

THE BREAD WINNER.

At set of sun he came home space, With tired footstep and with aching frame.

THE LOWEST BIDDER.

"Ye've got her dirt cheap," said Sam Carter, a trifle enviously.

"Why didn't ye bid under me, then? Jones didn't want to stand there and haggle all day in the rain.

"I'll give her keep myself if I hadn't so many great, lazy gals of my own," said Jones, the auctioneer, for Sarah was the feature of the sale.

"It was raining hard and the vendue had been thinly attended. Otherwise Sarah Golding might have fallen into better hands."

"The paupers, eight in number, were huddled under the meeting-house shed. One by one they were taken away by the bidders, and it was not until 'Bijah's' sorrel horse and ramshackle wagon drove around to the shed that Sarah knew how she was to be disposed of."

"For the year just past she had had a good home, and she had been given to understand that there would be plenty at the vendue willing to give her board and clothes, and perhaps a little money besides, for her services during the coming year."

"But circumstances were against her. The heavy rain which had kept so many bidders away from the auction, and her broken arm, which was in reality nearly well, were enough to make her a slave for another year."

"Her heart gave a great rebellious throb as she saw 'Bijah Green' clamor the wheel of his buggy in front of the shed and beckon to her to come out."

disappear a moment later in the woods beyond.

"Bijah Green started, then started in pursuit, hobbling on the wet ground to the edge of the woods, and then after a moment's pause, retraced his steps to his buggy."

"I'll fetch the hussy, if I have her chase her with dogs, as I would a fox!" cried the other. And he plied his whip mercilessly to the sorrel horse, and drove furiously homeward.

"Just like the man to have left it in the barn when he hitched up for me," exclaimed John, as he reached down and fumbled underneath the seat for the missing article.

"I didn't mean you to find me!" exclaimed the one who rose from the bottom of the carriage, and crouched against the dashboard with a frightened, upturned face.

"I can work for your wife, and take care of your children. I am real patient with children."

"Good gracious!" John ejaculated, "I haven't a wife, much less children, and there isn't any prospect of my getting in that fix right away. Really, now, what's your name?"

"Sarah Golding," was the tremulous answer.

"Really, Sarah," resumed John in his kindest tones, "I can't take care of you if I am, and as for finding you a place, why, it mightn't turn out any better than 'Bijah Green's.' I'd better take you back. The town—ah—oh!"

certain favorable conditions. Some trees possess this property in a remarkable degree, and often, when the other parts are killed down by frost, the buds on the pushing out from these latent buds into growth preserves the life of the plant.

These buds have often begun to grow, adhere to the woody layer at their base, and push out their points through the bark toward the light.

The buds then unfold and develop leaves, which elaborate the sap carried up the small shoot. Once elaborated, it ascends by the bark, when it reaches the base or inner bark. Here it is arrested, so to speak, and deposited between the outside and inner layer of bark, as can be learned on examining specimens on the trees in the woods almost anywhere."

THE PENSION OFFICE. Its Work Described—Method of Presenting Claims.

It is estimated that the United States Pension Office will consume about \$140,000,000 in 1891. This includes the cost of running the office. It is interesting, says a writer in the New York Times, to take a glance at the machinery which will disburse this enormous sum of money.

The work of the Pension Office is divided among fifteen divisions. The record division takes charge of the recording and distributing of new claims as they come in, the law division decides legal questions that are referred to it, and the medical division passes upon the medical aspects of the case.

What 'Burgoo' Is. "Burgoo," explained Colonel James Orr of Covington, "is one of the oldest Kentucky dishes we have. No one knows who first made 'burgoo,' nor does any one know where it got its name."

Remarkable Insect Mimics. By far the most remarkable of all mimics are found among insects, the walking sticks and walking leaves being the most striking.

Knots on Trees. It is a mistake to suppose that the knots or warts which are very common on some species of forest trees are due to insects, fungus, or accident, or are in any way unnatural growths.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

Love is Blind—Rather Strange—Easily Done—In Society, &c., &c.

What fools, indeed, these mortals be! And foremost in this land Of many million mortal foes, The foolish lovers stand.

THE PENSION OFFICE. Miss Prettgal (soliciting subscriptions for some charity)—Dear Mr. Jimpson, could I get your name for \$5?

THE DOG KNEW THE FLOWER LANGUAGE. Dogs are wonderful for their intelligence, and owners of dogs are perhaps equally wonderful for their faith and versatility.

THE LAST FACTORY. A clergyman riding on the down train from Boston to Yarmouthport the other day had his attention attracted by the succession of factories as the train was passing through Brockton, the city of shoes.

RELIGION OF THE ORIENT. The religion of the Japanese women must appear very complicated and confused to their little, grubby ladies, when even the most learned priests of their country lose themselves in their cosmogony, their symbols, their metaphors of gods in that millenary chaos upon which the Buddhism of India has so strangely foisted itself without destroying anything.

Twenty Stories High. The new Masonic building now being erected in Chicago will be an architectural marvel. It is to have a frontage of 170 feet, a depth of 114 feet, and will be nearly 300 feet from the level of the street.

THE FAT GOOSE. How He Is Prepared for the Baltimore Market. The thousands of geese which arrive in Baltimore between November 1 and February 1 attract little attention, as but few of them are seen in the markets, and their many excellent qualities are little known.

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A RAINLESS REGION.

A Real Valley of Death—Amid This Arid Desolation are Alternate Spots of Fertility—An Ancient System of Irrigation.

Writing from Palpa, Peru, to the Washington Star, Fannie B. Ward says: "Our main object in traveling at this time of the rainy season was to make it the starting point of several excursions; for the little oasis, surrounded on all sides by desert sands, is in the midst of a most interesting region."

REASON FOR REJOICING. "It's a good thing people are not treated nowadays as Ananias was for lying."

Wool—What did your father-in-law say when he got your bride away from you? Van Pelt—He noted from the Bible, but I can't remember it exactly.

LOVE LAUGHS. Sheriff—I wonder why Mrs. Bloey calls Steve "love" when she comes to see him?

CHARLEY WAS SLOW. "Am you going to give Charley anything on his birthday, Mabel?"

RATHER STRANGE. "That's a handsome mantle. What is that sentiment carved there?"

TROUBLE AHEAD YET. "What's the prospect?" asked the gosling of the proud and haughty turkey.

HE WAS RIGHT. "Are you?" said the customer hesitatingly to the haughty young woman at the glove counter, who kept her eyes fixed on a spot three feet above his head.

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