OEM WIITTEN BY THE LATE JOHN which is observed an interesting bit of many tall associations connected with it. It could be a second of a second of the second

Come to me for wisdom," said the mou

"In the valley and the plain There is knowledge dimmed with sorrow

the gain; There is effort, with its hope like a fountain There the chained rebel, passion, Laboring strength and fleeting fashion Laboring strength and fleeting fas There ambition's leaping flame, And the iris crown of frame; But those gains are dear forever Won from loss and pain and fever. Nature's gospel never changes; Every sudden force deranges; Blind endeavor is not wise— Wisdom enters through the eyes, And the seer is the knower. Is the doer and the sower."

Is the doer and the sower."

"Come to me for riches," said the peak;
"I am leafless, cold and calm;
But the tressures of the lily and the palmThey are mine to bestow on those who see
I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below.
As the motherhood of snow
Dally gives the new-born river.
As a watcher on a tower
Listening to the evening hour:
Sees the roads diverge and blend
Sees the wandering currents end
Viere the moveless waters shine
Op the far horizon line,—
All the storied past is mine;
All its singer and their singing;
All the meteors once called day;
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me—for all are mine!"
"Come to me for safety," and the height:

"They shall safely steer who see, Sight is wisdom—come to me!"

MISS ANSTRUTHER'S TRIAL

BY ANNA SHIELDS

In speaking of her niece, Miss Letitia Anstruther was accustomed to plaintively call her "the trial of my life," and, for once, the expression was a simple truth, entirely devoid of exaggeration. Mattie Anstruther certainly was a trial. "You know, my dear," Miss Anstruther would say to one intimate friend or another, 'my brother John went to Texas twenty years ago. Don't ask me who his wife was! I don't know. I never saw her. I never heard her name until John died, and somebody sent his child to me, with her baptismal record, John's marriage certificate and the lawyer's letters, telling me she will have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars when she is twenty-one. John made

man of over thirty, appearing still older from a habitual stoop and a quiet reserve from a habitual stoop and a quiet reser-of manner. It had not been a pleasar task to him to obey Miss Anstruther request; but, meeting Mattie in an after noon stroll, he had conscientiously do

noon stroll, he had conscientiously done his duty.

"But," she answered him, "I can't. I can't stay in the house day after day, stitching and cooking. Aunt Letty has a servant, and works harder than Jane does. But it kills me; it suffocates me. She can't talk of anything but scrap-bags and tidies. Oh, you do not under-stand!"

She can't talk of anything but scrapbags and tidies. Oh, you do not understand!"

"Understand what, my child?"

"The difference between this life and
my real life. We were alone, papa and I,
though there were servants indoors and
out, but no other house for fourteen
miles. Sometimes Mr. Parker, my
guardian, came over from Brownsville,
but not often. Only papa and I, year in,
year out. In the morning we rode over
the country to see about the stock, visited the cabins where the graziers lived,
and were out till it grew hot, and then
we went home to rest till it grew cool.
And we read and studied and talked, or
we played upon the organ papa had built
in the house. We wanted no one else.
Sometimes we read Greek or Latin;
sometimes we read Greek or Latin;
sometimes we red Greek or Latin;
sometimes we red Greek or Latin;
sometimes we red forek or Latin;
sometimes we red forek or Latin;
sometimes we red and comfortable.
Oh, papa! papa!" and sobs shook the
slender frame as Mattie rocked to and fro,
convulsed with grief.

"But now, Mattie!" said Mr. Mayhew,
very gently, "you are a woman with a
woman's duties before you! Can you
not try to understand that the wild, free
life is unsuited to your present position?"
She listened, that was one gain, while
to talked gravely but tonderly, pointing
out to her the pain it would have caused
her father to know her discontented,
rebellious and wayward. Something in
the quiet voice seemed to soothe the
girl's heart, and after the sunset clouds
were tinged with the last rays of the dying day, she rose up, saying very slowly:

"I will try to be more womanly, I will
try!"

Miss Lettia was grimly astonished,
but not very honeful, when Mattie an-

"I will try to be more womanly. I will try!"

Miss Letitia was grimly astonished, but not very hopeful, when Mattie appeared at breakfast with her half shining like satin in glossy braids, her collar pinned evenly, her feet neatly dressed in kid slippers, and sat erect but slient, actually eating like a lady, not dashing through her breakfast as a necessary evil. Her wonder increased when after the meal was over, Mattie demurely followed her from room to room, awkwardly, but willingly assisting in the dusting and cooking, with a nervous little apology for faults, to the effect that she would try and improve if her aunt would instruct her.

try and improve if her aunt would instruct her.

It was like chaining a chamois goat to a plow, and Mattie's cheeks grew thin, her eyes dull, as she plodded on, day after day, conscientiously doing her duty as directed.

Only one pleasure remained. Every afternoon she went across the tyre fields to the little country church, and spent two or three hours at the organ, reveiling in music, working off some of the crushed vitality of heart and brain in the fingerwork that carried out her improvisation.

It became the substitute for home, father, friends and—no, not for love; for often into the church would steal the figure of Albert Mayhew, and Mattie would hear the few words of commendation that were her rewards for this suppressed, cramped life that was killing her.

She loved him after a blind, unreasoning fashion she comprehended as little as he did. He talked of her books as her father had often talked; he loved music and would praise her wondrous genius understandingly.

Summer sped away, and in the early fall a friend with great news came to see a Miss Austruther.

"Have you heard of Mr. Mayhew's

Miss Anstruther.

"Have you heard of Mr. Mayhew's fortune?" she asked, and Mattie's tan gled wools dropped in her lap as she lis

tened.
"No; what is it?" Miss Anstruthe asked.

asked.

"He's come into money—a lot, they say—and he's going to be married.

There's men to the parsonage now measuring for carpets and new furni-

it satisfied her grave lover, and they went home in the gloaming to astonish Miss

Anstruther.

It was a nine day wonder at Doncester how Mr. Mahew ever came to perfect that "harum-scarum girl" to the steady, gentle misses of his congregation, but in the parsonage there is no regret, and the Minister does not find his wife or married life a burden, though Miss Lettie still talks of Mattie as a dreadful trial.—[The Ledger.

DEER IN SNOW PITS

Imprisoned in Corrals of Their Own Making -Easily Tamed.

Imprisoned in Corrals of Their Own Making —Easily Tamed.

Trom a gentleman recently down from the mountains the Appeal learns of the strange experiences of various sorts of wild animals last winter: "Deer, when caught in a blinding snow-storm, huddle together and tramp round and round in a circle, beating down the soft snow, so that when a very heavy fall occurs during say twelve hours, they find themselves in a snow pen, with walls above them, and if they commence to tramp to not pof several feet of snow during a storm, they often find themselves in a corral of snow, with a wall surrounding them to a height of ten or twelve feet when the storm clears off, being virtually imprisoned in a snowy prison pen, from which escape is impossible until the spring thaw of the season.

"There lives an old miner on Canon Creek, in Sierra County, several miles above Brandy City, who was taking a stroll near his cabin last winter after one of the heavy snows, when he came across one of these deer pens in the snow, and there imprisoned were seventeen deer of various sizes. They were in a circular pen of snow, with walls fifteen feet high. Upon the man's appearance the deer became quite excited, and huddled together and dodged from one side of the pen to the other. However, as hunger came upon them they became more docile, and the frequent visits of the miner, with boughs and buds from adjoining trees, which he threw into the pen as food, caused the deer to become regular pets, and to watch for the visits of their protector. After awhile the man placed a ladder in the pit, and spent a great deal of time in handling his pets. Occasionally he would take one out for food, as meat became scarce, and in this way used up several of the deer, to the has a deer ranch in his mountain home, much after the fashion of a cattle ranch on a small small; hand of deer was found in one of

fashion of a cattle ranch on a small scale."

The Appeal is also informed that a similar band of deer was found in one of those deadly snow pits near Washington, Nevada County, and was likewise rescued. The streets of Downieville were enlivened last winter by the appearance of deer which were driven from the mountains down to the river towns by starvation, and domesticated by kindness and food. As the snow has been disappearing many carcasses of deer have been found where they have perished in the deadly snow corral. The heavy and sudden snows of the past winter have caused fearful mortality among the deer which did not escape to the lower altitude.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

A Struggle with a Sturgeon.

A Struggle with a Sturgeon

altitude.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

A Struggle with a Sturgeon.

Faithful Jim is the name of an old Siwash in the employ of Mr. W. H. Vianen. Jim looks after the fish-house, cleans salmon, runs the delivery barrow, breaks ice, and performs numerous other little duties of an easy and pleasant nature. Faithful Jim, as his name would indicate, is a very trustworthy and honest Indian, and he takes really a wonderful delight in performing every one of his little duties with an exactness and care that would make the eyes of the strictest disciplinarian glitter with pride and pleasure. The other morning a number of fat and handsome sturgeon were landed on the slip, apparently dead, and without the power of motion, and Mr. Vianen ordered Jim to carry them inside and clean them. Jim carried the first two inside and laid them down carefully beside the water hole, and he was just about to deposit the third, a fifty-pounder, when the fish, coming suddenly to life, gave a tremendous wriggle and almost slipped through Jim's hands into the water hole. Faithful Jim took a strong hold and was about to dragit from the water, when the fish gave another jump, causing the Siwash to slip, and like a flash the fish and the man shot through the hole into the river. Then there was a commotion in the depths that betokened that a gignatic struggle was in full swing, and the loiterers who had seen the accident felt very anxious for Jim's safety, for they knew he would never let go while life remained in his body. The terrible struggle lasted fully a minute, and Jim's long shaegy hair came to the surface, swirling and twisting and lashing the water into from. Mr. Vianen scized the hair and drew Jim's head above water, and as he did so the Siwash gave vent to a Squamish war-whoop, which startled the whole mighborhood. "Me Faithful Jim," he said, and sure enough when they dragged him out the fish was found locked in the strong embrace of his arms, and as peaceful as a sanil, after the long strugged him out the fish was found locked in the s and to me, with her baptismal record, John's marriage certificate and the about's hurse, celling me she will have about's hurse, celling me she will have about's hurse, celling me she will have been been to be personney now hars when she is twenty-one. John made his money upon a stock-farm and after the lates of the states of the states

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ESTS AND YARNS BY FUNN MEN OF THE PRESS

Development - Fitzy

Tries to be Funny.—A Fair Average Cost, Etc., Etc.

HER MOTIVE WAS ARCHITECTURAL Mrs. DeFash—Amy, why are you all the time looking out of the window! Don't you know it's not good form? Amy—Yes, ma, but you said yourself the other day that the front of the house is too plain and needs some decoration badly.—[Munsey's Weekly.

LOOKS LIKE THEM ALL.

Selby—They say that husbands and wives grow to look like each other as they grow older.

Ponsonby—Is that so? What a splendid composite photograph old Plentypop would take, then! He's been married nine times.—[Burlington Free Press.

TOMMY WAS RIGHT.

"I is—" began Tommy, when the teacher interrupted him. "That is wrong; you should say 'I am'." am.'"
"All right," said Tommy. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

PAPA'S JOKE.

Youngest Son—Papa, did you throw stones at apples when you was a boy? Father—No; I threw a stone into a peach tree once, and what do you think? Son—You broke a window! Father—No. I knocked off a peach and on opening it found the stone.—[Wasp.

ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENT.

Visitor—I've not seen any of you for ever so long. How is your little brother coming on, Tommy? Tommy—First rate. He can whistle for himself and wear my pants.—[Texas Siftings.

"Well, Uncle Israel, how did you get on with your farming this year?"
Uncle Israel—I didn't made nothin', marster. You see, me an'de boss was workin' orn sheers. I 'greed to do de farmin' for harf de crap, an' I didn,t make but harf a crap dis year, an' so, in course, I didn't git nothin'.—[Harper's Weekly.

EASILY REMEDIED

"Look here, Davis," exclaimed the manager of the dime museum, aghast, "you have made a mistake. It wasn't an Eskimo girl I wanted for this department. It was a Circassian girl."

'That's all right, colonel," replied the traveling agent. "Ulga," he said, turning to the dusky beauty, "go wash your face and frizz your hair."—[Chicago Times.

"Hello, Fitzy, where did you get that black eye?"
"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."
"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"
"No, it was her other lover."--[New York Herald.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the maiden of uncertain age.
"Will I?" nurmured a crusty old bachelor. "Do I?" you mean."—[Washton Star.

A DESIRABLE NEIGHBORHOOD Chickering—Some of the new house p-town are so narrow that a piano can up-town are so narrow that a piano can not be put in.

Baus (excitedly)—You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them, do you?"—[Puck.

A FAIR AVERAGE COST.

Mrs. Cumso.—"You've seen these dollar-dinner-bills-of-fare in the household magazines?
Mrs. Fangle—Yes, I got one up the other day.
"How much did it cost you?"
"Three dollars and a half."

THE BILL WENT WITH THE BIRD.

"How much is that canary?"
"Ten dollars."
"Very well. I'll take it. Send the "We cannot send the bill without the rest of the bird."—[Bazar.

WEALTHY AFTER ALL.

"MR. Bondheavy," said the young man, with much assurance, "Thave come again to ask you for the hand of your daughter."
"Didn't I tell you only last night that my daughter should never marry the son of a poor peachgrower?"
"Yes," said the lover, "but my father is no longer poor. He found two baskets of peaches in his orchard this morning, and..."

WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN This was what surprised his washer

"MY DEAR GIRL: I will call for you

Sunday evening for a drive over t lake. Don't disappoint me.
"JIM." And this was what surprised his

girl":

"MADAME: What in thunder do you do to my shirts that makes the bosoms wrinkle up so? If you can't do better work I must go somewhere else.

"JAMES E. BLAKE."

EXCLUDING THE UNNECESSARY PART. "You remember, Maud," began the youth, in tremulous tones, "that you granted my entreaty last night and".—
"One moment, Harry," interposed the young woman, sweetly: "let us go and six by the window; it is cooler." And she led him away from the concealed phonograph. she led him away from the concealed phonograph.

—That you granted my entreaty last night," he resumed, "and permitted me to kiss you. A kiss, Maud, is the hardest thing in the world to forget. That kiss has been burning on my lips ever since, and now, dearest, I have come to ask you the old, old question. Will you.—

'It doesn't seem to be any cooler "It doesn't seem to be any cooler here, Harry," again interposed the lovely but business-like maiden, and she led the infatuated young man back to the corner where the hidden phonograph was work-ing away. "What were you saying, ing away. "What were Harry?"—[Chicago Tribune

THE REASON.

Store is vacant, Sign "To Let!" Former tennant Had to get.

He in sorrow
Sits and sighs
'Cause he didn't
Advertise.
—[New York Jo

HIS LATEST TITLE.

Wee Wife.—Love you? Of course do, You dear, blessed old peach crop. Big Husband (loving but luckless)—Great Scott! Why this new title?
W. W.—Because you are such a per petual failure.—[Yenownie's News.

PROOF OF AFFECTION. "I wonder if McCorkle loves his wife

"Wonder It according to the adores her! Why, he wears neck-ties that she selects for him!"—New York Sun.

NERVOUS.

"Jane, what is the baby playing with?"
"With the flatiron, mum."
"Goodness gracious! Take it away
om her at once. She might get it in
er mouth and swallow it!"—Norristown

A DISOBEDIENT PATIENT. A DISOBEDIENT PATIENT.

Inate Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Dr. Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Irate Patron—My son took your medicine for a year, and died an hour after the last dose.

Dr. Quack—My instructions were not.

he last dose.

Dr. Quack—My instructions were not ollowed. I told him to take it for two ears.—[New York Weekly.

years.—[New York Weekly.

A COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

Hayslitt (despondently)—I don't believe I have much of a wit, after all, my friends never laugh at my jokes.

Grimmage (assuringly)—Oh, yes, they do. They always laugh at them after you have gone out.—Burlington Free Press,

RATHER MEAN.

-"What a bright fellow that Jen kins is."

Johnson (jealous)—"He's a getting brighter and brighter every year. He's letting his red beard grow."—Once a Week.

How Dan'l Drew Did It.

About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career he was up in the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat and proposed to measure it in a half bushel and sweep the top of the measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel was asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is

sked to decide.
"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is nly a bushel," he answered.
"And can the measure be swept off?"
"I think it can."
"What with?"
"Well, if I was selling wheat I should robably use half the head of a flour irrel."

'Which edge of it?"

"Which edge of it?"
"Gentlemen, that is a point I cannot now decide on," sighed the old man. "If I was selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with the straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows on the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn I'm afraid I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."

VON MOLTKE.

THE GREAT GERMAN SOLDIE AT HIS HOME.

n American Representative ventor Edison visits the Marshal with a Phonograph Moltke at His Wife's Tomb

Marshal with a Phonograph—Von Molke at His Wife's Tomb.

A gentleman named Wangeman has been traveling through Europe as Mr. Edison's representative, exhibiting the great inventor's phonograph to the crowned heads and other important personages. Among others Mr. Wangeman, says the New York Sun, visited Yon Moltke, the venerable soldier whom Germany idolizes, and who, since he entertained Mr. Edison's representative, has laid down his sword and surrendered the title of Field Marshal of the German armies. The weight of 90 years now burdens him, but his mind is still clear and vigorous and his heart warm and symparthetic. Mr. Wangeman was unable to accept his first invitation to visit him at his old chateau at Creisan, and in answer to his written apology the old soldier telegraphed him:

"Always welcome; come when you can."

So late in October Mr. and Mrs.

to nis written apology the old soldier telegraphed him:

"Always welcome; come when you can."

So late in October Mr. and Mrs. Wangeman were the guests of the Count on his beautiful estate. The place is a farm or park of about 2,000 acres which Yon Moltke bought in 1986, and ever since he has devoted much attention to its development and improvement. The house is a grand old mansion, furnished richly, but in the severe old style, and all the surroundings seem peculiarly adapted to the lonely old man for whom they exist. It is a strange spot. The visitor to the chateau encounters one of the oldest but most beautiful bits of land-scape imaginable. The mansion is upon a thickly-wooded hill, high and imposing. All of the trees are of artificial planting. Many of them were set out by Count Yon Moltke's own hands. By arranging the trees according to the color of their foliage he has produced a striking effect. At the base the leaves of all the trees are of the lightest green. As the ascent rises the shade darkens gradually and the foliage becomes more dense, until at the top, surrounding the site of the chateau and other buildings, the leaves are of the most sombre hue. The drive through the shaded wavenue to the house, with the shadows becoming blacker and more dense until the sudden burst of sunlight at the end produces almost an uncanny impression.

Von Moltke came into the hall to give his guests a courtly personal welcome. Although of greater years than Bismarck, he seems to possess greater strength and vitality. He is a sad old man. He has

Although of greater years than Bismarck, he seems to possess greater strength and vitality. He is a sad old man. He has never ceased to mourn the loss of his wife, who died twenty years ago, and the fact that he is childless adds to his loneliness. But he is not the taciturn, silent man he has sometimes been represented. He is an easy entertainer and a fluent linguist. Much of the time he chatted with his visitors in English. There were at the chateau at the time three of the Count's nephew's, one of whom is to be his heir, and their wives, and four or five of the high officers of the army.

whom is to be his heir, and their wives, and four or five of the high officers of the army.

After luncheon there was a pleasant social hour, during which Von Moltke displayed some of his most prized momentos. Prominent among these was the sword presented to him by the ladies of Baltimore, which hangs in a conspicuous place in his library. Presently, stepping to one of the long open windows in the drawing-room, Von Moltke rang a large bell. At the signal, there quickly flew from all directions a great flock of pheasants, tame as chickens, and waiting to be fed. The Count threw them some grain and spoke fondly of his pets as he watched them gather it up. When the phonograph was set up there was the same unbounded interest in its wonders that all others had shown. The old soldier's tribute to it was thus expressed on one of its waxen cylinders to be sent to Mr. Edison:

"This invention of yours is indeed marvelous. It enables a man who is

marvelous. It enables a man who is buried to appear once more out of his grave and greet with his voice the present."

To this he added a few lines from Faust and supplemented them with other words of his own. The entertainment lasted some hours, and was abandoned with much regret. Finally, all the members of the company repeated together into the phonograph the first lines of the national hymn, to note the faithful reproduction of the difference in the voices. As five o'clock approached, Von Moltke asked his guests if they would walk in the park on the crest of the hill. The others knew what the invitation meant, but Mr. and Mrs. Wangeman supposed it signified nothing more than the words implied. The party strolled out and for a few moments admired the mugnificent view of the rich country roundabout. Their steps took them finally toward a little stone chapel set in the midst of a close bank of trees of darkest foliage, which surround it on all but one side. The entrance faced the unobscured setting sun. The little chapel is the tomb of Von Moltke's wife, and there he expects soon to be laid by her side. To this sepulchre the old man goes faithfully every afternoon, and stands for a few minutes at the entrance in silent meditation.

As the party approached the spot they To this he added a few lines from Faust

scription of the passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and certainly the glories of the sudden emerging on that October afternoon were as grand as any terrestrial type could afford.

Von Moltke said afterward about the striking situation of the mortuary chapel and its surroundings: "When people come to visit my grave, I want them to have something beautiful to look at."

The evening at the chateau was passed in a variety of amusements. Von Moltke and three of the Prussian Generals indulged in a rubber at whist. Some of the younger members of the party for a joke got the phonograph to record all the frequent remarks of the players without their knowledge. When the game was over they were called to the phonograph, and very much to their astonishment it repeated all the conversation accompanying the play. The phonograph, in the role of an eavesdropper, seemed to impress them as a dangerous thing to have around.

Another day was pleasantly passed at the home of the great warrior, and them Mr. Wangeman and his wife paid a brief visit to Von Kulmitz, a nephew of Von Moltke, at Breslau. From there the phonograph was taken to Vienna, where it made as great a furor as at the German capital and at Paris.

His First Thousand Donars.

His First Thousand Dollars.

Capital and at Farts.

His First Thousand Dollars.

While Luther Lassin Mills was going through some old papers the other day he found a very interesting document from the pen of the lamented Emory A. Storrs, which is reproduced below:

"I do not know exactly what called forth these utterances from Mr. Storrs," said Mr. Mills, "but I apprehend that they were in reply to some young man who wrote the brilliant lawyer for advice as to the best way of investing a sum of money which he had in his possession."

The manuscript is as follows:

"There are several answers to your question:

"One boy takes his \$1,000, spends it either in foreign travel or in the cultivation and improvement of his mind and manners at home. At the age of 31, if he is consistent in this course, he has laid the foundation for a long career of usefulness and honor, and, whatever at his death his bank account may be, he has achieved something for the good of mankind for which the world will always gratefully remember him. The high spirit, the clear head, the sharp intellectual discrimination between right and wrong which his travel, culture and education have given him is a capital as much better than bank stock as gold is better than bank stoc

Which shall the rich man's daughter

ruined.

"Which shall the rich man's daughter marry? I answer that the man of cultured mind and that broad and liberal spirit which travel and education give cares but little about it. If the father desires to sell his daughter, that is his business - and his daughter; She may start by marrying the compound interest chap in a palace, but statistics show that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred she will wind up in a hovel. The father of this daughter can take his choice.

"Finally, no men recognize the worth, value and splendor of strong native business genius half so much as educated men. Don't despise nor under-rate it. It will always help you. It will never hurt you. Stocks and cash and corner lots are well, but they are not all that there is of this world, nor nearly all. Our great men have lived without them and died without them, but the world loves them still. Crossus was very rich, but the generations of 3,000 years have despised him. Socrates was wretchedly poor, but for 2,000 years the world has loved him. You buy and sell cattle and are at liberty to do so because of what he taught 2,000 years ago."—Chicago Nows.

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

is no longer poor. He found two baskets of peaches in the lorger poor. He found two baskets of peaches in the order of the morning fine of man who peatures his of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the order of the morning fine of peaches in the milit of a close to the peach to the milit of a close of peaches in the milit of a close to the peach of the militim of the peaches of peaches in the militim of a close to the peach of the militim of the peaches of peaches in the militim of a close to the peaches of th Every one who knows Mr. Whistle nows Mr. Whistler's white tuft, which