☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

LININGS.

"Nay, nay, dear child, I can not let you slight
Those inner stitches on your gown's fair hem
Because, you say, they will be out of sight
And no stern critic will discover them.

"You do but build a most inviting hedge,
Behind which falsehood and deceit may lurk,
When you embroider fair the outer edge,
And to the inner give no honest work.

"The silken chain of habit which you wea,
So lightly now upon your careless youth
Will strengthen strand by strand; then have a care!
Else it may throttle the sweet soul of truth.

"I hold that every stitch untruly set
Weaves a soiled thread along your web of fate:
And each deceitful seam may prove a net
To hurt and hinder, trust me, soon or late.

"Ah, dearest child, on everything you do
Let the white seal of honor stamp its grace.
Keep all your soul as clean with Heaven's dew
As the pink flower of your tender face.

"God makes no clumsy linings. Mark this bloom!
A 'fairy's glove;' and though it grieves my heart
To send the smallest blossom to its tomb,
We'll tear the dainty little glove apart.

"In this and every flower that we behold,
From crimson robe to pansy's purple vest,
God sews the velvet on the inner fold,
And makes His linings fairer than the rest.

"Is it not perfect, from the slender stem
To the brown dapples on the curling rim?
God folds not carelessly the foxglove's hem;
Then try, my little child, to be like Him."

—*May Riley Smith, in N. Y. Observer.*

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK.

An Account of the Pinson Family's Trip to the Circus.

"I kin be done, Nance, an I'm a-goin' to do it ef it busts me." Newt Pinson brought the forelegs of his raw-hide-bottomed chair down on the puncheon floor with a thump, and slapped his knees emphatically with his hairy hands.

"Five dollars air a mighty heap to spen' fer sech foolishness, Newt," replied his wife, turning the squalling baby over on its stomach and pounding it vigorously on the back. "Mo'over," she added, after a pause, "I don't see ez ye be *got* the five dollars, nohow."

Mr. Pinson stretched out one long leg and thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. "Ye're mighty right, Nance, I 'ain't," he admitted, blowing the loose tobacco from the handful of coin fetched up from the honest home-made depths; "I've got jes three dollars and a half lef' outa what Sam Leggett paid me fer the yearlin.' But me an' the children hev been a-talkin' of it over, an' they hev conclusioned to th'ow in ther aigg money; Dan fo' bits, an' Pete fo'; Joe an' Jed hez two bits betwix' em, an' Polly M'riar say ez how she hev fifteen cents. I'm lackin' of a dime, but I reckin I kin scratch thet up somewhers."

"Ther's my two bits up yan in the clock," Mrs. Pinson remarked, with pretended indifference; "ye kin take that ef ye air sech a plumb fool ez to pike the whole passel of us inter town to see the circus."

"Shucks, Nance!" he returned, indignantly; "I ain't a-goin' to *lerk* yo' two bits." Nevertheless he got up and fumbled about in the clock case on the high mantel-shelf until he found it. "Anyhow," he added, as he rescated himself, "I kin pay it back whence ye git ready fer ye' nex' bottle o' snuff."

"Will they be a el'phunt?" demanded one of the freckle-faced urchins gathered round the heads of the family, listening, breathless, to the discussion.

"A dollar fer Nance, an' a dollar for me," Mr. Pinson counted, gravely, taking no notice of the interruption, "an' fo' bits apiece fer Beck an' Dan an' Pete an' Polly M'riar an' Joe an' Jed. Children half price"—he glanced casually at the flaming circus poster tacked against the chinked wall in the chimney corner—"not countin' of the baby. An' fifteen cents left, by jing!"

"Do ye reckin I kin git in fer half price, paw?" This question, which came from Becky, the oldest of the Pinson brood, who stood five feet six and a half inches in her bare feet, might have been meant as a bit of covert sarcasm, had not the eager voice belied any such intention. Her father's eyes traveled slowly up from the hem of her homespun frock, as she stood leaning against the chimney jamb, to her pretty round face framed in its shock of frizzly red hair. "Waal, I be dinged, Beck!" he exclaimed, in dismay, "I keep fergittin' ez how ye air growed up! His face clouded, and he looked ruefully at the pile of dimes and half-dimes lying in his large palm.

"An' Sam Leggett's gone to Kansas on a cattle drive," murmured the twelve-year-old Dan, with a meaning leer at Becky. A vivid blush overspread her face; she dropped her eyelids and squirmed her shapely toes, But Mr. Pinson was absorbed in a mute recalculation, which ended presently in a beat-out whistle and a mournful shake of the head.

Mrs. Pinson, with the colicky baby laid over her shoulder, was jolting her rocker-less chair to and fro, and singing, in a sweet drawling undertone:

"Far-ye-well, oh, far-ye-well:
When ye git to hev-ven ye will pa-art n-o-o m-o-o!"

She interrupted herself to observe, quietly: "Ye kin tote the baby, Beck; an' I kin tote Joe; an' yo' paw *he* kin tote Jed, twel we git inside the tent. They ain't no charge for children in arms. It says so."

"Lord, Nance!" exclaimed her husband, in an ecstacy of admiration, "ye air the beatenes' white woman on Rastler's Creek! That settles it oncet mo'! Fetch me a coal fer my pipe, Polly M'riar."

Becky heaved a deep sigh of relief, and sank down on her heels, reaching under her mother's chair at the same time for the snuff bottle.

"Will they be a el'phunt?" persisted Jed, the tow-headed boy next to the baby, already in long trousers, which were hitched up to his shoulders with a single white cotton "gallus."

"Of co'se. They is al'uz a el'phunt with a circus," replied his father.

"I 'aint nuver seen no circus," said Mrs. Pinson, in jerks between the long-drawn swells of her mournful lullaby.

"Nuther hev I," admitted Newt, "but I jes natchly know that ever' circus has *got* to hev a el'phunt an' a clown."

"Didn' I tell ye so?" cried Dan, triumphantly, following with a dirty forefinger the head-lines of the poster. "Ain't the el'phunts right here, a dancin' an' a stan'in on they heads, an' a-rollin' o' barrils? An' ez fer *clowns!* they is four mirth-pro-vo-king clowns in this here show. It says so. An' five bean-ti-ful and ac-com-plished lady bare-back riders;" and he continued to spell out laboriously the manifold and unrivaled attractions of Riddler's Mammoth Circus and Menagerie, billed—for one performance only—in Johnsburg at two o'clock p. m., Monday, the 18th of October. Come One. Come All.

Becky, struck by a sudden thought, stared at him, shifting the brush uneasily from one corner of her mouth to the other. "Like ez not," she broke out, abruptly, "Brother Skaggs 'll preach agin it nex' Sunday. Sho's yo' bawn, Brother Skaggs air a-goin' ter preach agin it."

Mrs. Pinson stopped singing; Polly Maria and the boys turned stricken faces upon their father.

His eyes twinkled under their bushy red brows, but his voice was decorously sober as he drawled: "Brother Skaggs hev gone to Confunce, an' he won't be back twel Sat'day week. Ye min', Nance," he continued, "it air thirty-one mile to town, an' ef we lay to git ther in time fer the show Monday, we got to camp somewhers 'bout Jim-Ned Creek Sunday night."

"Jes to think o' me goin' to town oncet mo'!" said Mrs. Pinson, meditatively, that night, when she and Becky were getting supper in the brush arbor behind the cabin. "I 'ain't been seace you was a baby, Beck. Yo' paw an' me went to Wash Dingwall's infair—he died with his boots on four year ago; an' Tempance Loo—thet's his widder—she's married agin to Bily Green. I rid behin' him, an' he toted you on his lap. Townfolks air mighty bigaty," she added, warningly; "in' ye mus' do up thet pu'ple caliker o' yourn, Beck, an' put on yo' shoes an' stockin's."

"Seems lak fo' days won't nuver go," fretted Beck, "an' ole Baldy air sho to lame his self, or sump'n'. It's allus that a-way whence a body are plumb set on doin' a thing."

But the four days did go, and when the eventful Sunday afternoon came, old Baldy, unusually sound and spirited, was with Jinny, the gaunt gray mule, harnessed to the wagon; the patched and dingy cover was drawn over the bows, a bundle or two of fodder and a few ears of corn were thrown into the hinder part, and Mr. Pinson drove gayly alongside of the rail-fence in front of the cabin. The rickety house door was drawn to with a rock behind it to keep it shut. A couple of chairs were handed up for Mrs. Pinson and Becky, and they clambered in with the baby. The yellow cotton poke, well stuffed with corn bread and bacon, and the battered coffee-pot and frying-pan, were stowed under the chairs. Polly Maria and the boys sat on a quilt spread over the sweet-smelling fodder; Rove, Ring and Spot, the lean, long-eared brown hounds, yelped and whined against the wheels.

They jolted away, serious, as became a perfessin' fambly on a Sunday, but full of inward excitement. At night they camped on the pecan-fringed banks of Jim-Ned, and were off betimes in the morning. But not too soon to find the roads lively with friends and acquaintances from all the settlements around, bound on the same joyous errand as themselves. They passed Joe Holder, with his wife and sister-in-law and the thirteen children of the two families, creaking along in a huge freighter's wagon drawn by five yoke of gaunt, wide-horned oxen; they were overtaken and outstripped by a noisy squad of girls and young men on horseback from the Fork Valley neighborhood; they kept within hailing distance for a dozen miles or more of old Daddy Gardenbrier and his wife, riding double on their blind yellow mare. The Mount Zion folks, they heard, were ahead of them by some hours, and an impatient youngster who trotted by on a paint pony threw over his shoulder the information that the Big Puddle lay-out was coming on behind.

"Lord, Nance!" Mr. Pinson exclaimed more than once that morning, "I wouldn't of took five dollars to of staid at home."

"Nuther would I, Newt," Mrs. Pinson as often returned, with a kind of solemn delight on her thin, sallow face.

The long reaches of post-oak "rough" were heavy with sand; the shinn-oak prairies between were a tangle of roots that zigzagged across the road, and made progress slow and painful; the abrupt banks of the frequent "dry creeks" were steep; the October sun was hot; and by noon old Baldy had become utterly dispirited. He had, moreover, fallen a little lame, and he moved dejectedly along by Jinny, who long ago had flopped her big ears downward in sign of weariness and discontent.

The Pinsons under the dingy wagon cover were well nigh speechless with impatience.

Suddenly Dan stood up, knocking his head against the low wagon bows. "Jes over yan," he declared, "pas' one little bit o' shinn-oak prery, an' crost a dry creek, an' up a hill, is town." Dan had been to town once with Sam Leggett to lay out his long-hoarded egg money in a four-bladed knife and a pair of store suspenders.

Polly Maria, slim and thin-legged, standing up beside him, pitched backward into the fodder as the wagon came to a sudden halt behind a group of dismounted horsemen, who, with their bridles over their arms, were squatting down, apparently searching for something in a half-dried mud-puddle to the right of the road. "Hullo, Jack!" called Mr. Pinson; "what ye lost?" One of the men looked over his shoulder. "Hy're, Newt! Howdy, Mis' Pinson!" he cried, springing to his feet and coming back to the side of the wagon, where he shook hands all around. "We 'ain't lost nothin'," he went on, putting a foot upon the hub of the front wheel and resting his arms on the hot tire; "we done found samp'n', though, you bet! A genooine el'phunt track in the sof' mud yander, plain ez daylight, an' no mistake."

Polly Maria and the boys scrambled in hot haste over the tail-board. Mr. Pinson threw down the reins, and held the baby while Becky and her mother jumped out.

"Wish I may die ef it *ain't* a el'phunt track sho!" he exclaimed, when he had joined the wondering circle gathered about the huge footprint.

"It looks to me lak ez if it were hind-side afore somehow," said Mrs. Pinson, timidly.

"I have just been explaining to Mr. Jack Cyarter here and these other gentlemen, madam," said Mr. Tolliver, the old Virginian who taught the school at Ebenzer Church, "that it is a fact in natural history that the track of the elephant always presents that appearance." He removed his hat as he spoke, and made an old-fashioned courtly bow.

"Ye don't say!" murmered Mrs. Pinson, over-awed.

Jack Carter and his friends mounted their horses and dashed away, followed at a more sober pace by Mr. Tolliver on his slab-sided plough-mule.

The Pinsons climbed back to their places and jogged on, across the bit o' prery and over the dry creek—where they came near getting stalled—and up the hill. On its crest Newt Pinson involuntarily drew up. "By jing! this beats *me!*" he ejaculated, with widening eyes. The square at the foot of the slope was in an uproar. Horses stood nose to nose around the court-house fence, and were hitched to the scraggy mesquit-trees that shaded the town well. The dusty streets leading away from the plaza were blocked with wagons little and big, carts, ambulances, dilapidated hacks, high-swung, red-bodied stages—every imaginable kind of vehicle—and all the intervening spaces as well as the irregular sidewalks in front of the four infacing rows of stores, were alive with men, women and children, who elbowed one another, whooping, laughing, gesticulating—surging about in a state of the wildest, best-natured excitement. Beyond the unpainted little Baptist church, on the further side of the square, the circus tents were visible. Flags and streamers were flying from their poles, and a vanishing burst of music came floating from them up to the top of the hill.

"This beats *me!*" ejaculated Mr. Pinson again. With a deep-drawn breath he gathered up the ragged, homespun lines and drove down into the square, picking his way dexterously through the crowd until he halted alongside the shaky platform in front of Bush Gaines' store. "Holloa agin, Newt—that you?" grinned Jack Carter from behind the counter within, where he was helping himself to a plug of tobacco. "Ye're jes' a minute to late to see the percession. It air certain a fine show. The el'phunt were ther', mighty nigh ez big ez Ebenezer Church. An' seech a clown! You'd a laughed yo'sef to death to 'a seen him. His breeches air mor'n a yard wide, an' he 'aint got a hair on his head!"

"Ef we hadn't of stopped to look at the el'phunt's track—" began Newt, regretfully; "but nuver min', Nance, it air a heap better to see it fust off fum the inside."

"O, a heap better," responded Mrs Pinson, with cheerful alacrity. Bush Gaines, measuring off some jeans for a Mt. Zion matron, called to Newt to bring his fambly in the sto' an' set down, an' pass the time o'day. But after a brief consultation with his wife, during which Becky took mental note of some town girl in looped overskirts and bangs—an observation which bore fruit at the next Quarterly Meeting—Mr. Pinson declined with thanks, and drove on to the town well—a l but gone dry from the excessive strain upon it—where Dan and Pete watered the team.

Afterward they crossed the square and stopped by the Baptist church, in full view of the circus tents, whence arose at that moment a prolonged and sullen roar. "They're feedin' of the nannimals," exclaimed Mr. Pinson, in a familiar, off-hand sort of way, whereat Mrs. Pinson shuddered and hugged the sleeping baby closer to her bosom.

Old Baldy and Jinny were unhitched and fed from the trough at the back of the wagon; the panting dogs lay down in the shade of the church; the children had a smack all around out of the yellow poke, and Becky and her mother fetched out the chairs and sat down to "have a dip."

"It air a haffn hour yit twel the do's is open," said Mr. Pinson, finally. "Jes ye an' the childern stay right here, Nance. I'm goin' to tramp down to the pos'-office an' git the las' 'lection news, an' sich. I'll be back the minit it air time, an' min' all be ready, lesn we don't git no seats."

Mrs. Pinson nodded, and he strolled away. "This here beats *me*," he kept saying to himself. Johnsburg was indeed in an unwonted state of excitement. Riddler's was the first circus that ever quitted the line of railway and ventured across the long sandy reaches of post-oak rough to the little isolated town in West Texas. And the whole surrounding country had pulled to its doors like the Pinson's, and responded to the invitation of the huge posters: "Come One. Come All."

Newt's progress was slow, owing to the frequent encountering of neighbors and the necessity of inquiring after the health of their families. He did at last, however, reach the post-office, a ram-shackle building next to the blacksmith shop. As he turned the corner he came upon a cake-and-lemonade stand. His hand went instantly down into his pocket, and came up with the extra fifteen cents, which he exchanged for three solid slabs of mahogany-colored ginger-bread. "For Nance an' the children," he explained, as the woman in charge wrapped up his purchase. The bleary old creature looked at him with a sudden kindly smile, and slipped a stick of peppermint candy into the parcel.

With one foot on the post-office step, he paused to look at a man who had planted a gigantic yellow umbrella out in the dusty square, and, standing bareheaded beneath it, was yelling some unintelligible jargon at the top of his lungs. Mr. Pinson hurried over and joined the ring of gaping spectators. On a bit of board in the shadow of the umbrella a couple of odd little marionettes of colored metal were circling in a kind of grotesque waltz. "*Lots* of fun for twenty-five cents!" shouted the showman, stooping now and then to touch up the figures with a stubby forefinger. "Lots of fun for twenty-five cents! The greatest toy invented in this age or any other. So simple that a crawling child can not fail to manage it! Those who know the trick will please say nothing. *Cheap*, gentlemen, for *twenty-five* cents. O, I see the gentleman is going to buy!"

Newt grinned and shook his head regretfully.

"One for one, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*!" bawled another individual who had set a table near by covered with wooden nine-pins. Jack Carter and his crowd were throwing at these with little painted balls. A cigar, Jack explained to Newt, was the reward for one pin knocked down at a throw; two cigars went to the player who knocked down two; while the lucky thrower who succeeded in knocking down three received fifty cents. "One for one, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*," went on the proprietor monotonously. "Three throws for *five* cents. Step up, gentlemen, and try your luck! For a *nickel!* One for *one*, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*!"

"Lord! of I hadn't of bought this durned ginger-cake!" groaned Mr. Pinson in spirit, gathering the paper-parcel more securely under his arm and moving on with the crowd.

A step or two brought him to an open wagon from which a patent-medicine man was holding forth. "*Try* the remedy," he whined, flourishing a stout black bottle and a pewter spoon. "Cures all diseases! *Try* the remedy! Administered free of charge to any one in the crowd. This superb bottle filled with the remedy *only* fifty cents. The wise man tries, the fool dies. *Try* the remedy!"

"This here beats *me*," murmured Newt, mechanically wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and backing against the court-house fence, where he leaned fairly exhausted with the variety and novelty of his emotions. "The haffn hour mus' be nigh 'bout up. Dinged ef I ain't glad," he continued, letting the crowd drift on without him to where the health-lift man was exhorting the cautious ranchmen to "try the machine, *try* the *wonderful* machine, gentlemen. *Excellent* for the constitootion! Only five cents a trial. *Try* the machine," and the reckless cowboys were emptying their pockets at the invitation of the vender of the prize-boxes.

"Curious game that, sir," said a smooth voice at his elbow. He looked around, startled. A seedy but respectable-looking personage was standing by him with his arms crossed on the low fence. He jerked his head as he spoke toward a little knot of men hanging around the stile-steps leading into the weed-grown court house yard.

Newt walked over and looked on. It was a simple-enough-looking game at cards. An innocent-faced little fellow with black hair and curly mustache was manipulating the greasy deck. The bet was five dollars. Two countrymen, unknown to Newt, with suspiciously stiff white collars above their coarse hickory shirts, and scrupulously clean finger-nails, won successfully five dollars, and the dealer much chagrined, seemed on the point of giving up.

Newt made half a step forward. His heart was beating violently and the blood was surging in his ears. "I'm a perfessin' member," he argued mentally with himself, while the cards were once more shuffled and spread out, "yit it air jes 'bout the easies' thing in creation to tell which one of them eyards air the right one. An' Nance an' me'll hev mo'n time to trade out the five dollars whence the show air over. Shucks!"

And he counted out and laid down his handful of dimes and nickles, and hazarded a bet. He bent forward eagerly, and unconsciously stretched forth a hand. "This here monty air a mighty deceivin' game," remarked the blacksmith, with an air of conviction, as the dealer raked Mr. Pinson's money into his own pocket and walked jauntily away.

Newt turned about, half dazed by the suddenness of the whole transaction, and bewildered by the jeers of the by-standers. Just then, however, a noisy burst of music from the circus tents gave the signal for the opening of the doors; a wild rush immediately began in that direction, and in a few moments the square was deserted, except by the patent-medicine man and the owner of the big umbrella. These joked each other loudly and slapped significantly their silver-weighted pockets.

Newt passed them with his head bent, heedless of the sneering laugh which they sent after him. As he approached the church he saw that Becky had the baby; she was holding him up and smoothing the pink calico skirts over his fat white legs. Mrs. Pinson locked at him with an unwonted sparkle in her solemn black eyes as he drew near, and lifted the chunky Jed in her arms. 'She looks lak she did whence I war a-courtin' of her," he thought, with a sore pang. Joe plunged toward him with a sudden whoop. "Hurry, paw, hurry!" screamed Polly Maria, "we ain't a-goin' to git no seats lessen we hurry." He put Joe aside roughly and strode on to his wife. His face was set hard, though his mouth twitched convulsively

"Lord-a-mighty, Newt Pinson, what ails yo?" ejaculated Mrs. Pinson, letting Jed slip from her arms.

"Nothin' ain't ailin' me ez I knows on," he returned, in a dry, harsh voice; "we got to go back home 'thout seein' o' the show, thet's all. I done bet away every cent of ourn an' the childern's circus money on a fool game o' cyards—yander. O Lord——" he ended with a groan. A single wild wail burst from Polly Maria and the boys. Then they huddled against their mother's skirts in mute agony.

A faint flush passed over Mrs. Pinson's thin face, and the light faded from her dark eyes.

"'Tain't no diffunce, Newt," she said, lightly, catching the baby from Becky's limp and nerveless arms. "Jes ye hitch up, quick ez ye kin, an' le's get outa this here bigaty town. Me an' the childern air plumb beat out wi' these stuck-up townfolks, anyhow!"

Newt stared at her in silence, and slouched away. Her gaze followed him to the rear of the wagon; when he was beyond the reach of her voice she whirled around and blazed in a threatening half-whisper: "Ef ary one o' ye says a word to yer paw 'bout this here misfortin o' hisn, or 'bout hankerin' a'ter the show; *or* ef ary one o' ye ain't thet gamesome an' lively lak ez if they wa'nt no sech a thing ez a circus, *or* a clown, *or* a el'phunt in this here livin' worl'—sho's ye bawn I'll shet the do' in Sam Leggett's face an' cowhide the balance o' ye twel ye can't set down fer a week!"

Becky's ruddy cheeks grew pale. "Yes, maw," she returned in a subdued tone.

"Yes, maw," echoed Polly Maria and the boys, stolidly, not without squeezing back some ungamesome tears, however, as they stood in a row against the Baptist church and watched their father bring around Jinny and old Baldy.

Had they only known it, they might have seen, while they waited, the Lilliputian Lady and the Fat Woman go by in a shaky hack with torn curtains, and descend before the painted flaps of one of the side shows. But they did not know.

The wagon was turned around; they climbed over the wheels and settled themselves under the dingy cover. As they moved slowly across the silent square a tremendous shout from the spectators within the tent, and a pompous fanfare from the brass band, announced that the Grand Entry had began.

Newt stalked along beside the tired team downcast and miserable. "I've even fergot wher' I lef' the childerns' ginger-cake," he muttered to himself, as his mind went over and over the incidents of that fatal halfn hour.

A curious hilarity prevailed that night around the little camp-fire. Mrs. Pinson, usually silent almost to taciturnity, had become all at once loquacious. She painted to the family-circle in glowing colors the pride and wickedness of town-folks; she pictured the denunciatory wrath of Brother Skaggs when he should learn that perfessin' members of Siloam Church had been inside of a circus tent; she related the experience of sundry sinners who had been overtaken by divine vengeance while in the very act of laughing at the antics of the clown; she even lifted up her voice and sang some particularly flame-and-brimstone promising hymn tunes. Becky, mindful of Sam Leggett away off in Kansas, seconded her efforts to keep the general cheerfulness up to a proper pitch. If it showed signs of flagging, however, a warning look, shot from beneath their mother's drooping eyelids, acted like a charm on Polly Maria and the boys.

Newt, who sat mournfully hugging his knees at first, and gazing into space, presently caught the infection himself, and when, finally, he unrolled a patch-quilt and threw himself thereon, closing his eyes in peaceful slumber, it was almost with the conviction that the five dollars had been well lost in keeping a perfessin' fambly out of the worldly and soul-destroying circus tent.

Mrs. Pinson, sitting alone by the smouldering fire with the baby in her arms, looked at his unconscious face upturned in the dim moonlight; her gaze traveled slowly from one muffled, indistinct form huddled under the shadow of the wagon to another; she sighed heavily, and her face relapsed into its usual somber expression. "I wisht—" she muttered; then after a long pause, as she stretched herself on the quilt beside her slumbering spouse and wrapped the baby's feet in an old shawl, she concluded with a little touch of triumph in her whispered tones: "Anyhow, I hev seen the el'phunt's track!"—*M. E. Davis in Harper's Weekly.*

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Exposes a Pinchbeck Lecturer on Economy.

"It ar' my duty to explain," said Brother Gardner, as the hall grew quiet, "dat de Hon. Gawge Washington Jones, of Memphis, arrove heah two days ago on purpose to deliber a lecktur' befo' dis club. De name of lecktur' ar': 'How an' When to Economise.' I had a chance to look de gem'lan ober an' size him up, an' las' night I walked him down to de ribber, pinted across to Canada an' told him to skipp. He skipped. Sich of you as had your moufs all ready for sumthin' good, will no doubt feel a bit disappointed until I furder explain. By a keerful study of the Hon. Jones I diskibered most of his pints.

"I found dat he was economizin' on boot-heels to buy mo' brass watch chain.

"He was makin' one shirt las' him doorin' de spring sezun in order to buy fo' pink collars which reached up to his ears.

"He hadn't any underclothes, but he had a galvanized watch dat run twenty-six hours to de day.

"He was barfut in his butes, but he wore a glass diamond dat nebber cost less dan thirty cents.

"He hadn't any obercoat, but he wore a pair o' bewtiful yaller kid gloves dat made ebery street-kyar hoss stop dead in his tracks.

"While he didn't carry a comb nor brush, he swelled out wid a blue handkerchief on which de Czar of Russia might hev ached to blow his nose.

"He showed me a dozen blank checks on varus banks dat he was luggin' around fur show, but it took his las' nickel to git across to Canada.

"He had a bewtiful way of speakin' to you, but three different policeman war gwine to run him in fur a suspichus character.

"While he hadn't had a good squar' meal fur two weeks, he was armed with a dozen cheap cigars to make a show on de streets.

"I looked ober him, an' under him, an' all around him, an' I cum to de conclushun dat we didn't want any of his hints on economy. I didn't want to seem too cold and severe wid him, an' arter turnin' de subjick ober in my mind I decided dat de United States was an onhealthy climate fur his system."

On motion of Waydown Bebee, the thanks of the club were tendered the president for his action in the case, and a resolution of sympathy was extended to Pickles Smith for having loaned the Hon. Jones $2 in cash without security.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Until it is shown that earth below the five or six inches tilled is destitute of the elements that enter into plants it is wise to go deeper, particularly in what are called heavy soils.

WHAT CONSCIENCE DOES.

A French Murderer Voluntarily Gives Himself Up to Justice.

Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and Erckmann-Chatrian in "The Polish Jew," have depicted the case of criminals who preferred surrendering themselves to justice rather than to longer endure the feeling that they were being hunted down like wild beasts, but such a case of conscience has actually happened here in Paris. This same feeling has just driven a murderer to give himself up to the police after they had hunted for him in vain everywhere. A poor devil named Cornu killed a dealer in birds at the little town of Saint Maur, and then he wandered over the face of the earth in company with a man whose acquaintance he had picked up on the road. The two made no long halts at wayside inns, they avoided towns and villages, slept under hedges or in such sheltered corners as they could find, and they made long detours to dodge the gendarmes. In this way they crossed four departments; occasionally they were noticed and were chased by gardes champetres, who perhaps knew instinctively that they were suspicious characters on whom it might be well to lay their hands, and, although they managed to escape arrest, they had the fear of it constantly upon them, and the specter of the guillotine was ever before their eyes. Perhaps, too, remorse, or at least regret for a useless crime, hung heavily on Cornu, murdering his sleep just as it did that of the successful Macbeth. Finally the two tramps arrived safely at the frontier and stepped across into Belgium. They were now, comparatively speaking, safe from pursuit, and Cornu's companion, who doubtless, also, had his reasons for shunning the gendarmes, had papers to prove his identity when, on reaching Antwerp, they applied for passage as emigrants to the Congo. He was accepted, but as Cornu had nothing to show who he was or where he came from, he was refused, the agents of the Free State of Congo being determined to keep the wilds of Africa uncontaminated by the presence of European criminals. It was not in the heart of the "dark continent" that the repentant, or least regretful, murderer could be permitted to begin a new life. Before seperating the two made a division of the few francs that remained in the joint purse, and then Cornu mechanically commenced retracing his steps toward his own country. He re-crossed the frontier, followed the same roads, slept under the same hedges and dodged the same gendarmes; finally, footsore and starving, he reached the capital, went straight to the Palais de Justice and said to a policeman: "Arrest me; I am Cornu, the murderer of the bird dealer of Saint Maur." Now it was misery as much as any thing else that put Cornu in the hands of justice. But one of the ways in which remorse sometimes acts on a guilty man is that it makes him feel himself isolated from the rest of mankind. There are murderers who are haunted by avenging furies quite as terrible as those which women, crowned with writhing serpents and waving lurid torches, represented on the ancient stage, and such men can only find refuge from this mental anguish in a prison cell.—*Paris Letter.*

ROOM AT THE TOP.

The Kind of Operative That Will Succeed in Any Circumstances.

A young lawyer once complained to a member of the same profession, who was a very successful practitioner, that the profession was crowded, and that there was but little chance for a young man like himself, whereupon the old and wise man gave the young man a little advice. He said: "Young man, that the lower stratum of the profession is crowded there is no doubt, and it always will be; but, as in all kinds of business, so in ours—there is plenty of room at the top. Get out of the lower ranks and come up higher, and you will not be crowded." While these are not the exact words of the wise doctor, they convey the idea actually expressed, and teach a lesson to laborers and professional men. Did you never notice in an orchard the finest apples and cherries and peaches are always in the very top of the tree, and that they are not crowded, but have plenty of room to grow, and plenty of air and sunshine and dew and rain to assist in their development? Do you not know that the upper rooms of a house are the healthiest to live in, because of the pure air and sunshine. But you will notice they are almost always unoccupied, because, we suppose it is too much like work to climb the stairs. There are some operatives who are never idle. They always have employment and get good wages, and it is just because they have climbed the stairs, and have thoroughly mastered their business; and not only so, they have mastered themselves, and in addition to being proficient in their respective callings, they have trained themselves to be gentlemen, and have given some attention to business principles. They are known to be sober and industrious and well qualified. Such men do not have to seek employment, but employers have an eye on them, and when they wish to change their locations, positions are open to them. Such men become foremen, and eventually the superintendents. In the lower positions, representing the majority of the operatives, will be found those who are all the time complaining that their ranks are crowded. They whine that they get no work to do. The trouble is that they have not the ambition to get up into the place where there is room. Do you ask how I can get to the top? Begin with yourself, if you have nothing else, and be a gentleman. Be sober and honest, and when you find some kind of an opening, go right in and do your best. Slight nothing, and do the best it is in your power to do, and you have made several steps toward the upper room. Too many of the craft are given to frequenting the drinking places, and while we are willing to accord to every man personal liberty and all that kind of thing, we know that employers are not seeking that class of help, nor in just that locality, for foremen or superintendents. Put yourself in the way of employment, and you will not only find it, but it will find you.—*Baldwin's Textile Designer.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fruit on the table regularly will do much to counteract the craving for alcoholic stimulant.

—The farmer who by draining or extra manuring increases his crops may not for the time seem to be making any thing, but he is laying sure foundations for future success.

—To take rust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

—The greatest inventions of the world were first conceived by the moderately educated classes, and the practical experience of a careful, observing farmer is often of more value than the costly experiments of highly-educated professors.

—To give shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs a glossy appearance, one ounce of white wax and two of spermaceti are melted together and a little of this is put into the starch; or, sometimes a little of a thick solution of gum arabic is used in the starch, a tablespoonful being enough for a pint of starch.

—Charcoal roads have given good results. They are only of value in sections where timber is so cheap that it can be burned to get rid of it. The lesson for other sections to learn is that it will pay to cart the remains of old charcoal pits into the parts of the road that contain too much water.

—Some weeds provide pasturage when they are young and tender; hence a flock of sheep turned on a field infested with weeds will do good service in not only eradicating the weeds but in converting them into mutton. By preventing weeds from seeding they will soon become extinct unless they are of varieties that propagate from roots.

—Orange cake: Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of water, a pinch of salt, the yelks of five eggs and whites of three, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Beat the whites and add sugar for frosting, and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Bake the cake in layers and put frosting between.

—To keep flannels as much as possible from shrinking and felting, dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing, also draw through the water repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one pailful of water, and wash in a similar manner.

—Hominy Drop Cakes: Stir the beaten yelks of two eggs into a pint of freshly-boiled hominy; if cold hominy is used heat it without adding water and stir up lightly with a fork to separate the grains; then stir in the beaten whites and salt as may be required, using less if the boiled hominy is already salted. Drop, with a tablespoon, on well-buttered tins and bake to a good brown in a quick oven."

—In this Western country, says Secretary Graham in the *Industrialist*, it is noticeable, as it is the world over, that the immigrant farmer who builds a small residence and a large barn, and always has both well painted, and every thing about his farm in good repair, will have, in time, a large house to live in and other red barns as well; while he who expends his surplus in an imposing house, and "knocks together" a few cottonwood poles and some slough grass for his stock shelter, will not get a second coat of paint on his house before the mortgage is foreclosed.

VALUE OF DRAINAGE.

How Land Is Beautified by Thorough and Practical Underdraining.

There are hundreds of acres sowed to oats and planted to corn every spring, that are spoiled in the cultivation because the land is too wet to till to good advantage; yet it is the best that can be done under the circumstances. You must go on whenever it is possible for the team to travel across it, or the field sowed in such a manner, put in when the ground is so soft that the harrow does not fill up the horse tracks, then followed by a hot sun that bakes a hard crust on the surface through which the air can not circulate freely. Indeed, when we consider the unfavorable conditions the plants have to contend with, it is surprising that we get the crops we do. Then let us look at a field that has been properly drained. The low spots are dry and fit to work as soon as the knolls. You can get on to work it easier and in better shape; the surplus water instead of lying on the surface until it evaporates, leaving the ground baked and the oats in a very sickly condition, goes through the earth to the channel provided for it, thus making innumerable little passages through which the air can penetrate and sweeten the soil. The drained land absorbs more heat from the sun; plants get the benefit of this heat and air; are healthier; grow better, and therefore give larger yields, and as a rule the growing season is considerably lengthened. This one advantage of getting oats sowed early, often makes all the difference between a poor and a good crop.

Another important point in favor of tile draining, in my opinion, is the greater benefit we derive from the manure applied, as compared with wet land not drained. It is the plan of most farmers in this locality to haul out the manure in the winter and early spring and spread it on the fields intended for corn. After the ground thaws out and before the manure is turned under, we generally have some heavy rains, and I am sure every observing farmer must have noticed (on wet lands) the streams of liquid manure running down the furrows seeking their way to the nearest water course, because the ground was full of water and there was no other alternative. In the case of the tiled land the water level is always on a level with the tiles, consequently when the manure is spread on the surface, that which the rain washes out and carries with it, must be nearly all left in the earth as the water filters through to reach the drains.—*W. T. Bethune, in Ohio Farmer.*

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