

When I see a house in process of building without a liberal allowance of piazzas, I resent it almost as a personal injury, although there may be no reasonable probability that I shall ever sit under that man's vine or fig tree.

The in-door parlor is sure to be provided for with the usual amount of sofas and draperies; but the outdoor is too often like a rent—the accident of a day.

"Shall we run out on a railing here and a few steps, and have a veranda?" asks Paterfamilias, in a dubious sort of way, and his wife usually assents, for she does not dislike the idea; although she would sooner part with this appendage than give up the valuable inclosure at the back of the kitchen, which is so particularly handy as a sort of store-house and a place for the doing of odd jobs.

The enthusiasm comes from the girls, who know the value of a front piazza with a thick green curtain of honeysuckle and wisteria making a shady retreat through the long June days, and the torrid August noons.

And when the moonlight comes and traces a lattice-work of leaves on the piazza floor, and touches with lambent light each spray and corner.

"Making earth's commonest things appear all romantic, poetic, and tender," the outdoor parlor is in its glory. It is the most delightful, dreamy lounging place, where the odor of fragrant flowers is apt to mingle with the honeysuckle, and the steps are frequently occupied by half-visitors who could scarcely nerve themselves up to the formula of a regular call.

Some piazzas are simply an exasperation; so narrow that the steps rudely crowd the front door, instead of keeping their distance, as they should do, and only crossing the front of the house.

As a general thing, the furniture of our outdoor parlors does not receive sufficient consideration; it is either not picturesque, or it is uncomfortable. A rustic chair, un cushioned, is to a certain extent, picturesque; while the bamboo settee is neither one nor the other.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel, with a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie, and had lost.

Looking reproachfully on his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently, and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie, and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilaration in the world; but when a man will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing insignificant into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at To-day's Flat, Come Hand, Blazer's Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to concede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual who reigned up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and inquired if the Colonel had passed.

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

You may notich it on the pain's as a mighty resky pany. To make your judgment by the clo's dat kiver up a man. For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across. A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse. An' wakin' in de low-ground, you disklaver as you go.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was no body knew, nor did any body care particularly. He purchased far cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with everybody else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races.

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men fled through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it.

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick yer bush—quick! All jump when I whistle!"

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the old leader when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equalled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominos and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his fingers rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yer?"

"The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage driver having money?"

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "ain't much of a haul; but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"What's up?" "Business—that's what." "It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Yes," replied the Colonel ruefully, "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn' her fault—blame her—she done her level best. Everybody to home?"

"No—yes," said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin."

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fulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go for 'em. Mebbe that she's got ain't nothin' to some folks that's got horses that kin win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hand politely with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deserving object. We was goin' to make the gentleman fork over the whole amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt of her pocket-book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'" queried Perkins in a whisper, and with face full of genuine sympathy.

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that nobody had any idea of how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started, and cried:

"Mother!"

And the Colonel jumped in the stage and putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed:

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Laws of General Interest.

From the Lansing Republican.

Among the laws passed by the legislature at its recent session were two for the

PROTECTION OF GAME, ETC. Act No. 151 provides that no person, corporation, or company shall at any time kill or expose for sale, transport or have in his or its possession, any deer, ruffed grouse, colin or quail, pin-tailed grouse or wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, after the same has been killed for any purpose except for consumption as food, to catch by any means or for possession, except alive, at any time, any of the above-mentioned game, with the intention of having the same sent or transported beyond the limits of this state.

Act No. 184, on the same subject, provides that no person or persons shall at any time with trap, snare, or net, take any partridge, prairie chicken, wood duck, mallard duck, teal duck, or quail, or attempt to do so; provided, that it shall be lawful to trap quail and take them alive for the purpose of keeping them through the winter, but for no other purpose whatsoever.

TO REGULATE FISHING. Act No. 276 provides that hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to fish or catch by any means whatever any fish from any stream in which brook trout is not native, which has been stocked with such trout by the superintendent of fisheries of this state, for the period of three years after the plant of such brook trout therein; or to capture in any manner in any inland or public waters of the state, or have in his possession, brook trout or grayling of a less size than six inches in length; or to catch by any means or have in his possession any California trout for a period of four years after the passage of this act.

MUTUAL INSURANCE ENLARGED. Act No. 68, to amend section 1 of act No. 82 of the session laws of 1877, authorizes any number of persons, not less than seven, to associate together and form an incorporated company for the purpose of mutual insurance of the property of its members against loss by fire or damage by lightning, which property to be insured may embrace school-houses, literary and grange halls, churches, agricultural societies' buildings, dwelling-houses, barns, accompanying outbuildings and their contents, farm implements, hay, grain, wool, and other products, live stock, household goods, wearing apparel, provisions, musical instruments, and libraries, being upon farms as farm property, etc., and such other buildings specified in this section as constitute detached risks in villages and cities.

TO PROMOTE IMMIGRATION. Act No. 258, to amend compiler's sections 206 and 207, compiled laws of 1871, authorizes and empowers the governor to appoint a citizen of the state, at a salary not to exceed \$2,000 per annum, to act as commissioner of immigration, for the purpose of encouraging immigration to Michigan from other states and from the countries of Europe, which commissioner is to act under the direction of the governor to carry out the provisions of this act.

DISPOSAL OF PROPERTY BY WILL. Act No. 18, to restrict the disposition of personal property by last will, declares that all dispositions of personal property by will shall be subject to the following limitations and restrictions:

1. If the testator shall leave surviving him a wife, the property shall be subject to the election of such wife to take any interest given her by the testator, or in lieu thereof to take the sum or share that would have passed to her under the statute of distributions, had the testator died intestate, until the sum shall amount to \$5,000, and of the residue of the estate, one-half the sum or share that would have passed to her under the statute of distributions; and in case no provision be made for her in said will, she shall be entitled to the election aforesaid.

2. If by any will any special devise or bequest is made to the wife in lieu of any particular thing or any particular interest to which she might be entitled in case of intestacy, the election by the wife to take the special devise or bequest, or the other particular thing or interest in lieu of which it is given, shall not deprive the party electing or any other person of the right to leave the testamentary disposition of property in all other respects unaffected and unimpaired, and to have the benefit of any other provisions therein, the same as if this act had not passed.

3. The election to take or otherwise under the will shall be filed in writing in the court in which proceedings for the settlement of the estate are being taken, within one year from the pro-

bate of the will. The failure to file such election shall be deemed an election to take under the will.

TITLE OF REAL ESTATE BY DESCENT. Act No. 55, to amend section 1, chapter 153, compiled laws of 1871, provides that when, after the birth of an illegitimate child, its parents shall intermarry, or without such marriage, if the father shall by writing under his hand acknowledge such child as his, such child shall be considered legitimate to all intents and purposes. Such writing shall be executed and acknowledged in the same manner as may be by law provided for the execution and acknowledgment of deeds of real estate, and be recorded in the office of judge of probate in the county in which such father is resident.

SALARIES OF PROBATE JUDGES. Act No. 277, to amend certain sections of the compiled laws of 1871, provides that the judges of probate now elected or to be hereafter elected shall receive an annual salary, to be paid quarterly out of any moneys in the treasury of their respective counties, as follows: County of Wayne, \$3,500; Counties having a population of not less than 70,000, 2,000; Counties having less than 70,000 and more than 40,000, 1,500; Counties having less than 40,000 and more than 30,000, 1,300; Counties having less than 30,000 and more than 20,000, 1,100; Counties having less than 20,000 and more than 15,000, 900; Counties having less than 15,000 and more than 10,000, 750; Counties having less than 10,000 and more than 7,500, 600; Counties having less than 7,500 and more than 5,000, 450; Counties having less than 5,000, 300 cents for each inhabitant. Provided, that the salary in no county shall be less than \$200.

APHORISMS FROM THE QUARTERS. "It don't take no prophet to rickerlee' bad luck. Dey don't hab no loafers in de mart-in-box. De wire-grass lubs a lazy nigger. Dar's right smart 'ligion in a plow-haul. Twelve erlock is neebur in a hurry. Nebber 'pend too much on de black-berry blossoms. Don't bet on a 'tater hill befo' de grabblin' time. Heap o' good cotton-stalks gits choped up fum 'society' wid the weeds. Many a nice corn-silk winds up wid a nubbin in de fall. A chicken-roos' is de debut' steel trap, an' a grassy corn-row is his flower garden. De mornin'-glories ain't pertickler lubly to a man wid de back-ache. A sore-back mule is a poor hand to guess de weight ob a bag o' meal. A fork in a strange road don't make a man any better Kwis'chun. To-morrer's ash-cake is better 'n las' Sunday's puddin'—'Brico-Brav,' 'Mid-summer Scribner. Friendships. Many friendships are destroyed, not by any sudden rupture, but by a slow and gradual falling apart, which goes on imperceptibly through long periods, until every tie is unsciss'd, and hearts once knit together in holy union find themselves hopelessly estranged. 'No sudden treason turns. The long accustomed loyalty to hate; But years bring weariness for sweet content, And fondness, daily sustenance of love, Turns to a grudge, and the gentle friend, First grudging, and then withdrawn, starves the heart; And though compassion or remorseful thought Of happy days departed bring again The ancient tenderness in seeming flood, Not less it ebbs and ebbs till all is bare.' No picture could be sadder than this, but the saddest thing about it is its truthfulness and the frequency of its repetition in actual life. 'We are hopelessly incompatible,' said a husband, only the other day, speaking of himself and his wife. Yet only two years ago they stood at the marriage altar, as tender, devoted and loving a pair as ever clasped hands in solemn covenant of wedlock. Perhaps the fault was mutual. There was an unconscious discontinuance, little by little, of the old kindly attentions, a slow and imperceptible cooling of the tender warmth, a gradual loss of the gentle fondness, until now both hearts mourn over love's joys as hopelessly departed. The lesson is that love must have its daily bread. Friendships must be cultivated with unbroken assiduity. We must watch the first beginnings of alienation.

BEES AND DROUGHT.—Here is something new; whether it exists in fact or not, it forcibly exhibits what most people call the "instinct" of bees. In a hot dry valley in New South Wales the bees suffered last year from a long continued drought. This year says a contemporary of that colony, the wonderful little fellows have made provision against another like trouble by filling a large number of external cells in each hive with pure water instead of honey. —Scientific American.

A Bostonian, who is acting as business manager for a prominent dramatic star, tells an amusing anecdote; the effect that during the last season the company played an engagement in that part of the country where bowie knives and revolvers are indispensable features in the make up of the regular inhabitants. He was alone in the ticket office when a burly specimen of humanity stepped up, and showing a heavy revolver, inquired, "Is that good for admission?" "Certainly," replied the manager, in his most urbane manner, and the man with the shooter passed in. The next day he called at the ticket office again, and laying a dollar bill on the window, said, "That was a durned good show, mister, and so here's your money. I never pay to see a show till I know whether it is a good one. P. Lorillard has sent several of his young horses to England, and Jas. R. Keene has entered six colts for the Derby Grand Prix de Paris and Two Thousand Guineas of 1883. H. P. McGuire's executors do not think that his estate is sufficient to pay the bequests.