Ne'er forget her tireless watch Kept by day and night, Taking from her step the grace, From her eye the light; Cherish well her faithful heart, Which, thro' weary years, Echoed with its sympathy All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love: Guard the priceless boon ; For the bitter parting hour Cometh all too soon. When thy grateful tenderness Loses power to save, Earth will hold no dearer spot Than thy mother's grave.

A MODERN DELUGE.

A year before, the place had been a wild, unbroken prairie, with here and there tracts of woodland. The people had come with the advancing railroad, and there was now a town. They called it Bay City, possibly from the fact that there was no bay there. The nearest stream of any sire was ten miles to the eastwaad, and this was only navigable for light steamers at high stages of the water, With that curious completeness of modern frontier life, the first rough shanty was put up had a postand saloons. The people had arrived, settled down, laid out the city, and assumed a certain state of civilization within the space of three months. Though coming from fourteen different nations, total strangers to each other, and hardly able to master the legal language of their adopted country, they seemed to imbibe at once with the free air of the prairie that spirit of fraternity, helpfulness and good nature that characterizes the Western American. With it all there was also the deeper human nature that underlies all tongues and nationalities.

men and maidens. Where these are spring friendship, sweet domestic life, hope, jealousy, patience, virtue, selfishness and love. It was not all of life to grub up the rough sod, to fell the trees, ragged woods, there were young men and maidens, shining eyes under homely hoods, and whisperings on the silent, open prairie, where only the stars could

hear.

Among those thus thrown together in mighty stream of immigration, was

nor friends. He, too, had run up a hymn. yellow shanty, and lived alone, his own housekeeper, man-of-all-work, gardener ary and unpractical. This last, in the sky was so red at that early hour. eyes of the Americans, was enough to place him at once among the failures, He had a few tools, chiefly an axe, which he could wield with wonderful

serious fault. on the raw prairie, weary, frightened a dull brick red. and a little dazed at the strange place they mus ave a house. She under-

Six months passed, and a new man him stupid once, now they called him stand?" insane. He saw Mina every day, for thing new, which he guessed at, but too high I'd like to store 'em against could not name. It seemed too good to fire. name or speak of, except to himself,

understand. His new birth made him an observer, save life, out it will go." and this is what he observed; the one was fire. If a forest fire should ever the like. get beyond control, nothing could save the place, the farms, the houses, or even the people. Flight would be nearly impossible. Where could they go from the fire that outran the wind? Where could they hide from a tempest thing, if need came, for Mina, to invention. He would prepare for that dreadful day-the coming of fire. Not with swift horses to run to the river; the fire. He would build an ark of been in plain sight of the main street. passed in.

safety against the deluge of smoke and There were new arrivals every day, new "Wait a bit now till I fix it all snug." that it is a music lesson. safety against the deluge of smoke and There were new arrivals every day, new

bank.

'Guess she'll have me when I put up my brickyard."

It was not for this he bought the clay bank. He wanted the clay for another purpose, and the idea of making bricks was an afterthought. That was a little notion that would keep. First he must weeks had passed without rain. The dust in the rough streets was almost unbearable. Three nights before he had seen a suspicious glare on the far southern horizon, where the grass seemed to meet the sky.

"The day o' judgment is Icafin'

afloat, his land in the village. The man shoveled up wealth and did not know it, it meant, and was content with two dollars a day for self and horse. As for Silas, he town within ninety days of the time the home busy in one corner of his land, well removed from trees or other buildoffice, churches, school-house, stores ings. By nightfall he had set up in the ground a stockade of stout posts, making an enclosure almost thirty feet square, with a narrow opening at one side, which seemed to serve as a gate. Without and within, the stockade was you. covered with laths, while birch brush was woven in between the posts in a rude kind of basket work.

the structure with curious questions as to its object. Was it house, pound, corral, or what? To all of which he his evening meal with his own hands, burning town; not a house or a fence men and women, young children, young scarcely sleeping at all, and toiling as he sat down there came a hurried filed slowly out, the man with the violin van Rossas and the rest of the discontented that the lady, who had a leathery hand in nineteen hours in one day. By the knock at the door. He took a lamp, to plant, to build fences, to buy and a door, and a square hole near the roof the door stood the Eastern man. sell and make a home. When night seemed intended for a window. From "Here it is. Measure it ye fell, and the lovers' moon rose above carpenter he turned plasterer. The dry with water, and with a big wooden open the trunk and take your pay out o' trowel he plastered over the entire what ye find." structure, without and within, with a heavy coat of clay.

none. She slept near Bingen on the she saw Sılas toiling in frantic haste at arms and ran for the brick hut. his crazy scheme. She stood watching With the others came also Silas Hig- unobserved for a moment, and then gias, from Vermont, half farmer, half heard through the stillness of the sailor, a wanderer with neither home night the refrain of some old Paritan

"Ya, the Lord abides with him," she and earpenter. There were whispers the house, sure that he was not insane, through the place that he was in some and with a vague dread of something, sense wanting, a witless creature, vision- she knew not what. It was strange the Having covered the walls with clay

and spread the entire roof thick with it, he built a roaring bonfire inside the their arms. structure. More crazy than ever, the skill, and his services were always in people said. He even piled brushwood | door and get the women inside. request. He seemed a shy man, re- against the walls of the structure and served, silent, and not social. This, set fire to this slso, so that the buildtoo, was against him, in the opinion of ing without and within seemed desthe foreign element. Moreover, he nined to entire destruction. Some saved his money, which in the eyes of of the people remonstrated with him, the saloonkeepers and patrons was a and said it was dangerous to build such a fire in such a dry time, when the He was, in truth, a man ignorant of prairie was like tinder and the forests himself. His life from his youth up only kindling-wood. He pointed to had been so rough, so marked by toil, two large tubs standing near, each filled neglect and hardship, that he had grown with water that was muddy with clay. patiently dull. He had not yet waked He would watch the fire. It would do up to human life. He had been too no harm. Many idlers gathered near long struggling for food. Mina came- to see the thing burn down, but to their and he lived. He was at the rough surprise it remained intact. By night Not a word was said, and Silas paused shed that served as a railway station the fire burned out, and the next day just for a moment irresolute. Could he a call is made with a hope to see the when she and her father were set down | the curious mud-colored hut had put on

The work was complete, and Silas sat and stranger people. He had even in his house taking much needed rest, her about her baggage, and when one of the older settlers, a sharpelf as house-builder-for faced Yankee, called at the open door. "Been lookin' at that ark o' yours, stood not a word, and yet she did un- Cur'us concern, but I guess she'll do. derstand, and blushed and smiled upon Goin' to charge much for storage o'

papers and valuables?" "You've struck my notion of thing, had been born of full stature in that neighbor-only valuables received. place. He was a thinker, an observer Bents will be high, and if wuss and an inventor. If he toiled before, comes to wuss, cargo will be liable to be now he worked. If they had thought thrown overboard to save life, Under-

Storage and insurance is "No. had often tried to speak to her, but it looks o' things last night. There's faces. had not been a happy conversation, and smoke in the air new. Got some yet it served to thrill him with some- papers o' vally here, and if rents are not

"The kara was not built for cargo; He could not tell her. He could only it's for passengers. I'll take your stuff, I will tear it down!" show her, some day, by some grand if trouble comes, but it will cost you deed, and then she would know and ten dollars a day for every square foot blinding. He laid his burden on the of space, and if I must throw it out to ground and looked at Mina.

"Folks will never lock themselves in

comes." In one day the opinion of the town | pieces!" changed from one extreme to another. They had called Silas Higgins a crazy fool. Now he was the wisest and clearof flame? From observing he moved by the richest man on the section. He on, impelled by a desire to do some- owned a clay bank and a safe deposit -two banks of unknown capacity for be killed, and I'll do it. Open the door,

wealth. Nothing happened for three weeks, and the brick hut would have been forthat were idle. He would stay and figut gotten had not its black and red walls then her father, now quite senseless, was

flame. He thought much about the houses going up, and tor all who would matter, and even neglected his work work, plenty to do at good wages. and wandered about the country, spade | Silas made little progress with his love in hand, in search of something, He affair, Mina seemed more distant than to make doubly sure. soon found it, almost a mile from the ever. Some countrymen had arrived, town, and at once sold part of his land, and a lager beer garden had been and with the proceeds bought what opened, where at night there was music seemed a worthless tract of land on the and dancing. Among these was one stood pointing toward the street, banks of a little run. He smiled in a handsome youth who seemed to have There, reeling and stumbling along, quiet way to himself when the bargain plenty of leisure and money. He was a man with a violin case under his was complete. The ignorant settler played the fiddle at the saloon, and by had practically sold a mine-a mine of day was often at the yellow shanty of alumina, most precious of metals, but the Landerfelts. Silas Higgins seemed wrapped in the dull disguise of a clay to accept the situation with that quiet patience that is born of much disappointment.

"She'll have him. He kin fiddle and dance, and she likes that. He does not of clay and water and then leaped out work over much, nor sile his hands. Mebbe she likes that kind."

The stranger's suit-for such it seemed-appeared to prosper, Twice prepare for the deluge. Already four Silas met them as he was walking back over it and upon his body. from a day's work at his clay bank, Already he had interested enough of the little capital in the place to start a close the door again, and one of them small brickyard, and he had given up roughly pulled Mina toward the door. his carpentry to become a manufacturer. She broke away and stood gazing into It was nightfall the second time he met the fiery furnace with her arm before them. They were walking arm in arm her face to keep away the heat. It was round somewhere. It's time the ark was along the dusky road toward the town all the work of a moment. The creawhen he overtook them. There was, ture fell twice, but was somehow The next day he hired a man and low in the north, a faint glare in the dragged along over the smouldering cart to team clay from his new mine to sky, and as he passed Mina stopped and grass past the blazing fence, not one in rather wild English asked him what

"It's the day o' judgment. And, Miss Mina, if wuss comes to wuss, Silas stood ready, and at every tiny refused all offers of work, and staid at don't try to run. It will outrun the puff of smoke that entered he aimed a fastest horse. Don't run, but come to

> Her companion, who plainly under- the place was fearful, yet none comstood better than Mina, laughed, and plained. It was, indeed, an ark of said to her in German: "The wind is safety. They heard the deluge go past the wrong way. There is no danger; and if there were, I would take care of

"The day had been hot and sultry, with a fitful breeze and yellow sky. The air seemed pungent and full of At nightfall the people gathered about strange odors. Toward night the wind changed suddenly, and blew hot and dry from the northwest. Silas prepared would only reply, "It's a 'kara,' which as was his custom, and sat down listless, means ark o' safety." He seemed to with no appetite, and heavy with disapwork upon the thing with a sort of mad pointment, and filled with a vague dread burned close up to the kara on every a crumb of consolation to the Socialists, haste, eating his meals in the open air, of something he could ot define. Just side, and left it unscathed. They all third day a heavy flat roof had been and opened the door. There was no clung to it through all. added, supported by rough posts sunk need of a lamp. It was as light as day, in the ground, within the structure, and he saw in the road a team, with sayed," said Silas, "Come out, all of One narrow opening had been left for two men unloading a huge trunk. By

"Here it is. Measure it yourself. Me and my pards are going to run for clay brought from his pit was tempered the river. If we never get back, bust still. He was the first to get in. It was cotton gin; and it is claimed that a suc-

The two men took the trunk and ran out. with it to the kara, and then as quickly Now were the people convinced the ran back to their team. Just then a a new land, as it were in an eddy of the man was insane. Even Mina, who had four-horse wagon loaded with men, wowatched the work from her father's men and children was driven at frantic Mina Landerfelt, Her father, evident- house, was moved to a mixture of pity speed past the house. There were ly released from Prussian military ser- and doubt-doubt of her own feelings shouts and cries in the air. Above all vice too late to be of any value to him- toward so foolish a man, and doubt per- rose a deep, sullen roar-a something self, had taken a quarter section, and haps of the people, and dimly wonder- advancing through the forest behind with some help from the neighbors, ing if it were not they who were the town. The road was filled with particularly the Americans, had reared insane. Once, in the night, she had cattle as by magic, bellowing and tosssome kind of a house just at the edge risen to wait on her father, who was ing their horns. He heard a child of the woods. Here with him lived ailing, and had gone out in the dark to scream by the gate, and ran bare-headed Mina, stout of heart and strong of draw some water. It seemed like the to see what it meant. A child lay by mister?" limb, his daughter and more than approach of dawn, for there was a rosy the road, trampled upon by the fleeing helpmeet. Wife and mother there was glow in the sky. By its uncertain light cattle. He took it up tenderly in his head.

The deluge had come. The ark was ready. He laid the child down inside, thinking you was-that-that Dutchhauled the trunk within, and with wonderful skill took up a kind of rough shutter coated with clay and jammed it into the one window, where it seemed said in German, and then she went into to fit tight; then plunging his hand in round. I built this ark for you against a tub that stood ready by the window. he took up wet clay and plastered it all over the crack round the shutter.

Before it was half done a dozen frantic with bundles, some with children in mind. It's all right. I always knew

"Help me!" cried Silas, "Rig up the Ready hands seemed to catch the hint, and in a moment the door was hung and ready to close.

"Don't be scart, Keep outside as long as ye kin to save the air. Just but it is at least better to turn them rightly. watch the thing half a minute." Then he was gone. How he reached

the Landerfelts' he never knew. Mina They had no horse, Whither could they fly before such a sea of fire? Her father seemed to have become utterly helpless, and lay upon the bed and save both? "Mein fader,"

"Yes. I'll carry him, it you can walk.'

She did not understand. She did not see how he could save them, and supposed he had come perhaps to die with them.

"No, no! Go-you go-run-run!"
It was all she could say in English, though she talked volubly in German. He entered the house and took the sick man on his back, and then together they started-she blindly, being half crazed with the red wonder all about them. Half the town was on fire, All the sky was an oven, the woods were her father's land adjoined his own. He storage and insurance. Didn't like the a furnace. It's hot breath was in their

On reaching the kara they found it tightly closed. The people had selfishly gone inside and left them to their

"Open the door! Open the door, or The heat was intolerable, the smoke

"Mina, I built that for you, agin this day. These wretches have stole it; but great danger that overhung the town that oven. It's only fit for papers and they shall die with us. I'll ruin it in half a minute. Anyway, 1 can die with "Mebbe not, We'll see when it you, and that's something. Open the door, or I break the hull thing to

> There was a movement inside as if brutal selfishness. Then the door was opened slightly.

> "The man that done this deserves to or I'll destroy ye altogether.' It seemed almost too late. The door was pried open, and Mina crept in, and

"Mein Gott! Look at him!"

again. His feet were shod with clay.

He took it from her and wrapped it

The people inside the hut began to

The door, damaged by the attempts

to close it, seemed about to fall, but

wad of wet clay to keep out the thin

fingers of the fire. The heat within

and waited patiently till it subsided.

hut. At last Silas spoke and said:

marcies. I guess it's 'bout over."

Not a word was said during the whole

"We kin just thank the Lord for His

of ashes, brilliantly lighted by the

standing; absolute poverty for all;

"Better call the poll and see who's

ye, and give yer names. Are all of ye

a wretched Dutchman hiding there

he who suggested to close the door and

"Call the skunk out."

with the violin?"

fiddle at the garden

shut you and the gal and the old man

The situation was too terrible for

hoice of words. Two men dragged

"Oh!" cried Mina; "it were a mis-

The creature with the violin case

for himself. He was seed

"Never seen this gal before, did ye,

The man looked at Mina, and shook

"This gal kinder begged for yer life.

fetched ye in, thinking-wa'al-

"Mina," said Sılas before them all,

"there be times when it don't make no

kinder difference what company is

take. He-who was he-the man saved

the creature out, and he stood cowering

before them all. It was the violinist,

"No, sir," said one man. "There's

two hours they were prisoners in the

round his head, splashing the wet clay

"Mina, I love you. Good-by."

"Give me your shawl."

in a sea of fire.

will get here."

second too soon.

here?

ered."

the day o' judgment. It has come. I love ye, and ye must jedge between us that-that thing and me." She took his arm, and he winced. men and women were at the door, some ''Don't! It's burnt pretty bad. Never

ye loved me.

The Etiquette of Cards.

Visiting cards play so large a part in the social life of our cities that it is well to understand their use. It is not a crime to turn down wrong corners of visiting cards, A young girl from a Western city, making a visit to a lady in Boston, sent up her card with the corner turned down-a thing stood by the door stupefied with horror. that should never be done when the person called upon is at home. This mistake, made by a refined young lady, suggests the desirableness of a little technical information for girls brought up in parts of moaned. Mina met him at the door, the country where card etiquette is less understood than in our large cities. When person called upon, inquiry should be made at the door if the lady is at home, and if so, a card should be sent up, that there may be no mistake as to the visitor's name. When it is a regular reception day, on which the lady of the house has given out that she will stay at home to see her, but the visitor should leave one upon the hall-table. When the person visited is not at home, either the whole right-hand end, or the upper right-hand corner, of the card may be turned down, as a token that the visitor has called in person. The best way to make what the French call the "visit of digestion," after a dinner, or the call after an evening party, is -except in cases of real intimacy-to leave a turnedon the time of a hostess if she were compelled to receive each guest again, separately. Cards may be sent by post, on arriving at a place, to notify friends of sent on departure, marked "P. P. C."pour prendre conge-to take leave. A band's card with her own. The English style of gentlemen's cards, which is being widely adopted in America, is a small card, not much more than half the size of a lady's. But a Frenchman still uses cards as large as his wife's, as was formerly the American custom. It is much better never to turn a card down than to turn it down not according to rule, for not to turn some humanity was struggling with it is of no consequence, while, for instance, to send a turned-down card to a lady who is at home does betray ignorance of the social "convenances" one is attempting to observe.

> A New York foundry has a steam hammer that strikes four hundred times a minute. Passers-by imagine

Victoria's Domestic Despotism

He thrust both hands into the tub of clay outside the door, and plastered it The biographies of queens and their over the cracks round the window as if families prove how great is the cause for gratitude for the privilege of not belonging to any of them. This dreary fate To his surprise, Mina stood beside might have happened by a mere accident of birth. It is a narrow and fortunate She had crept out again, and escape. To be a queen, prince or princess is drudgery and thraidom. The letters of the Princess Alice, like all literary emanations from persons of royal birth, confirm this fact. The tedious details of arm. He seemed to be lost and blinded "Let him die. It is too late. He never her cramped and monotonous court life a person of coarseness." give strong evidence of its emptiness. But throughout the pitiful revelation this "Mein Gott! mein Gott! He bewildtruly good and self-sacrificing princess wrote occasional truthful observations, of Suddenly Silas sprang into the tub which the following is one of the best:

"People with strong feelings and of nervous temperament, for which one is no more responsible than for the color of and by day kept them carefully hidden one's eyes, have things to fight against and from the sun, like mushrooms growing to put up with unknown to those of quiet | white in a cellar, so that they might look and equable dispositions, who are free from violent emotions, and have conse- come in contact with anything rougher quently no feeling of nerves-still less of than satin. It is wholly different now; irritable nerves. One can overcome a great deal, but alter one's self one cannot.'

comparatively free, her sons and daughters callous palms which ensue, and the red are in bondage. She is more deserving of the title "Madame Veto" than was the the hue of the lily. Her liking for outunfortunate Marie Antoinette during the door exercise has not yet taken her into French revolution. The Queen curtails the base-ball field, where her fingers might sociability, customs, high neck dresses, get permanently disfigured by breakage, opinions, plans, pastimes, Princes and and so the hands are not becoming dis-Princesses. Everything and everybody torted, though they will never again be connected with the royal family are submitted to her august approval, and she Well, Barnard evidently was not posted seldom approves of anything but piety. prudence, precedence and unlimited hard cipitately into the trap set for him. work performed by others in her name. The Prince and Princess of Wales are the hardest worked of all the court slaves. They are forced to pass a great portion of their time in presenting flags, opening schools, hospitals, charities, bazars, presiding at all varieties of public functions and State ceremonies, and laying of corner stones of churches, piers, and in working He tore down the door, and they all for their future popularity. And in the mustr't allow yourself to judge by the midst of their few breathing spells and softness or hardness of palm." came forth, a sorry company in a desert pleasures they are invariably and suddenly recalled to Windsor, to Balmoral or to Osborne House, to lunch with the Queen. Their lot is not to be envied. It must be nothing saved but life. The fire had the Nihilists, the dynamiters, the O'Donocase being close behind Silas. He had people.

Cotton Pickink by Machinery.

The perfection of a practical cotton picking machine is regarded as certain to "revolutionize labor" at the Bouth. A machine of this kind has long been de sired, as second in importance only to the cess has at last been attained by Mr. Mason, of Sumter, S. C. An "imperfect" model has already picked 300 pounds in an hour. The improved machine, which the inventor has now completed, is expected to pick 600 pounds an hour. One hand and a pair of borses will do the work of fifty hands, as at present employed. Harvesting that now costs \$30 is reduced to \$2.50, the saving per bale being \$6. Mason is spoken of enthusiastically as "the Mahdi of the South, who is to deliver the cotton grower from his greatest trouble, and rescue him from merchants claims and storekeepers' bills-to revolutionize the entire situation of labor." The inventor has refused \$1,000,000 for his patent, and, backed by abundant capital, will engage in the manufacture and sale of the machines. It is probable that it will be found that there are still difficulties to be overcome; but if a trial machine has actually accomplished what is claimed for it, there can be no doubt that the invention is perfectible. In view of the mechanical progress during the past thirty years, it will not do to say that a contrivance of this sort is impracticable.

The effect of such an invention upo colored labor-for this is the only sort that has been trained to pick cotton-is variously estimated. The Southern papers generally concede that it will, at first, greatly injure the colored people in the cotton States. But eventually, it is thought, "the cotton picker will be of material benefit to the Southern colored people, as they will be drawn from the fields into the mills as operatives, or into the cities, where they will earn more money as house servants and the like, with better educational advantages; while for those who remain industriously at agriculture there will be, with thrift and economy, improved opportunity for advancement. They will, it is argued, in time become, through means of this cotton picker, land owners and planters, instead of hired laberers." We see no reason why the picker should injure the laborers in the cotton belt permanently, any more than the reaper and binder, or the zens will share

Bellowing Bassos. and who will make his reappearance next is a great "kidder," and occasionally down card, as it would be too great a tax indulges his fondness for a practical joke. When the lamented Conly was at the height of his artistic career, he visited Gilbert was then studying for the lyric one's presence in town, and may also be stage with Signor Ettore Barili, the half brother and only teacher of Adeline Patti, who had likewise been the teacher married lady who is strictly punctilious of Conly. One day the two bassos met about social observances leaves her hus- at Hornickel's Cafe, a favorite resort for professional people.

"I'll wager you that I can break a pane of glass by simply swelling on one note," said Gilbert. "I'll wager you'll not be able to do it, and that I will," said Conly.

"Done!" exclaimed Gilbert. Conly began the contest. The window rattled violently, and though the glass did not break there was a great panic among the waiters. Then Gilbert tried and two panes were shattered at once. Conly owned up that he had lost, and was inconsolable at his discomfiture until he discovered that Gilbert bad placed a ouple of friends outside the window, Soft Hands Out of Date.

The place was the house of a weslthy family in Fifth avenue, New York. The oracle, President Barnard of Columbia College, was discussing on the thoroughness with which genuine good breeding imbued a human being with refinement.

"With my eyes blinded, as they are," he remarked-he wore eye bandages because of temporary inflammation-"I could probably distinguish by a shake of the hand between a person of refinement and

"Let us test you, Mr. Barnard," said the mischievous young hostess. "Agreed," said he,

Here let me interpolate some intormation as to the fashion in hands. There was a time, not long ago, when the elegant belle slept with greased hands in old gloves and feel as though they they had never athletic sports are in high approval. The daughter of wealth grasps oars, tennis Queen Victoria apparently has a mania | bats, bridle reins and tricycle handle-bars, or opposition. While her subjects are all without gloves, and she is proud of the rosiness of the knuckles that used to be quite so small or soft as they were. in this material matter, for he fell pre-

"I will call in my maid," said the rogue, "and you shall shake hands with her. She is illiterate and can hardly say 'boo' without violating some grammatical rule. She's without a bit of culture. You shall also shake hands with a young lady who, as you will admit when told her name, is nothing short of cultured perfection. But mind you, sir, you

"No," he promised, I will identify the lady and the maid solely by the subtle characteristics of their clasp.

Nevertheless, he declared that the maid, who was brought in to give him her small, smooth, pliant hand, was the lady, and his, was the servant. If girls go on using their hands for pleasure, the novels with hly-fingered and velvet-palmed heroines will have to be revised.

Being Understood.

The importance of the art of being able to express one's self, either in conversation or in writing, cannot be overestimated. Yet, if one may judge from the talk of his neighbors in a railway car, and from the columns of the average newspaper, there is no branch of learning that, considering its importance, is to neglected. If he has plenty of time at his disposal almost every one can make himself understood, but too often the number of words used is out of all proportion to the ideas. The peculialy nervous temperament, and the limited vocabulary of most Americans, lead them to express nselves in a vague, verbose fa They are too long in getting at the pith of what they are talking about; and when they reach this point their inability to remember the two or three words, that would put their thoughts in a compact, intelligible form, compels them to use ten, where one, if it were the right one, would have been sufficient. Not infrequently this vagueness is a cloak assumed for the moment to cover imperfect information or ill-defined ideas regarding the subject that is being discussed.

The false pride which shows itself in a desire to seem to know something about of which one knows little or nothing, is the cause of much loose, meaningless talk, which may serve its purpose temporarily, but which more oftener leaves a listener in such a state of uncertainty that he is as likely as not to attribute his doubts to his own dulness. Honesty, simplicity and exactness are not qualities that are conspicuous in the conversation of an ordinary American, or even in that of a man of liberal education. The temptation to extravagance and insincerity, which, strictly speaking, are forms of dishonesty, is great, especially if one wishes to create the impression that he is unusually clever; and simplicity and exactness of statement, being oftentimes unattainable, give way to circumlocution and generalities. The result is that one gives at best only imperfect expression to his ideas.

Arab Oddities,

An Arab on entering his house rethreshers, injured the laborers in the moves his shoes, but not his hat. He wheat belt. It will enable the planters mounts his horse upon the right side, to increase greatly their acreage, to while his wife milks the cow on the left gather their crop at the critical time side. In writing a letter he puts nearwhen it is ready, and to add largely to ly all his compliments on the outside. their profits. And this should add to the With him the point of a pin is its head, general prosperity of their section, in whilst its head is made its heel. His her friends, no card should be sent up to which all industrious and temperate citi head must be wrapped up warm even in Summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in Winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he A good story is told of John Gilbert, weighs, but he measures wheat, barley, the primo basso, who succeeded the late and a few other articles. He reads and George Conly in the Abbott opera troupe, writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about season in legitimate English opera. as much for dinner; but after the day's "Jack," as his intimate friends call him, work is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of his house wait till his lordship is done. He rides a donhis native city, Philadelphia, where key when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, or even spoons unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces may be placed in the same category. If he be an artisan he does his work sitting, perhaps using his foot to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water with a spoon, but never bathes in it unless his home is on the seashore. He is rarely seen drunk, is deficient in affection for his kindred, has little curiosity and no imitation, no wish to improve his mind, no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

> No editor has ever been elected President. This accounts for our who played their parts admirably and enormous National debt,

THE present fashion of belt bouquets sm sired the panes with their canes at that it is a Chicago girl taking her the time Gilbert's bellowing was engaging causes a great many flowers to be the attention of Conly and the spectators. | waisted.