

THE LIFE OF SONG.

Is there anything on earth,
Where the strongest are not strong,
Half so feeble in their death?

There is nothing on earth,
Where so many things are strong,
Half so mighty in their death.

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aid of a lens. Mentally they were not
oppressed by the modern in the pursuit
of ideal purity; justice, verity, were the
chief virtues of the Egyptians; the Chief
Justice of Egypt, when he sat in judg-
ment, wore on his breast a golden image
of Truth; no Egyptian king even abol-
ished capital punishment, but seems to
have stood almost alone.

Recent events have brought Egypt once
more into the circle of nations, and the
land of Pharaoh and Joseph promises to
become the pathway of the commerce of
the East. Its management and safe-keep-
ing must fall apparently into the hands
of England, and form a large part of that
extensive responsibility for the welfare of
distant countries imposed upon the Eng-
lish by the conquest of India. The Anglo-
Saxons, more than any other nation, are
esteemed in the fate of modern Egypt; the
Suez Canal is the outlet for the trade of
London and Bombay. France has a sen-
timental, a scientific part in the care of
the land of Pharaoh; but India is to be
preserved, the possession of Egypt is to
England a necessity. The distant, unprof-
itable conquest brings with it a defensive
frontier that may well tax the energy of
the English race. But at whatever cost
to Europe, Egypt must once more take
its place among nations. The Nile must
become the pathway to that wonder-
ful region just discovered by Stanley
and Speke. Steamers will sail by Luxor
and Karnak, bearing immigration and
traffic to the heart of Africa. Egypt
may once more produce its raw works or
art, its priceless gems and embroidery,
and Egyptian scholars cultivate anew
the sciences and the virtues they first
taught mankind.—Harper's Weekly.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miser-
able pine coffin. No flowers on the top; no
lining of white satin for the pale brow; no
smooth ribbons about the corpse abroad.
The brown hair was laid decently back, but
there was no crimped cap with neat tie
beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel
poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found
a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed
down the top.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a
poor little child, as the undertaker screwed
down the top.
You cannot; get out of the way, boy;
why don't somebody take the boy?
"Let me see your mother, one minute!"
cried the helpless orphan, clutching the
side of the charity box, and as he gazed
upon the rough box, agonized tears streamed
down the cheeks on his no childish
blue eyes. "Oh! I was so painful
to have him cry the words, 'Only once, let
me see mother, only once!'"

Quickly and brutally the heartless mon-
ster struck the boy away, so that he reeled
under the blow. For a moment the boy
stood panting with the force of his
glances distended, his lips sprang apart, fire
glittered through his eyes as he raised his
little arm with a most unchildlike laugh and
screamed, "When I'm a man I'll be re-
venged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth
between the mother and the poor forsaken
child—a monument much stronger than
granite built in the boy's heart the memory
of the heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffoca-
tion.
"Does any one appear as this man's
counsel?" asked the Judge.
There was a silence when he had finish-
ed, until, with lips tightly pressed together,
a look of strange intelligence blended with
a haughty reserve upon his handsome fea-
tures, a young man stepped forward with a
firm tread and a manly bearing, his
erring friends. He was a stranger, but
at the first sentence, there was silence.
The splendor of his genius enhanced—con-
vinced.

"The man who could not find a friend was
acquitted.
"May God bless you, sir; I cannot," he
said.
" I want to thank you," replied the stranger.
" I—I believe you are unknown to me."
"Man, I will refresh your memory.—
Twenty years ago, this day, you struck a
brother-hearted little boy away from his
dead mother's coffin. I was that boy."

"Have you resumed me, then, to take my
life?"
" No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have
saved the life of a man whose brutal con-
duct ranked in my breast for the last
twenty years, and I shall remember the
tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and
went from the presence of magnanimity as
grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

LIVING IN FRANCE.

It has happened lately that a number of
people with families to educate have gone
to live in France for a few years that they
may reduce their expenses. That is quite
natural, and a very laudable thing, if they
have lived here just as cheaply. It is not
the prices that are so much the less, but
the good management of the heads of fam-
ilies that makes everything go farther than
it does here, or anywhere else. There is
not there so great profusion of everything
as here, and so people must be careful and
conscientious for fear they come to want
very things that are almost thrown away
in this country. So if strangers keep house
in France they find it not so cheap as they
take with them then the same mod-
est, tasteful ways that they have at home.

If the prices of the same articles are but
small, they again are very much higher
than in this country, and many compare
very equally.

In France the leading thought in every
good housekeeper's mind is economy; not
that they are miserly, but regular systematic frugal-
ity. If servants are sent to buy, they
buy the water in which vegetables are boiled;
they would be considered wanting in thrift;
for if anything is boiled, the essence and
color of that substance is to be found in
the water in which it was cooked. It is
usual there to strain the soup stock in
when they are boiled the least fluid possi-
ble is used; and if that, with the addition
of cream or butter, is not suitable to serve
for that use, the vegetables, it is always
put into the pot in which the soup stock is
kept. That is kept as a receptacle for all
things which will help to flavor and enrich
the soup, and which seem to be proper only
for that use. Every little bit of bone and
gristle that is trimmed from the meat should
be served in other forms, every leaf of
celery, every core of cabbage, even the
wing tips of chickens and the crumbs that
fall from the loaf of bread when the slices
are cut off, and every other eatable thing
that elsewhere would be thrown away, are
dropped into the vessel, which in England
is called the stock-kettle, in France the
pot-au-feu. Do not fancy that the soups
are weak, or that anything is put into them
which would be disagreeable to think of.
It is there the habit of housekeepers to
often a nice bone of beef, with marrow
left in it, and this will be the basis of
stock for several days, the constant addi-
tion of salt, and every day a little more
flavor, and helping it to last longer, by
slices saving from less many things that
are nourishing and palatable. The first day
the stock is made it should be cooked slow-
ly for several hours and skimmed occasion-
ally, and once every day after it should be
heated over, it will be quite as rich when
it is cold, and you cut out a piece the size
will you require, and take it for the founda-
tion of soups of different names and flavors,
and, for a clear soup, clarifying
the portion you make use of.

ALBERT EDWARD.

The Future King of England—His Habits,
Tastes and Early Training.
On Saturday May 24th, Queen Victoria
will be sixty years of age. She comes of
a long-lived race, and may live to be
like William of Germany, an octogenarian.
But none the less interest grows,
with her increasing years, in the charac-
ter of her eldest son, who is some day to
be styled Edward VIII., King of Great
Britain and Ireland and of India.
The London Truth, which is no wise-
tut-hunter nor a fulsome flatterer of roy-
alty, gives us this entertaining
SKETCH OF ALBERT EDWARD.

The Prince can unbend; and, indeed,
if he cared to describe characters in the
Prince of Ligne style ("he is fiddle, he is
diddle, etc.") through half a dozen pages,
one could analyze His Royal Highness in
a number of curiously contradictory ele-
ments. The fact is, he is as affable as he
is proud; and many are the instances re-
lated of his good nature. It may be re-
membered that a few years ago he was
ridden over in Rotten Row by a gentle-
man who called on the following day at
Marlborough House to make the very
humblest apologies. The Prince was
very good natured about it, and insisted
on his visitor remaining to luncheon. In
a club or a mess-dinner the Prince is sim-
ply a gentleman among gentlemen. The
Prince is a Tory in politics and a sort of
broad, high churchman in religion. Some
time ago he presented a couple of beau-
tiful altar candles to the church at Sandring-
ham. But the friend of Dean Stanley
would not be likely to go too far in
this direction.

HIS TORTISM.

Too, is of that kind which is open (on
certain questions) to conviction. Thus
the only vote he gave in the House of
Lords was in favor of the bill for legaliz-
ing marriages with a deceased wife's sis-
ter. His brother, the Emperor of India,
with him, the Duke of Cambridge being
in the majority, which threw out the bill.
Generally speaking, however, the Prince
is good-humoredly conservative on polit-
ical questions. The Prince, it should be
mentioned, is an excellent father, and very
desirous that his sons should receive a
substantial education, "and be taught to
do something with their hands," as he
put it. He also goes a good deal, as the
example of treating the Queen's
slightest wish as a command. It is out
of deference to her will that he never at-
tends horse-races on Sundays while trav-
eling abroad. He once begged by letter
that this rule should be relaxed so as to
enable him to accept Marshal MacMa-
hon's invitation to see the Grand Prix
races, but a negative answer was received
by telegraph, and the Prince did not go
to the race. Of the Prince's literary tastes
there is not much to be said. Like most
modern Princes he is, by the mere force
of circumstances,

A GOOD LINGUIST.

Speaking French and German as per-
fectly as English. What is more, he can
make an after-dinner speech in French,
and he can joke in the same tongue. He
is fond of late hours, but, no matter how
late he may go to bed, he rises early the
next morning. He is a keen sportsman,
and a very fair shot. At what he plays
an excellent hand. And whether the occa-
sion of dancing, he enters into it with the
zeal of the golden of the day. His con-
stitution is an excellent one. He rarely
has a day's illness, and he is a living
proof that no amount of tobacco can en-
feeble either mind or body. I believe he
was the inventor of the now popular
drink, "lemon and soda." His education,
by way, was about as serious as can
be the education of a man who is born to
every thing worth having on earth, and
becomes a colonel at eighteen and a gen-
eral at twenty-one. The Queen made a
brave effort to bring up her sons in Spar-
tan simplicity. Their table was of the
plainest kind; they were made to do a
fair amount of work, and they were re-
quired to take out-door exercise every
day in wet as in sunny weather. But
once,

AT OXFORD.

The Prince was virtually his own
master, and he certainly distinguished
himself more by a universal urbanity
than by too exclusive an attention to the
classical authors. There is rather a lu-
dicrous tradition at Oxford that most of
the Prince, when an undergraduate, went
"up town" one bright afternoon in cog-
nitio, as he fondly deemed, as well as in-
cognito. What was his disgust on arriv-
ing at the Great Western terminus to find
an equerry in attendance and a royal
carriage awaiting his orders. Whether the
Prince, despairing requested to be driven
to the Exeter Hall to pass a quiet after-
noon, the legend relateth not. It has been
said that there is no royal road to
learning. Let any one who believes this
talk an half-hour with the Prince of
Wales, when he may perhaps ask him-
self whether this goodly proverb is so
very true after all. There is a royal road
to knowledge, though, and that is the
college of trading it. His con-
sult must gain from the study of books as
Prince of Wales can gain from the living
conversation of the greatest men of his
day, from travels under the guidance of
the most delightful of ciceroes, from the
best places of all the most famous sights
and shows of ancient times. It is
reasons of state and questions of policy,
from assisting at (and taking part in)
the making of history. The Prince is

ADMIRABLY INFORMED.

On an extraordinary number of questions.
Of late, too, he has shown a taste and
capacity for work from which one augurs
that he will scarcely be the roi faineant
which certain persons have prophesied,
and hoped he would be. There is no
doubt that on questions of foreign affairs
he will insist in having a voice. His in-
terest in them is, of course, of a two-fold
nature. He is a thorough Englishman,
and very enthusiastic about the necessity
for the maintenance of our prestige; he
is also a German. Prince. His German
sympathies, however, did not carry him
so far as to enable him to approve of the
spoilment of Denmark; and he expressed
himself with unwonted bitterness on the
subject. But his feeling was rather per-
sonal than political. A member of the
household who spoke incautiously about
the matters to the Princess received what
is vulgarly called a "wiggling" for his
pains.

LABELS.

Few men have been more unscrupulously
lied than he. On one occasion
was much pained by a cartoon in a
comic paper which likened him to George
IV. "I hope I'm not quite so bad as
that," rather naively observed His Royal
Highness, throwing over his illustrious
great-uncle without any ceremony at all.
When one subject of scandal began pall
on the public taste another was tried
and we were told that the Prince was
head-over-cars in debt. As a matter of
fact, the Prince has always known what
he was about. He is very generous giv-
ing away for more than the public is
aware of, and is a model landlord.

Appropos, here is a story in which the
Prince comes out well, and another per-
son, who may be called B, very badly.
The Prince, after a long time, who there-
upon begged for time to pay His Royal
Highness. Of course the Prince consented,
and to do B, justice he paid. But
some months after B, won a lot of the
Prince. The sum was a trifling one, and
the Prince being rather suddenly called
away to attend a state ceremony, the
thing escaped his mind for a moment.
He was away from Marlborough House
two days, and on his return found a dunning
letter from B, who received his money
by return of post, and I dare say the
Prince forgave him. I may add that he
is a faithful and punctual correspondent,
and can write both with humor and
feeling. His opinions of contemporaries
are certainly expressed in some of his
letters with a vivacity that will make
them excellent reading for our grand-
children. They would be dangerous to
our own generation.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

A PAIL OF MILK standing where it is ex-
posed to the scent of a strong smelling
stable, or any other offensive odor, will
absorb a taint that will not leave it.

PULVERIZED ALUM possesses the prop-
erty of purifying water. A large spoonful
stirred into a hoghead of water will so puri-
fy it that in a few hours the impurities will
sink to the bottom, and the water will
be as clear as crystal. Alum may also be
purified by a teaspoonful of alum.

SECRET INK.—Lemon juice, onion juice
or a weak solution of oil vitriol, common
salt or saltpetre will turn brown or yellow
when exposed to the fire. A dilute solution
of chloride of copper becomes yellow at a
certain temperature. A solution of iron,
while a weak solution of chloride of cobalt
and chloride of nickel is turned a bright
green. Use these liquids the same as ink,
only it is necessary that the pen be kept
clean.

FRONTED GLASS.—To make imitation of
frosted glass, take a piece of muslin, twist
the fabric tight and tie it into the shape of a
pad. First, clean the glass thoroughly,
and then with the prepared putty pad,
rub over the glass until the muslin has
waxed sufficiently through the muslin to
render the stain opaque. Let it dry
hard and then varnish. If a pattern is re-
quired, cut it out in paper as a stencil;
place it so as not to split, and proceed as
above. If there should be any objection to the ex-
tension of the clear spaces, cover with
slightly opaque varnish. In this way very
thick and cheap signs may be painted on
glass in a few minutes.

SOAP-STONE LUBRICATOR.—A writer in
one of the foreign technical journals ex-
presses a decided preference for soap-
stone powder, in the form of dust, as a lubricant
for the axles of machines. For this purpose
it is first reduced to a very fine powder,
and then mixed with oil, or the powder
itself is used, they will last longer,
then steered for a short time in dilute
muriatic acid, in which it is stirred until all
particles of iron which it contains are dis-
solved. The powder is then washed in
pure water again to remove all traces of
acid, and then dried in a stove. The
purified stearite powder used for lubrica-
tion. It is not used alone, but is mixed
with oils and fats, in the proportion of
about 35 per cent. of the powder added to
the oil. The mixture is then cooled, and
may be mixed with any of the many com-
pounds employed in the lubrication of heavy
machinery.

HENS.—A correspondent of the Mass-
achusetts Postman, with whom we fully
agree, writes that he has seen a hen who
preparates for herself before she lays an
egg, if they are rightly cared for. You can then
sell them, if you choose, for a good price,
and raise another lot, but it is not advisable
to do so, as the second year is the most
productive, and you keep them after they
are two years old, for after that age they
do not lay so well.

Do not keep mongrels, for they will
not pay as well as thoroughbreds. One cross
between two pure breeds will make good
foals, but not so good as either parent,
if you do they will be very poor ones,
good for profit. The best cross is to use a
White Leghorn cock on Light Brahma
hens; I say White Leghorn, because that
cross will give a very good color; there
will be no parti-colored fowls for the
market. If you can give your fowls a large
range, keep the pure White Leghorns;
these lay more eggs than any other breed,
the Plymouth Rocks are a noble
breed; they make good layers and good
mothers; they lay good eggs and a large
number of them; they will lay a large
weight of eggs than the Leghorns. They
are a handsome fowl when dressed for the
market; but you can make any breed pay
if you take care of them.

Imperial Courtship.

A Paris paper, apropos of their silver
wedding, gives an interesting account of
the first meeting between the Emperor
of Austria and his wife. Some twenty-
five years ago the young Emperor Fran-
cisc Joseph visited Carlsbad for no special
reason, but simply to amuse himself.
There he met his three beautiful cousins,
the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Sofie,
and the Princess Sophie. Very lovely in the evening in
the animation of the waltz, the Princess
Elizabeth was even more fascinating in
her black cloth habit and riding hat with
its green veil, as she galloped on her
front and showed with the elegance and
daring of a young woman of the times. It
is related that one day her magnificent hair,
which it was difficult to keep confined
fell down over her shoulders, and covered
her like a royal mantle. Her
confusion was indescribable, while
the Emperor glanced from the escaped
tresses to the blushing cheeks of his con-
sistently on the table himself, as was
she found on the table himself, as was
Francis Joseph placed it before her, and
pointed out some views of Austria, of
the Tyrol, and of Hungary.

War Refinements.

Old Skinner is a great lover of war re-
finements, and is not slow to tell of his
own exploits that way. As with most
of all men who pride themselves on a
record, Skinner always gives the best side
of his tales to his own army. He was
telling one of his grandchildren recently
of a famous battle in which he was en-
gaged, and he was very much interested.
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on the public taste another was tried
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an it we hadn't thrown our guns away,
they'd have run over us sure."

"WHAR'S DE KERRIDGE?"

Mr. Berry's Oversight in Trying to Take a
Young Lady to a Ball.

He was a new bootblack, but already
somequid called at home at the old stand, so
ought a familiar object on the line of our
daily peregrinations.

"Sartin, boss, shine 'em up in less'n no
time," said he, and we mounted to the
hurricane-deck of his place of business.

"I've gottin' insin'g inter de ways, mighty
fast. De ways here, sah, is different to
what dey is down in ole Mississipp. Bin
Massissip, sah? Fine ole State, sah."

"The colored people here appear to be
quite as happy as in any part of the
world," we ventured to remark.

"No, sah; dey beg to differ; you's not
de color of insin'g inter de ways, mighty
fast; dat's what's de matter. Give you
an instance; las' week, you know, sah, de
culud folks had a ball; quite a high-toned
affair, sah. Well, I engaged a young
lady for de party, sah—one dat I at
time looked on as de pride ob de country,
sah. I am not indiffernt to dress, and I
put on clothes, sah—clothes dat don't
deberly day see in light ob de sun—and
went to de residence ob de gal.

"I rived at de 'pinted time. De ga
was in de bes' room, an' in her bes' clothes,
waitin' my arrival on de scene. De ole
man was dar, an' de ole woman also fig-
ured in de tableaux, wid a few juvenile
supernumerary members ob de family.

"Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat
meltin' way ob de eyes dat lub de giv me
a movement of de heart. I was interjuced
to de more influential members ob de
household, an' de discurs was agreeable.
Presently I suggested dat it would be
well to be movin' for de party, an' Miss
Augusta rose in all de pomp and circum-
stance of her high-priced attire.

"I was in de stoop of de door,
fronter ob de eyes dat lub de giv me
an', offerin' my arm, I supposed, we
should proceed. No, sah, not a bit of it.
Dat gal receded. She rose eric' to an as-
tonishin' height, an' as she transfixed me
wid her gaze, she uttered dese memorable
words: 'Whar's de transportation?'"

"De whar's?' says I, feelin' dat suffun
was agoin' wrong.
"De transportation? Whar's de
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was agoin' wrong.
"De whar's?' says I, feelin' dat suffun
was agoin' wrong.

"I don't know nuffin 'bout no whel-
lic,' says I.
"De whar's de kerridge?' says she.
"De kerridge?' says I. 'I haven't seen
no kerridge.'
"Miss Berry, does you pretend to tell
me dat you've come to take me to de ball
widout a kerridge?' and she became of a
still greater height.

"Why of course," says I. I thought
we could walk. Down in ole Mississipp
de gals think nuffin of goin' miles an'
miles—"

"So you expect me to hoof it, Mistah
Berry? You tell me how dey do gals in
Mississipp, Mistah Berry; do de gals in
Mississipp know any thing 'bout proper
attire, Mistah Berry?' An' she giv a sort
of kick an' a sling of her body and tra-
iled out about four yards of train.

"De ole man an' de ole woman an' all
de rest now put in dar 'pearance, an'
says de ole man, 'Whar's all dis confu-
sion of tongues?'
"Miss Berry doesn't consider de hon-
ah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay
necessary for de furnishing of propah
transportation," said Miss Augusta.

"Sah!' said de ole man; 'Sah!' said
de ole woman; 'Sah!' said all the little
members.
"De ole man said, 'Whar's de gwine to
lead our darter off on de hoof like she
was a cow?' said de ole woman.
"Who you call niggah, ole woman?'
says I. 'Why, I see drow better lookin'
heifers nor yours to de plough in ole
Mississipp!'"

"De gal shrieked.
"De gal shrieked to me an' my darter in
dat bituminous manner?' said de ole
man, an' he giv me a lift with his ole
stomgs dat rased me off'n de stoop, and
followed it up wid numerous de de same
dat was much assistance to me in gittin'
out de gate.

"Dar's too much elevation, sah, creep-
in' into culled society. I turns my back
to it, sah!"—Virginia City Chronicle.

BULLINGS OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

POCKET knives are unmailable.
It is the duty of a mail carrier to receive
mail matter properly prepaid and inclosed
in United States stamped envelopes, when
one or more from post-offices.

A mark calling attention to some particu-
lar paragraph in a newspaper does not
subject it to additional postage.
Crayon drawings are subject to letter
rates of postage, the same as any other
matter produced by pen and pencil.

The postal laws prohibit the exchange
of postage stamps of one denomination for
those of other denominations.
Some part of a publication must be
printed in this country when the claimed
office of publication is located in this
country, and the same to be sent free to subscribers re-
siding in said country.
There is no law excluding postal cards
from the business of notices of indebted-
ness being printed or written thereon;
but no indecent language, or terms or epi-
thets will be allowed in such notices.

All letters having one full-rate prepaid
must be forwarded. Second and third
class matter must be fully prepaid.
The postal law forbids the renting of
boxes in post-offices to two families or
firms.
A printed business card may be mailed
at a third-class rate, providing it has no
writing upon it other than the address.
Regular newspapers cannot be admitted
to the mails at pound rates when a basic
bill or circular is inclosed.
The department rules that no post-office
shall be opened by any officer of the
mail for the purpose of detecting criminals.
The Post-office Department is not re-
sponsible for matter lost in the mails.

around and take the conceit out of him."

The big man descended the stairs; and
when he struck the last step, he called
out in an awful voice:

"Where in blazes is that fellow called
Jim? I've walked seven miles this morn-
ing to mash him to a jelly," and fifty
dollar bills won't buy me off!"

"Here I am!" came a voice from behind
the bales, and the giant was heard feeling
his way along, and growling to himself:

"Thinks he runs this town, does he?
All I want in this world is to git my
paws on him for about the millionth part
of a second!"

His wish was gratified. Those stand-
ing at the door above heard a struggle,
quick gasps and a tussle, and the giant
suddenly appeared without his hat, his
nose all blood, and hair on end. He was
in a hurry. He halted just long enough
to cast a glance of reproach at the con-
fessors, and then hopped over a fence-
sign of oats, and was lost on the
street. They listened down the stairs,
and after a moment of silence a calm
voice was heard saying:

"Call me early, call me often.
Let me be your little pet!"

NEVER GIVE UP!

NEVER give up! It's wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair.
Pinch off the load Don'ts centering fear.
And let the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! You may be a failure,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup.
Ambition is all right, but it's no sin to
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! There are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful are hindered to one.
And through the life of the battle
Never give up! You may be a failure,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup.
Ambition is all right, but it's no sin to
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! Though the grape shoot may rattle,
De the thunder of the battle
Stand like a rock, and then you'll be
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! You may be a failure,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup.
Ambition is all right, but it's no sin to
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

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