

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

To Several. From Detroit: Oh! the plump and pert sourette, She's a pet. She can sing and coquette, Then forget Blonds her flowing hair, and yet Only recently we met, And I say it with regret, It was jet.

Oh, perfidious sourette To coquette With my heart! My eyes are wet With regret. It was hardly eloquent Your adorer to forget For a fellow with a yellow Clarinet.

Of Course She Would. "I know what you're going to say," she said, And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall; "You are going to speak of the hectic fall; And say you're sorry the summer's dead, And no other summer was like it, you know, And can I imagine what made it so. Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said; "You are going to ask if I forget That day in June when the woods were wet, And you carried me—here she dropped her head— "Over the creek; you are going to say, Do I remember the horrid day? Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said. "I know what you're going to say," she said; "You are going to say that since that time You have rather tended to run to rhyme, And—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red— "And have I noticed your tone was clear, Why, everybody has seen it here! Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said. "I know what you're going to say," she said; "You're going to say you've been much annoyed; And I'm short of tact—you will say 'de-void'— And I'm clumsy and awkward; and call me Ted; And I'll abuse like a dear old lamb; And you'll love me, anyway, just as I am. Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," she said.

A TERRIBLE BALLOON RIDE.

The Argonaut.

Count Zambecari was going to ascend from Bologna in a balloon holding 14,000 cubic feet of gas, and sought for two friends to accompany him on his trip. These were found in Dr. Grassetti, of Rome, and myself. The week before the ascension, while we were making preparations, was a time of great excitement for us. The count was thoroughly cool; he had often trusted himself to the frail ship and risked his life; but with us it was different. Two things made an aerial trip perilous: First, the covering must be chosen of some light material, which is therefore less durable and firm; and, secondly, one is entirely dependent upon the wind. Whoever it takes the balloon, and however it drives it—whether slowly or swiftly, or with the fatal fury of the tempest—one must submit. For this reason Grassetti and I were anxious. Early in the morning we began to fill the balloon, for which we had provided 200 pounds of iron filings, 6,000 pounds of zinc and 8,500 pounds of sulphuric acid. But hour after hour passed; the increasing volume of gas was very evident, and yet the balloon was not filled. Noon came; it was 3 o'clock; we had reached perhaps 7,000 cubic feet of gas, and Zambecari said to us:

"Ascending today is not to be thought of; will the night before the balloon will be filled." We saw he was right. What observations could we make in the darkness? We were not the only ones on the spot. All Bologna was on its legs—old and young, rich and poor. In the forenoon the people rushed to and fro, but in the afternoon stood firm, and awaited from hour to hour the longest for spectacle.

The sun set, and evening came. The spectators were impatient, and began to sing and make a noise. When at last, about midnight, the Count told us the work was done, we did not know what would happen. We did not want to ascend, yet we knew well that the people would not be so easily deprived of the desired sight.

Zambecari mounted a barrel, got a hearing, and announced to the spectators that as nothing could be seen at night, he would ascend in the morning; the balloon was now filled; they could go quietly home, and next morning the ascension would take place.

But what cries arose! How the crowd roared! "What!" screamed the people, "we stand here sixteen hours and see nothing! We have waited since morning, and now shall we go home? Go up! Go up! Start at once!" And a howl arose that struck terror into our hearts.

The count obtained a second hearing. "You will lose nothing by it," said he; "on the contrary, you will only gain, if you will be patient till morning. What can you see now in the dark night? Nothing! In a moment we vanish from your view. In the morning you can watch the balloon's flight for miles. We can throw you notes and letters from the air. The spectacle is entirely different."

They would not let him speak. "Go up! go up!" yelled a thousand throats. They shook their fists. The crowd pressed against our barriers; complete destruction threatened our arrangements. As a climax, stones were thrown at the balloon. "Start! start!" was howled. Laths and beams cracked. Every moment the stones thrown threatened to destroy the balloon. Even our lives were in danger.

morning." Orsk! The beams broke. The torrent burst in. For heaven's sake get in! get in! Greatly alarmed, we sprang into the basket, the ropes were cut; the balloon flew on high, snatching us from the hands of the enraged mob, and "bravo! bravo!" sounded after us from below. "Hurrah!" came thundering up to us. "Long live Zambecari! Long live Grassetti! Long live Andred! Hurrah for the count!" Shouts from thousands on thousands of voices accompanied us.

We soon recovered from our fright, but we perceived what did not please us. "The wind is too strong; we cannot land without danger of being destroyed," said Zambecari. We were thus in a bad plight, and had to wait for daybreak. But that was far from us. The sun would appear above the horizon at about 6:45 o'clock, and it was 12:15 when we ascended. With lightning speed we flew up, up, always up, and the wind whistled at our heels from the southwest and chased us away, away, always farther. How quickly Bologna vanished from us! In a very brief time we no longer saw its lights, heard nothing of its tumult—clouds lay between us and the earth.

The magic, the wonderful sorcery of our poising by moonlight between the clouds, I cannot describe. We were in fairyland, and if we could have enjoyed the new view with light hearts, and could have floated through the air, free from care, without fear, it would have been divinely beautiful, and I remember that I thought for a few minutes of the old Greek gods. But quite different thoughts began to force themselves with irresistible power upon us, like lightning into the far, far distance. We could not look far ourselves, and the balloon rose inexorably, always higher, to the regions in which human life is impossible and where breath falls.

Only too soon we perceived the influence of the cold and the rarified air. How high we were I do not know, but we began to shiver in the frozen atmosphere; our teeth chattered, and we crowded together. Dr. Grassetti soon grew feeble, began to gasp, staggered, struggled convulsively, closed his eyes, and moved no more. In the fine, thin air one breathes quickly and is sooner exhausted. The result is weakness, pain at the heart, vertigo, fainting, and finally death, if the man does not come again into air of greater density. A few minutes after Grassetti, Zambecari also fell and gave no more sign of life. Now think of my situation! The wax light in the lantern was extinguished. I vainly tried to light it again with tapers; it would not ignite. With much trouble I obtained a light with ordinary matches. I had scarcely succeeded in this when I was seized with dizziness and faintness. It took great force of will to keep on my feet. Balanced between heaven and earth, the balloon flew on swift as an arrow. At my side lay the two had fainted or were dead. I was without means of delivering myself from so horrible a condition. Yet it became worse.

Hark! What hollow roar was that below us? It was the surging of the ocean. It could be nothing else. We must have been hurled through the air a distance of over a hundred miles, and, according to the direction of the wind, had now reached the region of the tropics. What now? It would be impossible to descend until we were again above land. In vain I strove to read the barometer. My eyes knew nothing more. Fainting, I stared into the darkness and upon the moonlit clouds. Not to swoon, I grasped the side of the basket in which we sailed.

It was about 2:15 o'clock; our night had lasted an hour and a half, when it seemed to me that the clouds flew upward. Was it a delusion, brought about by my bodily condition? All at once a bright thought came to me; the clouds were not flying up, but we were falling! I bent over the side of the basket—yes, yes, I heard plainly and louder the roar of the ocean as we rushed downward. How it happened I do not know; whether the balloon got some opening above, which let the gas escape, or what else. I looked over again. Almighty God! he gracious and merciful to us! We were about to sink in the sea. I gripped the nearest of my companions, shook him, and said to him: "Wake! wake! awake! We are falling into the ocean!" Then I bent far out again and stared downward—yes, there was a gray mass of crowding billows; there it boomed and seethed and foamed—one moment more we should be buried in the flood. "Zambecari!" I shrieked, seizing him in a convulsive grasp, "we are plunging into the sea!" and I looked over again into our watery grave.

The Count lifted his head, and whispered: "Ballast—out!"—slowly raised himself, mechanically seized the bag of sand that he had in our basket as cargo; I laid hold of it, and Zambecari quickly recovered himself, we worked the bag up, we got it over the side; the doctor to himself also, in a moment understood the situation, energetically hurried barometer, compass, the whole collection of instruments and our provisions, all, all overboard. In another moment the basket touched the water, and we were drenched by the salt water. But at the same instant again we flew aloft with the speed of an arrow. We were in the water only long enough to fill our basket half full, and wet us to the skin. The balloon had now nothing to carry but us three; the water ran out of the basket, and we flew again into space.

Great heavens! That was an ascension! In a trice we had reached the clouds—gone through and above them. Now we poised over the clouds far below; before us the blood-red moon shone on the vaporous masses and upon our poor children of earth, trembling with cold in our frail basket. The cold suddenly froze the water; our wet clothes were coated with ice. We felt sharp stabs in every joint; we groaned with pain; we had no longer any light; we were so stiff we could scarcely move; and the wind still drove us continually northeast. How many hours had passed? The moon shone plain enough for us to look, but no one of us could bend a finger to get his watch out of his pocket. At last Dr. Grassetti succeeded in drawing the count's watch out of his vest pocket, and our united exertions made out that it was 3:10. When we had achieved this feat and looked about us, we discovered again that we were falling, but not quickly—not in a way to alarm—only we had now nothing,

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Woolen cloth is a rival of chevots and Juna cloth. New half-fitting wraps are out with Japanese sleeves. Valenciennes lace is returning to favor for evening wear, the new Normandy patterns being very delicate and tasteful. A Potosi lady recently opened a pin-stitchery that has been in for twenty years. She took from it 47 needles.

English ladies are compelled to appear at court in low-necked dresses and short sleeves. Some of them are said to remind one of a giraffe wearing a turn down coat. The reason why woman cannot succeed as well as a man in the walks of life, is because when she is on the walks, one hand is usually employed in holding up her dress.

Atlanta claims to have a young lady who has the finest and prettiest hair in the United States. The name of the party of whom she purchased it is not made public. "I'd like to know," said a lady once to a friend, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" "It simply arises from her invariable habit of giving her opinion without any pay," answered the judge.

"Nice fellow," the New York girl exclaimed, "well I should think he was. Why, he don't do any business, he belongs to three clubs, has \$50,000 a year, is divorced from his wife, and has led about 30 Germanic societies." The late styles of wall paper are so gorgeous that a family can no longer take comfort in wearing out old boots and splashed vests around the house. Every body's socks and tie are all the same. When a Louisville man fell in love with a woman and swore that he would kill himself unless she married him, the general thought a pistol for him. He carried out his promise and shot himself. A Louisville woman will do anything for a man who loves her.

The fashions for the present season are to be regularly colored. Silk, satin, velvet, plush, net, faille, brocade, are all equally fashionable for street wear. A stylish spring bonnet in "Queen Mab" shape, which is of the poke over of bonnets, is made of amber-colored straw. Above the crown is draped a wide pattern of gold lace, which partly veils a small wreath of scarlet roses and magnolias. The inside of the bonnet is faced with crimson velvet, and upon the extreme edge is set a row of pale amber beads.

"When are you going to lead me to de altar?" asked Miss Matilda Snowball of Sam Johnson, both of whom move in the highest circles of Austin colored society. "I don't know how to prophesy wuff a cuss," "But you has done promise for de las' six yehs dat you was gwine to marry me. Did I promise you dat?" "You did for a fact," she called out, "and you call dat lie and you can prove it by me."—Austin Statesman.

Mrs. Lillie Davenport Blake asked this question: If twenty boys were brought up the same way as girls—lacked indoors, taught sewing, embroidery and playing the piano—what sort of young men would they be at twenty-one? To it the Boston Star gives this equivalent answer: "If twenty girls were brought up the same way as boys—allowed the freedom which custom affords the male sex, their facilities winked at or excused, what sort of young women would they be at twenty-one?"

He rushed in the parlor without rigging the door-bell and discovered a light figure sitting on the sofa in the corner. He certainly was a queer fellow. "By Jove, dear N.Y., I thought I never would find you here again. Your mother has gone a visiting hasn't she?" "Yes, responded the little fellow, "she goes visiting so much I can't often alone." The young man remained the next day that he left his hat on the piano and his umbrella in the hall, and needed nothing but thirty acres of open air.—Chicago Echo.

The rage for aprons for shoes and stockings is quite as great as ever. There certainly never was a time when women with pretty feet could display them to their advantage, or, on the other side, when women with ungraceful ones could hide them so successfully. For the former are styles and colors beyond enumeration. The latter are exceedingly low cut, sandals and slippers in bronze, kid, black satin or black undressed kid, with a bit of embroidery or beading upon the pointed toe; these to be worn invariably with the stockings of black or some dark shade, the pale tints being left for those whose delicately shaped feet can best venture to display them.

The new printed satens are very attractive. Some of the latest patterns are quite indescribable, showing a number of dill tints enlivened by a few touches of old gold or Japanese red; others show rich, rich, rich, which are very rich, and thrown masses of soft-fitted flange, clusters of laurel blossoms, arbutus flowers, scarabai, geometrical figures, and tiny scenes and crests. These fabrics are to be used in combination with self-colored materials, and great taste and tact are necessary in combining the two fabrics. The printed satens are used for jackets, blouses, and corset trims.

There is a great amount of fancy jewelry worn just now—jewelry that is a perfect contrast to the heavy, solid, massive sort that was worn a short time ago. Then it seemed the jeweler's art to put much weight of gold to one diamond as he could manage; now it is to see how many stones he can set on an infinitesimal amount of metal. Some of the fancy jewelry is very pretty. For instance, if the hair is worn in a coil high on the head, or something in French fashion, there are jet-headed pins, diamond-cut silver spacers, stars, or floral designs in silver and gold, and sparkling with gems of varied brilliant hues that look very effective when set in the coils of hair. With these ornaments come bangles and lace pins to correspond.

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many has over 150 schools of agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture and viticulture. Their first experimental agricultural station was established in 1823; upward of 60 new ones in connection with it have since a special line of research. The Harvard Annex is now in its fourth year of successful existence. Last week Mrs. Louis Agassiz, in the course of an interesting report, stated that owing to its limitations the Annex is very expensive. The charge per year for a full college course is \$200, \$50 more than is paid by Harvard students. It therefore costs those who enter for the four years \$800, besides the expense of living in Cambridge. The single course are \$75 a year. Thus far the students have been either young women fitting as teachers or other women who are already teachers, but who allow themselves out of their small earnings the rare luxury of a little change from teaching to learning, that they may go back to their work refreshed and better prepared.

Fifty women are enrolled as regular students in Cornell university, and there are others who are pursuing a post-graduate course. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening has been visiting the university, and says in regard to this matter: "I have talked with professors and non-professors, with men and women students and with such as are not students, and the general verdict is that there is no question whatever as to the success of co-education. It operates as naturally, healthfully and as much to the positive benefit of the sexes, as can the best and most elevating social relations. The men and women behave better and are more self-respecting than when educated in one-sex schools.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says that the plan in Chancellor Hall for the establishment of a school of technology in the university of Georgia has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the state. The school will be provided with the best tools and the most skillful superintendents, and that when a graduate has gone through his apprenticeship and taken the auxiliary course of study he may be able to take his place at the bench or forge and work his way into a permanent and paying position in the best shops of the country.

Mr. Talmage says that the eyes are "two lightnings of the ether, the immortal soul." "Are you to infer, then, that a blind or wal-eyed man is lost?" In heaven the people who give lessons on the harp occupy about the same position as regards wealth that plumbers do on earth. The notion of having your house connected with the church is a notion, is utterly absurd. How's your wife to see bonnets by telephone? "Ought a Christian woman to dance?" anxiously inquires an exchange. Now, why not dance? It may be a good thing for the woman for settlement. An exchange states that "Clergymen are pronounced against promiscuous kissing." This is all wrong; they should merely set their faces against it.

The Rev. Dr. Spence, president of Wesleyan university, of the Methodist ministry, "centerpiece," was charitably anxious that his brother clergymen should come in from the ground floor. Now some of his brother clergymen would be a good deal better than the Rev. Dr. Spence go somewhere usually located considerably below the basement. "Any number of the members may be placed in nomination, and on the day for the election, all the candidates should meet with the congregation in the church. As many books are placed in a row as there are candidates. One of these books contain a slip of paper, and the candidate drawing it is to be selected for the pulpit the selected preacher." Such is the way in which the Methodists of Lancaster, Pa., selected a pastor a few days ago.

Rev. J. C. Applebee, preaching in Parkersburg memorial hall, on Sunday said: "Woman is full of goodness, but goodness is weak, weak as Gov. Butler's fast day proclamation, and nothing in this world is weaker than that." "Better ride to heaven in a Red River cow," said the Rev. Mr. Fortin, of Winnipeg, who was denouncing the Sunday trains on the Canada Pacific railway, "than go to heaven in a palace sleigh." As, however, people have been traveling by ox-cart a good many years, and there is no record of anybody reaching heaven by that vehicle, the reverend gentleman seems to be open to the charge of false prophecy.

It is to prohibit swearing and the sale of liquor are pending in the Texas legislature. Deprive a Texas of liquor and no human power can stop him from swearing. "I caught up the other day with one of my old Sunday school pupils," said Charlie Ware, of the cavalry company. "You may snicker, boys, but the record shows that I directed a Sabbath class of great promise at the Page Avenue Methodist church a few years ago. I have not met them all yet, for they are scattered in various parts. The last one I found better a bar counter. I recognized him in a moment. He had a fine, fine sort of a 'fir-y-strength' machine. Some day, if I get time, I intend to have a reunion of the boys. It will be a kind of experience meeting, and it may interest you to be present."

THE BAD AND WORTHLESS.

Are never imitated or counterfeited. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy imitated is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in away to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

Fortunes of Farmers and Mechanicians. Thousands of dollars can be saved by using proper judgment in taking care of the health of yourself and family. If you are bilious, have hollow complexion, poor appetite, are indigestion, nervous, and generally debilitated, do not delay a moment, but go at once and procure a bottle of these wonderful Electric Bitters, which serve to cure, and which are sold by every druggist and dealer for the trifling sum of fifty cents.—Tribune, by C. F. Goodman.

Austria supports 70 schools of agriculture with 2,300 scholars and 175 agricultural evening schools with 5,500 students. France has 43 farm schools with 33 to 40 pupils at each. The government pays the board of each pupil, and allows him 70 live rats for clothing, and 100 for the three department schools of agriculture and a national agricultural institute. Gen-

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