

THE HANDED GREEN.

When Erin's nation once more
How happy her children will be!

Her sons, so true-hearted and free—
Will make for the land of the free—

LITTLE MISS JOYCE.

We lived in school district No. 4. It had gained a considerable reputation for its excellent and, and it was difficult to secure and keep a teacher for any length of time.

"I think," said he with a heavy sigh, "we'll have order out of chaos, now; there's a look in her eye that means business."

"Herb," said my mother, with anxious solicitude, "wouldn't it have been better to have hired a man teacher this term?"

"We had no choice, my dear. There was no other applicant. And now, boys," turning to Mark and me, "when you can't be gentlemen at school, putting a good deal of emphasis on the word, insisting that it covered the whole ground, 'I'll put you to work on the farm.' That caution was all we needed. We knew he meant business, too."

This was the middle of the week. There was nothing new or heard of Miss Joyce—that was her name till the following Monday morning. We were gathered in little knots about the school-yard, wondering what she would be like, anyway, when a carriage drove up; a lady alighted, walked briskly up the path, throwing a cheery good morning right and left, unlocked the school house door and went in. The driver followed her with a large basket. I think if a bombshell had exploded in our midst, we would not have been more completely amazed.

"Poot!" said Nat Green, the leader of the outlying, at last drawing a long breath. "I could pick her up with one hand and put her in my pocket."

"What dat minkster I seed grine erlong dis er walk?" cried the mimic, Sam Wilder, running a little ways and jumping up and clapping his hands together.

"Uncle Sambo! where's your glasses?" said Pete Dorsey. "Your muscetto is only a harmless little goat."

These sallies excited peats of laughter, which had scarcely died away when the bell rang, and we marched up and took our places. It would be difficult to say just what the scholars expected to see in the new teacher.

That it was something entirely different from what they had anticipated their faces readily showed. But I can only speak definitely in regard to myself. Remembering what my father had said, "There's a look in her eye that means business," and also remembering that her predecessors, as far as I knew, had all been of generous proportions, I had framed this portrait in my "mind's eye."

A tall, raw-boned, muscular woman of at least 35, with steel-blue eyes, to whom the darkest deception was as the lace of a cob-web. And there she was, not my portrait surely, but the new teacher nevertheless, and not a whit taller than our Mary Marthy. I never recall Robert Browning's "Flight of the Duchess" when he sketched

"The smallest woman alive," without thinking of her as she stood on the platform that Monday morning. A diminutive form, but of perfect symmetry, a face all sunshine and dimples, laughing brown eyes and an abundance of fluffy, gold-brown hair rolled into a glistening coil high on the head. This last, I presume, was a device to increase her stature. She did not look a day over 18, but we afterward learned that she had just turned her 25th birthday. When she spoke it was like listening to a chime of bells, so musical and so perfectly modulated were the tones of her voice. She spoke with simple directness.

"My dear pupils! I am Miss Joyce, your teacher for this term. I am very glad to see you all. I have brought a heart full of love for you and my work, and I know we shall get along admirably together, and do each other good. It is always my custom to open school each morning by reciting the Lord's prayer, and asking his guidance and blessing on our efforts for the day. We will repeat it together, please."

less as stone. I knew some other hearts were made tender as well as my own. This knowledge only tended to enhance the effect on myself. I could bear it no longer. My eyes were already overflowing. I leaned my elbow on my desk and dropped my face in my hands, while the big drops fell in a little, pitiful pool at my feet.

I was not conscious of the lapse of time till a soft hand was laid on my head and her voice—that divinely inspired voice—said with thrilling earnestness: "—And as he saw Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, follow Me. And he arose and followed Him. Be as ready, my boy, as thy namesake of old to follow the Master."

It she is living anywhere in the wide world and reads this story, I would like her to know that I date my first call to an evangelistic life to her timely dropping of these words. It was seed sown in good ground, and I am thankful to know that it has borne some fruit. "Paul may plant and Apollus may water, but it is God that giveth the increase."

She passed so quietly and so gently from one to another, saying just the right word in the right place, talking little of books, but much of what was, oh, so wonderful, interesting and instructive that the forenoon slipped away almost before we knew it.

"I see it is high noon," she said, looking at her watch—a tiny affair as though made expressly for her. "Now we'll adjourn to that noble yonker yonder and have a picnic together. Natlan," turning on Nat Green a face like a sunbeam. She invariably called us by our right names, and it was always a mystery how she knew so much about us as far as the start; but I knew now that on that day of the meeting fairly in a few words explained to her where the difficulty lay. Being gifted with wonderful intuitive powers and a strange, but a natural consequence, she was mistress of the situation from the moment we came within her presence. Father was keenly observant and must have detected this, for he gave her to understand also that day that she was to make our house her home as long as she remained, which she always did.

"Nathan! will you be good enough to assist me with this basket?" It was a large one, and filled to the brim, as we could see from the bulging lips.

Nat looked embarrassed, but pleased with the deference showed him, took the basket from her hand and led the way. Well! we had a feast fit or a queen that noon from the substantial down to the most toothsome French caramels. And all the time she kept up a running flow of anecdote and story, both humorous and pathetic. "Isn't she just splendid?" was the verdict of all when she had withdrawn and left us to ourselves. Even Nat Green was so far drawn out of himself as to exclaim with some show of enthusiasm: "It isn't in a feller to fight a wee thing like her, nohow, an' specially when she's so jolly, no?"

In the afternoon classes were organized and the term's work outlined; the whole was seasoned with more interesting talk, and when the first school day closed we were all agreed that we had never spent a happier day in our lives. The three outlaws stalked home; but the new morning they were punctually on time, and under her wise management they became not only the best behaved boys, but the best scholars in school.

Before the term was half out the new teacher was known far and near as little Miss Joyce, and there was not a boy among us that wouldn't have fought for her as zealously and died for her, if need be, with as chivalrous a devotion as knights of old in the lists. St. Clair's summing up of the day to mother contained the rest of the whole matter.

"She jes' looked and talked an' we got gooder and gooder an' didn't want to do nothin' bad."

Just before the close of the term an event occurred which lifted Miss Joyce at once to the front rank of heroines and canonized her, at least in our family. Father had been absent several days on business and came home about dark one evening with several thousand dollars in his possession, which he locked up in the safe. He intended to go to town the next morning and deposit it in bank. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the same evening mother was summoned by telegram to the bedside of a dying sister in a distant state. It was necessary to leave home by daybreak to reach the station in time for the early morning train. Father decided to go with mother, as he disliked to have her travel so far alone. To do this he would be obliged to leave the money in the safe at home until his return. He was not, however, a man to borrow trouble. There had been no robbery of any consequence committed in the county for several years. It was not likely such a visitation would occur now.

We had a good girl in the kitchen, and Miss Joyce had promised to take mother's place as far as possible. With the exception of St. Clair, we were all up to see them off. Mother would not allow him to be disturbed; she kissed his rosy face still wrapped in slumber and quickly drew down her veil.

The day was clear and bright till almost noon; then the air grew turbid and the sky murky and threatening. Later heavy black masses of clouds piled themselves into a formidable bank, out of which came angry rumblings and fitful lurid flashes, and augured a brewing storm close at hand. Miss Joyce closed school early and we reached home just as the big drops began to fall.

It proved the heaviest rainfall of the season. The flood-gates of heaven seemed to be opened, and the rain fell in torrents all the fore part of the night, while the house (a solid, substantial piece of masonry) groaned and shook with but the lence of the wind. About midni ferociousness of the gale spent itself.

rain still fell in gentle, measured cadences. We children went to bed early. Mark and I were both tired and out of sorts. The morrow would be Saturday, and we had planned to have some rest sport. Such weather would spoil all our fun, and we did so hate to be cooped up in the house. After a time I lost consciousness and slept profoundly. The particulars of the awful tragedy enacted during that terrible night we learned the next morning from Miss Joyce's own lips, and were eye-witnesses of the fearful evidences of the crime. Miss Joyce had sat up late writing letters. During father's and mother's absence she was to occupy their apartment, which was a front room on the ground floor and opened into a little room back, where slept Mary Marthy and St. Clair. All the windows of the house, upstairs and down, had strong, massive shutters, which securely fastened inside with

heavy iron clamps. As I said before, Miss Joyce was writing letters till a late hour and did not retire till after midnight. It was some time after this before she dozed off to slumber. She was always a light sleeper. The least noise seemed instantly to arouse her, in into that drowsy, semi-consciousness which usually precedes full awakening, but at once into alert cognizance. And on this particular night, when her nerves were tensely strung by the rigor of the storm, all her bodily senses seemed preternaturally acute.

How long she slept, whether minutes or hours, she did not know, but she was suddenly awakened by the sound of something falling. And the impression on her mind was so distinct and real, that she could have taken oath on the Bible that the sound she heard was that of some metallic substance, dropping with a sharp rattle upon a hard floor. The sound would have been dulled had it fallen on the thick carpets of the rooms immediately adjacent. In the more remote parts of the house distance would also have deadened the sound.

Her thought instantly flew to the wide hall, covered with oil-cloth, into which mother's room opened. The door of the room had been left purposely ajar that she might more readily hear if any one called. What metallic substance would be likely to fall but the hall door key? And she remembered distinctly, when she locked the door during the evening, to have turned the key to prevent that. It must therefore, have been returned and pushed inward from the outside. How swiftly the mind leaps from link to link in the chain of cause and effect. She threw on a woolen wrapper and in her stockings felt glided noiselessly into the hall and laid her hand softly on the lock; the key was gone! At the same instant a key was inserted from without. Her heart stood still. Had she forgotten the bolt? Swiftly her hand sought it. No, thank God! The bolt was drawn, and was both stout and strong. But—Great Heavens! they were not to be fooled. Hiss! With brace and bit they were boring perpendicular holes parallel with and close to the lock, through which the light from a dark lantern made ghastly lines upon the floor.

She took in the meaning of it all at once and realized that they were working with the rapidity and skill of experts. Some natures are coolest in moments of greatest peril. By the time the last hole was bored little Miss Joyce had decided upon the only course left to her. She wisely judged it best to leave the rest of us undisturbed. The girl she knew to be an ardent coward, and we boys were too young to exercise the proper caution. At all hazards the burglars (there proved to be three of them) must not know that my father was away. The knowledge of that fact would put us completely at their mercy. She determined to face the danger alone. She knew my father had firearms, but where he kept them she did not know, and besides there was no time to procure them. Already the holes had grown into an aperture large enough for a man's hand. And now the hand itself—a white, shapely hand—had slipped through the slit, and was about to reach for the bolt. Lifting a silent prayer for help, she grasped the hand with a quick jerk folded the wrist backward upon the edge of the aperture, then threw her weight upon the hand. There was a dull, sickening snap followed by a smothered groan and muttered curses from outside. Then there was a short, whispered parley, a slight struggle and the sound of water dripping upon the stone steps. Afterward silence reigned, and as time wore on the hand, that was clenched about hers, grew cold as ice. Good God! Had they—but the thought which flashed upon her was so awful that for the first time in her life she faintly dead away.

I was awakened by vigorous poundings upon the front door. It was broad daylight. Hastily slipping on my clothes I descended to the hall and found Miss Joyce on her knees leaning against the door. I spoke to her, but she did not answer. Running out and around the house, I saw a sight that transfixed me with horror. A young stripling of a boy and reports it with the exception of some small patches as looking splendid this spring. Where, owing to exposure, it did not make a good start, he is sowing more seed this spring. Mr. Johnson thinks tamed grass is a paying investment.

Phillipsburg Herald: Two parties in this county put in a crop of oats in rather a novel way. One sowed oats the other plowed them under with a turning plow, and sowed his oats, the other following him with a drag. The one who sowed last also harvested them in after the drag. The question naturally arises "What will the harvest be?"

Kansas City Live Stock Indicator: Don't be afraid of watching and caring too closely for those newly arriving pigs. They may appear small and not worth very much now, but rightly cared for will represent goodly greenbacks about next Christmas.

Norton Courier: In the drug store of Dr. White is a section of the root of a buffalo pumpkin dug up by Ad. Campbell on his farm west of town. The section is two feet in length and is thirteen inches in diameter. It is bitter in taste and possesses valuable medical properties.

Grand Army Gleanings. Items of Interest Pertaining to the P and its Members. A singular and romantic case has just been reported from the house committee on military affairs, at Washington, affecting the wife of a worthy mechanic living at Fort Scott, Kansas. It seems that Sarah Seelye, whose maiden name was Edmunds, assumed male attire, entered the service under the name of Frank Thompson, as a private in the 2d Michigan Infantry early in the late war, and served faithfully until April, 1863, when, being taken sick at Lebanon, Ky., unable to obtain a furlough, and hearing the discovery of her sex, she absented herself without leave, and was subsequently borne on the rolls as a deserter. She had served as orderly to General Pope, and participated in all the battles between Richmond up to 1863, when her company was ordered to Kentucky. After her alleged desertion she went to Oberlin, O., without divulging her sex. Finally returning her female attire she went to Hartford, Conn., and published a book called the "Nurse and Spy." Subsequently she joined the sanitary commission, and nursed the sick at various

STOCK AND FARM NOTES.

Dodge City Globe: The handling of cattle is being reduced to a science and methods in the way of expense that have heretofore been given no notice, are now carefully considered and in the future every dollar must be accounted for. Under this head the range men are protesting against the rates of commission men and that they are charged as much for handling a fifteen dollar steer, as the man who markets a sixty dollar stall fed beef. We think the range men right in this matter, they should be charged more equally with the other men.

Junction City Union: Gus. Wingfield told us a timber story the other day. His family settled on the Humboldt in the spring of 1857. Recently Gus concluded to clear fifteen acres of bottom land, the timber on it having grown since his settlement there. From the fifteen acres, he has sold 300 cords of wood and 1000 fence posts. He has still on hand 100 cords of wood, and 5000 posts. There are \$1,500 worth of wood and \$600 worth of posts, or \$2,100. He thinks the field will pay better in corn, and he will crowd his timber to the hillsides and rough places.

Manhattan Industrialist: This is the season when our manure crop is ripe—a little over ripe one would say, judging from the rank odor it exhales when stirred—anyhow at this time of the year it best suits our convenience to haul it afield. Our experience, too, is tolerably conclusive upon this point, that it pays best to apply manure in quantity sufficient to make it count as far as it goes. We consider thirty loads applied to one acre nearly or quite equal to forty loads thinly spread over two acres of ground, and base the idea on reasons similar to those employed in proving large crops more profitable than small ones.

Hope Dispatch: The crop of fall wheat in this section is in bad shape, and many acres of it will be plowed under and sowed to other crops. The wheat crop of Kansas is not the crop that brings the farmer greatest amount of clear money. It is the corn crop that pays him, and this crop is never short in Dickinson county. As a natural consequence a more prosperous lot of farmers than ours cannot be found in the state.

Hanover Democrat: Last week was warm and pleasant, plowing and sowing was going on, but those who looked their winter clothing thinking spring had come were doomed to disappointment and had to draw them on again. Kansas is truly a wonderful country. No prophet, not even that venerable animal the ground hog, can tell what a day may bring forth. The weather is capricious, and in that as well as almost everything else in Kansas, it is the unexpected that happens.

L. Conch, a farmer of Jewell county, left for parts unknown the other day, taking with him four horses, a wagon and two little girls, the older being under four years of age. The cause of Mr. Conch's sudden departure was a fear that the grand jury now in session, at Jewell City, would uncover a nest of iniquity over which he had been presiding. He had been conducting a miniature Mormon harem during the entire winter.

Garden City Sentinel: Every settler on a claim, every farmer and every citizen in this county should take a pride in setting out a few trees every year, not because it is a requirement of law, but because it is a thing much needed, for protection from wind, to increase the rainfall and to furnish fuel. Plant trees. It is but little work and the growth will bear to you, in a few years an abundant profit.

Burlington Independent: In Coffey county a new and strange disease is prevailing among the horses, and in Osage county the doctors are afflicted with a very similar in its effects among the people. It comes on with a slight swelling of the bronchial tubes and ends with sore throat and discharge from the nasal tubes. The disease does not appear to be very serious either with man or beast.

Neodesha Register: Talking of tame grass, "Duck" Johnson sowed two hundred acres of his farm at the junction of the rivers to timothy and clover last fall and reports it with the exception of some small patches as looking splendid this spring. Where, owing to exposure, it did not make a good start, he is sowing more seed this spring. Mr. Johnson thinks tamed grass is a paying investment.

Phillipsburg Herald: Two parties in this county put in a crop of oats in rather a novel way. One sowed oats the other plowed them under with a turning plow, and sowed his oats, the other following him with a drag. The one who sowed last also harvested them in after the drag. The question naturally arises "What will the harvest be?"

Kansas City Live Stock Indicator: Don't be afraid of watching and caring too closely for those newly arriving pigs. They may appear small and not worth very much now, but rightly cared for will represent goodly greenbacks about next Christmas.

Norton Courier: In the drug store of Dr. White is a section of the root of a buffalo pumpkin dug up by Ad. Campbell on his farm west of town. The section is two feet in length and is thirteen inches in diameter. It is bitter in taste and possesses valuable medical properties.

Grand Army Gleanings. Items of Interest Pertaining to the P and its Members. A singular and romantic case has just been reported from the house committee on military affairs, at Washington, affecting the wife of a worthy mechanic living at Fort Scott, Kansas. It seems that Sarah Seelye, whose maiden name was Edmunds, assumed male attire, entered the service under the name of Frank Thompson, as a private in the 2d Michigan Infantry early in the late war, and served faithfully until April, 1863, when, being taken sick at Lebanon, Ky., unable to obtain a furlough, and hearing the discovery of her sex, she absented herself without leave, and was subsequently borne on the rolls as a deserter. She had served as orderly to General Pope, and participated in all the battles between Richmond up to 1863, when her company was ordered to Kentucky. After her alleged desertion she went to Oberlin, O., without divulging her sex. Finally returning her female attire she went to Hartford, Conn., and published a book called the "Nurse and Spy." Subsequently she joined the sanitary commission, and nursed the sick at various

points in West Virginia. In view of all the strange circumstances the committee recommended the passage of a bill relieving her from the charge of desertion, which will secure her back pay and bounty. The last congress voted her a special pension of \$12 per month. She married her present husband in 1867, but is now an invalid with three children.

Ellsworth Reporter: The Sons of Veterans of Ellsworth will soon take steps toward instituting a "Ladies' Society of the sons of veterans." The membership will consist of the daughters, not less than 16 years of age, of deceased or honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines who served in the Union army or navy and of the wives of sons of veterans. The objects are, to assist the sons of veterans in keeping green the memories of our soldiers and their sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union. To aid and assist the sons of veterans in all their objects both financially and otherwise. To aid and assist worthy and needy members of the society. To inculcate true patriotism and love of country, not only among the membership but all the people of our land; to spread and sustain the doctrine of equal rights, universal liberty and justice to all.

Rev. T. F. Dornhäuser, of Topeka, has in his possession a copy of the Daily Rebel, published at Chattanooga, Tenn. This particular copy contained an account of General John Morgan's raid, and is a really handsome specimen of typographical skill. Mr. Dornhäuser delivers a lecture on the subject: "Pictures from the War," which he has presented acceptably in different portions of the state, mainly under the auspices of the G. A. R. posts. He served during the entire rebellion and has since written a volume of reminiscences entitled "Saber Strokes."

The passage March 31 by the Ohio house of representatives of the Cameron bill providing for the establishment of a home for indigent Ohio soldiers and appropriating therefor \$50,000 by an almost unanimous vote practically makes plain sailing in the senate for the measure, and it will be a law within a week. It contemplates the establishment of a house on the cottage plan, and will take the 261 indigent soldiers now in the various county infirmaries out of that parous home.

The Woman's Relief corps, auxiliary to Hackleman post, of Lincoln county, organized recently with thirty-two charter members and the following officers: President, Mrs. Hardesty, senior vice, Mrs. Kate Dunham; junior vice, Mrs. Wood; secretary, Mrs. Henry Gregg; treasurer, Miss Della Toliver; chaplain, Mrs. S. A. Mathews; conductor, Mrs. Toliver; assistant conductor, Miss Olive Brunt; inside guard, Mrs. Clara Perkins; outside guard, Mrs. Woody.

The Grand Army Review published in New York, in speaking of General John C. Caldwell, of Topeka says: "General Caldwell succeeded General Hancock in command of the Red Trench division of 'Hancock's cavalry.' Modest, unassuming, brave, intensely loyal, he was greatly liked by his command, and we are glad the old boys in Kansas feel that way too. He was something of an engineer, and domestic in taste.

The annual re-union of the old soldiers who participated in the battle of Shiloh, now residing in Allen county, was held at Iola the other day. The occasion was very happily and feelingly commemorated. Again was the story of the unpleasant and disagreeable circumstances of that terrible Sunday retold by those who were participants in the bloody battle.

Abilene Chronicle: A piece of Gen. Lee's headquarters flag, surrendered at High Bridge, April 9, 1865, is on exhibition at the G. A. R. fair.

A camp of the Sons of Veterans is soon to be instituted at Osborne, Osborne county.

KANSAS CHURCHES. During the past year the First Presbyterian church of Salina has given to benevolence, \$947.50; to missions, \$293; church erection, \$162; and the rest to the various other boards of the church and to general undenominational causes, like the American Sunday School Union, besides raising \$1,891 for home and congregational purposes. The church year closes with a membership of three hundred and ten, after having recently dismissed ten to unite with the church at Bridgeport. This church has outgrown its house of worship, and must necessarily build a larger edifice in the near future.

The first mission of the American board was established in Japan only sixteen years ago, and there are now in that country 120 Protestant churches with 8,000 members. These churches are mainly self-supporting, and missionary work is carried on chiefly through native preachers and teachers. The government favors Protestant Christianity, and encourages theological training schools.

Halsted Independent: The plans for the new Presbyterian church have been drawn and are in the hands of the building committee. The intention is to build a house costing \$4,000. It will certainly be an ornament to the city.

McCune (Coffey County) Times: A Protestant Methodist church, consisting of twenty-five members, has been organized at the Mentor school house three miles southeast of South Mound depot, by Rev. N. K. Shimp, of this place.

Attica Record: The cash expense of the late revival meeting was \$200. The results for good—who can estimate? The additions to the various churches will exceed one hundred.

Rev. Father Ennis, of Lawrence, has written a story called "Octavina." The tale begins with the preaching of John the Baptist.

The colored M. E. church of Clay Center was dedicated by Bishop Nind, of Topeka a few days ago.

The Congregational church of St. Marys, Pottawatomie county, was dedicated a few days ago.

It is claimed that the Methodist church at Logan has the handsomest churchyard in northern Kansas.

Fourteen persons were baptized in a creek near Sterling, Rice county the other day.

A new Methodist church was dedicated the other day at Little River, Rice county.

CRISP AND CASUAL.

A good place to begin on a reduction of the hours of labor would be in the rumshops. The poor saloon keepers who have to keep at work from early morn till eleven o'clock at night are overworked and need rest. Their modesty has prevented their making any protest.—Springfield Union.

If the woman's rights movement is ever to be successful the ladies should be taught to stand up for their rights.—Nashville American. That is the opinion of those representatives of the animal kingdom who sit in a horse car while ladies stand.

More of the Greek reserves have been called out. As they were reported to all under arms long ago, these fierce warriors must be called out and called in and called out again, and generally made to do duty for as many times themselves as if they were members of a one-horse Uncle Tom's Cabin company.—Macon Telegraph.

A costume that caused a great sensation was worn by a young lady at the opera recently. One-half her waist was red silk and one-half white lace, the line of separation running from the left shoulder oblique across her waist to right side of belt. It looked as if a loose red waist had slipped far down over the right shoulder.

Within twenty-four hours after the receipt of the news of the breaking out of the transcontinental passenger rate war, several citizens of a town in Illinois called upon a gentleman named Three-card Jack, and the spokesman said: "We have been doing some figuring. It will cost \$47 to Lynch and bury you, and the same amount to sent you to San Francisco. Odds is the difference with us. If there is any difference to you, please let us know by 3 o'clock."

Jack took the 3-20 train for the gold-on slope.—San Francisco World.

Mrs. Blank—Well, I am in need of a girl, and if you can do all you say you can, I might try you.

Caller—An' shure, mam, it isn't the loikes of me as wants the job.

Mrs. Blank—Why, didn't I understand you to say that you could cook, iron, and so forth?

Caller—No indeed, mam. I'm the advance agent of the Cook Ladies' Protective Association, an' I'm layin' out a route for the ladies. Now I have an il-ligant cook that's got a couple of weeks disengaged, and if ye'll keep still in the house, mam, she won't throw anything at ye. Ah, mam, I kin read in yer eye that Kate O'Sheehy's the gyurl fer yer.—Tit-Bits.

NOT SO QUIET. "Ah, Farmer Robinson," said his fair city guest. "How quietly you live out here in the country, you are not disturbed by society quarrels, or political excitement, or labor troubles, but all is comfortable and pleasant."

"Yes, miss, I ppose it looks so to you. But there's the hottest society quarrel over who's going to sing alto in the choir next year, an' the politics; Ben Johnson swears I shan't be selectman again, and as for labor troubles, my hired man struck yesterday because I wanted him to milk the cow before breakfast. Oh, we have our little seasons of enjoyment as well as you city folks."

A SOUTHERN SONGSTER. Mr. Bacon—My dear, Hawkins wrote a letter from Florida the other day, and offered to bring me an alligator, if I wanted one. Shall I say "Yes?"

Mrs. Bacon (ignorant of the nature of the beast)—I guess you might as well, Harry, if he can pick out a good singer.

A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE. New York Sun. Stranger (to fellow passenger)—Excuse me, but am I not right in taking you for a professional man?

Fellow passenger—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Thanks. It's not often that I make a mistake in judging my fellow men. Your work is head work altogether, of course?

Fellow passenger—Oh, yes, sir, entirely so.

Stranger—Er—Lawyer?

Fellow passenger—No, sir; barber.

Uncle Jack—Yes; I have just returned from Philadelphia. She—Philadelphia? It hasn't the reputation of being exhilarating.

Uncle Jack—It is if you work it right. When I become chronically cold down and depressed I go there for a week. Philadelphia is not especially bright, you know, and I begin at once to feel, by contrast, that I am a genius.

She—But doesn't it cost in your becoming frantically contented?

Uncle Jack—Sometimes; but then a day or two in Boston takes me down again.

A MODERN FABLE. Boston Courier. A beautiful young lady who always aided her mother in the performance of the household duties, and who was of a kind and amiable disposition, was one day surprised by the visit of a fairy, who said to her:

"I have watched you for a long time, and have been much pleased with your cheerfulness, your kindness and amiability, and I have come to inform you that you will have one wish granted, no matter what it is."

The young lady pondered for a few moments and then said: "I would wish to live to a good old age."

"Have then your wish," said the fairy; "become a ballet dancer or a chorus singer, and she vanished.

Moral: Virtue is its own reward.

An Indian Millionaire. A somewhat notable character has died in Bombay, says the Times of India, in the person of Mr. Kesoojee Jadwjee, a wealthy Bhattia merchant, who was popularly spoken of during life as a "millionaire."

The amount of property he has left behind him does not probably fall far short of 50 lakhs of rupees. Although one of the wealthiest men in Bombay, he lived in very humble style at Mandvrie, in the native town, and affected no greater display than a man earning a small salary might have done. His dress differed in no respect from that of his fellow-citizens of low degree, and he drove about in a broken-down one-horse shigram. Like many other wealthy men of penurious habits he was extremely litigious. His disagreements with his son, owing to the dissolute and extravagant habits of the latter, will be fresh in the recollection of many in Bombay. The son fell into the hands of money-lenders and others, who expected that the father would as he had done on numerous occasions previously, discharge his debts, but the old man seems to have determined that he would no longer minister to his son's extravagance, and he refused to lift a finger to save him from jail. Lal-ladhar Kesoojee, the son, was on the debtor's side of the jail for some time, and eventually died from disease aggravated if not brought on by his excesses. Owing to the notoriously evil life of his son, and his flagrant breaches of caste rules, Mr. Kesoojee and his family were excommunicated by their caste until they had made a pilgrimage to Benares to expiate their sins by the course of religious discipline prescribed on such occasions. The old man was too feeble to undertake this journey, and died under the ban of his caste. As a consequence, enormously wealthy as he was, his funeral ceremonies were only attended by about ten or a dozen persons. It is believed that the bulk of the deceased's immense property will go to a nephew a lad some eight years of age, whom he had some intentions of "adopting, although he did not live long enough to have the necessary adoption ceremonies performed.

Playing a Trick on Mr. Wilkins. Indianapolis Journal. There are a number of members in the house who are passionately fond of matching coins. Among this number is Representative Wilkins, of Ohio. He is remarkably lucky, too—indeed, so lucky that many are afraid to try their luck with him. However, the other day two members put up a job on him. They agreed to match with him and each to hold a "head" or a "tail" at every match—that is, both to endeavor so that one would always match him, and then to divide their winnings. The first member approached Mr. Wilkins, and asked him if he wanted to match him for a game.

"That's too small," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I'll match you for a dollar."

Just then the second conspirator approached, and he, too, asked to join in, as three made it livelier. They matched, and Wilkins lost. Five times the scheme worked.

"Now I'll match you for \$5," said Mr. Wilkins. "I lose all or get even."

They matched. He lost again. "Try for \$10," he said.

They matched. Wilkins lost again. "Twenty dollars," cried Wilkins. He lost again.

"Try \$40," said one of the conspirators.

"No," said Wilkins, "but I'm going to see if I really have lost my luck." He rushed into the lobby, and the first person he met was a stock broker. "You buy me one hundred shares of Erie," he exclaimed. Wilkins had not lost his luck, for he cleared one hundred and fifty dollars off the stock above the money he lost matching. The conspirators now don't know whether to refund the money they won or invite Wilkins to a wine supper.

To Remove the Rio Grande Bar. Rio de Janeiro News. The report of the eminent Dutch engineer, Peter Caland, who was recently employed by the government to examine and report upon the Rio Grande bar, has been presented and published. He fully agrees with the Bichloro commission as to the causes operating to produce and maintain the bar, which are the winds and currents from the outside, and also as to the general measures to be employed to improve and maintain a navigable channel. The assertion of a daily colleague that the Bachelo commission was the first to make scientific observations upon the causes producing the bar is erroneous, for such observations were made years before by an English engineer located in Rio Grande, who not only demonstrated the fact that the bars were formed by the outside current and waves, but prepared plans and estimates for a breaker-work to counteract their influence. Mr. Caland concluded that the only effective scheme for opening and maintaining a channel is the construction of two long piers, the western one 4,900 meters and the eastern 3,850 meters in extension, and then to open and maintain the channel with dredges. The total cost of the two piers is estimated at \$14,700,000