THAT'S WHY I KIRS VOU.

Our Daley lay down In her little nightgown. And bissed my again and again On forehead and check, On lips that would speak, But found themselves shut to their gain

Then toolish, abourd, To utter a word, I asked her the question so old, That wife and that lover Ask over and over, As if they were surer when told

There, close at her side,

"Do you love me!" I cried; She lifted her golden-crowned head, A puzzled surprise Shone in her gray ever-"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said. - Unknown Exchange.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Origin of the Northern Temper-nte Fiorn.

Prof. Asa Gray, in a recent lecture on forest geography and archeology, before the Harvard University Natural History Society, published in the Amertean Journal of Science, claims that our present flora comes from high and not low latitudes. The true explanation of the whole problem of the distribution of plants is to be found by looking to the North-to the Arctic Zone. "North of our forest regions," he says, "comes the zone unwooded from cold, the zone of Arctic vegetation. In this, as a rule, the species are the same round the world; as exceptions, some are restricted to a part of the circle. The polar projection of the earth down to the northern tropic, shows to the eye as our maps do not how all the lands come together into one region, and how natural it may be for the same species under homogeneous conditions, to spread over it. When we know, moreover, that sea and land have varied greatly since these species existed, we may well believe that any ocean gaps, now in the way of equable distribution, may have been bridged over. There is now only one considerable gap. What would happen if a cold period were to come on from the North, and were very slowly to carry the present Arctic cliinto the Temperate Zone? Why, just what has happened in the gracial period, when the refrigeration somehow the middle and Southern part of the left some parts of them stranded on the Pyrences, the Alps, the Apennines, the Caucasus, on our White and Rocky Mountains, or, wherever they could escape the increasing warmth as well by ascending mountains as by receding northward at lower levels. Those that kept together at a low level, and made good their retreat, form the main body of present Arctic vegetation. Those that took to the mountains had their line of retreat cut off, and hold their positions on the mountain-tops under cover of the frigid climate due to elevation. The conditions of these on different continents or different mountains are similar, but not wholly alike. they have perished; where better adapted, they continue with or without some change and hence the diversification of alpine plants, as well as the general likeness through all the Northern hemisphere. All this exactly applies to the Temperate Zone vegetation, and to the trees that we are concerned The clew was seized when the fossil botany of the high Arctic regions came to light; when it was demonstrated that in the times next preceding the glacial period in the latest Tertiary from Spitzbergen and Iceland to Greenland and Kamtschatka, a climate like that we now eajoy prevailed, and for-ests like those of New Englan; and Virginia and of California, clothed the

tions of the climate.' Modern Ocean Deposits.

In his recent address before the Geographical Section of the British Science Association, Sir Wyville Thompson, who head. I the scientific party on the Challenger trip, printed out some curious features of the deposit now forming at great depth in the ocean. Over the whole area of the Pacific, for instance, and especially in its deep waters, the dredge brings up a fine red clay. If a magnet be drawn through a quantity of this fine clay well diffused in water, it will be found to have caught on its surface some minute magnetic spheruies, some apparently of metallic iron in a passive state, and some of metallic nickel. From the appearance of these particles, and from the circumstances that such magnetic dust has been already detected in the sediment of snowwater, some are of opinion that they are of cosmic origin-in fact, excessively minute meteories. Summing up what is known of the bed of the ocean. Mr. Thompson says:

"So far as we can judge, after a most careful comparative examination, the deposit which is at present being formed at extreme depths in the ocean, does not correspond either in structure or in chemical composition with any known geological formation; and, moreover, we are inclined to believe, from a consideration of their structure and of their imbedded organic remains, that none of the older formations were laid down at nearly so great depths - that, in fact, none of these have anything of an abyssal character. These late researches tend to show that during past geologi-cal changes abyssal beds have never been exposed, and it seems highly prob-able that until comparatively recent geological periods, such beds have not been formed. It appears now to be a generally received opinion among geo-logists—an opinion which was first brought into prominence by Professor Dana—that the 'massive' eruptions which originated the mountain chains which form the skeleton of our present pied by our present seas, date from the secular cooling and contraction of the crust of the earth, from a period much

that during the period chronicled by the successive sedimentary systems, with many minor oscillations by which limited areas have been alternately elevated and depressed, the broad result has been the growth by success e steps of the original mountain chains and the continents by their denotation, and the corresponding deepening of the origin-al grooves. If this view be correct—and it certainly appears to me that the reasoning in its favor is very cogent it is quite possible that until comparatively recent times no part of the ocean was sufficiently deep for the formation of a characteristic abyssal deposit."

l'auperism in Ireland.

It is terribly on the increase. From the Irish Times we learn that, out of a population of 5,000,000, nearly 300,000 are supported by public relief; and the number of paupers, we are told, is increasing at the rate of 1,800 a month ! To support this vast army of paupers the labor of Ireland is taxed \$4,000,000 a year. Of this sum the salaries of workhouse officials and the cost of the pauper prisons eat up nearly \$2,000,-

It used to be said that Ireland was over-populated. Well, famine killed off 1,000,000 of the people, and scattered 3,000,000 more of them all over the globe; yet here is Ireland to-day in her rags, with her begging-bag over her shoulder, and her beggar's hand extend-

ed for relief! The man who says that Ireland is over-populated—the man who tells you any country in the world is over-populated-either willfully lies or else he does not know what he is talking about. Belgium to-day is the most populous country in all Europe; and in all Europe there is not a happier, a more prosperous, or a more industrious population than is to be found within its confines.

The cause of the ills that afflict the human family must not be imputed to God. The entire responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who assume that it is their especial business to make laws for nations and keep the people in order

Ireland has natural resources suffic ient to support comfortably 50,000,000 of people. Independent of the millions of acres which have been robbed from mate, or something like it, down far the people, there are millions more of reclaimable land, which, under a wise and beneficent government, would be sustaining in comfort a happy people pushed all these plants before it down instead of what we now see a pauperto Southern Europe, to Middle Asia, to ized population. Restore the people to their natural inheritance; educate them United States; and, at length receding, in the science of agriculture; put improved implements into their hands; enable them to utilize the mineral resources of the country; push on manufactures in a word, diversify industry and abolish landlordism-and in ten short years Ireland will present to the world a picture of contentedness such as no country ever before exhibited, but which, indeed, every country under a system of government conformable to the laws of God may and can exhibit as well. - Irish World.

The Most Perfect Thing of Her Kind.

The London Athenaum announces that "when a French woman is a lady Some species proved better adapted to she is, notwithstanding the materialism going down to eat the hay. Young is an operation that sorely tries his one, some to another part of the world; at the bottom of her nature, the most Adam never saw 'the old clown, though temper, because of the delays; the difwhere less adapted, or less adaptable, perfect thing of her kind the world has be came very soon after Adam's day. ferences of opinion in regard to the yet produced. If she has not the fine unconsciousness of an English lady, her self-consciousness seems to be a necessary charm, a component element of her incomparable grace. It is the self-conscious witchery of Titania, with knows that in the end Oberon must yield. From her childhood she has educated herself-soul and body-toward the 'fine issue' of perfect coquetry; and if her lips are not the lips of the English 'rosebud garden of girls' the accents that come from them are brighter than the accents of silver bells; there is no gesture of hers that is not pertect grace, there is no movement in which she does not seem to shed soft-tinted lights as she goes." Nevertheless, conland. We infer the climate from the tinues the Athenorum, the typical Frenchtrees; and the trees give sure indicaman "does not love them as we English do," the reason for his remissness being that "he is too much like a woman himself to be quite free from the feeling of rivalry." This is the most fulsome tribute by an English literary journal to the loveliness of French women that we remember to have read; and the especial beauty of it consists, perhaps, in the fact that it might have been written by a Frenchman concerning the representative young women of the American metropolis.

Dr. Nelson, the Seven-Foot Hermit and Miser of Memphis.

It is impossible for the journalist of to-day in Memphis to chronicle all the harrowing or romantic incidents connected with the Great Plague of 1878. He has neither the time nor the ability. For the future historian must be left the task of giving to the world the true details of one of the greatest calamities that ever afflicted mankind. There is one incident, however, connected with our sorrows that we cannot pass. Dr. Nelson was one of the talles: men ever seen on Main street. He was nearly seven feet in hight. Dr. Nelson's was a well-known form on the street. He had not practiced his profession for many years, but had accumulated a large fortune, reputed to amount to over a quarter of a million of dollars. Nelson dressed meanly. His entire suit, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, was not worth five dollars, at first cost. And yet this man, who had received a liberal education was once considered a first-class physician, was possessed of property worth \$250,000, had lived for years a miser, and finally died and was buried like a dog. In the Potter's field Dr. Nelson was buried, and his son with him. His wife still survives, but is in a dying condition. Here in the South where fast living is the rule and economy the exception, the case of Dr. Nelsou is a curious anomaly difficult to explain: this miser resided in the suburbs, about two miles from Court Square, and alwhich form the skeleton of our present though he frequently appeared on our continents, and the depressions occu-streets, he shunned intercourse with his fellows and was as far removed from social relations with his kind as

ADAM'S LONELY BOYHOOD.

An Affecting Picture of the Original Married Man.

In beginning a series of sketches concerning the youthful days of eminent people, it seems eminently fitting that we commence with Adam. It is rather difficult to conceive Adam as a boy, we admit, owing to the popular supersti-tion that has painted him coming into the world full grown, with whiskers and mustache complete, and a prevailing belief that there wasn't a boy in the world until Eve came and raised the Old Boy with Adam; yet we prefer to think of our ancient progenitor as hav-ing had something of a boyhood, and we suppose we have as good a right to theorize upon this subject as anybody

Adam was probably as mischievous, naturally, as boys generally are. In fact, Darwin says he was 'a perfect lit-tle monkey,' which, we believe, is a synonym for mischievousness the world over. But he had no companions in his gambols. If he staid out after dark and got to cutting up, it was all by himself. And what sport could be have ringing door bells without a lot of other boys to scamper away with? And consider the melancholy fun of fastening cords across the walks at night with

nobody to trip over them. We can imagine young Adam, with all the instincts of a boy two inches thick in his nature, looking about for some way to divert himself as other boys do, and whispering to himself. 'Can't

have any fun! Of course he couldn't by any possibility have any fun. No fun running away from school, or stealing off to go in swimming, because there was no one to lick him when he got home. No fun sneaking up into the hav mow to indulge in a surreptitious game of cuckre

always had to play it alone. He couldn't play 'tag,' because he might yell 'I've got the tag' all day, and there would be no one to come and take it away from him. 'Hi-spi' had no charm, for a boy soon gets tired of hiding when he has to go to work to find himself. And where is there a boy wno likes to work and find himself."

The more we think of Adam's lonely boyhood the more we are inclined to pity him. He never knew what a cirus meant, at least not till eve came and ntroduced him to one. But we have nothing to do with that now as we are only treating of Adam's boyhood.

True, there was a big menageric all ound him, but the animals were tame. affairs, lambs and fions lying down tozether in the most spiritless concord, and the hippopotamuses and canary birds playing with each other like kittens. Little Adam never sat way up on the highest seat and gazed awe stricken, while a man in spangled tights sprang, whip in hand, into a cage of savage beasts that rolled their eyes. gnashed their teeth, and roared until the canvas overhead flapped for very fear! No, indeed.

He never saw a thin-legged female in short skirts ride a loping horse around a ring, and jump through a hoop, while a man with his face painted white and his mouth a red exaggeration, tells that his shoes to fill them out, and his calves and the jokes he commenced with he has been getting off ever since.

And how about base ball? Do you suppose that Adam knew anything about that exhilarating diversion that is now doing so much toward developing the intellects of our American youth? There is no likelihood of it, not while he was a boy. His son Cain, however, seems to have been the first who got up a 'club,' but it was the death of his brother Abel.

While there were so many things that the boy Adam missed, think not that his solitary life was without its compensation. There was no other boy to steal his marbles, or hide his top, or jeer at him because he had to wear his big brother's east off clothes or holler across the street that he had 'a letter in the post office,' or fix a bent pin for him to sit down on, or make faces at his sister, or spell him down, or steal his dinner, or tell on him when he had been in mischief, or beat him out of his sweetheart. Adam escaped these and a thousand other annovances that boys subject each other to. He nadn't any brothers and sisters to tease and worry him, and with whom he was compelled to divide his playthings and nice things to eat that might come that way. He could leave a piece of sweetcake lying around anywhere, knowing that none of the rest of the children would touch it: and at night, on retiring, he could stick his 'gum' on to the headboard, confident that it would rest undisturbed

until morning. Whatever trouble and annoyances his matrimonial life may have brought him, we find a kind of satisfaction in reflecting that Adam's boyhood was exceptionally free from care, and on that account we are bound to conclude that his rife was not an entire failure. -Fat Contributor.

Boiling the Dumplings.

St. Sylvestre's night in Hungary is one of the most romantic months of the year. All sorts of superstitious beliefare attached to this night. Maidens of all ranks and ages throng to the shrine of the excellent saint, who is supposed to know all about the future hus-band of every unmarried lady of Christendom-a belief which costs him dear. If he hasn't been driven crazy long ago by the many thousands of questions addressed to him on this one special night, at the moment when the clock strikes twelve, he will surely become so now when the number of eligible husbands diminishes in the same degree as the number of unmarried ladies, eager to change their position, increases from

year to year. As a civilized saint, whose prestige has outlived that of a great number of his brethren, St. Sylvestre gives his attention first of all to the saloons that is, to those who should fill them, but who on this night prefer to follow the young people to the kitchen, where the young ladies are occupied with the

The dumplings prepared by those delicate hands, are ordinary dumplings, whose deatiny it is to be eaten. Fate has chosen this simple farinaceous food to be the interpreter of its decrees. Every young lady of the company writes the names of all the eligible gentlemen

of her acquaintance upon scraps of pa-

per, which she hides in the dumplings,

and at the moment the clock strikes

twelve she throws them into boiling water. Now, it is the habit of dumplings, when sufficiently cooked, to reappear on the surface of the water, and the first dumpling which reappears on St. Sylvestre's eye contains the young lady's doom—that is, the name of her future husband. The second dumpling showing itself on the surface bears invariably the name of the happy lover's rival; while the third contains the name of the miserable creature who has been refused by the more or less fascinating lady. The screaming and laughing of the young people, the blushing and frowning on all those youthful faces at the moment when the boiling water sends up the first herald of mat

Do We Grow Tired of Flowers!

rimony, is such a pretty sight, that it

is not at all to be wondered at when

the dumplings sometimes guess right-

"Have you noticed that you never frow tired of flowers?" asks a writer. Flowers are beautiful. Even the humble blossoms at the roadside are pretty It rests one to look at flowers. They are loveliness perfected. There is no flaw in their beauty. In gracefulness delicacy, co.oring, fragrance, flowers are the masterpiece of nature's handiwork. However plain may be the furnishing of a home if it is provided with flowers it is an attractive spot. Flowers refine him who cultivates them, and gladden all who come in contact with them. They cost but little, yet how much they improve and beautify a place. And when they come in the spring time, after the frosts and snows, how they revive and delight the beholder. And to have them in the house through the winter, their bright colors and growing green in such contrast to the bleak outdoors, is a well-spring of joy.

And yet there is something very sad dening about flowers. They deck the bride and smile amid the festivities of life, but they also cover the dead. Then they have to be got in the fall. Women are more attached to flowers than are men. To them the blossoms speak in a language we cannot comprehend. Between flowers and women there is a mysterious sympathy. There is something very beautiful in this. To a women a flower is symbolic of purity. tenderness, delicacy. To a man a flower is suggestive of papers, sheets, over-coats and even bits of carpet. Men would love flowers more, would better appreciate their delightful lessons, if they did not have to get out at night and cover them up. It is a melancholy performance, covering up flowers to keep them from the frost. One has to teresting reading to attend to it. Than convulsive story about stuffing hay into unlooked for holes, and walks are almost human in their expression is an operation that sorely tries his plants which should be covered and the size of the article to be used in covering; the losing of pins; and the uncertainty of the extent of the work. No man knows when he commences the task the amount that is to be done, and it is this undecision and delay and changing about while the keen air cuts into his unprotected frame that is worst of all. Sometimes he will get into the house four or five times under the impression that the work is done, only to be call d out again to attend to a new plant, and to be reproached for his haste

> to shirk duty. The seeds of long, and many times fatal, illness are sown on these occasions; for a man generally miscalculates the time required to cover a lot of plants, and in the vexation that is upon him, hurries out doors in his shirt sleeves, and perhaps bare-headed. This is caused both by desperation and to make the work brief by creating the impression that he expects it to be so. If he went out comfortably bundled up his wife would take that as an earnest invitation to keep him bobbing around in the dark and frosty air half the night, and would do it, without doubt. A man cannot be too circumspect on such an occasion.

> There are many irritating variances of opinions in the matter of covering up flowers. There are plants of such a hardy nature as to need no covering during the first frosts of the season, but it pains us to say that woman is not aware of it. Then a man and his wife differ as to the strength of the frost. He knows that if there is to be a frost at all, and its coming is very doubtful. it will be so light as to do no harm whatever. But she, on the contrary, declares that it will be so heavy as to kill every plant and seriously menance the fr it trees. Her obstinacy causes much unhappiness.

> Pretty soon the time comes for carry ing in the plants. The operation is called carrying them in, but lugging is a much more pertinent term. Night is the popular time for doing it, because in the dark, and with his face full of foliage, the man who does the lugging knows no more where he is going than if he were blind-folded in a strange cemetery, and is far more likely to crack

> his shins than to save them. After a man has chilled his vitals in covering up plants, and strained his spine in lugging them into the house, it very cheering to hear his wife declare that she is sick at heart of all the muss, and it is the last time she shall ever

bother with the plaguey things.

And he will hear it. It is just as certain as death. - Danbury News.

It isn't fair to infer that a man is 'corned' because his voice is husky.

A startling report: The Fourth of July fire-cracker in your coat-tail

Colloquy between new acquaintances more remote than the deposition of the ed island in the far Pacific.—Memphis culinary exertion in claborate evening Texas." "That so! Where was the dress must have an important cause.

Burglars and Thieres,

Several years ago I was a pupil of Jem Ward, the celebrated pugilist, who taught me all I know about the noble art of self-defense.

When I went to London, and while playing "Dundreary," I found Jem in state of great destitution. For an uneducated man be was a remarkably dever one, and possessed not a lit.le artistic ability, which, had it been cultivated, might have made a name for him in a higher sphere. I aided him n a small way, and eventually he secured a little public house in White

Watts Phillipps had written a piece in which I was to play the part of a burglar, and, in order to get myself well up in the character, almost every night after the performance at the Havmarket, I used to visit the neighborhood frequented by this class of people. Among the haunts was the place of Jem Ward, known as the "Little

After one or two appearances there, however, Ward begged me never to come again in my own brougham, and never to bring money or jewelry, but to keep up a running account with him, and to treat the fellows, to right and left, to nothing more expensive than beer or gin. He told me that the very cabs that took me home were run and owned by burglars and thieves, and for several nights he accompanied me until we reached the Haymarket theater, where he secured my own conveyance and went to my residence in Kensington I was thus more or less mixed up with many of the celebrated cracksmen, robbers of various grades, swell-mobsmen, and, I suppose, murderers; but, would you believe it, I never met with the slightest originality of idea in any one of them. True, there was much tha was coarse, and there were characteristics of manner and of dress which did not escape my observation; but, so far as I am aware, that episode in my experience was of no practical artistic benefit.

Dickens, with his extraordinary pen, has more clearly depicted in his character of Bill Sikes, the imaginary burglar than probably will ever be done again; but the reality doesn't exist.

I was struck by the fact, during my association with those people, that ev-ery person I met at Ward's had himself been a student of Charles Dickens, and copied his ideal in his own rough-andtumble way. I suppose the fellows iked the romance of the thing, and got themselves up accordingly.

"But you won't deny that Dickens himself made this class a study, and that he spent nights and days, weeks and months in pursuing this investigation 2'

That's true, but Boz mixed such a vast amount of poetry with the portray al of these rough subjects, and he rob bed them of their real deformity and made his ideals a great deal better than the originals. In other words, his subjects were overdrawn. You might say almost the same thing about Landseer; take off his slippers and put on his for while he painted his animals from boots to do it. He has to give up inman's creature are illustrated in the it is very dark out doors, and he steps | eves and general characteristics that plump against unexpected objects. It another instance of exaggeration. - E. A. Sothern.

An Adventure on Himalaya.

A correspondent gives the following wonderful account of his adventure in ascending one of the Himalaya range. about nineteen hundred feet high:

"We had got within one hundred feet of the top of Meghamondal in safety, when there was a stop. The five cool-ies were leading, then came Justam, and I brought up the rear. We had not put on the rope, but were walking close together. I asked what was the matter, and then a bamboo, which one of the coolies was using as a stick, was handed to me, and I was asked what had happened to it.

"It was making a hissing noise, some what like damp wood burning. I at once thought of electricity; but as there was no metal about the bamboo, and as my ice axe was silent, I handed it back, saying I fancied it was only the wood expanding with the damp. We had not advanced three steps when there was another stop, and the foremost coolies cried out that their gods were angry, and had struck them on the head as if with a bullet. They lay down in the snow, pre sing their hands to their heads, as if in pain. Justam, thinking this was some nonsense, advanced, but he also cried out that he had been struck, and had pressed his hand to his

"At the same instant I received a sensible, though slight shock in the head and at once began to crackle all over. From my temples, shoulders, elbows and knees there proceeded a noise exactly similar to that which is produced when one draws sparks from an electric machine. The sensation of prickling was also similar to that experienced when the sparks are drawn. Whether we were sparkling (all were crackling) I cant say, as I did not, under the circumstances, pay attention to such details. Immediately we received the shock I shouted to the coolies - Lightning: get down as fas as you can.' We all set off down the ridge as hard as we could run, utterly regardless of precipices, avalanches, and such like.

The crackling still stuck to us, till I shouted to the men to throw away everything made of iron-viz: their axes. I stuck my ice ax in the snow and the coolies, on my adding that of course I should pay for them, did the same with their axes. We then in a few paces got rid of the crackling and of the prickling sensation. Not being an electrician, I do not know what amount of danger, if any, we were in: but I do know that we all received a more or less electric shock, and that we did not feel inclined to risk the repetition even of that, to say nothing of anything worse.

The farmer who keeps all the stock his farm will safely carry, and feeds them fat,' soon has fat acres, even if they were not originally so, from the manure returned to the soil. And the fatter the cattle are made the better the soil will become. So fat cattle make fat farmers.

ORATORY VS. JOURNALISM.

How the Latter is Taking the Place of the For ner.

The press is a great equalizer. The adventitious advantages of rank and position, giamour of manner and delivery and the personal presence, the graces and gifts of oratory, disappear, and arguments and facts go for their true

The purpose of oratory was to sway to immediate effect to fuse the listening mass at a white heat to united instantaneous action. The press is like the mills of the gods—grinding slowly but exceeding small. Its aim is the slow upbuilding of ideas and the gradual inculcation of principles, which after thought and discussion may in time bear fruit.

The aim of the Greek orator was a direct result, which with a people so excitable and volatile was of frequent ac-complishment. Carried away by the fiery outbursts of Demosthenes, they would declare war on the spot. "Let us go and fight Philip!" was the cry that rose and swelled as the deafening plaudits which followed one of his rounded periods died away. Had the same bitter invective and strenuous appeals appeared in print, and been read. stripped of its magnetism of tone and gesture, the same men would have met each other at the bath or on the mart and said:

"By the way, did you see that article of Demosthenes yesterday on Philip of Macedon?"

Yes. "Well, now, that was a pretty sharp editorial, wasn't it? If Philip don't mind what he's about, I shouldn't be at all surprised if we had war one of these

Shakspeare, in his drama of "Julius Cesar," has given us an illustration of the power of oratory. The result of Mark Antony's oration, with its transparent theatrical effects and forensic trickery, is to transform the fickle Roman populace from the supporters of men who slew Casar to save their country's liberties to avengers of fallen

"We'll be avenged seek burn kill-slay! Let not a trator live!" rises in response to his insidious prompting from throats yet hoarse with rociferous applause of the dead Brutus. Such an appeal in the columns of the press would have been read, admired, quoted, and talked over for one day, and the next morning would have seen its flimsy sophistries torn to shreds, and its real animus exposed in the light of alm reflection and hostile criticism. The distinguished characteristic of oratory as a precursor of the press in the office of a creator or exponent of publicaopinion, was this appeal to the transent, unreflective impulse of the mo-ment, its constant aim to stir the emotions rather than to appeal to the rea-

Ancient history abounds in instances where the magnetic, impetuous sweep of some wave of eloquence, has borne down all opposition, sur-charging the multitude with its own electricity, and decided some question of vital national interest with less deliberation than a city council would now bestow on the purchase of a new steam fire engine. -Philips Thompson's Lecture, "Journa-listic Antetypes."

New England.

Many things strike me as being peculiar to New England. The roads are as good as our pikes in the west, being naturally hard and smooth. Toll-gates are unknown. Men do not ride on horseback. Everybody goes in buggies or carriages, drawn by one horse. And there are no farm wagons, hay carts with two wheels drawn by exen, serv-

ing all purposes.

Everything looks smooth and neat. There are no rough edges, no fence corners full of weeds, no unsightlyplowed ground, no rotten rails, but hay fields clipped clean, and stone walls half overgrown with ferns and golden rod. Even the bowlders which crop out here and there in pastures and orchards cover themselves decorously with lichens. Nothing is bare, new, crude or raw. Everything seems to have been finished and the order of life settled for several generations. There are no new buildings, no improvements or innovations, but the same buildings grow gray with age and gather lichens on them, and the people walk in the ruts that their fathers walked in, and never do anything striking or original Farming is done in a careful, trugal manner, and nothing is allowed to go to waste.

There is no speculation. A real es tate ageut would starve here; so would a surveyor. Every one invests in slowgoing concerns that pay moderate interest, and when one of them fails, it is as if the granite of their hills had been riven, and the old established order of things dissolved into chaos.

If any one is enterprising or original he goes out west or to the cities, and the country is left with a conservative. orthodox population who have respect for ancient traditions. To upset estabished customs and disregard the traditions of their forefathers, would seem to them like pulling down the pillars of the universe upon themselves, and toppling all together into a crash of dust and confusion.

It is interesting to be a spectator and look on, but I should kick against the pricks if I had to live in this orthodox duliness. I should want to do some unprecedented thing to startle the intabitants of this mill-pond existence, just as I used to have a desire to talk out loud in Quaker meeting, or throw a book across the house and startle the elders on the topmost seats.

How to produce a telling effect-Communicate a secret to a woman.

The man who married an incorrigble shrew, declared to a friend that he had contracted a dangerous scold.

The sweet singer of Michigan has laid in four reams of paper, and is now en-gaged in writing a Biblical poem. She has scratched all the hair off the top of her head hunting for a word to rhyme with Nebuchadnezzar. Walt Whitman would make "creation" rhyme with it. and go straight ahead.