

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	5.00
One Square, one inch, three months.....	12.00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	50.00
Two Squares, one year.....	100.00
Quarter Column, one year.....	25.00
Half Column, one year.....	50.00
One Column, one year.....	100.00

Legal notices at established rates.
Marriage and death notices collected gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—ask on delivery.

THE SOUL OF A FLOWER IN THE THOUGHT OF A CHILD.

BY THE EARL OF LYTON.

I.
The soul of a white clematis am I,
Fading, the maiden that I loved behold me.
To lose my life in hers, I know not why,
Her gaze compell'd me.

II.
What could I do? I was but a small flower,
Root-bound. But her sweet eyes
Drew me. I loved her; and love gave me
power
To rise, and rise.

III.
To follow thee, I scaled the castle wall,
And leapt the bridgeless moat. To follow
thee
I climb'd the cliff, and did not fear to fall
Down from the windy keep. The grassy lea,
Where I was born, beneath me sunk; and
small
And smaller grew the farm, the field the
tree,
I left long since to find thy sea-girt hall.
I listen'd, and I heard the curlews call,
And the honours murmuring of the great
sail
sea:
I look'd and saw thee leaning from a tall
Ethereal tower, above the world and me.
I knew that I was near thee. That was all
I cared to be.

IV.
Love help'd me upward thro' the patient
year
I rose; and still I had no fear;
Thou, as I climb'd, the craggy glen deep
down,
Gleam'd with my drooping blossoms thickly
strown,
Nor did the roaring winds and rains forbear
To leave me oft o'erthrown.

V.
One happy morn, in at our lattice peeping,
I saw thee sleeping:
And tapp'd, till thou, with shy amazement,
Didst wake, and listen, and fling wide the
curtain.
And lo! I faced thee
Trembling all over, faint at having found
thee.
Thou didst lean o'er me, and mine arms went
round thee
And I embraced thee!

VI.
Clapping thy hands for gladness, thou didst
cry,
"What! is it thou?
Madcap, how couldst thou dare to climb so
high!
Look down below.
Think, hadst thou fallen!" "Many a fall
had I,"

Laughing I answer'd; and made haste to
show
Where, hanging halfway down the castle
wall,
My blossoms tremble'd over an abyss,
And dropp'd, and dropp'd; and, "Thus do
blossoms fall,"

Laugh'd, "like kiss on kiss."

VII.
Then didst thou understand me, child, at
last,
And tho' I didst know me then by my true
name,
Into thy soul, thro' thy sweet eyes, I pass'd,
And my own soul a thought of thine be-
came.

VIII.
Thro' thy sweet eyes that thought may still
be seen;
Tho' by thyself it be unnoticed quite,
Nor couldst thou utter it. Let others guess,
Some call me Grace; some call me Chara: I
weave
That only One will ever win the right
To know me by my true name, Tenderness.
—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

OLD ANDREW AND ST. LUKE.

Old Andrew Lickney lived in a little log house that seemed to cling to the mountain side. It was typical of its owner, for old Andrew held on to the rugged mountain side of life. He was a strange man. Years ago, when the wonderful enterprise of the Methodist church sent its circuit riders in advance of civilization, old Andrew, or rather at that time young Andrew, parted the rank cane with the vigorous hand of the gospel. He was never married. In latter years, when he had grown too old and feeble to longer engage in active work, his only household companion was a large shaggy dog, whose somewhat astounding cognomen, St. Luke, caused much comment, and, on one occasion, it is said, conference requested the old man to change the animal's name, claiming that it was irreverent to bestow on a dog so saintly a title. This request was not granted, and it was hinted that it had something to do with old Andrew's withdrawal from active warfare with the world, the flesh and the devil. St. Luke very much resembled his master. The odd fancy is sometimes indulged even by practical people that men and animals can associate so long together that they finally partake of each other's physical, not to say mental peculiarities. Old Andrew had but one good eye; St. Luke only had one. Old Andrew's chin shook; St. Luke's under jaw was unsteady. Old Andrew limped; so did St. Luke.

Several nights ago, while old Andrew sat by his fire, his nodding and the snoring of St. Luke were disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

Steve Blue entered. Blue was a large, rough fellow, with thick, coarse-grained skin, heavy eyes which looked not from a soul, and with a general expression of brutality and lack of thought. Old Andrew arose and motioned the visitor to a chair. St. Luke, lying in the corner near the fire, opened his effective eye a moment and slowly closed it, not with-

out an air of suspicion. Although the old stage horse of the church, as Mr. Lickney was sometimes called, and Steve Blue lived in the same neighborhood, yet they knew very little of each other, for in the rough fellow old Andrew could find nothing attractive, and in the somewhat intellectual preacher the dull eyes of Steve could see nothing at all. This mutual lack of interest caused old Andrew to regard the visit with surprise. Steve sat down, and with his heavy gaze fixed on the fire, remained for some time in silence. The old preacher began to show signs of nervousness, but whether they were observed by the visitor, or whether he took secret pleasure in such exhibitions, the unwilling host could not divine. At last Steve, removing his gaze from the fire, and fixing it on old Andrew, said:

"You was down to Little Rock 'tuther day, wa'n't you?"

"Yes, I went down on business."

"I loved it was business," and Steve laughed in a sluggish way, like the murky sloop of swamp water. "Seed some o' them govern'ment men down thar, didn't you?"

The old man started, as though seized by a sudden fear.

"Yes; for some of the officers, hearing that I was in town, had me summoned before the United States grand jury."

"An' you told 'em that several fellers in this here community was makin' wild-cat whisky, eh?"

The old man moved uneasily and replied: "I was placed under oath and was compelled to answer the questions which they asked me."

"An' I reckon you was mighty keen to do it, wa'n't you?"

"It was no business of mine, and I should have volunteered no information."

"You're a putty slick talker, old man. All you wanted was a chance to give us away. You want to see us drug off to jail an' see our wives an' chillun starve."

"The assertion is unjust, Mr. Blue. My mission on earth, and it is now closing, has been to alleviate suffering, instead of causing it. I did not know that you were an illicit distiller. I did not mention your name and only spoke of those whom I knew to be in that unlawful business."

"Unlawful business," repeated Steve, with a merciless grin. "What right has the government got to say that I shan't do what I please with my co'n an' apples? This here's a free country, old man."

"I shall not enter into a discussion of individual rights. You may entertain one idea and I may hold another. I grant you the right and you should not withhold it from me."

"Never mind your high-strung talk. I ain't got time to paralyze. This here's a business visit, old man."

"What business can you have with me, Mr. Blue?"

"Lemme tell you a little story."

"Thought this was a business visit."

"Well, airtier the story the business comes. One time thar was a feller what was a quiet sort o' man. He o'dn't say much an' didn't do nuthin'. Airtier a while another one o' the neighbors caused his wife to leave him. He didn't do nuthin'. Some time airtierwards his brother told the deputy marshals that he was makin' wild cat whisky."

Old Andrew waited a moment to hear the conclusion of the recital. Steve sat, with his gaze fixed on the fire.

"Well, what did he do with his brother?"

"Killed him," and again there was a sluggish laugh like the murky sloop of swamp water.

"What, killed his brother for so little when for great offenses he allowed others to escape?"

"Zackly. The greatest sin what a man can do in this world is to repot on a wild cat stiller."

The old man looked around nervously, and then began to search the visitor's face. He might as well have studied a sheaf of earth.

"This evenin'," said Steve, "a deputy marshal come to my house. I poked my gun thro' the window and killed him. Then I left, an' as I was passin' here, I thought I'd stop an' tell you good-bye, fur I've got to leave the country. How old are you?"

"Seventy-eight."

"It's bad that you've got to die so young," turning with a murderous leer.

"My God, man, you don't mean to kill me?"

"Oh, no, wouldn't kill you. A man never kills a snake what tries to bite him."

Steve took a short rope from his pocket. He made a loop at one end and sat for a time turning the hemp round and round.

"For the love of God, do me no violence. I am an old man with only a few more days left."

"A few more minutes, you mean."

"I am unable to defend myself, and am at your mercy."

"Don't reckon I want you to defend yourself, do you? I ain't the man to give a feller a stick an' tell him to knock me down."

"Will you let me pray?"

"No, you've prayed enough in your lifetime, an' 'sides that, you might pray for the marshals to catch me."

"No, I will only pray for myself. Ah, Mr. Blue, life is sweet even to an old man. The young, with bright hopes, can die quite as willingly as the old man who has walked far along the dusty road. I did you no intentional harm, and I implore your forgiveness. Let me live!"

"Old man, life is as sweet to me as it is to you. 'Cause you've read books an' preached, don't think that your life is worth more to you than mine is to me."

"Yes, but I would not take yours for the world. If you had but one hour to

live, and I knew that by robbing you of that short time I would gain years and years, I would not lift a finger against you. You are yet a free man. You can escape. You may take my horse."

"I will take your horse—"

"Thank you."

"After I have took your life."

"Oh, Lord, save you—"

Steve threw the loop over the old man's head and with a jerk pulled him from the chair. He fell on his knees and with his palsied hands, struggled to loosen the rope. Steve stood regarding his victim with brutal fondness. He allowed the rope to slacken, for he seemed to take a fiendish delight in hearing the old man's tones of agony.

"For Christ's sake spare me!" catching the rope. "Spare me, and I will pray unceasingly for you. Oh, do you not know that there is an awful hell where the murderer's soul cries out in the deep anguish of unbearable torture!"

"You'd better draw up a bench, old man, an' let me be a mourner."

"Oh, that you were a mourner!"

"An' then you'd have the heels on me, eh? To throw aside foolishness an' come down to business, you've got to die. I'm goin' to drag you round this room till the life's choked outen you."

He gave the rope a jerk, and the old man fell on his face. Around the room Steve dragged him. The old man's tongue came out, and catching on a sharp nail, was almost torn from his mouth.

The old dog arose and was gazing at the horrible performance. Steve, in turning to drag the lifeless body back toward the fireplace, stumbled over a stool and fell. The old dog's chance had come. He sprang upon the fallen man, seized him by the throat, and with a strength that had long been slumbering, pressed him to the floor. Steve struggled desperately, but his hands becoming entangled in the rope, he was soon in a helpless condition. His groans were awful. The old man's life was but a mere breath. Steve's life was a storm. Old St. Luke panted with exertion, but he did not relax his hold.

The next morning two deputy marshals entered the house. A shocking picture. The old man lay on his back, with his hands clasped. Steve's face was blue and his eyes protruded in ghastly stare. They were all dead. The dog's eyes were closed, and in death he still retained a strong hold on the assassin's throat.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

How Seven Men Dispersed 1,200.

Mr. George W. Veatch, now of Nye county, Nevada, but formerly of Cincinnati, writes home telling of a mob out West and how it was dispersed. He says:

A few years ago, in the county next adjoining Nye (Nev.) on the east, at the town of Eureka, where there are large silver smelting works, using an immense amount of charcoal, which is supplied from the mountains, mostly by Italian coal burners, they struck for a rise in price, and would allow no one to bring coal in town. There were some 1,500 of them in the business.

The sheriff telegraphed the governor that he feared a riot. That morning a man came in and said the burners were assembling mounted and armed, and intending to come to town. The sheriff jumped on his horse, armed with a Henry rifle and revolver. Before he got out of town he halloed to six men to arm and follow him, and meet him at a certain place. He could have had a hundred men if he had said so. Meeting at the place he said: "I'm going to make a speech to that crowd, and they must and shall listen to me. Tie your horses boys, our Henrys are good for sixteen shots each, and our Colts for six each. Now don't shoot until I say the word, and not unless they defy me." Then on those seven men went on foot, about a quarter of a mile, and came to the strikers, fully 1,200 men mounted and armed, but sober, though like their race they became very excited on seeing seven armed men coming toward them.

The leader rode down on them followed by the whole gang. The sheriff said: "You know I'm the sheriff. You are an unlawful crowd. You must disperse." "To perdition with you and the law," and all that vast crowd were riding round that little band of seven men, with fearful oaths in their own language.

"Boys," said the sheriff, "look sharp!" Furiously the leader cursed and defied them. At the word "fire" the sheriff killed the leader, and seven bodies fell from their saddles, and the quick repeating rifles killed twenty of them before their horses could take them out of range. Had the seven kept their horses so they could have pursued them, many more would have been killed. They didn't think the sheriff meant anything more than talk. Had they got into town and whiskied, there would have been an awful riot. So severe was the lesson, and so many mounted men were seen by the Italians urging their horses toward Eureka, they fled further into the mountains, thinking the whites were rallying to again slaughter them.

That determined sheriff in a few days went out to their haunts and told them wouldn't be molested. "But if you break the laws you'll suffer worse next time."

One said: "Pini Garlic's horse threw him, poor fellow; and one of your men shot him." The sheriff told them they could go to town and get the bodies. A few went in, but they felt safest when the sheriff was in sight. Many left the county, and there has never been any more coal-burners attempting to defy the law.

A little child, says a writer, becoming wearied over the quarreling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use in fighting for- ever over that milk! There's a whole cowful out in the barn."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

A PROBLEM OF THE TIMES.

MAY MEN LIVE TO BE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AGE?

A Discovery That Man Already Lives Longer Than He Did—Some Ways to Put Death Yet Further Away.

To be told that under proper conditions we ought to live one hundred years, and that the discouraging doctrine of the influence of heredity in shortening life is only true in a limited sense, is interesting to most people. So, also, is the circumstance that we are living longer than we used to live, and the assurance that much may yet be done to prolong our lives. These and analogous topics were given in a recent lecture by Dr. John Foster, of Bradford, England, read at the February meeting of the Sheffield Medical-Chirurgical society: "The late Dr. Farr, in his description of the march through life of a million children has given the following results: Nearly 150,000 will die in the first year, 53,000 in the second year, 28,000 in the third year, and less than 4,000 in the thirteenth year. At the end of forty-five years 500,000, or one-half, will have died. At the beginning of sixty years, 370,000 will still be living. At the beginning of eighty years, 90,000; at eighty-five years, 38,000; and at ninety-five years, 2,100. At the beginning of 100 years there will be 233, and at 108 years one. The mean lifetime of both sexes in England was calculated some years ago to be 40.858, or nearly forty-one years. Mr. H. Humphreys has shown, however, that in the five years, 1876 to 1880, the mean age at death was 43.56 (females 45.3), being a gain of nearly two and three-quarter years. This within twenty years, notwithstanding an increased birth rate, density of population, and the unsanitary condition of towns suddenly grown large, more than two and a half years have been added to the life of every inhabitant of England.

"The *Spectator* asks: 'What is the kind of life which is increasing? Are we young longer? Do we live longer, or are we only a little slower in dying?' I am bound to admit that some of the gain in early life is lost in middle life; that while the expectation of life at birth is 24 years, the expectation from 35 to 60 is a fraction less. But notwithstanding the slight increase of mortality at 35 and upward, a large portion of the additional survivors live on to the higher ages. Of 1,000 born, the additional number of survivors is 85 at the age of 45; 26 at 55; 9 at 65; 3 at 75; and 1 at 85. The increase is much greater among females. By far the larger proportion of the increased duration of human life in England is lived between 20 and 60. It is interesting to ascertain what is the natural limit of existence. Doctor Farr says the natural lifetime of a man is a century. That is the length of time a body will live under the most favorable conditions. Another most interesting question is: 'When does old age commence?' Dr. Farr has divided life as follows: Boyhood, 10 to 15 years; youth, 15 to 28; manhood, 28 to 50; maturity, 55 to 75; ripeness, 75 to 85; and old age, 85 and upward.

"Old age really begins in certain pathological changes which take place at different ages. It is interesting to learn what conditions hasten or hinder these changes. It is held that all life begins in a formless fluid, and from this develops into the varied forms of living beings. There is a life force, inherited from a pre-existing life, which builds up matter into living tissue, and holds it together for a time; and the tenacity with which this force holds organized matter together does not depend on size, or strength or muscular development altogether, but rather probably on an even balance between the several parts, and on something more. As the strength of a chain is equal to its weakest link, so the vital strength of the body is equal to the weakest organ. After the middle arch of life is passed these changes become commoner, and there is danger, if we continue to put the same pressure on a weakened vessel, that it may burst. In the hurry and strife of life men too often forget this truth and pay the penalty. After 50 or 55 a good deal more rest and sleep are required than in earlier manhood. The physical powers have begun to fail; the mental powers should be at their best. It is probable that some of the greatest literary productions have been the work of men between fifty and seventy. Living public men in every department of literature, science, art and politics, may be cited in proof. For many years after the degenerative processes of age have weakened the bodily powers the intellectual powers remain comparatively unaffected. A weakened nerve fiber may retain its continuity, and a diseased vessel in the brain may hold its entirety for a great length of time if no great strain is put upon it.

"In taking the period of sixty-five to seventy-five, and still following the fortunes of the million children born, we find that 309,029 enter this age and 161,124 leave it alive. Diseases of the brain, heart and lungs are the most common; 31,400 die of old age. The numbers that enter the next decennial—seventy-five to eighty-five—are 161,124, and the number that leave it alive are 38,565. About 122,500 die chiefly of lung, brain, heart and other local diseases. Nearly 59,000 die of atrophy, debility and old age. Some writer says he has met few or no cases of death from old age, everybody dying of some recognized disease. It is true that the symptoms of disease become obscure in old age, many cases of pneumonia and other inflammations escaping recognition. But it is also true that many deaths attributed to disease are mainly due to old age; slight injuries, cold, heat, want, or attacks which in early years would have been shaken off. Of the million with which we started, 2,153 live to the age of ninety-five—223 to 100. Finally, at the age of 108 one solitary life dies.

"Diseases may be divided into two great classes—the parasitic and the degenerative. The latter are more prevalent in early, and the latter in later stages of life. Of cancer, which is one of the diseases of old age, it is uncertain whether it belongs to the parasitic or the degenerative type. As it is the duty of the physician to help man through as many of these stages, and with as little pain as possible, it becomes important to study how to protect him from accidental diseases, and how to husband his forces so that he may travel far over the way before his strength shall fail. The first essential of life is his food, and beyond doubt the majority are underfed, and a large proportion improperly fed. The mortality among the poor and the hard worked, at all stages of life, is amazingly larger than among the middle and higher classes. The human constitution possesses a great amount of elasticity, and will tolerate departure from correct diet for a length of time, but in the end the penalty is rigorously exacted by nature. Lessened vitality inevitably follows impoverished blood and ill-nursed tissue. Undoubtedly, men are better fed than formerly, and fewer die of starvation. But the increased density of the population by the flocking of people to the towns has intensified old dangers. Unless sanitary improvements keep pace with the increase of population, the mortality increases. One-seventh of the population of Great Britain live in London; a large portion of the rest live in large towns. Doctor Farr says: 'What is especially remarkable in London is the high mortality of all ages after twenty-five.' It is due to pulmonary disease. The same holds good of all large towns. Improved health conditions and increased population are fighting a great battle, and, on the whole, if not at every part of the field, health is winning."

Tinware.

Many people still think tinware is pure tin, and astonishment is often depicted on the countenances of the unsophisticated when told that only from two to six parts in a hundred of a piece of tin-plate is pure tin, the rest being sheet-iron or steel, and the tin only a thin coating. The process of coating ironplates with tin was first invented in Bohemia, or Silesia, in the fore part of the seventeenth century; but, like everything else in those times the process was very crude. The iron plates at that time were produced by hammering, and of course varied much in their thickness, and seldom exceeded six or eight inches in width and length; these plates were heated, dipped in water, mixed with wood-ash, then polished by scrubbing them by hand with sand, covered with a greasy substance and dipped into molten tin. On account of the uneven surface of the iron plates, a heavy coating of tin—from fifteen to twenty pounds per hundred pounds of iron—was necessary to produce a bright appearance. The plates that were made in those times were very costly, and were mostly worked into cuirasses for warriors, ornaments for church steeples, and occasionally into vessels for family use; but the latter were so expensive that a piece would be kept as a valuable inheritance by several generations.

These plates were used in England largely, but were imported, because all experiments to produce them cheap enough at home remained unsuccessful until about 1740 or 1750; from that time on the tin-plating industry began to prosper in England. The process of reducing iron into thin sheets of more uniform thickness was soon after invented, and gradually, England got control of all the markets of the world in this commodity, and since the adoption of the commodity for such general use in the United States, the consumption here has been enormous. This country now consumes about two-thirds of England's production. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1882, the number of pounds of tinned plates imported was 171,863,000, representing in value \$16,634,000.

A Knotty Problem.

This story was told to me years ago, and if it has ever been in print I have not seen it:

A jolly party was gathered one winter's evening around the blazing fire in the barroom of Green's old tavern in Malden. The great iron loggerheads were buried in the coals, and the aroma of flip floated gratefully upon the air. They agreed, finally—there were a dozen of them—to put knotty questions and problems, and the first one who should ask a question which he could not himself answer, should pay the flip for all hands. At it they went with many a laugh and jest; but ere long a few knotty problems calling for serious thought sobered them. Finally, Sam Emmerton, the village blacksmith, asked:

"Why is it that the common striped squirrel, though he may burrow a dozen feet under ground for winter quarters, never brings any dirt to the mouth of his hole?"

They considered deeply, and gave it up.

"Why is it, Sam?"

"Because," answered Sam, with the utmost gravity, "the squirrel, being naturally timid and suspicious, always commences to dig his hole at the bottom. That is one answer. I can give you another, and a philosophical one, if you want it."

"Yes," cried Jo Nichols, in hot haste, "but I'd just like to ask you, Sam Emmerton, how the squirrel gets down to the bottom of his hole to commence digging?"

"Ah, Jo, that is a question of your own asking. You must answer it." The only solution Jo could offer was to pay for the twelve mugs of hot flip.—*American Young Folks.*

BETTINA MAZZI.

"Oh! who will scale the belfry tower,
And cut that banner down?
All broken is the Austrian power;
They gallop from the tower;
And surely 'tis an idle taunt,
With this day's victory gained,
To let you painted falsehood flaunt—
The very sky seems stained!"

So spoke the Duke: around he glanced
To see that each rank heard;
But every eye was on the ground,
No single soldier stirred;
The shattered belfry timbers shake:
That highest spire of all
Beneath a dove's weight might it break,
And seven scores feet down-fall.

Each thought: "Cut down by hand that
flag!
Foolhardy were 'tis deed,
When one three-pounder snaps its staff,
As breaks a withered reed!"
But just as silence grew to shame,
And none would lift his face,
A sunburned child, her face aflame,
Stood forth before his Grace.

She courtesied; gave a hasty glance
To where the flag flew high,
Then, stammering, she said, "My lord,
May I—have leave—to try?"
"You, child?" he mocked. "By Mars, you
come
To school these veterans grim.
And your reward?" "Those two fair plumes
That shade your beaver's brim."

Lord ran; his laugh, "So be it! climb!
The plumes are yours—if won."
She darts across the street as fleet
As swallow in the sun;
The church door clashes at her back;
She rushes up the stair—
Against the sky, in the belfry high,
See, see her standing there!

And now she slips up to the leads;
The crowd all hold their breath,
High and higher slow she mounts,
One step, 'twixt her and death.
Along that narrow dormer's edge,
Up to the broken ball;
Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,
Let not the brave child fall!

And now she grasps the slender staff;
Then slowly, gently, see!
The flag begins to sink. Good oord,
Do thy work faithfully!
The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—
Down, down the gay folds glide
Along the quivering pole, until
They hang her hand beside.

Close gathered—look! she cuts their bond,
Her scissors flashing fair;
Then lightly pushed from where she clings,
They drop, plumb, to the square;
But no man thought to raise his cheer
Until—oh, blessed chance!—
They see her clamber down, and safe
From the church steps advance.

Ah, then, what shoutings came from all,
To honor such a deed!
Up the old street at the Duke's side
She rides his pacing steed,
Her homespun apron filled with crowns,
The Duke's plumes in her hair;
What man shall say a little maid
Can never do and dare!

* It is related that immediately after the battle of Solferino a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonades. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and cut down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi, by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat—the long ostrich plumes which the leader wore in his military chapans, and by which her rustic little fancy had been greatly struck.—*Edward Irwin Stevenson, in Harper's Young People.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Girls look upon the engagement ring as a very promising affair.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Ella Wheeler asks: "Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland?" No, but we have heard "from" it late at night.—*Harford Post.*

Pythagoras used to say that a wound from the tongue is worse than a wound from a sword. Pythagoras must have been a married man.—*Courier-Journal.*

If you don't believe that "three is a crowd," just ask the young man whose sweetheart's small brother infests the parlor Sunday evening.—*New York Journal.*

"Whe-o-w!" yelled the man, as the dentist jerked his tooth out. "I thought you extracted teeth without pain." "So I do—without pain to me."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies."—*Chicago Sun.*

The man who takes a party of girls to a church entertainment may properly be spoken of as the conductor of the party, for he has to collect the fair when it's time to go home.—*Boston Times.*

"It is now settled," says an exchange, "that a newly-married lady ceases to be a bride and becomes simply a wife when she has sewed a button on her husband's clothes." It is this fact that makes us such happy people. The country is full of brides.—*Sauveville Journal.*

THE CARELESS KALSMINKER.

The whitewasher sings a merry song,
A song full of tender feeling,
As he dances the waltzing alone,
And snaps the staff of the ceiling.
He slaps it on with a merry smile,
That lights up his facial wrinkles,
And more on your forehead and the
Than upon the wall he sprinkles.—*Rock*