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"I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK."

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

Sweet Kate at Wyndham's Dairy, and Jack of Oldham Mill—
O, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack and Jill!
But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both confess'd
'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined the nest.
"Courage, lad!" said Katie. "Yes we'll have to wait;
But though, my dear, it's twenty year, I'll take no other mate."

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
And arms more grim were press'd on him than Katie's bonny pair.
So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied bold Mossoo
And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo.
When the lads came round her, Katie bade them pack;
There's girls enough for you to woo; "I mean to wait for Jack."

The gray in Katie's ringlets were mingling with the brown,
When bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging through the town.
"It's me, you see, come back," says he, "except a leg or so;
And safe and sound here's twenty pound; so let the parson know."
Jingle, jangle, jingle! set the bells a-chime,
And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides its time.

—*Good Words.*

"LOOKING OVER" MOTHER.

"Going any where this vacation, Kate Morgan?"

"No, I did think I would go to the Catskills for a week and have one good time 'like folks.' You know I never really did do anything just for pleasure, but the stern needs of the coming winter I think will change my plans."

"What's the need?"

"A velvet dress."

"You don't mean it. Do you forget that you are a graded-school teacher at a salary of $9.00 a week?"

"I cannot help it. I have earned my money and saved it, and I want one thing that I feel at home in when I am invited to such places as Mrs. Cunningham's, for instance.

"All right, of course."

"Are you going anywhere, Louise?"

"No, I have changed my plan, too."

"What was it?"

"I was invited up to Uncle Edward's farm to spend the summer, and expected to go until I heard Dr. Lane's sermon two weeks ago."

"I did not hear him allude to the fact."

"Not exactly, but do you remember his asking us if we had ever thought what was the very best blessing we ever had, and advised us to go home and 'look over our blessings' and give God thanks for them?"

"Yes, I do remember that."

"I had no difficulty in thinking up my best blessing. It is my good patient mother, and when I went home and 'looked her over,' it did not take me long to decide who needed mountain air and fresh milk the most of any one. So the upshot of the matter is, mother goes for three weeks to the farm, and I am your most gracious and successful housekeeper at home. Come and take tea, will you?"

"Perhaps," Kate Morgan answered, absently, and the two teachers left the subject and the large school-room together.

But the earnest, energetic Kate Morgan took a new thought along the familiar streets. All the school years of her twenty-one years of life had been spent in some connection with that graded school in the busy manufacturing town of Benton. The year before she had been graduated with honor from the High School and at once offered a situation in the intermediate department, that she had filled to the satisfaction of all and her own great enjoyment.

For so many years she had known what close economies were necessary in her plain home that the younger children might be clothed decently and that she might complete the school course. She had seen her father count out his quarterly salary as a clerk and sigh over its meagreness again and again. She had seen the lines in her mother's patient face deepen over the problem of turned garments and doing without things. No wonder her salary had seemed to her almost a fortune, and its possibilites a little intoxicating. She was young, too, and pretty, with musical gifts that made her welcome everywhere. But she was a child of "the Kingdom," too, and every day prayed: "Search me, O God, of Thyself," and to such the Spirit is the leader.

It was late when she reached home, and she was still busy in "looking over" her mother, and thinking that she had never seen her so pale and worn, when her father entered with a sigh over the warm day, and sank down in his chair quite exhausted. His daughter wondered that she had not noticed before how fast he was growing old. The three young children came in and they sat down to the plain supper. Kate wished now she had bought a quart of berries in the morning, instead of that fashion magazine, when she saw how little appetite her father had, and how the sickly boy Willis left his bread uneaten. Willis was thirteen. Herbert ten, and little Alice five years of age. Three others were waiting up in "God's acre" on the hill.

That night up in her own room Kate went through a rapid mental calculation, and with pencil and paper laid the result plainly before her eyes, after this fashion:

Kate Morgan	Dr.
To twelve yds. black velvet at $4.00 per yard	$48 00
To trimmings and making	10 00
Money lost	$58 00
Kate Morgan	Cr.
To cash in hand Saved	$58 00

But it kept her awake that night, and it was several days before her busy brain gave her even a beginning of things, and how it should be saved. But each day she prayed: "Teach me, O God, of Thee, in this, as in all things."

One morning at breakfast, she asked,

"Father, when do you have your vacation this year?"

"The second and third weeks of August;" was the reply. "but I shall probably straighten up Jay's books for him in the time—a little extra pay."

That afternoon found Kate walking up to the door of Deacon Hollis' pleasant farmhouse. She found the Deacon and his wife sitting in their shaded porch, and met a hearty welcome. Their own three daughters were settled in homes of their own, and the old people enjoyed a call from Kate, and her singing, greatly. She had to give them Rock of Ages now as soon as she recovered breath. It was sometime before she could get to business. Then she asked:

"Deacon Hollis, have you disposed of your two seated rockaway, yet?"

"No."

"You don't use it?"

"Not often. Wife and I have agreed to ride on the same seat, so the little carriage answers us."

Then Kate's plan came out. She wanted to hire the Deacon's staid horse Roxy, and the roomy rockaway, and take her father and mother, and the children, with herself, on a ride of ten days or so out in the country.

"But where are you going?" asked Mrs. Hollis, whose kind heart was interested at once. "Your mother does look real peakedy," she said.

My plan is to go up to Lake George, see that, and spend one night there with friends that have visited us two or three times. Then, about thirty-five miles farther, in among the mountains, on a stage road, lives an old aunt and uncle of father's, who write us about once a year, and always urge us so heartily to come and visit. Now is that too far?"

The Deacon reckoned the miles and said, "Roxy could easily do it in four days, and three back" he added; "she's a masterful hand to know when her head is turned homeward."

It was all settled at last. The Deacon liked to put a generous bill in the collection for foreign missions, and he liked a good bargain right well, and it did come a little hard to offer Roxy and the rockaway for "a dollar a day and her keep," but generosity compelled, and he never regretted it.

That evening Kate unfolded her plan at home. Of the surprise, the objections, the slow, because fearful, assent of the stay-at-home elders, and the delight of the children we need not stop to speak.

Suffice it, that the second week of August proved as bright and bland as could be desired, and at half-past five Roxy and the carriage were in waiting at the door of the Morgan home. Then it took the family just one hour to pack in the belongings necessary for the trip. Not the clothes—they had each on a good stout suit, and beside that carried one poorer to wear in the woods. But there was a small boiled ham and three loaves of wheat bread, and a pail of ginger-snaps and a package of cheese, a bag with salt and pepper for the eggs they should buy, and tea and coffee and sugar, and pain-killer, and liniment, and a few other such motherly provisions.

"Husband, you haven't made a mistake in the box, have you? That does not look just like the one I put the sugar and things in."

It was opened and found to contain hard soap and silver polish, and they all enjoyed the laugh, and as for Kate, one look in her father's face was payment enough for all her trouble.

At last they were off in the early glory of the morning, through the half-awakened streets, down over the bridge near the noisy factories, and then out and up into the fair countryside, past beautiful farm-houses with their flowers and fruit orchards, through bits of woods where birds were chirping and squirrels racing, by little singing brooks and miniature falls, until at eleven o'clock they had come fifteen miles and were all agreed that a convenient wood with large flat stones was just the place for a dining room; and here they camped out. Roxy was unharnessed, a little fire built by the brook, and over it they boiled some potatoes and eggs, and tea for two. They spread a cloth on a rock, and on it a toad perched himself as if quite at home. After dinner papa and the boys went exploring, while mamma and Alice took a nap in a hammock, and Kate ambitiously sketched a tiny waterfall. Toward night they drove five miles farther and there put up at a small country inn, where they found good beds and small bills. The next day they had three hours at Lake George and time to reach their friends' cordial welcome.

But the third day they really had an adventure. A thunder storm overtook them on the lonely mountain road, and they were obliged to seek shelter in a barn, and finally to spend the night there, finding beds in hay or hammock or carriage as they best could, and thankful when morning gave them a bright sun again and chance to go on.

And that Sabbath among the Adirondacks, in its deep quiet, its purple haze, its majesty of rock and tree—will any of them ever forget it? And every hour of that piny, aromatic air seemed a tonic to the worn father and mother, the sickly Willis, and to Kate herself it brought such a sense of majesty and of inexpressible rest, as gave to her prayer a new and richer meaning.

But all vacations have their end, and Wednesday morning found the Morgan family turned with face homeward. True to the character given her, Roxy encouraged no loitering by the way this time, and before sunset of Friday was meditating over the oats in her own stable.

"I've gained ten pounds, I do believe," Kate heard her father telling a neighbor, "and I feel like a new man."

"I don't believe I have enjoyed getting up in the morning and going into my kitchen in five years before," Mrs. Morgan said, the next morning as she moulded her bread into loaves. "How much good a little change does do one, and I have got such a help, too, on my rag carpet from Aunt Martha—ten balls all cut and sewed. Well, Kate, you have given us all pleasure enough to satisfy any daughter"

And Kate was more than satisfied, even when she wore a plain cashmere for best, all winter.

"You went away, after all," her friend Louise said, with a smile.

"Yes, after I had taken your advice and 'looked over mother,' and father, too, and counted them both as my best blessings."—*Howe Benning, in Chicago Advance.*

An Arkansas Divorce Case.

Several days ago a young negro and his wife appeared before Simon Patterson, a black knight of the rural Arkansaw bench, and demanded a divorce.

"What's the trouble twixt yer?" asked old Simon.

"I kain't lib wid her an' she kain't lib wid me," replied the husband.

"Why kain't yer?"

"Cause she ain't eddycated up ter my standpint."

"Ise better eddycated den he is, Jedge, case I ken read and he kain't," said the woman.

"O, she mout hab more book-larnin' den I has, boss, but her knowledge ain't de kine what suits de undersigned. She ken spell cat an' dog, but she kain't spell biled cabbage to suit me. Ebery time I comes ter de house, I finds dis'o'man han'lin' her book, but I doesn't smell nuthin' bilin in de pot."

"Ef yer wuster fetch suthin in de house, yer woul' smell hit bilin' in de pot," rejoined the wife.

"O, dat ain't my lookout. De 'oman's duty, ez I un'erstans de case, is ter furnish suthin' ter eat. Dat's whut I married yer fur. Kain't 'speck me ter keep up de repertation o' de family an' hussle for bread. I 'longs ter de s'ciety."

"Madam," said the Justice, "de case is ergin yer. De Bible says dat er 'oman mus' mind what her husban' says. Ef he tole yer ter put suthin in de pot, an' yer didn't do hit, why den yer's laid yerself liable. Mr. Clerk, write out er 'vorce fur dis gennerman, but doan' gin one ter de lady."—*Texas Siftings.*

Didn't Want to Die There.

One day during the noted Kentucky campaign, and while the Confederate army was passing through Allen County, General Breckenridge, approaching General Hindman, said:

"We are only a short distance now from Bear Waller and are not very far from Jimtown."

The solemnity of his manner attracted Hindman's serious attention, and, regarding Breckenridge with a long look of inquiry, he asked:

"But, General, why does our nearness to those places so concern you?"

"Well, you see," Breckenridge replied, "I fear it will be my fate to be killed in an action at Jimtown or Bear Waller. Bear Waller," he repeated. "The thought of being killed at a place bearing such a name makes me sick."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The Gospel is preached in each o the forty provinces of China.

Saved by Wild Pigeons.

A flock of wild pigeons, flying very high in a northwesterly direction, attracted the attention of this village's population yesterday, and the flock was watched with intense interest until it disappeared in the distance.

"Now, that's what I call a genuine curiosity," said an old resident. "That's the first flock of pigeons I've seen in ten years in these parts, and yet I can remember when they came here by the thousands every spring and fall. They used to nest in our woods in the spring, and came back again every other fall to feed on the beech nuts. They came every two years because they knew that the beech trees were barren every other year, and they never made a mistake in the year, either.

"If it hadn't been for wild pigeons some of the richest men in this county and in neighboring counties would have been poor to-day—that is, if they had stayed where they were. We used to have some big pigeon years, but the season of 1837 beat any two we ever had. Lumbering was the only business in this part of the country then, as that and tanning are now. The lumber was rafted down to the Delaware, and then to Philadelphia and other markets. In 1837 times were bad. That was the year of the great panic. Lumber couldn't be sold for what it cost to get it to market, and for what was sold it was hard to get pay. To make matters worse, all crops failed in this region that season. The fall opened with prospects for starvation for the hundreds of people who depended for support on the lumber business. Employers had no money to pay workmen, and there was no way to obtain the necessaries of life.

"It happened that in 1837 was the beech-nut year, and nobody remembered when the nuts had been so plenty for many years. That was the salvation of the region. People were beginning to talk in earnest of making raids upon the surrounding towns and villages to obtain supplies, the news of the bread riots in New York having reached here, and given them the cue. But before any act of this kind was committed the wild pigeons began to arrive in the beeches, and in a very few days the woods were alive with them. To say that there were millions of them does not approach the number. Every tree seemed to be loaded, and the ground was littered with the branches broken off by their weight as they thronged in trees at night to roost. The noise made by their wings and throats was so great that the report of a gun could not be heard one hundred feet away. A person could go anywhere in the beeches, shut his eyes and shoot, and never fail to bring down pigeons. The whole region turned out to kill pigeons. They were shot, clubbed, netted, and killed and captured in every known manner by men, women and children, and carried away by the boatload and sold about the country.

"There was a splendid rafting freshet in the Delaware at the time, but although there were many rafts ready to run, it isn't likely one would have been started down the river if it hadn't been for the wild pigeons. Old raftmen and others agreed to run these rafts to Philadelphia free of charge to the owners if they would grant them the privilege of loading the lumber with pigeons. The offer was gladly accepted, and every raft was run heavily freighted with pigeons. Some of the rafts were stopped at different points along the river, where, hard as the times were, profitable markets were found for the birds. Others ran through to Philadelphia direct, where the pigeons were quickly sold at good prices. The freshet kept up so well that some speculators made several trips, clearing as high as $1,000 a trip. Before the pigeons left the beeches, which was not for weeks, more money was brought back to the region from their sale than was received from all the lumber that went to market. Men who, with their families, had been on the verge of starvation, were made comparatively rich almost in a day, and the foundations of big fortunes were laid. One of the biggest grocery establishments, and one of the wealthiest leather firms in New York City to-day, owe their existence to the big pigeon year of 1837, for the men who own them were started in business by their fathers, who made the money by rafting wild pigeons down the river in that memorable fall.

"Speaking of beech nuts and speculation, another big year for nuts was 1820, and that year a man named Conroy went into a speculation that had quite a different result from the one in wild pigeons that followed. In those days people were in the habit of letting their pigs run in the woods and fatten on the nuts. Conroy conceived the idea of fattening hogs in this way by the wholesale, and then gathering them up and driving them to market. He calculated that he could easily make a profit of at least five dollars on every hog thus fattened. He scoured the country and bought up at least a thousand and turned them into the beeches. They got along finely; but a week or so before he intended to collect his hogs and drive them to market the weather turned terribly cold and a foot of snow fell. When he went into the woods to get his hogs he found them scattered about dead, in groups of a dozen or so, where they had huddled together to keep warm. A few only survived the cold, and they ran wild. Descendants of theirs lived in the woods for years, and were so wild that they afforded many exciting hunts for the sportsmen of that day.—*Morsston (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

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Solar Rice-Grains.

The telescope shows the general surface of the sun as formed of multitudinous small round objects, intensely bright, on a backgronnd which, though really bright, appears by contrast dark. These objects are only small in the sense that they look small as seen even with the most powerful telescopes. In reality, they average two or three hundred miles in length and breadth. Regarding those of nearly circular form as in reality spherical, the surface of one of these clouds, (if so we are to regard them,) two hundred miles in diameter, would be about 125,000 square miles; so that, in comparison with all such terrestrial objects as we can actually see and measure, they are of enormous size. Now, we can readily form an opinion as to the nature of these cloud-like masses—the so-called solar rice-grains—by considering what the spectroscope has told us about the vaporous atmosphere in which they float. This complex atmosphere indicates its presence alike in telescopic survey of the sun and in photographs of his disk by the well-marked darkening toward the sun's edge. Analyzed by the spectroscope, it is found to contain the vapors of iron, copper, zinc, aluminum titanium, sodium, magnesium, and many other terrestrial elements, chiefly metallic. In other words, in the atmosphere of the sun the metals have the same position which the vapors of water have in our own air; so intense is the heat of the sun that iron, copper, zinc, etc., (doubtless, in reality, all the metals, though not all in sufficient quantity to indicate their presence,) are turned to the form of vapor. The clouds, then, that float in the atmosphere of the sun are clouds in which drops of metal play the same part which drops of water play in our own clouds. We may describe the solar rice-grains, in fact, as mighty metallic clouds.—*Longman's Magazine.*

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—The offer of an American engineer to straighten the Leaning Tower of Pisa, turns out not to be a joke, as was supposed, but a bona fide proposal. He offers to do it for $120,000.

Smuggling Liquor Into Maine.

About the hardest subject, however, the Government officials ever had to deal with in this Eastern section was an Indian smuggler of the Passamaquoddy tribe. Lewey was his name, and he was the son of a former chief of the tribe. He was an uncommonly powerful man, brave as a lion and cunning as a fox. He had never been caught in smuggling, and had over and over again taken a big oath that a white man should never catch him, as he would shoot him. A year or so ago, while Lewey was crossing Lewey's Lake, as it is called, an officer laid in wait for him near Princeton, where he was to land. As Lewey approached the shore, the officer emerged from his concealment, and, pointing a revolver at the Indian, commanded him to surrender. But Lewey was too quick for the officer. Instantly dropping his paddle, he seized a shotgun he had by his side and covered the officer so triumphantly that he was forced to retreat, and thus Lewey escaped. Shortly after this another officer appeared at Princeton, a cool, resolute, self-possessed man, who had determined upon taking Lewey into custody. Word was sent to the Indian that a New York gentleman was stopping at the hotel who proposed enjoying himself for a few days in fishing, and would like to employ Lewey as a guide. The bait took, and Lewey, desirous of making a few dollars, and not suspecting any wrong to himself, immediately went to the hotel, where he was shown the officer's room, and, when he stepped inside, the officer, with the aid of a five shooter, and before the Indian could realize his situation, had Lewey's muscular wrists ornamented with a heavy pair of bracelets, and he was a prisoner.

That evening the officer, while outside the hotel, saw the window of the room where Lewey was confined raised, and, at the next moment, Lewey had his head out and was calculating the distance to the ground, with a view of jumping out. But the peril of jumping from a two-story window with a pair of handcuffs on was a risk too great for even so desperate a man as Lewey, and he gave it up, and closed the window. The officer, still on the watch, next saw the kerosene light in Lewey's room dim and then suddenly flash and brighten; then it would become almost invisible again, and then it would flash and shine again. This proceeding was something that the officer could not understand, and so he started for his room, where the mystery was explained. It appears that Lewey had been heating his handcuffs in the blaze of the kerosene light, and then trying to wrench and twist them asunder. It was a martyrdom for liberty that but few would have attempted, for Lewey's wrists were badly burned and lacerated by his efforts to part his manacles. On account of his great muscular strength it is highly probable that he would have parted the irons had not the officer gone to his room. Lewey was terribly wroth at being discovered, but he made the best of it, and, without giving the officer any further trouble, he was taken to Portland, where, after an examination, he was fined and imprisoned. Since his release, he has never, so far as is known, attempted to smuggle. He had been cowed so completely that he was terrified.

From Campobello, liquors are smuggled into Eastport, Lubec, and along shore as far as Portland. Small coasting vessels and boats are employed by smugglers. Rags, wool, copper and brass are smuggled in considerable quantities on the coast. Thousands of dollars' worth of these articles are smuggled yearly. They are first shipped to Grand Menan and Campobello, where they remained stored for months. They are then quietly reshipped in vessels to Boston or some other port. A large number of the fishermen engaged in the herring fishery are given to smuggling. They conceal their packages of liquor in their cargoes of fish, and then run into either Machais, Jonesport, Millbridge or Sullivan and get rid of them. The field of smuggling operations includes Bar Harbor, Southwest Harbor, Bar's Harbor and Seal Cove at Mt. Desert island. Sometimes coasts smugglers will run into Castine, Vinalhaven and Rockland, and, perhaps, go up the Penobscot River, while occasionally they sail direct to Portland. Smuggling into Portland, however, is mostly done by passengers on the St. John steamers or on the lines of steamers running from Liverpool in the winter time. Occasionally the Customs officers catch opium smugglers. Extensively as smuggling is known to be carried on in Maine, from the best information that can be obtained, it is not known that any party engaged in the business has acquired wealth out of it. In times past, money has been made, but now the risks are so great that it hardly pays.—*Maine Cor. Boston Herald.*

Visiting Congressmen.

"I suspect that Governor Long will develop into a visit," observed a fellow-reporter the other day. Now this remark suggests an interesting subject and one not quite worn out, so perhaps it would be well to let it lead me on. It must be introduced to begin with, by saying that all Congressmen who are worth anything have their own particular reputation in the reporters' galleries; and, as a rule, these reputations are just. I don't know a fairer estimate of public men and public measures than the average opinion of the responsible correspondents stationed here. The Congressional visitor is a well-defined class. Generally speaking he is an old member, but there are exceptions, for, as the true poet is born not made, and lisps in numbers for the numbers came, so the seal visitor intentively begins his rounds at once. He is of a sociable and affable disposition and of an inquiring turn of mind. His neighbors interest him, and the machinery of Government is also a source of amusement. He finds himself thrown into familiar contact with successful men, representing every nook and corner of the land and of opinion. The "House" soon becomes a club, and, as he is a clubable man, be soon gets on terms of good-fellowship with the members. This is one side of the visitor; he generally has another; for, as a rule, he is a practical man who combines business with pleasure. The visitor is usually more than the idle-good fellow. Before long it appears that he has a little bill which he asks unanimous consent to have taken up out of its order and passed; a very little bill, to which he is sure no member can have the slightest objection. Ah, then the visitor's smile and happy story find their reward! For who so churlish as to raise the fatal objection to one with whom, half an hour before, he had so charming a chat! The Speaker, therefore, "hears no objection," and the little bill goes through. —*Washington Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—English papers have charged their American contemporaries with being sensational and fond of the dark side of life, but the London *Truth* shows the hypocrisy of this charge when it says: "One good bloody murder, from a newspaper point of view, is worth more than anything else that can happen, and a murder in England interests Londoners a thousand times more than a campaign on the Nile."

—Jefferson County, Neb., furnishes an elopement that lays in the shade anything before heard of. A young man, a son of a farmer, ran away with his aunt and three children, and also took with him a mule team belonging to his uncle. —*Chicago Times.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Some unknown benefactor has paid the entire debt of Nantucket, Mass

—George Elliot's "Adam Bede," is being dramatized, and the adaptation will be produced both in England and America.

—At Paterson, N. J., a five-year-old boy fell into the Passaic River and was carried over the falls, where he was rescued unhurt. The falls are eighty feet high.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At Augusta, Ga., the other day lightning struck a hen that was setting on a nest of eggs. The poor biddy was completely roasted by the fierce heat, and picked clean.

—Oscar Wilde says that living in England is much cheaper than in this country. "For instance," he says, "you can hear me lecture in England for twenty-five cents, but in America it costs a dollar."

—A New York bootblack of mixed In-Indian and negro blood, twenty-three years old, has a record of twelve lives saved by him. He is justly proud of it, but he should now be very careful not to blast his reputation by saving a dude.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Some time ago a pine tree in Chester County, S. C., was blown down. One limb of it was sawed up at the mill of Walker & Ferguson and turned out 470 feet of lumber. The butt end of the tree was so large that it could not be moved by a team of six mules.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A correspondent of the Raleigh (N. C.) *Chronicle* says: "I saw, the other day, a good large Methodist Church, in Haywood County, near Pigeon River, that was built, shingles, pulpit, pews and all from one tree that grew on Pigeon River."

—Dennis T. Caddigan, the oldest hotel clerk in America, died at the Sturtevant House recently of apoplexy, aged seventy years. He served as clerk in hotels for fifty-one years in Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco and New York. He won his fame at the St. Nicholas, in this city.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* reports that President M. C. Fernald, of the Maine State College, finds from observation of the weather extending over eighteen years, that Saturday is the day on which most storms occur, and that, contrary to the general idea, Friday is the day on which fewest storms occur.

—In the city of New York alone it is estimated that there are at present no fewer than four hundred millionaires, thirty of whom own from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000 apiece, while there are about ten who possess from $50,000,000 to $150,000,000 each, Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt standing at the head of the whole list with the magnificent accumulation of $200,000,000.

—"Vulgarity, pure and simple, is pretending to be what you are not," says Emily Faithful. This, however, is too sweeping. It is considered the height of vulgarity for a couple on their wedding tour to "spoon" in public, although by so doing they are only acting naturally, while it is considered anything but vulgar for them to treat each other like brother and sister, which they are not. —*Buffalo Express.*

—There is a man in Berrien County, Georgia, who has not slept in a house since the war. He carries his entire wardrobe with him wherever he goes, as well as his pantry and kitchen utensils, and spends his night wherever dark may overtake him. He is a veritable curiosity. He never reads newspapers, claiming that to read the Bible as it should be read occupies all of his time. Several days since he inquired of the editor of a paper if Germany and France were still at war, referring to the war of 1870.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Colonel A. Heaton Robertson, of New Haven, Conn., has a gold watch which is probably nearly two hundred years old. It was a present to him from Abram Heaton, his grandfather, who was born in 1776, and who remembered his father carrying it, as far back as he could remember anything. It has double cases and a stop attachment, with a second hand marking the quarters. The piece bears the name of a Liverpool maker, but the date of its manufacture is not given. Notwithstanding its age the watch keeps excellent time.—*Hartford Post.*

—When a certain San Francisco lady, who has made a wide Eastern reputation as a writer, visited Japan some years ago, she was entertained by one of the leading Americans of Tokio. Everything in the house was artistic, and the rarest curios, the most elaborate porcelain ware, the finest Japanese art productions, covered the tables and filled the rooms. The San Francisco visitor was much interested in all this, and was particularly admiring the dinner service, which was of a very unique pattern. After dinner the host took her aside. "Don't tell my wife, but I'd give four dollars to eat off a white plate."

—Utah has now ten thousand small farms averaging twenty-five acres, and the whole must be irrigated. There is only one large farm in the Territory, and it is owned by a company. The Great Salt Lake, according to Elder Cannon, contains enough salt to supply America for centuries. All that is necessary in preparing it for the market is to drive to the edge of the lake with a wagon and a man with a pair of rubber boots can load it with a shovel. The salt lies on the bottom of the lake in small coarse crystals. After loading it is taken to a grinding-machine, and, being run through, it is fit for the table.—*Chicago Times.*

A Good Story About Lobsters.

"Lobsters is cur'us critters," said an old man whose weather-beaten face, half concealed by an unkempt gray beard and oilskin suit, stamped him as a fisherman, at the Eastern Station the other day. "They're just as sensitive as a bile, and I cal'late they know an almighty sight. Folks say as how lobsters is treacherous, but I allus found if you treated 'em half as well as you would a dog they'd reciperate every time. If you think you can pick a lobster up by the tail and drive a spike with him you make a big mistake, and don't you forget it. A lobster is a humerus cuss, too, and he can appreciate a joke quicker'n two-thirds of the men. I reckerlect a case that proved this to me once. I took some Boston chaps out with me when I went to look after my traps one day, and them fellers kept tellin' funny stories all the way. When we was comin' back one of 'em told a story the other fellers called a chestnut. There wasn't no pin't to it and nobody laughed, but, just as true as I'm standin' here, every one of them lobsters in the bottom of the boat turned over on their backs and acted sort of nervous like. They had all been quiet and peaceful afore, and I know they saw there w'ant no fun in the story. An' I tell you boys, lobsters can be learn't a good many things; I was brought up among 'em and I know somethin' of their natur'. Just look at this." The old man picked up a big live one from a barrel that was awaiting transportation, and for a few seconds held the squirming, wiggling monster in the palm of one of his hands. Then he flopped it over, back upwards, and rubbed its tail briskly with his other hand. The fish slowly drew in its ugly looking claws and subsided into perfect quiet, exhibiting no more signs of life than if it had been boiled. "There," said the old man, "that lobster's under a spell, as they call it, and he'll stay just so long as I want him to."—*Biddeford Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Cup Cake: Five cups of flour, three of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda; season to taste.—*Exchange.*

—Mold the will of a horse: never break it, because the will of a horse is just as important a force as his muscles and nerves. -*Prairie Farmer.*

—Spots of iron rust may be removed almost always if they are covered with lemon juice mixed with common salt; lay the garment where the sunlight will fall on it.—*Troy Times.*

—The best method of catching hawks is by affixing steel traps to posts, as the hawks usually alight on a post in preference to anything else, in order to look around before selecting their prey.

—When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over, and a suffocating smoke escapes, filling the room and your breathing tubes, sprinkle the spot with a quantity of salt, and it will cease almost immediately.—*Detroit Post.*

—Lemon Biscuits: One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, half a pound of castor sugar, two eggs, one lemon. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the grated lemon rind, add the yelk of the eggs, and all the lemon juice if needed; whisk the whites last. Roll out thin, cut into rounds with a paste cutter. Bake in a rather slow oven. They must be kept dry.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—To prevent haystacks firing, scatter a few handfuls of common salt between each layer. The salt, by absorbing the humidity of the hay, not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to the forage, which all cattle like; besides, it stimulates the appetite and assists their digestion, and so preserves them from many diseases.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To put down cucumbers: Wash your cucumbers and pack them in a jar; to four quarts of vinegar take one tea cup of salt, a piece of alum the size of a hen's egg; let all come to a boiling heat, then pour over the cucumbers, and after standing one day draw the vinegar off and heap up again; repeat this three times and they are ready for use, and they will keep for years and be hard and nice.—*N. Y. Post.*

—If possible, plant trees on new ground where none have been grown before. If necessary to fill up the old orchard take special care in preparing the place in which to set the new trees. Remove the soil where the old ones stood and replace it with fresh earth. Mulch the newly-planted trees heavily and broadly with straw manure, and also apply it to the old ones remaining. —*Exchange.*

—Very rich fritters are made of one and one-half pints of flour, the yelks of four eggs, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, butter the size of a large hickory nut, salt to taste, with enough milk to make a thick batter; fry in lard that is heated to the boiling point. A rule for plainer ones may be wished for also. Two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. These are nice with maple sirup.—*Chicago Journal.*

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Training Horses.

The writer began the interview by saying: "Professor, what the public seems to want to know is the secret you possess which makes you so completely the master of the horse."

"I am glad you asked me that question, as it is asked me a great many times a day, and, of course, I can not be expected to answer all the letters that are sent to me. If you will kindly answer it for me in the *Herald* you will save me a great deal of annoyance. There is no secret about the business at all. I possess no secrets. I am willing that all should know just how I work, and without wishing to boast or appear vain, I wish all who have to do with horses would work as I do. It would be better for the horses and better in the end for us. Kindness, patience and consideration are the elements of success."

"I have seen it claimed by men familiar with the horse that it is absolutely necessary to use the whip frequently in order to get the horse to do anything."

"That is not true. I use the whip very little, and principally to liven the horses and make them quicker. The first thing to be done is to gain the horse's confidence. The horse must know that you mean to treat him right, and that you do. He knows what is right with very little instruction. He understands, too, how far punishment is deserved, and when it is overdone. Some people treat a horse as if it were his nature to be ugly. Now the horse is very rarely ugly by nature, and when he balks, kicks or runs away he does it in the belief that he is defending himself. The most important thing is to get the horse to understand what you want him to do. Sometimes he may do what is desired, but it may be simply by chance, and the next time the horse is asked to do the same thing and fails, perhaps the whip is applied to overcome his supposed obstinacy. That is not right. Be sure he knows what it is you want him to do. Horses closely resemble the human family in their dispositions and degrees of intelligence."—*Boston Herald.*

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Harvesting Onions.

Onions should be gathered as soon as they are fit for harvesting, for if they are not they are not apt to keep so well and will not look so bright. The time for harvesting is when most of the tops are dead. The pulling should be carefully done and all the handling should be done with care. After pulling spread them out upon the ground and let them lay for a few days. Then, if the weather is good, put them in piles of three or four bushels, and let them stand until all the tops are dead. Should there be rain in the meantime, spread out the heaps, and when dry repile. The object of this piling is to cause them to sweat, and they are then less liable to do so after being housed. They should never be housed until they are thoroughly dry. "One-half of the secret of their keeping well," says a grower, "is in carting them when perfectly dry." When they are to be marketed before winter comes, they may be kept in any dry airy place. But if they are to be kept through the winter, they should be placed on a tight floor, on which scantling has been placed, on which narrow boards should be laid with spaces between them and the sides of the building to give free circulation of air, and when freezing weather comes, place around them onion tops, hay or corn stalks. If they should get frozen never disturb them until they thaw. The crop yields from two hundred to eight hundred bushels to the acre.—*Western Rural.*

—An enterprising Frenchman has located in Chicago and opened up a dimple factory. Now a good many people don't know what a dimple factory is. It is a place where any one can go and have dimples made anywhere they may want them. How the Frenchman will ever manage to build dimples on the average Chicago cheek is a problem that no one has yet been able to satisfactorily settle. Nothing short of a hard cold chisel and a sledge-hammer will have any effect whatever, and that is only discernable under a powerful magnifying glass. That Frenchman must have a good deal of pluck and patience to have opened a dimple factory in Chicago.—*Peck's Sun.*

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—A Louisville (Ky.) man worth $50,000, left one dollar to his wife in his will.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—R. J. Meigs, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, is eighty-three years old.

—Eight tall brothers named Hoffenfinger, reside in Berks County, Pa. Their combined height is forty-eight feet two inches, and weight 1,440 pounds.

—Miss Ella Wheeler, the Wisconsin poetess, was married recently, and this will cut off the supply of poems on "Yearnings" and "Unkissed Kisses."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Harvey Holcomb, a banker of Chillicothe, O., contributed $16,000 to the happiness of a pair of bunko scoundrels lately, and it preyed upon his mind so that he died a day or two ago.

—William G. Moore, of Scranton, Pa., a carpenter, became violently insane recently from joy at meeting his father-in-law, John Hutchins, of Kansas, whom he had not seen in eighteen years. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—John B. Tolman, a veteran printer of Lynn, Mass., has given the Young Men's Christian Association of that city an estate valued at $30,000, stipulating that the income shall be used in promoting the cause of temperance.

—Miss Ada Rehan, the actress, used to be Miss Ada Crehan. The name came to be changed through the error of a printer, who, mistaking her handwriting, set it up to read "Ada C. Rehan." Ada Rehan it has since remained.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A lady of Huntington, Pa., dreamed that her mother, who died thirteen years ago, came to her bedside, shook her by the arm, and told her to get up at once and open the door. She did so, and found the room filled with coal gas. The timely apparition saved her life.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Rev. Moses Anderson, of Jackson County, Mo., sent his hired man to bring his intended bride to his home for the marriage ceremony. She fell in love with the hired man on the way, and they went to a hotel, sent for a minister, and were married.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Dr. Willard Parker, who died in New York recently, was one of the oldest and most famous of American surgeons. Starting out in life with a fondness for his profession which was stronger than any other consideration, he maintained it to the end, achieving a success which made his services in demand in all parts of the country. He came from Puritan stock, his ancestors having settled in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, and was himself born in Hillsboro, N. H., in 1800.—*N. Y. Times.*

—General Holt, who was Judge Advocate-General of the Army from 1862 to 1874, and who tried Fitz John Porter, Mrs. Surratt and the other assassination conspirators, Wirtz, of Andersonville notoriety, and other famous cases, is now a very old man, and lives in absolute retirement in a large house near the Capitol. He is a wealthy man, but a childless widower, and resides alone in his house surrounded only by servants. He has no heirs, and what he will do with his money when he dies nobody knows.—*Washington Star.*

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"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—When a man's looks speak volumes, the best thing he can do is to sell them for old junk.

—An unnecessary formality: "Did you present Charley to your father?" "No; I didn't have to. He gave himself away before I had a chance."—*Boston Transcript.*

—The Florida strawberries only grow on low, ordinary vines. By the time they get North they are so high we supposed they grew on church spires and weather vanes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—One of our young men went into a cigar store the other day for a few of his favorite brand, and as the German Countess handed him his "Henry Clay" over the counter he observed: "Henry Clay is dead." "Ish dot so?" replied the tender-hearted girl. "I vos so sorry, for he did make goot cigars."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Pretty Ella.

One day at Ella's gate there stood,
In pensive, listless attitude,
A languid, "literary feller;"
When him she saw she screamed with fright
While he exclaimed, with great delight,
"Why are you frightened, pretty yeller?"
Her cheeks so pale turned rosy red,
Her sudden terror quickly fled;
"How did you know my name?" she said;
Then, bending low her blushing head,
"*My friends* all call me 'pretty Ella.'"
—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

—Dumley wanted to stand his landlady off for a couple of weeks' board, and so at the breakfast table he said in a loud tone of voice: "Ah, Mrs. Hendricks?" "Yes, Mr. Dumley." "Ah will you be kind enough to pour a little cold water in my coffee? It is too strong and hot." After breakfast she said: "Certainly, Mr. Dumley, I will accommodate you willingly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—There is a tunnel on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad called "The Kissing Tunnel," because lovers kiss their sweethearts while riding through it. Unfortunately this tunnel is to be laid bare and so it will lose its name. The road, however, will get rid of one sort of passenger in this way— the young man who gets on at the Chattanooga depot and rides to the Decatur depot to tell his sweetheart goodbye.—*Nashville American.*

—A young gentleman who moves in good society in Savanah, Ga., threatens to sue a sorceress for getting money from him through false pretense. She had agreed to make a certain lady love him for fifteen dollars although the lady was considerably above him socially. He paid the first instalment, but saw no signs of the promised affection. The sorceress demanded a second instalment to put the spirit world into motion, but to no effect. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Some husbands are too solicitous about the health of their wives. While walking on Austin avenue Mrs. Duzenbury stopped in front of the show window of a millinery store and exclaimed: "What a beautiful assortment of hats!" "Come on quick, Louisa. You will catch cold and die if you stand still on that grating after you have been walking fast. I can't let you take such risks," said the careful, affectionate husband; and before Mrs. Duzenbury could decide what kind of a bonnet to select she was hurried past the dangerous spot.—*Texas Siftings.*

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How Long It Would Take.

The project for filling the Desert of Sahara with water is creating a great deal of discussion among foreign, especially French, journals. Naturally the question has arisen, how long it would take to fill the whole basin of Sahara, and some startling figures are given in connection therewith. Five thousand years, it is claimed, would be required to fill up that vast sea of sand were the water to flow through a passage one hundred feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, with the velocity of four miles an hour. Under the same conditions it would take four thousand years for the waters of the Mediterranean to fill the valley of the Jordan. With a channel one hundred times greater capacity it would do the work in forty years. At the same rate it would take 400,000 years to fill the Caspian Sea to the level of the Mediterranean. Fortunately, it is only a portion of Sahara which can be made into a lake or inland sea, and doubtless there are middle-aged men to-day, who will live to see the feat accomplished.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

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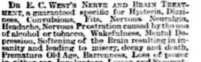

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