At the Pasture Rare Returning lonely from the field

She met me at the pasture bars; The moon was like a golden shield, The firmament was lit with stars

As morning dawn her face was mild, As evening, so her limpid eyes; God never gave a sweeter child For weary man to idolize.

So winsome seemed her artless mirth, Her soft caress and ardent kiss, I thought of all delights of earth The angels surely covet this.

I know they mean to do no ill, But whom they love they lure away; Good angels love her as you will, But leave her with me while I stay.

Just as she is, for I would set The hand of time behind an hour It that would stay a little yet The bud from blowing to the flower.

And when at length we homeward wen The fragrant azure shone so clear, The great familiar firmament I thought had never seemed so near.

So near, the moon above the trees An airy globe of silver swung, And in the dewy tops of these The stars in mellow clusters hung.

So near that I could scarce forego The thought that one who longing waits Might hear them singing sweet and low Across the golden portaled gates.

THE WIFE'S WAGES.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him after he had paid the factory hands their

he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought as I had worked for you all the week I would come for my wages, too! You pay Jane two dollars a week, surely I earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculously you talk! You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I turnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a little money or my very own. We

like a little money of my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concarned a dollar. As har as money is con-cerned I might as well be a slave, I cannot buy a quart of berries, nor a book, without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis mills, worth thousands of dollars, laughed de-

"You're a fine one to talk of inde-pendence," he said. "If you should start out to make your own living, you'd fetch up in the poorhouse soon enough

start out to make your own living, you'd fetch up in the poorhouse soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you, and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls, they would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since have I envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much do you suppose it would cost you to do without me a year? I know the girls have but little left after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Alie Watson supports herself and her mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her tather pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the hou e with such handcome head work to sall and such handsome bead work to sell, and although I wanted some money so much, I had not a dollar! I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I

when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that wouldn't be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the poorhouse yet if she don't look out. It's lucky that men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it!"
"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better! Look at Jerry and Milly Creg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wages go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village, wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself; simply because he cannot get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed the day after his wages are paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here spends it as wisely as the average of men, and I have vet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for

them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year comes? If she should get sick how long could she pay for care such as you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister money to buy new school books, and the warm, loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as sue

answered:

"Nobody. If you should lose your, property to-day I should be a beggard without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good, but although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could and cannot now command a dollar of it."

dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that, only last week, gave a poor lame beggar five dollars to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saleon? Your wife could not do worse. crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I cannot spend a dollar without asking you for it, and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it the same way! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be very grateful for them. A shawi for me of the very color that I cannot wear, a set of furs for Lucy that the did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a the did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that were all broken up in a week. There was forty or fifty dollars of my money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with two dollars a week you cannot imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I could not spend fifty dollars more foolishly if I tried to."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can

foolishly if I tried to."
"Well," snapped the proprietor, 'I
guess it is my own money, and I can
spend it as I please. I guess you'll know
it too, when you get another present."
"Oh, it is your money then. I under
stood you to say it was all mine, and intended to protest against your spending it
so foolishly. If it is your own, of course,
you have a right to spend it as you
please, but it seems to me that a woman
who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends, to make a home
for you among strangers, a woman who for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fif-teen years, might be looked upon with teen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them of without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, kind sir, please allow to me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true that I have enough to eat, al-though I work for my master from It is true that I have enough to eat, although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger! The other day which he was from home I had see day while he was from home, I had to

trilling sum which he would not mind giving to a periect stranger! The other day while he was from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and, not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berry-woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him all about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in a good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman because my husband is rich, but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking about my helplessness that if it was not for my children I think I should just drop into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride, if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud to think he did it himself.

that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of the stingy kind—he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acone of the sting kind—he liked to spend money; and when Nettie. who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or cloak, he was some times tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have elt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be independent of his purse. The idea of her earning money, as his other workfolks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their retations! He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wished big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife! Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that if she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told her were all hers; for he knew, as every one else did, that not one dollar of all he had would the law allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slaves, whose labors had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro, who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the propietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject, at home and abroad, and wond

selfish as to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slaveholders! Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee eat he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving, conscientious woman, and for fifteen best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, such as he thought best for her. A little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in condage. Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle,

mondage. Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his arm, saying "Let us go home, dear, tea must be waiting for us." He took off his hat in a dreamy way and they walked homein is slence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was a fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright, that he wondered he had never tbanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upen them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have enjoyed it toout, but how else could his money be at unned it into just what he needed day after day for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as

began to have an uncented resing that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread. It was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but at that moment he realize before, but at that moment he realized that it was far dearer to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was. His daughters had her rose-leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful vitality, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him now as some ways, and comforted him now a

ful vitality, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him now as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had lived for him alone.

And a new thought came to him. "Who was comforting her now when she had so much care?" Was not that what he promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her while holding her in a bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her claims were far more binding than any which had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him. "I fear you are not well, Dousd, or are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had showed him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written, but from that day forth a different man was the proprietor of the Jarvis mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

Increase in Value of Farm Lands.

The publication of the report of the United States commissioner of agriculture shows that, in addition to the bounteous crops which the farmers will gain this year, they have also been made richer by the increase of about eight per cent., taking the average for the whole country, in the price of farm lands, and compared with the prices one year earlier. The timbered lands show a tendency to appreciate in value show a tendency to appreciate in value more rapidly than the cleared land. The following table will show the average increase in price of the cleared and timbered lands:

and dimbered i	Average	Average	A
States.	val. per a c r e cleared lands 1880.	val. per acre of timber'd lands in 1880.	increase value o both c'
Maine	\$12 87	12 66	.10
New Hampshire	15 00	32 00	.10
Vermont	15 28	17 73	.06
Massachusetts	85 00	43 25	.08
Connecticut	29 00	24 50	.07
New York	58 48	40 88	.01.7
New Jersey	82 42	56 82	.05.2
Pennsylvania	45 75	29 70	.07
Delaware	19 00	15 00	.07.5
Maryland	24 65	35 50	.06.3
Virginia	9 42	7 48	.04
North Carolina.	9 77	5 53	.06
South Carolina.	8 64	6 24	.09
Georgia	6 93	5 45	.10
Florida	9 48	3 03	.28
Alabama	6 53	4 08	.09
Mississippi	7 88	3 78	.09
Louisiana	14 36	3 53	.09
Texas	8 98	4 00	.04.8
Arkansas	1178	3 48	.07.3
Tennessee	13 00	7 28	.8.7
West Virginia	21 05	9 39	.08
Kentucky	18 86	12 82	.08.2
Ohio	47 53	41 87	.08.5
Michigan	34 39	20 27	.08
Indiana	30 46	26 90	.08.7
Illinois	33 03	23 68	.11
Wisconsin	26 07	19 55	.07
Minnesota	14 45	12 25	.05
Iowa	27 36	39 36	.07.5
Missouri	14 52	. 8 35	.12.5
Kansas	11 82	19 12	.10.3
Nebraska	8 93	25 85	.15.3
California	27 16	8 55	.03.2
Oregon	21 71	4 50	.02.6

Why Ha Wouldn't Go Fishing.

Why H' Wouldn't Go Fishing.

Billy Manning could tell the funniest thing in the world, and never "crack a smile." On one occasion he overtook the writer on Fourth street. St. Louis. I hadn't seen him for two years, but he came up and began to talk just as if we had been in company together ten minutes before. Said he: "Some of the boys want me to go a-fishing. I told them I couldn't go, as I didn't know anything about fishing, and besides I had no tackle. 'You needn't take any tackle, they said. 'But how will you catch fish without tackle?" I asked. 'Nothing easier,' they replied. 'Kerosene oil.' 'How are you going to catch fish with kerosene oil eath is boat; pour kerosene oil on the water; the fish come up and swallow it; it makes them sick; they go ashore to throw it up, and you hit 'em in the head with a club."—San Francisco Argus.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

White is more popular than ever for little folk.

Blue-black cloth is the favorite color for English riding habits

Dark blue flannel remains the popular material for seaside suits.

Gold filigree is the proper jewelry to year with grenadine dresses. Grass hats with a trimming of worsted embroidery are worn in the country.

Bedticking, plain and unmistakable, is employed for rowing and bathing suits. Fichus, which are not so clinging as carfs, are much worn at the present

time. Mechlin and Breton laces have now important part in millinery ming

Polka dots appear on many dress materials, neckties, hat scarfs, and rib-

Archery and angling are the popular outdoor amusements for ladies this

summer. Double rows of pearis constitute the fashionable necklace for very young adies

India mull trimmed with Languedoc lace makes a rich and effective summer evening dress.

Muslin dresses are made with sur-plice waists, shirred on the shoulders and at the waist.

Flowers, jewels, and teathers are used for evening coffures and upon ceremonious occasions.

Yellow kid traveling boots and garters to match the dress are among the late French fancies. Nubias, hoods and shawls of ic re more in vogue than those of Shetland

floss or zephyr wool. The favorite handkerchief has a colored border, with polka dots or Chinese zigzags in white.

Elbow sleeves continue to be the most popular for young ladies' dressy muslin and grenadine costumes.

Coils are still worn at the back of the head; not exactly at the nape of the neck, but a little higher.

Evening toilets require a dressy and light style of coiffure, with curls and soft puffs, but not braids.

The choicest silk hose are so fine that the pair can be covered in the palm and closed fingers of the hand.

Soft sash belts with tasseled ends and

carelessly tied either in front, at the side or in the back, are worn. Violet, and various shades of this lovely color, including the heliotrope

shades, is very fashionable. Large sailor collars of Madras and bandanna plaid handkerchief stuff are trimmed with torchon lace.

There exists at present an extraordi-nary demand for bonnets and hats of

rough-and-ready straw braid.

White kid gloves with white lace in-sertion in the wrists and stitched with black are offered for carriage wear. The shade of hair which Sarah Bern-

hardt is endeavoring to make fashion-able is a trifle redder than auburn. The best way to remodel an old cash-mere dress is to brighten it with bands and trimmings of Surah or Corah silk.

Whitenun's veiling costumes are made very dressy, with cashmere b brightened with gold thread stitching.

When an evening toilet is trimmed with roses, it is not unusual to see a band of small rosebuds around the top of the glove.

Elaborate embroideries on white summer muslin dresses have almost super-seded lace for ladies no longer in their

White toile religieuse, white chudda, white India mull and white cashmere remain the favorite fabrics for festal occasions.

Dainty garden hats are of shirred mull, the shirring radiating from the center of the crown and from the inner edge of the brim.

A new way of finishing the back of a basque, is to slash it five or six times, gather the ends into points and add a tassel or ball of jet. Black silk mitts, woven in alternate concentric bands of plain stocking net, and lace clocking, are tashional-le with

dresses of any color.

Evening gloves are trimmed at the top with several rows of side plaitings of lace, or with a lace insertion with the lace plaiting above it. Sloping shoulders are not in favor in London just now; the dressmakers lay padding along the shoulder seam to give the top a square appearance.

As the styles of dressing the hair be-

come more and more simple, greater attention is paid to ornaments and the use of lace and ribbon for the hair.

Dresses of ecru or cream-colored cheese cloth are made up with tri-colored handkerchief aprons, hip draperies and bodice trimmings in gay Madras plaids.

Surah silk blouse waists, with scarfs of the same knotted on one side and tas-seled at the ends, are worn with kilt skirts, of any material preferred, by girls under fifteer

Worth has made up several silk handkerchief dresses somewhat after the fashion of Madras ginghams, hence handkerchief dresses have received a fresh impetus.

Novelties pertaining to headdress are bonnets composed entirely or in part of narrow straw fringe. They have a light and airy effect and are correspondingly trimmed either with light feathers or

The handkerchief for best dressing is white linen lawn, silk or batiste, hem-stitched above a narrow porder and em-broidered in one corner only with the monogram or an initial.

A New York mother has twenty-two children, all girls.

A preacher at Chicago advocates the introduction of lady ushers in church to make the young men attend.

According to the London Truth the fashionable age just now is from twenty-four to thirty. Sweet seventeen is out of the running.

of the running.

John Degner was a shiftless San Francisco shoemaker. The family larder becan e entirely empty, and his wife said:

"I believe you could get work if you wanted to, and if you don't do it I will commit suicide. Go out, and if you don't come back by six o'clock to tell me you've got a lob, you'll find me dead when you do come." He returned at seven, and she was dead.

An English writer says that the cos-tume of an English lady in a ballroom at the present day is far more indelicate than that of an Indian squaw.

The youngest official in the postoffice department is the postmistress of Sika. Alaska. She is the fourteen-year-old daughter of a territorial officer located at the capital of "our Arctic domain."

The ladies' brass band, of Albany Oregon, is composed of thirteen members, the foremost young ladies in the city in social standing and intelligence. The instruments used by this band cost

It is the ancient custom of the Russian royal family to lay out the bodies of its members in public state for a day or two as one of the ceremonies of a royal funeral, but at the request of the em-press, who had a horror of the practice, this was omitted in her case.

What has become of all the young women who used to polish boots on the boulevards of Paris? asks a paper of that city. There was a time, and only six years ago, too, when more female "frotteuses" were to be seen in the streets of the city than "frotteurs."

One of the chief attractions at a re one of the chief attractions at a recent charity fair in London was the refreshment and tobacco bar, where a beautiful American, Mrs. Cropper, drew around her large crowds, who struggled with one another in their anxiety to be among her first custom-

A French Sketch of American Girls.

Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of an American girl, which is interesting as showing how a Yankee girl seems to French eyes: Stylish to the backbone. Independent as independent can be, but very pure. Is devoted to pleasure, Independent as independent can be, but very pure. Is devoted to pleasure, dress, spending money; shows her moral nature nude, just as it is, so as to de ceive nobody. Flirts all winter with this or that one and dismisses him in the spring, when she instantly catches another. Goes out alone. Travels alone. When the fancy strikes her she travels, with a centleman friend or which are the hardy strikes her sine travels with a gentleman friend or walks anywhere with him; puts boundless confidence in him; conjugal intimacy seems to exist between them. She lets him tell what he feels, talk of macy seems to exist between them. She lets him tell what he feels, talk of love from morning till night, but she never gives him permission to kiss so much as her hand. He may say anything; he shall do nothing. She is restless, she gives heart and soul to amusement before she marries. After marriage she is a mother annually, is alone all day, hears all night nothing except discussions about patent machinery, unexplosive petroleum, chemical manures. She then will let her daughters enjoy the liberty she used without grave abuse. As nothing serious happened to her, why should Fanny Mary, Jenny be less strong and less adroit than their mother? She originates French fashions. Parisian women detest her. Provincial women despise her. Men of all countries adore her, but will not marry her unless she has an immerse forture. but will not marry her unless she has an immense fortune. Her hair is ver-milion, paler than golder hair; her black eyes are bold and frank, she spreads herself in a carriage as if she were in a ham-mock, the natural and thoughtless pos-ture of her passion for luxurious ease. When she walks she moves briskly and When she walks she moves briskly and throws every glance right and left. Gives many of her thoughts to herself and few of them to anybody else. She is a wild plant put in a hot-house; feels cramped in Europe, and pushes her branches through the panes without the least heed of the frail plants that vegetate on all sides of her. Were she better understood, were she criticised less, she would be esteemed at her true value. she would be esteemed at her true value

That Decelving Hammock

That Deceiving Hammock.

"I've been a fool!" growled Harper yesterday, as he untied a parcel in his front yard and shook out a new hammock. "Here I've been lopping around all through this infernal hot spell when I might just as well have been swinging in a hammock and had my blistered back cooled off by the breezes."

hack cooled off by the breezes."

Any one can put up a hammock. All you've got to do is to untie about 500 knots, unravel about 500 snarls, and work over the thing until you can tell whether the open side was meant to go up or down. This puzzled Harper for full twenty minutes, but he finally got it right and fastened the ends to two convenient trees.

Then he took off his hat and coat and

rolled in with a great sigh of relief. No, he didn't quite roll in. He was all ready to when the hammock walked away from him, and he rolled over on the grass and came to a stop with a croquet ball under the small of his back.

"Did you mean to do that?" called a boy who was looking over the fence and slowly chewing away on green

by who was looking over the fence and slowly chewing away on green apples.

"Did I? Of course I did! Git down off in that fence or I'll call a policeman!"

The boy slid down and Harper brought up a lawn chair for the next move. It's the easiest thing in the world to drop off a chair into a hammock. Lots of men would be willing to do it on a salary of ten dollars per week. The trouble with Harper was that he didn't drop all his body at once. The upper half got into the hammock all right, but the lower half kicked and thrashed around on the grass until the small boy, who didn't mean to leave the neighborhood until the show was out, felt called upon to exclaim:

"You can't turn a handspring with you head all wound up in that ere net, and I'll bet money on it!"

Harper suddenly rested from his labors to rise up and shake his fist at the young villian, but that didn't help the case a bit. He hadn't got into that hammock yet. He carefully looked the case over, and decided that be had the case over, and decided that be had the net to within two teet of the ground and he had it dead sure. He fell into it as plump as a bag of shot going down a well. He felt around to see if he was all in, and then gave himself a swing. No person can be happy in a hammock unless the hammock has a pendulum motion. The hammock of Harper's was ust getting the regular salt-water swing when his knots untied and he came down on the broad of his back with such a jar that the small boy felt called upon to observe:

"That ain't no way to level a lawn—you want to use a regular roller!"

After the victim had recovered consolveness he crawled slowlyout centy

"That ain't no way to level a lawn—you want to use a regular roller!"

After the victim had recover'd consciousness he crawled slowly out, gently rubbed his back on an apple tree, and slowly disappeared around the corner of the house in search of some weapon which would annihilate the hammock at one sweep, and though the boy called to him again and again, asking if a minstrel performance was to follow the regular show, Mr. Harper never turned his head nor made a sign.—Detroit Free Press.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

The General Baptist assembly of England reports 24,455 members—an in-crease of 452, besides 994 members in he Orissa mission, India.

Hon. Thomas Hughes, M. P., author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," is to lecture before several associations of the Y. M. C. A. during his visit in the United

Two Lutheran synods in Illinois and adjacent States have united in one synod, to be known as the Synod of Illinois. The united synod contains twenty-two ministers. ministers.

Mr. Spurgeon has recently received from the estate of a lady \$125,000 for his orphanage, \$200,000 for his pastor's college, \$1,000 for his book fund and \$5,000 for himseif.

Pastor Levi Johnson has no horse Pastor Levi Johnson has no horse. This is why he walks 240 miles a month in filling his appointments with the churches at Indian Village and Shady Grove, in the State of Louisiana.

Rev. C. M. Bingham, of Millburn Lake county, Ill., has accepted the cal of the Congregational church of Day-tora, Fla. This is the most southerly Congregational church in the United Bishop Schereschewsky, of the Prot-

estant Episcopal mission in China, has held the first ordination of natives. Three Chinese were admitted to the office of deacon and one to that of priest. The consecration of Bishop Wilson

for the Canadian synod makes nine bishops for the Reformed Episcopal church, besides Bishop Gregg, who seceded. The church has now 101 ministers. Thirty-eight Maoris, of New Zealand.

have been introduced to the ministry of the Episcopal missions in that country. They are commended as faithful men. Six Maoris sit in the local parliament. The receipts of the eight principal missionary societies of England during the past year make an aggregate of \$3,542,710. The grand total of receipts

and educational socities, etc., \$8,647, American residents in London pur pose erecting an Episcopal church in that city at a cost of \$75,000.

for foreign and home missions.

The First Baptist church, Philadel-hia, is proud to number among its Sunday-school teachers a venerable lady seventy-three years of age. She has been in the Sunday-school ever since it was organized, which is sixtyfive years ago. She was then in the in fant class.

There are in all eighteen different evangelical societies at work in Syria in the matter of secular, moral and Chris-tian education, which have together 1,000 communicants, 4,500 average tota of Sunday congregations, eighty foreign preachers and teachers and 300 native helpers. This is in a total population of 209,000.

"Success With Small Fruits,"

"I just rolled out here from the gro-cery," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leather-lunged, noisy fifteen-year-older, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wail and how and yell. Oh, I'm small, but and how and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a ten-acre field of boys and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington." the little green apple went on, with just a shade of pitying con-tempt in its voice, "couldn't fool

tempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."
"Boys seem to be your game." drawied the bauana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the kind of a man I usually do business with. He is large and strong, it is true, but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning-post turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock invende overwhims leaves in the til it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show-window. And then while the tallen merchant picked up his property from varjous quarters of the globe, his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree-box, his cane from the show-window, and one of his shoes from the eaves trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it and bade it look up and take heart, and do weil what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel. "you cannot lift up a two-hundred-pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and it you do your part the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you bleased."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face and thanked the banana peel for its face and thanked the banana peel for its emouraging counsel. And that very night, an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a thirteen-year-old boy, who was all twisted up in the shape of a figure three, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished that boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great, wide world."

Here is still another foreigner who does not like the country. Capoul, speaking of traveling in the United States, says: "One in time gets tired of ice water and milk with roast meat and preserves." Couldn't the man eat boiled corn beef and drink hot tea for a change? Was there no Cape Ann turkey or pork and beans to be found? Why this fastidiousness, this olinging to four articles of food?—Boston Transcript.