NOONTIDE.

Sunshine upon the lard, Aud fields of golden grain, Where busy reapers in a faithful band Toil on thro' sun and rain.

And swinging scythes that circle to and fro Across the summer air.
Where rows of stately wheat in beauty grov
Resplendent there.

Sweet are the pastures green
Where cattle graze around
And flowers within the thicket bloom un-And babbling brooks resound,

Or in the topmost branches, one by one, Among the forest trees, The merry birds sing out in joyous tone, Tuned to the breeze.

Suilight upon the sea, And snowy waves of foam That scud along the level stretch of lea, Torn from their ocean home,

Or dancing on the topmost waves that ride The warm blue hazy deep
Merges within the ebb and flow of tide,
Where billows sleep.

Noontide on sea or shore
When summer suns are high,
Ah! rest thy weary foot steps evermore
Where fragrant grasses lie.

Ere silent night has come in solitude, With stars of countless hue, And shadows fall upon the leafy wood Or cloud the ocean blue.

Mahel Hayden.

TWOMBLEY'S FOLLY.

The Widow Appleby, called Aunt Samanthy by her neighbors, was tidying up a room which had been furnish ed for a sleeping-room, and had in it also a desk, a bookcase and a little row of drawars, in which fragments precious to a geologist had been carefully stored. The desk and book-case Aunt Samanthy regarded with reverence. The case she did not understand. Bits of stone, bits of ore; she emptied them all into her apron and dumped them with other odds and ends out of the window upon a flower-bed that had not been dug up that year. Aunt Samanthy had no heart for gardening. Things had gone very wrong with her, and the death of her old boarder, a returned California miner, who had made and lost several fortunes, had put the finishing touch to her woes. His room it was that she was now putting to rights; knowing that she should never see the old white head and kindly smile

I feel it more than anything else, after losing poor Peter, she sighed, as a tear rolled down her cheek. He was always so kind to me.

As she spoke, there came a heavy step on the porch, and, looking out of the window. she saw her cousin, Jedediah Twombley, standing there. Jedediah was a rich man, lately made richer by an inheritance from his grandfather, who had lived to be one hundred and five years old, and died leaving all to his wealthy grandson and | there's any more there. nothing to his extremely poor granddaughter. It was natural that the bright idea! thought should sting the widow as she looked at him.

Morning! said Jedediah. Morning, Cousin Samanthy. I stepped up to get the shade. I feel the sun considerably, and my horse has lost a shoe, and I've sent Simon to get it fixed; thought I'd light here and see how you got on.

I don't get on at all, Jedediah, said Samanthy. Not as I should if Grand-pa Twombley had left me suthin', as I always reckoned he would; and now my poor old boarder is gone, I've got to that pass I've had to sell the cow. Too bad! said Jedediah. Well, come

and get a pan of milk any time. Two miles there and back; thank ye! said the widow. Do you know if say, Cousin Samanthy, I am rich and you are poor. I'll give you a little slice off the big un grandpa left me. That's your Christian duty, seein' grandpa was a hundred and five, and weak minded when he died. He'd have done it himself ten years ago, and you

Pshaw! laughed Jedediah. But you're a woman, that's your excuse for talkin' idiotic. I'm not a mean man. I'll give you five dollars down, Samanthy, and property is property, and wills is wills, and not to be broken.

Well, I don't set up for proud, and me, said Samanthy, taking the money. I reckon grandpa's spirit is around somewhere, prompting you to do right, seeing you influenced him to do wrong. Now, Samanthy, grandfather wasn't

influenced by me! That I can tell you! said Jedediah. He always felt you made a mistake stepping off with Peter. Peter was one of them folks that never prospers. What's the use, grandfaiher used to say to me, of helping Samanthy, when Peter-

Poor Peter is gone, said the widow taking her handkerchief from her apron pocket. Don't talk against him. He

was just as kind as kind could be.
No doubt, said Jedediah, hurriedly -no doubt. I didn't mean any offense. I always thought Peter quitequite- But what was you a doin' when I came in-house cleanin'?

I was a cleanin' out the spare room, said the widow. It's been shut up quite a spell-since the California gentleman died. I might take a few boarders this summer, if they'd come. I'll pay for an advertisement, said Jedediah, who was worth a hundred thousand; and I'll let you have lots of cucumbers off our place. You could grow things here now, if you was to seed this bed up instead of pitchin' rubbish on it; you could grow radishes right under your window. Summer boarders generally thinks radishes hul-

I jest emptied the bureau drawers out onto that bed. There was a lot of rubbish in 'em; and I meant to dig it over, only I ain't very strong.
I'll let Simon dig it, said Jedediah;

and you seed it, and it will be a comfort to you.

By this time, Simon, who had been thought Samanthy.

sharply: Simon, you jest take the spade, and drive home myself. Good bye, Samanthy. I think that idee about the summer boarders is a good one; and Simon looked after his master with

a very peculiar expression. Some folks is born for luck and some for children, he said, sententiously. I've

And I've got three, said the widow. Now, Simon, don't you do that unless you feel like it. I know you have and drew out a bunch of something. plenty to do-

I'd jest as lief, said Simon. What you been throwin' out here, Mrs. Ap-

Rubbish out of my Californy boarder's bureau drawers, said Mrs. Apple-Simon laughed, and, stopping, picked up one or two bits of something, and put them in his pocket.

The bed was nicely spaded when Mrs. Appleby looked out again, and

As Mr. Gedediah Twombley sat on his porch that night, counting up the | He thinks there's gold on your place. profits of his hay-crop, a voice behind nim cried:

Mr. Twombley, I've got suthin' l want to show you! He turned. It was Simon who had spoken, and he held in his hand a

fragment of something that looked dark and heavy.
See here, he said in a whisper; I've been to the gold-mines in my time, and if this ain't gold, I'll give up and say

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

To be sure: Where did you find it? Why, in the Widder Appleby's garden. Dug it up out'n the flower-bed you told me to spade up for her, said

Then there's gold on the place, said Jedediah. I've always thought there was gold there. I've always said so. Yes, I've heerd you, said Simon with a twinkle in his eye. Now, what a thing that'll be for the widder. A

gold mine on her place. Hush! whispered Jedediah, with his eyes gleaming greenly in the twilight. Hush, Simon; promise me vou won't tell her or anybody. I'll make it all right with you. You're kinder uncomfortable where you be, with your small tamily. I'll allow you to hev the frame house on the hill at the same Don't mention anything about rent. I'll make it right for Mrs. Appleby.

Though, after all, this maven't be gold P'r'aps so; but old miners like me rather calculates to know, said Simon. Ef you don't mind, I'll move to the frame house to-morrow. Wait a bit. Let's go over to the the widder's. I'll pretend it's to sow the radish-seed, if you'll give me some; and we'll see i

Good! said Jedediah Twombley. A

Accordingly, to the widow's surprise. Simon took the seed over; and the sowing done, brought back to his master, waiting in the wagon under the trees, three or four specimens of the same ore, which Jedediah took at once to a celebrated mineralogist of the nearest town, who declared that where these mine. And trembling with delight Jedediah went back to walk around the widow's house in the moonlight, where she, seeing him through the curtains, took him for a tramp, and was frightened almost out of her senses.

Several things happened to startle her that day. The first was the appearance of Simon at her door in the early dawn, as she was boiling her soli-I was you, Jedediah, what I'd do? I'd tary cup of coffee over some splinters

> Widder, Simon whispered solemnly. Tend to what I say, and don't forget it. Master Twombley is goin' to make you an offer for your place. Don't let him have it cheap. Rise on him as bold as brass. Don't chia about anything. Don't tell him nothin'. Jest say: won't sell for that, until you get what'll keep you comfortable. Mind, do as I his friends he was too poor to buy a sav; don't ask questions, don't chin; meals vituals.—Richmond (Va.) Whig. you'll give yourself away.

I don't half understand you, said the widow; you hev such curious expressions kinder, but if Cousin Jedediah of-I'm so poor that this is a good deal to fers much for two acres of stones and a house like this, he's goin' crazy. Mebbe he's seen a ghost, said Simon;

but you mind me.

He was off. Not too soon, for the wheels of Jedediah Twombley's wagon rattled down the road the next moment, and Jedediah stood at the door in the

place of his servant. What you said kind o' tetched me yesterday, Samanthy, he said, and I've been thinking. What you want is rest. Sell your place and go to board in the village. I'll buy it. It ain't

worth much, but what'll you take? The widow looked at him. It was not benevolence that shone in his eyes,

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

you give? Five hundred dollars! said the rich man.

Eh? Samanthy shook her head. Eight! Lor', no, said Samanthy.

A thousand! Samanthy turned pale, but shook her head. Two thousand! said Jedediah

I reckon you're calculating I'm half witted, said Samanthy. She knows about the gold, said Jedediah to himself; or-yes, some one else knows and has made an offer.

The miser and the gambler some times mingle in one man. They had in Jedediah Twombly.

Fifteen thousand dol'ars! he cried. hurriedly. You can live comfortably

on that, eh? on that, eh?
Grandfather's ghost has appeared, in life."—New York Ledger.

Well, she said, if you'll drive over slowly driving up hill, stopped at the gate, and Jedediah called to him, to the lawyer's and pay now, I'll do it. Ten minutes after this the two were sitting in the wagon. Two hours more dig over Mrs. Appleby's garden. I'll Samanthy was, in her own opinion, a rich woman, with no fear of suffering before her, and no more need to toil for her bread. She was to leave the cotjumping into his wagon, drove up the tage that day, and bewildered by her road, glad to be rid of his poor consin. few poor possessions, when again, as in the dawn, Simon stood at her door.

Sold it? he asked. Yes, said the widow, breathlessly, for fifteen thousand dollars. I reckon grandpa appeared to him. Simon put his hand in his pocket

What's that? he asked. 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 Simon. Your by. What he kept it there for I dunno, Californy boarder had a lot of specimens of it in that case; he often showed em to me. I was a miner once. I took an interest in 'em. You throwed 'em into the radish bed; I dug 'em out ot it. I jest showed them to Master Twombley. His idee has always been that there's gold in these mountings.

And he wanted to give me five hundred dollars! said the widow. It's all right for you, and I didn't tell no lies, said Simon. I did dig up those

specimens in that radish bed. The widow lives at ease in the village now, and keeps her own counsel; and there is a big hole, with a windlass near it, where her home once stood. People call it "Twombley's Folly," but Jedediah Twombley intended it for a gold mine, and spent a little fortune also in working it several years .- New York Ledger.

A Business in Snakes.

The number of deaths from snakebite in our great Eastern dependency, and the difficulty of coping with the matter, have often been commented upon. It has also been pointed out that many unrecorded deaths in out-of-theway places must occur, and thus add to the number of victims. The Indian Government has for many years done its best to mitigate the evil by the offer of a reward for every poisonous serpent kill-But it has recently been discovered that these money rewards have brought about a most unexpected result, a result, too, which would prove that the natives have some of the cunning of the heathen Chinee in their composition. The Chief Commissioner of the central provinces points out that the astute natives of those parts of the country are beginning to breed venomous snakes, so that they may secure the usual price for the reptiles' heads. This is decidedly a to plant Marrow or Ridney or even Red more immoral practice than that which is said to have been in vogue some time back in two districts of Australia, in erally receive larger returns than from one of which a reward was payable on the Marrow Pea. the production of rabbits' heads, and in neighboring district on the presentation of the animals' feet. In this case heads and feet became objects of systematic exchange between the two dis-

Starved in the Midst of Plenty.

It seems strange that in this city a man should die of starvation, but such is the fact in reference to Professor Sanborn, the elecutionist, who died at St. Stephen's hospital. Professor Sanborn came from there was assuredly a gold came to this city some eighteen months ago and began teaching elecution. He was of a quiet turn of mind and his habits were good. He obtained a few pupils, but not enough to earn him anything like a living. He rented a room, and by the most rigid economy and by doing without food was able to save enough to pay the rent. Failing to get pupils he has been starving himself for

Not long since, when giving a lesson he fell in a faint from exhaustion on account of being so weak far want of food. From this his friends suspected his condition and they brought him plenty to eat, but he had done without food for so long that his stomach would not digest the food. He was thoroughly honest, and had with him that pride which made him feel that he would rather go hungry and, if need be, starve than tell

Brothers and Sisters.

Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point. The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right to consideration. The boys will never speak of her as "only a girl," and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play. Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired; it saves the girls from prudery and the boys from boorishness, sweetens the natures of both, and acts by restraining every one from doing or saving what would be shameful in the eyes of the "other side."

"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, and then

"Do animals really possess the sentiment of affection? "Yes, almost always," said the little

"And now," said the teacher, turning to a little boy, "tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man." "Woman !" said the boy .- Youth's

Companion. Success in Life. -Dr. John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule which may be recommended to ail. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life he answered: "My rule is deliberately to consider before I commence whether the work is practicable. If it to look like a batter. It's just a nasty be not practicable I can accomplish it if mess of eggs and sour milk and things. I give sufficient pains to it, and having begun I never stop until the thing is

Culture of Beans.

A Neglected Crop in Which There is Always Profit.

It may hardly appear reasonable to ome to write an article on planting and cultivating beaus when the time has to gone by for harvesting them, but we do not regard it as untimely. It is none Memory depends not on proof by vision, And has no toolish fears. too early to lay plans for next year's crops, and if any kind of crops with which they have had little or no experience they can not begin to seek infor-

mation a day too soon. In many sections of western New York beans have for many years held quite an important place among staple crops. With many they take the place of corn to quite an extent in the rotatation, many growing a greater breadth of the beans than of corn. Generally they prefer to plant a clover sod, the same as they would corn, only it is not considered advisable to manure with fresh manure stable, as that causes too rank a growth of plant, or haulm, instead of beans. Many have realized good results from drilling in with the seed 100 or 200 pounds of a good super-

phosphate. cloak room story : To follow the record of questions, the most usual time for planting is about the first of June, that they may avoid late frosts, the bean plant being very sensitive to the effects of frost. On high warm|land some will venture to plant a little earlier, from the 25 to 31st of May, but we think the majority deter planting until after the first of Sometimes they plant clover June. stubble, after the clover has been cut for hav, the latter part of June, but this is hazardous, for there is danger of bringing them so late as to be in danger

from early autumnal frosts. We will here volunteer the information that successful bean growers often bestow a great deal of labor in the preparation of the seed bed-plowing, rowing, rolling—untilallumps are finely pulverized. We once saw a luxuriant piece of beans growing that had been harrowed and rolled five times, the thorough farmer being determined not to plant it until every clod was pulverized. Our large bean growers generally plant with a drill. Some use an ordin ary grain drill, making the drills about 30 inches apart, dropping the beans thick enough to make a good stand without crowding With such a drill the amount of seed can not be controlled with much exactitude, hence our best growers prefer a planter manufactured for the purpose, with which they plant two rows at a time, in hills about 15 inches apart dropping some 6 or 8 in a hill, accord-

ing to size of beans. Most farmers feel surest of a crop in planting an early ripening bean that requires but a short season and is pretty certain to get out of the way of September frosts, should there be any. Marrow Pea has of late years given best satisfaction, although some venture Kidney, or Navy. When they do make a hit with these large varieties they gen-

As soon as the beans are up so that the rows can be followed, the cultivator is put through, and is kept moving pretty often until when pods begin to form when the beans should be perfectthrow earth on the pods is pretty certain beans necessitating hand picking, a tedious operation. It will proably be necessary to give the bears at least one cleaning with the hoe during the

It is very desirable to have the beans ripen up as uniformly as possible, so that they may all be pulled at one operation. Then they may be pulled, or cut off by machine. Machines are made for the purpose, and cut off two rows at a time an inch or two above the surface, gathering them in a windrow behind the machine. Then they are left a few days to dry, when they may be drawn into the barn. If, in the meantime, it rains, the winrows will have to be turned, and they may need turning any way if the ground is moist, as they will absorb some moisture from the ground. Where it is not thought advisable to use a machine they can be pulled quite rapidly by hand, pulling until the hands are filled and dropping three rows into one, tops

downward. The beans are generally hauled on an ordinary hay rack, and are pitched on from winrows, or bunches, with a long handled three tined or four-tined fork, the wagon being driven between the winrows or bunches, two or three pitching on the wagon while one attends to driving the horses and loading. They can be gathered with forks by quick motioned men much more rapidly than one without experience would suppose. As to the time of harvesting, that depends largely upon the variety and the season. The Marrow Pea, in ordinary seasons, ought to be ready for harvest early in September, and the season sometimes extends into October, but it should commence before the middle of

September. 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, after which they may be threshed at once or left till winter. An ordinary threshing machine with the cylinder raised a little higher than for wheat, does the business very well. We think some use stable in summer that is not kept rea cylinder made for the purpose. We understand that the buyers are offering pagating place for flies. Within twentyto contract the growing crop at \$2 a four hours after the eggs are laid they bushel which ought to be equivalent to \$40 to \$50 per acre.—Rural Home.

HER TRIFLING OMISSION .- "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, just as the recipe says, and its a horrible mess. I don't believe I can make anything out of it at all; its too bad !"

"You haven't forgotten anything, have you!" inquired the hasband, looking up from his newspaper,
"Nothing. It says: With one quart of sour milk and a teaspoonful of soda make a batter in the usual way. Then add the other ingredients. I added them but it doesn't seem to me

"Where is your flour, my love?" "Flour, Horace?" exclaimed the WHEN FRIENDS ARE PARTED.

Time keeps no measure when true friends ar parted,
No record day by day;
The sands move not for those who, loya hearted,
True friendship's laws obey.

The migrant birds when they are southward flying
Think not of time; they go
Full of knowledge, born of faith undying,
That they again shall know

The homes and nests which the have left behind them,
Not marred by change the while;
southern lands they seek will but remind them Of the north land's summer smile.

And so I know that you will come to meet me In the old, well loved way: That, though a year go by, you still will greet As kindly as to-day, Washington Post

This is Private John Allen's latest

Congressman Allen's One Lie.

"You know I never told but one lie in my life," said the Mississippi Con-"That cured me. It was gressman. small, barefooted soldier boy, about fifconsequently from all commissary stores on which I could draw. The country had been so often raided by both armies that it was difficult to get anything to eat. I was very hungry, and thought 1 should starve, when I suddenly spied a house away from the road which seemed to have been missed by the soldiers. The family was just sitting down to a they invited me in. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed a dinner so much, and, not knowing when I could get anything more, I tried myself and ate a big dinner. In fact, I took on about three days' rations. I left this house and had gone about half a mile when I saw some nice-looking ladies going toward a hospital with a covered basket. I was sure that they had something for the sick soldiers, and while I did not feel that I could eat anything more then, I thought I had better make some provisions for the future, and that I might get something to take along in my haversack. I was small for my age, and a rather hard-looking specimen You who have supposed I would have developed into the specimen of. manly beauty you now see before you. I approached these kind-hearted ladies

and putting on my hungriest and most pitifut look said : 'Ladies, can you tell me where a poor soldier boy, who has not had a mouthful to eat for three days, can get something to keep him from starving.

"You should have seen the look of ympathy on their faces as they said : "We must not let this poor boy starve," and opening their baskets, in which they had two pitchers of gruel, they began to feed me on gruel out of a spoon. Now, when I was a child they used to feed me on gruel when I was sick, and I disliked it above all things eatable, ger I bad to eat it. Well, I never was grasp of his wrist and proceeded: puni.hed for a story as I was by having to eat that gruel on my dinner. But I have often thought that maybe it was a fortunate thing for me. It broke me from telling stories. I have never told one since."—New York Sun.

House Flies.

walk on the ceiling by the help of suckers on their feet is a mistaken one," said a man of science to a reporter. "Notwithstanding the testimony on this point of many old and respected authors, the fact is that the fly has no suckers on his feet at all, but each of those six members ends in a pair of little cushions and a pair of hooks. The cushions are covered with ever so many knobbed hairs, which are kept moist by an exuding fluid. Thus a fly is able to walk on a smooth wall or ceiling or window pane, and apparently defy the law of gravitation by the adhering power of the moist, hairy pads. You will understand the theory of it, if you will touch the moistened end of your forefinger to the window glass or any smooth surface and perceive the perceptible adhesion. For walking on rough surfaces the fly's foot cushions are of no use; but the insect is provided with the twelve strong hooks mentioned to do its rough travel with. clinging by them to any such surface as a white-washed wall or cloth."

"Another prevalent fallacy is that the smaller flies seen in households are young ones. As is the case with all insects, the fly's growth is accomplished in the larva state; it ends with the issuing from the pupa and the expan-sion of the wings. Individual flies differ in size on maturity, just as is the case with man and other animals. Every house-fly that you see was once a crawling maggot. The eggs laid by the female fly are usually deposited in warm manure which inhabit the filth they are born in for a week, and then contract to little brown objects called puparia. Within this hardened skin the maggot is transformed into the perfect fly, which crawls out of the puparium five days later, already grown to full size; and wings its way to share your luncheon. A fiv lives about three weeks. When the cold weather comes the flies nearly all die; but a few vigorous females remain torpid in nooks and crannies, thus surviving the winter and continuing their

A BRAIN DISTURBER.-A Neosha county farmer sent this mixed order to a Chanute merchant: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of cofe and one pound of tee. My wife gave birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn starch, a screw driver and a fly sweet young wife. "Do they put flour trap. It weighed ten pounds and a in cake?"—Mercury.

trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat.—Kansas City Star.

Rochester's Waterfall.

Hom a Brilliant American Ocator L. His Grip

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, who once ought a duel with Gen. James Watson Webb, of New York City, was one of the most brilliant men America ever produced—a sort of Chauncey M. Depew of half a century ago—and he was the pride of Kentucky. His wit and eloquence were matchless and he had an education almost as perfect as a man's mind could accept. Thus he was frequently invited to deliver addresses on great public occasions, valedictories at commencement exercises of colleges, speeches upon the dedication of great buildings, the unveiling of monuments, etc. Once he was invited to make a speech at Rochester on the dedication of a building which had been erected for eelemosynary purposes by a coterie of benevolent ladies there. Mr. Marshall arrived at noon of that day and was to make his speech at 2 p. m. A committee of gentlemen took him in a carriage and drove him about the city, its suburbs and its environs, and on the way the party absorbed large quantities of the vintages of Veuve Clicquot. The result was that when they reached Falls View Park Mr. Marshall conceived the back in 1862, a day or two after the second battle of Manassas. I was a high, were 140 feet high. When he went to the hall to deliver his address teen years old, marching with Lee's he was somewhat "obfusticated." But army toward Maryland. My feet became so sore from marching over the considerable truth, that if he could get rocksthat I had to fall out of line, and be- a position with his right hand grasping came separated from my command, and his left wrist behind him he could go on eloquently and impressively with a speech which would be interrupted and come maudlin if he lost his grip. 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 subgood dinner, and at my special request urbs 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. In my peregrinations through this vale of to La Belle France, a land of vine-clad hills and the home of a happy peasantry. I have seen Paris, the magnificent queen city of the world. I have driven about her Bois de Boulogne and Champs Ely-

sees and have rambled through the galleries of the Tuileries." Here Mr. Marshall lost his grip and winking and hiccoughing 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 eastles that stand upon her historic banks, around which cling legend and tradition and story. I have met Germany's warm and generous-hearted people-the patrons of the arts and the sciences. have grasped in strong and cordial

friendship the rugged hand of her great monarch, King William-" Here Tom lost his grip again and proceeded to declare that Germany had no waterfall a hundred and forty feet to cause them to rot, soiling some of the but, having told my story about the hun-bigh. But quickly he regained the

"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 "The popular notion that house-flies

monarch--' Here Marshal lost his grip again and said: "But lemme tell you, hic-Great Britain ain't got no (hic) waterfall a hundred and forty feet high." The remainder of the address was deferred.-Kentucky State Journal.

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. It was planted in 1813 by the doctor's father when a young man and is green and flourishing after its eightyseven years of summer's heat and winter's snow. Its branches have entirely covered the house and extended to the surrounding trees, so that when it is in bloom it forms a perfect bower of roses. Its trunk for upward of five feet from the ground is nearly a foot in circumference and it has been estimated that if growing as one continuous vine its branches would extend a mile in length.

During the past spring three and a half bushels of roses was gathered from it one week, while when shedding petals in the autumn the ground about it white with its fragrant snow. It is of the variety known as the cluster musk rose. It is said that this vine several times saved the residence from being burned during the late war, the doctor having been a surgeon in the Union army .-Philadelphia Times.

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 largeto do with the feelings, pride, selfreliance, 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. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curl turns upward there is genialty, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination downward there is a more sedate turn of

mind not accompanied with gloom. It is worthy of remark that goodnatured men will, in playing with the mustache, inva riably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward .- Northwest Magazine.