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SONG.

[illegible] love late, some find him soon,
[illegible] the rose in May,
[illegible] the nightingale in June,
[illegible] when skies are gray;
[illegible] some with smiling eyes,
[illegible] with tears to some,
[illegible] Love sings, for some Love sighs,
[illegible] Love's lips are dumb.
[illegible] you come to me, fair Love?
[illegible] you come soon or late?
[illegible] sad or smiling skies above,
[illegible] light of sun or moon?
[illegible] you be sad, will you be sweet,
[illegible], sigh, Love, or be dumb,
[illegible] it be summer when we meet,
Or autumn ere you come?

—*Pakenham Beatty.*

OUR EXPERIMENT.

[illegible] it," said Kate, dashing a [illegible] pins upon the table, and [illegible] brown braid go tumbling [illegible]

[illegible]" said Beth.

[illegible]" said Nannie, who was suffering with a dreadful cold.

"[illegible] is it, girls?" said I, turning my [illegible] down in my lap.

"[illegible] the suppers," said Beth.

"[illegible] the everlasting gossip," said Kate.

"[illegible] differed from hobe," said Nannie, [illegible] whom boarding-house life was a [illegible]xperience.

"[illegible] all three, and much more," was [illegible] wanted to say, but being the [illegible] the four, it seemed my duty to [illegible] of things; so I said, quite [illegible] didn't see anything unusual [illegible] supper to-night."

"[illegible] trouble," groaned Beth. "[illegible]her too usual. I am so [illegible] and butter and apple [illegible]ake that I feel like gnashing [illegible] at the sight of them. I [illegible]slice of toast or a bowl of [illegible] milk occasionally, without [illegible] feel that I had disarranged [illegible]ternal economy of the house."

"[illegible] are bad enough," said [illegible] are nothing to the gossip. [illegible] it whispered round [illegible] and his wife had a [illegible] room last night,' or that [illegible] has worn three new [illegible] month,' or that 'Mr. Jewett [illegible] late the other night, and [illegible] as though he fell upstairs.'"

[illegible] Kate looked as scornful as a [illegible] with a dimple in it would [illegible]

"[illegible]ould stad everythig else," said [illegible] "if it was odly hobe-like. Oh! [illegible]ould odly sit dowd in a clead[illegible], with by feet in the stove oved[illegible] a braided mat in frod of the stove [illegible] dice cat od it, I should be perfectly happy."

[illegible] laughed at this idea of bliss, [illegible] the laugh there was a sudden [illegible] for each one of us recalled such [illegible], and the presence that had made [illegible]-like.

"[illegible] were not sisters, or even kin to [illegible]ther, but meeting as strangers in [illegible] boarding-house, a strong friend[illegible] had grown up between us, starting, [illegible], in the fact that we were each [illegible]ned and had our living to earn, and [illegible]ngthened by many congenial tastes. [illegible] doing our daily duties in rather [illegible], cheerful way, usually with few [illegible]lights, but to-night we were under [illegible]nd. Outside, a November rain was [illegible] the windows, and inside, the [illegible] smoked.

"[illegible] was pay-day at the manufactory [illegible] Kate was book-keeper, and that [illegible]ways a hard day for her; Beth had [illegible]led two of her dullest pupils through [illegible] music lesson; and I had had a time [illegible]ool that afternoon with a wretch[illegible] boy, and was at my wits' end [illegible] to do with him on the [illegible]; and Nannie was more than [illegible]—so we sat there quite still for [illegible]. Finally Beth spoke: "I sup[illegible] we might make these rooms look a [illegible] pleasanter. We each have a few [illegible] and knicknacks."

"[illegible] you suppose I would hang my [illegible]ictures against this awful paper?" [illegible] Kate. "Besides, what would be the [illegible]" Just as we got everything nicely [illegible], some man would want the room, [illegible] we should be invited to go up high[illegible] I've boarded in this house two [illegible]ars, and in that time I've advanced [illegible] from the first floor back to the third floor [illegible]front, and two moves more will take me [illegible]ut on the roof."

"We bight go subwhere else," said [illegible]Nannie.

"Oh! you poor little innocent!" [illegible]laughed Beth. "You'd 'change the [illegible]place and keep the pain.' They're all [illegible]bout alike."

At this Nannie lifted such a woe-be[illegible] face that I felt something must be [illegible]ne.

"Girls!" said I, in my most impressive [illegible]hool-room manner.

But here there was an interruption, for [illegible]nie left the rocking-chair and rushed [illegible]ard the bed.

"[illegible], Nannie!" cried Kate, "don't muss the [illegible]; it's hard enough anyway." But [illegible] spoke too late, for under the com[illegible]ed influence of homesickness and in[illegible]enza, Nannie had flung herself on the [illegible] in a forlorn little heap, and was lift[illegible] up her voice in a hoarse cry.

"This was simply dreadful.

Beth and I purred over and cuddled [illegible], and Kate slipped downstairs and [illegible]xed the cross kitchen girl into mak[illegible] a bowl of sage tea, and by the time [illegible] was back with it the invalid was [illegible] what comforted.

When quiet was restored, I spoke [illegible]. "Girls! let's go to housekeep[illegible]" Nannie stopped the bowl half [illegible] her lips, Beth sat upright on the [illegible] and Kate dropped the stick of [illegible] her hand back into the box.

"[illegible]here's the furniture coming from?" [illegible]

"[illegible]ho'll pay the bills?" said Nannie.

"[illegible]ho'll do the work?" said Beth.

who was born south of Mason's and Dixon's line.

"We'll all do it," said I, answering the last question first; "and as for the furnishing, that needn't cost so very much; and about the bills—Kate, how much do we all pay a week?"

"Four times five is twenty, and two dollars for washing makes twenty-two," said Kate, with bookkeeper promptness.

"Why," said Beth, beginning to be eager, "lots of families live on less than that, and pay for everything out of it—clothes and doctor's bills and everything."

Well, we talked till midnight, and the more we talked, the more feasible the scheme seemed, and it was decided that we should commence tenement-hunting the very next morning; and after Beth and I had gone to our own room, Kate came hurrying across to say she had some spoons and forks which had been her mother's, and that Nannie said she knew how to make lovely waffles.

We expected a tedious time finding a rent within our means; but it is astonishing how fortune helps those who try to help themselves. That very week a nice little scholar of Nannie's stopped after school to say that her parents were going to move out of the city. We knew where she lived—a pleasant house in a respectable locality; so after supper Kate and I hunted up the landlord, the next day we went in a body to inspect the place, and the bargain was concluded.

Between that time and our departure we bade fair to lose our reputation of being the quietest boarders in the house, for every night there was talking and laughing in one room or the other, while we stitched and hemmed and figured—this last the hardest of all.

Kate, with a confidence born of much handling of money, made out a list in a twinkling, which list was perfectly satisfactory to all of us—until we inquired prices. One thing we were agreed upon, and that was, rigid economy, so we cheapened this and left out that, until it looked quite reasonable.

Well, the first day of December found us in "our own hired house," and as Beth turned the key in the hall door, we felt that we had burned our ships behind us.

The outgoing tenants seemed to regard our experiment in the light of a huge joke, which they were willing to help along, so they gave us a number of housekeeping things, among others a braided mat, and a half-dozen plants all in blossom, and sold us their range at a very low price. Beside this, we had a couple of bedsteads with the furnishings, a few dishes, our trunks, and a half-dozen packing boxes of different sizes.

The next fortnight was a busy one. We rose early and went to bed late, and lived in picnic fashion, while we painted and pounded, and planned. We were in a state of mind where we wished for no advice, much less help, from anybody outside; but after jamming considerable plaster from the walls, and skin from our knuckles, we decided there were times when a man could be made useful, and at Nannie's suggestion a certain young architect from the boarding house was taken into our confidence, and did valiant service in putting up shelves and hooks.

One Friday night, with the last screw in the kitchen clock-shelf, the work was done, and I doubt if many brides, going into houses luxuriantly appointed without care of theirs, feel half the satisfaction that we did in looking round on the result of our ingenuity and hardwork. And it was a right cosy little place. There was a good-sized sitting-room with two sleeping-rooms opening from it, a kitchen adjoining, a store-room, closets, etc., and as the house was on a corner, we had the sun most of the day.

Kate and Nannie painted the floor of their room soft gray, and covered their dressing-table and wash-stand with blue and drab chintz. The one window was draped with full curtains of unbleached cotton, trimmed and looped back, with bands of the chintz, and a low cushioned chair and ottoman were covered with the same blue and drab covering.

A low painted bedstead and chest of drawers completed their furniture, and strips of blue and gray carpeting before the larger pieces took away any suspicion of bareness.

The room Beth and I shared was precisely similar, except that our floor was painted a bright warm brown, and our cretonne covers and bits of carpet were scarlet and white. But it was on our common sitting-room that we lavished our greatest skill. The three windows were curtained with full draperies of cheese-cloth, over cream colored shades, a big crimson bow at the top of each window where the draperies parted. Nannie, who was not in the least æsthetic, pleaded to have the whole floor covered, but as this meant twenty-five yards of carpeting, she was voted down on the score of economy as well as of art. A wide margin was stained a most delightful dead-leaf brown, and nine yards of crimson and wood colored carpet made a square large enough to come well out around the center table. And the table—we saw it one day in front of an auction-room. The top looked as though opposing forces had fought across it, but the standard was good and solid; so home it went, and when it was covered with Beth's old gray shawl dyed crimson, and the student-lamp set over the darn in the middle, the effect was all that could be desired.

Then we had Beth's piano and the plants, and nobody knows until she tries it how far a piano and plants go toward furnishing a room. We had a comfortable lounge, bought "in the cloth," and covered by our own hands, a big Shaker rocking-chair, and two or three smaller rockers and camp-chairs. The wall-paper was subdued, and our few pictures and brackets made quite a show, and when we had scattered our books and trinkets about the room, it was a decided success.

"There, Nannie," said Kate, when we reached the cozy kitchen on our tour of inspection, "you can tuck your little feet right into the oven, and feast your eyes on the braided mat, and if the cat was only here, you would have reached the climax of earthly happiness."

The young architect looked inquiringly, and Nannie's ideal of bliss was explained to him. He made no comments, but looked at her with a peculiar expression in his handsome eyes, and I felt that the stability of the society was threatened.

The next night as we were sitting down cozily to our tea and toast, and baked apples and milk, there was a ring at the door, and Kate, answering it, came back with a basket.

"It's directed to you, Nannie," she said, holding it to the light. So Nannie opened it, when out stepped a plump, self-satisfied Maltese kitten, and attached to one fore-paw was a card which said: "The Climax." Beth turned the card over, and read the young architect's name.

"Oh, Nannie?" she said, turning on her reproachfully, "I hope you are not going to spoil everything." But Nannie was busy filling a saucer for the new comer, and made no answer.

I may as well say here that, soon after, the young man came to me in a very straightforward way, made known his intentions in regard to Nannie, and asked permission to visit her. That night, while she was gone on an errand, I laid the question before the other girls.

"I move," said Kate, who was rather given to sounding phrases—"I move that he be granted leave to withdraw."

"Oh, let him come!" said Beth, with true Southern obliviousness of consequences.

Well, he came, and came again, and the little romance unfolded in a kindlier atmosphere than that of a boarding-house parlor, and after a while I think we all rather enjoyed him, as he was a high-minded, intelligent young fellow, who conducted his wooing with very little nonsense. Some evenings he would come in with his drawing-board under his arm, and establishing himself at our kitchen table, put in his marvelously fine lines and figures, with Nannie sitting beside him with her sewing, making quite a Darby-and-Joan picture. Kate sometimes shook her fist at him from the covert of the sitting-room, but she usually ended with "Bless the children!"

But to turn from love to figures. How much did it cost?

Now, I do not expect to be believed when I say that our entire furnishing, from the small mirrors in our bedrooms to the big iron spoon in the pantry, cost exactly $128.63; nevertheless, that was the exact total. It may seem more creditable when it is understood that our dressing-tables, wash-stands, and ottomans were packing-boxes, and that the inviting cushioned chairs were originally barrels. Of course our bedsteads were not furnished with hair mattresses and rose blankets, but we had warm coverings, and clean straw-filled ticks, which were simply luxurious after boarding-house mattresses.

Our table was not set forth with cut-glass and silver (except Kate's spoons and forks), but it was clean, and the food wholesome and varied.

And about the cost of living? We elected Kate treasurer, and every Saturday night each of us put five dollars and a half into a box kept for the purpose, and she paid for everything out of it. We questioned her often, during the first month, how the money was holding out, but she made no satisfactory answer.

The first day of January we each found on our plate at supper the following notice: "The first monthly meeting of the Home Co-operative Society will be held this evening in the kitchen, as soon as the dishes are done. A full attendance is desired, to hear the report of the treasurer."

Every member was present, and the treasurer read her report. After setting forth at some length the origin and object of the society, she presented the following figures:

IN ACCOUNT WITH HOME CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Cash	$97.43	By ton coal	$ 7.50
		" groceries	22.00
		" meat and vegetables	16.75
		" milk	2.50
		" labor (washing, ironing and cleaning)	6.00
		" rent	18.00
			$72.75
		" balance on hand	24.68
	$97.43		$97.43

"Which means," said Kate," dropping her official manner, "that we have had all this good time, and don't owe a cent for anything, and have six dollars and seventeen cents apiece coming back to us;" and she counted out four little piles of money.

"And coal in the bin, and food in the larder," added Beth.

The next month we paid five dollars a week each, and had a surplus, and after that, four dollars a week usually covered all expenses.

When we started, though we asked no advice, we had floods of it, and no end of dismal predictions. "You'll quarrel," "You'll run in debt," "You'll find the work too hard," "You'll get tired of it," and, most dreadful of all, "You'll be talked about."

"Well," said Kate, when this was brought up, "if a good name in the past, and orderly living in the future won't save us, why, let them talk. They must talk about something, and while we are under discussion somebody else will escape." So that was disposed of. And we did not run into debt, and we did not quarrel. It would be too much to say that we never differed, but our differences were never bitter.

We used to think sometimes that Beth shirked her share of the work, but she was the sweetest-tempered creature living, and always willing to make amends. Then we had to hold a tight rein on Kate, who was apt to want luxuries out of season, at exorbitant prices; and I was sometimes a trial about cooking, being absent-minded, and apt to burn things up. As to Nannie, she was never anything but a comfort. We didn't keep her long, for one day, toward our first Thanksgiving, there was an unusual flutter in the house. We trimmed the rooms with flowers, and tied a white satin ribbon on The Climax; the minister and a few friends came in and almost before we knew it, Nannie and the young architect had gone off together in a hack, with The Climax wailing in a basket on the front seat.

But this did not break up the society, for another good friend stood ready to fill the vacancy, and stepped promptly in. And did we not find the work too hard? Well, sometimes it seemed a bother, but, divided among four, it was not oppressive; and if the larder got empty, or other work pressed, we took our dinners out for a day or two.

And we did not get tired of it, but after a three years' trial of the plan, are more and more satisfied, for it is home. We leave it in the morning with regret, and return to it gladly at night, feeling that it is ours, that we are not there on sufference, but by right. And this sense of security and permanently encourage us to add comforts and even luxuries to our surroundings, and I think you might hunt up and down the city and not find a more contented and comfortable set of people than the members of the Home Co-operative society.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Cowboy's Favorite Gun.

I dropped into a large store on El Paso street, which enjoys the reputation of selling more arms than any other house in the city, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. While inspecting the glittering array of pistols of all kinds which filled half a dozen showcases, a young fellow of about twenty-three entered. He was dressed in approved frontier style, sombrero it would take three days to walk around the rim of, white handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, blue shirt, pants stuck in his boots, and large Mexican spurs upon his heels, jingling as he walked. He wished to buy a "gun." In the expressiveness and laconic tongue of the frontier a "gun" is a revolver; a rifle is called by the name of the maker; and the weapon of the sportsman, uncurtailed of its fair proportions, is known as a shotgun.

Selecting from the case a handsomely mounted Colt's forty-five calibre revolver, the clerk said: "How would you like this? It is the newest thing out—a double-action forty-five." "Ain't worth a row of beans. No man 'cept he is a tenderfoot wants that kind of thing. Give me old reliable all the time. You see a man that's used to the old style is apt to get fooled—not pull her off in time—and then he'll be laid out colder'n a wedge."

He was handed a single-action Colt's of the same model, which, after carefully examining, he proceeded to cock and fire, twirling the pistol around his forefinger and pressing the trigger the moment the butt came into palm of his hand. After some little "kick" about the price the weapon was paid for and the customer left the store.

"There are few men," observed the clerk, as his customer left, "that can do that trick. I have been ten years on the Southwest frontier, among the worst classes, and don't know more nor half a dozen. 'Bill the Kid' could do it; so can Pat Garret, former sheriff of Lincoln county; so can Dan Tucker, deputy sheriff of Deming. Curly Bill could do it best of the lot, and that's how he killed Sheriff White at Tombstone.

"How was that?"

"Well, you see Curly Bill was trying to paint the town *red*, and White heard of it, and going up to him, covered him with his six-shooter, and told him he had got to give up his gun. Bill handed the gun out butt first, but kept his finger inside the guard, and as the sheriff reached for it he gave it that twist you've seen, turned her loose, and the sheriff passed in his checks."

Center of Earthquake Trouble.

Though some terrible earthquakes occur in Europe and Asia, South America seems to be the center of trouble. In 1812 the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, was destroyed in three shocks, each of which did not occupy twenty seconds. In 1859 the city of Callao was also completely demolished, this being the second time. The first time a wave came in from the sea one hundred feet high, and without warning burst upon the city. In 1822 an earthquake produced some strange changes in the Andes. Mountains were leveled, others were raised, and a tract of land one thousand miles square was bodily elevated about seven feet.

It has been learned from old records that the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii was nearly accomplished by an earthquake sixteen years before the ashes of Vesuvius covered them from sight. Biblical records tells us that earthquakes were felt in Syria in the time of Ahab, 900 B.C., and also in the reign of Uzziah, 800 B. C. In Josephus there is mention of an earthquake that desolated Judea at the time of the battle of Actium, 31 B. C., destroying over 10,000 people. Antioch has been visited by some terrible scenes. The worst visitation was in 526, A. D., when over 200,000 persons were destroyed. Sixty years later another shock destroyed 60,000 more.

There are seven native-born Ohioans in the Senate, and thirty-one members of the house first saw light in that State.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The bread eaten at table in Turin is a yard long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, of a pipe stem form, very crisp, and exceedingly palatable. It is called "grissini," after the doctor who invented it on hygienic principles.

The business of monarchy promotes longevity. Witness the ages of the following rulers: The emperor of Germany is eighty-seven; the king of the Netherlands, sixty-seven; the king of Denmark, sixty-six, and Queen Victoria, sixty-five.

Church bells from a Baltimore foundry are in demand in England. Already China, West Africa, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, the West Indies and parts of South America have drawn upon the same establishment for its silver-toned bells.

A great plague, called the "black death," beginning on the plains of Western Asia, swept over Europe during the years 1348-1351, destroying probably one-third of the whole population. This, by diminishing the number of people, doubled the price of labor.

It is said that no watch will keep the same time with two people. This is owing to the temperature of the wearer, and it is claimed that even the mere physical difference in gait and movement between different people will affect the time-keeping of a watch, which is probably also affected in some degree by the magnetism of the wearer.

An Australian has devised a scheme for bringing down rain to order. The concern is in the form of a balloon, with a charge of dynamite underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds, and the dynamite is to be fired by a wire connecting it with the earth. It is the intention of the inventor, it is stated, to make a trial of the apparatus on the dry districts of New South Wales.

Statistics show that the tendency to suicide is much greater among the regular gamblers from losses than among business men. The sharp strain of the gaming-table, short though it may be, spoils the nerves, and weakens fortitude more than the strain of business. Cavour, one of the most serene of men, was within an ace on one great gambling night of throwing half his fortune away rather than call a card, and only called it, as he relates himself, because a drop of perspiration rose on his opponent's forehead.

The origin of the trade dollar is thus explained. The Chinese are paid for their tea mainly in silver. In 1873 the United States coined 35,000,000 of the trade dollars for use in India. Previously the Mexican dollar had practically monopolized the field. The American dollar was heavier and possessed more intrinsic value, but it was found that for some mysterious reason the Chinese merchants preferred the Mexican to the American coin, a fact probably due to their hereditary dislike of novelties, and now no trade dollars are shipped to China. The The Chinese heard some years ago, that our government intended to redeem these dollars at par, and being shrewd enough to see an opportunity for speculation, they hoarded the coins and sent them to this country. At all events, they are said to have disappeared in China as well as in this country.

WISE WORDS.

Behavior is a mirror in which everyone shows his image.

The society of women is the element of good manners.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

Right habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each year.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty or time, and we know that the pyramids themselves, rotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey will yield us bees.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

A Circus Elephant in a Rage.

Cole's huge elephant Sampson severed his chains at Hailey, Idaho, and started to pulverize his keeper, who made a hasty retreat. A cage of lions stood in the way of the infuriated animal, which he picked up and hurled to one side, killing two horses. The circus people called on the crowd to shoot the monster, and a lively firing began, but without appreciable effect. Finally a party of men succeeded in roping the beast and he was quieted. Thirty bullet holes were found in his hide. The damage done by him amounted to $10,000.

MORE IN THE MAN THAN IN THE LAND.

I knowed a man, which he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
And he lived pretty much by gettin, of loans
And his mules were nuthin' but skin and bones,
And his hogs was flat as his corn-bread pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones'
Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yellerish cotton.
And little o' thot, and his fences was rotten,
And what little corn he had, hit was boughten,
And danged if a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he riz and he walked to the stable lot;
And he hollared to Tom to come thar and hitch,
For to emigrate somewhar whar land was rich,
And to quit raisin' cockburs, thistles and sich,
And a waistin' their time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Pertestin' that folks was mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgy their lifetime out,
Just scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought
Get places in Texas, whar cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown
Was a livin' not far from the edge of town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said that bein' as money was skace,
And bein' as sheriffs was hard o' face
Two dollars and acre would git the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a wagin and tents,
And loaded his corn and his wimmin and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile, with the best 'o luck,
To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the groun',
And he rooted it up and plowed it down;
Then he plowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day
(Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a settin down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one o' the children jumped on his knee,
And says: "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standing out at the fence,
And he hadn't no wagin, nor mules nor tents,
For he had left Texas afoot and cum
To Georgy to see if he couldn't get sum
Employment, and he was lookin' as humble as ef
He had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him in, and he sot
Him down to his vittles smokin' hot,
And when he had filled hisself and the floor
Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore
That "whether men's land was rich or poor,
Thar was more in the man than thar was in the land."

—*Sidney Lanier, in Southern Cultivator.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The court cryer. A royal infant.—*Boston Post.*

The butcher who trusts loses flesh.—*Boston Post.*

The diver is the man who weights for the tide.—*New York Journal.*

Babies know nothing of politics, yet they are fond of crow.—*Puck.*

A door is sometimes a jar and an earthquake always is.—*Lowell Courier.*

In the midst of all the excitement concerning it, the north pole remains perfectly cool.—*Blizzard.*

"The work of reclaiming the Potomac flats is rapidly going on," so says an exchange. "This must be pleasant reading for Washington dudes.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A boarding-house cook has been awarded $450 for the invention of a new and improved chicken soup. Perhaps the improvement consists of putting in some chicken.—*Derrick.*

"At great heights, dogs lose their power of barking." It is a fine scheme, then, to keep your dog in the garret, or tie him up to the swaying limb of a tall and lonely tree.—*Hawkeye.*

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—good night or good evening? Never tell a lie, young man; say good morning.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SHE AND ME.

She held him fast in her soft white arms
And kissed him warm with a yearning hug,
For she was a girl of the upper ten,
And he—well, he was a dogoned pug.

—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Maud—"Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother: 'Not Like Other Girls?' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?" Mother—"I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."—*Life.*

A horrible example: A Parisian doctor prescribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout: "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the field; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."—*Boston Journal.*