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WHAT USE?

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain; let us take our time,
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome death?
Or go half-way, with hands stretched out, to Care?

There is no use, dear heart; if we but wait,
All things will find us. Let us pause, I say;
We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

So let us take our time in Youth's fair bowers—
The summer-season is so brief at best,
Let us look on the stars, and pluck the flowers—
And, when our feet grow weary, let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight:
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for sorrow's blight,
For pain's despair, and death's funereal pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was men's first pursuit and life's excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and you;
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?

—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.*

SPEAKING DISTINCTLY.

A very long time ago, when all the grandfathers were little boys, they were taught to pronounce words correctly and distinctly. When these boys (they were not grandfathers then) had anything to say, every body understood them.

This habit is still useful in singing, reading and speaking. But the best singers have adopted other styles. Some old-fashioned people like to hear and understand the words as well as the music; but it is not now considered necessary. There is always a delightful uncertainty about the lang age great singers are using which keeps up an interest in the performance to the last. It may be Italian, or any other tongue with which the hearer is unacquainted. It is certain, however, to be the latest method invented, and no critic will risk his reputation by suggesting improvements. In speaking, a distinct utterance is of more importance. A speaker is more enjoyable if you know what he is talking about.

It is possible that enunciation may become one of the lost arts unless some tonic for the vocal organs is discovered. At present no patent-reflecting, double-action ear-trumpet could separate all the sounds we hear, so as to convey an intelligible idea to an ordinary intellect. Even if they could be made powerful enough, the expense of providing a whole nation with these instruments might equal that of the civil war, and prove a disadvantage.

The origin of this trouble is a mystery. Our boys and girls seem to articulate perfectly, but they slide over the last letters, or drop them entirely, and let all the words run together and tumble over each other. If you stick a long pin into a boy he will say "oh!" distinctly and naturally; but ask him if he has seen an elephant pass with a shawl and umbrella strapped to his trunk, and he will say: "Nerhewentbywhileiwasatdinner." Then you don't know whether he walked around the beast, or never heard of him.

Teachers should encourage the study of languages; but the main object should be to prevent the English from being made over into Chocktaw, or Chinese, and cause such a confusion of tongues and stagnation of business as once occurred in the thriving town of Babel.

If some future President who is now growing up should dismiss an office-seeker with a reply like this: "Nersirthereisnovacancyandneverwillbe," the unfortunate man would not know it was a refusal. He would linger at the Capital of the Nation, living on hope, and daily expecting an appointment to Tartary, or Timbuctoo; growing thinner and thinner from anxiety until he vanished altogether. The loss of one office-seeker would not be a public calamity, of course; but the principle is wrong.

One reason for this habit of speaking may be that we live in a fast age. Railway conductors run their syllables together like a string of cars, never thinking that those who do not travel all the time cannot catch flying sounds as easily as those who live at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I never heard a boy mention it, but I don't see how anything so absurd escaped the notice of every boy.

Little Milly caught the conductor's words, and repeated them until I began to wonder if any one knew what he was talking about.

"Halloo, Griggs," said Milly, as we stopped at Willow Bridge; "did he stop the cars just to speak to that man?" At Walnut Hill the conductor shrieked: "What a hill!" as though he saw it for the first time. College Hill was "Molly Gill," or "Powder Mill," or "Rowdy Bill." It might have been either, and we should have kept on to the end of the road, and back again, if we had trusted to our ears only. I have heard Boylston pronounced like "Boys alone!" and Cottage Farms like "Gordon's Barns." It is of no consequence if you know your way, but if the name of the next station in large letters could be shown in each car, it would save the nerves of strangers.

We all know the indescribable cries of the street-venders, from the time of "Three muck-reel far a quarter!" to "Bandanas, Straw-brees, Pi-app-ulls, and Konk-ud grapes." One intensely hot day I heard a man on a side street crying at intervals: "Mercy sake alive!" But he was only retailing some commodity. One day you hear a man calling "Old gold and cardboard!" who carries charcoal and hardwood. The next it sounds like "Stackpole and Hapgood:" an original way of advertising a new firm. You can never be sure what merchandise is passing the door unless you see it. A Sioux war-whoop would be as easily understood and not more startling. But it is certainly true that speech can be pleasing. Invalids and the blind notice the difference in speaking very quickly. I know a girl who likes to be a girl, although she is really a young lady. She is not beautiful, or very accomplished, but always seems to become the centre of a circle. She is delightful. From her delicate straight black brows and dainty dress, to her firm light step, everything is as clearly defined as her charming speech. Rosalthe, in the fairy tale, dropping pearls and roses from her lips, could hardly be more attractive than this silver-throated speaker, whose words are music.

This accomplishment she owes to a deaf grandmother, assisted by a judicious mother, who enforced the rules against screaming, as well as those in favor of careful enunciation. The plan is successful enough to encourage others; and probably the same result might be attained in families unprovided with a deaf grandmother.

There is no doubt, even in this age of doubt, when we are not allowed to believe in William Tell and other heroes of our childish days, that the original use of language was to be understood. Then why speak and read so carelessly that a sentence sounds like an Indian name as long as a hoe-handle?

The family who can claim one good reader is fortunate. They enjoy the same books, and grow towards each other, instead of apart. The cheery home readings will be remembered by all when home is far away. To read pleasantly and intelligibly is an accomplishment quite as desirable as to play tolerably well, and would not require half the time that is spent at the piano, and none of the nerve-rasping sounds which are associated with daily practice, and supposed to be the fault of these innocent instruments.

Something is evidently wrong either at home or in school. There should be a remedy for every point of failure: but where are the three wise men who will lay their heads together and discover it, or the three wise women who will rise rise up and test its efficacy?—*Louis Hall, in Wide Awake.*

Social Condition of Colonial Maryland.

At first the economic circumstances of Maryland were precisely the same as those which determined the character of society in the Southern colonies. Tobacco played as important a part as in Virginia. The land was parcelled out in vast estates, and all the people became planters. Negro slaves were accordingly introduced in great numbers, but they never came, as they did in Virginia, to outnumber the white people. At the beginning of the Revolution the population of the colony was about 250,000, of whom less than 100,000 were negroes. As in Virginia, the slaves had no legal rights, but were in general mildly treated. Convicted felons and kidnapped pauper children were brought from the mother country to Maryland, and bound to service for a term of years; and they made the beginnings of a pariah class of "mean whites," exactly as they did in the Southern colonies. For a long time the exclusive cultivation of tobacco prevented the growth of towns, and the life of the people was as isolated as in Virginia. The roads were few and bad, and travel, whether for business or for pleasure, was mostly confined to the rivers. Crime was more frequent than in any of the Northern colonies. Education was at a low ebb, for, although public schools were established in 1728, they were conducted entirely in the interests of the Church of England, and being thus deprived of popular sympathy and support they made but little headway. There was no university and no literary activity, and there were but few private libraries, and no newspapers until 1745.

So far there seems to have been but little to distinguish the state of society in Maryland from that in Virginia. But before the Revolution, under the influence, perhaps, of the example of Pennsylvania, a remarkable change had set in. A succession of bad tobacco crops, due to the exhaustion of the soil which is wont to attend the overcultivation of that staple, led many of the great planters to turn their attention to the raising of wheat. This was the beginning of very important changes in the social structure of the colony. The wheat crop soon became so considerable that wheat and flour began to be exported in great quantities; and through this export trade the town of Baltimore, which had been founded in 1729, grew so fast that by the time of the Revolution it had become the fourth city in the whole country, with a population of nearly 20,000. And having once got such a start, Baltimore not only served as the great seaport of Maryland, but was enabled to compete with Philadelphia as an outlet for the foreign trade of Pennsylvania. The growth of Annapolis was also stimulated by these circumstances: and this rapid development of town life, with the introduction of a wealthy and powerful class of merchants, went far toward assimilating Maryland with the Middle and Northern colonies, and diminishing its points of contact with the society of the South.—*John Fiske, in Harper's Magazine.*

Phil Eipper's Hat-Band.

Phil Eipper, the hero of the fire in the Telegraph Block, finds himself in a most embarrassing position, and, being a diffident youth, doesn't know how to get out of it. Phil has a sweetheart, and at Christmas he received from her fair hands an elegantly embroidered hat-band—the work of the self-same fair hands. No knight of old was ever prouder of his lady's colors than was Phil of his hat-band.

It will be remembered that, after assisting all the other operatives out upon the ladder, Phil went to the dressing-room and brought out armful after armful of shawls, overcoats, hats etc., and threw them out of the window. After he had saved the garments of all the others he bethought him of his own, which he had left in the battery room. He rushed to rescue them, but was too late—the room was filled with flame.

It was with a sorrowful face that Phil said to a *Free Press* reporter the next day: "I don't care anything about my overcoat, or hat, or the sleeve buttons that were in my cuffs, for I can replace them, but I wouldn't have lost that hat-band for a thousand dollars."

The reporter made an item of Phil's bereavement, and that is what has placed Phil in a dilemma. There are hundreds of ladies in the city whose hearts were fired with admiration for Phil's coolness and bravery, and they would have rejoiced at an opportunity to tell him so, but were unacquainted with even his features. Neither could they "chip in" a dollar or so apiece and buy him an overcoat, as did his friends of the Board of Trade. That little item in the *Free Press* opened the doors to them. They could slip to the fancy stores and bazaars, buy Phil a hat-band and send it to him with a warm little note of respect and admiration, signing it "An Unknown Admirer."

This they could do, and they did. The item appeared Wednesday morning. Before dark Phil had receipted on the books of messenger boys for seventeen perfumed white envelopes. The letter carrier on his last round that afternoon brought him eleven missives, and the first one Thursday morning brought him twenty-two more, the noon delivery twenty-eight and the evening thirty-one. In the meantime the messenger boys had brought in forty-six. Yesterday morning they sent over a locked pouch from the post-office, and Phil is going to open it on Sunday instead of going to church. His office smells like a perfumer's laboratory, and he has got an embroidered hat-band for every day in the year, with the returns still coming in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A party of Texas men amused themselves by tying a darky boy hand and foot, so as to assume as near as possible the shape of a ball. They intended to roll him down a steep embankment. An officer of the law had to threaten instant death to all interferers before he was able to release the scared lad.

Twice Butchered.

On her last voyage from China hither the steamship City of Tokio brought among her passengers a man who carries with him evidences of an ordeal, to have passed through which and survive, seems but little short of a miracle, unless to be spitted on a boarding pike, and afterward disemboweled, is to be considered a thing not particularly hazardous to one's life. Francis Oliver, the person referred to, was born in Detroit, Mich., on the 8th of November, 1839. He commenced life as a sailor boy on the lakes, and in 1855 went to sea before the mast. In 1860 he sailed for London in the British ship Lauderdale for Hong Kong. At the latter port he left the Lauderdale and engaged in the Chinese coast trade, first as master of a small vessel, and afterward as master and owner of a trading schooner or lorcha. His trade was mostly between Hong Kong and Shanghai. He was very successful, and as the custom-house officers at these ports were only human, his profits were large. Capt. Oliver multiplied his vessels until at one time he owned fourteen, all coasters. The Chinese seas at that time swarmed with pirates, and it was necessary to be well armed for protection against these marauders of the high seas. Scarcely a voyage was accomplished without encountering one or more of them, until, as Capt. Oliver said to a *Call* reporter yesterday, it got to be a sort of pastime with him. Said the Captain: "I was so well armed that I knew the pirates could stand no show with me, and whenever I saw a piratical junk I always went for it, and made clean work. I never left any alive, nor a junk float that I attacked. In the latter part of November, 1863, I sailed in my lorcha Rose from Shanghai in ballast, giving out that I was going to Kui Kiang, but when I got away from port I directed my course for the northern Islands. When about eighty miles from Shanghai I saw a junk which I knew at once, from certain indications, to be a pirate. She bore down upon us until I could see at her fore and main-mast heads the arrangements always carried by these predatory villains for throwing burning 'stink-pots' down on the decks of their enemies. The junk was four times as large as the Rose, my lorcha, and swarmed with the pirates. The Rose was headed right for them. I suppose they thought they had a sure thing of me. I had eight cannons on board, besides rifles, boarding-pikes and cutlasses sufficient for all purposes. My mate was an Englishman. I had also two quartermasters and a crew of fifteen Chinamen. The Chinamen liked me, and would have given their lives for me. As we drew near to the junk, I observed one of her men go up to the stink-pots at the mainmast head, and another to those on the foremast. I gave my mate one rifle and I took another. I said to the mate: Now, as soon as you see that fellow light a fuse fire, and don't miss him. The mate, for some reason, manifested a disposition not to fight. I told him he could take his choice, either do as I told him, or go below in irons. He promised to obey orders. I told him to take the man on the mainmast, and if he missed him that I would blow his brains out. A vague suspicion had crept into my mind that he meant treachery; but he kept his promise. I looked out for the man on the pirate's foremast. The space between the two vessels gradually lessened. At length I observed what I had been watching for—a little flash of fire, and a thin line of blue smoke curl away from the fellow at the masthead. I knew that in another moment a burning stink-pot would be on our deck unless we made sure aim and quick work. I gave the word, and we fired almost simultaneously. Both of the pirates fell to the deck of the junk, and the stink-pots they had ignited with them. The Rose was to the windward of the junk. I put my helm hard down, got close alongside, and fastened to her with grappling-hooks.

The pirates made a rush to board my lorcha. They were armed with spears or pikes. About fifty of them crowded upon me and a spear was driven through my body, entering my left side below the ribs and coming out on the right side. It was drawn out, but I immediately became insensible. My men thought I was dead, but kept up the fight, for it was a matter of life and death with them also. The junk had caught fire from the burning stink-pots that fell from aloft. The Rose cast off the grappling hooks and got away from the junk, standing off a sufficient distance to see her burn and go down. Every one of the infernal crew was killed or drowned. When it was found that I still had life in me I was carried below. The mate took the Rose back to Shanghai, where I received medical aid. I was unconscious or delirious for three months, but at last sufficiently recovered to be about, though I could never do any active business. I suffered intensely at times, and the functions of nature were suspended for weeks at a time. My sufferings increased, and I begged the physicians to cut me open and see if they could not get at and remedy the difficulty. They told me that it would be almost sure death. I replied that I didn't care. I would rather die than suffer such torture, and after three years' pleading with them, they said I would die anyhow, so there would be really no risk in performing the operation. They did it, cutting open my abdomen and side almost half way around my body. They took out my intestines and washed them, and also washed the interior walls of my body. They saw my kidneys; in fact, I was completely disemboweled. After washing, the intestines were replaced and the incision was sewed up, leaving only an aperture in my left side, just where the pirate's spear entered. The doctors looked upon my recovery as marvelous. It has been now eleven years since the operation was performed."

To all external appearances he is perfectly healthy. He is a compactly built man, five feet eight and three-quarters inches in height. At the time of the encounter in which he was speared he weighed 174 pounds; but now he weighs between 135 and 140 pounds.—*San Francisco Call.*

—In opening the winter semester lately, the rector of the University of Leipsic, mentioned that of twelve students who had died during last session, only four succumbed to natural causes. One fell in a duel, and six had committed suicide. This would bear out the statement of a recent compiler of social statistics, that the kingdom of Saxony is "the Chimborazo of suicide." In Saxony the number of those who take their own lives is absolutely greater than that of any other country in Europe. Its population is certainly denser; but no one has yet given anything like a plausibly complete explanation of this suicidal mania.

—The comet which was such a brilliant object in the heavens recently, will not return, it is said, for eight centuries. We can wait—especially as it gets up at such a ridiculous early hour in the morning. We may be a little closer to it by that time.—*Norristown Herald.*

Japanese Sea-Weed.

Consul Quin, writing on the trade of Japan, mentions that a considerable increase has lately taken place in the exports of sea-weed, and gives in his last report the following description of the method in which cut sea-weed is prepared for the market. For making the finest cut sea-weed, the best long sea-weed is used, the newer the better, on account of the color. After the bundles are opened, they are picked, and as much sand as possible shaken out; the selected weed is then placed in large boilers, and is boiled for an hour or more, until the proper color is obtained, which should be quite uniform and of a good clear green. After boiling, the sea-weed is hung up on poles in the air to partially dry it, after which it is again carefully sorted, and all ragged pieces and those of a pale whitish color are rejected; the selected weed is then handed over to a number of women, who open it out and roll it into flat rolls of about ten pounds each. As soon as these coils have remained long enough to flatten the sea-weed, they are uncoiled, and the pieces of weed are laid out on the top of the other on a board a little over four feet long, to the depth of eight to ten inches; they are then cut into four lengths of thirteen inches each, and these pieces are tied into bundles ready for the workman to lay in the presses, which are about six feet wide, thirteen inches deep (the length of the pieces of sea-weed), and six feet high. At the bottom a row of wooden slats, about two inches and a half broad, half an inch thick and thirteen inches long, are placed edgeways, and upon these the weed is laid carefully piece by piece in the frame, the sides of which are kept in position by a rope stretching across the top; a movable plank at the back, which is raised as the workman proceeds, keeps the weed thoroughly even. When the frame is full—about two tons going into one press—a similar lot of slats to those at the bottom are placed on the top of the sea-weed, and the whole is pressed as tight as possible, by means of a rough screw stan, to get rid of all unnecessary moisture, and to render the mass firm enough for cutting. The frame is then laid down flat; and one of the side planks being removed, the compressed weed is planed with an ordinary carpenter's plane, set so as to cut it to the required thickness—about one-twentieth of an inch—along the edges and with the grain. The object of the slats is to enable the workman to plane the edges, and they are removed one by one as he progresses with his work. Each man can plane, on an average, one hundred and seventy pounds of sea-weed per day. After planing, the cut sea-weed is taken out of doors and shaken out to dry on mats; under favorable circumstances, one day is sufficient for this operation, but it frequently happens that as many as three days are required before it is dry enough to pack away. After the final drying, the weed is ready for the market, and is packed away in boxes containing about sixty-six pounds each. The rejected ends of the first-class sea-weed are used up, together with ordinary long sea-weed of an inferior quality, to make cut sea-weed of a lower class. While undergoing the various processes, the material loses twenty per cent. in weight, and that fact, joined to the price of the labor expended in its manufacture, brings the cost to more than double the average of long sea-weed.—*Scientific American.*

Phil's False Face.

"Poor Phil is in bed, and I am afraid will not be able to come down stairs for a week," said a Harlem man to a reporter yesterday. "He met with an extraordinary accident on Saturday. You know Phil works in a printing office down town, and he gets his pay on Saturday night. You can't expect much discretion in a boy not fifteen years old, but I must say that Phil is a bigger fool than any other of my sons. Still, he is steady, and is a great favorite in the office where he works, and there is no doubt that he has more good nature than all his brothers and sisters combined.

"On Saturday he promised to bring home a mask, or false face, as he called it, to little Jack, and when he started from the office for Harlem at seven o'clock he resolved to spend a part of his week's pay at a place in Grand street where he had seen some goats' faces. He walked up the Bowery. On his way he had to pass one of those places where, in addition to birds, they sell all the vermin they can lay their hands on. He stepped in to look around, and was enchanted by the beauty of a blinking ferret. He inquired the price, and finding that he could purchase it for fifty cents, he made up his mind that it would be a choicer present for his baby brother than a mask. He bought it and boarded a train on the elevated railroad with the box containing the ferret in his hand. At one hundred and twenty-fifth street he cautiously opened the box and sought to kiss the ferret. The affectionate brute kissed him to some purpose and then escaped, carrying the box. Phil says, with it; but this may be an idea due to Phil's mental disturbance at the time. Certainly, when Phil rang the door-bell, he had neither box nor ferret with him, but the children, seeing him from the basement window, shrieked delightedly 'Here comes Phil with the false face on him. It's all red!'

"The wounds have not healed, but the doctor thinks that he will get along all right."—*N. Y. Sun.*

One Answer for Both.

Mrs. Plump is a large lady—a very large lady. The other day, while sitting in a public hall with a friend, Mrs. Plump suddenly exclaimed, as she caught sight of another stout lady:

"What a monster! Mary, am I as big as that woman?"

"How singular!" said Mary; "she asked me that very same question not half an hour ago."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Plump.

"Yes," said Mary, "and to think that I should answer you just as I did her."

"And how is that, pray?"

"Why, my dear, you are not nearly so stout; you're a skeleton compared with her."

"Humph! I knew I wasn't such a monster," said the mollified Mrs. Plump.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Captain J. W. A. Gillespie, the genial journalist, of Middletown, O., on the battlefield of Shiloh found a rebel officer lying with his leg shot away, and fast bleeding to death. He improvised a tourniquet with his handkerchief, revived the almost dying man with stimulants, got him to the hospital, and, in short, saved his life. The wounded confederate was the now famous Treasurer of Tennessee, Colonel Polk.—*Chicago Times.*

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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☞ For time advertisements, apply at this office.

☞ Legal advertisements at statue rates.

☞ For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The cause of the death of James A. Hurst, the State Taxidermist for New York, was the absorbtion into his system of arsenic used by him in his work.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Col. Nicholas Smith, who is known to fame as "the handsomest man in America," has become a resident of Shelbyville, Ky. His wife, one of Horace Greeley's daughters, died recently.

—The sweet singer of Michigan is likely to be superseded by a wonderful sculptress, little Maggie Leighton, whose achievements with a caseknife and common clay are said to indicate surprising symptoms of genius.

—Mr. Napier-Broome, the new Governor of Western Australia, was formerly a sheep farmer in New Zealand. Some years later he was on the editorial staff of the London *Times*. His present bailiwick contains about a million square miles, and only 30,000 civilized inhabitants.

—One of the wealthiest of United States Senators is George H. Pendleton. It would take at least $100,000 to maintain his several places of residence—his elegant winter home in Washington, his large city mansion in Cincinnati, his cottage at Conway, N. H., and his villa at Mt. Desert, Maine.—*Chicago Herald.*

—General C. H. Groavenor, of Ohio, has declined to accept the recent allowance to him of $4,679 as arrearages of pensions, saying he does not need it, and only pressed the application to vindicate the honesty of the claim after an open and bitter enemy had falsely alleged that the claim was a false one, and ought not to be granted.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Ben de Lenos, a notorious Alabama politician, tramped from New York to Montgomery some dozen years ago. He was barefooted and without money when he reached the capital of Alabama, and on the night of his arrival he stole into the Representatives' Hall at the Capitol, and slept in the Speaker's chair. Less than two years afterwards he sat in the same honorable chair, and presided over the House of Representatives of the Alabama Legislature.

—Nilson is one of the few amiable prima donnas. On her way to San Francisco, she sang freely wherever people assembled, and without any show of condescension, seemingly happy in being able to please them. While crossing San Francisco Bay on the ferry boat the passengers crowded around her, and she gave them "Home Sweet Home" and "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." On the train she frequently entertained the passengers with vocalism.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Miss Emily Faithful sums up her belief in regard to "The Changed Position of Women in the Nineteenth Century" in these words: "That it is a great mistake to regard women as mere machines—hands without heads; that we are not justified in drawing upon their physical strength and ignoring their mental capacity to the extent that at present obtains among us; that woman should no longer be deprived of the advantages of systematic training, nor be excluded from the most lucrative branches of the various occupations to which they have been admitted."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Western farmer advertises that he wants a first-class potato masher; there are lots of mashers in Philadelphia, but they are all of the small potato order.—*Philadelphia Item.*

—A Philadelphia gentleman broke his arm in saving a young lady skater from drowning. But gentlemen will continue to offer their arms as soon as the ice is broken.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—J. W. R. Jr.—*Puck* is of opinion that your lines commencing, "At midnight in his guarded tent," have appeared somewhere before. At all events, they will not appear in this periodical.—*Puck.*

—A correspondent writes: "You want to know what kind of fruit an axletree bears. Why, nuts, of course—one on each end of the tree." We thought some fellow of the Hub would be able to tell us.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Southern three-miles-an-hour railroad has started a chicken train. Hens are gathered up at way stations, and on reaching the terminus the eggs which they have laid while en route are sold. By this means people at the further end are kept supplied with fresh eggs. By the old plan they always spoiled.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A writer of broad experience and keen observation says a widow is most dangerous in her second year. That is probably a terrible fact. Between a two year old widow and a nineteen yearling girl, you couldn't tell which of the pair to fly to or run from. Both are set down in the column of risks as "extra hazardous."—*Norristown Herald.*

—A countryman stepped into a Broad street fruit store and invested in a nickel's worth of chestnuts. In half an hour he returned and handed the proprietor one of the nuts. "What does this mean?" asked the dealer. "Well," remarked the customer, "that is the only sound chestnut I found in the pint, and so thought you put it in by mistake. I am an honest man, and don't want to take a mean advantage of a fellow."—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

—An Austin firm sold on credit a pair of boots to a leading citizen, to whose daughter one of the clerks in the store is paying attention. A few days ago the head of the firm said to the clerk: "You must remind Colonel So-and-so about those boots." "There is no need of it. He, himself, reminded me of those boots last night without saying a word," remarked the clerk, as he limped to a box of dry goods, on which he sat down to rest.—*Texas Siftings.*

Vennor's Grief.

The other morning Vennor got