"Where it thy home?" I asked a child, Who, in the morning air, Was twining flowers most sweet and wild In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free."

Ot blessings fell on artless youth, And all its rosy hours, When every world is joy and truth, And treasures live in flowers!

'Where is thy home?" I asked of one Who, bent with flushing face, To hear a warrior's tender tone In the wild wood's secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek, The tale might well impart; The home of her young spirit meek Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above, To earth will finally cling, And build their hopes on human love, That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?" Tasked a pilgrim grey, Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with a solemn mien Upturned his holy eyes, "The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen, My home is in the skiest'

O! blest-thrice blest! the heart must be To whom such thoughts are given. That walks from worldly fetters free Its only home in Heaven!

BACK AGAIN.

The sea lashes the coast with its short birds; and the village, in the wrinkle of the little valley sloping toward the ocean, warms itself in the sun,

At the very entrance to it stood the house of Martin Levesque, all alone by the edge of the road. A humble fisherman's dwelling it was, with walls of clay, and thatched roof plumed with iris flowers. It had a garden not bigger than a pocket handkerchief, in which some onions, cabbages, parsnips and chervil were growing. A hedge divided it from the road.

The man was always fishing, and his wife, seated by the door, was busy repairing the meshes of a great brown avoid being looked at, net, spread against the wall like an immense cobweb. A girl of fourteen, seatoverdarned and patched. Another girl, ages might be two and four years, sitting flat upon the ground, face to face, were playing at gardening with their clumsy little hands and throwing dirt into each other's eyes.

Nebody spoke. Only the child which the young girl was trying to put to sleep cried continuously in a little sharp voice. A cat slept in the window, and at the foot of the wall extended a veritable cushion of white gillyflowers, about which buzzed a whole tribe of

All of a sudden the girl sewing near the gate cried out: "Mamma!"

The mother answered: "What is it? "Here he is again!"

The whole family had been uneasy since early morning because of a man who had kept prowling about the house an old man who looked like a beggar. They first saw him while they were going to the boat house to see father off. He was then sitting by the ditch, di-

He had not budged for more than an hour; then, finding that he was being resumed.

Nobody said a word. At last Levesque resumed. watched like a malefactor, he had risen to his feet and gone away, dragging his legs heavily as he walked.

But after awhile the girls saw him again-this time a little further offand kept watching them.

The mother and her girls began to feel afraid. The mother was particular- you, my husband?" ly worried because she was naturally timid, and then her husband Levesque, would not return until nightfall.

Her husband's real name was Levesque, and hers Martin; and the neighbors called them the Martin-Levesque folks. This was because she had first married a sailor named Martin, who used to go to Newfoundland every year to engage im the cod fisheries.

After two years of married life she had a daughter growing up, and was shortly to become a mother again when the vessel that her husband had shipped on-the Deux-Sœurs, a Dieppe threemaster-disappeared.

generally believed that she had gone Cette. And here I am." down with all hands.

La Martin, as folks called her, waited for her husband ten long years, raising her children with the greatest difficulty, and then, as she was known to be a good industrious woman, Levesque, a fisherman of the place and a widower with one son, asked her to marry him. She accepted his proposal, and had two more children by him within three

They lived with difficulty by the hardest work. Bread was dear and meat was almost an unknown luxury in their children were wonderfully healthy. Folks used to say: "They're good people—the Levesques. La Martin—she's a great worker, and there's nobody can beat Levesque fishing."

The girl at the gate continued: "Looks as if he knew us. P'raps it's some beggar from Epreville or Ause-

But the mother could not be mistaken. No, no, it was nobody from that part of

the country, sure! the habitation of the Martin-Levesque people La Martin become furnous at last, and her fear giving her courage, she seized a spade and went out in front last, and were staring anxiously store, shook his head and continued up brush. He actually found in the street in indices, and of sudden force that she had been driving the street, looking more perplexed than of her apron. The two tall girls had drawn near and were staring anxiously store, shook his head and continued up brush. He actually found in the street in indices, and of sudden force that she had been driving the street, looking more perplexed than of her apron. The two tall girls had drawn near and were staring anxiously store, shook his head and continued up brush. He actually found in the street in indices, and of the sudden force that she had been driving the street, looking more perplexed than ever. He glanced furtively into the street, looking more perplexed than and at the end of a brush of the street in indices, and the sudden force that she had been driving the street, looking more perplexed than and at the end of a brush of the street in indices, and the sudden force that she had been driving the street, looking more perplexed than and at the end of a brush of the street, looking more perplexed than the street in indices, and the sudden force that she had been driving the street in indices, and the sudden force that she had been driving the street. "What do you want there?" screamed to the tramp.

He repried in a wheezy voice: "I'm just taking a rest in the shade. Why I ain't doing you any harm-am I?"

ed to sit on the edge of the public road?" this observation, she went into the

house again. The day passed by very slowly. About noon the man disappeared. But he afternoon. They did not see him during the evening.

Levesque came in about nightfall, They told him about it. He said: "Must be some sneak or villain." And he went to bed without feeling the

least anxlety, while his wife kept think- ter." ing about the prowler who had stared ther with such queer-looking eyes. as he stood looking at his two daugh-When day came round there was a ters the mother said to them: "Can't at her with such queer-looking eyes. big wind, and, seeing that he could not | you kiss your father?" take his boat out, the sailor began to help his wife to mend the nets.

About 9 o'clock the oldest girl-a Martin-who had been sent for bread, came running with a frightened face, and cried ont: "Mamma, there he is again!"

The mother almost fainted; and, pale as a ghost, she said to her husband: "Go out and talk to him, Levesque, and stop this sneaking around—it just worries me out of my senses."

And Levesque, a burly seaman, whose face was tanned to the color of brick, with a rough, red beard, blue eyes with a piercing black pupil, and a strong nick, always encircled by a and mountainous waves. Little white woolen scarf to protect him from cold clouds pass very quickly across the great | winds and chilly rains at sea, arose very blue sky, swept on by the wind, like quietly and walked directly to the prowler. And the two began to talk. The mother and the children watched them from the distance shuddering with

All of a sudden the stranger rose up and followed Levesque toward the

La Martin shrank back terrified. Her husband said to her: "Give him a bite of bread and a glass of cider. He hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

And they both entered the cottage, followed by the mother and her children. The prowler sat down and began for the table. I said certainly, and we to eat, keeping his head down, as if to

The woman standing near him, watched him keenly, and the two tall ed in a chair propped back so that she daughters, the Martin girls leaning could lean against the fence, was occu- against the door-posts-one of them pled in mending underwear, already carrying the youngest child-stared at him with curious eyes; and the two lityounger by a year, held in her arms a tle urchins, squatting among the ashes very young child, not able to speak or of the fire-place, stopped playing with gesticulate, and two urchins, whose the pot in order to contemplate the stranger.

> good ways off?" "I have come from Cette."

"On foot-just like you are?" means, one has to walk." "Then where are you going to?" "Going here."

"Know any folks here?" 'Guess so."

great deal. Levesque roughly asked him: "What is your name?" He replied without lifting his eyes,

"My name's Martin." A strange shiver passed through the mother. She took one long step for-"Are you from this place?"

He answered: "I am from this place." And as he lifted his head at last, the eyes of the woman and his own met and slow and weary step, and he sat down gaze so motionless that it seemed to be interlocked.

And then in a voice wholly changed, low and trembling she asked: "Is that He articulated slowly: "Yes; it's

He did not move, and continued to munch his bread.

Levesque, more surprised than moved, stammered out: "You are moved, stammered out: "You are—Martin." The other replied simply: "Yes. it's me." And the second husband then asked: "Where on earth did did you come from?" The first replied: —that is they rig up cures out of everything, from an elephant's tooth to a dragon's eye—and one of their prime cures is made out of a fossil crab that saved—Picard and Vatinel, and me. And then we were taken by the savages, who kept us twelve years. Picard's dead and Vatinel's dead. It was an No news was ever heard of her; none English traveler passing through who of her crew ever returned, so it was saved me and took me with him to

> La Martin was crying, with her apron lifted to her face. Levesque muttered: "What will we do now?

band now?" They looked at each other and re

mained silent. Then Martin, looking at the children standing in a ring around him, nodded his body reflected in the large mirror in his head toward the two tall girls and the rear of the storeroom. He had asked: "They are mine?"

Levesque replied: "Yes,"

Levesque reiterated: "What am I to do now?"

A sudden idea came to Levesque:

"Go see the priest-he'll tell." around like that before my house for?" his wife she flung herself sobbing upon his breast. "My husband, it's you! Martin, my poor Martin it's you! Martin arose, and as he approached

And she hugged him tightly, thrilled all suddenly by the memory of other As she could not find any answer to days—by a great shock of souvenirs his observation, she went into the that recalled to her the days of her own twenty summers and her first love. Martin himself affected kissed her

white cap. The two children in the passed by again about 5 o'clock in the fire-place began to howl simultaneously upon hearing the mother cry, and the baby in the arms of the second Martin girl clamored in a voice as s arp as a queaky knife. Levesque stood there waiting, "Come,"

he said, "We've got to settle the mat-Martin separated from his wife, and

They approached him simultaneously, with dry eyes, much astonished and a little afraid. And he kissed them one after the other on both cheeks with a loud peasant's kiss. On seeing the stranger draw near, the baby screamed so violently that it nearly took fit-.

Then the two men went out together. As they were about to pass the Cafe de Commerce Levesque asked, "S'pose

we take a drink!" "I'm willing," declared Martin. They entered, sat down in the still yacant bar-room, and Levesque cried: 'Oh! Chicot-bring two brandies; the good stuff you know. This is Martin, who's come back-Martin you know, my wife's husband-you know, Martin of the Deux-Sooeu, who was lost."

And the barkeeper, with three glasses in one hand and a decanter in another approached-stout, sanguine, puffed up with fat, and observed very quietly: loved!" He was not on "Well, so you're back again, Martin?" snoring, with a look of Martin answered: "I'm back again." on his wide-open mouth.

The Carlous Palm Crab.

"They have a curious crab in the pice islands," continued the skipper. They call it the palm crab. scientific name is Birgas latro. I was visiting a friend there, and one night he asked if I wouldn't like to take a look at his pigs that were being fattened went to a sort of a pen made of bamboo, and what do you suppose he had? Crabs? Yes, these palm crabs. They were Spice island pigs, and I reckon some of them weighed a matter of twelve pounds, others five and six. They were curious things, and looked like half spider and half crab. If you have ever seen a hermit crab out of its shell, try to imagine one with its tail covered with hard plates, and about five times as large as anything you ever saw. Levesque took a chair, and sitting Give it great red claws, throw in a lot example to set the children, Lot, and down, asked him: "So you come from a of short hairs, bristles and feelers, and "But Lam so sleeps" answered her you have the palm crab.

"When I first saw one it reminded me of these fantastic figures that he "Yes, on foot. When one hasn't the out of boxes when you raise the The palm crabs are found in various countries of the east, and always in holes at the foot of palm trees, and to big claws, and if you have ever tried to cometimes the nut is brought down, but often dropped, the crab following it meat. Sometimes they break the shell

by hammering it on a rock. "This friend of mine told me some curious yarns about the crab. Once, when a lot of natives were off on a crabcoming back, walking with the same remained fixed, mixed together in a hunt, one of them nearly had his ears torn off. They went for them at night, and as one of the men took hold of a limb, or branch, of a cocoanut to give it a shake, a big crab that happened to be clinging to it grabbed him by the ear and nearly lifted him off the ground, and would have torn his ear off if some one had not killed the brute with a club. They are very fine eating, and had the family pictures and their mar-are fattened on rice and various kinds riage certificate framed and hung up powder. Soft shell is good enough for

His First Mirror.

In the raftsmen, who arrive in Chattanooga by scores, is seen the type of the East Tennessee mountaineer, with all his green characteristics, his courage, integrity, ignorance and crudeness. Saturday last, a raftsman, fresh from "Martin asked: "It's you is her husand now?"

the mountains, was coming up Market
street at a rapid rate. He wore the
typical yellow jeans of his locality and carried a huge mountain staff. As he passed Flicker's jewelry house he happened to glance into the store and saw never seen a mirror before, and recogcottage. Sometimes during the winter He did not get up; did not kiss them; in the stormy weather they would get only observed: "Good God! how big He glanced a second time, his features they have grown!" and straightening up he gazed intently at the reflection in the mirror and ex-Martin equally puzzled could not tell, Finally said: "Me, I'll fix matters the way you like. I don't want to do you no wrong, Still, it's a bad fix anyhow, when one thinks about the house. I've two children; you've three; each one can have his own. The mother—is she yours or is she mine? I'll agree to any yours or is she mine? I'll agree to anything you want; but the house—that's mine, because my father left it to me, come right away!" and ran around the Skinner knew that, and she began to As he remained motionless as a stake and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and because she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and the she's got papers at the notation of the Martin-Levesque and the she's got papers at the notation of the martin-Levesque and the she's got papers at the notation of the she's got papers at t at their father.

He had finished eating and exclaimed in his turn: "What am I to do now?" queer antics of his imaginary friend.

the sole of his foot in his own house.

It might have worked upon his nervous system until be had become suddenly in-

A Happy Family.

It was Sunday, Mr. Skinner was very tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule. He lay down, and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed, "If I ever heard of the like! Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh my goodness! your head on that lace tidy that I had done up last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life."

Mr. Skinner got up, and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged

"The idea of any body putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. 'I did suppose you had more sense." "I used to have," said Mr. Skinner, good-naturedly. "Ya-a-a-ah. I could

take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-a-ah." "You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family

wretched with her domestic drill. Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone She took a book and sat down, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as

if it had been a cannon ball. Yes, it was just as she had feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out in bed on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly-gray head sunk deep into a white, starched pillow-sham, with these words embroidered in the center: "Sleep, sweet, beloved!" He was not only as'eep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content

"L-o-t S-k-i-n-n-e-r!" He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnist, and staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow

"I declare I forgot," he said, looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't 1 a place where I can lay my head?" "Don't talk nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "The idea of a sober man go-

ing to bed with his boots on."
"Would you rather I'd get-"I'd rather you'd get some common sense;" she said. "If you must sleep in the daytime, why, there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose"ungraciously-"I can take off the quilt, and the shams, and let you have your 'nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad | the President.

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband; "my head is heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness! sheer leziness!" said his wife in a sharp tone. give you an idea of the amount of the heard him say were, that there was rest nuts they eat, the Malays make a regu- for the weary, but she was picking up They stopped talking. He ate slow- lar business of collecting the husks the embroidery on the misused sham ly, hungry as he was, and he drank a little cider after each mouthful of bread. He had a worn face—wrinkled, full of He had a worn face—wrinkled, full of hollows—and seemed to have suffered a little cider after each mouthful of bread. You might wonder how she was not in sight, bellows—and seemed to have suffered a little cider after each mouthful of bread. When do most of the grindstones of come from?' was asked.

Sive nature about them.' with a pin, and did not heed him. When she was not in sight, or every week in the vaults open the lowestic use. You might wonder how and she busied herself with getting din.

The functional fine husks which they find in the nests and making with a pin, and did not heed him. When she was not in sight, or every week in the vaults open the lowestic use. You might wonder how and she busied herself with getting din.

The functional fine husks with a pin, and did not heed him. When she with a pin, and did not heed him. When she with a pin, and did not heed him. When she with a pin, and did not heed him. When she with a pin, and did not heed him. When she will not recommend to the little way.

The function of hollows—and seemed to have suffered a the crabs get at the nuts; they climb ner, which on Sunday took the place of packages, and count what they contain. the trees and twist them off with their supper, and thought no more about him. big claws, and if you have ever tried to She was a distinguished woman; disdo the same with your hands you will tinguished in the town where she lived ed." appreciate the strength of the crab. as being the cleaest housekeeper in it.

No girl could be found neat enough to tion?" live with her; all the mottoes in her down. It then tears off the husk with house were to the effect that cleanliness rectly in front of the door. When they came back from the beach he was still there, looking at the house.

He seemed sick and very miserable.

House to be to be to be long story of the house word as if to get a closer view of the came back from the beach he was still tramp, and remained standing in front of the end at which the two holes are placed, and when they come into view it brings one of its small rear claws into that the children had chronic diptheria; play and runs it in and picks out the she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through the kitchen floor into the cellar and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was

never opened to the family, and althogh Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went round with flanuels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their mar-

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without

"He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner. "Well, we won't wait dinner for him,"

said his wife, and they sat down to eat. But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting-room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he looked queer. It was in consonance with her habits of living that the got up in the middle. of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wander-

ing and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated. "Strange!" she said, as it grew dark. "I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he is there, and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he was not there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried; hoped it wasn't business trou-

wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with system until be had become suddenly in- be unperceived,

sane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide

She hurried home with the children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only firearms he possessed—it was gone! Then Mrs Skinner broke down and looking very sheepish.

clock. wife, "and the dinner is all eaten up,

was an immediate and satisfactory talked and laughed. change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lie down any- file and passed about 100 War Departleave him in peace. He has even been only a formal introduction taking place sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. party visited the State Department la and when she realized that one hair of of the Declaration of Independence and that grizzly-gray head was worth more other relics. than all the pillow shams in the world sense, a "happy family" now.

Banking on Faith,

The President of one of the largest down town, New York, whose deposits amount to upwards of twenty millions, was asked if banks could not determine their position with more certainty than the Manhatten Company seemed to be able to do.

"It is impossible." said he. "Banks must repose confidence in some one, and if an employee has been with them for a long time, and they know nothing against him and much in his favor, they can not set a spy to watch his actions. I take the securities in my vaults on trust. That they originally came in I have the evidence of my books, and that they are still here I presume, for no one is allowed access to them unless he is an employe of tried probity."

"Then," said the reporter, "if your employe of tried probity should substitute packages of brown paper of the same size and appearance as the package of genuine securities that you have, when would you know of the change?"

"That might not be for years?" we asked.

"Possibly not for years."

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife four times a year, some twice, some But they do break, scattering themlearn of trouble first in the last way, wrongly, not to anything of an explo-We do not have enough force to do this,

"What, then, is a bank examina-

on the tally list." that much?"

"I do not know, but I believe we still face. The size most generally sold is have them. Absolute security is un- 24 inch diameter with a three to four attainable," answered he, smilingly.

Cure for Love.

is dealing with love affairs.

reporter of her. "Dar's a heap ob 'em. Ants' eggs the largest in the regular lists, costs will cure it, and so will de mixin' ob \$40." beetle. Three hairs taken from de 'cross' ob a donkey will act like a charm, though the donkey will be sure to die afterward Eben de sneezin' of a cat indicates good luck to a woman ef she is in love, though ef the cat washes her face over her ears, she will have

trouble." "What are the signs of love?" con-

a white pigeon settles on de chimney it shews dat you will marry a blonde, but if you meet two magpies flyin' to-gether she'll die befo' the marriage ceremony comes off. Ef a girl doan' wash her hands after milkin' her man will be croaks an odd number of times lookout fur trouble in yoah brother's family. Ef you doan' know jes de condishun of yoah sweetheart's mind toward yer an' you ask de advice of a man ridin' on a piebald horse, you ken be sure dat de answer will be kerrect. It is unlucky for a bridegroom to keep or kill a robin. Ef a woman wears a bouquet of diamonds it is a sure sign dat she is in love, 'cause de diamond am an emblem of love and innocence, an—'' but Auut Melay's volubility was broken short by the accidental dropping of the vial containing the alcholized tarantula on the floor, and

pieces. People would rather be insulted than

the smashing of the glass into a thousand

Sitting Bull in War Paint.

Buffalo Bill, accompanied by Sitting Bull and 15 Indians, called at the War Department recently, and paid their respects to General Sheridan and Adjt. Gen. Drum. The Indians wore their cried, and the children cried, and it was war costume. Their faces were embelindeed, a scene of desolation, when sud- lished with red and yellow paint, and denly the door of that horrible parlor on their heads they wore immense sinopened, and an apparition-no, it was gle feathers. Sitting Bull's head was Mr. Skinner himself-stood before them adorned by a number of feathers of large size. In Gen. Sheridan's room "I overslept myself," he said, in a but little conversation was indulged in. meek, apologetic tone, looking at the Sitting Bull gave an occasional grunt when spoken to by an Indian compan-"I should say you did," answered his ion. He paid but little attention to his surroundings. The other Indians were but I'll fix up something nice," and she interested in pictures of Indian life went out, taking the children with her. that adorned the walls. They paid spe-How much of it Mr. Skinner ever cial attention to the buffalo scene and knew it is impossible to say, but there calling the attention of each other to it,

The Indians left the room in single where when he was tired, and his wife ment clerks who stood in the corridors. would throw a shawl over him, and The visit to Gen. Drum was briefseen to he down on the sofa in the par- there. Before leaving the State, War lor where he took his Rip Van Winkle and Navy Department building the Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, brary and examined the original copy

The party next paid their respects to to her, she put the last one away in the | Secretary Bayard, who received them company of a demented assortment of | very pleasantly, and then they went to superfluous tidies. And they are, really the White House. The President reand truly, and not in any zoological ceived the company in the library where a general handshaking took place, but there were no speeches. Sitting Bull said however, that he was delighted with his trip east, and wished he had seen all this when he was a boy. At the Interior Department Secretary Lamar and Indian Commissioner Atkins shook hands all around, and had a short conversation with the party.

Sitting Bull expected to have quite a pow wow with the Great Father, and was disgruntled by the brevity of the interview. He went out with a sullen air, and as he passed down the stairs he said:

'Ugh; no good,'
'But,' explained the interpreter, 'the Great Father is very busy and cannot find time. Hundreds of white men come and stay months, and cannot see

'Huh,' grunted the old chief; 'white man one great fool.

Grindstones.

'There are two mistaken ideas about grindstones in the public mind,' said a dealer in those articles, whose place was "Not until the securities were called visited by a reporter. One is that they for use, and were opened," answered are going out of use, and the other that they explode. Instead of their going out of use, just the contrary is the fact, for more are used now than ever before. Why is this? Because of improved cut-"If the package should be abstracted ting machinery that requires the aid of altogether, when would you learn of grindstones to keep it in perfect condition. As for their exploding, as you Not until our regular examinations of read about every once in a while, that's once, and some not all, or when the selves about some and hurting people. Bank Examiner visits us. Many banks But this is due to their being mounted

'From France and Germany chiefly, Some come from England and some They are found in Ohio, but not at all in the East. The Ohio stones are good for rough grinding, but the French and "Merely an examination of the out- German ones are the best, because they side of the packages, and checking them | can be used for finer work-for flat surface grinding and for cutlery. I send "You do not then know whether of a great many of them to people in the of the twenty millions of securities you far West, even to Nebraska and Calforbave in your last report one, two or nia. I also ship them to Central Amerithree millions may not since have been | ca, Canada, too, buys many in this city. abstracted, your stockholders losing The largest grindstone | ever sold was 54 inches in diameter and had an 8-inch

inch space. 'What do grindstones cost?' 'The smallest is a three-inch diameter, 2 inches thick, A single one of these costs 30 cents and \$2,75 a dozen. One Auntie Susan Molay is a Cincinnati 10 mches in diameter, 2 inches thick, fortune teller whose peculiar province costs 90 cents. One 30 inches in diameter, eter four inches thick, costs \$3.50. One What do you fortune-tellers consider 37 inches in diameter, 7 inches thick, the best antidote to love?" inquired a costs \$18.50. A grindstone 48 inches in diameter, 8 inches thick, which is

Worry over Trifles.

Hundreds of women, in America are wearing themselves out, body and soul, by painful intensity of regarding trifles. They call it good housekeeping, and they even fancy themselves in some way holy martyrs to the effort to save their tinued the reporter.

'If a swallow builds on de house it make the home machinery run on shows dat sum person in de buildin' is smooth wheels. Very few are the husgoin' to mrrry befe' fall. To meet a bands, however, who would not gladly sow with a litter of pigs shows dat de purchase health and ease for their wives brunette in de family are in love, jess and peace for themselves at the price of as when you see pigs carry straws in dar a few almost unnoticed irregularities in moufs it shows dat it's to rain. Pigs shew the household. The burden of this una heap ob things. In dar foah feet is a philosophical way of looking at life canhole which you kin see when de pig am not, however, be thrown exclusively dat's where de devil went out, 'cordin' to the parable. De number of little men that make their rings roun' dem holes will tell yer how many times you will fall in love durin' yo' mortal life. Another sign is dat ef delinquencies of the untamable office boy, fret at the delay of even an unimportant letter, and rage over the idio-syncratic vagaries of the cook until the whole household is in mortal terror; or wear themselves into a state of nervous sure to go back on her, an' ef a crow excitement over trifles, of which the worse that can be said is that they are

> Ir is a good plan to make a little pair of sleeves to draw over the baby's arms when he is playing on the floor; a rubber cord may be run in the top if care is taken not to have it too tight; sleeves made of stockinet draw on and off easily.

In a paper by Dr. Variok, read before a New York medical association, the use of simple hot water as a dressing for wounds is strongly recommended. During an experience in its use of six years in cases of acute surgery, such as railroad accidents, etc., he has had no death from septicemia or primary or secondary shoek.