In Spring-Time.

wery year when young April, just wakened comes round With her robins all ready to sing, bless the dear God that I still am alive bless the dear God that I stall and allows.

To welcome another new spring,
that above, and not under, the blossoming
ground.

My limbs are yet steady and strong,
that still I can breathe in the sweet vernal air
And hear Nature's marvelous song.

The brooks, making melody under the sky,
Call the blood of youth back into age—
The heart of the universe seems keeping time
To delights in which all can engage.
The flower of life and the flower of love
Are everywhere blooming to-day—
Death and darkness no longer stalk blind
through the world—
So let us take hands, and be gay.
—James T. Fields.

Miss Ventnor's Romance.

There was one question which puzzled the good people of Canton—the mystery they could not fathom—and that was, why Miss Ventnor had not married. Talented, handsome and wealthy, surely it must have been her own fault. though thirty-five years of age, she could still have queened it over the best society in the village, and had her pick of the mar-riageable men; but her cold dignity and reserve raised an effectual barrier, keeping both society and suitors at respectful

distance.
Miss Ventnor had resided in the village of Canton ten years, and the people were no better acquainted with her than on the first day she came among them. She lived in a little vine-covered cottage, surlived in a little vine-covered cottage, sur-rounded by tasteful, even elegant grounds. The trim servant she employed knew but little more about her than the people. She never made calls nor received any. She contributed to several magazines, and spent a large portion of her time in read-ing, although in summer she worked hours, even days, among the flowers in her garden.

One beautiful morning, as Miss Vent-mor was busy culling a bouquet of flowers,

One beautiful morning, as Miss Ventmor was busy culling a bouquet of flowers,
she heard a baby voice exclaim:
Oh, pitty, pitty fowers!'
Turning, she saw a child about three
or four years of age peeping through the
railings with her tiny hands outstretched.
'Do you want some flowers? Come
here, little one.'
The child entered the gateway, and
without any hexitance agreement Miss
ithout any hexitance agreement.

without any hesitancy approached Miss Ventnor. She was dressed in white material, richly embroidered, and with a material, richly embroidered, and with a jaunty little sun-hat shading her golden curls. Around her neck was clasped a heavily wrought gold chain, from which was suspended a locket, almost too large and heavy for such a child. One glance into those deep hazel eyes, and Miss Ventnor, self-possessed woman though she usually was, trembled violently with aritation.

Little girl, what is your name?' she questioned, her voice sounding strange and husky. with agitation

Gracie what? Whose little girl are

'Why, papa's, of torse.'
'Where does your papa live?'
'He's 'taying up there in that big house,' indicating the direction with a nod of her golden head.
'The hotel, you mean?'

'I dess so.'
'Aren't you afraid to go into the streets so far and alone?'
The little girl looked up in surprise, and shook her head.

a snook ner nead.

Not when papa and mamma are with all the time.

Miss Ventner looked around, but to

her astonishment saw no one.

'Where are they? I do not see them.'

'Here,' replied the child, tapping the
locket with one tiny white hand. 'I
don't kiss papa in here much, but I kiss
mamma every night. Don't you want to

Miss Ventnor knelt down, and with Miss Ventnor knelt down, and with a trembling fingers unfastened the locket. It contained a lifelike picture of a gentleman, with brown, wavy hair, deep hazel eyes, and proud, aristocratic features, and a lady s sweet, childlike face, with large, appealing violet eyes, and a crown of yellow hair.

She gazed longest at the face of the gentleman, and a look of pain swept over her face as she noted the firm, almost cruel, lines about his mouth and

cruel, lines about his mouth and thought of the words last spoken to her

by those lips.
'Won't you kiss papa!' asked the Miss Ventnor touched her lips to the picture, then hated herself a moment after.

'Now kiss mamma.'
Miss Ventnor shook her head, while a hard look came into her dark eyes.
'Why not? I kiss mamma's picture

most, for papa's up there, too, and main ma's only in here.' 'Where is your manma?' Dead, papa says. They put her in the dark ground; but I dess they took

her out and put her in here.'
Dead?' repeated Miss Ventnor, the
hard look vanishing from her eyes and a tender pity stealing into its place. Ah that word will stop the most bitter cur-

rent of thought.
'I dess I must go now,' said the child, 'papa'll be so scared.'
'You never could find the way alone.
Come into the house and I will send

Katy with you.
'Who's Taty?'
'The girl that works for me. She will

take you safely to your papa.'
'Yes, I'll go with Taty.'
After a few minutes Katy, a goodnatured, rosy-cheeked girl, stood ready
to escort her little charge.
'Remember, Katy, do not go into the hotel, only in sight of it,' Miss Ventnor said for the second time.

said for the second time.

'Very well, miss.'

'I need not have taken that precaution, thought she, bitterly, as she entered the house. 'It is not likely that he has any desire to seek me,' she added with a sigh.

A few days later, the same little girl was seen in front of Miss Ventnor's dwelling, stoutly tugging at the hand of a fine-looking gentleman somewhere about forty years of age, in her effort to draw him toward the gate, and adding her voice in entreaty.

in entreaty.

'Do tome, papa! She lives here—the lady that kissed your picture and wouldn't kiss mamma.'

The gentleman had seen Katie from the window of his room, and supposed her to be the person Gracie talked so much about, and mentioned as having kissed his picture. He scarcely gave this a second thought, judging she had simply done so to please the child, because she had requested it; so, as Gracie would not allow him to pass the door, but persisted in her entreaties to enter, he thought he would call and thank the girl for his child's safe return to him. He entered

the gate, with Grace triumphantly dancing at his side, and walked up to the little porch. Katy stood at the entrance

httle porch. Katy stood at the entrance watering some plants.
'Good morning,'
'Good morning, sir.'
'I called to thank you for the trouble you took to bring my little girl home the other day.'
'It was no trouble at all, sir,' returned Katy, modestly.
Grace stood silently by with a pout more her line.

Grace stood stiently by with a pout upon her lips.

'What is the matter with my little girl, now?' the gentleman asked, kindly stroking her head.

'That isn't her,' she said in a grieved tone. 'I want to see t'other one.'

'It is my mistress she means,' said Katy; 'please walk in, and I will call her.'

her.'
Miss Ventnor, sitting by the window, had heard his voice, and a face so white met Katy's eyes that she started back in alarm. Miss Ventnor smiled a forced smile as forced.

smile.

'Do not be alarmed, Katy, I am only a little dizzy. I have worked too hard with my pen lately. I must take a rest.' 'Little Gracie and a gentleman are in the parlor, and want to see you.'

'Very well, I will be down in a moment, 'she said, just as calmly as if her heart were not striving to break its prison with its wild throbbing.

The gentleman stood with his back to the door, studying a rare painting, when Miss Ventnor, looking very pale and haughty, swept into the room. Gracie sprang forward, shouting gleefully:

'It is her, papa—the one that kissed your picture.'

A wave of crimson swept over Miss Ventnor's face. Little Gracie had unconsciously dealt a terrible blow to her pride. Do not be alarmed, Katy, I and only a

pride.
The gentleman did not seem to notice the child's remark. His eyes were fixed upon Miss Ventnor's face, and his own was pale as ashes. He took a step forward.

'Imogene, am I dreaming or do I again look upon your face after so many

Then he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. After a few moments he looked up.
Forgive me; I should have said Mrs.

Atwood.'
'I do not claim that name,' she said

you never married? I have always thought of you as George At-wood's wife. Are you really Miss Ventor still?

Will you tell me why you never mar-

'Will you tell me why you never married him—or another?'

'Because I did not love.'

'Oh, Imogene, can I dare hope that you have remained single all these years because you could not forget that you once loved me? Nay, forgive me—hear me out, 'as he saw the flash of haughty pride which swept over her face.' Imogene, can you forgive me when I tell you I have never ceased to love you, and how I have suffered for those cruel words which parted us? I thought then I was only doing my duty, and was just to my-self. You remember I embarked immediately for Europe. I had not been one day out at sea, when I became convinced that I was wrong in my mad jealousy of George Atwood. As soon as I reached England, I sent a repentant letter, begging you to forgive and love me again; but the answer which I rereived nearly crushed my heart.'

'The answer?' she interrupted. 'I never re—eived or wrote any letter.'

'What can this mean? I certainly

'The answer?' she interrupted. 'I never received or wrote any letter.' What can this mean? I certainly received a letter in your hand-writing, stating that my repeniance had come too late, as you were already the wife of George Atwood.'

'It was a base forgery.'

'But who could have been guilty of such a thing? I would have sworn it was your writing.'

'No doubt it was George Atwood himself. He used often to bring me my mail, and he could imitate handwriting to perfection.'

himself. He used often to bring me my mail, and he could imitate handwriting to perfection.

'The rascal.'

'Hush—be not severe! George Atwood is dead and at the bar o a higher tribunal than ours.'

'Dead? I had not heard of this. You are right; I will not judge him, and will strive not to hate his memory. After I read the contents of that letter, I was ill for many weeks, and after my recovery spent years of restless wandering in foreign lands. In a tiny English cottage I met Gracie's mother. My heart was strangely drawn toward her, and I thought by marrying I could forget my first love. I trust I did not wrong the sweet girl who became my wife; I loved her deeply and tenderly, but more as a father loves his child, and I daily thanked God for her sweet, trusting love, which made a better man of me. I made the few years she spent with me entirely happy and when I laid my darling away to rest, I mourned her tenderly and truly. Imogene I have told you my story, Can you for it can, Ernest, for, strive as hard as I would, I could not forget you, and that

you forgive, and love me well enough to be my wife?"

'I can, Ernest, for, strive as hard as I would, I could not forget you, and that is why I have never married. I, too will ask you to forgive me. I was proud and willful."

'My darling, there is nothing to forgive. Though parted so long by plotting ones, let us both strives to live that the years we spend together shall be an atonement for what we have missed."

'And, Ernest, let us no longer think of him who caused our estrangement, but rather of little Gracie, who was instrumental, in God's hands, in bringing us together. She has stood there in the corner some time, lost in astonishment and entirely neglected by us. Come here, Gracie."

ere, Gracie.'
She sprang into the arms outstretched or receive her, and was clasped to Miss l'entnor's bosom.
'Gracie,' soid her father, 'this is to be

your new mamma, and you must love

your new mamms, and you must love her dearly.

'Oh, won't that be nice. I'llhave a mamma now out of the picture! Why don't she kiss you now, papa?'

'Yes. Imogene, why don't you?'

The good people of Canton filled out the romance to suit themselves; but it was astonishing to learn how many knew all along that Miss Ventnor had corresponded with Mr. Peyton a great while and had been engaged to him a year. But what difference did it make so long as they were happy?

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Clinton (Iowa) Herald says the following is the way they hurt the feel ings of the street loafers in that city Copies of the city ordinance forbidding Copies of the city ordinance forbidding loading or congregating on the streets, printed in large type on cards, have been hung in some of the corner windows with salutary effect. Once in a while a fellow braces himself for a square "loaf" before the window, and as his eye mechanically wanders over the conspicuous warning card he suddenly grows uneasy and soon has business down the street.

The bravery of a Roman stoic was displayed by Police Judge Tilden, of Cleveland, Ohio, when he tried his son for stealing a coat from a juryman and found him guilty. It was a trying ordeal for the judge, and when he referred to the sad spectacle of a father prosecuting his own son he burst into tears, while his powerful frame shook with the violence of his grief. It was a mournful seene, and called for sympathy for the judge in his affliction, not less than admiration of his courage in thus showing that love for his offspring could not stand in the way of his duty to the not stand in the way of his duty to the

Mr. Horace White, English consul at Tangiers, says: "In the contemporane-ous account given by Jackson of the plague which depopulated Western Bar-bary in 1799 and 1800, he states that a Mogador, at his recommendation, many Mogador, at his recommendation, many persons had recourse to a remedy which had proved most efficacious in Egypt—namely, anointing the body with olive oil, and he knew of no instance of its failing when properly applied and sufficiently persevered in." During the outbreak of the plague among the Egyptian troops at Beyrout in 1836, the inhabitants of a certain village attributed their escape from disease to the fact that their clothes and persons were generally well saturated sons were generally well saturated

There has been an extraordinary natural phenomenon at Rappelsdorf, a village near Erfuft, a fortress in Prussian Saxony. A lake near the hamlet suddenly rose with a violent boiling movement and overflowed its banks. A villager saw a column of boiling water rise to a considerable height from the middle of the lake, when it broke and was scattered in every direction. One unqestionable fact is that during the sudden and unexplained rise of the water many persons heard subterraneous noises. Deep fissures opened all round the lake, from which a sort of steam ascended. The ground over which the water spread was covered with small shells and dead fish.

covered with small shells and dead fish.

Who wouldn't take oysters on the half-shell from the Broad river, S. C.?

A man in Beaufort was regaling himself in this way in front of a counter in an oyster saloon, when the luscious bivolve gritted so harshly under his teeth that he was induced to find out the cause. He ascertained that the mollusk contained a mass of pearls, which upon being counted turned out to be thirty-four in number, and of the size of a grape seed, besides the one he unwittingly swallowed. Thirty-four genuine pearls the "size of a grape seed," are a prize not to despised. But this is a world of deceit, and there are as many supposititious pearls in it as genuine ones.

A singular instance of human credulity is reported from Munich. The actress, Adele Spitzeder, who was sentenced there about six months ago to a term of imprisonment for having swindled the public out of many millions by her banking institutions (the Dachauer Banken), conducted, as she asserted, for the furtherance of the interests of the Roman Catholic religion, tried again, after her liberation from prison, to earn a living on the stage. Finding that this could not be done, she has returned to Munich and again opened a bank. Deposits, on which she pays eight per cent, montly interest, are brought to her in abundance, and, of course, another catastrophe will occur.

The editor of London Truth believes that land in England is diminishing in value for agricultural purposes, and gives his reason thus: The reason why land in England must become less and less valuable for agricultural purposes is that rapid communication is destroying distances, and the cost of the transit of corn from California and other places where it can be produced on plains that pay no rent and that require no "high farming," is every year diminishing, and every year will still further diminish. The reply for long was, "Yes, but land will always be valuable for grazing purposes." I doubt this. The importations both of live stock and of dead meat are assuming enormous proportions. enormous proportions.

While Americans, the most restless per ple under the sun, wander from State to State, from East to West, and the Atlantic coast to the Pacific slope, there are not wanting positive proofs that European emigration is again setting toward the United States, and that the tide, now that United States, and that the tide, now that it is beginning to turn, will in future exhibit a gradually increasing volume. During the first quarter of 1879, just ended, the total arrivals at this port reached 15,944; of these 11,22s were aliens and 4,716 citizens of the United States. During the corresponding period of 1879 the total number of passengers landed at this port was 12,937, of whom 7,128 were aliens and 5,809 citizens. The increase in aliens this contributions. citizens. The increase in aliens this year was 4,100. What arrivals there have been at other points we observe disclose about the same proportionate increase.

A correspondent of the Buriington Hawkeye tells a rather sensational story of an alleged discovery of the artificial manufacture of silver by Dr. T. Farriss, Jr., of the Iowa Wesleyan university, which carries one back to the days of the old alchemists. Dr. Farriss, it seems, when taking his class through a ourse of instruction in the primary chemical compounds, was in the habit of setting aside the refuse waters, and one day was startled by the unusual silvery reaction which had taken place in these solutions. This led him to investigate. Result—the artificial manufacture of silver, a business on which the doctor is said to have entered now on a large scale. Of course, details of the new process are kept rigidly secret from the scientific world, though credulous capitalists may be attracted by the glittering prospects, just as they have been in the past by other impossibilities.

The Indian Chief Moses, accompanied by The Indian Chief Moses, accompanied by several other savages, stayed several days in a San Francisco hotel, on their way to Washington. Moses is described as an Indian of the Fenimore Cooper type, physically, but his picturesqueness was spoiled by a suit of civilized clothes and a stiff,

white hat. The Chronicle reporter found the party in their room. Moses was sitting properly on a chair, but one chief lay on the bed, with his feet on the pillow, another sat in a bureau drawer, and a third reclined in a marble wash bowl, until an accidental turning on of the water convinced him that he had mistaken the use of that article of furniture. "Young Chief," the writer adds, "bears a striking resemblance to Theodore Tilton, and sea-sickness, of which he is anything but well, makes the resemblance exact, and, singularly enough, Howlish Wampo is a very fair counterpart of Henry Ward Beecher."

fair counterpart of Henry Ward Beecher."

The late ameer of Afghanistan was universally called the "madman" throughout his dominions, and so great was the awe in which he was held by his subjects, the Times of India says, that no one dared tell him of the defeat of his troops on the Peiwar Khotal by the English invaders. Shere Ali sat in his council-room waiting for news, but no one ventured to tell him the result. At last, the mother, of Abdulia Jan sent her little girl to tell her father. He was talking eagerly as the child entered, and she tried hard to blurt out her message, "My mother says I am to tell your highness—" but the ameer kept putting his hand on her her mouth, as the discussion was important. At last he turned to her, "Well, what is it, little one?" The child came sidling up, all eyes upon her, "My mother says I am to tell your highness the Sahibs have crossed the Khotal." An instant stampede from the neighborhood of the ameer closed the council.

Yuma, Cal., has a famous rooster, and this is the way it came about: It is emphatically a self-made bird. The firm of Sisson & Wallace, amongst other things, sell eggs. It so happened that all the eggs were sold out of a particular can save one. Meantime the sun went can save one. Meantime the sun went on getting hotter and hotter, and present can save one. Meantime the sun went on getting hotter and hotter, and presently the egg began to warm up to the situation. The progress of the novel solar gestation was watched with an absorbing curiosity by the store people. About the time the mercury reached 124 degrees in the shade the chicken began to peck its way out of the shell, and it emerged as defiant an infant rooster as ever wore spurs. It grew apace, and today its habits are as eccentric as its manner of birth. It is exceedingly flerce, and will attack a man, a dog, or anything that comes in its way. All a visitor has to do to insure a delivery of battle by this pugnacious rooster is to hold up his foot, and straightway the bird will fly at him viciously. We have heard of many ways of hatching chickens, but a rooster hatched by natural heat in a tin can is a little ahead of our previous experiences.

The Dutch settlers in South Africa are The Dutch settlers in South Airica are exceedingly fond of physic, and although extremely penurious in all other ways, nigardly, in fact, to the last penny, they will not scruple at the slightest symptom of illness to send for a doctor. Should a surness to send for a doctor. Should a sur-geon once obtain repute, deservedly or otherwise, his fortune is certainly made. The most ridiculous circumstances often insure to him this good luck, and the am sure to him this good luck, and the amount of money he receives yearly is sometimes very surprising. General Cunynghame was told that a medical practitioner lost his credit by simply prescribing the use of lib-eral ablutions to an elderly lady. Her husband was dreadfully angry, making his remonstrance in the following terms: "Young man, you are a stranger in this "Young man, you are a stranger in this country, and recommend new customs, which are contrary to beages which we know to be the true rules of health. I have been now married to my 'vrow' for thirty-five years, during which time water has scarce touched her body. It is not, sir, by your persuasion that such inroads can be made into our manners; you are ignorant of our mode of life and do not understand our wants." wants.

Many eminent educators have held that a written examination is not necessarily a thorough test of knowledge. This was practically exemplified in the case of Lieu tenant Bromhead. He went up for examination before he left England for South Africa, hoping to be promoted to a captaincy. The examiners found he had not taincy. The examiners found he had not the requisite knowledge of military tactics, and accordingly the disappointed Brom-head went to Zululand a lieutenant. Brom-head went to Zululand a lieutenant Chard, had head, together with Lieutenant Chard, had head, together with Lieutenant Chard, had under him eighty men, ten of whom were sick in the hospital, when the fatal Zulu charge was made. The incident that fol-lowed is known as the "Defense of Rorke's Drift," and the annals of warfare furnish few episodes where more courage and bravery were displayed than by the little band at Rorke's Drift. Lieutenant Bromhead heard of the advance of over 3,000 Zulus only a short time before the attack. Although he did not show his theoretical knowledge of fortification on examination, knowledge of fortification on examination, he made a very good practical exhibition of his talents. With the meal sacks and biscuit boxes at hand he constructed a most skillful barricade. The 3,000 attacked the seventy at three p. m., and kept up the assault, without ceasing, until five o'clock the next morning. Then they withdrew defeated, leaving 350 of their number dead and 300 wounded. The little band had thirteen killed and nine wounded, but they held the fort. Lieutenant Bromhead has been breveted major for his gallant conduct, although regarded as unfit for a captaincy a short time since.

A Baby's Per

A Bahy's Po

Among the numerous sits of the South African bush, one at the most formidable is the puff-adder, so called from its habit of inflating its head and neck just before striking its prey. Its mode of attack is to throw back its head, and strike downward with two hooked teeth that project from its upper jaw, inflicting a wound which is almost invariably fatal. Its fondness for preying upon mice, which are its chief food, frequently leads it into the houses of the colonists, who find it a very troublesome guest, inasmuch as its body is so tough and elastic as to defy almost any weapon except a charge of very troublesome guest, masimen as its body is so tough and elastic as to defy almost any weapon except a charge of shot. On one occasion, the wife of a missionary living in one of the remoter settlements of Cape Colony, noticed on the floor of the room in which she was sitting the empty skin of a mouse, out of which the flesh had been sucked as clean as could have been the inside of an orange. Detecting at once the well-known trace of the puff-adder, she cautiously searched the whole room, and at length, lifting a corner of the matting upon which her baby was lying asleep, found the snake coiled up underneath. With great presence of mind, she refrained from disturbing it, and, stepping to the door, called in one of her Dutch servants, who speedily made an end of the intruder with his gun.

HUSKING.

A New England Custom Blending Useful Occupation and Social Recreation.

In referring to the customs, recreations and amusements of the farmers of New England, one is sometimes told of the husking parties which prevail to a greater or less extent among them; but it may be surmised that few dwellers in cities know much about the genuine New Hamphire or Vermont husking parties. Let me tel, them about it.

After the Indian corn has been gathered into the barn, the ears, incased in their rough outer husk, are broken from the stalk and piled up in a large mound on the barn floor as high as a man's head, and then the farmer is ready for the husking, which process consists in stripping the husk from the ear.

The neighbors, old and young.—not too young to enjoy the sport—are invited from far and near to attend the husking; and be it known that it is an event that no one cares to miss.

and be it known that it is an event tha

and be it known that it is an event that no one cares to miss.

The women and men, girls and boys, married and unmarried, arrange themselves on benches, boxes, milking stools, or anything that will serve for a low seat, around this immense pyramid of corn. Then the labor begins; and as it is known for a certainty that there are more or less red ears of corn in every farmer's field, though they cannot be discovered until the husk is partially removed, and in the finding of the red ears the fun begins, there is great interest atthe fun begins, there is great interest attached to that accident—if it may be so called; for sometimes there is method in such finding.

All farmers' lads and lasses know full

in such finding.

All farmers' lads and lasses know full well that the lucky finder of such a prize as a red ear, if of the feminine persuasion, is entitled to a kiss from the young (or old as to that matter) man seated next her, while the work of the evening goes on with spirit; and at every such episode in the evening's entertainment a flurry is occasioned such as one experiences but seldom, except at a husking party.

ences but seldom, except at a husking party.

The flurry, however, is not of long duration, for all are anxious, as a matter of course—not to find red ears it may be supposed, but to get through with the job so as to participate in the further enjoyments prepared for them.

When all is completed and the last husk stripped from the corn, the company is invited into the house, where a large brown earthen pan filled with smoking hot baked beans is placed on the table of the great kitchen, always the largest room in the house, and all fail to with a will. The repast ended the room is cleared for a dance, and as some one in the party can always play the fiddle, the real sport of the evening begins; and of such sport, no one ignorant of an old-fashioned New Hampshire husking party can have any conception. The agility of the rougher sex is here brought into requisition to its fillest even and week. namioned New Hampshire husking party can have any conception. The agility of the rougher sex is here brought into re-quisition to its fullest extent, and woe to him who cannot "cut a pigeon's wing" gracefully, as well with the one foot as the other, or execute another gymnastic exercise, the precise name or which I cannot recall, but which I will here describe.

which I cannot recall, but which I will here describe.

The process consists of a succession of leaps in a perpendicular position, and striking the feet sideways totogether at least twice and sometimes thrice before touching the floor. This is a positive requirement with all good dancers of the stronger sex, and it is so taught by all instructors of the art of dancing, or ucas at the time referred to, which was many years ago, just how many need not here be said.

The piecon's wing consists of raising

The pigeon's wing consists of raising one foot from the floor, carrying the foot well back and vigorously giving it a rapid lateral motion, immediately changing to the other foot for the same exer-

cise.

The husking is done by daylight, but the dancing is done by candle-light, and, as a boy, I have wondered how it were possible for these hard-working farmers and housewives to exhibit so much agility as one never failed to experience as the Virginia Reel or Fisher's Hornpipe were gone through with by both dancers and fiddler.

These were good old times. Whether the customs he described are now keet.

the customs he described are now kept up the writer cannot say; but one thing can be said, no happier people ever ex-isted than the New England farmers of can be said, no happier people ever ex-isted than the New England farmers of forty or fifty years ago, if reports be true, and before railroads and manufacturing villages turned the heads of the rising ymages turned the means of the Fishing generation, and entired them from the farm to seek what seemed to them easier and more lucurative employment.—Loring B. Barnes, in Boston Courier.

A Good Word for the Dog. Hardly any animal has become an thoroughly civilized as the dog. The domestic cat, with all its love of locality, has a taste for vagabondizing, and there is a hankering for the jungles still in its blood. The horse is fond of his stable, but if he is otherwise affectionate he is not demonstrative. To the dog, a return of his attachment seems to be a prime necessity. If the family leaves its home not demonstrative. To the dog, a return of his attachment seems to be a prime necessity. If the family leaves its home, the cat stays behind and makes friends with the new-comers, while the dog follows to the fresh domicile and settles himself quietly in his new quarters. He is grateful for kindness, never forgets benefits, and forgives injuries if they are inflicted by hands of which he is fond. It is needless to say that his affection is returned. He is useful and he knows it, because his usefulness is so promptly and lovingly commended. He shares a sense of propriety, partakes of the sport, is glad when gladness rules his home, and melancholy when there is sadness there. No wonder that he is made much of? No wonder that men's regard for him is perpetuated in all ages and in all climes; that his merits are commemorated in poems, and his exploits recorded in history—that "ancedotes of dogs" are quite as common as anecdotes of men, and frequently much more to the credit of the quadrupeds!—Tribune.

"I Swan."

A woman about fifty years of age stopped on the Campus Martius yesterday to buy a dozen oranges of a fruit peddler. She counted as he picked them out and put hem into a paper sack, and she counted only eleven for the dozen.

"Here, sir, you have cheated me out of one orange!" she called out.

"Here, sir, you have cheated me out of one orange!" she called out.
"Oh, no, I haven't," he coolly answered.
"Yes, you have, sir! You shall count 'em over again!"
He complied, and somehow or other therewere fourteen instead of twelve, and he said:
"Ab. I must be estimated."

"Ah! I must be getting careless indeed. I make two oranges by re-counting. Here' your dozen."

your dozen."

The woman received the package, looked longingly at the two he threw back, and whispered:
"I swan! but I wish I knew enough to keep my head shet!"—Detroit Free Press.

"ROW-WOW!"

The New York Dog Show.

Nearly 1,000 dogs were on exhibition at the third annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, in Gilmore's Garden, New York. Crowds thronged the garden in the afternoon and evening, and even more interest was manifested in the exhibition than was shown last year. The boxes containing the dogs were arranged in an elliptical form about the garden, and each bore a number. There were three rows of kennels extending around the garden, two facing the track used in the walking match and one looking directly into the large open space in the center of the building. The numbers on the kennels were arranged in consecutive order, and it was very easy to find any animal from the catalogue.

The sights about the garden during the afternoon were curious. Many club men accompanied by ladies were present, and as they passed from kennel to kennel the liveliest expressions of admiration were heard for the smooth, silky fur and the "perfectly levely" eyes of the pets. Among the visitors in the afternoon was Henry Bergh, who made a complete circuit of the building, examining apparently with a professional eye the accommodations for the dogs. He was accompanied by one of the committee, and expressed himself as well satisfied with the care that had been taken to make the animals comfortable. He thought the exhibition was a very creditable one."

During the day and evening the judges, managers and committee were busily engaged in attending to their numerous duties. In the afternoon the judges began to award the prizes, and later in the day the boxes containing the dogs which had borne off the first honors were decorated with blue, red and yellow ribbons, indicating prizes of the first, second and third classes respectively. Unaccustomed to the strange and unusual surroundings, the dogs kept up a continual barking and yelping that, as night drew near, and as they grew hungry, became almost deafening. Despite this, however, hundreds of persons spent hours in watching the lary mastiffs, the bright-eyed sport

were furnished with soft rugs and mats, and presented a very pretty appearance. The poodles and pugs were tenderly cared for their masters and mistresses, and in spite of the din many slept as soundly as though at home. The noise seemed to have no effect upon many of the dogs, and they curled themselves up in corners, utterly oblivious to the barking of their comrades oblivious to the barking of their comrades and the whistling of the passers-by. Occasionally an owner or keeper would take his dog from its kennel, and the animal would go bounding over the floor, leaping up to lick the hand of some lady with the greatest glee. The prohibition was short, however, and he soon returned in obedience to the familiar whistle and was tied up again. A huge hound was taken out of his kennel in the afternoon and surrang way drawing the afternoon, and sprang away, dragging his master down the garden at a fearful pace, to the great amusement of the specta-tors.

Owing somewhat to the situation of the Owing somewhat to the situation of the kennels, the interest of uncritical spectators centered around the boxes of the terriers and pugs, which were arranged in the middle of the floor from east to west. Many ladies and gentlemen well known in social circles had sent their pets to the exhibition, and naturally the little animals, most of them with silver collars and daintily decked out in bright-coloryd ribbus attracted. out in bright-colored ribbons, attracted much notice and favorable comment. Only much notice and lavorable comment. Only a few of these dogs were for sale. An imported pug, owned by Misa Henrietta Brownell, of Providence, R. I., and facctiously called Bothnia, attracted much attention. The little fellow wore a crimson bow and is valued at \$10,000.

"Last month," writes a correspondent of the London Land and Water, "greatly to the sorrow of the children, our cat, a half Persian, disappeared, and her accustomed place by the hearth 'knew her no more.' Search was made high and low, but no trace of puss could be found. As time went on we conjectured either that our favorite had been stolen by a sailor and taken for a woxage or either that our favorite had been stolen by a sailor and taken for a voyage or killed, and so resigned ourselves to our loss. Great, then, was our surprise last Friday on seeing puss quietly walk in, scarcely able to stand—a veriest skeleton covered with fur—and take her seat be-fore the fire. I need not say she was fed and carressed ad libitum. The next day and carressed ad libitum. The next day we learned her adventures. It seems on the 24th of February puss had strayed in to pay a neighbor a visit, and then finding a plank of the flooring up—a man was altering the gas-pipes—had retired into this hole to seek mice. In due course the plank was nailed down and the cat made a prisoner. Here, then, without food, drink orair, puss remained until the 20th of March, when her incessant scratching made the occupier of the until the 20th of March, when her inces-sant scratching made the occupier of the house fancy a rat must have a nest there and take up the flooring to lay poison. She was taken out considerably more dead than alive, but kindly nursed and fed with little drops of beef tea, and the next day found strength to craw! home."

A Frontier Terror.

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"The man with the gold tooth" is at present the terror of the frontier. His real name is Middleton. He began his career as an outlaw in 1877 at Sidney, Nebraska, where he killed a man in a dance house, and in the courts of which place he was convicted of murder. He escaped from Sidney, organized a band of robbers, plundered, burnt and murdered until the fall of 1877, when he was it lodged in jail, only to tunnel himself out with a coal scuttle. Reorganizing with fifty men he stole 3,000 head of cattle from the Ponca Indians. The robbery of a German settlement on the Elkhorn led to hot pursuit by a squad of horsemen. The trail was followed for three days. On the morning of the fourth day the Germans awoke to find their pickets murdered and every horse stolen. In firing at Sheriff Groner in Kelth's ranch "the man with the gold tooth" shot off one of his own fingers, but escaped. He gets his name from a front upper tooth made entirely of gold. He is thirty-five years old, six feet tall and wears a flerce black moustache, under which the tooth shines like a grain of corn. Two needle guns, four revolvers and two dirks make up his armament.