

BEHEATER.

When we are dead, when you and I are dead; Have rone and tossed aside each earthly fetter...

THE FARMER'S HAYMAKER.

"Lettie! Lettie!" Farmer White paused in the door of his old brown farm-house and looked back. At the outer gate stood the green spring wagon...

"What is it, father?" she asked. "Well, you know I've got to go for your Aunt Becky's medicine, and I'm awful sorry to have to leave the field right in my busy time..."

of cold boiled ham, apple pie, and a pitcher of rich, sweet milk. "Why, you ought to know," she ejaculated, slowly...

"The first thing that caught her eye in the kitchen was a handkerchief which the stranger had evidently dropped; it was fine cambric, and was marked with the name 'Louis Renshawe'..."

The scene in a Hessian hayfield is picturesque enough. The women gather the hay and throw it up to the men who shape the load on the wagons...

Miss Peaslee's Neighbor.

"An old bachelor! It's just too bad," cried Miss Jane Peaslee, excitedly. "I never could abide old bachelors, and here one of 'em's gone and moved in right next door!"

"The dog, Jane?" "The dog! Of course not! I meant the crusty, crabbed old bachelor himself." "O Jane! You don't think he would steal the eggs and make holes in the flower beds, do you?"

"I mean the dog," snapped Miss Jane. "Of course he'll be running over here, tormenting the cat and digging holes in the flower beds next summer for a cool place to lie in..."

lancoy, alarmed as her sister grow first pale and then read.

"I ain't agoin' to faint!" declared Jane, stoutly. "But look, Melanoey, this letter is dated five ye'rs back, when we lived over to the Hollow. What on airth does it mean?"

"Squirrel Island is a popular resort in Boothbay harbor, at the mouth of the Kennebec. In summer there is a gay colony on the island, numbering at times 600 or 700 persons. Prominent New Englanders have cottages there..."

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with Yankee ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maid...

The Event at Midgeville.

It was the latter part of November, just before Thanksgiving, when an event occurred in Midgeville that agitated Midgeville society from centre to circumference.

"She had paid \$500 down (the neighbors soon found out) and an unmarried brother, who was earning a good salary in the city, became responsible for the remainder. But the brother had died soon after the purchase, and being unable to make the payments herself, the widow was now to be turned out of house and home into the cold, cold world."

"I couldn't find the check-book. I became confused. 'That's strange,' said I, searching my pockets. 'What are you looking for?' 'Check-book.' The fellow smiled maliciously. 'Probably it's in your iron safe,' said he. 'No, I am certain that I put it in this pocket.' 'Probably you mistook it for a book of cigarette paper and—' 'Look here,' said I, angrily, 'don't talk to me that way. I understand my business. I must have left it in my office.' 'Say,' called a red-headed fellow, who stood on the sidewalk, 'is he talking about buyin' that hoss.' 'Yes,' replied the owner of the animal, 'but he has lost his check-book.' 'Reckon he left it at my butcher shop. He ought to, for he's been gittin' mat'har for some time, an' ain't left nothin' yet. Don't fool with him. Talk about a check-book. Why, that fellow tried to beat his way into a minstrel show the other night, an' then borrowed enough money to take him up in the gallery.' 'Naturally, I felt indignant. In a rage I turned from my insults and walked back to the hotel. 'Here,' exclaimed a man whom I met at the door. 'I stopped. 'G'ave me my hat. When you came out from dinner you put on the wrong tie.' 'Hastily unconcerning my head, I saw that the hat I wore was wound round with crepe. 'Mourning for my uncle,' said the man. 'Died the other day, and left me \$75,000. Oh, I know you didn't do it intentionally. Yonder is your hat lying on the floor.' 'When I put on my own hat and walked out I did not enjoy the bracing atmosphere. When my friend comes up to collect the money I owe him, and to borrow the money which I have promised, I shall glide down the back stairway.' 'The Red Spot on Jupiter. The great red spot visible for years on Jupiter, has come and gone. Its appearance is a mystery; its disappearance is equally unaccountable. It left behind an unsolved problem, tangible proof of the equatorial acceleration of the planet. For the bright spots near the equator made a circuit around the planet in five minutes less time than the great red spot that was forty degrees from the equator. In precisely the same way the spots near the sun's equator complete a revolution in a larger number of those nearer the poles. Here is another link connecting the central luminary more intimately with his lordly son, and including his developments within the bounds of solar mysteries. When we find out the reason why the equatorial sun-spots move faster than the polar sun-spots, then we shall learn why the Jovian bright spots move faster than the great red spot. We shall probably be convinced at the same time that the great red spot is far more in the condition of the sun than his less massive and less richly endowed brethren. How many ages must roll on before the dawn of the day of certainty succeeds the long night of theory. 'By a method of spectroscopic observation, Mr. W. N. Hartley has reached the conclusion that ozone is a constant constituent of the upper atmosphere, that it is present there in a larger quantity than nearer the earth's surface, and that it is the cause of the blue color of the sky. Either in its gaseous form or condensed into a liquid, ozone appears of a deep blue.

The Wrong Tie.

A German scientist declares that there is such a thing—though thing hardly expresses it—as transmigratio of impression. People, he thinks, unconsciously transmit to their clothing, or anything with which they are intimately associated, certain conditions of their own temperament. He gives the following as an example: A student at Heidelberg was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gout, accompanied by a strong belief that he had been a sufferer for many years. His friends thought that he was losing his mind, for every one knew that he had been an old robe, which he had worn for some time, he experienced immediate relief. This startled him. He put on the robe again and the gout returned, took it off and again was free from pain. This caused an investigation, which led to the discovery that the robe was once the property of a gouty old professor. Here is another instance which I think will strengthen the argument: A young lady while examining a collection of relics put on a richly braided cap, and with a start exclaimed: "Oh, I shall be shot within an hour!" The cap had been worn by Maximilian just one hour before his death in Mexico.

"I cite these facts to inspire public confidence in a statement which I shall make with great hesitation. That part of the public with which I am acquainted has several times fancied that truth was not safe in my keeping so no one can blame me for the great precaution which I have taken. Several days ago, after eating dinner at the hotel, I walked out to enjoy the bracing atmosphere. I felt a sensation of quiet joy. I stopped and cordially shook hands with a man from whom I had a few weeks before borrowed \$10. 'Come round to my office,' said I, 'and you shall have your money; and, by the way, I added with a generosity that surprised myself, 'if you should want to borrow \$25 or \$100, I can accommodate you. Good morning.' 'I had gone but a short distance after leaving my friend, when I saw a horse that impressed me with his noble appearance. 'What'll you take for that horse?' I asked of the man who was riding the animal. 'Two hundred and fifty.' 'Gilt down; I want him.' The man dismounted, and after looking in the horse's mouth, gathering up the skin on his shoulders and lifting up one of his hoofs, I decided to buy him. 'Here,' said I, feeling for my check-book. 'You can go right down and get your money.' 'I couldn't find the check-book. I became confused. 'That's strange,' said I, searching my pockets. 'What are you looking for?' 'Check-book.' The fellow smiled maliciously. 'Probably it's in your iron safe,' said he. 'No, I am certain that I put it in this pocket.' 'Probably you mistook it for a book of cigarette paper and—' 'Look here,' said I, angrily, 'don't talk to me that way. I understand my business. I must have left it in my office.' 'Say,' called a red-headed fellow, who stood on the sidewalk, 'is he talking about buyin' that hoss.' 'Yes,' replied the owner of the animal, 'but he has lost his check-book.' 'Reckon he left it at my butcher shop. He ought to, for he's been gittin' mat'har for some time, an' ain't left nothin' yet. Don't fool with him. Talk about a check-book. Why, that fellow tried to beat his way into a minstrel show the other night, an' then borrowed enough money to take him up in the gallery.' 'Naturally, I felt indignant. In a rage I turned from my insults and walked back to the hotel. 'Here,' exclaimed a man whom I met at the door. 'I stopped. 'G'ave me my hat. When you came out from dinner you put on the wrong tie.' 'Hastily unconcerning my head, I saw that the hat I wore was wound round with crepe. 'Mourning for my uncle,' said the man. 'Died the other day, and left me \$75,000. Oh, I know you didn't do it intentionally. Yonder is your hat lying on the floor.' 'When I put on my own hat and walked out I did not enjoy the bracing atmosphere. When my friend comes up to collect the money I owe him, and to borrow the money which I have promised, I shall glide down the back stairway.' 'The Red Spot on Jupiter. The great red spot visible for years on Jupiter, has come and gone. Its appearance is a mystery; its disappearance is equally unaccountable. It left behind an unsolved problem, tangible proof of the equatorial acceleration of the planet. For the bright spots near the equator made a circuit around the planet in five minutes less time than the great red spot that was forty degrees from the equator. In precisely the same way the spots near the sun's equator complete a revolution in a larger number of those nearer the poles. Here is another link connecting the central luminary more intimately with his lordly son, and including his developments within the bounds of solar mysteries. When we find out the reason why the equatorial sun-spots move faster than the polar sun-spots, then we shall learn why the Jovian bright spots move faster than the great red spot. We shall probably be convinced at the same time that the great red spot is far more in the condition of the sun than his less massive and less richly endowed brethren. How many ages must roll on before the dawn of the day of certainty succeeds the long night of theory. 'By a method of spectroscopic observation, Mr. W. N. Hartley has reached the conclusion that ozone is a constant constituent of the upper atmosphere, that it is present there in a larger quantity than nearer the earth's surface, and that it is the cause of the blue color of the sky. Either in its gaseous form or condensed into a liquid, ozone appears of a deep blue.

A project has been brought before the French Academy of Sciences for the construction of a sewer about 100 miles long, to convey the sewage of Paris to the sea, pumping stations being established at two places. It is estimated that during two-thirds of the year almost the whole quantity of sewage would be absorbed by irrigation without its reaching the sea at all. 'It's a polka; but we can wait to it.' 'She—'Oh, not for worlds! I hate waiting to a polka; besides I adore the polka step!' 'Ho—'Sorry! I—neva dance the polka, but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!' 'She—'Oh, goodness gracious, no! Let us dance if any way you like!'