

There are 20,000 Cherokees, 5000 Choctaws, 5000 Chickasaws, and from 2000 to 3000 Seminoles in the Indian Territory. The Creeks number about 8000 to 10,000 souls, but it is thought about half of these are colored.

It is stated by the *Commercial Advertiser* that the fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be celebrated at Genoa by the revival of an opera by Montecchi, entitled "Christoforo Colombo," composed in 1828.

The census of 1880 ranked as miners some 231,288 persons, not including 7340 oil-well operators, and not counting at all those engaged in the care of mining machinery. It would probably be safe, remarks the *Epoch*, to put at 250,000 the number of those who are directly engaged in all departments of mining industry, and such a calculation may at least serve as a basis for determining the productive value of the army of laborers thus employed.

The great Lick telescope in California promises wonderful discoveries in the skies. Professor Holden is very enthusiastic over its revelations, and says that he has had views of the planets, the stars, the milky way and the nebulae that no other astronomer ever before had. The telescope resolves the nebulae in Lyra into wreaths of "sun stuff" which are in the process of developing into solid bodies, and the observation of Jupiter promises to solve some of the curious questions about that planet.

A physician got on a train at Quakerstown, Penn., taking with him a quantity of ether, which he intended to use while performing a surgical operation at another place. He had not gone very far, however, before the bottle containing it exploded, and the car was soon filled with the escaping vapor. A rush for the doors was thereupon made by the startled passengers, but those who were unable to get on the platforms, it is reported, were visibly affected by the ether and became remarkably hilarious, so much so, in fact, that they acted as if intoxicated. The influence of the drug, of course, soon wore off, and quiet was restored.

The New York *World* declares that a peculiar agitation is in progress in Minnesota. Certain women in that State are attempting to have a law passed compelling a man to declare his intentions within four weeks after paying his first visit to a young woman. Such a measure would be based on injustice. A man who knows his own mind regarding a girl within a month after meeting her is rare. This is to a great extent the fault of the gentler sex. The nature of woman is secretive. A young woman cannot be weighed and labeled after a few weeks' acquaintance. She must be studied a long while before her desirability as a wife can be approximately judged. Let Minnesota legislators be careful how they deal with the subject.

A Paris philanthropist induced a number of generous merchants, manufacturers, and trades people to take into their employment, states the New York *Sun*, such unemployed men as he should send with letters of recommendation. Then he advertised for men out of work, got together a great throng, talked to them of dignity of labor, the blessings of economy, the dangers of intemperance, and then directed them to call for letters of recommendation which would put them in the way of getting work at the minimum rate of eighty cents a day. Immediately more than half of his throng of 727 unemployed men disappeared, and that was the last he saw of them. Of the remainder some took letters and never presented them; some worked half a day and then wanted the wages of that time, and at the end of three days only eighteen were at their posts, and these were all genuine artisans and laborers.

The recent investigation into the Indian troubles on the Skeema River, British Columbia, has brought to light a deeply laid plot, by which, at two secret meetings held at Katamax last winter, it was arranged among the Indian tribes in that section to massacre all the white settlers. The massacre was averted by one of the Indians, who, at the risk of his life, threatened to warn the Government unless the idea was abandoned. The Skeema Indians are described by the New York *Post* as of low stature and degraded morals. They are all heathens and stupidly refuse to embrace Christianity. They are all wild and lawless, with no more notion of fairness than a wolf, whose character they exactly parallel, inasmuch as when they come to the store alone they are almost vexatiously meek and lowly, but when they collect in numbers they are loud-mouthed and menacing. Their faces consist mainly of mouth and cheek bones, with small, flat noses.

Largest Schooner Afloat.
A schooner building at Watuboro, Me., is expected to be the largest vessel of its kind afloat. It is of the center-board pattern, and will carry five masts. Her length of keel is 225 feet, her breadth is 30 feet, depth of hold twenty-one feet, and her measurement will be 1800 tons. Her masts will be of Oregon pine, her foremast, mainmast, mizzenmast, spinnakermast and jigger will be each 115 feet in length. She will have two full decks running the entire length of the vessel and nine hatches.

THE HEATHER ON THE LEA.

Green are the woods, with their gray moss and lichen.
Yellow are the sands in the sun by the sea,
Dewy is the dale with its fresh fern and bracken.
But, oh! for the heather and the whin on the lea.
Pine cones and leaves strew the mould 'neath the branches,
Sweet is the smell of the balsam and pine,
Pink the deep flush on the petals of the wind-flower,
Nesting in meshes of tangled woodbine.
Far in the distance the seagulls are circling,
Dipping their wings in the crest of the wave;
Down in the green depths the seaweeds float darkling,
The keip on the black rocks the wild waters gave.
Down in the dale blue violets are opening,
Where the fresh grass grows green by the rill,
Cowslips their cups turn toward the light laughing,
And the white lily floats on the waters so still.
The bonny purple heather, glinting in the sunlight,
Frickly gorse and furze, and whin sweet for bees,
Where the breeze sweeps as free as the cool air at midnight,
And the lark builds her nest in the heather on the lea.
—Boston Transcript.

NATHALIE.

I saw her first carrying a great fat baby, apparently heavier than herself—a thin, small-faced girl, looking about ten years old, but, as I afterward found out, nearly thirteen. I shall always think Nathalie was stunted by a perpetual baby burden, for her aunt, with whom she lived, had a frequent addition to her family, and Nathalie had nursed babies since she was seven years old. About that time her mother died, and the little orphan was thrown upon the tender mercies of her aunt.

Madame Poiron was stout, red-faced, loud-voiced, and with a rancorous passion, that all around her should earn their salt by constant work.

She would have liked to rise at midnight, and set her household tasks, but as that was impossible, she contented herself with beginning at dawn.

Her husband was a farmer and miller near the little town of Mapleton; her two eldest sons worked in the fields with the other laborers, and were to any of them who did not obey the imperious dame. She did not spare herself, for constant employment was her religion; but she had a frame like iron, and the strength of a strong man.

As for Nathalie, had it not been for the babies she was required to keep out of the way, she would have been driven to the grave by tasks impossible for her puny frame to perform.

As it was, she ate her hurried meals with the everlasting baby on her lap, whom she was expected to feed at intervals, and attend to the wants of the twins, about two years old, who sat beside her. She was then driven out, with the three children, to be kept out of the way until dinner-time.

"Ha, I treat the little one well!" Madame Poiron would say to her gossips. "She is my poor sister's child, and I have pity for her. I work myself, I work my children; but for Nathalie, all she has to do all day long is to play in the woods with the little ones. It is play, play all the time for her, and eat and drink of what she said."

Madame Poiron believed faithfully that she said.

It was during one of these "play" times that I first made the acquaintance of Nathalie. I had been walking through the pretty little woodland which surrounded the town of Mapleton, where I was spending the summer with a friend. Suddenly I came upon two stout, stocky-looking children, looking more like Dutch dolls than anything else. Their hats were full of flowers, and in front of them was lying the baby, crawling and kicking up its heels.

Nathalie was going through a kind of acrobatic performance for the amusement of her charges, while the twins gravely stared at her with their big expressive blue eyes. I have seldom seen any one so active and daring as Nathalie was, as she sprang from one grape-vine to another, and danced a kind of *pas seul* on them.

I was hidden behind a clump of bushes, where the children did not see me; but I noticed the little girl's face was pale, and big drops stood on her forehead from fatigue. Whenever she stopped to rest, the Dutch dolls set up a howl.

"Hush, Manette, hush, Marie, or Tante Poiron will come after us! Then she will not let us come here any more. I am going to play again for you. Now look, look, and see me fly!"

She made a spring to a high vine, which hung far above the one on which she was sitting. She missed it, and fell to the ground. In a moment I was beside her, and lifting her up.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, rubbing her head. "My head hurts, but it has hurt me all day. Oh, Bebe, don't cry!" The baby was yelling at the top of its voice, and the chorus was swelled by the Dutch dolls, who were frightened by my sudden appearance. "Don't cry, my darling! Thalie is coming to you."

She rose to her feet, and sank down again with a sharp cry.

"Ah, my foot is broken! I cannot walk! What will Tante Poiron say? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"You will do nothing but lie here till I come back," I said. "It is a short walk to your aunt's and I will go and tell her, so that she can send for you. Perhaps these children will let me take them home." But as I approached the twins, they threw themselves flat on their backs, and yelled as if I had been the Giant Blunderbore, ready to eat them up.

"They don't like strangers!" Nathalie gasped. "O madam, I must try to walk!" But as she raised herself, she sank back almost fainting with agony. I walked rapidly to the house, and, as I neared it, saw Madame Poiron in the front yard, washing some clothes. I knew her well by sight, and as I called her name, she raised her monstrous,

dripping arms from the euds, and turned to me.

"What does madame want?" she asked curtly.

"Your little niece has hurt herself yonder in the woods. She has either sprained or broken her ankle. She cannot walk."

"Oh, the miserable creature!" cried the woman. "Forever and forever doing something wrong! And nothing to do but amuse herself all day! Has she hurt my children?" turning upon me fiercely.

"No, but she is badly hurt."

"Saints be praised it is not my angels! Nathalie is a stubborn, ungrateful girl. All now to lay herself up, and leave me all to do! Fly she hadn't broken her neck at once!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Madame Poiron!" I cried, indignantly. "If you do not intend sending help to the poor child, I will do so."

"And where does madame think I can get help? Call the men out of the field at this hour, and lose so much time! No; if anyone goes, I must!"

She strode off, and I followed her, for somehow the idea of a dove in a vulture's claws pursued me when I thought of poor, trembling little Nathalie borne in the arms of the unfeeling giants. When I reached them, she had the girl by the arm, and had lifted her to her feet.

"None of your airs," she cried. "If you try to walk, you can. You are pretending. Stand up!"

I caught the child as she fell back, and at that moment I saw a man whom I knew well coming down the road in his cart.

"Ah, here is Pierre Lagrange!" I cried, joyfully. "I know he will take the child home."

Pierre was a good, humane fellow, more than willing to do a kind act, and lifted Nathalie into his cart at once. Madame Poiron, growing like a bear, had taken herself off with the baby in her arms, and the Dutch dolls toddling after.

"But then this is a bad business for you, Nathalie," Pierre said, as he jogged along. "That old fire-cat is going to give you hard times."

"I never have easy times, Monsieur Pierre," she answered, with her patient voice, the tears rolling down her white face. "I would wish to be dead, and with mamma, if it was not for the children, but I love them, and they love me."

"Love you! Just listen to her! The little vampires that suck her life-blood. The tyrants that get her more beatings than I can count! And, madame, you hear her say she loves them!"

"Yes, they do love me," she sighed. "Monsieur Pierre, they are all I have in the world. Tante Poiron is not always cross. She has good days, you know, and is kind, but then, you see, she has so many children, she has no love to spare for me."

"That's certain and sure," Pierre muttered in his heavy beard, but we had reached the farm-house, and he lifted Nathalie out tenderly.

"Farewell, madame, and thank you," she said, as he bore her into the house.

I thought often of Nathalie during the next few weeks. I heard her ankle was sprained, but that she was doing well. I did not venture to call, for it was evident that Madame Poiron had taken an inveterate dislike to me. But I was glad to see the little girl walking out one morning with the baby in her arms. I hurried forward and intercepted them. Nathalie was thinner than ever, but her eyes—lovely eyes they were—brightened at sight of me.

"Are you quite well, Nathalie," I asked.

"My foot hurts me a little, madam, but I can walk. It is the first time I could carry Bebe—sweet Bebe!" kissing enthusiastically the pesty-faced infant. We are going to have a *foie* in the woods, Bebe and I, showing me a little package she held in one hand. "There is a slice of pie and a piece of cake, and oh, madame, will you not come to our *foie*?"

"I said I would, but I must run home for something. That something was an addition to the tea-party in the shape of some fruit I had just received. It was good to see the delight in Nathalie's eyes when I laid my contribution before her."

"Oh, Bebe! Bebe!" she screamed, clapping her hands. "Bananas, Bebe! Oranges! and lovely white grapes! Oh, they are too beautiful to eat!"

When the repast was over, Nathalie wrapped what remained in her apron for Bebe and the twins.

"You look quite happy, Nathalie," I said.

"Happy? ah, yes, madame, there is no one happier than I am to-day. Only think, I can walk again and nurse Bebe. I love all children, but Bebe is a real angel of heaven!"

I sat there wondering over that starved young life whose only modicum of sunlight was putty-faced Bebe. What was happiness after all? A poor, ill-treated wail, whose daily bread was flavored by harsh words, sat there under God's blessed sunlight and called herself happy. I gave up the problem.

Several weeks passed, and although I was often on the watch, I saw nothing of Nathalie. The house where my friend and I boarded, commanded a full view of the Poiron farm; for some days none of the men had been working in the fields, and the loud voice of Madame Poiron was silent.

"What is the matter over at Poiron's?" I asked our landlady, Mrs. Blake.

Mrs. Blake turned very red, and looked confused.

"Well, the truth is, I didn't like to tell you, ladies, for I thought you might get scared, and there ain't a bit of danger, for there's no communication between the farm and any house in town. They've got small-pox there bad. Nearly all the family are down with it. Old Poiron caught it from a tramp. Two of the children will die to-night, and they say the old madame can't live. There is no one to attend them but one of the boys and little Nathalie."

"She is not sick, then?" I said, relieved.

"Nathalie? no. Old Dargan, who has been there—he's had small-pox himself—told Mr. Blake, the child goes from one to the other, with Bebe in her arms. Bebe has small-pox, too, and she never puts it down."

I cannot express all I felt when the next day I saw the funerals leave the cottage—one of the sons and one of the smaller children. Mrs. Blake did not know which. Then a few days afterward the hearse stopped again, and two small white coffins were brought out. They held the poor little Dutch dolls.

After that I heard of the gradual recovery of the other patients and that Nathalie did not take the disease. Nearly a month elapsed, and I was preparing to leave Mapleton when, in one of my walks, I came suddenly upon Nathalie leading her aunt by the hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, madame!" she cried. "We are taking a little walk," Tante Poiron and I. She is getting quite strong again."

"I am glad to see you out," I said. "I heard how ill you were."

"Is it the American lady, Thalia?" she asked. "I am blind, madame. I live, yes; but never to see again! Helpless, useless! ah!" With a groan she threw up her gaunt arms, and her face, torn and ploughed by the dread disease, was full of despair.

"Oh, hush, Tante!" Nathalie cried. "Am I not here to help you and do all you want?"

"Yes, it is so," the woman cried, quietly. "The one to whom I was cruel and unkind, God has given me as my sole stay. I tell her to go and be happy. She shall have money to live where she chooses, but she says: 'No, No!'"

"Leave you and Bebe!" Nathalie cried; "Never! With you is my home as long as you want me."

The woman, still weak and nervous, burst into tears, and her little niece led her away. My problem was solved. If Nathalie was happy in loving and serving a little child, what will be her degree of felicity to find herself necessary to a whole family—her duties manifold, but sweetened by the love and trust for which her faithful little heart hungered.—*Marie B. Williams, in Youth's Companion.*

Thirty Prehistoric Men.

The people of Floyd county, Iowa, have often speculated as to the contents of a group of forty curious-looking mounds on the farm of John Scrimger; but none of them had curiosity enough to investigate until Professor Webster took the work in hand on his account last week. The Scrimger farm lies just north of the pretty village of Charles City, and is one of the most beautiful sections of the State. On the eastern part of the farm is a long, low ridge, running directly north and south, on top of which are the mounds, some forty in number, about three feet in height, and ranging from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length. Thus far Professor Webster has opened fourteen of these mounds and found the skeletons of thirty people. He thinks of a different race from any of the prehistoric remains yet unearthed in this country. Just how long the ridge and mounds have been there Mr. Scrimger can't say. Neither can the oldest settler, and neither can the Portawatomie Indian traditions which run back many centuries. That both ridges and mounds were built by human hands is plain, from the mathematical regularity with which they are arranged, and the hardness of the soil composing them, which is packed firm like a stone, while that of the virgin prairie in the neighborhood is soft and yielding.

The skeletons found by Professor Webster are in various stages of preservation, some quite solid and others crumbling to dust, while in one mound there was nothing but a bed of ashes. All the dead had been found in a doubled up position, the knees being crowded on the lower jaw, and the head of each carefully laid toward the east. While the femur bones show that most of the skeletons are people about five feet seven inches tall, there are four the original owners of which must have been fully seven inches tall. The skulls are those of a race of very inferior beings. The tops are abnormally thick, and the frontal bones slope abruptly back from the eyes, while the lower jaws protrude forward so that the under teeth, one outside of the upper ones. In general contour the skulls resemble those of the prehistoric mound builders found in Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin. Most of the skeletons found by Professor Webster show marks of fire, as if the flesh had been burned from the bones before burial. Another strange thing is the entire absence of anything like trinkets, or implements of war or of the chase, as are generally found in Eastern mounds. The bones of animals, showing that the friends of the deceased had celebrated their interment with funeral feasts are also missing. The only things thus far unearthed in the Iowa mounds, aside from the skeletons, is a lot of broken pottery of crude design and make, including one nearly whole vase or urn of archaic workmanship, which Professor Webster now has.

—New York Sun.

The Coolest Town in the World.

In *Nature*, Dr. Hann gives an interesting account of the winter temperature of Weicho-an-ki (Siberia), deduced from several years' observation. The town, which lies in the valley of the Jana, about 9 feet above the level of the river, in latitude 61 degrees 31 minutes N., longitude 133 degrees 31 minutes E., and at a height of about 350 feet above the sea, has the greatest winter cold that is known to exist upon the globe. Monthly means of -58 degrees F. occur even in December, a mean temperature which has been observed nowhere else in the polar region, and minima of -76 degrees are usual for the three winter months (December-February). In the year 1880 March also had a minimum -57 degrees, and during that year December and January never had a minimum above -76 degrees, while in January, 1885, the temperature of -89 degrees was recorded. These extreme readings are hardly credible, yet the thermometers have been verified at the St. Petersburg Observatory. To add to the misery of the inhabitants, at some seasons the houses are inundated by the overflow of the river. The yearly range of cloud is characteristic of the climate: in the winter season the mean only amounts to about three tenths in each month.

Bremen's Roland.

But the quaintest thing in Bremen is its statue of liberty, the "Roland," as it is called. It is a colossal figure, eight feet high, and was erected in the centre of the town in 1412. In one hand the giant holds a shield marked with an eagle (that symbol of liberty in all ages), in the other a naked sword. It was the gauntlet thrown down to all the world that Bremen would be free, a freedom so successfully maintained that even now, though a part of the German empire, Bremen is a free city and has a free port.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Boil Potatoes Scientifically.
The proper, sensible and scientific way to boil a potato is without peeling it. Retaining its skin though very well washed, he said, it also retains those possibilities of flavor and flouriness of which the generality of cooks do their very best to rob it. Different sorts need different treatment, but it may be taken as a general axiom that potatoes should be boiled till they may be easily pierced by a fork, and that after every smallest drop of water has been carefully and studiously drained away from them, they should be steamed for only three or four minutes over a hot fire and well shaken during this process. They should then be served in a dish without a cover, and very hot. Perhaps the potato is the only vegetable that does not suffer from being eaten from the same plate with meat or poultry.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Notes on Renovating.

Skim-milk added to twice the quantity of warm water, cleans graining, or any varnished wood-work easily, and injures the varnish less than any other preparation, as proved by many years' trial. It brightens up oil cloths to wash them over with skim milk after cleaning. Never use soap for cleaning paint. When there are spots of grease or smoke on the wood-work a very thin lime whitewash will remove them. To extract grease from wall paper, cover the spots with several folds of blotting paper and hold a red-hot iron near until the grease is absorbed. Borax is very useful for cleaning window glass and mirrors, and rubbing them with old newspapers gives them a fine polish. Newspapers are the best thing for cleaning lamp chimneys. Put the least bit of kerosene on a piece, when filling the lamps; then rub the chimneys until they shine. It is more easily and quickly done than washing them in soap-suds, they look as well and are much less liable to crack.

—Ipswich Farmer.

Fancy Quilts.

Quilts are so popular now that a good deal of attention is paid to them, says a writer in the *Housewife*. The beautiful Crete and Madras flowered muslin bed covers may be seen on many beds, but as a rule worked ones predominate. Some in Roman sheeting have only one corner ornamented; and a favorite design is, a thick, boldly worked trellis, with some straying leaves and large clematis. There are just three or four crossed staves, worked in shades of browns and greens in the corner, forming the trellis, but the tendrils and flowers extend to some distance. A bedspread recently exhibited, and worked by an old woman, was of brown sateen, with a design in light blue cotton in the center and round the edge. A frill of light blue pongee silk, about a quarter of a yard deep, was gathered on all round, and over that a fall of rather coarse lace. The effect was excellent. I have also seen a gold-colored sateen quilt, worked in pink and brown knitting silk, with a deep frill of pink pongee silk.

Catsups.

Catsups are easily prepared, says the *Courier*, and a much more healthful relish with meats and game than pickles. When home-made they are very economical, and more likely to be pure than even the best quality that can be purchased from the manufacturers.

Cold Tomato Catsup.—Cut ripe tomatoes into thin slices; put in a stone jar a layer of tomatoes and a layer of salt alternately until full; stand aside for three days; strain; spice to taste, and bottle.

Green Tomato Catsup.—Take equal quantities of green tomatoes and onions, chop fine, sprinkle with salt; put in a bag and let hang up overnight. Season with red pepper, mustard seed, celery seed and all spices. Pack in jars; pour over strong vinegar.

Sliced Cucumber Catsup.—Take three dozen large, ripe cucumbers and one dozen small onions. Slice the cucumbers, sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. Drain; add the sliced onions, with red pepper, cloves and all-spice; cover with hot vinegar.

Cucumber Catsup.—Take large, ripe cucumbers. Pare, remove the seed and grate. To every pint of pulp allow half a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and two teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish. Drain the grated cucumbers, mix in the other ingredients and bottle.

Boiled Tomato Catsup.—Put a bushel of ripe tomatoes on to boil; boil gently an hour and a half, then strain and return the liquor to the kettle and boil thick; add half a gallon of vinegar, and simmer gently for one hour, then put in half a pound of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one ounce each of black pepper and allspice, two ounces of mustard, one of ginger, half an ounce of cloves, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and half a teaspoonful of powdered asafoetida; stir well and let boil. Bottle and seal.

Mushroom Catsup.—Take freshly gathered mushrooms; wipe, but do not work them. Put a layer of mushrooms in the bottom of a crock, sprinkle with salt; put in more mushrooms and salt until the crock is full. Cover with a damp folded towel, and stand in a warm place for twenty-four hours; work and strain. To every quart of liquor add one ounce of pepper cones, and boil slowly for thirty minutes; add a quarter of an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of sliced ginger root, one dozen whole cloves, and three blades of mace. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take up and set to cool, strain, bottle and seal.

Itinerant Restaurants.

Itinerant food supply is a new feature of Boston life. A large wagon train carrying complete dinners, or viands a la carte, goes about the streets supplying its customers. Nothing is easier now than to take an apartment, or room, as may be, and order whatever one may choose, served at such hours as he shall desire, and the arrangement is the apotheosis of household joy. No more cooks, no more marketing, no more kitchens, and no more going out to restaurant, hotel or private boarding house. The itinerant food supply cuts the Gordian knot. The food is said to be excellent, and furnished at rates far below the cost of marketing and having it prepared, or of restaurant or boarding house rates. It offers a solution of many difficulties for an increasing number of people to whom domestic life on the old plan has grown impracticable or undesirable.

—Times-Democrat.

A Manager's Dilemma.

There is a story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of the Opera House, Berlin. He had two of his stars, Nachbar and Mann, into his sanctum, and asked them to resign their condition of new engagement. "Well," said Nachbar, "you know my terms. I have receipts." "Also," said Mann, "I cannot take less than five hundred dollars." "Gentlemen," gravely said J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept you, occasionally, let me have a ticket? I should like to be able to see my own theatre."

LAST TIME AND NEXT.

When last we met the woods were green,
The sky was azure, clear and gay,
The glade was decked in lustrous bloom,
—'Twas in the early bloom of May;
The thistle left betimes his bed
To chant his lay above thy head,
When last we met.

When next we meet a laden sky
Shall frown with mournful port above;
The birds shall chant no lullaby,
Nor sing the fairness of my love;
All mournful shall the bare trees stand,
Striped of their leaves by winter's hand,
When next we meet.

But thou, who by thy gossamer grace,
When all around was fair to see,
Could nature's bravest hues efface,
Despite such noble rivalry,
Shalt shine a thousand times more fair,
When all around be black and bare.

—New York Tribune.

PITH AND POINT.

Irony.—The wit of the laundry.
Letters of acceptance.—I. O. U.
The home stretch.—The clothes line.
Prophecy of Evil.—The wages of sin.
To make a long story short.—Cut away all but the wisdom.
The French eaters of horseflesh prefer the animals carried.
The Quick and the Dead.—The telegraph and the messenger boy.
In going up the ladder of fame, meet many coming down.—*Life*.
The sweetest of sweet girls who wait for you is worth her wait in gold.
It often happens in politics that a man that has "leaked out" had never leaked in.
Pay heed to the idle rumor. Some of the idle rumor may fall to pay his rent.
An early settler.—The Hovey boys who has to pay for his lodging bills going to bed.
A physician usually treat his patients but he does not treat them well.—*London Republican*.
"Sarah," said the small boy at the lawn-mower to his nurse, "come out and help me peel the grass."
The young man who is too fresh generally finds himself in a pickle sooner later.—*Old City Bazaar*.
It is confidently asserted, that the men killed by falling beams are victims of sunstroke.—*Times*.
Judges are the ones who lay down the law, and when it is nicely laid down lawyers jump on it.—*Epoch*.
The first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.—*Luck*.
The sacred cow of India is the representative of the bovine tribe which can be classed as a beast of prey.—*Large Chronicle*.
The artist who put up gilt signs is not so much of a correspondent, but turns out some brilliant letters.—*Chant Traveler*.
Ships are about the only things known of that can travel mile after mile on tacks and show no signs of parting.—*Danville Breeze*.
"How fond Charley Roberts is of father! He fairly worships him. He takes after his father in that respect."—*Harper's Bazar*.
He—"I wonder what makes the so sticky to-day?" She—"I suppose must be that new fly paper you bought."—*Burlington Free Press*.
Mrs. Maginnis—"Luk at the slim the youngster, Moike!" Mr. Maginnis—"Begogs, of he kap's on loike that make a park polaceman on tom!"—*London Chronicle*.
"Baselall is a game requiring skill and courage, is it not?" "Yes, is the scorer needs the skill to umpire the courage."—*New York Times*.
Stranger in haste asks native place where he arrived the night before dark. "What's the quickest way to get to the depot?" "Hurry, you!"—*London Times*.
Professor—"Gretchen! Please the cat out of the room. I cannot make such a noise while I work. Where is it?" Gretchen—"Professor! You are sitting on the floor."—*Flagpole Dangler*.
How sweet is the voice of the Eastern.
As it sings and converses at morning.
How blithely it stutters, now fast, now slow,
While shaving the beard off the last of the year.

Lady—"This lobster, I observe, is two francs higher than the other, is that?" "Well, you see, my lady, happens to be fresh," replied the waiter, smiling, as if he had said the natural thing in the world.—*La Foye*.
Guest (indignantly)—"Waiter, are feathers in this soup?" Waiter (respecting it)—"Why, you see, I thought I was giving you better. It's chicken broth, sir; costs ten more." (Changes figures on the card.)—*Chicago Tribune*.
He was telling the boys that he never been troubled with corns, but this did not last long, for as he went away the peculiar joint motion of his knees betrayed the fact that he grew on basswood.—*Atlanta Constitution*.
"I'll take your caramels and drops, Mr. Peduncle," said Willie, didly, as he pocketed the confetti given to him by the young man. "I'll tell you right now that I never home and isn't going to be, either less Mr. Hankinson comes. She's girl so herself five minutes ago."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Manager's Dilemma.
There is a story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of the Opera House, Berlin. He had two of his stars, Nachbar and Mann, into his sanctum, and asked them to resign their condition of new engagement. "Well," said Nachbar, "you know my terms. I have receipts." "Also," said Mann, "I cannot take less than five hundred dollars." "Gentlemen," gravely said J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept you, occasionally, let me have a ticket? I should like to be able to see my own theatre."

Itinerant Restaurants.
Itinerant food supply is a new feature of Boston life. A large wagon train carrying complete dinners, or viands a la carte, goes about the streets supplying its customers. Nothing is easier now than to take an apartment, or room, as may be, and order whatever one may choose, served at such hours as he shall desire, and the arrangement is the apotheosis of household joy. No more cooks, no more marketing, no more kitchens, and no more going out to restaurant, hotel or private boarding house. The itinerant food supply cuts the Gordian knot. The food is said to be excellent, and furnished at rates far below the cost of marketing and having it prepared, or of restaurant or boarding house rates. It offers a solution of many difficulties for an increasing number of people to whom domestic life on the old plan has grown impracticable or undesirable.

—Times-Democrat.

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