The Columbus Journal.

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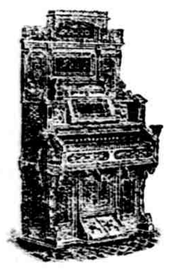

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The Tide Will Turn.

The skipper stood on the windy pier.
"O, mate," he said, "set every sail;
For love is sweet if true and dear,
But bitter is love if love must fail."
"No hurry, skipper, to put to sea;
The wind is foul and the water low;
But the tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And you'll get 'Yes' where you got 'No.'"

The skipper turned again with a smile,
And he found his love in a better mood;
For she had had time to think the while;
"I shall find ten worse for one as good."
So the tide had turned and he got "Yes."
The sails were filled and the wind was fair.
Don't limit the pleasant words, I pray;
They are for everyone everywhere.

The tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And good's not lost if but deferred;
Supposing your plans have gone a-grey,
Don't flee away like a frighted bird.
Say that you've asked a favor in vain.
To-morrow may be a better day,
The tide of fortune will turn again,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "Nay."

The tide will turn if the thing you mind
Is worth the waiting and worth the cost;
If you seek and seek until you find,
Then your labor will never be lost.
For waiting is often working you see,
And though the water may now be low
The tide will turn if you bide a wee,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "No."

—Harper's Weekly.

BOBBERY AND ME.

It's just a bit of a story, sir, that don't sound much to strangers, but I'd like to tell you about it, if you have time to listen, for they've all forgotten Bobbery down here, except me; they're poor folks, you see, and things drift out of folks' heads when poverty drifts in.

Bobbery? Yes, sir, that was his name—leastways the name we gave him down here. As to a father or mother, we never had any, I think; never had any one in the wide world to belong to except our two selves—Bobbery and me. I was the eldest—two long years older than him; but then I was blind, you see, so the two years didn't count for much, and Bobbery got ahead of me after the time when the long days of pain slipped into lone night, and God shut me out of the world—not that I grumble, sir; I've given over that—and Bobbery was always such a good lad to me that perhaps I didn't miss so much after all.

I grew to fancy things and make believe I saw a great deal, particularly after Bobbery took to working at his trade—shoe-black, sir; and sometimes, when I became accustomed to being always in the dark, I went out with Bobbery and held the money that he made.

Well, not much, perhaps, but enough for us two, and the little room we had down at Kingston, over against the river; only Bobbery was an extravagant lad—not in drink, sir; we were always a sober lot—but in oranges.

They were almost his ruin, sir—those oranges. He used to come up-stairs sucking them softly, so that I might not hear, and thinking to deceive me; but I somehow smelt oranges, and it always made me sharper to catch Bobbery whistling little tunes to himself on the way up, just to put me off.

He made a great deal of me, did Bobbery—along of being blind, you see—and so did the neighbors; but I was rare proud of him. You don't know what it is, sir, to sit alone in the dark all day, and then, on a sudden, to hear a fellow call out, "Here we are again! Come down and feel the sun set, and we'll count the coppers." It would make you love any one, sir, who had a voice like that, let alone a fellow like Bobbery.

Perhaps you didn't happen to be in Kingston, sir, last spring, when the floods had risen and the land was under water for miles around. Bobbery had to wade a little going down to his work, but he rather liked it he said; and he used to tuck up his trousers and call back to me and laugh as the water crept around his feet; and he said folks wouldn't want their boots blacked, he feared, for the water would soon take off the polish.

I used to sit on the window-sill to feel the sun, and if I listened very hard I could hear the ripple-ripple of the shallow water at every step that Bobbery made, and it had a pleasant sound, and made a kind of company feeling; but when he was out of hearing and it still kept rippling up against our walls the company feeling went away and left me lonely, and sometimes I thought the water hateful, because it lay for so very long between me and Bobbery.

Well, once I was sitting alone on the window-sill and the day was very quiet, so quiet that I did not hear the little rippling waves; and in the quiet I grew frightened at last, and stretched out my hands across the sill to feel my way down. I felt something that made me shiver and draw back out of the sunlight—that made my whole dark life grow suddenly a beautiful and precious thing—I felt the water rippling almost up to the level of the sill, and I was quite alone, and Bobbery would never know.

I did not call out or go mad with fright, as I thought at first I might do; only I crept away in my everlasting darkness from the warm sunlight and sat down on the bed where Bobbery and I slept together, and put my hands over my ears to shut out the roar of the waters.

How long I sat there I don't know, but I think it must have been for hours, for I felt the sunlight on my face and the waters rushing around me before I moved again. I was hungry, too, but when I tried to get down and reach the cupboard the water took me off my feet and I crept back to the bed and on to the shelves of the dresser to be out of the way. I said my prayers two or three times, and I said some prayers for Bobbery, too, for I knew he would be sorry when he found me some day where I had died all alone, and in the dark. And then I tried to think how things looked from our windows, with the water sweeping up to the very sill, and the red sunset lying on it—and beyond the pretty town and the steeple in the clock; and I thought it was better for me to die than Bobbery, after all, for he could see, while I—I had no pleasures in my life. And yet I wanted to live; I wanted to hear Bobbery's voice again; I wanted the waters to go down and somebody to remember me at last—for I was afraid.

Well, sir, God answers our prayers sometimes in a way that is terribly just. It takes us a long time to find out that everything is very good, I think, but we come to learn it at last—and learn, too, to leave our prayers as well as the answers to God. Somebody did remember me at last, and came back—somebody whose laughing voice across the waters was nearer every minute—somebody whose hands were on my shoulders, whose eyes, I felt, were on my face—somebody who had never forgotten me—Bobbery!

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, and I stretched out my arms to him.

Bobbery said: "I came over in a tub—only think! such a lark! but as I climbed it at the window our tub drifted away, and however we're to get over I can't tell."

"You must think of something," I said. "Bobbery, it was a long day."

"Why, of course it was," Bobbery answered, "without me. Come along, the river's rising like fury."

"Is it very wide?" I asked.

"O, not more'n a good stretch from here to the dry land, but deep, over six feet, I should say, and rising."

"But the bed, Bobbery," I said, "and the other things."

"Well, we must just leave them until it's all right again."

"Will it ever be all right?" I asked.

"Why, yes, of course," said Bobbery.

He was such a splendid chap, sir, was Bobbery, and so clever! He took the two chairs that were drifting about the room and tied them close together, and then we waded across to the window and stood upon the sill.

"I think it's jolly good fun," said Bobbery. "If you could only see how your boat's bobbling up and down in front here! Get in quick, or I can't hold her. Here! port her helm, or something! Are you all right?"

"It's splendid," I said; "come along."

But when Bobbery put his foot on the unsteady raft she went down on one side with a plunge. "Never mind," he said; "you've just got to push yourself ashore with this pole as straight as you can go, and I will follow."

I thought that was true or I never would have left Bobbery. I took the pole he gave me and went out on the restless waters that I felt were blood-red where the setting sun had touched them. People on the opposite side cheered, and cried, and called me, and Bobbery behind called out once or twice "Ship ahoy!" in a shrill voice that I knew and loved better than anything on earth, and once I heard him say faintly—he seemed so far away—"In port at last."

At last!

The people on shore ceased their shouts of excitement and encouragement; the light had died utterly away.

In an awful silence and an awful darkness I jumped to land and held out my hands.

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, "I want to thank you."

Did Bobbery hear, sir, do you think? Do people hear anything, do people understand anything after they have gone away?

I only know that the awful silence was turning me to stone, that the awful darkness was rising like a stone wall between me and Bobbery—and I was afraid. When I called no one answered, and I was glad. If his voice was silent any other voice would have maddened me just then, and I wanted nothing more to tell me the truth. I learned through the silence on land and sea how God had answered my prayer.

They told me afterward how the plank he was launching to help himself to the shore drifted away from his hand and was out of sight directly, how they would have saved him if they could, and how, when they began to shout to him directions, he made a sign for silence and stood straight upon the sill, with the sunset creeping all about him and the waters washing at his feet. They wondered why he had made no effort to reach the shore with me—they used to wonder for long after why he stood so silent, with his eager eyes and restless feet so strangely still, I knew, of course; but what right had any one else to come between me and Bobbery? It wouldn't have done any one any good to know what I knew—that Bobbery wouldn't let me lose the faintest chance; thought my blind, helpless life quite as well worth saving as his own. I would have done the same for him, sir, any day—for Bobbery and me were always fond of each other.

The story's been longer than I thought, sir, but just the evening, and the floods again, and your wanting to know about the cross, brought it back to me like the same evening somehow—An' it's company like to talk of the lad.

And Bobbery? he just died, sir, and the folks thought such a deal of him that they collected a bit to set me up, and I took half of the money just to put up this little cross by the river side—for we always divided the coppers, sir, and I haven't forgotten him—not in these two years!

That's all, sir—just all about Bobbery.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MISSING LINKS.

The farmers of Butte county, Cal., propose to plant olives extensively next spring.

Dudes need not fear the decline of the standing collar. It is as universal as ever in "Lonnon."

An Augusta, Ga., lawyer has defended forty-three men charged with murder and cleared forty-one.

Advertisements for wives are inserted in western papers by miners at Red Gulch, Indian Territory.

A young lady at Deseronto, Canada, attracts attention by promenading the streets with a cigarette between her teeth.

George Francis Train gives his autograph to everybody who asks for it, and predicts that it will sell for $10 in five years.

Mrs. Hannah Euston has left to Charleston, S. C., the sum of $400,000 for the purpose of "making old age comfortable."

A great religious revival is sweeping over northern New Brunswick. It is said to be unequaled in the history of the provinces.

The public has paid for Appleton's "American Cyclopædia" in its various editions, including annual supplements, nearly $15,000,000.

Gifts at wedding anniversary receptions are now understood to be discouraged by people "who do not have to live on their friends."

Garabed S. Azhdarian, an Armenian, is making his way through Amherst college by selling Oriental embroideries, scarfs, etc., sent him from home.

Two men of Philadelphia wet a load of slate so that it looked like coal and then sold it to an unsuspecting citizen, who thought he was lucky in buying it for $4.50.

Pierre Lorillard favors a legacy tax of ten per cent on all fortunes exceeding $200,000, which, he says, would not oppress the heir, and could not be regretted by the dead.

Statistics in the New York *Herald* show that deaths by alcoholism in this country have decreased during the past fifteen years from a ratio of 111 to 45 in each 1,000 from all causes.

Jay Cooke, now 65 years old, is described as still an active worker and man of affairs. He has an office in Philadelphia directly over the banking house he conducted during the war.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed, at a recent reception in New York, seemed to an American man of letters as having just stepped out of one of Du Maurier's society pictures in *Punch*, so patrician was her air.

A glass as hard as any cast metal, and not more expensive than cast-iron, is stated to have been produced by Mr. Siemens, of Dresden. Experiments are being made to determine whether it can be used for rails on railways.

A quilt containing 3,162 pieces of calico has just been completed by Mrs. Mattie Wooten, of Viola, Tenn. No two pieces in the quilt are alike, each one having been taken from different pieces of calico. It required several years to gather material for this work.

King Humbert of Italy has been presented with an enormous wreath of bronze, surmounted by a golden star, in recognition of the bravery and humanity displayed by him during the cholera epidemic in Naples. It was paid for by popular subscriptions limited to 1 cent each.

It is more than doubtful whether the Boston Metaphysical club will be revived. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has too many calls upon her attention and her strength to direct its course, and there seems to be no other woman with sufficient mental equipment and personal influence who is willing to take up the work.

A festive bachelor, sixty years old, hairless and toothless, will have to pay $14,000 for trifling with the affections of a demure maiden of about forty-five living at Portland, Ore. He refused to come to the scratch, so she sued him for breach of promise and the jury awarded her the above amount.

A winsome centenarian, whose handsome face has but few wrinkles and whose intellectual faculties are still undimmed, is Mrs. J. Witherspoon Smith of New Orleans. Her husband was a grandson of John Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of her nephews was John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

The celebrated shop called the Bon Marche, in Paris, has a "band" or orchestra composed of 250 of the men and women connected with the establishment. The other evening, writes a correspondent, they gave a concert in the huge halls of the store, and eminent artists like M. Faure, of the Grand opera, were among the singers. There were no less than seven thousand people in the audience.

Several months ago, in a mill at Tatro, Conn., a 14-year-old boy was caught in a shaft and whirled around several times. His right arm was torn from the socket with such force as to send it a distance of fifteen feet, his left leg suffered a compound fracture and bone comminuted, his right knee was dislocated and fractured, and he was otherwise fearfully bruised, and yet he is alive and well.

Queen Victoria has conferred the title of "Highness" upon the Battenburg baby, because, being the offspring of a morganatic marriage, he inherits neither rank nor precedence from his mother, and is not born royal. The new "Highness" is likely to do very well in life, as it is no secret that the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Beatrice are to be the principal heirs of the queen's immense fortune.

A Holyoke, Mass., thread manufacturer has received from Leeds a large skein of black silk which has laid in a pond since the Mill river disaster, which wrecked his mill, with others, in 1874. This souvenir of the flood was found Sept. 5, and although it has lain in the pond twelve years the silk retains its color, has a good gloss, and the thread is strong, which shows the almost indestructible nature of the material.

Mme. Nevada and Mlle. Van Zandt sang together recently at the English Roman Catholic church, Avenue Hoche, Paris, before a distinguished assemblage. Mme. Nevada had not sung in Paris before since her marriage. It was reported of her, as of Mlle. Van Zandt, that she had lost her voice. Neither report is true, as the voices of both singers are at present of greater compass and richer than ever.

In Pulaski, Ga., during a recent term of court, John Stripling was tried for shooting a negro. When the jury went out Stripling, who was under bond, became frightened lest he should be convicted, and so jumped on his horse and fled. The verdict was "not guilty." Some time after Stripling wrote a note to the sheriff, saying that if he was acquitted it was all right; if he was convicted it made no difference, for he had the start.

Several gentlemen of Maine have leased a big barn near Cape Elizabeth, where they propose wintering several hundred quail to be liberated in different sections of the state in the spring. The barn floor is covered with seed and gravel, in which the birds dust to keep free from vermin; trees are arranged around the walls and upper part of the barn to prevent the birds from killing themselves by flying against the boards, and an attendant is to feed and water the birds daily.

A few days ago a citizen of Columbia, Penn., gave as a wedding present to a young couple an $8 clock which he had purchased on the installment plan. He paid $6, and was slow about paying the other $2. So the agent, who knew where the clock was, scared the bride into giving it up, and then disappeared. The groom brought suit against the agent, but he could not be found, and the young man had to pay costs. He says when he marries his second wife he wants no presents on the installment plan.

A Lonesome Lake Vision.

It would be idle to attempt any accounting for the vision I saw two hours ago when I was sitting on the piazza of the cabin. The night had settled down, the darkness rolling in over the eastern hills and crowding the last of the twilight up over the ridge of Mount Kinsman on the west. The innumerable sounds of forest night-life had commenced. The moon, a little past the full had not yet risen. It was dark, but not dark, for the stars were aglow, but there were spots of intense darkness, one especially black close by me, where the path to the ice-house enters the pine forest. There is always a temptation to look into the blackest place in the night time. Whether it be that danger comes out of the deepest concealment, or the natural curiosity of man which expects to discover something where all seems impenetrable, every man, riding, walking, or sitting in what we call the dark, directs his eye frequently and eeriously into the places where there is no light.

No sudden vision presented itself, but that black avenue entering the pine forest was after a little full of forms and faces, and out of it came a swelling murmur rising to a clear enunciation of voices. How long I looked and saw and heard I have no idea. Perhaps it was ten seconds, ten minutes. For the time the mental vision was a kaleidoscope of all sorts of scenes and people. Scenes utterly dissimilar in their associations, people widely asunder in all reasonable memory. The dead form of an Egyptian soldier, lying in the cold moonlight of Luxor, his face set to the sky, the gold-crowned head of a girl I have not seen for forty years, a venerable matron now, people I knew and people I never knew but had seen, voices in many languages, some that I could understand, some that I could not understand, all these were—where? In my brain? In my mind?

"Oh, it was all imagination," is your simple explanation. If you will pardon the offensiveness, my friend, I will say your explanation is bosh. I admit that it was what you are pleased to call imagination—my imagination two hours ago, not now, for I am trying to describe an actual occurrence and not an uncommon occurrence in my own and in your experience, for serious consideration. But to say that the condition in which the mind shuts away the actual present, and the senses cease to report sounds or odors or feelings, and the mind thinks the senses are reporting to it sights and voices when those senses are in fact in a state of paralysis—to say that this is imagination is no explanation, any more than the theory of evolution which omits origin, is an explanation of material phenomena. There is a great deal too much of this kind of explanation in the superficial philosophies of our day; the substitution of a new puzzle for an old one, which triumphantly says "that explains it" at the very moment you are wondering how a sane man can rest satisfied with an inconclusive and wholly unsatisfactory, because not final, explanation.

What do you mean by imagination? I imagined that I saw, did I? I created the thoughts, created the supposed faces, created the sounds, did I? No, I remember them. Every one of them was once a physical reality. And now that I recall the scene, which you call the imagination, of two hours ago I am remembering a memory. If, as the materialist theorizes, the original facts, seen with eyes, heard with ears, were recorded physically in the particles of a section of the brain, then two hours ago I took a score or a hundred or a thousand of those records and rearranged them in a new record which I can now read, and there was no physical fact to make the new record.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Saved by a Beetle.

In the year 1793 a young man of about 30 sought refuge in the neighborhood of Bordeaux. Threatened with transportation by the Republican party, on account of his Royalist proclivities, he fled to the country, where he devoted himself with ardor to the pursuit of his favorite science—entomology. One day, having ventured too near the town, he fell into the hands of a troop of fanatical "patriots," who seized him and conveyed him to prison. Six hours later he was sentenced to death, for he had publicly confessed who he was, and the following morning was fixed for his execution. While partaking of his last meal he carried on a lively conversation with his jailer, who, among other things, expatiated upon the character and the habits of the presiding judge, saying that the latter employed all his leisure time in roaming about the country in search of beetles and butterflies. At this the captive pricked up his ears, and, quick as thought, he took a rare beetle out of a small collection which he had been allowed to keep, and while the jailer went on talking he pinned it, with a pretence of secrecy, to the bottom of a cork, which he afterwards stuck in the mouth of a bottle of spirits. The jailer noticed the operation without saying anything, and, suspecting danger, he took the bottle and the beetle straight to the President of the court, and reported the circumstances. No sooner had the latter espied the rare beetle than he hastened to the prison cell, where soon afterwards, lost to all around them, the two entomologists became absorbed in a prolonged conversation on scientific topics, after which they parted as the best friends. That beetle had saved the prisoner's life. He received from the President pecuniary assistance, letters of recommendation, and the best testimonials as to his Republican sentiments. The liberated man was none other than Latreille, the celebrated natural historian.—*Mannigfaltiges.*

How She Trapped Him.

Here is a little story I heard t'other night at dinner, says the *American Register*. A gentleman who was going off to Russia on business desired his wife to place her picture in his trunk. "You know, dear," said he, "I never travel without your photo, and Marc Gambler has rendered you to the very life."

"You old humbug. I don't believe you ever look at it. You only say this to please me for the moment," replied the better half, who had her suspicions.

"That's unkind, dearest. Before I go to sleep I always take a long, lingering look at you, kiss it, and then go off into the land of dreams with you in my eye, as one may say."

The little morocco case was placed in the trunk as usual. When the "hubby" returned and she unpacked his things she asked:

"Did you look at my picture while you were away?"

"Every night. It was my supremest comfort."

"I don't believe you."

"Ah"—with a well simulated sigh—"that is unkind."

Whereupon the wife opened the case and showed him that she had taken the picture out before she had placed the case in the trunk—just to "bowl him out." But he was in a degree equal to the occasion. He remarked:

"I saw the picture had been tampered with, my own love, but I used to kiss the case because you had been there."

Your Rights on the Road.

A man named Myron T. Ely has done the public some service in compiling from court reports a manual of the railways passenger's legal rights. Why, when and where may a passenger be ejected from a train is frequently a perplexing question for conductors, and the exercise of the right is certainly humiliating to passengers.

For instance, it is one thing to prevent a drunken or disorderly person or a "bad character" from boarding a train, and quite another to expel such a one after being lawfully on board.

But having lawfully allowed a drunken man to get on board, he cannot be expelled during the journey unless he misbehaves.

Then, too, a company may refuse to allow a passenger to board a train without a ticket, but if he succeeds in getting aboard he cannot be expelled for want of a ticket if he tenders the legal fare.

But if you refuse to pay your fare and the train has been stopped for the purpose of putting you off, a subsequent offer to pay does not give you a right to remain nor take from the conductor the right to exclude you from the car.

Nor having been put off do you gain a right to re-enter immediately on tendering either the fare or a ticket. You forfeit your right to continue on that train.

Except that if the train stops at a regular station and before being ejected there the fare is offered, the conductor should receive it.

It is a familiar rule that in case it is lawful to expel a passenger, it must be done with as little violence and force as possible, and in a manner so as not to injure him.

In some states a status provides that the expulsion must be at a regular station, or near some dwelling house. A violation of such a provision makes the company liable.

You must exhibit or deliver up a ticket when properly requested. You cannot ride upon a bogus or improper ticket, nor on one which has "expired," nor on a forged or stolen ticket, nor yet on one purchased with counterfeit money. An Illinois decision makes you liable to expulsion, without redress, if you, having no ticket, refuse to pay fare, even though the fare asked be more than the price of a ticket. You may be ejected for violation of law, or for willful breaches of any reasonable rules made by the company. You cannot ride on a ticket purchased with counterfeit money, if the company's agents are apprised of that fact.

Where there is no such statute requiring expulsions to be made at some regular stopping place or near a dwelling, the passenger may be put off at any convenient point, except that he cannot be expelled where or in a way he will be knowingly exposed to injury.

The moral of all this to buy a clean ticket, providing you can't get a pass, and then behave yourself.—*Train Talk Chicago Herald.*

A Dry River.

An eminent French art collector once bought in Paris a landscape by a noted "impressionist" which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend.

"But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation; it wants personages. Now if you would paint for me a man or a woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape, it would greatly improve the picture.

"That is easily done," said the artist. So he carried off the painting, and sent it back in a week or two with the figure of an old peasant woman going to market with her basket and her red umbrella introduced on the road in question to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had painted it, the artist remarked: "I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to Mr. X. the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."

"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration."

So the artist carried him off to M. X's, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror.

"Miserable man!" he shouted, "what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the center of my work; it is a river!"—*Our Youth.*

Young Mr. Logan's Fiancee.

Chauncey H. Andrews, of Youngstown, whose daughter is engaged to be married to John A. Logan, Jr., is a millionaire and an iron manufacturer of Youngstown, Ohio. He is a brother of Wallace C. Andrews, of this city, and comes here frequently, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, having investments with him in the steamboat company, cable road and the manufacture of gas. Mr. Andrews is a heavy man, with a large face covered with bushy, reddish whiskers. His personal appearance is that of a rugged Scotchman. He is a man of great force and determination. Years ago Youngstown was at the mercy of a single railroad corporation, the Pennsylvania system being the only line which gave its iron manufacturers access to the world. The policy of the Pennsylvania system became distasteful to Andrews and he one day surprised the people of his section by setting men at work to build a road from Pittsburg to Youngstown, which afterwards became a part of the Baltimore and Ohio system, and so gave the city competition in freights. This line has since been extended to Cleveland across northern Ohio towards Chicago. As president of this road Andrews owns a private car, which is the one that was used by Gen. Logan during his tour of the country in 1884.

Like a Bad Penny.

There once lived in a neighboring town a well-to-do Irishman who kept a grocery-store. He varied his business by purchasing lint-cotton. In packing and baling this cotton on one occasion he made bold to include a grindstone. The bale was forwarded to Charleston, where it was sold and part of the proceeds used to purchase a hogshead of sugar. It so happened the man from whom the sugar was ordered was the purchaser of the "mixed-packed" bale. Probing around with his cotton gimlet he found the grindstone and at once proceeded to bury it in the hogshead of sugar. In due time it was returned to the grocer. Months afterward, while the grocer's son, who was also his clerk, was scooping sugar out of the hogshead, he struck something hard. Uncovering it he found a grindstone and called his father's attention to it.

"Faith, 'its the same old rock!" the old man exclaimed. "Rimember, Moike, honesty's the bist policy."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Until within a comparatively short time, among the Indians of the Six Nations of the reservation in Allegany and Cattaraugus counties, New York, the habit has been to sew the body up in a blanket, not forgetting to place inside a generous supply of meat for food, wampum for ferriage over the Styx, and a bow and arrow for use in the happy hunting grounds. But when Billy McBale, one of the favorite chiefs, died, with a view of doing his memory especial honor, the bucks bought a coffin and interred the remains in pale-face fashion. Since then the aboriginal method of disposing of the bodies of the dead has well-nigh become obsolete, and now the wealthier Indians buy caskets and employ undertakers. It is a mistaken notion that the Western New York Indians have ever placed the bodies of the dead on elevated platforms, at least for many years past. The practice formerly was to scoop out a shallow grave and tumble the remains in, giving them a scanty covering of earth.

A Buck Who Knew the Law.

"I was standing in an open space, when a big six-pronged buck walked leisurely toward me and looked me all over. He was not alarmed in the least, and was as cool as a cucumber. I tell you, deer have sense. That buck knew that he was under protection of the law so far as a regular sportsman is concerned, and he knew by instinct that I am a sportsman. He was true game, and a splendid specimen of his kind. After he was satisfied with his examination of myself he straightened out his neck and took a long breath as if he were scenting some pleasant odor, and, being satisfied with the breeze, he struck out at a love-running lope toward a covert by the side of a stream, where he no doubt found some lady acquaintance of his circle of society."

"Weren't you tempted?"

"Well, no—and besides that I had such condemned small shot in my gun."—*Grass Valley (Cal.) Tidings.*

Met Him Before.

Two hard-up looking fellows recently accosted a business man on Larned street west with a request for alms. He put his hand to his ear and quietly replied:

"You'll have to speak louder, as I am deaf."

One of them yelled the request in his ear, and he shook his head and said:

"Perhaps you have an ear trumpet with you? I can't make out a word you say."

The one was about to try it over again but the other plucked his sleeve and whispered:

"Come away, Jack. I struck this same old duffer last summer and he gave me a nickel and make me sign a receipt for 25 cents. Let's do straight business or none at all."

The pretended deaf man passed on, but somehow it didn't seem to him as if he was very much ahead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Brave Texas Boys.

Recently two boys, brothers, one of 11 and the other 10 years of age, were playing on the banks of the river at Ures. They proposed to take some wood home to their mother, and while gathering it lifted the dry branch of a tree and uncovered a rattlesnake, which bit the eldest boy in the finger. The youth, feeling the venom entering his veins, called on the younger brother to cut off the injured member. The latter asked: "With what?"

"With this thin, flat stone," replied the intrepid youth, picking up one and placing his finger on another flat one. The brother took the stone and hammered away, and after some time succeeded in mashing off the finger, thus saving the life of the heroic boy, who stood the horrible torture with great fortitude.—*Brownsville Cosmopolitan.*

Among the farmers of Hindoostan sowing takes place about the last of September. If the farmer is a Hindoo, a Brahmin is consulted to fix an auspicious day, and a man is appointed to do the first sowing, after which any one can sow grain, but not before. The average amount of seed per acre is 150 pounds, or two and a half bushels. In some districts the wheat is weeded, and the weeds serve as food for the farmer and the grass for fodder for cattle. The ground is watered once after germination, once when the wheat is in blossom, and once while in ear. The wheat is cut in April in the good old-fashioned way, with a sickle. A man can cut one-twelfth of an acre, for which he gets 2 1-2d per day and boards himself. The grain is thrashed by driving cattle over it on an earthen threshing floor, and is trampled until the straw is broken fine to make "choosa" for the cattle. The grain is cleaned with a fan of about the same style as that in use 100 years ago.

Lord Ailesbury's estate in Wiltshire is, says the *World* (London), one of the most beautiful in England. Savernake house, sometimes called Tottenham park, lies in the midst of Savernake forest, surrounded by the grandest woodland scenery in Great Britain. The forest is sixteen miles in circumference and contains upward of four thousand acres. The trees are magnificent and a story is often told of how a visitor asked one of the forest-keepers when one of the avenues was planted. "Planted!" was the answer, in a tone in which amazement was blended with indignation; "them trees never was planted; they are as old as the world." The ferns are of extraordinary size and the breed of deer is one of the best in the country. The late marquis freely opened the forest to the public and during eight months in the year thousands of visitors roamed about it, enjoying its beauties.

Nathaniel Ripley Cobb of Boston one of the merchants of the earlier days, was generous-hearted and conscientious in the highest degree. In fact, he was so benevolent that in November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document: "By the grace of God I will never be worth more than $50,000. By the grace of God I will give one fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth $20,000 I will give one-half of my net profits, and if I am ever worth $30,000 I will give three-fourths, and the whole after my fifteen thousand. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward and set me aside." He adhered to this covenant with the strictest fidelity.

A messenger boy with a lot of thicker tapes in rolls strung on a wire over his shoulder stood before a Broadway jewelry store yesterday. He had a cheap watch in one hand, and had gazed alternately at it and the chronometer in the jeweler's window for three minutes when a policeman said to him: "Now, sonny, what are you loafin' there for?" "De boss told me to see how quick I could went wid de tapes, an' how am I to see till me crenommyter is right?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

A bit of a boy who had a bank book in his hand seemed greatly worried as he had a seat on a window-sill in the postoffice corridor the other day, and a gentleman made inquiry: "Are you trying to figure up the interest, sonny?" "No, sir. What worries me is that I must have brought down the wrong book. This is the one I started with 10 cents, and mam altered the figgers to $10,000 to show the neighbors."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Professor—"What would you do in case you happened to discover that there was still life in a body that you were dissecting?" Student—"I would ask the subject if he was agreeable to my going on with the operation."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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