? I have known you ten minutes-at least ten minutes. I am Gabrielle, from whose side you crept more than twenty-five years ago. I have also married, as you know by my change of name. I have never heard a word from you since you left us. Mamma never received your letter. We never ew that you were married. fered suspense and anguish. Oh, Elise, Elise, to think that, after all, we meet

> that of the elder. It was no place for demonstration of any sort; but, in her heart, Madame Noir was giving thanks

> "And so," said Lizzy, with her cheeks all pink with pleasure, as she sat sewing in her mother's little home on her next holiday afternoon-"and so. mother, it has turned out that Mrs. Galson is Madame's sister that she hasn't seen since they were girls together. And Mrs. Galson and the four children are coming to live with Madame for good, and never have to work hard and be poor again. And Madame says she's glad the Governor proclaimed Thanksgiving, and she ought to be, for she's got more than comfort by it-folks to love her dearly. as only your kin can. And, to be sure, it all did come of her keeping Thanksgiving, though I must say she kept it in a kind of French way; and I shouldn't church, they're all so thankful. Isn't it curious, ma?"

> "Yes, Lizzy, it is curious!" said Lizzy's mother, in jerks between the turns of the wringer, for no news could stop the washing; "but, you know by your hymn-book that 'God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.' And for my part, the older I grow the less surprised I am at anything; and I calculate this was a reward to Madame for doing her duty according to her light -making the widow's orphans."-Mary Kyle Dallas.

Garrulous Frenchmen.

All Frenchmen, and especially French vomen, know how to talk when they've nothing to say. This is a most valuable accomplishment. Many a man with any amount of information inside of him which he longed to rid himself of has been obliged to remain silent all his life and die dumb because he couldn't get started conversationally by talking when he had nothing to say. Your very wise and very reticent man thinks he must say something worth saying every time he opens his lips. This is a great mistake. Indeed, it urally to Lizzy, who was her only com-deal of the learned sense of a hundred or two hundred years ago has turned out nonsense, and it may be the same way with our reputed profundity. The man over-careful of his talk ostracises Madame Galson and her four little ones. himself from his kind and is a hermit know. I have not so many friends. I in a crowd. I doubt if a French herwill write to my country-woman. You of being able to talk when you have nothing to say is that it paves the way for talk when you have something to say. This has been the secret of the maid carried into Mrs. Galson's poor involved much of the charm of the room a polite invitation, in which one Frenchwoman. Another commendable other." It was prettily worded. As to speak American gambling vernacupretty a reply was returned. An American lady would have felt herself worth," intellectually and socially. Frenchmen who may meet for the first time around a table will not remain strangers. They know that conversaas Lizzy had discovered—but the they will have. Englishmen, and French heart is warmer, softer, the French woman less conventional; and Americans, too, in like conditions rebesides, she can do wonders with a litmain glum. They freeze up immeditle old black lace, and a geranium or other. Frenchmen thaw out. The two, and Mrs. Galson had both of these. Frenchman doesn't care who or what It was not an ill-dressed party that entered Madame's parlor on Thanksgiving Day, just in time for the early dinsome talk out of him for the present some talk out of him for the present "It is, of course, Madame Galson?" moment and he gets it. All parties are amused for the time being and none are injured. They part friends and remain strangers. Every individual, to the Frenchman, with whom he may come in transient contact is as the flower to the honey bee, out of which he extracts some sweets, then flies away and forgets it forever. - Prentice Mulford, in the San Francisco Chronicle.

> -The President of an insurance company at Hartford, Conn., has received through the mails a block of sawed pine with the cavities filled with rosin, and a friction match in the end. A letter following it stated that it was a sample of the torches used by fire-bugs. It is a great wonder that the pouches were not set on fire.

-The Schiller prize is one that is will need no bonnets," said Madame.
"Their beautiful hair is perfect, and me are in black—black is always the same."

And so the happy carriageful rolled consideration of productions competing for the prize, has decided that none is good enough this year to deserve it.

-The woman who wishes to be taken

Dees Joy Kill ! On West Thirty-ninth street lives the family of Mr. B. S. DePool, a whole-sale dealer in alcohol. The family consisted of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Pool and four children, the youngest of whom was a little boy of five years of age, named Solomon. It was decided a few weeks ago that he was old enough to send to school this fall, and accordingly on the reopening of the public schools last Monday he was sent to the "And I—do not know whether I one on Fortieth street. It was arranged have or not," sighed Madame Galson; that a girl who attended school should call for him every day going and com-ing therefrom. Accordingly on Monday morning she stopped at the house and took the little fellow to school. As it happened, the class in which Solomon one to which she belonged, and the result was that when she called to take him home she found that he had already left with the rest of the little "Had you no sister to intercede for scholars. She hurried to Solomon's house and tearfully inquired of his mother if he had reached home. To The mother, frantic with grief, when she heard what had happened waited calico dress, in search of him. She inquired of the neighbors if they had seen anything of her darling boy, and being informed that they had not she sought for him everywhere. Her relatives and in fact every place she thought it possible he might be, were visited. As a last recourse she went to the station house on Ferty-seventh street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Sergeant Frink who was at the desk was beautight for intelligence of her lost child in tones so agitated that she could hardly deances, succeeded, when the door was opened for her leading into the room where the little ones were. But the moment she caught sight of her beloved boy, who was, indeed, among those present, having been found wandering in Fifty-ninth street, she lost all control of herself. Shrieking: "My child, my child!" she ran to meet him and clasped him to her breast, almost smothering him with kisses and weep-

ing with joy. Sergeant Frink asked her if she had not better wait a few minutes at the station house until she had regained her composure, but she of rheumatic tendencies, as well as by any elaborate system of under- few editors would frankly confess so had regained her composure, but she answered that she wished to reach home before her husband should return from business. She therefore took little Solomon by the hand and walked down ing her husband in throes of rheumatic circumstances in which underdrafning Forty-seventh street toward Ninth avenue. Just as she reached the corner she was seen to clasp her hand to her much suffering, we trust they will try when water flows from high ground and breast, stagger and fall backward to and lead a different life. Of course, we saturates a lower place, this saturated the pavement. Passers-by rushed to do not expect any woman is going to ground requires a complete system of her assistance, thinking she had bed and leave her feet out on the floor, dra'ns to remove the water from it. swooned, and a crowd soon gathered around. Her face wore an expression of intense suffering, her complexion was of a grayish hue, her teeth were set and hands clenched. Efforts were made to bring her to by the by-standers, who knew not that she had died almost before touching the sidewalk, and that she was now beyond the reach of human aid. Finding their endeavors to restore animation unavailing and fruitless, word was dispatched to the station house of what had occurred. Sergeant Frink had the body conveyed thither, and information of the event was sent to Mrs. DePool's residence. Shortly afterward Mr. DePool and his son reached home only to find that the wife and mother they had left in perfect he ith a few hours before, and bidden wonder if next time they'd go to good-by with a smile on her face, was now lying cold in death at a stationhouse. They hastened to the place, stopping on the way to bring their family physician. Of course nothing could be done by the latter, and the husband set out to obtain permission from Cor- Thanksgiving Day as a man, if he tries oner Ellinger for the removal of the awful hard. Some boys are too mean body, while the son remained by the side of his mother until his return. spring. It is believed that the excitement under I'm thankful I ain't a girl. Girls which she was laboring while in sear. h | can't slide down cellar doors, or hitch

connecting with the brain, and so caused useful in cleaning off the snow and her death. age, of medium build, and very pre- it don't hurt a boy any to die, but l possessing in appearance and manuers. don't want to try it. sad affair is as yet unconscious of its key and oysters and two kinds of sauce, fatal termination, and wondering where because we are a little off on finances very questionable whether the best of him, if anything, just before she was his self-reputed wise savings were stricken down. Whether she felt some to pass my plate twice, whether it's premonition of its being about to occur, fashionable or not. I think a boy with savay. There is no time better than

Children's Costumes.

American ideas have been accepted abroad as the standard for children's clothing, and the American kilted Princesse dress as one that can hardly be improved upon. From this there is only one appeal, that is to the "Jerwhich hardly differs, excepting in making the kilted flouncing an essential part of the skirt, instead of trimming it on, or only inserting it in the

Children new are very picturesquely. and at the same time very simply and charmingly attired! Their clothing growth and development.

The utmost religement in simple ma-

terials is now obtainable, and dainti- can outrun any boy I can't lick .- Deness in cotton or linen, warmth and lightness in wool, are much more desirable than flimsiness in silk. One of the merits to economical mothers of the present styles is that they require but a small amount of material, and it is therefore more easy to get that which is of the best in quality and design.

held two inches below the waist-line. Such's skirt is warm, nest and cles for winter wear. It saves washing, and reduces the amount of under-clothing. It may be buttoned onto a slip waist if preferred, but if the dress is wool, and the skirt the lame, and the under-wear a warm merino suit beneath combina-tion drawers, which serve as chemise, corded corset cover and drawers combined, there will be no need for fannel skirts; and thus a troublesome item is

Hose for children are dark, and selfcolored. Black, and dark-brown hose are worn even with light and white dresses, the dark color reappearing in the sash or hat. Very large hats, or poke bonnets, are put upon the merest babies, if they can walk, and the effect is very odd and quaint; very long dark stockings, very large collars, and a generally antique gravity of cut and style distinguish the dress of boys up to twelve years of age; after that they are given over to the tailors. But the "little men" suits, consisting of jacket. vest and trowsers, have disappeared mainly, and been replaced by suits of black velvet, with deep jackets, large needlework collars, or jabots of soft Rembrandt caps, and long black hose, which if they are slender, and American boys usually are, make them look as if they had been sitting for the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." - Demorest's Monthly.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

One of the most remarkable things in medical science is a discovery recently over without any new discovery being made, and when one is made, like vaccination, and they are not dead sure whether it amounts to anything or not, a new discovery that the discoverer will swear by is a big thing. This Philadelphia doctor has discovered that rheumatism is the direct result of cold feet. There is no discovery that has ever been

to reason any more than this. Many thousands of men are going around crippled and bent with theumathey have never known what caused their bones to ache. Of course they No. 2 icicles were placed in the small of cold female foot, and the Philadelphia doctor should be thanked by men

method to soften the rigors of a hard that will make their feet seem warm allowing the small of their backs to be used in lieu of a grate fire. We trust that the cold-footed portion of our fein its true light, and, if necessary, leave their feet in the porter's room at bedtime, and get a check for them. - I cck's

A Boy's Thanksgiring.

· I believe a boy can be as thankful on

of her child aggravated the form of on, or throw snow-balls worth a cent. heart disease from which she was They can't take bumps like boys, and heart to sing for joy and comforting the doubtless suffering, and was the cause if they roll off a sled and their mothers of her decease; or, that the joyful re- find it out, they get boxed. action from the terrible mental strain I'm thankful that dad is still alive. she had undergone before finding her When he dies I'll have to split the wood boy had burst one of the blood-vessels and build the fires. He is also very

> thawing out the penstock. Mr. DePool stated that she was and I'm thankful I'm not in the grave, had been in perfect health up to the where some boys are. Some have been day of her death, and had never been taken and some left, and I'm glad I'm known to have any affection of the one of the left. It's about the only heart. She was thirty-four years of thing I ever did get left on. They say

Meanwhile, the innocent cause of this I'm not going to be thankful for tur-"mamma" is. He is too young to be this year. We're going to have chickable to relate what his mother said to en and mashed taters and pickles, and and was hurrying home before death half a chicken in him feels more tony could seize her, can therefore never be than the boy who didn't get anything known. - Philadelphia Press. but the neck.

The more I think of it the more I see

but the neck.

to be thankful for. I fell into the river twice last summer, and didn't stay there either time. I fooled with dad's revolver, and sent a bullet into sister Mary's ear. I'm awful thankful it didn't hit her in the head. I found a dog and sold him for a pair of skates. I found ten cents, and forgot to hide it when I went to bed, and ma never found out. I guess I'll put that in among the thanks. I got run over by a butcher cart, and wasn't hurt at all. I'm thankful, and the butcher is mad. A boy in Chicago was blowed sky high

troit Free Press. Caught in His Own Trap.

folds or drapery which forms their principal ornamentation.

Plush is too heavy in the best qualities, and too flimsy in the inferior ones to be useful or suitable for children, but there is a new make of velveteen, the "Nonpareil," which is well adapted to their requirements, having the appearance of a light silk plush, rather than of cotton velvet. This may be used for planting a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces. their requirements, having the appearance of a light silk plush, rather than of cotton velvet. This may be used for plain suits, consisting of skirt and deep plain suits, consisting of skirt and deep in the plain suits of the same and gave a tremendous path. The plain suits are sui

Drains.

Every building about a farm should

the basis of the drains. These are now operas. made so cheaply of tin that no farmer can afford to do without them. The made so cheaply of tin that no farmer —Mr. Whetler, the poet, says he recan afford to do without them. The ceives 200 applications for his autograph water from these may be carried away in the course of a year. in pipes laid under ground, and if pos-sible should be collected in cisterns or ponds for use. The conventance of a critics and commentators as Cervantes. supply of soft water at the house or dairy will always repay the cost of the pipes required. This need not be large. A very cheap pipe, sufficient to carry of the water from a building. may be made of wooden stripe three. or six inches in width, nailed together at the edges so as to form a tube. Hemlock strips will last under ground for many years, and are the cured. These should be laid a foot almost perfect health for one so delipasses across a road the pipe should be book. protected by a thick plank laid over it -Sidney Lanier's Baltimore friends and resting on the solid earth on each and admirers held a memorial meeting side of it. In laying these pipes it is at which President Gilman, of Johns best to place them with an angle down- Hopking University, and others made ward, and not to have a flat side for addreses. It was decided to raise a the water to run. There is much less memorial fund for the support of his danger of the lodging of sediment in family. Among those named as memthe pipe, because when little water is bers of the memorial committee were passing through the stream is still deep George W. Childs, G. H. Boker and H. HOW NAN SPENT THANKSGIVING. and strong enough to carry off any H. Furness. solid matter that may find its way into Drains about the barns should not

only include those for carrying off the accordingly published it, and the first rain-water, but there should be sufficient of them to carry off the figuid sold that a second was hurried out. lose, even at the cost of considerable expense in providing for its saving. And yet how few farmers save any portion of it, although fertilizers are purchased at great cost every year. A simple system of drains, made at the cost of a few doltars, would save all these valuable cloments of fertility, and remove from the yards what is now left made in the human anatomy that stands to become a nuisance and a waste. These liquids may be carried hite a shallow pit, cemented at the bottom, or a tank lined with plank, and these may tism and suffering untold agonies and | be filled with absorbents, if only earth can be so used, and these added to the manure-heap; or the solid manure and knew that their wives had cold feet but litter may be wheeled out of the stables they had no idea that every time those and thrown into the pit or tank, and made to absorb the liquid. But the of the back to get warm that they were drainage from the roofs should not be tween sheets of water. -Oil Gity Der- and little girls in warm closes and hibited, and sometimes in a heardingsowing the seeds of rheumatism. We mixed with the manure, or the latter rick. presume there is a hundred pounds of will be so sodden that it will not fermale rheumatism to every square meh | ment and heat, and the valuable parts of it will be washed out.

The field drains may not require their cold feet have brought about so may be required. As, for instance, or under a coal stove. This could not But the evaporation from the soil be expected. But they can adopt some our American climate where heats are intense and drving winds blow almost winter. They can paint their feet a continually from the interior of the nice warm color, or have a summer son- | continent is so great that the soil soon set painted on the instep, or a fireplace loses a surplus of water that may hapon the bottom of their feet. Anything pen from occasional heavy rains, and the danger we experience is rather will be a relief to their rheumatic hus- from a deficiency than an excess of bands. A pair of zinc over-shoes to moisture. It is not safe in this respect wear in bed would help some very cold to rely upon English authorities and feet several degrees. Men are too opinions. In that moist climate, alvaluable to be crippled up with rheu- though the rain-fall is not much more matism, just for the temporary comfort than half as much as ours, the soil is they can confer upon their wives by nearly a'ways filled to overflowing because of the very in idequate amount of evaporation. There the air is tilled with moisture for weeks at a time, so male population will look at this ma'ter that a constant drizzle is falling, even when the almost daily showers have an intermission. On this account the excess of water in the soil calls for complete under drainage, even in sandy and gravelly fields. With us circumstances are entirely different, and we cannot wisely follow the advice or imitate the examples given in English books or journals: nor can we depend upon the advice given by American writers who take their opinions at second hand, and not from personal knowledge of our circumstances. Partial drainage will serve our purpose effectively and cheaply in nearly every case. Where there is a wet spot fed by springs a drain may be carried through it, and if there are many such places in a field a few lines of drainage cutting the most of these, with a short lateral here and there, will be sufficient. Rank, coarse grass, sedges, and rushes indicate stagnant water in the soil, and wherever these are found a drain will be required. But it will be unwise to completely underdrain a field because a few spots of this kind are found in it. Surface drains will be found useful to carry off the water from newly sown

grain fields. These may be made with the plow and finished with a roundpointed shovel. Low places in meadows or other fields, were water lodges. should also be drained by laying a pipe through the ridge which surrounds the low place to carry

in plowing or mowing .- N. P. Times. ----Feed ng Corn Stalks,

away. There is no time better than

the present for this work. To protect

I have never, until now, been able to ocount for the different values various practical people put upon corn stalks. True, there is a great difference in different kinds of corn, in the way it is fed. etc., but after all the great variation in value is caused by its dryness. That which is cured somewhat moist, even if more or less moldy, is greatly preferred by the cattle, to hard, dry, brittle stuff, with gunpowder. A boy in Cleveland by the cattle, to hard, dry, brittle stuff, swallered pizen. A boy in Syracuse got which has lost almost all its flavor, and charmingly attired! Their clothing consists of two or three layers containing more or less warmth according to the season, and they are thoroughly protected, if properly dressed without injurious weight, or hindrance to growth and development.

Swallered pizen. A boy in Stratuse got burnt up. A boy in Stratuse got burnt up. A boy in Stratuse got in some states of two or three layers containing more or less warmth according to the season, and they are thoroughly protected, if properly dressed without injurious weight, or hindrance to growth and development.

Swallered pizen. A boy in Stratuse got in doubtless a good deal of its nutritive qualities. Simply sprinkling the portions of stalks to be fed next, so that they will have a few hours to absorb the water, helps a great deal, but still it is two shilling skates, but I'll have to get which has lost almost all its flavor, and doubtless a good deal of its nutritive qualities. Simply sprinkling the portions of stalks to be fed next, so that they will have a few hours to absorb the water, helps a great deal, but still it is not at all like having naturally moist. two shilling skates, but I'll have to get not at all like having naturally moist along somehow, and be thankful that I fodder. If the water used to soften the stalks is salted, and flavored with a few handfuls of bran, this will make a great difference. No doubt the best plan to feed corn fodder is to cut and steam it. with such additions of roots, bran, etc., A story-quite as good for being true as are desirable. Few can do this: is told of two medical students, the many, however, follow what is the next one a very large and the other a very best plan -to cut the corn fodder, and small person, who were room-mates and mix it with bran, then to pour scalding The woolen materials of the present bed-fellows: On a certain warm night water in abundance over the mass, and season are well adapted for children's the big man, who was on the inner cover it up with rubber sheets, rubber wear, because they are so neat, yet so side, awoke to the consciousness that army blankets, or place it in a flox with attractive in their cassimere and heather mixtures. They are also accompa-companion having taken a good-sized soaking and "sweating." In whatever reservation in the middle of the bed. way it is fed, it should be cut—the finer er mixtures. They are also accompanied by clustered, striped or plaided trimming in well blended shades and patterns, which adapt themselves. admirably to the kiltings, and scari-like folds or drapery which forms their principal ornamentation.

companion in the middle of the bed. By way it is fed, it should be cut—the nner the better; but even if it be cut in foot lengths, every farmer will find his account for it. A large part of dry-fed fellow so effectually as to land him on the carpet. The ejected one showed the carpet. The ejected one showed first in getting it out, and then in clean

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-- There are said to be seventy-nine be provided with spouts, for these are American composers at work on comic

> -A book of fithographed autumn leaves is on its way through the press in England, a thing which it is said has never occurred before. +Dr. Oliver Wendell Homes is of the

same age as Mr. Tennyson seventy-Homes bears his age wonderfully well. -A recent visiter at Liberty Hall. Ga. found Alexander H. Stephens in under the surface, and where the drain cate, and hard at work upon his new

A novel of Cape Cod life was read in manuscript by Williams & Co., Bos-

manure where it can be saved and made Theurcame seven libel suits for an aguse of. This part of the manure con- gregate of \$30,000. The novelist had made by a Philadelphia physician. tains nearly all the potash and nitrogen not only introduced real persons in a When so many hundreds of years pass of the food, and is far too valuable to most uncomplimentary fashion, but had most uncomplimentary fashion, but had given their full names. -Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the his torish, has a great deal of personal tunguetism, and the rhythmic richness of his voice flows along in agreeable cadences. He looks a hale, vigorous and largo-hearted Englishman, of medium height, broad-shouldered and fuil-

chested, with a high bead and ful frontal. There is nothing of the bookworm about him. He has no intricate sentences, and seems bent on impressing a principle rather than on imparting information.

HUMOROUS.

-The man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" must have slept be-

-The Memphis Appeal says: "The hair we wear the ivory teeth through which we smile, are bogus, and, of course, frauds upon the public." Very

body is at work on an attachment to the with a crank, the same as a hand organ. Burlington Hasekeye.

- It may be that the people of Maine are dull and not able to make money; but when you stop at a railroad station having twenty minutes for dinner, pay your m ney in advance and in the first place get a plate of soup so hot it takes t nineteen minutes to cool, and don't get a lick at anything else, it may seem you that the restaurant manis a keen old rat. - Boston Post. -He came home late the other night,

and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match trying to light the faucet over the marble basin in his dressing room. "James," she said, "that is not the gas-burner." "I know t now, my love," he replied, unsteadi-"fact is, I've been overworked, and that's reason I made mistake." "Yes, you look as if you had been lifting a good deal, she quietly answere!, as she returned to her pillow. -- Boston Courier.

-Fitznoodle was out again worrying the life out of the ducks with his shotgun. He blazed away at some ducks, and an unseen man on the other side of the pond rose up threateningly, with a long gun, and called out: "Did you shoot at me?" "Did any of the shot hit you?" inquired Fitznoodle. "Yes, they did." said the man, rubbing his legs. "Then you may be certain that I didn't shoot at you. I never hit anything I shoot at."-Lancaster Intelli-

-Mrs. Trulyrural has been in the city with her daughter to arrange for the vocal instruction of the young lady. She has not yet engaged a teacher, and is now in a terrible state of perplexity.
"The first professor said," she explained to Mr. T. on her return, "that Almira sings too much with her boras. If she keeps on she will get digestion on the lungs. He said she ought to try the abominable breathing and practice solfudgery. Then the next teacher told me that she ought to sing more from her diagram and not smother her voice in the sarcophagus. Then the next he poked a looking-glass down her throat. and said that the phalanx was too small, and the typhoid bone and the polyglottis were in a last way; and I never knew Almira had so many things down her throat, and I'm afraid to let her sing any more for fear it'll kill the poor rir." And that was the end of "voice building" in the Trulyrural family .the drain from choking it wou'd be Musical Herald.

well to make a heap of stones around the inlet large enough to be seen con-spicuously, so that it may be avoided Another Gentleman Takes a Bottle.

A few days ago a man created quite a sensation in Austin, and did quite a big business, selling the people and an alleged magic balsam. One feature of the performance was a venerable man, on whose face honesty was stamped, who was also suffering from rheumatism. One of his hands was twisted out of shape, and he held it up for the magician, or rather the magic balsam man. to rub. After rubbing it with the mag-ic balsam, the magician inquired if it was any better. Gradually the expression of pain fades out of the sufferer's face, his finger becomes limber, and

"Still another gentleman takes a bottle," says the magician storing away his money.
Gns De Smith and Gilhooly were looking on, and finally the former

"Do you really think that fellow was relieved?" "Of course he was," responded Gilhooly, who is pretty sharp. "I'll bet he gets a percentage, and has his trav-eling expenses paid."—Texas Siftings.

A Cow's Cad. The situation, the structure, and the

out as the first and general receptacle for the food, which receives in the mouth only sufficient mastication to enable the animal to swallow it. When swallowed it is received by the rumen, and morsel after morsel is taken until this, the first of the animal's four stomachs. is comparatively full. A sense of repletion precedes rumination, during which act the animal generally prefers a reOur Young Readers.

A BIG PIECE OF PIE.

Our Othe went to his bod.

With tears just back of Mr eges.

And a pain, because, as his similar said,

He was "organ's family of piec.

He dradomed the department of piec.

As dreading a thought one of the said.

Jan bod, but thing for rea.

He dreamed of a terrible rout That fell from an inky atr.
And every flake that the winds did to Was big as a permptite pint.
All to a beep twas look,
While the rude winds inaughed in give,
But on the deep deep drift that it made
Was a and, and thing to see:

Then be thought the summer was don't. And Winter would always star; That an loothery ledge was his only hed, And a placier his house by day. And the Sun too into be rose, And he went to had too seen, And a long long scicle bung from the s Of the cold, cold Man-in the moon.

He turned to his stater; oh, How innely and sai he felt When he found she was made of her Which a hug would be care to melt; Just think of the decame be het. As dreadful as dreams could be: . For a small, thall boy at Mal.

Nan wasn't afraid. Nobody looked at her; the people all harried by just they must not make themselves too as though there was no Nanuie Meriton publishers, and approved. They dith, aged four, in the world, the carts iness. But it is entirely another quesand carriages rapidly passed one antion when the seeker after an introducother. It was cold, too, real freezing tion is a newspaper man. Nothing de-weather, and it was Thanksgiving lights the average dwarf so much as to morning.

delightful to be in the midst of the budle. Ran water to he afraid.

If the too had, though, that her pretty white dress and pretty blue tain reporter has braved the foul stockings still reposed in the bureau at others of Howevy museums, been home. Nan came off in a burry. The squeezed and stepped un and elfront door was unlocked, and mamma was down in the kitchen seeing to dinner, so Nan thought she would take a walk all by herself. Bally cried to go, too. Bally was a little fat kitten just in from the country, who hadn't seen the Midgets), at least three giants, the any of the city sights yet. Nan stood on tiptoe and took down her hat from living siele on, and any number of fat the hat rack - not her best one, mind, people. The amusements of these sinbut a shabby gray felt affair, tucked Bally under one arm and her wax doll Jennie under the other and started

It was pressinced down on the avhoods harried past it was a good thing Nan's mother had put on her red and giants and skeletons and fat boys flannel spek over her little calico wrapper that morning, else she would have been nearly frozen, I know. Asit was, ever heard it can not fall to her short chubby fingers soon began to destroying instrument can be played and stockings. Jennie liked winter better than summer, for she didn't mind freezing, but she had a great horror of melting away.

By and by Nan and Jennie and Bally grew tired, so Nan turned down a broad, handsome street and seate therself on the carriage step in front of a large brown stone house,

to herself. she could look into the dining room of the poorest throw is condemned to pay The basement curtains were up and the dwolling before her. The table was for the beer. Thus they remember the already set, and tall dishes piled high with fruit stood upon the elegant side board. "I want my dinner." Nan thought again. It was very cold out there on the pavement.

want my dinner, too."

open the window. "What's all this at you Americans, how lean and mean? What do you want, little one?" | acrawny you are! Doesn't that show "My dinner!" said Nan. he lifted her into the room.

Jennie and Bally were eating their my face so often that I am beginning Thanksgiving dinner. crapberry sauce and everything nice you together, pari passu, and that longevity can think of, and Nan was so bungry bears some very lutimate relation to that she only took time to say once, "I

want some more ears." lovely old lady beside her. with one chubby finger to the great are but two people in the world who soup tureen full of oysters.

When dinner was over and the great blue eyes very wide. Nan held out both dimpled hands.

pany. gravely.

dress in the city directory. Thanksgiving Day. When eight o'clock time in order to top off the enormous came, she was almost too sleepy to re- mass of stuff that has gone before. peat the Twenty-third Paalm, as usual. This is why they get fat: just the same but she managed to lisp through all but as turkeys are fattened by being shut the very last, verse. tle Nan. - Interior.

Advice to Girls.

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater buman power than the tenbody's distress, or put a flower in some

cottage of an Irishwoman and her only the "healthy Briton. Generations of son-a brave young fellow-dying of feeding and of seclusion from the am-Consumption contracted in the war. Bight have produced the present En-One day, in my visit to him, I carried glishman - London Cor. Chicago Times. him some lovely roses. The next time I went the mother said: "He neverlet the roses go out of his hand, miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was: 'Give my ble sin' to the young lady for bringin' the flow-ers.' And the desoiste mother burried them with him, as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of this poor Irish youth will be a pleasant strange that some foolish notions of

memory. size of the rumen or paunch point it sweetness of disposition are in nowise the most civilized countries. Only in incompatible. Doubtless, the most winexceedingly rare cases have my eyes some nature on earth is that which combeen gratified by the sight of a young bines the naturalness and dependence of a child with the strength of a true woman. There are people whose touch is baim to us; restful persons, whose companionship is a benediction—who draw out the best of our natures—and times more beautiful than when

can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tonce. Have a sunsy face; and nothing will do this save genuine kindness in the heart. Every girl ought to make it possible to have people say to her: "She brightens every life she touches." If you never do aught cies in life, bring surabine late every heart you meet, ... Berned Worker,

How Show Professionals Live. Everyope who ever visited Barmum's

Museum when it stood at Broadway and Ann Street, and astonished Young America with its real and stuffed wondoes, must note with astonishment and slarm the great falling off in the production of natural corosities. The stock that Barnum collected twenty years ago is will doing duty in the museums of the country, without half a dozen additions worthy of note. It is not, however, to gossip about the antiquity of the natural curiosities of the present day that this article is written. but rather to tell of some of the personal possiliarities of the well-known legion. For within the last few years I have had the pleasure of the acquaintsuce of nearly all of them. This is an honoguet casile attained, for they are shy of making friends, being daly impresed with the leason taught by thek. ens in the "Old Curosity Shop," that common, for fear of spoiling their bus-So many people were out! It was see his name in print, and a reporter is arate and distinct dwarfs (not including bearded woman, the taffored man, the gular beings, as may easily be imaginselves in public, or they become too familiar to the people. Sometimes they live in the nurseums where they are exhouse. When in the latter place dwarfs are put together without ado. and those of them who have They have to be very careful in their drinking, for they are almost constantly on exhibition. Sanday is their only time, and they take advantage of it. There may be seen a select company of curiosities, including bairy-men, boarded women, sceletons, giants, dwarfs, musicians and attendants on a Sanday "I want my dinner?" thought Nan a termoon, gathered around the big bass drum stood on end, each awaiting his turn to throw the dice. Whoever makes

Timer. Discomfort in England,

Sabbath day and keep it wholly. - N. Y.

"Mew! mew! mew!" cried Bally. "I There is no fire in the grate. The door is wide open and so are the win-Presently a great bell was rung and dows. The cross-currents rush in and down came a whole company of grown- out, going straight through your marop people and children and seated row; and all the while you have to themselves at the table. Nan crept to listen to complacent panegyries on the the window and stood looking in at | leastiful weather. Every Englishman will assure you that this everlasting re-"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the gion of fog, cold and east wind must be gray haired gentleman, at the head of healthful. "Look," he says, "at our the table, and he quickly rose and threw | people, how fat they are; and then look that our climate is better than yours?" "Well, come right in and get it," and I have had this obesity on the part of the English, and this scrawniness on So in two minutes more Nan and the part of the Americans thrust into to rebel. It is the common belief over There were turkey and chicken and here that paduchiness and health rou the number of feet or yards that one measures around the abdominal region. "What is it, my dear?" asked the As a matter of fact, the French are as wely old lady beside her. long-fived as the English, and Litelleve Sars!" said Nan, ments pointing that the average is in their favor. There look on obesity as an ornament - an indication of extreme health. One of ty red and blue finger-glasses were these is some tribe of negroes in Con-placed on the table. Nan opened her trai Africa, where a woman is valued according to her avoirdapois, and the "Don't you want to dip your hands other is the English. In both these in the water?" asked the old lady. cases the obesity does not come from cases the obesity does not come from health, but from stuffing. The English "Mamma wash Nan's hands in the are the most intemperate feeders in the wash-bow!" she informed the com- world. They swallow an enormous breakfast; they soon after fill up with a Nan, Jennie and Bally reached home heavy luncheon; then they doubly at last. But neither of them knew the cram themselves at a ramm ng-in procway. Nan said she lived home with eas which is called dinner, and finish mamma, and Bally cried mew! and the stuffing process with a supper Jennie smiled as serenely as ever. which of itself is sufficient for the full Fortunately, Nan knew her last name meal of a temperate liver. But this is and, being a rather sinusual one, the not all. There are, as a rule, several old gentleman found her father's ad- gailons of beer and tea swallowed between meals, and a lot of whisky and Nag thought it find been a pretty nice water is chucked in just before bedup and crammed each day with four or "My cup runneth over me," said little five times the amount of food that is demanded by nature. If statistics are of any value the death-rate here is as great as that of the United States, whose meaning is that if the English people worked as hard as we do, and underwent the same mental strain. dergess of woman. If you can minister they would be a much shorter-lived to some one in sickness, lessen some-body's distress, or put a flower in some from the sun, and he soon gets that poor home, you have done a thing that blenched complexion possessed by the You will always be giad to think of. average English, and which is asserted.
You will be remembered, and a woman by the English to be a sign of robust of health as are the number of yards Not far from my home was the plain which are required to span the waist of

____ Matilation of Beauty's Ears.

A new York Sua correspondent nemory.

Be gentie. Strength of character and sacredly affiered to by the women of