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The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A SPRING POEM.

The old man sits in the garden chair,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
His hat is off, so his head is bare,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.
He reads the Tapper, it makes him weep,
And since he falls in a calm, deep sleep,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

The early wasp hath a vicious look,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
As he cometh out of his winter's nook,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
He sees in the old man's silent pate,
And his wild eye blooms with a deadly hate,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

Loudly the old man snores in the sun,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Quickly the little wasp flies to the fun,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
He sets his teeth with a fiendish glee,
And goes for that head with a one, two, three,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

Wild the "queries" are heard around,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
The old man rose with a terrific bound,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring,
He sprang three feet and came down hard,
And hence this song be a spring-tide bard,
Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

Detroit Free Press.

A WELCOME REFUGE.

An Experience in a Genuine Iowa "Blizzard."

Early in the winter of 1883, I was traveling through Northwestern Iowa, and stopped one evening at a well-kept hotel in Fort Dodge, a prosperous and beautiful little city.

Upon arising the next morning, and looking from my chamber window, I saw a furious snow-storm was prevailing. It had evidently been in progress for some hour, for huge drifts were piled in front of the house, which was bare the evening before, was now thickly covered with the white drapery of winter. Driven before a strong wind, clouds of snow swept down the street, almost veiling the buildings upon the opposite side from sight.

Upon repairing to the office, I ascertained that I would not be able to leave the city that day, and, in fact, I would be fortunate if I were not detained for a number of days. All the railroad lines were blockaded with snow, and while the storm continued, any attempt to clear them was useless, as the cuts would fill again at once.

I found I should have several companions in my enforced captivity. There were two or three commercial travelers and other persons like myself, detained by the storm. But our situation was not unpleasant. The hotel was warm and comfortable; the table was well supplied with excellent food; and all we need do was to be patient until the storm ceased and the railroads were again opened.

In our company was an intelligent young farmer, who had come to town the day before with a car-load of cattle, which he had shipped to the Chicago markets.

A gentleman remarked that he supposed the storm was what is termed in Iowa a "blizzard."

The young stock-raiser said no. It was merely an ordinary snow-storm. Said he:

"If you should be caught, as I once was, in a genuine blizzard, you would understand what the term really means. It is half a dozen storms in one; the wind is almost as fierce as a hurricane; the air is so full of snow that one can hardly see a foot before his face, and the cold soon becomes so intense that life can not be long maintained by those exposed to the full fury of the gale. I have seen several of these peculiar storms, and came very near losing my life in one of them."

Being pressed to relieve the tedium of our detention by the relation of his story, he readily assented.

"Six years ago," he said, "my father was serving as cashier of a bank in one of our larger Eastern cities. His close devotion to business had impaired his health, and he was informed by a physician that he must seek employment less confining in its nature. He had saved sufficient money to purchase a farm, and the following spring we removed to Iowa and located quite a distance northwest of this city.

"Land was cheap, and my father bought several thousand acres, intending to engage extensively in stock-raising.

"To me, just from a city, everything was strange and interesting. The prairies, carpeted in living green, and stretching away in the distance as far as eye could reach—the limitless expanse of earth and sky, relieved only here and there by a growth of timber along some stream—were an impressive sight. I have never to this day tired of the prairie landscape. It grows more beautiful to me with each recurring year.

"At that time it was the custom to send vast herds of young cattle from the more thickly-populated portions of the State to be pastured through the summer in the region where we had located. Very little land had been improved, most of it being virgin prairie, upon which the nutritious upland grass grew luxuriantly. Men who made herding their business had charge of these droves. They came as early in the spring as possible, and remained until the fall frosts had rendered the herbage unfit for pasturage. At night the herders gathered the cattle in large yards, called corrals, which we made of posts and flat rails. The men live in small houses of the rudest description built close to the corrals, where they cooked their own food and slept at night. When they went away in the fall, they left their simple furniture in their huts, confident they would find it safe upon their return in the spring. The people were honest in that locality. Houses were too far apart to warrant tramps in visiting it, and the value of a herder's outfit was so small as to be hardly worth stealing.

"It may seem that I am a long time getting to my adventure, but the facts I have related are necessary to a full understanding of what occurred.

"I was much interested in the lonely life of the herders, and often visited them, where I was always welcome. One of them, a Canadian, who went by the name of 'French Joe,' was an interesting character. Most of his life had been spent in hunting and trapping in the great Northwest, and his stories of adventure were always eagerly listened to by me. He was now an old man and no longer fit for the chase; so he adopted the easier and more quiet life of a herder. In selecting a place for his little house, Joe had been wise. It was situated just at the foot of a steep bluff, which surrounded it on three sides, leaving it open to the east. Upon a level piece of bottom land he had built his corral, and a wide creek, with steep banks, formed its eastern boundary. It was twelve miles distant from our place and seven miles from the nearest house.

"In the fall, my cousin, Charlie Braxton, came from the East to make me a visit. He was sixteen years old, an enthusiastic hunter and an accomplished shot. We passed many happy days hunting, for the country abounded with small game, and deer were frequently seen.

"Charlie had been with us two months and was to return home soon, when, late in November, we started for our last hunt together. We took an ample lunch with us, expecting to be absent all day, and hoping to get a deer or two, which were reported as being quite plenty. The day was beautiful, clear and cool, with a crisp snow covering the ground and a bright sun overhead. We hunted until nearly noon and had killed some small game, when we sighted a deer and started in pursuit. We followed it several miles, but could not get a shot, and finally we lost sight of it. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and our long walk had given us good appetites. We were just about to partake of our lunch, intending, when it was finished, to start at once for home, when a few flakes of snow struck us in the face. The day had been so bright and clear up to this time that the possibility of a storm had not entered our minds, but it was now evident that one was impending. Looking to the northwest, a dark and heavy cloud was seen, which, while we gazed upon it, rapidly increased in size and soon spread over the sky, veiling the sun from view, and throwing a dark and threatening shadow over the landscape. It seemed only a minute or two until we were standing in the midst of a driving storm, which each moment increased in violence. The air grew perceptibly colder, and, although warmly dressed, our teeth were chattering with cold.

"I had heard of the dreadful storm called the 'blizzard,' which leaps like a tiger from its lair, carrying death in its path, and I knew instinctively that we were in the midst of one. All I had learned come rushing them flashed through my mind. I remembered that a stage-driver had frozen to death and was found sitting upright upon his coach. I knew that a farmer going from his house to his barn—only a few rods—had lost his way in one of these storms, and was found dead within a few feet of his door. Only the previous winter four men had started for their homes from a little town, while the weather was mild and pleasant, and never reached them alive, having been overtaken on their way by a 'blizzard.'

"I was not certain just where we were, but I knew it must be several miles to the nearest house. While I stood thinking of these things and trying to decide what we had better do, the storm had grown so violent that I could hardly see Charlie, who stood trembling by my side. I hurriedly explained to him the nature of the storm and our dangerous situation. Clearly, our one hope was to keep moving. To remain where we were was to die speedily of cold. We took each other by the hand and started, keeping the wind at our backs, one direct on offering as much hope as another, it being impossible to face the furious gale. For an hour or more we stumbled blindly onward, going we knew not whither. We talked but little, the roar of the storm being so great that our voices could hardly be heard. The snow soon grew so deep that it was difficult to get through the drifts. Our strength was rapidly failing, the cold was so severe that it penetrated to the bone, and the fury of the tempest increased with every moment. What hope could there be for two boys lost upon the trackless prairie in such a storm as this?

"Charlie soon grew so much exhausted that he could scarcely move, but to stop was certain death. I urged him onward, although my own strength was also nearly gone. At last we halted, unable to proceed further. We rested a few moments, when I took a few steps forward, dragging my almost senseless companion after me. Suddenly the ground vanished under our feet and we shot downward and struck upon what seemed to be the roof of a house, from which we slid to the ground. The abundance of snow prevented our being injured by the fall. When we recovered from our surprise and looked around we found we were standing by the side of a little house. The wind could not reach us where we were and the outlines of the building could easily be seen. Walking around the house we came to a door, cautiously entered, and were soon able to enter.

"We were saved, at least for the present, for I recognized the cabin as belonging to my friend, 'French Joe.' Sinking down upon the floor we rested for a time, and then, much refreshed, commenced to examine into the situation. As our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the hut we could see that very little snow had penetrated through the walls. Nestled as it was at the foot of an almost perpendicular bluff, it was protected from the storm, which swept harmlessly over it. Clearly, so far as protection from the wind was concerned, we were safe. Thus shielded we became more comfortable, and, by exercising at a lively rate for a few minutes, soon grew warm.

"We were very faint with hunger, and the first thing we did was to refresh ourselves with our lunch. Without stopping to consider that we might be kept prisoners for several days, we were so improvident as to eat nearly all the food we had brought with us. We still had the game we had killed, which consisted of a half a dozen quail, five prairie chickens and three rabbits. These would sustain life for some time, so we had no fears of starvation. We then proceeded to make an examination of the contents of the hut, and found, to our delight, that it contained quite a number of articles likely to be of service. There was a chair, a bench, a small table, a little piece of salt pork, a bunk containing a few blankets and a tick filled with hay, an axe, and best of all, an old cooking stove. A long rope which Joe used in lassoing cattle hung on the wall.

"A further search revealed about a peck of pop-corn, a sack of coarse salt and a little corn-meal.

"The weather had grown so cold that the hut was no longer comfortable, and a fire was our first consideration. We had matches, the bench was split in pieces and a fire was soon roaring in the old stove. As we would need more fuel, I took the long rope from where it hung, knotted it around my waist, and, bidding Charlie take hold of it and pay out slowly, I started for the corral, only a few yards distant. I found it without much difficulty, and, guided by the rope, made a number of trips from it to the hut with entire safety. In an hour or two we had rails enough in the house to keep a fire for a week. Chopping them into the proper length occupied us until darkness came on.

"During the night we took turns in keeping up the fire, each sleeping for two or three hours at a time on the bunk. Morning came, but there was no cessation of the storm. We dressed our game, and breakfasted from fried prairie chicken and pop-corn. During all the time the stove was kept as hot as possible. So intense was the cold that this was necessary.

"Not to weary your patience, I will say that we lived for three days in this manner, the storm continuing all that time, proving to be the longest and most severe ever known in that portion of the country. We multiplied our food, water, and used the corn-meal to make pancakes.

"When the storm ceased, the morning of the fourth day, every particle of food had been eaten. We were glad to be able to start for home. It required half a day to cover the seven miles between us and the nearest house, which we reached shortly after noon, much exhausted from working our way through the drifts. Here we were fed and cared for in the most hospitable manner.

"We reached home late in the evening, and were received by my parents almost as though we had returned from the dead. They had nearly abandoned hope of finding us alive.

"It was certainly a narrow escape. Had we varied a few feet in our progress through the storm, we would have missed the little cabin where we found such a welcome refuge. In that event nothing could have saved us, and I should not have lived to tell this story.

"My father gladly made good the damage we had done Joe's corral and turnouts, but when he offered to pay him for the few provisions we had consumed, the kind-hearted fellow would not permit it.

"'I am glad,' said he, 'that my little house saved the boys' lives. They are welcome to all they had.'"

—*Eugene R. Hastings, in Golden Days.*

THE HOUSE SPARROW.

Domestic Life of the Feathered Autocrats of the Streets and Alleys.

The sparrow is an autocrat, especially addicted to divorcing his partner upon the smallest pretext. I have chronicled two small domestic sparrow tiffs which I watched from beginning to end. The actors in the first were a pair living in a hole in a maple tree before my window. For some reason or other, the gracious head of the house had decided to make a change in his domestic arrangements, and to begin by divorce. In that case the female had the advantage, direct the house was not an open nest, but a cavity. She had possession, and kept it for two days, in spite of violent vituperation and the most threatening manner. In this case, also, I observed that she never "talked back," indulged in unseemly scolding, or assumed the offensive in any way. She appeared indifferent to his opinions, but enough attached to her home to endure his annoyances for two days before she tired of the controversy. When at last she accepted her fate and departed, I saw him bring home the bride, as coquettish a young thing as can be imagined, coax her by many wiles to examine the snug house, follow her about, and finally induce her to take up her residence with him.

The other case was of trouble on the other side. A cock sparrow lost one leg, and his mate, who had nestlings to feed, attempted to divorce him. Several birds sympathized upon the occasion, eager aspirants for the coveted vacant place. But the little fellow, though evidently suffering so greatly that several times he appeared to be dying, never failed to rave and attack with fury every pretender, and after a day or two of this conflict was able to resume his duties as assistant provider for the little ones, which his sponsor amiably kissed and made up. All through the trouble she never displayed temper. She refused him admission into the honeysuckle vine, where the nest was, but she would come out and alight near him on the window sill, talk to him calmly, reproach him, evidently reminding him of the babies to feed, and he not able to help. To these remarks he made little reply.

As I said the sparrow is a domestic tyrant, brooking no opposition. I have never observed a case in which the hen had her own way. He is so great a bully, so jealous and violent, that, whatever the cause of disagreement, he boils out with dogged obstinacy till he gets his will. In one case there was difference of opinion as to the site for a nest; he wishing to occupy an empty cottage of man's providing, while she, with finer instinct, had decided upon a charming garden in an evergreen tree. At first she opposed him strongly, scattering the material he brought, throwing the choicest bits to the winds, while he stormed and scolded, and brought more. In the interval between towing his plans, she would accumulate materials in the chosen tree. He scorned to touch them; he simply ignored her designs, and proceeded with obstinacy almost sublime to bring, and bring, and bring, till she was worn out, gave up, and accepted the cottage at last.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Atlantic Monthly.*

LEARNING TO TALK.

Nothing Like an Educational Establishment to Induce Correct Habits of Speech.

Since the State University has been located at Austin, Tex., people have to be very careful how they use language, as the following dialogue will show, which occurred between a student and a lawyer:

"Say, wait a minute," said the lawyer.

"Where is your minute, and what will I weight it with?" asked the student, looking around as if expecting to see something lying near.

"O, I mean stop a moment."

"I do not see any moment to stop, and would not know how to stop one should I see it," said the student, still looking puzzled.

"Tumbler! I want you to hold on a while so that I can talk to you. You know what I mean."

"Well, if you will show me a while I will try to hold on to it, if that will assist you in speaking to me."

"Great heavens! What shall I say to get you to wait where you are until I can overtake you and speak with you?" yelled the now indignant lawyer.

"Why, that is all right. I now understand you. If you had at first said 'wait for me a minute,' instead of telling me to 'hold on a moment,' or to 'wait a minute,' I should have known what you meant."

The lawyer was so mad that he forgot what he was going to say, and went down the street with his mouth fairly working with rage.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is said that the late wife of James Russell Lowell was the critic whom he most heeded in his literary work.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

ROBIN AND CHICKEN.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree
To hunt for a worm which he happened to see;
A gaudy young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard,
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No."
But teased in its turn if the robin could crow,
Softly laid sought a tree, and the chicken's was
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

—*Grace P. Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.*

RUFFLES.

How Dolly Found Out That She Would Rather Live at Home and Have Her Own Little Sisters Than All the Ruffles in the World.

Mamma, Patty Pitcher's got free wuffles on her petticoats, and I haven't got none."

"Well, what of that, pet? You're always warm, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I like wuffles. Why don't I have wuffles like Patty, mamma?"

"Why, bless your heart, my child, Mrs. Pitcher's got only one little Patty to put petticoats and I've got four."

"Twice one is two, twice two is four," said Dolly, who had lately begun going to a kindergarten.

"Yes. A regular multiplication-table, right here at home, you see. Now just think of all your little petticoats and other things multiplied by four. Think how long a mama has to sew and how long a taxes Nora to iron them. And then multiply them all by three ruffles, Dolly."

Dolly laughed, and tried for a few moments to remember how many she had counted in the long rows of little white things on the line every Monday, and to wonder how old she would be before she could multiply them all by three, and then went in.

"But, mamma, Mrs. Pitcher says it's right to like nice things. She says even good ladies like to have pretty things to wear."

"Yes, the ladies like pretty things and pretty furniture. Heaven is a beautiful place, I know, because God and the angels and ladies like the loveliness that is good. Yes, dear, I love to have plenty of ruffles and pretty things, and pocketfuls among the flowers."

"Then why can't God give us some trimmings? Patty's got a locket, too, with a lock of mother's hair."

"He has, pet. Look in at the sweet, shining locket, look at the pretty, rosy pink cheeks, full of dimples, and the little rose-bud lips. And here are the blue diamonds, two of them. And look at the darling little fingers, so clever in helping mamma, and the cunning feet, always ready to patter about to wait on her. Now suppose you try to multiply all these pretty things by four, and see how many more we have than Mrs. Pitcher has."

Dolly laughed again, as mamma kissed her from all the trimmings, but did not try the multiplication.

"You'd rather have Bessie and Bell and Dolly than all the trimmings in the world, wouldn't you, mamma?"

"Yes, I'd rather have my little girl than all the world, I think."

"And I only said wuffles, I guess I'd do wrong if I wished even to tease Mrs. Pitcher, with so many little sisters, but with every ruffle she wanted, and trying to guess how many ruffles she would be likely to have if she was an only child, like Patty.

Mamma's Aunt Amy and Uncle Phil came to make them a visit, it seemed so funny that mamma should have an aunt and uncle. They had not been there since Dolly was a baby, and now thought they had never seen anything sweeter than Dolly multiplied by four.

"It's more than your share, Ruth," said Aunt Amy, shaking her head very positively. And before she went away she had gone so far as to ask mamma for one of her treasures.

Mamma turned fairly pale at the thought. Give away one of her darlings! And which? Not Dolly, already such a wise, wee lassie, helping like a little woman in caring for the others. Or either of the twins, Bessie or Bell? It would never do to separate them. And as for the baby—who ever heard of giving away a baby, the blessing of the whole house? Mamma smiled and wiped her eyes, and said:

"Ass anything else in the world of me, Aunt Amy?" As if the dear little mother had a single thing besides that anybody would thing of wanting.

But, later in the day, Dolly went to Aunt Amy, and said:

"Aunt Amy, if I was your little girl, could I have wuffles on my petticoat?"

"Yes, indeed dearie."

"Free wuffles?"

"Yes, a dozen. And a little pony, Dolly, and a white lamb and chickens and ducks and goslings."

Mamma was astonished and grieved that Dolly could wish to leave her home, but Aunt Amy said:

"She's only a child, and doesn't realize. Let her go, if it's only for a little while. If she gets homesick, she shall come back, and if she doesn't, why, my dear, don't you see how well we could do by her? It's really your duty!"

Mamma felt doubtful about it, but would not say so. And Aunt Amy bought Dolly a ruffled petticoat at once, and, before Dolly had time to think, she was off on a day and night ride on the cars, and then at Aunt Amy's home.

It was just as nice a place as she had expected and more, for she had never imagined that out-of-doors could be so large. There was a great garden and an orchard and poultry yards and barns and green fields, all filled with beautiful and wonderful things, such as she had never seen before. The cows and calves and lambs and chickens and ducks and the parrot and the peacock were all delightful.

But just as twilight came and it was time to go into the house Dolly all at once began thinking of her mamma. The house was big, and seemed dreadfully quiet after all the laughs and crows and coos and chirps which filled every corner at home. She was very hungry, but something in her throat would hardly let her eat her supper. And then Aunt Amy heard her say her prayers and put her to bed in a cunning little room.

"There, Dolly," she said, "this is to be your room. There will be a light in the hall, and if you get lonely, just call me, and I'll come in a moment."

Lonely! The lump in Dolly's throat got bigger and bigger as Aunt Amy went away. She thought of some little doves she had seen in the porch as she came in. They were all cuddled close together, the dear little things! four of them, and Dolly could not help remembering that there were now only three little ones left at home, and wishing with all her heart that there were four.

Presently she heard a strange sound outside of a window. She got out of bed and climbed on a chair to see what it was.

"Who? who? who?" Something which looked a little like the parrot stood on the vine outside. Everything was so quiet that she could easily hear what it said. Dolly had seen so many strange things that she was not at all surprised. It looked so solemn that she tried to answer very politely when it kept on asking:

"Who? who? who?"

"Why," she said, "I'm only Dolly. They brought me here just this morning."

"Who who? who?"

"Oh, Aunt Amy and Uncle Phil. But," she went on, with a little quiver of her lip, "I'd like to see—" here her lip went up so plaintively that her voice went down.

"Who? who? who?"

"I mean—mamma and Bessie and Bell and the baby. Oh dear!"

Dolly laughed at herself now and sobbed so hard that she could not hear whether the thing outside wanted to know anything more or not. When she looked up again it was darker, but she could see the new ruffled petticoat hanging on the back of a chair.

She jumped up and took it and her little face let went all over the soft ruffles all through the long hall and down the stairs till she came to a door which stood ajar. Aunt Amy in a large arm-chair, sewing and Uncle Phil was sitting in his chair.

"Aunt Amy, please can I run all off," said Dolly, holding out the ruffles.

"What do you mean, precious?" said Aunt Amy, in surprise.

"Why," Dolly stood in a short petticoat with a little scarlet and white flannel over one. "I want to go home and I'd like wuffles and I don't like chickens and ducks and I want to go home and I want to be mamma's little girl and I want to go home to me."

The tears grew into a long wail as Aunt Amy gathered her into her arms, and Uncle Phil, who had been half dreaming of how delightful it was to have a child on the place, was totally perplexed and disgusted.

"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "what is to be done now?"

"Hush, Dolly dear," said Aunt Amy. "If you don't want to say here you shall go home, but we must wait for the train in the morning, and it is now ten o'clock. Uncle Phil is coming back. You'll want patiently for a week, won't you?"

Dolly promised, and Aunt Amy took her back to bed and stayed with her until she was asleep.

"Perhaps she'll get over it in a week, if we coax and petting will," said Uncle Phil.

But Dolly did not get over it till she was back in mamma's arms, whispering to her that she would rather live at home and have her own little sisters than all the ruffles in the world even if she could be multiplied by a hundred million thousand.—*Nellie Hayes, in Teacher's Companion.*

TRUST AND OBEY.

A Little Girl's Success Through Obedience and Persistent Effort.

Miss Havergal tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, who made a request to her father under very difficult circumstances. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play every period with other girls. The church, she feels, and the world is subtle. Her hard wearies her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey" is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length masters the thorny masterpiece. Years after, and at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight steals and hearts with tuneful peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strain. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never lost its charm. She plays it with tone and varied expression, and secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confesses that even to him the thrilling music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering.

Then sweetly on Alice's memory
A long forgotten day
A moment of tears overcame
Of a young half-hearted pupil
And the tutor's word that said,
"Trust and obey."

The lesson learned in patience then
Was to her sore and long
The toiling time was amply paid
The trifling cross blessed last
And she—enthralled at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them take "trust and obey," and be little and little they learn to make one into perfect of life's hardest music.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A TWO-HORSE RAILROAD.

The Official of a Great Kentucky Railway Who Had No Use for a "Sassy" Passenger.

"Do you use the block system on this road?" inquired a passenger on a train down in Kentucky.

"No, sir," replied the conductor, "we have no use for it."

"Do you use the electric or pneumatic signals?"

"No, sir."

"You have a double track?"

"No."

"Well, of course you have a train dispatcher and run all trains by telegraph?"

"No."

"I see you have no brakeman. How do you flag the rear of your train if it is ever stopped from any cause between stations?"

"We don't flag."

"Great heavens! What a way to run a railroad! A man takes his life in his hand when he rides on it. This is criminally reckless."

"See here, mister, if you don't like this railroad you can get off and walk. I am the President of this road and I am sole owner. I am also the board of directors, treasurer, secretary, general manager, superintendent, postmaster, trackmaster, general passenger agent, general freight agent, master mechanic, ticket agent, conductor, brakeman and boss. This is the Great Western Railroad of Kentucky, six miles long, with termini at Hazelwood and Hardesburg Junction. This is the only train on the road of any kind, and ahead of us is the only engine. We never have collisions. The engineer does his own firing and runs the repair shop and round house all by himself. He and I run this here railroad. It keeps us pretty busy, but we've always got time to stop and eject a sassy passenger. Do you want to behave yourself and go through with us, or will you have your baggage set off here by the haystack?"—*Chicago Herald.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

I COME TO THEE.

[Tune "Anadale."]

Father, I come to Thee,
Lady Clare, for comfort me.
Hear me, I pray.
Storms are on life of life,
Weak is my soul and weak my life,
Be [illegible]
Hear me, I pray.

Father, my troubled soul,
Behold my sorrow [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]

A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]