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"ONLY A SISTER TO HIM."

He lifted his face in the starlight dim,
And all that he saw was a round, dull sky;
And the stars that twinkle I looked to him
Like the phosphor gleams of the fire-fly.
The new moon hung in an awkward shape,
And was crooked and bent like the horn of a ram;
The somber maples seemed hung with crape,
And the garden gate banged to with a slam.

The brook oozed over the slimy stones
From stagnant pools in the meadow marsh;
Or it crooned along with plaintive moans,
And the song of the whippoorwill was harsh,
He jabbed his ribs on the clumsy stile,
For dark as pitch was the dusty lane;
And his thin lips curved in a bitter smile
As he smote the weeds with a spiteful cane.

Rough and ugly and long was the way,
The skies were dull and the earth was cold;
He hated the night and he dreaded the day,
And his heart seemed a hundred centuries old.
With the dirge of his sighs he timed his tread,
As one who pondereth bitter things;
But he only whispered, with drooping head,
And a heart that wondered: "Kicked, by jings!"

—*R. J. Burdette, in Life.*

ALPACA FARMING.

It was in a bitter wind-storm, on the desolate table-lands of the Peruvian Andes, that I first saw a ludicrously ungainly beast pop up from behind a rock, as the stumbling feet of my mule sent some loose stones rolling noisily down a precipice. The brute surveyed me for an instant, then shook his hairy head, gave a loud snort and vanished. The echoes of the lonely pass bore to my ears a singular noise, as if an army of barefooted men were flying down the mountain. I had startled a herd of grazing Alpacas, and their sentry had warned them of my approach. The noise was the beating of their huge, cartilage-padded feet on the rocky ground. As I rode on I saw flocks from time to time, grubbing the sparse grass from the rock-sprinkled levels and the steep declivities, which are such a peculiar feature of the heart of the Andes. There was always one big fellow perched on a rock, or at some other point of vantage, and at his snort the whole herd would turn tail and take to flight. Often I would see the sentry, without seeing his comrades, balanced far above me on some splintered pinnacle of stone, with his big, soft eyes fixed on me, ready to give the signal as soon as he considered my proximity dangerous. It was a singular sensation, the meeting with this alert brute, the only living thing but myself and mule and an occasional condor, among these desolate mountains, whose peaks pierced the sky in a line of savage teeth, like a huge saw. That evening, on a rock-strewn plateau, without a bush and almost without a blade of grass around it, I halted at a dreary, stone-built house, with a roof made of bundles of straw, held down with planks and stout saplings. Skulls and skeletons of horned cattle and other animals were scattered all around. From the wall of the house projected a couple of big bull's horns, apparently cemented in the masonry for ornamental purposes. As I drew rein, a terrific snorting and scrambling broke out in a paddock, fenced with stout poles, behind the house. This was an Alpaca farm.

The Alpaca, which many people confuse with the Llama, though very closely allied to it in form and characteristics, is the "gold mine" of the Indians of the Andes, especially those of Peru, Bolivia and Chili. It is an extraordinary brute, in more senses than one. Its appearance, with its wool on, is supremely ridiculous. It is as large as a big sheep, with a neck like a small giraffe; a mere bundle of hair carried around on four legs, terminated with feet, resembling those of an ostrich. Its legs are powerful, and inappropriately graceful, in comparison with the body they support and the feet in which they terminate.

If the Alpaca is absurdly ugly with its hair on, it is a positive burlesque after it has been sheared. It is sheared like a sheep, only its head is left covered. It is sometimes sheared once a year, yielding a six to an eight-inch fleece, but the more provident Alpaca farmers only shear once in two or three years, when they get wool from fifteen to thirty inches long. The wool is found ranging in color from white through gray, yellow and brown to black. The animal looks black, however, as the fleece exudes an oil, and mats with the dust of the mountain pastures in which it roams at large. The fleece is very fine in texture, metallic in luster when clean, and the fiber is far stronger than that of any sheep's wool which I know.

The Alpaca is allowed to graze at random, only being "rounded in" to be sheared. It can only be domesticated when young. An old Alpaca separated from its flock will lie down and die of pure stubbornness and grief. Young Alpacas are, however, herded in paddocks, and become as familiar, quiet and impudent as dogs.

They are gentle brutes, unlike their cousins, the Llamas, which are often full of viciousness. The Alpaca never gets over its shy and timorous wild habits, and though it seems to know and not fear the farmer and his men, the mere sight of a stranger in the distance will stampede it. The age to which an Alpaca will produce valuable wool none of the farmers seem to know. When it ceases to be worth shearing they kill and eat it.

The Alpaca farmer leads a life little better than that of the brute he lives on. His only amusement is eating and sleeping. He scarcely knows even the vice of drunkenness. Except a chance traveler, he never sees a soul from year's end to year's end but the priest, commonly an Indian like himself, who strays up now and then from his home in the lower regions to collect his mass money, and the wool-trader who once a year makes the rounds with his peons, or Indian servants, and his train of pack animals. Most of the trading is half barter and half money. The visit of the trader is a great occasion. Then the old iron scales are brought out and hung on the bull's horns at the door, and the year's harvest raked down from the loft of the house, where it has been stored. It is a curious fact that the Alpaca farmer will never let a trader use any other scales. He is afraid of being cheated. But he lets the trader weigh the wool with his own weights, and I fancy the trader is satisfied with the bargain.

During the solitary portion of the year the women of the Alpaca farm card and spin the wool, and weave it into blankets and ponchos, or cloaks, which latter are simply blankets with a hole in the middle for the head to pass through. These ponchos are sometimes ornamented with grotesque but effective patterns in dyed wool. They are sold, like wool, to traders who carry them to the coast.

The region of the Alpaca farmers is the most dreary and inhospitable on the continent. The nights at these high levels are always bitter cold, and the air is so thin that bullocks brought up to the plateaus soon die, apparently of consumption. The land produces only potatoes, tiny, hard as bullets, and bitter as quinine. These can only be eaten after the bitterness has been roasted out of them. The houses are built as regular fortresses against the weather. They only have a couple of small loop-holes for ventilation, and the stench at night, when the doors are closed, and the oily reek of the wool overhead pervades and mingles with that of unwashed humanity, is simply abominable. The Alpaca farmer is a creature of the earth, ignorant and superstitious, but he is a mild-natured fellow, and is nominally a Christian. His life is a miserable one, but he alone is fitted to live it. It is as impossible for a denizen of the coast country or a European to exist among the mountains, as it has been found to acclimatize the Alpaca in civilized countries. In my ride across from Lima into Bolivia, I suffered almost as great inconveniences and miseries in breathing and in rushes of blood to my head, as I experienced a year ago in a descent into the compressed air inside the lock of the Hudson River tunnel.

About the only thing that will stir an Alpaca farmer up to rage, is the wanton killing of one of his sheep. Travelers sometimes make free with their revolvers among the flocks, and several murders have occurred in consequence. In every case the murderer was an Alpaca farmer, who thus avenged himself for the injury done his property.

Unlike the Llama, the Alpaca can not be used as a bearer of burdens. It makes its only concession to man when it permits him to deprive it of its fleece. The Llama produces a fleece also, but it is coarser and less beautiful than the Alpaca's, besides being different in texture. Of late years, Alpaca wool has been considerably adulterated with that of the Llama, but this is the work of the traders. The sharp practices of our acute modern business systems have not yet infected the simple denizen of the mountains. As civilization is rapidly invading even the Andes, it will not be safe to calculate too far on the Alpaca farmer remaining innocent of the tricks of trade.—*Alfred Trumble, in Agriculturist.*

The Machinery Didn't Work.

The other day Bill Higgonson, a well-known character of the White Springs neighborhood, came to the city in company with several young ladies, to one of whom he was engaged to be married. Bill has always thirsted for notoriety. He wants to be known by the leading men in town, and to show the people of his community that, although born in obscurity and reared on the farm, he can address prominent men in a familiar way. While the young ladies were at the hotel Bill went into a wholesale store, and approaching a man who sat in the office, said:

"Cap'n, you can do me a big favor, if you will. I've got a lot of gals in town with me, an' I wanter show 'em that I ain't no slouch. I want 'em to go home an' say that Bill—that's me—come to town an' was knowed by the big bugs. Now, I want to make this agreement with you. I'll go away, an putty soon I'll come aroun' with the gals an' come in here, slap you on the shoulder an' say: 'Old chap, how do you hold out?' Then you slap me, an' say: 'Why, Bill, old boy, I'm glad to see you.' That will be blowed all over my country, an' will be wuth money an' character to me, lemme tell you."

The gentleman said that he did not object to helping a young fellow along, and that the aspiring William might come in and slap him, when he would go through with his part of the programme.

Bill, highly delighted with the arrangement, went to the hotel and told the girls that he wanted them to take a walk with him. As they walked along toward the store, Bill said:

"Now I'm going to show you, 'Liza, that you ain't going to marry no slouch. I'll show you that your own Bill is looked up to an' liked in this town, an' he is on terms with the best of 'em."

The girl laughed self-complacently, and declared that it was nice to marry a man that "wasn't a stranger an' a slouch."

When they reached the store Bill conducted the ladies to the office, where a man sat looking over accounts; he was not the man with whom the arrangements had been made, but Bill did not recognize the difference. Advancing, he struck the man a pretty heavy slap, and exclaimed:

"Hello, old chap, how are you holdin' out?"

The gentleman sprang to his feet and glared at William, but William, without embarrassment, punched him among the ribs and said:

"Old chap, how are you holdin' out?"

"Look out, here! What do you mean?"

"No foolin', old boy. Don't you remember the agreement?" he added in an undertone. "It's me; don't you recognize the man what seed you jes' now?" and then, as he fancied he saw a change of countenance, he jolted the gentleman among the truncate ribs and exclaimed: "How are you holdin' out?"

The gentleman "hauled off" with an ink-bottle and knocked Bill down. The girls screamed and ran away, and Bill, as soon as he was able to regain his feet, skulked away. When he reached the hotel with his face all besmeared with ink his betrothed ran to him, punched him in the side and said:

"Hello, old chap, how are you holdin' out?"

"This settles it with us," he said, sadly, regarding the girl with a look that spoke of the melancholy yellow leaf. "Jest at the time I need your sympathizin' the most, when old frien's go back on me and knock me down, you jine the enemy. Go and pay your hotel bill an' go home."

"Ain't you goin' to pay my bill?"

"Nary red."

"Would you see me disgraced right in a place whar there's so many folks?"

"That ain't my lookout. I ain't a goin' to pay nary cent fur you."

"Then I'll take all back, an' I am sorry that I made fun of you."

"Nuff said. Come an' put you head on this here manly shoulder."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—Professional burglars, or such of them as follow the higher branches of the learned science, are about destroying the proverbial usefulness of the watch-dog. They are able to administer anæsthetics by projection as well as injection, and the huge mastiff or thirsty bloodhound will be of less warning value than the frisky poodle that dwells within the house and yelps if a mouse squeaks. A young terrier should now be given carte blanche for the house interior after night-fall.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The First Congregational Church at Oakland, Cal., has voted to pay the superintendent of its Sunday-school a good salary, so that he can devote his whole time to the work.—*Chicago News.*

Superstitions of the Sea.

Like sailors, the Cape Ann fishermen are quite superstitious; one finds the study of this trait quite interesting. The superstition against beginning a trip on Friday is strong with them. When a vessel sails near enough to Half-Way Rock, on the Bank voyage, the crew are apt to pitch coppers and nickels upon it, "to bring them good luck." They believe that if a sea-bird alights on a vessel blown out to sea it is a bad omen—if a bee or land-bird, a good one; and some have been known from such a mishap to put back to port and change the trip. The more ignorant believe in witches and the numerous spirits of flood and fell. The locale of Captain Kidd's treasures is often under discussion in the forecastles. But their most singular and widespread belief is in "Jonahs." These may be animate or inanimate, men or things; but that some are unfortunate, while others bring good luck, is the firm belief of the true fisherman, and he has an array of facts to fortify his belief. He will tell you of a certain builder that has turned off twenty schooners from his stocks and not one of them has cleared their owners a penny. He will instance another vessel that in five annual trips brought in five of the largest fares known to the port, and that never misses a full fare. He will point to one man—an able seaman and expert fisher—who always brings bad luck to the crew he ships with, while the same crew, on getting rid of him, finds its former good fortune return. A valise, violin, checker-board, toy boat, a bucket on deck, half full of water, dropping a hatch into the hold, breaking a looking-glass, driving nails on Sunday, are all Jonahs. There are few fishermen who will not whistle for a breeze when it is calm, or stick a knife in the after side of the mainmast to bring a fair wind, and it is a well-known fact that if a hook is stuck in the hand, thrusting it immediately into a piece of pine will prevent soreness of the wound. But it is in the matter of dreams and premonitions that the fisherman's superstition finds readiest channels. Columns might be filled with the dreams that have come true to the knowledge of the old skippers who abound in the port. Two instances will serve to show the flavor of these eerie recollections.

On the 7th of September, 1871, the schooner Sachem, of Gloucester, was nearing George's, when at midnight the steward, John Nelson, appeared at the Captain's berth in great agitation, and besought him to change his course toward land, as some great catastrophe was about to happen. He had just had a dream, he said, of females clad in white crossing a brook. Twice before a similar apparition had visited him, and in both cases accidents had happened—in the first, a collision that left them in a sinking condition; in the second, a gale that nearly wrecked the ship, the crew barely succeeding in getting her into port. The Captain decided not to change his course, but was so impressed by the man's earnestness that he gave orders to the watch to keep a sharp lookout. At half-past 1 a. m., the vessel being near George's, the watch observed a bright light off to leeward; simultaneously one of the crew sung out from the forecastle that the schooner was filling, and, true enough, an examination disclosed six inches of water above the floor. The pumps were at once set to work, and efforts made to find the leak, but without avail; and in the morning the crew left the vessel, which then had eighteen inches of water on the forecastle floor. She sank at 2 p. m.

The other was of a different nature. On Sunday morning, July 21, 1872, as Captain Elwell, of the schooner Belvidere, was asleep in his berth he dreamed that he saw a dead body floating on the water. His efforts to secure it were unsuccessful, and it finally passed out of sight under the counter of the vessel. The dream made such an impression that he awoke and went on deck almost expecting to see the fulfilment of his vision and firmly convinced that something noteworthy would occur. After half an hour he saw a box floating on the water, and on sailing up to it made several unsuccessful efforts to get it on board, but it eluded him and finally disappeared under the vessel's counter. They sailed on, but the Captain was uneasy, and finally put about and secured the box. It was found to contain the body of a little girl, lying on seaweed, and holes in the sides of the box indicated that it was the purpose of those who set it adrift to have it sink.—*Correspondence N. Y. Post.*

Made a Kleptomaniac by a Pistol Ball.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells of a young man who was wounded in the head by a pistol ball. After he had apparently recovered he robbed a store of a lot of stuff that was of no value to him, loaded it into a wagon and hauled it into the woods, where he concealed the whole property. He was sent to the penitentiary. He served his time out, and, going home, broke into the same store, taking the same class of goods, which he loaded into the buggy he had run off with before, and concealed the things in the place he had selected on the occasion of his first offense. Once more he was sent to the penitentiary, and had nearly completed his second term, when the prison doctor gave it as his opinion that the bullet which had struck the young man's head indented the skull sufficiently to press on the brain, and that this was the reason that he committed the burglaries. So the prisoner was sent home. He lost no time in loading up the old buggy again, precisely as before, and was returned to the penitentiary. "I then said that I was going to trepan that fellow's head if it killed him," says the Governor, who is a physician, "and did it successfully. Then I pardoned the young man. He behaved himself like a perfect gentleman, sir, and never made the slightest attempt to steal even a pin."

—Some enthusiastic versifier, who hides his light under a bushel, in other words, his name under initials, has supplied a London weekly journal with entertaining reflections upon the famous Ohio girl, Miss Chamberlain, who has been for a long time a favorite in London society. The versifier celebrates Miss Chamberlain after this touching fashion: "Of all the gay and gifted crew, here brought by kindly steam and steerage, our commons' coffers to renew, or to regild the British peerage, not one upon our hearts has played with power like this Ohio maid."—*Detroit Post.*

—A widow has discovered a new use for medical diplomas—or thinks she has. The following appears in the New York *Herald:* "A widow lady will sell her late husband's old school medical diploma. Address Widow, *Herald* Uptown Office."

Rich but Unrefined.

In the large parlors of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, there is on exhibition every evening a most remarkable old lady. The old lady's name is Crouse. She is from Syracuse, N. Y. Her husband was, in early life, a grocer in a very small way. He worked hard and became rich. The latter part of his life he has devoted to his money, so that it now amounts to several millions. The husband and wife were uneducated, and used to manuel labor at the outset of their life, and so when their money came they enjoyed its possession as few do who love money. For forty years they have been rich, without losing for one day the keen zest of the possession and power of much money.

Let us look at her enthroned in the grand main parlor, a little to the left of the main entrance, peering with her keen black eyes at the passers-by. She looks like a great lay figure for the exhibition of Jewelry, laces, and silks. Her face is coarse-featured, heavy lined and highly rouged. Her eyes are clear and bright. Her nose is large and straight, inclining upward. Her mouth is thin, and curved toward her double chin, sinking down to a figure that is perfectly shapeless, hidden in billows of fat. The face is a kindly one, wearing an almost childish look of pleasure. It is made up as if for the stage. The lips are tinted, the cheeks roughed, while the layers of fat under the jaws are powdered. Above this mask of artificial bloom is a heavy jet-black wig of curls, coming well down upon the forehead. The eye-brows, too, are artificial; being perfectly curved and jet black. Upon the black wig is a great wreath of artificial flowers so glaring in color as to attract as much attention as an electric light. Back of this crown of color is a purple-trimmed lace cap. In the ears of this strange old lady blaze great solitaire diamond ear--ings, price $8,000. Around her neck is a gold chain twice as heavy as any dog-collar ever made. In the middle is a bar of huge diamonds. From this descend other chains over a surface of black satin and point lace to a girdle, where a watch and charms encrusted with diamonds repose. The left hand is loaded from the knuckle to the first joint of each finger with diamond rings. Her hands are bony, and show the evidences of the hard manual labor of her early life. But the large joints hold on the rings better than a more supple hand. The right hand is adorned with only one ring, but it is a great, blazing opal encircled with diamonds. Her black satin dress, stiff enough to stand alone, is covered with black thread lace. White duchess lace is about her heavy wrists, and fairly swaddles her short neck.

This is the way she looked the evening I first saw her. But I understand she has a dress for nearly every evening. By her side sits her husband, her opposite in everything so far as mere appearances go. He is a tall, handsome old gentleman, with snowy-white hair and beard. There is not the simplest indication of display upon his part. But he heartily sympathizes with his wife, and admires her as artists do the realization of their loftiest ideals. He is always ready to talk about his wife. He will say, with an amiable smile upon his peaceful face: "How do you think she is looking to-night?"

"Splendid!" you say.

"Well, she is spleddid. She has all the money she can spend. How do you like those diamond ear-rings? I paid $4,000 apiece for them."

"Beautiful!"

"Beautiful, you say. Well, yes; but they won't compare with that bar of diamonds at mother's throat. I paid $15,000 for those."

Mr. Crouse will go lovingly over every item of his wife's wardrobe and check off the price of each bit. He regards her as the toy figure of the shop window of his life. He is constantly thinking of something that will cost much money to hang upon mother.

Mrs. Crouse is equally free with her information about the cost of articles of her wardrobe. A few days ago a neice of hers was here on a visit. The old lady introduced her neice to one of the ladies of the hotel, and said: "Look at the lace on my neice's dress. There are fifty yards of lace in that trimming, and it cost $71 a yard."—*Chicago News.*

What Hygiene Did for Scurvy.

The inquiry into the causes of scurvy was another step in advance, of the most signal importance. No one in the present day can form any idea of the ravages that terrible disease produced. All long voyages were imperiled by it, while the very existence of England depended upon her fleet, which had frequently to return to port absolutely crippled with scurvy, in some cases as many as 10,000 men being landed from the Channel fleet helpless. Although so far back as the seventeenth century the efficacy of fruits and fresh vegetables as preventives had been surmised if not actually noted, it is really to the renowned Captain Cook that the credit is mainly due of having established this important fact. That eminent navigator never lost an opportunity of taking on board fruits and fresh vegetables whenever he could, and the result was that he was able to bring home from a lengthened voyage, crews in almost perfect health and condition, a thing never before known. It took many years, however, to impress this fact sufficiently upon the authorities, and it was not until 1796 that the medical officers of the navy (among whom was the renowned Sir Gilbert Blane) obtained the regulation ordering lime-juice to be supplied to our seamen. The effect was magical; scurvy lost its terrors, and it may be that the supremacy of England at sea during the Napoleonic wars was in part owing to the improved condition of the seamen during that gigantic struggle. We have still a monument of the extent of the disease in the immense naval hospital of Haslar, the largest in this country, which was built of such dimensions mainly to admit the extraordinary number of scurvy patients which were being continually landed from our fleets. We have not yet got entirely rid of this enemy, but I think we know now how to combat it, in spite of heretical opinions which find expression from time to time.—*Dr. DeChaumont, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Portland, Oregon, has a troublesome amazon, whose most recent arrest was for entering a house not her own and for carrying concealed weapons. Her armory comprised a pistol of the pattern known as the Rocky Mountain giant, which is conceded to be quite as effective in the hand-to-hand encounter of two western pioneers as a Gatling gun.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Good stuff is often twisted into queer shapes.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—It is said that 15,000 copies of printed sermons are gratuitously distributed every week in Berlin and a few other German cities.

—Priests and religious teachers have been expelled from 136 schools in Paris during the last three years, and 123 Christian free schools have been maintained.

—The Methodist ministers of New England receive an average salary of $560 a year, the Baptists a trifle more, the Presbyterians $740, and the Episcopalians $900.—*Boston Post.*

—The Southern Bishops of the Episcopal Church have passed resolutions in favor of constituting the colored population into a special missionary organization, rather than giving the negroes a separate establishment. The Bishops also declare that the only way for the church to accomplish anything among the negroes is by educating young colored men for the ministry.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Mr. Elam R. Jewett has offered to the Church Charity Foundation of Buffalo a lot of ground in that city on certain conditions, the principal of which is that a chapel to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Edward Ingersoll, to be called the "Ingersoll Memorial Chapel," at a cost of not less than $10,000, shall be erected on the property, and shall be ready for occupation within three years from date. The Board of Managers of the Foundation have accepted the gift.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.*

—This incident is recorded by *The Christian at Work:* "Our Methodist brethren are not always considerate in their responsive outbreaks, and here is an instance: As the Rev. Dr. Bowman was about to begin his sermon on last Sunday evening at Ocean Grove, he remarked: 'Many of you have never seen me before, and in all probability many of you will never see me again.' 'Amen!' shouted an enthusiastic brother. The minister smiled with the congregation. How could he help it?"

—In a letter written by Thaddeus Stevens in 1864 to a lady who had thanked him for his efforts in behalf of a free school system, Mr. Stevens said: "When I entered the Legislature about thirty years ago there was not a school in any part of the State where the children of the poor could acquire common education without recording themselves paupers and being recognized and treated as such by their fellow students. Few availed themselves of these odious conditions, and the poor man's child was doomed to ignorance. Now there is no obscure, barren spot within the broad limit of Pennsylvania where the children of the rich and poor do not meet in common schools on equal terms.—*Detroit Post.*

—The Edinburgh *Scotsman* recently contained the following statements made by Dr. Peddie, of that city, to his congregation, concerning two extraordinary pastorates: "On the 3rd of April, 1783, my late father was ordained to the ministry in this congregation. Since that date a century had elapsed on Tuesday last, which was on the 3rd of April, 1883. I was associated, as most of you know, with my father as his colleague, during the last seventeen years of his life; and having received help of God, I continue to this day; so that father and son have served you in the ministry of the gospel for a hundred years continuously. Neither of us ever had any other charge than this congregation; and as my father when he died had completed sixty-two years in the ministry, and I have completed fifty-four, the sum of these periods of service is 116 years. I do not mention these things, I hope, to glorify myself, but rather to magnify God's goodness to us. The facts I have now stated are probably quite unique; certainly they have been very rarely paralleled."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A philosopher who had married a vulgar girl used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

—What is the difference between the death of a barber and that of a sculptor? One curls up and dyes and the other makes faces and busts.

—A little girl in a Hartford school, unused to diplomatic ways, sidled up to her teacher, and, naively as could be, said: "Mother wanted me to find out in a roundabout way whether you are Mrs. or Miss."—*Hartford Post.*

—What was in it: "My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.—*Bench and Bar.*

—A little girl admitted to her mother that her little boy sweetheart had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" asked the old lady in a tone of indignation. "Mother," said the child, "I cannot tell a story; I turned the other cheek."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that during Mrs. Langtry's nine months in the United States she cleared about five times as much as the income of the Prime Minister of Great Britain and more than twice the monthly emoluments of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

—The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything.—*Franklin.*

—A Virginia girl has picked and sold enough blackberries this year to buy her father a shotgun and sixteen steel traps, and a woman in Nebraska has cut and sold over $200 worth of railroad ties and bought her husband a zither and a gold watch.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Please, sir, is this the mail boat?" inquired a lady, holding a letter in her hand, of a gentleman who was standing on the deck of a Mississippi steamer. "I guess not, madam," replied the gentleman, somewhat embarrassed; "I just heard the Captain say she would leave in half an hour, so I guess it must be a female boat."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Plantation Philosophy—A white frost is de gray hairs of the season. De man that swears dat he wouldn' hab a office is de berry man dat is hurt when he's beat. People what always look on de dark side should recolleck dat natur' furnishes as much honey as she does gall. I doan hab much confidence in de loud-talkin' man. De blunderbuss is louder dan de rifle, but it ain't half as true. Der old sayin' dat a miss was good as a mile ain't true. A feller shot at me once an' missed me, but he skeered me nearly to death.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*