COMING INTO PORT.

I have weathered the turbulent cape

storms, Where the winds of passion blow; I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to

I have sheered by the recis that ghash to foam The shallows that lurk below; I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea, And the wild, strong stress of the gale. As my brave bark quivered and leaped, alive, To the strain of its crowded sail. Then the masterful spirit was on me, And with Nature I wrestled glad; And danger was like a passionate bride. And danger was like a passionate bride, And Love was itself half mad. And flow as a storm that blew me on, And flow as the wild winds fly; And Hope was a pennon streaming out High up—to play with the sky.

Oh the golden days, the glorious days That so lavish of life we spent; Oh the dreaming night with the silent stars 'Neath the sky's mysterious tent! Oh the light, light heart and the strong desire And the pulse's quickening thrill, When Joy lived with us, and Beauty smiled, And Youth had its free, full will! The whole wide world was before us then, And never our spirits failed, And we never looked back, but ownward, onward onward Into the Future we salled. Ever before us the far horizon Whose dim and exquisite line Alone divided our Earth from Heaven, Our Life from a Life divine. Now my voyage is well-nigh over, And my stanchest spars are gone; And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark Drags slowly and heavily on. The faint breeze comes from the distant shore

With its odors dim and sweet, And soon in the sllent harbor of peace Long-parted friends I shall greet. The voyage is well nigh over, Though at times a capful of wind Will ratile the ropes and fill the sails, And furrow a wake behind. But the sea has become a weariness, And glad into port I shall come With my sails all furled, and my ancho dropped,

dropped, And my cargo carried home. —[Blackwood.



Breeders' Gazette.

Concerning the indefinite quantity of the hay ration in the most reputed feeding experiments referred to in a recent issue of the Gazette, it may be observed that feeding hay is a matter that requires considerable judgment. Animals, like men, when the opportunity for exercising preferences is presented, are apt to consider that the best only is good enough for them; and if more hay is given than they require will pick out the tenderest and sweetest portions and leave the remainder, which not only They prefer the corn. The low price of attorney general's grandfather received leave the remainder, which not only wastes valuable feed, but encourages the habit of daintiness in the animals will be healthier with less corn. We do when he followed the little corporal to which is conducive to anything but not say that wheat is worth more Moscow and back. His library of genthrift. Animals that pick over their food, smelling and poking every blade and stem in apparent hesitation as to whether to eat or not, do not compare in thriftiness with the good, square eaters, whose appetites give them a good relish for a reasonable quantity of any proper food. The general practice is to "feed enough," which is correct enough when just sufficient is given, and very incorrect when great quantities are given to be trampled under foot or otherwise wasted. But, with hay in the bulk, it is not easy to gauge the quantity given, and even if this were possible, it would vary materially with the quality of the product, although where good grain rations are given, variations in quality of hay are not so important. We remember once weighing some hay that had been passed through a cutting machine, and that a great big pile of it uncut, measured only a few bushel basketfuls after the machine had done with it, weighing seven pounds and a half to the basket, or just half the weight of course wheat bran weighed at the same time. It is not possible in the practical operation of the farm, to be strictly accurate in such matters, but whatever departure there may be should be, so far as possible, controlled by calculation, and not left altogether to accident. The farmer cannot have a ply their nefarious trades entirely unchemical analysis made of his hay to ascertain its exact nutritive value, and he police. The fairs, as now conducted, cannot weigh out to each bullock so many pounds and ounces, but he can, considering the quantity of grain he is feeding and the average quantity of the hay, make up his mind about how many pounds he should feed. If he does this, and finds part of it wasted, he can decrease the quantity, and if the quantity should be insufficent, his own practical observation will soon disclose that fact to him. Having made up his mind about how many pounds to feed, he will have to guess and weigh a few times until he can approximate somewhat the desired quantity, and will have a basis or starting point from which to increase or decrease the ration. Besides he is young. pursuing a method, and there is nothing that contributes so much toward sharpening one's powers of observation Anta Californian. and ripening his experience as the habit of doing everything to some fixed method or plan.

profitable necessarily, but the best. Having this object in view, I have been obliged to discard oil-meal and thus reduce the quantity of my butter and value of the manure. I have been forced to, instead of dropping the ma-nure into a convenient cellar below the cows, to give up the cellar and wheel manure to a shed. I have been obliged high praise. The gait can never be to discard deep setting and content my- picked up in after life; it must be born self with the open shallow method, which is more expensive and requires more attention, and returns less butter. I have been obliged to reject all feeds he loses his consciousness of rectitude except corn, wheat, hay, beets and car- and pride of honor, so surely will he rots. I have been obliged to give up pick up the gait of the loafer. An honusing the milk of cows that have calved too recently or too remotely. I have like a thief, and a thief can never counfor a dozen years carefully, faithfully terfeit the gait of an honest man; but, tried to make good butter, as good as it could be made; this has always been the men one knows, it must be remembered first consideration-profitableness has always been secondary. The result has been for many years this butter has brought a higher price than any butter in Berkshire, where so much good butter is made, and it has taken the first prize over the country. It has been in such constant demand at 65 cents

(2s 81k) per pound the year through that when making 100 pounds a week there have been unfilled orders for twenty-five to thirty pounds more."

Hog Cholera and Corn. American Agriculturist.

cholera, so called, is due directly or remotely to the too exclusive use of Indian corn. There may be some truth in it, but there is no proof. Indian corn is one of the best foods for fattening hogs. It is particularly rich in starch and oil, and of course, this means a comparatively low proportion of nitrogenous or fleshforming ingredients. Wheat, barley, suite of rooms on the first floor as his mineral matter. Peas are still richer in they are, too, like big square boxes, nitrogen.

gen and mineral matter, the evil, it nearly three sides of the rear room. He than corn to fatten hogs, but it is quite eral literature occupies another room. probable that for young growing pigs, corn, wheat is probably the cheaper general's knowledge of the polite literafood, especially for young animals. We cereal. We can raise it at less cost per fact that much of the reputation as a bushel than wheat, but when wheat literary man that he has with some peocan feed it to our animals with good advantage.

Abuses at Fairs. **Rural New Yorker.**

Most of the fairs have now been held, and the Rural has been represented at him to stow away his household a large number, and we are sorry to say with its retinue of servants whenever that, while none were entirely free from he is in town. His valet used to sleep objectional features, they have, with on a bed nicely arranged over the tub three or four exceptions, been so con- in the bath-room. so as to be within call ducted as to be a disgrace to the man- of his master. The valet came home agers and a curse to the communities in reprehensibly late one night, the bed which they have been held. The great | tumbled down, and, striking the spigot, central idea has seemed to be, to get all the befuddled servant was almost the money possible. No matter how fraudulent, demoralizing, degrading or the tub. Since that time the valet corrupting the thing seeking admission sleeps over a barber shop round the has been, if the proprietors were only willing to pay freely for the privilege, they have been permitted upon the grounds, and been usually allowed to locate in the choicest positions, and there molested by the officers, managers or are the most pernicious of all influences at work to ruin our people, and unless changed and purified, or abandoned, will result in exerting a most powerful on to some other office meanwhile, take influence to corrupt the morals of our a residence near George W. Childs' sons, our daughters-indeed, of the nation. We have not time or space at present to enter into this matter as it deserves; but we cannot refrain from calling attention to it, and asking farmers and decent people of other callings to carefully consider and talk it over with their neighbors, and resolve that when the annual meetings come, they will see to it that men are put in control who will show some regard for the honesty, morality and decency of the

make the best butter-not the most statesmen and great philanthropists the vain man, the teetering trip of the "dude," the lounging gait of the unemployed club man, are all too familiar to call for description. To say that a person walks like a lady or gentleman is in a man or a woman and cultivated in early youth. It is lost to a man when he falls into bad ways, for so surely as est man, gentle or simple, never walks

in attempting to apply these rules to that all thieves are not caught, and all suspected persons are not bad. ----

BREWSTER'S HOUSE.

The Curious Mansion of the Attorney General of the United States.

Philadelphia Letter to the Chicago Tribune. Attorney General Brewster, who recently arrived from Newport, is still in town. He will leave for Washington, however, next week, and during the season will entertain with his usual antique elegance. Brewster's house-We often here it asserted that hog his home-here is one of the queerest and at the same time coziest old mansions in the city. It was in the fashionable part of the town forty years ago, but fashion has tucked up her skirts and left it. It is now in the midst of the section of the city that is devoted to lawyers' offices, banks and beer saloons. Mr. Brewster has always used the and oats, contain more nitrogen and own offices. Queer looking old rooms with high ceilings, quaint moldings, The nitrogen and mineral matter of unlooked for recesses and heavy wheat exists largely in the bran, or in wooden mantel pieces covered with the part of the grain immediately under carvings or angels' heads and bunches the bran. If corn is deficient in nitro- of grapes. His law library takes up would seem, could be corrected by feed- has been gathering it book by book for ing bran and fine middling in connec- years and years until it is one of the tion with the corn. The practical diffi- best collections in the state. Over the wheat gives a good chance to see if pigs from the hands of the great Napoleon It contains everything probably that wheat is the healthier and better food, our grandfathers might, could, would, and if wheat is worth no more than or should have read. The attorney ture of the days of knee breeches and believe in corn. It is the grand Ameri- frills is extraordinary, and it is to that cannot be sold for more than corn we ple is due. Before he was appointed attorney general his own were the only officers in his house. After he had gone into the cabinet, however, and removed to Washington, he rented out nearly all of the rooms. It requires a good deal of skill now for drowned before he was pulled out of corner, and when the attorney general desires his services he hangs a silk union-jack out of the rear window of his sleeping chamber as a signal. Mrs. Brewster has very little love for the musty antique, and has for years been urging her husband to move to a more fashionable part of the city. Her desires, apparently, are about to prevail, and when Mr. Brewster leaves the cabinet he will, if he shall not have caught

MUSIC.

Music, with its prying fingers, Breaks a passage to the soul, And in weird and magic numbers, Sweeps its harp beyond control.

In the cottage of the peasant, Or in gilded princely halls, Music weaves its subtle influence And its raptured soul enthralls.

Music stirs the soldier's bosom, Bearing the battle standard high. Proudly on 'mid storms that whistle Wildly along the leaden sky!

Music raves where restless surges Thundering strike the craggy shore, Or softly steals like a winged phantom O'er the ocean's shell-paved floor.

Music, mystic and ethereal, Sweeter tones than earth can boast, Breathes from harps of the immortal Choir of Heaven's seraphic host.

Christ-strung harp, let angel fingers Wake thy holy song, while scraphs near Strike the chords that banish sorrow, Bringing peace for every tear. -[Chicago Sun

1W0 POLYOPTICON PARTIES.

The Reason Why Jack Lee Gives Free Sh

Every Christmas Eve. Little Mrs. Lee had constant evi lences of the fact that smoke indicates a fire somewhere, even if the smoke was

only a smell on her small boy's mischievous hands. "You've been playing with fire again. Jack?" she inquiringly affirmed on one

particular day, just before election. "Did you see me?" asked Jack, with out raising his honest blue eves.

Mrs. Lee was a wise young mother, so she said reassuringly:

"Tell mamma all about it, Jack! Did you have an awful nice time?"

The effect of the invited confidence was electrical. Jack's face grew absolutely brilliant with certain mirthful recollections as he answered, boy-like:

"You bet! We had a bully good ime! You just ought to have seen us making daisy fires in tin cans, and when we saw the cops coming, we ran down the back alley, and then I came home. Oh, it was fun!"

"I say, marm," he continued, insinuatingly, "won't you please give me that busted barrel out in the yard to make a bonnie of on 'lection night, if the best man is 'lected, 'cause I don't want to have to steal a good one from other got down she never knew, but in a mo-ment she was beside what seemed a people's back gate, like some of the other boys do.

Neither did Mrs. Lee care to have the family name tarnished, so she said:

"Yes, Jack, you can have the barrel,' with the mental determination to have her small boy rather more carefully guarded, for he was not yet six years old, and he seemed just a little too progressive for his age.

It was really wonderful how often those tiny never-clean hands proved traitors, and disclosed the workings of his head, the doctor rather doubted his their youthful master's busy brain; and in time Mrs. Lee learned, from the peculiar smell, to tell just what manner of fire Jack had been tampering with. Once, the combined odor of gas and matches rather mystefied the little mother, but the usual cheerful inquiry revealed the nature of her darling's investigations.

After the baby pictures, the great men of the day were shown, but they were not as enthusiastically greeted as were the bright colored illustrations of nursery rhymes and fairy stories, the hues showing on the white background, and the pictures standing out quite as clearly as those in black and white. The comic lithographs and the chromo cards were all well received, while the pictured "story of Joseph," was made more entertaining by the word descrip-tion of Sunday school children.

"His coat was worse than a crazy quilt," remarked one of the enlightened.

"That was an awful mean trick of his brothers'-throwing Joseph down the well, and staining his coat with blood to scare his poor old father with," remarked another.

"Yes, it was," said the third, "and just to think! he didn't keep the money when they played him such a trick! Well, he could afford to be good." Ten o'clock came all too soon, but a

few simple refreshments served as consolation, and after a vote of thanks to

Jack and his mother, the young folks said good-night, and went to their various homes.

Two days before Christmas, only a few short weeks after Jack's first Polyopticon surprise party, and he was destined to have another-a very sad one. Every boy and girl on the street was in a state of excitement, for little Jack Lee was missing from his home, and his poor mother was nearly wild with anxiety. Still, she had such faith in Jack's promise, that she felt only an accident would have detained him.

"Jack promised not to go far, and he said he would be back before dark; something has happened to my baby!" she wailed, as she joined the searchers. Every house where Jack was known

was visited, but the mother knew Jack was in no house, so, through snow and dark, on she went from one vacant lot to another, halting a moment at the foot of every slide. Oh it was so cold, and she was so weary! But hark!

Surely, that was a moan, sounding from the bottom of a freshly dug-out cellar for a new house. How Mrs. Lee mass of earth and snow. She had found her boy; but was he dead?

It was Jack's call for help that brought the searchers to them a few moments later, for in the agony of joy and grief, or fear, his mother fainted. Jack was not injured; he had gone too near the edge of the cellar and the snow and earth had caved in, and the boy was dazed by the fall; indeed, he said he could not get out, and so he went to sleep. But as he had a large lump on

sleeping naturally. "There is no hurt," said the kind doctor; the suspense and shock has been more than the little mother could bear. cents for being driven from the bank to We must do something to rouse her the government buildings." from this stupor."

party," suggested Jack, the innocent farm laborer eats four meals a day, and ause of all the trouble. "A splendid idea," said the doctor, the tables are spread for meals at interwho was perfectly familiar with Jack's peculiarities, and withal was something evening. of a wit, so no one was surprised when he was heard to declare that "if Jack's hands were smoked a little it might help to wake up the mother"-which caused Jack to almost burn his hands. holding them over the glass shade of the lamp, which was soon ready; the guests were bidden and little mother was placed upon a sofa before the screen, and the performance commenced. "Laugh and talk as loud as you please, children," directed the doctor, "and here, Jack, stand by your mother, put one of your smoky hands on her forehead, and give one of your unearthly war-whoops." Jack tried to obey, but the "yell" was by no means one of the healthy sounds that so often terrified Mrs. Lee and her friends, but perhaps the pain in the cry reached her heart; anyway, her eyelids quivered and at last opened and the little mother saw about her anxious, loving, youthful faces-her boy and his friends, and as she clasped Jack in her feeble arms and wept tears of gratitude, one after another little form left the room, while the picture of Jack when he was a baby smiled upon them from the screen; and this is the reason why Jack Lee gives a joyous Polyopticon party every Christmas eve.

"He was older than Jim." "What do you do here for a living?" "Eat."

"How do you get anything to eat?" "The best way we kin." "How do you spend your Sundays?" "Like the week days. "How do you spend them?" "Like Sundays." "Is that your daughter, yonder?" "No, sir, she ain't my daughter yonler, nor nowhere else.

"Is she a relative of yours?" "No, sir; no kin."

"Kin to your wife, I suppose?" "No kin to my wife, but she's kin to v children."

"How do you make that out?" "She's my wife."

"How far is it to the next house?" "It is called three miles, but the man who calls it that is a liar."

"I've got enough," said the judge, turning to the lawyer. "Drive on. I bity the man who depends on this man for information."

..... CURRENT NOTES.

An English surgeon says that shaving s a deadly practice, and if steadily indulged in, shortens life by several years. One reason why pure olive oil is diffiult to procure, is because of its large consumption by silk manufacturers as

material for loading their fabrics. Manchester, England, is threatened with a water famine, and the mills, dye works, and other industries will be stopped unless there be more rain.

John S. Prince, who rode a mile on a bicycle in 239, says that the wheels catching the trotting horse is only a matter of time, and thinks that the record will be reduced to two minutes or less in a year or two.

In the old records of the town of Clinton, Mass., a certain little thoroughfare was called "Cat Alley." In the present book of tax registration," and the name is euphonized into "Pussy Avenue," and it is supposed that the next step will be Feline Boulevard.

The growing crops and pastures of all the Australian colonies have suffered severely from drought. Recent rains have saved the wheat crop from the almost complete destruction at one time feared; but there appears to be very little hope of a prolific harvest.

The Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing and do not care for ice cream. Hot drinks and walrus blubber are their peculiar vanities and sealskin sacques are sold at two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail.

The Hawaiian Gazette complains because its hack-drivers occasionally become very impertinent and attempt to make overcharges. It says: "One of our citizens was abused the other day because he would not pay twenty-five

Englishmen eat at shorter intervals "Spose we give another Polyoptition than Americans are accustomed to. The in some of the baronial halls in England vals of four hours during the day and A gentleman in Ware, Mass., recenty let go a tame deer in the woods near the town. All the young bloods immediately started out with their flrearms in spite of the protestations of the deer's former owner. They have as yet failed to bring down the game. The Tallien band is the newest sort of girdle, and Felix is using it on many costumes, among the rest on one which Mrs. Langtry is to wear as Pauline. This band is of velvet, and is wide under the arms, where it is fastened into the seams, and then narrows to two straight ends, which are crossed in front under a buckle.

Practical Stock Breeding. Correspondence Pennsylvania Farmer.

A scrub heifer bred to a thoroughbred bull for her first calf, and then repeatedly bred to the same bull, will improve in her breedings so that each succeeding calf will be better than the preceding one, and this to a greater extent than if she had been bred to different bulls, though all equally good and of the same blood. This rule holds good with horses and sheep as well as cattle. Stick a pin right here. If breeding cattle get a good bull and keep him. If you conclude to breed Durhams, do so; that peculiar step, but it is the natural, if Holsteins, or any other breed, do so; careful, cat-like tread of the criminal. but don't breed to a Durham bull one The girl who walks with a flat foot year and Holstein the next. You must stick to the one thing if you expect to though she wanted it to grow there, breed good grades of either. And more may not be as attractive as the girl with than this, a cow that has once been the arched instep, but she is a good deal bred to a scrub bill, if bred promiscuonsly to different bulls, even of the same breed, will never produce as good calves as she would if bred several times in succession to the same individual bull. The man who has got heifers, high grades of thoroughbred, and does not want to raise their first calves, and who always a business man of energy, but uses a scrub bull because it is cheaper, if the stride is from the knee only he is saving pennies to-day at the enpense of dollars in the near future. Use nothing but thoroughbred males on all kinds energetic, is generally bright, always of stock, and, all things being equal, erratic and ill-balanced, often conceited, the longer you use the same animal the always careless, fond of admiration, better. I do no not mean by this that it is advisable to use him on his own praise and eclat, and, while often a good progeny, but on the original animals it fellow, generally unreliable. The diplomay be continued indefinitely.

The Best Butter.

Character in Gait.

It is well to beware of the man who

carries his left foot turned in toward his right in walking, giving the impression that his right foot turns out and his left turns in. This man is a natural petty larcenist. He may, perhaps, never have stolen in his life, but that was because of fear or lack of opportunity, but all the same he is liable at any time to sequester unconsidered trifles for pure wantonness. He is of a kleptomaniac nature; but he is not nearly so dangerous as the man who deliberately lifts his leg from the thigh as though he was going up stairs. That man is a natural and educated villian. In England, where the tread-mills are used iu prisons, many convicts acquire planted squarely on the ground, as better natured. She is sure to be a good nurse, kind-hearted, sympathetic. anxious to bear the burdens of others, while the girl with the arched foot is nearly sure to be selfish, and certain to be a coquette if she walks on her toes.

The man of short, nervous steps is is cold and selfish. The man whose stride is long, and at the same time generally willing to sacrifice much for mat and financier have a smooth, glid-

marble town house in the west end.

The Evolution of American Manners. Y. Herald.

In the matter of society, America, at a first glance, seems worse off than England. We have no native social traditions and we are shy of adopting foreign ones. Every one wants good manners, but how to get them is the problem. At this late day of our national and social existence we are not to be ruled from Buckingham Palace, and to go on our present basis is practically to stand still. But we are the corner stone of the future, not the culmination of the past. The geographical limits of America are its narrowest bounds. It is a new theater of the human race. Our first impulse is to regret the ease and automatic smoothness of the Old World. But those who stick to that impulse and do not rise to the new plane will be left behind and forgotten. We have our evils. But the American snob is not a feeble-minded man. He is an unjustifiable monster. These snobs will go, for the people have no sympathy with them. The young American Hercules will strangle these two old serpents-hereditary power and personal pretension. He is rough and crude about it now. Until the millennium comes we must regard with suspicion any man who claims to be immaculate.

"Nature's Serial Story" is concluded by Rev. E. P. Roe in the coming Christmas issue of Harper's Magazine, with a pleasant episode which readers will have more than suspected. In this story Gibson and Dielman have co-operated to make it the most richly illustrated work of fiction ever issued, and the former has given a careful as well as picturesque series of portraitures of the varying seasons of the American year. The story will also make a superb holiday volume from the press of Harper & Brother, in which Mr. Gibson will add few decorative illustrations not given in the magaziue.

A Baltimore paper intended to be complimentary when it said the Catholic clergyman attending the plenary council in that city appeared "far above the average of intelligence.

To write for all time is the ambition ing walk, hard to describe, but easy to of every author. The man who origirecognize. There is nothing sneaking nated the series of negro minstrel jokes magic-lantern did not have to have glass

"I was only a getting my alligator to

going," he said. Mrs. Lee was perplexed; what did Jack mean?

"Why, don't you know, mammadon't you 'member when we were going up in the alligator at the store the other day, how it shook funny, and the man told us about the gas, and he pulled a cord, and we rode up and down? So I made one most like it; come up stairs and see!"

No second invitation was needed, and sure enough! there was an impromptu elevator; a small bed drawn near the window where the curtain cord was within convenient reach, as the lighted gas supplied imaginary steam.

The rather pleasant smell of burnt sugar always told on the lighted candy cigar, and one day the never-idle hands were strongly impregnated with kero-

"Jack," said Mrs. Lee, who had one of her happy thoughts, "what have you been doing with your Polyopticon?" "Just getting it ready for my party,"

Jack unhesitatingly answered. "Did you try to light the lamp?" asked the anxious mother.

"Course not! Didn't you tell me never to do that, and didn't I promise I wouldn't? No, marm; I tell you I just fixed Poly up for the party.'

Mrs. Lee breathed free again; but the party! What could the boy mean? She found out soon after dark, when dozens of boys and girls-Jack's playmate-came trooping in-a regular surprise party; but Mrs. Lee was equal to the occasion. Jack had arranged the Arkansas Natives on Their Own Stamping Polyopticon-his amusing and instructive wonder camera-upon the table all right. So Mrs. Lee secured the white Arkansas Traveler. screens to the heavy curtains in the bay window, lighted the lamp, and then the show commenced. But just before Mrs. by having fifty cents in five-cent pieces keeper, who had offered his services for the occasion.

"What is that for, Robert?" she asked.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Lee," Robert bashfully answered, "Jack said this was other day that his papa was not very out; so me and Will Jones made it up between us to charge the rich boys five cents a piece for coming in to this party, but don't be uneasy, we let the girls and the poor boys in for nothing; and if you "How's all the folks?" poor boys in' for nothing; and if you please, just use the money I gave you to help Jack's papa out a little."

And these were the two very boys Mrs. Lee had often spoken of as "bad boys," but she took it all back, as she stooped and kissed the brown forehead. What a pleasant time the little folks had!

It was real amusing to hear their original remarks as the odd shadow pictures were thrown one after another upon the white screen. Never had the Polyopticon worked so delightfully, and it was such a surprise when the baby brothers and sisters of many of the children appeared in various attitudes before them. work; he had secured the photographs | the oldest."

because Jack had told him that "his

-M. E. L., in Foote's Health Monthly. A SQUATTER FAMILY.

Ground.

"I do not see any peculiarity about your people," said an eastern judge, addressing his travelling companion, a Lee put out the gas, she was astonished well known Arkansas lawyer, "I have travelled quite extensively in that state, slipped into her hand by the small door- and I have not as yet found that eccentricity of action and prevarication of reply that has often amused me in the

newspapers." "You have done most of your traveling by rail," the lawyer replied. "This is your first trip away from the main to be a free show; but he told us the road. I'll show you some of our genuine natives. Yonder is a house. Call well, and he 'sposed he was kinder tired | the landlord and hold a conversation with him.

"Hello!" called the judge.

"Comin!' the man replied, depositing

"Children's hearty; wife not well. Ain't what you can call bed sick, but just sorty stretchy."

"Got anything to eat in the house?" "Ef I had it anywhere I'd have it in the house.'

"How long have you been living here.

"Too long."

"How many years?" "Been here ever since my oldest boy was born.'

"What year was he born?"

"The year I come here." "How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived he would have been

That, too, was Robert's thoughtful the oldest until yit, but he died. Jim's

"How old is Jim?"

"He ain't as old as the one that the mails people attempt to mail.

FACT AND FANCY.

The best time to take down your fishng-rod and fowling-piece and go abroad into the country, is when your wife is up in arms in the midst of the delights of fall house cleaning.

The true workmen are those who love work and love to see it rightly donethose who finish their task, however arduous it may be, for its own sake.

"Hire a hall," "give us a rest" and all the others of the category of cant expressions and slang phrases used to intimate a bore that his conversation is not essential to your happiness, have gone out of date, and now you hear instead, "chalk your chin!"

A turkey on your own table is worth two in your neighbor's coop, unless it is a dark night and there are no mantraps around .- New York Morning Journal.

There is a Little Rock down in Arkansas, that is covered o'er with mossbacks. It is supposed to have been carried there by a glazier-one who had the rocks-in the early history of the state. The glacier was known as the "Arkansaw Traveler."-Chicago Sun.

Curiosities of the Mails.

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Only domestic letters are opened by the Dead Letter Office, and of these, during the past year, 15,000 contained money; 18,000 contained drafts, checks and money orders, and 16,000 contained receipts. In these letters the actual money received was \$32,647, and the drafts, checks and money orders amount to the enormous sum of more than \$1,300,000. In these letters there were 35,000 photographs and 66,000 of them contained postage stamps. A great many of them contained articles of merchandise and curiosities of various kinds, and there is now in the Dead Letter Office museum enough specimens of different things which have been sent through the mails to fill the shelves lining the walls of a good sized parlor. These curiosities are of all kinds, from a dirty shirt cuff to a polished dirk, from hand-made lace to Indian moccasins, from a cow's hoof to a human skull, from an eagle's claw to a live snake, from an Easter card to an alligator, and from gold nuggets to fine jewslry. Everything, in fact, that one would think impossible to send through

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A Berkshire county, Massachusetts, farmer writes to the Scientific Ameri-tation as though every step was careful deliber-tation as though every step was carefully under the scientific Ameri-tation as though every step was carefully tation as though every step was careful deliber-tation as though every step was careful deliber-tatio The lean ballet dancer is a ballet box stuffer. - Whitehall Times. can: "My object has always been to considered before being made. Great Boston Globe. ones."