

PRESBYTERIANS MEET.

The 101st General Assembly in Session at New York.

Southern Presbyterians Gather at Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby's Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York city, was filled to overflowing when the 101st General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America opened its annual session with prayer.

Another there were 480 delegates or commissioners to the Assembly, half of them clergymen, the other half ruling elders. They represented twenty-eight synods, or State districts, the synods being increased to 210 presbyteries, which correspond to local or city governments, and these again including 6500 churches with 700,000 communicants, and representing a total population of about 2,500,000.

The Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York city, the retiring Moderator, delivered his final sermon, after which Dr. William C. Roberts, the President of Lake Forest University, was elected the new Moderator.

On the second day of the Assembly the Rev. Dr. Morris, of Lane Theological Seminary, reported that 1130 churches, or 17 per cent of all, had vacant pulpits in 1888, and that 400 or 500 will remain vacant for lack of a supply and lack of money. The rate of dissolution of churches is increasing from migration and from denominational rivalry, but most of all the cause lies in lack of ministers and lack of money. The committee recommended that the separate Presbyteries should especially care for the weak churches and supply ministers when there was a chance of nursing feeble churches back to vigorous life.

The Committee on Revision of the Confession of Faith asked for Professor W. G. T. Sheeld, of Union Theological Seminary; Professor E. D. Morris, of Lane Theological Seminary; and Professor R. B. Welch, of Auburn Theological Seminary, added to the committee and the work continued until next year. The report was adopted.

Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, Chairman of the Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath, reported that there is an increasing disposition to observe the Sabbath in this country, especially in the matter of transportation. The committee had also reason to believe that the circulation of Sunday newspapers is decreasing.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, of Baltimore, Chairman of a committee which met a similar committee of the Southern General Assembly, reported that the committees agreed to work together in many ways—not to trespass on each other's territory and to let the work in the colored churches go on as heretofore. A minority report by S. M. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, declared for an absolute union of the Northern and Southern General Assemblies.

In the evening there was a reception in the Metropolitan Opera House, given by the Presbyterian Union to Commissioners of the General Assembly. Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, as Ruling Elder in the Assembly, and others spoke.

Southern General Assembly.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church met in its twenty-ninth annual session in Chattanooga. Eleven States were represented. The body was called to order at 11 A. M. in the First Church by the Moderator, J. J. Bullock, of Washington, D. C., who conducted devotional exercises. The Rev. Dr. Bullock delivered the annual sermon of the Moderator.

Dr. H. C. Hill, of Fayetteville, N. C., was elected and installed as the new Moderator. J. W. West, of Mississippi, and R. E. Caldwell, of Louisville, were elected temporary secretaries.

A good portion of the second day's session of the Southern Assembly was devoted to reading reports.

The report of the Conference Committee, with a similar committee of the Northern Assembly, on unification, was read. It is similar to the report presented at the Northern Assembly.

A telegram of salutation was received from the Northern Presbyterian Assembly in session at New York.

ON FIRE IN MID-OCEAN.

Thrilling Scenes and Heroic Conduct Aboard a Blazing Vessel.

The Hamburg-American Line steamer *Rugia*, from New York for Hamburg, which arrived a few days ago at Plymouth, Eng., reports that the cotton in her afterhold was spontaneously ignited four nights previous to her landing, in mid-ocean. The fire burned fiercely, but was quenched after five anxious hours, during which everything had been got in readiness to abandon the steamer. One hundred and thirty burning cotton bales were jettisoned.

Great fright prevailed among the passengers, who remained on deck for forty-eight hours. Through the efforts to quench the fire the cabins were flooded and two-thirds of the passenger luggage was spoiled. Much praise was given the Captain and crew for their exertions. Two of the crew were injured. It was feared that the steamer's cargo was greatly damaged.

After the fire had gained considerable headway some of those on board made preparations to desert the ship, but were prevented from doing so by the Captain, who threatened them with a revolver. When the iron bulkhead doors were opened the heat became so intense that many passengers were scorched, and the cotton bales around the passengers' luggage took fire. Casks of lard, which formed part of the vessel's cargo, also furnished fuel for the flames.

Hope had been well abandoned and boats had been lowered to leave the threatened steamer when it occurred to the Captain to try steam instead of water against the fire. This plan was put into execution and proved successful. The passengers have presented the Captain with an address, and the crew with various gifts, as evidences of gratitude and esteem for their heroic work in the midst of the dangers that encompassed them all.

GREAT FIRE IN CANADA.

About 700 Houses in the City of St. Sauveur, Quebec, Burned.

A fire started in St. Sauveur, a suburb of Quebec, Canada, in the house of Mrs. McCann, on Valler street, and spread with great rapidity through the wooden districts which surrounds it.

The local arrangements for quenching the fire were defective, and the Quebec fire brigade was sent for and were quickly on the spot, but their efforts were crippled for want of water. B Battery was called out and rendered valuable assistance in fighting the flames. While the military were preparing to blow up some of the houses to check the fire, a premature explosion took place in one of the houses, killing Major Short and Sergeant Wallack of B Battery. Both were buried in the ruins.

At 4 1/2 P. M. the fire had burned itself out, after reaching the limits of St. Sauveur. About 700 houses were burned. As many of them were tenements, the number of families homeless was not less than 1200, comprising 5000 or 6000 persons. The majority of the people burned out are of the laboring class, and as insurance rates were very high few have anything to fall back upon.

St. Sauveur is a separate municipality from Quebec, but is divided from it by only the width of a street. It has a population of 15,000. The total loss by fire is estimated at \$600,000.

LATER NEWS.

COLLECTOR ERHARDT, of New York, has discovered that the Prison Aid Society of London has been shipping ex-convicts to this country under contract to a man at Sequine, Texas. A rigid investigation is to be made.

MRS. MARY BRUBER, who lives near Harrisburg, Penn., has just celebrated her 103rd birthday. She enjoys fine health, has black hair and is an inveterate smoker.

THREE of the persons implicated in the robbery of United States Paymaster Wham in Arizona have been captured.

LIGHTNING has done much damage in many places. At Leonardtown, Md., Judge John L. Millburn was struck and instantly killed. The ten-year-old son of M. Dorsey met a similar fate near Chamberlain, Dakota. At Eldora, Ia., ten valuable horses were killed.

R. Y. THOMAS, editor of the *Caseyville* (Ky.) *Herald*, shot and killed George Elmore, and himself received wounds in the stomach and side. The shooting grew out of a reference to Elmore in Thomas's paper.

NELSON COLBERT (colored), who murdered Philip Wentzell, the Superintendent of the Columbia street car station in October last, was hanged at the District jail.

THE little girls attending the Jefferson Public School in Washington were standing in the aisles of the school-room, waiting for dismissal, when their teacher, Mrs. Sarah E. Allen, was fatally shot in their presence by her worthless husband, who then killed himself.

TROOPS fired upon strikers near Breslau, Germany, killing a number of people.

THE Parnell Commission is still examining witnesses for the defense. It will not make its report to the House of Commons until next February.

QUEEN MARY, of Bavaria, mother of King Otto, is dead in her sixty-fifth year.

AN express train struck a market wagon near Fernwood, Penn., and instantly killed James McCartney, the owner, and his grandson, James Cumberland.

THE Almy Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, manufacturers of ladies' fine clothes, has failed for \$200,000.

A DENSE fog caused the *Servia* to strand in Gedney's Channel, New York Harbor, and delayed the outgoing Transatlantic fleet. The ship *Alcoma* went ashore off Long Branch, N. J. Pilot boat *Charlotte Webb* was run down and sunk by the French line steamer *La Normandie*, and Captain Albert C. Malcolm, one of the pilots, and Charles Fitzgerald, the boat-keeper, were drowned. The steamer *Guyandotte* ran into the Comal off Bay Ridge, and both were seriously damaged.

DELEGATES from fifteen of the principal block coal mines of Indiana, representing over 2000 men, met at Brazil, Ind., rejected the operators' demand for twenty cents reduction, and declared a strike by a two-thirds vote.

THE business portion of Huntington, Ind., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$175,000.

AN eight-year-old girl and an eleven-year-old boy, children of Gabriel Steadman, murdered their father in Columbia, S. C., because she cried.

A PARTY of colored men were returning to Vicksburg, Miss., from the Louisiana shore in two skiffs, and when near the foot of West Pass the passengers in one of them, frightened by the wind and waves, capsized the boat. Nine of them were drowned, one little girl alone escaping.

BITTER feeling, engendered by an election for School Directors in Forest City, Ark., resulted in the killing of three white and one colored man. Marshal Frank Folbre was shot down first, but before he died he killed Sheriff D. M. Wilson and Thomas Farham. A. M. Neely, a prominent colored politician, charged with causing the trouble, took refuge in a newspaper office, but was hunted down and riddled with bullets.

SECRETARY BLAINE has appointed Louis Dent his Private Secretary in place of Thomas H. Sherman, the new Consul to Liverpool. Mr. Dent is a nephew of Mrs. General Grant, and assisted Mr. Blaine in the preparation of his "Twenty Years of Congress."

THE Comptroller of the Currency decided to allow the claim of John Davenport, of New York, for \$3000 for extraordinary expenses during the election last fall.

HURRICANES swept over Saxony, Hesse and Thuringia, accompanied by torrential rains. A number of bridges were destroyed and many lives were lost.

MR. FERNANDO CRUZ has been appointed Minister of Guatemala to the United States, in place of Mr. F. Lainsfesta.

A BATCH OF APPOINTMENTS.

Judge, Marshals and Collectors Chosen by the President.

The President has made the following appointments:

Charles Swaine, of Florida, United States District Judge of the Northern District of Florida.

William D. Lee, of New Mexico, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico.

John W. Whiteher, of Nevada, Attorney of the United States for the District of Nevada.

John C. Murphy, of Dakota, United States Attorney for the Territory of Dakota.

Richard L. Walker, of Kansas, United States Marshal for the District of Kansas.

Jacob Yoss, of Arkansas, United States Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas.

James W. Savage, of Omaha, Neb., Government Director of the Union Pacific Railway Company.

A. M. Smith, Jr., of Ohio, Surveyor of Customs of the Port of Cincinnati.

David W. McClung, of Ohio, Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Ohio.

A FIREMAN'S FATE.

Dictating His Will While Slowly Roasting to Death.

A freight engine doing switching near Bailey Station, thirty-five miles from Denver, Col., came into collision with a boulder upon the track and was derailed. Fireman Charles Lappman was caught underneath a red hot fire box. He lay in this position with his head only out from under the machinery for an hour, suffering untold agony, no one being able to render assistance. Just before he died he called a brakeman and dictated his will, leaving \$15,000 to his two brothers in San Francisco. He gave instructions regarding his funeral and who he desired to conduct the services, then offered prayer and died. The body was brought to Denver to be shipped to San Francisco. Several other train men were injured, but not seriously.

A BULL FIGHT.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF ONE WITNESSED IN MADRID.

How the Infuriated Animal is Dispatched by the Sword in a Matador's Hand—The Picadors, Banderilleros, Etc.



REMEMBER the only bull-fight I ever saw, and the only one I ever wished to see. I had other opportunities in Spain to witness the national spectacle, but had no desire to "assist" again in the brutal and disgusting performance. It was on Sunday; and this is the only day in the capital of Spain when the exhibition takes place.

The regular programme for the Sundays of the mild season was to go to church in the forenoon, though this duty was as faithfully neglected there as in the large cities of this country; the cock-fight at 1 o'clock; the bull-fight at 3 o'clock, and the opera or the theatre in the evening. In the heat of the summer the "functions" are suspended for a brief period, and closed for the winter at the end of October, to be renewed in the early spring. I saw the last one of the season, and flaming posters all over the city announced that eight bulls would be killed on this special occasion, though six is the usual number.

These bulls are bred for the ring, and the bills inform the curious experts at what farms they were raised, for each has its own reputation to maintain. The principal actors are named, and are regarded in much the same light as the great actors of other lands.

Early in the afternoon the Calle de Alcalá, the street leading from the Puerta del Sol, was crowded by the multitudes that hastened to secure good places in the Plaza de Toros, as the bull ring is called in Spanish. The best seats, in the shade, cost about \$1, and from that down to a few cents, and the value of five cents. These are boxes which are taken for the season by the nobility, and the prices are increased upon great occasions, as on Easter Sunday.

The bull ring at Madrid accommodates 12,000 persons. When I "assisted" the arena was full, but not more than one-sixth of the audience were ladies. The money received for admission is given to the hospitals, which is really all the good that can be said of the spectacle. Each "function" is presided over by some distinguished personage.

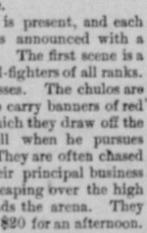
A band of music is present, and each entrance of a bull is announced with a flourish of trumpets. The first scene is a procession of the bull-fighters of all ranks. There are of four classes. The chulos are very active men, who carry banners of red and yellow, with which they draw off the attention of the bull when he pursues other performers. They are often chased by the bull, and their principal business seems to consist in leaping over the high fence which surrounds the arena. They are paid from \$15 to \$20 for an afternoon.

The next in rank are the picadors or pikemen. They are mounted on old worn-out horses, which have done duty on the omnibuses or hacks. Their legs are protected from the assaults of the bull by splints of wood and sole leather, and they are so encumbered by this armor that when unhorsed they are unable to mount their steeds without assistance. They are men little esteemed, but they are exposed to danger and are paid \$100 for their services.

A banderilla is a round stick about two feet long and an inch or less in diameter, armed with a barbed dart at one end. The second-class in rank use this implement, and are called banderilleros. They must be very expert, and they are paid from \$50 to \$75 for their services.

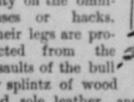
The highest class are the matadors, or espadas, the latter meaning "swords." They are the elite of the ring, and have a national reputation, receiving for each function from \$250 to \$300. Their photographs are for sale at the stores and they are looked upon with admiration. At least two of them are employed at each spectacle, with a substitute at hand in case of accident.

As soon as the procession has left the ring, a bugle blast is sounded, the doors of one of the entrances are thrown wide open, and the bull, if he be a gamey one, rushes furiously into the arena. He has been thorned and worried, until he is desperate. Not far from the gate a picador has placed himself, facing the centre of the ring, with his lance poised. As soon as the bull sees him he rushes upon him.



THE MATADOR.

What's the matter, little boy? That feller hit me. Well, I wouldn't cry if I were you. Course you wouldn't, 'cause you're big enough ter lick him.—*Life*.



IN AT THE DEATH.

The horseman punches him with his spear and pushes him aside. The enraged animal then sees another picador on the other side of the arena, and he bounds towards him, charging upon him with his horns so furiously that his doom appears to be sealed. But he turns the beast aside as the first had done, and the bull is ready for another charge. The chulos then flaunt their high-colored banners at him, and he darts at them. They run and leap over the fence.

But the audience are not satisfied with this sort of bull-fighting and manifest their dissatisfaction. The nearest picador must "face the music" then; the bull rushes upon him and horse and rider are pitched into a heap upon the ground. The ready chulos rush to the rescue, and

while some of them amuse the beast the others pick up the picador and put him on his poor old horse. Then it is seen that the bull has ripped up the animal, and he is ridden out of the ring with his entrails dragging on the ground, while the brutal spectators applaud.

Lightly and gracefully the banderilleros spring over the fence into the ring. As soon as the bull sees them he gives them a chance to play their part. Dropping his head so as to make his long horns available he rushes upon one of these men, who has a banderilla in each hand, profusely dressed with gayly colored papers. It looks then as though he would be transfixed on the horns of the mad beast, but he does not flinch, and when the animal is in the right place he adroitly swings his two implements over his head and drives the darts into the flesh of his foe just back of the shoulders. The darts remain and add to the fury of the bull. Sometimes two more darts are planted in him by the other man. These actors are enabled to retire with the aid of the chulos.

Then comes the fourth and last act of the tragedy. All the actors are dressed in Spanish costume, as we see it on the stage, and most of them look very gay; but the espada is clothed in sober black, perhaps as more becoming to his office. He marches to the front of the box in which the patron of the "function" is seated, makes a bow and delivers a little speech, asking permission to kill the bull for the glory of the city and the benefit of the hospital, adding that he will do so or be killed in the attempt. Then he throws his hat into the audience, and with his red and yellow banner in one hand and the long and slender sword in the other he approaches the bull with the dignity of a king.

For some time he plays with the bull, who flies at his banner every time, and he is able to show off his skill to the best advantage. He is vigorously applauded when he does a wonderful act. The audience are sometimes so carried away

by their enthusiasm that they throw their hats into the ring, as well as cigars, and rarely, silver money. When he has done all he desires of this play he addresses himself to the master work of his office. He holds the banner in his left hand, but over on his right side, and as the bull lowers his head and rushes upon it, he drives the sword down between his shoulders, reaching over the horns, and piercing the creature's heart, if he is fortunate enough to hit it. But he often fails. Sometimes he has to try several times, but the bull is sure to be killed in the end.

When he falls a pointed instrument is driven into the spine to complete the work beyond a doubt. A team of three mules abreast, gayly decorated with ribbons, then rush into the arena, makes fast to the dead bull and drags the carcass out, to be cut up for poor people's dinners. This is the end of the first scene; but the gates are hardly closed on the mule team before the bugle blast is heard again, another bull rushes to his certain fate, and the same programme is carried out again. One espada I saw lost his hold on his weapon, leaving it in the bull. By the law of the ring he must pull it out, for he must not use another sword. By standing on the high fence he succeeded in recovering it after many trials. Another bull leaped over the fence, six feet high, causing a great scampering among the chulos; but he was driven back. Some bulls will not fight, and then they are worried by dogs and fireworks.

An American lady who witnessed this performance said: "My sympathies were all with the bull. I should have been glad to see the men gored by him."—*Oliver Optic, in New York World*.

No Need of His Crying.

What's the matter, little boy? That feller hit me. Well, I wouldn't cry if I were you. Course you wouldn't, 'cause you're big enough ter lick him.—*Life*.

Japan's Queer Horticulture.

Japanese horticulture shows wonderful patience and a sort of ill-directed skill. The object of the Japanese gardener, like that of his Chinese brother, but in a greater degree, is to deform, maim and cripple nature, especially in the dwarfing of trees and shrubs, which consists mainly in starving the plant and crippling the circulation of its juices. Kaempfer is quoted as describing a tree he once saw in a box 1 1/2 inches broad, 4 inches long and 6 inches deep, for which the price of \$300 was asked. The three denizens of the box were a bamboo, a blossoming plum tree and a pine tree, perfectly formed, but in piccolo.—*London Athenaeum*.

A Fishing Trip.

Whimply (at the musicale)—"Who is that distinguished-looking man over there; he seems to attract much attention!" Podsonby—"Ah! I must present you. He is the author of that six-column article telling how to pronounce the word 'vase.'"—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

A Fortune in a Beggar's Shanty.

Felice Viart, aged seventy-two, a professional beggar, died in New Orleans a few days ago of debility and neglect in an old shanty. She had lived there over twenty years in abject poverty, supporting herself by begging, which she followed as a regular profession. The coroner discovered hidden around her shanty \$38,000, of which \$2500 was in gold, secreted in an old flower pot in the yard and \$36,000 in gold, bonds, stocks and securities, concealed in the walls. The woman was believed to be in destitute circumstances.—*Washington Star*.

Oldest Church in the United States.

The Church of San Miguel was erected at Santa Fe, New Mexico, seventy-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Florida, and fifty-three years after the landing of Columbus.

The accompanying picture, says Judge Morrison in the *Freeman's Journal*, gives a good idea of this venerable church as it has been restored and preserved from decay by the thoughtful piety of the Rev. Brother Butolph and his good Brothers. According to the learned researches of Father De Four, San Miguel's was built in 1543, and therefore is now three hundred and forty-five years old, making it, I think, without dispute, the oldest church anywhere north of the Mexican frontier. Like all the other churches of this part of America, it is built of adobe, on the simple plan of four plain, and very thick walls, and a nearly-flat roof supported by heavy beams. In some cases, as here, there are large brackets at each end of the beams elaborately carved. Over these rafters some kind of covering was placed to sustain the heavy mass of adobe chry that was placed thereon, and

the windows are small and well-up toward the roof, obviously as preventives from Indian raid or incendiarism; as those were the times when men went to church with their hands on their swords. The sanctuary was veiled off from the body of the church, and decorated as elaborately as the limited circumstances of the people would allow. On the sanctuary walls of San Miguel's yet hang two pictures of unknown age, but stained and darkened by time. Both are representations of the Angelical Salutation. As has already been related, at the time of the Pueblo rising of 1680, all the churches were destroyed, and San Miguel's shared the same fate.

In 1692 the Territory was reconquered by General Don Diego de Vargas Zapatoz Lujan Ponce de Leon, Marquis of the root of Brazinas, Governor, Captain-General, Restorer, Conqueror at his own cost, Reconqueror, Castilian and Castilian founder for His Majesty; all this resonant magniloquent recital of names, titles and dignities, terminates with etc., etc., as if the writer's time was too limited to detail the rest. In 1710 the ancient church was restored and rebuilt as appears yet, in elaborately carved letters on one of the beams of the roof. I give the interesting inscription in Spanish as it reads: "El Senor Marquis de la Penuela, hizo esta fabrica; el Alferes Real Don Augustin Flores Vergara su criado, Anno de 1710." (His Lordship, the Marquis de la Penuela erected this building by the Royal Esquire Don Augustin Flores Vergara, his servant.) Every visitor to Santa Fe is expected to see San Miguel's, and the visitors' books contain the names of some of our most eminent citizens.

THE ASSAULT BY THE PICADOR.

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MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

Shrill crows the cock, a misty light creeps in. At windows looking on the eastern sky. The cattle low, and pigs and cows begin. To raise their voices in discordant cry. When Farmer John, with many a lusty yawn, Deserts his bed and stalks into the dawn.

With ears a-point, subdued but joyous neigh Comes faithful Dick his outstretched hand to "nose," While Beauty, springing from her couch of hay, Sweeps circling round, loud baying as she goes;

A hundred voices answer to his call, The robin's treble winding through it all. With liberal hand he takes from stack and store, And smiling feeds his trooping flocks and herds, Each known by name; the weak he lingers o'er

With soothing touch and kindly, cheering words. From him they learn obedience and trust, They teach him that the gentle are the just. Compared to his what pleasure may they know

Who in dull round of cent-per-cent engagements! About his feet the fragrant blossoms blow. E'en while the thunders o'er the hill-tops rage. Here thick-leaved maples grateful shades extend, There cowslip blossoms o'er the brooklet bend.

The sloping uplands clothed in emerald green. The solemn woods, the fields of velvet corn, The clover meadows stretching gay between, The lark in carol to the dewy morn, These, these are yours, with all their clustering charms.

Great hearted tillers of our country's farms. And here among these rich, sequestered scenes, An independent, peaceful path you tread; No tainting substance e'er your sky terrones, Nor marshaled chimneys turn your airs to lead, Above you bend the blue unswelled dome, The sun unveiled looks smiling on your home.

—Charles E. Banks, in *Farmer's Voice*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The magician's means of support is slight.

A remark is always rused when it gets a fellow into trouble.

Order is Nature's first law, and it has never been repealed.

Promissory notes—Tuning the fiddle before the performance.

If you are out in a driving storm, don't attempt to hold the reins.

A large head does not always hold brains—the hogs-head, for instance.

The less head a man has the more frequently he loses it.—*Oil City Herald*.

Many a man's work gets a week behind by his having a weak back.—*Boston Courier*.

The rain is no deadhead. When it drives into our streets it lays down the dust.—*Dinghamton Republican*.

Now that bustles are going out of fashion, it is so hoped that the Indians will leave off their war whoops.

It is a little girl of five who makes the discovery that the shad is a porcupine turned inside out.—*Boston Transcript*.

The sportsman cupid whets his darts. And dons his lightest suiting. To saily forth midst fluttering hearts, Upon his summer shooting.

In many cases people who boast that they play cards for fun only, get merely the fun while the other man gets the money.—*Merchant Traveler*.