WE ONLY PLAYED AT LOVE.

We only played at love, you see,
And yet today the memory, at
Like faded tea roses' scent, to me
Comes floating hazy,
As fleecy clouds across the moon,
Left out an afternoon,
Or as a violinist hears a tune
Amidst the noisy.

I had to hold your hand, you know,
Because the "stage work" had it so;
I wonder did I let it go
Without a pressure?
Thus is it even things that were,
Remembered, make our pulses stir,
Nor even wisdom can deny
To call them treasure.

Not seven months had passed in turn
Ere you were married; so I burn
These "acting" letters here, and turn
To other fancies;
But still 'tis very sweet to me,
This faded little comedy,
I'm glad we played at love, you see,
And took our chances.
—Drake's Magazine.

JIM RILEY'S COME TO TOWN.

Jim Riley's come to town, boys, he's now at Parker's place,
His Hoosier verse to read us, with its quaint and touching grace;
He's blind at Tremont temple—oh, how Brownell's stock goes down,
As 'tis repeated on the street, "Jim Riley's come to town!"

How dear his homely measure that is more than wordy art,
And takes the very shortest cut to reach the human heart.
The fashioners of tawdry verse upon his muse may frown;
A fig for all their tinseled phrase—Jim Riley's come to town!

The gold of human nature through his verses glints and shines,
And human heart beats are the stops that punctuate the lines;
Enough the surety that's his of well deserved renown;
Enough of joy for us to know, Jim Riley's come to town. —Boston Budget.

Concerning the Centipede.

The centipedes that live in the United States, certainly the northern states, are, for the most part, harmless. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies and other warm climates. In these places the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. Like some other animals, the appearance of the centipede is against him.

Centipedes are quite ready to stand on the defensive when they are attacked, and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite renders them rather troublesome bedfellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp, pointed feet and claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated if the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed.

The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not infrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution.

Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.—Boston Budget.

A Tenacious Memory.

Up in North Georgia some years ago there was a young farmer who was as poor as Job's turkey. He was very ignorant, and did not even know his letters. One day a tourist paused to rest under a tree where the farmer was eating dinner and recited a pretty poem. The young man was pleased with it, and the stranger gave him a written copy. But it was useless to a man who could not read, and the traveler had to go over it with his finger, pointing out each word and letter. After his friend left, the countryman went home and took his first writing lesson from the written poem. One letter was missing—the letter Z. The next day he walked five miles to see a neighbor who showed him how to make it, and then he was master of the alphabet. He got a spelling book and a reader, and studied them by a pine knot fire. Two years later he visited Mercer university, at Penfield, during vacation time, and the professors showed him through the building. "He questioned me for an hour," said the professor of chemistry, "and went away knowing more about the science than some young men who have studied it two terms." "And I talked with him an hour," said the professor of English literature, "and he extracted from me enough information to fill a volume." The young fellow had a wonderful memory. It stuck to everything. He entered the university and became noted for his strong, clear style and his varied attainments.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Will Shoot Over Ten Miles.

A St. Louis shoemaker named Custer has applied for a patent on a remarkable gun. The inventor will not display the affair itself, as he believes it to be "the coming gun," but from the drawings and obscure description offered by the owner a vague idea can be gleaned.

The gun is a smooth bore, very similar to a Martini-Henry rifle, and hammerless. On the left hand side of the breech block is a magazine containing cartridges so arranged that on firing the recoil of the charge opens the breech, at which a spring presses a fresh cartridge into place.

But the peculiarity lies in the cartridge and the rear end of it. A very light charge suffices to start it.

After it has gone but a few rods the extreme rear one of a series of secondary charges explodes, giving the missile renewed impetus. These explosions are continued until the series is exhausted or the projectile has reached its object.

The advantages claimed for this odd weapon are that a much lighter gun can be used and that greater execution can be wrought, besides getting longer range, as he claims a bullet can be fired ten miles, and even further, according to the number of propelling charges, always providing that nothing gets in the way.

It requires a 2¾ inch cartridge for a ten mile trip, and one-quarter inch additional for each subsequent mile. One thing that has always been a source of annoyance to gunners is surmounted by this, the trajectory.

The projectile, in place of making a bee line, has heretofore described an arc, necessitating "raised sights" for long distance shooting, as the continuous force of gravity would drag the bullet downward below a direct line to the target.

The inventor claims that his system of relays, acting as they do as instantaneous forces, overcome the continuous and cause the missile to move directly to the mark.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Diplomatic Romances.

These modern romances of American girls and foreign noblemen cannot match the alliance of forty years ago—the famous marriage of the old Count de Bodisco, the Russian minister, and Miss Harriet Williams, the Georgetown beauty. He was old and decrepit. It is said that he used "cosmetics" in his cheeks and dressed his poor, broken old form so that he looked like a man of 40 after he saw the beautiful school girl at her father's house in Georgetown. For she was a school girl—only 14—when he married her. He sent her to Europe to finish her education and when she came back she was the most beautiful woman in America. A magnificent, fair woman, with golden hair and brown eyes, was this young wife of the old Count de Bodisco. After leaving here her husband returned to Russia and she became the reigning belle of St. Petersburg.

More pathetic than this story, for it was surely pathetic for a girl of 14 to marry a man of 70, was the story of her sister, Miss Fannie Williams. At the time Count de Bodisco was minister he had with him as attaches two nephews of the same name, who in his last hours he acknowledged as his illegitimate sons. One of these nephews loved the sister of his incomparable aunt. The Count de Bodisco claimed that the Russian law forbade such an intermarriage, and the two were separated. She went to St. Petersburg with her beautiful sister, became engaged to a Russian nobleman, and on the eve of her marriage was found dead, with the ivory miniature of her first lover in her hand. The tales of the old days are best.—Chicago Tribune.

Unexpected Meeting.

Not long after the close of the war, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge visited the field of Gettysburg, and held conversations with many persons residing in the neighborhood. One afternoon, on Cemetery Hill, he met a soldier who was in the battle, and who, being at Harrisburg for a few days, had taken advantage of an excursion train to revisit the scene of that terrible experience.

Getting into conversation we walked down the hill together. As we were approaching a double house with high wooden steps, he pointed out the further one, and said:

"Saturday morning, after the fight, I got a piece of bread at that house. A man stood on the steps and gave each of us fellows a piece. We were hungry as bears, and it was a godsend. I should like to see that man and thank him."

Just then the man himself appeared at the door. We went over, and I introduced the soldier, who, with tears in his eyes, expressed his gratitude for that act of Christian charity.

"Yes," said the man, when reminded of the circumstance, "we did what we could. We baked bread here night and day to give to every hungry soldier who wanted it. We sent away our own children to make room for the wounded soldiers, and for days our house was a hospital."—Youth's Companion.

Curious Phenomenon.

What I am about to describe has been a puzzle to me for about one year and six months; and I think some reader of The Journal may be able to explain it. Something has developed in my eyesight. What it is I do not know, but I will do my best to describe it. This something I can see at will, and when I do not want to see it it will not come. I only see it in the light. It will take many changes, even changing its shape while I am looking at it. It seems to be composed of changing pearls strung together. This line of shining pearls has been growing larger ever since I first noticed it—in each eye a different line. One line will twist itself in all kinds of shapes while I am looking at it, and seems to be about four feet from me, in front. It has increased lately to a great size.

If I look at the right line, then I do not see the left one, and looking at the left one will force the other away. I am in perfect health and have first class eyesight. Perhaps some doctor will say the phenomenon is caused by disease of the eyes. Will somebody explain the cause?—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Lawyer's Labors.

Within the memory of men still living, it was not a difficult task for a lawyer in active practice to familiarize himself with all the leading American decisions. How is it now? Unless his memory is abnormally developed he cannot retain the names of the reports, even, much less their contents. In this multitude of authorities, both luminous and fuliginous, no proposition, however absurd, is required to stand with apparent support. The lawyer of the present, instead of basing his judgment upon broad, general principles of right, is apt to spend his time and waste his faculties in delving and searching among the yellow covered literature of a public law library (no one but a millionaire can afford one of his own) for some case similar to the one in hand. He shrinks into a mere "decision index or an echo." He becomes a patient toiler searching for the threads of precedent to twist a rope with which to strangle principle. A writer who took the pains to gather the statistics asserts that from December, 1886, to August, 1887—a period of eight months—the supreme court and the courts of last resort of the various states rendered 6,325 decisions, in most of which opinions were written.—Forum.

Oysters in Antiquity.

Raw oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as a prepprandial whet. The Romans coated their oysters with honey, and kept them until they were slightly putrid. The simple and clumsy methods of Apicius, the third celebrated glutton of the name, for preserving oysters, was to wash them in vinegar and pack them in vessels coated with pitch. The oysters thus prepared and sent from Britain to the Emperor Trajan, when in Parthia, were considered "fresh," and have been sufficient to entitle this man's name to be handed down through twenty centuries. If he is to be deemed famous in direct proportion to the nastiness of his invention, he should be famous indeed. Brillat Savarin's preprandial whet consisted of three or four dozen oysters. Sieur Laperte, whom he used to entertain tete-a-tete at dinner, is said to have complained because he could not get his fill of oysters. Savarin determined to give him satisfaction in this respect, and let him go to his thirty-second dozen, when Laperte turned his attention to the dinner with powers unembarrassed by his prelude.—American Analyst.

How Scarlet Fever Is Distributed.

The Medical Era relates the case of a girl aged about 8, living at Fortress Monroe, Va., who was some months ago attacked by scarlet fever, the disease running a typical course. For a long time no possible source of contagion could be discovered. The child had not been absent from home, had been with no one lately exposed, and no other case was known to exist anywhere in the vicinity. Subsequently Dr. Brooke learned that one of the house servants had nursed a case of scarlet fever in a distant city just about a year before. After the case terminated she packed some of her things, including some clothing then worn, in a trunk, and left the place. A year later she had the trunk sent to her, opened it and took out the contents, the little girl being present and handling the things. Very soon after the latter was attacked, as stated.

African Railways.

It is proposed, by a new company just formed in Brussels, to build a railroad to connect the head of navigation on the lower Congo with Stanley Pool, thus opening up a line of about 7,000 miles in the interior of Africa to trade and commerce.—Scientific American.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

Alone on the stairway we sat that night,
While the music throbbed and died,
And the hum of voices and laughter light
Floated round us on every side.

The strains of that waltz were heartbreakingly sweet
As they rose and fell on the air;
In a dreamy fashion the time she beat
With her slippered foot on the stair.

She played with her fan, she lifted her eyes,
She pulled her red roses apart,
She looked up amazed in a sweet surprise
When I laid at her feet my heart.

'Twas a bold and a daring thing to do,
But she seemed to like it well,
And, besides, 'twas sure good fortune to woo
The ballroom's reigning belle.

I can see those eyes so dark and bright,
I can feel that self same thrill
That shook me from head to foot that night
When two lips said softly, "I will."

Ah, there she goes now in that shimmering gown
And the silky, yellow hair.
Yes, she jilted me for a man in town
Who is three times a millionaire.
—Rosa P. Brown in Philadelphia Times.

Cleaning Mattresses.

Most good housekeepers have learned the value of a genuine hair mattress so that no word of caution seems necessary, but the frequent tricks that are resorted to for deception render it doubly necessary that the housekeeper take heed where her mattresses are sent to be renovated and to whom they are sent. It is a far better plan to have all such work done at home, but this is quite a difficult matter, as upholsterers grumble about the lack of conveniences at houses and prefer to do this work at their shops. It is not the exception, but the rule to deceive in these matters. The camel's hair wool mentioned for comfortables makes a luxurious bed, that costs about the same as white horse hair. As made by the Jaeger system, these mattresses are covered with woolen drill. The double mattress in one piece made up in this way costs about $49.—Good Housekeeping.

Wellington's Kindness.

The Duke of Wellington's kindness to children is prettily illustrated by an anecdote told in Lord Stanhope's "Notes of Conversation." There were two little ones residing at Walmar while their parents, Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, were abroad.

The children having expressed their desire to receive letters by the post, the duke every morning wrote a letter to each of them, containing good advice for the day, which was regularly delivered to them when the post bag came in.

So, as little Robert Grosvenor was called, was gratified almost every morning by the duke playing football with him on the ramparts of the castle. Occasionally the sport was transferred to the drawing room, where cushions were used instead of the football.—Youth's Companion.

One on the Doctor.

When Dr. Keats was head master at Eaton, the boys of a certain class were told to write a theme on the Latin maxim, Temere nil facias. When the time came for handing in the papers one boy named Rashleigh appeared without his. "Where is your theme, sir?" asked the doctor. "I haven't done it, sir." "Not done your theme, sir?" "No, sir," persisted the youth, apparently quite undismayed at the prospect of apple twigs; "why, sir, you told me not to do it!" "I told you?" "Yes, sir; you said 'Temere nil facias'—do nothing, Rashleigh (rashly)." The head master was so delighted with the pun that he smiled on the joker and said no more.—Chicago Journal.

His Name Will Live.

Capt. Boycott will be remembered, in name at least, long after his bones have turned to dust. According to his years he should still be in the prime of life, but for a decade the captain has not lain upon a bed of roses, and he has aged prematurely, his hair and beard—the latter long and luxuriant—being almost snow white. Capt. Boycott is the agent of Sir Hugh Adair, and has his headquarters in the sleepy little village of Flixton, in the heart of Suffolk, miles away from a railway station, or a post-office, or a telegraph office. To the villagers he is known as "the captain."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

He Drew Off.

"You aren't going up on —— street any more, I hear?" remarked one of a couple of young men who sat together in the theatre the other night.

"No; I have drawn off."

"Didn't you like the girl?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Old man object?"

"Oh, no. He was too good."

"How?"

"Borrowed over $200 of me at one time and another and never repaid a dollar of it. I'd rather go with a girl whose father keeps a watch dog and a shot gun."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Try It.

"Would we advise you to marry a man whom you really and truly love very dearly to reform him?" Ethel asks. Well, yes, if you love him so dearly, Ethel, we would. But we would advise you to kill him first. You won't have half the trouble reforming him afterward, and he'll make a much better husband. A fellow who won't reform for his sweetheart, Ethel, isn't likely to do so for his wife; you can bet your engagement ring against your dower on that.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Novelist at Home.

Miss Braddon, whose novels have made her familiar to every American, is a tall, active minded woman of 53, with gray hair and a ruddy complexion. She is the daughter of a solicitor and has a country house in the heart of the New Forest. She is an expert horsewoman, writes three novels a year and is married to her publisher.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The untiring zeal of the women of New Orleans is making that city foremost in the list of art centers. With all their other enterprises these ladies have found time to successfully boom a project for a museum of art to be erected there.

John Wesley on Demoniacal Possession.

In England the same warfare went on. John Locke had asserted the truth, but the theological view continued to control public opinion. Most prominent among those who exercised great power against the truth was John Wesley, and the greatness and beauty of his character made his influence in this respect all the more unfortunate. The same servitude to the mere letter of scripture which led him to declare that "to give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible and to take ground against the fundamental truths of theology," controlled him in regard to insanity. He insisted, on the authority of the Old Testament, that bodily diseases are sometimes caused by devils, and upon the authority of the New Testament, that the gods of the heathen were demons; he believed that dreams, while in some cases caused by bodily conditions and passions, are shown by scripture to be also caused by occult powers of evil; he cites a physician to prove that "most lunatics are really demoniacs."

In his great sermon on "Evil Angels," he dwells upon this point especially; resists the idea that "possession" may be epilepsy, even though ordinary symptoms of epilepsy be present; protests against "giving up to infidels such proofs of an invisible world as are to be found in diabolic possession," and evidently believes that some who have been made hysterical by his own preaching are "possessed of Satan." On all this, and much more to the same effect, he insisted with all the power given to him by his deep religious nature, his wonderful familiarity with the Scriptures, his natural acumen, and his eloquence.

But here, too, science continued its work. The old belief was steadily undermined, an atmosphere favorable to the truth became more and more developed, and the act of parliament in 1735, which banished the crime of witchcraft from the statute book, was the beginning of the end.—Andrew D. White in Popular Science Monthly.

Moon Fables.

A maiden was accustomed to spin late on Saturday in the moonlight. At one time the new moon on the eve of Sunday drew her up to itself, and now she sits in the moon and spins and spins. And now, when the "gossamer days" set in late in the summer, the white threads float around in the air. These threads are the spinning of the lunar spinner.

The moon is especially a ghostly avenger of human arrogance, and has its humors, according to which thing go well or ill with it. In its increase it has a special force and a certain good will for the earth and its inhabitants, while in its decrease it is friendly to no one. The good woman must not do any sewing in the decrease of the moon, for the stitches will not hold; farming tools must not be left in the field, because it is believed, if they are, crops will not again thrive there. If an unbaptized child is exposed to the moonlight, it will lose its luck for its whole life.

If one points at the moon with the finger, he will suffer from swelling around the nail; and whoever spits at the moon will lose all his teeth. These beliefs, too, are international. The same is the case with the religious notions about the new moon. Sorceries of every kind, to be successful, must be performed on Sunday night of the new moon. The hair must be cut only in the increase of the moon, otherwise there is danger of getting headache. If a person returning home in the evening sees the full moon, he ought to take some money out of his purse, and utter an incantation that will make it increase a hundred times during the month.

The moon is also supposed to have an influence over animals and plants.—Dr. F. S. Krauss in Popular Science Monthly.

Editors and Writers.

Nothing could be more false than that editors and publishers like to decline things. On the contrary, they are perfectly eager to get good articles and books, no matter how obscure the writer may be; sometimes, indeed, the obscurer he is the better. The amount of pains which editors and publishers take to lick into shape manuscripts which have a basis of merit, but which are abominably written, is something which would be very surprising to aggrieved contributors who regard every editor and publisher as a contemptuous person with a prejudice against all unknown writers. Editors are willing to suggest, to correct, even to rewrite; but often the task is too much for them, and they decline matter which really has much that is good because the writer is so very far from having learned his trade. There is no higher art than the art of writing; and yet some people expect that they may exercise it without any apprenticeship whatever, just as some others expect to paint good pictures or sing songs like an artist, right off, out of hand, by sheer force of genius, or by "main strength," as Paddy thought he could play the fiddle. The result is the woful duty that editors find themselves under, and which they are not to be blamed if they sometimes shirk.—Boston Transcript.

The New Department.

The elevation of the agricultural bureau to the dignity of a department with a seat for its executive head in the president's cabinet is of far greater importance than may now seem. The bureau of itself has no great significance. But as a vehicle for business that overloads other departments the new executive branch will grow in importance. The interior department has far outgrown proportions compatible with its greatest usefulness, and the general land office could very properly be transferred to the agricultural department. So, too, with the signal office, which can be of greater advantage to farmers than any other class.

There is also a range of service in the state department that properly falls within the scope of the new department, and that is the system of collecting information about foreign agricultural methods and operations. This is mingled, of course, with a statistical information about many other things, but to the farmer it is of the greatest value as determining the prospect of his market. This country could well afford to station a special agricultural agent at every important foreign mission. The interstate commerce commission, which is classified as accessory to the interior department, should be related to the agricultural department if to any. The secretary of agriculture will not have a sinecure.—Washington Star.

Capt. Kidd's Long Disembodied Spirit.

A ghost in the old Rock Hill estate at Medford is the subject for gossip in that vicinity. It is said to be the spirit of Capt. Kidd, and this belief is founded on an old tradition connected with the estate. It is one of the numerous places where the fabled treasure was hidden. Many have dug for it, and it is said that some struck the cover of the chest, but it had a trait of sinking lower whenever touched. Another theory is that the midnight visitor is the spirit of a New Hampshire farmer who was robbed and murdered there. The majority of people, however, have no story at all and will believe in none. The visitor has the usual characteristics of a ghost, and has disturbed all the inhabitants in the vicinity.—Springfield Republican.

The Emperor's French Cook.

The expulsion of French cooks from his household by the present emperor of Germany recalls the fact that his imperial grandfather long employed M. Urbain Dubois as chef. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, M. Dubois resigned his post, but Emperor William would not permit him to depart. When the fortunes of war had placed the chef's native village in the emperor's power, the latter issued an order that the people of that vicinity should not be compelled to pay an indemnity.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wane of the Alligator.

The alligator of the south, like the buffalo of the west, is likely soon to become extinct. The slaughter of the alligator for its hide, like the slaughter of buffaloes for their hides, has been so great that it will be only a few years before the lonely lagoon of Florida will have lost its last survivor.—Scientific American.

A Big Settlement of Horses.

The largest horse farm in the world is said to be thirteen miles from Cheyenne, Wy. T. It includes 120,000 acres, and requires 100 miles of wire fencing to keep the animals in bounds, with sixty-five men to look after them. The horses, young and old, number 5,000.—Virginia City Enterprise.

NEW ENGLAND'S GIRLS.

WHAT OF THE SURPLUSAGE OF WOMEN IN EASTERN STATES?

Some Interesting Statistics Given by a Lady Who Has Made a Study of the Subject. She Tells What Becomes of the Girls Who Do Not Marry.

It has often been asked what becomes of the surplus of the female over the male population of some of the states, especially of Massachusetts and Connecticut and perhaps of some of the other "down east" commonwealths. An estimable lady by the name of Miss Rebecca Jones, who herself belongs to that number, and who was a school teacher for nearly twenty years in a small New England town, and who is now visiting friends in Brooklyn, gave some interesting statistics bearing upon this point to the writer of this article. Said she:

"I have kept a record of the girls who have graduated from the high school of my native village, where I have been a school teacher since 1871, what they have done and what has become of them."

She gave the figures for the classes of the years 1871 to 1876—from eighteen to eleven years ago—and strange figures for any marrying and giving in marriage community they are. Continuing, she said:

THE MAJORITY ARE SPINSTERS.

"The average age of the female graduates from a typical New England school is between 16 and 17 years. Hence it will appear that the women of whom this list has been made, ranging today between 29 and 34 years old, have done the greater part of all the 'settling in life' that they are likely to do. Out of a total of ninety-nine graduates there were twenty-seven marriages, eleven deaths and sixty-nine are still single. Strange as it may seem, the eleven deaths were all caused by consumption. There have been two cases of insanity, both of the twenty-seven married group. The largest number of children of any is three. Three of the girls went to college after leaving the high school, all of whom are married.

"Of the unmarried sixty-one, twenty-one follow a very usual feminine calling—that of schoolma'm! One is at Hampton, Va., teaching the Indians; the other twenty are in country schools in or near by their homes. Three set type; one reads proof; one is head dressmaker in a large establishment in New York city; four are dressmakers on their own hook; one is practicing medicine; three are music teachers; fifteen are stitchers and buttonhole makers in shoe shops, and the rest are home bodies.

"Just what has brought about such a preponderance of spinsterhood it is not altogether easy to say. Some people have contended that it did not exist, but statistics prove to the contrary. Such people have explained the great surplus of women in New England on the supposition that most of them are widows, made so by the hazardous occupation of the men along the eastern coast. Widows there are in plenty, but the sixty-one of my records certainly never married.

THE YOUNG MEN LEAVE HOME.

"Probably most of them never had an opportunity to marry. There are few marriageable young men at the present time to be found in most of the small New England towns. The serene quiet of this most lethargic rural section of the country does not suit the active spirit of young men of the day. They go away before they are old enough to marry, and the chances are that they don't come back again.

"If they do return they are impressed with the lack of money in New England, outside of the cities, by the length of time since the houses have been painted and the amount of calculation required before he can find a place where he can satisfactorily spend a dollar. They do not stay long enough to admire the hardy thrift that can wring a comfortable support from the stony soil where a New Yorker would starve, and 'the girls they left behind them' cannot compare, so they seem to think, for beauty of dress, fascinating coquetry or small talk of society with the blandishments of the city girls, who have insensibly become to them the standard for admiration.

"These things considered, it is fortunate for the spinster that she is fast learning to think it a natural and not altogether unpleasant state of affairs to be what she is. They do not look an unhappy lot, and New England is learning to be tender of and appreciate them. She does not call them 'old maids,' and the fiction of their youth is kept up till they die. One may hear of the 'Fisher girls,' the 'Smith girls,' and so on for weeks before the truth dawns that the 'girls' are well past the half century milestone of life. They never married and no one was ever cruel enough to mark out any line beyond which they ceased to be young. They are self respecting and universally respected.

"There are New England towns in great numbers, where the best educated and best bred Yankee girl, of the best colonial families, can go into the shoe shop and work there for years after she has ceased to be a girl, save by courtesy, and still read the classics and move in, perhaps lead, the most aristocratic society of the town."—New York Mail and Express.

Eminent Whistlers Meet.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the whistling prima donna, and her company appeared at the opera house before a good audience. An additional number was furnished by Thomas F. Browne, the local whistler, who, by the way, Maj. Pond, Mrs. Shaw's manager, asserted would be "knocked out." Nothing of the kind happened, however, and Mr. Browne's peculiar style of whistling compared very favorably with Mrs. Shaw's.

Mrs. Shaw rendered Arditi's familiar "Il Bacio," and was warmly encored, to which she gracefully responded. Mr. Browne received an ovation when he appeared. He whistled "The Forest Fairy," and responded to an encore with a medley of operatic selections, and on being recalled gave "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mrs. Shaw's volume of tone is somewhat superior to Mr. Browne's. Her notes are peculiarly sweet and birdlike, and at the same time are quite penetrating. Her trills and runs were all good, and the expression and execution were excellent. She has one advantage over Mr. Browne, and that is her musical training, but the latter overcomes that by his natural ability. In the lower register Mr. Browne excels Mrs. Shaw, particularly in the flute-of-piccolo intonation. His range is about three octaves, and his execution of the high notes was brilliant. He possesses one strong feature which Mrs. Shaw lacks, and that is his peculiar double tonguing.—Springfield Republican.

A Missouri Girl.

A gentleman out riding on the east side the other day witnessed a rare exhibition of spirit in a young lady well known in society circles. She was out calling in her father's carriage behind one of the fastest private teams in the city. Her coachman was of the old French type, which considered itself greater than the king when driving his royal highness.

The young lady ordered the carriage stopped at a certain number, and hunted the coachman a card to present at the door. He objected to going on such an undignified mission. She ordered, and he replied that he was not a messenger boy; whereupon the young lady grew suddenly two inches in stature and with a dignity that even a coachman might have envied she ordered him to give her the reins and get out of the carriage. He saw that every line in her face indicated business and abdicated his throne. With greater ease than many men can boast she sat upon the back seat of the open carriage and drove home at a 2:40 gait.—Kansas City Times.

State Weather Bureaus.

Professor Nipher's recommendation of state weather service, as supplementary to the national signal service, is calling attention and general discussion to it. That our service is incomplete at present is evident. The chief damage done to our crops is not by the great storms that destroy shipping and wreck buildings, but by storms quite local in origin and in range. The general service can only refer to these in general terms as local storms "in northern Illinois," or "in western New York," or "along the gulf;" but a state service would have for its special work to forecast these less extended and localized disturbances and announce them to the agriculturists. Professor Nipher reminds us that in 1892 the telephone will be public property, and can be used by such a state service to communicate with every farm. "Hello! John Smith! Get up and get in your hay! A shower will be there in three-quarters of an hour." Such is science.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A High Singer.

The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practiced public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.—The Naturalist.

Must Have Thought Her Funny.

A Bangor man has a bright little niece, over whose head but a few years have rolled, and who when saying her prayers the other night repeated a line in the Lord's Prayer, "Harrowed be thy name." The little one was kneeling by her mother's knee, and the latter said:

"Why, darling, you don't mean 'harrowed.' Harrowed means broken up and they 'harrow ground.' You should say: 'Hallowed be thy name.' Hallowed means holy." The little girl thought for a moment and then her face brightened and she said with a smile: "Well, mamma, the Lord must think I'm awful funny, for I've said 'harrowed' for ever so long."—Portland Argus.

"Shoot the Lion."

A minister once announced as his text: "The slothful man saith, there is a lion in the way." As he paused he heard a lad in the gallery whisper: "Shoot the lion." With ready wit he turned to the boy and said: "You have given in three words the sum of my sermon, and that all may remember, I will repeat your summary." Then turning to the congregation he said: "The slothful man saith there is a lion in the way." After a pause he went on: "My young friend in the gallery says, 'Shoot the lion.' this is the exact thing to do. Let us pray."—St. Louis Republic.

Mary Anderson's American Castle.

Mary Anderson, the actress, owns a valuable farm of 330 acres on the Lafayette township knobs, about five miles from New Albany. On the farm is a fine orchard and a building site, from which can be had a magnificent view of the Falls cities and the distant Ohio. It is said that Miss Anderson contemplates at some time erecting on the summit of the high hill a magnificent country residence, similar in style of architecture to some of the castles she saw during her stay in Europe.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A report from Elba states that the whole of the island is infected by phylloxera. In Toscana the efforts to check the plague have as yet proved unsuccessful. The insect has also made its appearance at Parmi, in Calabria, at Novara and at Cervo, in Liguria.

Eureka.

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Feed no corn to stock at the beginning of warm weather, it will not pay.

If your face is marked with blotches,
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You may but your business aside,
To some quiet place retire within.
'Tis the blood. To purify it
There is nothing half so good,
As the G. M. D. Be—sure to
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