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The temperance hospital just established in Chicago under the lead of Miss Frances Willard is the second of its kind in the world, the first one having been founded in London in 1873. Alcohol can only be administered in cases where a council of physicians decides that nothing else can avail.

At a recent Mexican bull fight just across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, one of the bulls broke through the enclosure and began climbing up the benches. Women screamed and fainted, men scrambled to get out of the way, and a general fusillade began, every man near enough popping away at the bull, who succumbed with thirty bullets in his body.

California carries on a large business in sea shells, which are gathered on its coast and shipped to Europe. One firm has a contract to ship forty tons of shells every six days. They are worth from \$700 to \$1,000 per ton. They are used in all kinds of decorative industries, returning to the United States from France vastly increased in price, when transformed into pearl buttons, brooches, shawl clasps, knife handles, or inlaid work. Tahiti shells, large flat mother-of-pearl shells, are worth from \$1.50 to \$4 each, and the finest selected pairs are sometimes sold for as much as \$50.

One of the forest curiosities of the Isthmus of Darien and lower Central America is the tree killer (matapalo). This starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of large forest trees, and, owing to its remarkably rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. It then begins to throw out many shoots, which entwine themselves all around the trunk and branches, and also aerial tendrils, which, as soon as they reach the ground take root. In a few years this gigantic parasite will completely envelop the trunk of the tree which has upheld it, and kill it. The whole of the inner dead tree will then rot away, leaving the hollow matapalo standing alone and flourishing.

Experiments have recently been made by Dr. Younger, of San Francisco, on the subject of the transplantation of teeth, with a view to their growth in the new position. It would appear that, if proper precautions be taken to secure perfect apposition and cleanliness, the operation is often attended with success, and possesses many advantages over the use of false teeth. The inflammation of the gums, however, is somewhat persistent, and constitutes a drawback, from the inconvenience which results therefrom. Recourse to this method is more particularly indicated when the teeth to be replaced are front teeth, and essential both for appearance's sake, and for perfect articulation.

In the opinion of M. Cambier, Chief Roadmaster of the French Government railways, the best plan yet discovered for consolidating, by the interlacing of its roots, the loose soil of a newly made embankment is the double poppy. Ten years' trial has enabled M. Cambier, as he says, to guarantee that the poppy will be found far more efficient for this purpose than any of the grasses or clovers usually employed; and while these require several months for the development of their comparatively feeble roots, the double poppy germinates in a few days, and in two weeks grows enough to give some protection to the slope, while at the end of three or four months the roots, which are ten or twelve inches long, are found to have interlaced so as to retain the earth far more firmly than those of any grass or grain. Although the plant is an annual, it sows itself after the first year, and with a little care the bank is always in good condition.

The subject and facts of longevity have been made almost a life's study by Professor Humphrey, of London. His investigations show that in the first year of life the mortality among males is much greater than among females—the latter, therefore, have the start of the former at the very beginning, in inherent vitality. The average height of women he has found to be five feet three inches and of men five feet six inches; in pulse and respiration, also, the women have the advantage, showing eighty-nine in comparison with the men's seventy-three, while the latter's respiration is nineteen as against twenty-two of the weaker sex. The bones of men and women which, up to maturity, increased in weight, after that period lost considerably, though with no decrease in size, but more often an increase, to which latter fact may be attributed the bony appearance presented by many old people. The average number of teeth in men and women above eighty years of age was six and three respectively. The greater proportion of these old-lived people, Professor Humphrey found, came of long-lived families.

### HALF OF MY LIFE.

"Half of my life is gone, and I have let  
The years slip from me, and have not fulfilled  
The aspiration of my youth to build  
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.  
Not indolence, or pleasure, nor the fret  
Of restless passions that would not be stilled;  
But sorrow and a care that almost killed,  
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet,  
Though half-way up the hill, I see the Past  
Lying beneath me with its sounds and sights;  
A city in the twilight dim and vast,  
With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming  
lights,  
And hear above me, on the autumnal blast  
The cataract of Death far thundering from  
the heights."  
—Longfellow, from his Biography.

### A WIFE'S GRIEVANCE.

"Maybe I'd go to Boston with you, Warren, if urged," said young Mrs. Gerrish, archly, standing on tiptoe to smooth down her husband's nodding scalp lock. "It's too late to think of it—too late altogether," cried Mr. Gerrish, in haste, rushing to his desk and scattering the papers like a Dakota blizzard. "Where's my bank-book? See it, Mabel!" "There, Warren; I forgot to tell you. I thought it would be safer behind the clock."  
"Safer behind the fiddlesticks," cogitated the annoyed husband, as he tipped over the timepiece in laying hold of the missing property; but being a gentleman, he merely remarked impressively to ten to one he should lose the train.  
"It's only eight, Warren. You've half an hour."  
"But I've—I've something to attend to before going to the station," he stammered, obviously embarrassed.  
"Oh!" Mrs. Gerrish dropped her questioning brown eyes, flushing hotly. Why did her husband reject her proffered company? And what was this mysterious errand that he would not tell of?  
"Good-by, wifekin. Take care of yourself till I see you," he added, in a triendlier tone, as he jumped into his carriage.  
"Well, I must say," ejaculated the little lady, frowning at the retreating vehicle. But she did not say it. Instead, she set the clock on its legs again, and fell to musing.  
She was sorry she had vexed Warren by meddling with his bank book, but he need not have been so cross. What did he want of the book, anyway? Had he not only yesterday told her that he didn't owe a cent in the world? And why—this was a vital query—why had he gone off without her, too preoccupied to watch a good-by kiss? Last week he had left her behind in the same way. She would not have minded the neglect so much if it had not afterward come to her ears that he had gone straight from her to Miss Ebbitt, and escorted that young lady to the city. He never had hinted a word about it. Mrs. Gerrish secretly hoped the rumor wasn't true, but it was shocking to have the neighbors talking. And now to think that, after humbling herself to ask her husband to take her, she should have met with a flat refusal! The stroke of nine surprised her just this side of tears. Was it possible she had, idled away a whole hour in arranging the writing-desk, and bridged gone for the week?

Hurrying into the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes, her eyes rested on a quaint-looking man in the doorway.  
"Mornin', Miss Gerrish," said he, doffing his hat for coolness rather than courtesy.  
"Good-morning, Uncle Jabez," responded she, kindly. "Have you come to split me some kindlings?"  
"Sartin, ma'am. I suspicioned you must be about out," said the village factotum, wiping his bald knob of a crown, which rose above its encircling fringe like the seed-vessel of a poppy above its corolla.  
"I knew your husband wasn't here to do for you," he continued, putting his hat on again with a screwing motion, as if it were the cover of a fruit jar. "I'd been clearing out the Widder Ebbitt's pipes, and I was crawling along on her rug, when Mr. Gerrish drove up for Jinny. He didn't have to wait. On the flat of her foot Jinny is, for all her fuss and feathers."  
"Did they catch the train?" faltered the young wife, her face averted.  
"Yes, ma'am, they catched it. I asked Hiram Blodgett when he fetched your horse back to the store," answered Uncle Jabez, his confiding blue eyes fixed on the sky. "I'm jealous of a shower, ma'am. Remember that pester we had the last time your husband took Jinny to Boston?"  
"Last Thursday, do you mean?" queried Mrs. Gerrish, anxiously. That miserable rumor might be true. She was ready to believe anything.  
"It strikes me 'twas Thursday. Yes, ma'am, 'twas a week ago to-day, for I was in the Widder Ebbitt's stable mendin' her crib when your husband drove in with Jinny. The water was a-streakin' it off o' the kerridge, but he'd wropped Jinny complete, so't she skipped out dry as a grasshopper. She told him she was no end grateful for his care, and faith she'd order been; for if he hadn't held her shawl round her, her silk gown would 'a been spotted hither yonder."  
"What did he say to that, uncle?"  
"Oh, he was even with her, ma'am. 'I'm the one obliged, Miss Jinny,' says he. 'You know you're everything to me.' I lost the rest, he spoke so low."  
"Yes, certainly," murmured the dazed little wife, absently shutting Uncle Jabez into the shed.  
Miss Ebbitt everything to Warren by Warren's own confession! Could she trust her own ears? Eccentric and scatter-brained Uncle Jabez might be, but

deaf or prone to mischief he was not. She could not for a moment doubt his word. That her husband should be seeking clandestine interviews with any lady was enough; that the lady thus sought should be Miss Ebbitt was beyond endurance! In her fierce perturbation Mrs. Gerrish hardly heard the crash of the sugar-bowl that slipped from her hand. Who would heed breaking china when the very sky was falling? To be frank, from the time she came to Oakland a bride, Mrs. Gerrish had suffered intermittent spasms of jealousy on account of this same Miss Ebbitt. She had never been able to forget a jesting remark made by one of her best callers. "Among our village celebrities we reckon Miss Ebbitt, our talented organist," the guest had said. "Really, Mrs. Gerrish, I must hasten to introduce you to your husband's old flame."  
"Old flame!" the coarse words rankled. One moment the young wife would resolve to repeat them to her husband, the next she would shrink from alluding to them, feeling that if he had once loved Miss Ebbitt, she would rather not be assured of the fact. She recalled the nervous headache produced by that unpleasant visit. How devoted Warren had been, so grieved by her suffering, that for shame's sake she could not have hinted at its cause. Dear old fellow, of course he had loved her then, and of course he loved her now.

Uncle Jabez's distracting gossip could be easily explained. To think otherwise was absurd.  
"Jehu! I was satisfied I heard something smah," cried that simple individual, pushing the door ajar with his moccasin toe, and shuffling in, his arms full of wood. "There, there, ma'am, I wouldn't take on so about the chaney. Your husband won't feel getting you a new sugar dish, bein' he's in the crockery line."  
"It breaks the set, you see," equivocated the proud little matron, humoring his conceit. Better pass for a ninny than a jealous wife.  
"We all have our pesters," philosophized Uncle Jabez, placing the sticks in the wood-box with fond deliberation. "Now you know how 'twas at my house last spring. My wife was sick, and I had a narrer squeak to get along; but now my wife's dead, and I'm out of debt, and I thank the Lord! Hullo! here's Lunt's team."  
The entering grocer nodded affably to Mrs. Gerrish as he dropped his parcels upon the table. "Warm morning, ma'am. Shower brewing. Mr. Gerrish is to be gone long!"  
"Only till noon. He has run up to Boston."  
"Oh, I supposed he was going further. Noticed he carried a valise, and got checks for New York."  
"Guess he was seen' to Jinny Ebbitt's traps," volunteered Uncle Jabez, following the grocer out to beg a ride. "She's started for New York. They're tinkerin' the meetin'-house, and she's free to run off."

"And to stay off, for all of me," muttered the little matron, sweeping up the scattered sawdust with a spiteful flirt of her broom. "Why didn't Warren tell me she was going? He's amazingly coy about speaking of his old love."  
Old love in more senses than one. Miss Ebbitt was thirty at least, for all she would persist in dressing as youthfully as herself—nineteen this very day! What ravishing bonnets the coquette did wear, and what airs she did put on in the choir, where she always sat next to Mr. Gerrish! Often whispering to him too. Was it necessary for organist and chorister everlastingly to confer with each other? In that case, aggrieved Mrs. Gerrish wished that she might be the organist herself. With a little more practice in the use of pedals, she was sure she could play as well Miss Ebbitt. At all events, she could have played as well before she left her father's home and the dear piano. Warren had praised her execution in those days. He needn't trouble himself to praise it again, if Jenny Ebbitt was "everything to him."  
What else had he to say to Miss Jenny that day? Had she been in Uncle Jabez's place, Mrs. Gerrish felt sure she should have heard every word, had her husband whispered never so softly. Was he at the present moment holding Miss Jenny's shawl about her in the cars, as he had held it in the carriage? Didn't the woman possess a shawl-pin?  
Ten o'clock, and the dishes unwashed! The belated little housekeeper bared her dimpled arms and made a feint of haste; but the stroke of eleven found her hands still in soapsuds, and her thoughts in Boston. Warren called Miss Ebbitt a superior woman. Pity he hadn't married her!

Twelve o'clock! Well, by this time he had doubtless seen Miss Jenny off to New York, and he must be on the train for home. She would put the pudding in to bake.  
At one, the usual hour of dining, the pudding was dough, and the lamb not half roasted. What ailed the oven? For once in his life her husband would have to wait for his dinner. Mrs. Gerrish said to herself that she didn't care. He had been partaking of an intellectual feast with Miss Jenny; he must make that do. But when at two o'clock the dinner was smoking in the warming oven, she chafed at his non-appearance. Why should he delay on this of all days, while the heavens bewailed a furious tempest? He knew her dread of lightning. He had never before neglected her so cruelly. What if—absurd fancy—what if he had really gone on a journey, as the grocer had supposed? Chiding herself for the thought, she rushed upstairs to prove its fallacy. Through gathering gloom she glistened straight to her husband's closet, suggestively open. Where was the valise that had stood in one corner? Where indeed? The space it had filled mocked her with its blankness. A new suit fresh from the tailor's had also vanished—yes, and the bank-

book! In pity's name, why had her husband needed that? Had he gone on to New York with Miss Ebbitt? Transfixed with horror at the suspicion, the miserable young wife gazed at the dismantled wardrobe till roused to physical fear by a terrific thunder-bolt. Then, half frenzied, she lighted the lamp, drew the shutters, and flung herself on the bed.  
In the grasp of that memorable tempest the cottage trembled like a living thing, and the ground shook as with an earthquake. Older and braver women than Mrs. Gerrish shuddered that day, and she, poor fasting soul, was all a se, and battling with her first anguish. Oh, the cruelty of it! Gradually the storm subsided. She grew calmer. Spent with excitement, she may have dozed. Suddenly she started up in a panic. The clock was striking five. The September night was shutting down upon her. She could not confront it unattended; but, on the other hand, how could she proclaim her desertion to the neighbors? Could she ever tell living mortal of the tress of hair hidden among her husband's old letters—a snaky curl just the shade of Miss Ebbitt's? Shrouded in misery, little Mrs. Gerrish buried herself again among the pillows.

From this premature interment—somebody exhumed her five minutes later—somebody with broad shoulders, and beard slightly frosted with gray—her own husband, in fact.  
"Frightened, Mabel?" cried he, blinking at the lamp-light. "Why, my blessed girl, the shower is quite over. See how bright it is?"  
He threw back the shutters, and let the sun shine full into her tearful eyes.  
"What—why—how did you happen to come back?" gasped she, fluttering from his embrace with the dignity of an insulted sparrow.  
"Cordial query, little wife! I came for my dinner, but it seems I was not expected."  
"Dinner!" Mrs. Gerrish choked with indignation. To be put off like a baby in this manner was too humiliating.  
"Her husband regarded her in surprise. 'How ill you look!' he said, tenderly. 'Strange thunder showers should prostrate you so. Don't try to come down. I'll forage for myself in the pantry. Must bolt my dinner in order to be at the store at 2.'"  
"At 2? It chances to be past 5 already."  
"Past 5? My dear Mabel, how incoherently you are talking! Don't tell me you've been struck by lightning!" cried he, in real concern. "Look at my watch. It's just a quarter past one."  
"One—two—three—four—five—six," disputed the clock below, with lying impudence.

Mr. Gerrish threw back his head and fairly roared with laughter. "Oh, that's the game, is it? So much for my tipping the thing over—taking time by the forelock, as you might say. But, dearie, how strange that you didn't suspect that the clock was going two hours in one! How absorbed you must have been this morning!"  
"More absorbed than you were?" queried Mrs. Gerrish, viciously.  
"Well, no, Puss, maybe not," responded her sublimely unconscious husband, with a roguish twinkle. "You see, this is young Mrs. Gerrish's first birthday, and I've been deeply engrossed in choosing a gift worthy of her."  
"Warren!"  
"We've been engrossed, I should say. Jenny Ebbitt's judgment has been everything to me. We didn't find everything satisfactory last week, and had to wait till to-day for the new lot; but Jenny declares that we've at last hit upon the sweetest-toned piano in Boston. I'm dreadfully cut up because you can't have it on your birthday; but you can try it to-morrow. Meanwhile, here's the bill of sale, made out in your name, as you'll perceive. Mrs. Gerrish allow me to present it to you with your husband's love."  
"Warren, Warren, you're lots too good for me," sobbed his little wife, with self-upbraidings as wild as her grammar.  
"Nonsense, goosie; no man created could be that," jested he, highly flattered. He thought her simply overwrought by the fierce tempest without. Of the fiercer tempest that had raged within he knew nothing, either then or afterward.

Next day, along with the piano, came Mr. Gerrish's valise containing the suit left at the tailor's for alteration. And the post brought a letter from Miss Ebbitt. The writer had secured a lucrative position as organist in a New York church; might she resign her former situation in favor of Mrs. Gerrish?  
"How kind of her! It's more than I deserve, Warren," cried the contrite young wife.  
And it gratified her husband to see that she put the letter carefully away in the very drawer which held her dead sister's curl.—Penn Shirley, in Bazar.

### An Armor Plate That No Shot Can Pierce.

The latest victory in the long drawn match between the gun and the armor plate has been scored in favor of armor. At Spezia a German chilled steel armor plate, five feet nine inches in thickness, weighing 100 tons, was fixed against the face of the cliff, and battered with chilled shot from the 100-ton gun. A thunderbolt weighing almost exactly a ton was hurled against the face of the plate by the explosion of 7½ cwt. of powder without producing more than a slight indentation and some trifling cracks. Three shots failed to make any serious impression on the plate, which has thus come off victor in the struggle. It would seem that no shot yet invented will go through six feet of chilled steel.  
—Pitt Mall Gazette.

### They have fogs so dense in Pittsburg that the citizens use them to stuff pillows and mattresses with.

They have fogs so dense in Pittsburg that the citizens use them to stuff pillows and mattresses with.—Washington Critic.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

#### Hints and Recipes.

Wash the hair in cold sage tea.  
To remove ink stains soak in sour milk over night.  
To brighten and clean old alspaca wash in coffee.  
To brighten carpets sprinkle with salt before sweeping.  
When cooking beans add one-half teaspoon of saleratus.  
To polish a stove rub with a newspaper instead of a brush.  
Mix stove polish with vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.  
To remove tea stains from cups and saucers scour with ashes.  
Soft waffles—One quart of milk, four eggs, one-quarter of a pound of butter, yeast; to be made as thin as pan cakes.  
To remove grease from wall paper lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.  
Crackers that are not fresh can be made to appear so by putting them into a hot oven for a short time. Watch them carefully, as a minute too long will serve to brown and spoil them.  
A good potato, when cut, will show a light cream color, and a white froth will be the result produced by rubbing the cut surface together. Reject that variety where drops of water appear. Another test is to put potatoes into a solution of salt; the good will sink, the poor float.

Bishop's bread—Beat thirteen ounces of sugar with the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three for half an hour. Then add slowly eight ounces of flour, six ounces of blanched almonds cut in thin strips, six ounces of raisins and three ounces of citron cut in fine pieces. Pour in a well-greased pan and bake slowly.

To bleach a sponge, soak it well in dilute muriatic acid twelve hours. Wash well with water to remove the lime, then immerse it in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, to which dilute muriatic acid has been added a moment before. All it is bleached sufficiently remove it, wash it again and dry it. It may thus be bleached almost snow white.

Birds' nest pudding—Peel and core eight tart apples; in each hollow stuff sugar and a little cinnamon; make a butter of a pint of flour, a spoonful of cornstarch, a large teaspoonful of baking powder and a spoonful of melted butter. Mix with milk to the consistency of drop-cake, pour over the apples and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with sauce.

Petroleum jelly serves to clean and take away all traces of dirt from the hands after work in the shop or laboratory. For that purpose, you need only rub the hands with a small amount of the jelly, which, penetrating into the pores of the skin, incorporates itself with the greasy matters which are there. Wash them with warm water and Castile soap, and the hands become cleansed and softened.

A palatable supper dish—Line a vegetable dish with well-seasoned mashed potatoes; leave a large space in the centre, wet it over with the white of an egg, or with milk sweetened with a very little sugar, and put it in the oven to brown delicately; take about two dozen oysters, and a little milk, with butter, pepper and salt, and let it come to a boil on the top of the stove. Put in with the oysters a few thin slices of cold roast beef; when this is sufficiently heated and the oysters cooked, pour it into the space left in the potato-lined dish.

### Some Washington Callers.

I am reminded, apropos of nothing at all, of the difficulties foreigners have in learning the customs of the American Court, says the New Orleans Picayune's Washington correspondent. The green members of the various legations sometimes make funny mistakes. It is well known and laughed at, the little error of the foreign Minister who called on a lady one afternoon, and when leaving was invited to come again. He made a deep obeisance, departed, and in half an hour called again, repeating his visit with as much formality as on the first occasion. He had been asked to call again, and courtesy in his country required the command to be instantly obeyed.

On another occasion a member of a Celestial Legation made his first call on a lady. He stayed an hour, two, three—four. He could speak but little English, and looked bored, worried and bothered to death. His enforced hostess was at her wit's ends, but still the luckless visitor stayed on. She called in her husband, and they entertained the attacks in relays, relieving one another like guards of a camp. Finally, at the end of the 7th hour, with the humblest manner and great deprecation, the visitor asked forgiveness for the mortal offence of retiring from the fray. The joke then came out. The poor fellow had been patiently waiting to be dismissed, as was the custom in his own country.

A certain young lady living in Washington earns a fine salary by teaching American small talk to these young attaches who are great beaux in society. Her plan is simple enough. Her pupil calls, is received, and converses with his hostess teacher for two hours. The talk is confined to drawing-room topics. This wicked young teacher taught six young fellows precisely the same round of pretty and witty phrases, and at a certain grand ball they were hovering around Miss Daisy Ricketts, one of the youngest and most popular of the Washington girls, and each and every one was saying the same things to her.

If the night air is unwholesome, why do owls live so long.—National Weekly.

### NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

One cottage porch, with open door,  
Shelters a nestling brood and mother;  
From the toy besprinkled floor  
A sturdy baby guards the other,  
The maples and the cherry-trees  
Shut in the boys and birds together,  
And here the honey-scented bees  
Are busy all the summer weather.

The farmer husband, early, late,  
Tilling his land, his produce selling,  
By thrift compels unfriendly Fate;  
He makes a home of labor tending,  
Broad barns and swelling stacks of grain,  
Fat, placid sheep, contented cattle,  
Prove that his toil is not in vain,  
And mark the progress of the battle.

His round-faced wife, with chubby boys,  
Goes briskly by in rattling wagon;  
The pewee, frightened at the noise,  
Darts from her nest, poor timid dragon!  
Whirling about, with ruffled crest,  
Her mate pursues her, tender, savage,  
As who should say: "Beloved, best,  
Who'd dare this happy home to ravage!"

The stubborn farmer would but scorn  
The plucky spirit of his neighbor,  
That lightsome heart, of sunshine born,  
That sings its songs to sweeten labor;  
Yet bound are both in love's own chain,  
Each tethered to a central duty,  
To the house-mother, with her pain,  
And the bird-mother, with her beauty.  
—D. H. R. Goodale, in Youth's Companion.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Always ready to strike—The policeman.  
The interests of the butchers are always at stake.

Somebody has written a book entitled: "What Shall my Son be?" Has he failed as a baseball player? If not, there is still hope.—Call.

"Love is blind." True, true. The young man never discovers the dog until it is too late to escape in a dignified manner.—Philadelphia Item.

It is boldly asserted that the American hen is not doing her duty. She stands around doing nothing, and expects the patent incubators to carry the heavy end of the contract.—Philadelphia Call.

"Now, miss," concluded a pompous young Pittsburger, "I've given you a bird's-eye view of the whole subject. Have I not?" "You have," was the bewildering response; "a goose's."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A man in Lawrence, Kan., has been arrested for burglary. He attempted to prove an alibi by declaring that he had been out fishing, but he couldn't produce any fish and was held for trial. Here is a state of things. A string of fish absolutely necessary to prove that a man has been fishing! This is against all precedent.—Kansas City Journal.

He called at six, and then remained  
Until the midnight bells had rung,  
And it was two o'clock. The maid  
Was angry at the way he stayed;  
At length she said—her tone was hot—  
"You are a striker, are you not?"  
"How so?" his eyes he opened wide;  
"Was then the little maid replied:  
"At least you're open to improvement:  
I see you're in the eight-hour movement."  
—Tid-Bits.

### Ship-Worms.

There are several species of what are popularly called ship-worms, which are ordinarily included under the name of teredo. Although they have a worm-like appearance, they are not worms, but shell-bearing mollusks as much as the "common long-necked clam" of the Atlantic coast of the United States.

The teredo is not particular as to the kind of timber into which it bores, but always goes with the grain, unless it meets with some obstacle, such as a nail or very hard knot. It is not believed that the wood it perforates furnishes any nutriment to the animal, but that its sustenance is derived entirely from the water which is constantly passing through its body.

Upon the water fronts of San Francisco, I have known (says a writer) piles of Oregon pine and fir, over a foot in diameter, rendered worthless in eighteen months, and have heard of even a more rapid destruction of wharf piles in the harbor of the city. In the case which came under my notice as above, the wood of the pile had not lost its original freshness when it had to be removed from the wharf, and a new one put in its place.

One case occurred of the destruction of the supports of a small pair of piles in six weeks. The money lost entailed by these little mollusks upon private parties and business corporations engaged in commercial marine enterprises, and on the naval equipment and appurtenances, is enormous, and has led to a number of experiments by governments and inventors, for the protection of woodwork used in marine structures; but from the result of experiments, it is believed that the constitution of the ship-worm is poison-proof.

The palmetto tree of the Southern States is said to be never bored by the ship-worm, and some Australian woods have similar immunity.

### The Pen.

Every graceful shaded line,  
Straight and beauty does combine  
"The penman's pride to draw  
Each fair curve without a flaw,  
Records of all deeds and times,  
Boaster's brag and poet's rhymes,  
Rude or artful, still must be  
Only writ, bright pen, by thee,  
Oh! what power for good or ill  
Kept in hands that show thy skill,  
Surely for such power and might,  
Swift to act and strong to write,  
Tempered like Damascus blade,  
Even, true and perfect made,  
The pen; the unrivaled pen  
Leads the roll with living men,  
And exalts the race  
By tracing deeds of living grace;  
Not for food purpose wrought  
Stained with sin or evil thought.  
—Penman's Art Journal.