

Friday Morning, Sept. 20, 1889.

WHAR THE CORN JUICE FLOWS. CLARANCE H. PEARSON.

My sor, afore you leave your home, I want ter Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world to let young fully contrived screen and made up roosters through;
So keep a padlock on your mouth and skin
your weather eye,
But never advertise yourself as being mons-

I know you think I don't know much; but take a fool's advice,

An' never go to a saloon to play at cards or diee.

Or twice, and shook her head somewhat dubiously as she stepped outside her came from the city, and it's a regular screen, all ready now for the work of sky scraper; but talkin' 'bout Jack Addies. dice,
Fer tho' I don't hold play at cards itself is any crime,

the day. Now when a pretty spinster dis, he was down to our house las' with an ardent admirer next door sighs night, an' him and Grubbs set up mos' I know those barroom games use up a heap of and looks desolate it means something, the whole night through, cause he's cash an' time:
An' every little while, you know, the reg'lar drinks will come,
Until your head goes swimmin' on a reservoir
Years before handsome Jack Addis Until your nead goes summer of rum;
Sometimes you'll jaw about the game, and likely come to blows,
Fer ye don't know what will happen
Whar the corn juice flows.

They say a wise man takes his drink and goes about his biz, Tho' I think he is a wiser one who lets it be

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may sound a little odd. Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty rod;
But if I had to live again the years thet's pass- opened her millinery shop and been on he thought 'twas only polite to marry e d and gone,
I'd undertake ter organize a temperance club
of one;
Fer now that you are leavin' home ter, steer

he goes, Would boycot all the places Whar the corn juice flows.

THE MILLINER.

Every morning at precisely six o' clock, Miss Annie Diamond opened the door of her milliner's shop, and delicately, yet most thoroughly, swept the with emphatic stabs of her needle. floor; then, while the dust was settling, she swept the sidewalk in front, and that her front hair was yet in crimping pins, and gave a somewhat bristly appearance to her bright face-

surprised as though these greetings were | Griggsvill

tle milliner's shop presented rather a ghostly and winding-sheet effect, owing not, were covered with white sheets, to post it. protect them from the dust. These the little milliner next gathered up with tation when she was getting ready, to firm, careful touch, and soon had things put on her best bonnet with two betemptingly arranged, and exquisitely clean; after which, she disappeared behind the curtain partition in the back of the shop and proceeded to prepare might happen; but this was weakness her breakfast.

On this chill October morning, the closed door, and heartily envied sleek, tese cat, that had smelled the coffee too, and was now meowing on the steps and after her little startled cry, he had for admittance.

As his mistress opened the door to let him in, Mr. Wilkins called out, "O, Miss Annie!"

"What do you want, Mr. Wilkins?" answered Annie, with one eye on her the other on her neighbor.

of the shining stove, and its old fashioned chintz covered rocker, with the into the fire. not too many of these. All these things he kept in his mind, while he said :-

'I thought I'd see if you wouldn't let me chop some wood for you. I after the first frost. "Sides," continneed to, you see, get up an appetite for my boarding house breakfast, which ain't altogether so tempting as some." he added, with a rueful glance into the room with its appetizing odors.

you are! I don't think I ought to let you, but the fact is I hired a boy to do the job, and he hasn't been near, so the job, and he hasn't been near, so last night I had to chop some, and I day the good man repeated, "Miss An- storm of negatives. was really afraid I should do myself an | nie Diamond, town of Maryville, State injury, for I had to shut my eyes every of Illinoy," each time with unbounded time the axe came down, which made it a little uncertain just where it would come down, you know," said Miss An- a manner fortifying herself against the

ie. laughing.

Mr. Wilkins laughed too, and vaultsure she would hear that day. ing over the fence, said : "It does beat an axe or shoot off a pistol with their eyes open! What good it does to shet it, So von see, Miss Annie, it's abso-Intely necessary to have a man around for jes' sechthings."

the room. So Miss Annie had her tion. hands full for a little while.

After her breakfast was eaten, the dishes washed and put away in the cupboard, that hung by the chimney-jamb, with red curtains inside the glass doors, Miss Annie disappeared behind an arther bed, which had been airing ever since early dawn; then the crimping-But never advertise yourself as being monsstrous "fly."

Don't run to dress—of all the sorts with which
the world is strewd,

The most consarned useless thing is what they
call a dood;
An' don't be "tough" an' wear your hat a tilted
on your nose,
An' don't be forever loafin'
An' don't be forever loafin'
Whar the corn juice flows.

What the corn juice flows.

and Annie Diamond had been lovers. Jack was a roving spirit, who was never contented to stay very long in one spot, but after his engagement to pretty Annie, every one was delighted thinking now he would settle down; but it only lasted a little while, and whar itis.

Still, barroom talk an sich does more than drink ter spoil a man,

Fer the mind absorbs more poison than the stomach ever can; stomach ever can; stomach ever can; so ef ye will indulge, my lad, don't hang about heart, he said, kissing away her tears. So ef ye will indulige, my ad, don't hang took the bar,
But down your booze an' plank your dues an' git away from thar:
Fer barrin' liquor men themselves, thar's no one ever rose,
That made it his headquarters
Whar the corn juice flows.

The bar, he said, Kissing away ner tears.
And he had gone gaily away, and had never returned, nor had any word ever come from him direct. Annie's blue eyes were in danger of losing their brightness then, from the tears she the whole not unhappy. But a week or two before this Squire Addis had died, and a rumor was floating around yer own cance,
Some theories I hav allus held is sorter fallin'
through,
An' I'd feel a good deal better of my son, afore

that Jack was coming home to settle
up his father's estate, and Annie's heart
had been stirred by old memories, and bit. So this morning as she sat down to trim Mrs. Grubb's straw bonnet with darker ribbon for fall, her mind was full of thoughts of her one time lover. At last, with a little shake of the head, she sat up very straight and thus harangued herself, punctuating her lecture

"Annie Diamond, you are an old goose! What on earth is the use of when she came along in front of her raking up by gones? Will it make you neighbor, Mr. Wilkins's, shoe store, a grain happier or better or usefuller? the rosy bachelor proprietor, flinging Here you've got a good paying busihis door wide open, with a cheerful ness, a nice home, a cat for company, masculine disregard of the sadly need and a neighbor next door to chop your ed broom in his own shop, would sing out, "Good morning, Miss Annie, and how do you find yourself this morning?" and a neighbor heat door to enopyout wood and pass the time of day with you, and yet, you, you, with your gray hairs pulled out and more a commit. To which greeting the buxom little and an old maid down to your fingers' milliner would reply, with an innate and toes ends, aint you ashamed to be sense of discomfort as she remembered setting here raking up old by-gones? Suppose Jack Addis does come home, is it going to make a mite of difference to you? Not a grain. Now I'll tell "Dear me! Mr. Wilkins, how do you you what, you write to Jane this afterdo sir?" and she was apparently as much noon and tell her you will come over to not exchanged every morning of the her. You're getting morbid, and if her year, excepting Sundays, when both six children don't holler the nonsense shops were demurely closed, while the out of you inside of an hour, saltpetre owners, dressed in their best, went to won't save you." So she wrote the letter that day, and when it had grown At this hour in the morning, the lit- too dusky for customers to come in she put on her gray shawl and second best bonnet, tying the strings in a severe to the fact that all bonnets, and what bow under her chin, and went out to

She had a sharp wrestle with tempcoming knots of red on it, and her crimson shawl, because the stage had just come in, and there was no telling what

and conscience frowned it down. In a very few minutes poor little aroma from the fragrant coffee-pot went Miss Annie came running back with a heavenward, only stopping on its way, white frightened face as though she long enough to tickle bachelor Wilk- had seen a ghost, as indeed she hadin's nose; as he chopped wood in his back yard he looked wistfully at the Addis. She had fairly blown up against him as he was coming out of the post well-fed Tom, Miss Annie's pet Mal- office, for the wind was blowing in great gusts; she had known him at once recognized her and had said, "Annie, is it you?" and then as she turned and fairly ran away, he had let her go and

had never come after her. No one knocked at the door that evening, and Annie sat long before her sizzling mutton-chop and coffee pot and fire, with idle hands folded in her lap, while Maltese Tom worried himself in He did not tell just what he wanted, to a fever trying to find out what ailed which was, to go into the cheery little his rosy, bustling little mistress, who room with its strip of red carpet in front paid no attention to his landishments, but always looked straight before her

innumerable womanly touches all The next morning Mr. Wilkins's soul about, that presented only too vivid a was troubled within him at the sight contrast to the room next door, sans of his neighbor's white face and quiet red carpet, sans pampered cat, sans response to his cheery greeting. "What everything but bare necessities, and can have happened" he wondered. "If it's only one of her sister Jane's young uns that's ailin' I don't think she'd look so smitten like as the flowers do

the kind-hearted shoemaker thoughtfully, "if it had been one of Jane's young 'unsshe'd likely told me." "Well, I wish't I could help her, for if there's anybody I sets a store by its "Dear me, Mr. Wilkins, how kind Miss Annie Diamond, town of Mary- noy, he was going to add, but thought

> satisfaction. Meantime his little neighbor was in

Directly after breakfast came Mrs. all how women tolks never can swing Grubbs for her bonnet, and when it was produced, she found a little fault with the trimming, and then followed Miss em nobuddy knows, but they allus do Annie behind the curtain to wait until it was altered. As she sat down heavi- just stay alone all my life. At which ly in Miss Annie's rocking chair, she cheering prospect her tears gushed forth ly in Miss Annie's rocking char, rocked on Tom's tail, causing an in-rocked on Tom's tail, causing an in-Now that," said Mr. Wilkins, with There is no telling how much furths stantaneous enlargement of the feature,

pot hadn't boiled over just at this junc- his mistress put him out. Poor Tom that his collar button did not fly, "is ture and the mutton-chop spattered hot felt injured beyond expression, and hat fat on the Maltese's back, which sent ing Mrs. Grubbs with all his might, had our youth romances, but that's no earthly reason why we should each nerstarted off on a mad career of dissipa-

Meanwhile Mrs. Grubbs was comfortably putting Miss Annie on the rack. "Did you know Jack Addis was to hum?" she opened the ball with, as her knitting-needles flew back and forth in the construction of a stocking for young Grubbs.

"Yes, I know it," answered the victim, quietly. "Du tell! d'e come up to see ye?"

asked the tormentor, eagerly. "No, I met him down street was all. Do you like the way these loops are put on, Mrs. Grubbs!" said Annie.

holding up the bonnet. "Yes, make 'em high. Mis' Cecil anxious to get his paw's business fixed, so he could get off this mornin'! He Years before handsome Jack Addis made Grubb a sort of agent like. I and Annie Diamond had been lovers. s pose he told you bout his wife and babies, didn't he ?" peering inquisitive-

"No, I didn't talk to him at all."

ly at Annie.

"There, this is about done; I think it's real stylish, don't you?" she continued, in a vain effort to stem the tide "Yes, it's right peart now; but about Jack Addis, seems so he told us that come from him direct. Annie's blue he writ an' writ back here, a right eyes were in danger of losing their smart of times, an' never hearn a brightness then, from the tears she word from here, so bime by he got kind shed; but by and by she had settled of wild I reckon, and he fell sick where down to the inevitable, and after the death of her father and mother, had a widow, so when he got well I recken her, bein' he hadn't any money nor nothin' else to reward her with. had some children. They've made a right smart of money, he lowed to the up his father's estate, and Annie's heart had been stirred by old memories, and the quiet routine of her lifeshaken up a hit So this memories and the baby's tumbled in the well by this

So saying, and having emptied her ossip bag, she took her bonnet and her departure. But another and another dropped in, some with an excuse and some without any, but one and all

to see how she took it. Poor Annie barred her door against her tormentors that night, with a grim feeling of delight that now they could not get in. When she had seated her self in her little rocker with her crocheting in her hands, she looked down at Tom's vacant corner and shook her head sadly: "O, Tom, Tom," she thought, "how could you run off just now when I need company? Well, Annie Diamond, I do believe you're getting in your dotage. I know you're not fool enough to pine after another woman's husband, but something's wrong. You need to go to Jane's, that's certain, and you car bring back one of the children with you. Not one of the girls this time, for they will try on every bonnet in the shop twice a day at least, but a great, noisy boy.

And then she arose to answer a knock at her back-door, and there stood her neighbor Wilkins with the Prodigal Tom in his arms-Tom, once so sleek, and now so ragged, with one eve closed and in a general disreputable state. His mistress uttered her favorite little cry of dismay at this spectacle, whereat Mr. Wilkins, putting him gen-

tly down, said: Yes, Miss Annie, here he is; I knew he'd run away 'cause I heard you callin' him several times to-day, so when I went to carry old Smith's boots home to night, who should come rubbin' up ag'in' me in the street but old Tom? I'd never knowed him if I hadn't knowed he was lost. Can I come in a few minutes, Miss Annie?" added Mr Wilkins, blushing all over his cherubic face, partly from embarrassment and partly from a fearfully tight collar which was doing its best to choke him.

"Why yes, Mr. Wilkins, please excuse me for not asking you before, please come in; I was so flustered see ing Tom looking so, I quite forgot everything else, and after all your kindness bringing him home too, dear me! and Miss Annie flew around to get her

easiest chair for her visitor. Mr. Wilkins came in and sat down a trifle gingerly, as though he feared something might break; put his hat exactly under the middle of his chair, and then sat up and noted the little bright room with its mistress flying around to get her wounded pet some supper, and a calm smile of approval broke

over his face. "I'll do it," he thought. "I'll do it I bust this counfounded collar, and I hope I will, for its choking the life out of me. I'll ask Miss Annie Dia mond, town of Maryville, State of Illinoy;" and now Mr. Wilkins knew why he had liked the sound of these words, they sounded like a license to him---"to be my wedded wife.'

To think was to act with Mr. Wilkins, and he thereupon laid his honest heart at the little milliner's feet, when without'a word and to his great dismay, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Bless my heart, Miss Annie" (Diamond, town of Maryville, State of Illi-

But she kept on crying for a few minutes, until observing the concern on her friend's purple countenance, she stopped crying and said as well as she could. Mr. Wilkins, don't mind me. I am feel ing kind of hysteriky this evening, and I just couldn't helpit. You've been so kind that I hope you won't think me ungrate ful, but really I can't think of marrying you or anybody else I-I was going to marry some one once, you know, but things went wrong, and I never must think of such a thing again, but I'l

er things might have gone if the coffee and a dreadful howl of rage, whereat so much earnestness that it is a marvel

earthly reason why we should each per-

ish with loneliness now. I tell you now, if you could see my forlorn room just separated from all this coziness by one wall, you'd marry me in a purely missionary spirit." Here Miss Annie began to look interested. "I tell you," went on the sturdy wooer, "this red room with its womanly fixins looks like a bit of heaven to me. Come now Annie, don't be foolish. I'll try and make you happy, and I'll take care that frost-bitten look I see on your face this mornin' don't git there again through any fault of mine. I ain't a goin' to say any more to-night, but I'm a goin' home, and leave you to think about all I've said." And Mr.

the whole much more comfortable. Meantime things went on about as usual. Tom licked himself respectable again. Morning after morning went by until it was very near Thanksgiving. Every morning Mr. Wilkins banged his door open at exactly the right moment to sing out, "And how do you find yourself this morning, Miss Annie?" "There, this is about done: I think and one evening Mr. Wilkins appeared in his neighbor's cosy room.

and had not killed her, but left her on

This time he was not as near strangulation from his collar, which was a comfort, but there was a resolute air about him that caused a gentle flutter about Miss Annie's heart. "Are you goin' to Jane's soon?" he asked. "Yes, I expect to start day after to-

morrow," she answered.
"Well, what do you say to being married up there Thanksgiving evening?" suggested this audacious lover

Miss Annie almost screamed. "Mr. Wilkins! the idea! Why I naven't a thing ready," she gasped. "That don't make a mite of difference, That don't make a mite of difference, and will take a snarpened stick and drive distinction to the ground a number of times, it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap the ground with a stick and drive a snarpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap the ground with a stick and drive a snarpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap the ground with a stick and drive a snarpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms.

Miss Annie was positively speechless. by the supposition that the tapping of the So after a short pause he arose to take stick somehow affects the worms the same as the patter of rain, and it is a

and make all the arrangements; you needn't be to a grain of trouble." Annie knew her cause was lost, but had made their borings, were simply or some reason or other she took kindly mimetic, and intended to delude worms to this peremptory wooing. That night | into the belief that it was raining in the as she was putting her hair up in crimping-pins she laughed as she thought, "Well, that ridiculous man! to think he should fall in love with me, and seeing me every morning with these things on! It's enough to spoil a beauty's looks, let alone mine—I reckon folks will be surprised."

Comparison of Cows and Sheep.

The hardest work on the farm is that of dairying, for such work never nds there h ng no holidays or Sur days to afford rest, as the cows must be milked regularly. To conduct a dairy means to rise very early in the morning, feed the cows, milk, cool the nilk, haul it to the railroad (in all kinds of weather), and it converted into butter there is the setting of the milk for cream, churning, working the butter and cleaning the cans and other utensils. Then the stables are to be cleaned, bedding arranged, the cows sent to pasture, all in the forenoon. Late in the afternoon is more milking, cooling, feeding and fastening the cows or the night, a late hour appearing be-

ore the work is finished. CAPITAL AND PROFIT FROM COWS.

The amount of labor necessary in onducting the dairy business demands an outlay of capital which is very large, or it means shelter for the milkers, and other accommodations. Buildings and fences, horses and wagons for hauling, and other adjuncts drain the purse, and yet the farmer may not make any profit at all if the season is unfavorable, the grass scanty and the hay crop short. Yet dairving pays despite all these drawbacks, as a large portion of the profit is in the manure, which enriches the land and adds to the value of the farm. PROFIT FROM SHEEP. As the sheep is an active forager, and

ean subsist on nearly all kinds of food, the outlay of capital required to make sheep pay is comparatively small compared with that required for dairying; but with more labor devoted to sheep they can be kept to better advantage and made a special branch of industry. It is claimed that sheep cannot be profitably kept in large flocks unless they have an extended area of ground, but this is shown by the methods practiced in England to be a delusion. True, sheep in England are not kept in large flocks, but large numbers of sheep, divided into suitable flocks, are hurdled upon limited spaces, the hurdles removed as occasion demands, and on farms that are rented at sums much higher than some farmes can be purchased in this country the sheep pay well. The mutton breeds alone are kept, as wool is given no at ention in England, being classed a by-product, the same as hides. Americans object to the a d requiring extra help. A comparison of the labor required in the manrgement of dairy stock with that which necessary for sheep under the hurdige in favor of sheep, while the profits they are well worth looking over.

law begins to operate on October 1.

rother in England.

Woodcocks and their Work.

They Imitate the Sound of Rain and the Worms Come Up.

A writer in Forest and Stream has this to say on a subject few people have thought about. When the moon rose I took a position near one of the moist places, where the borings were freshest and most plenti- of more than 1,000,000,000 ful, and awaited developments. For a long time the bright light of the moon fell full upon the spot I wished to observe, and I could see everything with the utmost plainness. At about 8 o'clock a woodcock dropped down silently beside the brook. Presently another bird walked out of the shadow and joined it. Both began to "bore" for worms, an operation I had never seen before, "Yes, make 'em high. Mis' Cecil had one on Sunday, week ago, that came from the city, and it's a regular Annie was surprised to find the tenconds, as if listening. Then with a sudden, swift movement, they would sink the bill its entire length in the soil, hold it so for a second, and as swiftly withdraw it. Though I watched the birds

> bills when they were withdrawn. But the subsequent process gave me the clue to their method of feeding. After having bored over a considerable piece of ground-a square foot or more they proceeded to execute what looked comically like a war dance upon the perforated territory. They also occasionally tapped the ground with the tips of their wings. My intense curiosity to know the possible utility of this process was at length gratified by seeing a worm crawl, half length from one of the borings, when it was immediately pounced upon and devoured by one of the woodcock. Presently another worm made its
> appearance, and so on until the two
> woodcock had devoured as many as a
> dozen of them. Then the "vein" seemed exhausted, and the birds took their upon and devoured by one of the wooded exhausted, and the birds took their

· I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bait, and have come to the conclusion that certain birds are a great dealer wiser than certain bipeds without feathers. If you will take a sharpened stick and drive tweeen this room and mine knocked out while we are gone, and you can fix 'em worms will come up through the holes which you have made. I account for it same as the patter of rain, and it is a "I'll be up night before Thanksgiving | well-known fact that worms come to the surface of the ground when it rains. The antics of the woodcocks after they upper world. The worms being deceived, came up and were devoured. All this may seem ridiculous, but if is it not true, will some naturalist please state how a woodcock can grasp and devour a worm when its bill is confined in a solid, tight-fitting tunnel of soil, and also how | it is enabled to know the exact spot where it may sink its bill and strike the worm? And further, of all those who have seen a woodcock feeding, how many ever saw it withdrawn a worm

from the ground with its bill?

Elijah'a id the Ravens An Eminent Divine Cannot Make the Incident Apply.

Washington Post.

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, New York. Short, thick-set, swarthy, black-eyed and black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have been otherwise tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter, said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, and advisable. we recognize that you have a high reputation and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received \$2,500. but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you \$3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, gasping, "do you know what salary I to Pennsylvania. am receiving here?"

"I get \$15,000 and this parsonage, and east 2,800 feet since 1836. as I have an expensive family I do not ee my way to accept your offer. The spokesman looked rather sheep-

ish, but made another essay. "If we had known that fact, sir, we would unloubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done, and as to providing for your family, you know the story of the ravens?'

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman, quizzically, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was 28. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over a hundred times. I emember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes.

Some Very Startling Figures.

New York Herald.

Our neighbor Science goes into a hurdling system as being too laborious mathematical calculation of the prospective population of this country one powder-so says an official report prohundred years from now, which is very interesting.

In the course of its argument some will be much lar er in proportion to For instance, our population in 1750 With the use of improved breeds and the years, in 1780, it had reached 2,945,000. hurdling system sheep in England at- At the end of thirty years more, the diploma from that institution. ain the live weight of 300 pounds in lifetime of a generation, 1810, it stood welve months. With the demand for at 7,239,881. In the course of another cus-pocussed out of \$650 the other day. hoice mutton which always exists in generation, or in 1840, it was 17,069, ur markets there is nothing to prevent 453. At the present time the figures he American farmer from rivaling his run up to the neighborhood of 65,000,

when the 10-year old boy of to-day a soldier.

shall be 40 years of age, in 1920, some thing like 160,000,000 of people in the United States, and when that man's 40 reaches his 70th birthday, 1950, we shall have close upon 400,000,000. That man's son, who will be in "the youth of his old age" in 1990, one hundred years from now, will be the citizen of a republic with a population

these figures are rather appalling. They are in the region of the unthinkable, and so far beyond the reach of our imagination that are practically value-

Events may happen which will materially impede this progress of numbers. But even if we cut the sum total down fifty per cent., which would seem to be discount enough for any emergency, we still have a population of five hundred millions as the result of another century of national life.

Train the Girls.

According to an exchange when a girl is ten years old, she should be given carefully with the glass, I could not dehousehold duties to perform according teet the presence of a worm in their to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her week-ly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a day, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide, and doing this under her mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufmoney properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with the proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them.

We know of a lady who divided the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labors, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity found neither with a hired girl or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.

—According to the Washington cor-espondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, an interesting, not to say valuable discovery has been made by Captain Weedin, in charge of the animals at the Zoo. The building is infested by rats, and how to get rid of them has long been a perplexing question. Traps were used, but nothing would tempt the ro-dents to enter. In a store room drawer was placed a quantity of sunflower seeds, used as food for some of the birds. Into this drawer the rats gnawed their way, a fact which led the captain to experi-ment with them for bait in the traps. The result was that the rats can't be kept out. A trap which appears crowded with six or eight rats is found some mornings to hold fifteen.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

"Prof." Wiggins, of Ottawa, predicts an open winter. -The month with an r in it is here, and oysters are now ripe.

-A post-office in North Carolina is to be named "Baby McKee. -It is now asserted that there are

fully eighty varieties of tomato. -An Eastern Ohio man only thirtyfour years of age is a grandfather.

-There will be no "watering-place season" after the 20th of September -Fourteen hundred men are now em-

ployed at the Brooklyn navy yard. -New England is having no lack of uarter-millennial anniversaries nowa-

-A post-office in Fulton county, Pa., bears the brief and unromantic name of

-Boston spent about \$100,000 during the vacation season on her school houses. -Jay Gould thinks governmental control of the telegraph both practical

-Alice Liebmann, aged nine, is astonishing London critics with her skill on the violin.

-P. Myett, accompanied by a dog, has driven in a buggy from California -The mouth of Calumet river, empty-

ing into Lake Michigan, has moved -Tatah county, Idaho, boasts of a

genuine ice mine, with veins from one to four inches thick. -In Paris something new are silk and linen handkerchiefs made in the

form of a leaf with a stem. -General Albert Pike, the head of all the Masonic orders and rites in this country, is in his 80th year.

-The outgoing European steamers from New York are no longer crowded. It is now the season to come home. -D. L. Moody is preparing to open

an evangelistic training school in Chicago, to continue througout the year. -There was a reunion of the Smith family in Peapack, N. J., the other day, but only 3,000 of them were present.

-The new Constitution of the State of Montana is said to be ten times as long as the Constitution of the United State. -The people of the United States spend \$25,000,000 yearly for baking

mulgated at Washington. -In point of service the oldest pilot on the Hudson river is Ezra I. Hunter, ing system will show a great advan- statistics of the past are given, and who has stood at the wheel for fortyeight consecutive years.

apital invested and expenses incurred. was 1,260,000. At the end of thirty uated from West Point, a few days ago, -- Chas. Young, a colored cadet, gradbeing the second negro to receive

> Even a slight of-hand professor has to look very sharp after his cash these days. -The first monument to General

100.

If this ratio of increase is a fair basis

Grant in this country is to be unveiled this month at Fort Leavenworth, the -Michigan's new \$500 liquor tax for prediction we shall have a the time post where he passed his early career as