

The military school of France now includes English in the list of subjects for matriculation.

No fewer than 56,000 men have deserted from the English militia during the last five years, and in the same period nearly 70,000 of the same force joined the regular army.

Massachusetts is still the prime abode, if not the paradise, of the gentler sex, observes the Boston Herald. Sixty thousand more women than men demonstrates this fact.

Connecticut observes a holiday in honor of Abraham Lincoln on October 15. The day is not an anniversary of any particular event of Lincoln's life, and was selected merely because it is a good time of the year to have a holiday.

The Wilmington Messenger declares that the authenticity of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence is clearly proved to the satisfaction of all North Carolinians by a recent pamphlet on the subject written by Dr. George Graham and Professor Alex. Graham, of Charlotte.

The consumption of coal per head of population is lowest in Austria, where it is only one-sixth ton per annum, and highest in Great Britain, where each person averages three and three-tenths tons each year. In the United States the average is two and one-fourth tons a year.

Matthew Frazier, a man of eighty-two, who died a few days ago near Lawrenceburg, Ky., had the rare distinction of being the sole cause of a law passed by the Legislature of his State some years ago. He was a bird-catcher—the only one in Kentucky—and he captured so many mocking birds and red birds that the Legislature, fearing that these two birds would become extinct, passed a law making bird-catching a misdemeanor.

According to the New York Sun, so much fruit has been raised in California this season that the local markets have been glutted, and in San Francisco melons, peaches and plums have been thrown into the sea. The latter way of disposing of the fruit was one of wilful waste, for it might have been given to the poor of the city—people too poor even to buy the stuff, cheap as it was. But this course would not have been business and probably would have prevented sales on succeeding days. One day recently cantaloupes were selling in San Francisco for ten cents a crate, and watermelons could not be sold even at two to five cents each. That same afternoon 500 crates of cantaloupes, 200 crates of watermelons, and a great amount of plums and pears were dumped into the bay.

Alaska has lately entered into strong competition with the East for the Northwest market for salt fish, so long a specialty of New England. The importance of the Alaskan fisheries is but little understood outside the Territory, most of her products in this line being classed as from the "Northwest," without special credit. There are about a dozen salmon canneries now running in Alaska, and the output this year will be about 2,350,000 dozen cans. A big industry in packing clams and making and bottling clam juice has lately become established, and about 50,000 dozen cans of clams were put up this year. Salt cod, herrings and other such extended salted fish products have just begun to push their way into the Oregon and Washington markets, which have hitherto been supplied from the East, and there are good indications that the industry will grow to great proportions.

A number of the male Indian pupils of Hampton Institute have been working the past summer on farms along the valley of the Hoosatonick, in Connecticut. Thus they supplement their industrial training with actual experience on a farm. Their wages are sent directly to the institute, instead of being given to them. Their employers usually find them strong and willing workmen. One of these said of a young Cherokee whom he had on his farm for two months: "He is always in a good temper and never shirks any work. But he has a curious lack of appreciation of the value of time. If he is put at any such task as cradling, where the labor is of one kind and continuous, he does exceedingly well. But if I give him a number of odd jobs to look after, he is less satisfactory. He gets through one thing, and it takes him a long time to start at the next. I have spoken to him about economy of time and he promises to try to do better. He seems anxious to learn."

### OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air,  
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;  
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,  
If our door is wide open he may come this way.  
Open the door,  
Open the door, let in the sun,  
He hath a smile for every one;  
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,  
He may change our tears to diamonds.  
Open the door,  
Open the door of the soul, let in  
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;  
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,  
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.  
Open the door,  
Open the door of the heart, let in  
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;  
It will make the halls of the heart so fair  
That angels may enter unawares.  
Open the door.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### A DELAYED ERRAND.

ELL, of all the things! Jim Carroll, hev you got home at last!"

A red-faced and angry woman stood in the kitchen door, her sleeves rolled up and her arms akimbo. A meek little man dismounted from his horse at the gate, and proceeded to unbuckle the girth and take off the saddle, which he threw upon the fence. A pull at the headstall removed the bridle, and the horse, with a snort of satisfaction, at once lay down and rolled in the sandy road. The bridle was thrown across the saddle, and the little man opened the gate slowly and hesitatingly, as one who knows what things the torturer is preparing for him.

"I was a-comin', Minervy," he began, but the strident voice interrupted him. "Comin'! Yes, I reckon so! So is Christmas a-comin'! Here I've had this supper ready one solid hour, and the coffee's not fit to drink by this time! An' the ole red cow o' Peteres has been in the corn again, an' no body but me to drive her out; but it's little you keer what I hev to suffer, so's you kin go to town an' set round the stores an' tell lies with that no-count gang that stays there! An' I know just as well as I'd a seen it that you never brung that thread nor them piepans!"

"I was a-goin' to git 'em, Minervy," began the little man, meekly, "but they was up thar makin' up a com- plan."

"Didn't I know it, Jim Carroll! Didn't I know it? If ever there was a woman neglected an' abused from one year's end to another, I am that woman. Here I am, slavin' an' slavin' from mornin' till night, an' never knowin' what it is to go nowhere exceptin' to preachin' once a month—an' gracious knows if it won't for bein' a Christian I never could stand the kind of a life an' you know that well enough; an' here are you, gaddin' about like of you didn't hev a keer in the world!"

The red-faced woman withdrew into the house, and the meek little man followed her. He hoped that the worst of the storm was over, and he ventured to remark with a conciliating smile:

"I never thought you'd be so mad about it, Minervy."

"There it is!" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused lady. "You kin tear around this house an' treat me worse than a slave, but if ever I say a word the fat's in the fire. Things has come to a pretty pass if I can't open my mouth but what somebody has to accuse me o' bein' mad! I reckon I'll hev to be gagged after a while, so's I can't say nothin'! If ever I did see a domineerin', overbearin' man, you're that man. Here you kin insult me as much as you please, but I don't dare to say my soul is my own. An' when you knowed how I needed that thread an' them piepans, an' you go all the way to town, an' then come back without 'em! Go out an' git a armful o' wood to git breakfast with! I reckon you kin remember that? Gracious knows, if all the men was like you the women folks would be a plagued sight better off without 'em than they air with 'em."

The little man went out at the open door and around the house toward the woodpile. He paused there to draw his hand across his perspiring forehead, and to make a remark to himself. The remark was simply "Whew!" but it conveyed an amount of expression. Then he picked up two or three sticks of wood, and then he stood up, looking off down the valley toward the town, whose lights he could just see glimmering faintly in the gathering twilight.

He stood there so long, absorbed in his own thoughts, that an impatient servant began to resound through the house, and a sarcastic voice was projected into the gloaming:

"Jim Carroll, air you a-comin' with that wood, or air you a-goin' to stay all night?"

The sound awakened him as from a trance, and he started so violently that the sticks of wood fell from his arms. Some strange emotion seized him at the noise made by the falling wood. He pulled his hat down over his brows, gave one glance back over his shoulder, scaled the fence and fled wildly down the slope of the hill under the thick shadows of the trees.

It was a long time before he could convince himself that he was not pursued. The rustling of the leaves behind him left wings to his feet. A

dozen times he felt Minervy's hand on his coat collar, and he knew that if it were there he would have no choice but to go back. Such time was never made since the days of Tam O'Shanter. Over fallen tree trunks, and shattered upturned roots, vaulting over gullies, dodging low hanging limbs, dragging himself free from the embrace of too affectionate briars, away he went down the hill, pursued by the avenging shadow of Minervy.

At the foot of the slope, where the hill and valley met, he emerged into the road. It was quite dark, and the fear of pursuit haunted him no longer—that is, not to any great extent. He didn't run now; he only walked rapidly. He carried his hat in his hand, and mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and remarked in an amazed undertone:

"By Ned!"

In the little town a vacant store building was thronged with men, many of whom had just enlisted as volunteers, and many others had come to look on, filled with curiosity, but not overflowing with patriotism. The war was but a few months old, and only vague rumors of it had penetrated to those remote districts. This was the first company of volunteers to go from this section, and it was made up wholly of those more daring spirits who were willing to risk anything in the mere love of adventure.

A commotion back by the door told of a new arrival, and the crowd willingly made way for him. A little man, ruffled as to hair and tattered as to garments, struggled into the clear space in front of the enrolling officer and said:

"If the comp'ny ain't made up yet you kin put me in."

Everybody knew him, and everybody laughed. The laugh was a cheery one, brimming with amusement, and it filled the room and extended out into the street.

"How'd you manage to git off from Minervy, Jim?" asked a tall fellow who was going to stay at home, presumably because he couldn't "git off from" the wife over whom he domineered.

"Does Minervy know you're out?" shouted another jeeringly.

"Jist think of it, boys," drawled a third. "Think o' Jim Carroll jinin' the Smithville Tigers! He's a whale of a never, an' he's?"

"Tiger mind," interrupted the enrolling officer grimly. "He'll make as good food for powder as any of you."

With which cheerful suggestion Jim Carroll was duly enrolled as a private in the Smithville Tigers, and by dawn the next morning the company was on the road, marching gayly off to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

About a month later one of the Tigers, Sile Colburn, remarked in a general way to several of the others:

"Wall, boys, fur's I'm concerned, you kin leave off laughin' at Jim Carroll an' pokin' fun at 'im. Jim, he never grows at the marchin', nor the weather, nor nothin' else, an' he does more'n his sheer of the work you all know that blamed well. An' he sleeps on the ground without any kiver so's to give me his extry blanket all o' last week, when I want feelin' so mighty vigils. I'll bet they wouldn't none o' the rest o' you, a done it."

"Jes' wait till a battle comes up," said long Ben Finks scornfully. "You would never hear of Jim Carroll again after the first gun fires. He'll pitch out a-runnin', an' he'll be a runnin' yet when the trumpet sounds for the millennium."

Within three days there was a battle; a battle for which some of the Tigers had longed, and which others had awaited with dread. The weak little man who had fled from Minervy found himself, with the other Tigers, and dim, gray-coated ranks beyond charging up a hill, in the face of a battery that plowed through their ranks and laid rows of slaughtered men along the slope behind them, but still they rushed on, their faces set grimly. Jim Carroll was one of the first to leap upon a smoking cannon and snatch away the fuse, and then on in the pursuit, as the enemy retreated, stubbornly fighting their way inch by inch.

The next day something happened. Jim Carroll was offered promotion for bravery on the field of battle.

"I'm much obliged," he said, fumbling with his hat in an embarrassed manner, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather not. I'd lots rather do jist plain fightin'."

So Jim Carroll was left to do plain fightin', and there is no denying that he did it well. It came to be acknowledged as a settled fact that the little man whom Minervy had ruled with a rod of iron did not know what fear was. The first guns of a battle fired him, as the sound of the trumpet roused the biblical warriors. He rushed into a charge with head up and eyes flashing. His only trouble was that he could not bear to retreat, and when the exigencies of battle demanded a retreat he yielded with the most ludicrous unwillingness.

His superior officers found him out, and when there was a difficult or dangerous mission Jim Carroll was the man to be sent upon it. The meek little man with timid and appealing look made more than one journey into the enemy's lines, and returned with information which no one else could have gained. Long and lonely journeys, through sections bristling with dangers, fell to his share, and he was frequently placed where nothing but quick thought and ready wit could save him. No one had ever suspected him of having either resource, but he came out of every difficulty unscathed and reported at headquarters with the old meekness and gentleness.

"That Jim Carroll is a caution," remarked Sile Colburn to a crowd of his native villagers, when he was taking a little furlough on account of a bullet

through his lung. "It's my belief that Jim Carroll's the bravest man that's fit into the war. Why, when our Colonel went down in that last battle, what does Jim do but run right back into the face of the enemy, grab a loose horse, git our Colonel onto 'im an' come a-bringin' 'im away, cool as a cucumber. The enemy yelled like mad when they seen it, an' he couldn't get a promotion then an' thar he'd 'a had it. But he said no, I thank you, Jim did. He said he'd lots rather do plain fightin'."

The four years were past—the "plain fightin'" was over. Approximat was a recent memory, and along all the roadways, trails, and along all the forlorn figures, their faces turned toward whatever region they had once called home. Two men limped painfully down the valley to the little town lying peaceful and serene in the evening light as though there had been no such thing as war in all the world. Purple shadows of clouds drifted across the distant hills, and along a strip of white road on the outskirts of the town a company of small boys with paper caps and wooden guns were playing soldier.

"Now, Jim," urged Sile, beseechingly, "don't go back on your word. Remember what you promised, Jim. Don't ye go an' let Minervy git the start of you ag'in. Jest think how you fit into the war, an' stan' up for your rights."

"I lowed I would, Sile," replied Jim, but there was a faltering in his tone as he glanced up the hill toward the cabin, where a thread of blue smoke curled softly up into the evening air.

"Now, Jim, if you give down I'll be plum ashamed o' ye, that's what I will. If you let Minervy get the start o' you once more it's goodby to your chances. An' a man that fit like you did, too."

"I'll take keer, Sile," said the hero of battle and scout. "I'm a-goin' into a store a minute to buy somethin', an' the I'm a-goin' up home."

Minervy had the supper nearly ready in the little cabin on the hill. She was in a hurry, because everything must be cleared away before dark. Candles were too scarce to be wasted, and the tall woman in the homespun dress had learned all there was to be learned in the way of piecing economies. She had set the yellow platter of "corn pone" on the table and was turning back again when a figure in the doorway startled her.

"Minervy, here's the wood you sent me after," said the meek little man, and he went across the room and laid the armful of wood beside the hearth. "An' here's that thread an' them piepans."

A grim humor in the utterance struck her, and she fell back into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time, and clapping her worn, brown hands.

"Well, you waited for 'em to grow, I reckon," she ejaculated between sobs. "But it don't make no difference, Jim. I'm done scoldin' the rest of my life. Supper's ready, Jim. I'm glad you got home in time for supper."

And while she cried, the "bravest man who fit in the war" wiped away the tears from her face with a hand as tender as though it had never handled a gun or been blackened with powder. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Bad Drinking Water.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the necessity of pure drinking water. Not only is it important for villages and cities, but too often the location of the well on a farm has been a matter of indifference. Either from carelessness or ignorance it has been made where it will take surface drainage or from some underground fissure receive water from the barn or, worse yet, seepage from the kitchen slops or other house drainage.

The following sad experience affords a warning: Mishawaka, a little village near South Bend, Ind., had been visited annually by contagious disease causing many deaths. Three months ago an epidemic of diphtheria broke out, which quickly spread over the entire village, and caused a number of deaths. Workmen engaged on an electric plant were obliged to shut off the water yesterday and drain the reservoir from which the water mains of Mishawaka are supplied. The bed of the pit was found covered with dead fish, snakes, eels, cats, dogs, and other animals. The workmen who attempted to clean the pit were overcome.

All of the water used in Mishawaka was drawn through this mass of decaying animal matter.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### Discovery About Filters.

It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kurth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it. —New York Sun.

### Preventive of Ivy Poison.

A writer in Garden and Forest says a workman in his garden, whenever he had occasion to meddle with poison ivy, always pulls one of the small leaves and eats a piece of it, asserting that the workmen on railways along whose embankments the plant abounds always do this as a preventive measure, and escape poisoning.

### THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

#### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

##### Nervy Men on the Range—The Desperado and the Indians—Cattle Hold Up a Train.

SOME old plainsmen were sitting in the smoking compartment of a car on the Northern Pacific when, just after sunset, it came in sight of the dark dark red house trimmed with black, with its broad piazza overlooking a tiny stream, which the Marquis de Mores built on his headquarters ranch at Medora. The view of that house started some of the old plainsmen to telling stories of the range.

"I was on a train coming out here one day," said one, "when the Marquis had his private car hitched to the end of the train. It was at just about the height of the trouble he had with the rustlers, and if I hadn't known about it before, I would have learned the fact sure that trip. I had met the Marquis as a cattleman, and so when he happened through the train and saw me, he invited me to have a cigar with him in his car. It was a good cigar, too."

"Well, we sat there talking until we were about fifty or sixty miles from Medora, when the conductor came in with a telegram that said 300 men, all armed, had gathered at Medora to give the Marquis a reception that would end in killing him. The conductor wanted to know what he should do with the car of the Marquis."

"Oh," said the Marquis, "I wouldn't bother about that now. Wait till we get there and I'll tell you what to do."

"So the conductor went out feeling about as nervous as he had ever felt in his life, as he said afterward, for he knew some of the gang to be very much in earnest in their determination to kill the Frenchman. But the Marquis was not disturbed a little bit. He didn't ever mention the subject after the conductor went out. After a couple of hours or so the conductor came into the car again."

"Here's your station," he said, "and they are all waiting for you."

"That's all right," said the Marquis, "just set my car on the siding opposite the platform."

"We pulled up to the platform, and it was well covered with men, every one of whom would have been glad to see the Marquis strung up to a telegraph pole, but that Frenchman, as smiling and chipper as ever he was in a ballroom, stepped off the car, nodded to the men here and there whom he knew by sight, and walking right through the gang, went up to his house on the hill there. It was his nerve that saved him. They were just tough enough to like it."

"We had some lively times in those days," said another. "I remember being on the train about here one night. It was the east-bound train, any way, and about as dark as it is now, or a little later, perhaps. We'd stopped at a water tank and I was smoking here just as we are now, when one of my men came into the car. It was a hundred miles from the ranch, and I was mighty surprised, for he was badly wounded and could just talk in a whisper."

"Quick!" he said. "Hide me somewhere. There's six of 'em after me. 'Get into the berth over mine, I'm telling him my number. 'It won't do. They'll be in here and search every berth," he replied, and so I just put him in my own berth and got in in front of him. I hadn't got my head on the pillow when they came; and they looked into every berth, too, but when they saw me they didn't recognize me, and that is all that saved both of us." —New York Sun.

##### The Desperado and the Indians.

"It takes a special kind of courage to fight Indians," said Major Edward Ragsdale, of Topeka, recently. "They're pretty sure to surprise you and they're slippery as quicksilver and as hard to catch. Their yelling and whooping alone are enough to stampede men not trained to their style of fighting. Sometimes they fight under cover and you catch a fire from an enemy you can't get sight of; and again, where there hasn't been one to be seen, they seem all to spring out of the ground at once, and charge you as though nothing could stand their onset. Then there's the knowledge that if they catch you alive, you'll be skinned alive or burned or your life tortured out of you by slow degrees in a thousand other ways they can think up to make you suffer. There's many a stout-hearted desperado, a terror in white settlements and not afraid to have a pistol or shotgun scrap any hour of the day or night with a man of his own color, who doesn't count for a row of pins in an Indian fight."

"Take Sam Brown, of Nevada, for a case in point. He wasn't afraid of any man that wore boots, and he was the terror of the mining camps everywhere he went. The Pinto Indians got bad one time and a party was organized on time and a party was organized to go against them. Sam joined the volunteers, and everybody in the party and all that stayed behind were talking about the big deeds Sam Brown would do, and chucking to think of the way those redskins would be wiped out when they ran up against him."

"Well, when they came upon the Indians things didn't turn out quite as they had expected. It was the whites that got licked out in short order, and those that weren't left on the ground stampeded for safety. Sam Brown was one of the first ones to run and the pace he set his horse so to get away from those redskins was something that beat quarter racing in the way of reckless riding. As they

stampeded down a canyon, every man trying to be foremost to get away, Sam hailed Joe McMurtrie, who was riding a better horse than his: "Oh, Mac! Pull your horse a little so I can come up. We'll ride safer together."

"McMurtrie's answer to that friendly invitation was to bend down to his horse's neck, set in the spurs and get out of that canyon ahead of Sam and back to Bodie as fast as hoofs could carry him. He knew Sam Brown, and that if that worthy once got alongside him he wouldn't hesitate to shoot him off his horse so as to get a better mount for himself. After they all got back to the settlement he didn't go round to places where he was likely to meet Sam, lest it might stir him up to unpleasant recollections of their Indian campaign—people were that considerate of others' feelings in those days when the other happened to be Sam Brown."

##### Cattle Hold Up a Train.

A fight between a locomotive and a wild bull was the spectacle that entertained and delayed the passengers on a Spanish railway train the other day. Coming around a curve between the stations of Moravel and Canavarel, near the Portuguese frontier, the engineer saw a herd of wild cattle on the track ahead. He sounded the whistle and the surprised cattle—all but one—took to their heels. The one that remained was a huge bull, who lowered his head and with a hoarse bellow charged straight at the oncoming engine. The shock killed the bull and derailed the locomotive.

While the trainmen and passengers were doing their best to get the engine on track again—the Spanish paper says which tells the story—the herd of savage cattle, having got over their fright, returned to the fray and charged the workers, who retired hastily to the cars, where they barricaded themselves. Then a veritable siege began. After the first few moments of stupefied surprise had passed the gendarmes, who always accompany Spanish trains, gathered courage and commenced an attack with stones upon their four-footed enemies. In reading the Spanish journalist's spirited account of the heroism of the military one becomes lost in a maze of conjecture as to why they did not use their guns. At any rate, the battle lasted two long hours, and toward midnight the wild cattle decided to beat a retreat.

The passengers and the train crew finally got the locomotive on the rails again and "cabin-cha" (which is French for "merrily") it proceeded on its way.

##### Beaten and Whipped by a Snake.

Homer Rodgers, of Ocala, Fla., who is about twelve years old, was bitten and whipped by a snake on a recent night. The boy's father has a sort of private "300," and among his collection are several large snakes of the "White Oak" variety. These snakes are said to be non-poisonous, and Mr. Rodgers has allowed them to run at will. One night, as Homer was entering the front gate, he was struck several violent blows in the face by some object that lashed out in the dark. Then the boy felt something twine itself about his arm and begin to lash him fiercely. The boy ran into the house, screaming with pain and fright, and found a monster "White Oak" snake wrapped about his arm. The snake was striking the boy in the face with its fangs and lashing him about the body with its tail. Mrs. Rodgers pulled the snake away from the boy and killed it. The boy had been bitten in several places about the face and neck, and the wounds were bleeding freely. His arm was black and blue where the snake had twined itself, and the lashes of the reptile's tail had striped his body. The boy's face was horribly swollen, but the doctors said he would recover unless blood poisoning set in. The snake was coiled on one of the gate posts and sprang on the boy as he passed.

##### The Gun Had a Peculiar Click.

Seeming trifles have hanged many a man. Clarke Miller, of Dallas, probably realizes this. Miller was recently sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the assassination of Hagan Roberts, a wealthy farmer. Last March Roberts and his family were sitting by the fireside in his room when they were startled by a demand to throw up their hands and by the appearance of two masked men. One of the assassins fired, striking Roberts, who died within a few hours. As the man who fired the shot brought down his gun a peculiar click was recognized by one of Roberts' sons, who had used the same gun a few days before. This click was due to the looseness of one barrel. Clarke Miller and Howard Parton were arrested on the charge of murder. The gun with the peculiar click was found in Miller's possession. He had run to his home, and, in order to avoid suspicion, had himself rammed down two charges into the gun and had gone out to join in the search for the murderers. It was found that he had neglected to put any powder in the gun. Truth is stranger than detective stories.

##### A Bicycle Twelve Feet Long.

From one of the bicycle factories at Coventry, England, comes the latest thing in cycling construction. The machine was ridden in the Coventry Cycling Club's recent fancy dress procession to Packington Park. It is twelve feet long, three times the length of the ordinary bicycle, and is easily run at the rate of ten or twenty miles an hour. It is not built for speed and cannot be operated much faster. There is no particular advantage in it. The thing is simply a freak, and for exciting curiosity it equals the "giraffe" machine, which is known in Paris as the Eiffel.

### WHEN COTTON BALES COME IN.

So the cotton bales are coming, and they'll soon be with us here,  
When the streets will all be gladdened with  
the white bloom of the Year!  
From the boats and cars and wagons will  
arise a rhythmic din,  
And the world will be a-blossom when the  
cotton bales come in!  
The world will be the whiter,  
Our hearts will all be lighter,  
And prospects loom the brighter,  
When the cotton bales come in!

In the upland fields and bottoms, like a  
spreading Summer snow,  
Old King Cotton's been a-dreaming of the  
happy time to go.  
For he'll bless a hundred Nations, and above  
the roar and din,  
He will hear the people's blessings, when the  
cotton bales come in!  
The earth will glisten newer,  
And bosoms beat the truer,  
While skies will beam the bluer,  
When the cotton bales come in!  
—Will T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"I can tell a woman's age, no matter how old she is." She—"You must be a brute." —Pack.

Magistrate—"Now tell me why you stole that watch." Prisoner—"Oh, just to while away the time." —Philadelphia Record.

"Help! Help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance." —Town Topics.

Adolphus—"Why, Ethel, are you looking at me so intently?" Ethel (dreamily)—"I was gazing at vacancy, Dolly." —Boston Transcript.

Manager—"Yes, we advertised for a night watchman." Applicant—"Then I'm just the one for the place. The slightest noise will wake me up."

Customer—"These trousers don't fit just about the hips." Tailor—"They're all right—what you need is something more in the pockets." —Chicago Record.

A—"Have you ever heard the eight-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation?" B—"Oh, yes! I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago!" —Ephemere Comique.

Alphonse—"You never hear of women cashiers running off with their employers' money." Henri—"Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer too."

Old Girl—"You say that you would hustle after a man that?" "New Girl—"Yes, certainly." "Why do such an unseemly thing?" "To reduce my wait." —Adams Freeman.

"I've an idea in my head," exclaimed young Mr. Goslin. "But are you quite sure that you can distinguish between ideas and wheels?" asked Miss Kittish. —Detroit Free Press.

He—"What a pity that Miss Vere de Vere should have lost her good name." She (greatly shocked)—"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" He—"Why, marrying a man named Jones, of course."

"We must fly," said Marat to Napoleon, on one occasion when the battle had gone sorely against them. "It is impossible," replied the latter. "The enemy has destroyed both wings of the army." —Harper's Bazar.

Visitor—"I don't hear that awful piano upstairs." Bagley—"No, they don't play it any more." Visitor—"What's the matter?" Bagley—"I've bought a doghouse which howls every time he hears music." —Chicago Record.

School Teacher—"If you had your choice, Willie, would you rather be as wise as Solomon, as great as Julius Caesar, as rich as Croesus, as eloquent as Demosthenes or as tall as Goliath?" Willie—"I'd rather be a drummer in a brass band!"

They were driving together, when Miss Rocks, unsolicited, gurgled forth her views upon matrimony. "Love is a dreary desert," she said, "and marriage an oasis." Whereupon Mr. Shlyly remarked that "it certainly did require a deal of sand."

Wearry Business Man (hanging to strap)—"Why in creation don't you run more cars?" Street Car President—"My dear sir, it would pain me exceedingly to deprive courteous gentlemen like yourself of the privilege of giving up a seat to a lady."

"Jeremiah," said Mr. Jingle's wife, as that gentleman came home somewhat late, "you don't write me touching apostrophes as you use to." "No," replied Mr. Jingle, "and you didn't used to talk question marks and exclamation points as you do now." —Washington Star.

##### Australia Sees Profit in Her Flax.

Rabbits may yet save the country. The Secretary for Agriculture has received a letter from Mr. Barry of the Agent-General's office stating that it is expected during the coming season that the price of rabbits will be from twenty cents to twenty-two cents each. The charges for dock dues, cartage and commission at London are about two cents per rabbit, and to Hull or any other manufacturing provincial cities about two cents extra. He adds: "There is not the slightest doubt that a very large trade in rabbits is open to Victorian rabbits in the great manufacturing districts, such as Leeds, Manchester and Sheffield, where all the members of a family work at the mills, and therefore have not much time to spare for cooking. Rabbits can be easily cooked, and are accordingly much favored by mill workers, and it is no unusual thing when rabbits are cheap for them to be the sole local meat food eaten by the family during the week." He strongly urges Victorian shippers to take a small profit in order to assist in pushing trade in rabbits in these districts. —Melbourne (Australia) Argus.