

UNDER THE CHESTNUT BOUGHS.

There's a lad to-night far out at sea— He may never be home again, But his love is his own, as when...

LADY ANN.

The snow lay heavy upon hill and valley. The wind was ceaseless, and in unsheltered places the sun had turned the snow into little rivulets, that ran merrily away from their starting-points.

"Good-morning, Peeree," and may thy choice be a happy one, said one little bird to another, as he flew down upon the glittering snow.

"The same blessing to yourself, Peeree, and thank God for a pleasant Fourth," returned Peeree.

"Well, said friend, and where do you think of building?"

"I have visited it often by myself, Peeree; the house-long talks in his sleep."

"De frank! Tell me all, dear friend, I would not build in an unlucky place."

"Why not?" she said indifferently.

"Cause he couldn't." "Can't he run?" "No."

"Bilby calls me Lady Ann," she answered. "Aye! that beggar Billy. I know him—drives Stone's grocery-wagon."

"Bilby's ears are so big," said Peeree, "that a fine, bird-like sound might be lost in traveling through them; but his tail makes up for it."

"The key hurts him very much," thought Lady Ann, but she said: "Here is a valentine for him, will you put it in his pocket?"

"I dare not, little Ann," said the woman. "Why?" said Lady Ann, in wild astonishment.

"Well, then, come in," said the house-keeper, kindly, adding under her breath, "may be, good will come of it."

"What is that round bundle with a red top, on the steps?" asked Peeree.

Gardens and Wishes.

Probably everyone associates the word garden, with a spot where either useful and necessary vegetables grow and ripen, or where lovely flowers open their scented petals for our delight.

These "salt gardens," as they are called, are often found in the torrid climates of Africa and India where the warm sun and mild air carry on a natural process of evaporation.

There is one mine near Liverpool, England, from which crystals are obtained as clear and colorless as glass.

At Droiterich, in Westroshire, England, upon sinking a shaft only one hundred and seventy feet, the natural brine rises to the surface and overflows, if not pumped out.

These natural wells of England are in the vernacular dialect called wishes, and grants were made to them under that title, by various Saxons, even before the time of the Domesday Book.

The amount of salt taken from these wells or wishes, must have been enormous, for when a duty was first laid on salt in the year 1820, the amount yielded for that year was estimated at 10,000 tons per annum.

In sinking the shafts at Petit Anse, large quantities of pottery, hammers and stone implements were unearthed, mingled with the bones of mastodons and of deer and other game.

Friday Outcry.

Will the world ever get over the idea that Friday is an unlucky day? That the crucifixion occurred on a Friday is more than can be proved.

Imagine a mass of salt extending from Boston to Buffalo, as broad as the distance between Boston and Lowell, and as deep as the height of Mount Tom in Massachusetts.

In this immense mine, some of the strata which are sunk about ten miles south of Grover, nearly the whole number of the population (estimated ten years ago at 4,945), are employed.

Many most curious features are contained in these most strange depths, which extend horizontally in four stories of fields, one below the other.

Other rooms of vast dimensions are, however, entirely unsupported, Cox, in writing of his visit to these mines, says: "One of these chambers without pillars was certainly eighty feet in length, and seventy feet in width."

Upon the subject of Indian cookery, a writer says: "In the days when India produced pagoda trees and nabobs she had a capital school of native cookery."

The sign "Artist in teeth" hangs from a second-story window in Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, New York.

The Mexican Climate.

The climate is another disappointment. We are told that the temperature never varies more than ten degrees from year to year, but stands eternally between 60 and 70 degrees; that it is a summer land of fruits and flowers, cloudless skies and perpetual sunshine.

The sky is dark, ultramarine blue, and a May midday is in the air at noon on these January days worthy of "Naples, the Beautiful." The phras and garlands are gay with flowers, great bouquets as large as cartwheels can be bought for 25 cents.

The dark-eyed daughters of old "Castile" go flitting about the streets in summer dresses and almost universally with no wrap or covering for the head but the lace mantilla, a tiny corner of which is pinned upon the back hair, falls lightly over the shoulders and is carefully crossed in front.

When a man falls asleep he is in a shop for repairs. All the intricate machinery of his body is working, and put in order for the next day's work.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is authority for the ruthless and sweeping condemnation of Alaska as "the most barren, desolate and unproductive territory government was ever afflicted with."

In an alley off Griswold street, Detroit, while a trolly is near, several people saw a middle-aged man and woman sitting flat on the snow, with the lap of the lady fairly covered with greenbacks which the pair were counting.

"What are you doing?" asked one of the spectators.

Drink it From the Cup.

"Comme est-il possible?" demanded the Abbe. "Did exactly like the rest of the company."

"I asked the Abbe Madonvillers to send me a piece of the hen near him."

"Surely I did that, comme il faut. I cut it very, my knife, a fine, sharp mouthful, and ate it with my fingers."

"I have had persons share the curiosity I have after, says a writer, as to the origin of many of the sayings, they may like to have here the explanation of some such, which I found recently in an English book.

"I have always taken to be quite modern slang. It seems, on the contrary, that it is as old as the seventh century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was then commonly called. On tick was on ticket."

"Humble pie" refers to the days when the nation's forests were stacked with deer, and venison pastry was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy.

"A wild goose chase" was a sort of riddle, resembling the flying of wild geese, which, after one horse had gotten the lead, the other was obliged to follow after.

Familiar Sayings.

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Head and Tail.

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"What are you doing?" asked one of the spectators.

"Why, I've drawn \$600 from the bank, and we are counting it over to see it's all right."

"No, I counted first and made \$200. Then the old woman counted and made \$500. Then I counted and made \$300, and now she's handed the pile and there's \$853."

"And you've had the woman."

"I don't believe it!" he replied.

"You never went to skule a day in your life, and what do you know about counting?"

Egyptian and Assyrian.

In the Egyptian and Assyrian gallery at the British Museum, Sudan, and in close contiguity to the Hitite monuments and the bronze gates of Shalmaneser, there has just been placed an object of considerable interest—a bronze doorpost from the great temple of E Saggi, at Borsippa, a suburb or division of Babylon.

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