

Heaven's Harvest-Home.  
In the happy harvest fields, oh, what gladness  
singing!  
Men and maids and children joining in the  
strain,  
For in merry triumph they are homeward  
bringing.  
Poppy-wreathed and loaded high, the last  
harvest wain.  
Over now the sowing and the reaping,  
Earth has given her fruits into our keep-  
ing;  
Over now the labor and the doubting,  
We are bringing home the harvest, shout-  
ing.  
Harvest-home! harvest-home!  
In a silent upper room a sad household kneel-  
ing,  
Weeping, praying, but alas! uncomforted,  
Though a sense of rapture through the room  
is stealing  
As the waiting angels guard well the dying  
bed.  
Waiting till some mighty word is spoken;  
Waiting, with some marvelous sweet token,  
Till, amid the praying and the weeping,  
Breaks the harvest song of Death's great  
reaping—  
The spirit's harvest-home.  
Weeping mortals only heard just a gentle sigh-  
ing,  
Just a flutter, as of wings, stir the still warm  
air;  
Only heard a whisper, "Pray, for she is dy-  
ing;"  
Only heard the broken words of that parting  
prayer.  
But the angels heard a mighty singing,  
Heard it through the endless spaces ring-  
ing,  
Heard above earth's tumult and her weep-  
ing,  
Heaven rejoicing, for one spirit keeps,  
Through all her golden streets, a harvest-  
home.

## A PERFECT TREASURE.

THE STORY OF A FROCKY WOMAN.

One day Frank came home with a look of triumph.  
"I have a perfect treasure for you," he said, "in the way of a nurse. Gerald Temple is going to take his family to Europe, and when he heard that you wanted offered to let us have your nurse, whom they will not want."  
I heard a low sigh. Virginia, Frank's only sister, had been sitting in a corner of the drawing-room. She rose now and slipped out.  
"How could you, Frank?" I said, following her with sad eyes. "I have never heard your sister speak of the Temples since she has lived with us; the very mention of their names brings back the memory of Gerald's brother, and all that sad tragedy."  
"I am sorry," said Frank, "but I did not know that she was in the room. Poor Virginia!"  
"Yes, poor Virginia!" I said to myself. But once the blindest, loveliest little creature I ever knew. It is something of a story, but 'tis an 'o'er true tale, and I will tell it in the shortest way I can.  
Virginia and Frank were orphans, and old Mrs. Chichester, their grandmother, had adopted Virginia almost from her infancy. The old lady had very ambitious hopes of making a splendid match for her beautiful grandchild. But Virginia thought otherwise; and when she was just seventeen, at the time of my wedding, she and Langley Temple were insane enough to fall desperately in love with each other. Langley was Frank's most intimate friend, and the pair met continually at our house until Grandma Chichester found it out. After a while Langley was ordered to his ship (he was in the navy); but Frank waged battle with grandma until he obtained a reluctant consent that the lovers might correspond.  
Grandma took pains not to let Frank know how Virginia was tormented, and tyrannized over, until the poor child consented to go out into society again; and there she met and made ready conquest of the very man who was grandma's intended for her beauty—Horace Kent. Virginia refused him; but grandma said, scornfully, "that made no difference. She would come to her senses soon," and to my utter amazement the trousseau went on, and by-and-by we were bidden to the wedding—a quiet, elegant affair, where Virginia walked and talked as if she were frozen. Frank and I confessed to each other that night that the business passed our comprehension, for we had no idea then of foul play.  
Kent and Virginia were to sail for Europe within a fortnight of their marriage, and went to Washington and Baltimore to pass that time. Left alone one evening in Baltimore, with a severe headache, Virginia remembered to have seen some aromatic vinegar in her husband's dressing-case. Kent was peculiar in his careful way of looking up his belongings, and she took her own bunch of keys to open the box, when, rather to her surprise she found the key left in the box. Some listless, vague impulse which she could never afterward account for, prompted her to lift the upper tray, although she had found the vinegar already. Underneath, to her surprise, she found papers, and was about returning the tray to its place without further examination, when her eye was caught by the words, "My own Virginia," in a dear, a too well-known hand-writing.  
When Kent came back that night he found his beautiful young wife senseless upon her bed, with two letters crumpled between her cold fingers. One, the last letter that Langley had actually written her, and the other, the base forgery, in which he asked to be released from his engagement. Kent was not at all bad. He loved her madly, and you may be sure that his sore punishment began when, after the physicians had brought her out of that death-like swoon, the first words that came to Virginia's lips, in that strange, passionate tone—which is far worse than anger—were, "Remember I will never forgive you—never!"  
They came back to New York for a single day; but Virginia saw no one but her grandmother. The old lady, upon her death-bed, raved of that interview, and vainly implored Virginia's forgiveness for urging Kent on to his treachery. The newly-wedded pair

sailed in the ill-fated ship which took fire off the coast of Nova Scotia, and whose name still carries terror to many a heart. Virginia was one of that handful of survivors; her unhappy husband fought for her place in the boat, and, remaining behind himself, perished with the ship. The agony of terror, the long night which she spent at the mercy of the waves, proved too much strain upon poor Virginia's already over-burdened frame, and Frank and I were summoned by telegraph to her at Halifax, where she lay for days, unconscious, with a brain fever. And then, to add to her misery, when recovering, she was thrown into a nearly fatal relapse by seeing, accidentally, that the Tecumseh had gone down, in the attack on Mobile harbor, with every soul on board. The Tecumseh was Langley's ship.  
Virginia came to live with us about two years before the commencement of my story. She seemed to feel a sort of sorrowful remorse about her husband, which was not grief, and yet it cast a shadow over her life. "He was treacherous and false," she said to me one day, "and he broke my heart—but what right have I to judge him? Harrie, I told him I would never forgive, and he died, thinking himself unforgiven." Of Langley, as I told you, she never spoke.  
Well, the "perfect treasure" made her appearance. She was a rather young woman, with a pleasant, low voice, and very good manners for one of her station. I was charmed. Certainly, this girl seemed determined to please me; she did her work in a faultlessly neat way; she amused and played with the twins; and baby had more quiet nights than I have known her to have for weeks. So, after a month's trial, I began to sing Alice's praises, and allowed her full control of her own department, with a good many privileges. Virginia alone did not seem to like her. Virginia had a curious way of looking at new faces—a searching, penetrating glance, that I always thought had a sort of mesmerism in it, all the stranger because her eyes were so gentle and soft. Alice never met the look fairly, as I remembered afterward.  
It was in the spring of '65. The closing scenes of the war were crowding thick and fast upon each other. Virginia kept her room a good deal. The warm April weather seemed to enervate her, and she shrank away from the joy and enthusiasm we all exhibited. Poor child! It was hard for her to hear of the soldiers and sailors who would be coming home now, and feel that, for her sore heart, peace would bring no balm.  
One night Frank had taken a box at the Italian opera in New York. We lived in Brooklyn, and as Kellogg was to sing, I begged Virginia to go with us. But she steadily declined. She would stay at home and keep house, she said. Now, two of my servants were going to a freeman's ball the same night, leaving only Alice and the cook at home; so I must say I felt rather more easy about the children when I found that Virginia would not go. Going from New York to Brooklyn by night, however, is a long journey, and it was close upon one o'clock when we drove up to our door.  
In the meantime, Virginia, after our departure, had sat for sometime writing letters in her own room. The twins were having a noisy romp in the nursery, and when she looked in to say good-night, Fred fastened himself upon her neck, and begged to come and stay with auntie; she yielded, and then Fred began building card-houses on the sofa until he got tired, when he curled himself in a corner, and in two seconds was fast asleep. Being very much interested in her book, Virginia let the little fellow sleep on, thinking that by-and-by she would take him up to her own room and put him to bed there, as she frequently did. At last she fell asleep herself.  
She never knew how long she slept, but she had a painful nightmare sensation, as if somebody was trying to smother her; and after struggling with the feeling for sometime, she slowly and with great effort opened her eyes. Why! what had happened to the room? The gas must have gone out—it was totally dark, save a flickering gleam from the dying fire on the hearth; and what a sickening, deadly smell there was. With a lightning rapidity, which is more like instinct than thought, it suddenly flashed upon her what the strange scent was—chloroform! Then, as she caught her frightened breath, and sank back into her chair, a low sound of voices from the dining-room reached her ear. The door between the two rooms was ajar, and she saw a thread of light from it; the voice she first heard was a man's.  
"You didn't give the young 'oman too much, did yer?" it asked, rather anxiously.  
"I wish I had," returned Alice's low and stealthy voice. "I hate her! She suspects me."  
"Ha! ha!" gurgled the man. "She must ha' been purty unconvil to yer; yer usually gets on the right side of 'em; is that pitcher silver or plate?"  
"Plate. The silver is up stairs."  
Virginia shook as she heard the venom of that low voice. "She was Mr. Langley's lady-love till her old grandma stopped it."  
"And what was Mr. Langley to yer, my girl?" said the man.  
"Hush! you'll wake the child, and I don't want to do him any harm. Mr. Langley!" The woman's voice softened. "He never said a dozen words to me in his life; but, look you, Vincent, I worshipped him."  
"That's right. Tell me all, as I'm yer husband that is to be," said the other, with a coarse laugh.  
"Mrs. Kent has splendid jewels, too. I picked the lock to look at them. You can take as many of those as you like, Come."  
As soon as the sound of their footsteps died away, Virginia snatched the deadly handkerchief off her head, and staggered to her feet, though dizzy. She was a very spirited girl, and determined that the pair should not escape. But what could she do? It was vain to think of getting the cook to alarm their neighbors at the corner, for the next lot was vacant, and she must cross the hall and go past the stairs to find her. There would be no use in throwing up the window and screaming; the house was on Clinton avenue, far out, and the policeman did not come past very often. Virginia wrung her hands, when a sleepy murmur of "Auntie!" startled her. In a second her resolve was taken, and she was on her knees by Fred,

kissing him and saying "Fred, my darling, auntie is going to do something funny. You remember how papa jumped you down from the balcony on Christmas day to run after the monkey? I'm going to jump you down now. Don't speak a word. Act like a man. There!"  
Fred was just four years old, but a great boy of his age, and he always obeyed Virginia implicitly; so he rubbed his eyes wide open and was carried to the window. The balcony, outside, was not far from the ground. As Virginia looked out, carefully, she saw, under the corner gaslight, a tall figure with a gleam of brass buttons.  
"Fred," she whispered rapidly, run fast to that policeman, and tell him he must come right here to auntie, then go to Mr. Motley's, at the corner, and ring the bell with all your might—it is low, and you can reach it and tell George and Harry Motley that Aunt Virginia says there is a thief in the house. Don't be afraid, Fred; be a man like papa!"  
Over; softly, gently, over the low railing, and then, with a good shake of his small person, Fred's little legs trotted swiftly off toward that policeman.  
Directly, under the balcony, a voice said, softly:  
"What's wanted ma'am? Can you open the front door for me?"  
"I cannot," she panted; "there are burglars in the house, and I should be heard. Couldn't you get up here somehow? Has the little boy gone to the neighbors?"  
There was no answer to her question, but the policeman easily followed her suggestion, and climbed up over the balcony.  
"Wait!" whispered Virginia, laying her cold hand on the policeman's arm, as he made a motion to go forward. "They are up stairs, in my room, looking for my jewels. If you will stand just behind that door, I will creep up the back stairs, and reconnoiter; if the woman comes down to answer the bell, seize her. There is only one man; if I want help I will call, and then you must rush up the front stairs."  
"Are you not afraid?" asked the policeman, with some surprise; but Virginia was gone before he had finished his remark.  
When she reached the stairs, she found that the man had evidently gone into the silver closet, which stood on the other side of the back stairs, and that now she was between the two—for she could hear Alice walking about in her room. Quick as a flash the little figure glided up the stairs, slipping off her boots on the lowest step. There was no light in the hall, except that afforded by the burglar's lantern, for the gas was turned down low, and the lantern set inside the closet door. The door opened outward, and the key was in it; a spring, a sudden bang, and then the click of the key in Virginia's nervous fingers, as she turned it in the lock. A tremendous curse came from the captured thief, as she leaned breathlessly against the door. The same moment the gaslight behind her was suddenly turned on, and Alice confronted Virginia.  
"You here, madam? Well, you and I are quite, anyhow. Open that door, or I'll send a bullet through your head. You didn't think of my having the revolver, did you?"  
"No," said Virginia, looking in the girl's furious eye with her peculiarly calm smile. "Help! Police!"  
"You may split your pretty throat calling," said Alice, seizing her savagely by the arm. "No one will come; the cook is drugged, and you're at our mercy. Give me the key!"  
"I'll trouble you for that pistol!" said a stern voice behind Virginia, as a quick strong arm jerked the weapon away from Alice.  
Alice, with a shriek, fell on the floor, for she realized all at once. But Virginia, gasping, "Ah, my God!" gazed as if turned to stone, for it was Langley Temple that she saw.  
"Virginia! don't be terrified," he said, "it is my very self, no ghost. Take my hand, love; see, it is flesh and blood, like your own." He had her in his arms. The door-bell was ringing furiously, but he would have left the neighbors pull the wire till it broke, before he would have left her in that dumb, shocked state. As he touched her, she trembled violently; then the light came back to her eyes, and with a sob of joy, Virginia flung herself on the breast of him whom she had mourned as dead.  
The Motleys had time to think that Virginia was murdered before the pair opened the door. Very much surprised were they to see, instead of the policeman they expected to find, a very tall, handsome man, a stranger, in navy uniform. Fred, now that his part of the fun was over, began to roar, and Virginia took him up in her arms, while the four gentlemen (assisted by the real Simon-pure policeman, a brawny son of Erin) opened the closet and secured the prisoner. Within the next fifteen minutes the other servants had returned (for the burglary took place before eleven o'clock), and Alice, having recovered from her swoon, was carried to the station-house.  
I don't know how Langley and Virginia were occupied till my return, but when Frank thrust his latch key into the door, Virginia flew out of the library and tried, with a few incoherent sentences, to prepare me for seeing something. The consequence was that, when I pushed the door open in a very bewildered frame of mind, and saw Langley smiling at me, I was terrified almost out of my senses, and came near fainting.  
To the best of my recollection, the household sat up nearly all night, though finally, after I had heard the whole story, been speechless over Virginia's bravery, and hugged Fred, now fast asleep in the arm-chair, Frank dragged me off to bed.  
I don't know that Langley and Virginia sat there till morning; but certainly, the first persons I saw upon coming down to breakfast were themselves, on the identical sofa where I had left them.  
Langley's story is too long a one to be told here; suffice it to say, being on deck when the Tecumseh sunk, he had been able to strike out from the sinking ship, and, under cover from the smoke and war of battle, to swim ashore. There, however, he was taken prisoner, and kept in close confinement for months, finally making his escape. Coming direct to Frank to gain intelligence before presenting himself to his

family, he had stopped to light a cigar under the gaslight, where Virginia had mistaken him for a policeman. He had known her instantly; and probably only her fright and agitation prevented her from recognizing his voice, which, as he mischievously told her, he did not disguise in the least.  
Alice and her accomplice were identified by the police as old offenders. The woman had carried on a systematic pilfering at the Temple's, and was an accomplished hypocrite. To my intense gratification, the pair were sentenced to the full term in Sing Sing.  
Langley and Virginia were married very quietly soon after. Frank gave away the lovely little bride, whose fair girlish bloom had come back to her, and who, under the influence of love, seemed a different woman from the pale, and creature who had moved so quietly about my house.  
They idolize each other, and I think have quite forgiven Grandma Chichester and poor Horace Kent. Fred has always been a great pet with his aunt for his bravery on the night of the attempted burglary.  
Between Fred's boasting and my sly teasing, poor Frank will never be allowed to forget his instrumentality in introducing me to such "a perfect treasure."  
—Boston Sunday Times.

## A Good Horse.

The following extract is from an illustrated paper on the Bull's Head cattle and horse market of New York, in Scribner: "I can't explain what a real good horse is," said one of the best-natured dealers in the street. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse, you must look first to his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything, any more than you can a half-witted child. See that tall bay, there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads; but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head—that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad, full place below the eyes. You can't trust him. Kick? Well, I guess so! Put him in a ten-acre lot, where he's got plenty of swing, and he'll kick the horns off the moon."  
The world's treatment of man and beast has the tendency to enlarge and intensify bad qualities, if they predominate. This good-natured phrenologist could not refrain from slapping in the face the horse whose character had been so cruelly delineated, while he had nothing but the gentlest caresses for a tall, docile, sleek-limbed sorrel, that pricked her ears forward and looked intelligent enough to understand all that was being said.  
"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to eat mean and hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the underside of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jawbones broad, and wide apart under the throatle.  
"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a one-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straighter rump, and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-leg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind-leg with the hock low down, short pastern joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses; but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable. As to color, taste differs. Bays, browns and chestnuts are the best. Roans are very fashionable at present. A great many grays and sorrels are bought here for shipment to Mexico and Cuba. They do well in a hot climate, and under a tropical sun, for the same reason that you find light-colored clothing most serviceable in summer. That circus-horse behind you is what many people call a calico-horse; now, I call him a genuine peacock. It's a freak of nature, and may happen anywhere."

## How to Detect Scarlet Fever.

It is important to detect the disease when it first shows itself, for the reason that it may run rapidly to a fatal issue, and because early precautions need to be taken against its spread, inasmuch as the patient may communicate it from the very first.  
Scarletina is characterized by very numerous red points on the skin about the size of a pin-head—though large in some places, but seldom as large as a lentil. These spots are closely aggregated, leaving the adjacent skin wholly free. About as much of the surface is free as is covered by the spots. Where the skin is free, it has a natural pale color. There are generally fewer spots on the face than on the rest of the body. It is the reverse with measles, for which it is most apt to be mistaken. Around the mouth and on the chin there are no spots; hence these have a very peculiar pale look, in striking contrast with the scarlet spots.  
Moreover, the spots are not as much elevated as they are in measles; indeed, they may be entirely flat. They are also less indented.  
Their nearly circular shape, their being crowded together, with free spaces between the aggregates, their tolerably uniform distance from each other, and their nearly equal size, help to distinguish them from other eruptions; but the paleness of the mouth alone is often sufficient to decide the matter at once.  
Besides these indications, almost always the back of the mouth and of the tongue are inflamed, and the glands of the neck are swollen.

**FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD**  
**What Kinds to Cultivate.**  
Some people think that anything that will grow out-of-doors will grow in the house. This is a mistake; some plants can only be grown with great care, and some plants cannot be grown at all in rooms. I will name here what I consider the best and easiest kinds for house culture, with the conditions of their growth briefly stated:  
**Heliotropes.**—As geraniums.  
**Geraniums.**—All kinds are good. Easily propagated from cuttings. Full sun and plenty of heat.  
**Hydrangea.**—Propagated by separating the root. Like a shady place and plenty of water.  
**Petunia.**—Easily grown from seeds or cuttings in any sunny window, rich soil and frequent but not too profuse watering.  
**Primrose.**—Grown, with some difficulty, from seed. Not too hot a place. Plenty of water on the roots, but not on the leaves.  
**Oleander.**—An old-fashioned plant, but very desirable. There are red and white varieties. Plenty of sunshine, heat and water.  
**Abutilon.**—red and white—started easily from cuttings, requires warmth and sunshine and that the foliage should be frequently washed.  
**Calla Lily.**—Grown from tubers. Plenty of heat, sun and water, and rich earth. Plants should be set in the shade and allowed to rest for six weeks after blooming.  
**Pink.**—Among the most desirable. The new varieties of Carnations almost constant bloomers. Propagated by cuttings, layers or seeds—preferably the first. Not too much heat. Frequent showering.  
**Mignonette.**—From seed. Sow at any time, and in six weeks or two months, under favorable conditions, there will be flowers. Candytuft may be grown in the same way. Give plenty of air, moist heat, and frequent showerings. There is nothing prettier for winter bouquets.  
**Rose.**—Among the most desirable of all window plants, but will not thrive except in a moist atmosphere of medium temperature and plenty of air. Keep the foliage clean by daily showering. Do not let the earth get sodden in the pots by too frequent waterings. Out back the bushes after blooming, and let them have two or three weeks' rest in a cellar or other shady place. When the buds are swelling, a little guano added to the water that is given is a benefit.  
—Wm. M. F. Round.

**Manure for Orchards.**  
Wood ashes are doubtless excellent for orchards, but instead of being put around the trees, they should be spread over the land. But where are the ashes to come from in this region? We have little or no wood, and, of course, little or no ashes. In our limited experience we have learned one thing about orchards as well as fruit trees of every kind that we have cultivated, and we believe the principle can be applied pretty much to everything that grows upon the earth, which is, "that the application of manure benefits them all." Ground occupied by fruit trees should be manured as liberally as arable portions of the land used for the raising of wheat or corn. It is the neglect to do so, in connection with the general negligence with which the orchards are treated in many sections, that makes them unprofitable and to be worn out permanently. And as to the kind of manure with which orchards ought to be treated: While any kind, almost without exception, will prove an advantage, there is none in the world to be compared with barn-yard manure. A liberal application of this only every third year, while careful pruning, scraping and washing the trunks of the trees, will make a prodigious change in an orchard. This top dressing can be applied at any time when the ground is not frozen, and, if not bestowed in too heavy lumps so as to injure the (orchard) grass, will yield a couple of tons of good hay. We have known three full crops of hay to be cut from one orchard.  
—German Town Telegraph.

**Covering Grapevines.**  
In some localities the hardest vines never need covering. But there are occasionally severe winters when even the most hardy are benefited by protection. Intense cold often blunts vitality when it does not destroy. At such times a vine which has been covered will open its leaves in spring before one which has been fully exposed has fairly swelled its buds. Many are deterred from covering their vines because they take a laborious way for doing it. They need not usually place earth upon them. It is often quite sufficient to prostrate them, holding them in place by sticks or flat stones. An additional thin or partial covering with corn-stalks will be useful in protecting from sharp winds and in holding the snow. Earth, if heavy or compact, tends to rot the buds if they have not ripened well, or if left on a few days too long in spring. Winter covering has another advantage. It renders late autumn pruning safe—an operation too often postponed till too late when left till spring.—Country Gentleman.

**Twigs Black.**  
Dr. Frankenberger writes as follows in an Illinois paper: I desire to call attention to a disease commonly called twig blight. When this disease overtakes a fruit tree, the leaves first begin to wither, afterward the twigs and limbs begin to wither, and finally the whole tree slowly dies. Whatever may be the true cause of this disease, it is sometimes ascribed to a borer. My experience, however, refers more to the remedy than the cause. I know by experience that there is a simple remedy that will not fail to restore every tree afflicted with this disease, if applied in time. It consists simply in boring with a small auger or bit into the tree, filling the cavity with sulphur, and plugging it in. The sap will carry the sulphur to every part of the tree, and, when the borer smells brimstone, he will "git up and git." The cause of the disease being removed, the tree will soon begin to put forth fresh and tender leaves, the withered foliage will slowly drop off, and the tree in time will be restored to its natural growth.

**Items of Interest.**  
**A mis-fit.**—A young girl in hysterics. The route to the coal bin is a hot road to travel.  
**A generous spread.**—Raising a borrowed umbrella.  
**Prize-fighters** show each other marked attention.  
**Spiced kangaroo tongue** is the latest in canned goods.  
**Some canary birds never sing**—stuffed ones, for instance.  
**The blacksmith** secures prosperity by being always on the strike.  
**Drive your cattle** on the ice if you want cowslips in the winter.  
**Private Dalzell** is said to write regularly for forty-two waste baskets.  
**A model Texan** gave his son-in-law a wedding present of 80,000 head of cattle.  
**When is a ship like a scarf-pin?** When it's on the breast of a heavy swell.  
**"You'll find no change in me,"** sneered the wash vest to the in-vesting laundress.  
**The bloodhound** is now employed by Spanish fishermen to catch sharks on the Cuban coast.  
**Many a boy** who handles a billiard cue with consummate skill, can't get the hang of a snow shovel.  
**An independent family newspaper** has been started at Deadwood. It is called the *Up Gulch Shorter*.  
**The light of lightning**, and its reflections, will penetrate through a distance of from 150 to 200 miles.  
**Speaking of grain-corners**, why shouldn't there, naturally enough, be corners in every "square" deal?  
**Last year bankrupt liabilities** in England were £65,886,850 (\$329,434,250); assets, £5,989,154 (\$29,945,770).  
**"Never believe a lazy man,"** says the observant Small, of the *Atlanta Constitution*, "for he lies half the time."  
**A sign of the times.** In Atlanta, Ga., a clothier advertises to supply patches of all kinds for children's clothing.  
**A clock** is being exhibited at Paris which fires a shot every hour. Somebody says that its great practical utility is "to kill time."  
**A young lady** who has a young man "keeping company" with her, who is employed in a telegraph office, calls him the "electric spark."  
**Words fail** to express the feelings of a man who is hastening up stairs and when he gets to the top thinks there is still another step.  
**Extract from a romance:** "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."  
**The boy** who will ride around all day on a velocipede considers himself terribly imposed upon if he has to wheel his baby sister two or three blocks.  
**"Oh husband!"** said Mrs. Ophelia McMan, as she gazed at her wild and passionate son, "where that boy got his temper I never could see."  
**I'm certain he never could take it from me.**  
"No doubt, my dear wife, your assertion is true."  
**I never have missed any temper from you.**  
**The entire amount of gold** in the world at present is estimated at \$7,000,000,000 in value in United States currency. This immense sum is hardly comprehensible to the mind, but if it were put in a solid mass it would measure only seventeen feet high, twenty-eight feet wide and fifty-six feet long.  
**G. F. Train** predicts a great financial and municipal crash in Europe.—*Ex.* Train has been making such predictions every day for ten years. He has nothing else to do. If we had as much leisure as Train we could predict more frightful and disagreeable events than he does.—*Norristown Herald.*  
**Queen Victoria** was the first person in England to wear a dress of Honiton lace. It is said that commiserating the condition of the lace workers of Devonshire, and wishing to bring their manufactures into notice, she ordered her wedding dress, which cost \$5,000, to be made of this material.  
**THE OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.**  
A man might then behold  
At Christmas, in each hall  
Good fires to curb the cold,  
And meat for great and small;  
The neighbors were friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true,  
The poor for his gates were not shut den,  
When this old cap was new.  
"Do you own any gas stock?" [Atom said to Molecule, while they were discussing Edison's electric light. "Any gas talk?" replied Molecule. "Do I own any? Well, I don't know that I own it, but I"— He looked nervously at his wife, who was regarding him very intently, and asked Atom if he had ever been in Omaha.  
**The gravest events dawn** with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world, and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive and sensible if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. That is our part.  
**"That young lady** used her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, boucées and overskirt passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish to gracious she'd got him!" was the quick reply, and then a dead silence fell upon the two, and wonders in crochet work were accomplished in the next half hour.  
**A man** went in the office of a board of health not long since, and said: "Look here, I've been payin' to keep this office long enough for nothing. Now, if you've got any health here I want some." The clerks tried to explain, but he would not hear a word. He went inside the hall, "pedestrated" to the manager's room, and lurched in the manager's easy chair, saying as he swung airily around: "I came here for health, and health I'll have." When the chief arrived and found the man immovable, he called the brawny porter, and as the pavement-picker picked himself up off the pavement, twenty seconds afterward, he soliloquized moodily: "Maybe that's healthy; it's well shaken before taken, and they give it in large doses, too. It ain't healthy for clothes, that I'll swear to." It was observed that he did not depart with as much vigorous energy as he came in with.