THE TROOPER.

Only a common trooper,
Firm and steady of hand,
Upon his charger sitting,
Awaiting the sharp command.

Drawn up in line and squadron
For the king's parade and show,
And the multitude that gathers
On the wide, wide plain below.

There must the squadron sally, Near that swaying sea of life; Attack, retreat, and rally, As if in battle strife.

Only a common trooper, Unknown to any fame;
He wears the king's own colors,
But the king knows not his name.

The loud command is given,
Away the troopers fly;
While thundering hoofs of horses
Raise clouds of dust on high.

Down past the thronging thousands Like whirlwind fierce and wild, When suddenly before them Out starts a little child.

There's a sudden cry of horror, There are faces pale with fear, In the awful contemplation Of the danger drawing near.

Straight toward the child the trooper, Oh, madly see him ride!
In that mighty rush of horsemen
None can stop nor turn asid.

But the trooper as he gallops
Bends downward to the ground;
He grasps the child in flying
And he holds him safe and sound.

Erect he dashes onward, No moment has he lost, And with the child before him Rides forward with the host. The multitude applaud him

With loud huzzas and cries; The king looks down upon him With proud and loving eyes. Only a common trooper, And I do not know his name;

But his noble deed is written On the scroll of deathless fame.

THE STORY OF THE FORT.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

Six little girls were sitting under an apple tree. The eldest held a large book on her lap, and turned the pages slowly while the other children looked at the pictures of Indians and log-cabins and all manner of exciting scenes.

Presently they came to a fort made of posts, with a stream of water running near it, and woods on either side, while on the banks of the little river were women filling pails and jugs.

"What is it about?" asked he children, and Mabel, who was at the head of her class in history, answered slow-'There are Indians hiding in the

woods; look, there is a face, and there's another between the trees."-While she was speaking, an old feeble

lady came out of the house and walked slowly towards the children, supported on each side by one of her sons who were white-haired, wrinkled men. "Grandmama wants to sit with you.

children," said Uncle John, and some of the young faces clouded over at the interruption Mabel exclaimed quickly, however

"Perhaps she will tell us a story," and the thought of that made the children start to their feet and greet the old lady joyfully.

"Here's a nice seat, Grandma," they cried, "and a stool for your feet."

When her sons had seen her nicely settled on the rustic bench with a shaw over her knees and her grand-children and great-grand-children clustering round her, they went back to the veranda to have a smoke and talk poli-

Grandma Hayward had only just the children she was a new acquaintbeen with Uncle John and his wife, away off in another state. Uncle left no children, her husband and his lonely when they were left alone, and so it was decided that they should come | ious! and make their home with Grandma's other son who lived in a great farmhouse with his daughters and their

So mow there were four generations of one family at Hazelhurst, and a very happy household it was. The youngchildren were very much surprised when the great-grandmother arrived to see that she did not look very different from other old ladies, although she was close on to a hundred years old. Indeed, little Bessie, the five year old, had secretly made up her mind that such a very aged person must be as big as a giant, and she was not a little surpris to find out her mistake. It was in the summer of Centennial Year that Grandma Hayward came to Hazelhurst, and before she had been there many weeks, the children discovered, to their great delight, that she could tell the most delightful tales about the days of her youth, when her family were "early settlers," and lived in a log-cabin, and her father and brother took their guns to the hayfield with them, for fear of Indians. The only drawback to the enjoyment of these narratives was that the old lady would often, when in the most interesting part, stop suddenly and sit looking straight before her as if in a dream, entirely forgetting her young listeners. She had a wonderful memory for things that happened many years ago, and seemed to grow young again while she talked about them, but when the tale was done, she changed completely, and could not recollect the names of her grandchildren or tell what day it was, or which of her two sons had gone to town. Yet in spite of these occasional interruptions, Grandma's narratives were intensely interesting to the young people, and they looked upon her as a perfect storehouse of valuable curiosities in the way of recollections. It was therefore with feel ings of delightful expectation that the children saw her eyes turn to the big book on Mabel's lap.

"Indians, Grandma," they said, peruasively, "and this is a fort, and the

vomen are getting water at the brook.' The old lady looked fixedly at the picture for several minutes, and then nodded her head and said slowly. was at Bryant's Station, down in Kentucky. I remember it so well!"

"Were you there?" cried the children in amazement, but Mabel signed them to be silent, and the old lady went on.

"It seems such a little while ago. Very early one August morning, my brother Charley and I were playing in the dirt near our cabin, and making little forts out of chips. Mother was cooking breakfast in a great hurry because father and the other men were going down to Hoy's Station; a party of twenty Wyandot Indians had been there and beaten Captain Holder's men so badly that he had sent to us for help While we were playing Charley said that he wished he was old enough to have a gun and go and drive away the Indians, but I only went on sucking my thumb and looked at him without speaking, for I was secretly glad he could not go, to be shot and scalped as some of the men had been, or stolen away and never brought back again, like little Tommy Blair at the next sta-

We had a very hurried breakfast that morning, and then father kissed us all good-bye, took up his gun and told us to be sure not to go far away from the fort while he was gone, and mother, taking us by she hand, followed him out of the cabin.

Our fort was made of forty log-cabins standing in four rows and the outside ones joined together by a high wall of thick wooden stakes, with a strong gate in each ide. We found a crowd of people's anding by one of these gales, and in a few minutes father went out forty-seven other men, all carrying guns ready loaded. Just as some of the ly, "oe a brave girl and your mother boys were going to close the gate, we heard loud, terrible yells outside and hard task to console me, however, and then the sharp crack of ritles, and the at last he said gaily, "I tell you what next minute the men came hurrying in | we'll do! We'll go and watch them again, the last ones shutting and bar-

ring the gate behind them.
"The red skins are on us!" cried my father, and mother turned as white as a sheet and drew Charley and me to her as if to hide us from the savages, and then seeing the frightened faces round us she took us to our .cabin and the spring, so we could plainly see the rocked and petted me until I tell asleep in her arms. When I wakened, sine had gone away and Charley told me that we were to stay in until she came back. So we played ball contentedly and torget everything else, (for we were and trees were green around them, the hardly more than babies,) until we heard the men tramping about and calling to each other. That worried us, and we ran to the door and peeped out; we saw some of the men busily mending the wall, and trying to strengthen the weak places in the palisades, while others were posted at the port-holes with their rifles in position for firing, and the women talking together anxiously. Then we knew that an attack every day and if they do not seem frightwas expected, and young as we were we rejoiced to think that the Indians know hey are there, and they will wait had shown themselves just when they for the men to come out too. You see, did, for if they had waited but a little it is necessary for the women to go the fort would have been without protectors, every man, except a very few brook and are filling their pails!" old ones, would have been on the way

to Hov's Station. that day. Father could not leave his post at the port-holes for the enemy, so mother carried his lunch to him. As a great treat Charley and I had sugar on our bread, but we had only half a cupful of water each, and when weasked for more, mother shook her head gravely and said that the pail was empty. We children did not then realize what a serious trouble it was-that come to live at Fairfield and to most of empty pail! Every family in the fort was in the same trouble, for no water ance. Her home for many years had had been brought from the spring all day, and who would go and fetch some when it was known that a band of mur-John's wife had lately died, and as she derous red-skins was hidden in the bushes? If Indians staved there much mother found the house very sad and longer we should all be dying of thirst even splashed the water as if in mirth, -no wonder that every one looked anx-

> The enemy did not show themselves again, but our men knew they were still in ambush and they would try to make the whites come out of the fort. them of trickery? If they had hur-All of a sudden our next door neighbor's son. Frank, came running into our cabin to tell mother that father and the others wanted her for a tew minutes, and when she had gone he set to work to amuse Charley and me, and calm our fears. He told us that two of the young men had crept out of the side gate and made their way through the bushes without being seen by the Indians, and that they were going as fast as they could to Lexington, to get a whole lot of men with guns, and they would all come and drive the Indians away-but he said not a word about the empty water-pails! Frank Hayward was a good deal older than we and so we thought him almost a man. and he was such a brave merry little fellow that we loved to hear him talk. and before he left us we were laughing gaily. Then we thought we would go and find mother and tell her what he had said. We ran out to where the grown folks were standing, and no one noticed us, for every one was either talking or listening, and we saw by their faces that a very grave matter was be-

"We can not possibly do without water until the men come from Lexington," said my father earnestly, and the others seemed to agree with him, and after a short pause some one else said in a decided tone.

"Our first plan is the only one to b thought of-now who will go?" One of the young women exclaimed directly, "I will, if my cousin Mary will," but another girl said with a frown. "I don't see why the Indians should be expected to let us pass any

more than they would the men-' "Nor I," said another, "they never make any difference between male and female scalps!" Some of the older people then explained to these timid

kill all the men, then it would be easy to sieze the fort and put the women and children to death or make them pris-

At the thought of being carried away by the cruel Indians, Charley and I cry, and one of the women turned and fort. Meanwhile, all the rest of our bade us go back to our cabin. So we men had stationed themselves at the went home and waited there trembling port-holes nearest the brook, and waither arms, soothed us with more than body of the enemy. usual fondness and kissed us again and again, then taking up the water-pail door of our ca' in holding tight to mothshe went out, saying that she would be er's hands leat she should leave us back soon. Suddenly it dawned upon again. We heard the quick firing of us that she was going for water to the the young men on the Lexington road spring, going with a few other women and it grew fainter and fainter until it right into the clutches of those terrible | ceased entirely, and the next minute savages! We were so frightened at there rose a terrible war-whoop on the the thought that we could not cry, but other side, and five hundred painted stood looking at each other in dumb warriors, sprang up and came running dismay, and then Charley ran out of the cabin, I followed him slowly, and defended. Frank was looking through saw that a dozen or so of women and his crack and saw them and he told girls were gathering at the gate, each | me all about it. We heard their savcarrying a pail or pitcher, and all looking grave but determined. Just as they father and the other men discharge had taken down the bar, Charley ran their rifles-the dusky mass stopped to mother, and catching hold of her skirts implored her not to go.

"We won't ask for any more water, we don't want a drink at all," he sobbed, but father came up and carried him away, and the next instant mother | at the other gate. breathless but smiland the others had gone and the gate was barred behing them.

The men returned hurriedly to the port-holes, especially to those which looked towards the spring, and I was left alone. I had just turned to go back to our empty cabin when Frank Hayward came up and took me by the

hand. "Don't fret, Sadie," he said coaxingwill soon come back." He found it a come back-I know where there's a splendid crack that we can look through." Then I followed him gladly to place in the wall where there was a long crack between two stakes, and here we crouched and peered out eagerly. We were almost on a line with group of women near it; we heard their clear voices, for they talked, laughed and even sang as unconcernedly as if they thought there was no Indians within miles of them. The grass ripe corn waving, and the bright blue sky of summer overhead. I was not thinking of all that just then, however, but of my mother out there exposed to

deadly peril. "Why does not father go with them and take his gun?" I asked, and Frank explained quickly. "That would show they were afraid. The red-skins known the women go to the brook ened the Indians will think we do not that if he surrendered at once not a hair alone-there, they have got to the peeped through the crack again and saw them stooping over the water, and After a little while, mother came in then I looked anxiously at the brushand gave us some bread and cold meat | wood on either side, but there was not to eat, but there was no dinner cooked an Indian in sight. I did not know then (as the others did) that nearly five hundred blood-thirsty savages were lurking there and watching every movement of the helpless white women -I did not realize that if they thought best to fire from their hiding-place our men could not defend their wives and daughters without leaving the fort unprotected, and it was just as well for me that I was too young to fully understand all this. And yet, I could not keep back my tears, while I watched my mother's bending form as she filled her pail, and then helped one of the young girls, whose courage and strength seemed to be giving out. Some of the women called to each other gaily, and and then at last they all stood up and turned their faces towards the fort. Oh, how slowly they seemed to walk! Would they reach the only place of safety before the Indians suspected ried then, all would have been lost, for not only would the precious water have been wasted, but the enemy would have seen through the plot, and revenged themselves with fresh fury on the women. As they came nearer,

carrying their heavy buckets, I could see my mother's face : it was quite pale. but brave and smiling, for she knew she was saving her dear ones from the lingering death of thirst. In a few minutes the devoted party reached the fort; I started to my feet and running round to the gate-way, got there just as the door swung open and the women came in. The young girls were first, with their pails partly emptied, for in their haste they had crowded a little at the last moment and the water had spilled over, and then, more calmly, came the married women-I rushed towards them, the gate closed behind the last ones and the next instant I was clasped in my mother's arms. Oh. what a happy moment that was! I cared for nothing else when I felt those dear arms about me, and those loving kisses on my face, for it seemed to me that it did not matter whether the Indians were out there in the bushes or not, now that my mother was inside

the fort a ain, and the gate barred.' The old lady stopped speaking and wiped her eyes thoughtfully and her young audience began to fear that she was not going to tell them any more. "Well, Grandma, what did the Indians do then?" asked the children

eagerly, "did they come out and shoot?" "No indeed, they staved in hiding and pretty soon some of our men disington road. Father and the others a decoy, and that if they were to leave friends among all those who favor equal from out of wrinkles the whileyou are the fort to chase these Indians, those rights."

ones that the Indians would be sure to round the brook would sieze the opporwait for the men to come out of the tunity to rush up, climb over the paliort. It would be no use for them to sades, fire the cabins and kill the woshoot at a few women, but if they could men and children. So thirteen active young men were chosen (Frank's two brothers were among them) and when

everything was ready they rushed out with guns loaded and attacked the decoy party, firing very rapidly and making as much noise as they could so that were so frightened that we began to it sounded as if every man had left the until mother came. She clasped us in ed with their guns cocked for the main

Charley and I were standing at the towards the fort, thinking to find it unage yells, as they came, and then saw astonished, several Indians tell and after a minute's hesitation the rest turned and ran back to shelter, followed by volley after volley of rifle balls. At the same time our young men came in

ing, and delighted with the success of the trick. Then the Indians gradually spread themselves round all sides of us, and there was firing from time to time, but on one was hurt, and in the afternoon we heard a great noise on the Lexington road. It was the hurried gallop-

ing of horses, and in a few minutes sixteen white men on horseback dashed up to the gate. When they were safe inside the fort they told us that our messengers, Bell and Tomlinson, had reached Lexington just after all the fighting men had left for Hoy's Station, but had ridden at full speed after them, and persuaded them to turn back to Bryant's where they were needed most. Besides the horsemen there were nearly fifty others, and just as they were hurrying down a lane between the woods and the corn fields they were attacked by an immense body of Indians; the horsemen managed to break through and reach the fort but the rest ran into the cornfield and there was a skirmish that lasted an hour. Two of the whites where killed, the others got away, and then the Indians came back to besiege us. Our men kept a sharp lookout for them, and thanks to the bravery of the women there was plenty of water for every one, so we were comfortable, and felt quite secure. The afternoon passed quietly, and just as the sun was setting, a man was seen creeping on his hands and knees to a treestump near the fort, and here he stood up and called to our garrison. He said we would give his word of honor, of our heads should be hurt, but that if not, we would all be blown into the air by the cannon which he was exnecting every minute. On hearing to what ought to be done, but others

this, some of our men were in doubt as shire on original merino stock. Thus said that this man was Simon Girty, a ships 2,000 frozen mutton carcasses to rascally white who had joined the In dians, and that we could not trust the eest of Australia. word of a renegade, and after a minute's pause one of the bravest of our young men, named Reynolds, stood up on a bench, looked over the palisades. and defied Girty to do his worst. The three years old. latter then went back to his red-skinned troops, and nothing more was heard of

them. Watch was kept all night long, and the next morning the evening's fires were found still burning in the woods, with bits of meat on the roastng-sticks, but not an Indian was to be "Ah!" said the children with a sigh trot away from each other.

of relief, "that it is a splendid story, Grandma," and the old lady added with a proud smile: "Whenever you hear of the heroines of Bryant's Station you will remember that your great with the best care and feeding. great-grandmother was one of them.'

Protection to Bicycle Riders.

ound."

The following from the Tyrone Herald will be of unusual interest to our local wheelmen as it will clearly demonstrate the rights of a bevelist, and also make plain the urgent necessity of joining the State organization of American Wheelmen:

"A short time ago one of our bicyc list; while taking a morning ride was run down by two men with a horse and buggy, and suffered some light personal injuries and considerable damage to the wheel. The local counsel of the League of American Wheelmen, for this place, promptly reported the circumstance to Samuel A. Boyle Esq., Assistant District Attorney or Philadelphia and Chief Counsel Pennsylvania Division L. A W., and was by him instructed to bring suit immediately against the offenders, under the auspices of the L. A. W. The matter was placed in the hands of Messrs. Stevens & Owens, who settled the case yesterday. The offenders made amicable settlement, in preference to standing criminal and civil prosecution, by paying the amount of damage sustained, all costs, and attorney's fees, the amount

in full being \$45. This should be a warning to the many persons wheelmen meet on the road, who seem to think that a bicycle is an outlawed machine and that a bicyclist has no rights of the road to be respected. It is well for all such persons to note Don't use a sponge or linen rag for that the rider of a bicycle enjoys by law your face; choose instead a flannal one. the same rights and privileges that drivers of other vehicles d. The League of American Wheelmen is powder. Instead give your face a Rusan immense organization, its membership reaching nearly 20,000, throughout the United States. mote the interests of wheelmen, to se- ute after, with cold water that will covered that a party of 'red-skins' were cure them rights and protection, and to make it glow with warmth; dry it with on the other side of us, near the Lex- labor in behalf of the improvement of a soft towel and go to bed, and you our highways, and its prompt action in ought to sleep like a baby while your made up their minds that this was only this case cannot but help to win it

WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS.

When twilight falls in splendor drest, His couch the sun seeks in the west, Portward the toiling fisher w. nds, And from the task the swain unbends With simple thoughts of home and rest.

A lingering thrush, his joy expressed In one last anthem, seeks his nest; And quiet with the dew descends, When twilight falls.

The lifting music in the breast
Of duty done—of fault confessed—
Of trespass softened by amends—
Of love surpa ing love of friends—
Ah! would—ah! would this were my res
When twitight falls.

Had Her Revenge.

A woman carrying a faded carpet bag stopped a policeman in Chicago and said: "Which way most I go to the World's fair ?"

"Headquarters of the directors are around on Dearborn street.' "I don't care a snap for the headquar-I want to know whar the fair is whar they are showin' things."

"There isn't any such place, madam. The fair won't be opened for three years

"What, ain't thar no show at all?" "Not yet."
"Didn't I see in the papers that congress had sent the fair to this town ?" "You may have read that this place

has been selected as the site of a fair to be held three years from now.' "An' thar won't be none till then ?" "Not that anybody knows of."

"An' congress has fooled me into comin' all the way from Missoury to havn't got sand enough to see a chicken see that fair. Look here, this thing is a die fraud, an' I believe you had something to do with it. Do you hear me?" 'Yes, I hear you.'

"Well, what have you got to say for

fraud, do vou?'

"I suppose I am." "An' you are not sorry for it, nuther, I reckon.

"No. I am not particularly cast

orter make things squar ?' I will try to. "All right. Then hold this carpet and as I reached the fence I came across

"Why don't you take it with you?" "Feered somebody mout steal it while I'm eatin.' Will you hold it?"
"Yes, I'll take charge of it for you,"

an hour the policeman began to feel uneasy. An hour passed and still the woman did not return. Late that evening the carpet bag was opened. It contained four dead cats, together with the

following note. "These cats lay in an alley next to my house, on the west side, for four days. I have time and again notified the authorities, but as no notice was taken of my appeal I have taken this methed of disposing of them. You may return them to me when we mee, at the World's

fair."--Arkansaw Traveller. Points of Interest

A rich New Zealand sheep grower says the mistake American sheep raisers | siding at superb banquets. enough attention to mutton. His own re a cross of Leicester and Lincolhe has wool and mutton both. He England every year from his far Australasian home, which is 1,000 miles south-

Dakota seems to be running wild on Sheep can be fattened most rapidly when they are from one and a half to

A terrific fight between two stallions. Neither rails, clubs nor pitchforks had any effect on the two infuriated brutes. off suddenly and repeatedly over the heads of fighting stallions will affright them and cause them to turn tail and

The point in raising hogs now is to get them ready for market at the earliest stage at which they can profitably be sold. This age averages eight months Young hog pork is better than old

hog pork.
The sense of smell in horses is marvelously acute, A mare recognizes her colt by the odor. When a horse is uncertain whether any new thing is dangerous he smells it thoroughly and makes up his mind accordingly.

Pekin ducks are very large and beautiful, but it is doubtful if they are as hardy as the common varieties Swimming in water seems to lame and injure them. Pekin fanciers say they should not be allowed to go swimming except occasionally.

Rules for a Clear Skin.

You want to keep your skin nice all the time? Well, then, here are some Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little

borax. Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water

Don't wash your face when you are traveling unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little vaseline. Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water. Give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has

had the chill taken off of it. Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain, gently and delicately.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with sian bath every night; that is, bathe it with warm water so hot that you wonder Its object is to pro- how you can stand it, and then, a minskin is growing firmer and coming resting .- Ladies Home Journal.

Antidote for Cowardice.

Just before the battle of Antietam fiverecruits came down for my company. There were no bounty jumpers at that stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all the recruits could not be vouched for, says a writer in the New York Sun. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the cornfields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay, Danforth said to me: "See here, sergeant, I've made a mistake."

"How ?" "I hain't got no sand. I allus thought. I had, but when I come down here and see what war is I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad." "So it is. We are going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I shall bolt as sure as shoot-

'Then you'll be called a coward, and disgraced forever.'

"That's so, and I don't want it. I want you to do me a great favor." "Wall, if I can git mad I'll be all right and forget my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git

within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout." After some further talk, I promised him. We were in Hooker's corps, and as we moved in against Jackson, Dan-

forth obliqued alongside and said

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside and next time I saw him we were at a fence at the edge of a corn-"Nothing."

"Then you acknowledge that you are falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, ared the other way, and said: "More kicks, sergeant! I know I've dropped two of them, but my sand is

going ! I kicked him again with a good deal "Wall, will you do me a favor, jest to of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, bag till I step right over yander an' eat Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar, and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out:

"Sand is all right, sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to When the woman had been gone half the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself, or die trying !"

The Wife of Plutus.

The No Name Magazine says :- "Our rich men have very faint notions as to what women were meant for. A millionaire merchant or banker will rush down town to his office or countingroom, spend the day there grubbing up more money, rush back just in time for his splendid, unscientific dinner, fall asleep after it, and be as dull as a hog or log till it is time for breakfast and go to busines against. To a man of this sort a wife is merely an apparatus for for exhibiting his wealth by wearing fine dresses, riding in fine equipages, premake is in breeding for wool alone on lilea of her use in life -but then he has high priced lands and not paying no idea of his own. These opulent gentry, who amass gold without any notion of how to spend it, are like the pigs employed to hunt truffles; the ring in the porcine nose preserves the tuber for a daintier palace; and the money these people get together and lavish in osten. tation, though it brings them no happiness, confers happiness upon the humble people they employ. Acquisitive power seldom coexists with power to enjoy : The money-maker resembles a pump which brings water from the depths of the earth to quench the people's thirst, but has no palate of its own. Mercan-Irish and Norman, is reported from the Murphy stock farm in Pennsylvania. why not in this? There have been merchant princes in England as well It is well to remember that a pistol fired | Italy. Haste to grow rich and a foolish fondness for show are the tendencies which degrade the mercantile character in this country."

The Edible Banana.

The edible banana, it is said, is known to seed only in one small spot on earth, the Andaman Islands. However this may be, it is universally grown from suckers. Its cultivation in the West Indies has vastly increased during the past fifteen years, owing to the demands of the United States for its cheap, wholesome and luscious fruit. About 400 or 500 are planted to the acre, and the plantations are called "banana walks." The tree fruits the first year, explains Garden and Forest, and the expense of cultivation is so small that a bunch of banana delivered at the sea coast need have cost its owner no more than four or five cents, while it may be sold in the winter months for from twelve to eighteen cents, and in the spring months for four times as much. There are risks attending banana cultivation, however, for the thievish negroes often seriously decrease the value of the crop, and it may be entirely swept away in a single hour by a hurricane.

CANDY GLUTTONY .- The gratification of the "sweet tooth" is spreading among fashionable women, and more candy is now sold at retail than was ever known before. Physicians continue to argue that a glut of bonbons and pastry is not the best thing in the world for health, but the ladies, young and old, do not seem to mind the warning much, nor are they deterred by the prospect of an early visit to the dentist which usually follows continued candy consumption. Not only has the manufacture of candy increased, but the number of retail establishments multiplied rapidly of late years. are establishments where the finest bon-bons and bonbon packages are imported from Paris, and there is hardly a fashionable young ladies school without one or two candy shops near by in any city, where some of the girls with liberal allowances of pinmoney run up bills that are almost preposterous.

-Short man (nervously) - "Did you hear Brown say he owed me a lick-

"Yes; but that's all right. Brown never pays what he owes.'