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Eastward Bound.		
Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at		6:25 a. m.
Passeng'r, " 4,	" "	11:06 a. m.
Freight, " 8,	" "	2:15 p. m.
Freight, " 10,	" "	4:30 a. m.
Westward Bound.		
Freight, No. 5, leaves at		2:00 p. m.
Passeng'r, " 3,	" "	4:27 p. m.
Freight, " 9,	" "	6:00 p. m.
Emigrant, " 7,	" "	1:30 a. m.

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Pl. Centre	5:42 "	Madison	8:26 "
Humphrey	6:25 "	Humphrey	9:05 "
Madison	7:04 "	Pl. Centre	9:48 "
Munson	7:43 "	Lost Creek	10:09 "
Norfolk	8:04 "	Columbus	10:55 "

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Columbus	4:15 P. M.	Albion	7:43 A. M.
Lost Creek	5:31 "	St. Edwards	8:30 "
Genoa	6:16 "	Genoa	9:14 "
St. Edward	7:00 "	Lost Creek	9:59 "
Albion	7:47 "	Columbus	10:45 "

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"	Bellwood	6:30 "
"	David City,	7:20 "
"	Garrison,	7:46 "
"	Ulysses,	8:25 "
"	Staplehurst,	8:55 "
"	Seward,	9:30 "
"	Ruby,	9:50 "
"	Milford,	10:15 "
"	Pleasant Dale,	10:45 "
"	Emerald,	11:10 "
Arrives at	Lincoln,	11:50 M.

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Our Young Readers.

BORN ON AN APRIL DAY.

The girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lightsome, gay;
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes *do* give way
When things get crooked or all astray—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I belong to the time midway—
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?
—*Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.*

NAOMI AND THE BOG.

Many years ago, in a far-away village, there stood the strangest-looking house you ever saw—a one-story house, rather small, very broad on the ground, and sloping up to no breadth at all at the top. And besides sloping up toward the top, it curved toward each end. And somehow the chimney looked as if it had been built outside and then pushed down through the roof, instead of growing up from within in the orthodox way. The upper part of the house had once been green, and the lower part had once been white If you had seen it, you would certainly have cried out: "Why, it looks just like a boat turned upside down." And in fact, that was just what it was—a real boat that had been tossed about on the waves all through its youth; had carried out the fishermen full of hope to their work on the dim horizon, and had borne them back merrily singing in the late evening. And here it was in its old age, clear up on dry land, with its chimney and windows and doors, trying to get off its sea-legs—so to speak—and look like a real, genuine house. But it had not settled very far from the shore. All around it were wide sandy plains, with here and there a growth of oak and pine; and on a windy day you could hear the beating of the waves mingled with the sighing of the pines.

One afternoon in the early springtime, the little door stood open wide. What a pleasant little room to enter! though, to be sure, it gives you a sort of "capsized" feeling to look up at the keel overhead, and see the ribs curving up to it from either side. A pretty, quaint, cheerful, homelike room, for all its rough table and chairs and lack of ornament.

On this particular day, then, little Naomi—lame Naomi—and her father, were having a very earnest conversation.

"Father," cried she, "you will surely be back before to-morrow night. You know the moths might settle any night now."

You don't know what that means, do you? Well, Naomi's father—her mother had been dead more than a year—was poor, very poor; but by great care and hard work he had saved enough to lay out a little cranberry-bog, about a mile from their house, right by the running brook. It costs a good deal to lay out a bog—to haul on the clean sand, to set the straight rows of vines. To watch their growth, too, is a matter of no small moment, for in the spring, just when the vines are in flower, there come swarms of little flies or moths, settling all over the bog, and laying their tiny eggs in the heart of every blossom; these eggs change to worms later on, and spoil the berries. There is one way to cheat the little creatures; for all the bogs are made beside running brooks, and as soon as the moths appear the man who is watching turns the course of the stream right into the bog, which is thus soon flooded, and the little moths are drowned. Then the brook is allowed to run on its old channel, for the berries are saved.

Now you know what Naomi meant when she said the moths might come.

"Yes, child," her father said, "we could ill afford that loss. I shall only be away during the day; never fear."

Early the next morning the father plodded down the footpath toward the river, little Naomi hobbling along beside him with the aid of her crutch. In a moment he was in the boat, paddling slowly, first on one side, then on the other.

"Be sure to come home early, father," cried Naomi; and he had just time to nod and smile, when a bend in the river shut him out of sight.

All day long Naomi sat by the doorway in her little rocking-chair—one her father had made for her—sewing away and singing away just as happy as if she had been a Princess.

To be sure she was very lame—always had been; so lame that she was obliged to sit still most of the time: "but then," said she, "no one has everything, and I am so much better off than most folks."

At last it began to grow dark—just a little—so that Naomi could not see to sew very well, and she laid her work by to watch the red clouds sailing by, and see the young leaves just rustling in the faint puffs of air. Then it became darker and darker, and a little chilly, too; so she shut the door, and stirred up the embers on the hearth, and threw on more wood, so that the little room fairly glowed with light, and all the pans on the wall flashed like diamonds. Then she drew out the table, and put on the pretty red cover and the heavy crockery, and hung the kettle on the crane. And the heart of the old boat must have rejoiced at the warmth and light, when it remembered that it would never again face the stormy sea.

"Why doesn't father come?" thought Naomi, as the hands of the clock moved slowly round. "How late he is!" and she pressed her face against the window to try to get a glimpse of out-doors; but it was as dark as pitch outside.

"Hark!" she said, suddenly; "there he comes;" and wide open she threw the door. The steps drew nearer and nearer, and in a moment two men burst into the light streaming out from the doorway.

She had been so much alone that she was not afraid. So she called out:

"Where are you going?"

"We're bound for the West Bog, to let on the water."

"Have you seen my father?"

"No. He ought to be up to flood his bog 'fore long." Then they passed into the darkness again, and their steps died away.

They were going to flood their bog, then; they knew there was danger, Naomi thought. Oh, why didn't her father come? What should she do? For a moment—only a moment—she hesitated. Then she hurried to the closet and lighted the lantern, put on her cloak, took her crutch, and only waiting an instant to listen once more for her father's steps, she hobbled and ran down the path as best she might. On she hurried, the crutch stumping, stumping over the ground.

Oh, how dark it was! How small and alone she felt in this great black night! Once a rabbit burst from the bushes and scuttled across her way; time and again she thought she saw men crouching right in her path; and once she almost fell to the ground when close to her ear a loud voice cried out: "Tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo!" But she was a brave little girl, and she kept right on. But she had never walked so fast or so far, and soon her foot began to pain her at every step; but she dreaded to stop in all that darkness, so on she went. Then all at once she came upon a little cottage with a dim light burning in a front window. She knocked.

"What is it?" said a woman's voice. "Go away, or I'll set the big dog on ye, and git out the gun, and call my husband, and have you arrested! Ye'd better leave."

Naomi laughed.

"I'm only a little girl," she said. "Is there a man here that could go up to the bogs?"

"Be you alone, young woman?" asked the voice; and Naomi thought she saw the curtain drawn aside a little.

"All alone."

"Sure? 'Cos, if you haven't come to rob the house, I won't take the trouble to wake up the three men and the dog that's sleepin' in the next room, and git down the gun." And the door was opened a trifle.

"Why, you poor child!" cried the woman. "Well, well, how you did frighten me! I thought some robbers had come. I'm all alone. Come in."

So Naomi went in and sat down a moment by the fire; saw the cat dozing on the hearth, and laughed to see the old woman jump every time a leaf rustled outside. At last she left her alone again, and hurried along the lonesome road. But suddenly she stops; here right before her is a deep, broad brook, and in the faint light of the lantern she sees one narrow, slippery plank to lead across. Must she go back? In a moment her plan was laid. She raised her crutch and threw it clear over the brook; and then, the lantern hanging on one finger, she knelt down on the narrow plank, and grasping it with both hands, began to crawl along. Every instant she expected to fall into the dark water which she could just see slipping slowly along below.

But at length the stream was crossed, and on she hobbled again. She is almost there now. She knows just where stands the gate across the brook, for her father has often brought her here. She sees it there in the darkness, where the brook boils and foams and rushes through. Here it is at last. While she unfastens the gate she sees a fish or two dart into the light of the lantern for an instant—and then, thud, splash fell the gate and the water rose.

And then she fell over on the cold, hard ground, and fainted away from fright and pain.

Well, she awoke in the little room in the boat, and saw her father looking into the dancing fire. And she felt so warm and comfortable that she did not speak for a moment; and then she said: "Did it save the berries, father?"

And how her father came and talked to her, how he praised her and blamed her, and what they did with the money they received for the cranberries, would take too long to tell. But of all the stories that Naomi tells her grandchildren, the one they like best is that which tells how the owl hooted, and how she crossed the bridge and saved the bog.—*Wide Awake.*

The Mammoth in Northern Alaska.

These remains of the mammoth are found on the banks of all the rivers of Siberia, even those farthest to the eastward. Lyell, in his geology, gives an account of the discovery in 1772, by Pallas, of the entire carcass of a rhinoceros imbedded in the sand on the Vilini, a branch of the Lena, scarcely more than a hundred miles from the city of Yakutsk. The flesh adhered to the bones, though decaying, and the skin was covered with hair and wool. Pallas supposed from the wool and hair that the animal might once have occupied the cold regions of Central Asia. The veins still contained red blood, and half-chewed pine leaves were found in the cavities of his teeth. The bones of the mammoth, according to Cuvier, have been found at several places on the American continent, mixed with the bones of the mastodon, a huge animal with long, straight tusks, a specimen skull of which may be seen in Prof. Ward's collection. The Russian Captain, Kotzebue, found them on the northern coast of Alaska, where they were so common that the sailors used them for fires. The naturalist accompanying this expedition brought specimens of the tusks to Europe. Captain Beechey, an English navigator who visited the same region in 1826, stopping at San Francisco on the way, also found many of the remains along the Alaskan coast. They had been deposited in mud or sand, then frozen in, and having, in process of time, been gradually thawed out, had fallen from the solid bergs of ice and mud, and were lying on the shore, level with the tide. Bones of modern animals were associated with them. All of the remains of the mammoth along the American, as well as the Siberian coast, appear to have been frozen in masses of thin mud or sand, and not of pure ice. Those along the rivers of Siberia have been usually found in beds of sand, and not in the marshes *San Francisco Chronicle.*

◆

—The Empress of Austria is said to have determined to visit Canada next Autumn for the purpose of hunting. It is thought in Canada that the proposed visit probably will settle the question of the return of the Princess Louise in the affirmative, and it is also said the Prince of Wales will accompany his sister. One part of the programme already projected is a grand hunt, in which deputations of the hunting clubs of Montreal, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, will be invited by the Marquis of Lorne to take part.

◆

—When a burlesque company recently played in Indianapolis the corps de ballet was recruited, as to the unimportant back row, from resident young women. A fellow in the gallery recognized an acquaintance among them, and cried out: "Hi, Sallie Jackson!" She looked up in quick response, and the hilarity of the audience drove her from the stage.—*Chicago Herald.*

◆

—According to the telegrams, the flood carried off a lot of distillery cattle. To save correspondents the trouble of writing to us to know what kind of stock distillery cattle are; we say right now, that we do not know, unless distillery cattle is a technical term for corned beef.—*Texas Siftings.*

Precious Stones.

The custom-house people are uneasy over the undoubted fact that a great many precious stones are smuggled into this port from Europe. It is comparatively easy to conceal them, and the ten per cent. duty exacted by the Government makes it hard for many morally weak individuals to resist the temptation to smuggle. The Government officers have been aware of the evil for a long time, and have been doing their best to stop it, but the great disparity between the volume of trade in precious stones and the amount of the goods declared at the various custom-houses by importers shows that the Government is defrauded of a large amount of revenue.

The passion for all sorts of fashionable gems is rapidly increasing in this country. The price asked for them is keeping pace with the demand, the average increase in cost within the past two years being from ten to twenty-five per cent. The discovery of the African diamond mines some six years ago for a while reduced the price of diamonds, but the rapid growth of demand, in the United States chiefly, has restored the equilibrium of the market. The trade are now asking ten to fifteen per cent. more for diamonds than was asked fifteen months ago. New York dealers in gems have had the most prosperous business of their lives within the past year and a half. It is a common thing in New York society to see $10,000 to $20,000 in diamonds on a lady's person. At the fashionable entertainments on Murray hill, or at the balls and garden parties at the watering-places in summer, one may literally see bushels of diamonds. Nearly ever woman has big solitaires in rings or ear-rings. The large solitaire diamond is not preferred to the cluster. The gentlemen wear few diamonds, and they are likely to be mistaken for gamblers if they wear solitaires. They wear rings and studs of fancy stones, however, and, while ten years ago they were eschewed by American gentlemen of taste, the outfit of a man of fashion now is not perfect without them. Sapphires, rubies, the amethyst, topaz, the emerald, cat's-eyes, and the aqua marine are the stones in most demand for gentlemen's wear.

In the year 1881 gems to the value of $8,332,511 passed through the custom-house, which was nearly four times the value of those imported in 1871. Dealers say that all the more valuable stones are now selling at the rate of six to one as compared with 1871. New York is already one of the greatest markets for gems in the world. Many people here wear diamonds who, if living in Europe, in the same social and financial position, would not think of such a thing. The briskness of the New York market is naturally centering here all the industries connected with preparing the gems for the retail trade. Diamonds are now largely imported in their natural state. It is only six years since the first diamond-cutter who was proficient in his business began work here. Now there are quite a number of these skilled workmen in New York, and dealers assert that their work is superior to that of either the Dutch, French, Greek or English cutters and polishers. In proof of this rather remarkable statement, they say that European dealers have recently sent diamonds in the rough to this country to be dressed. They claim that a good many European-cut stones are cut in a careless manner, and do not compare favorably with the work of American workmen in polish and brilliancy. It takes at least four years to learn the art of diamond-cutting. The diamonds are found in alluvial deposits, and are extracted by washing. Two of them are rubbed together until they receive a shape in the rough. They are finished by grinding on a revolving disk of steel, which is covered with oil and diamond dust. Most diamonds are cut in the shape of brilliants, and some in the form of a rose, having a flat bottom and an upper surface of tiny facets, and ending in a point. A first-class workman can cut and polish about five diamonds a week, and his wages range from $40 to $75. The great secret of the trade lies in the knowledge of the grade of stones and how to cut them to make them commercially most valuable. It is the easiest thing in the world for a workman to ruin a stone. A flaw or a scratch across its face deteriorates its value fifty per cent.

Perfect brilliants of the first water are now selling in this market: One-half carat diamonds, $175; one carat, $550; two carats, $800. Diamonds of a large size bring whatever can be obtained from the purchaser, as no fixed price is stated. When a diamond is over five or six carats it is not very salable. An importer in John street has had two diamonds, each twenty carats, in the market for years, and has been unable to sell them. The largest gem ever cut in this city was a forty carat diamond. It was off color, however, and was bought by a gambler. Solitaire ear-rings, two carats, are worth from $1,200 to $1,500, are large enough to produce a striking effect, and many very wealthy people prefer them to large diamonds, which they think look clumsy. The largest and most valuable diamond in America is said to be owned by a Maiden Lane dealer. It is valued at $60,000, weighs fifty-five carats, is called "The Pearl of India," and is described as a pure white, cushion-shaped, double-cut brilliant.

Merchants here claim that the numerous imitation diamonds have never materially injured their business. The bogus stones are only passable imitations under the glare of gas. Sunlight readily exposes their real character. Of course the white translucent stone, free from flaw and perfectly cut, is the most valuable. Yellow, brown and jet-black diamonds are readily found in the market, but pink diamonds are rare.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Times.*

Scottish Marriage Law.

Some three weeks ago a case was reported of a novel irregular marriage which had been contracted in Glasgow by two young Irish people who had applied to Sheriff Lees to have their union duly registered. The name of the bridegroom was Charles Black, a seaman on board the steamer Cormoran, of Glasgow, and that of the bride Bridget Scott. The Sheriff ordered the girl to produce a certificate of her birth, and, this having been done, his Lordship on Monday pronounced a deliverance, in which he finds that the couple contracted an irregular marriage on the 30th ultimo, in a house at 92 Gloucester street; that the female petitioner lived in Scotland for twenty-one days immediately preceding such marriage. He therefore grants warrants in terms of the act 19 and 20 Vic., cap. 96, to the Registrar of Tradeston District to enter the said marriage in the register of marriages kept by him.

In a note the Sheriff says: "This is an unsatisfactory case. The petitioners seemed little more than children, but they say they are twenty and seventeen years old respectively. Unable to get married in Ireland under twenty-one without their parents' consent, they have come to Scotland to avail themselves of the unfortunate laxity of laws which allows a boy of fourteen to marry a girl of twelve, even against their parents' will. To form such a marriage irregularly it is not necessary to come before a Sheriff; and it is quite erroneous to speak, as is often done, of a Sheriff marrying people. He cannot do so. No one in Scotland can, save a clergyman. But where parties—instead of going before a clergyman after proclamation of bans or notice on the Registrar's board—have contented themselves with declaring themselves man and wife in presence of witnesses, they are entitled, under a statute passed at the instigation of Lord Brougham in 1856, to apply to the Sheriff of the county in which the marriage was contracted for a warrant to have it registered. Such applications are not uncommon. Last year there were one hundred and forty-three made to this court. By the Registration act of 1854 the supervision of the Registrar's books was imposed on the Sheriff; and, though they have subsequently been relieved to some extent of this duty, no correction of any entry and no entry of any irregular marriage can be made without judicial sanction. The petitioners, desirous to get the regular marriage which they have contracted put on the register, have consequently mode the present application. The question is, whether on the evidence adduced by them, I am justified in granting the warrant they craved. No statute since 1856 has further restricted the indulgent laxity of our law or exempted Irish people from its scope; and the proof adduced was sufficient on every point except the age of the parties. In consequence I requested further proof of the girl's age. This has now been furnished. A few days ago the girl's mother made affidavit in Dublin that the girl is within three months of being twenty-two years of age, but that she had been unable to get any such certificate at St. Andrew's Chapel, in Dublin, where she says the girl was baptized. This is, perhaps, hardly matter for surprise, for the girl declares she is only seventeen, and from her diminutive appearance I greatly doubt if she is so much. To make matters worse, the boy's father has written to me saying his son is eighteen and not twenty, that he and the girl are of different religions, and urging me not to authorize the registration of the marriage. It seems to me deplorable that any encouragement should be given to such a union, but as the proof in regard to the ages of the applicants, though not so satisfactory as could be wished, is yet not insufficient, I have no option save to grant warrant for registration of their marriage."—*Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.*

The Old Bailey.

Entering by the low spiked wicket, so familiar to all passengers in the Old Bailey, the visitor passes through the Warder's common room into a dark, narrow passage which, running north and south, communicates with every part of the interior. In front, on the right hand, is a gallery opening into a small, comfortable-looking room, fitted with a press, a safe for the keys and a leaden cistern bearing the date 1781. In the press are kept a variety of disused handcuffs and leg-irons, some of them being of a great thickness and weight. The leg-irons, when worn, hung from an iron belt round the culprit's waist. In the cupboard are also preserved the block, with its hammer, upon which the prisoner would place his feet that the chains might be fastened on and unriveted just before his execution, with the ax that was carried to the scaffold in front of the condemned under sentence for treason. This ax has never been actually used for the purpose of decapitation after death. The head was severed by a skilled surgeon. The last time the ax went to the scaffold was on Monday, May 1, 1820, when Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson and Tidd, principals of the Cato street conspiracy, were executed according to the horrid manner of traitors. In this apartment, too, malefactors were pinioned by the hangman. That operation is now performed in the condemned cell, with a set of straps of ingenious construction. The place of execution for Middlesex has been at Newgate since 1783, and until a few years ago before the door in the more northerly portal. The "procession" so frequently described in the daily journal used to start from the pinioning-room down the passage, through the kitchen, passing between black curtains put up for the occasion, and so out into the Old Bailey. The gibbet, or scaffold, was brought over night from its place in the Sessions-house yard; the staples to which it was fastened may yet be seen at either side of the outer iron door of the kitchen. The dissection of the bodies of executed persons was discontinued in the year 1832. Casts are now taken of their faces; these, arranged in a lobby of the Warders' room, are by no means pleasant to look upon, though not without their value from a physiologist's point of view. The chapel, where divine service is celebrated every day, is on the first floor at the rear of the Governor's house. In the Microcrosm is a plate by Rowlandson and Pugin of its interior (since considerably changed) in the year 1809, on a Sunday preceding the day of execution. Sunday being a dies non in the eyes of the law, it was then customary to hold capital trials on Fridays, and to give the condemned the full benefit of the few hours' grace meted out in sentence.—*London Society.*

Collecting Ivy Roots.

There is an industry in the mountains of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee that is perhaps known to but few, and is probably found in but few sections of this country, viz.: The collection of ivy roots. The roots are shipped to this city and Boston, where they are used for making door knobs and pipe bowls. They are found principally along the line of the Cranberry Branch Railroad and in the vicinity of Rome Mountain, where they grow in great abundance and attain an enormous size. Our informant states that recently a root weighing 800 pounds was dug from the ground and shipped to market. This is supposed to be the largest ivy root ever found, but roots weighing from seventy-five to 150 pounds are frequently found. The collection of these roots has grown into quite an industry, and a large number of poor farmers are thus engaged and make a fair livelihood. There is a constant demand for the roots, and good prices are paid for them by the ton. The wood is said to be very valuable for the purposes for which it is used.—*Philadelphia Star.*

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—Ruskin calls the clouds "the poor man's picture gallery."

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, is said to have learned Greek after she was fifty years old.

—Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, is delivering lectures in England on "Advantages of Temperance in Athletic Exercises."

—The Secretary of War is having prepared an elaborate report of the Yorktown Centennial celebration, with the maps, details of troops, and other matters of interest in connection with the affair.

—Colonel John L. Lay, of Buffalo, N. Y., inventor of the Lay submarine torpedo, has been made by the Czar a chevalier of the ancient and honorable order of St. Anne. He is the only American who has thus been honored.

—A New York lady of letters has written a novel of New York upper society, with the title, "A Transplanted Rose." It is a very faithful and entertaining reflection of the more intimate anatomy of the highest social ganglia.

—The Boston *Post* discovers that in the literary race for the mantle of Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Parsons Lathrop is a neck ahead of Julian Hawthorne. Mr. Lathrop, we believe, married one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughters.

—The Queen of Italy is described as having an interesting but sad and pathetic expression of countenance. She has no majesty of presence; her walk is ungraceful; but her manners are affable and gracious, and she puts the shyest stranger instantly at ease.

—The author of those wonderful books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," is Mr. Dodgson, an Oxford magnate of the lesser degree. No books of nonsense ever had a greater success among literary people.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The chief American worshiper of Robert Browning is Mr. Thaxter, the husband of the poet Celia Thaxter. This Massachusetts man has devoted many years of his life to the study of Browning, and has been giving readings of his idol's works in Boston.

—Seth Green, the noted pisciculturist, is thus described in the Rochester *Democrat:* "Mr. Green is one of those hardy, well-preserved, gracious men who receive one in the most hospitable and informal manner. His strong frame bears a large rotund head, well stocked with hair, and his long, heavy grey whiskers, almost hiding the look of decision evidenced by his mouth, give him the appearance of a patriarch of the good old Yankee days in the colonies. Beneath and gleaming through the deep set eye, with its steadfast look that expresses a full rounded-out character and contented disposition, is a merry twinkle that enkindles into a well-defined expression of satisfaction whenever he relates his experience with his friends, the inhabitants of the watery element."

HUMOROUS.

—The English complain that our raw cotton has sand in it. Let 'em work it right in, call it friction factory and sell it for match scratchers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A little boy who has been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

—"I'd have you know that my uncle was a bannister of the law." "A fig for your bannister!" retorted Mrs. Partington, turning up her nose: "haven't I a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

—"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."

—An exchange contains an account of a man being "carried twelve miles by the wind." It might have occurred. There are times when a man would be carried five hundred miles by the "wind," if he could only raise it.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The young man who stores his mind with old proverbs must become wise. For instance he will learn that "An empty bag cannot stand upright." No one ever thought or believed it could, or ever wanted to: but it is well enough to know such things.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A lady in Frostburg, Maryland, the other day, washed her son's mouth with soap because he swore. A few days after she found him in the yard with his mouth and face full of suds. Peering through the foam, he said: "Swore a heap of times to-day, mamma; getting them all out now."

—A certain doctor of divinity has said that every blade of grass is a sermon, and a Cheyenne man wants to cut down the expenses of his church by purchasing a bale of hay instead of a pastor. We refrain from making a pun upon the word pastor in order to leave this paragraph open to our exchanges.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—A neighbor of Mr. Miggs, glancing out of the window, observed that estimable man plugging up the knot-holes in his back-yard fence, and ventured to ask: "Any hard feelings agin' the woman next door?" "No," returned Miggs, placidly. "Mrs. M.'s got rheumatiz in the jaw, and the doctor says she must keep quiet."

—A West End man had trouble with a plumber in his employ recently because he thought the plumber was trying to kill time. And he exclaimed to the plumber: "Confound you, get out! Go and loaf on the street and I'll pay you for your time. But I'll be hanged if I pay rent on a house for you to loaf in!" The line must be drawn somewhere.—*Boston Post.*

Literature for Prisoners.

The prisoners in the Austin jail requested the jailer not long since to get them some books to read. The jailer, being a kind-hearted man, procured a mixed lot of old books at an auction room, and proceeded to divide them out, while the prisoners were assembled in the jail yard.

"Here is a book for you," he said, giving it to a man who was in for murder. The prisoner looked at it, shook his head and handed it back. It was "Dr. Smith's Diseases of the Throat."

The next one got a small pamphlet. He was in for horse-stealing; but he thought the jailer meant something personal, as the title of the book was: "Hints How to Raise Fine Stock."

Still another, who is indicted for robbing the mail, got a copy of the "Postal Guide;" while a gentleman, who is accused of imitating another's signature, drew: "How to Write a Good Hand in Ten Lessons."

They handed the books back to the jailer, and said they preferred a bunch of old newspaper exchanges, as then they could pick out the items they wanted to read.—*Texas Siftings.*