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"The South," announces the Philadelphia Record, "will shortly supply the country's lumber demand. There are 3500 saw mills running there already."

Of the \$15,000,000 that Uncle Sam is going to deal out to the sugar planters, more than two-thirds will go to Louisiana, estimates the Commercial Advertiser.

The Australian farmer is already engaged in turning his attention to the cultivation of cotton, and every assistance is being given him by the colonial authorities.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European States cast in as well.

One imperial heir in Austria killed himself under circumstances of disgrace, another fell into obscurity as plain John Orth, while still another is lying nearly dead. The haps of Hapsburg, moralizes the Washington Star, are sadly numerous.

According to reports, two-thirds of the students of the Old World have a rather brief and inglorious career. A London letter says: "One-third of the students in Europe, it is said, die prematurely from the effect of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe."

"Few people have any idea of the value of the Nicaragua canal to this country," said Warner Miller to a New York reporter, "but thinking men know that it is an absolute necessity. The canal will positively be finished in six years. It will take about \$74,000,000 to finish it, and at present we have spent only about \$3,000,000. Our plans are perfect, and we know to a pound just how much we must excavate."

R. S. Hunton, one of the leading mine owners of Colorado, says that electricity opens up a new era in the production of silver. The reason of this statement is that many of the high mountain mines have been almost valueless because of the expense of transporting fuel to them. Now through the utilization of water power with the electric motor these mines can be operated cheaply, and a notable increase of output may be looked for. So evident is this fact that there has already sprung up a demand for electrical mining machinery in Mexico, and our American electrical manufacturing companies are now sending large quantities of apparatus thither.

"The traditional bow and arrow of the American Indian," said a Westerner, "are things of the past. The average Indian of to-day is about as skillful with a bow and arrow as a six-year old boy is with a toy pistol. It's very funny to see Easterners when they are traveling out West get Indians to show them how they use their old-time weapons. The Indian's favorite way of exhibiting his skill is to shoot at a quarter or half a dollar stick in a split stick. The money of course, comes out of the pocket of the Eastern man and the noble Red Man will shoot at it from a distance of a dozen steps and miss it with the most monotonous regularity. As the small boy would say, he can't shoot a little bit. His weapons nowadays are two kinds, both adopted from the white man. One is the rifle which he uses upon his friend the pale face, and upon his friend's cattle. The other is whisky, which he uses upon himself, and it is quite as deadly to him as bullets—provided he can get enough of it."

One of the phenomenal business developments in this country in the last few years, says the National Stockman, has been in growth of the dressed beef industry. There has not been a year in its history in which there has not been a substantial increase. Last year a total of 3,730,000 cattle were slaughtered in the West, against 3,050,000 in the preceding year, an increase of twenty-two per cent. This fairly represents the rate of growth. Of this total by far the greater part is for consumption in this country, probably one-seventh of it going abroad, inasmuch as the aggregate weight of beef, exclusive of tallow, exported last year was 389,216,561 pounds. Of course American producers will be glad to see beef exportation increase, even while recognizing that the growth of the dressed beef trade, as far as it contributes to supplying the American market, is inimical to the interests of cattle generally. The industry, such as it is, with all its possibilities, is here to stay. To such a degree, though, has it interferred with beef raising and beef selling in the older States that it is desirable that legislation be provided, if such a thing be possible, to hold it in check. At all events, it is certain to be a great feature in the American cattle industry in time to come.

OLD THINGS ARE BEST.

Old things are best. We wander So strangely and so long! From here to that world yonder, Why not grow fond and fondly In tried affections only?

Old friends are best. Their faces Each year seem dearer, dearer, And glow with new-found grace; Then, ah! These vacant places, But bring the living nearer.

Old houses are best. The laughter That tells of childhood's pleasures Beneath the eaves and rafters, Surpasses all that's after And all of manhood's treasures.

Old love is best. Its sweetness Makes pleasant sorrow's chalice, And spite of Time's dreariless It gains in calm completeness And laughs at Age's malice.

Old faith is best the teaching Of heart's unshaken motives. What profits subtle preachings, Or blind and eager reaching?

For doubt that mocks and smothered! Old ways are best; the gladiators Of simple lives and flatter. Ere wealth had come with madness, Or folly left its sadness, And sin its lessons bitter.

Old things are best. The glimmer Of simple lives now chosen, Oh, as mine eyes grow dimmer, Faintly arise the shadows, Waft me, old, sweet voices! George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

OLD MAN MIXALL.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

"So you've got back ag'in, Lo-i-sy!" said Old Man Mixall.

"Yes, Mr. Mixall," said Louisa Hill, "I've got back ag'in."

"Any news, Lo-i-sy?" cheerfully piped the octogenarian, folding the week-old newspaper so as to bring the "Financial News" on a level with his old steel spectacles.

Louisa shook her head. "Well, I vran!" said Old Man Mixall. "It's a shame!" Adam Putney always was as queer as Saucio, and I do b'lieve he grows queerer every year he lives."

Louisa Hill sighed softly, and went about her work of preparing beans. The morrow was bean-picking day at "Desperation Hall," and there was at least a bushel of the leguminous vegetable ready to be picked over and stewed.

The boarders at Desperation Hall were partial to pickles as soon as the cold weather set in, and the matron was anxious to keep them satisfied and happy.

Desperation Hall was a long, low erection of gray stone that had been a snuff mill half a century ago, and was now utilized for the accommodation of the town poor.

Captain Elias Fotherdyke, a retired sea captain, was at the helm of this institution; and his wife, a thrifty dame of many treasures, aided and abetted him in every respect. And of all the boarders, old Simon Mixall was the cheeriest and most helpful.

"Can't I help ye, Lo-i-sy?" said he, laying down the paper. "Pears to me ye've got a dreadful job there, with all them beans. I'm awful sorry 'bout Adam Putney. I s'pose Peter's clean out o' patience with him."

The color mounted to Louisa's cheek. "Peter don't say much," answered she; "but, of course, he's vexed. But I tell him that the farm belongs to Uncle Adam, and his Uncle Adam hasn't a mind to sell to these railroad people, he can't be made to do so."

"An' ye can't no ways be married without the money!" wistfully spoke Mr. Mixall.

Louisa shook her head. "Peter has his mother and his lame sister to support," said she, with a sigh. "We shall have to wait, that's all."

Old Man Mixall shook his head over the emerald drift of beans. "I tell hold with the proverb," said he, "that 'rich III wait for dead men's shoes.' And the Putneys always was a long-lived race."

"He may live as long as he wants for all me," observed Louisa. "I don't grudge him a moment of his life, poor old man!"

"No, I don't believe you do," said Old Man Mixall. "All the same, it's pretty hard on you and Pete. How's Widow Bliven? Any better of the rheumatiz? Me and Nancy Bliven we've danced many a Virginia reel together in our young days, though p'raps ye wouldn't like to do it."

"She's a little better," said Louisa. "And the young folks are going to have a masquerade frolic at the Lyceum to earn money to paint the old Bliven house and re-shingle the roof before fall sets in. I'm going to borrow the Quaker dress that Libby Weldon's grandmother wore when she was married. It fits me exactly."

"I want to know!" ejaculated the old man.

"And Peter's going to ask old Squire Lomax to lend him the chest of Revolutionary uniforms and things he's got in the garret of the old house," added Louisa. "He's going to be 'George Washington.'"

"I'd admire to see him," said Old Man Mixall. "I wonder now if Cap'n Elias would object to me goin' down there and seein' you young folks rigged up!"

"I'll ask him myself," said Louisa, who liked the kindly old soul and wanted him to have the simple treat.

"You see, I don't often ask for an evening out," said Old Man Mixall. "Not but what I'd like to get in. If I ask, there's forty others would think they'd ought to go, too, an' I don't want Cap'n Elias to hev any more trouble than's absolutely necessary. But I would like to see how you look as a Quakeress, and I'm mortal sure Peter Putney'll make an A. No. 1 Revolutioner!"

And when the beans were all prepared for the morrow's pickle, Old Man Mixall strolled cheerily along the front of Des-

peration Hall, tying up some fat African marigold he had planted, and placing new strings for his scarlet runners to climb on, in front of the windows where old Aunt Roggles lay sick.

For the western light hurt her old eyes, and when the scarlet-runner leaves waved in the wind, she babbled vaguely of the green Maine forests where she had been born.

"I jest wish I was with a million dollars!" said the old philanthropist. "I'd give Pete Putney and Lo-i-sy Hill the finest farm in Middle County. I don't see 't what possesses old Adam to stick to his stony fields and mule-drawn pastures so tight, when the railroad people offer him five thousand dollars for 'em. Guess I'll go round an' see him about it. Lo-i-sy Hill's too pretty a gal and too good a one to be kept waitin' until Pete can dig a home out of the rocks for her. It ain't no 'twicker fun that I know of, doin' housework at Desperation Hall."

And so, on the evening of the Widow Bliven's masquerade party, Old Man Mixall trudged around by the Putney Farm to see his ancient contemporary.

Old Adam sat warming his venerable bones in the sun. Sunshine was cheaper than firewood, if less satisfactory, and he returned his greeting.

"So ye won't sell the farm to the Quaker Company?" said Simon, sitting cheerfully down on the wooden settee beside his friend.

"I can't sell it," said Putney, drumming his wrinkled fingers on the window-sill.

"Why can't ye sell it?" "He won't let me."

"Who won't let you?" "My Gran'ther Putney."

"Land alive, man, what ye talkin' about?" cried Mixall. "Yer Gran'ther Putney, he's been dead an' buried this seventy years!"

"I dream about him every night," said Adam Putney, in the same slow, mechanical way. "I see him a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well. And he always a-sayin', 'Don't sell the farm, Adam! I can't go ag'in him, can I?'"

"Wal, I calculate I should if I was you!" declared Mixall. "Dead an' buried folks hain't no business meddlin' that way."

"I can't go ag'in him!" repeated Putney, with the slow, settled policy of old age.

"But here's your nephew, Peter, as smart a lad as ever stepped, and Lo-i-sy Hill, the prettiest gal goin'." They'd have money to go to housekeeping if you'd listen to reason."

"I can't go ag'in Gran'ther Putney," drearily repeated Old Adam, winking his bleared eyes in the sunshine.

And Old Man Mixall, fairly out of patience, got up and trotted down the road, muttering unutterable things as he went.

"There ain't such a dumb fool as he in all the foolish ward at Desperation Hall," said he.

And it took a good deal of the laughter and merrymaking at the Bliven masquerade to erase the disagreeable impression from his mind.

Old Man Mixall was a favorite everywhere, and the hospitable dame in charge of the refreshments cheered him with hot coffee, newly browned waffles, chicken salad and frosted cake, before he went in to see the young folks dance.

"That's Lo-i-sy!" he cried, shrilly. "Ain't she just as pretty as a pink in that Quaker gown and the scoop hat? And there's Pete Putney cuttin' pigeon wings in old Squire Lomax's Revolutionary togs. Wal, I never!"

And Old Man Mixall laughed until he shook like a mold of jelly.

Cap'n Elias Fotherdyke was seriously alarmed when his oldest boarder did not return until the next morning.

"Why, I s'wan to gracious," said he, "I allowed suthin had happened 't ye!"

"No, cap'n," said the old man, "nothin' hain't happened. But Pete Putney, he axed me, seein' I was comin' right past the place, to leave his Revolutionary rig to Squire Lomax's; an' when I got to Squire Lomax's, they axed me to stay all night. D'raful sociable folks them Lomaxes!"

And the Old Man Mixall went out to water his marigolds and scarlet runners.

The sun was setting behind the tomato vines in the back garden when Louisa Hill came breathlessly up the path.

"Oh, Mr. Mixall," said she, "Peter has just driven away! He has taken me for a ride."

"What do you think? We're to be married next week!" "I want to know!"

"And Uncle Adam is going to sell the farm to the Quaker Company, and give the money to Peter, and he's to live with us!"

"Wal, I declare!" "Uncle Adam says he saw Gran'ther Putney last night a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well, just at midnight. And this time he was all dressed in the suit he fought at Bunker Hill—in musket and cocked hat and all—and he says, 'Sell the farm, Adam—sell the farm, as distinct as ever ye heard any thing in your life. And Uncle Adam, he says it's a direct message from his ancestor, and the deed are to be handed over to-morrow. And we shall be happy at last!"

"Did you—ever?" said Old Man Mixall. "It was a dream, of course!" said Louisa. "Oh, of course!" said Old Man Mixall. But when she was gone to tell Mrs. Fotherdyke, the octogenarian walked slowly out to his scarlet runners, and laughed long and silently.

WISE WORDS.

Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way. None of us is infallible—not even the youngest.

Whoever teaches false moral principles is an aggressor on the welfare of society.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself out.

The effort of to-day should be to recollect the faith of yesterday with the truth of to-morrow.

The very art of life, as far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance.

Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness.

People are generally what they are made by education and company between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

Memory is the basis of conscious continued personal identity. Without it each man would start afresh every moment.

The boy who resolves to do one thing honorably and thoroughly and sets about it at once, will attain usefulness and eminence.

He who is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

Be cautious and brave. It requires a great deal of will and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much to keep it.

Their First Day in Court. It is always amusing to watch young lawyers when they appear in court for the first two or three times. Either they are very much frightened and forget all they wanted to say, or they are very bold and seem to think that they can give the Judge more points in five minutes than he could otherwise get in an hour.

Some have committed to memory what they want to say, and while they go on judiciously with no obstacle ahead, let the Judge ask a question and they are swamped, and flounder about helplessly, unable to give a coherent answer, until the Judge gives it up and lets them get back again to the set speech.

And the effect these young lawyers have on the old and toughened Judges is astonishing. Some of the Judges are thrown into their crossiest moods by the appearance of one of the youngsters. They will make suggestions and ask what the law is on that point, and what authority there is for that proposition, until the able lawyer might well wish he was somewhere else.

Other Judges are caused to remember the first time they themselves appeared with fear and trembling before some stern judicial light, and they at once set about making the young fellow feel as much at ease as possible. They nod approval and speak encouragingly and refrain from making any suggestions that might throw the novice into a flurry, so that he goes away feeling that he has done pretty well after all, and is rather surprised and pained when he reads the court's opinion showing the utter fallacy of his whole argument.—New York Times.

Regreening of Vegetables. It may be a superfluous task to paint the lily or to gild the refined gold, but the regreening of vegetables has assumed the proportions of a gigantic industry, which has its headquarters in France, gives employment to 20,000 persons, and represents a business of \$5,000,000.

Nine-tenths at least of the green preserved vegetables in France or abroad are said to be regreened with sulphate of copper to give them the appearance of freshness.

According to the British Medical Journal the Glasgow Health Committee have decided that, as the French Government have annulled their regreening prohibition, it remains for consumers to take care of themselves.

"A foolish British public," says the Glasgow report, "expects to get green peas at Christmas as such as it gets from the market gardens in summer. The French manufacturer makes them to suit his whim. The consequence is that it eats stale peas regreened with sulphate of copper all the year round."

A curious fact is said to be that the largest sale of preserved peas takes place in that period of the year when fresh peas are in season.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Electrifying a Postal Card. On a dry day rub with a brush or with the back of the hand a piece of paper. It will become electrified in a short time and will adhere to your hand, your face or your coat as if it had glue on it, and you will not be able to get rid of it.

Electrify in the same manner a thick piece of paper, a postal card for example, and you will see that, as with sealing-wax, glass, sulphur or resin, this card can attract light bodies (small pieces of cork, etc.). Balance a case on the back of a chair and wager any one in the audience that you will make it fall without touching it, blowing it or moving the chair.

All you need do is to dry the card well before the fire, rub it vigorously with your sleeve and put close to one end of the case, which will follow it as iron follows a magnet, until, having lost its equilibrium, the case will fall to the floor.—Chyrennan.

"Derrick." Derrick is the name of a crane used in shifting and lifting heavy weights. It is said to be so called from one Theodoris, who, while serving at Cadiz as a soldier under Robert, Earl of Essex, was doomed to death for some crime, but pardoned by his commander on condition that he would hang twenty-three other malefactors. Such are the revolutions of fate that subsequently he was employed in London to behead Essex, the man who had saved his life.—Philadelphia Record.

A UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

LEGENDARY AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF COFFEE.

Its Discoverer Noted Its Wakeful Effect on Browning Goats—Introduction into Europe.

While coffee now figures as one of the most considerable economic products, its use as an article of food in civilized countries is of comparatively recent origin. In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee-plant is indigenous, the people have been accustomed to decoctions from its berries from time immemorial. There the Arabs first tasted the fragrant draught; and, highly delighted there-with, transported some of the precious beans to their own country about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In Arabia the new exotic flourished luxuriantly, and, strangely enough, entered into the occasions of religious controversy. Legend reports that a devout Moslem, who had heard of the wakeful effect produced upon browsing goats by its foliage, resolved to try what influence a brewing from its berries might have upon the somnolent dervishes who nonchalantly fell asleep during protracted services. The result was magical. Drowsy laymen followed their example. Coffee became the national beverage of the faithful. Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca carried beans to all lands whence they had come. Egypt soon rejoined in coffee-houses, and in Constantinople (A. D. 1554) they acquired instant popularity. Mosques were overshadowed by them. Quicken wits of drinkers suggested intoxication to the religious, and political insubordination to the civil authorities. The former denounced the dangerous resorts, and the latter shut them up. But the beverage triumphed. Prohibition did not prohibit.

In Cairo (1823) the Governor gravely listened to all the erudite arguments against coffee, served it out to the rancorous opponents, and left his seat without saying a word. He was wise. The masterful drink estopped discussion forever. In 1652 coffee entered England from Smyrna, whence it was brought by Edwards, an English merchant doing business with Turkey. He was wont to regale his friends with the delicious liquid, prepared by the skillful hands of Pasqua Rossie, his Greek servant. But visitors increased too numerous. Hospitality became burdensome. Peace and pocket cried out for relief. Edwards established his court in a coffee-house at Newman's Court, Cornhill, London. Twenty-three years after this event coffee-houses were the favorite haunts of wits and politicians "for discussing, theorizing, and general wagging of tongue." Coffee and criticism were cronies. Therefore the phoebic Charles II. and his courtiers, wincing under the "slanderous attacks upon persons in high stations," would fain have suppressed coffee-houses as "hot-beds of seditious talk" and public nuisances. They failed to do so. The revolution of 1688 followed. The victorious institution survived the Stuart dynasty, and attained the zenith of activity and splendor in the first half of the next century.

Thereafter, the French traveler, on his return from the Orient in 1658, treated his guests to after-dinner coffee. To Parisians this was merely an eccentricity, that would not have become fashionable but for a similar example set by Soliman Aga, the gallant Turkish ambassador, in 1669. He enlisted the enthusiasm of court ladies in favor of the black and bitter liquor. Philosophers and literatures gladly gave in their adhesion. Boileau, La Fontaine, Moliere, Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, together with the chessplayers, found inspiration in the coffee-houses, which therefore assumed some conspicuous positions in the social life of Gallic cities. "Recine and coffee will pass," is a prediction of Madame de Sevigne as yet most unluckily of fulfillment.

Germany began drinking coffee during the Seven Years' War (1756-63), stolidly scoffed at opposition to the practice, and heated Napoleon all the more for restricting it by his "Continental Blockade."

Universal peace was accompanied by universal indulgence in the exhilarating cup. Americans took kindly to its contents, and by constantly enlarging demand imparted powerful impetus to coffee commerce and culture. Elsewhere during the great war "millions of people" maintained the consumption about two hundred thousand tons." But for that it is asserted that "the world would not have had coffee enough." Demand rose with every Union victory, and fell with every Union defeat. Consumption increased 36.84 per cent. in 1864, 17.5 per cent. in 1865, 23.5 per cent. in 1866, 27.25 per cent. in 1867. Removal of duties and financial prosperity increased the call for the aromatic berry, and advance in price because of short crops or syndicate operations diminished it. The coffee-cup is a business thermometer in the United States.—Harper's Weekly.

Interesting History of a Yacht. The steam yacht Caterina, formerly owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, and well-known in this port, is now the property of Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World. The history of the transaction by which this magnificent yacht came into the possession of Mr. Pulitzer is decidedly interesting. The boat formerly flew the English flag, but now she has an American register. Several months ago she went ashore on Long Island Sound. The underwriters, who considered her badly damaged, sold her to a Mr. Sullivan, who raised and repaired the hull. The price paid by Mr. Sullivan was \$16,000, and he found that her damage could be repaired for a few thousand more. He at once sold her to Mr. Pulitzer for \$20,000. This bargain was mutually advantageous, for Mr. Sullivan cleared over \$25,000 by the deal, and Mr. Pulitzer got a magnificent yacht worth \$10,000 for half that sum. Besides that the beaching in American waters entitled her to an American register.—Philadelphia Record.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Blasting is done by electricity. Electric cranes are increasing in use. The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour. One dollar a minute is the charge for using the new London-Paris telephone line.

The great telescope of Lord Rosse, in Ireland, has a speculum six feet diameter, fifty-five feet focus. Pennsylvania makes fifty-two out of every 100 tons of rolled iron in the United States, and sixty-nine out of every 100 steel rails.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factory gives employment to 1100 men and boys.

A number of fine residences in the Back Bay section of Boston are being equipped with elevators operated by electric motors. The machinery is very simple and compact, and the elevators will carry two or three persons at good speed.

An English firm manufactures a combined oil engine and dynamo. A large number of these engines have been built and sent throughout the various colonies, where they are said to be operated with especial economy for small plants.

Phosphorus is now made by aid of electricity in England, the mixture of phosphoric acid being decomposed by the heat of an electric arc embodied in the mass. This local application of heat is said to be more economical than heating in large retorts by the ordinary process.

Electricity has superseded steam power at the royal foundry at Wurttemberg, the dynamo being driven by a large turbine water wheel. The stream furnishing the water is some distance from the works, the electricity being conveyed across the town by overhead conductors. The current operates some twenty-five lathes and polishing machines.

A Warsaw engineer has invented a new harness by which the danger of shying horses is averted. It is so arranged that by pulling a string which is attached to the driver's seat the horses are at once un hitched, and the vehicle is brought to a standstill. The invention was tried by the best horsemen in the city and found perfectly successful. A model of it has been sent to St. Petersburg with an application for a patent.

M. Marechal has made some additional improvements in diving apparatus which have received the approving endorsement of the French authorities. In this arrangement, instead of the heavy electric hand lamp, employed ordinarily by divers, the plan is to affix powerful glow lamps at the top of the helmet, so that the diver's hands are at all times free for work. The lamp is connected by a conductor with a battery either on shore or in a vessel above as the case may be.

The practicability of telegraphing without wires has recently been demonstrated by the success of several experiments. Not long ago Mr. Preece, the head electrician of the postal telegraph system in England, succeeded in establishing communication across the Solent to the Isle of Wight, and telegraphed also across the River Sever, without wires, merely using earth-plates at a sufficient distance apart. It is now proposed to make practical use of this system in communication with lightships.

A Canine Hero. A correspondent of an English paper writes: "I recently witnessed the following little incident on the Thames, near Twickenham, when the river was full of land water, and therefore, very swift and dangerous. Two dogs, one a large animal, the other a little terrier, were enjoying a swim near the bank, but soon the little one was carried out some distance and was unable to get to shore. By this time the big dog had regained the shore, and, seeing what was happening to his companion, began running backward and forward in the most exciting manner, at the same time whimpering and barking, and evidently not knowing for the moment what to do. The terrier was fast losing strength, and, although swimming hard, was being rapidly carried down stream. The big dog could contain himself no longer. Running some yards ahead of his struggling friend, he plunged into the water and swam vigorously straight out until he got in a line with the little head just appearing behind him. Then he allowed himself to be carried down, tail first, until he got next to the terrier, this being accomplished in the cleverest manner, and began to swim hard, gradually pushing the little one nearer and nearer to the shore, which was gained after a most exciting time. The fact of this canine hero going so far ahead to allow for the strong current, and the judgment shown in getting alongside, and then the pushing, certainly seemed to me to betoken instinct of a very high order."

A Solomon Come to Judgment. A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly," said the lawyer, "the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."—Boston Gazette.

A SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

Now the winds a-wailing go Through the sere, forsaken trees! Now the day is waning low, And above the troubled seas Paint stars glimmer, and the breeze Hovers, sad with memories.

Now the time to part has come, What is left for us to say? Shall we wander and all dumb Down this garden's leaf-strewn way, Or by tossing waves and gray Hand in hand together stray?

In this garden shall we stand, In the day's departing light— Here, where first I touched your hand On that unforgiving night, When you stood, 'mid roses bright, Dream-embodied to the sight?

Where we met, Love, shall we part? In this garden shall we wait, Mouth to mouth, as heart to heart, Loving turn, and kiss again— In this garden shall we drain Love's last bitter-sweet, and pain?

Nay, Love, let us leave this place; Let us go, Dear, to the beach, Where in happy summer days, Sleeping Love awakes to speech; And his voice, 'tho' low, could reach To the deepest heart of each.

There the sea winds drifting sweet From some strange land far away, And the blown waves as they meet One another in the bay— These together haply may Hint some word for us to say.

Let us kiss, then, Dear, and go Down together to the sea, We will kiss, Dear, meeting so, If the days that are to be If my heart should throb too free, In you should remember me! —Philip B. Marston, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lies at death's door.—The obituary. Makes noise enough for two.—Twins. Going the rounds.—The man climbing a ladder.

A bird in the hand is not worth two in a bonnet.—Life. Shadows of a great city.—Inspector Byrne's men.—Life.

Of course a fisherman knows what his net income is.—Lowell Courier. One of the barbarisms.—Toasting ladies in hot weather.—Chicago Light.

The West Point cadet defines a kiss as a report at headquarters.—Detroit Free Press. After all, a tuning fork