An independent man:
The bein' I hev longed to be
Sence babyhood began.
Good-by to mother's apron strings,
Sech fles I hev outgrown.
I'll gladly leave my daddy's wings
To sail upon my own.

A full-fledged man, a tall young man,
A proud yo mg man am 1;
My youth is done. I'm twenty-one—
I'm old enough to fly.

Now I can vote fur President l'pen election day,
An' none will scold me Sunday nights,
When late I chance to stay. *
I've left my gingham aprons off,
A long-tailed coat to wear,
An' en my chin I'll soon begin
To grow a crop o' hair.

A full-fledged man, a tall young man, A proud young man am I: Below my nose my mustache grows— I'm old enough to fly.

No more will daddy's raspin' voice, Ez loud ez ali outdoors,
Sound up the chamber stairs to make
Me go an' do the chores.
The younger boys may milk the cows
An' feed the stock the'r hay,
While I will lie till breakfast time—
I m twenty-one to-day.

A full-fledged man, a tall young man; A proud young man am 1; clow my nose my mustache grows— Below my nose my mustache grows— I'm old enough to fly.—Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE TWENTY-FIVE HATS.

A French Passenger's Story. He was a Frenchman-no doubt about that. He was a very pleasant fellow-no doubt about that, either. But what his occupation might be was a puzzler to us all. A sailor he could never have been, as any one could see very poor performance at dinner the first day out from Lisbon.

He was too polite for a Government official, too quiet and thoughtful for a fruit more than it will bear; it must run rounded by magnolias and flowers. commercial traveler, too well informed for a newspaper correspondent, too grammatical and refined in his language son for the same mark of fruit. It | ville, Tenn. It is marked by a lime-

for a popular author. From a certain jauntiness in his air of his short, gray moustache, some of our party were inclined to set him down as a retired army officer; but the sud-den start with which he clapped his hands to his ears when the signal-gun was fired close to him, was quite sufficient to knock that theory on the head. It was in a rather curious fashion third afternoon (when we were already about various European celebrities whom he seemed to have known quite well, and stared fixedly straight before him, as if he had seen a ghost.

I looked somewhat anxiously in the same direction, expecting to see, at the falling overboard; but nothing was to be seen more remarkable than a very sickly-looking saloon passenger crawling up the cabin-hatchway for the first barrels. With this protection it is time since we started. He was certaina ghost, but I could see nothing else cape having their contents injured. about him to justify my genial compan-

ion's excitement.

Cartier eved it with the startled air of one suddenly meeting an old acquaintance in a very unlikely place, and I could hear him mutter:

"That's the first of the sort that I've seen since I made twenty-five of them myself, the year of the Paris Exhibi-

"So," thought I, "the murder's out at last; this mysteriousold gentleman is neither more nor less than a hatter. M. Cartier." I added, aloud, "I'm sure for long keeping should not be har-there's some good story connected with vested until they have developed color white that hat, and nobody can tell one better

"Well," said the old gentleman, laughing, "I should have thought I had bored you enough for one day already with my reminiscences. It's not every young fellow who would listen so patiently to an old man's ramblings." dear sir, I shall certainly make the ac-

will you oblige me?" Well, it really is a curious story; so if you're so good as to be interested in it, it's at your service:

"In the spring of 1867, a little before the opening of the Paris Exhibi- son, the veteran detective employed at tion, I had just moved into a new shop the Sub-Treasury, to what the Governin the Rue Saint Honore, and was do- ment detectives attributed the sudden ing a pretty fair business, though per-haps not quite so good as I had ex-punched coins which has attracted so

be rather put out about it, when, to- done in this city by Cubans. A number ward afternoon, in came a fine-looking of silver coins were clamped together gentleman, dressed in the height of the in a roll, and in less time than it takes fashion, saying that he wanted some to write an account of it a hole is hats made after a pattern of his own, to be ready by a certain day. There value of the silver obtained by punching were to be twenty-five of them in all, a hole of usual size in a coin amounts and the pattern that he gave me was to about one twenty-fifth of the value exactly the same as the hat of that gen- of the coin, so that for every roll of tleman yonder.

olor certainly wasn't.

mine, so long as he chose to pay for his coins circulate freely, and rarely escape fancy; and, as he began by paying me mutilation. Several attempts have in advance a good part of the price, I went to work with a will, thinking that went to work with a will, thinking that most likely it was only some new club little success. Only two convictions of late.—St. James's move down on you in battle line?" that wanted a distinguishing badge. "When the hats were finished, I hap- years.

pened to try one of them on, and it Mr. Sampson remarked that while suited me so well, in spite of the queer the business of punching and filing coins color, that I decided to make one for was almost wholly in the hands of the myself as well. And so I did; and a Cubans, the business of sweating gold day or two after the others were paid coins by shaking them up in a buckskin for and sent home—which was just bag is attributed by the detectives to about the time when Paris was beginabout the time when Paris was begin-ning to fill with the first rush of visit-ors to the opening of the exhibition—I put on my new hat and went out for a

something into my hand, whispering:

shop became quite fashionable, and that year and the next I drove a trade that enabled me to retire much sooner than I had expected. There's the first dinner-bell. Shall we go down?"-Golden Days.

Harvesting and Storing Apriles.

trained trees hand-picking becomes

ground. have a suitable place prepared in the orchard or near at hand for the temporary storing of the apples, unless these are to be assorted and packed as fast as gathered. Many of our leading pomolof harvest, one for picking the apples tate, near Orange, Va. immediately in barrels. Others who lywood Cemetery, Va., on an eminence, have fruit-houses delay the packing until the approach of cold weather.

Apples should be assorted according to variety, size and quality, and packed so closely in clean barrels that they block of granite, on which are brass will not move during transportation. will not move during transportation. plates, suitably inscribed. The whole flushed, is a problem she will probably Fruit destined for a long distance will is surrounded by a sort of Gothic temarrive in better order by being packed ple -four pillars supporting a peaked full, even to slight jamming, than if roof, to which something of the appearpacked loose. With the rough hand- ance of a bird cage is imparted by fillling that all packages get, more or less, ling in the interstices with iron gratthe contents are liable to become badly | ings. bruised unless packed solidly.

ing the fruit and shake down thorough- magnolia trees. . ly and fill the barrel so full that the Martin Van Buren was buried at actually flattening the last tier of ap- granite shaft, fifteen feet high. ples. The head and hoops are now the head not opened the name of the cinnatl.

inferior grades. In the first shipments of apples to apple before it is packed in tissue pa- ment. permitted to shrink before the final Italian marble. very least, the ship on fire or somebody rels with paper as they pack the apples in, using, if the weather is cold, two thicknesses, and taking care that the apples do not come in contact with the claimed that packages undergoing long ly quite pale enough to have passed for shipment in extremely cold weather es-

Once packed, the barrels should be stored in some dark but well-ventilated ticed that Cartier's eyes were fixed not place and kept at a low uniform temupon the sick man's face, but upon his water as is practicable. The temperahat, which was certainly a very extra- ture must be kept so low that the fungi ordinary head-gear for the open seathat cause decay cannot be developed. It was a genuine "stove-pipe" as ever blew off in a high wind, but all of a the conditions mentioned the necessity such an animal having been discovered the conditions mentioned the necessity such an animal having been discovered. light mouse-color, and curving down- of a dry atmosphere, is gradually giving anywhere, there are always prospectward both in front and behind, as res- way to the popular opinion that the air ing parties who set out from both olutely as if some one had sat down must be moist enough to prevent the Burma and Siam to determine whether consequently is conducive to the preservation of the fresh appearance and natural flavor of the fruit.

informed that winter apples designed and flavor natural to the ripe fruit. It. than yourself. If it's not asking too is a worse blunder, however, to allow but it is different with a white elephant.

If it's not asking too is a worse blunder, however, to allow but it is different with a white elephant. in dry weather only, for fruit free from atmospheric moisture when taken from the tree, other things being equal, keeps "If all old men 'ramble' like you, my longest. Once gathered, the apples should be securely protected from sun quaintance of as many as possible. Now, and storms until they are assorted and finally packed. -N. Y. World.

Mutilated Coins. A reporter asked James N. Sampmuch attention of late. Mr. Sampson "But one day business had been un-usually slack, and I was beginning to that nine-tenths of the punching was twenty-five quarter dollars the value of "It struck me at the time as rather one quarter dollar is obtained in a appened to be in fashion just then, the roll. Mr. Sampson says, also, that many "But, after all, it was no business of and South America, where our silver for the offense have been made in ten

shout the time when Paris was beginning to fill with the first rush of visitors to the opposing of the exhibition—I put on my new hat and went out for a walk.

"The streets were very crowded that day, and I hadn't gone far when I caught sight of a man with a hat like my own. He came toward me, and aid, in an undertone, as he passed, without looking at me:

"A fine day for business, comrade, and mo police about?"

"I don't think I ever got such a start in my life. If the man wasn't craxy, there was only one possible explanation for his words, and their a very unpleasant one, indeed. But I wasn't left long in doubt, for as I turned into the Tuinese Gardens I asw several more of my 'hats' among the crowd. One of them siled up behind me and slipped something into my hard, whispering:

"A posset that, quick?"

bag is attributed by the detective. By the denience of Chaham street. By the denience of Colabative to the tresult in gold to the story, "whose feet were too long, and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without first clearing and the bed was 'to shork." It could be done without for a turned into I distant the story, "whose feet were too long.

Afr. Floyd, the chief clerk in the story, "whose feet were too long.

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Afr. Floyd, the chief clerk in the story, "whose something into my hand, whispering:
"Pocket that, quick."
"Now 'that' was a gold watch, a purse and several jewels, so it was not vary difficult to guess for what kind of customers my twenty-five hats had been made. In another moment I was running, as if my life depended on it, to the persons think that all pieces that have been worn down beyond recognition in actual service should be redeemed at par. The difficulty is to tell when a piece has been worn smooth through use or brought to that condition by sweating or other artificial means. Mr. Floyd considers that the mutilation of silver coins does not need Government interference, because unlike the No ardent lover of art ever witnessed.

Where the Presidents Are Buried.

resting in a brick vault at Mount Vernon, in a marble coffin. John Adams was buried in a vault

The rule with winter apples ought always to be picking by hand - no shaking down. With low-headed, properly-church above, on either side of the pulpit, are tablets of clouded marble, each quite as easy a matter as shaking off the surmounted by a bust and inscribed fruit and then gathering it from the with the familiar epitaphs of the only father and son that ever held the high-Before the harvest begins it is well to est office in the gift of the American

pretentious private cemetery of 100 feet square, near Monticello. James Madison's remains rest in

commanding a beautiful view of Richbody is a huge block of polished Vir-

Andrew Jackson was buried in the A usual mode of packing apples is to corner of the garden of the Hermitage. take out one head from the barrel and cleven miles from Nashville. The tomb begin packing by placing a tier of ap- is eighteen feet in diameter, surroundples with the ends to the closed head ed by fluted columns and surmounted of the barrel, then fill up without bruis- by an urn. The tomb is surrounded by

head must be pressed in with a lever, Kinderhook. The monument is a plain William Henry Harrison was buried

Apples packed in this way show a fine yards of that of James Montoe in Holly- sequoias. and handsome face. Care, by the way, wood Cemetery, Richmond, It is should be observed not to face the marked by no monument, but is suruniform to give satisfaction to the buy- James K. Polk lies in the private er and to create a demand another sea- garden of the family residence in Nashought also to be borne in mind while stone monument, with Doric columns. assorting the fruit that a good quality | Zachary Taylor was buried in Cave the ocean's emeraid." But suddenly and manner, and the semi-military cut arriving in good order rarely fails to Hill Cemetery, Louisville. The body all eyes were directed toward the obtain a fair price, although the mar-ket may be glutted with ordinary and Frankfort, where a suitable monument er silent. A rattling report, as if a rifle distinguished services.

by wrapping in tissue paper and filling beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery of by wrapping in tissue paper and filling beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery of guish cry, which changed again to a in between the layers with buckwheat Buffale, and his grave is surmounted by helpless groan. We held dur breaths. chaff. This plan did not prove satis- a lofty shaft of Scotch granite. that the truth came out at last. On the factory, for it was found that the fruit | Franklin Pierce was buried in the in slow, solemn protest, but moved was liable to absorb the flavor of the Concord, N. H. Cemetery, and his convulsively. Then another cry. The

Cartier suddenly stopped short in a per that has been previously soaked in James Buchanan's remains lie in the for a stream of its life blood spurted series of very entertaining anecdotes an alcoholic solution of salicylic acid Woodward Hill Cemetery at Lancaster, out through the cruel cut. The tree an alcoholic solultion of salicylic acid Woodward Hill Cemetery at Lancaster, out through the cruel cut. The tree

> packing, and the shipments ought not. Abraham Lincoln rests in Oakridge dering; then with an awful eranching, to be made until crisp, cold weather, Cemstery, Springfield, Ill., inclosed in crushing noise that filed the wood with Some growers practice lining the bar- a sarcophagus of white marble. The dismal echoes-wails of the dving mongranite and bronze.

Greenville, Tenn. The monument is of marble, beautifully ornamented. Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal.

White Elephants.

A sure way to gain the favor of either the King of Burma or the King of Siam fruit from shriveling. Experiments by it is really what it is represented to be. scientists and farmers appear to have It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to proven pretty conclusively that while a find that the agents of a menagerie moist, warm cellar is decidedly detri- have managed to step in before the mental to the keeping qualities of the vigilant Oriental elephant-seekers and fruit, a wet, cold one prevents loss of carry of what is asserted to be the first weight and size by evaporation and white elephant ever landed in Europe. Scientific observers will no doubt inspect the new arrival and determine his right to the description given to Farmers of experience need hardly be him. Pending their verdict, it may be Burmese test points of an albino ele-

White crows, rats, mice and hares ripe than the other extreme of picking He is not to be considered as snow-while immature. Varieties that ripen white; yery far from it. All the white irregularly ought to be gathered accordingly. Apples must be harvested Burma are of a light mouse-color, someexphants now existing in Siam and what of the same tint as the pale freckles to be found on the trunk of ordinary ciephants. This light gray is uniform all over, the spots on the trunk being white. The depth of the color. to determine some infallible test points. animal to his title. The Burmese skilled men fix upon two of these tests as superior to all others. . One is that the elephant shall have five toes instead of four. This is a good way of making certain; but occasionally there are indubitably black elephants which have the sacred number of toes. These are white elephants debased by sin, laboring under the evil Kharma of previous existence, and, therefore, ineligible for the honors accorded to the real animal. The other test is considered perfectly decisive, no matter what the precise tint of the skin may be. It is this: if you pour water upon "white" ele-phant he turns red, white a black ele-"It struck me at the time as rather one quarter dollar is obtained in a phant only becomes blacker than ever.

an odd idea, for although the shape moment by running a drill through the This is the final test always respected to of the punched coins come from Mexico and South America, where our silver these two tests triumphantly. If he does Theebau will tremble for his throne, and will take no more pleasure

Pelling the Sequeta Gigantea.

could stretch out without submitting to ter over for awhile he said to a brother the necessity forced upon the man in officer:

very difficult to guess for what kind of customers my twenty-five hats had been worn smooth through use or brought to that condition by sweating or other atficolal means. In another moment I was running, as if my life depended on it, to the nearest police station, and there I told my story.

"To work went the Inspector at come, and within twenty-four hours all the twenty-five hats were sung in the twenty-five hats had been weather the twenty-five hats had been the twenty-five hats had been the twenty-five hats had been the twenty-five hats had been twenty-five hats had been twenty-fi

the patriarch of all our noble Sequois

The body of George Washington is The ladies insisted upon returning to camp, and said some unkind things about the woodmen, and were savagely severe upon the unreasonable railroad beneath the Unitarian Church at Quiney. The tombis walled in with large
blocks of rough-edged granite.

John Quiner Adams lies in the same
vault by the side of his father. In the
church above, on either side of the pulnit are tablets of clouded marble, each contractor who had deprecated their allow them to be taken to a point where the overthrow of the monarch could be safely witnessed. We climbed up a trail to a hill on one sice of the tree. but found the intervening branches too closely woven to allow of more than a Thomas Jefferson lies in a small, un- doubtful view. Ignoring the trail, we descended and in view of the handicap of skirts and ladies, your correspondent did make a most ogists employ two sets of hands at time beautiful spot on the old Madison esmasteriy descent. How a lady, who of harvest, one for picking the apples tate, near Orange, Va.

James Monroe's body reposes in Holin and out of a carriage, can in the country scramble through matted underbrush, swing down by the hangmond and the James River. Above the ing boughs, roll over fallen trees, slide gracefully down a bark chute; tumble, jump, fall, and finally land at the bottom of a hill, cool and collected, though took our station, only a little way from the woodmen, we found that they had finished the work? their axes had to do by cutting nearly half way through the tree on the side toward which it was to fall, and were then driving a long double-handled saw into the tree on the opposite side. Although the lower portion of the tree still stood .firm and motionless, the graceful, lofty top was already swaying, as though conscious of, and silently protesting against, its fast approaching prostration. It was a beautiful picture before us, stretched in a frame of circling forest. The fern brakes flourishing in almost tropical nailed, the barrel turned over, and on at North Bend, lifteen miles from Cin- luxuriance; trees fallen ages ago, some blackened by fire, the decay of others by his unsteady walk on deck, and his variety in the barrel is plainly marked. | John Tyler's body rests within ten hidden; the vivid green of the baby

A half score of our party scattered about in their picturesque camp costumes, and all were flecked with the light quivering down through the interstices of the leafy dome far above us, the light which "stole its colors from the glow of Mars, the sky's deep azure, and was to be erected, commemorative of his voiley had been fired, gave warning that the woodman's work was nearly Europe, the fruit was carefully packed | Millard Fillmore's remains lie in the done. It sounded like a desperate an-The towering head no longer swayed well down the African Coast toward chaff. The plan of enveloping each grave is marked by a marble monu- woodman jumped from the scaffold. Thin steel had entered the giant's heart, and dried, appears to have met with Pa., in a vault of masonry. The mon- for a moment stood motionless to its success. Apples for export should be ument is composed of a simple block of lightest, furthest branch, then slewly bowed its head, the whole trunk shudmonument is a great pile of marble, arch's mouraing comrades it plunged forward. The very echoes were Andrew Johnson's grave is on a drowned then. There was a terrific cone-shaped eminence, half a mile from crash of wrested limbs as a ragged rent was torn through the woven branches of the trees, a whirling, shricking rush The body of James A. Gartield has of air, a thundering, deafening boom been placed in a tomb at Cleveland .- and shock that shook the ground like an earthquake, and lifeless, bleeding, and scarred the giant lay low. It was some time before any of us moved, or scarcely breathed, and when we did one might have thought us Pagan worshippers drawing nigh the smoldering ruins of a devastated temple. We

found the end of the trunk thirty feet from the stump. This was explained by the woodman, who pointed out that the bark underneath the tree, had imbedded its rough surface in the ground and broken off for some distance. The inside of the bark, when freshly cut, is as slippery as a school-boy's favorite ice-slide, and the tree, with its terrific forward motion, had slid along on its own bark. As we stood by the stump, showers of light green branches continued to fall from the trees on either side of the fallen trunk until its nakedness was covered with the soft green him. Pending their verdict, it may be shroud, tenderly laid on by pitying worth while, perhaps, to consider the hands. We climed up on the back of the prostrate sequoia and slowly paced its entire length. Our progress was not impeded by limbs, of which this mighty redwood was free three-fourths of its length, and those that had grown near its top had been whipped off and splint-ered into fragments by its terrific meeting with the earth. When we reached the end of its unbroken and symmetriman would cut the trunk into fourteen-

cal length we turned and looked back, reflecting that on the morrow the woodfoot sections: on the next day ox teams, with their shouting drivers, would drive however, varies greatly, and there are these sections, stripped of their bark, to bave read in a long time is that story often Hemishes in the shape of darker the nearest saw-mill; on the morrow of a robber and a poor lone woman near patches which would seem to ruin an after that grimy men would lay iron otherwise eligible candidate's claim. tracks where the giant had fallen, and It has been, therefore, found necessary then, greasy, smoking, and shrieking. then, greasy, smoking, and shrieking, the locomotive would come, desecrating which will demonstrate the right of the the spot. - Cor. San Francisco Caronicle.

A Selfish General.

One night in the spring of '62 General Richardson, who then commanded a brigade, took it into his head to inspect the picket line. Coming upon a reserved picket of about thirty men under command of a Captain of the Second Michigan Infantry, the General saw iit to interogate as follows: "Captain, in case of an alarm by the

advance picket what would you do?" "Send off a reinforcement at once." "And if the firing continued?" "I shou'd move up with the remain-

der of my force." "And suppose a whole company of the enemy should press forward?"

"We'd whip them." "But if it was a regiment?"
"I'd form a line of battle and check them until I sent back and got orders to charge and capture the whole-lot."

umn in two, and whip both halves in detail." When the woodman pointed out the At midnight the brave Captain was tree he was about to fell, our party relieved from further duty on picket. looked about in vain for some place He was very indignant and considera-where its three hundred feet, of trunk bly puzzled, but after thinking the mat-

-On the premises of Colonel J. H. sion the Tatum, on Mobile Bay, is a mammoth Night.

For that," said he, "my love, I guess You cannot, cannot love me lucas; Give me the little hand I pruces." "Tis thine," she said, with glance oblique While blushing ween dyed her chique— The twain will be made one next wique.

The Jeanuette.

The fate of the Jeansette is a mysby the same feeling of public suspense, dollars for her concerts here. which followed the disappearance of Sir John Franklin. Two years have charming, ofthe and active, feels his passed since the gallant little vessel seventy-two years only in a slight deaf-3d of September, 1879, that she was .—The "Ballade of the Scottyshe last spoken by a whaler. She was then Hynge," which is said to be the first heading north in the direction of printed Earlish ballad, is soon to be re-Wrangell Land, well provisioned for a printed in fac-simile. cruise of three years, manned by a picked crew of thirty-two men, and commanded by an officer who had had branching elms. She favors soft, subexperience in Arctic exploration. There has been no sign since that day. The two missing wha'ers, which were seen about the same time, were driven by the fee floes toward the Asian coast, one wrecked and the other abandoned. There is still good ground for believing that the Jeannette reached Wrangell Land. The Corwin, following her course so far as the records ran, apago without catching a glimpse of her, as his portraits represent him. His and now the news comes that the attempt has been repeated and a landing moustache has a tawnf amber shade of effected, but that no traces of the missing steamer have been found. The coast was too extensive to be thorough- ruddy. ly explored, and the Corwin too fragile that she was compelled to look else- present asylum, perhaps my tomb." where for winter quarters is, however, greatly strengthened by the Corwin's fruitless search.

of open water and to push northward. 1930. The Corwin has descried on this latest voyage an open sea leading no one knows whither, save in the direction of the Po'e. It is possible that the Jeannette's commander was tempted by the clear water to push ahead and to search for a harbor in the unknown seas nearer to the Pole. If he succeeded in foreing an entrance and in finding an enchorage beyond the horizon which closes in upon Wrangell Land, he would however, have enabled him to set his face homeward, and the Corwin would naturally have seen traces of the Jeannette in the vicinity of Herald Island. The safest conjecture that can be made under the circumstances is that the little vessel was carried by the ice toward the east, and that her commander, finding that it would be impossible to push north, has directed his energies to making his way to the Atlantic. The fact that the Siberian coast has been tolerably well explored this season diminishes the chance that the Jeannette was swept away with the whalers and wrecked in the quarter where they have been found. It is certainly premature to assume that the fate of the Jeannette is already sealed by the Corwin's disclosures.

Wrangell Land, it must be borne in mind, is a coast line of undetermined extent. The Admiral whose name it bears never caught a glimpse of it, but merely reported its existence from the main and. Captain Hooper, of the Corwin, who was so fortunate a year ago as to approach it on a very clear day, described it in his official report as covering at a distance of twenty-five miles an are of the horizon of about fifty degrees. At the southern extremity were three mountains apparently 3,000 feet high and entirely covered chain of rounded hills gradually approaching the sea level. It was Captain Hooper's opinion that Wrangell Land was a large island, and possibly one of a chain of islands passing entirely through the Polar regions to Greenland. That there are other islands lying north of it in the direction of the open water which he has himself descried this season there can be little doubt. It is possible, therefore, that the Jeannette, while unable to land in the quarter which has been visited by Captain Hooper, went forward beyond the reach of any relief ship, and that she will yet reappear bearing tidings of remarkable discoveries. The expedition under Paver and Weyprecht returned a few years ago from the Far North after its existence had been despaired of, and although the ship had been lost very high latitudes had been reached, and an entirely new group of islands and a stretch of coast line ex-

plored .- N. Y. Tribune. He Got It.

One of the most touching things we Franklin, Ohio. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money, or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any twenty cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only ninety-four cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold, bad burglar, looking about the scantily-furnished apartment, "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more, she replied, with a sigh.

A thought struck bim. "Your husband was a soldier, was he not?" She acknowledged that he was, and was killed in the war. "Then he must have had a revolver." he continued, searching her

countenance. "Ah, you grow confused, you stammer; your manner has betrayed you. Get that revolver at once and give it to me."

ger for the last time. There was a loud report, and the robber tumbled over dead. The community ought to pen-sion that woman.—Cincinnati Saturday

who have visited National Park will

An American Geyser. The Helens Herald save: Tourists

remember the large, beautiful spring in what is known as "Hill's Aere," lying midway between the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins. The second largest spring has quite recensive turned itself into a spouting geveer. It was first discovered by Jack Barnette, one of the oldest settlers, guides and scouts in Eastern Montana, and it has been named the "Sheridan" in honor of General Phil. Sheridan. Its eruptions

PERSONAL AND LITE TARY.

-Madame Patti will receive nearly tery that may ere long be accompanied a hundred and twenty-five thousand -Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, always

-Norah Perry's home is in Providence, R. I .- a little house shaded by

dred light, open wood fires, pictures pictures everywhere. -The London Albentum sets it down as a certain fact that the ordinary nove's bent over to England for notice from the United States are of better general quality than their equivalents produced

over there. -A recent visitor to Longfellow says hair and beard have dark lines, and his the vanished chestnut of youth. His blue eyes are bright and his cheeks

-A monument to Victor Hugo is to a craft to be detained in such dangerous be erected in his island home of Guernwaters, so that the evidence that the sev by the inhabitants, who are much Jeannette did not reach her first desti- attached to him. It was to Guernsey nation is by no means conclusive. She that the novelist dedicated his 'Toilers' may have wintered there and then of the Sea"- that small portion of

-Copyright laws are so inexorable in Great Britain that no one can sing They behaved very much alike, also, any selections from a composer's works Otis said they were twins all but one While it was Lieutenant De Long's without paying revalty. Even the thing they were not brothers. expectation that he would be able to organ grinders are subject to the law. | Alexander Vietta tiriswald Greene skirt the eastern edge of Wrangell The heirs and assigns of Offenbach de-Land and winter there, it was also his mand royalty from those who sing any Oris White was eight, fixed determination to take advantage of the tunes of the great composer until

- It was fifty years ago that Johann mittee of Ways and Means. Strauss composed his first walts He As an Executive officer, he was a comwas then six years of age, and no one plete success. thought of preserving the music. He It was understood that they were had a sister, however, whose memory needed only had a day at either house; of the fiftieth anniversary of its concep-tion. The wife of the composer has by the other much enduring family in just had it published under the title of the afternoon. "First Thought" by a Vienna music have had the opportunities for explora-tion of which he was in quest. So open ny, if juvenile spirit, and to display in. "but your papa told me we had worked ny, if juvenile spirit, and to display in."

dications of a true musical temperament, we would rest at least a week. But I -Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the novel. | don't know how to rest," ist, who has just been entertained at a banquet by his native city of Manchester. did it last summer at Ranger's Lakes. Is now seventy-six years old. Among That is so far away they have not behis paternal ancestors are Robert Ains-worth, a distinguished scholar, and Uncle Ned was tired out, and he went Henry Ainsworth, the Brownist, who up there and camped out, slept on hay was one of the most learned Hebrew and ate fish. He said it was as good as scholars of his time—the commence- play to get their own supper. I don't and see him if you like father of Mr. Ainsworth was Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, who was a solicitor, hav- great deal, six fish sometimes. We had caused, that Mr. Greene at once le ing an extensive practice in Manches-ter. He wished that his son should become a lawyer, but the young man's the fish." tastes led him irresistibly in the direction of literature.

RUMOROUS.

-When a woman sees a new fallstyle bonnet on another woman's head, she declares it to be hideous. The next day, when she gets one also, she sudstatements made to him by natives of denly discovers it to be as pretty as it can be. - Boston Transcript.

-Managers of church festiva's, having heard that the oyster crop was injured by the drought, are preparing to give each oyster plenty of water as soon as opened. The water will be served hot at the usual rates. - Philade'phia News.

-- Marvin's fifteenth wife reports from Minnesota. The returns are coming in with snow, while northward was a slowly. A few districts in Florida re-

Oil City Derrick. -When you see two young women slowly meandering up the street talking attentively to each other, you can make up your mind that there's some-Haven Register.

-- An exchange says: "Learn to say no. If a man makes a request of you which you cannot grant, tell him so at once. Don't deceive him. It may make him have unpleasant feelings toward you at first, but he will subsequently respect your straightforwardness." We know a man who tried the "no" business. He said it worked all right up to the "unpleasant feelings" part, but he did not wait long enough for the "subsequent respect" to operate, as the other fellow said he had been put off long enough, and if the bill wasn't settled in ten minutes he would receipt it by thrashing the everlasting lights out of him. -- Texas Siftings.

Driving With the Parasol,

The other evening the Jester was bathing his eyes in cold water, and suspended the operation long enough to remark:

"If a woman can't take her parasol to Heaven when she dies, she won't be happy there. She will come back after

An impressive quiet followed this dogmatic statement, and the parasols of the court knew some of them were in for it.

"We were driving this afternoon.

the aggrieved Jester resumed, "and

the Princess kindly shaded my head with her parasol. It was very kind, indeed. It limited my view of the country, at times, to my knees and the dash board of the wagon. Whenever we met a team, especially if the road was very narrow, the Princess lowered her parasol between myself and the passing wagon, so that I turned out by faith, or stood on my head to catch a glimpse of the colliding wheels. When once and give it to me."

we started down a steep hill, she lamenting over the poor little chaps, class who make it worth while for corn In vain the woman implored him to dropped the parasol between me and roles from the loft above called him to be hoed. They make life worth spare that harmless trinket, almost the the horses, and I trusted to the good voice from the loft above called his having - I outh's Companion. "I'd order a charge, split the col- sole memorial of the husband she had sense of the animals to keep out of the sole memorial of the first of the land always lost. She had pawned many things ditch. When we met any she had pawned many things ditch. When we met any she when in distress, but she had always ances to whom I wished to bow, she when in distress, but she robber was knocked my hat into my eyes. When we forgot the blankets."

What are you doing up there, lost. She had pawned many things ditch. When we met any acquaint- cats on the floor. unrelenting. Sobbing bitterly, she she would point my admiring gaze to went to a bureau drawer and removed some exquisitely tinted autumn leaves, Ally?" went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections.

"Must you have it?" said she, as she advanced with trembling steps toward him.

"Yes, I must," said the robber, extending his hand. "Well, then, take it," said she, gently pressing the trigeast for the last time. There was a loud set the most of the spicen, that first attacked same mation of the spicen, that first attacked same mation of the spicen, that first attacked cattle and horses. The diseased animals, without giving any premonitory and the back of my neck. Oft as the carriage struck a stone or lurched over a rut, she prodded my long suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head the pair consultant to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head to have a suffering head of the lamilies heid a consultant to have a suffering head to have a suffering h

-A mendicant would be aut to mak

Oar Young Readers.

A SPIRITED TEAM

I think of all the gallening.
The treating fast and hard.
That I have seen in to-sp or park.
On track or besievers. What color me that? serve? seen.

Excuse me, but 'the difficult. To know just what he say. I'm not enough a burnemen to Have learned their parasin yet. But one, I think, is reliew bloods, The other a brunette.

Where is their stable? do they have A manger and a staff of the part of the land of the bas his recom with Jest open, out it is based.

They're not such very patient stoods,

For both are apt to dry;
Ib and them, too, to-day at hanch,
Quarter about their per, But still the 're very spirited, To poigh, and proude, and con: And make for John or when he drives Postly of work and fum. - I'mak e Companion.

----CAMPING OUT.

The twins sat on a bench in the back porch, looking solemnly at each other. "Planning mischief," Nora said, when she saw them from the kitchen

They looked very much alike. Both headed northward. The presumpt on Norman ground, severe yet kind, my had round healthy faces, with light curling hair, and they were bine knick-erbockers much soiled at the knee.

> The boy with the long name invented mischief, and the other was a Com-

retained it intact, and has now made it so it made little difference which side possible to reproduce it in celebration of the garden they spent the morning

"I don't feel very tired," said Otis,

"'Ohr. I do," said Ally; "Uncle Ned did it last summer at Ranger's Lakes. only said supper, and I know they ate a on the hay in our barn, if you can get came willing that they should break

"I suppose Nora would give me anything if we would go." said Otis. "She said when I helped her beat eggs and forgot to take the shell off one, that she wished we were in Halifax." "Did she? Where is Halifax?" in-

quired Ally. "I don't know: a good ways, I guess, for Nora said she would have ime to clear up for once before we could get back." "Well, ask her for the things now."

Two pairs of feet clattered into the Whites' kitchen, and two voices cried at the same time: "Nora, will you give us provisions enough to last a week? We want to camp out and rest."

mains to be heard from, but it is proba-bly safe to say he is elected—to serve a good long term in the Penitentiary.— has gone to see aunt Jennie." said good long term in the Penitentiary.— and give us things." said was inquiring his way to the famous mer at Concord. He was a sunburned the things if she was here," said Ally.

h s band. No one saw the little bandits as they

under their heads. were camping out when they awoke in sons: Those who make life possible

not to be described. Now the twins were as well known as plied by the publisher?

anxious mothers had ceased to feel found out how to make your boy's acanxious during an absence. But this cordion, and who composed the Book time they had not come back nor had of Instructions with, One Hundred of they been returned, nor could they be the Best Pieces of Music, that came

to find them where they were not the Delaware that hangs on your walls? likely to be."

Taking care of the tired horse, and hoeing corn; but they belong to the

Onia "I asked Patrick restorday when was over here to let me paint Billy's portrait on his stable door, and he said most practice on a board first. But I think I shall do it on the closet door. The artist hed not commenced his morning," said be, putting up the paint you any engagement this morning? If not, Mrs. Wh to sends her compliments, and the his heard some strongber place, and would they be kind enough to call at her house."

"Mrs. White;" excisioned Oliv. "Yes, the is your menber, I be "No," said Otis, thinking of Mrs. White, the invalid lady who kept a small store down the street; but he

a ided, after a moment a thought "My mother & Mrs. While, I sumpose " "She sain aunt Jennie and little Eddin are there, and would like to see on, continued Patrick. Mrs. White received them very

politely, offered them seats, and in paired if the camp was comfortable. Did they aspect friends to join them? or would they rema a there alone! The strange young gentleman were too much surprised to speak They looked so funny, sitting up straight in chars, with unwashed tures and hav sticking in the rhair, that aunt

and little Eddie was a'ruid. Nora came to the door with a measage for Mrs. White; and, when that lady politely asked them to excuse her the little campers could bear it ay longer. Ally put on his hat "We will go," said he, "and see it

Jennie had to look out of the wind

my mother knows us." But Mrs. Greene had gone out for the day, and there was no dinner. The buys went back to camp. "Your father a barn is a lonesome old place," raid Otis; "looks like an -;

phan asylum." "What is that?" Inquired Ally. "A place where they shut up children who have no mothers. But, ascerding to the "carny," they found that there was a dinner of fred fish and bread on a board, which the

relished. The afternoon was very long, for they had not the courage to call on Mrs White again. . It was almost night when Mrs tireens came into the camping regions, am ting Ally bounded down to her, exclaim-

ing. "Mamma, can we go home? I am tired of this old camp." "I hardly know how to answer you. my dear," replied Mrs. Greens "Yes went away without asking pana. He may expect you to ask him if you can return. But you can go with me now

The little culprits were so unconse of doing wrong at first, and so peni tent when they know what trouble the camp and come home. Before Mrs. Greene had them washed and brushed they had recovered their spirits, and were roads to forgive the White family and aunt Jennie Nora received them with open arms.

She made quite a little feast in bonor of their return, and they both supped at the Whites. She nugged them separately and in a bunch. They are still trying to help, and tell the story of their one night in camp, as old soldiers tell the history of battles

life .- Louis Ball, in Wice Awake.

from which they barely escaped with

The Two Kinds of Able Men. There are still people who think that But Nora was talking with Mary in nothing is of much account unless it the next house, and did not hear them. brings in hard cash. A correspondent "I can't ask mamma, because she met one of these a short time ago, as he "I know she or Nora would let us have farmer work no in a field near the road. "Lo you belong down here?" said "We might take them, then," said he to the correspondent, pointing to Otis, "and tell about it when we come the place where the school was held.

"No," was the reply; "I am no philthing mighty important about to be developed. Just as like as not they are going to buy a yard and a half of ribbon to "match" a new suit.—New chicken better."

So Otis took up the market basket osopher."
"Queer lot, they are," continued the farmer. "I wonder how much the chicken better." The nice slices of chicken which down to good solid work. But I guess Nors had ready for tea were laid in they've got their bread and butter the basket with biscuit, cake and cook- readily provided, and I don't suppose ies. A small pail of milk Otis took in they have to find out how much they

are really worth." We have known better informed man left the kitchen and went over into than this old farmer who held in considerable contempt the gentler voca-They climbed into the loft and put tions, and were disposed to say, with the basket in a safe place while they the cobbler of o'd. There is nothing scooped out a hollow in the bay for a like leather." Most men have their bed. This bed looked narrow, and leather. It may be Greek; it may be they lay down to try it. The hay was metaphysics; it may be pop-corn; but soft and fragrant. It rustled drowsily whatever it is, there is nothing like it

for them. They soon remembered that they There are two kinds of valuable perthe hay just before dark, feeling as if and those who make life worth having The sun-burnt farmer belongs to It was delightful. Why had they the indispensables who make life posnever thought of this before? And the sible. Business men, manufacturers, supper was delicious.

In the edge of the evening, when all who direct, the world's daily work, Pairick came from the station with the belong to the same class. But O sun Greene and White fathers, the two burnt farmer, who made your Farmers' houses were in a state of commotion Almorae that hangs to the tireplace by its loops of tape so considerately sup-

the postman. They had been lost and And farmer, who invented your clock. returned so many times that their price one dollar and lifty cents? Who It did not seem probable they would charge? Who painted the beauteous walk three miles to sunt Jennie's, but picture of "Emms," and who made the grand chrome of Washington crossing with the instrument without extra And who will preach your sermon He drove away in search of the two next Sunday morning? and how would colors while the two families renewed their efforts in vain. The clocks were striking nine when Patrick returned dose over? The people who provide these things could not earn much money

The Siberian Plague.

The Siberian pest that has been raging in Russia is described as an inflam with victous little jabs. I drew my head down between my shoulders and sat cruched and bent, but the remorse iess parasol still pursued me. I have been pelted and rasped and prodded, and all from a mistaken sense of kindness. A woman's unseltakness and kindness. A woman's unseltakness and kindness of heart always prompts her to hold her parasol over the man who drives. And if the man who drives a millowed to choose for himself, he will choose sun-stroke in preference to the parasol every time. I do not complain, a mind you. I merely make a simple statement of plain fact. Any man who has had to drive a pair of horses while some gentle-hearted woman held a parasol over him knows what I have suffered. And when she bolds an umbrella, it is infinitely worse. Then the man is utterly and hopelessly extinguished, and the material world is to him only a wild, blank chaose of alpacs and whalebone."

But here her little screen highness of the horse was plant. They do not complain, which should not be the remained of the chair, the house adjourned. But the contained the man would make the remaine of the single of the chair, the house adjourned. But the west fad it, and of the chair, the house adjourned. But the was a point of point on the all.

A mendicant would be apt to make the man the door of a category and the point on the barn the door of a category and hopelessly.

A mendicant would be apt to make the sum the door of a category and the point on the barn the door of a category and the point on the house adjourned. But the was a point of point on the all.

The was a disturbed night for all. The long the owner of animals dying of it were allowed to some the unmanual appear made them restless, and it manual appear and the unmanual appear made them restless, and it was a manual than the manual appear and the unmanual than the manual appear and the unmanual appear and the unmanual than the unmanual than

stood open where Patrick kept his tools.

There was a pail of paint on the shelf.

"It is to paint the doors. Ally," said printed.

—The late Sidney Lanier left two completed works which are yet to be printed.