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THISTLE-DOWN.

Now lightly floats yon thistle down,
By wand'ring breezes blown;
Gay, careless rovers of the air,
With source and goal unknown;
But in their silvery filaments,
Deep moral we may read—
Upon each airy, reckless flight,
Is borne a living need.
—Emma Carleton, in the Current.

THE GYPSY QUEEN.

"It's easy enough to be a queen," said Congreve Harrison. "All you have to do is to inherit your rights, and make the most of them when they come to you. Now, I am a hereditary prince, and ought to be President of the United States to-day. My grandfather was, but my rights don't come to me. This government multiplies hereditary princes without giving any of them a chance. Your tribes are particular to let their enjoy his title to the utmost." "You," replied the fat gypsy woman, "are a young gentleman, there is much more that you ought to know of your future. You are rich and generous. But silver in my hand again, and you will be fully repaid by what I tell you." "Oh," said the young man, with lazy satisfaction, balancing himself luxuriously upon the stump, "I love to think that the contest is not yet decided between the fair young lady and the dark one. If you showed which was to be crowned and blessed with me, I should feel as if I must reverse your prophecy from sheer contrariness."

The woman cast a shrewd and black-glance at him, half enjoying his indifference, but not the less determined to win.

The encampment of tents, wagons, and children, men, women, and horses, stretched quite into the woods. Smoke from a number of fires, and several dirty blue-cloths were spread in the long perspective. Around these the children rolled with those wolfish dogs which the gypsy makes his brethren. It was warm summer sunset, and the mosquitoes were abroad, twanging their instruments of torture, while on that very earthen floor, the fortune-teller had forsaken her subject, his greedily covered the camp, or risked their lives in waiting cups of coffee. A ruddy, swart young man, very sparkling in eyes and mouth, when he opened his lips or widely separated his eyelids, lounged at his length on the wagon tongue, and kicked at two dogs whenever they attempted to deliver the beefsteak from the flies. He was too youthful to be the woman's husband, and too old to be her son, for she had several small, dirty children knocking their heels among the tea-cups. Yet he staid by, as if the kettle on the crooked iron was his own, the table-cloth his individual board, and the space about the woman his sky-roofed dwelling.

Young Harrison enjoyed his surroundings. He had passed a season among the Assiniboin Indians; was a good hunter and canoeist; he had run on snow-shoes, and jogged in the Assiniboin carts; he had seen the barbarian of the tropics, clothed only in flowers; he thought he knew life, and he felt an honest love for everything that dwelt close to the ground. The children of the road were like grimy and Ishmaelish brethren to him. He had a finer life, lived quite over their heads, but he flattered himself Congreve Harrison could get down to deep sea level with the monsters, and enjoy the rude delights of simple existence. Especially was such fellowship a delight when it let him look at the tent-and-wagon-dwelling type of a beautiful woman.

"And she's the queen," he repeated, scarcely taking his eyes off the distant figure. "By all that's handsome, she ought to be! What's the extent of her kingdom?"

The fortune teller cuffed a dog which was just in the act of gulping one piece from her beef patty. She then looked at young Harrison, and used the same hand to point eastward.

"We have farms over there," said she. "Do you see that house on the hill? And we have other land in Ohio. And we have land in the South."

"You let it out to tenants, and live on the road yourselves?"

"Yes," with a nod which made her heavy ear-rings swing.

"But I mean over how large a tribe of people does your Queen Emeretta rule?" "Are you making a book?" said the swart young man from the wagon tongue.

"There was a man made a book about us," explained the fortune-teller, her recollections kindling. "I never see it. You have much to do with studying. You are a gentleman that meditates."

"I am only making a book of my own experience," replied Harrison, to the young man on the wagon tongue. "How large did you tell me your tribe is?" he asked the woman.

A stolid look covered her face. She fanned away a fly with one ring-laden hand, and said, with the air of a duchess preserving court secrets: "There are many families. There are families in England, and families in this country."

"Yes. In short, the whole human race is one compact and prodigious family," said Harrison, laughing. His laugh shaded off through smiles to interest, to seriousness and finally to an enthusiastic narrowing of the eyes, for the young queen was coming down toward this table-cloth at his feet.

Her own feet were in low shoes and scarlet stockings. He did not remember ever seeing such another pair of little innocent, ungovernable feet. Her dress was black. She had a scarlet silk handkerchief around her neck, and a scarlet and blue one crossed on her head. Her hair was a mighty fleece of shining black rings, frizzling to minute tendrils around her ears and temples. The high cheek-

bones of the gypsy were perceptible only because at these points the glow of her color was richest. She was all black, gold and scarlet, in flesh tints, hair, glance and dress, the clear whites of her eyes being emphasized by their warm-bued lids and dark lashes. This little queen was probably seventeen years old. She carried her shoulders and head as if she felt the crown and robe which her people of the road have never given to any of their sovereigns. She was slim and perfectly shaped rather than tall. And just noticing the stranger by an indifferent turn of her eye, she said something to the fortune-teller about the chivvy and kekavi. Harrison detected the words by which the gypsy always tries his Philistine intruders.

He took off his cap and bowed, standing up from the stump against which his gun leaned. He was large and handsome in his hunting clothes, as even the swart fellow on the wagon tongue must have seen.

"Oh, I can rakker a little Romany," he put forth. "I learned of your folks over in New Jersey. They were Coles, camped near Camden."

The fortune-teller relaxed, the fellow on the wagon tongue relaxed a little, but something like a ripple passed through the teeth of their sovereign. She flashed out her teeth in a laugh, and covered them instantly with decorous, beautiful lips.

"Come, now, we will take you in, Rye," said the swart young man, rising, a jocular light breaking over his face. "You're a good gyp tied to that tree. Let's look at him."

"He isn't mine," said Harrison, glancing toward his horse and resolving to keep an eye thereabouts. "I borrowed him to hunt to-day. You see I can't trade."

"Maybe you'll buy," continued the gypsy.

"Tute wants to pooker mandy," said the young man, at whom the brown fellow laughed with a shout.

"Romany chals never cheat," he declared. "And Romany dyes tell true fortunes. Don't they?" he appealed to the queen.

"Always true," she replied, with the sincerity of a child. "We know the future by the lines in the hand."

"I wish you'd look in my hand," said Harrison, ardently.

Queen Emeretta put her own arms behind her. "I never yet read a man's palm. Mother Joel knows all the secrets. Show it to her."

"She's already looked at it, and pronounced her oracle. She gave me a good fortune, but kept something back. I want the queen to read my final fate. I think I can bear whatever she gives me," said Harrison, foolishly.

The brown fellow uttered a grunt and sauntered behind the wagon.

Queen Emeretta and the fortune-teller exchanged a quick look, and unambushed by Harrison's back, the elder woman made some signs with her hands. Returning thereupon to her neglected supper, she cut the gravied steak and gave portions to her children and dogs, and placing a huge piece upon some bread, leaned against a stump to chew it. Her eyes followed the stranger and the queen with complacent amusement. Once or twice she drew the back of her hand across her mouth, perhaps to wipe away grease, and perhaps to smooth its twitching corners.

"We must go to one side by ourselves," said Queen Emeretta, with child-like respect of the ancient rite of fortune-telling.

"Of course," said Harrison, enraptured to have her lead him by the hand. She did influence him strangely, demure and curt though her manners were. They were both young, however different their races might be, both handsome and both conscious of a peculiar freemasonry between their temperaments.

Queen Emeretta took him up to the camp rather than aside, but no dogs or children rolled quite to their feet, and Harrison turned his shoulders squarely against the gaze of several turbaned witches.

Queen Emeretta opened her lips and breathed half audibly before beginning his fortune. Without releasing his right hand from her he felt in a special pocket with his left, and got a piece of gold to press against her palm. It seemed a sacrilegious thing to do. She stood like a divine young oracle, her presence fragrant with the scent of fern, in spite of all the camp's ill odor.

Her palm received the money, and she dropped it into her pocket as if that were part of the process, not with the greedy and satisfied scrutiny the fat woman had given his silver. And then she bent her head, turning her inner hand toward the light.

"You were born to be lucky," murmured the young queen.

"I believe it," said Harrison, regarding the fleece of black ringlets not far from his own face.

"So far you have lived a happy life with very little care. You had plenty of money, but all your care was to have money to have a good time with."

"True as gospel,"

"Your life-line shows that you will live long, and enjoy great happiness. Here are some crosses."

"Yes, I've had my crosses," confessed the young man, with a sigh of which he knew not the source.

"They were caused by a young lady," "I hope it'll never happen again," said Harrison.

"Be quiet, and listen while I read your fate," said the sedate queen. "Do you or do you not believe my words?"

"I believe you, certainly."

"You are about to have a great piece of good fortune. There are two young ladies who love you. One is fair and one is dark."

"Yes, that's what the other one told me."

"You have not yet decided which you will give your heart to."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Harrison, impressively. He felt borne along in spite of himself, and ready to commit any absurdity.

"You have enemies who wish you ill, but they will not be able to work you much harm if you mind what I say. You were born to be lucky, and will never die in debt or in poverty. To keep out of the clutches of enemies you must be careful what you say. Within three years you will be married to the young lady you love."

Harrison smiled down at his supple palm. Under her low monotone he was carrying on a separate train of thought without losing a word. He broke through the fortune-telling to say at this point.

"It's pleasant to live in wagons in the open air, isn't it?"

Queen Emeretta threw her glance up at his face, and replied, as a matter of course, "Yes."

"White—I mean outsiders have sometimes married among your people, haven't they?"

"Oh, yes. There was an Irishman," she said, "married one of the Jeffreys. But he turned out a bad traveler."

"I heard of another such marriage in New Jersey," said Harrison, hardly knowing what impelled him to talk so, "and it was very happy. Seems to me it ought to be the ideal life, living close to nature, and so on, with a beautiful face always before one. Don't you feel the changes in the weather very much?"

"We go south in winter," replied the queen, dropping her hand.

"And return north with the birds."

If he was about to utter a lengthy poetic sentiment, the sight of a dog absorbed to the shoulders in a dinner pot sealed his mouth. He wondered if the gypsies did eat pigs found dead, and in the same thought he wondered if there was a lovelier creature on earth than this queen.

"But was that all?" exclaimed Harrison, offering his hand to be held again. "Have you told me my whole fortune?"

"No," the gypsy queen replied, without taking his hand. "Now, fold your arms across your breast, and wish. Whatever you wish will be granted. Have you wished?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Then your wish shall be granted. And that is all."

"What I wish for more than anything else in the world is a kiss from you. Remember, you said it would be granted."

While he was speaking the last words Harrison knew the tawny young man had risen up from the fence corner, and Queen Emeretta had receded from him in a backward slope of her body from feet to head. Still, he knew he would have said it if it involved him with the whole camp, and if she flashed lightning at him. He knew he was going at a tremendous pace upon a foolish track, but he was already under way, and could not restrain himself. And she bewitched him even more by her recoil than by her touch against his hands. This young man, quite a favorite among his social equals, and considered not bad, was for the instant ready to wade among gypsy clubs and dogs and all the artillery of the camp to realize his sincerely expressed wish.

It surprised him when the tawny young man came near without distinct indications of intending to try to thrust him.

The queen did not disappear with a dramatic bound, or utter any exclamation to spur on the tawny young man. As he approached she walked away from Harrison, and stopped at the first camp fire to talk with the old women who had watched her fortune-telling.

Two or three sticks only were burning under their thick hook, making scarcely a gleam of flame, but considerable smoke, which kept the mosquitoes at bay. Within this film of blue dimness which nothing but smoldering wood produces Harrison saw his last glimpse of Queen Emeretta. For afterward, if she did not ascend to some leaf-curtained couch at the top of the trees, where the night air could fan her and the dew impair her perfect cheeks, she must have crept into one of the squatty, dirt-stained tents; and the bare thought made him shudder.

The young gypsy man again began to urge horse-trading, and so relieved was Harrison to escape quarreling with these tawny Capulets that he plunged headlong into the subject. He went after his horse and his gun, the young man still beside him, and brought them to the midst of the camp. A dozen dark-eyed fellows with shining teeth gathered around him, and others just returned from town or country foraging, with two or three horses led by one halter, or bags in which suspicious chicken squawks seemed suffocated, added themselves to the examining committee, which seized upon his horse. They felt its limbs, looked in its mouth, pulled out bits of its hair, made it prance, and sprung upon it, one after another, to try its mettle by a dash into the woods.

Dusk had given place to evening. In the gypsy camp, as in the best regulated dwelling, children will utter vesper wails. And odors not rank by day were dampened and rendered almost palpable by the humid night air.

Harrison wanted to get away. Through all the wrangle and jargon of horse talk he had kept a watchful eye upon every quarter of the camp, and Queen Emeretta appeared nowhere. He had a fitting wish to see her seated above the herd playing upon a guitar. She had impressed him as a sincere creature, free from the gypsy's cunning reservations with every man, woman, or child of alien blood. At the same time he never meant to confess to living ears the extent of his folly regarding her. He staid more than an hour in the hope of seeing a whisk of her ringlets at some tent flap.

The fighting dogs swarmed around his legs; the gypsies continued cantering his horse; he was tired of parrying their offers and keeping his head above the successive waves of nags which they poured in one exhausted tide against his resolution not to sell.

When he finally mounted his gray and started toward the road at a foot-pace, three men accompanied him, still picturing the merits of their own animals and his remorse when it would be too late, and he repeated to each separate man what he had already told the entire camp many times, that the horse was not his, and it was therefore impossible for him to sell or trade.

The last one to leave him was the swart young man who had lain on the wagon tongue. He patted Harrison's steed, and admitted there was not a gray like that in the whole camp. He rested his arms across the back of the saddle as if to fondle the gentleman who wished to kiss his queen.

But he was got rid of. Harrison balanced his gun, and took the last look at the floating village. There was no telling whether morning would find it in the same place. He did hope to see it again.

The horse went slowly home, but it was just the sort of a dark, dewy evening to hum along between fences where elders spread their ghostly parasols and made themselves sweetly odorous. He had a few birds in his game-bag, shot in violation of the game laws, and he now and then hummed a bar from Der Freischütz, and perhaps thought of his many follies.

It was ten o'clock by the stars when he led his borrowed horse directly across the lawn to his cousin's stable, noticing that the stable door was open and a light was moving among the stalls. James met him with the lantern.

"What's the matter, James?" inquired Harrison.

"I was just taking a last look at things for the night," said James, "because there's a tribe of gypsies camped two or three miles below here. Them gypsies likes a good horse, Mr. Harrison."

"Well, here's one they wanted," said Congreve, giving up the bridle. "I stopped at their camp, but they're not very formidable. What's the matter with the horse, old fellow?" he exclaimed, as the lantern searched from head-strap to crupper, from hoof to saddle. "I walked him all the way home. He hasn't laid a hair."

"No, sir," responded James solemnly; "and he'll never lay a hair again till some of the gray paint is scratched off'n him. This ain't the best you rode away from here. What's that?" inquired James, lifting his lantern above the young gentleman's suddenly stern face, "sticking to the back of your coat?"

Harrison groped behind himself, and seized a paper.

"They've played their games on you, sir," said the old servant, grimacing anxiously at the painted horse, and trying the dry coat with his nail. "And now they'll be gone like the bird that flies. We wouldn't took a thousand like this crow-bait for that gray of our'n."

"I wish you'd quit your buzzing and give me that lantern," said Harrison, extending an impatient hand. "Don't mind what I say, James. This is meaner than hazing. But it serves me right, too."

"It don't do to meddle with them gypsies, sir," Harrison sat against the edge of a manger, and held the lantern to what was written in pencil on a piece of note-paper.

"Mr. —, I told yore Fortune because you knew Romany. But you did not Treet me Wright. My husband the King says he has fixed you in a Horse Trail for it. He will give you this. We are not Different from other because we live on the road. I am just a Young Girl, and it Hurt me."

"Queen of the the Joels, Stanleys and Jeffreys,"—Harper's Bazar.

Large Investments in Horse Flesh.

"Caspar," in one of his New York letters to the Detroit Free Press, says: Mr. Bonner's investments in horse flesh have been pretty large. His first was \$3,000 for a team that he wanted for exercise. He had no thought then of becoming an owner of famous horses, but the passion gradually grew upon him. He paid \$10,000 for Joe Elliot, \$16,000 for Edwin Forrest, \$15,000 for Lady Stuart, \$20,000 for Edward Everett and the same for Startle; \$35,000 for Pocahontas, and the same sum, I think, for Dexter; \$36,000 for Rarus and \$40,000 for Maud S. Had any man talked of paying \$40,000 for a trotter when Bonner made his first purchase, he would probably have been set down as a lunatic.

Game in The Arctic Zone.

From Lieutenant Greeley's report of the monthly killing of game in the Arctic regions, the following summary of what was killed during the whole stay at Lady Franklin's bay is made up:

Seven wolves, seven foxes, eight ermines, eight lemmings, 103 musk oxen, nineteen seals, fifty-seven bears, forty-four king ducks, fifty-three long-tailed ducks, thirty elder ducks, sixty doves, one diver, six burgomaster gulls, one sabbie gull, twenty-one Arctic terns, 178 skuas, eighty-four bent geese, one raven, seventy-nine ptarmigans, 100 turnstones, one sandpiper, one sandling, twenty-seven knots, two ringed plovers, eighteen owls, two phalaropes and one walrus.

In opium joints and hashish houses tea or water acidulated with acetic acid is used to heighten the effect of the drug upon the nerve and brain. This is almost the same excitant that was used by the New England witches, according to Professor Schiele de Vere.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION

A SHOW WHICH IS INTENDED TO ECLIPSE THAT OF 1876.

How the Enterprise was Started and What has been Done—The Grounds and Buildings.

The Southern Exposition, which is to be opened at New Orleans on December 1, is the outgrowth of an idea that originated in 1879, when the Mississippi Cotton Planters' association was organized with a view to meet the desperate state of things then threatening the planting interest by the proposed exodus of the colored population and the apparent necessity for replacing the old methods of raising cotton by new methods and labor-saving machinery.

The New Orleans exposition is a sort of centennial celebration of the beginning of the cotton industry in this country, as the first cotton was exported in 1794. This was the beginning of the great export trade that has made American cotton an important factor in the industry of the world. The year 1884 also marks the hundredth anniversary of the peace that closed the revolutionary war, and it was thought fitting that the occasion should be made memorable by the exposition of the arts of peace. It was also considered that the South had been the arena of the most remarkable industrial progress of this decade, and was, therefore, the proper center for such a celebration.

The coming exposition is called the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial exposition, and it is to be held under the auspices of the United States and the National Cotton Planters' association. On April 24, 1883, the executive committee selected New Orleans as the site for the exposition. Congress approved the charter constituting a board of thirteen members, eight of whom are appointed by the President, and seven on the recommendation of the association and subscribers.

Under the act the commissioners of the exposition had the authority to invite foreign governments to participate in the exposition. In order to make provision for the guests thus invited, an act of Congress was passed loaning a million of dollars to the enterprise, on the same plan that proved successful with the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia. Louisiana and New Orleans raised \$700,000 by State and city appropriations and private effort, and from various sources funds amounting to about \$1,500,000 more were raised to help on the enterprise.

Then the plan was enlarged a little, and the Federal government decided to ask foreigners to bring exhibits relating to the departmental workings of their governments as a contribution to the knowledge of the science of government. To carry out this idea a supplementary appropriation of \$300,000 was made by Congress, and a board of officers was appointed by the President.

When the enterprise was started, one of the most active promoters was Senator Diaz, now president of Mexico. President Diaz has not lost interest in the exhibition, and promises continued co-operation. Already the Mexican government has appropriated \$200,000 for its share in the great show. The Latin countries of Central America will also be duly represented at the exposition. Although, on account of the use of the term Southern Exposition, many have supposed that it will be solely an exhibition of Southern products and things having some relation to them, the fact is it will be an international exhibition on a larger scale than any heretofore attempted anywhere.

The grounds cover 250 acres. The main building is the largest ever built for such a purpose. The government building measures 884 by 565 feet, and is itself larger than either of the two Paris exposition buildings, and larger than the Vienna exposition building. There will be an immense horticultural hall, art galleries, and other buildings such as naturally cluster around a great exposition. The intention is to provide room for all exhibitors who have anything to show that is worth seeing. The exhibits are to be catalogued in nine groups with about 1,000 classifications.

The primary object of the exposition is to educate the people, and this will be kept constantly in view. The president of the exposition is Edmund Richardson, of Mississippi, the largest cotton planter in the world. The director-general is Major E. A. Burke, of New Orleans. There is an office in New York, in the Stewart building, at Chambers street and Broadway, and another office in Chicago. Then there is a commissioner in every State with \$5,000 to spend in the interest of the exposition. There are also fourteen men traveling in Europe giving information about the exposition and getting exhibitors.

The exhibition will be opened promptly on December 4. Already a fleet of steamboats is being prepared on the Mississippi to take visitors to the show. There are ten lines of steamers connecting New Orleans with New York. Then there are the Louisville and Nashville railroad, the Queen and Crescent railroad, the Illinois Central, the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas, and the new system of Mexican roads ready to carry visitors from all directions to the exposition, and the prospect is that even in the number of its visitors the Southern exposition will rival the exhibition at Philadelphia.

Various Ways of Stopping a Car.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle says that in stopping street cars a Boston woman shakes her book, a New York woman throws her parasol at the driver's head, a Brooklyn woman whistles, a Chicago woman puts her foot on the track, a St. Louis girl winks at the conductor, a Cincinnati woman says, "hush! hush!" and a Pittsburgh woman paralyzes the horses with a smile.

SELF-RELIANCE.

I.
By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

II.
Keep thou thy soul sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teacher learn to know,
And play out time appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow;
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

III.
Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhere, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou mayst look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Faulty grammarians should cultivate the parse-hip.—Gouverneur Herald.
The United States speech crop will be very extensive this year.—Waterloo Observer.

A man who paints the town red generally looks blue himself the following morning.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

The most verdant young man of the period was the one who attempted to cut grass with a bicycle.—Boston Budget.

There is a variety of slug which has 28,000 teeth. How devoutly thankful we are that the slug is not a dog.—Philadelphia Call.

They have a pound for cats in Brooklyn, says an exchange. We have a pound for them in Boston, and it will be administered with anything that comes within our reach.—Boston Post.

"Do cats reason?" asks a scientist. Well, our view is that they try to settle matters that way, but nine times out of ten the debate seems to end in an old-fashioned riot.—Philadelphia Press.
To be, or not to be, that is the question: Whether 'tis better to lose the nomination; Or to be a presidential candidate and have A pirate's picture passed off for your own, All in public print!

There are said to be 20,649 stitches in a plain shirt. These figures, added to the number of half-hours annually consumed in looking for collar buttons, would make the public open their eyes.—Courier-Journal.

"Man has not half the courage of woman," shouts a female orator. No, indeed; no one ever saw a great big, overgrown woman running from a little bit of a man with a rolling-pin in his hand.—Philadelphia Call.

EPITAPH ON A TRUTHFUL MAN.
The world with mysteries is rife
That puzzle even the wise;
This man was truthful all his life,
He's dead, and here he lies.

Colorado has a woman who speaks eight languages, but when her husband comes in at three in the morning with his legs hopelessly entangled she doesn't deviate very far from the Colorado interpretation of plain English.—St. Paul Herald.

"The evening shoe for little girls is the Patti slipper," says an exchange. It is used just before the little girl is put to bed without her supper, and the ceremony of "trying it on" is attended with more or less effusive demonstrations on the part of the little girl's mother.—Lancet Citizen.

The blattant bullfrog's soggy song
Comes gurgling from each clump;
The chirp of sparrows all day long,
Is heard beneath the trees.
The screeching owl's "too-whit, too-whoos,"
The cackle of each barnyard goose,
Which waddles round the pump,
Now strike upon the breeze.
But not a sound of all these crows
Is half as harsh as the bullabaloos
Of orators on the stump.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowats, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him in contact with Count Andrássy, with whom he became a favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of