

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..... 6 00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 00
Two Squares, one year..... 18 00
Quarter Column, one year..... 20 00
Half Column, one year..... 28 00
One Column, one year..... 100 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

EPICHRAMMATIC GEMS.
A TOP.
A top is one who takes great pains
About everything except his brains.
A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.
If I had a fortune of gold to invest,
It would cause little worry or trouble;
To Ireland I'd send it, that "Isle of the
Bliss,"
Where the Capital always in Dublin.
THE SWEET BUY-AND-RY.
"By and by is easily said."—Hamlet.
As Jones and his wife so buxom and sweet
Passed a milliner's shop on their way down
The street,
Where a "duck of a bonnet" she chanced to
spy,
And with words most seductive she coaxed
him to buy.
"It's only twelve dollars; come, dear, let's go
buy it."
"All right," replied Jones, and passed on;
"Let's go by it!"
SYMBOLIC LOVE.
My love for U will ne'er D K
Nor ever grow O less;
I O U both night and day,
& love U 2 X 8.
POETRY VS. PROSE.
Success is the poetry of life as it goes,
For we find, to our cost, its re-verse are
prose.
A "BIRD" IT.
Of the letter h throughout their land,
The English seem to have a dread;
They've seldom got it in their "and,"
And never in their "had."
AN ENIGMA.
From majesty takes head and tail,
Be sure and leave the rest;
Then, if you do, you cannot fail
To see it's but a jest.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE LOST I. O. U.
Some men seem to take naturally to whatever promises to be unfortunate to them, and it must have been in a blind obedience to this law that Charles Day insisted on regarding Jonas Terry as his friend. There was nothing in common between the men but a love for Josie Merritt, and such a circumstance is not usually conducive to friendly feeling. Charles had wavy brown hair, a pleasant face, and a fine tenor voice. Jonas kept his hair out after some penitential fashion, his features were thick and commonplace, and he had a short, stumpy figure. Their mental differences were quite as great; Charles was rapid and bright, Jonas slow and secretive; Charles also was affectionate and prodigal, Jonas saving and prudent, and inclined to make a merit of always looking out for himself. Both were young men of some fortune and position, but Jonas alone was in business. Charles lived upon the rents of his property, and devoted his time to the ladies in general, and to Josie Merritt in particular. One evening in June they sat together in the library of Charles' fine house. They had been discussing some summer plans, and Charles said, "Leave off grudging at that money mill of yours, Jonas, and come with me; we shall have a pleasant month's cruise." "I cannot possibly do it. To tell the truth, I am in a very tight place, and it is a bad time for raising money." "How much do you want?" "About twelve thousand." "About ten thousand?" "Yes; ten thousand would put me out of straits. In fact, ten thousand now might be worth fifty thousand to me." Charles walked to his secretary, and unlocking it, counted out the amount in bills, and handed them to his friend, saying: "Just give me your I. O. U., Jonas, for two months after date. Will that be long enough?" "You don't mean this, Charles?" "Why, yes, I do, old fellow. It is not much of a kindness, after all. You see, Merritt paid me my quarter's rents to-day, and I shall be sure to spend all before the quarter is over if I keep the money where I can get at it. In two months I shall be out of funds, and in the height of the season. It is a plan of mine to secure ten thousand for a clearing up in September." "Thank you, Charles. I will accept the loan with pleasure, and if you should need it before, why, just drop me a line. I shall be out of trouble long before September." The young man then drew a pen and some paper toward him, wrote out the I. O. U., and handed it to his friend, observing, as he did so, "Allow me to say, Charles, that it is foolish to keep so much money here. Put it with your banker." "Certainly. Merritt paid me this afternoon. It was so hot when he left I thought I would not go down-town until the morning. There is no danger. Nobody but you and Merritt and myself knows anything about it." Then he lifted the I. O. U., glanced at it, and rose to put it in his secretary; but as he was crossing the room Jonas said, "I heard to-day that Josie Merritt is to marry Lieutenant Price." In an instant the young man's thoughts were diverted from his money affairs. He was much excited at the information, refused to believe it, and went over and over, with a passionate earnestness, his reasons for being certain that such a thing could not be. "Why," he kept repeating, "I have known her ever since she was a little girl. I carried her books to school; I went with her to the dancing class;

her father has been my lawyer and my adviser; I have been as much at home in Merritt's house as in my own. Pooh! the thing is impossible. Josie never would treat me like that. I won't believe it."
"Go and ask her a straightforward question."
"I can't. It is too late to-night, and I leave by the noon train to-morrow. I intended to have that matter fully understood this summer, but I was in no hurry. A love affair is all spoiled when papa and mamma and the lawyer and the world come into it. I have told Josie that, and she and I understand one another. Will you be calling there soon, Jonas?"
"I will try, if you wish it."
"They leave town in a few days, but call before, if you can, and send me word if you see anything of the lieutenant."
"I will. Lock up your secretary, Charles; I see it is still open. I am very much obliged—very much."
"All right. You are very welcome. I am just putting ten thousand safely away for when I need it."
Charles was much annoyed at what he had heard, but he did not forget his secretary. It had a secret drawer, and was capable of being fastened by three intricate locks. He carefully secured all three, and then sat down to smoke and think over again the absurdity of Josie caring for any one but himself. In half an hour he was satisfied that the thing was impossible, and he rose rather wearily, determined to sleep upon his faith in her love.
As he passed the table he saw a piece of paper that attracted him; it was Jonas' I. O. U. He had forgotten to put it away, and it was too much troubled to unlock the secretary again. He hesitated a moment where to secure it, but almost instantly selected a place he considered singularly safe, deposited it there, and then went to bed and to sleep.
The next day he went to Newport, and there waited impatiently the advent of the Merritts. Before he got any letter from Jonas, Josie herself had satisfied him. They had a charming stroll together, in which everything was talked over, and left Charles in what he considered a very happy and enviable position.

Nothing marred the heaven of their next two months. At the end of that time the reckless lover began to be in want of funds, and as he had heard nothing from Jonas, he determined to go to New York and collect his I. O. U. He had not a care on his heart about it until he had searched his secretary again and failed to find the paper. He lit a cigar, and sat down to think. Then he suddenly remembered that he had found the paper after he had locked his secretary, and that he had hid it. He even remembered the little laugh of delight with which he had put it in such a capital place. But what place? He could not remember that.
The room, as said before, was the library, and the walls were covered to a considerable height with books, the top of the shelves being ornamented with busts, Indian boxes, and Chinese cabinets and jars. He looked behind all the books, opened those within easy reach, rifled the boxes and cabinets, and peeped into all the vases. The search was continued half through the night, but the paper was not found.
He thought that it was of no consequence, but somehow his heart failed him. Early next day he went to the office of Jonas Terry, and found him there. Jonas was busy writing, but he lifted his head with a smile, and rose heartily to greet his friend.
"Jonas," said Charles, with a puzzled, eager look, "that I. O. U.—I have lost it. Searched everywhere all night for it, and can't lay my hands on it."
"What I. O. U.?"
"The one you gave me for the ten thousand dollars I lent you in June. After you want I sat down to think about Josie Merritt, and when I was getting sleepy I found it on the table. I was too lazy to unlock my secretary again, and I hid it somewhere; or else I thought I hid it, and left it about, and the servants have swept it away. However I will give you an acknowledgment that will cover all possible claim if ever it should turn up. That will do, you know."
"You must be dreaming, Charles. I know nothing about an I. O. U., and I don't at all see what you are drifting at."
"Jonas! You could not be such a scoundrel! You are joking of course."
"Mr. Day, I request you to leave my office at once, sir. I am not to be bullied or black-mailed in this way, I assure you."
Then Charles struck the scoundrel, and there was such an uproar of words and blows that the police were called in, and the affair became sufficiently public, and indeed went into the courts. Of course Charles got the worst of it every way. He had no particle of evidence to show for his claim; he was fast, fashionable, and extravagant, while Jonas was universally spoken of as "estimable and reliable." Society turned the cold shoulder toward him, and mothers forbade their daughters to ride in his company or accept him for a partner in the dance. "But then," as Mrs. Merritt shrewdly said, "his engagement to our Josie has just become known."
It was remarkable that after this quarrel Jonas Terry's business grew with an amazing rapidity. Perhaps the saving of that ten thousand had been the turning-point of his fortune. We all know how the want of a five-dollar bill can sometimes lose us an amount amazingly disproportionate. Socially, too, his success was very great. He married a beautiful, stylish woman, who fully shared his antipathy to the Days, and who never lost an opportunity of mortifying them; and social slights are bitter enough to those whose whole life turns upon social success. In fact Mr. and

Mrs. Jonas Terry, with their grand house and exclusive entertainments and fine turn-out, were the Mordcaid sitting in the gate of all Charles' and Josie's happiness.
Many a time the two had gone together over everything in the room, taken every book from the shelves, and examined every crevice in the cases, but all in vain. The I. O. U. was evidently lost, and Charles said, after every fresh search and disappointment, "No use, Josie; I tell you everything goes against honor and virtue. If you want to be pointed out as a pattern of all excellencies, you must be in secret a natural and practical villain."
So the years went by—fifteen of them. The I. O. U. was not forgotten. They lived in a society where people have little else to do but remember the antecedents of its members, and Charles Day and his wife very often felt the influence of Jonas' accusation. The two men never spoke. If they passed each other on the drive Jonas cracked his whip offensively, or Mrs. Terry looked scornfully at the shrinking couple, but they had long ago said all to each other that it was possible to say.
In the fifteenth summer after the loan Charles went yachting, and on one memorable night was shipwrecked. Almost by a miracle, and after he had sunk thrice, he was rescued. The first words he uttered to his wife were: "Josie, I have found the I. O. U. Write down just what I say: 'Shakespeare, Knight's Edition, vol. iv., page 213, fourth compartment, fourth shelf, fourth book.'"
Josie wrote it down; but he was so restless lest anything should now happen to the library that he returned to New York as soon as there was the least safety in doing so. When he arrived at home he went straight to the library, and putting his hand on a certain volume, opened it at the page he had indicated, and there was the lost I. O. U.
"When I was drowning, Josie, the last time I sunk, everything I ever did became in a moment's flash clear as day to me, and I saw myself putting the note in the place I found it. It is wonderful. But it is true, and Josie dear, thank God my name will be cleared at last."
The clearing of his name was Charles' first thought, but after it came the very satisfactory one of making Jonas pay the principal and interest due him. "And after this is done, Josie, I shall sue him for defamation of character, and make him pay for every insolence."
This was no idle threat. The next morning Charles' lawyer confronted the false-hearted scoundrel with his I. O. U., and entered proceeding at once to recover. Jonas at first tried to compromise, but this offer Charles indignantly rejected. "I want the world to see," he said, "that though punishment for a cowardly wicked deed be long delayed, it is sure to come."
And perhaps the social and commercial world in which these two men moved never had a more vivid illustration of this truth. The business that had been built upon a fraud and a wrong crumbled away as if touched by some withering blight. The court awarded Charles Day principal and full interest, and a subsequent action for defamation gave him, in reparation for his fifteen years' slandered name, fifty thousand dollars.
But by that time the firm of Jonas Terry was unable to meet such a claim. He shut his doors in dishonor, and fled in the darkness of night from the thousands whom he had robbed.
"It is a great punishment," said Josie, sorrowfully; "and he has four little boys."
"It was a great crime Josie; and the wrong to my purse was the least part of the wrong."
But Mrs. Terry, sitting in her wrecked home, took a different view of the case. "Charles Day is entirely to blame," she said. "His weakness and his laziness threw the temptation into Jonas's way. It is the weak men that make the wicked ones."—Harper's Weekly.

Farms on the Baltic.
A more beautiful farming country does not exist than that along the southern shore of the Baltic. No fences mark the boundaries of the fertile farms which stretch away over the rolling hills to the distant horizon, all aglow with yellow grain. At intervals a clump of trees often seen intensely dark against the ripe grain shows where a farmhouse stands, and giant windmills swing their sails on the highest hill-tops. The highway, a finely built chaussee, leads straight across the country, only curving to pass through some village. Mountain ash, birch and cherry trees border the road in an unbroken rank. In the ditches and by the roadside grow countless varieties of wild flowers—a perfect paradise for the botanist. From the highest hill the eye meets to the South a succession of grain fields. To the North, beyond the soft undulations of the cultivated hills, the Baltic shimmers in the strong sunlight, a narrow line, sharp at the horizon. The dimensions of the brick barns prove the accustomed magnitude of the harvest; the luxury of the farmers' houses tells of inherited success.—Harper's Magazine.

Cure for Drunkenness or Morphinism.
Dr. Fleischl, of Vienna, declares that morphinism, alcoholism, and similar habits can now be cured rapidly and painlessly by means of cocaine chloride. The method is very simple—a withdrawal, either gradual or abrupt and complete, of the habitual intoxicant, and treatment of the nervous and other symptoms which arises therefrom by means of hypodermic injections of the cocaine. He claims that in ten days a cure may be effected in any case. The dose of cocaine chloride, hypodermically, is from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain, dissolved in water, and administered as necessary.—National Druggist.

THE WILD HOG OF TEXAS.
A STORY OF THE PECARY'S INDOMITABLE COURAGE.
A Drove Tackles a Railroad Train and Dies on the Track—Hunting the Pecary.
"I'll never forget the first time I ran into a drove of pecaries," said an Erie locomotive engineer, recalling some of his experiences.
"A drove of pecaries!" said the reporter, and his tone must have grated on the engineer, for he replied, testily: "Yes, a drove of pecaries. You'll admit, I s'pose, that there are pecaries? Didn't you ever hear that they ran in droves?"
"Oh, certainly!" said the reporter. "But they're down in South America, Mexico, or Central America, somewhere."
"Are they? Thank you!" said the engineer. "Did you s'pose I thought they were rooting 'round in this railroad yard? Had you an idea they were chasing the beechnut and the acorn up along the Erie line? I know where pecaries are, and I think I ought to. And it wasn't in South America, Mexico, nor Central America that I met 'em, neither. It was in Texas, and, as I said before, I'll never forget the first time I ran into a drove of 'em."
"I had gone down to take a job on a Texas railroad, like a good many other sap-headed railroaders from the North. I didn't know any more about Texas than—well, than you do, but I went down there to run a train, and I thought I could do it. I got a passenger train, and had a fireman who was from the North. I had got the hang of the road fairly, and was billing along one day through a piece of woods when all of a sudden my fireman hollers:
"Jewillikins! yonder's a drove of hogs on the track!"
"Sure enough, about three train lengths ahead was a big drove of the ugliest-looking hogs I ever saw. They were taking their time in walking across the track. At first I thought I'd sock on the brakes and try to stop, but on second thought I made up my mind that it would be safer to cut through the drove with full head on. I pulled ner wide open and let the whistle sing. Of course, I thought the sound of the whistle would scare the hogs and likely cause 'em to scatter and make an opening for me. But the minute they heard the sound they all stopped dead, and the ones that had got off the track came crowding back to get on again. Every hog bristled up and showed fight, and when I struck 'em they were standing there like a wall to receive me. Of course the engine knocked 'em right and left, and cut a swath through the drove like a red-hot iron through a piece of butter, but the ones that were left flew fiercely at the wheels of the cars as they passed, and were crushed to death by the dozen. When we got through them I looked back, and there stood the remnant of the drove, as defiant as ever."
"Well," says I to my fireman, "is that grit?"
"Is it?" says he. "Is No. 4 sandpaper grit?"
"Funny looking hogs, ain't they?" says I.
"No Berkshire in 'em, you bet," says he.
"So when we got to the next station I says to the agent:
"I ran into a drove 'o somebody's hogs back yonder, and killed a couple dozen 'o 'em. I s'pose we'll find out whose they are when the suit for damages comes in to the company," says I, as I pulled out. The agent just laid down and howled, and I wondered what ailed him. When we got to the end of the run I was telling a native railroader about the drove of ugly hogs, and he says:
"Oh that's nawthin'. Them's pecaries. Lucky you didn't stawp yer train!"
"Why?" says I.
"Why?" says he. "Waal, of ye had a stawped them pecaries 'd a bounced inter yer cab quicker'n a r'rantilly kin kill a mouse, 'an thud a chawed ye up thrum yer cow-liek down to yer last bunion. Then thud a s'round-ed them there cars, 'an the fust galoot that would 'a opened a door thud a chawed him up. Arter a day or so the comp'ny 'd a missed the train 'n 'd a sent another engine out to look it up, 'an when the engineer found it, 'an stawped his engine to hook on to it, them pecaries 'd a bounced on his engine 'n chawed him up, 'an so 't'd a gone on, 'an the business 'o the road 'd a suffered."
"According to that," says I, "the pecary must be a pusher."
"Got more vim in him," says the native, "than any other citizen 'o Texas 'cept the centipede. He'll make ye laugh. The pecary's got a mem'ry longer'n thrum by'er to New Orleans, too, 'an the chances is that ye'll meet them fellers agin that ye see to-day. Mind ye, now! Don't stawp yer injine."
"Sure as guns, when we went back next day, there in the very same spot was the remnant of that drove of pecaries."
"Waitin' for us, by gravy!" said my fireman.
"So they were. As we tore down on 'em they sprang at and met us face to face. They braced up the wheels, grabbed at the side rods, and fought every truck in the train as the cars passed them. A dozen or more of them were killed. The pecaries didn't follow us, but when we went back on the next trip, there, at the same spot, was posted all that was left of the drove, evidently waiting to revenge the death of their companions. The drove was reduced to twelve. The twelve planted themselves square on the track, facing us, and never moved as much as we dashed

upon 'em and scattered 'em right and left along the rails. Looking back after the train had passed the spot, we saw one solitary pecary left alive out of the drove. I told the native at the end of the run, about the persistent pluck of the pecaries and about killing them all but one.
"I don't s'pose we'll see him agin," said I.
"Oh, he'll be thar!" said the native. "Ye kin bet a bucket 'o liquor he'll be thar! Pecaries don't know setch a thing as backin' out of a fight. He'll be thar."
"And he was there. We could see him for a mile ahead of us, when we went back next day, standing plump in the middle of the track, or, rather, squatting on his haunches, waiting for us. It seemed a pity to run him down. He rose to his feet as we drew near him and rushed forward to meet us. The engine struck him and hurled him fifty feet out into the woods. We had finished the drove."
"I found out a good many things about the pecary before I left Texas. There was a time when nothing would kill a pecary but the poisoned arrows of the Central American Indians, but that was before the days of Winchester rifles. A bullet from a Winchester is just searching enough to find a pecary's vitals, but the range don't want to be too long. When a man goes out hunting pecaries he doesn't trip lightly through the forest, and, stealing upon the unsuspecting game, bring it down with his unerring rifle. No, not when he hunts pecaries. If he did, nineteen seconds after he fired his first shot he would be proportioned out among the drove in two-ounce lots, buttons, boots, and baggage counted in. The daring pecary hunter shins up a tall tree, near where the charming creature will more than likely soon come to feed on acorns or mast. The pecary has but one virtue—he can't climb a tree. Perched safely on a limb, the brave huntsman waits for the pecary's coming, and when the drove comes trotting and grunting along beneath him, he sends a bullet through a pecary's heart. The wounded pecary lies down at once. He knows just what's the matter. He turns his glittering bead of an eye up to the hunter, and dies without uttering a sound. One pecary killed out of a drove, the hunter must have ammunition enough to kill all the rest, or provisions enough to last him a year, for the survivors at once take positions around the foot of the tree, and there they sit on their haunches, now and then gnawing furiously at the trunk of the tree, waiting for the hunter to come down. If hate in the fullest sense of the word, can be expressed by looks and actions, then the pecary can look and act it toward human beings. The hunter shoots one after another of the waiting drove, and each one as it is wounded, lies down without a murmur and dies, never removing its eyes from its slayer. The living pay no attention to the dead or dying, but sit there on their haunches hoping for revenge until the last one dies."—New York Sun.

Navigation of the Mississippi.
The total navigation of the Mississippi itself is 2,161 miles, but small steamers can ascend 700 miles further.
The following are its principal navigable tributaries, with the miles open to navigation:

Miles.	Miles.
Minnesota..... 296	Wisconsin..... 100
Chippewa..... 90	Rock..... 64
Low..... 80	Illinois..... 374
Missouri..... 3,174	Yellowstone..... 474
Big Horn..... 50	Ohio..... 1,021
Allegheny..... 225	Monongahela..... 110
Muskingum..... 94	Kanawha..... 94
Kentucky..... 105	Green..... 230
Wabash..... 265	Cumberland..... 609
Tennessee..... 270	Clack..... 50
Osgo..... 202	St. Francis..... 180
White..... 778	Black..... 147
Little White..... 48	Arkansas..... 884
Big Hatchie..... 75	Issaquena..... 161
Sunflower..... 271	Yazoo..... 228
Tallahatchie..... 175	Big Black..... 25
Red..... 986	Cane..... 54
Cypress..... 44	Ouachita..... 384
Black..... 61	Born..... 55
Bartholomew..... 107	Texas..... 112
Macon..... 60	Teche..... 91
Atchafalaya..... 218	D'Arbonne..... 50
Lafourche..... 168.	

The other ten navigable tributaries have less than fifty miles each of navigation.
The total miles of navigation of these fifty-five streams is 18,571 miles, about two-thirds of the distance around the world.
The Mississippi and its tributaries may be estimated to possess 15,571 miles navigable to steamboats, and 20,221 miles navigable to barges.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why Fa Forgave Her.
Once, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice lest she should "sturb mamma."
A weary time it was for the wee girlie! She missed mamma; and tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermon. His presence made the study a pleasant place.
Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and one day noticing the shadow on the little girl's face, he said: "I shall be home by four, Carol."
Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.
"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. "No little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock."
"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.
And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.—St. Nicholas.

HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"
A sign too much or a tear too long,
And a father's patience is quite worn out;
There's a hurried step and a wrathful shout,
And the dream of a youthful fair is o'er.
A youth escapes through the open door,
With terror imprinted upon his face,
And goes down the street at a flying pace
With hat in hand and a dog in chase.
The dog to the flying youth draws nigh;
There's a savage growl and a piercing cry,
"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"
Why did the lover stay so long?
A panting youth at his mother's door
Is vowing he'll go out to court no more;
A dog is returning with visage grim,
Dragging an uster's tails with him.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"
When a lover foolishly tarries too long;
"And yet how easily things go right!"
When he leaves at a decent time of night.
He's wise who thins in his memory logs;
Fathers are fathers, and dogs are dogs.
—Boston Courier.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Hard to beat—Carpets.
Made of awl work—A pair of shoes.
A top is one who takes great pains
About everything except his brains.
—This and That.
Hot cakes are more powerful at putting
down oleomargarine than the board of
health.—Pittsburg Chronicle.
"An Original Belle" is the title of a
story in an exchange. She probably
never attended a skating rink.—Graphic.
There's no trouble about twisting the
tail of a sleeping bulldog. The disa-
greeable part comes when you let go.—
Chicago Sun.
It is said that there is a soft side to
every man. That's the reason a duke is
afraid to stand on his head.—New
York Journal.
A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said: "He ticks his
debts just like clock work—tick, tick,
tick."—Nashville Budget.
People who live in a malarial section
may not believe in the tenets of those
sects, but they ultimately become quakers
and shakers.—Sittings.
"Suppose," says an exchange, "all the
world went to bed at sunset." Oh, well,
the world's gas bill would be just as big
at the end of the quarter.—Norristown
Herald.
A mischievous boy yelled "rats!" in a
rink in this city and nearly created a
panic. It is almost impossible for a girl
to stand up in a chair with roller skates
on.—Newark Call.
"What One Girl Did," is the title of a
story in an exchange. We haven't read it,
but presume she told her mother that
her beau never stayed later than 10
o'clock.—Brooklyn Times.
Bright boy—Father, I know why
George Washington always kept his little
hatchet bright. Dull parent—Well,
my son, why did he? Bright boy—Be-
cause he had no ax to grind.—Boston
Budget.
A western paper speaks of girls at the
rink as "Angels on Casters." We have
observed that when one of the angelic
creatures gets upon rollers for the first
time they are very apt to casther.—Som-
erville Journal.
"I'd like to strike you for fifty dollars
to-day," said Hardup to Young Hyzon
Saturday afternoon. "By Jove," said
Young Hyzon, who was a little short
himself, "you may do it for \$20. Give
me the money and say where you want
to strike me." Hardup struck out.—
Brooklyn Eagle.
"Oh never borrow trouble.
My friend, where'er you go,
For life is but a bubble
And it ain't worth while, you know."
"Ah, well, I'll let to-morrow
Take care of itself, I vow,
And the only thing I'll borrow
Is a dollar from you, now."
—Boston Budget.

The Largest Apple Trees.
The largest apple tree supposed to be
standing in the United States may be
seen in the dooryard of Delos Hotchkiss,
Cheshire, Conn. Its shape is symmetri-
cal, the trunk being round and
without a scar or blemish upon it. There
are eight large branches, five of which
bear one year and the other three the
next year. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered
in one year from the five branches eighty-
five bushels of fruit, but his predecessor
harvested a crop of 110 bushels from
the same five branches. The circumference
one foot from the ground and
above all enlargement of the roots is
thirteen feet and eight inches. The girth
of the largest single limb is six feet
eight inches. The top limbs reach a
height of sixty feet, and the spread of
the limbs is 100 feet. The age of the
tree can be traced by family tradition to
140 years at least.—New England Farmer.

Plants Growing in Money.
A number of persons have tried to
find money in plants, and failed. On
the other hand a Hungarian scientist
tried to find plants in money and suc-
ceeded. The money was in the form of
bank notes, even those which had been
in circulation but a short time. To be
sure, the plants are so very small that a
powerful microscope is required to see
them. Nevertheless, they are as much
plants as is a pumpkin vine, or an oak
tree. What is lacking in the size of the
plants, is made up in that of their name.
One of them is Saccharomyces cerevisiae,
another Pleurococcus monacorum, and
so on. These little plants with such
hard names, can grow and multiply in
the substance of a bank bill, and the
matters that adhere to it, without it
owner being any the wiser for it.—
American Agriculturist.