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THE FREEDMAN'S BANK.

Of all the dishonest transactions which have been dragged into light, within the past few years, the most wicked and heartless are those which resulted in the failure of the Freedman's Bank, in Washington City, D. C., and in the robbery of thousands of poor colored people, struggling in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles to become useful and thrifty citizens. If the negro has one natural vice, which it is harder to overcome than another, it is that of improvidence. The condition of slavery under which the present generation has been reared of course accounts for this; the colored man in the South had no inducement or opportunity to provide for the future either of himself or his children, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that when thrown upon his own resources he should subordinate present enjoyment to future wants.

To encourage the freedmen to cultivate habits of thrift and economy, the Freedman's Savings and Trust Company was formed. Chartered by the United States, and to some extent under the supervision of the Government, the colored people had confidence in it, and intrusted to it their small surplus earnings, which, but for it, they would not have saved at all, or would have placed in the hands of their old masters. How they were swindled is now an old story, a little light having been thrown upon the subject by the reports of the Commissioners appointed to wind up its affairs. The Washington Ring got control of the bank and robbed it most unmercifully. Having got possession of its Finance Committee, it lent out its money to Ring contractors and Ring operators on insufficient security, or no security at all, and now while many of the men who share the responsibility for the collapse of the institution have grown rich, the poor freedmen are unable to recover their money, and the prospect of ever getting more than a small percentage of it is far from good.

The reports concerning this institution since its failure has given no more information than was absolutely necessary, but now and then some particulars leak out which disclose the wickedness of its management in the very darkest colors. Robert J. Fleming of this city recently made an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, and an examination of his assets by a committee of the latter was made about a month ago. The report of that committee I now have before me. The very first item of assets consists of two building lots in this city assessed (cash value) at $13,266 75, but estimated by Mr. Fleming to be worth $25,254 40. On this the Freedman's Bank holds a deed of trust for $21,016 66, and has paid taxes amounting to $663 35, making $21,680,01 without the interest or expenses. The committee do not think that the lots will sell for enough to pay the deed of trust. In this case Mr. Fleming obtained a loan amounting to nearly $8,000 more than the assessed value of the property on which he gave a mortgage for security. But it is when we examine the schedules of personal property accepted from Mr. Fleming as security for loans that the recklessness of the management of the bank becomes most apparent. For instance, he gave as security for a note of $26,300 and interest: Auditor's certificates at 70 cents, worth $9,707 62; bonds of the Young Men's Christian Association at 30 cents, worth $1,300, and two deeds of trust amounting to $4,300; total, $15,307 62. Had all these securities been valued at par they would have been worth only $22,501 33, or more than $4,000 less than the face of the note. In addition to this, the bank holds another note of Mr. Fleming's for $10,992 38, for which it has not a dollar for security. Mr. Fleming is a builder, and among other work which he did in the District was the construction of houses for Gen. Howard, Gen. Balloch, Prof. Langston, and William J. Wilson, the colored cashier of the bank. He seems to have been kept afloat solely by loans from the Freedman's Bank.—If the accounts of other Ring men with the bank could be examined an equally disgraceful state of affairs would be discovered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some to Lord Erskine, observed he was afraid he was obtruding on his lordship's ear. "Oh, not at all," said Erskine; "I have not been listening."

DUEL AT SEA.

It was a fearful night at sea, and the wild winds howled in fury, and the mad waves lashed themselves into a tumultuous chaos, as if the tempest and the ocean were rivals, each striving to prove the greater power of destruction.

Yet through the long anxious hours of the stormy night the brave schooner Idle Waif nobly breasted the fury of the gale, her officers hoping against hope almost, that she would be able to survive the terrible dangers through which she was struggling.

A month before, she had sailed upon her voyage to New York from a South American port, and among her passengers was her owner, Robert Graham, of the wealthy firm of Graham & Co., accompanied by his wife and daughter, Corinne, a lovely maiden of eighteen, accomplished, pure in thought, and as innocent as a child.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham idolized their only child, and when the father found that he had to visit South America on business for the firm, Corinne at once begged to accompany him, and yielding to her entreaty, a few days after found the mother and daughter comfortably 'at home' in the commodious cabin of the Idle Waif, a large three-masted schooner, ably commanded and with an efficient crew.

The captain of the Idle Waif was a man of thirty-five, and of a stern nature. He had a man-of-war manner with his crew, which he had acquired when an officer in the English navy, from which it had been said, he was dismissed in disgrace, allowing a slaver to escape, when it was certain, had he not been bribed, he could have captured the craft trading in human flesh.

At any rate he was an able commander, and the five years he had been in

[illegible]

than Gervaise Wilde ever trod a vessel's deck; and yet between him and the captain there was a certain restraint. From the first of the home trip Hart Woodruff had treated his first officer with an overbearing manner noticeable to all, and which the mate received with cold and indifferent politeness.

Corinne Graham narrowly watched the two officers, and her womanly eye soon read the secret cause of the captain's feeling towards his mate. It was jealousy; for Hart Woodruff had from the first loved the maiden, and seeing that she accepted the polite and gentlemanly attentions of Gervaise Wilde with a feeling of pleasure, he determined to rid himself of a man he believed his rival.

On sailed the noble vessel until when nearing the waters of the gulf, a terrible storm burst upon her, and increasing towards night, threatened her with destruction.

Bravely did the crew stand at their posts, and twice during that long night did Gervaise Wilde ascend the rigging, when brave hearts hesitated, and securely furl some sail that the wind had torn from its fastenings.

Mr. Graham, with his wife and Corinne, had ascended to the deck, and were grouped together anxiously watching the black storm and raging ocean, while at the same time they could but admire the cool manner of Gervaise, added to his daring manner of springing at once to every post of danger, and the comparison drawn between the captain and his mate redounded to the latter's credit.

All that human skill and courage could do to save the schooner proved useless, for she was dismasted, became a wreck, and leaking in many places, it was found she could no longer hold out against the storm, which, though abating at daylight, was still raging.

'There is but one course, Mr. Graham. The boats, excepting one, are washed away, the schooner can remain only a few hours afloat, so I will at once set about building a raft which can hold all of us,' said Gervaise turning to Mr. Graham.

'We are all in your hands, sir; but what says the captain?'

'I say,' and Hart Woodruff stepped forward, 'the mate is mistaken; the schooner will float for many days. And yet I would not expose Mrs. and Miss Graham to risk; so I propose that you, sir, with your wife and daughter, accompanied by myself and four of the crew, take the life-boat. In two days, at the farthest, we can reach some of the Carribean Islands. While Mr. Wilde, with the remainder of the crew, can remain with the vessel, which, under jury masts, can be run into the nearest port.

'A good plan, perhaps, captain, but as I agree with Wilde regarding the inability of the schooner to keep afloat many hours, I think we had better trust to the raft.'

A frown passed over the captain's brow which was not unnoticed, at Mr. Graham's words, but he added, 'the schooner will not sink, sir; her pumps will keep her up.'

'Captain, I do not wish to shrink from any duty devolving on me, so I will abide by the decision of the men. Call them and ask them if this vessel can be kept above water for half a day,' said Gervaise.

'Here, my men,' called out Mr. Graham, 'come hither a moment, and give us your opinion. How long can we keep our heads above water by remaining on this vessel?'

'A few hours, sir, perhaps half a day,' rejoined the men, and, as if satisfied with their answer, Mr. Graham said:

'Mr. Wilde, commence the raft at once; and captain, please see that our baggage and all valuables are brought on deck, with sufficient provisions to last us two weeks.'

Six hours after a large and stout raft had been built, which was capable of sustaining three times the number on the schooner, and upon it Gervaise had securely bound the caboose, to serve as apartments for the ladies, and otherwise protected the centre of the raft in such a way as to keep the baggage and provisions secure.

All being in readiness, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, with Corinne, got on board, and were followed by the captain, mate and crew, and the bulwarks amidships having been cut way, they awaited the coming of a wave to wash them off the schooner, which was rapidly sinking to a watery grave.

Soon it came—a huge, foam-capped mountain of water, and the raft was lifted on its shoulders and borne off upon the ocean, while the ill-fated schooner was buried by the same large wave, never more to reappear.

Eight days the huge raft drifted about on the mighty deep, and no succor coming, the larger part of the crew arose in mutiny, and, seizing the life-boat which had been brought along, took the greater portion of the provisions and deserted their companions in distress; but their desertion was not a bloodless one, for three of their number fell dead beneath the unerring aim of Gervaise Wilde's pistol, for he stoutly resisted them to the last.

Five more days passed, and then starvation stared the shipwrecked crew in the face, for the provisions and water left them by the deserters had all been consumed.

Then it was that the captain, Hart Woodruff, and the remaining four men of the crew became troublesome, and that Gervaise alone could be trusted, Mr. Graham, with his wife and daughter, placed their only hope in him; and his noble conduct won their admiration and Corinne's love.

Another day passed, and night settled again upon the ocean, but a full moon rising made the sea silvery with its light.

Suddenly Hart Woodruff started up from the forward end of the raft, and, accompanied by four seamen, came aft toward Gervaise Wild, who, seeing their hostile advance, wheeled and said sternly:

'Back! back, I say! all of you, or I'll send a bullet into your midst."

The men hesitated, and Hart Woodruff exclaimed:

'Gervaise Wilde, you are the one I seek. You have stolen from me the love of that girl, and I intend to slay you; and your vile flesh shall be our food until succor shall reach us. We are starving, and yet I would enjoy along with your body, a love feast for Corinne Graham is mine, mine, mine.'

A thrill of horror ran through those who heard him, but the mate's firm eyes never quailed, and there was no tremor in his voice as he replied:

'Could the sacrifice of myself save Miss Graham and her parents, it would be given; but it cannot, and if you advance upon me, your life shall pay the forfeit. You and I, Captain Woodruff, I fear cannot live together upon this raft, so let there be no unnecessary bloodshed. You are armed; the moon is bright; so take your stand yonder on one side of the raft, while I stand here. Let Mr. Graham give the word, and let the best man win.'

'Ha, ha, ha! gladly I accept,' laughed Hart Woodruff, in a tone that made his hearers feel that his reason had left him, and in vain did Mr. Graham, Mrs. Graham and Corinne plead with Gervaise not to expose his life thus, but he was determined, saying:

'It is the only course, sir. The men are wrought up by hunger to a pitch that makes them ready for bloodshed, and as the captain is armed we would have no rest for him; so give the word, please.'

'But you may be slain, Gervaise,' and Corinne turned her loving gaze full upon the young man, whose face brightened as he said: 'Never fear; my aim is only too true. Captain, are you ready? Mr. Graham, give the word, please.'

The raft rolled lazily upon the ocean, and the moon shone brightly down upon the strange scene, Mrs. Graham and Corinne crouching down in the window of the caboose by which Mr. Graham stood; while the four seamen, eargerly expectant, were grouped together forward, watching with staring eyes their captain and his mate, as they stood but twelve feet apart, calmly awaiting the word to fire—words that must be the death knell of one of them, perhaps both.

'Are you both ready?' suddenly asked Mr. Graham.

'Yes,' came the replies.

"Fire!' and with the word the pistols flashed, and with a shriek hardly human, Hart Woodruff fell back into the ocean, which became his grave.

'Mr. Wilde, are you hurt?' exclaimed Mr. Graham as he ran forward.

'Not at all. Men, forward there and remember, if one of you come aft I will shoot him down like a dog.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the men, thoroughly cowed, and then one of them suddenly cried out:

'Sail ho!'

With a glad cry, all on the raft greeted the appearance of a large steamer coming directly toward them, and upon which they soon were warmly welcomed by the captain and passengers.

A week more and the shipwrecked party landed in New York, and then Gervaise Wilde became the guest of the Grahams—aye, more, he soon after led to the altar the lovely belle and heiress, Corinne Graham, for he proved to the old merchant that his reason for resigning from the navy was a disagreement with his commanding officer, for which his good sense afterwards showed him he was to blame.

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in trouble, or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insights, are very subtle; and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she have a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts.—"Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty, and sorrow of life. And what she most craves, and most deserves, is confidence—without, love is never free from shadow.

A BAD HABIT.—Farmers get into no habit worse than that of borrowing tools, and for this reason: First, one who owns tools does not like to lend them and thinks less of the man who borrows; Second, one never comes to learn how to use borrowed tools, nor to keep them in order, and third, he who borrows never can be a good farmer. It is true that a young man, just starting may be allowed to borrow some, but should not establish the habit; or again a man may borrow a new implement to see how it works. A man who borrows is not likely to use a tool as carefully as if it were his own, and consequently does not do careful, nice work. What can a man be thinking about when he borrows a steel plow, keeps it several days or a week, and brings it home as will be most likely the case, so dull as to be unfit for use? The owner can only take it to the shop, and at his own expense get it sharpened. If a man lends tools to one, there are several neighbors who will want to borrow; and thus it is, a harrow, for instance, may be going the rounds through the neighborhood all the season. It is every way desirable to cultivate what is called "good neighborhood," but this cannot be done where borrowing is practiced.

☞ English School Inspector (who notices a backwardness in history)—"Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.) Inspector (more urgently)—"Who signed Magna Charta?" (No answer.) Inspector (angrily)—"Who signed Magna Charta!!!" Little boy, at whom he looked severely (thinking matters are beginning to look serious)—"Please, sir, 'twasn't me, sir!"

☞ A man bought a horse. It was the first one he had ever owned. He saw in a newspaper that a side window in a stable makes a horse's eye weak on that side; a window in front hurts his eyes by the glare; a window behind makes him squint-eyed; a window on a diagonal line makes him shy when he travels; a stable without a window makes him blind. He sold the horse.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Adaline Reynolds sat alone in one of the many rooms of her uncle's splendid city mansion. Yet the brilliantly-lighted parlors were thronged with a gay assemblage. Why was she the only one sad?

It was her cousin Clara's birth-night, and when Clara had been asked who Adaline was, the cruel answer was 'only a dependent, a distant relation of father's.'

Adaline had heard the contemptuous reply, and hence she was alone and weeping.

Adaline sat, her eyes resting on the silvery moon, which was shedding its light full upon her upturned face. That face was one of the most beautiful imaginable. Tears were gathered in the large, soul-lit eyes, and one fell upon the small white hand. Adaline, at this, started up as if an adder had stung her, and brushed the tear drops from her eyes, saying:

'Back, back to your fountain. Although I am only a dependent, I will win a name, and they shall be proud of their poor cousin!'

Slowly Adaline dropped upon her knees, asking God to guide her in the steps she was going to take.

When she arose the guests were departing, for she could hear the carriages as they rolled away. Yet she did not retire until the dawn of day.—Her slender fingers were flying over the paper on which she was writing.

The morning sun was shining bright and beautiful. Mr. Howard sat alone in his library. He was thinking of the past. Once more the gray-haired man was a child, seated around his father's fireside with his brothers and sisters, listening to his kind Sire's advice, looking to catch his mother's love-lit smile. Then a cloud came between him and his life of sunshine. The death-angel claimed his fondly loved mother; another and another passed away until all was gone but his idolized sister Ada.

Her he saw just verging into womanhood. Another vision passed before him, his new, proud, aristocratic wife. She had deceived him, it mattered not how; it was too late now for remedy. His daughters, three in number, had grown up to woman-hood and inherited all their mother's foolish pride.

He had heard Clara, the eldest, but the evening before, say Adaline was only a dependent. The words had sunk deep into his heart. Was not Adaline his sister's child?

Again, and Ada passed before him, arrayed in her bridal robes. He heard her farewell words, and felt her farewell kiss. She was going to her western home.

A few short years passed by, when one dark day a letter came telling him of his sister's death, then of her husband's, and asking him to rear her child as his own. Did he not love that child as his own? Yes, nobly hast thou done thy duty to thy dead sister's child.—But alas! thy words were the only kind ones Adaline received.

While he sat thus, recalling the past, two soft arms stole around his neck, and a sweet voice said, 'Uncle, what are you thinking about?'

'Must I tell you it was about my little pet? Oh, how lonely I shall be when she is gone.'

'Gone where, Uncle?'

'Why, to Mrs. Westbrook's. Did I not promise to send you there next month?'

'Yes, Uncle, but I thought you had forgotten it. I am so happy now at the thought of going back to dear Walnut hill once more; not at leaving you, Uncle,' and the tears came into her eyes as she kissed him, who cared more for her happiness than for his own.

Again she murmered the words of the night before, 'I will win a name for his sake.' And in a few moments she was walking down the street toward the postoffice, bearing in her hand the treasured thoughts that she had penned when hope was almost dead in her heart.

'Mother,' said Clara Howard, 'do you know that father is going to send Adaline back to school again?'

'Yes, I know it, and I have told him that she will repay him with ungratefulness.'

Just then Emma came in with a newspaper, saying, 'there is such a beautiful piece of poetry written in the *Gazette*, it is called Thoughts of Heaven; and the editor has complimented the authoress whose name is Lena.

Clara read it and poured fourth her praises on the writer. Adaline was in the next room, and her heart bounded with joy and hope as she recognized her own poem.

We will pass over the farewell, and Adaline's sadness at leaving her kind uncle. The poor 'dependent' is again Mrs. Westbrook's favorite pupil. Adaline tells her own secret to her kind preceptress.

The name of Lena soon found its way out in the literary world. No one suspected, however, that Lena, the gifted poetess, was Adaline Reynolds.

Three years passed. Adaline was still with Mrs. Westbrook, for although she had long since graduated with the highest honors, she preferred remaining with her kind friend, and assisting her in her duties of labor and love.

A new light had dawned upon her also, she loved with a true woman's heart, and was beloved in return. Yet he knew not that he loved the poetess Lena. The world was ringing with her praise, and he, too, had admired the heaven-born talent of Lena

Adaline, on her part, knew not yet that Mr. Edward Stanley, was sometimes called Hon. Edward Stanley, and was Congressman from A——.

She had met him as Mrs. Westbrook's cousin, during a visit he had made to her preceptress, and they had loved instinctively. She promised to become forever his the ensuing spring.

She was seated in a pleasant reverie, when she was interrupted by the servant girl, telling her that an old gentman wished to see her. He was none other than her uncle.

In a few moments she was clasped in his arms.

Mr. Howard thought Adaline more beautiful than ever; and when Mrs. Westbrook told him Adaline was Lena, tears of joy rolled down his aged cheeks.

'Ah uncle,' she said, 'who would Lena have to love her if you were gone?'

'Even now, darling,' answered her uncle, 'I have just given my consent to the Hon. Edward Stanley, and when you are a Congressman's bride, you may forget your uncle.'

Adaline could not speak for a moment from surprise, then she said:

'Never, never, will I forget your kindness to the poor orphan. I would not have been what I am now if it had not been for your generosity. Now, in my days of prosperity I would be ungrateful indeed to forget you. But why,' she exclaimed, blushing, 'did you call Edward Stanley a Congressman?'

'Because he really is. Did you not know it?'

'Never until this moment.'

Just then Mrs. Westbrook entered. Mr. Howard told her why Adaline looked so bewildered.

'Intended telling her myself, and ask pardon for the deception I practised upon both of them,' said Mrs. Westbrook. 'I told Edward this evening our Lena's history just before he left.'

When Mr. Howard returned to the city, Adaline accompanied him, but she did not go to his mansion. She stopped with an old schoolmate.

It was soon noised about that the gifted and beautiful Lena was in the city, and her true name came out at a grand ball, where her cousins and all their aristocratic friends were present. Adaline was attended by her betrothed husband, Edward Stanley. She was arrayed in a robe of white satin embroidered with silver. Her raven curls were confined by a band of the richest pearl whilst a necklace of the same encircled her snowy neck. Her checks were flushed, for she was listening to her lover's voice.

But when the Misses Howards' arrival was announced, proudly, almost haughtily, did she meet them, with a calm dignity, befitting a queen receiving her subjects. She was the ruling star of the season.

* * * * * *

Time passed, Mr. Howard lay on his death-bead, prostrated by a sudden and mortal disease.

Adaline had flown to nurse him, for Clara eloped with a worthless adventurer. Edward Stanly was also there.

'Uncle, for so I will call you,' he said, 'I am sorry to see you so ill.'

'You have just come in time,' said the old man, 'to receive my blessing before I died. I have no right to ask the favor of you, yet I will. Protect my wife and children.'

'I will be to them all that you wish,' said Edward Stanley. 'For your kindness to me is dearer to me than life.'

The sufferer smiled faintly.

'Oh, God, I thank thee,' he cried. I can now die contented.'

Emma and Annie, the haughty ballroom belles, were awed by the scene of death, and vowed they would live differently, as they pressed a kiss upon their dying father's lips, and saw their mother carried fainting from the room.

Clara, the disobedient child, was not forgotten.

'Give her my blessing,' said the old man, 'and tell her I freely forgive her.

A few months and he was joined by his repentant wife, who died blessing Adaline with her last breath, and leaving her two daughters, now almost penniless, to the poor cousin's care.

It was a bright and beautiful morn in early spring, when Lena, the gifted and beautiful, stood before the altar, to become the wife of the distinguished Edward Stanley.

There, too, were Emma and Annie, looking happily on, while Mrs. Westbrook smiled her congratulations.

It was in a country church that they were married. There were many there from the gay city to witness the ceremony.

Little children strewed flowers in the pathway of the bride as she returned to the carriage.

Edward Stanley not only took his wife, but her now dependent cousins.

Adaline did not look upon them as such, however, but treated them as sisters.

But where was Clara all this time? for three years she had not been heard from. But one dark winter's night, a pale woman in tattered garments, might be seen wending her way down to the Hon. Edward Stanley's beautiful residence. Feebly she knocked for admittance.

The servant stared at her wonderingly, when she asked if Mrs. Stanley was at home.

'Tell her yes,' said Adaline, who always listened to the voice of distress.

The suppliant entered, and cast her eyes upon her two sisters, who knew her in a moment, and at once Aldine received the wanderer to her heart.

Clara had come home to Adaline's to die, a deserted heart-broken wife.

All that could be done was done to restore her, but in vain.

Adaline's voice soothed her in her wildest words of delirium, and it was Adaline's voice that convinced her she could yet be saved.

Clara died a true Christian, with the words:—'Father, mother, I come.'

Thus the proud contemptuous beauty owed her last comforts, nay, even her escape from a pauper's grave, to the 'poor dependent' she had scorned.

THE HUSBAND.—Ladies sometimes do not value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house—the corner-stone of the edifice—the key-stone called home. He is the bread-winner of the family—its defence and its glory—the beginning and the ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it—its controller, lawgiver and king. Yet, we say, how frail is that life on which so much depends. How is that life of the husband and father! When he is taken away, who shall fill his place! When he is sick, what gloomy clouds hover over the house! When he is dead, what darkness, weeping, agony! Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in the window—starvation, like a famishing wolf, howls at the door! Widowhood is often an associate of sackcloth and ashes. Orphanhood too often means desolation and woe. Ponder these things ere it is too late, and endeavor to twine flowers of love and gratitude during his absence with which to deck his brow and solace his heart on his return from toil! It is a precious thought to him to know that though not present, a loving heart is planning and busy hands are forming something to contribute to his comfort and pleasure; but how different are his meditations when he has every reason to believe that his highest wishes are neglected, and that he himself is only thought of when seen.

HE KNEW HOW.—At an auction of household goods on Harrison avenue yesterday, when a woman had made a bid on an old bureau worth about $2, a boy slipped around to another woman and whispered:

"You see that woman over there with a blue bow on?"

"Yes."

"Well, she says that no woman with a red nose can buy anything at this sale!"

The woman with the red nose pushed her way into the crowd and run the price of the bureau up to $12, and as it was knocked down to her she remarked:

"I may have a red nose, but no cross-eyed woman with a blue bow on can bluff me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky, at different times, are a wonderful guidance. Not only does a clear sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow wet; a natural gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening—an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain; while more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

☞ The Bishop of Montreal had prohibited dancing. Two officers, wishing to obtain permission to dance the polka at a military ball, danced it together to show the Bishop how it was done. After the exhibition, the Bishop gave his permission in these terms: "You can dance the polka as long as you please—with each other!"

☞ A good story is attributed to Sheridan's son Tom, who, being told by his father that he had made his will and cut him off with a shilling, said he was sorry, and immediately added:—"You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"

☞ A little girl and boy, three or four years old, were playing on the ice when sis fell down and commenced to cry. Bub ran up and soothingly lisped: "Don't cwy! Thwear! Thwear! Thay damn!"

A man boasting of his pedigree to another said that his father was elevated above the common herd of men.—He was hanged.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's.

Your own family should be a picture of what you wish other families to be.