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A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I've brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

—*J. M. Heatherington.*

ALL ABOUT BROWN.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I want you to come down and make us a visit. So does Melissa. Come down next week, and stay till after the Fourth. We expect one or two othe visitors, and will try to make it pleasant for you. Don't fail to come.
"Your affectionate brother,
"WILLIAM BROWN.
"P. S.—Melissa says: 'Tell Joseph we shall expect him;' so don't disappoint us."

So read the letter which Joseph Brown received from his brother William about the middle of June.

"I can see through that," said he, folding up the epistle, and returning it to its envelope. "Yes, sir," to the solemn looking old ... who sat staring at him from the window-sill, "it's as clear as day. They've found another woman who wants to get married, and they mean to make another attempt to hook me in. Oh, you can't fool your brother yet Mr. William Brown! I can see through you, and that wife of yours. You've got your foot into matrimony, and you want me to do the same, on the principle that misery loves company. But you don't come it over me so easy. I won't take any in mine, thank you."

Joseph couldn't have meant, by his sarcastic reference to the old saying that misery is fond of company, that he considered his brother had made himself miserable by marrying, for he often, though secretly, envied his brother the comfort he seemed to take with his family. But he had so long considered himself a bachelor for life that he had got into the habit of assuming to himself that married people were envious of single ones, and always spoke of them in a way that implied his pity for them, and his thankfulness that he wasn't in their shoes. The truth was, he often wished he had a nice little wife. But he was afraid of women; so much so that he always expected to remain single. If he were to fall in love, he felt quite sure he should never be able to muster up sufficient courage to say anything about it to the woman whose charms had ensnared him. It would be another case of "concealment like a worm i' the bud." He often felt brave enough to face a cannon's mouth, but the mouth of a woman—never!

The memory of last summer was still terribly fresh in his mind. He had been invited to visit his brother. He had gone down unsuspectingly, and found there an old maid who immediately laid seige to him. But he had succeeded, by the help of divine Providence, in resisting her wishes, and getting safely out of the predicament. Now he felt sure that another trap had been set for him.

"But I'll go," he decided. "William and M'lissy 'll be mad as settin' hens if I don't. I s'pose it's a girl in pantalets this time. The other one was forty, and as she didn't suit me, they will quite naturally go to the other extreme. I s'pose it would be a good thing if I had a wife, but I don't want a little girl, or a woman old enough to be her grandmother, and what's more, I won't have 'em," he added with so much emphasis that the old cat begun to get scared, and kept one eye on him with the other on the door.

He went down to his brother's.

"Who is it this time?" he asked William, when they were on their way up from the depot.

"I don't know what you mean," answered William, looking puzzled.

"It was that old Miss Larrabee last year," said Joseph. "I take it for granted it's some one else now."

"Oh, I begin to see what you're driving at," laughed William. "I don't know as there's anybody. If there is it must be Mrs. Parks."

"A widow!" asked Joseph."

"Yes, but a young and good-looking one," answered his brother.

"Oh!"

Joseph couldn't say another word. He felt in some mysterious way that "his jig was up," as he expressed it to himself that night in the solitude of his own chamber. He did not know why, but he felt perfectly sure his doom was sealed. He had never been taken in hand by a widow. He had always felt sure he would have to surrender if one saw fit to besiege him. Now his time had come. He felt like a lamb being led to the slaughter, and groaned over the terrible prospect before him, and his was laughed at and joked unmercifully by his brother for being so foolish as to be afraid of a woman.

"I can't help it," said poor Joseph.

When he went down to the parlor an hour after his arrival, he found, on opening the door, that there were several ladies there, and his heart began to thump, and his face to get hot, before he got over the threshold. It always made him chilly one moment, and feverish the next to go through the ordeal of an introduction to a woman. Now he felt more unmanned than ever, for she was there.

A very pretty little child was playing in the room. It looked up at him delightedly, and then toddled toward him, and grabbed him round his shaking knees, and lisped, "papa, papa!"

"Good gracious!" Mr. Brown couldn't have kept back the frightened exclamation for the world. His face became covered with profuse perspiration, and the ladies began to titter at the child's performance; which demonstration on their part was hardly calculated to make the poor man feel very much at ease.

"Mrs. Hooper, this is my brother Joseph," said William, presenting him to the first lady they came to. Whereupon Joseph seized her hand and shook it as if it had been the end of a pump-handle, without being in the least aware of what he was doing. Mrs. Hooper evidently thought he was a very demonstrative man.

"This is Mrs. Drake," said William, when he succeeded in getting his brother away from Mrs. Hooper.

Joseph attempted to bow, trod on the baby's toes, and came near fainting with fright when the cherub set up a doleful wail.

"And this is Mrs. Parks, said his brother, indicating the woman who came to the baby's rescue.

As her hands seemed to be pretty well occupied with the baby, handshaking couldn't very well be indulged in, so Joseph bowed several times, "hoped she was well and wished for a better acquaintance," in a deep and solemn voice, after which he fell into the nearest chair, and longed to commit suicide.

William watched his opportunity. When he caught Joseph's eye, he nodded toward the woman with the baby, and whispered, "the widow."

"Good gracious!" thought Joseph. "A young one, too, and it calls me father! It's no use to hold out, if she goes for me, and she will—I know it. The young one's instinct tells it what's in the mind, and that's why it came to call me 'Papa!' Dear me! It's coming this way. It's looking at me. I'm in for it."

"Papa, papa," cried the "young one," putting up her hands for Joseph to take her.

"You mustn't mind her," said Mrs. Parks with the prettiest blush he thought he had ever seen. "She calls almost every gentlemen papa, since her father died."

"I—I don't mind it much if—if you don't," stammered Joseph, at which she blushed up rosier than before.

The child insisted on coming to him. He had never felt quite so awkward as he did when she climbed on his knee. He was afraid to touch her. Children and china always seemed to him to be composed of the same fragile material. He was afraid of breaking them. He felt that the ladies were watching him, and wanting to laugh. He knew that his face looked like a boiled ham, and it seemed as if the thermometer had gone up to 100 degrees in the shade. Nevertheless he lived through it.

"She's real nice," he confessed to the bedpost that night, that piece of furniture bearing the closest resemblance to something human of anything in his room. "I b'lieve I'd like to—to marry her, but I'd never dare to ask her."

Cold chills ran down his back at the thought.

In less than two days Mr. Joseph Brown was in love. Deeply and sentimentally in love. So much so, in fact, that he picked up a rose the widow had dropped, and took it to his room, where he sat and looked at it for an hour before he realized what he was doing.

"You poor old fool!" he said, addressing his reflection in the glass. "You're done for, ain't you? It takes widows to fetch a man to time. I've always heard so, and now I know it."

Then he sighed.

During the next two weeks Joseph found the courage to get better acquainted with Mrs. Parks than he had ever been with any woman, save his mother. But whenever he thought of asking her to marry him, he couldn't help feeling afraid of her.

The "Fourth" came. There was to be a picnic, and all the family and guests were going, except Mrs. Parks, who said Rose was so much trouble she'd rather stay at home.

Joseph had intended to go, but he suddenly changed his mind and said he should stay at home.

"Got a headache," he explained, gruffly, and concisely, to William. He also told the same outrageous fib to Mrs. Parks, who smiled as if she saw through his excuses, at which Joseph colored up and "felt as if he had been stealing sheep," he told himself. "These widows were so sharp you couldn't fool 'em—there was no use in trying."

"Of course I'm sorry you don't feel well," said Mrs. Parks, "but I'm glad I'm going to have company. We'll have a nice little dinner all to ourselves, and that'll be almost as pleasant as a picnic."

"More so," answered Joseph with alacrity. "A great deal more so!"

When the family and guests had taken their departure, he went downtown and bought strawberries and lemons, and green peas, and other good things for dinner, and a doll for Rosie almost as large as that young lady was.

"How kind you are," said Mrs. Parks. "Rosie, go and kiss Mr. Brown, and tell him you thank him for the pretty doll."

"Me t'ank 'ou," said Rosie, nodding her head toward Joseph. "Oo tiss 'im for me, mamma. Me t'an't now."

At that the widow blushed, and so did Joseph. He hoped she would obey Rosie's orders, but she didn't.

"Won't we have a jolly time," said Mrs. Parks, as she sat down on the veranda to hull the strawberries. "If you want to help, Mr. Brown, you can shell the peas."

"Thank you," said Mr. Rrown, hardly conscious of what he was saying.

What a delightful little dinner the pretty widow got up. It seemed to him it was far ahead of any dinner he had ever partaken of before—a perfect model of its kind. He wished she had to cook his dinners for him as long as he lived.

After dinner he suddenly proposed that they should take a ride.

The widow assented, and away he went after a horse and carriage.

Such a delightful ride as it was. He felt as if he might be in heaven. True, he had little bashful spells, but they didn't last long.

"You must have conquered your headache," said the widow, with a mischievous smile.

"I did," answered Joseph. An awful desperation seized him. He felt pale, but he also felt more courage than he had ever expected to be able to call up in such an emergency as this.

"It was my heart that troubled me most," he stammered.

"Heart disease!" exclaimed the widow, looking scared. "Dear me, Mr. Brown, I didn't think you was troubled that way. Have you had it long?"

"Ever since I came down to William's," answered Joseph. "It—it—came on the f—first I saw you."

"Oh, you funny man!" cried the widow, all dimples and blushes. "I thought you were in earnest!"

"I am," answered Joseph. "I want—I—I—" and then, all at once, he began to get scared and wasn't accountable for what followed. "I want to be Rosie's pa if she's willing, and you haven't any objections."

What the widow answered I can't say, but Rosie announced, on the return of the merry-makers that "he, (meaning Mr. Joseph Brown,) tissed mamma one, two, free, lots o' times." At which the widow blushed, and poor Joseph felt as if he should faint, especially when William nudged him, and called him a "sly dog," and said he "began to smell a mice," and then proceeded to congratulate him as if everything was already settled. And I suppose it was. If not, they settled it shortly afterward, for when Joseph Brown went home, it was as a man of family.—*Eben E. Rexford, in Chicago Ledger.*

The Peat Harvest in Ireland.

The gathering of the peat harvest in many parts of the country is a matter of much importance to the inhabitants, a wet season seriously interfering with the necessary operations. The cutting commences early in the season, as soon as the winter and spring rains have drained from off the surface. In Ireland a long narrow slip, measuring from three to six feet across, is cleared to the depth of a foot or so of the light, spongy peat and heather which form the surface. Extending back from this a certain space of surface—called in some districts a swarth—is leveled and prepared for the reception of the blocks of peat which, according as they are cut, are spread closely upon it to dry. The peat—or turf, as it is almost invariably called in that country—is cut in narrow rectangular blocks from a foot to eighteen inches in length. The implement used in cutting—called a slane—somewhat resembles a spade, with a flat piece of steel attached to the bottom at the right side, and extending forward at right angles. The blocks are cut from the mass with a downward thrust of the implement, the arms alone being used, without the assistance of the foot, as in an ordinary spade. After the blocks have lain for some time, and the sides and upper surfaces have dried somewhat, they are turned and then placed on end in small stacks, which are piled together in larger heaps after the drying process has advanced. The work of cutting, turning, and stacking the peat is not such an unpleasant occupation as might be supposed. It is cleanly work enough. There is no need to handle the peat in a wet state, though even then it does not stain or stick to the hands or person, and has no unpleasant smell. When it has dried somewhat it is light and clean, and easy to handle. It is unusual to cut the peat down to the level of the soil beneath; the produce of the lower layers, although most valuable as fuel, drying into hard and brittle fragments, which do not bear handling or removal. When the upper matter becomes exhausted, the remainder is sometimes dug out, mixed with water, and kneaded with the hands and feet. It is then cut into square blocks and dried in the ordinary way. The peat bogs of Ireland ought to be a source of considerable profit to that country, and but for the low heating power of peat, which renders it unfit for use as fuel for manufacturing purposes, they would no doubt have long ago led to the development in that country of industrial and manufacturing activity similar on a small scale to that produced by coal in England. To remedy this defect in peat as a fuel, various processes have been tried for compressing it, so as to get rid of the large percentage of water always present in even the best dried samples. These experiments have not, up to the present, met with any great success when tried on a large scale. Well-dried peat contains as much as 20 per cent. of water, and even when most of this is expelled, unless the peat is rendered compact and waterproof by some process, its spongy texture causes it to reabsorb a large proportion of moisture from the atmosphere.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Fifty years ago the average weight of beef cattle was eight hundred pounds, and now it is 1,400.

Fertile land can be purchased in Mexico at thirty cents an acre.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

HOW A WASHINGTON VETERAN LIVES IN A TREE.

"Airy Castle" and Its One-Armed Occupant—A House That Sways With Every Breeze.

One of the suburban curiosities of Washington, writes a Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer* correspondent, is "Airy castle," situated at Mount Pleasant, a mile north of the boundary. Its name is not a misnomer. It is a veritable "castle in the air." Its sole occupant is A. B. Hayward, a clerk in the pension office. He is known about town as "the man who lives in a tree." During the war he was a first sergeant in the second New Hampshire regiment, and served three years in the army of the Potomac. At Cold Harbor a bullet shattered his right arm, and before night it had been amputated near the shoulder. He has become exceedingly skillful in the use of his left hand. He writes neatly and rapidly, and manages to do almost everything that other men do with their two arms, except to play base ball. He has been in the pension office for many years, and is one of the most faithful and efficient men in the bureau. He is a bachelor.

Two years ago he conceived the idea of living in a tree. He had grown tired of boarding house life and the close, hot air of the city in summer. Looking about he found a place that seemed favorable for carrying out his scheme, a little way outside the boundary and half a mile from his present location. An interview with a carpenter resulted in the building of a platform twelve feet square, in a clump of trees, fifteen feet from the ground. On this platform he pitched a tent, and there he lived for a year. Access to his eyrie was had by means of a ladder, which every night he pulled up after him. He took his meals at a house hard by. He found this life so pleasant and healthful that a year ago he determined to build him a castle in the air upon a larger scale. He bought four or five acres of ground where he now is. There is a sharp declivity, studded with large oak trees, just where a pretty street from the village of Mount Pleasant loses itself. Here in the encircling arms of these great oaks, thirty-five feet from the ground, where the latter is lowest, looking from a distance like an overgrown birdsnest, is "Airy Castle."

"Come right up!" cheerily called out Mr. Hayward to myself and a couple of lady friends, the other evening. We had gone out in response to a hearty invitation to visit the castle. We went up by a steep, inclosed stairway, and found ourselves on a firm, smooth floor among the thick branches of the trees. On every hand were the buds just bursting into leaf under the gentle breath of spring. The air was sweet, pure and exhilarating. After cordially welcoming us, he said:

"Please excuse me a few minutes while I eat my dinner, which is just ready. Make yourselves perfectly at home, within or without the castle, and I will soon rejoin you."

With that he dodged down a little stairway beside the trunk of a tree, into a big box that seemed to be hung under the platform. This was his dining room and kitchen. A colored boy was bobbing around making himself generally useful. The clatter of dishes and the odor of good coffee gave evidence of activity in the commissary department. We wandered about the platform, which is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, with a high railing around the edge and seats at frequent intervals. After taking in the beautiful view of village, hill and forest, we entered the castle itself.

It is octagonal in form, longer one way than the other. Its extreme dimensions are thirteen by nine feet. The walls are of wood, neatly and strongly built to the height of four feet. From this point rises a double roof of canvas, securely fastened and firmly supported by poles. The interior is most charmingly cosy and attractive. "Isn't this lovely!" was the duet uttered by the feminine voices as we entered. Darkness was just settling down. A lamp shone brightly upon the novel scene. The walls are profusely adorned with pictures, and little shelves and brackets here and there contain little articles of bric-a-brac. A comfortable looking bed stretched across one end. Three or four unique chairs and a hassock or two are disposed about the room. Upon the small table is a register in which visitors enter their names. Glancing over this I saw the names of many prominent citizens of Washington; Congressmen and officials who had called to enjoy the hospitalities of "Airy Castle."

Mr. Hayward soon entered with his right sleeve hanging empty by his side. His face beamed with smiles. He seemed like one who was at peace with all the world, and had just had a good dinner. For half an hour he entertained us delightfully, telling us in reply to our questions all about his life in the tree-tops.

"How did you spend the long, severe winter?" I asked.

"I doubt," he replied, "if any person in Washington was any more comfortable and happy than I was. You see that little oil stove there? Well, that kept the castle warm during the coldest weather. When the snow lay thick upon the ground and the wind howled through the trees, swaying my cottage to and fro, I was as snug and comfortable as you can imagine. Yes, I am rocked about some when the wind is high, but I like it. It is some like being on a vessel at sea. Perhaps you have noticed that this platform is not fastened to the trees. It is built closely around them, but is supported by large posts resting upon the ground. So the castle is perfectly secure, and when the wind rocks me about I just lie down and enjoy it.

Every week during the summer hundreds of people go out from Washington to get a view of Airy castle. On Sundays the number of visitors is very large—many more than it is possible for him to invite up to his fairy nest. At times the crowd is so great as to be an absolute annoyance. He is now engaged in fortifying himself by putting a high board fence around his domain. He says he is going to raise grapes.

Just before we left he invited us to visit his dining room, which the colored boy had "put to rights" after the dinner. Descending a ladderlike stairway we found ourselves in a box about ten feet long by seven feet wide. Near the bottom of the ladder is a large, rugged oak limb, which we stooped low to pass under. The place is fitted up with all the accessories of a well appointed culinary establishment. Everything is as neat as a pin. A spring near the foot of one of the trees furnishes excellent water.

This is Airy castle, and here among the leaves, healthy and contented, lives this one-armed veteran of the war. He has for pets two nimble squirrels, and a bird dog keeps watch while he sleeps. The wild birds build their nests around him, and waken him with their morning songs. After breakfast a walk of half a mile takes him to the street cars, and a ride of twenty miles lands him at the door of the pension office.

The Tenkis.

The winters on the eastern shores of the Caspian sea are generally mild, and even during the severest portions of the year—toward the end of February—the snow rarely lies on the ground very long at a time. But about twice a month they are apt to have sudden and violent storms from the westward, somewhat resembling our Western cyclones. This Caspian storm is called the tenkis, and is thus described by a recent traveler who spent a winter at Gumush Tepe, where he experienced its effects:

"The first time I witnessed one I was excessively puzzled to understand the movements of the inhabitants immediately before the storm struck the village. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon; the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was without a cloud. All at once I observed persons pointing hurriedly toward the distant Caspian horizon, where a thin, white line of flying mist was perceptible, which rose higher at each moment, approaching us with rapid pace. In the village itself the wind was blowing from an opposite direction, and the mist clouds along the Elburz range were moving toward the west, while the advancing scud was still so very indistinct as to be unobservable by the unaccustomed eye. I saw men and women in frantic haste, flinging ropes over the tops of the kibitkas, and lashing the opposite extremities to stout wooden pegs firmly embedded in the ground close to the wall of the dwelling.

"In the meantime, within my residence, old Dourdi, muttering prayers in most anxious tones, was propping his boat hook and several other poles of equal size against the spring of the dome, and planting the lower one firmly in the ground. I could make neither head nor tail of all these preparations, and was still more confounded and amazed by seeing all the women of the community rushing to the bank of the river, some carrying a pitcher in each hand, others with enormous single ones strapped upon their backs. These, with feverish haste, they filled with water, and hurrying with them to their houses, again issued forth with other vessels for a fresh supply. Every one was too busily engaged to give me any further answer to my demands as to what it all meant, than to exclaim:

"The tenkis! the tenkis!"

"By this time the jagged white mist had risen high above the horizon, and was rapidly veiling the western sky. Flocks of sea gulls and other aquatic birds flew inland, screaming and shrieking loudly. Ere long I saw that the clouds along the mountain ceased their westward movement, staggered, reeled, and ultimately partook of the movement of the advancing scud. Great sand clouds came whirling toward us from the beach, and in another instant the storm burst upon us, accompanied by a tremendous downpour of rain.

"The kibitka into which I rushed for shelter quivered and shook under its influence, and I thought that at each moment it would go over bodily. The westerly edge was lifted some inches from the ground with each fresh gust, and the eagerness with which ropes were houled taut, and storm-props made fast by the inmates hanging with all their weight from their upper portions, reminded one of a scene on board a vessel at sea during a violent tempest.

"I was gazing through a crevice in the felt walls out over the plain in an eastward direction, where some camels, laden with grass and hay, were hurrying forward to gain shelter before being overtaken in the open. I could see their loads seized upon by the storm-gusts, and sent whirling far and wide, and to a height of a hundred feet.

"This storm continued an hour; but it was only when it had passed, and the inhabitants had leisure to speak to me, that I could make out the meaning of the hurried rush to the river for water. It appears that when the tenkis blows, the sea-water is forced up into the river, rendering it unfit for human consumption, often for hours together, and it is with a view of securing a supply for household use that a rush is made to the banks as soon as the jagged mist appears upon the horizon."

There is nothing half so sweet in life as to arrive at your girl's house in time to find out that the bull-dog has satisfied his appetite on the other fellow who got there ahead of you.—*Puck.*

Something that will bear looking into—A microscope.—*Derrick.*

REST.

Silence sleeping on a waste of ocean
Sundown—westward traileth a red streak,
One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek;
Challenges the stillness upward wheeling
Where some tall cliff containeth her rude nest,
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence, "There is Rest."

Down where the broad Zambesi river
Glides away into some shadowy lagoon,
Lies the antelope and hears the leaflet quiver,
Shaken by the sultry breath of noon—
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing,
Feels the atmosphere with its fragrance all oppress;
Dreams his dreams, and the sweetest is the knowing
That above him and about him there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow,
Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay—
Pilgrims all they were to some bright Eldorado,
But they wearied and they fainted by the way.
Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure,
Some were bowed beneath a care-encumbered breast,
But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
And they all paused by times to wonder, Is there rest?

Look, oh, Man, to the limitless hereafter,
When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thine Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
When thy Love shall be severed from its Lust;
When thy Spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
The ultimate dim Thule of the Blest,
And the passion-haunted fever of thy Being
Shall be drifted in an Universe of Rest.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A matter of taste—Strong butter.

A host in himself—The inn-keeper.

A country seat—The milking-stool.

High living has just killed a circus giraffe.—*Courier-Journal.*

Can a honey-moon be enjoyed on the last quarter?—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

When an Afghan is tanned by the sun he really doesn't care, but when he is tanned by a Russian it is more than he can bear.—*New York Journal.*

A Newport girl fell asleep in church Sunday, and dreamed aloud, saying: "Oh, he skates too awfully nice for anything."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Than be a noted doctor
I'd rather be a dancer;
I'd hate to have 'em saying
I didn't know a cancer.
—*Courier-Journal.*

It is a remarkable fact that a young man never slips down in a slushy street except when a pair of pretty girls are looking at him.—*Rockland Courier.*

Lard may be weak and cheese be flat
And eggs go for a song;
But the man who deals in butter laughs,
For butter's always strong.
—*Boston Courier.*

"This is the sole answer I can give to your proposal, sir," said old Mummibags, as he politely assisted young Highcollar down the steps six at a time.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asks a prospective benedict. Has she a younger brother? If so, consult him.—*Boston Post.*

He was their rich old uncle,
With great big piles of tin,
And they resolved that he should die,
That they might rake it in.
They didn't go and mix him
Any poisoned tea to drink,
But just gave him a ticket,
To a roller-skating rink.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

"It is as plain as the nose on your face, and there's no excuse for you overlooking it," exclaimed a husband whose wife had forgotten to reduce the size of his button hole in his shirt collar. "But, deary, how can I help overlooking the nose on my face?" was the patient and placating answer that set him wild.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

THE ATTRACTION THAT WAS THERE.

"You've come from the rink," said the maiden fair
To the youth who was on her waiting;
"Pray, tell me what's the attraction there
To-night—is it fancy skating?"

He rubbed his spine, and his face betrayed
Hif bosom's agitation:
"The same old attraction is there," he said,
"The attraction of gravitation."
—*Boston Courier.*

A Baby Camel.

One of the most interesting curiosities of Baltimore recently was a baby camel. It was in Druid Hill park, and Calpa was the name of its proud mother.

The youngster when standing is about four feet high, and is thinly covered with wooly hair of a very dark color, the hair on the head, legs and hump being black. The large black eyes and long, goose-shaped head give the animal a very comical appearance. The legs are almost as long now as they will ever be, and the hump is a jolly little mass of fat that rolls about under one's hand, and trembles like a bowl of jelly.

Its mouth is as tender as that of a new-born babe, and the gums are soft and pink. It spends most of its time lying down, and when roused up and kept on its feet it shuts its eyes and persists in dozing off again. It cries when hungry or lonesome not unlike a human baby. Its cry is "Me-a, a-e-a," in a thin, squeaky voice."—*Youth's Companion.*