

AS I SHELLED THE PEAS.

Over and over a little song, Sing in my heart the whole day long; No matter what task to my lot did fall, The song made music amid it all.

A hand is heard on the outer door, A well-known step comes over the floor, And my darling is here though no longer young.

COMING THE COLONEL.

There was a great political ferment in Simpson county, Ky. over the approaching election of a county Judge.

The nominating convention was to meet on Saturday, and on Friday night two well known politicians, caught in a rain storm, stopped at the house of old John Perdue.

After supper, while old John and his guests were sitting on the porch talking over the coming struggle and listening to a wet cat that held vesper services in a locust tree, old John, getting up and stretching himself, said to the major:

"Let me see you a moment, please." The major followed him to the end of the gallery. "Major," old John whispered, "I am compelled to tell you something. You gentlemen are welcome to stay with me as long as you like, but ability to accommodate cannot always be measured by willingness to do so. The truth is I haven't but one spare bed."

"But can't the colonel and I sleep together?" the major rejoined. "Yes, you can, but the truth is the colonel is awfully peculiar."

"How so?" "Well, as rational as he appears while stirring about, he's a strange man in bed. Our families, you know, are well acquainted, and I therefore know all about him. His peculiarity comes from a scare he received when a child. It seems that a dog once tried to bite him, and now, just before he dozes off to sleep, he begins to growl unless something is done to stop him before he begins to growl."

"Well, his brother told me how he used to work it. He always took a coarse comb to bed with him and would rake the colonel with it when he began to growl. As strange as it may seem, it was the only thing that would quiet him. The family doctor said that a comb was somehow the only thing that would start the blood circulating."

matter to relieve him. He and a fellow named Buck Johnson were once opposing candidates for prosecuting attorney. Well, they had to sleep together one night. Buck knew of his peculiar affliction, and shortly after they went to bed Buck began to growl. The major didn't say any thing that night, but next day he withdrew from the race declaring that he would not run against so good a man as Buck.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the colonel. "Yes, I do, and know it to be a fact. I would advise you to humor him in the same way."

"Hush, he's coming back." "We are going to have more rain I think," said the major, as he resumed his seat. "Yes," the colonel responded, "but I hope that it will not interfere with the convention. If the attendance is large and the proceedings harmonious, the result will be of great benefit to the country."

"Who do you think will be nominated for judge?" old John asked. "Neither of the candidates that have been named. We have better timber than any of those fellows."

"Well," said the major, yawning, "I reckon we better go to bed, so as to be in trim for the work to-morrow."

"I will show you the room," the old man remarked, arising. The politicians were shown into an upper room, and the old man, placing a candle on the mantelpiece, bade them good-night and went down stairs.

"What noise was that?" the major asked when the old man had quitted the room. "I didn't hear any noise," the colonel answered. "I did; it sounded like some one gasping for breath."

"He might have heard a noise—might have heard old John struggle to suppress his laughter. "Suppose we go to bed," said the major. "All right. You go ahead and I will blow out the candle."

They talked for some time before lying down; then, after a long silence, the colonel uttered a deep growl. The major reached over and gave him a rake with the comb.

"What the deuce are you doing?" exclaimed the colonel, springing up in bed. "What do you mean?" And in his rage he began to grate his teeth. The major, supposing that he was getting ready to begin biting, reached over and gave him another rake.

His Congregation Never Deserted Him.

A clergyman was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons, and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up right at a time when he fancied himself most impressive and would leave the house.

"That's bad," answered a young preacher, "but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so!" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?" "I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself."

"No, I've never heard a word of complaint." "That's indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up."

"No I think not." "Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry, I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of throwing it a bright idea."

"Well, well. I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out?"

"Yes, that's what I tell you." "Well, I don't understand it at all." "Oh, it is easy enough to explain. I am chaplain at the penitentiary."

Humoring a Stranger. London City Press. A stock broker who was on his way to the city observed that one of his fellow passengers in the bus was closely regarding him, and after a time the man leaned over and asked: "Didn't I see you in Liverpool in 1879?"

The broker protested and objected, but finally just to humor the man, he took the £5 note offered him, and returned the £4 change. The stranger soon left the bus and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching the office, hadn't ascertained that the "five" was a counterfeit, and he was £4 out of pocket.

FLOWER OR WEEDS.

Upon the grave of him who dies In Wales they plant a rose, intended By nature or hue, to symbolize The life that now on earth is ended.

So, does a maiden die unwed, Of blameless deeds and fame unspotted, Her history is clearly read In the white rose to her allotted.

Or, is it one whose every day Was full of love's unselfish labors, The red rose does his life portray. Placed on his grave by grateful neighbors.

And sometimes, though but seldom so, For man is everywhere forgetting, Are worthless weeds allowed to grow, Their tale to tell and warn the living.

A Surprised Man. On a recent evening, while Skitz park was crowded with people, an amusing incident happened. A rather tough looking individual and his girl were sitting on a bench, when a quiet inoffensive appearing man came strolling along and accidentally tripped over the tough man's feet.

"That's what I call nerve!" said the tough man, in a rather loud voice so that the admirer of the fountain could hear him, but the latter never looked up. "Must be a regular jay!" ventured the girl.

"A man who haunts got de politeness to say excuse me, when he steps on a gentleman ought to be thumped on the neck!" exclaimed the injured one, as he scowled at the other.

"Yes," said the girl, "and I'm 'specially that you didn't resent the insult then and there."

Still there was no sign of life from the man by the fountain although the above conversation was carried on in a loud tone that people way beyond were getting interested.

"I've a good notion to just soak him one on the jaw for luck," said the tough man as he rolled up his sleeves. "It was a dead insult, an mistake," said the girl.

Undesirable Immigration.

The annual immigration of nearly half a million of people who have no knowledge of our language, no conception of our government no traditions or habits of free institutions, no general intelligence, ability, or skill, and who came because they cannot hold their own elsewhere, is certainly one of the most important of public questions.

But it is the one which receives the least attention, because parties and Congress are mortally afraid of alienating the support of the most unintelligent vote in the country if they ask whether it is expedient to foster its increase.

The immigration during the year ending June 30, 1890, amounted to 451,219, an increase of 12,600 over that of the preceding year, when the numbers were 438,619. The Chicago America has been looking at the details, and finds that while this was the increase of the whole year, that of the first six months of this year was 245,536 more than that of corresponding months of last year.

It is not in itself an agreeable fact, because the desirability of immigration lies in the quality not in the quantity. But it appears that the whole net increase is of the most undesirable kind. The immigration from Germany, England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland has fallen off this year by 47,931, while that from Austria-Hungary, Denmark, France, Italy, Poland, Russia, and all other countries has increased by 60,531.

While the decrease of the better kind of immigrants is nearly 50,000, it is more than made up by the increase of the worse kind. Such a vast and continuous augmentation of the population by those who are in every way alien to American life and character and institutions is in no sense a benefit to the country. It taxes unreasonably its power of proper assimilation.

The cities and the cities are ceasing to be distinctively American. We are no longer the rural republic of our fathers, and the conditions which made such a republic the harbinger of a better future for mankind are changing. Such facts, with the situation in parts of the Southern States due to the war, are among the circumstances which make the problems of American statesmanship exceedingly interesting.

A PRIZE OF \$100,000.—Is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back the health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous disease (consumption is one of them) it is an unfailing remedy. It is guaranteed to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

"How divine a thing a woman may be made," when her cold is cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. "Mother, can I go out to fish?" "No, no, my little sonny. You know you've got a swollen foot, my precious little honey."

But they got a bottle of Salvation Oil, and he went and caught an eel, and ate it like a man. The largest corpse ever conveyed to a grave in Missouri was, perhaps, that of the negro known as Big Jude, buried recently in New Madrid. The coffin was 36 inches broad, 6 feet long and 36 inches deep. She weighed 750 pounds. It required the strength of sixteen palbearers to place her into the grave.

Once Was Enough.

A young gentleman who lately left his home in England, having exhausted his credit, telegraphed to his parents "Your son was killed this morning by a falling chimney. What shall we do with the remains?"

In reply a check was sent for £20, with the request "bury them." The young gentleman pocketed the money and had an elaborate spree. When in a condition for writing he sent his father the following note: "I have just learned that an infamous scoundrel named Baker sent you a fictitious account of my death and swindled you out of £20. He also borrowed £10 of me and left the country. I write to inform you that I am still alive, and long to see the parental roof again. I am in somewhat reduced circumstances, the accumulations of the last five years having been lost—a disastrous stock operation—and if you would only spare me £20 I would be very thankful for your favor. Give my love to all."

A few days later the young man received the following dignified letter from his outraged parent: "MY DEAR SON:—I have buried you once and that is the end of it. I decline to have any transactions with a ghost. Yours in the flesh. FATHER."

Wild Animals in Connecticut. Otters and minks were very scarce in Connecticut a dozen years ago, and it was feared that the animals might become extinct, for their hides were worth from \$5 to \$10 a piece, and everybody hunted them. They suddenly became changed her mind about the value of mink and otter skins, the price went down and now the animals abound in the state again. So numerous have minks become there that they are getting to be quite familiar with country people. Recently a mink, frightened by a sharp thunder storm, fled out of a meadow, rushed into a farmer's dwelling, and rased from room to room until a hound caught him upstairs in a chamber.

A still more remarkable incident occurred in Hartford a few days ago. A mink trotted right into the heart of the city, among throngs of people on the streets, and passed all kinds of dogs with impunity, and finally made his way into the back yard of a big store on Asylum street. In the yard men cornered him and tried to capture him alive, but he fought so desperately that they had to kill him. Philadelphia Ledger.

The Deadly Cold Bed. If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become prematurely diseased from sleeping in cold or damp beds they would probably be astonishing and appalling, says Good Housekeeping. It is a peril that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guests but the family suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat, by getting between two cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has an element of murder and suicide.

The constant clicking which comes from some horses when traveling is due, as all horsemen know, to striking or touching of the forward foot with the hind one. Such animals are what farmers term unevenly balanced, and are generally heavier in the fore than in the hind quarters. A shoer who is master of his art can remedy the difficulty, but it would be a difficult matter to lay down any rule for shoing that would accomplish the result in all cases, or even in a majority of them. The remedy suggested by Russell in "Scientific Horseshoeing" is to pare the fore feet level and shorten them well at the toes. Then apply 12-ounce shoes, which are leveled at the heels, so as to cover as little ground as possible. This will serve to quicken the action in front. In treating the hind feet they are also to be pared level and straight.

THE ORIGIN OF CORN A MYSTERY.—This wonderful product, which has conferred such substantial benefits on the world, strange to say, is of unknown origin, its genesis is wrapped in a mystery, or at least not definitely fixed. A writer says: "Like wheat and barley, its origin is lost in the twilight of antiquity." It was first cultivated in the United States, however, by the English, on James river, Virginia, in 1610, the seed being obtained from Indians, who claimed to be the first discoverers of the plant—receiving it direct from the hands of the Creator.

William Howard, under sentence of death for murder, escaped from the jail in Greenville, South Carolina, the other day. Howard's wife was allowed to spend the night in the cell with her husband. In the morning Howard, dressed in his wife's clothing, came down the stairs of the jail with an infant in his arms, and leaving the baby at a relative's house, he fled before the jailer had discovered the trick that had been played on him. Mrs. Howard, who is a buxom mountain girl of 17 years, now occupies the cell vacated by her husband. It is a singular fact that the great men seldom leave descendants. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington all prove this rule. Shakespeare left only two daughters, whose children died without issue. Probably the nearest relative to the great poet now living is one Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is said to be the eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister, Joan. Walter Scott's line ended with the second generation. About seventy per cent. of the students at Georgia's State University are poor boys who are in their places through rigid economy practiced at home.