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The culture of silk is yearly on the increase in Japan.

Brazil is rapidly coming to the front as a commercial and agricultural country.

English capitalists are interested in Mexican railroads to the extent of \$40,000,000.

The booming of new manufacturing towns in the South continues, announces the Chicago Sun.

A New York scientist advocates drowning as the most humane form of capital punishment to which criminals can be subjected.

Goodall's Sun states that the Southern furnaces make twenty tons of pig-iron out of every hundred tons, and the Northern furnaces, eighty.

There are more than eighty National Cemeteries in America containing in all 315,555 graves. Of these 133,146 are the graves of unknown soldiers.

It is reported that the Russian Government intends to buy all the Polish railways and transform them into state railways on account of their strategic importance.

After a careful investigation the New York Sun estimates that there are in that city 40,000 workingwomen receiving wages so low that they must embrace vice, apply for charity, or starve.

Numerous changes are being made in manufacturing plants all through the country, with a view of enlarging capacity. "This certainly indicates a healthy condition of trade," thinks the Philadelphia Press.

Says the New York Observer: "It is at least a little strange that while so many thousands of hymns have been written in England and in America since the long meter doxology was composed, nothing has ever taken its place."

It is remarkable, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, that the production of pig iron goes on increasing in this country, although the demand for steel rails has fallen off enormously as compared with such years as 1886 and 1887.

European manufacturers are comparing notes upon the heavy taxation to which they are subject, on account of military and attendant expenditures. Several manufacturers estimate that their taxes amount to ten per cent of their net income.

Within a short distance of the New York Postoffice there are 3,000,000 people. Brooklyn has over 800,000; Newark has 175,000; Paterson, 75,000. It is estimated that in 1892 there will be 3,500,000 people living within sight of each other.

The discovery of oil in Michigan will extend the oil territory of this country in a new direction. An expert who has examined samples of this product pronounced it to be of fine quality, and further expresses the opinion that natural gas will be found in the same vicinity.

The longest uninterrupted debate on record was recently brought to a close by the New Zealand House of Representatives. It had caused a continuous sitting of twenty-six hours, entirely given up to the discussion of a representation bill. Yet the debate was not finished then.

Except tradesmen people who have some live profession or employment, no one is made welcome in Australia from other countries. The large section of people known as "clerks," from people who can merely read, write and cipher, up to experienced bookkeepers, are not wanted at all.

The White Lead Trust represents properties valued at \$15,000,000. All the trust managers have issued certificates covering \$83,018,800, and a few years hence, predicts the New Orleans Times, the wages of employes will be reduced because the combination is not making a fair interest on its capital.

The New York Herald declares that if it were not for the vast fields of India, which are abundantly irrigated, wheat grown in the United States would be worth a quarter more in the markets of the world than it now is. India partially breads Great Britain and furnishes more than half of what is eaten on the Continent.

French physicians who are studying the matter are confident that hypnosis will supersede the use of chloroform in the practice of painful surgical operations. Many most remarkable experiments in this direction have proved successful. Patients have been hypnotized, and while in that condition undergone operations of the most painful and delicate nature without evincing sensibility in the slightest degree.

BEYOND THE MIST.

Beyond the mist are sunlit leagues of sea, And towering peaks by lingering sunshine kissed. Where heaven's lights doth shine eternally Beyond the mist. Could we but pierce the haze, could we but list To some far voices from the shore, would we Still in these dolorous waves of doubt persist? Can we not see the stars above that bet? Is there not one to guide our bark, I wist? Lost mariners upon life's troubled sea, Beyond the mist. —Bennett Bellman.

CINDERELLA.

Whenever Effie thought of her lot, which appeared at present to be to do the housework for her step-mother and her two step-sisters, her mind naturally reverted to her favorite fairy tale, the one she liked to read oftener in those childish days than so far away, for she was not yet seventeen, before her father filled her dear dead mother's place with the "overwhelming presence of the Widow Humphreys, whose twin girls had quite thrown Effie into the shade from the time that they entered the house. "I should have been christened Cinderella," she used to say; "only I certainly have no fairy god-mother, and no one will ever change the rags, that frighten me so when I go down the kitchen stairs in the dark, into horses, or one of the big pumpkins I am forever stewing for pies into a carriage; and certainly, certainly, certainly the young prince will never fall in love with me or one of my shoes."

And then Effie would give the stout, servicable boots, which her step-mother always bought a size too large for her, a contemptuous look, which would have withered their noses, had they been anything more sensitive than leather and prunella.

Effie never said all this to any one but herself, certainly not to her step-mother, who, now that she was a widow once more—for Effie's father had not lived long after his second marriage—was completely mistress of the house. Everything had been left to her and she had her own ideas of justice. She neither abused nor ill-used Effie, but she had a soft way of coercing her that was just as bad. Melissa and Amanda, her two girls, were older than Effie, and of this fact the mother made good use. Effie was "just a child," and she could wear calico dresses and servicable boots, while Melissa and Amanda must have trained dresses and dainty coverings for their feet.

Effie was so young that she could "run off errands," yet Effie, being a mere girl, needed sleep at nights and must retire early; and as the young ladies set up later she must rise earlier than they and help get breakfast. A woman was kept to wash and cook, and scrub, and Effie only had "nice things, that a child should learn to do," to attend to, said step-mamma; but the little hands were always busy and the little feet tired, and, like Cinderella, when there was nothing else to do she had her sister's handsome dresses to work upon.

It was provoking, with nothing for herself but her every day calicoes and step-mamma's old brown silk, made short and scanty for Sunday's church going. It was only lately since it had seemed so hard, though—only since Leslie Goodwood had come home from college, and she had seen, as plainly as young eyes do see these things, that he admired her, even in the brown silk and Melissa's lavender hat, which was, in step-mamma's estimation "quite good enough for a mere child."

Since then she had called herself Cinderella oftener than before, and when at last the Goodwoods gave an evening party, and not only Mrs. Mervin and her daughters were invited, but also Miss Effie Mervin, in a little note addressed to herself, she fairly rebelled as her step-mother expressed it to be her opinion that she might take Amanda and Melissa, but that "Effie could not really go."

"Why not, I should like to know, when I've an invitation?" asked Effie. "You're not in society yet, dear," said Mrs. Mervin, blandly; "and it isn't good for young girls to go out in the evening. In a few years—"

"In a few years the Goodwoods' party will be over," said Effie; "and I want to go so much. Oh, do let me!" "My dear," cried Mrs. Mervin, "there are only three days to get ready in, and you have no party dress."

"I ought to have," said Effie. "It's a shame." "Dear me!" said Mrs. Mervin. "As if I didn't know better what you ought to have than you!" "She might alter my blue grenadine to fit herself," said Amanda.

And Effie gave a start, for the second daughter of the step-mother in Cinderella, being more good-natured than her sister, cried: "Give her one of my old dresses!" when the famous ball was in question. But though Mrs. Mervin did not cry out frankly, as did the step-mother of the fairy tale, "My dear, the King's son will be there," she thought much the same thing. She remembered Leslie Goodwood—such a good match for any one who was happy to catch him; and she remembered also that Effie was much prettier than her Melissa. "No, my dears; no," she said, "with a smile that she could always command at will, and that gave her such a reputation as an amiable woman. "No, children; I know what is best for young persons. Effie will be a woman soon enough, and wish her childish days back again. With which words she left the room to dress herself for a shopping expedition, for lace and flowers and ribbons and dainty shoes, were needed for her girls, even though they had handsome dresses enough already for the Goodwoods' party.

"Cinderella! Cinderella!" she cried aloud. "If ever there was a Cinderella on earth, it is I. I wish—"

"What do you wish, my dear?" said a voice behind her; and Effie turned her head toward the door with a little scream, and there stood a tiny little old lady, not exactly in a red cloak, but certainly in a red shawl, which nearly covered her. "What is it you wish so much, Effie?" asked the old woman.

"Oh, I was wishing I could go to the Goodwoods' party," said Effie, bursting into a little laugh. "Do come in, Mrs. Percy. I really thought you were my fairy god-mother at first. Did you come down the chimney?" "You what?" asked Mrs. Percy. "I didn't scare you, did I? I found Dinah at the kitchen door, and I ran in that way. But what a shame it was for the Goodwoods not to ask you to their party. I know Mrs. Mervin and the other girls are there. I saw them go in."

"Oh, they asked me," said Effie. "They sent me such a nice little note, and I wanted to go, but my step-mother said I mustn't. She always thinks me too young for any amusement. I'm only old enough to work."

"That's a shame," said Mrs. Percy. "But why didn't you say you would go? If it was your own mother, that would be different; but we've all noticed how you are kept down, and we're all provoked about it. Why shouldn't you have a little fun? You're just the right age for it."

"I think so myself," said Effie. "But I hadn't any dress, and I never have any money. Papa left me nothing, you know." "Your pa? Well, your poor pa is dead," said Mrs. Percy. "But see here, Effie, you shall go to the party if you like."

"It is my fairy god-mother," said Effie. "What are you talking about, child?" cried the old lady. "But just wait a moment. My niece is at our house with her daughter, and she has a great trunk full of the prettiest things. Do your hair, and I'll bring you all you want to wear."

"But I shan't dare to go," said Effie. "I'll take you," said Mrs. Percy, dauntlessly. Away she went, and Effie, trembling at her own temerity, brushed her hair into the loveliest curls ever seen, and in the shortest possible space of time. Back came Mrs. Percy with a pretty dress of pale blue silk, white gloves and slippers, and just the prettiest bunch of blush roses.

Mrs. Percy made a deft tiring-woman, and in a few moments Effie stood before the parlor mirror admiring herself in her new attire, which fitted as though made for her. "The slippers are a little too large," said Mrs. Percy, "but that can't be helped. Now I've got my own little pony carriage at the door, and I'll drive you over. Wrap yourself up well, and mind you are ready to come home at twelve o'clock, for I shall be at the door. Now kiss me."

"You dear angel of a god-mother!" cried Effie. "Dear me, I wish I had been, but I wasn't you know," said Mrs. Percy. "What do you mean?" "That I'm Cinderella in actual fact," cried Effie. "You've made a coach out of a pumpkin, too!"

"Cinderella! Oh, that's a fairy tale. I remember something of it. But she had glass slippers," said Mrs. Percy. "Dear, dear! and a step-mother, too. I begin to understand."

"Then she hurried Effie into the little pony carriage, and away they drove. "You must go and speak to Mrs. Goodwood first," said Mrs. Percy; "and that's all. I've no doubt you'll be taken care of after that." "I expect to be," said Effie, ruefully. "I wonder what my step-mother will say."

"Who is that young lady who looks so like Effie?" whispered Mrs. Mervin to Amanda. "I should think it was Effie," said Amanda. "Only there is nothing in the house anything like what she has on."

"And she's prettier than Effie," said Mrs. Mervin. "But how like!" "Mr. Goodwood is going to dance with her," said Amanda.

Indeed, Leslie Goodwood was at the moment leading Effie to her place in a quadrille. "That's another proof it can't be she," said Mrs. Mervin. "Effie doesn't dance."

But Effie had had lessons in those school days of which her step-mother knew nothing. And she had a sense of time and a grace of motion that made dancing easy to her. She saw her step-mother and sisters; and saw they did not recognize her. And she enjoyed the fun of the position greatly. She was altogether happy; and so, also, seemed Leslie Goodwood, who paid her as much attention as a host might pay to one lady, who waited on her to supper, and who was again dancing with her when the clock which hung in the hall struck twelve.

"Is it twelve o'clock?" said Effie. "Then I must go. Some one is to come to drive me home just at twelve." "I am so sorry. But you must let me see you to the carriage," said Leslie.

And then Effie got her wraps, and Leslie went down stairs with her, and there was the pony carriage, and kind, independent Mrs. Percy, and Leslie handed her in; but as she sprang into the carriage the oddest thing happened. Her slipper, which was, as we have said, a little too large for her, slipped from her foot and fell upon the pavement.

"Oh, my shoe!" cried Effie, in a whisper. But no one heard her. Leslie had clasped her hand and said, "Good-bye," and Mrs. Percy had driven off. "I've lost your kind niece's slipper," said Effie, in despair. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, she has a hundred slippers," said Mrs. Percy, "and I'll get her another pair. Don't fret."

"And this makes it more like Cinderella!" cried Effie. "I'm getting frightened at myself."

And, to carry the story out, she was in bed, with her calico dress hanging over a chair back, and all the fiery-odd slipper and all—gone home with Mrs. Percy, when her step-mother peeped into the room on her way to bed. "There was a girl just like you, Effie, at Mrs. Goodwood's last night," said Amanda.

"But handsomer and older," said Mrs. Mervin. "Oh, I'm sure she was handsomer and older!" cried Effie. And, under her breath, she whispered: "Cinderella again!"

Late in the afternoon, some one inquired for Miss Effie Mervin, and sent in a card with

LESLIE GOODWOOD.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

DELICIOUS MASHED POTATOES. To make nice mashed potatoes, boil a quantity of potatoes and pass them through a sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter and salt to taste; add a little milk and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire, adding small quantities of milk as required until they are of the desired consistency.—New York World.

OLD-FASHIONED CAKE. In answer to the lady who asked for recipes for "Old-fashioned Cake" made without baking powder or drags of any kind, I would say, writes the household editor of the New York Observer, that I never use anything of the kind, never fall with my cakes which I make as my mother did before me. For pound cake I take three-quarters of a pound best butter, work till soft with a broad-bladed knife, then add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, beat to a cream seven eggs, beat separately, add the yolks to the butter and sugar, then the whites, then stir in gradually three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, flavor with a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, beat all together one way for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Bake in a well buttered Turk's head in a moderate oven one hour, test with a straw. A half-pound of currents, well washed and dried, will make a fine currant cake, and will keep for a week or two in stone covered pot. If this is liked will send others.

HOW TO ROAST MEATS. Good beef should have a bright red color not too dark, dry and tender to the touch, fat and with a smooth, open grain. In roasting meats one of the principal points is to have it as juicy as possible. Wash the meat in cold water, wipe dry, single with a hot iron, then place in a dripping pan; cover the top with a layer of suet one-half inch thick; add drippings to the pan until one inch deep; the pan should be at least four inches deep; place in a hot oven and slightly increase the heat until done; allow thirty minutes for first pound and fifteen minutes for each additional pound. When done remove to a hot plate. Add one cup of hot water to the pan, after draining off the drippings let boil two or three minutes; then thicken with one tablespoonful of butter, mixed with flour; add white pepper and salt to taste. Mushrooms, oysters, chopped pickles or any flavor can be added to this gravy. Another way is to wash, place in pan, add one cup of hot water and place at once in a hot oven, turn over until nicely browned on all sides; remove to a hot platter, pour the drippings off, add one cup of sweet milk, let boil one minute, thicken with one teaspoonful of flour. Beat one of butter, let boil one or two minutes and then add salt, white pepper and cinnamon. It is then ready to serve. A French way of roasting beef is to take a sirloin roast, mix salt, pepper, cinnamon and cloves together, then, with a narrow bladed knife, make incisions about one inch deep on all sides of the meat; put a little of the spice in each with a small slice of garlic, and then roast as directed above.—Detroit Free Press.

Corn Bread—Break into a bowl two eggs and add to them a teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of salt, beat and stir in one pint of sour milk and corn meal enough to make a smooth batter; bake in a buttered tin.

Boiled Carrots—Scrape clean and boil in four waters, changing each time just as they commence to boil; when tender drain, cover with sweet milk, season with pepper, boil up once and thicken with a little flour stirred smooth in cold water.

Corn Pudding—Two cups of corn boiled and cut from the ear, one pint of milk, two eggs, salt to taste. Beat the eggs until very light; add the other ingredients, put the mixture in a buttered pudding dish and bake about forty minutes.

Rice Griddle Cakes—Boil half a cup of rice, when cold, mix one quart of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; beat the whites to a froth, stir in one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, add a little salt, and, lastly, the whites of the eggs, bake on a griddle. Serve by spreading them while hot with butter, and also any kind of jelly or preserves; roll them up neatly, cut off the ends, sprinkle with sugar and serve quickly.

Creamed Halibut—A pint bowl of cold boiled halibut picked fine and freed from bones and skin. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, and when it boils add a tablespoonful of flour. Stir smooth and add slowly a cup of boiling water, a cup of milk and a teaspoonful of salt, with a saltspoonful of pepper. Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of halibut and one of sauce till all is used. Cover the top thickly with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake till brown in a quick oven.

Saddle of Mutton—Procure a saddle of a young and not too fat mutton, roast in medium hot oven so to be a little rare and all the fat cooked thoroughly; make a gravy from drippings in pan, skim off all fat, strain and serve with the mutton. Cut a few young turnips in regular-sized pieces, boil in salt water till done, then drain the water, sprinkle over one spoonful of sugar about one-half pint of stock and one spoonful of condensed beef; let boil till stock evaporates and then place the turnips; dish up with the mutton and serve.

Cream Mayonnaise Sauce—The yolk of one large egg, two tablespoonfuls of cream. Beat these smoothly together till they are quite thick; then season with salt, cayenne, and white pepper, very little of the latter; work in a teaspoonful of shallot or lemon vinegar, and a table-spoonful of vinegar. The sauce should be quite thick, so as to shroud the whole of the sea-kale when piled up on the dish. N. B.—Lemon juice may be substituted for the vinegar, but it is always best to have equal parts vinegar and lemon juice.

A Cat's Determined Suicide. Henry Hurlbut, of Bonobol, Wis., pierced the ears and clipped the tail of his pet cat, a very fine specimen of the feline species. The animal immediately fell to weeping, refused to eat anything, and actually committed suicide by hanging itself with a rope that hung from a hammock in Hurlbut's yard. The cat put its head through a split in the strands of the rope, and when discovered was stone dead, with its hind feet resting upon the ground.—Plymouth.

SHIPS IN THE HARBOR.

FIVE HUNDRED VESSELS ANCHOR AT NEW YORK IN A MONTH. How They Secure a Place for Unloading—In the Hands of Revenue Inspectors—Taking Out the Cargo. Pretty nearly five hundred vessels of all sizes, rigs, tonnage and make—vessels propelled by wind—and vessels propelled by wind—find an anchorage in this harbor in one week. These vessels, representing every industry imaginable, and valued at millions of dollars, come and go almost unknown, save to the few hundred directly interested in their existence. All these vessels find berths in this port, which is second to none in the world, unload their cargoes under the watchful eyes of Uncle Sam's agents, the United States Treasury agents, better known as Custom Inspectors, ship a new cargo, or mayhap only take on ballast, receive their clearance papers from the Custom House, and in a few hours leave the port of New York far astern; the only notice of their departure and arrival made by the daily press being the name of the vessel, its Captain, consignee and destination.

When an agent of an incoming sailing vessel or tramp steamer—that is, a steamer not belonging to any company owning a pier—has been notified by telegraph from Sandy Hook that his vessel has been sighted, he hurries to the Dock Department, secures the lease of a certain pier, telegraphs to the Hook the number of the pier secured, his Captain is signaled that fact from the Western Union tower at the Hook, and the vessel proceeds to this city. Before arriving here she has to undergo several ordeals. The first is at Quarantine. On coming alongside of Fort Wadsworth the tug Preston, with Health Officer Smith or one of his assistants aboard, ranges alongside the steamer.

The Captain meets the doctor, who asks him a number of questions regarding the health of his crew or passengers, the port he came from and the general health there. These formalities over, and providing that the Captain can show a "clean bill of health," as the health statement is termed, the steamer continues on to this city. She will not have proceeded far when three shrill toots of a steam whistle will cause her Captain to slow her up. A small tug flying the colors of the United States Revenue Marine is the signaler. A line is thrown to the small boat as made fast a boarding officer climbs aboard by means of a rope ladder let down by the steamer's crew. The vessel's manifesto is given to the boarding officer, who immediately registers the tug. One inspector then went aboard, if the boat is only a freight steamer, two if she has passengers. The lines are then cast off and again the vessel is free.

The skipper's next tussle is at the pier, to which, as he has been informed by his agent, he is to tie up. When he arrives there he finds that there are other boats there, whose masters are not disposed to move. This difficulty is soon got over by the aid of the dockmaster of the district in which the pier happens to be, and with a great deal of shouting, hauling and general hubbub the steamer is made fast to the pier and her gang plank is run out.

On the pier the skipper and agent meet, discuss the voyage, exchange papers and finally adjourn to the steamer's cabin to prepare the manifest. During all this time the customs inspector has not been idle—especially so if it happens to be early in the afternoon and the vessel has a large cargo. At his orders the hatches are removed, the stevedores' men and the ship's crew get to work, and soon the cargo is being moved out of the hold, where it has lain probably for many a day. As each bale, bag, barrel or box is taken out it is carefully checked off on the manifest, while the covers are taken off by other inspectors sent up from the Barge Office for the occasion. Constant practice makes the inspectors adept at this work, and no time is lost.

While the work is at its highest the sunset gun booms from Castle William on Governor's Island, and the inspector in charge of the work gives the order to stop. Sunset is the hour when Uncle Sam's Treasury servants knock off work. Hatches are battered down once more, and the ship's manifest handed over to the night inspector. If the ship's agents are in a hurry to get the steamer away again, the latter, re-enforced by another, continues the day's work, and that night may see the end of the job.

The steamer's commander is then handed back his O. K'd manifest, while the Custom House people keep a sworn copy of it. As soon as the inspectors leave the pier the vessel has been, in the vernacular of the Treasury Department, "discharged."—New York Star.

The Two Cleopatra's Needles. There were two so-called Cleopatra's needles. They stood originally at Heliopolis, in front of the great Temple of the Sun. After remaining there 1600 years, they were floated down the Nile by the Romans and re-erected in 23 B. C. One of them was presented by Mahomet Ali to the British Government, and it now stands on the banks of the Thames, in London. The other was presented by the Khedive to the city of New York, and in 1880 it was brought over and set up in Central Park. It is 70 feet high, 7 feet square at the base and weighs 196 tons. The size and weight of the London needle are about the same.—New York Dispatch.

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German Frontier Boundary Runnings. The Franco-German frontier running through the Voges is being carefully rectified by officials from the two countries. In some places the frontier line passes through such dense forests that extensive clearings have to be made to mark the divisions and erect the frontier posts. The Germans have put up 250 posts, strong iron columns cemented into granite beds so as to prevent any malicious removal of the boundary mark. At the top of each post is a big disk bearing the Hohenzollern eagle in black, surrounded by red and white bands to complete the national colors, and inscribed "German Empire."—New York Post.

The Wise Merchant. When times are hard and trade is dull the merchant then who wise is Deth and deth to scratch his skull. While he is a scheme deviser, His trusting creditors to gull, And straightway 'advertisements, Then comes a sudden boom to trade, And presto, change, his fortune's made. —Boston Courier.

POOR WILL.

O Will, poor Will, what hast thou done That, nightly with the set of sun, Thy kith and kin, of ancient fame, Pass sentence doomning thee to shame? "Whip poor Will! whip poor Will!"

Ever yet the first pale twilight stars Peer through the gold and purple haze, From yon tall cedar's dusky shade The mandate sounds across the glade, "Whip poor Will! whip poor Will!"

And straightway comes in mocking tone From dell and dingle wild and lone, From tangled brambles and boggy glen, From briery copse and fern-grown fen, "Whip poor Will! whip poor Will!"

From distant woods across the cove, From darkling depths of yonder grove, From thickets where the brook runs by, With malice looms they hoot and cry, "Whip poor Will! whip poor Will!"

Oh, heartless crew, too long, too long Night hath been adduced with thy song! The world is wiser now than when You sang first to the sons of men, "Whip poor Will! whip poor Will!"

And 'neath this new and kinder star You'd suit your audience better far If, changing tunes to suit the hour, You crooned in your lady bower, "Help poor Will! help poor Will!"

And better still for bird and man— Through weary ages under ban— If in your song you would repeat The new evangel glad, and sweet, "Love poor Will! love poor Will!" —Mory B. Sleight, in Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Glass-wear—Spectacles. Hard times—The iron age. A striking tale—The whale's. A head-head—A head of steam. Misplaced energy—Gun chewing. Picnics are ordinarily no-table affairs. A cool feat—Climbing up an iceberg barefooted. A speech from the thrown—"Hang that mule."

The night rolls on until stopped by the brake of day. May ghostly warnings be called "dead men's shoes?" Never ask a stereopticon man to give you his views. Silver quarters—The United States Treasury vaults. Every poem has feet, but not all of them show head. "Some day I will meet thee," said the butcher to the dog.—Merchant Traveler.

The water's voice echoed: Through the hall: "We don't fish crackers With one fish bone!" —Denver Times. Tramp—"Can I get a bite of sausage or suttin'?" Lady of the House—"You can; here, twos."

"Serial buildings" are what they call those high ones in Chicago, because they are continual stories.—Washington Critic. Brown—"What makes Johnnie so pleased over that stick of candy?" Mrs. Brown—"He stole it."—New York Sun. When a man and a bull in an open lot are both making for the same fence, it is a toss-up which will go over first.—Plymouth.

A pretty maid is nice to see, And she is nice to woo; But it matters not how sweet she be If she isn't sweet on you. —Boston Herald. A Texas farmer wants to know what he ought to get for "licking cows." Five years, if you do it habitually.—Texas Siftings. A city child, seeing a sunflower in the country for the first time, said she never knew those artistic pen-wipers grew in gardens before.

"Not everyone is happy who dances," says a Spanish proverb. This is at least true of the man who has just stepped on a tack.—Boston Courier. "Though he had neither wealth nor beauty, I loved him, there can be no doubt, I cherished all sense of duty." —New York Sun. The world may owe you a living, young man, but the account cannot be turned over to an attorney for collection.—Sanctuary (N. Y.) News. Artist (with a bow).—"How will you have your sleeves made?" Miss Mead—"What is the style now—too tight or too loose?"—Times-Democrat. He wildly waved his hand in the breeze, And wondered where next to seek it. For his wife had sent him to find her keys Which were in her other dress pocket. —New York Express. Slightly Personal—Magistrate—"Describe the man whom you saw assaulting complainant?" Policeman—"He was a little, insignificant looking rascal, about your size, Your Worshipship."—Grip. I am dying—Kathleen—dying! What was fading now grows bright; Change or all is sweetly lying. Anged—I shall see to-night; I am dying—Kathleen—dying. With remorse my soul doth lash; I am dying—Kathleen—dying. I am dying my mistake! —To Dag.