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Bills for irrigating the arid lands of the West by a system of artesian wells has been pending in Congress for a number of years. But the recent drought in Texas has taught the rangers there not to wait for Princes' favors, but to go to work themselves, and a large number of wells have been bored with good results. It is predicted that before long the great flocks and herds in Presidio and far Western Texas will be watered by artesian wells.

Woman is rapidly winning her way in the English civil service. According to the London Times the extension of the field of women's work in twenty-five years is remarkable. The census returns show that while in 1861 there were only 1,931 women employed in the civil service, there were in 1881 no fewer than 7,370, and the numbers, owing to the growth of the postoffice system, are now much higher. The women clerks and accountants had in the same period risen from 404 to 6,414. It is a curious fact that of all the pursuits the employment society recognizes as suited to their clients, hair-dressing is the only one which the census returns show to be passing out of women's hands.

An instructive instance of woman's devotion to a man in difficulties is furnished by the case of the convict, Bendit, in Chicago, just convicted of embezzlement and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. He was engaged to be married to two young women, and though he magnanimously consented to release one of them, both insisted on becoming his wife before his hair was cropped. He married one, and the other was prostrated with grief at what was really a good deliverance. As a background against which to place this picture of female fidelity it may be mentioned that in Justice Duffy's Court in New York, one day recently, there were warrants issued for the arrest of twenty-four husbands for abandoning their wives, which elicited the remark from the worthy Justice that "half the women in the country should not get married."

"The style in summer hats is peculiar each season," said a prominent hatter on Broadway to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express. "One summer everybody who is anybody wears a fine Mackinaw straw hat, and next year a high white stovepipe is all the rage. It is either straw, Derby white or stovepipe white that takes the lead. Now, this season the high stovepipe white hat is all the go. Of course, the others are worn some, but I mean the stylish, swell people wear them. I think straw hats would be more popular if they were high priced. Their cheapness is rather a drawback, because anybody can buy them. I don't say that the white stovepipes are any cooler than black silk hats, but they are far more nobby as far as style goes than straw or the low-crowned Derby. High price and style is what makes the fashion. High top hats will never go out of fashion in my opinion. The shape is often changed, in fact nearly every year, which, of course, necessitates buying new ones to keep in style. Look back to the earliest times when hats were made and the inevitable high top has the preference. They give a majestic look of strength and manhood which the low crowned does not. The hat makes the man; if not his brains, at least his style."

It is a rare thing that a steamer arrives from the Isthmus of Panama without bringing some witness to extravagance and incapacity in digging the canal. One of the latest is A. P. Smith, formerly of Salem, Mass., who says that he has walked over the whole course of fifty-four miles. The portion of the canal completed is upon the Eastern side, and is eleven miles in extent through a level country mainly of clay formation. Here is a specimen of the work done, in Mr. Smith's words: "One of the many stupid expedients which the canal company adopted for holding the mud was to put up an ordinary wooden fence, fastened with bamboo withes and stakes. Of course in a little while the pressure of the half-liquid mud became too great for the weak barrier to withstand, and down came fence, mud and all into the canal again, to be once more dredged out at an enormous expense. A yet more curious state of things exists at places further in shore where other cuts have been made by several different contractors. There have been no specifications in these contracts as to what shall be done with the earth after it has been excavated. What is the result of this omission? The contractors simply load it on handcarts and run it back a little way in the cut which they have made and leave it there. The consequence is that all this earth, all these stumps and stones have to be excavated all over again, to the immense profit of the contractors."

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hour with sweetest things.
 If we had but a day;
 We should drink alone at the purest springs,
 In our upward way;
 We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
 If the hours were few;
 We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
 To be and to do.

ON ROSE DAY.

"I do believe this is rose day," said Infant, standing on the top step of the veranda in delight.
 "I know it's soap-boiling day," asserted her twin sister, who had been baptized Marilla Victoria when she was baptized Infanta Isabella, nearly fifty years before. These twins entered the world at a period when flowery, daring names were the extreme of fashion, and previous to the great rebound to plain and strong Ann, Elizabeth, Mary, Hannah, Jane, and their various combinations. Infant came very near being labelled Lovey Luella, and she felt thankful for her escape, and even attached to her diminutive.

Belle would never have suited her (she was not belle), while Infant did not shame her (she was more or less an infant at any age). She was slender, blue-eyed, and smooth-skinned, so smooth that wrinkles could scarcely make their indentation. And it never ceased to be appropriate for her to wear her hair in a braid down her back, tied with ribbons the color of the dress she wore. Infant herself could not separate the gray hair from the blonde, nor did she care where it was all blonde or all gray. She scampered over a fence and swung in the cherry trees. Her long tranced girlhood never ended; and the slow life of the farm, simple as grass and wholesome as new milk, kept up the illusion that time was eternity. In their neighborhood these twins had been the Baldwin girls when they first toddled into meeting, when they went off to be educated at an expensive school, when they came back to paint and play on a grand piano, when their parents died and they took charge of the farm; and the Baldwin girls would probably be their title when they should become contemporary with all living grandmothers.

Occasionally Infant felt a shock from the growing power of young children. It was so astonishing to see a creature who was a baby but a short time ago, shooting aloft, long-armed and long-legged, and announcing itself in the teens. Such phenomena did not astonish Rilla, however. She resented them. Though she had the same fair complexion and comely make as her sister, a deadly drop of acid had been added to her nature. Her shoulders were bent. She loved to hear people talked about, and to lift the corners of her nose with scorn. She felt abused by much that had happened to her on this planet, and yet too insignificant to her own personality to take it out of the human race as she desired to do. The freedom, ease, and scope of mature, unmarried womanhood were in no wise appreciated by her, because she lived entirely under the little zenith and horizon of her own skull. These traits made Rilla an uncomfortable house-mate, especially in winter, when the twins were snowed in with their books and trim house-keeping. Still, Infant loved Rilla's sourness along with Rilla. There was strong diversion in being scolded, and she always felt such a delicious warmth around her heart when she made it up with Rilla and gave her a handsome present, or took double turns at the cooking.

Rilla was very parsimonious, and felt bound to distort herself with aged gowns and long-haired hats. But Infant felt unhappy in any color except that tint of gray which has the thought of wine in it. On this very rose day, though it was early in the morning, she wore a clinging gray dress of that light wool texture called shabby by the dry-goods dealer in Jersey Centre. And a good background it would make for all the roses Infant could hang upon it.

Nothing made Rilla lift the corners of her nose higher than Infant's flower days. But as Rilla would be lifting her nose anyhow, and could really see no harm in these silent festivals, Infant continued to observe them year after year, and to afford her sister that triumphant sense of superiority which we all have upon beholding others' absurdities.

There was crocus day, when the first flowers broke the sod and made heaven's beauty in the dark spring. Infant decked herself with them, and put them on the dinner table. More abundantly satisfactory, however, was lilac day. It took a critical eye to discern the exact date. If the lilacs browned about the edges, then, alas! lilac day had slipped past. They were not to be gathered too soon, either. If their full soul of fragrance was to be enjoyed, On lilac day Infant walked under burdens of lavender bloom. The walls, the pictures, breathed lilacs. And at night she went to sleep crushing her face into a nest of bunches, so that she had lilac dreams, and drew the sweetness into herself, like an Eastern woman absorbing roses.

But the best day of all was rose day. Before it arrived she had always ready a jay of poems from Keats, Wordsworth, Jean Ingelow and Whittier, and read them in the morning while the dew was on the world. The Baldwin girls cultivated a great many roses. Rilla could hardly miss from her rose-water and home-made attar and rose preserves the heaps which Infant cut for her nonsense. There was not a nicer day in the year than rose day, if Rilla would only abstain from boiling soap on that date. The sisters had inherited seventy-five thousand dollars apiece, but they made their own soap every spring of refuse fats and the lye of wood ashes. It could have been made cold in the cellar, if that way

had not been too easy for Rilla. She held it a movable festival, like rose day, and no one will ever gauge the degree of satisfaction she felt in haling her flower-wreathed sister up to the vile-smelling caldron to keep the stirrer going while she set about other duties. Rilla honored pioneer custom and her grandmother's memory by performing her soap incantations in the oldest, mouldiest, most completely shattered garment she possessed. This was a red wool delaine, so abased from its ruby tone that the drippings of the lye gourd could find little remaining space to burn or spot.

They boiled soap in a huge iron kettle in the chip yard. The blue wood smoke would envelope Rilla and her tarnished tatters as she laddled and tested, until she looked witch-like to passers along the road. Her unhappy victim, the slim woman in gray, with a rope of roses wound spirally around her head to foot, a burden of roses on her bosom, and roses studded thickly along the band of her hat, sat on the corded wood as far as Rilla would allow from the soap, alternately inhaling their odor and rejecting the alkali steam. If Infant had to stir the soap, she would have a long-handled stirrer. The hot sun, beating on the chip yard and her huge hat, smote also the roses, and amidst their dying fragrance she had sad thoughts on the disappointments of life. So there was nothing but the morning of rose day which Rilla did not spoil.

But this fiftieth anniversary Infant felt a sudden uplifting of courage within herself when her twin announced the soap orgy.

"My soap-boiling will not come any more on rose day," she put forth, strongly. "And I think I will pay Enos Robb's wife to make up my share of the fat and lye after this, Rilla."

"I would," said Rilla, sarcastically, "particularly as Enos Robb and his wife and children don't batten on us already. Give them the piano and the best parlor chairs and the solid coffee service while you are about it."

"Why, Rilla, I didn't propose to give her my share of the soap. But it would be cheaply got rid of that way. Yes," exclaimed Infant, with sudden recklessness, "I would rather buy soap, and pay out money to have this dirty stuff carted off, than ever smell it again while I live. Let us make a new rule, and give our fat and ashes to the Robbs. They have farmed for us ever since father died."

Infant pleaded, "and whatever you say, Rilla, I know you have the greatest confidence in them."
 "The poor-house wagon is never going to call for me," said Rilla, decidedly. "You can go and build a fire under the kettle, while I carry some more water to pour on the ash hopper. That lye is strong enough to bear up a setting of eggs, but we may need some more a little weaker."

"Rilla, I am as firm as the ash hopper itself. You can't shake me any better than you could our brick smoke-house. I won't help make any more soap—especially on rose day," added Infant to herself. "I don't see any sense in it."

"But you can see sense in spoiling dozens of good roses to load yourself up with like a mad Ophelia. You feel above all the associations of wash day, though the Princess Nausicaa didn't."

"Oh, Rilla, I don't feel above anything. I merely feel under that soap kettle, and as if it would crush my soul out, as the shields crushed Tarpeia, if I didn't throw it off."

"Well, I am going to make soap," said Rilla, whitening with intense disapproval of the liberty her twin proposed to grasp. "You are not a minor, and if you were, I'm not your guardian. But if you propose to go to yourself and leave me to myself, we both know what belongs to us, and it is easily done."

This time-worn hint, which in her girlhood used to startle and distress Infant so much, made but the slightest impression on her hearing now, as she leaned over the veranda railing to look at the roses. There were such abundant stacks of them: she might cut and pile them into a pyramid almost as tall as herself. Such velvet, sweet tea-roses, such crimson velvet-petaled Jacqueminots, bluish and white so fragrant you would be willing to drown yourself in a sea of their scent; yellow roses piercingly delightful, Prairie Queens creeping all over the front of the house, old hundred-leaved varieties, having always in their depths a reminder of grandmother's chests and long, long past days. There were eighteenth-century families of roses, each family a mighty tribe, marshaled before Infant on lawn and dewy stretch of garden. It was rose day. She would not let herself think of anything else.

Rilla would not come to the embowered dinner table which Infant prepared so carefully, and to which she called her sister exactly as the clock struck 12.

Rilla turned her back on Infant's several approaches, and dipped lye with a savagely noisy gourd to quench Infant's voice. Slugs and ants in the roses, and even mildew, were no drawback at all to rose day compared to Rilla. Habits of endurance became proof armor to one's sensibilities in the course of life, however; so Infant wandered off and absorbed the beauty of that day almost as completely as if she did so with Rilla's approval. There was a tremendous heat over the meadows. The huge and strictly tended garden was a world by itself. Beyond that stretched their orchard, having a run of clear water winding through it, all thickly tufted along the margins with mint.

Infant stepped upon the spongy lichens of the fence and rested her arms on the top rail, while she looked along the narrow country thoroughfare. The sweet green world was dear enough to be pressed in her arms. Mingled mint and rose scents were satisfying. The noble strength of their Norman colts pasturing in the stock meadow was beautiful to the eye. Infant loved to hear the pounding of those tufted feet, and to note the

brilliant blackness or gray dappling of the young creatures' coats glistening in the sun.
 But who should come suddenly riding along the road, as if he had an appointment with Infant, and meant to keep it the moment she set her foot on the rail, but the Honorable Truman Condit, who many years before rode as instantaneously out of her sight! She knew him in a flash, although his hair showed gray around the ears, and much experience had added unspeakably to his personality. He was on a Condit horse, evidently riding around to look at his old neighborhood. There was a great tribe of the Condits, all well-to-do, high-headed people. The Honorable Truman had been the local smart young man of his generation. He was sent to the State Legislature before his thirtieth year, and afterward he went West, where, Infant heard, he did tremendous things.

She was suddenly conscious that her rose-studded braid was not wound up in a decent lump as she wore it before her class of young ladies in Sunday-school. She felt contemptible and out of her place in the human procession, although the Honorable Truman turned his horse straight into the fence corner to shake hands with her.

"Pretty nearly the same Infant Baldwin," he remarked. "And how is Rilla? Is she as hard on you as she used to be?"

"Oh, Rilla was never hard on me. She is quite well, thank you. You're coming up to the house to make us a call and take tea, aren't you?"

"I thought I would."
 Infant looked anxiously at the western sun. She hoped Rilla would have the cold soap cut into cakes and boxed, and herself bathed, clothed, and in her right mind, before the Honorable Truman Condit rode up to their door.

"I want to have a talk with you first, though," he added. "And my way is to go right to the point. Why did you never marry?"

"Come to that," retorted Infant, a sparkle breaking through her face, "why did you marry?"

"In the first place, because you wouldn't have me, and in the second place, because I found a very good wife where I went. I've been a widower now several years, and the boys are settled. I'm loose from business for almost the first time in my life, and back here to look at the old neighborhood before spending some years abroad. Your never marrying has revived certain things. Maybe you've forgotten."

Among her other thoughts, Infant was conscious of recollecting how often she had wished to go abroad if only some happy friend could go as a cushion between Rilla and her. She unfastened at a furtive hand the rose rope wound about her, but unwilling to let so many precious roses go, gathered it into loops on her arm.

"Did you ever know," pursued the Honorable Truman, "that Rilla told me you were going to marry one of the Piersons?"

"No!" Infant cried out so suddenly that the horse started.

"Weren't you engaged to one of them?"

"I never was engaged to anybody except you," she retorted, burning hotly in the face. "And I did not admire the experience when you dropped me and went off. And I don't yet, though you do lay the blame on poor Rilla."

It was six o'clock when Enos came riding his plough-horses to the great barn. He had turned off early on purpose to intercept Miss Infant and find out what changes were to be made. Infant hastened up to the orchard, while the Honorable Truman hastened to the same destination by the road. She saw him leading his horse up the avenue, and felt impatient at Enos Robb's interruption.

"Sudden doin's up to the house," said Enos, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "Pears like Rilla Rill's made up her mind about Brother Sanderson at last."

"Is Brother Sanderson at the house?" inquired Infant.

"He is, for a fact, and the license and the preacher with him. Now what I want to know, and what I ought to be consulted, Miss Infant, seeing how long I been here, is this—what's you and me going to do afterwards? Is it an interference?"

"Enos," said Infant, with a gasp, "this is almost as sudden to me as it is to you. But considering Rilla's firm character, do you think she would let any new person interfere with her established plans?"

"No, I don't," replied Enos, grinning.

Rilla was standing before the dresser in her room arrayed in the stiffest silk. She looked with composure upon her twin, who shut the bedroom door, and hurried up to embrace her.

"It was the best boiling of soap I ever had," said Rilla, warding the fading roses away from her silk.

"Rilla dear, you might have told me what you meant to do this evening. But I am so glad! I couldn't bear the thoughts of leaving you before, but now I can."

"I saw Truman Condit come into the yard with you," said Rilla. "He's grown fat. It must have agreed with him to go West."

"This has been a great rose day," said her twin, undoing all traces of the day's festival, and piling them carefully in a waste-basket where they could make no litter. I have said yes to Truman. "Won't you let me kiss you, Rilla?"
 The acquiescent nip which Rilla gave Infant took up a world of forgiveness which Rilla never felt.

and when I say it is soap-boiling day, it will be soap-boiling day, and Brother Sanderson will stir the soap.—Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Goals of the same chemical composition do not always give out the same amount of heat. This fact has puzzled chemists for a long time.

From recent experiments by Dr. Parsons, the conclusion is reached that the germs of ordinary infectious diseases cannot withstand an exposure of dry heat of 230 degrees, or an exposure of five minutes to boiling water or steam of 212 degrees.

Photography, it is claimed, is to be still further advanced by the use of the air brush. In this device a little holder is charged with India ink, and, by a bellows operated with a foot pedal after the manner of a sewing machine, the fluid is blown upon a faintly outlined portrait, the result giving a picture superior in many respects to the best crayon drawing—the whole operation involving only a few hours' time.

A simple test of the quality of leather belts is thus given by the London Mechanical World: A small piece of the belt is cut out of the strap and put into vinegar. If the leather is thoroughly tanned and of good quality it will remain unaltered, and even show, after some months, only a somewhat darker color, while if it has been insufficiently prepared with tannin the fibres swell and are converted into a gelatinous mass in a short time.

A new substance, lanolin, is prepared from the wool of sheep. It has great combining and absorbing properties and will be extensively used as a basis for ointments. Though a fat, it will combine with 60 per cent. of its weight of water, but 45 per cent. of wool consists of this fat. Though a new discovery under the present civilization, it is not new under the sun, as it is mentioned in ancient writings of Ovid, Herodotus and other Greek and Roman writers.

The apparent remarkable enlargement of the filament of an electric incandescent lamp on becoming white-hot is explained by the fact that when some of the nerve ends of the retina of the eye are excited by light the excitement extends to some degree to the neighboring nerves. Thus a narrow white-hot wire or thread affects, especially from a distance, more nerve fibres of the retina than really receive the light rays, and the sensation is that of a large wire. This is the phenomenon called irradiation.

It has long been necessary to meet a part of the demand for ivory for artistic and industrial purposes by an artificial substitute, which has in most cases been obtained by injecting whitewood with chloride of lime under strong pressure. A new method has been displayed at the Amsterdam Exhibition, in which the bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skins are used. The bones are for this purpose macerated and bleached for two weeks in chloride of lime, then heated by steam along with the skin, so as to form a fluid mass, to which are added a few hundredths of alum; the mass is then filtered, dried in the air, and allowed to harden in a bath of alum, the result being white, tough plates, which are more easily worked than natural ivory.

Pyramid Lake, Nevada, which has no outlet, is nearly forty miles long by from fifteen to twenty miles in width. It has an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is 2,247 feet lower than Lake Tahoe, the principal source of its main feeder. Great Salt Lake, on the eastern side of the Great Basin, is the only larger lake on the whole plateau. It is seventy miles long by about thirty wide. The elevation of the Great Salt Lake is also about 200 feet greater, which shows, as do many other things, that the grand interior plateau has a slight inclination or dip to the westward, and also to the southward toward the Colorado River.

Lake Tahoe is smaller than Pyramid Lake. It is only thirty miles long by from eight to fifteen miles in width. Pyramid Lake is larger than the Dead Sea, which, according to the surveys of Lieutenant Lynch, is a trifle over forty miles long, with an average breadth of only eight or nine miles. It is much larger than the Sea of Galilee, which is only sixteen miles long and five or six miles wide.

The Social Grade in Prison.

There is no place in the world where there is such a distinct classification of society as in jail, says Detective McCullough, of St. Louis. I found that when I was cultivating Mr. Maxwell's society and pumping a confession out of him. The aristocracy are the fellows in a dignified reserve, and are addressed as Mr. So-and-So by their prisoners. On the other hand, they call their fellow-prisoners John or Bill. The next grade are the professional crooked men. There is a great rivalry between them and the murderers as to which really form the creme de la creme, and the consequence is a coldness exists. They speak of each other's crimes in a slighting manner and depreciate one another's villainy. The lower class are represented by the sneak-thieves, the tramp crooks and amateurs. They are looked upon with contempt by those who have progressed further in crime and not associated with. On their part they recognize their unworthiness and are meek and lowly, esteeming it a great favor to do the boss criminals some little service. There is an unwritten law establishing these grades and it is never violated.

A young man in Gainesville, Fla., sent seventy-five cents to a fellow in New York City who advertised "How to make money fast." He received from the New Yorker the valuable information: "Take a paper bill and make it fast to something with paste."

ROS SOLIS.

Paracelsus says that the herb called Ros Solis is at noon, and under a burning sun, filled with dew, while the other herbs around it are dry.—Bacon

Thou lowly herb!
 The lesson thou canst teach, my heart would learn!

For the road is hot,
 The centre of my being a dry spot.
 I hurry and I burn,
 Till by the way-side here I thee discern,
 Where thou dost hold and gather to thy breast

One cold sweet drop,
 While I am so oppress'd.

Low upon my knees I pause
 To watch thee nourishing the dew that fell
 In one still hour when heaven blest earth
 With her cool kiss.

In that hour of bliss
 Behold a sacred birth!
 What voice could tell,
 As whisp'ers this cool drop,
 The body's mystery,
 The spirit's proph!

Ye who have gladness known, was't a toy
 Broken with years and cast away!
 Or does it live, a coolness in the heat,
 A resting-place for other weary feet!
 Is it a song for those who cannot sing,
 Turning as this flower has done,
 Even in the burning sun,
 The sadness of remembered joy
 Into a grace no living joy can bring!

—Annie Fields, in Harper's

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A rural guide says: "Cuttings root easily now." So do pigs.—Tit-Bits.

"That won't go down with me" said the skeptical man as he looked at a pill.
 —Carl Preteel.

Dr. Mary Walker is a living illustration of the well-known fact that clothes do not make the man.—Pack.

"The circus is one of the oldest diversions known to man," says an exchange. So is a circus joke.—Burlington Free Press.

A cheese factory is to be started at Caracas, South America. The natives will then live, no doubt, on Caracas and cheese.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

For luck he carries off the palm,
 Than Lucifer he's prouder,
 Who gets the solitary claim
 That's served up in the chowder.
 —Boston Courier.

Sam Jones, in speaking of converting hard-headed newspaper men, says he couldn't touch a Chicago reporter with a ten-foot pole. He ought to have tried a 10-cent cigar.—Washington Critic.

Many a homely girl who does 't believe at all that osculation will cure freckles is ready to try the experiment, nevertheless, just to convince a superstitious young man that there is nothing in it.—Somerville Journal.

The poet who asked, "Oh where can rest be found?" had never visited the store of a merchant who never advertises. If he could once see one of this merchant's clerks he would not ask such a child-like question.—Lynn Union.

"What is that Bicycle Man doing, father. See! he has jumped forward from his wheel and is putting his face to the Earth. Is he kissing it?" "No, my son; the Man has his Ear to the Earth. He is Listening. He thought he heard Something Drop."—Burlington Free Press.

It is singular how one can be deceived in things. A scientist has discovered that a flash of lightning is not instantaneous, but has a duration of "from 1-1000 to 1-10000 of a second." This is a difference, of course, but it is hardly enough to give a man time to dodge the flash.—Norristown Herald.

Queen Christina, in a few short years, may be seen at the chamber window, with only one sleeve of her dress on, gestulating violently at a boy in the back yard and shouting:—"Here, you bad boy, Alphonzo Etouze Amadeo Montpensier Maximilian Carlos Phillippe Alberto Miguel Padriilo Memance Santillos Quintana Zorilla! come right in out of that wet grass or I'll give you such a lesson as you won't forget in one while!"—Washington Post.

Dr. Holmes says that on "horseback a man's system becomes clarified, because his liver goes up and down like the handle of a churn." Dr. Holmes is half right—just about half right. If he should ever get on a native Dakota pony that had inherited a bad disposition he would be surprised to find himself climbing up toward the blue vault of heaven making frantic efforts to clutch his liver, which would be going on ahead of him like the handle of a churn that had tried to agitate a couple of gallons of nitro glycerine.—Estelline Bell.

He Didn't Want the Earth.
 He said he had no wish to be opulent, with a bank-book rotund, and distended and corpulent; but he didn't wish to live like the primitive Quakers, or butchers, or bakers or candle-stick makers, but in a fine brown-stone surrounded by statues, and set in a lawn of some forty-seven acres.

Applause for dear clothing was not worth the winning, he desired no wardrobe of purple and linen; but he didn't wish to go attired like a sailor or dressed in a mud form suit like a jester, and all that he wished was some two dozen changes made up in good style by a fashionable tailor.

He wished no rich vizards to gladden his people, or to riddle his stomach like chronic dyspepsia; but he wished a cuisine and a French cook to cater, a professional expert, no common-place waiter, no stationer, boarding-house, imbecile hanger to scatter his chaos of pie and potato.

He wished no small army of liveried dependants, no uniformed lackies and obliging attendants; but he didn't wish to live like a terrorist miser, but in plentiful leisure as better and wiser; and some twenty servants and forty good waiters would make life worth living for him and Eliza.
 —Lynn Union.