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A Spinster's Life.

A spinster's life begins at the age of seventeen and ends at the age of fifty. When she reaches the age of fifty she either becomes an old woman or begins life afresh, starting this time at about five and twenty. There are, of course, exceptions. Some girls begin life very much earlier than at seventeen. I knew a young lady of six who killed her grandma' by her precocity. Her grandma' had asked her to come and see her, and for her reception prepared a feast of seed-cake and mild negus, and also purchased a book of fairy stories.

The child ate the cake, but objected to the wine, and after glancing with great contempt at the book of fairy stories threw it on the floor, saying that she preferred real tales—things she could improve her mind on. "What will this world come to?" shrieked the old lady; "improve her mind at six! Why, at sixteen I did not know whether I had a mind or not." The shock was too much: the old lady took to her bed and never recovered.

But most girls begin to live at seventeen: and from seventeen to fifty every year is like a figure in an auctioneer's catalogue which is meant to indicate a fresh "lot." Of course there are depths of thought, melancholy idealisms, delicious hopes, yearning aspirations, profound accesses of pietism, dark emotions of envy, sickening spasms of jealousy—all making eras for themselves, and sometimes contriving wild departures, which cannot be sounded, nor, indeed, even adverted to, in a compressive summary of thirty-three years of existence. Yet the spinster's life may be gathered from hints, which may be shrewd enough to go deep without being voluminous.

At seventeen, then, she thinks often of love; delights in love songs; fills Moore's poems with pencil marks; thinks Byron's face beautiful; eats little in company. At eighteen, still thinks a great deal of love; would care nothing for poverty, providing she had a sweetheart who adored her; indeed, would rather be poor than rich, were she united to the ideal whom she has not yet met. Still reads a great deal of poetry and novels which deal largely with love and the death of the heroine; passionately fond of children. At nineteen, a little more critical; finds some of the poetry that pleased her last year a little weak; looks about for steadier authors than her old favorites; dances every dance in a ball, and is not quite so particular as to the men who are introduced to her.

At twenty, is not sure whether, after all, it would not be best to be an old man's darling. Nevertheless, she flirts more uniformly; all her shyness is gone; and she enjoys her food whether people are looking at her or not. At twenty-one, her belief in old men is strong; she has lost her prejudices in favor of poverty and cottages, yet she would not insist upon money were her ideal to present himself. At twenty-two, thinks her younger sister rather forward in her manners, particularly with young men; sometimes suggests to mamma that the invitations which include the younger sister are merely acts of politeness, which people don't want to be literally interpreted. At twenty-three, is annoyed if any one says in her presence that the pallor of half the girls one meets comes from tight lacing. At twenty-four, laces deliberately for a waist, and does not much mind if it is known; finds the company of old men always more agreeable than that of young men, and is flattered if boys pay her attention.

At twenty-five, is found behind the bazaar-stalls; imitates the style of the fashionable beauty; frequently alters the character of her coiffure, and uses a great many different kinds of stuff for her hair. At twenty-six, declares that she hates the idea of marriage; wonders how girls can voluntarily enter a state of bondage; marks all passages in novels in which men are called tyrants, and ceases to notice other people's babes. At twenty-seven, falls in love; about four months of quiet anguish and despair; sits late into the night in her bedroom; is jilted; writes twenty letters, in all conceivable styles—from the passionately scornful to the mild, sacrificial, forgiving, heart-breaking style—none of which are posted; destroys the ball-room programme on which he has written his name. At twenty-eight, nose red, eyes in spring; shoulders a shade thin; resolves to dress her hair lower, as the hair-pins are making her bald. Also parts her hair on one side. At twenty-nine, declines to take part in a tableau vivant, and thinks that sort of entertainment rather immodest. Begins to write prose—short tales, essays and sketches of character—and believes that if she could only find patience she could write a novel.

At thirty, writes a novel, in which she introduces the one love of her life; finds a publisher who will publish it at her own risk; accepts his offer: she is sure he will read it. Does not stop the footman at table from filling her wine glass. At thirty-one, increasing size of waist; is mistaken for mamma's youngest sister; reads the Quarterly Review, and can converse on woman's suffrage. At thirty-two, is wearing three false teeth. At thirty-three, finds girls much more forward than they used to be; also that the style of dancing grows objectionable; is usually taken down to supper by married men. At thirty-four, is told that her sister's music-master has called her bella. In consequence, retraces two years of her life, studies the corset-makers' advertisements, and chooses bright colors. At thirty-five, powders boldly; parts her hair down the middle; gives up earrings and keeps the window-blinds down, to save the furniture.

At thirty-six, can converse on the educational question; and waltzes whenever she can get a chance. At thirty-seven, is grave when the subject of age is discussed, and asks if she doesn't look quite thirty? At thirty-eight hears of the elopement of a friend's husband with an actress, and is more than ever thankful that she is unmarried. Takes an interest in Church matters, and learning that the curate is laid up, calls and sends repeatedly. At thirty-nine, regularly drinks a glass of hot Scotch whiskey-and-water before going to bed; admits that she likes her comforts, and playfully owns that she is quite an old woman.

At forty, likes scandal; reads the reports of the law courts; subscribes again to a circulating library, and finds that she grows drowsy after a late dinner. At forty-one, keeps a lap-dog, two cats, a parrot and three canaries. Takes much interest in her health; tries a great many advertised medicines; and "indulges in constitutionals."

At forty-two, is nervous at night particularly when the wind is high. Keeps a man-servant who must be middle-aged, highly respectable, and one who is used to attending on single ladies preferred. Loses a favorite cat, and has it carefully buried in the garden. At forty-three, attends early celebrations, and helps to decorate the church at Easter and Christmas and the Harvest Festival. At forty-four, grows a little frivolous; chooses gay caps; reads exciting novels. At forty-five, feels the cold; also feels lonely; advertises for a lady to share her home; quarrels with the lady over the servants, and vows she will never live again with a companion.

At forty-six, advertises for another companion: her parrot dies; her doctor proposes to her; she declines him in a mild letter and says they will always be dear friends. At forty-seven, takes two glasses of hot whiskey before retiring at night; breakfast in bed. Writes poetry and sends it to the local press. At forty-eight is robbed by her man servant; finds a cap that becomes her, and makes up her mind to wear nothing else: notices that her hair has grown gray over the ears. At forty-nine, grows bad-tempered and is greatly troubled with servants. Another animal dies and is carefully buried. At fifty, makes her will and leaves all her property to her doctor.

BISHOP AMES AND THE VERMIN.—This story is told of Bishop Ames, of the M. E. Church. The Bishop had been holding a conference. The appointments were read off, and he was about to leave the church. Everybody seemed satisfied with the arrangement of the work for another year except one brother. He had a hare-lip and a remarkable lisp in his speech. As the Bishop wended his way slowly down the aisle, his brother, evidently greatly discomfited stopped him, and said with lisping accent, "Brother Ames, I won't go to my appointment this year. I'll locate before I'll go. Didn't my Presiding Elder tell you I would not go back again?" "What's the matter, brother?" said the Bishop, mildly. "Is not the appointment good enough for you?" "Yes, it is good enough for me, but the parsonage is full of vermin, and my wife says she won't go back there any more. And I won't go either. We have done all we could to stop the cracks up in the walls in vain." The Bishop folded his hands over his capacious breast, arched his Olympian eyebrows, and said: "That will be a pretty storry to tell in the great day—that the vermin drove you off the walls of Zion." The hare-lip quivered with laughter for a moment, and then the brother broke down, went back to his work and had a good year in spite of the annoying vermin.

☞ Some men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his mother-in-law out of the window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather bed down stairs in his arms.

☞ "Does you kape nothin' but dry goods here?". "Yes, ma'am." "Thin where will I be after goin' for a watered silk?"

The Coming Leg.

The leg is undoubtedly one of the most difficult parts of the human body, for a perfect leg is among the rarest works of nature. Of course this remark is limited to the visible legs of the male sex, since it is obviously impossible to obtain any data concerning that large class of esoteric legs, the very existence of which is conventionally ignored, and can only be hinted at by the conscientous anatomist, when the interests of science demand such a sacrifice of personal feeling. Nature can turn out heads, faces, bodies, and arms of admirable workmanship, but legs require more care than she is usually disposed to give them. We are so accustomed to imperfect legs that we seldom notice the deficiencies of the average leg, but artists and anatomists are fully aware that the ideal leg is as rare as an ideally clean New York street.

In spite of its imperfection, the modern leg is useful and by no means ugly, unless closely scrutinized. In most cases, it is sufficiently straight for all practical purposes, and, when clothed by a competent tailor, presents almost an attractive appearance. Our legs might be a great deal worse than they are, and if the gloomy prophecies of a Baltimore anatomist are worthy of credit, our grandchildren will speak of the present day as the halcyon period of legs, and will wish that they could exchange their best legs for the very worst of those now in common use.

The Baltimore man assures us that the human leg is about to undergo startling and painful changes. The next generation will be knock-kneed, and its children will add to this peculiarity that of bow-leggedness. The leg of the future will thus be shaped like the familiar typographical sign known as a "brace." The upper and the lower leg will each have a bold curve outward, and the knees will be in close proximity. A more varied and objectionable style of leg has never been placed before the public, and we cannot look forward to it without dismay.

The cause which is thus to blight the legs of our innocent descendants is the present fashion of female dress. The Baltimore person asserts that the extremely narrow skirts now in use bring the knees of the women into close proximity, and produce the deformity popularly known as "knock-knee." What with the narrow-skirt wearers of this generation is an acquired deformity will be a congenital deformity in the next generation. The vast majority of children born since the introduction of narrow skirts knock their wretched little knees together from the day of their birth, and a comparatively straight-legged child under three years of age is, our Baltimore authority assures us, very rarely seen.

Now, the next generation will try to cure this defect by endeavoring to bring the feet close together. This is the uniform, though ignorant impulse of all knock-kneed persons. The effort simply produces a new deformity by bowing the lower leg, while it has no beneficial effect upon the knees. The attempt of our children to straighten their legs will entail bow-leggedness upon our grand-children, who will be born with the "brace"-shaped legs already described. A diagram published in the Sun some years ago, and purporting to be a diagram of the legs of a certain Deacon Smith, gives an excellent idea of the general design of the coming leg.

This is an alarming picture, and it deserves our serious attention. If the Baltimore anatomist's premises are right, his conclusions must be admitted, and we must recognize the fact that the legs of the future are in imminent peril. But is it absolutely certain that his premises are trustworthy? His whole argument rests upon the alleged fact that a class of legs of which the average man neither knows nor can know anything, are so confined by the narrowness of the modern skirt, that their assumed knees are kept in close contact. Now, it is, to say the least, highly improbable that the Baltimore man is an expert in this matter, and that he has been able to collect data which have hitherto been beyond the reach of scientific men.

His assertion in regard to the unknown knees of which he speaks so coolly and confidently, is directly contradicted by Professor Harkness, of the Smithsonian Institution, who, in his able paper entitled "A New Theory of the Narrow Skirt," maintains with much plausibility, that the effect of the skirt is to force one knee immediately behind the other, so that the hypothetical legs are placed, so to speak, in column instead of line. Although the Professor expressly admits that his theory is a conjectural one, lacking proper data for its foundation, it is apparently entitled to quite as much credit as that of the Baltimore anatomist, unless the latter has really accumulated data of which he makes no mention.

There is, then, no sufficient reason to despair of the legs of the future. They will probably be much the same in plan and detail as the legs of this generation. Indeed, they may be even better. Most things improve as time goes on, and it is quite possible that the common leg may be a vast improvement upon the legs, visible or conjectural, of the present century.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Woman: "Are those good eggs?" Chinese peddler: "Belly good. You no likee, me takee back; makee hen layee avar."

Adventures in Africa.

Count de Semelle, who has just returned to Europe from a long and eventful journey in the interior of Africa, underwent, according to his own account, some uncommonly disagreeable experiences during his sojourn on the banks of the Niger. Among other startling episodes narrated in his account of his adventures is that of his entertainment by the monarch of the Midgi country, against whom he had been warned by that sovereign's neighbors.

By no means expectant of a cordial welcome, but resolved to visit Migiland at any risk, the count crossed the frontiers of that State, and demanded an audience of its king. This request was granted and he was ushered into the presence of his majesty, who, before returning his courteous salutations, or, indeed, taking any notice of him, caused one hundred full-grown men, collected at court for that purpose, to be decapitated, and then condescended to investigate their remains with his own royal hands and eyes, in order to discover whether or not, on the whole, the omens deducible from them were auspicious to his reception of the intrusive stranger.

Fortunately for De Semelle, most of the bodily evidence thus collected proved favorable to him; whereupon the careful monarch greeted him with genial cordiality and made him a present of twenty "ministering angels" on the spot. The bodies of the colored gentlemen which had been consulted with respect to the count's admission to court were cut up into small portions and distributed among the inhabitants of the capital for culinary purposes. De Semelle, who had the honor of supping with the king the same evening, was called upon to partake of the morning's sacrifice. This summons was addressed to him in so emphatic a manner that he did not think fit to decline the horrible invitation.

A less ghastly entertainment awaited him in the empire of Lokogda, although his reception there by the supreme local authorities was also of a somewhat startling character. When introduced to the presence of the sultan he politely offered to the latter certain presents of gay cotton goods he had brought with him for that purpose, whereupon his majesty fell into a violent passion and roared out: "I am a great sultan, not a dog! I don't want your paltry presents! But give me brandy or rum or ——!" The rest of the imperial remarks were couched in terms too vigorous for reproduction here.

Count de Semelle thought his last hour was come; but, summoning up courage, he charged his interpreter to tell the irate sultan that he (Semelle,) was a Frenchman, who feared neither poison, nor fire; and, what was more, that, during all his travels, he had never before come across so unmitigated a ruffian as the imperial ruler of Lokogda. This bold utterance exercised a tranquilizing effect upon the sultan's outraged feelings, and his majesty subsequently deigned to accept a flask of Hollands from his audacious visitor—and to empty it at a draught! Shortly after he had swallowed this potent potion he subsided into a condition of quiet ecstacy, in which the count left him.

It appears that the jovial sultan's steadfast addiction to strong liquor has considerably weakened his prestige with his own subjects, who govern the country by a sort of parliament, over which he nominally presides. But his majesty's irrepressible conviviality has infected the legislature, which—so Count de Semelle states—transacts public business from misty morn to dewy eve over the flowing bowl.—*London Telegraph.*

'SQUIRE BRAY'S COURTSHIP.—'Squire Bray, of Caswell, was hunting another wife, but his son Bob, a wild blade, knocked him out of it. In the capacious breast pocket of the 'Squire's great-coat reposed a pint tickler, well filled, that he only proposed using on his way back from seeing the Widow Brown.—Now, just before he started Bob slipped the tickler out and put in its place a small alarm clock carefully wound up and set for 11 P. M. The 'Squire had sat the fire out and was well on with his overcoat, holding the widow's hand at the door and putting in his sweetest licks for the last. "Yes, your first husband, my dear, was one of my best friends, and we'll visit his and my lost Hannah's graves, won't we, love?" "Ah, yes, for where was there a sweeter woman than your poor Hannah?" asked the widow. "A good woman; she was good enough, but there's a living one just as sweet," said the 'Squire, and he was drawing her to him for a kiss when whizz-wizz-zizzer--wizzer--hizzer--ting whir-r-r-r-r-, ting! bang! the clock went off inside of him. "O lawd!" screamed the widow, "he's shooting to pieces!—It's Hannah's old peanny a playin' inside him?" "She said she'd haunt me! She allers told me so!" cried the 'Squire, running in a stoop for his horse, with both hands pressed to his breast and the clock still striking, ting, ting. He rode like Old Nick was after him, and never knew the racket till he felt for his tickler and pulled out the little clock that Bob had bought at auction. Then he laughed till the tears ran, but he promised Bob never to spark another woman if he'd only keep the joke from the neighbors. The widow believes to this day that old man Bray is a walking volcano.

Origin of Titles.

Perhaps in no respect are modern more completely at variance with historic times than in the use of titles.—The Greek had a certain name, and that was his name in the mouth of every one who called him. There was no intervening title to indicate respect or deference. If Demosthenes had a clerk, the clerk would have called the orator Demosthenes, and could have called no other.

The Romans were a little more subtle. What we should call the surname was still the man's name, his intimate friends were at liberty to adopt the *prænomen*, but in neither case was a title used. The simple name designated its owner, and, in the case of Rome, the choice between the two names showed the extent of the intimacy of the parties. But when we leave classic soil we come at once upon the question of title and its universal use.

The growth was no doubt gradual and proceeded in the first instance by inversion. The population was more extensive than the nomenclature. We were not good at calling names, at least we were not good at inventing them. And thus there were many duplicates. Soon a bright idea struck the early English mind. When a man had a trade they added his trade to his name and thus indicated him clear of all possible blunder. It was John the smith, and Peter the hermit; Robert the bishop, and Thomas the earl. Then, in a little time, the more recondite of these indications became important and were attached to ideas of dignity and position.

The explanation of the affix is simply this, that we consider it rude to call a man by his name, and so we put in the prefix from a kind of inane politeness. There is, of course, the well-known exception. Very great men are saved the questionable honor of a title. We do not say Mr. Shakespeare or Mr. Chaucer, and even the author of "Childe Harold" merges hereditary rank in literary fame, and is known among his admirers simply as Byron. Here, too, it occurs to one to notice the democratic influence of literature and art. It seems that poets and painters are either too good or too bad for a title.

But bishop and earl, and such like, were not strictly titles—that is to say they were not titles as Mr., Mrs. or Miss are titles, for they indicated an office. The Bishop was a Bishop and the Earl was an Earl. It was not a mere affix; it indicated a position which had a definite meaning, recognized duties, acknowledged rank and ascertained emolument. Thus, in fact, titles, strictly speaking, are only enjoyed by the untitled. A general is a general, and has military duties as well as military rank; a doctor of divinity is what his name suggests, and is called by that name for that very reason. But a gentleman is called "Mister" for no reason whatever except that it is thought rude to leave the name out, and a lady is called "Miss" merely because her father is called "Mister."

The objection to simple nomenclature is rooted. The title, such as it is, has no indicating quality. In the cases of the peerage it may, indeed, be different. Earl Granville can mean but one nobleman, and there is but one Bishop of Peterborough. Besides this, as we have shown, these names are not mere titles. They indicate an office and a duty as well as a rank and a position. This exists still in the case of bishop, and once existed in the case of earl. But Mr. John Jones conveys no more definite idea than John Jones without the Mr.

It is amusing to see on a modern play bill how the author appears in print without any addition, while the merest "super," who has been promoted to a part figures in print as Mr. The anomaly is carried even further, for when the author takes a part in his own play he appears in one division of the bill as Henry J. Byron, and, in a few lines lower down, as Mr. H. J. Byron. Artists share with men of letters the distinction or indignity of losing the almost universal prefix. In newspaper reviews of picture exhibitions we read constantly of Walter Severn or Arthur Hughes, as if the attempt to reproduce nature on canvas disentitled a man to be called otherwise than by his Christian and surname.

This use of a title is common to all modern countries. However derived, it is not merely usual but universal.—The Germans, indeed, go a little further than other nations, and with a characteristic love of pomp delight to prefix the title of even the smallest office to the name of the fortunate holder of it. Hermann, the postman, would be Mr. Letter Carrier Hermann, and his wife would be Mrs. Letter Carrier Hermann.

The French, at the time of the revolution, had a brilliant idea. They determined to abolish all titles. Even "Monsieur" was to be expunged from conversation at the risk of its owner being regarded dangerous and a royalist. But it is easier to storm a city than to break a habit. The French abolished titles—at least, so they fondly believed—but how did they do it? In effect they only substituted one for another. Where a man used to be called "Monsieur" he was now called "citizen," and the universality of titles was proved by their uniformity.

Dean Swift, indeed, once suggested a state of things under which a man might lose both his title and his name. He supposed the case of the heir to a peerage who the same day should receive tidings of the death of his ancestor and of his own election to a bishopric. The dean said that such a man could sign no letters. He would be in a very strict sense anonymous. As a peer he could not sign his Christian name, and as a bishop he could not sign his surname. We know, however, that this difficulty has since been surmounted.—*London Globe.*

HOW THEY DIE ON THE STAGE.—"That's what you're after, said Mr. G. A. Graver, the courteous stage manager of Haverly's Brooklyn theatre, to a Star reporter. "How do actors die on the stage? In various ways, I should say: from a great many causes, or from no causes at all. In shooting scenes, young and inexperienced actors will fall before you see the flash or hear the report of the pistol shot. To stand without flinching while a pistol is aimed at you is not very easy. In our early days we fired cork balls at each other, to overcome our nervousness. Shooting accidents are numerous on the stage. I need not remind you of the latest fatal case in Baltimore. Once we took six muskets from the property room and found slugs in every one of them.

"As to myself I have suffered all manners of death, figurative, in the past twenty-five years. This is the first season in that long period that I am not acting. There were heavy pieces in which I had to die every night for weeks. I do not approve of Salvini's death scenes, nor of the hospital atmosphere on the stage. Death from corrosive poison is preceded by excruciating pains. Are they a fit subject for illustration? W. Goodall personated at Barnum's Museum a drunkard suffering from delirium tremens. He was seized with spasms and was carried off the stage, utterly exhausted. His representation of his celebrated character of Edward Middleton, the Drunkard, was too realistic and repulsive to the audience.

"Consumption on the stage has not spread much on this side of the Atlantic. Clara Morris has her peculiar cough as Lady of the Camelias. Matilda Heron surpasses her in that character. In 'Jack Sheppard' occurs a scene where a cloth is thrown over a man's head and two ruffians club him to death. The cloth is getting saturated with blood. The spectators objected to so brutal an exhibition, and now the bludgeons do their work off the stage. Of a dozen men shot in a play, each one will act and die differently.

"At the old Park theatre, under Mrs. Conway's management, I swung from the limb of a tree on the stage and prevented the commission of a murder.—The villain in the piece has inveigled a girl into a mountain glen, where he had already dug a grave for her. I hear her cries for help while standing on the top of a cliff twenty feet high, and grasping the limb of a tree I swing down, rescue the girl, and with a terrific blow of the spade, padded on the back, kill the villain. At the rehearsal I discovered a defective spot in the sapling which was to enable the rescuer to make his descent.

"I pointed out the weak part to the carpenter, who entered into an argument and claimed that the hickory was strong enough to hold an elephant. To put it to a test. I ran up to the cliff and swung down. The sapling did break at the point I had indicated, and I fell down, but landed safely on my feet.—Next time another sapling snapped, and Collin Stuart broke his arm. Death by hanging is a frequent occurrence on the stage. I was led to gallows many times, for instance, in the 'Carpenter of Rouen' and in 'Jessie Brown,' by Boucicault."—*New York Star interview.*

HOW THE EARTH WAS FIRST MAPPED OUT.—What these early maps were we do not know, but can form a reasonable conjecture. The earth at that time was supposed to be a flat circular plain, or disk, the broadest part from east to west, which was entirely surrounded by an ocean, or great river, that washed it upon all sides. In about the center of this plain Greece was supposed to be situated. The great central sea of the inhabited region was the Mediterranean. The farthest point known at the west was the straits of Gibraltar, then called the Pillars of Hercules.

The southern part comprised the north of Africa as far as the deserts; while the region north embraced the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, and an unknown hyperborean land further to the north, the Euxine and Caspian Seas at the north-east. The farthest eastern point known was about the western limit of India.—This was what would then be contained in a map as a representation of the earth. The sun was supposed to pass under and around this flat plain, which was then the mode of accounting for the changes of day and night. The space beneath was supposed to be a great vault, called Tartarus, the abode of the spirits of the wicked among men, as the region corresponding to it, above the plain, was the heaven, or abode of the gods. The unknown region beyond the Pillars of Hercules was filled up with creations of the fertile imagination of the Greeks.

To the northwest and north were the Cimmerians, a people living in perpetual darkness; and the Hyperboreans, a race supposed to be exempt from toil, disease and wars, who enjoyed life for a thousand years in a state of undisturbed serenity. To the west of Sicily were the enchanted islands of Circe and Calypso, and the floating islands of Eolus. A little to the north of the Pillars of Hercules, was the entrance to the infernal regions; and far out in the Western Ocean, beyond the limits of the known earth, was the happy region called Elysium, a land of perpetual summer, where a gentle zephyr constantly blew, where tempests were unknown and where the spirits of those whose lives had been approved by the gods dwelt in perpetual felicity. Here, also, were the gardens of the Hesperides, with their golden apples guarded by the singing nymphs, who dwelt on the river Oceanus, which was in the extreme west, and the position of which was constantly shifted as geographical knowledge increased.

PICTURE OF MISERY IN IRELAND.—The first cabin into which I went was a place that an Englishman would think too bad for his pig. Its floor, of earth and stones, reeked with damp, and water even stood in the hollows; the only furniture was a few cups and saucers, a stool or two, and as many tubs and pots; in one corner a mass of dirty straw had evidently been used as a bed, and on the wretched hearth smoked rather than burnt an apology for a fire. The man of the house—soeless and coatless, pale and haggard—sat idle upon a bag of Indian meal, beyond which his food resources did not go and through the gloom around the hearth—there was no window to speak of—could be dimly made out one or two crouching female figures.

I never saw anything in the way of a home in a civilized country—and I have seen a good deal—more appalling than this. Yet here was the case of a man renting three acres of land, and usually getting what he would be content to call a living out of them. Now, alas! he and thousands of others like him, have reached the end of their miserable last season's crop, and beyond them a little way lies starvation. The half bag of Indian meal was all the family had, nothing more remaining upon which, by sale or mortgage, money could be raised, and to the question "What will you do when the meal gives out?" came the despairing answer, "The good Lord only knows."

Not far from this, I was shown by my melancholy attendants into an equally wretched hovel, where a widow with seven young children was fighting the bitter battle of life, and rapidly getting worsted in the struggle. She herself had gone out gathering what she could of stuff to make a fire wherewith to cook the family dinner, consisting—Oh, my brothers in comfortable English homes—of a single cabbage! But the poor little children, half-clothed, thin and hollow-eyed, were there to plead with heartrending eloquence for aid. Once more I heard the old story. The land had yielded nothing; no turf could be obtained for fuel short of a journey of eight miles, and the family had touched absolute destitution. Over the way, in another apology for a dwelling-place, I found three poor women trying to kindle a fire with damp bean-stalks, their only crop, in order to cook a dish of Indian meal, their only food.—*Telegraph.*

☞ "Shall a husband keep his wife informed of his business affairs?" asks an innocent. There is no necessity.—She will find out five times as much as he knows himself, without the least trouble. *New Haven Register* man, who is married.

☞ An editor in Iowa has been fined $250 for hugging a girl in meeting.—"Cheap enough," says another of the fraternity—"we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand dollars a year ever since.

☞ This is a good time for charitable feelings; and we hereby forgive all our enemies. We hope they will stay forgiven; but we warn them that they will have to behave themselves mighty sharp.

☞ A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

☞ When a man at Anderson, Ind., was informed that he had fallen heir to an estate vauled at $1,650,000, he bought his wife five dozen clothes-pins to celebrate that event. She had been wanting them for ten years.

☞ "Do you like novels?" said a Miss Languish to her up-country lover. "I can't say,' answered he, "for I never ate any, but I tell you I am tremendous at young possum."

☞ The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

Some of the dearest spots on earth are the aces, held in another man's hand.