

SHAVER.

BELLA WHEELER.

Do not tire, Laura, of this play?
What play? Why, this old play of winning hearts?
Nay, now, lift not those eyes in that fabled way.
'Tis all in vain—I know thee, and thine arts.

Let us be frank, Laura. I have made
A study of thee, and while I admire
The practiced skill with which thy plans are
Laid,
I can but wonder if thou dost not tire.

Why, I tire even of Hamlet and Macbeth!
When over long the season runs, I find
Those master scenes of passion, blood, and
Death,
After a time, do pall upon my mind.

Do not tire of lifting up thine eyes
To read the story thou hast read so oft—
Of ardent glances, and deep, quivering sighs,
Of haughty faces suddenly grown soft!

Is it not stale, O very stale, to thee,
The scene that follows? Hearts are much
The same;
The love of men but varies in degree—
They find no new expressions for its flame.

Thou must know all they utter ere they speak,
As I know Hamlet's part, whoever play:
Oh! does it not seem sometimes fat, and
Weak?
I think thou must grow weary of their ways.

I pity thee, Laura! I would be
The humblest maiden with her dream un-
fold,
Rather than live a Queen of Hearts, like thee,
And find life's rarest treasures stale and
old.

I pity thee; for now let come what may,
Fame, glory, riches, yet life will lack all,
Wherever can salt be salted! And what way
Can life be seasoned after love doth pall!

"WHAT IS TO BECOME OF SAM?"

It was generally supposed that Sam was what is termed "deficient." As to his own family, they were sure of it; at all events, they treated him as if he were so. Not that they were unkind to him; on the contrary, they were all very fond of "poor old Sam," but it seemed to be taken for granted that whatever he said was not worth noticing, and that almost everything he did was to be made fun of more or less. He was, in fact, the family butt, though the shafts were, as a rule, so tipped with good nature as not to hurt his feelings.

Of course, there were some patent reasons for all this. To begin with, there was something manifestly peculiar or backward in his mental development. He never could learn like other boys, and all masters had shaken their heads at him. Then there was a heavy comicality in his face and an awkwardness in his gait, together with a stunted growth, all of which betokened an abnormal condition of nature, and furnished some excuse to his brothers and sisters for regarding him as an oddity in their midst. At the same time it was yet more excusable in Sam himself, and far more accountable, that, being thus accustomed from his childhood (and he was now about nineteen) to be treated as if he were little better than a fool, he settled down more and more to being one. Hardly ever did he attempt to say or do anything in serious earnest, since almost everything he did or said was treated as a sort of joke.

There was one exception to this. Mothers always know best how to deal with the weak in the flock, and Sam's mother never laughed at him, and never despaired of him.

"What is to become of Sam," his father would say, "he'll never earn his own living," and his mother would quietly answer, "Wait a bit, my dear; there is more in him, perhaps, than we think, but it wants to be drawn out, and I doubt if we are acting wisely in laughing at him as we do." She said "we," good soul, but that was only her discreet way of putting it.

Now, Sam had a sister, Mary, of whom he was especially fond. Perhaps it was because she was the sister nearest to him in age, but it was more likely because she placed a little more confidence in him than the others did; it wasn't much, but it was more than he got from any of the rest. He would do anything for Mary, and when a certain Mr. St. Leger in the neighborhood took a fancy to her it was amusing to see how Sam resented the engagement.

This Mr. St. Leger had lately come into the neighborhood, no one knew where from; but he had plenty of money and very agreeable manners, and was a general favorite with the Frere family. Sam, however, never liked him from the first, and when at length he became Mary Frere's accepted suitor, Sam's aversion to him became intense. It must be owned that Mr. St. Leger took no pains to win him over to a more friendly state of mind. He had fallen at once into the habit of making light of the poor fellow, which, as we have seen, was the family custom, and when he saw how Sam shrank from him, he had certainly gone out of his way to poke fun at him. It was an amusement and quite in accordance with the general practice.

The day was fixed for the wedding, and the Sunday had arrived when, in deference to Mary's particular wish, though very much against Mr. St. Leger's inclination, the bans were to be published in church.

The Freres were each in their place, a great square pew in front of the pulpit. The names were read out in due course. Mary was recovering from the electric shock of hearing them; the villagers were interchanging glances, some even cautiously raising a little to peep into the square pew, when a voice was heard all over the church, saying in the most emphatic way, "I forbid the bans."

Surprise was on every face, but it quickly gave way to a sense of the ludicrous as Sam was seen standing up in the middle of the pew, looking the clergyman steadily in the face, as much as to say, "There now; get over that if you can!" The clergyman was so amused that he had to rush on with the

service to prevent an unseemly display, while Sam's kindred in the square pew were in every attitude of painfully restrained amusement. And there he stood, unabashed and defiant, until his father plucked him by the arm and made him sit down. But none of them for one moment thought it was anything more than a very uncomfortable freak of "poor old Sam's."

No sooner was the service over than he was assailed on all sides for an explanation. However, two only were serious about it—his father and Mary. "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said his father, sternly; "what could have possessed you to make yourself so ridiculous?"

"He has got a wife already," replied Sam, doggedly.

"Who has?" was the general exclamation.

"Who told you so?"

"Tom Tyler," Tom Tyler was the village letter carrier.

There was a shout of laughter at this piece of information.

"How long ago did Tom Tyler tell you this?"

"Yesterday. He brought a letter for Mrs. St. Leger."

Another shout of laughter greeted this, but Mary looked very grave, while her father remarked that, of course, the letter was for St. Leger's mother, of whom he had more than once spoken. So Sam was sharply rebuked for listening to such idle tales, and ordered to hold his tongue.

"You'll have St. Leger try his horse- whip across your shoulders, if you don't mind," cried his eldest brother, and they all laughed again; but Sam was very unlike himself, and did not join in the laugh, but maintained a grave composure they had never noticed in him before.

Nor was it a laughing matter somewhere else. The news of that morning's interruption flew apace, with various additions and amendments. Thus improved upon, they reached the ears of Mr. St. Leger, who lived but a few miles off, and they created a profound sensation, so much so that instead of spending the afternoon with the Freres, as expected, he took himself off, and was never seen by them again. It was discovered that Tom Tyler's version had been correct after all. Good riddance for Mary Frere; but a heart trifled with and wronged can never quite recover itself.

For a time Sam was almost reverently treated at home; they felt the force of his simple explanation, why he had chosen such a singular way of uttering his suspicions, that it was because they would only have laughed at him if he had told them, and were somewhat ashamed of themselves. But the old habit revived after awhile, as old habits, both family and personal, so easily do, and Sam's brains were held as cheap as ever, except by Mary, who was drawn to him more than ever, and by his heart, as only mothers do, the meaning of that display of firm intelligence and almost fierce affection.

"I'll tell you what it means," said her brother to Mrs. Frere one day, when she was talking to him about it—he was a lawyer in London, old John Quicksett, of Gray's Inn, who could see a thing as shrewdly as most people—it means this, that Sam has got a heart and a head, but his head is more out of the way than usual, and can only be got at through his heart, like an old-fashioned bed-room that can only be reached by going through another. Look here, sister, I like amazingly that story of the bans—it's grand. Not that there was anything clever in what he did, just the reverse, it might have been a stupid mistake; but this is what takes my fancy so, the firmness of purpose, a far higher quality of mind than mere cleverness, that could make the poor fellow face everything he did for the sake of the sister he loved. There must be something in one who could run the gauntlet like that, when his heart was once fairly unlocked; and I think I have the key."

"I always thought so," cried Mrs. Frere, greatly delighted.

"Well, let me try. I'll run away with Sam, and make a lawyer of him, what do you say?"

The grinning was epidemic round the table after it was known that Sam was to be a lawyer. His brothers and sisters could hardly look at first without smiling; it did seem so droll, so absurdly contrary to every notion they entertained of him—Had he sat before them in full naval costume as Admiral of the Channel Fleet, it would hardly have struck them as being more unlocked.

Uncle John's presence saved Sam from collective bantering, though the old lawyer was too wise to make any fuss about the matter; but when Sam was alone with his brothers and sisters he had a hard time of it, though all was, as usual, in perfect good humor.

At first Sam had, of course, to go through the usual drudgery of a lawyer's office, in which, if it be possible for any one to shine, he certainly did not. His blunders were awful, and provoked the wrath or ridicule, as the case might be, of his fellow clerks, who were all well-seasoned and somewhat ancient men. But his uncle never found fault with him. The most he said when some frantic bungle was brought to his notice, was, "Sam, do this over again; you know you can do it a great deal better than that." And, sure enough, it was done better the second time. In short, his uncle began with, and in spite of every discouragement, persevered in the plan of trusting him. And by degrees he found that that the more he trusted him the better he did, and the more he treated him as if there was something in him the more he got out of him. Had Sam nothing in him to begin with, the plan could not have answered; but this was just what his uncle believed, namely, that there was something in him, but it had been systematically laughed down and sat upon from superficial considerations, and that it could only be brought about by a total change of external influence and treatment. And now his powers began to show themselves and to expand, just as a shrub that has been stunted and blackened from want of room and congenial soil begins to throw out vigorous shoots when transplanted to ground that suits it, and has space to grow.

"Sam," said Mr. Quicksett, one day, "we shall all of us be away the whole afternoon, and must leave you in charge of the office. If that fellow Choker should come, mind, you're not to let him see anything."

As the fates would have it, Choker did come. Perhaps Mr. Quicksett knew he was coming; possibly Mr. Choker, who was a sharp and not very scrupulous professional opponent of his, had made himself aware of the unprotected state of the office in Gray's Inn, and he brought with him a man that looked every inch a prize fighter.

"Is Mr. Quicksett in—No? Well, it's of no consequence. I merely called to see as a matter of form one or two documents in Smith vs. Jones."

"Then I must trouble you to call again when Mr. Quicksett is in."

"Quite right, young man," said Choker, approvingly; "that's the right thing to say in ordinary cases; but you see, this is not an ordinary case. We've got an order of the court to inspect these documents."

"Where is it?" said Sam, bluntly.

"You've got it with you, haven't you?" said Choker, carelessly turning to his companion. The young athlete fumbled in his pockets and declared, with apparent vexation, that he must have forgotten to bring it.

"I don't believe you've got it to bring," said Sam.

"We'll have no nonsense, sir," cried Choker in a passion; "at your peril refuse to show us what we want to see," and the two men advanced on Sam in a threatening way. But, little as he was, he never budged an inch. "I tell you what it is," he said, with all the coolness imaginable, "if you two don't leave the office this minute I'll send for a constable."

There was no need to attempt that difficult operation. They were only trying to get on, and with an affectation of injured innocence, Mr. Choker and his satellite withdrew.

On another occasion, after Sam had been some months in the office, his uncle came out of his room one day, and bade him go down at once to Judge Chambers' and look after some case that was to come on there. It is a thing that requires you to have your wits about you, to do that, for you come face to face with a shrewd Judge, who cannot tolerate a fool. The old clerks in Mr. Quicksett's office appeared paralyzed with astonishment at such an order; and one of them ventured, when partially recovered, to suggest a mistake on Mr. Quicksett's part. It's rather a difficult case, sir, if you remember," he urged.

"All right, Musty," was the cheery reply; "I know what I am about. The best way to learn to swim is to be pitched neck-and-heels into deep water."

The suspense was great among the ancients while Sam was away; but he came back in due time, and reported that the case had come on before the Judge, and that his lordship had made an order in their client's favor.

"Did he ask you any questions?" inquired Musty.

"Oh, yes! and I answered them, said Sam; but he did not mention, for he did know it, nor will it be mentioned in the memoir of the learned Judge when it comes out, that, accustomed as his lordship was to ready answers, it had actually crossed his mind for a moment that the funny little lawyer's clerk would make a capital witness—he was so ready, and said neither more nor less than was wanted."

Whether a good witness would always make a good lawyer we need not decide; but it is certain that, in course of time, Sam made a very good one, indeed. His was one of those not uncommon cases where supposed "deficiency" is superficial only, and where a far more grave deficiency is to be found in those who, by constantly laughing at it, run the risk of making it a real life-long impediment.

Sam's relatives never laughed at him again after the first visit he paid them, for his drollery was inexhaustible. He never married, but his sister Mary kept house for him, and was perhaps a great deal happier than she would have been anywhere else.

The Pretty Cotton-Picker.

Not unfrequently young ladies, whose fathers and brothers, or their laborers, happen to be hard pressed with work, go into the fields and lend a helping hand. Among the latter class is a lady—the fifteen-year-old daughter of one of the oldest and most respected families on the Brazos—whom the correspondent met at the mansion of her father, near Pattison.

The conversation naturally turned to cotton-picking. The young Texas girl, blooming with youth, her dark hair floating over her fair forehead, matching her large dark eyes, that flashed at intervals, proceeded in her girlish way, to give him all the information about cotton-picking she desired.

"The most of my father's hands pick one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a day," she said.

"That seems excellent work," replied the correspondent.

"Oh, not very."

"I do think so."

She laughed, and her eyes flashed again.

"Why, I can do almost that well myself, and I am not used to it."

"Yes."

"I must doubt—"

"I have gone into father's field and picked one hundred and fifty pounds in a day."

"Didn't the sun burn your face to a cracking?"

"Why, no—you are crazy."

"How, then, did you manage, my little Southern girl?"

"Oh, I just put on this long sun-bonet (exhibiting it) and a pair of gloves with my fingers out at the top."—Texas Letter to Globe-Democrat.

Paris Underground.

To-day I have been journeying under Paris, partly by rail, partly by boat, in the main sewer. The traveling conveniences are superior to many above ground. The hand-cars for passengers are neatly made and furnished with cane seats. You may sit as in an Irish jaunting car, facing either side. Of the two other seats one faces front, the other rear. Each car or truck has four lamps. The propelling power is man,

four to a truck. They roll directly over the sewer, the rails being laid on either side. The sewer in some places equals a good sized mining diten in dimensions with a pretty rapid current. I cannot give the depth of water. I had no ambition to take soundings. One investigating passenger tried it with his cane, but found no bottom. After that I was afraid of his cane. The air throughout averaged a good strong smell. The men smoked; the ladies held perfumed handkerchiefs to their noses. Many ladies visit the sewers. It is the thing to do. At the Place de la Concorde we left the cars and took the gondolas. The sewers and stream are here much wider. Each gondola will hold about twenty persons. Our fleet numbered about five or six gondolas. Each one carried a large globular lantern. So we sailed along in the dark passage. Save an occasional stationary light, it was dark ahead, dark behind, dark below, damp and obscure above. The barges rocked a little, but not agreeably. The motion was not exciting. It seemed that which might come on a sea of molasses in slight agitation. An hour and a quarter in the sewers of Paris is enough. You can always recollect the taste and smell afterward. When we emerged from these artificial bowels of Paris and the earth we doubly appreciated air and sunlight.—Paris Correspondence of San Francisco Bulletin.

Hunting the Buffalo.

When running buffalo the hunter generally carries a long line of cowhide coiled up and tucked under his belt, one end being fastened to his horse's head. Should a fall take place, as it frequently does where badger holes are numerous, the line uncoils itself from the rider's belt as he quits the saddle, and trails upon the ground, making it easy for him to recover his horse.

The first object of the hunter in approaching a herd of buffalo is to get as near as possible before charging them. Riding some distance round, to avoid giving them the wind, and screened by bluffs and broken ground, he approaches as near as he can unperceived. Then dismounting from his horse, he tightens the girths on his runners, and, remounting, prepares for the chase. Holding his gun at rest, he rushes in, his horse at full speed. Looking over the herd and singling out his animal, by a turn or two quickly made he separates him from the rest, and riding alongside to get a shot, endeavors to strike him behind his shoulder. While reloading, he slackens his speed to a hand gallop, keeping a sharp lookout for badger holes the while.

The half-breeds prefer the single-barrelled flint gun to any other in running buffalo, and the rapidity with which they load and fire puts a breach-loader to the blush. Their general method of loading is to empty the charge from the powder-horn slung round the neck into the palm of the hand, whence it can be easily poured into the barrel; then, as the hunter goes into the chase with his cheeks stuffed with bullets, he takes one wet from his mouth and rolls it down upon the powder. He dispenses with ramrod and percussion caps—most inconvenient things when riding fast on horseback. A better way still is to carry the powder loose in the pocket of one's coat, thereby having only to thrust the hand in for it and empty it down the barrel of the gun; accuracy of quantity at such close quarters being of little consequence. The moist bullet adheres to the powder long enough to lower the muzzle, when the gun is discharged immediately, without bringing it to the shoulder.

The Skirmishing Fund.

"Varinus," said Lentulus, one day, just before the praetor marched against Spartacus, "Varinus, did it never occur to you that these little signs in the city parks, all over the civilized world, 'keep off the grass,' are instigated by British influence?"

The praetor could not see why British influence should trouble itself to preserve the grass in the U. S. park, and he said so.

Well," said the consul, "it is so. It is only another exhibition of English hatred against the Fenians, to which other powers are thus induced to lend their influence. You can see no connection between these signs and the Fenians?"

"None," replied Varinus, "unless the signs are like the Fenians, because nobody pays any attention to them."

"Not exactly that," responded the consul, cum some asperity, "although that isn't so bad."

Varinus responded non, sed intimated by shaking his caput, at he would give it up.

"Well," said the consul, with a pitying look at his comrade, "it is because these things are put up here to keep people from wearing off the green."

It was a long time before Varinus made any reply, when he finally said he hoped, if the consul ever said anything like that again, Spartacus might give him the awfullest Thracian a Roman ever got. And then he called out the troops and went over to see Vesuvius, and got one himself, just to see what it was like.

A New Cure for Neuralgia.

In a town near Boston there lives a good lady who suffers acutely from sciatica. She has consulted physicians far and near, but has been unsuccessful in finding any cure.

Not long since she heard that a man living not far away, was afflicted with the same disease in an aggravated form and it occurred to her that she would call upon him and ask him whether he had ever found anything to lessen its terrors. She did so, and having introduced herself, stated her errand.

"Do you find anything that affords you relief?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am; two things," he replied.

"Two things? Pray what are they?"

"Cursing and swearing," said the invalid.

It is added that on her return home the good lady told her husband that she only regretted that she could not avail herself of this remedy. "Not that I have any conscientious scruples; but I don't know how," she said.—Boston Transcript.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer in the Southern Farmer says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 200 pounds of butter were made this year. This is, in part, his treatment of the cow.

If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and salted, in which bran has been stirred to the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give 25 per cent more milk immediately under the effects of it, and become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pailful at a time, morning, noon and night.

Farming vs. Horse Racing.

Everybody in the county knows Mr. Joe Hunsaker, and knows also that he is one of the best farmers in the county. He owns a fine farm some three or four miles south of town, and is a thorough agriculturist, taking great pride in his crops, and always being a large exhibitor to the County Fair. He has also a special weakness for thoroughbred stock—particularly horses—and now owns, as our readers are aware, the Knight of St. Louis, which, besides being a pure-blooded animal, is also noted for his speed. While conversing with some gentleman one day, one of them remarked, "Joe, you have a fast horse, and you ought to run him; you can make money with him." Mr. Hunsaker replied, "Sir, I have the contract for running a farm down here in the country, and I believe I can make more money out of it than at horse racing." The wisdom shown by Mr. Hunsaker in not permitting horse racing to conflict with his farm duties is commendable.—Jonesboro (Ill.) Gazette.

Helping the Apple Tree.

From fifteen to thirty bushels of apples added to the growth of a good sized apple tree is a good deal to take from a piece of ground thirty-two or forty feet square, and unless something beside the leaves is given back, exhaustion of soil and consequent depreciation of fruit will ensue. The editor of the German-town Telegraph speaks thus of manuring trees.

A top dressing of almost anything applied in the spring or fall, works wonders. For spring, fine dressing should be applied, either of ashes, woodpile or road scrapings, washing from ditches, pulverized muck or commercial fertilizers. In the fall compost or barn-yard manures are to be preferred. Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards should inform themselves on the subject from successful fruit growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards, but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some varieties will do much better in one locality than another, though the distance may be only a few miles.

Fall Plowing.

Many farmers plow land in the fall for spring wheat and barley, and sometimes oats, but for corn they defer it till spring. We believe that on heavy clay soils the corn crop is greatly benefited by having the land plowed in the fall. One principal cause of poor crops of this grain is plowing the land wet in the spring, and thus locking up its fertility. By plowing in the fall any trouble from this source is removed. Such land, if plowed properly, need not be plowed in the spring; the weeds that started up can be easily destroyed by the harrow while putting the land in order; the evils of late plowing are removed by fall plowing, for if the land is ready there is not one season in twenty that the corn cannot be put in as soon as it is safe. Land can be harrowed without injury when it would not do to plow deep, and it can be plowed wetter in the fall than in the spring, as the frosts of winter correct the injury that would otherwise occur. In the case of corn stubble fall plowing is not so advisable or essential, and in most cases not so practicable, but for everything else, in tough clay soil, we should try to plow in the fall; the spring-tooth harrow, recently introduced, is said to be a good implement for loosening up fall-plowed land in the spring, as it can be set to any depth, and stirs the ground evenly and thoroughly. A common surface harrow or a cultivator should go after to thoroughly cover up the weeds.—Ohio Farmer.

Odessa Wheat.

If some of your many readers, or yourself, will inform many of us Kansas farmers what they know about 'Odessa wheat,' its probable adaptability to our climate, where we can get it, etc., you will much oblige S. E. Kansas. It is too dry, so far, to make any headway in fall seeding, and we ask what you know, etc., of the Odessa.

FULLERTON, KAS. C. E. B.

It is impossible to form a correct opinion upon the adaptability of any crops to certain localities except on general principles. Odessa wheat is a native of Southern Europe. Upon its introduction into the west, some years ago, it was highly spoken of by many, and particularly so by Mr. Dairyville, of Minnesota, the most prominent wheat grower of that State. He said, as published in the Prairie Farmer of April 12, 1873, that he could not afford to raise 1873, as against Odessa, except at an advance in price over Odessa, of 15 to 20 cents per bushel, and that the Odessa brought in Milwaukee the highest market price; that the wheat stood up well under protracted storms, and that its weight over Fife and the other varieties raised by him was from two to three per bushel more. Since then its claims have been divided with other varieties. We should like the experience of those farmers who have tried it in successive years. In the meantime we advise our correspondent to test the matter for himself—the only true plan anywhere. The seed may be had certainly of Messrs. Landreth, Philadelphia, Pa. There would seem to be no good reason why this wheat should not be valuable in Kansas, since the climate where it originated is in some respects

similar to that of Southeast Kansas.—Prairie Farmer.

Parred Leaves.

"I gathered forest leaves last fall," writes a correspondent of the Vermont Farmer, "and used them as bedding for stock. I selected a damp, misty day on which to gather them, and found I could pack a good load in the wagon I gathered principally from a part of my woods where the trees were scattering, raked them together in piles, and two of us hauled in and stored ten loads in a day. I had what I thought was an abundance, and I bedded my hogs altogether with them; they are the best thing for this purpose that I ever tried. The hogs would root and work them over, mixing them thoroughly with their manure, and the consequences were the best lot of hog manure I ever had. Also bedded horses and cattle until the leaves were used up. Believe there was a gain of ten loads of manure altogether, by using the ten loads of leaves; not that much in bulk, but in increased value by absorbing the liquids which would have escaped. But another advantage must be mentioned. The open woods, cleared of the leaves, were raked and scratched over with an iron rake, and timothy, red-top, blue-grass and orchard grass sown. It happened to catch well, and afforded a good deal of pasture this summer."

Upon this subject another Vermont paper says:

"We have found it a very easy and rapid way to gather leaves, to fasten the hay-rack on the frame sled, where, of course, it will project some distance behind it; then, driving into the woods we can easily set the sled where the rear-end of the hay-rack can rest on or nearly on the ground, where the leaves can be raked in from the ground with no handling in the basket. We gather ours as dry as we can, and with enough side-boards and four end-boards, we draw a heap of them at once."

A Warning to Flirts.

The Pittsburg Exposition is over for this year but there is one thing connected with it that will be read with interest here. Rather a good looking couple from the country boarded a train here the day before the Exposition closed, and with a number of others went to Pittsburg. Arriving, the girl met an old acquaintance, with whom she soon became uncomfortably (for the other chap) friendly. She and her Pittsburg friend stuck together like wax all day, viewing the sights, apparently oblivious of the fact that her escort was around. When the hour came for starting home she went with her Pittsburg friend to the depot, and hung upon his arm until just before the train started, her escort, the while, looking very much displeased; they boarded the train, she taking a seat right behind him; the conductor tapped her on the shoulder for "tickets." She leaned timidly forward and said:

"Tickets, John."

"Tickets be —," said John. "Get your tickets from the fellow you trollopeed around with all day."

This was followed by loud laughing from a number sitting near, some of whom had been watching the girl's movements during the day, and she had to go down into her pocket for the necessary money to pay her fare to this city.—Youngstown (Pa.) Register.

The Sweet By-and-By.

Go where we may we are sure to hear the pathetic melody of the Sweet By-and-By. Was there ever so much music in four simple monosyllables? There is hope wrapped up in them—an articulate beat of the human heart. By-and-By. We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parrots had been loving in their lives—one to the shadow of Lone Mountain, and the other to the gloom of a desolate home.

Everybody says it, some time or another. The little boy whispers it when he thinks of exchanging the little stubby boots for those of the man. The man murmurs it, when, in life's middle watch, he sees his plans half-finished, and his hopes, yet in the bud, waving in the cold, late spring. The old man says it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal—to-day for to-morrow.

The weary watch for the morning, and while away the dark hours with by-and-by. Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in almanacs?—set do somewhere, no matter if in the day of December—to know that it would really come?

But, fairy-like as it is—flitting starbeam over the dewy shades of years—nobody can spare it, at least upon the number of times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver by-and-by, as the sun's Odessa—"pleasant, but mournful the soul."

A Chinese Insurance Broker.

Surely and rapidly the Chinese are intruding into every line of business heretofore followed exclusively by the whites. Strange to say, they are encouraged in the intrusion by respectable business men, who would be expected to repel any contract with them.

The latest instance occurred in the board of underwriters a few days ago. The board was electing a lot of insurance brokers. Parenthetically, it may be stated that it is a rule of the board that no insurance company can pay commissions to any person for business obtained, unless that person has been regularly elected a broker by the board. There was a large number of applicants on the list, and among them were five Chinamen. To the great surprise of those who think that American citizens are to be preferred as business agents to "moon-eyed lepers," one of the Chinamen was elected, while several white men of good business standing and character, were black-balled. The Chinaman's name is Wah Koo. The affair has created much commotion in the board, and it is not unlikely that the action will be reconsidered.—San Francisco Post.