

NOONTIDE.

Sunshine upon the land, And fields of golden grain, Where busy reapers in a faithful band...

TWOMBLEY'S FOLLY.

The Widow Appleby, called Aunt Samantha by her neighbors, was tying up a room which had been furnished for a sleeping-room...

Morning! said Jedediah. Morning, Cousin Samantha. I stepped up to get the shade. I feel the sun considerably...

Well, I don't set up for proud, and I'm so poor that this is a good deal to me, said Samantha, taking the money...

Well, she said, cautiously, some of the same blood ran in her veins, and she could bargain also. Well, what'll you give?

Grandfather's ghost has appeared, by this time, Simoa, who had been slowly driving up hill, stopped at the gate, and Jedediah called to him...

Well, she said, if you'll drive over to the lawyer's and pay now, I'll do it...

The widow looked at what he held toward her. It's a bit of rubbish I threw out of that case there, she said.

It's gold ore, said Simoa, Your California boarder had a lot of specimens of it in that case; he often showed em to me...

Why, to be sure! To be sure! said old Jedediah, clutching the chunk of ore in his hand.

It seemed strange that in this city a man should die of starvation, but such is the fact in reference to Professor Sanborn...

Brothers and sisters. Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point.

"NATURAL HISTORY."—A class in natural history was called up for recitation. The teacher talked to them a while about the relations of friendship between man and animals...

It may hardly appear reasonable to some to write an article on planting and cultivating beans when the time has gone by for harvesting them...

To follow the record of questions, the most usual time for planting is about the first of June, that they may avoid late frosts...

Most farmers feel surest of a crop in planting an early ripening bean that requires but a short season...

The beans are generally hauled on an ordinary hay rack, and are pitched on from winnows, or bunches, with a long handled three tined or four-tined fork...

After the beans are stored in barn it is considered advisable to let them go through the heating and sweating process of curing before threshing...

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"HER TRIFLING OMISIÓN."—"I can't see what is the matter with this cake," the young wife said. "I've put in the eggs and the sugar and the cornstarch and the flavoring..."

"You haven't forgotten anything, have you?" inquired the husband, looking up from his newspaper.

"With one quart of sour milk and a teaspoonful of soda make a batter in the usual way. Then add them but it doesn't seem to me to look like a batter..."

WHEN FRIENDS ARE PARTED. Time keeps no measure when true friends are parted.

Not a record day by day; The sands move not for those who, loyal hearted, True friendship's laws obey.

Congressman Allen's Own Lie. This is Private John Allen's latest cloak room story.

"You know I never told but one lie in my life," said the Mississippi Congressman. "That cured me. It was back in 1862, a day or two after the second battle of Manassas..."

House Flies. The popular notion that house-flies walk on the ceiling by the help of suckers on their feet is a mistaken one.

The largest Rose Bush. The largest rose bush in the world is probably that which adorns the residence of Dr. E. B. Matthews, of Mobile, Ala.

What Mustaches Tell. There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it have largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self-control...

A BRAIN DISTURBER.—A Neosho county farmer sent this mixed order to a Chanute merchant: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of coffee and one pound of tea. My wife gave birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn starch, a screw driver and a fly trap. It weighed ten pounds and a strap hat."—Kansas City Star.

Rochester's Waterfall. How a Brilliant American Orator Lost His Grip.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, who once fought a duel with Gen. James Watson Webb of New York City, was one of the most brilliant men America ever produced—a sort of Chaucer of Democracy of half a century ago—and he was the pride of Kentucky...

Obtaining the necessary position, he began his address: "Ladies and Gentlemen of the City of Rochester—Since my arrival in your thriving metropolis I have had the pleasure of a drive about the suburbs and environs, and among the places we visited was the splendid park of groves where I saw a superb waterfall a hundred and forty feet high."

Here Mr. Marshall lost his grip and winking and hicoughing he went on to say: "But Paris and France and all that ain't got a waterfall a hundred and forty feet high—by a darn sight!"

Then seeing his left hand waving aimlessly through the air he managed with some presence of mind to get a grip on his left wrist again, and proceeded calmly and eloquently to say: "I have sailed up the beautiful Rhine to its confluence with the silvery main. I've seen the grand old ivy-covered castles that stand upon their historic banks, around which cling legend and tradition and story."

Here Tom lost his grip again and proceeded to declare that Germany had no waterfall a hundred and forty feet high. But quickly he regained the grasp of his wrist and proceeded to say: "I have stood on the prow of a majestic ship and sailed along beside the white chalk cliffs of Albion—proud old Britain, the mistress of the seas. I have rambled through her shady lanes and among her pleasant fields. I have had the distinguished honor to meet, almost in her youth, the peerless Queen Victoria—a kind and gentle mother, a true and faithful wife, a royal and regal monarch."

Here Mr. Marshall lost his grip again and said: "But let me tell you, hie—Great Britain ain't got no (hie) waterfall a hundred and forty feet high."

The remainder of the address was deferred.—Kentucky State Journal.

There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it have largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self-control, the mustache is more particularly connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged, and as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.