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I'm a charming Easter bonnet,
And I flourish in the Spring,
When, with many a soulful sonnet,
Poets of my praises sing;
I'm as neat as a daisy,
I make all the girls crazy,
And the ladies confess I'm a cute little thing.

SHE WHO WEARS IT.

What a darling, precious bonnet,
With its pretty buds and bows!
I have set my heart upon it,
For its handsome as a rose.
It makes me look girlish,
But my "hub" will be churlish
When he gazes upon the big bill, I suppose.

HE WHO PAYS FOR IT.

Fifty dollars for a bonnet!
Well, that really knocks me flat;
'or the fluffy stuff that's on it
Is enough to scare a cat.
No wonder there's swearing
When women are wearing
A postage-stamp head-gear and call it a hat.

—*N. Y. Journal.*

◆

WATER IN THE DESERT.

The Most Priceless Treasure of Life to the Arab—Some of the Desperate Struggles for Its Possession—Fighting for the Wells in the Soudan.

The Soudan campaign, from first to last, has been a comment on the vast value of water in the East. One of the most terrible episodes ever recorded in history is the flight of the Torgote Tartars from the Russian frontiers to those of China, about a century ago. Throughout this awful journey across the pathless, waterless desert the Bashkirs and Khirghises followed on the heels of the flying Kalmucks, and the continuous trail of corpses told a fearful story of the unceasing conflict and perpetual massacre. The desperate persistence of the escaping hosts in pushingt on was equaled by the frenzied cruelty of those who pursued them, until the scenes of carnage and brutality that ensued was such that it seemed as if "a nation of madmen were flying before a nation of fiends." But the horrible climax was only reached at the end of their two thousand miles of disastrous pilgrimage, when after a loss of four hundred thousand of their number, the Kalmucks, mad from thirst, came in sight of the lake of Tengis. Hundreds of the pursuers and pursued had already lost their reason from their dreadful sufferings. Thousands were being borne along upon camels and horses, helplessly exhausted by two days' want of water. But as soon as the lake came in view the Bashkirs and Kalmucks alike seemed to forget their pitiless hatreds, and the vast hosts, reduced now to about two hundred thousand, rushed in a body with frantic eagerness to the anticipated solace. In DeQuincey's terrific pages the story is told with consummate tragic force. The Chinese Emperor, happening with a force of cavalry to be at the very spot, saw what was happening, and sent out his solders to protect his returning subjects. But there was time enough before the horsemen reached the scene for one of the most ferocious conflicts ever recorded against man.

In the general rush toward the saving water, all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rearguard neglected—the wild Bashkirs rode in among the encumbered people and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre; but none heeded, none halted—all alike, with faces blackened by the heat and with tongues drooping from the mouth, continued with maniacal haste toward the lake. The Bashkir was affected by the same misery as the wretched Kalmuck and into the lake the whole vast body of enemies rushed, forgetful of all things but one almighty instinct. The absorption of their thoughts in one maddening appetite lasted for a single half hour, but in the next arose a final scene of parting vengeance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood. Here rode a party of savage Bashkirs hewing off heads as fast as the swaths fall before the mower's scythe; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water. Every moment the lake grew more polluted, and yet every moment fresh hosts came up to the water and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts, visibly contaminated with slaughter. Wherever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the surface there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle, of spasms of death, and the fear of death—revenge and the lunacy of revenge—until the martial spectators, of whom there were not a few, averted their eyes with horror as they rode down to the lake to the rescue of the hapless fugitives.

This, undoubtedly, is one of the most striking instances of catastrophe arising from the absence of water in the desert ever chronicled, but who can not recall, from numerous works of travel, or, indeed, from history, numerous other illustrations of the same fierce peril of thirst? Annals of exploration abound with disasters from this cause, and every desert bears witness against itself in the warning skeletons of man and beast which lie scattered up and down its surface. All the poetry of the nations who live upon the frontiers of these pitiless wastes gathers round the spring and well. Their daily existence, the affairs of tribes, the history of races, are determined by the position and abundance of the local water supply. It is for the possession of the oases and the life-giving trickle of water in the midst of it that the present fights of the pastoral nomads are fought. Their religious writings and precepts of their holy writ are replete with injunction and mandate on the subject of water, its use and abuse, and among the supreme delights of Paradise is the luxury of unstinted springs of cold water. Nor is there any room for wonder that this should be so. We ourselves can not have failed to note how in the recent campaigns in Egypt everything hinged upon the water supply. The army moved in detachments, so as to best economize it; camps were pitched so as to utilize it to the utmost; the hours of battle were arranged in obedience to its inexorable and all-important demands. It was at the wells of Teb and of Tamal that the Arabs fought their fiercest. To abandon the spring is significant of loss of country. A civilized race would rally for its last struggle round its capital; the Arab reserves his most desperate courage for the conflict round water. It is to him the central blessing of life; and in all his imagination he can find no other simile for earthly beauty or heavenly bliss than the precious fluid of which nature has been so ruthlessly sparing. The sand is the Arab's ocean, the oases are his ports, and with all the accuracy of ships' courses they steer their way over the trackless wastes. To be betrayed from the straight line by a mirage, or driven from it by the attacks of enemies, or delayed upon the road by sand storms, may, as in the case of a vessel at sea, compel the voyager to make for some

other port than that for which he had started. But the sun or the stars are always there, and for the rest what better compass does the Bedouin ask than his camel's amazing power of scent? The dromedary's nose is a needle that never needs readjustment. No accidental attractions make it unfaithful to its duty. A fearful peril attaches, nevertheless, to any deviation from the shortest route; for even these hardened "children of the desert" find the passage from one spring to another as much as their powers of endurance can bear, and are accustomed to time them so exactly that they often arrive at their journey's end with water-bottle and strength alike exhausted. Nor is it easy in the wide range of human emotions to imagine any more stirring pleasure than the first glimpse upon the horizon of the patch of palms which tells of a spring at their feet; nor any longing more intense than the eagerness with which the solitary traveler presses forward toward the friendly encampment, which his keen sight discovers clustering around the oasis. After days of solitude and utter silent traveling perpetually in the center of an unbroken circle of blistering sand, the relief of green palm-fronds, of human voices, of rest, must be such a rapture as almost to indemnify the Arab for all the drawbacks of his hard life; and no wonder that the word "water" is the darling of all his language. For it is a veritable miracle-worker. Our soldiers in Egypt were astonished, when tramping along the apparently hopeless desert, to see how luxuriant crops and gardens alternated with bare sand, how a mere rill of water turned the wilderness into a farmstead and charmed up to the surface of the soil all the latent magic of its fertility. In the Saharas of the earth, whether in the Eastern hemisphere or the West, water is indeed a magician, as wonderful in the suddenness and completeness of its work as any genii of lamp and ring. It has the potency of the philosopher's stone, and is striven for as the sum of all that is to be desired. Industry without it is a paralytic, a cripple. With it, it possesses a talisman that transfigures everything, makes man a giant, and blesses every work of his hand. Speaking of parts of Western America, a recent writer says: "Water here is everything that is precious. Without it the sage brush laughs at man, and the horn of the jack rabbit is exalted against him. With it, corn expels the weed, and the long-eared rodent is plowed out of possession. Without it grease wood and gophers divide the wilderness between them. With it, homesteads spring up and gather the orchards about them. Without it, the silence of the level desert is broken only by the coyote. With it come the laughter of running brooks, the hum of busy markets, and the cheery voices of the mill-wheels by the stream. Without it, the world seems a dreary failure. With it it brightens into infinite possibilities. No wonder then that men here prize it, exhausted ingenuity in obtaining it, fought about it. I wonder they do not worship it. Men have worshiped trees, wind and sun with no greater cause." Change the phrases here and there, and the passage might stand for Asia, for nothing is so striking in many parts of the East, notably Arabia and the eastern provinces of Africa, as the supreme importance of water. It determines localities, regulates their proportions, and controls their prosperity. Just as in the far West men buy and sell water claims, as if they were mines in full work, and appraise each other's estates, not by the stock that grazes upon them, or the harvests gathered from them, but by the water-rights that go with them, so in these oriental countries of desert and torrid sun clans measure their wealth by the flow of water within their boundaries, and the importance of all grounds by the amount of irrigating power involved in the issue. Every stream might be a Pactolus, so precious is it; every pool a Bethesda, so great its virtues. To compass the wonder-working thing, all energies, whether of individual or of community, are fiercely employed; and prized above all that Arabs possess is the tribal right to access to a given spring, or the privilege of encampment by a special well. In war it attains, if possible, to a still greater preciousness, for it is then the one absolute essential of the campaign. Our troops, as we have noted, marched in obedience to the dictates of this supreme necessity. Thus, rather than waste a single draught, the cavalry on the night before the fight at Tamal, risked separation from the infantry. Then, also, in Hicks Pasha's disaster, the Arabs, knowing the point toward which all the enemy's desires would be directed, easily planned their destruction. An army, beguiled from the path that led to the widely separated wells of the Soudan, would need to meet no foe to find its doom, for thirst is the swiftest of tortures, and swifter than the onrush of Arab spearmen.—*London Telegraph.*

Abraham Stood Corrected.

Half an hour an individual stood in the Grand Pacific rotunda last evening commenting on "evigelation," the new word coined by Uncle Dick Oglesby, and used by him in his Peoria speech to express that which the Republican party must exercise in order to win in the coming campaign.

"That reminds me," said Hon. Newton Bateman, who was one of the party, "of a little incident in my acquaintance with Lincoln. It was in 1860, when I was Superintendent of Public Instruction. I came out of my office in the State House at Springfield one day just as Lincoln was passing. 'Look here a minute, you big school teacher,' he said, holding toward me a slip of paper covered with pencil writing. 'I've got something here which a good many people will read, and I want to see if it's all straight. You know grammar's not my strong hold. Now just look that over and see if it needs any grammatical surgery.' I took it," said Mr. Bateman, "and found that it was a draft of Lincoln's formal letter of acceptance of his first nomination for the Presidency. I read it and found only one place where any change was desirable. I don't remember the exact words, but he had used an expression similar to this: 'It will be my earnest endeavor to not antagonize,' etc. I said to Mr. Lincoln that perhaps I was not good authority, but I would suggest that it would be well to change that so it would read 'endeavor not to antagonize.' 'Oh, you want me to turn those two little words end for end, hey? Well, I'll do it, for you know I want it exactly straight.' Lincoln used remarkably correct English, indeed, surprisingly correct, considering the limited educational advantages he had, and as every one knows, much that he uttered and wrote possessed merits of sentiment and expression rarely equaled. Yet he did not thoroughly trust himself in the matter of grammatical construction."—*Chicago News.*

Miles Under the Sea.

Many curious forms of fishes have recently been found in the deep sea. One fish, dredged from a depth of nearly three miles from the surface, shows a complete modification of structure. At this distance from the surface the pressure can hardly be realized. It is estimated that this fish has to contend against a pressure equal to two and one-half tons to every square inch of surface. A sealed glass tube, inclosed in a perforated copper covering has at two miles been reduced to fine powder, while the metal was twisted out of shape. Yet, the fishes are so constructed that they withstand the pressure. Their bony and muscular systems are not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebrate are joined together so loosely that in lifting the larger fishes out of the water they often fall apart. The muscles are all thin, and the connective tissue seems almost wanting. Yet, these fishes are able to dart about and capture prey.

Sunlight penetrates only about 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea. At 3,000 feet the temperature lowers to 40° Fahr., and from about a mile from the surface to the bottom, four or five miles, the temperature is about the same the world over—just above freezing. How do the fishes and other forms that live here see?

Their eyes are modified as well as their other parts. The fishes that live 500 feet from the surface have larger eyes than those in the zone above them, so that they can absorb the faint rays that reach them. In a zone below this many forms with small eyes begin to have curious tentacles, feelers, or organs of touch.

Many of these deep sea fishes have special organs upon their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality. Other organs are considered accessory eyes, so that the fishes have rows of eyes upon their ventral surfaces looking downward, while near are luminous spots that provide them with light.

One of the largest of these deep sea torch bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tall dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body: The tips of this fin are luminous, and also a broad patch upon its head. Along the sides of the body are a double row of luminous spots.

One of the most ferocious of these deep sea forms is the Chanliodus. Its mouth is fairly overflowing with teeth that protrude in a most forbidding manner. The fins are all tipped with flaming spots, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows in the fish, through which light is shining.

The little fishes called Bombay ducks are luminous over their entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. One of the most interesting of these light givers is the Chiasmodus, a fish that attains a length of only thirteen inches. The top of its head is the principal light-giving organ, and its fine gleam with phosphorescent light. It is not alone remarkable as a light-giver. It has a jaw so arranged that it can seize fish twice its size and easily swallow them. Its stomach has the elastic quality of India rubber. It stretches to enormous proportions, and appears like a great transparent balloon hanging under the fish and containing its prey.

The last expedition sent out by France brought to light some remarkable forms. The dredge off Morocco brought up from a depth of over one and a half miles a fish that appeared to be all head or mouth. It was of small size, and the length of the mouth was about four-fifths of the entire body; so that, if the body had been severed behind the head, it and two or three like it could have been stowed away in the capacious pouch. It probably moves very slowly, scooping mud and ooze into its mouth, sifting out the animal parts and rejecting the rest. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Life in South Africa.

"I landed at Cape Town" he said. "This is a place of forty thousand inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are blacks or Malays. The Malays have seven wives apiece; that is the most interesting and unfortunate thing that can be said about them. The other quarter of the population is European. A small cottage there containing four or five rooms will cost $45 a month; a good-sized dwelling will cost three times that sum. Coal is $15 a ton; meat from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound; whisky is twenty cents a drink; imported ale one dollar a bottle. At the restaurant a good meal can be had for twenty-five cents, consisting of such things as roast beef, mutton chops, soup, bread, butter, coffee, rolls etc. In October, November and December, there are terrific gales that sweep over the town. The drivers of vehicles wear green spectacles on account of the dust, and the women, at the approach of the hurricane, sit down promptly for fear of sailing skyward like so many balloons.

I went to South Africa as a trader, a speculator, and spent much of my time—in fact, the best part of it—in the back country. Of course, I visited the diamond fields. They are in the hands of the two companies, English and French, who have from the Government the privilege of working the mines. They are not doing much in them at the present time on account of the prevailing dullness in the diamond market. The mines are worked by blacks, and I suppose there are about two thousand at work at the present time, about a quarter the number that could be found there when times were good. The superintendents and better class of workers live in houses made of sheet-iron; the common delvers in small brushwood houses. Some of the houses have three rooms and a kitchen; some have only sleeping places or bunks. The Zulu Kaffirs live in the meanest kind of huts. They only work long enough to earn some money to buy guns; then they go back to their country, four hundred miles away, and engage in warfare with some of the branches of their tribe. There are twenty-one tribes of Zulu Kaffirs. The workmen have few chances to steal diamonds themselves, but they have been known to slip one of the valuables into the pocket of some visitor in the hope of seeing him later, and arranging with him as to its sale, and the visitor has had the diamond found on him by some of the officers and been promptly sent off to the western coast, there to work from ten to twenty years on the breakwater they are building in that section. The workmen were once paid one dollar a day; now they do not get so much. The officers who oversee them used to get from $25 to $50 a week; now they get from $15 to $25.

I rode into the back country on a cart, keeping the west coast and endeavoring to trade with the natives for skins, ostrich feathers, and other goods, which I would dispose of to the arriving vessels at Cape Town. The country is dry and barren; there are plenty of stones, but no trees; the tallest bushes are not over four feet high. At the numerous rivers, where they cross the roads, you will now and then find a tree or two standing together near the banks. You will often meet wild animals, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, monkeys, and elephants, but they will not molest you unless you attack them; on the contrary, they are afraid of a human being, and will, unless ravenously hungry, run away from you. There are plenty of poisonous snakes there six feet long, which jump at you and bite you quickly, if you are not on the lookout for them. The natives eat the meat of the buffalo and the buck, and hunt the wild animals for the sake of their skins, tiger skins already tanned being about six dollars.

It is very hot there in the summer season, and in some parts there is a great scarcity of water. Within one hundred miles of Cape Town you will find a nice country and water enough, but beyond that it is very dry. In the winter time, when the rains come and swell up the rivers like a flash, as you might say, you would think you would be drowned. The water comes quickly, and at the moment wipes away everything within its immediate reach; but the country is as dry as ever within a few hours. In the hottest season it is 126 to 130 Fahrenheit; in the shade—that is, such shade as there is where the sun's rays strikes directly it is from 150 to 154. The moment the sun rises it is hot; the moment it sets it is cool. People can not, of course, work all day in such weather; they stay in the house from ten to three, but of course the heat does not affect them so much as it does a newly-arrived foreigner, and after awhile, if he is strong and healthy, he can stand it pretty well.

Very Old Negroes.

Typical old-time negroes are Ben Wickliffe and his centenarian wife, Charlotte. The old man is a little squatty negro, with an extremely bald head, whose only covering is two little tufts of white wool over each ear. Charlotte, his older but better half, is in perfect keeping with the old man, and has been his companion for seventy years. Both date their birth back in the eighteenth century. The old man fixes his age at 112, while his wife stands pat and goes him three better at 115. When the reporter entered the old man was seated in an arm chair looking steadfastly into the fire, while his wife lay upon a bed near by, resting her shriveled hand lovingly on the barest part of his head.

"I understand, uncle, that you are over a hundred years old," began the reporter.

"Yes, sonny; de ole man is pretty ole. I've seen generations of men die, and not a soul lives now that was young in my days."

"How old are you?"

"Well, it's been calculated different ways, and not fixed lower than 112 years. After long counting, the white folks at Bardstown, where I comes from, fixes it at dese figgers."

"How far back can you remember?"

"I can go way back to the first war, when General Washington whipped the English."

"Did you see any of the fighting?"

"No, but I remember the soldiers coming back from the war dressed in buckskin coats. I was quite a boy then, I recon twelve years old. When I was young the country was all woods and Injins. There was only one house in Bardstown when I was a boy, and this place was no larger than Bardstown is now when I was pretty well grown. When old Master Wickliffe died he was a white-headed old man, and I was just a few years younger than him. He died too long ago to think about. It must be nigh forty years."

"How did you come to marry the old woman?"

This caught the ear of the old woman, and, rising up in bed, she demanded a woman's right to inform of all questions relating to so tender a subject.

"Sonny, you see, I'se a Virginia nigger, and they can't grow pretty niggers nowhere but in ole Virginny. When I moved to Bardstown I just caught de eyes of all the darkies and set dem crazy. One day, as I was knocking through de fields with a bundle of cotton on my head, Ben looked up from his hoe, and, fixing his eye on me, watched me till I was out of sight. De next day Ben cum to de cabin and tole me I was the prettiest thing he eber seed. Dese little feet and that old cotton dress, which was so short dat I nebber liked it, was what caught de ole man's eye. There were seven other niggers after me at the time, but I liked Ben the best, even though I was three years older."

"How many children had you?"

"Sixteen. Only five of dem are alive now, and the youngest is fifty years old. Dese five are all living in dis city with thirty-two children, and all of these are married and got children, and these got children again."

"How many great-grandchildren have you?"

"God only knows. My stock of numbers runs out before I get half round. I've seen de fo'th generation of my children. Jane Cook, one of my great-grandchildren, living on Twelfth and Rowan, has a son six years old."

"They tell me that the old-time negro's teeth never have been known to wear out?"

"I doesn't know about dat. I never had a rotten tooth in my head, and never had one to drop out, but I have not had a tooth in these old gums for many years. They just wore out and blew away."

"How is the old man's teeth?"

"Oh! Lord bless you, sonny, he's a-teething, the old baby; just think of it." Here the old woman fairly shook with laughter, and slapped the old man several times on the head in the height of ecstacy. "Maybe you don't believe it, sonny, but it is a fact, and I can't help laughing when I think of the old rascal getting a new set of teeth. It looks like he intends living forever."

As evidence the old man stood up, and, curling back his upper lip, allowed the scribe to insert his finger to establish the fact and allay the doubt. From the front part of the upper gum extend two ivory incisors, about a quarter of an inch beyond the gums.

"He's just like a teething baby, too," the old woman continued, "and when they were cutting he was so cross and peevish we didn't know what to do with him."—*Louisville Post.*

—Jennie June observes: "There never was a time when the dress counted for so little in the estimate of characters as now. It is getting to be pretty well understood that a woman who is celebrated for her clothes is known for nothing else."

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A meal consisting of pork and beans costs $1.50 in the Cœur d'Alene mines.

—The convict mortality in Alabama's State Prison is larger than any other State except Mississippi.

—A Stockport (N. Y.) maple this year gave sap for its ninety-fourth year. Washington ate sugar from it.—*Buffalo Express.*

—It is said that among the wives of Utah there may be found women from nearly every nation except France.

—A New York newspaper recently contained this advertisement: "Wanted—Lunch by first-class professor of music in exchange for tuition on piano."

—A member of the Harvard class of 1883 has been appointed a pitcher for a base ball club at $3,000 a year, yet thoughtless persons sneer at the culture of this country.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A fruit merchant estimates that from ten to fifty per cent. of the fruit shipped from foreign countries to this country is rotted on the way, the greatest loss being in oranges and the least in cocoanuts.

—Another Piute medicine man has been sent to the happy hunting grounds. He attended a sick child belonging to Piute Frank, at Buffalo Station, Nev., and the child died. The father, believing that the child had been bewitched by the medicine man, followed him to Paradise Valley and killed him.

—An exchange points out that among the causes of the frequent miscarriage of justice in the prosecution of criminals is the fact that the keenest and brightest of the legal profession are engaged for the defense, while the prosecution is generally conducted by a lawyer who owes his place to the decision of a caucus.

—Vanderbilt was the maddest man recently. He was putting one of his fast trotters up the boulevard when a smutty faced, speckled mouthed, red headed boy came along driving an empty dirt cart, and touching the nag with his whip gave the disgusted and astonished millionaire his dust! The horse who shared in his driver's humiliation was Early Rose.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A reporter of the Americus (Ga.) *Recorder*, while in Magnolia Dell, saw a fierce battle between a king snake and a moccasin in the water. The fight lasted about twenty minutes. Stones and sticks were thrown in, but there was no getting the snakes apart. When the reporter left nothing was to be seen of the moccasin, but the red body of the king snake was occasionally to be seen as he pulled himself out of the mud.

—The Dshebel Naibo, an isolated mountain in Algeria, 800 feet high, is slowly sinking into the earth. Already there is a deep hollow around its foot. The district of Bona has once before witnessed a similar proof of the instability of the earth's crust. The Lake Fezzara did not exist in the time of the Romans, but on the contrary the site was occupied by a town whose ruins have been found at the bottom of the lake.

—A number of Chinese have given up the laundry business in New York and gone to farming, in a small way, near the city. Ah Jock claims to have made a profit of $1,000 from his patch last year. So Lum has rented a small farm on Staten Island and has already seeded five acres with imported Chinese vegetables, cabbages, turnips, lettuce, various kinds of beans, yams, Chinese pumpkins and squashes. The vegetables are sold entirely among the Chinamen.—*N. Y. Times.*

—According to the *Jewish Advocate*: "We look at a well made coat, a diamond ring or a glossy silk head covering, and call the wearer a gentleman without hesitation. He may thrust his knife into his mouth when he eats, tuck his dinner napkin under his chin like a boy in the nursery, expectorate tobacco juice on the floors of cars and public rooms; he may do a thousand things that only an uncultured boor would do, yet if he wears the uniform of a gentleman he passes muster in society, and is dubbed a gentleman."

—Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man. Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things. Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses. Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The following law and law case are taken from the records of the New Haven Colony in 1669. The statute says: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide of maide servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offense forty shillings, the second £4; for the third he shall be imprisoned or corporeously punished." Under this law, at the court held in May, 1669, Jacobeth Murtine and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witness testified."—*Hartford Post.*

He Had a Joke.

"Do those alligators bite?" inquired a man with hair the color of a gosling, as he poked his nose around the corner of the door.

"Not very often," replied the editor.

"Are you armed?" asked the light haired man.

"No, we never go armed."

"Are you in a pretty good humor?"

"First-rate, first-rate," replied the editor, who smelled a spring poem, and quietly drew the poker up where he could reach it to throw.

"Well, now, I just thought I would drop in and see you. I have a little—

"Walk right in," said the editor, who wanted to get the man in range.

The man walked in, as requested.

"I want to give you a joke."

"All right; what is it?"

"It is this: You must first say something about a man who cared for nothing outside of horses."

"Yes."

"And then say that to him life was but a span—meaning, you know, a span of horses, and then—"

But the gosling-haired man jumped for the stairway, and left behind him a ripple of fiendish laughter that haunted the building the rest of the day.—*Puck.*