Win that Rainbow land for me.

In the beautiful City of Somewhere

As the wind sighing over Æolian harps, Wherever the light winds blow Over the City of Somewhere, Over the magic sea, Bear on, Life-bark, o'er the perfumed tide,

Song-birds are pluming their wings, And the turn oise-tinted atmosphere To its deepest concave rings; And on its way to the deep-bass Sea The tenor River sings. No touch of olden Master, No solemn and saintly choir, With hymn from dim cathedral aisle Could rapture like this inspire.

O golden boat and silver sea, And sails of satiny sheen, O milk white sails and ivory oars, Ye will bear me well, I ween! Our odorous masts are of sandal wood, And up at the peak they hold A pennant bearing the City's sign,-

AN ALLEGHENY GYPSY.

An anchor, broidered in gold.

I recognized her at once. It is true that I had only a glance at her face, but that glance was enough to convince me that she was the original of the picture Tom Graham had shown to

I had taken refuge from the shower under a cattle shed, and, seated therein on an old milking stool, I watched the swaying of the gray portiere which the strands of rain wove for the doorless doorway. With the water leaking der why I was there. That morning I had been on the east-bound "express" with no more thought of Deer Park in but when the train flashed into the little station the place looked so cool and inviting, and offered such a contrast to the fierce heat I expected to endure in Washington, that I seized my bag and left the cars, having barely time to secure a lay-over check from the conductor before the train shot off

After I had taken breakfast I strolled down the shaded road that leads to Oakland, which at first almost solitary, soon became quite brilliant with handsome horses, carriages, and brightly dressed ladies. I gazed eagerly at the occupants of the numerous dog carts, buckboards, and phaetons with the hope of discovering some friend or acquaintance, but the smooth road, unheeding the dis and other evidences of a settlement showed me that I was near Oakland, I went on into the village, found a friend shower fell from the clouds that comvived them from the drowsy unconsciouscame out with a small kerchief of cloud over one eye and a light breeze rustled the newly varnished leaves. The fringe foot-paths at the roadside twinkled with innumerable rain drops, and muddy wooden tramway to the railroad. streams trickled therefrom into the road

I had just left the cow-shed and resumed my walk when there came dash ing down the road a small equipage, consisting of a brown pony and a yellow dog-cart. In the cart were two young ladies in summer clothing, their faces partially concealed by a large parasol, on whose creamy shores beat breakers of foamy lace. There was a flutter of red from the whip stock, a mass of ferns showing under the seat, and the brow of the conquering pony was wreathed with oak. That capricious little animal, after captering at will over the downward and level road, came to an abrust stop at the foot of a hill not far ahead, and then reluctanly dragged his burden upward and onward. The red danger signal hung limp from the whip, the parasol lace ceased to chafe its silken island, and gradually the festive little vehicle disappeared from sight until even the red tassel of the tip of the whip sank behind the Allegheny horizon.

As I said, I recognized her at once, She who held the reins that were supposed to guide the wilful pony was undoubtedly Eleanor Sawyer; and Eleanor Sawyer was the young woman to whom Tom Graham had devoted himself, in spirit, so unsuccessfully, for over two years. I say in spirit for the reason that I'om had not been allowed a nearer devotion. It was a mystery to every one why old Mr. Sawyer was so uncompromising in his opposition to Tom Graham, for he was a young man of good family and good habits, with a growing reputation and income. Certain it was, however, that if that young person had presented himself at Deer Park Mr. Sawyer would either have restricted his daughter's freedom to the second story verandah, where he kept his own gouty foot bolstered up on a chair, or have whisked her off to some other resort at the first appearance of

the adversary. I recalled these things which Tom come to a standstill and that Miss Sawyer seemed to be remonstrating with her companion, who, evidently in a state of great perturbation, was glancing anxiously toward a tent at the foot of the hill. It had been pitched since my morning walk to Oakland, and there was an undeniable gypsyish air about the encampment that had probably frightened the more timid of the young ladies in the cart. I passed them and went on down the hill and soon discovered that they were following me and were subduing with difficulty

the brown pony to a slow pace. In front of the tent lay a swarthy man watching a fire that had just been kindled under a black keitle. He was a repulsive being, and I could not wonder at the timidity of the young ladies. Behind the tent gleamed the white sun bonnet of a traveler's wagon, and one or two mules were tethered near by. 1 ewed the man sharply, but he made no

movement other than to turn his head brown pony and disappeared around the bend in the road, and at exactly the moment when I saw the last of the fluttering parasol lace, I thought I heard my name pronounced. I turned but saw no one, and went on. Again I heard the same sound, and that time saw something that made me turn

That night it was an accepted fact at the hotel that there was a gypsy camp on the Oakland road. Several persons had passed the tent and had seen the repulsive, dark man, and one lady had met two queer-looking men on horseback, with huge saddle bags, that were doubtless filled with plunder from the neighboring farms, It made a flutter in the hotel office, where the ladies lingered after tea to talk it over. As a result of the discussion, those ladica who had felt perfect freedom to walk and drive atone became quite cautious. Timid mammas forbade their daughters to drive in the direction of the camp. The only lady who seemed utterly reckless was Eleanor Sawyer, who took her usual drive in the usual direction in spite of mysterious camps or dark complexioned men.

I may as well say here that after my first day at Deer Park I had been much with the Sawyers'; I had discovered that Mr. Sawyer and my father were old-time friends and classmates; and the old gentleman had received me very cordially for my father's sake, and bade me keep an eve on his daughter and his nieca Alice Wolverton, who I found was Miss Sawyer's companion on the morning when the gypsy camp was discovthrough the decaying roof and the gen- ered. In the case of the latter this beeral dampness of my condition forcing came an easy and most willing privilege, itself on my attention, I began to won- but with Eleanor Sawyer it was a different matter. That young lady developed a will power that amounted to obstinacy. I well remember the last time I my mind than of Saratoga or Newport; saw her start out alone in that cart. I shall not attempt to describe her as she appeared to me that atternoon; but the gleam in her gray eye and the fresh color on her cheek as she took her seat ia the little carriage, and the trim figure in its blue cloth dress I shall never forget. I remember thinking that Tom Graham was a lucky man to possess the neart of all that beauty and freshness. While thus thinking, I watched the flutter of her blue veil until she disappeared around the corner of the east annex of the hotel, and then I sighed. D.d the spirit of prophecy possess my soul? Did my mental vision penetrate the future and perceive that I was not to see her again? It may be so, for 1 sighed and turned to the gentle Alice to I was disappointed, and walked on over dispel the cloud that for the moment had obscured her loveliness. At my tance, until the sight of a church spire sigh she colored faintly and looked out on the green uplands in front of the hotel, where all day long the shadows of the young trees wind around their at the hotel with whom I dised, and bases like phantom dials. She seemed was returning to Deer Park when a to prefer silence, so I said nothing, but leaued back in my chair, watching the pletely drenched the mountains and re- blue smoke that rose from behind a hill to the southward. Yesterday she and I ness of an August midday. The rain had gone over the hill to investigate the ceased as suddenly as it came. The sun primal cause of so much smokiness, and after discovering a little saw-mill that was eating its way through the grand forest, we were content to ride back on a load of lumber that came down the

> For several days we had been planning to watch a sunset from the Observatory which is perched on a neighboring hill. At its height the loftiest peaks of the Alleghenies notch the horizon as far as the eye can see. I proposed and Alice disposed; so we climbed the hill and the little stairway to the Observatory, and took a seat on its upper deck with a background of wood carving, the knife-work of the summer boarder who usually succeeds in carving his name in something more permanent than sand. From this elevated position we watched the afternoon express as it glided into the station in a cloud of steam; we watched it puff out again, and heard it whistle for Mountain Lake, three miles further down the

road. By this time the sun had dropped until it seemed impaled on the dimmest peak in the distance. In a moment the whole west flushed crimson. Every mountain peak was radiant. The little forest in the foreground seemed etched against the glowing aky. Very gradually the color faded. The northern and southern peaks grew gray and grayer. The red receded from either side until finally the pink that tinted the west faded and went out. The dim peaks melted together. A chill wiad swept across the mountains. Our clothing was already damp with the dew, so we left the Observatory, and before we reached the hotel it was night in the Alteghenies,

That evening there was great excitement in the hotel. Before tea time it became generally known that Eleanor Sawyer bad driven out alone on the Oakland road and had not returned. A telegram sent to her friends at the Oakland Hotel brought the answer that she had not been there that day. Eleanor's poor father was almost wild, He had known but little of the gypsy camp, and when the ladies poured into his horrified ears the account of the repulsive black man, the mysterious men with had told me as I climbed the hill behind plunder on their horses, his very blood which the dog-cart had set, and to my ran cold. Men were at once despatched surprise saw that the brown pony had down the road to enter the camp and discover the truth. They returned with the information that the camp was broken up, the wagons gone, The worst suspicions were confirmel. Eleanor had been abducted by the gyisies and probably hidden in the mountain fastnesses with the view of obtaining a ransom. The distracted father did not know what course to pursue. To send out parties that night without any knowledge of the route of the abductors wis impracticable; and the helpless old rentleman groaned in spirit. Excitenent ran high. The ball-room was deserted, and groups of peop e were in the office discussing the probable features of the

> About 9 o'clock a messenger with a note entered the office, and as he approsched the desk there was a sudden stillness in the room,

"For Mr. Sawyer," he said, in a low voice. The clerk handed the note to a boy,

who ran upstairs, followed by flocks of to look at us. When we were well past ladies, who gathered about Mr. Sawhim the young ladies whipped up the ver's door while the boy went in and gave the old gentleman the note.

"Oh, dear Mr. Sawyer do tell us, is it from Eleanor?" chorused the ladies, It was his daughter's writing; but, with the sense of relief which it gave, came a strange reluctance to open the note in the presence of such an au-

"Yes, ladies, it is from my daughter," he said, with dignity, hoping that they would leave him alone; but they lingered.

'Oh, is she safe; where is she?"

came from one or two of the more ven-The old gentleman saw it was of no use to try to evade them. He opened the letter, and, after glancing at its contenus, gave it to one of the ladies nearest him.

"You may read it, madame," ne said,

grimly. She took it and read aloud as follows: DEAR PAPA: The gypsy camp has broken up and I have gone with one of its members. I suppose my dear Tom never thought when he joined the geological survey (in order to be near me in the mountains) that the party would be taken for gypsies. The Indian servant, whom the survey men brought from the plains, caused that impression, and the imagination of the ladies sup-

plied the rest. Dear papa, Tom and I were married this afternoon in the little stone church in Oakland, and before you receive this we will be far away. A man will bring you the pony and this note. I will write again in a day or two. In the meantime do not harden your heart against your affectionate daughter

ELEANOB. There was silence as the reader con cluded, and without a word the crowd dispersed, to meet again in the more congenial atmosphere of the parlors. That evening, just before 11 o'clock,

as I was smoking a good night eigar on the piazza, I was joined by Alice Wol-"Did you know of this?" she demanded severely as we reached a seclud-

ed part of the porch. "Know of what?" I asked, evasively. "Of Eleanor's plans. That she was

oing away?" anxi malv. "With an Allegheny gypsy? Well, s. I knew. 'Oh, shameful!" she cried, starting way, but I caught her hand.

'What is shameful?" I asked. ie not right to go?" "Not in that way, no."

"Isn't it right for a woman to go with the man who loves her?" "No, it is not. Come, let us go into tho parlor; it is chilly here." "But you cannot go with me, It

wouldn't be right." "Why not?" in surprise. "Because I love you." "Good night," I answered, and we

ward.

Peregrination Pigeon.

both said it again a half hour after-

Peter Cartwright was the name of a well known Method'st proneer. He was a sort of peregripation pigeon, who flew over the hills and swamps upon his ap stolic wing. He feared nothing, and wha as strong as he was brave. At a certain camp meeting he got into trouble with a set of roughs who had tried to break up the service. Major L., who was a prominent citizen, though a great "sinner. identified himself with the roughs, and, flying into a desperate rage, said if he hought Cartwright would fight him a duel he would challenge him.

"Major, if you challenge me I will ac cept it," answered the preacher. "Well, sir, I dare you to mortal com-

bat." "All right, sir, I'll fight you. And, sir, according to the laws of honor I suppose it in the vicinity of Hunter's Point Dry is my right to choose the weapons with Dock, and on entering the yard the which we are to fight." "Certainly," the Major replied.

"Well, then, we will step over here into this lot and get a couple of cornstalks, I think I can finish you with

The Major waxed hotter. He clenched his fists and foamed with rage, saying: "If I thought I could whip you I would smite you in a minute." "Yes, yes, Major," the militan minis-

ter asserted; "but, thank God, you can't whip me; only don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever had in your life." That ended it. Another bully attempted to whip the

Rev. Cartwright, who answered: 'Sir, I never like to live in the dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now.

The bully continued his curses and threats, and the minister jumped off his horse, and going up to him, said: "Look here, you have to whip me as you threatened, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him."

The bully repented, and afterwards became one of the preacher's best friends.

Charm of Flowers.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of do not begin to cling to it until it has peace. Passionate or religious minds been partially neutralized by the action contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious expense would be too great in making painters, and mixed with more open a solid bottom of copper and there is no and true country sentiment in those of satisfactory way of attaching the sheetour own pre-Kaphelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always; but to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sakes. They fall forgotten from the great workman's and soldier's hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness crowns of leaves flowers.

The Nine-Plate Stove.

The old nine-plate stove was a monumental flend on the wood-pile, and. with the large open fire hearth, a great denuder of the forest. In a real cold winter day it required as much attention as a locomo-Mr. Sawyer glanced at the address. tive nowadays when out on the road, and the tidy housewife was just as careful in having it burnished up and kept cleaned up as the engine man and fireman do their darling iron horse. Sometimes it was quite difficult in piping cold weather to determine whether the persons congregated around the stove were trying to keep it warm or vice versa.

But this pioneer of the stove generation was a very primitive article of domestic comfort. It had no side doors, nor was there any hinges to the door closing the vent where the fuel was pushed into the furnace chamber. It was propped with a s one or a brick which served a two-fold purpose, as it also regulated the draft in the smaller opening in the door. Iron was dear in those days, and there was no iron poker to stir up the smouldering embers or shovel to empty the chamber of the ashes when filled. A green hickory stick was utilized as a poker and a piece of board as a shovel. Yet our fathers and grandfathers were happy even with these original appliances for arousing the mouldering embers and removing their

While crowded around the primitive stove in order to keep warm, it would indeed be passing strange if the inventive brain of man would not be stirred up to nake some improvement on what would in these modern and more cultivated days be considered an apology for a stove. Doors and hinges for the sides of the stoves folwed, as well as hinges for the door closing the furnace chamber, and door and hisges

for the smail vent. By the first improvement the part above the furnace and the apartment for carrying off the smoke was converted into an oven, in which excellent bread and cakes could be baked, and roasts and fries of all kinds turned cut. The top plate of the stove was used as a griddle, and from it buckwheat, corn and flannel cakes were turned off by the dozen. In fact, those old im proved nine-plates did a vast amount of good culmary work, until they were sup planted by the renowned "Hathaway Cook Stove," which wssexocedingly popular and had an immense sale, but was no less a voracious devastator of the wood-pile, and the terror of the man who provided it with sticks cut exactly to fit its fiery tur-

Improvements went on in the old nineplate until it was as smoothly cast, and as nicely ornamented with vines and flowers and designs, as any of our popular parlor coal stoves are, or the kitchen cook stove. But coal as a fuel became cheaper and wood dearer, hence these old fashioued stoves had to give way to the coal-burner, both by reason of economy, heat and fuel already prepared without the aid of the axe, the maul and the iron wedge. Rude as these old nine plates were they served a good and useful purpose in their day, but they cou'd not last always, in view of the changed circumstances of both nature all wearers look alike-a blessing for and people. They had to give way to the eyes of the general bachelor, as something better, at least for cities, towns | well as a mental comfort to the possesand villages, though in some remote parts sor of every variety of limbs, which of the State, where wood is yet plenty, one embrace every variety of physical deof these ancient stove landmarks is mon- formity; the average masculine leg arch of the wood-pile and the yet unfelled | being of inexhaustible, even of infinite

Scraping off Barnacies.

"Come and see them scrape barnacles off from the bottom of a big iron steamer said an employe of the Pacific Mail Company to a reporter at San Francisco recently. "You wouldn't think it, but it's one of the biggest items of expense in the repair of these steamers," continued be. "It's an operation that every ship's bottom goes through after every third trip across the Pacific, and you know that the little creatures which give us so much trouble are thicker and attain their growth more rapidly in Pacific waters than they do in the Atlantic."

The reporter and his informant were City of New York was seen high and dry on the supports, and a large number of men, each with a triangular-shaped scraper of hard metal in hand, were working on her. These scrapers had resembles that produced by masons' trowels in spreading mortar, though much louder, and there was also a hacking and cutting noise occasionally, as some more obstinate bunch of barnacles clung with greater tenacity than their neighbors. It was a whole sale slaughter of these parasitic animals, which in some spots incrusted the bottom of the ship to the depth of an inch and a half to two inches.

"They're only small clingers, barnacles," said the Pacific Mail man. but like fleas on a nervous individual they are very much in the way, though they are little."

"To what extent do they damage the bottom of an iron ship?" asked the reporter.

"It isn't for the damage to the ship so much as the way they impede its progress that they are complained of." was the reply.

"How much time each day of sailing would this steamer lose by having a coating of barnacles on her bottom?" "From fifteen to twenty-five miles." "Do they not grow thicker on wood-

en bottomed vessels than on iron?" "Yes; but they are not so thick on copper bottoms and that is one of the chief objects in having a vessel copperbottomed. The barnacles do not like the poisonous nature of the copper and of the salt water. Iron ships cannot, of course, have copper bottoms, as the ing. To partially obviate the tendency of barnacles to collect on iron vessels a strong solution of verdigris is now mixed with other ingredients and used on the bottom below the red water-line, and for this reason all the lower outcompany now have a green color, such

under side of the New York's stem." surface was cleaned and the red iron improbable, if not incredible.

rust was made visible underneath it was washed clean by another set of men, who were followed by the painters with pots of a steaming mixture from furnaces along the ship's side. Over each of these furnaces was a tank filled with green liquid that bubbled and hissed and sent forth an odor which one could not but consider poisonous

whence it issued. "How long does it take for a gang of workmen like this to remove the barnacles from a ship?" asked the reporter.

from the nature of the compound

"About two days, Sometimes they put on as many men as can work conveniently on a vessel's bottom. You see the idea is to save expense. It costs a vessel from \$500 to \$1,000 a day. according to her tonnage, to lie on this dock, and the men who do the work on this steamer are furnished by the Mail Company and are instructed to push the job as fast as possible. It would cost the company as much dockage each day if only two men were employ ed in cleaning a bottom as it would if there were 100 at work."

"Does the green mixture that they are now applying act as a preventive against the accumulation of the barna-

"Only in a measure. It requires but a few months for the salt water to dissolve it and eat into the iron and form rough rusty places, where the little clingers gather and grow. They spread very fast and to a considerable depth when a vessel is lying still for an extended period, but when on the trip to China and returning a vast number will spread themselves all over a steamer's bottom. It is something of a mystery how they collect so easily when a vessel is in motion."

"Are there no other and effectual means for preventing their presence?"

"There may be," was the reply, "but they have not yet been discovered. A thousand different preparations have been tried, but none of them are of much account, if we except the verdigris compound, and that is far from satisfactory. A fortune awaits the lucky man who can discover a comparatively inexpensive and at the same time durable mixture, which, when applied to a ship's bottom, will render it so distasteful a place of residence to these barnacles that they will no longer infest it.

Knee Broeches.

The old style Continental knee preeches are making a desperate effort to come into fashion again. But it will not be a kneesy matter to reconcile a man not really in needy circumstances, to wear them. Without good legs, nicely proportioned by nature, a man had betier be sans culotte, and wear trousers of the most ample and voluminous sufficiency, than have his limbs encased in masculine trunks. Pantaloons of liberal proportions make repulsiveness. Probably there is not one really fine pair of legs employed in carrying a man's stomach and shoulders about in every ten thousand men who walk the streets, imagining themselves the proud lords of creation; and knee breeches, unless they be well stuffed and arranged, never fail to make this bumiliating fact perfectly apparent to even the most casual observer.

Mental with Manual Training.

Manual exercises, which are at the same time intellectual exercises, are highly attractive to healthy boys. If you doubt this, go into the shops of a manual training-school and see for yourselves. Go, for instance, into our forging-shop, where metals are wrought through the agency of heat. A score of young Vulcans, bare-armed, leatheraproned, with many a drop of honest sweat and other trade-marks of toll, stand up to their anvil with an unconscious earnestness which shows how were ground on each of their three edges. The sound of the scraping and hands. They are studying definitions and hands. They are studying definitions are they doing? tions in the only dictionary which really defines the meaning of such words as "iron," "steel," "welding," "temper " "upsetting," "chilling," etc. ing. And, in the shop where metals are wrought cold (which, for want of a better name, we call our machine-shop), every new exercise is like a delightful trip into a new field of thought and investigation. Every exercise, if properly conducted, is both mental and manual. Every tool used and every process followed has its history, its genesis and its evolution.

Vega.

Vega is now the brightest of the visible fixed stars and will be found nearly overhead in the evening. This is one of the stars whose distance from the earth has been the subject of long continued and elaborate calculations conducted by the children to go almost naked while they Washington astronomers within the past gad about. That's what they do, two or three years. Its parallax is about and the indignant lady tossed her head. one quarter of a second, a point as difficult Mrs. Spillers flew into a rage. She to measure as the dameter of a quarter of shook her fist in Mrs. Mulkittle's face, a dollar a dozen miles away. The com- and just then the inquisitive youngster puted distances of fixed stars are generally and Mrs. Spillers's boy made a break at stated in the number of years it would each other, grappled and rolled out the require for light from them to travel floor. Then the two mothers began to through space at the same rate of speed swing corners. Altogether, the affair that it passes through our solar system, about 192,000 miles per second. At this of the season, as the young "journalrate it would take light from Vega some 16 | ist" says in speaking of a strawberry years to reach the earth. So far as we are festival. The sewing society adjourned aware, however, there is nothing known sine die, and it is feared there will be about the speed of light outside of our a decided falling off in the heathen's own system, and it may be possible that it | wardrobe. flashes instantaneously or nearly so over the billions of miles which separate one solar system from another. If we are forced to measure with our own solar system variatick the vast distances which intervene between our sun and the mil ions of other suns which the telescope reveals, falling water. It will be named "Maid we are driven to the conclusion that, in of the Mist," after the famous boat side surface of the steamers of this looking at some of the remotest stars which powerful instruments render visible, we as you now see they are putting on the are beholding them, not as they appear now, but as they appeared centuries ago, The reporter watched the process of and that they may be blotted from the scraping and observed that as fast as a sky hundreds of years before they crase to or crowns of thorns-not crowns of large section of the barnacle-covered shine for us; a conclusion which appears

Mujkittle's floy Azzin.

When Mrs. Mulkittle went to the sewing society the other day she agreed. after much persuasion, that the youngster might accompany her. The sight of so many ladies, all sitting in a long room, intent on making something, greatly interested the boy, and for a time he walked around without addressing the benevolent women, whose fingers flew for the benefit of the heathen. Finally he approached an old lady who was busy with a press board and asked:

"Whose coat is that?" "This is for some poor little heathen boy," replied the old lady, tapping the not "goose" with a damped finger, and proceeing to press a seam.

"Where does he live?" "Away over the ocean." "Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, no." "Then how do you know the coat will fi. him?" "If it don't fit one it will fit anoth-

"Haven't the heathens got any clo-

"No. They are poor and needy." "Haven't they got any fathers or mothers?"

"Yes." "Well, why don't they buy clothes for the children?"

"They haven't any money, and beides they need clothes themselves." "Sort of a naked family, ain't it?" She looked at him a moment, exchanged the cool "goose" for a hot one,

and replied: "Yes, they all need clothes, poor things. They have never had any. Then how do you know the want

em now?" "Because they do." "What boy is that standin' over

there?" "He's my son."

"Is he a heathen?" "What do you mean, you trifling little rascai?"

'His clothes are nearly worn out. Why don't you give him this coat?" 'None of your businesss, that's why.' "Why don't you sew up that hole in

is breeches?" "Hush." "But I want to know."

"I don't care if you do. Go on away rom here and let me alone. He went over to where a young lady was threading a machine needle and

said: "What are you doing?" "Don't you see? Oh, what a bright little boy," turning to a young man carrying a cane with an ivory crook in imitation of a horse's head. "Isn't he a bright little fellow, Mr. Lucas!"

"Rather," replied the young man. 'What's your name, kid?" "What's your name, calf?" the boy

replied. The young lady laughed and the oung man, drawing up a chair, sat down and stuck the horse's head, mane

and all, into his mouth. "Are you sewing for the heathens?" asked the boy, turning to the young

"I believe so." "Do you like 'em?"

"No, not particularly." "Then why don't you sew for some-"I don't know. You musn't ask

such foolish ques ions." The young man withdrew the horse's head-from his mouth, and he ah, he-ah, he-abed in a languid way. Mulkittle not finding the young lady worthy of further investigation, walked around the room to where a woman was sewing buttons on a shirt.

"Move on," she said. "I don't want you around here."

"What are you doing?" "None of your ousiness,"

"Is it yours?" "Yes, it is."

"An' the heathen's?" "Go on away. You are a heathen vourself." "Then give me the shirt,"

'Move on, I tell you.' He went back to where the old woman was handling the "goose." "Run along, little man, for I don't

want you around here." "When are you going to make your boy some ciothes?" 'None of your business."

"It ain't yours either, is it?" "Hush your mouth." "I couldn't hush anything else could

"There, you little imp. You've made me burn my finger on the goose." "How did I make you?"

"Great Cæsar, boy, go away from here. Whose brat is this!" arising and pointing to the boy. "Willie," called Mrs. Mulkittle,

"come away," advancing. "I thank you, Mrs. Spillers, that he's no more of a brat than your son." "My son never goes around bother-

ing people," replied Mrs spillers.
"I don't allow Willie to bother people either, but some people are easily bothered.

"Yes, and some mothers don't know how to take care of their children." "And," said Mrs Mulkittle with emphasis, "some mothers allow their was one of the most enjoyable events

Maid of the Mist.

A steamboat is being ouilt on Ntagara river below the falls, and next season will carry passengers up almost to the which run down the river through the rapids when the sheriff tried to seize it and came out safely.

Men searching for luck to give them a ride only scare up horses for enterprise