A TROTTING OX BEATS ALL THE HORSES IN

That an ox, in some circumstances, may show speed in striking contrast with its usual slow gate is proved by the following story toid by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer: A member of a party of miners, named Green, disgusted with prospects at Pike's Peak, took as his share of the camp outfit, an ox and the fore part of a cart, and out ox and the fore part of a cart, and out of the latter he made a sulkey. With this he drove east and squatted on some land near Denver which he cultivated. One day as Green was driving his ox into*Denver, some fellows on horseback attempted to pass him. The ox moved by some apparent freak, quickened its steps until it went off in a swinging trot leaving the horse behind. This was the first intimation Green had that his bobtailed ox (it was bob-tailed) could trot. The idea then presented itself to him en presented itself to if he could only accustom it to trotting a short distance on a certain piece of ground it could out-trot any horse ir the neighborhood. There was a gam bler named Randale in Denver at this time who owned a horse that could do his mile in 2:40. Randale was acquainted with Green, and would occasionally drop into his quarters and praise his horse. A day or two after Green's discovery of his ox's powers Randale dropped in, and, as usual, began "talking horse." Green remarked that he had an ox that could beat Randale's horse for three hundred yards. Randale laughed at first, then got mad, and at last offered to bet ten to one that it could not done. The bet was promptly taken and they adjourned to the prepared place. The ox was backed up to a lit When everything was ready by went. Sure enough, at the away they went. Sure enough, at the end of four hundred yards the ox came in ahead. On the spot Randale bought half the ox for \$500. The next day it was pitted against two horses, and the whole city turned out to see the markable phenomenon, a trotting turned out to see the re Again was it victorious, and amid the vildest excitement passed the line six

Every day thereafter the ox defeated Every day thereafter the ox deceated a horse or two, and there soon became a popular demand for a share in the animal. Accordingly a company was formed with a joint stock of \$6,400, being sixty-four shares of \$100 each. The stock went like hot cakes, and soon sold above par. In a week, during which the ox had won several more races, the stock was quoted on the gambling tables, and passed for \$1,000 a share. At last a horse sired in San Francisco came along, and a trial or speed was made up between him and the ox. On the appointed day it was the ox. On the appointed day it was estimated that there were ten thousand people present. The ox took the lead from the start; at the one hundred pole he was a length and a half ahead; at the one hundred and fifty it had be-come three lengths; at the two hun-dred and fifty the distance had widened into five lengths and the ox still gaining But when within a dozen yards of the winning post the ox became tired and made up his mind to stop. Accordingly he planted his front feet and refused to budge. Moral suasion, profane abuse, physical ill-usage, all failed to move him, and the horse quietly trotted past and took the race. From that minute the stock sank from \$1.000 a share down to one sixty fourth of the share down to one sixty-fourth of the value of the ox as meat. Many efforts were afterward made to coax the ani mal into a trot but all inticement and persuasion, gentle or otherwise, failed, and he never trotted again.

Funny Divorce Case.

From the Capital. Washington probably has as many cur ous phases of the divorce of hus band and wife as any city in the country. Every day brings something country. Every day brings accountry to the last is in a somewhat notanew. The last is in a somewhat notanew. ble family we see together daily, apparently in harmony. They consist of husband, wife and two little babies, who lived together at the home of the husband's parents until the wife's cer-tificate of divorce came along some weeks ago, from Indiana, (grounds, "in-compatibility of temper,") and there-upon the wife packed up her trunks, division of offspring, and had her bag-gage stowed away in her new home; after a little family chat all around the table the male division withdrew with his baby. At the door: "Tata, come and see me when you can," quoth she. "I will, my dear; you must come around and see us when you can," quoth he. The babies were kissed by the several parties in interest, and the exhusband and his half of the nuptial sue went on cheerily homeward. And so they keep it up; daily visits. The wife was born in this city, and nere has been a dozen miles away from it. Neither of the parties has ever seen the Hoosier State. But an Indiana court Hoosier State. But an decreed them divorced.

The Largest Infant on Record.

The largest infant at birth of which there is any authenticated record was born in Ohio on the 12th of last Janu-ary. The new born boy was twentythree and three quarter pounds in weight (the ordinary weight being about six pounds), and thirty inches in neight (the ordinary height being about twenty and three quarter inches). The circumference of the head was nineteen inches, and the foot was five and a half in length. Six years ago the same woman became the mother of a child eighteen pounds in weight and twenty-four inches in height. The size and weight of the babe, though extraordinary, are proportionate to the size of the parents. The mother, Mrs. M. V. Bates, of Nova Scotis, is seven feet and nine inches high, and the father, a Kentuckian, is seven feet seven inches high. The London Hospital Museum can boast no longer of its giant infant, which is only twenty-four inches high, with the head thirteen and a half inches in circumference.

House-cleaning refrain-Get up and

A FANCY CLOCK.

A clock having "three times more dial indications and more moving em-bellishments than any clock on earth," has just been finished in Columbus Ohio—the result of eight years of toil has just been finished in Columbus, Ohio—the result of eight years of toil. In a few days it will be on exhibition in Columbus, and then will begin the grand tour of the states. From The Columbus Journal the particulars of this wonderful structure are learned. The maker's design was that it should wonderful structure are learned. The maker's design was that it should be an "embodiment of the great events of our national history." To begin with, he has supported it by "a ponderous pair of eagle claws, draped and banded by the thireeen stars of the thirteen original states." It is five feet wide and the high and the transition of the start of the st original states." It is five feet wide and ten high, and the two sides have repre-sentations of the two greatest events in American history-the war of inde pendence and the war for the Union. Independence Hall is there, with the old cracked bell within the belfry and an old man ready to ring it. The god-dess of liberty strikes the hour, and the goddess of justice balances the scales in favor of industry. In the center of an æolian harp is a model of the famous Strasbourg clock only 4 inches by 12 in Strasourg clock only 4 inches by 12 in size. For the grand Apostolic pageant the figures have been made after Leonardo's printing. All the allegorical figures are made of ivory except the one of Satan, which is very properly made of ebony and has garnet eyes. Historic scenes are enacted on a stage. first quarter hour a locomotive appears. as the emblem of our first progress in industry. At the second the bell is tolled in Independence Hall and Washington walks majestically across the scene. At the third the Apostles bow to the figure of Christ, Peter denies his Lord, and the cock crows. A skeleton hastens along, bearing a green scarf on his the order of the cock crows. his shoulders, with the words "time flies," and an infant emerges from the opening door with a rattle box in his hand. Just before the full hour arrives a phonograph makes music to herald its coming. At midday emancipation is acted. Lincoln, proclamation in hand, moves toward a slave bound to an auc-tion-block, while the slave turns to look upon his deliver his shackles fall and his hands are raised as in a prayer of thanksgiving.

Premium on Rascality.

The action of the Board of Pardons Thursday last, in pardoning Rousch I Scott, of the Seventh Ward Election Board, is beyond the comprehen of all good and law abiding people, and is an outrage that should the condemnation of all good citizens who think that the purity of the ballot should be held inviolate, and not to be placed in such a position that the wishes of the voters of a district would be subject to the manipulation of one or two dishonest politicians who, for worldgain or filthy lucre, would defeat the ishes of the voters of their election district.

The Pardon Board of this State on last Thursday placed a premium on dishonest election officers, when they re-commended to Governor Hoyt, the par-dons of Rousch and Scott. The Gov-ernor is partially to blame for being so hasty, after the recommendation, in granting the pardon.

Judge Kirkpatrick and nearly all the

officials around the Court House con-demn it. Some of the friends of Rousch and Scott say the conviction and sendence was all that was required to show the supremacy of the law, and that it would not be just to imprison them any longer. Would not the same argument hold good in the case of a murderer who has lain in juil for a year waiting for his death warrant. and Scott say the conviction and sen-

Horatio Seymour on Politicians.

I always liked politics, and, what is more, I like politicians. They are a much abused class. It is the fashion to sneer at them, but I think they are better men as a rule than merchants and bankers and other representatives of what is calleds repectability. They make more sacrifices and do more unselfish work for others than business men ever think of doing. They culti-vate a certain chivalric sense of honor. Even some who are naturally corrupt will refuse the most tempting bribes when the integrity of their party is involved. I have seen enough of politi-cal life to satisfy me that its influence is elevating and not degrading. I would much rather be tried by a jury of my political opponents who were acknowl-edged politicians, than by a jury of respectable business men who said that spectable business men who said that they took uo particular interest in poli-tics, but usually voted the Republican ticket. From them I should expect gross injustice and prejudice ten times gross injustice and prejudice ten times as intense as my avowed political opponents would display. The man who serves a cause, if it is not a positively bad cause, is ennobled by the service. He learns to look at men, as well as doctrines, from a higher standpoint than mere personal selfishness.

The Marriage of the Midgets.

A New York paper says: It has been finally arranged, after many discussions between their families, that the Midgets are to be married next Sunday, Lucie Zarate, the prospective bride, is 15 years old, and weighs less than five rounds. pounds. Her face is bright, but not prepossessing. The bracelets she wears cannot be buckled around the third cannot be buckled around the third finger of a man of ordinary size. Her shoes (made to order) are 2½ inches long, and her gloves measure about 1 inch from the top of the longest finger to the button at the wrist. Her cape was made originally for a doll in a Broadway show window and is a good fit. In the matter of jewelry she is profuse. On each hand she wears a diamond ring, her brooch is a diamond, and she has a fondness for dangling ornaments on her ears. General Mite is twice the weight of his prospective bride. The preparations for the wedding are going steadily forward. The bride is to wear a white satin dress studed with seed pearls. Small as her frame is, it is estimated that the bridal dress contains no less than 1,000 pearls. The bridegroom is to wear his full dress suit event that his vest of blest death The bridegroom is to wear his full dress suit, except that his vest of black cloth will be replaced by a white vest.

MATRIMONIAL CHECKERS.

From the Detroit Free Press. Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the hard more satisfied. brain more active. After giving the subject due thought Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checkerboard, and when evening came he sur posed, and when evening came he sur-prised his good wife by bringing it in from the wood-shed, and saying: "Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but

you won't care. "Of course not, and if I beat you, why,

"Of course not, and if I beat you, why, you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in

as she raked him in.
"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered as he moved a man backward. "Here! you can't move that way!" she called out. "I can't eh! Perhaps I never played

checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men, and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried out: "Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to maye backward

even if Hoyle does permit it!" She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:
"I didn't mean to move there; I was

thinking of the social!'

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king row, shout-

ing:
"Crown him! crown himl I've got a

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before," he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do eh? Some people are awful

smart. "And some folks ain't," she snapped as the king captured another man.

What in thunder are you jumping that way for ?"

'A king can jump any way." 'No he can't!

"Yes he can!"
"Don't talk to me, Martha Grattan! was playing checkers when you were e cradle!"
don't care! I can jump two men

whichever way you move."

He looked down on the board, saw
that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once."

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against such blackleg practices?"
"Who's a blackleg! You not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!" Board and checkers fell between them He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that she could and her bonnes, and that was the only reason he got out of the house first. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cran-berries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he aiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to night, and see if it won't cure this cold in my head.

WHY THEY "EXODUS."

THE NEGROES LEAVING THE SOUTH BECAUSE THEY WANT A CHANGE.

om the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Come this way," said a gentleman at ne of the desks, "this man wants to have a talk with you about going ho and is going to put your name in the pape What is his name?" the reporter

asked. "William Chapman," answered the

darkey.
"And where do you hail from?"
"Heh'n?" queried William.

"Ugh'n?" queried William.
"Where do you come from?"
"Mad'son pa'sh."

"Well, now," said the gentleman at the desk, "tell the reporter here why

the desk, "tell the reporter here way, you left the South."
"Well'n," said Chapman, threatening to wipe his black nose with the rim of his hat, "I dunno. I waza hyeanin' de people all talkin' about comin' an' a gittin' ready fur to come, and dey was sayin' wat a nice place Ka-ansas wuz, n' so I jes' bundled up my things an'

come along."
"Was that your only reason for leav-'Yasked the reporter.
'Dat's de only reason I know for it," said William

'No one ever harmed or threatened you in the South? You had no fears of the whites?"

'Oh, no, no; no, indeed. Bless you, no w'ite man ever ha'med me.' "And you never heard of any troubles

"Deed'n I didn'. Dar wuz no trouble bout in our parts; but I hearnsay at over in y other parishes dere wuz some shootin' or sich

"You're not afraid to go back South?"
"Noh, I'm not 'fraid! W'at I got to
be 'fraid uv? Ef dere ain't no much
shootin' and killin' dar w'en we lef', I
can't see nuffin' to be askeard on."

"Then you are anxious to go back?"
"Deed'n I is. De Souf is good 'nuf
"me. I ain't a hod no health here "Deed'n I is. De Souf is good 'nuf fo' me. I ain't a hod no health here since I kum. I've a bin mos' ailin' to do. Nah, nah, I tell you I ain't 'fraid to go back. I had a nice place down dar, and wuz livin' with Mr. Crandell for over nine year—Mr. Crandell was a nice man. No, indeed, dere ain't no killin' where I cum from, 'cause if dere wuz I bet you I wouldnt't want ter git back."

"What does transatiantic mean, mamms?" "Across the Atlantic, child. Hold your tongue and ask no more questions." "Then does transparent mean across mamma?"

WHAT the key is to the watch, the prayer is to our graces.

TACT.

From the Boston Transcript.

It was once Causeur's good fortune to at was once Causeur's good fortune to spend a few days in the modest home of a friend of slender means—a home that was all that its owner could sfford to make it, yet lacked many things that would have made it more com-fortable and convenient. During Cau-seur's stay two guests were entertained at tea, both of them men of means and wide acquaintance, accustomed to all the luxury that wealth can give. But they were widely different in their behavhavior. The first dwelt upon the fact the house was in an out-of-the-way spot, and that there were few or no neigh-bors. At table he told of the delicious bors. At table he told of the delicious tea he had drank at the house of one friend, of the rich tea service that he had seen upon the table of another, of the rare old china that was used in his own household, and of the dainty meals he had eaten from it. In the cramped, little sitting room, after tes, he sat by the stove and talked of the delights of an open wood-fire, of his enjoyment of rare and costly books and pictures, and of twenty other things that the host of whose hospitality he had partaken did not and could not ossess. When he had gone it was lear, although nothing was said, that his visit had caused pain, that it had made the wife feel her straightened circumstances more keenly than ever, and cast a shadow over her husband's

thoughts.
The next evening came the visitor. He brought good cheer in his very face. The room, he said, felt so warm and comfortable after his walk, which, he added, was just the thing to which, he added, was just the thing to give a man a good appetite for his supper. At the table he spoke of everything that was nice, congratulated his host on having such a snug little home, aspologized for eating so much, but couldn't help it, because it was "so good" and tasted "so homelike," liked the old black tea pot because it was just like the one his mother had when just like the one his mother had when he was a boy, and told his hostess, who was all smiles and as happy as a queen, that she ought to thank her stars that she had no gas or furnace to ruin the flowers that made her home look so nowers that made her home look so cheerful. After tea he insisted that the child should not be sent to bed "just yet;" said he wanted to tell them a story, as he did; and when he had done, and had kissed them good night, they trudged off up stars with beaming faces, under the guidance of a posther faces, under the guidance of a mother who felt that a ray of real sunshine had entered her home, making it better and happier for all time.

The Love For His Mother.

In the sermon preached at the fun-eral of the late Bishep Foley, we find the following beautiful passage:
"One instance in his life, which many persons might look down upon as a mere passing weakness of human affec-tion to me seems the key, to the mantion, to me seems the key to the man's independence of what any one thought and the man's great tenderness. On the day of his consecration in Baltimore, after that solemn ceremony, he went, the mitre on his brow and the pastorial staff in his hand-he went round to give his blessing to the crowd f people who exulted in and were roud of his elevation, who knew him in childhood, who saw his labors in the priesthood, and now saw him crowned by his elevation to the Episcopate. As by his elevation to the Episcopate. As he went down the nave of the church an aged lady bowed her head to receive his blassing, and then looked up to him her eyes full of tears of gratitude to God for his elevation. She looked up—that tender mother loved him so much—and howing his pritted head he had bowing his mitred head he kissed his mother's brow, showing an inde-pendence and a tenderness. His heart was touched. There are those who speak of the weaning of the affections—of the independence necessary for Divine love—but no matter what weaning there may be, the love of the mother ever remains. That mother that is with her child, in affliction or in joy that mother will be beside him whether he sits on the throne or trembles on the scaffold. That mother whose love disgrace cannot lessen that mother should ever be loved.

A Model Confession.

Seventy years ago, in a Vermont town. sevenly years ago, in a vermont town, a young lawyer—a member of a large church—got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but that they had their little faults, such money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were a good people and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own to his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were a temperance people before temperance societies existed. The sinner finally went to the confession; found a large gathering of prethren and sisters, whose bowed contession; found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with Heavenly delight as the lawyer be-gan confession. "I confess," began he, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." (Six was the legal rate.) On this confession down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed poor man from my door who needed food or shelter." Down went another head. "I confess I never sold a skimmed milk cheese for a new one." Whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. · But." concluded the sinner, "I have got drunk, and am very sorry for it." Whereupon the meeting peaceably dis-

A CONGRESSWAN WHO SEES THE POINT .-There never will be such a thing as im-munity from this eternal warfare of words as long as the Congressional Rec-ord is published daily for the conveni-ence of members. I tell you I would ence of members. I tell you I would wipe out of existence free publication of speeches, as with a sponge, and enact a rule which would make each member pay for the printing of his own speeches. Why, sir, there wouldn't be any difficulty then in making this session decently short. The patriots, who are now loaded to the muzzle with fiery speeches, wouldn't shoot 'em off, not a bit of it. You couldn't get a man to speak above five minutes, and the members for buncombe weuldn't have a word to say.—Rep. Wells, of Mo.

COULDN'T BE "LED OFF ON DE HOOF."

WHY MR. BERRY THINKS COLORED SOCIETY

TOO MUCH "ELEVATED."
om the Virginia City Enterprise.
He was a new bootblack, but already eemed quite at home at the old stand to long a familiar object on the line of

our daily peregrinations. "Sartin. boss, shine em up in less'n no time," said he, and we mounted to the hurricane deck of his place of busi-

ness.

"Wall, yes, boss, not bin here long, but I'se gettin' insight inter de ways mighty fast. De ways here, sah, is different to what dey is down in ole Massissip. Bin Massissip, sah? Fine old State, sah. Like de ways better nor de ways here. Not so much desertion deways here. ways here. Not so much elewation down dar. You hear de white folks talkin' all de time 'bout de elewation of de olack folks, an' de cullud folks in some of dem gettin' it on de brain an' is preachin' elewation. Not so much black dar in ole Massissip as to de Norf an' out dis way. Down in Massissip dey goes on pooty much in de ole ways. Dey takes what happiness comes along in de natural way, an doesen't reach up for it till dey gits a pain in de neck."

The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world," we venture to remark. "No. sah; beg leave to diffah; you's

not on de inside, sah; dar's too much elewation; dat's what's de matter. Give ou an instance: Las' week, you kno' ah, de cullud folks had a ball; quite a san, de cuited folks had a ball; quite a high-toned affaih, sah. Well, Iengaged a young lady for the party, sah—one dat I, at dat time, looked on as de pride ob de country, sah. I am not indifferent to dress, an I any to please dat den! de country, and to dress, an' I put on clothes dat don't ebery day see de light ob de sun—an' went to de residence ob de gal.

"I 'rived at de 'pinted time. De gal was in de bes' room an' in her bes' clothes, waitin' my 'rival on de scene. De ole man was dar, an' de ole woman• also figured in de tabuleaux, wid a few juvenile supenumenary members ob de

"Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat meltin' way ob de eyes dat allers guve me a movement ob de heart. I was interjuced to de more 'fluential members terjuced to de more fluential members ob de household an' de discours' was agreeable. Presently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin' for de party, and Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstance of her highpriced attire. "We arrived on de spot at de door, an'

"We arrived on de spot at de door, an offerin' my arm, I supposed we should progress. No, sah, not a bit of it. Dat gal receded. She rose erec' to an aston-ishin' hight, an' as she transfixed me that the support wid her gaze she uttered dese memora-ble: What's de transportation? "De what?" says I, feelin' dat suffin

was goin' wrong.
"De trans-pot-ation? Whar's de trans-

"What's de transportation? says I.
"De wehicle—what's de wehicle?

'I don't know nuffin' 'bout no we hiele

cle,' says I.
"Wha's de kerridge?' says she.
"Da kerridge?' 'I haven't seen no "'De kerridge?" kerridge?'
"Mistah Berry, does you pretend to

tell me dat you've come to take me to the ball without a kerridge? and she become of still greater height. "'Why, of course,' says 1, 'I thought we could walk, Down in ole Massissip de gals think nuffin of goin' mile an'

"So you expect me to hoof it, Mistah Berry? You tells me bout de gals in Massissip, Mistah Berry; do de gals in Massissip know anything bout proper attire, Mistah Berry? An' she guv a sort of kick an' a sling of her body, an' trailed out 'bout four yards of train.'

"De ole man an' de ole woman an' all de rest now put in dar 'tesrance an'

"De ole man an de ole woman an all de rest now put in dar 'pearance, an' says de ole man: 'What's all dis confu-sion of tongues?'

"'Mistah Berry doesn't consider de honah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay necessary for de furnishing of propah transpotation,' said Miss Auguste.
"Sah!" said de ole man; 'Sah!" said

de ole woman ; 'Sah!' said all de little members.
"I said nuffin.

"Does de niggah 'spect he's gwine to lead our darter off on de hoof like she was a cow?' said de ole woman. "'Who you call niggah, ole woman?

says I. 'Why, I'se drove better lookin' heffers nor yours to de plow, down in ole Massissip

"De gal shriekt! Dar you talk to me an' my darter stogas dat raised me a lift wid his old stogas dat raised me off'n de stoop, and follored it up wid numerous of de same dat was much assistance to me in gettin' out de gate.

"Dar's too much

creepin' into cullud society. I turn my back on it, sah !"

PROPITIATING THE GODS OF THE CLOUDS. -Many of the existing customs of the Russian peasants are relics of the old times of paganism. Thus, in the pro-vince of Saratov in a season of drought the peasants still resort to the ancient fashion of attempting to draw the rain. In each of the villages every resident, old and young, tries to throw a pailful of water, perhaps around a corner, upon some unguarded or unthinking pedes-trian. Men, women and children drenched to the skin, and armed with buckets or scoops, pursue each other through the streets, amid uprosr and laughter. Thus according to dradition, the gods of the clouds are propitiated, and send rain.

A REMARKABLE OLD LADY.—There is a lady in Kittanning, Armstrong county, named Mrs Nulton, who was born in Philadelphia, June 14, 1775, and is therefore 104 years old. She is remarkably well preserved, can read without glasses and walk around with the aid of a cane. She has had seven children, the oldest being Judge Nulton, who died a short time ago aged 70. She lives with a daughter aged 68, and her youngest child is 54. One of her grandchildren is 45, and some of her greatgrandchildren have already voted. A REMARKABLE OLD LADY .- There is

A pull clergyman once said to some boys in a gallery. "Don't make so much noise up there, or you will awake your parents below."

Marriage in Lapland.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet, to beheld the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself that she should be overtaken. If a maid overruns her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will pretend some casuality and voluntarily halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus pope accesses some casuality and voluntarily halt be-fore she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their wishes, and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love and cause real unhappiness.

Mrs. Grant's Liberal Use of the Tongue.

Cable Special to Chicago Times

London, April 8.—It is reported from Agra, on good authority, that after a semi-public dinner Mrs. Grant, the ex-President's wife, spoke as follows to a number of people sitting at the head of the table: "The General is traveling abroad so as to be out of the way in a natural manner. He is going to run for President again at the next election. If we were at home there are any amount of burning questions on which he would either be forced to commit himself or look awkwardy. By travel-ing around he keeps himself nice and free and he will go back to the White House quite untrammeled by pledges."

HABIT OF SHIRKING .- The habit of shirking is a great evil in our land. Sad and bitter are the experiences of mul-titudes who have lost positions of emolument and trust by shirking duties and ument and trust by shirking duties and responsibilities devolving upon them. They saw their mistake after it was too late: It is a bad sign to see a young man contracting the habit of shirking. You may set it down at once that soon-er or later he will be a drone in the hive of human industry, living without any purpose in life, and scorned by all those who have willing hands, and follow up what they can find to do. Young man, if you want to gain the confidence and esteem of your employer, never shrink from a duty. If overtasked, lay in your complaints, and you will always get *hearing. If you begin life a shirk you may set it down as gin life a shirk, you may set it down as a fixed fact that the habit will follow you through life, and as a "success you will be an utter failure."

Incombustible Writing Paper.—Two Spaniards have lately taken out a pat-ent in Spain for making writing paper incombustible. The experiments are said to have been satisfactory. The paper will not burn, no matter what may he the intensity of the heat ap-plied. A single sheet submitted to the direct action of the flame will carbonize but does not take fire. If a roll of pre-pared paper is placed in the hottest fire, the outside leaves will carbonize the edges for a short depth, but the in-terior remains unaltered, the writing or printing being perfectly legible. The cheapness of the preparation makes it accessible to every purpose in which paper is used.

Pigs, the Rock on Which He was Wheeken.—It was not loose society, or the wine cup, or gambling, or stock speculation on the sly, that ruined a bank officer in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, if we may accept the version of the affair put out by his friends. He went to the bad by an original route—to-wit; wis. the pig-sty. In an evil hour he became fired by an ambition—not culpable in itself—to improve the breed of pigs in his beloved Pennsylvanis. For igs in his beloved Pennsylvania. pigs in his beloved Fennsylvania. For that purpose he invested in a \$2,500 grunter, and this unlucky purchase proved his financial and moral destruction.—N. Y. Sun.

The opposition to the Mexican International Exposition, it is said, will attempt to defeat the project by fighting it with a bill to build a penitentiary upon the site of the Exposition building. Senors Riva Palacio and Sebastian Camacho, it is belived, have offered to advance the government of lease of \$200. vance the government a loan of \$200,completing the building at an early day.

"I should like to have you raise a club," said a 7xp book canvesser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step trying to talk her to death on the subject of the "Extinction of the Tribes of the Seventh Century." "I will," said Biddy, as she reached around behind the door, "but bad luck to your picture if you're lingering around here when I get it raised." He didn't linger.

THREE centuries after the advent of Christ there were about 5,000,000 Christians, and at the end of the sixth century there was about double that number. The gain in the United States alone during the last twenty-five years is estimated to have equalled the result of all these centures

"Manna," said a wicked youngster,
"am I a canoe?" "No, child, why do
you ask?" "Oh, because you always
say you like to see people paddle their
own canoe; and I didn't know maybe
I was yours." The boy went out of the
room with more reference to speed than

A paysician's little daughter, called upon for a toast, gave: "The health of papa and mamma and all the world." But she suddenly corrected the sentiment. "Not all the world, for then papa would have no patients."

THERE'S hope for Texas yet. At a re-cent election there were but three votes for license in the town of Waxahachie, and in another place a man had to pay \$40 for swearing in the presence of a lady.

It takes a fellow who has been kicked off the front stoop by the irate parent of his girl to tell the story of the missile toe.