

Candor.
 "I know what you're going to say," she said, and she stood up looking uncommonly tall.
 "You are going to speak of the hectic fall, and say you're sorry the summer's dead, and no other summer was like it, you know, and I can imagine what made it so. Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.
 "I know what you're going to say," she said; "that day in June when the woods were wet."
 And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
 "Over the creek; you were going to say, 'I remember that horrid day.' Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.
 "I know what you're going to say," she said; "you are going to say that since that time you have rather tended to run to rhyme, and"—her clear glances fell and her cheek grew red—
 "And have I noticed your tone was queer. Why, everybody has seen it here? Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.
 "I know what you're going to say," I said; "you're going to say you've been much annoyed."
 And I'm short of tact—you will say de-void—
 And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
 And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb, and you'll have me, anyway, just as I am. Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," she said.
 —Harper's Weekly.

THE PRINCESS OLGA.

Alone in the starlight of a bright night in autumn Harold Vincent waited, lurking in the blackest of the thick shadows cast by a half-ruined group of statuary, gleaming ghostly in the stillness and gloom of a remote corner in the garden of the Palais Romanzeff in St. Petersburg. Surely a fit emblem of the Romanzeff family were these broken figures, rearing their fragments proudly on the spot which had been their home for centuries—a relic of past greatness, old, despoiled, their glory departed, but still haughtily erect as the race over which they seemed keeping guard.
 Irreverently and impatiently did this fair-haired, blue-eyed young Englishman stamp his heels on the pedestal of the statue, while he gazed eagerly and fixedly at a small door leading from the palace into the garden. For what seemed to him an age, though in reality it was scarcely half an hour, his watch was unrewarded. What could be the motive of this nocturnal visit? He appeared to be a well-to-do young Englishman—a gentleman in position and character. Still neither this nor a long rent roll and good looks could entitle him to an entrance within these hallowed precincts.
 At last the door opened and the lights from the corridor within shone for an instant upon no less a personage than the beautiful young Princess Olga, the only child of the house of Romanzeff. The obscure intruder fondly murmured as he watched her approach—
 "She is coming—my love, my sweet!" and, as she reached the statue, a pair of bold arms drew her into the shadow while Harold, unrebuked, pressed one kiss and then another on the girl's rosy lips.
 "My love, how late you are!" he exclaimed, tenderly. "I began to think I had my scramble over the wall for nothing to-night. I certainly shall break my neck there some time, or be found hauled on one of those villainous iron spikes in the morning—a victim to towering aspirations."
 "No, no, Harold," the young girl answered, smiling a little sadly. "You will be safe enough after to-night, for, my love, you must never come again."
 "But, Olga," began Harold, in dismay.
 "Yes, it is only too true," Olga declared, with something like a sob in her voice. "I have very bad news, Harold. By some means or other the count has learned our secret. Furious, jealous, he has complained to my father, who is more angry than I can tell you. He has told me that I am to be ready to marry the count within a week. Oh, Harold—and I detest him more and more every day!"
 "Olga, my darling, do you love me well enough to trust me entirely to take any means I may see fit to save you from this iniquitous marriage? Will you place your future in my hands, believing that I will ask you to do nothing which will be unworthy of you?"
 "I trust you and love you with all my heart, Harold."
 "Then take courage, my own; before the week is over you will have nothing more to fear from the count."
 "Ah, Harold," cried the girl, sadly, "you little know how hopeless is any thought of escape! From now until my marriage I am to be watched continually, day and night. My father installed in the house to-day his maiden sister, who has made herself responsible for me during the week. It is with the greatest difficulty that I have stolen a few minutes now while the maid is preparing her for the night. She must discover my absence immediately, if she has not already. I must return instantly."
 "Yes, dear, you are right—you must go," Harold replied, gravely. "Wait one moment. You say you can trust your maid?"
 "Thoroughly. Poor Babette! Her hopeless passion for a policeman, too poor to ever think of marriage, has made her heart very soft for the sorrows of other unhappy lovers."
 "Tell her I wish to speak to her when she goes to market to-morrow. I have no plan as yet, Olga, and can communicate with you only through Babette. But, even if you hear nothing of me for several days, rest assured,

my darling, that it will not be because I am idle. Now, good-night, my own! I didn't keep you any longer."
 With a heart which as yet felt very little of the hopefulness that he had been striving to instill into Olga, Harold watched her slight figure flitting through the garden walks until she had disappeared safely within the palace, after which he as quietly as possible took his perilous way over the garden wall, whence he dropped noiselessly into the street and disappeared in the darkness.
 Harold Vincent had made his first appearance in St. Petersburg only a month before, on his homeward route, after an extended trip in Scandinavia and Russia, and found shortly, even in the higher grade of Russian society, the welcome which his wealth, his genial kindly nature, and his unbounded liberality always procured for him. A few days after his arrival he had met the young Princess Olga at a ball given by the English ambassador, and from that evening he had in life an aim and object which up to the present had been its only want—the firm determination to win the fair young aristocrat in his wife, in spite of the many obstacles in his way.
 The difficulties were almost insurmountable, for, though the events of the week which followed gave him ground to believe that the lady of his love was by no means indifferent to him, he also learned that a few weeks before Olga's father had formally betrothed her to a stout old nobleman with the bluest of blood, one of the largest fortunes and the most jealous disposition in St. Petersburg.
 Prince Romanzeff was rich in nothing but pride and name and ancestry. Sorely was helped to prevent the ruin of the ancient Palais Romanzeff, and to pay a few of the debts of the last bearer of the name. But not to satisfy his creditors, nor even to save his ancestral home, would the old prince's haughty pride have consented to ally the Romanzeff blood with any other a whit less ancient than its own; so when Count Kolchewski came forward offering such a luscious price for his daughter, the shadow of his genealogical tree was quite enough to hide his wrinkles, his crooked shoulders and his grizzled head. Olga had different ideas on the subject, but that, of course, was a matter of no importance whatever.
 The jealous count had discovered the existence of a rival, though the lovers had cheated themselves with the belief that their many precautions had kept their secret hidden from all the world, and a crisis had come, finding Harold more determined than ever to win his wife in spite of her title.
 The next morning little Babette blushed and smiled with pleasure at the handsome young Englishman, whom she knew that her beloved mistress loved with all her heart, and approached her where she was buying grapes and oranges for the princess, and, after a cheery "good-morning," asked her if she had time for an ice in the cafe over the way.
 "So you have a lover, Babette?" remarked Harold, a few moments later, as he enjoyed the girl's unfledged satisfaction with the cakes and ices so lavishly provided for her entertainment. "What a happy fellow he must be!"
 "True, sir, I have a lover—as handsome a policeman as ever you saw. But I am afraid he is not so happy as you think, for we are both too poor to hope ever to marry," sighed Babette.
 "Your mistress tells me that his heart is on the street where you live?"
 "Yes, sir, he has managed to be placed there, because I often—when I am not busy in the evening—I mean."
 "Yes, I understand," remarked Harold, approvingly. "You go down to the gate sometimes and cheer up the poor fellow a bit. It's a very lonely street, and it's real charity for you to give him a little of your society. Upon my word, Babette, you're a very good girl! I wonder if we couldn't do something to help that policeman—you and I. I have a plan; now listen."
 The plan, whatever it was, sent Babette almost flying home to her mistress, with dancing, shining eyes, glowing cheeks, and a heart almost bursting with delight and excitement—all of which she had to hide as best she might until the evening, for only then had she an opportunity to speak a few hurried words to the young princess in the momentary absence of the watchful and wary aunt.
 The days passed on until only two intervened before the wedding of the Count Kolchewski with the Princess Olga Romanzeff. From his sister Princess Romanzeff had heard with some satisfaction—though it was of course of trifling importance—that his daughter had evidently overcome her repugnance to the marriage, her tears and complaints having ceased entirely, and whilomess to have quiet recovered her spirits. The count was to bid adieu to his bachelor quarters at a large masquerade ball that evening, which Prince Romanzeff was able to attend, leaving his daughter alone with her maid, who, as the eventual day approached, did not in the least relax her vigilance, in spite of the apparent docility of her charge.
 On the previous evening Babette had paid a hurried visit to her faithful policeman, whose duty kept him in the vicinity of the palace only the first part of the night, from 10 till 2. The young man had then given the waiting-maid a note and a small package, both of which she had, immediately upon her return to the house, handed to her young mistress. The package contained only a small quantity of white powder.
 Prince Romanzeff and his future son-in-law reached the already crowded ballroom rather early in the evening. They were passed on the stairs by a mask very handsomely dressed as Lohengrin, who entered the room

almost beside them, and very soon after unmasked, showing the blue eyes and light brown hair of Harold Vincent.
 "Conceited puppy!" snarled Count Kolchewski, gazing spitefully after the tall graceful figure—such a contrast to his own—strolling from one group to another, yet always somewhere in the neighborhood of the prince and his companion.
 "For my part I feel much easier for the assurance his presence gives me that for this evening at least my daughter is safe," remarked the prince.
 A few moments later Lohengrin wandered into one of the smaller rooms, watched a game of cards for a short time, then masked, entered the lofty corridor and disappeared for half an hour.
 Slowly he passed through the corridor and down the broad staircase, stopping now and then to exchange a jest with some entering mask. Reaching the street he quickened his pace, and walked on hastily for a block, then turned from the fashionable thoroughfare into a quiet side street, which very soon led him into one retired and shabby enough to have been miles away instead of close to the center of the great metropolis.
 He stopped before the door of a smoky little cafe, evidently principally frequented by the working classes, and, entering, ran up a low staircase and knocked quickly at a door at the top, which was immediately opened by a young man in policeman's uniform. The room had no other occupant, and the two somewhat strange companions transacted the business which had brought them together behind a locked door. Only a few moments passed before they descended into the street; but a close inspection would have shown a strange change—black eyes instead of blue gleaming from under the mask, while the short hair, almost hidden by the muffler around the policeman's throat, had faded from black to light brown.
 At the door the two men parted, the policeman calling his friend back for an instant as he moved away to ask hurriedly:
 "You didn't forget to give her the sleeping powder?"
 "No, indeed," replied Lohengrin, and he went his way, returning to the ball, where he continued to find his pleasure always in the vicinity of Princess Romanzeff, while the policeman walked on quickly whither his duty called him, to the neighborhood of the Palais Romanzeff.
 When he arrived at his post he was not surprised to find that the policeman who preceded him had already departed, for he was fully half an hour late. Fortunately the street was very quiet, and he passed by at that hour unobserved. The weather, for the district, was mild; very little snow had as yet fallen; but the evening was raw, and the air laden with a dampness which seemed to penetrate to the very bones. Not a star was visible, and a thick fog lay like a veil over the city, making even the gas-lights appear little brighter than far-off stars in the gloom.
 Up and down before the Romanzeff palace the policeman paced quickly, as if his whole duty was to guard that mansion and its inmates alone, stopping often before the great entrance gates to gaze up at the windows, every thing, doubtless, the warmth and comfort within, until the chill dampness compelled him to move on again.
 Olga and her aunt had passed rather a busy evening, taking advantage of the absence of the gentlemen to set in order various weighty trifles in preparation for the all-important wedding day. Olga was glad of any excuse for constant motion and occupation, anything to conceal and divert attention from the trepidation and excitement which had taken possession of her. At last, however, everything was complete, and Olga rather eagerly suggested retiring for the night.
 Since Mademoiselle Romanzeff's arrival, a part of her plan of espionage had been to occupy the sleeping-room with her niece, so that not even during the long hours of the night was the poor girl free, and she was always expected to retire at whatever hour best suited the elder lady.
 On this night mademoiselle seemed in no hurry to seek the repose which her niece dutifully suggested she so much needed after the fatigues of the day, and the young lady was forced to wait, with what patience she could command, until her aunt had given her a detailed and minute description of her mother's and most of her relatives' weddings before the summons came to retire for the night.
 At last the bell was rung for Babette and the glass of mulled wine which Mademoiselle Romanzeff considered an indispensable aid to slumber, and to which Babette added this evening a white powder, glancing fearfully about her before hastily stirring it into the wine; and presently quiet reigned in the palace.
 As the last light was extinguished the policeman below stopped short before the gate, and for fully fifteen minutes stood motionless, gazing intently toward the gloomy mansion, its outlines almost distinguishable in the darkness. Suddenly he started forward eagerly, as he heard his name whispered breathlessly almost at his very elbow.
 "Harold—oh, Harold!"
 At that moment the sound of approaching footsteps became audible, and the policeman scarcely appearing to notice the two female figures who had left the palace and drawn near so noiselessly under cover of the darkness as to elude even his vigilance, said very softly, as he turned in the opposite direction:
 "The carriage is waiting round the corner. I will join you immediately."
 The two figures vanished in the gloom; the policeman quietly paced up

and down until the solitary wayfarer was out of hearing, and then followed in their footsteps, murmuring excitedly as he, too, disappeared round the corner—
 "She is won—we are gone over bank, bush and secret."
 They'll have feet steady that follow!" quoth young Lohengrin.
 Immediately afterward the sound of swiftly-retreating carriage wheels left the Palais Romanzeff to silence and solitude.
 Harold Vincent took his lady-love and her maid directly to the house of his sister in London, whither they were soon followed by Babette's happy lover. Here they remained until all preparations necessary for Harold's marriage with the Princess Olga were completed; and at last, one happy day just before Christmas, all the flags in a remote little village in Devonshire were waving and all the bells ringing to welcome the arrival of the much-loved young squire and his beautiful loved bride.
 Babette and the ex-policeman, now man and wife, came with the luggage, and immediately entered into proud possession of the pretty little lodge guarding the entrance to Harold Vincent's home.
 Prince Romanzeff made no attempt to pursue his daughter. The report which he received on the day after her flight of her elopement with a policeman so filled his soul with horror that he swore such a renegade could have neither part nor lot with the illustrious family of Romanzeff. So he erased her name from the family Bible, and went on accumulating debts which there was now no hope whatever of paying.
The Manufacture of Tiles.
 Tiles, being a thinner ware than bricks, have to be made of a purer and stronger clay. They also require more careful treatment, but the process of manufacture is not essentially different. There are many varieties of tiles, but for practical purposes they may be reduced to three, namely, paving tiles, roofing tiles and drain tiles. In weathering, the clay is spread in layers of about two inches thickness during winter, and each layer is allowed the benefit of at least one night's frost before the succeeding layer is put upon it.
 Sometimes the process is affected by sun-drying. The finished clay is next placed in pits and allowed to mellow or ripen under water. Then it is passed through the pug mill, and the tempered product cut in thin slices with a piece of wire fixed to two handles, in order to detect any stone, and then passed through the pug mill again, after which it is generally ready for molding. To take the case of pan tiles (hand molded) the molder turns the tile out of the flat mold on to the wash-off frame on the covered surface of which, with very wet hands, he strikes it into a curved shape. The tiles he strikes it with a semi-cylindrical instrument called the splaver, and conveys it on to this to the flat block, where he deposits it, with the convex side uppermost, and, removing the splaver, leaves the tile to dry. The tile is afterward beaten on the thracking frame, to correct any warping that may have occurred, and trimmed with the thracking knife. In the kiln, which is constructed with arched furnaces at the base of a conical erection called the dome, the tiles are closely stacked in upright position, a bottom of vitrified bricks. The fuel used is coal, and burning continues usually about six days. In making pipe drain tiles, the clay is first molded to a proper length, width and thickness, then wrapped around a drum; the edges are closed together and the tile is carefully shaped by the operator's hand, sometimes assisted by a wooden tool. Tiles as well as bricks can be made by machinery; with suitable dies almost any form of tile may be thus had, which is producible by the advance of a given section of clay parallel to itself. In other machines pressure is exerted on the clay in a mold.—*American Pottery Reporter.*

A BRILLIANT BATTLE.
Vivid Description of an Action Between a Confederate Ram and Several Gunboats.
 Rev. H. A. Skinner writes as follows in the Philadelphia Times: On a brilliant day in August, 1864, the Albemarle, commanded by Lieutenant Cook, and accompanied by a small tender carrying extra supplies of ammunition and provisions, made her appearance and started on her cruise through the sounds. The mosquito fleet fled like sheep before her and were soon out of sight beyond Sandy Point, which stretched its long tongue far out from our shore a couple of miles below. Their precipitate flight was only prudent, for their wooden sides could not have stood a moment before the ram. That strange craft, that was to those waters, moved leisurely and silently on, conscious of her superiority and reserving her force for a greater foe, and one which her gallant commander little dreamed was so near. She looked like the four-sided roof of a house submerged to the eaves, while a dark line at each end, just above the water, indicated her deck fore and aft, her formidable iron prow or horn being, of course, wholly under water. The Confederate flag floated from a short staff on the forward end of her roof, and amidships was her smoke-stack. Besides these there were no other projecting objects about her. She carried two very heavy guns, one on each side, and a picked crew of tried men; but her ports were closed; men and guns were concealed within her mailed walls, and there was no indication of life about her, except her steady, stealthy motion, and an infrequent cloud of murky smoke from her chimneys, as fresh fuel was thrown into her furnaces. Such a mysterious, almost solemn, object had never been beheld on the fair Albemarle sound.
 She had just passed my house, and was hidden from view by intervening trees, when my ear was startled by the booming of a heavy gun. Hastening to the shore a hundred yards distant, I could easily take in the scene. The ram had fired a shot, as the cloud of smoke in her vicinity showed, of defiance to an approaching enemy, and had taken her position for a fight. Several steamers of unusual size and rig were moving rapidly up the sound, and were just rounding Sandy Point. Hurrying back to the house, I notified my household, already excited by the first appearance of the ram, and all, white and black, including several guests, ran to the fishery, about 300 yards down the shore, and gathered upon a shady knoll commanding a fine view of the scene at a distance of about two miles.
 By this time the strange vessels were in full view, moving swiftly upon the ram, which lay silent and motionless, surprised but not intimidated, while her tender, a few hundred yards in advance, unarmed and helpless, awaited certain capture or destruction. One, two, three, in single file came on the attacking ships, under full steam, with sails close furled and decks cleared for action. They were large, sea-going gunboats of light draft, of the class known as "double-enders," and carrying each about ten guns, of which the bow and stern chasers were 100-pounders. They were of a size far beyond any vessels seen in our waters before, and as they loomed up the ram seemed but a speck in comparison. Any one of the three appeared large enough to take her aboard and stow her between decks. When within about a mile of the ram the foremost ship fired a shot at her, but it was aimed too high, and we saw it ricochet far beyond her. She, however, reserved her fire till they were close upon her, when the light breeze would sweep aside the smoke, and we had glimpses of the intrepid Albemarle still aloft and bravely returning the murderous fire of her foes. Repeatedly one of the crew ventured to run her down and sink her by sheer force and weight, keeping up at the same time their furious cannonade.
 She was like a tiny beetle surrounded by infuriated wasps; unharmed by their stings, undismayed by their size and buzzing. But the activity of the more easily-handled gun-boats and the vast superiority of their guns in number, if not in caliber, were more than a match for her. Her fire began to slacken. Then as the light south wind scattered the smoke clouds over the blue, rippling waters and the august sun shone clear upon the little ram, we could see that her flagstaff was gone and her smoke-stack shot away. Yet she kept her position, only firing at longer intervals, and her adversaries plainly showed the effect of her fire—

One of them had actually been placed hors du combat and had dropped out of the fight, while the other two, without ceasing their attacks, were evidently using more caution. Presently the ram was seen slowly to retire, pursued by them at long range, and returning with an occasional gun fire which they still kept up. She was eighteen miles from the mouth of the Roanoke, whence she had come about five hours before. One of her two guns, as we afterward learned, had its muzzle shot away, and in consequence of the loss of her chimney it was impossible to keep up sufficient steam. In this crippled state she must make her way back, pursued by two swift and heavily-armed ships.
 Her commander proved equal to the emergency. Among her stores was a large supply of salt pork. This he ordered to be used for fuel instead of the coal, which was now useless. The fierce heat thus rapidly produced made up for the lack of draught in the injured smoke-stack, and so she steadily retreated, fighting all the way with her remaining gun until she reached the mouth of the river, where she fired the last shot of defiance, as she had fired the first. The smoke-stack had meanwhile ceased the pursuit, and the engagement was ended. The crippled double-ended steamed slowly below Sandy Point, where she lay a couple of weeks repairing damages. It leaked out that a solid shot from the ram had gone through her boiler, killing several of her men and wounding others by its effect. For several weeks the sound shore in the vicinity of the fight was strewn with splinters and other fragments, some painted, some carved or gilded, showing the results of the ram's fire upon the wooden hulks of her adversaries.
Romance of a Gold Mine.
 In 1852 a party of five unknown miners were working in the bed of one of our rivers, where they took out a large amount of gold—one chunk weighing \$1,500, with quartz attached. It is well known that in those days, little, if anything, was known about gold-bearing quartz by the common California miner. However, the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and to find the common carrier of this gold was the question which sorely puzzled them. Above their claim to the right was a large conical mountain, standing with nearly perpendicular sides and rising 2,000 feet above the river, where the miners supposed the gold to come from which fed the river. To ascend this for the gold-bunt was attended with great danger and difficulty, having to cut steps for a foothold in the solid slate rock at the top. Upon arriving at the summit the scenery at either quarter was grand as far as the eye could reach. But scenery was thin gruel to miners hungry for gold, and they had no stomach for it when such an inviting spectacle lay exposed to view at their very feet. Here the foot-steps of man had never before intruded. Mannum was the only real who hid in this secluded basin this vast profusion of yellow, shining, glittering gold and had used the elements of the storm king in the milling process. Here truly was the picture for high art.
 They collected \$30,000 in a short time, and, covering up their footsteps as they descended, returned to San Francisco. Here shortly after their arrival one of the party died; not, however, until he had made a map and given a description of the mine to his wife, and also the \$1,500 specimen.
 In the meantime the surviving four parties returned for more here, and it was on their homeward trip to the "bay" that they were murdered, not far from their claim, by a number of Mexicans, supposed to be the band of Joaquin Murietta, with a large amount of gold in their possession—the graves of these unfortunate men being well-known to the old residents of this locality, which partially confirms the statement.
 "How many 'Will-o-the-wisps' and 'wild-geese-chases' in the shape of big deposits have miners followed without successful termination! The air is thick with them from 'Gold Lake' up—a period covering thirty-three years in California. The one under our present notice is the first of the many 'secret expeditions' in our mind that has been realized.
 By some unexplained means Dr. Draper became acquainted with this legend, also the widow of thirty years' bereavement.
 The interview was satisfactory, and the identical \$1,500 lump, which had been religiously kept, produced.
 Six weeks ago, armed with the description and map above alluded to, in company with four others, he had no difficulty in finding the deserted claim and locating the grounds. In less than six days' work, lowering the ore with ropes down the mountain side, they have taken from the mine the round sum of \$65,000, which the receipts of the San Francisco mint, in Draper's possession, will show. The doctor also informs us that there is at least one hundred tons of rich ore on hand ready for the milling process. This claim will undoubtedly develop the boss bonanza of the State.—*Tuolumne (Cal.) Independent.*
From Hand to Mouth.
 "What a well-dressed gentleman that is!" remarked a stranger from Onion Creek, as a gentleman in an elegant turnout dashed down Austin avenue.
 "Yes, but he just lives from hand to mouth."
 "Why, that's very singular. He don't look as if he was in straitened circumstances."
 "There is nothing singular in his living from hand to mouth. He is the leading dentist in the place."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Farewell.
 Come not to my grave with your mournings,
 With your lamentations and tears,
 With your sad forebodings and fears;
 When my lips are dumb,
 Do not come!
 Bring no long train of carriages,
 No horse-crowns with waving plumes,
 Which the great glory of Death illumine;
 But with hands on my breast
 Let me rest.
 If, in my fair youth time, attended
 By hope and delight every day,
 I could spare the sweet business of clay,
 Can you honor me, try
 Till you die.
 Insult not my dust with your pity,
 Ye who're left on this desolate shore,
 Still to suffer and love and deplore—
 "Tis I should, as I do,
 Pity you.
 For me no more are the hardships,
 The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
 The sadness and sorrow of life,
 But the glory divine—
 This is mine!
 Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
 Who groan at the anguish to come—
 How silent I go to my home!
 Cease your sorrowful bell;
 I am well.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
 Although an expert penman may rise to distinction he will never make "his mark."
 The cultured no longer call it bash. Mosaic nutriment is the correct form.—*Transcript.*
 A Milwaukee woman has kept a kettle of boiling water on the stove for the past twenty-two years in order to scald burglars.
 A young lady of Missouri slashed an insulting fop with a knife. She probably wanted to cut a swell.—*Courier-Journal.*
 A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws, another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.—*Hartford Times.*
 A Trade Journal gives directions for preserving harness. Preserved harness may be considered very palatable to those who like that sort of thing, but we don't want a bit in our mouth.—*Norfolk Herald.*
 The postoffice department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter in his inside coat pocket three weeks before mailing it.—*Pittsburg.*
 A tree wood a beauteous maid,
 And his honeyed smiles
 Did win her heart; but alas! had passed
 The tender courting times
 He found her obstinate, and asked
 The fair one to release
 The reason; she replied 'twas cause
 He'd gotten her per verse.
 —*Lover's Gazette.*
 Mrs. Yenger is one of the most extravagant women in Austin. On the recent occasion of her husband's birthday, she presented him with an elegant pocketbook, saying: "Now, my dear, whenever you take out this pocketbook, think of me." "You bet I will," he replied, with a vociferous heartiness that surprised her.—*Siftings.*
 "Papa, what is a tornado?" asked a young hopeful. "My son," said the father, glancing cautiously around to see if the coast was clear, "did you hear your mother tell me this morning what she thought of a man who would stay out all night to chase the comet?" "Yes, sir," replied the awe-stricken boy. "Well, that was about as near a tornado as a man can get without being hurt. But you needn't tell your mother I said so."—*New York Commercial.*
 A well-known and eccentric minister of Newburyport was many years ago being ferried over to Ring island to see a sick brother. The night was stormy and the timid divine was praying audibly, when the ferryman said: "Parson, I shouldn't think such a good man as you are would be afraid anywhere." "Good gracious!" said the minister, with considerable display of temper, "You don't suppose I want to go to heaven by water, do you?"—*Boston Journal.*
The Rag Business.
 The rag business in any large city is one of no mean importance. In New York there are estimated to be 2,000 Italian rag-pickers, averaging in earnings about thirty-five cents per day each, and picking up \$750,000 worth of rags in the course of a year. This class get their rags from ash barrels, gutters, etc., while there is another class that go from house to house with carts, buying who do a business of \$3,000,000 per year. Besides these there is the regular purchaser. Cotton rags are the only kind imported, there being no duty, and they come from almost every city in the world. This variety brings from one and one-fourth to six cents a pound, according to condition and quality. Those coming from foreign countries are more worn and dirtier than those got from home, and the latter bring the best prices. Last year's importations of cotton rags were \$10,000,000, and the total business in this kind is placed at \$22,000,000. Woven rags, in which a business of \$9,000,000 annually is said to be done in New York, are used in manufacturing shoddies, and are gathered from Eastern and Western cities. None are imported, the tariff amounting to twelve cents per pound, while the rags are worth from three to thirty-five cents. About eight hundred dealers, distinct from the Italians and purchasers of housewives, make New York their place of business, out of which number one hundred and fifty are large operators. Less than a dozen large houses are credited with being capable of controlling the rag market. Twenty-five years ago the rag business was unknown in New York.

