



Floats With the Tide.
In this great world of toil and pleasure,
'Tis never low yourself to worry,
But always take it slow.
Let others bustle fate aside,
While you go floatin' with the tide.
Yet, as you drift along quite lazy,
Sleep only with one eye,
And watch out sharply with the other
For opportunity.
Let others leave at fate strong side,
As you go floatin' with the tide.
To each man comes a time when fortune
Stands waiting to be won,
One out of ten make out to see her,
The rest push blindly on.
Tryn' to hustle fate aside,
While you go floatin' with the tide.

Gems of Knowledge

A Philadelphia saloon announces that it serves "a bichloride of gold sandwich with every drink."

Actors were so much admired by the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie that he never charged them for medical advice.

The highest clouds, the cirrus and cirrostratus, sometimes rise to an altitude of 30,000 feet, or six miles above the earth's surface.

Doubtless the coldest civilized place on the globe is Werchojansk, in Siberia, where the thermometer once registered a temperature of 81 degrees below zero.

In territorial area the United States ranks third. Great Britain controls 6,557,000 square miles of territory, Russia, 8,352,940 miles, and the United States, counting Alaska, 3,580,242 miles.

It is stated that a Paris firm of glass-makers has produced some porous glass to be used as window panes. The pores are too fine to permit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room.

The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1635 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 5.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds. Therefore, if a cannon ball be fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

The advantage of a thick skull was manifested the other day at Canton, Miss. A couple of darkies became engaged in a quarrel, and one drew a revolver and shot the other, who instantly dropped like a log. It was thought that he was dead, but the discovery was made that he was merely stunned. The bullet had flattened itself against his forehead, and in a few moments he was walking around.

Dancing With a Corpse.

In Spain, when a person dies, the body is frequently removed to the undertaker's shop a few hours after death. In one of the largest of these establishments in Madrid, some years ago, an extraordinary sight was witnessed.

A gentleman was brought in his "casket" one afternoon and placed in the room set apart for that branch of the business. The proprietor lived over his premises, and on this special evening was giving a grand ball. When the ball was at its height, a gentleman, in full evening dress, suddenly joined the company. He danced with the wife of the undertaker, and he danced with the undertaker's daughter, and he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. The undertaker thought he knew his face, but didn't like to be rude and ask him his name; but by-and-by all the guests departed, and the strange gentleman was the only one left.

"Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host, at last.

"No, thank you," replied the gentleman; "I'm staying in the house."

"Staying in the house!" exclaimed the undertaker. "Who are you, sir?"

"What! don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon!"

The undertaker, horrified, rushed to the mortuary room and found the coffin empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse. An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, who had only been in a trance, had suddenly recovered, and having a keen sense of humor, had got out of his coffin (the Spanish coffin closes with a lid which is only locked just previous to interment) and joined the festive party. He was presentable, as in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.

A Good Suggestion.

When the Emperor Francis Joseph was making his first journey through Hungary, the good people of Pesth bestirred themselves to give him a hearty reception. The then burgomaster of the town was a notorious skinflint, and regarded with anything but respect by the inhabitants.

At a meeting of the Reception committee, a proposal had been made to import into the town's welcome to the Emperor something of a novel or unique character. The burgomaster agreed, but stipulated that whatever was done must fulfill three conditions: First, surprise the Emperor; secondly,

be as inexpensive as possible; and thirdly, please the folk.

The following day his worship received an anonymous letter, containing the following suggestion:—"Let the burgomaster be hung by the neck to the first triumphal arch. This," said the writer, "would certainly surprise His Majesty, it would not cost a penny, and nothing would please the people more."

Sharks in a Ladies' Bath.

The last Australian mail brings a thrilling shark story from Melbourne. A Mrs. French and a Mrs. Macmeikan were bathing with several ladies and children in the Melbourne sea-baths when Mrs. French's little boy, who was not bathing, noticed a large shark rapidly approaching the party, and immediately told Mrs. Durant. The boy then called out to Mrs. Macmeikan that there was a shark in the water. She glanced round and with horror saw a shark turning over within a foot of her. She kicked and splashed and nearly fainted away. The shark made for the children, going between the rope and the shore.

Mrs. Macmeikan speedily recovered her presence of mind, and darted to the rescue of the children. Quickly securing Roy, this brave lady placed the child in about one foot of water. Then she turned to secure Mrs. French's child. She was just in time to effect the rescue. As she grasped the little one, and was making for the shore, the shark, with a big companion, made a dash. The undaunted woman succeeded in frightening the monster away, and safely bore the children from all danger. Mrs. Macmeikan was much exhausted after her terrible adventure. The battle between life and death was most exciting, and two ladies fainted. The sharks were fine specimens, the largest one being about twelve feet in length and the other about six feet. The pair had effected an entrance into the baths through some broken pickets. Some men were subsequently called in, and succeeded in killing the smaller shark. The big one managed to get away into the open sea. The men stuck a boat-hook into him six times. The shark darted through the hole and nearly smashed the hook, the jerk precipitating one of the harpooners into the water.

The Prince of Wales' Study.

The Prince of Wales' private study at Sandringham is anything but pretentious. It is one of the smallest rooms in the house, and is lit by a large single window. The woodwork is all of light oak and the walls and ceiling of a neutral tint. There are no hangings, no bric-a-brac, no ornaments of any kind, no soft rugs even on the oaken floor. The principal piece of furniture is a solid, square oaken desk, at which the Prince writes all his private letters. The Prince's waste basket is odd. It is from a design furnished by his Royal Highness, and resembles a huge chimney-pot hat. There are no books in the room, but a huge collection of pipes and cigars is arranged on shelves. A telephone connects Sandringham with Marlborough house, and is fixed by the side of the study window.

About Sea Gulls.

Gulls are cunning birds, and have a well-understood method of communicating their thoughts to their species. Not long ago one of them who seemed to be high in command separated from several of his companions, at Tacoma, Wash., and took his position on a log resting in the water. The underside of the log was covered with barnacles. For a few moments the bird uttered peculiar cries, and was presently joined by several other gulls. A whispered conversation seemed to ensue, and then all the birds stood in a line on one side of the log near the water. Their weight caused the log to revolve until the barnacle side was uppermost, when the birds began to peck eagerly at the food, and in a little while had pecked it clean.

Spread-Eagleism.

Young America does not like to be beaten. After a very patriotic speech before a youthful debating society, some time ago, a small boy of twelve wound up with the following peroration:

"Not only, fellow-country-men, did we beat, rout and utterly annihilate the British in our glorious war for independence, but we, too, have a sun that never sets, although they think they are the only fellows which have that proud distinction. For when it is six o'clock at Atto Island, Alaska, it is nine o'clock a. m. the next day at Mr. Blaine's home in Portland, Maine. Hurrah for the red, white and blue."

Told by the Census.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people. For instance, there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing coconut trees; there are more than a quarter of a million olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees, and 21,000,000 pineapples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly \$30,000,000.

A Sneeze Betrayed Him.

A sneeze betrayed a burglar in Pittsburgh. He had secreted himself in the cellar of a residence, intending to begin his explorations for plunder after the family had retired. The family were preparing for bed, and the girl entered the cellar to rake the furnace. She caused such a dust that the burglar could not repress a sneeze. The girl heard it, but went on quietly with her work. Then she slowly passed upstairs and cautiously announced her discovery to her mistress. Both of them bravely entered the cellar, pounced upon the burglar, and held him until a policeman was summoned.

THE MORNING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Increased in weight long,
A pair of little chubby hands,
With rather doubtful nose,
A little bill, a little head,
And as a mother said—
And let before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways,
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze,
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown,
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Lurking within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a tadly stick
Is sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun,
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan,
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man.

—London Figaro.

HOW THEY MET



O look, Regina! There he is—there in the parquet—third row! But what is the matter with you? Whom do you see there?

"I—oh! I saw an interesting head among the crowd, really an exceptionally interesting head; but now I am very anxious to become acquainted with your adorer. Ah! that blonde youth? Not bad; that young man has a distinguished air—no doubt comes from a fine family—and what is much better, he looks manly and healthy."

"How coldly you judge him! I think him extraordinary! I never saw a handsomer face! He has a fine physique and appears like a prince, just as I imagine the prince in the fairy tale. For the last week I have met him daily on the Promenade—oh! and he has the sweetest snow-white poodle, that often jumps around me in joyous leaps, as if he had something to tell me! Since then, too, I always meet him at the theater, where he fixes his opera-glasses steadily upon me as soon as the curtain falls. Do you think he loves me, Regina?"

"I cannot say with any certainty, but at any rate you are in love with him!"

"Oh, Regina, you are so cruel!"
"Well, dear, do not let your courage fail you; I think you stand a chance of becoming the mistress of the sweet white poodle, if his master continues to stare at you to-night—for you yourself are not less sweet," Regina replied, smiling at her younger sister, a beautiful girl of eighteen, with whom she occupied one of the first boxes.

Regina herself, 10 years her senior, who had been suddenly widowed after an exceedingly unhappy marriage, was one of those dignified, interesting persons who are characterized by an atmosphere of melancholy. These women often go through life alone, because they are rarely understood and appreciated.

Regina's lovely eyes turned once more in the direction whence her sister had diverted her attention. Yes, she had not been mistaken; it was a remarkable head. The man to whom it belonged could not possess a plain, everyday nature; he must be an extraordinary creature. He was not handsome, but there was something glowing, fascinating, something very forcible in those features, as if passionate fancy and unrelenting realism had combined to bring forth a true human soul, filled with a sense of beauty.

How strange! In spite of the distance, it seemed as if his eyes were fixed upon her, and she felt herself drawn to him with a kind of magnetism. There—he took up the opera-glass, and that disturbed her impression, so she turned away. At this moment the curtain rose, and her attention was fixed upon the stage. But between every act, as soon as the dazzling light filled the theatre, it seemed to Regina as if she were to greet a friend, one long sought for and finally found, whose look should tell her that he would understand her deepest and inmost thoughts and sensations. Oh, how good, how lovely beyond description it seemed, after such long wandering!

The little sister at her side was so absorbed in her own romance that she no longer heeded her. The Wagnerian music and the glowing looks of her "amorous" put her into an ecstasy of delight which well became her eighteen years; and as both were going home in their closed carriage each one leaned silently in a corner. Regina had closed her eyes, as if she were dreaming, but Elsie sighed now and then in a most heart-rending manner.

Dear Madam: This can go on no longer; we are acquainted; only enough, however, to know that we must look for one another. We have yet to confirm that which we have told through the opera glasses. I feel a wonderful agitation in my soul like unto that which must have stirred the great soul of the universe on the morn of the creation after the "Let there be light!" Believe me there will be light for us both!

Do come, I will await you to-morrow between two and three at the National Gallery in front of Makart's "Katharina Cornaro."

Elsie read and reread this note as she was riding in the carriage toward the place which he had appointed for their rendezvous. It had been delivered that morning to her, and she did not doubt for a moment who the author was. Only she found the style and contents somewhat unusual, and felt slightly agitated. She had not mentioned the note to her sister.

The writing did not harmonize in the least with the young man she had pictured to herself in every detail. The brusque, forcible sentiment which showed so plainly in those lines hurt her, and seemed almost a command, when Elsie had expected a beseeching, modest entreaty in consideration of the boldness of the request. And this all pervading rhapsody was making her feel uneasy. Why did he not simply say: "I love you," or "I am dying of love?" That would have been much simpler and prettier.

Amid all these considerations she buttoned the last button of her faultless gloves, while her heart beat violently; then once more she drew forth a small mirror to closely examine her fringe and the effect of her little hat; alas! every woman knows very well how important her fringe, the shape of her hat and the cut of her dress are, in the great decisive moments of her life!

When finally the carriage stopped at the entrance of the National Gallery her trembling limbs scarcely brought Elsie to her place of destination. At first she seemed to see everything through a haze, and not daring to look around, she seated herself, waiting for him to come up and speak to her.

But no one came. About 10 minutes later she took heart and looked about. Was it possible? He was not there! Elsie wanted to grow angry, but then she said to herself that life was full of unexpected events. At the last moment he might have received company—a wealthy old uncle might have dropped in whom he could not very well ward off—or he might have been detained at the glovestore, or his coachman might have taken him the wrong direction; indeed, there were many reasons.

Some tiresome elderly English ladies stood about and a few schoolgirls were trying their best to appear appreciative of art. A couple of young men stared boldly at her, some went by indifferently, and several earnest-looking elderly gentlemen were deeply interested in the study of Makart's great work of art.

Why, oh, why are there so many superstitious people in the world? If the ground would only swallow them up! There in the corner sat a very old fellow, strange to say. He had fixed his eyes on the entrance as if he were expecting some one. A glow of expectancy shone in his eyes. As yet he had not even glanced at the painting to which he had turned his back, and he himself looked like an artist or something of the sort, thought Elsie.

Minute after minute passed by, and one quarter of an hour after another, but the expected one came not. The visitors in the art gallery came and went like the pictures in a kaleidoscope; only Elsie and the "odd fellow" did not move.

Elsie would have gone long before, but she was full of curiosity to see whom the stranger awaited. He looked as if life and death depended upon this expectation. Elsie, too, hung her dear little head despairingly. She was bitterly disappointed. So she had in vain felt feverish all that forenoon, had not eaten a bit of luncheon. In vain she had spent two long hours upon her toilet, and had told her sister a falsehood about a friend's sudden illness. And now all terrible doubts as to love and sincerity came back to her. Alas! how desolate this world and how insipid was life!

Suddenly she noticed that she and the stranger remained alone—all the other visitors had left. She had just drawn the letter from her pocket to re-read it for the hundredth time. It was an odd handwriting, as if written with a match, and the large, heavy letters were formed straight up and down. Really, the writing harmonized little with the elegant young cavalier—if only—

"Madam, how did you come by this letter?"

With this hoarse, half suffocated utterance the stranger had suddenly grasped her wrist. Pale as death with a low cry of terror, Elsie arose, for she thought him insane.

"Don't be alarmed; I am quite sane. Pray tell me the truth. How did you receive this letter not intended for you?"

"Not intended for me? It was addressed to me!"

"Addressed to you? Then you are Miss von Lasswitz?"

"Yes, that is my name. What does my letter concern you?"

"Ah! there is the mistake!" The strange man looked suddenly enlightened as if he had been relieved of the burden of a great calamity. "Pardon me, madam, I wrote the letter, and it was intended for a different lady. The usher must have misinformed me. Tell me, were you in the third box in the first row at the opera on Monday, Wednesday and Friday?"

"Yes, indeed with my sister."

"A slender lady, darkly clad?"

"Yes, that is my sister, Mrs. von Planeck."

"Is she married?"

"She was married, and is now widowed."

"The boxkeeper told me your name and address only."

"He knows me and not my sister, who has been in Berlin only a short time."

"My dear madam, will you take me to Mrs. von Planeck and introduce me? My name is Otto Reimar."

"Are you Dr. Otto Reimar, the well-known writer?"

"I am a writer."

"How delighted she will be to meet you! I happen to know that you are her favorite author."

The stranger smiled and nodded his head, as if he wished to say:

"I also know that!"

A few moments more and Elsie von

Lasswitz and Dr. Reimar were driving toward Mrs. von Planeck's residence.

As Elsie entered Mrs. von Planeck's drawing-room with her companion, she stood on the threshold spell-bound in silent astonishment. There sat Regina, whose face showed plainly that she had been mortally hurt, and opposite her, turning his hat between his fingers, sat Elsie's youthful admirer with a most wondrous mien.

When Elsie understood the situation she nearly laughed aloud. It was indeed laughable.

There she had spent two hours of expectation and despair in the art gallery with Regina's suitor, while he, the object of her longings, awaiting her in vain, had indefinitely prolonged his call, and doomed poor Regina to entertain him on the subject of the weather, the theatre or the latest railroad accident. Oh, if she had but remained at home!

Regina's amazement looked very much like a glad surprise when she saw Elsie's companion and heard his name.

"You are Otto Reimar? How strange that the idea did not occur to me! I know all your writings, and should also have recognized you at once!"

"You have recognized me—the name cuts no figure, my dear madam. I had written all my best products for you alone before I saw you. But sometimes I would lose courage, fearing that I might never find you."

Regina silently gave him her hand, which he pressed to his lips. It seemed to her like a dream that, at the first meeting, she should have given herself to the man whom she had already learned to regard as one of the best and noblest of souls, and whose thoughts had made so deep an impression upon her through his writings.

And then he spoke to her, and Regina felt as if, hitherto, all had spoken in a strange language, and as if now, for the first time, she were hearing her mother tongue. His thoughts burst forth like a stream on whose billows Regina was carried away into boundless regions of light.

The young couple, meanwhile, were so interested in one another that they disturbed no one. Elsie, too, and her fairy prince, Assessor von Lucknow, had an endless amount to relate about the events on the Promenade and at the theater, and about the dear little white poodle.

Dr. Otto Reimar and Assessor von Lucknow were for some time daily callers at Mrs. von Planeck's home, and when, later on, Regina became the beloved wife of the great poet and author, and Elsie the affianced of her fairy prince, this first meeting remained a source of inexhaustible merriment and pleasure of those concerned.—From the German.

UNDER THE LADDER.

A Story Showing That Every Man Has His Price.

Recently Mr. Frederick Bond, the comedian, came out of the stage door of Hermann's theater with the air of a man who is in a hurry.

The door is at the head of a long flight of iron stairs, which run down along the side of the building to the street below.

Just above these stairs there is an enormous board bill, and at the time of Mr. Bond's appearance a gentleman with a bucket of paste and an armful of paper, was renewing the printing thereon.

He stood upon a long ladder, which reached from the pavement to the top of the bill board and crossed the stairs close to their highest point. Mr. Bond started gayly down the steps. Just as he was about to dart beneath the ladder he stopped and rushed back again.

"Say," he called to the gentleman with the paste bucket, "I'm in a hurry!"

"Well," replied the other, leisurely laying on a fresh sheet, "who's a stoppin' ye?"

"You are."

"Me? Watcher givin' us. Ain't the stairs open?"

"Yes, but there's your ladder. I wouldn't pass under it for anything."

"Then drop off."

"See here, I've passed under a ladder twice in my life; first time broke my arm, second time lost all my money. Won't you move that ladder for a favor?"

"Nixey. Not even for a fiver!"

"A good cigar, then?"

"That's different," said the gentleman of the paste bucket.

He laboriously descended and swung the ladder outward, while Mr. Bond, coming down five steps at a jump, handed him the promised ransom, and flew up the street.

"Holy smoke!" sighed the gentleman of the paste bucket, "them actors is superstitious ducks!"

What a Bad Digestion Does.

A doctor has been comparing the state of mind of a man before dinner and after dinner who suffers indigestion. Before dinner the patient's thoughts are something of this kind:—"What a jolly thing life is! How grand it is to be breath the pure air to revel in the glorious sunshine, to laugh and be merry! With friends all around, a prosperous fortune before one, all one's hopes and plans turn out well. It may safely be said that we live in a good country, and that life is the most enjoyable state imaginable."

But after dinner, when the salmon and the cucumber and the lobster salad have begun to do their deadly work, the same man thinks something like this:—"Life is a fraud. Those who say life is worth living are humbugs. We go about the world with a heavy load of care, and from morning till night our time is spent in battling with new annoyances. Bills pour in on every side, failure stares us in the face, every cherished hope is dashed to the ground. Bah! The whole thing is humbug!"

FIGHT WITH SEA ROBBERS.

A New Version of an Old Story About Columbus.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchant men trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguise, would pray upon all around them. No mercy was shown in those fearful contests. Between the sea robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned.

The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the North. But he had a son known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccannars. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at 200,000 ducats—perhaps two millions of dollars—and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo Minio captain, with a salary of 600 ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3,500 golden duats is promised on their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet, his salary was only nine ducats a month.

Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No decorations of tin or pewter were allowed, no currents nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Siyu or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prey. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies.

In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, states Harper's Magazine, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet whether as commander or seaman, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent.

Origin of White Brahmas.
The White Brahma has been bred for at least twelve years. They originated from the light Brahma, being sports from that breed. My attention was first attracted to snow white specimens of the Brahma which were sports of pure Felch birds. Two or three years later I learned of another party having pure white Brahmas, which were also sports of the light Brahma. These two families were being brought together by way of infusing fresh blood one to the other. A little later on I learned of a French lady living in New York state who also had pure white Brahmas, having purchased a female from a Nebraska breeder, that she too, in this way, might infuse fresh blood into her birds. I readily recall these three families. There are doubtless many more in the United States. Indeed, I know of other breeders having them. Their general characteristics are the same as the lights, except their color, which is pure white.

They are now an established breed and breed as true as any other solid colored bird. The fact of their being bred from sports only adds to their purity, as they were bred without introducing foreign blood from white birds from other breeds than the Brahma family. This is why the typical Brahma shape and make-up has been so universally retained. I have never yet seen an attempt in making one of these birds from foreign material. This is more than can be said of the White Leghorn or White Plymouth Rock.—The Agriculturist.

A New Song.

O, Dixie land is the land of cotton,
That's why Dixie's land not forgotten;
Plant corn, plant corn,
Plant corn down South in Dixie!

O cotton, she is a gay deceiver,
That's her why we're goin' to leave her;
Plant corn, plant corn,
Plant corn down South in Dixie!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Cordial Invitation.

Servant—A gentleman at the door says he doesn't like to annoy you, but here is a little bill.

Mr. Murray Hill—O, tell him I'm not annoyed at his calling. On the contrary, I would be very much pleased to have him call again.—Texas Sittings.