

'Twas when the sunset flushes
Gilded the dear old home,
When twilight's solemn hues
Bade holy memories come.
We lingered, fondly turning
Toward the spot we loved so well,
With sad and tender yearning,
To say our last farewell.

No more for us the garden
And love wreathed rooms to roam,
The stranger there is warden,
No, no, 'tis not his home.

It hath no memories bringing,
For him joy kin to pain,
For him no echoes ringing
Shall bring the loved again.

Sweet home, dear home, o'erflowing
With precious memories,
Not life in all its going
Shall bring more blest than these.

A dear, bright picture ever,
As then, when sunset fell,
Youth glided, thou forever
We'll love: sweet home, farewell.

AUNT DINAH'S TURKEY.

Detroit Free Press.

Aunt Dinah was very short and very fat. In fact so obese was she that when she waddled down the streets of Live Oak she looked like an animated bale of cotton tied in the middle with a piece of ribbon, and topped off with an eccentric red head kerchief.

So fat was she that, unlike others of her race, and also, for that matter, of the Caucasian, the hot weather did not bring from her sooty individuality water by way of perspiration, but evolved a distinct outpouring and suggestive smell of frying grease.

Aunt Dinah was very black. Her complexion had been deepened by the turmoil of some 50 years until it was like the shadow of a midnight storm, black, gloomy and peculiar. But this darkness and gloom that might otherwise have exercised a depressing effect upon humanity in general and children in particular, was contradicted by a pair of the kindest eyes ever placed in such dark setting.

Aunt Dinah's eyes were a revelation worth going miles to see, so good humored, so tender and beneficent were they in all their varied lights and shadows. They were true windows of her soul, which was as clean as a little child's, and they represented a heart overflowing with hearty good will toward all the world, save only and except—her husband.

That vague, restless and uncertain person had no share in the argess of her charity.

The chateau of our friend Aunt Dinah was about two miles from town, and had a neat and cosy appearance that attracted the admiration of aesthetic individuals who chanced to pass that way. It was located about 300 yards from the country road, built of hewn logs, the style of architecture not being laid down in any established text book.

It consisted of two large rooms, a rude fire-place in each. The furniture was of primitive but comfortable description, and everything about the house was as clean as soap and water could make it.

In front of the house was a pond, covering about half an acre of ground, lined on three sides with dwarf oaks and persimmon trees. The side fronting the house was open, and a well-worn path led to it. It was ornamented and glorified by a rustic bench, on which usually reposed two immense wash tubs.

The pond was a beautiful sheet of water, covered with green "bonnets," interspersed with broken rails, and an occasional defunct chicken. Its bottom was a deliciously soft and slimy black mud, through which deadly snakes glided and glode.

From the broken rails plethoric turtles of different genesis dozed in the blazing sunshine, or cast inquiring glances over the surrounding landscape.

Once in awhile some adventurous heron, long of bill and white of plumage, would drift down among the "bonnets," dive and delve a little in the mud and water, and then resume his aimless wandering.

Back of the house was an acre of garden, a mass of long celloards, potatoes and other vegetables. There was a chicken-coop and pig-pen outside the garden, the division line of these being a huge live-oak. One of its huge roots, tired of the gloom and shadow of its life below, had crawled out upon the sward, and, proud of the light and sun, had developed into a comfortable seat. Here was Aunt Dinah's favorite resting place when the shadows of the night came down and the labors of the day were proven.

Here she could commune with nature, listen to the mysterious whispering among the mighty pines around her and make up her mind as to which chicken she would kill when the preacher made his next parochial visit.

Tumbled and rolled in the dust before her, or leaning against her capacious knees, drifted off into dreamland Cuffee, aged 10, and Lillie, aged 6, pledges of love left in her care by that third husband, whose No. 14 feet never-strayed toward that little cabin door.

Aunt Dinah was a washerwoman by profession, and a right good one, too. Her clientage embraced a goodly portion of the town and from her lines dangled the incomprehensible garments of the belles, the elaborate toggery of the beaux, as well as the anromantic but highly useful equipments of the fathers of the hamlet.

Six days in the week, or rather the a. m.'s of those days, Aunt Dinah stooped at the wash-tub with its coronal of soap-suds, batting stick in hand, engaged in the work of cleanliness, and as she worked she sang with resounding melody—

"T's a sheep wants washin',
T's a sheep wants washin',
T's a sheep wants washin',
In de sabin pool."

Cuffee and Lillie spread the clothes to dry, worked in the garden and made themselves generally useful in many ways.

Meanwhile Aunt Dinah was very happy. Her garden flourished and gave forth in abundance. Her hens had laid eggs regardless of the falling market, and her pigs gathered the fat to their ribs as if they had the exigencies of the winter full in view.

The honest homely labor of her skilled hands clothed and fed her family better

than some white families were fed, and allowed her many luxuries, little delicacies that the African palate does so crave.

There had been a stranger vessel in the little cabin at one time in the shape of Mr. Lige Parks, who had married Aunt Dinah after a brief but enthusiastic courtship.

He had loafed on her sublime patience for nearly seven years, doing nothing but eat and sleep, until at last she had literally driven him out of the house.

He had departed with a vague threat of making her sorry, and had been heard of but once since, and then it was not entirely unconnected with hog stealing in South Florida.

"A nasty, lazy, trifflin', pot-licker nigger," said Aunt Dinah to me once in a moment of confidence, "endurance ob de time he libed wid me, he didn't airn ten dollahs. I was glad ter git shet ob him."

On Sundays Aunt Dinah quit all work. After an early breakfast she dressed herself and the children, cleanly and neatly, and locking up her house, went to church. Only when the preacher was to take dinner with her did she remain at home.

Then Cuffee was sent to church alone, to return at 1 o'clock p. m. with a portly individual dressed in greasy black, surmounted by a silk hat that had apparently done duty in more than one procession before it reached its saintlier destination.

"On these occasions a glance at the dinner table would have easily decided the inquiry as to which destroys the most chickens, preachers or owls?"

Riding by one day I found Aunt Dinah more than usually happy. Her broad face was wreathed in smiles, and Cuffee and Lillie were grinning in direct ratio.

"Why, you look as happy as a lark, Aunt Dinah," said I. "What has happened? Has the parson asked you to marry him, or has somebody handed you a bill that you never expected to get? Why you are positively getting young again. Now if you'd only fatten up a little—"

"Yah! yah! yah! G'long wid dat fool-ishness," she replied, her fat sides shaking with merriment. "I dunno what I'd do if I got any fatter. What 'fo' you tink I want annuder man aroun' me fo'? Des to eat up all my taters, an' collards and chickens? I's had three men, I has, an' don' want no mo'. Cuffee, go show de Cap'pen de turkey yer mar bought yes'day."

Cuffee, smiling, led the way to a large coop built against the side of the chicken house, near the front and only door. Aunt Dinah, wringing the suds from her hands, had quickly followed and now assumed direction of affairs. With a queenly gesture she bade me look.

It was a lordly turkey, sure enough. A large, black gobbler, resplendent in lustrous plumage and the reddest of all red neck and head gear. "This is a noble bird, Auntie," said I. "I expect you want to sell it, eh? What will you take for it?" She turned from me in an indignant manner, highly amusing.

"Don' sell him, mammy, don't sell him." "Hush dat noise, chillen. I see much obbeleged to you, Cap'pen, but I got dat ar turkey fer my own dismorsement" and I see gwinner hab him fer my Tankgibin' dinnah, sah," and she turned away from me in an absurdly majestic manner.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Auntie," I hastened to apologize. "I hope you will have a pleasant time, and if you send Cuffee around the day before, I'll give you enough apples to make a pie almost as big as yourself."

The clouds fled; all was smiles again. The children resumed their frolic. Aunt Dinah went back to her tub of steaming clothes, and as far as I could hear came her jubilant voice—

"My wool is gettin' white,
My wool is gettin' white,
My wool is gettin' white,
In de sabin pool."

You will all remember that the night before Thanksgiving, 1883, was a very dark night. The moon was in the sulks, and the stars were invisible. The only planet to be seen was the star on the Town Marshal's coat.

Shortly after midnight a strange figure skulked and crawled around the place. The figure was that of a tall, ungainly negro, as dark as the shadows among which he was moving. In his hand he carried a large fowl, indistinguishable in the darkness.

Reaching the coop, this stealthy figure cautiously tore out one of the slats and quickly made a transfer. Replacing the slat carefully and firmly, he rapidly crept away.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and cool and pleasant. The air, crisp with a slight suspicion of frost, brought a glow to the cheeks of Aunt Dinah and her children as they stepped out into the yard.

"Now, chillen," said the good old soul, "bring me dat ax, fer I'm gwine ter kill de turkey."

Cuffee brought the ax, and the procession formed and proceeded to the coop.

Hardly glancing where the faint outlines of the turkey were visible, she said:

"Fotch him outen dat coop, Cuffee."

The boy, with a grin of delight on his shining face, put in his hand and, after a short skirmish, brought out—

A howl of grief and despair came from both children as they dropped the fowl on the ground, while Aunt Dinah, with distended eyes, screamed:

"Done conju'd! done conju'd! Dat ole wich woman down de creeke done conju'd me!"

In place of the fine fat gobbler that had been at once their glory and their pride, was a wretched, half-starved turkey buzzard.

The knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary duty. It is like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the first sight, and in the beginning of an acquaintance a familiarity; and consequently, that which first opens the door, and introduces us to better ourselves by the examples of others, if there be anything in the society worth taking notice of.—Montaigne.

A splinter of a deer's hoof, with powerful microscopes and polarized light, is as wonderful to see as a rain-

AGRICULTURAL.

Sorghum as a Profitable Crop.

Sorghum growing should receive the attention of every farmer who grows corn. Although a source from which sugar may be obtained, sorghum is also profitable for its fodder and seed alone, and when the farmers begin to realize the value of the ground seed as food for stock it will be a regular crop wherever it can be produced. Dr. Collier, the late chemist of the agricultural department, states that sorghum can be grown in any climate, or on any soil that produces corn, and, while corn produces seed and fodder, sorghum produces seed, fodder and syrup. The system of cultivation is the same for both corn and sorghum, though at the time of putting in the seed sorghum demands less labor. The quality of sorghum seed is nearly the same as that of corn, but is valuable in a dietary point of view, while a mixture of ground corn and sorghum seed is superior to either when fed alone to stock. The yield of seed per acre is about the same as that of corn, and is as easily harvested; but a little more labor is required in order to separate the seed in the barn. The fodder is sweeter than that of corn, possessing, therefore, a greater proportion of nutriment, and will keep in a green or succulent condition much longer than corn fodder, which is a very important item.

It is not necessary to strip the stalks early, nor is there a loss of saccharine matter by allowing the fodder to mature, as the most available sirup is obtained after the seeds are thoroughly ripe. When the stalks are stripped of the leaves and the fodder bundled and cured under the system known as "blading," it makes the cleanest and best provender known, and even after the stalks are ground and pressed they may be utilized for feeding purposes, as it is impossible to completely deprive them of their saccharine matter. In making sirup the common method now pursued is for farmers to combine and procure the necessary machinery, or for a farmer to procure such for himself, and charge a commission to his neighbors for grinding the cane and extracting the sirup; or, as it is done with the threshing machines, there are those who make a business of extracting the sirup, the cost of making the sirup varying from 12 to 25 cents per gallon. Each gallon of sirup yields about six pounds of sugar, but as experiments are annually cheapening the cost of manufacture, in a short time the expenses will be but very little.

We do not, however, value sorghum for its sugar alone, but also for its sirup. In the south during the war sorghum sirup was a common article, and proved an excellent substitute for molasses. There was no difficulty in its manufacture, for on every farm was a rude mill which pressed the juice from the cane, and this was in a few hours boiled down to the consistency of sirup. No sugar was made, however, as the method of crystallizing the saccharine matter from sorghum was then unknown. With the improved methods and machinery of the present day there is no reason why every farmer should not grow his own sirup, and at a small expense.

With the advantages in favor of sorghum being a valuable seed producer, and the excellence of the leaves for feeding purposes, with the conversion of the stalks into sugar, it should share with corn a portion of the space on every farm, especially as it stands the droughts better and germinates sooner when planted, as well as being in growth and less liable to injury from frosts than corn.

The Farmer's Hog.

Breeders' Journal.

The different breeds of hogs have their fast friends, and no doubt they each have what their friends admire in them, but the average feeder who does not care to raise pigs to sell for breeding purposes, should strive to get a hog that will make him the most money for the feed put into it. In the first place a hog should have a good coat of hair; not bristles, but hair. A black hog will not get seury on his back; the sun will not blister him. A hog should have a good constitution, with round sprung rib and good girth around the heart, short neck and head well put on, short face and nose, tail put on not way up on his back nor yet too low down, hams round and well filled, not too sluggish disposition nor yet too wild. By the purchase of the right kind of a male pig the feeder can raise just such pigs as he wants to feed, and have much more profitable and healthy animals than he can buy.

The brood sows can be run on clover pasture in summer at very little expense, and if provided with some good clover hay in winter it will reduce their feed bills. Not enough attention is paid to providing good pastures for pigs; they are generally kept in a barren lot with a generous sized mud-hole in it, in which the water is so foul that just the smell of it is sickening, let alone having to drink it. As for a change of pasture, it is never thought of, on account of the trouble of fencing it. The sensible way to provide for them is to have enough land devoted to their use so the pigs can have a good sweet pasture of clover all the time. Do not keep them on the same old poisoned ground for ten years, but when the grass gets run out plow it and take off a couple of crops; then re-seed to clover, and then let their hogships take fresh comfort, health and fat from the new fresh ground and grass. This ground will then supply the living for the pigs, while in the other way of doing the pig lot is full of weeds, bare of grass, and the bare ground covered with mud and hog wallows.

Packing Butter in Brine.

The Dairyman.

A method of packing butter for its more perfect preservation, and one which is very effective, has long been in use in England. It has been recommended in this country, but has not been adopted, so far as we know. It is to pack the butter in cylindrical bags of muslin, which are put in a mold for the purpose. These bags hold about two pounds, and when filled are tied tightly and packed away in brine in tubs, pails or casks, and are headed up just as pickled pork is. The butter will absorb no more salt; is perfectly free from atmospheric exposure; is enveloped in an

antiseptic fluid, and is therefore entirely safe from change, excepting so far as this may occur internally from within by the natural process called ripening, and which is due to the change of the milk sugar (lactose) in the butter into milk (lactic acid), and this into butyric acid by a well-understood chemical transformation of the elements. But this change goes on so slowly that the butter merely acquires a high and agreeable flavor, and no strong scent or taste is developed which would approach rancidity.

This manner of packing butter has long been in use in some districts of England, and the supplies furnished to the large universities of Oxford and Cambridge have been put up in a similar way for many years. The butter is made in long rolls about two inches in diameter, and these are wrapped in muslin and the edge secured by some stitches, the ends being tied. This form of roll is well known as "college butter," and is found very convenient for use by cutting off thin slices, each of which is a single ration for a student. It might be found very useful here for the use of hotels and caterers, who would be relieved of the trouble of molding their own cakes, which to some extent injures the quality of the butter.

The Best Wool.

Kansas Farmer.

The property for which wool is perhaps most valued is trueeness in breeding. In a true-bred sheep each staple of wool—each lock into which a group of fibers naturally forms itself—will be of equal growth throughout. The fiber will be the same thickness, as nearly as possible, the whole length, or will be finer at point than at root. There will be no shaggy rough wool in it, but if the sheep be cross-bred, or ill-kept and exposed to storms, the fibers will be rough at the points and coarser than at the roots, the reason of this being that as the wool gets longer as it is more exposed to bad weather and hard treatment, nature makes it stronger to resist what it has to encounter, while the part that is next the skin remains fine to give greater warmth. Such wool, even when combed and spun into yarn, never lies smooth and evenly as true-bred wool, and is consequently not of as much value. There is another sort of wool which farmers do not seem to understand, and writers on the subject often ignore, but which is found more or less on all cross-bred sheep and on sheep which are too much exposed and fed on hilly districts. This is known as "kemp" or dead hairs. These kemps vary in length and coarseness according to the breed of the sheep. In White Highland they are about two inches long, and very thick; in cross-bred Australians they are very short. In the former they cover the under side of the fleece, in the latter they are so few as not to be of any importance. They are, however, all alike in this, that they are a brilliant shining white (except on the sheep with gray wool, when they are black), and they will not dye the same color as the rest of the wool. They, consequently, depreciate the value of the wool very greatly, making it only suitable for low goods.

FARM NOTES.

The dividends from sheep come oftener than from other classes of stock, except dairy cows, the fleece, lambs and mutton reaching market at different periods.

An open shed, facing the south, is an excellent arrangement for all classes of stock, as the open air is preferred by them at some periods instead of the stables.

It is stated by those whose pens have been visited by hog cholera that when the carcasses of the hogs are not burned the buzzards, which feed upon them, carry the disease to remote points.

An experienced dairyman says the grain of butter may be spoiled in churning where great haste is used. A slow, regular stroke is absolutely necessary and indispensable in manufacturing a first-class article.

A cattle-raiser of Illinois has so far changed his system of feeding that he now feeds corn every day all summer to his steers in pasture. He has experimented until he is convinced that this way of feeding pays best.

A spring colt should be weaned a little before winter in order that it may become used to the change of food while the weather is warm and while plenty of succulent food can be had. Ensilage is an excellent feed for maintaining growth of colts and other young stock.

The best way to rid a horse's ears of warts is to rub them well with a coarse cloth and then touch them well with a little nitric acid every alternate day until you have administered three applications. A single drop is sufficient for the smaller ones.

Mr. John S. Thompson, an experienced sheep breeder of Arcana, Ind., is of the opinion that a cross of Shropshire and Merico sheep is all that can be desired, the lambs being vigorous and healthy, and if the flocks are well kept may consist of 500 or 1,000 head.

Samuel Keyer, a cattle man wintered 180 cattle on sorghum last winter, losing only one, and that by accident. He fed all the sorghum the stock wanted. His crop was cut and stacked before October rains and frosts came last fall, and the cane was sweet and well cured. He planted 150 acres last spring for stock feed.

A western farmer advises stringing seed corn by tying the ears together with husks in some place where the grain can be saturated with coal smoke. The odor, he says, repels squirrels and worms from eating the seed. The seed comes up quicker, the plants grow more vigorously and ripen several days earlier than from seed not so treated.

All manures deposited by nature are left on or near the surface. The whole tendency of manure is to go down into the soil rather than rise from it. There is probably very little, if any, unless it is put in piles so as to ferment, rains and dews return to the soil as much ammonia in a year as is carried off in the atmosphere.

An English farmer says: "For two winters I placed six horses upon he fo

lows weekly allowance: Forty-two pounds of oats, twenty-eight pounds maize, twenty-two pounds beans, twenty-one pounds hay cut into chaff, seventy pounds long hay. Total, 196 pounds of food per week per horse. Upon this food the horses have done admirably while in constant work."

The most common diseases of fowls are catarrh and croup, and the diseases are nearly the same. In simple catarrh there is a discharge of watery mucus from the nostrils, the eyelids and face become swollen and a foul odor is emitted. Remove the sick fowls to a warm, dry location, wash the nostrils with diluted copperas water and feed stimulating food.

PROPOSING IN TEXAS.

The English Idea of Love-Making in Brother Jonathan's Domain.

Chambers' Journal.

They manage things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple come to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room in a big white rocking-chair; she on the other side in a little white oak rocking chair. A long eared dehorned is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily and looks out of the west window at a myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather for cotton picking?"

"'Tis that," the lady responds, "if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?" asks she.

"Cooney!" Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What's he good for?"

"What's he good for?" says he, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Cooney."

"For ketching 'possums."

Silence for half an hour.

"Who?"

"Cooney."

"He is, but he's sort of bellowsed, an' gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensues she takes two stitches in her quilt, a gorgeous affair, made after the pattern called "Rose of Sharon."

"Your ma rising many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then come the rocking, and somehow the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side, and rocking is impossible.

"Makin' quilts?" he observes.

"Yes," she replies, brightening up for she is great on quilts. "I've just finished a gorgeous 'Eagle of Brazil,' a 'Setting Sun' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Prairie'?"

"No."

More silence. Then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be all aware. Then he suddenly says:

"I see a great mind to bite you."

"What have you a great mind to bite me for?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then, now, I has you."

Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

A QUAKER WEDDING.

The Marriage Ceremony According to the Orthodox Friend Quaker Prescription.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Quaker wedding is not the uncouth affair which the description given would lead the reader to suppose, but is, on the contrary, a solemn and impressive ceremony decorous and orderly in the extreme. The prospective bride and groom pass meeting three or four weeks before the day set for marriage. That is, they appear in the meeting to which the bride belongs, and a declaration of their intention is publicly made. If no obstacle appears between the "passing" and the wedding day, the clerk of the meeting prepares the marriage certificate, large enough always to contain many signatures. When the wedding day arrives all the front seats on the men's side of the house are reserved for the wedding. It is not necessarily on a fifth day, as stated, but upon whatever day of the week, except the first day, the regular meeting for worship is held in that district. After the meeting is "settled into stillness," the wedding party enters, the bride leaning on the arm of the bridegroom; they take seats together, not on opposite sides of the house, under the minister's gallery, (on the men's side, of course,) facing the congregation, not with their backs to it. The bridesmaids and groomsmen, ranging in number from four to eight, follow the bride and groom and take the front seats. Then the parents of the contracting parties, and other relatives and friends arrive and occupy the remainder of the reserved space. After all are seated there is half an hour or more of silence, or sometimes a prayer or short sermon, then the ceremony takes place. The groom rises and gives his hand to the bride who rises by his side, he still retaining her hand. He says nothing about his worldly goods as stated, but repeats gravely these words: "In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take Mary Penn to be my wife, promising, by divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until death shall separate us." She repeats a corresponding formula, and they sit down. A table is then placed before the pair, upon which is spread the marriage certificate. They sign it, the relatives and friends sign it, and after another interval of silence, a minister or elder rises in the gallery and says quietly: "The wedding company may now retire." The newly married man gives his arm to his wife and they pass out, as they have entered, together. The bridesmaids and groomsmen follow in pairs, the rest of the company follow them, and not until the last carriage is driven away does the minister at the head of the gallery shake hands

with his next neighbor as a signal that the meeting is dismissed. In accordance with ancient usage, two overseers are appointed to be present at the wedding breakfast to see to it that a proper decorum is preserved, and the clerk enters the marriage on the records of the meeting.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Gladstone, Tennyson, Professor Blackie, Charles Darwin, Mrs. Browning and Dr. O. W. Holmes were all born in the year 1809.

Miss Emma Larson and her young sister who rode on horseback from their home in Wisconsin to San Francisco, made the journey in safety without being molested.

Mrs. Hillas, of Elgin, Ill., has a copy of the poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, who presented it to her himself.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley intends coming to this country shortly, for the purpose of lecturing on the Dark Continent in general and his experiences in the Congo region in particular.

"Thank God and be content," was the advice Sir Moses Montefiore received from his wife when, in 1825, he asked her whether he should retire from money making or continue in business. He followed it.

The stone sarcophagus for the tomb of John C. Calhoun, the South Carolina statesman who died over a quarter of a century ago, has been finished, and will at once set in place in St. Philip's church, Charleston, S. C.

Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, daughter of the late Chief Justice Chase, has successfully established an industrial school at Pelham Manor, where furniture carving, clay and plaster modeling, tapestry work, etc., are taught to girls and boys.

General Joe Johnston, who is 77 years old, does not look over 60. He is straight as an arrow, and the only sign of age is seen in his silky gray hair, which flows in silvery curls almost to his shoulders, and in his full gray beard.

Editor Webb's "Bluff."

Ben Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Hon. James Watson Webb, who was for many years editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, was the last avowed duelist at the north. His last "meeting" was at Wilmington, Del., with Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. He was not only wounded in the left knee, but on his return to New York he was tried and sentenced to two years hard labor in the penitentiary. Governor Seward pardoned him, and he renounced duelling; but when he was at Washington, at the time of the assault on Sumner, he was challenged again, as he thus told the story:

"I was at Washington at the time of Brooks' assault on Sumner. The Courier and Enquirer came out denouncing Brooks as a 'coward.' General Quitman, a northern man and an old and intimate friend, waited on me and