SONG OF A KISS.

From the Home Journal.

I sing of the trembling kiss
Of an enchanted miss.
Oh, life, you've nothing sweeter;
One thrilling little taste
I snatched from her in haste.
Ah, life, you've nothing fleeter.

From parlor doors above
The bold old god of love,
Swept out by modern fashion,
Still rules on kitchen stairs,
And there caught unawares,
Makes ladies own their passion.

At night on kitchen stair
I met her, then and there—
No memory is sweeter.
She struggled first to flee,
Then swiftly turned to me
And kissed me, and I kissed her.

Ye artificial throng
Who drive young folks along
Straight-faced and fashion-fettered,
You'll raise your well-bred wail
That this sweet girl should fail
To stand forever tethered.

Fear nothing for her sake;
We're too well-bred to make
A match through foolish feeling.
Heigho, our tripple curse,
High station, meager purse,
And love beyond concealing.

But, oh, begrudge her not
This one sweet in our lot,
Tenderly, dearly given.
No stain such kisses bear,
She needs no frown or prayer,
For that fond act she's shriven.

The great archangel's pen
Wrote no sin 'gainst her, when
She kissed in her pure passion.
In heaven hearts are matched,
On earth our fortunes patched,
In both she keeps in fashion.

A WESTERN HEROINE.

Rose Maguire's Midnight Ride.

We were on the up-grade, and six horses were slowly pulling their best. We were in a forest of mountains, each spiked over its top by a row of pines, standing straight and stiff against the horizon. I could see the road far ahead, winding round the ascent like a girdling ribbon, and bending over the side, while a resinous, piney fragrance enchanted my nostrils. I looked into the depths of a pine forest, with its waste of underbrush springing round the roots, and a marvel of cool, dull green underlying it all.

Exceptionally fine weather it was, the stage-driver said, for this time of the year. I was out on the box, you will understand, because it made me sick to ride inside, and for this once I was glad of it. Perched so far above ground, I had felt as though borne in air, and I should have liked to snatch the reins from his hands and set the horses into a mad gallop up hill and down. The mountain air was as heady as champagne, and the changing view spread before me dazzled my eyes. A hundred times I called to Tom, yawning and drowsing his time inside, to look from his window at the nooks and glens among the windings of the brawling stream, or the sudden plunges we made into ravines, or the grand rise of mountain above mountain revealed to us by our own elevation.

Suddenly, as we were crawling on the up-grade, round a projection ahead of us appeared a woman on horseback. Our driver tightened his slack reins, and gave a low, peculiar whistle to his horses. Six pair of ears straightened briskly, the lagging hoofs picked themselves up and every horse began to pull, so that we fell into a smart trot. The horsewoman ahead shook her bridle, and, without warning, her pony stretched itself into a sharp gallop, and as its flying feet touched the ground, she rose in the saddle like a bird, with a light, easy, graceful motion of the shouldes, and a careless poise of the head. So we passed one another in fine style, and as she dashed along the road she was quite an excitement to me. Her black eyes were dark and prankish, her black hair hung in a braid down her back, and was tied with an end of red ribbon; her cheeks and lips were rosy as the sunset that called the blush to the mountain, and she had a saucy cap on her head. She had a witching, catch-me-if-you-dare face, when you took it all to gether, and she flashed up at the box-seat a recognition as she passed.

Tom poked his lazy head out of the window to look after her. "A decentish-looking girl, that; mettlesome, I should say," he called up to me. "Just call my attention in time when another such view heaves into sight, will you?"

I saw the corners of the driver's mouth jerking in a half smile. He clicked to his horses, hemmed a bit, arranged his coat-collar, then fixed his gaze between the ears of the off wheeler, and he said, "That's Rosie Maguire!"

"Indeed!" I said, my eyebrows twisting into an interrogation point.

"Yes'm, Tim Maguire's daughter oaer into the town, and as soon as we get up this mount and strike the Bunker grade we'll be there in less than an hour."

That is the way he began to tell me the story, which, as near as I can I shall tell to you. I had the shifting scene before me, though the spot in which the plot was laid and played and the chief actors were in my mind.

Rose Maguire came into these parts alone with her father when he opened the "hotel." Being without a mother, she had no bringing up, and early took to horses. From a little girl up, she had never minded whether a horse was a tame or a wild one. Put her once in the saddle, and she stuck to it like a cat. She knew her way among the hills better than she knew her way along the lines of a book, and day after day she was out among them, riding none knew whither, till her fancy called her home. Had she met danger in human form, she'd have shaken her horse's heels in its face, and been off on the gallop before it could have drawn breath. As she came through the town on her horse, from this direction or that, she was a sight as well known as the stage itself dashing up to the door of her father's "hotel."

There wasn't a young man thereabouts but had his eye on Rose Maguire for a wife by-and-by, if she'd have him. But Rose, she tossed her head at each and all, though she threw a glance at them now and then from under her lashes, with a look that was like spiced wine of thirst, just to keep them on the string —the little flirt.

Among these admirers was a homely fellow, who'd have given hand and foot for little Rose—one John Winstanley by name, but called, for short, Johnny Win. If ever there was one man at whom she snuffed up her little nose it was Johnny. She ordered him to her stirrup and never noticed him when he came; she cut him dead without a look, and again speared him through with a glance; she smiled upon the veriest good-for-nothings when he was near, and at times he wished that he had been a dog, that he might shrink into a corner by himself, so hurt he felt. He was one of the owners of the short stage line, and was not above taking the whip himself when occasion demanded, and many and many a day had he invited Rosie for a ride in the seat of honor by his side, but she'd only shake her head and smile, like the witch that she was. "I'll ride in your stage when I get to be a lady, and go for my wedding journey!" she cried after him one day, and on his return that night he found her walking with a fellow that had just opened store in town. "Well, well," he said to Tim Maguire, after supper, "from this time on it's good-by Rosie with me."

This speech was duly repeated to her, and her chin went up in the air, her cheeks grew redder and her black eyes brighter, and her dainty ears perked anew in offended dignity. "Now hear to me, father," said she; it's well Johnny's content, and tell him for me, that your Rosie's looking higher up."

In the begining of that winter it started in to rain, and it rained right along through. The soil was soaked, and here and there on the mountain sides the land began to slide, and it was a soft and dangerous thing to tread on. The little streams that trickled along in summer so musically came foaming down in torrents, though never in any one place cutting wide channels, since the water made for itself a hundred courses, and freeted at the feet of boulders and the roots of trees, laying them bare, or undermining them as slowly and secretly as a false friend. The water was fresh and sparkling, and if but for an hour the sun shone, the hill-side glistened with the rain-drops clinging to the pines, and the running streams were necklaces of silver. As if bruised by the beating rains, the forest sent up an odor into the heavens, and there was no bush or vine but had its own fragrance.

It was rain, rain, rain, and the roads became so unsafe that it was thought risky to run the stage on account of the many ruts and soft spots in the track, down which the water had steeped, leaving the surface fair and smooth. It came so bad that one morning the paid driver made it his business to beg off on account of the worry the trips gave his wife.

"Then I'll go myself, for the mail must be brought," said Johnny Win.

"But if you break a neck, there's no one to cry for you. It was Rose said it, having overheard him.

"All the same, Miss Rosie; I'll go, and perhaps the neck 'll break easier because it 'll grieve no one,', and then she went singing away up the rough stairs, and he rode out into the mountains with the reins of his six horses in his hands.

Carefully he drove, warily he watched the road, and it rained and rained. Drops fell as big as ah egg, and broke upon branches and stones. Where the streams quarrelled with rocks, it seemed as though the hills were struggling and foaming at the mouth. In the town it rained just as hard, and, trying to sing, Rosie Maguire went about the house busying herself with a thousand things, but finding time once a minute to look from the window.

Five o'clock was stage time, but no stage came. Supper came and went, people dropped in for the mail and went home, the clock struck seven, and still no stage.

"He's probably waited over, finding the roads too bad to get in by daylight," said one.

"No," answered Tom Maguire; "Johnny's got too much git up an' git an' reg'lar grit to be beat by a road. Depend upon it, boys, he's in trouble somewheres with that stage an' them horses. It 'ud be worth a man's life to find out though."

While he leaned over his bar and puffed the smoke and talk from between his lips, enjoying the small excitement, he never noticed the little girl hovering near the door, anxiously smiling and smartening up a bit, or curving and bridling with her neck as a glance from some one or other of the numerous pairs of eyes shot that way. But sometimes she strained her ear to catch a sound, or hollowed her hand round it not to lose a word, or shook her hair restlessly away, and a minute after hummed at a saucy snatch or two, and all the time flitting about like a moth near the door, so busy with the broom, or the curtain, or the rug.

It was good eight when certain assurance was brought that the stage was really on the road, on its back trip, by a horseman who had met and passed it struggling off among the hills. Many were the hands raised, palm outward, in dismay then; but when the men took a look out at the window into the dead darkness, and heard the roar of the stream and the swish of the falling rain, they shook their heads, and, coming back spit at the stove once more.

And when the clock was on the stroke of nine a small form, a-tiptoe and a-tremble, stole out the back doorway silently and stilly as the leaf that whispers but to itself as it falls, and the eyes that gleamed beneath the low forehead like stars of a dark night were wet with some thing besides drops of rain.

Out to the stables Rosie flew straight as a sent arrow; and her own little bay mare whinnied, and the small hand slid rapidly down its flanks as bridle went over neck, and saddle across back. The mare stamped and pawed, and then shrunk back for an instant at the door as a drop splashed in her face; but she gathered herself together, and with a bound like a rabbit she was off and away into the dark.

And then began the wild ride of Rosie Maguire!

The feet of the little mare danced upon the bridge that spanned the swollen stream, lit with a dull thud in the mud, struck fire from the stones that lay beyond, then away she started on a gallop up the Bunker grade till the wise little mistress checked her speed. "Nay, nay," said the brave Rose, "we shall need our strength for the long, hard roads that lie beyond."

As they touched the top of the mountain, the rain had ceased, but a dull and sullen silence fell from the heavens, and a watery, blear-eyed moon looked out; an eerie, goblin moon looked out, and the clouds had jagged its edges till it looked like a torn fear. It illumined the dreadful mountain and the gaunt forest with the ghost of a light that shimmered and wavered half way between a lear and a smile. But the little maid kept her way, flying, as it seemed to herself, always in the dark, while the shuddering shadows on either side of her made great jumps over her head, and reached and drew back their black-gloved hands.

"Why, Johnny," she said to herself, at once, "Johnny, I never shall find you; and may be your wheels have gone over the side of the mountain in this dreadful dark." And then she was half crying, and she put her hands over her eyes; but the little mare felt her way on and on, and with her good horse-sense stepped now to this side, now to that, accepting the warnings her sensitive feet took from bad ground. They left behind them the great rock from whose solid heart the road had been hewn, the clump of firs that blackened all one side of the hill, the round, bare-headed mountain that through the whole year stood uncovered among its fellows. A hundred stream they dashed through that sputtered and splashed and made their outcry, and the night was now hideous, now musical with the sounds that wailed or sung through it. The sough of the pines filled the ears set to every sound; a shiver like a moan came up through the branches; a dozen sighs at once breathed across the startled lips; every twig, every stone and stick seemed to echo like the failing twang of a harp, and the rushing waters rollicked faintly afar off, or burst into chorus behind or before.

Eh? but it was a wild ride! Up hill and down hill, through mud and through mire, alone in the dead night among the lonely mountains, with a great cry in the heart of "O! where are you Johnny Win, and how shall I find you at all?" Despairing eyes peered through the dark, and its darker imaginings, and fancy pictured a dead man far down the hill-side—perhaps this spot, or this, or this, had witnessed the first false step, and such sobs broke through her lips that they came to agony just of themselves. Her thoughts were wild animals feeding on her heart, and a hundred times almost she leaped from her saddle at something that was like a human moan. Calls from north and south and east and west whispered in her ear, smuggled in under cover of a creaking branch or a dashing stone, like a letter under an apron. "Rosie, my girl!" "Rosie Maguire!" "Here I am, Rosie, mockin' ye, Rose, an' it's here I am, not over there!" "Oh, Rose, Rose!" "I am on the hill now, watchin' the horses dance." "No, Rose, no; it's crawlin' at your stirrup I am, waitin' the lift of your hand." "Rose, Rosie, darln'!"

But like a hero fighting in battle, she struck them down, hovering upon her saddle out of very fear, and shrinking first from one side to another, uncertain as to where danger lay. A young girl, full of her shiverings, her fears, and her fancies, in a thick, dark cut by the frightful moon-rays, miles and miles from an abode: what if some bold fellow should hear her mare's gallop and ride to her side now? Is it a wonder that she put her hand over upon the horse's neck, just to make sure of something that was really alive and a friend?

But, hurrah! my brave little Rose, my brave bay mare! What is that really down in the gulch this time, its fore wheels in a rut and the water playing like a mill-race through them? As you live, six horses, weary and worn, stand patiently in harness, and lo! a man on the ground with a broken leg and his reins round his hands, waiting the painful night through till day and help shall come. Nay, never scream, my girl, nor jump from your saddle so. You've found him, Rose, you've found him, spite of of road and rain and night, and your two slender wet arms frantically clinging round his neck are like angel touches to him.

Now chirrup to your horses, Johnny Win, and get your stage out of the rut as you lie on the ground; then up, man, over the wheel, dragging your leg after you. Wouldn't that brave girl by your side make the heart of the very mountain leap to its mouth?

Slowly and cautiously along the road they went, the tired mare following behind. Through the shadows and the hills and the voices of the night, robbed of its terrors now, went Rose, and Johnny, and the stage, and the pretty mare across the treacherous streams, and the thousand ravines, and the stones that lay by the way, and the shadows that had sprung like wolves to the dainty stirrup. Slowly, and O, carefully, the horses ears hanging from very weariness; but, behold! the breaking of the day brought them to the highest peak of all, and the fair down grade was all that lay between them and rest. Then the horses pricked up their ears, the wheels spun, and down they whirled, with Rose's own little foot helping on the break. Well, well, but it was glad they were to see the houses, though not a soul was stirring; what with Jonny's broken limb, and Rose's cheeks feverish with excitement, the night she had spent, the deed she had done, which must go to the world, and the blushes of her own ashamed and confessed love.

Astonished the hostler was when he came running, half asleep, and there was Tim Maguire staring aghast from an upper window, and a dozen others round by the lumbering stage But Rose's ride was ended, and down she stepped and slipped away to hide her face in her own pillow. It was ended, but the noise of it went abroad through the mountains, and though there was a year come the 18th day of January, the folks have never done talking about the ride she took in the night over the roads.

"Sir, I congratulate you on your bride that is to be," cried I, warmly, turning to the driver.

"Thank ye," he answered, pleasantly, "She will be eighteen come the 20th day of September."

No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband, she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future—" "Why then I'll kiss you," she replied eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. I was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on a front gate.

TWO WAYS OF SEEING.

"The blossoms fall, the pretty spring-flowers die,
The first fair grass is ready for the mowing;
The grub has swallowed up the butterfly,
And everything that isn't gone is going!"

The tiny apples cluster on the bough;
The bees have gone to work instead of humming;
The seed is up, where lately ran the plow.
And everything that hasn't come is coming

"The birds have ceased their merry spring tide lay;
No more the black-bird on the tree-top whistles;
The frogs no longer croak at the close of day,
And thorns are where the down was on the thistles."

The birds don't think they have the time to sing;
The blackbird has to feed his wife and babies;
You'll see what Summer's making out of Spring—
The woods and fields and trees are full of *may-be's*.

Courage! Look up! The spirit of the spring
Should long outlast and overlive the letter;
Change means advance, in almost everything
And good don't die—it only turns to better.

THE FARM AND HOUSE.

Clover as a Soiling Crop.

Rye, oats, clover, corn, barley, and pearl millet are the principal soiling crops, all of which are valuable and enormously productive when grown in good land. Of late our farmers have neglected sowing clover either for soiling or for hay, giving as a reason that cattle are not fond of it, and do not eat it readily.

Recent experiments have convinced us most fully that it is one of the best crops we have for soiling, inasmuch as from three to four crops may be cut; we cut the first crop early in June, and now are going over it again, and we have no doubt but what we can get another cutting and perhaps a fourth. When fed in this way, it will go very much farther than when the cattle are allowed to run in the field, since the growth is so rank that very much of it is trodden under and wasted. When the first cutting was made, it stood about two feet high, and very thick and leafy. It was fed to cows and trey ate it with avidity; in fact, much better than they did a like quantity of either rye or oats. After the first cutting it sprouted up and grew wondrously, and the second crop is much better than the first, being more juicy and tender.

After repeated trials with most of the crops grown for soiling, we are fully convinced that red clover is fully as good as any, whether milk, butter or cheese is produced. No other forage crops keeps the stock in better condition; while the amount of fodder from an acre is not exceeded save by corn fodder and pearl millet. But while we are pleased not by any means recommend clover alone. Variety is just as essential in soiling as in any other branch or system of farming, and more so than when the stock is allowed free range, as in the latter case they can choose for themselves just what grasses to eat. Clover also does not impoverish the land like the other foliage crops, and a small amount of manure will give a most abundant yield. Each crop also, is more tender and succulent than the one last harvested, so that, as fall advances, the fodder becomes more like the aftermath of our meadows and mowing lots

We would advise a trial of clover by all who practice soiling, as well as those whose pastures are apt to be unproductive toward the close of the season. We are confident that the result reached will be satisfactory, and that the production of milk is quite equal to that obtained by feeding other green fodder.

Now that harvest is over, a great many farmers find themselves with too many horses on hand. The expense of keeping a horse is thus stated by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who writes from Monroe County, in that State: "The horse is an expensive animal to keep. Three feeds of oats per day, of four quarts each, amouut to 137 bushels per year, worth say $48. I estimate the hay he will consume at $50 for the same time; shoeing $5; care $15 at the lowest; interest on his cost (say $150) $10.20; loss by wear, increased age, and liability to accident and disease, $5—giving $135.50 as the yearly cost of keeping one horse, from which I should deduct $10 as the value of the manure he could make. Many farm-horses are kept at half of this expense, but even then the cost of keeping six will make a gap in the profits. Three good, prompt stepping horses, well fed and cared for, will do the work of five that are aged, crippled and debilitated." This estimate being true, and the care of feeding and grooming being added, the cheapest way to do appears to be to sell the animal, and buy again next spring when needed. It is true that horses will be dear next spring, and that they are cheap now; but the cost of feed, we believe, more than makes up the difference. —*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Farm Talk.

Drains should be cut while the ground is dry. If they have been marked or laid out previously, the work can be done now at half the cost of doing it when the ground is full of water. This season is better than any other for reclaiming swamp meadows.

Professor Farrington, in a summary of the experiments begun in 1870 by the Maine Agricultural College to ascertain which has the greatest value as a food for swine, cooked or uncooked meal, says: "We have, by an experiment which has been continued from three to four months of each of the nine years since its beginning, obtained evidence that all the money, and labor expended in cooking meal for swine is more that thrown away."

Greater neatness about dwellings would be an improvemnt to nearly all farm residences, even among the thrifty, intelligent, rich and money-making. A very few farm places are germs of neatness. There are too many half-decayed structures, or boards lying on the ground, or burdocks, or the lack of a neat lawn and some shrubbery.

Wheat requires a fine and mellow soil; it is best if compact below and roughish on the top. If there are any clods, these should be brought up from below by repeated harrowings, and broken by the roller or the disk horrow. If they can not be broken up completely, they are better on the top than below the surface. A roller will break many.

Lime is an old-fashioned fertilizer, but it should not for that reason be neglected. It is cheap, and rarely fails to pay well for its use when land is to be seeded to grass and clover. Forty bushels per acre of air-slacked lime is usually spread from the wagon with a long handled shovel upon the plowed ground, and harrowed in with the seed. It will do no harm to put on the lime immediately after manure if it is harrowed in at once.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says that no dressing of manure is completely consumed by the crop to which it is applied. Soluble and active manures produce their principal effect at once, and are of little benefit to subsequent crops. Manures sparingly soluble, and those which must suffer decomposition in the soil before they are of service to the plant, as bones and farmyard manure, will, on the contrary, produce an effect over many years. Farmers have a prejudice in favor of the latter class of manures, but it is clear that the quickest return for capital invested is afforded by the former class.

There was a time when the standard of smoking tobacco was maintained, even after the brand became popular; but those days are gone by. When a new kind comes out now it is splendid—it is actually pure, and is advertised on fences and rocks and in patent medicine almanacs. Every one rushes for it, and all acknowledge its fine flavor. It is at this time that the manufacturers begin to work hay into it, so that you can either smoke it yourself or feed it to your horres as you desire.

The Rural New Yorker says that valuable grape vines, planted with great care, are often left to take care of themselves at this season of the year—when they need care most. For the first two years a good stout stake, say six feet long, is all that is necessary for a support. This should be firmly set in the ground and the vines kept tied to it. Should other shoots start from the old wood, rub them off and keep lateral shoots pinched back to one or two leaves. Remove all injurious insects by hand, and dust with flour of sulphur should mildew appear.

Doing Housework.

There is a continued and large demand for intelligent competent girls who can take a little of the responsibilty and care of housework upon themselves, and thus relieve our women of one of their greatest trials. Many of you would look upon this work as beneath you, and some of you will read this with a feeling of scorn, and yet this work is far easier, better, and pleasanter than many of the employments that you look upon, with your experience, as elegant, easy and refined. With a month's study and experience you could become good cooks or housekeepers, and you could take with you to your labor all the dignity, sweetness and graces of your womanhood, and thus dignify the work you look upon as beneath you.

If girls would go to waiting homes with kind hearts, sympathy, and a determination to do their duties cheerfully and well, they would soon win the appreciation and respect of their mistress, and if in true goodness and nobleness of character they are her equals, they will be treated as such, and find themselves esteemed members of happy families. There are thousands of women who would give intelligent, faithful girls almost the love and consideration they would their own daughters, if they found them worthy of their regard, and would willingly assist them in their efforts at self-inprovement.

Let our girls see the plain unvarnished truth of this matter. It is not the work we do, but the spirit in which we do it, that elevates or degrades us, and the girl who sweeps a room cheerfully and thoroughly makes as royal an instrument of the broom she holds as the golden sceptre of a queen.

The Nihilist Coat.

The following story is told to illustrate life in Russia during the excitement against the Nihilists, when nearly every traveler in Russia was suspected, watched, and followed by the eye of the police.

Monsieur S. was an editor on the staff of the leading Warsaw paper. One cold morning he was ambling over the frozen ground in the direction of his office, with a brand-new overcoat on, when the passing police suprintendent hailed him, and asked him to follow him to his office. M. S. had enough respect for his own welfare to do so.

After a short inquiry into his personal affairs, he was asked where his coat came from.

"From Posen."

"I thougt so," said the superintenent. "You can go."

"M. S. went, no little mystified. Thereafter, whenever he appeared in the streets in his new overcoat, he was sure to meet a police spy, who invariably halted him and searched his pockets. The regularity with which this ocurred became monotonous, and he called on the superintendent and requested an explanation.

"Why do you wear this overcoat?" demanded the superintendent.

"Because I have no other. What has that got to do with the question?"

"Nothing; only my men have orders to stop you every time you are seen in the street in that coat."

"I know that already. But why?"

"The coat came from Posen, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Posen is the hot-bed of Nihilism. The head of the movement there is the cloth manufacturer, K. The cloth your coat is made from comes from his factory. Do you perceive?"

"Not quite. Because a Nihilist makes the cloth I wear, am I necessarily a Nihilist, too?"

"If you were, you would have been in Siberia long ago."

Many years ago, a rural member of the Massachusetts legislature delivered himself of the following eloquent speech, on the occasion of missing his old bellcrowned hat: "Gentlemen, yer haven't none of yer seen nothin' of no hat, nor nothin' of the kind layin' about the seats, nor nowhere abouts, have yer?" The effect of this little speech was "better *felt* than expressed."

In showing how sensitive butter and milk are to foreign odors, and how rapidly they absorb them, Dr. Nichols states that he has known a choice pan of butter spoiled by a farmer walking into the dairy room with his cow-stall boots on, covered with animal excrement.

WIT AND HUMOR.

0Pity lives the next door below love.

Job was probably the first doctor, as he had patience.

When Chinamen play billiards they never use their own queue.

"Gas brigands" is what the people of Paris call the companies that furnish them with light.

Adam never smoked. Of course not. There was no one living in those days from whom he could beg cigars.

The best are the cheapest. This is more especially so in the matter of wives.

A saw for the times: "No man should live beyond the means of his creditors."

When a man wants a puppy to follow, he whistles. A girl has only to wink at one.

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.

"Change cars!" is what the bootblack said to a countryman the other day, when he had finished one of his brogans.

Little Johnny is quite sure the picture of a Spitz dog he drew on the parlor wall was good because it made his father mad.

Little Gerty (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uucle, don't youhave anything after dinner?" *Uncle*—"Yes, dear: the dyspepsia."

Grandpa—"By George, I must stop and blow a bit, Tommy." Tommy—"All right grandpapa, I've got a stone to put under your heel.

Japanese fans will be decorated this year with highly improbable flocks of red hens refusing to be "shooed" by a ridiculous blue woman.

Strange that nobody ever thought of the effect of a barber's breath on the pototo bug. It is a pretty hard remedy, but something must be done.

"At what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "at the parsonage."

Bald-headed men are so numerous in Chicago that an audience in that city is said to look, when viewed from above, like a cobble-stoned pavement.

A young lady graduate may, in after years, forget the title of her essay, but she will always remember how her white "pekay" dress was made and trimmed.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that come to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

Very kind gentleman—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day in the year?" Lady—"Very true; but your presence makes me forget it."

It is claimed that the Persians invented croquet nearly a thousand years ago. The decline of the Persian empire and the effeminancy of its people is no longer a mystery.

Two men started out on a wager to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—," whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

Arkansas is a queer place; if you go there with a ten dollar gold piece in your pocket, they tar and feather you for a bloated aristocrat. If you are poor, they will let you die of fever and ague.

The brewers congress estimates that 10,000,000 barrels of lager, or nearly two kegs for every man, woman and child in the country, will be consumed this year. We had no idea that children were so fond of it.

A boy in Auburn was leading a poor old horse through the street, the other day, when a gentleman asked him why he didn't get on horseback and ride. "Horseback!" replies the boy, "it chafes me to lead him."

A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

"I know what made my papa and your papa sick," said one little girl to another. "What?" "They danced too much at the springs." "Hush! my papa belongs to the meeting." "So does mine when he's home, but there ain't no meetin' up at the springs."

A young man who went from Burlington to Leadville about six weeks ago, writes cheerfully back to his friends: "I have gained three pounds since I came here, and gained it all in half ounce installments. Haven't been shot in the head yet."

Grandma went on board a modern ern steamer, and walking up to the pier-glass she saw an old lady approaching. "I wonder if you are as tired as I am?" she said compassionately," and the kindly old face looked toward her in silent sympathy.

North Perry, Me., has an infant giantess in perfect health, which, though but 1 year old, is three feet high and weighs as much as a healthy 12-year old boy. At its birth it only weighed nine pounds. Its great-great-grandfather was a man of extraordinary size

When you see a woman going toward the river with a good-sized pole in her hand, and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she is going fishing. Not much; she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming.

A colored minister in Georgia was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired, and soon afterward returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am ackwitted of de sinuation dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shode dat sumbody else miten't have been wearin' his cloze: but de brudder is heerby 'feetionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

A small boy yesterday stepped upon a bit of plank and had the bottom of his foot punctured by a nail projecting therefrom. He had heard that a nail wound in the foot would cause lockjaw and lockjaw would cause death. He therefofe sat down on the edge of the sidewalk and considered himself a goner. "Sammy," said he to a companion, "I've got ter die. I'll be took with the lockjawr in about a minit, then I'll die. I'd like to see mother first, but I've got to die and go to Heaven and I can't help it."