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...OUD, - - NEBRASKA.

FARMER WHITE.

You may envy the joys o' the farmer
An' fancy his free, easy life;
You may sit at his bountiful table,
An' praise his industrious wife.
Ef you worked in the woods in the winter,
Or follered the furrer all day
With a team o' unruly young oxen
An' feet heavy loaded with clay,
Ef you held the old plow—I'm a-thinkin'
You'd sing in a different way.

You may talk o' the golden eyed daisies,
An' lilies that wear sech a charm,
But it gives me a heap o' hard labor
To keep 'em from spil'in my farm;
You may pictur' the beautiful sunsets,
An' landscapes so full o' repose,
But I never get time to look at 'em
Except when it rains or it snows;
You may sing o' the song-birds o' summer,
I'll tend to the hawks an' the crows.

You may long fur the lot o' the farmer,
An' dwell on the pleasur's o' toil;
But the good things we hev on our table
All hev to be dug from the soil;
An' our beautiful bright, yaller butter,
Perhaps you may never hev learned,
Makes a heap o' hard work fur the wimmin,
It hev to be carefully churned;
An' the cheeses, so plump in our pantry,
All hev to be lifted an' turned.

When home from the hay-field in summer,
With stars gleamin' over my head;
When I milk by the light o' my lantern,
An' wearily crawl into bed;
When I think o' the work o' the morrow,
An' worry fur fear it might rain;
When I hear the loud peal o' the thunder,
An' wife she begins to complain—
Then I feel ez if life was a burden,
With leetle to hope fur or gain.

But the corn must be planted in spring-time,
The weeds must be kept from the ground;
The hay must be cut in the summer,
The wheat must be cradled an' bound.
Fur we never are out o' employment
Except when we lie in our peel,
Fur the wood must be hauled in the winter
An' patiently piled in the shed.
While the grain must be took to the market,
The stock must be watered an' fed.

The[illegible] the joys o' the farmer,
You may envy the slave fur his bread,
Who works like a mortgage
Or, mebby, to pay off a mortgage on his head;
That hangs like a cloud over the orchard,
You may sit in the shade o' the trees,
Nor think o' his wants or his needs;
Yonder the fields,
You may gaze at his meadows an' corn-fields
An' long fur the life that he leads—
But there's leetle o' comfort or pleasur'
In fightin' the bugs an' the weeds.

But the farmer depends upon only
The things that he earns by his toil,
An' the leetle he gains is *got honest*,
By turnin' an' tillin' the soil.
When his last crop is hoed to market,
With a conscience all spotless an' clear,
He may leave the old farm-house forever,
To dwell in a better sphere;
An' the crown that he wears may be brighter
Because of his simple life here.

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Inter Ocean.*

THE MENTAL EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKES.

The outbreak of new earthquakes, first at Agram, then in Ischia, and now in Chios, the last the most destructive of all, and costing thousands of lives, within a few weeks of each other, seems to show that a period of earthquake-shock may have begun which may affect, to an extent by no means inconsiderable, the history and life of our century. No one can doubt that the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which visited the same general region, but more especially Asia Minor and Italy, during the first and second centuries of our era, produced great effects, not only on the minds and characters of that generation, but even on the distribution of population; nor that the earthquake at Lisbon, in the last century, produced almost as great a shock in the thoughts of men as it produced physically on the immense region over which its effects were felt—a region which included almost all Europe, part of Africa and part of the American Continent. A spell of earthquake of any violence or duration, which should extend over such a field as that, would, in a time like our own, when every influence is intensified by the simultaneous transmission of the impressions it produces to all parts of the globe, produce the most powerful effects, not simply on the countries which might suffer from it, but on all the world. No physical phenomena, however dreadful, seem to produce the same sense of paralysis as earthquakes. A correspondent of Captain Basil Hall, who was in the earthquake of Copiapo, in 1822, describes the effect on the mind as something which begins before any other sign of the earthquake has manifested itself at all—an anticipatory horror, which is even more marked in the case of the lower animals. "Before we hear the sound, or at least are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change color; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different to what it is wont to do; and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power, beyond human control or apprehension." In the Neapolitan earthquake of 1805, these anticipatory signs were most remarkable in relation to the life of the animal world. An Italian writer, quoted in Mr. Wittich's "Curiosities of Physical Geography," says: "I must not omit in this place to mention those prognostics which were derived from animals. They were observed in every place where the shocks were such as to be generally perceptible. Some minutes before they were felt the oxen and cows began to bellow, the sheep and goats bleated, and, rushing in confusion one on the other, tried to break the wicker-work of the folds; the dogs howled terribly, the geese and fowls were alarmed and made much noise; the horses which were fastened in their stalls were greatly agitated, leaped up, and tried to break the halters with which they were attached to the mangers; those which were proceeding on the roads suddenly stopped and snorted in a very strange way. The cats were frightened, and tried to conceal themselves, or their hair bristled up wildly. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their holes; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and fish left the bottom of the sea and approached the shores, where at some places great numbers of them were taken. Even ants and reptiles abandoned, in clear daylight, their subterranean holes in great disorder, many hours before the shocks were felt. Large flights of locusts were seen creeping through the streets of Naples toward the sea the night before the earthquake. Winged ants took refuge during the darkness in the rooms of houses. Some dogs, a few minutes before the first shock took place, awoke their sleeping masters, by barking and pulling them as if they wished to warn them of the impending danger, and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves." What it is, before the sound or shock of earthquake is felt, which warns both animals and human beings of the approach of some dreadful catastrophe threatening the very basis of their existence no one, of course, can say, since the impression made upon the nervous system is, at least as regards our own species, evidently one of general disturbance, and not one to which experience attaches any explicit significance. It may be, of course, that some very great change in the magnetic conditions of a spot threatened with earthquake leads to that extreme excitement of mind exhibited by all living creatures previous to the onset of the earthquake. That, however, is pure conjecture. What is interesting is, that a certain blank consternation seems always to be the characteristic herald of an earthquake, as well as the characteristic result. That it should be the characteristic result is, of course, no wonder. The very condition of human life is the solidity of the not very firm crust on which we live, and [illegible] is exchanged for possibilities of the worst earth-

...it is natural enough that stupefaction should be the result. In one of the Calabrian earthquakes it was discovered that large pieces of ground had so changed places that a plantation of mulberry-trees had been carried into the middle of a corn-field and there left, and a field sown with lupines had been carried out into the middle of a vineyard. The Italian lawsuits which resulted from this liquefaction of "real" property may be easily imagined. Still stranger, in the earthquake in Riobamba in 1797, Alexander von Humboldt found that the whole furniture of of one house had been buried beneath the ruins of the next house. "The upper layer of the soil, formed of matter not possessing a great degree of coherency, had moved like water in running streams, and we are compelled to suppose that these streams flowed first downward, and at last rose upward. The motion in the shocks which were experienced in Jamaica (July 7, 1692) must have been not less complicated. According to the account of an eye-witness the whole surface of the ground had assumed the appearance of running water. The sea and land appeared to rush on one another, and to mingle in the wildest confusion. Some persons who, at the beginning of the calamity, had escaped into the streets and to the squares of the town, to avoid the danger of being crushed under the ruins of the falling houses, were so violently tossed from one side to the other that many of them received severe contusions, and some were maimed. Others were lifted up, hurled through the air, and thrown down at a distance from the place where they were standing. A few who were in town were carried away to the seashore, which was rather distant, and then thrown into the sea, by which accident, however, their lives were saved." Such a liquefaction of all that is most solid in our world seems a grim enough realization of the prayer of the prophet: "O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence," for the mountains do really flow down in earthquakes, but the effect of that flowing is consternation such as no other phenomena of physical life, not even the worst darkness of volcanic eruptions, ever produces.

It is curious to think what such races as the Teutonic would become under the influence of frequent earthquakes. Their "solidity" of character, as it is called, largely consists in the confidence they feel in the sameness of all Nature's ways; and whether it would survive that confidence, and outlive the constancy on which it was nourished, is very doubtful. An English squire, for instance, whose timber and crops had changed places with the timber and estates of his next neighbors, would certainly not be recognizably an English squire much longer. An English merchant, whose stock of satins or teas had vanished under the establishment of his rival, would find the world so very much out of joint that he himself would probably become an unmeaning phenomenon. It is, indeed, clear that even rare periodical attacks of earthquake would render the existence of a great capital impossible, and the character of an agricultural population quite different, and probably much more capricious than before.—*Spectator.*

Popular Delusions.

That milk is a compound of water, chalk and sheep's stomach. Milk always comes from the cow—a great way from the cow.

That brass-band music is unpleasant to the ear. We know of a man who has lived for years next door to a band-room and has never uttered one complaint in all that time. He is a deaf mute.

That a small boy hates an overcoat. He loves it so well that he dislikes to wear it out.

That whistling is disagreeable. It is always agreeable—to the whistler.

That the market is overburdened with spring poetry. The waste-basket captures so much of it that but very little of it comes on the market.

That any fool can write poetry. It is only a fool here and there that can do it.

That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own.

That a boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence.

That a widow wears weeds to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is not a husband.

That a silver watch will tell the time just as well as a gold one. A gold watch will tell the time ten times to a silver watch's once, and be just as fresh as ever.

That shopkeepers never mark their goods below cost. They frequently mark them down much below what the goods cost the purchaser, especially if he be a particular friend, you know.

That the self-conceited man thinks everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in that category, namely, himself.

That extemporaneous speakers prepare their speeches beforehand. They get somebody else to do that.

That the average married man dislikes marriage. He is all the time yearning for another opportunity to enter the sacred state.

That parents love their children because the little ones are so much like themselves. That is just what they punish them for.

That it is hard to attend to one's business. Lots of people think nothing of it, and have plenty of time to attend to the business of a score of others.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Kind-Hearted Brigand.

A brigand in Thessaly has lately distinguished himself by an act of unusual kindness and good feeling. A short time ago several school children were carried off from Zagorah by a band of brigands, under the leadership of an eminent ruffian by name Balachos. Five of these children were subsequently restored to their parents on payment of a heavy ransom in each case. Three of the captives, for whose release a larger ransom was demanded, were retained. One of the three was the son of a Mr. Cassavetti, a little boy in whose fate general interest was excited, and who has regained his liberty in an unexpected manner. A Wallack, belonging to the band which had captured the boy, took a fancy to him and determined to effect his rescue; and, being left with two others of the band to guard the child, he found an opportunity for carrying out his benevolent intention. One of the brigands went to get some bread, and another fell asleep. The Wallack, taking advantage of this favorable moment, broke the needle of the gun of the bandit, and called to the child to come with him. The little captive, not unnaturally misunderstanding the summons, began to cry. This woke the brigand who was asleep; but his gun was useless, and he snapped the trigger in vain. In the meantime the Wallack managed to escape with the boy to Rissomola, whence he was taken home by some friends and an escort of soldiers. Of course Balachos is dreadfully annoyed at the affair, and if he gets hold of the Wallack intends to make an example of him.

- The most elegant women of New York, as well as in London and Paris, while they may dress in bright materials at home or at entertainments, dress very quietly in the streets. Really refined women do not wear all the colors of the rainbow on the streets or in public.

Bridal Couples at Washington.

Along with the tender buds and the sweet flowers and the soft sighing of the south wind comes the blushing bride. Nature is in her softest mood, and the bridal couple are in the fullest harmony with nature. It is beautiful to note these charming correspondences, and observe how the great heart of nature throbs responsive to that of humanity. Softly the tender buds unfold their soft petals; softly the zephyrs blow; soft are the billowy cloud masses in the azure sky, and soft is the conduct of Chloe and Stephen in the hotel parlors. The hotel people laugh at them, the young married woman says it is shameful, the crusty old traveler grunts his disapproval, the staid married woman thinks sadly of the sweet memory in her own past, and the gay young bachelor utters an expressive yum! yum! while, unconscious of everything and everybody, the bridal couple keep on being in harmony with nature. It is a nice, sweet thing to be in harmony with nature, and bridal couples seem to have a monopoly of the business. Whether there is a better sample of nature here in Washington, or whether the section of nature that rules here is more sociable is not known even to the Weather Bureau, but certain it is that this is the paradise to which young married couples fly. "It seems to me that the number of bridal couples that come here is increasing each year," said a prominent hotel man yesterday. "We have had a great many this year, and at the present time there are eight couples in the house." The principal reason that this city is a favorite place for this class of people seems to be that it is a nice place to visit. That it is the political or social center of the country makes no difference to a bridal couple. They don't see anything or anybody but themselves; and what is more, they don't want to. No one ever knew of a bride or groom writing a book of travels, or giving any interesting accounts of what they see in the few letters they write home. They can't do it. She writes to say that she is well and happy, and then the sufferings and doings of John occupies the next page or two, leaving only a brief margin to say how splendidly that dress fitted. The scenery and the sights are left out in the cold. So the bridal couple come to Washington to see and be with each other, and they come here because people are expected to do as they do, and generally do it, and that is what they want to do. The ideal bridal couple that fits in exactly with the authorized and duly approved popular conception of a bridal couple are two people of the opposite sex who sit and hold each other's hands and gaze fondly into each other's eyes like two young calves, which is the simile of the cynic. The phenomena have long been observable, and philosophers, after much thought, have come to the conclusion that the explanation of the phenomena is as follows: The bride is generally a young female person having just left her home. She consequently feels strange and lonely. Instinctively she puts out her hand. The bridegroom is in full spiritual accord with the bride, and, as a result, he puts out his hand. The hands meet, are grasped. She feels satisfied. He is happy. This phenomenon, however, is no longer observed. Bridal couples now, in the hotel parlors, occupy two chairs, and at an easy conversational distance, and are observed to engage in conversation. Their sighs cannot be heard more than ten feet distant, and they do not object to conversing with people. She does not blush when anybody happens to glance at her, and he is not excessively conscious of having feet and hands. At the dinner table they have separate plates, and he does not feed her with a spoon. She has an appetite and eats heartily. After dinner he leaves her in the parlor and goes out and takes a smoke. He does not find her in tears on his return, nor does she sob out on his shoulder. "I felt so lonely while you were gone." Her dress is not crisp and new like a bank note, and he does not wear a new suit of clothes. They dress like other people, and don't give themselves away. In fact, there is a new kind of bridal couple going about the country. The hotel-keepers like the new style. They are quiet and well behaved and very much like other guests. They, however, insist upon the best accommodations, and exhibit an indifference to the amount of the bill, which delights the hotel people. There is nothing mean about the modern bridegroom on his wedding trip. He has a royal way of ordering things which is impressive. He acts as if he had an unlimited account at the bank. Whether this is the result of marriage is not known, or whether it is the consequence of the round trip railway ticket system is equally a matter of doubt. At any rate, they are not disturbed by sordid cares. The hotel-keepers regretfully speak of the near approach of the close of the bridal season. As the warm weather comes on the cooing doves direct their flight to Saratoga and other Northern resorts, and Washington is deserted. As an evidence of the increase of this class of patrons, nearly all the hotels in this city have fitted up a large number of rooms for the especial accommodation of bridal parties, and during the season they are all in demand.—*Washington Paper.*

In Jail for Debt.

The debtors' department of the County Jail is always an interesting place to visit. Here are incarcerated not only those unfortunates whom a soulless creditor has plunged into the cooler, but also the high-toned among those who are under indictment. The occupants of this department are allowed a somewhat easier time than is accorded to the general run of the jail's occupants, and, as a general rule, they are, socially, deserving of the distinction. The law of the State of Illinois gives a creditor a very arbitrary power over a debtor whom he has succeeded in incarcerating. All he has to do, once he has placed him in jail, is to pay the Sheriff for his board, which done, he can keep him there until the debt is paid. If the debtor is unable to pay the debt, and the creditor is able to pay the board, it is merely a question of how long the creditor chooses to do so. At the present time there are only two debtors confined in the Cook County Jail. One of these is a young man named Henry Black, who, having gotten on the wrong side of a horse-dealer named Russell, found himself incarcerated in the jail as a debtor, this, too, though all the circumstances go to show that he was by no means the sharper of the two in the equine dicker. The other debtor is Matthew Escott, the Secretary of the Canadian Trust & Agency Company (limited), of Montreal, who was thrown into jail in April, 1880, by that concern, from which he had embezzled some $1,810. The Company had him arrested here in April of last year, but, not being able to prove anything more than a breach of trust against their employe, had him arrested for debt and lodged in the County Jail. Since that time they have shown a very stern and relentless intent to keep him there, having paid his board with great regularity. As a general rule, the creditor who has a debtor detained in the jail calls round once a week and settles for his next seven days' provender, but the Canadian Trust & Agency Company (limited) have been so fixed in their determination to keep their ex-Secretary in the custody of the Sheriff that they have paid his board for six months in advance at a time. In October, 1880, Mr. Robert Lincoln, at present Secretary of War, visited the Sheriff and settled for Mr. Escott's board for the next six months at the rate of $3.50 a week, and when the hotel bill had been used up an opportune draft arrived paying for the gentleman's board up to next October.

The case of Mr. Escott is a little hard; in fact, as figures show, it is absolutely hopeless. The interest upon his debt is, of course, charged against him, and as this is $5 a day, and he only able, as a debtor, to liquidate $1.50 a day by the passive act of incarceration, it will be seen that his liability to his Canadian creditors is constantly increasing. They can, as the law stands, keep him in jail until he dies there, and this, it is said, they intend to do, for the purpose of holding him up as a solemn warning to Canadian bank clerks to abstain from evil doing, and to keep in mind the moral import of the adage which puts forth that honesty, outside of innate proprieties, is the best policy.

Mr. Escott has made one or two attempts to regain his liberty in the Courts, but they have been unsuccessful, and he has also made appeals to the mercy of the Company which were equally inefficacious, offering to secure work and turn over half his salary to his creditors. Quite lately it was in his power to secure a paying situation, but he was unable to take advantage of it. Of late he has been chafing under the restraint which has now lasted fourteen months, and it is not improbable that before long he will make a statement which will be interesting to many people in financial circles in Montreal. He claims to have in his possession knowledge of transactions which will show a very prominent legal gentleman of Montreal in a very unfavorable light, and also shed luster upon the dealings of other prominent citizens of the Canadian commercial capital, where, it is known, some years since, large fortunes were made in a very short space of time by parties on the inside of stock deals.

Of late Mr. Escott has been suffering of a heart trouble, which his prolonged incarceration has aggravated, and which may before very long hinder him from continuing to play the part of awful example to the Canadian bank clerks, and this has of late made him specially anxious to regain his liberty. The Trust Company, however, does not seem to be compassionate, and, if Mr. Escott is really able to enlighten the world as to the evil doings of those who have placed and kept him where he is he may improve, while he certainly cannot injure, his prospects of release.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Law Relating to Express Passages.

There was once a jeweler in Wheeling who sent his errand-boy to the express office, with a little package to be carried to New York. It contained a diamond worth $125. But there was nothing on the outside of the parcel to show that it was so valuable. The errand-boy carried it to the express office and the agent there took it to be forwarded. But it never reached the person to whom it was sent. Then there was a law-suit to determine whether the jeweler or the express people should bear the loss. The errand-boy was called as a witness, and the lawyers asked him what happened when he carried the parcel to the agent. He said that he just handed it to the agent and paid him the expressage and came away; that the agent did not ask him what was in it, or what it was worth, or anything about it, or give him any receipt. The Court said that if the boy was not asked he was not bound to tell that there was a diamond in the parcel, and, therefore, the express company should pay for it, as they had lost it.

But the law is that when a person brings parcels to the express office the agent may ask how much they are worth. And if the errand-boy cannot answer the agent can give a receipt saying that the company will not pay more than $50 if it is lost. Often an errand-boy takes a parcel without knowing what it is worth. The agent asks him the value; the boy answers, "I don't know;" and the agent stamps on his receipt the words "Value asked not given." This means that although there should be a gold watch or a diamond bracelet or a thousand dollars in the parcel, yet if it is lost the company will pay but $50. The reason is that if uncommonly valuable things are sent by express the company wishes of course to take unusual care of them. They cannot do so unless they know which are the valuable parcels and which are the common ones. If they ask, they have a right to be told. Whenever one carries a parcel to the express it is important to be prepared to answer if one is asked the value; unless the person who sends it is willing to take the risk, which very often he is.

What makes this more difficult is that the express agent is not bound to ask in words "What is this parcel worth?" The question can be put into the receipt. It is usual to give whoever sends a parcel by express a receipt for it. Some jewelers in New York sent a whole box of watches, worth about $2,500, by express to Memphis. The express agent did not ask any questions, but he gave the errand-boy a receipt in which the question was printed. The watches never reached Memphis; the empty box was found a year afterward, but the watches were probably stolen. The court said that asking the question in the receipt was just the same as asking it in words. Whenever one carries a parcel to the express he should take notice what is in the receipt if one is given him.

If an errand boy should put a very high value on the parcel the express would charge extra for carrying it. There was once a clerk who carried a manuscript of a book, and the expressman asked what the value was. The clerk did not really know anything about the value. He knew, however, that the manuscript was important, and that the express would only pay $50 if they lost it, unless he named a value, so he answered, by guess, "Five thousand dollars." He did not know that the agent would charge extra. But when the parcel was delivered the expressage was seven dollars, instead of one, which would have been about right if he had answered, "I do not know." This is according to law. The express has a right to charge extra for very valuable parcels.—*Christian Union.*

—Longfellow has been talking with a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* about some of his poems. "I wrote the 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns' at college," he said. "I read in a newspaper a story that the Moravian women at Bethlehem had embroidered a banner and presented it to Pulaski. The story made an impression upon my mind, and one idle day I wrote the poem. I called them Moravian Nuns, because I had gathered from something I had heard or read that they were called nuns. I suppose I should have said Moravian Sisters, but the change doesn't spoil the romance. I often felt a curiosity to go and see the people whose patriotic action furnished the theme for this poem." Longfellow said that "Evangeline" was suggested to him by a gentleman with whom he and Hawthorne were dining, and who urged the novelist to write a novel on the theme of the exiled young Arcadian girl who spent the remainder of her life searching for her lover. "I caught the thought at once," the poet said, "that it would make a striking picture if put in verse, and said, 'Hawthorne, give it to me for a poem, and promise me that you will not write about it until I have written the poem.' Hawthorne readily assented to my request, and it was agreed that I should use his friend's story for verse whenever I had the time and inclination to write it."

"What a Pretty Foot!"

I have no doubt that such a remark, if overheard by the person for whom it was intended, would cause a pleasurable feeling of pride, which apparently would amply repay the recipient for a whole day's pain and suffering caused by the fact that the said foot had been squeezed into a prettily-shaped boot. But it is not merely the few hours of suffering that this fashionable folly brings upon her martyrs that makes the evil one to be cried out against; rather is it the innumerable malformations and deformities of the foot, and their immediate as well as their remote consequences, that are sure to be brought on if this folly is still persisted in.

I, for one, do not believe in the rigid enforcement of all those numerous laws of health that are being now so prominently brought before the public, and which would, I fear, make the lives of a good many of us more or less miserable; still, there is a line to be drawn in everything, and it is hard to believe the extremes to which fashion has gone with regard to this unsentimental question of boots. Two centuries ago boots were worn of such a width that positively a law was passed prohibiting the soles to be beyond six inches across the toes, and now fashion's rules are well-nigh quite as rigid in the opposite extreme.

The beautifully constructed human foot, with the elastic movements of its different joints, with certain parts by nature so formed as to easily bear the weight of the body, is a thing to be wondered at; and yet we inclose it, through this love of vanity, in a tight-fitting case of leather, constricting all its movements, and causing all the pressure of the body to come on those parts which by nature are most unfitted to bear it. The high and narrow heels help materially to further deform and hurt the feet, and, by throwing the body forward, are undoubtedly prejudicial to a healthy condition of the spine; and the thin soles of these "pretty boots" are, in the first place, the cause of that great source of trouble to women, cold feet, in the possession of which there is neither comfort nor, I am afraid, health, and in the second place, very commonly lead to the large majority of colds, to which may often be attributed many a life-long misery. Even moderately tight-fitting boots will in time cause all those discomforts of the feet which render the ordinary daily walk a thing to be dreaded. What, then, are these numerous discomforts that are so easily brought upon one by the so called pleasure of following fashion's dictum in this matter of boots?

Corns—that common bane of mankind—are sure to result from the wearing of any boots that do not fit comfortably, and allow ample space for the proper movements of the joints of the feet and the toes; bunions, which are painful tumors formed by an actual inflammation of a small sac or bursa situated over the joint of each great toe; weak ankles, which are very commonly produced by wearing the fashionably-made boots with high heels, together with a relaxed condition of the muscles and tendons of the leg; in-growing toe-nails, which are not only most painful, but, also, take some time to be thoroughly cured, and necessitate actual operative interference; chilblains, which, although they may and do take place in those who do not wear tight boots, are still invariably the outcomes of them, from interrupted circulation; cold feet, from the same cause; and last, but by far the worst of all, an actual diseased condition of one or more joints either of the toes or of the foot itself. All these, then, may be the wages we have to pay for the comparatively small pleasure of being considered possessed of "a pretty foot."

But, because you are not to wear tight-fitting boots, it is no reason that you should go to the other extreme and wear the hideous unshaped things that are often seen; all I wish to insist on is that you should be satisfied with the size and shape of the foot Providence may have ordained you to be the possessor of, and do your best to maintain it in its natural and healthy condition. How, then, can this be done but by having your boots made exactly and comfortably to fit you; by never allowing your boot-maker to measure your foot while raised from the ground, remembering that the foot expands quite one-twelfth of its length, and laterally still more, when the weight of the body is upon it; by having a last made of the exact shape of your foot, and always having your boots made upon it; by never wearing those abominable high and narrow-pointed heels, which are positively dangerous, ungainly, and certain to lead to bad results; and, finally, by having the soles of your boots made of fairly substantial thickness, and of not too soft or porous leather.

By these means, then, you will be enabled to take the exercise absolutely necessary for your bodily health, to venture upon the longest walks with no dreaded prospects of discomfort, and to retain for your feet in your old age their normal shape and condition; and the price you will have to pay for this much-coveted end is the mere loss of the whispered compliment, dropped from the lips of thoughtless men or ignorant fools, "What a pretty foot."—*A Doctor in Harper's Weekly.*

The Egotist.

He is an unendurable bore, and yet you must listen to the exploits of "Great I" or else appear uncivil. It never occurs to him that you may not find his talk interesting. Nothing surprises people of this kind more than to show them you are ignorant of that may have befallen them, and that you have not turned over and learned by heart the last uninteresting little chapter of their small lives. The trifling incidents of their household comprise everything which is worth knowing—to them; and your ignorance of said accidents is looked upon as a personal affront and the sign of almost criminal indifference. If these worshipers of "Great I" have any speciality—say they are artists, musicians, authors, actors, and what not—they assure you there was never such a triumph known as that which they have just now achieved. Their experience is absolutely phenomenal. Even their charities are done out of their supreme selfhood. "I helped him: I was his salvation in the day of need; he came to me for advice, and I pulled him through." How often we hear these phrases from the showy, self-complacent folk who think their smallest deeds are worthy of being trumpeted forth to mankind as the finest heroisms of the noblest men! Where the soil is poorest for humanity, there is it the richest for egotism. The roots of the "Great I" are in us all, more or less, but we prefer the less to the more; and, if we must have excess, would rather by far it was an excess of thought for others than of thought for ourselves.—*Exchange.*

—The last panacea for the woes of the British farmer is that he should grow tobacco. A writer advocates its cultivation in the midland and southern counties of England, and asserts that it would yield, if properly grown, a profit of £20 an acre. The cultivation of tobacco is at present forbidden in England, under an old act of Charles II., and in Ireland by an act of fifty years ago. Tobacco was cultivated in Ireland for some thirty years previous to this date.

—Miss Adeline Davis, of Americus, Ga., eighteen years of age, died in great agony recently from the bite of a rattlesnake. Two of its fangs struck the instep of the right foot one penetrating deeply.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The *Literary World* calls Disraeli "this two-headed phenomenon of literature and politics."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes writes slowly and laboriously, though he is a rapid and vivacious talker.

—Mrs. Lamb, of New York, has just completed a history of the city, which has involved a labor of fourteen years.

—The pen and papers on Washington Irving's desk at "Sunnyside" remain just as he arranged them for the last time.

—The reason of Jefferson Davis' trip to Canada is that he may be on British soil when his history of the Rebellion is published in London, and thus have the benefit of English copyright laws.

—Lieutenant Cherry, recently murdered on the plains, was a favorite in Washington society last year, and was one of the attendants at the wedding of Miss Ella Sherman and Lieutenant Thackera.

—Rev. William M. Baker, author of "His Majesty, Myself," and other novels, who lives in Boston, resembles the typical Southerner in his physique. He is a voluminous writer, his books now numbering more than two score. Mr. Baker is about to re-enter the pulpit in Philadelphia.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson is seventy-eight years old. It is well-known that his mind has been failing rapidly of late years. His memory is almost entirely gone. He cannot remember the names of persons, nor even the commonest words. But his old age is beautiful, and is cheered by the watchful care of a most tender and devoted daughter.

—Mr. Millais' portrait of Mr. Tennyson is described as a perfect likeness. It represents the laureate as standing in the well-known cloak, with the velvet collar and the frayed button holes, and holding, in the one brawny hand that is visible, the time-honored black felt hat. The large soft eyes shine clear of the curiously developed upper lids and are full of thought. The fullness of the head is enforced by its framework of uncut hair and the narrow, long beard.

HUMOROUS.

—Always goes around with a long face—An alligator.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

—What is vinegar without a mother? It is orphan very poor.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Journeymen tailors at work on custom trousers are like jilted women—sewing for breeches of promise.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—A writer says: "The brave are always tender." What a cowardly bird the average spring chicken must be.—*Modern Argo.*

—An article in an exchange is headed "Men's Wives." There are so many boys getting married nowadays, that such a distinction is necessary.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Boys playing base-ball on Sundays in Kentucky have been struck by lightning; but this interposition of Providence cannot always be relied upon.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A New York paper says that in that city crying at weddings has gone out of fashion. In Chicago the father of the bride does the crying when he comes to settle the bills.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A gentleman calling on a farmer observed: "Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Well, you see, sir," said Mr. Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it is twenty minutes of seven."—*Boston Globe.*

—Dr. Loring, the new Commissioner of Agriculture, is the son of a clergyman who lived at North Andover, Mass. The story is told that he and his brother were gaunt boys. Their father sent them one day to an adjacent cattle-show with some very fat hogs to exhibit. The boys were rather proud of the many compliments paid to the hogs, until a farmer came along and said to an acquaintance: "Mighty nice hogs these of Parson Loring's, but why don't he give his boys more to eat and his hogs less."

A Tailor's Joke.

A tailor on Fort street got hold of a red hot idea the other day. He heated up his goose to the blistering point and placed it on a bench at his door with a sign, reading: "Only twenty-five cents." In a few minutes along came an ancient-looking colored man with an eye out for bargains, and as he saw the goose and read the sign he made up his mind that he had struck it rich. He naturally reached out to heft his bargain, and that was where he gave himself away. The tailor almost fell down with his merriment; but it didn't last over sixty seconds. At the end of that time the victim entered the shop and began a sort of gymnastic performance which did not end until the tailor was a sadly mashed man and his shop in the greatest confusion. The two were fighting in front when an officer came along and nabbed both, and both were brought before his Honor together. The tailor appeared with a black eye and a finger tied up in a red rag, and the African had a scratched nose and was minus two front teeth.

"Well?" queried the Court, as the pair stood gazing at him.

"Vhell, I shall shpeak first," replied the tailor; "I likes to have a shoke sometimes, und so I put dot goose oudt dere. It vhas all in funs, und I am werry sorry."

"I couldn't see what de fun cum in," said the other. "Dis yere han am all burned to a blister, an I won't be able to use it for two weeks."

"Did you put that hot goose out there for a joke?" queried the Court.

"Yaw—it vhas only a shoke."

"And were you joking when you entered the shop and made things hum?" he asked of the other.

"No, boss, I wasn't. I'm an old man an' not much given to laffin' an' cuttin' up. When I let go of dat goose I made up my mind to mash dat tailor flatter dan a billyard ball. It was my first foot for ober forty y'ars, but I'd got de bulge on him an' was usin' him up when de officer stepped in. No, boss, I wasn't jokin' 'bout dat time."

"Were you very tickled?" he queried of the tailor.

"Vhell, I vas tickled until he pitch into me."

"You were the only one who had any fun out of it?"

"Vhell, I 'spose so."

"Then you'll have to foot the bill. I shall let him go and fine you eight dollars."

"Dot ish pooty high."

"Yes, but it was a rich joke, you know."

"Maybe she vhas, but I guess I let dot goose cool off now. Here is five, six, seven, eight dollars, und now I shall go home. I bid you goot day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The French Government having applied the electric light to four of its light-houses, and become satisfied with the experiment, has resolved to use it on all its other sea-signaling stations. The cost of the change in the system is set down at 7,000,000 francs, but the results gained appear to warrant the additional expenditure. With the addition of another 1,000,000 francs the steam power used to generate the electricity may, in foggy weather, be adapted to the blowing of gigantic foghorns. The latter improvement is under consideration.

—Tobacco culture is being very successfully prosecuted now in British India.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE BABY SAYS.

What can you do, you dearest of babies—
You sweet, my baby, say, what can you do?
Mother and father and brother are working,
All of us working, sweet baby, but you.
Sitting all day a-thinking and winking,
Winking and thinking the whole day long,
Nursing in hood you, no one to scold you—
Crowing and crooning your sweet little song.

BABY'S ANSWER.

Crooning and tuning myself to the lessons
That seem very strange to me, fresh from the skies—
Learning your language and learning to love you,
Watching you all with my blue baby eyes.
Then, when I've grown as wise as my brother,
These dimpled white hands as strong as his, too,
Oh, then I will help you; now, thinking and loving,
Are surely enough for a baby to do.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

"No, sir," said John, determinedly, "we won't give it up if we have to go on foot."

"Well," said Fred, "I don't see any way, unless we do go a-foot, for we have only got two dollars between us and the fare to Portland is more'n two dollars apiece."

"Pete Ratestuff got over harder spots than this," said John, "and I know we can."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Fred. "Father might give me a dollar or so to spend at the fair next week. If it would do any good I'd ask him; but I might as well ask the town pump."

While the two boys are laying plans we'll find out who they are, and what means this planning of theirs.

John Sheldon, a bright, quick-witted boy, of about fourteen, is the son of a well-to-do farmer of Oxford County, Maine. The other boy, Fred Harding, is the village doctor's son, a few months younger. The two are excellent friends. They have been reading "Perilous Adventures of Pete Ratestuff, the Boy Sailor." Roused by the daring deeds and wonderful escapes of the hero, a mania to go to sea has fallen upon them. They think there's no good in asking their father's advice, so they are laying plans in secret.

John has learned that the fishing schooner Brittomart sails for Newfoundland the 25th, and it is now the 24th. The two boys start from beneath the "High Top" sweeting tree, in the orchard where they have been sitting.

"Ain't there no way to go on the freight train?" asked Fred, throwing an apple core toward a chipmunk, chattering on the stone wall.

"No, I guess not," said John, thoughtfully. "But I've got an idea!" he exclaimed exultantly, crumpling up his old straw hat, and giving it an upward fling.

"Quick! out with it," said Fred.

"There's an old trunk of grandpa's up in the garret! Do you see, Fred? Chuck what we want in that, get in, and one of us goes as baggage! What do you say to that?"

"You've struck it!" exclaimed Fred. "Let's go at it. I'm in for that. Why you're as cute as 'Pete.'"

"We'll have to start in the morning," said John. "We'll have a gay time. We'll see a bit of the city when we're through our business with the Captain."

Not a doubt but that they could go as sailors had once entered their heads. Of course Captain Daly would take them.

It was decided that Fred should get leave, and come down and stay all night with John. He was to take with him what he wanted, and they'd pack what they could in the trunk.

Before Fred started for home, they stole so'tly up to the attic, brought the trunk down, and put it in a dark corner of the barn.

A little after dusk, Fred came over, bringing his best suit, a lot of doughnuts, a small pistol, and his new base-ball, tied together in an old handkerchief. These, with some of John's possessions, were packed in the trunk, leaving not a very roomy place for a boy. Half a dozen or more air-holes were bored in the sides. All was ready for an early start in the morning.

The boys retired in good season, but not to sleep. At half-past eleven, John looked at his watch, for he had a pretty silver one given him at his last birthday. He said:

"Why, Fred, if you'll believe it, it ain't but half-past eleven."

The same was repeated at one, and again at half-past two. At three they rose and dressed, went softly down the stairs, and out into the cool, drear, September morning.

Fred had a little homesick twinge as they started, but John laughed at him.

Each taking a handle of the trunk, they went toward the station, about three miles off. They reached the depot, as they hoped to, before any one was about.

It required some talking, on John's part, to persuade Fred that he, being the smaller, ought to go in the trunk. There was just room for him to curl down on his side.

He got in, John shut the cover, locked the trunk, and sat down beside it.

"How d'ye feel, Fred?" he asked, at length.

"Kinder boxed up," said Fred. "There ain't no room to spare."

Soon the depot was opened.

John bought his ticket, got his check and when the train came steaming in he first made sure the trunk was put on, and then he got on board, and off they went.

John enjoyed the ride. Twice only had he been on the