

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

SLEEPY.

I sat one evening watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book.

A FORTUNATE FOURTH.

Aunt Melinda's Target Shooting and
What Came of It.
"Old Scratch is at it ag'in," said
Aunt Melinda, looking toward the
garden, where the family hen was
industriously scratching, as usual.

"You'd want it ter come up coins,"
said Aunt Melinda, with a withering
glance. "You wouldn't take a pick
and dig if you knew sartin sure you'd
strike it rich. Why don't you go up
the mountain prospect?"

"Fiddlesticks!" replied Aunt Melinda.
"I don't want you to take off your
leg an' dig with it. You're well
enough to walk to town for tobacco
every time you can get the money out
o' me to buy it. Here I stand washin'
an' ironin' to earn money to keep us
alive, and mebbe up there on the
mountain yonder is a gold mine jest
waitin' fur the first man that has grit
enough to dig down fur it. Hain't you
ashamed of yourself, Jonathan Schrim!"

"I'll start out airly in the mornin',"
answered Uncle Jonathan, meekly.
"Kin I go with you?" asked Jim,
eagerly.

Jim was perched up on a barrel,
with a long gingham apron tied around
his neck. He was peeling potatoes for
dinner, and swinging his feet to and
fro.

"You can go if your aunt can spare
you," answered Uncle Jonathan. "I
reckon I won't go fur."

"I reckon you won't," remarked
Aunt Melinda, significantly.
"I'd rather dig gold than peel pota-
toes," began Jim, discontentedly.
"Peelin' potatoes is girls' work."

"Well, you're all the girl I've got,"
said Aunt Melinda. "I can't do every-
thing," with a glance at poor Uncle
Jonathan.

"When I've done the potatoes, kin I
go out and play?" questioned Jim.
"Ye-s," said his aunt, "when you've
peeled the potatoes and pared the ap-
ples and brought in some wood and set
the table for dinner."

"Jiminy crickets!" thought Jim.
"taint no fun to play bein' a girl."
Old Scratch was already at work and
throwing the dirt in every direction
when Jim came out in the garden the
next morning at seven o'clock. Her
owner put his hands in his pockets and
watched her admiringly.

"She's the best hen in the bull
camp," he was thinking, when bang!
bang! went something right at his feet.
"Hullo, Jim!" called out a boy on
the other side of the fence. "What
are you jumpin' fur? Didn't you know
'twas the Fourth of July?"

"So it is!" said Jim. "I clean forgot-
got. Gim me some o' your crackers."
"Jim Schrim," called Aunt Melinda,
"come right in here and wash these
dishes."

And Jim went reluctantly into the
house.
"it's the Fourth o' July," he ex-
claimed, as he entered the door.
Uncle Jonathan nearly dropped his
pipe in surprise.

"I declare to goodness!" he began,
"if here I wasn't startin' out to work
on a national holiday. I'd forgot all
about its bein' the Fourth. The people
in this 'ere country don't care nuthin'
fur Sundays an' holidays."

"Kin I hev some crackers?" begged
Jim, who had tied on his gingham
apron and was industriously using a
dish-towel.

"Ask your aunt," suggested Uncle
Jonathan. "She used ter be noted fur
bein' so patriotic."
"I hain't got no money to spend on
them kind o' crackers," said Aunt
Melinda, grimly.

"Never mind," whispered Uncle
Jonathan to Jim, with a wink. "I'll
let you fire off my pistol."
So, when Jim had finished the dishes
and swept up the kitchen, he fol-
lowed his uncle out in the garden and
they nailed a board on a tree for a
mark. It was fortunate that they had
plenty of cartridges, for neither were
very good shots, and the balls went
flying many yards from the target.

Finally, Aunt Melinda came to the
door of the cabin and condescended
to make remarks on their skill.
"I could do better than that myself,
Jonathan Schrim," she declared.
"Come on then!" said Uncle Jonathan.

"Don't kill old Scratch!" chuckled
her husband.

But even as he laughed, there came
the click of the pistol, and Jim's pre-
cious hen fell dead on the ground.
"What hev I done?" cried Aunt
Melinda. "Why didn't you tell me
she was in the way?"
"She wasn't nowhere near you,"
insisted Uncle Jonathan; "and I
thought you was goin' to shoot at the
mark."

Poor Jim was crying as though his
heart was quite broken.
"Never mind," said his aunt, pat-
ting his head. "I'll buy you another
hen, and we'll eat old Scratch for din-
ner. Firin' pistols is always danger-
ous."

Uncle Jonathan picked up old
Scratch and carried her off to prepare
her for cooking. He was gone a long
while.

When he came back Aunt Melinda
had returned to her ironing, and Jim
was sitting disconsolately on the door-
step.
"Look here what I found," he said
slowly.

There were some shining particles
in his hand.
"Why, it looks like gold," said Aunt
Melinda. "Where did you git it?"
"In old Scratch's craw," said Uncle
Jonathan. "I'm goin' to take it to the
assayer's. Whatever it is, it come
out of our garden."

The assayer discovered that what
Uncle Jonathan brought him was six
dollars' worth of pure gold, and in a
few weeks the garden was leased to
men who began sinking a shaft.

By the next Fourth of July Aunt
Melinda, as the wife of a wealthy man,
had grown better-tempered, and Jim
went to school and was as independent
and manly as though he had never
worn a gingham apron.

"I tell you, Melindy," Uncle Jonathan
used to say, "I wasn't such a fool
as you thought when I set 'round and
smoked my little black pipe an' let
old Scratch do my prospectin' fur me."—
Golden Days.

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

The True Story of a Mother, Cat and
Three Little Squirrels.

Mrs. Williams stood on the porch of
her farm-house home in Indiana one
day, looking for her two boys, who had
been out hunting. In a corner of the
porch was a big basket, in which lay an
old cat, with three kittens about a week
old. Presently the two boys came up.

Will had his hat in his hand, carrying
something, which proved to be three
very young squirrels. They had killed
the mother, and, finding the young
ones in the nest, had brought them
home, and meant to raise them for
pets.

"I'll put 'em down here, and get a
box for 'em," and Will, taking the
little things from his cap, and placing
them on the floor of the porch. At
that moment, Tab jumped out of her
basket, and marched up to them.

"Oh, the cat! She'll eat 'em up!"
cried Mrs. Williams, and was stopping
to rescue the squirrels, when Will
stopped her. "Let's see what she'll
do."

What puss did do was to walk up,
go around the squirrels, smell them a
little, and then lick and caress them,
purring softly over them. She stayed
a moment, then turned
and walked away, when, hearing
one of the squirrels cry, she
turned back, watched them a little,
then deliberately picked one of them
up, and carried it to her basket. Lay-
ing it down with her kittens, she came
back and carried the other two in the
same way. When they were all in the
nest, she cuddled herself down with
them, licking and smoothing their fur
as if they were her own babies.

The boys were delighted, but Mrs.
Williams was greatly alarmed, and
wanted them to take the little crea-
tures out, declaring that they would
be eaten by morning. The boys, how-
ever, left the squirrels and kittens to-
gether, and the next morning they were
as contented as if they had always been
there.

And there they stayed, and the good
old Tab brought them up with her own
family. They soon got large enough
to run up the trees in the yard, where
they would play and frisk about, and
return, when tired, to their cat-mother.
At last one of them ran off to the
woods, and a day or two later the other
ones followed. The boys tried to
catch the ungrateful little beasts, but
did not succeed.

Puss whined and mewled after them
for a few days, and refused to be com-
forted, but finding they did not return,
devoted herself to the rest of her fam-
ily, and seemed to conclude to mourn
no longer for her foster-children.

This incident actually occurred, just
as given, near the little village of Har-
mony, during the year just passed.—
Mistic Dyer Britts, in Youth's Companion.

A Little Orphan's Help.

General Hancock relates the fol-
lowing pathetic incident, which oc-
curred at Gettysburg, just before his
famous charge: Passing near the out-
skirts of his lines, he came upon a child,
only half-a-dozen years or so of age,
and hardly yet old enough to speak
plainly.

She somehow had strayed near the
Union pickets, bringing an old rifle
heavier than she could well carry with-
out showing that she was overburdened.
When she saw General Hancock she
held the load in her arms a little
higher and fairly ran into his arms cry-
ing:

"My papa's dead, but here's my
papa's gun!"
There was something like a tear in
General Hancock's eye as he recited
the heroic little incident. "I never re-
call that brave child of a child's offer-
ing to our cause," he said, "without feel-
ing the deepest reverence. Her half-
spoken words voiced a sentiment that
was sublime."—Youth's Companion.

Best Corn Cake: One egg, one-half
cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk,
one cup of Indian meal, one cup of
flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two
teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar. Bake in
a square loaf or in a thin sheet in a
dripping pan, and cut in squares, or in
small tins.—Baptist Weekly.

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

The Story of a White Man Who Lived
Fifteen Months Among Them.

About a year ago a report was tele-
graphed over the world that the whites
in some of the Upper Congo stations
had been killed and eaten by cannibals.
The report was not believed, because a
few white men had traveled up and
down the river for a year or two with-
out discovering evidences of cannibalism
except in one tribe. Stanley's re-
cently published book threw no light on
the subject of Congo cannibals, though
it did record the appalling rumor afloat
among some of the tribes that the
whites were very fond of eating black
people. The report that the whites on
the Upper river had become food for
the natives proved false, as was ex-
pected, and recently a good deal of in-
formation has been brought back about
the cannibal tribe whose numerous vil-
lages line the river for a distance of
about eight hundred miles from its
mouth.

The Congo State is on good terms
with this tribe, the Bangallas, and has
a station in the midst of them. It was
the Bangallas who sallied out in their
big war canoes and gave Stanley the
fiercest reception he encountered when
he first forced his way down the river.
As is usual with cannibal tribes, they
are superior in courage, physique, and
mental ability to the surrounding peo-
ples, and they lord it over a considera-
ble area. Mr. Westmark, who has
lived among them for fifteen months,
has just lectured in France on their
peculiarities, and chiefly on the prac-
tice of anthropophagy as it exists
among them.

According to him they engage in the
practice only upon the death of well-
to-do or influential men, whose slaves
are killed at the graves of the deceased
persons, so that they may accompany
their masters and minister to their
wants in the other world. It has been
the custom to sacrifice at least twenty
victims at the death of every important
person. Bound hand and foot the poor
wretches are beheaded, and half of
them are buried in the grave of their
master. The bodies of the other ten
are reserved for the big feast that con-
cludes the funeral ceremonies. Native
beer in great quantities is prepared
days in advance of the feast. The
flesh of their murdered slaves is placed
in great earthen pots full of water and
boiled until half the water is evaporated,
and then the banquet is ready to
begin.

The orgie continues for a day or two
until all the refreshments are exhausted
and a large part of the male popula-
tion is dead drunk. The Congo mis-
sionaries appear to think that the Ban-
gallas are sadly in need of reformatory
influences, and they intend to establish
a station among them. Mr. Westmark
makes the interesting statement that
although cannibalism has been prac-
ticed to a large extent among the Ban-
gallas, it has now considerably dimin-
ished on account of the influence of
the whites, and he believes that after
Europeans have lived in the country a
little longer it will disappear.

Among the many millions of savages
in Africa there are very few cannibals.
Schweinfurth found that the large
Moubaute tribe on the Welle Makua
were addicted to the practice. It also
exists among the Muculis of Angola,
among the Bangallas of the Upper Con-
go, among some of the natives on the
Arumini tributary of the Congo, and
was formerly practiced to a small ex-
tent in some parts of South Africa.
As a rule, the natives who indulge in
the horrid custom try to conceal it
from the whites who visit them, and
nowhere does it long survive the growth
of white influences in districts where it
has flourished.—Chicago Tribune.

A STEAM TRICYCLE.

Competition with Fast Railroad Trains
Made Possible at Last.

J. H. Bullard, of the Bullard Arms
Company, has for several months past
been at work on a tricycle for which
steamshalt furnish the motive power.
The experiment has so far succeeded
that recently several trips have been
made with such satisfaction as to al-
ready cause two manufacturers to ap-
ply for the right of manufacture. Sev-
eral details are yet to be perfected,
and when the machine is entirely to
the satisfaction of its inventor a public
exhibition will be given. A minute
description is not possible at present,
as the inventor wishes to secure his patent
rights before making public the details
of his invention. It is proposed, how-
ever, to have the machine so con-
structed as to be easily controlled by a
lady or child. The power of locomotion
will be automatic, so that all the
rides will need to do is to get seated on
the machine, take hold of the steering
apparatus and then devote one's
self to the pleasures of a trip over
hill and country with a steed
that requires neither food nor
grooming, and, if so desired,
that can compete with the lightning
railroad train. It is the inventor's in-
tention, however, to regulate the speed
to eight miles an hour, as the roads to
be found in this country would net
make a higher rate of speed enjoyable.
But twenty miles an hour will be guar-
anteed possible. This machine will be
a "hill climber" and warranted to
overcome anything in that line without
exertion or fatigue. It will be so ar-
ranged that light baggage can be
lashed on and the appliance will be
adapted to either the single or sociable
form of tricycle. It is thought the
sociable will prove the more popular
form of the two and the manufacturers
will be able to cater to either taste of
a purchaser. The weight of a machine
will be increased comparatively little,
as the appliance will be very compactly
arranged. The water supply will be
capable of five to seven hours use be-
fore needing renewal. Kerosene oil
will be the fuel. It is claimed that the
invention can be applied with equal
success to a four-wheeled carriage. As
stated above, several trial trips have re-
cently been made, and those who have
been fortunate spectators speak en-
thusiastically of the entire success and
practicability of the invention. Patents
will be applied for in France, Belgium,
and Germany and other portions of
the continent as well as in this country.—
Springfield (Mass.) Union.

NEW ZEALAND VOLCANOES.

Interesting Information Concerning the
Earth's Great Volcanic System.

Only a few weeks ago Mt. Etna's
eruption threatened Nicolosi and the
surrounding fertile valleys and vine-
yards of that region. Now the news
comes of volcanic disturbances in New
Zealand, the antipodes of Etna, and of
great loss of life resulting therefrom.
New Zealand is, by the fastest ocean
and railroad communication, about
thirty days removed from Chicago. The
steamship lines run from Auckland to
San Francisco, and some twenty-five
days between these two points is con-
sidered good time, or nearly three
times longer than the modern trip
from New York to Liverpool. The
group or cluster of islands composing
New Zealand is divided into two main
parts, known as North Island and
South Island. The well-known city of
Auckland is on the North Island, which
with its fine harbor is on every chart.
The islands are quite mountainous, so
that the most intelligent and observant
travelers and writers agree that one-
tenth of the surface of the North
Island and four-fifths of the South
Island are occupied by mountains.

Among the extinct volcanoes of New
Zealand are Ruapehu that is 9,100 feet
high, and Mount Egmont that is 8,800
feet high. Tongariro, which is 8,500
feet high, is occasionally active. When
Mount Etna began to pour out smoke,
ashes, scoriae, lava, etc., the first to
suffer severely were those who culti-
vated the vineyards that produced the
rich fruitage that grew on the hillsides
and in the valleys there. So the first
in New Zealand to feel the terrible
rains and torrents from the suddenly
awakened crater have been those who
inhabited the districts in the immediate
neighborhood of the disturbance. The
mountain peaks of New Zealand are
about the same altitude as some of the
great Rockies back of Denver and
Cheyenne, and would hold their place
beside Cloud Peak, the crest of the Big
Horn range, and thus the valleys are
easily commanded by them.

The natural wonders of New Zealand
suggest a parallel with the National
Yellowstone Park. New Zealand has
not been visited by any serious earth-
quakes or volcanic eruptions for some
thirty years. The last severe earth-
quake occurred January 23, 1855, but
it was not attended by any fatal results.
Three prominent peaks on the earth
are mentioned where geysers exist with
marked characteristics. These are
Iceland, the North Island of New Zealand
and the National Park in the Rocky
Mountains. Geysers may be described
as volcanoes in which heated water,
instead of molten rock, is forced out
from the vent by the escaping steam,
and they occur in great abundance in
districts in which subterranean action
is becoming dormant or extinct. The
significance of the parallel will be seen
when it is stated that there are three
active volcanoes in New Zealand.

The theory of advanced scientists is
that there are great bands or systems
of volcanoes, which are ranged along
lines of fissures; and some also hold
that the great linear bands of volca-
noes, which stretch thousands of miles,
have had their positions determined by
great lines or fissures in the earth's
crust. The greatest of these bands
extends from the Arctic Circle at Behr-
ing's Straits to the Antarctic Circle at
South Victoria, and this includes more
than half the active volcanoes of the
world. The great focus or center of
this intense volcanic action may be re-
garded as lying in the district between
Borneo and New Guinea. A large
number of lines radiate from this cen-
ter, one of which embraces South Vic-
toria, New Zealand, the New Hebrides,
Santa Cruz, the Solomon Islands and
New Britain. Related, as it is seen to
be, to the great volcanic system it is
not surprising that earthquakes are re-
corded as having visited these islands.
Although as already intimated, there
have been no serious shocks felt there
since 1855, yet in 1882 alone twenty-
eight shocks are mentioned, ten of
which are recorded as "smart," and the
remainder as only slight tremors.—
Chicago Inter Ocean.

LINCOLN MEMORIALS.

Planned and Books from the Old Spring-
field House and Law-Office.

John W. Keyes, formerly of Spring-
field, Ill., but now of this city, has
fitted up a room which he calls the
"Lincoln Memorial Room." All of the
furniture was used by Abraham Lin-
coln, either in his house or his law-
office in Springfield prior to his de-
parture for Washington, D. C., to be
inaugurated President of the United
States. In the collection there is the
old office desk and book-case, the old
inkstand, ten well-shuffled law-books;
one volume of the statutes of Indiana,
the first law-book that Lincoln ever
read, and which belonged to David
Furnham, his friend and companion in
Indiana from 1819 to 1831; one leaf
from his exercise-book and his boy-
hood signature; six hair-doth parlor-
chairs; one marble-top table; one
mirror set in a gilt frame; one hearth-
rug; one walnut cupboard; the old
mahogany-covered sofa which was
made by hand at Springfield in 1837 by
Daniel E. Reskell, on Mr. Lincoln's
order, and used by him until February,
1861; the old hickory chair in which he
was seated when informed of his nomi-
nation to the Presidency; one carriage
cushion and a photograph taken of
him in May, 1858. During the cele-
brated campaign between him and
Stephen A. Douglas, the photograph
represents him with his hair very much
combed, and the story in connection
thereof is to the effect that when in
the photographer's studio one of his
friends observed that his hair was
combed remarkably smooth. "That's a
fact," he replied, "and the picture
won't look like me." With that he
ran his hand through his hair and
made it look natural.

Mr. Keyes only began his purchases
some months back and has already
gotten together a creditable collection,
which he takes great pleasure in ex-
hibiting to his friends. Several letters
from William H. Herndon, Lincoln's
law partner, attest the genuineness of
a number of the articles.—Chicago
Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—More than 45,000,000 persons have
passed over the Brooklyn bridge since
it was opened to travel.—Brooklyn
Union.

—The last revolutionary pensioner
died at Clarendon, N. Y., in 1866,
eighty-four years after the close of the
war.—Buffalo Express.

—The main building of the New Or-
leans Exposition was put up at auction
the other day. It cost over half a
million dollars, but the highest bid re-
ceived was \$9,050.—N. O. Times.

—It has just been discovered that the
cemetaries in Wayne County, N. Y.,
have during the past two years been
systematically robbed. At least one-
half of the bodies interred have been
stolen.—Buffalo Express.

—Colored depositors in Charleston,
according to the News and Courier,
have \$124,936 on deposit in five savings
banks, the largest sum belonging to one
person being \$6,547, and the smallest
one dollar.

—One inning of a recent game of
base-ball in Atlanta, Ga., presented a
curious feature. Atlanta had three men
to bat. Each one of them was given
his base on balls, and each one thrown
out while stealing bases. There was
not a ball struck in the innings, and yet
every base was filled and no run was
scored.

—A strange accident happened to a
consignment of heavy cattle sold for
shipment to England. Rough weather
was encountered on the voyage, and the
stanchions to which the cattle were
tied gave way, forcing the stock to the
other side of the ship and causing it to
careen so much that to lighten the
vessel the cattle were thrown overboard,
a loss of \$13,000.

—Little John Alexander and a com-
panion of Newport, Va., thought to
have lots of fun by scaring a clerk who
slept in a store. So they scraped on
the door with a bit of iron, and the
clerk thought burglars were trying to
get in and fired his revolver, and a ball
went through the door and entered
Johnny's head, hurting him very badly.

—Young girls have taken a sudden
graze for donkey carts this season, the
donkey, for some reason, having
awakened to find himself fashionable,
no doubt greatly to his own astonish-
ment. The small ponies are no longer
in demand, but in their stead the
donkey is sought after with a persist-
ency that bespeaks him more popular
than he will perhaps be when the fair
purchasers become more familiar with
his tricks and manners.—Albany (N.
Y.) Journal.

—An Indian funeral procession in
Eastern Oregon is thus described:
"The defunct had been set upon a
horse, and a stick had been lashed
along either side of his body to keep
it in a upright position. The head was
not supported in any way, and as the
horse trotted along, the body seemed
bowing in every direction and the head
shaking in a horribly grotesque man-
ner. The widow, dressed in her mourn-
ing paint, trotted along behind on a
lazy mule, to which she kept vigorously
applying the whip."

—The Genesee river, in New York,
is surprising manufacturers along its
banks by its increasing volumes of
water from year to year. Some years
ago, in common with other streams of
the State, the water diminished and
the mills and factories that had de-
pended on its power were obliged to
use steam. The Rochester Democrat
says that mills which have not used their
wheels for years are getting back to
them, much to their financial advan-
tage. No explanation is given for this
condition of the river.

—Ball-players in Pittsburgh are talk-
ing about the smart young catcher of
an amateur club, who was remarkable
for catching batsmen out on foul tips
even when the bat didn't seem to strike
within three or four inches of the ball.
An investigation revealed that the
catcher had a gumband attached to
his glove, and when he desired to foul
out a man he would raise the band with
one finger, and when the ball passed
under the bat released it. The band
would snap against the glove and all
within hearing would hear a supposed
foul tip.—Pittsburgh Post.

—Frederick Beckman, of Wilming-
ton, Del., owns a dog. Recently while
this canine was busily scratching out
something from the ground Mr. Bark-
man thought it would be a good joke
to crawl up behind, give a snarling
bark and suddenly grab the industrious
animal by one of his hind legs. Mr.
Barkman did so. Quick as thought the
dog turned and grabbed his ocular
master by the proboscis, making his
teeth meet through that prominent
feature before he saw his mistake. Mr.
Barkman sensibly acquitted the dog of
all blame and did not punish him.—
N. Y. Tribune.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

What Its Maintenance Costs the Country
in Connection with the President.

Most people believe that the \$50,000
a year which the President gets as his
salary is the sum total. This is a mis-
take. The estimate of the amount
which Congress is to appropriate this
year lies before us, open at the page
relating to the President. We see that
\$36,084 is asked for him, in addition to
his salary of \$50,000, to pay the
salaries of his subordinates and clerks.
His private secretary is paid \$3,250,
his assistant private secretary \$2,250,
his stenographer \$1,300, five messen-
gers each \$1,200, steward \$1,200, two
door-keepers whose each get \$1,200, four
other clerks at good salaries, one tele-
graph operator, two ushers getting
\$1,200 and \$1,400, a night usher getting
\$1,200, a watchman who gets \$900, and
a man to take care of fires who receives
\$864 a year. In addition to this there
is set down \$9,000 for incidental ex-
penses, such as stationery, carpets and
the care of the President's stables.
And further on, under another heading,
there is a demand for nearly \$40,000
more. Of this \$12,500 is for repairs
and furnishing the White House, \$2,500
for fuel, \$3,000 is for the green house,
and \$15,000 is for gas, matches and the
stables. The White House, all told,
costs the country, in connection with
the President, considerably over \$125,000
a year.—San Francisco World.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is said that John Kelly, the New
York Tammany chief, died worth a
million and a half dollars.

—The names of the baby King of
Spain are Alfonso-Loo-Fernando-
James-Mary-Isadore-Pascal.

—"Anna and Wendell Phillips" is to
be the inscription on the tombstone of
the famous Abolitionist and his wife, at
Milton, Mass.

—William Black, the novelist, has
fitted up a canal-boat for a summer
residence, in which he intends to make
a tour of England with his family.

—The late Prof. von Ranke finished
the seventh volume of his "History of
the World" shortly before he died,
bringing the work down to the time of
the German Emperor Henry V.

—Mrs. Alexander, a lady of over
sixty years of age, employed in the
Government printing office in Wash-
ton, recently married a man of over
eighty, and resigned her position to
fulfill her domestic duties.

—Minnie Hauk's father was a poor
shoemaker. Sarah Bernhardt was a
dressmaker's apprentice. Lucy Lar-
com, the poet, was at one time in a
cotton mill. Anna Dickinson com-
menced earning her own living as a
worker in a United States mint.—Chi-
cago Journal.

—Charles John Mayne, chief of the
Delaware Indians in Indian Territory,
is seventy-two years of age, and has
presided over the Delaware for forty
years. For thirty-five years he has
been an ordained Baptist minister, and
at his present age delivers two ser-
mons every Sabbath to his people.—
Chicago Times.

—General Joseph E. Johnston and
ex-United States Senator Thomas
Johnston, of Virginia, are often taken
for brothers. They are uncle and
nephew, with only twelve years' dif-
ference in their ages. General Johnston
is eighty and his nephew is sixty-eight.
The latter is the father of seventeen
children, was once Governor of Vir-
ginia and three times United States
Senator.—Washington Post.

—Jefferson is one of the wealthiest
actors in America. He is not making
so much money now as he used to do,
for the simple reason that he does not
give himself the trouble. He only
works on the stage about sixteen weeks
in the year, and this affords him all
that he needs for his yearly mainte-
nance without at all impairing the cap-
ital. Mr. Jefferson's fortune is vari-
ously estimated at from \$400,000 to
\$700,000.—N. Y. Herald.

—Of the 408 Senators, members and
Territorial Delegates who compose
Congress, seventy-two are Methodists,
sixty-three Baptists, forty-one Episco-
pals, thirty-seven Presbyterians,
thirty-six Catholics, fifteen Unitarians,
eight Lutherans, ten Christians (Camp-
bellites) and two Quakers, making a
total of 283 who are actively connected
with some church organization. This
leaves 125 who either never belonged to
any church or have drifted out of such
associations.—Chicago Herald.

HUMOROUS.

—"How old are you, little boy?"
Little ducky—"Well, if you goes by
wot madder says, I's six; but if you go
by de-unn I's had, I's most a hundred."

—Boy—"I can't go to school. I've
got as awful pain." Mother—"Well,
castle will be the best thing in the world
for that kind of pain." Boy—"It must
be, for the pain has gone now."—The
Judge.

—A nine-year old boy, just recover-
ing from the effects of vaccination,
said:—"Now, I ain't afraid of having
the small-pox (after a moment's re-
flection), but I may have the celluloid,
though."—Texas Siftings.

—"Monsieur le Baroa (old enough to
be a grandfather).—I had ask your
mamma and she gith her consent—and
now—I—er—" Miss Ballion (young
and silly).—"I am so glad! But won't
it be funny to call you papa?"

—Student—No, a shop-lifter is not
one who lifts a shop, but one who lifts
what is in the shop. This is an exam-
ple of the beauty of the English lan-
guage. You'll know more about it as
you grow older.—Boston Transcript.

—An old lady hearing that a kinderg-
garten was to be established in her
town, said, emphatically:—"Well,
they'll never make it pay. Every body
around here has gardens of their own,
and vegetables can be had for nothing
here in the summer time."—Harper's
Bazar.

—"Vacuous" Dude—"A most chaw-
ning aftahoon for a walk, Miss
Brightside. The soft breeze that
blow have really made my head feel
much bettah." Miss Brightside—"Then
I suppose you must be a homeo-
pathist; like cures like, you know."—
Chicago Times.

—Child—"And you won't give me a
penny, mamma? Yes you always say
you love me." Mother—"When you
are older, dear, you will understand
better how much I love you." Child
(disparagingly).—"Yes, if you loved me
so much, mamma, why didn't you
marry the candy-store man?"—Com-
Weekley.

—A Misunderstanding: "I tell you,
Darringer, the red flag's got to go.
We've had enough of it." "Bromley,
I'm with you there. It has cost me a
heap of money. My wife may protest,
of course, but—" "Good gracious,
Darringer, your wife isn't an Anarchist,
is she?" "Why, of course not." "How
does it cost you a lot of money?" "She
spends it, don't you see? Buys things
she's no manner of use for, and—"
"akes alive, man, what red flag was
you talking about?"—The Antionette's
Weren't you?"—Philadelphia Call.

—Manager—"My dear sir, you have
no idea of what a charming creature
this Irene McGillicuddy is. By Jove,
she's been a tremendous success every-
where. She played 'Oliver' seven
thousand nights in London with im-
mense success, and she created a furore
over five thousand nights. And she's
just seventeen years old." Critic—"But,
my good fellow, if she's played twelve
thousand nights, she must be at
least thirty-four years of age."
Manager—"Hold on a minute! I guess
I've got this thing mixed somehow."—
Chicago Rambler.