

RAILLEYS.

BLEBON ON A RAILROAD PASS.
No more, 'twixt tails of iron lead,
O'er field and moor and fallow,
Anemones will bloom and fade,
And daisies, white and yellow;
No more between the ties will grow
The weeds and tangled grasses;
They'll all be dead, all trampled low
By people without passes.

From many a fair provincial place,
Where companies are stranded,
In early spring will set the pace
Those companies disbanded;
From many a legislative hall
Will come a fresh contingent;
Shippers and editors will fall
In line; there's no pretensement
Of the grim law; when aches above
Retoken settles weather
Then will the sorrowing cohorts move
Along the track together.
No more between the ties will grow
The weeds and tangled grasses;
They'll all be dead, all trampled low
By people without passes.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. J. HOY.

It was a plain but neat little country house standing at the roadside, surrounded by tall elms and maples. It looked in the distance as if the house had been a pedestrian, grown weary with tramping along the dusty thoroughfare, and sought at the roadside in the shade of that delightful grove. It seemed only to repose there for the night, and on the morrow it would take up the march again and resume its journey. A youth stood at the creek old gate, resting one elbow upon it, while the palm of his hand supported his sunburned chin. He was a young farmer, not over twenty years of age, and his dark gray eyes wandered down the road a sigh escaped his breast. Was he to live, grow up, grow old and die on this little farm? Was he to wear through a few years of such humdrum life, and then pass away to be forgotten or only remembered as a tiller of the soil?

Many other ambitious youths have sighed for freedom, and dreamed day-dreams of the glory of a brilliant career, have gone forth to seek fame and fortune, and sighed far more bitterly for the little country home and humdrum life they once thought distasteful than they ever did for fame and glory. They made the discovery too late that the fame and glory which they so ardently desired was not worth the getting. But other youths will sigh and dream, and hope for greatness, as long as the heart has passions and as long as life has woes.

Walter Russell, a boy, wandered down the broad country road, just as they had day after day ever since he could remember. The road, which he had once thought led to the end of the world, was the same old road it had been then. The dark old forest on either side was just the same, with the exception that he had explored its depths, and there was less of the mystery and awe about it than of yore. The giants, fairies and goblins with which his infantile imagination had peopled it were gone, and with them all the pleasurable enchantment.

"Come in, Walter; what are you standing out there for?" called his mother.

"I am looking down the road, mother."

"What do you see?"

"Nothing; I hear the wheels of a carriage."

"Oh, it's some of them high-flyers from town," said Mrs. Russell, with just the least bit of sarcasm, which did no credit to this really gentle-hearted woman.

Suddenly, there was a shriek from up the road. It had grown too dark to distinctly see objects, but from the rattling, roaring sound of wheels and deafening clatter of hoofs the young farmer knew that the horses had become frightened and were running away.

There was no time to call for assistance. The cries of female voices for help appealed to his manhood, and Walter ran with the speed of a reinder up the road. The corner of the cow-lot was at the side of the road, and tied to a hickory tree was a heavy rope which had been used as a swing. On the opposite side of the road was another tree, and to seize this rope, fly across the road, stretch it tight and tie it hard and fast was but the work of a few seconds.

In fact he had but a few seconds in which to act, for the team was coming down with the speed of an express train. No human hand could stay their onward, headlong flight, and Walter had adopted the only plan which could possibly save the people in the carriage.

Having made the rope fast he flew to the center of the road.

Like a mighty engine of destruction, rolling amid whirling clouds of dust, came the carriage with redoubled fury at every moment. The snorts of frightened horses, clatter of hoofs, roar of wheels, and shrieks of inmates could be heard a mile or more that quiet night, and brought the entire family out of the house.

The horses struck the rope like an avalanche, and made the trees crack and bend, but the rope held them. There was a crashing, rolling together, and screams of terror and pain, all concealed by a dense cloud of dust.

Walter sprang forward and seized the horses. His father, mother, and sisters hastened to his aid. The frightened animals were taken from the carriage and tied to the trees, and then two ladies were lifted from the carriage. Both were insensible, and Walter and his father carried them into the house.

One of them was a lady about forty years of age, while the other was not to exceed eighteen. Evidently they were mother and daughter.

"It's Mrs. Norton, the banker's wife, and gal," cried Mrs. Russell, at the moment the news of the lamp fell to them.

Very tenderly Walter laid the slight, golden-haired girl upon the plain couch, and stood gazing at the pale, sweet face. Mrs. Russell ran for her "camp-fire" bottle, and, as neither of the ladies was seriously injured, they soon recovered and were able to explain how the accident had occurred.

The driver had fallen from his seat on account of one of the wheels of the carriage running into a rut, and the horses, becoming frightened, ran away. The coachman, looking rather humiliated, now came up, and, as the carriage was considerably damaged, they were obliged to travel to the city that night, he was sent ahead to bring out a conveyance for them next morning.

Walter wanted to go to the city and bring out a doctor, but Mrs. Norton declared there was no need for him to do so; both herself and daughter were getting along very well, and neither was injured in the least by the runaway.

When the large blue eyes of Miss Olla Norton fell upon the face of the robust young farmer, whose strong arm and clear brain had doubtless saved her life, those sorts of heaven's own blue dropped, and a faint blush mantled her face. Walter felt ill at ease when Mrs. Norton thanked him for his noble services. Oh, how homely, plain, and mean the old farmhouse looked with such elegantly dressed ladies for their guests! He retired from the room as soon as possible, and passed a sleepless night in the hay-loft.

Next morning the ladies were called for by the driver in another carriage, and took their leave of the farmer, after thanking himself and his wife for their kind hospitality.

"What are your charges?" Mrs. Norton asked, drawing her purse.

Mrs. Russell, whose covetous eyes fell on the purse, was trying to fix on a sum as exorbitant as possible, when her son said: "Nothing, mother; take not a cent."

There was something so force in the determined manner of the youthful farmer that Mrs. Russell was a little terrified, and refused to accept a cent.

Again Mrs. Norton thanked them, and asked the bashful young farmer to assist herself and daughter in the carriage. Oh, how he felt his blood thrill in his veins as he touched that plump little hand, flashing with diamonds. The contrast between his homely old clothes and her silk was very great, but Miss Olla did not seem to notice it.

The carriage rolled away, and with a deep sigh Walter turned to the farm, which had grown more commonplace and mean than ever. He sighed, he blushed, he dreamed day-dreams, and cursed his own lot for dreaming them.

It is not for me; drudgery, toil, and hardships are alone for me," he said, discontented with his lot.

Those fields, which were lovely with verdure, and gave forth delightful odors to others, had no charms for him.

Walter was late when he went to the city, dressed in his best Sunday suit, the banker invited him to his house, where he met the blue-eyed, golden-haired divinity, who again thanked him for his bravery and daring, to which she owed her life.

The few moments were like a dream—a delightful dream—the awakening from which was bitter. She played and sang very sweetly for him, and he was desperately in love with her, yet realizing his own inferiority, he dared not hope ever to win her.

How he met Olla Norton again and again we need not tell; but he became less reserved and more hopeful, and was so excited to even give him encouragement. It was only when he got down to real stubborn facts and cool reasoning that he was forced to admit that Olla Norton was beyond him. The banker's daughter marry a country clown? Such a thing was preposterous.

The fact that he had been rather favored by the banker, and when in the city had even been a guest at his house became rumored about, and his envious neighbors took occasion to remark that they thought "Walt Russell had more gumption than to be stuck in himself on people who thought themselves better than him. Because he saved the girl's life he thinks he's going to give 'er to 'im. I'd think he'd take a mint without bein' knocked down with it."

These ungracious remarks reached his ears, and caused him many a heart pang. Walter thought that may be his frequent calls at the banker's were becoming intrusive, and determined to know the very worst the next time he met Miss Norton.

"Hey, Walt, goin' tew town?" asked Tom Flynn, as he met the young farmer, mounted on his prancing horse upon the road.

"Yes, that yesterday," said Tom, roining in his horse. "They's goin' ter be a big weddin'!"

"Who?"

"Miss Norton, the gal ye kep' the horses from killin', they's goin' to marry Mr. Adolphus Malloy, the rich New Yorker. I saw him in the bank. Oh, he's a regular dandy!"

Walter galloped on. The bright delusion was dispelled, the sweet dream gone. Little did Tom Flynn dream of the amount of gall and bitterness his mischievous words had caused. He hoped he had blasted Walter's happiness, and cared not how miserable he made him.

The ride to the city was blurred with misery, if not a blank.

He had to pass the banker's suburban residence, and as he did so he heard voices. Turning his eyes in that direction he saw a no less personage than Adolphus Malloy himself.

There stood the dandy talking with the banker, while Olla, more lovely than she had ever appeared before, stood behind her mother's chair on the portico.

Walter was partially screened by some flowering shrubbery, and involuntarily checked his horse. The men were so close to him that he could hear what the soft-tongued Adolphus was saying:

"If you wish testimonials, Mr. Norton—ah! I can furnish them, indeed I can. I'm one of the best families in New York. I make a fair proposal for your daughter's hand, and—"

Mr. Malloy, you must consult with my daughter herself about this matter," said the banker. "Get her consent, and then I will hear you."

"He has not got her consent yet," said Walter, feeling the load on his heart temporarily lightened. But he reflected that it would not be long until the dandy had the girl's consent, and then the weight upon his heart seemed as oppressive as ever.

The next two or three hours were like a terrible dream to Walter. He wandered mechanically about the city, hardly knowing what had brought him to town, or whether he should go. Then he seemed drowsy of leaving.

It was late in the day when he started for his home. He was forced to go by the banker's house, and it was as he rode slowly by the garden wall that he overheard voices in the summer house. Impelled by some strange feeling, he drew rein and listened.

"No, Mr. Malloy, the well-known voice of Olla was heard saying, "I can never be more than a friend to you."

"What! do I understand that you refuse my suit?" demanded the voice of Adolphus Malloy, quivering with rage.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you reject me?"

"I do."

"By heaven, girl, you shall be made to repent this. You know not who I am. I am not a person to be trifled with in that manner."

"Do you threaten?"

"I do, and you shall have cause to fear. You shall be mine whether you wish to or not, and this kiss shall seal our betrothal—"

"Oh, help! help!"

Walter never knew how he got over that wall into the summer house. The first he knew he was standing in the arbor clasping the sobbing, frightened Olla in his arms, while Mr. Malloy, his breast considerably muddled, as if he had been hit with an Alexandrian battering ram, was slowly scrambling to his feet.

The fashionable young New-Yorker glanced about him, and, with a blighting curse on the head of the young farmer, left the scene.

Walter's tongue seemed loosened, for the first time in his life. Consciousness of power made him brave. All timidity, all awkwardness was gone, and he, a veritable hero, led the frightened, rescued girl to the house. Words of deep sympathy, if not of love, were exchanged.

He remained for several minutes, and there could be no mistaking the look of regret on the face of the beautiful girl as he took leave of her.

The sun had gone down and night had thrown out her sable mantle, when he cantered out of the city. Adown the dark road his horse pranced.

His course lay through a forest most of the way, and as there was no moon, and it being slightly cloudy, the night was intensely dark.

He was riding slowly along the dark

road, his horse's feet making but very little noise, when he was suddenly started by hearing voices only a few paces away. One of the speakers he recognized as the man he had punished that day. Walter slipped noiselessly from the saddle, tied his horse to a small tree, and crept to the top of the creek bank, beneath which the persons engaged in the conversation were standing.

"Yes," said the voice which he recognized as Adolphus Malloy's, "that's all up now. The girl has refused me point blank; and now all we can do is to make the most we can out of it. His house is in the suburbs, and they keep considerable jewelry about it, as well as money. Besides we'll drag the old bound out, make him go with us to the bank, and, as he knows the combination of the lock, open the vault for us."

"Won't there be danger?"

"Yes, some; but no more than we've risked before. We will crack open the safe in New York City, needn't have any fears of this one. Besides, boys, it's bound to make a big haul for us. What do you say?"

"Oh, we'll go anywhere you lead," said another.

"I'll be four to one. There's only the old man and two women, with possibly a woman servant and man servant in the house. But they'll be surprised, and what can they do? Come on."

Walter crept swiftly and noiselessly back to his horse, led him about two hundred paces, and then, turning his head back toward the city, he saw money, the saddle and galloped away. The further he went the faster his horse ran. It was several miles, but the noble animal bore him onward like wind.

It lacked several minutes of midnight when he reached the house of the banker in the city. He was wildly cracked, the gate led his horse into the lawn, and turned him into the summer house, as it offered the best place of concealment.

Hurrying up the door-step he rang the night bell. A moment later a sleepy dandy came.

"I must see Mr. Norton at once," said Walter.

Mr. Norton came down half dressed into the hall, where he listened in amazement to what Walter had to reveal.

"Have you no weapons?" the countryman asked.

"No, not a thing, except that heavy cane in the corner."

"Will do. Now, if I had a dark lantern," said Walter.

"Stop—I have one; I will get it."

The banker soon brought the lantern, and Walter then seizing the cane told Mr. Norton and the colored man to secure clubs. He was ready at the head of the stairway when the door opened.

They did so, and then a deathlike stillness fell over the scene. An hour had passed, when Walter could hear footsteps creeping forward toward the door. Skeleton keys were inserted, the bolt clicked, shot back, and four dark forms, each wearing a black mask, glided into the hall, softly closing the door after them.

"Wait up stairs, this way," some one whispered.

"Surrender!" roared Walter, and with a click the dark lantern flashed a flood of light upon them.

Whack! came a blow from the cane, and one of the four burglars fell.

"Down the gin—cut for the door!" shouted another.

There was a sharp report, and Walter felt a stinging pain on his cheek, but he struck out again, and down went the man who had shot him. Another sharp crack and a pain in his shoulder told he had a second hit. The lantern fell from his grasp, but he continued to do battle, though all was darkness about him, and he felt as if ten thousand worlds were crashing in ruin about his falling senses. He heard shouts on the stairway, and knew the banker and negro were coming to his aid. At the excessive pain and loss of blood overcome the modern Hercules, and he fainted.

When he recovered he was lying on a bed, two surgeons were dressing his wounds, and some one was softly weeping at the head of his bed. He looked, and it was the banker's daughter.

She never was a hero so far as repaid for his suffering. Olla was his nurse, though his mother came to share her vigils, and before Walter recovered he had declared his love and been accepted by Olla.

People began at once to speak of Walter as a decidedly lucky boy, but of course the banker's girl would not throw herself away on him. When rumor of the betrothal was first made known no one believed it.

When it became a fact, everybody supposed that Walter would go into the bank and learn the business, but he did nothing of the kind.

Mr. Adolphus Malloy and his two associates captured with him, who proved to be a band of New York burglars, were all sent for a long term to the State's prison. Walter and Olla were married as soon as he recovered from his wounds, and the banker settled his son-in-law upon a large stock farm in the country, not far from the city, where he became the model farmer of that locality. And his wife, that excellent lady and housekeeper, is the banker's daughter.

Horns of Elks.

Every hunter among the mountains of the Olympic range where elk abounds knows that the elk "sheeds its horns," as they are commonly called, every year; that the new antlers grow rapidly and are at first covered with a skin on which is a soft growth called velvet. While they are in their first growth and before the velvet is rubbed off the antlers are filled with blood-vessels, and are considered by old hunters as excellent eating. My old friend, Peter Fisher of Quillente, Clallam County, formerly a mighty hunter of elk, has often assured me that "elk horns in the velvet are just like marrow." Other famous and successful elk-hunters of Dungeness, such as Weir, Sutherland, Merrill, Sol Thompson, and a score more, have assured me of the same fact. Gradually the antlers harden, commencing at the base, and when sufficiently matured the velvet is rubbed off by the animal, and the antlers, at first white, change to the rich brown with which every one is familiar who has seen a "pair of elk horns." These antlers are seldom dropped at the same time. The animal may knock off one among brush and then move away to another place and cast the other. These soon get buried among the vegetation where they have fallen and in a short time disappear. As they are considered of little value it is but seldom a hunter will take the trouble to bring one out of the woods when they may be chance be observed.—Portland Oregonian.

Suspicion.
The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.

We trust Horace did a little hoeing and farming himself, and his verse is not all fraudulent sentiment.—C. D. Warner.

KILLING WOMEN.

The Anglo-Saxons drowned women guilty of theft. The criminal was thrown from the cliff or submerged. In the tenth century a woman was drowned at London bridge.

WOMEN were punished by drowning in Scotland. In 1599 Grissell Mathew was condemned by the High Court of Edinburgh "to be taken to the north loch and there drowned till she be dead."

An ancient German history we read of female criminals being impaled in the mud, and in comparatively recent years the remains of several bodies having been found to prove the truth of this assertion.

In early England a cook once poisoned fourteen persons. The authorities did not believe they had an alibi sufficiently severe for her case, so a law was passed making her crime punishable by being boiled to death.

ACCORDING to the Danish laws women were buried alive for theft, a method of punishment not unknown in France. In 1331 Marotte Dupuis was scourged and subjected to this death at Aboville; in 1400 a woman named Erette Manger, a notorious thief and receiver of stolen goods, was by order of the Provost of Paris, buried alive in front of the gibbet of that city.

A MEMORABLE instance of drowning occurred at Bavaria, October 14, 1466. Agnes Bernartian, wife of the Duke Albert the Pious, was dropped off the bridge of the city of Strasburg into the Danube, by order of her father. She appears not to have been put into a sack, and her limbs not to have been securely bound, for she rose to the surface of the water and swam to the shore, crying "help," "help," but the executioner put a long pole into her hair and kept her down.

In the early days of England men were too humane to execute women, but they drowned them. During the reign of Henry III., however, a woman was hanged, but as she did not die after being on the gibbet a day, they cut her hair and she was granted a pardon. Adulterous women and sorceresses were drowned or smothered in mud. Stones were fastened to their necks to prevent their swimming, or they were sewed up in sacks. Sometimes they were drowned in company with a cat, a dog and a snake.

Making Food from Grain.

Bread is an invention from the Greeks and passed from them to the Romans.

A round disk of bread was for many centuries the substitute for plates. After dinner these plates were distributed among the poor.

The hand-mills were the only known tools to squeeze flour from grain until the first crusaders copied from the Saracens the art to let wind-mills do the work.

Bread was not cut at meals, nor was there any meal for it, for it was not baked in the size or thickness as it is at present, but in thin, smooth cakes, and could, therefore, easily be broken. This is the origin of the saying: "To break bread with him or her."

Most of the ancient nations ate biscuits under special conditions; chiefly in war, whether navy or military, or on long journeys by sea or land. To the Greeks they were known as arton di puron, that is, "bread twice put to the fire," while the Romans had their panis naticus, or capta, chiefly used, as its name implies, for nautical purposes.

It is not a little odd that the word "bisquit" or "bi-cuit" embodies the process by which biscuits were made from time immemorial to within the last century, I do not need, later. Bis, twice, and cuitus, cooked, shows that they were twice baked, and although the double process has now been discarded yet the name is retained.

Already, in the times of Pliny, the naturalist, the Gauls made use of barm to render their bread lighter. In the seventeenth century the doctors in Paris pronounced this as detrimental to health, and the use of barm was prohibited. Out of this arose between doctors and bakers a long lawsuit which did not lead to any result. Fashion here settled the question. Today nobody considers barm as unwholesome.

At what period of man's history the lightening of dough by fermentation was first adopted no one, of course, knows. It is, however, certain that cakes made of nothing but meal and water and then baked are very much older. Fragments of unfeminated bread were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the neolithic age, an age dating back far beyond the received age of the world. This is the earliest instance of biscuits as yet discovered, or biscuits are merely unfeminated bread.

The Color of the Eyes.

Hazel-eyed people are rarely shallow, and you must be prepared for surprises when you have to deal with them.

Blue eyes take care of their friends, brown of their enemies, gray of their countries, black of their pleasures, and green of themselves.

The violet eye is a woman's eye, of which the main characteristics are affection and purity, chivalric belief, and limited or deficient intellectuality.

Speaking popularly, it may be said that eyes are brown, blue, gray, hazel, black, green, or of no color at all. The last three varieties, however, are based on a monomer.

The light-blue eye is the eye of the Northern races—of the Swedes and the Danes, of the Scotch sometimes also. It suggests constancy and truth, steadfastness, simplicity, courage, purpose. It is a man's eye, with its moderation and self-respect—honest in the glance it gives you, if at the same time cold and phlegmatic.

Blue-gray eyes, radiated from within with brown and bronze streaks, are chiefly found among the mixed races, and especially the English and the Americans. They always suggest a good deal of strength of character, generally a sense of mischief and trickiness, and sometimes that humorous cruelty which belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race.

The blue is certainly the type with the greatest number of varieties. It is

a color that illustrates pre-eminently the feminine qualities—tenderness, affection, a yielding to the wishes of others, a sympathy with small sufferings, that measure of vanity without which no woman can be entirely attractive, and that self-surrender which goes far to persuade a man that he is a demigod because his wife believes in and tells him so.

Baby Monkeys.

Baboons are almost the ugliest of the monkeys to look at. They have dog-shaped heads, with eyes deep-set and close together, and their faces have ridged and swellings and queer colors, so that they are really hideous to our notions. But, in spite of their looks, they are most interesting animals because they are so fond of each other, and so amiable and full of fun in babyhood. Dreadful-looking old fellows, that look as if they could easily eat up a baby, are extremely fond of the little ones, and as tender and careful as any human nurse.

Some dull stories are told of baboon babies in menageries. In one place there were two mothers with infants, and the others of the tribe, when allowed to go in the cage occupied as a nursery, gathered about the mothers, and begged by their actions to hold the baby a little. The mothers allowed them to do so, and the little ones were passed around among the visitors, each one holding a baby a few minutes carefully, and then passing it on. At last, after every one had taken the child, it was given back to its mamma. Such a performance among animals is very extraordinary, you know.

Another one that was in a menagerie in Paris was in a cage alone with its mamma, and when about eight days old papa was allowed to go in, to make a call. He embraced mamma and the baby, and then sat down by her and took the little one in his arms. Pretty soon the rest of the baboon family were introduced to the interesting cage, to call on the infant. Each one wanted to take it, of course, but this mother was not so obliging, or so trusting perhaps. She would not let any one touch it, and if urged she gave the teaser a slap. They all sat around her and moved their lips as though talking.

The baboon baby out of a menagerie has probably a better time. He sleeps in a den in the rocks, rides on his mother's back, and eats berries and fruit and roots, besides insects. Nothing is funnier than to see a party of these wild youngsters at play. They are specially fond of sliding down hill (which shows they know what is sport—doesn't it, boys?) They select a nice, grassy place, and down they go, sliding and rolling over and over like great balls of fur, chattering and carrying on like a party of children. They run about on all fours on the ground, and if in a hurry they gallop, but they are not often seen on trees.

The little baboon is a jolly fellow, always full of pranks and jokes, such as slyly pulling the tail of some dignified old fellow. But this performance turns out not so funny if he gets caught, for a pinch or a bite is the pay he gets. Like other little folk, the baboon baby sometimes loses his temper, and the ways he takes to show his anger and to threaten the enemy are very strange. He opens his mouth wide as if yawning, or he pounds his fist on the ground as you have seen a naughty child do.

As they grow old, like many other animals, and especially monkeys, they grow more savage and cross, and of course are not so interesting. They go in large parties together, and often visit the crops of the farmer. When they do this they keep watchers on the lookout, and though usually quite noisy fellows, they are as quiet as any other thieves who know they are taking what does not belong to them. If an unlucky baby chances to make a noise he gets a smart slap, and, naturally he soon learns to keep still when on an excursion of that sort. This fellow lives in Africa, and his name is *Cynocephalus Hamadryas*.—Christian Union.

Capabilities of Wells.

Various attempts are in progress to get from artesian wells not only water, but power and heat as well. Machinery is already driven by the pressure, in France, and experience shows that the heat may be increased by adding to the depth of the well. At Grenelle a well 1,802 feet deep, and yielding daily 500,000 gallons, has a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, and the water is so hot that it is employed for heating hospitals in the vicinity. The deepest well in the world is being sunk at Pesth, Hungary, to supply hot water for public baths. It now yields daily 176,000 gallons heated to 158 degrees, and the boring is to be continued until the temperature is raised to 176 degrees.

A Georgia Mule.

There was a very large mule that died in my neighborhood, and three years after it was dead it killed a nine-year old negro boy. The hawks were very bad at our house, and we took the skull of the above-mentioned mule and hung it up in the top of a mulberry tree to scare the hawks away. In the summer, when the mulberries were ripe, the negroes one day went to the tree to get some. One climbed up the tree and shook it, and the skull fell and struck the negro boy on the head, killing him instantly. It was three years to the very day from the time the mule died until he killed the negro.—Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.

A Manx Trial.

In a lately published tale, "Green Hills by the Sea," the scene of which is laid in the Isle of Man, a strange Manx custom is described. It appears that up to 1845, and perhaps still, in a capital trial the bishop and archdeacon were required to appear upon the bench. The question put to the jury was, not as in England, "guilty or not guilty," but, "May the man of the church continue to sit?" The answer was a plain "yes" or "no." In the latter case the departure of the clergy was followed by a sentence of death.

But we are all the same—the fools of our own woes.—Matthew Arnold.

HUMOR.

DAIRY maid—Nice butter.
FASHION is the dressmaker's pattern saint.

GAME to the last—Cobblers playing base-ball.
The real-estate dealer doesn't want the earth; he is always trying to sell it.

THERE is always room at the top of an evening costume for more costume.—Puck.

LETTER carriers are by no means a modern institution. The Phoenicians, who invented letters, carried them into Greece.

THERE is an instance where disease may become diseased. Pursuit and possession: In one we are sick with desire and in the other desire is sick.

WE notice per advertisement "Patent fire escapes." Good old ordinary fire does the same thing, and it is just as difficult to head off.—Texas Sittings.

"SOME people have no teeth and can't get them, while others who don't want them have them thrust upon them," was Smith's remark when a canine tried to take a mouthful of his leg.

An interesting series of articles is appearing in the *Bazar*, entitled, "How to Live on Five Hundred a Year." This series should be supplemented by another to be called, "How to Get the Five Hundred to Live On."

"I SEE that some newspaper men have formed a club, and called it the Homeless Club," remarked Robinson. "Does that mean that they have no homes?" "No," replied Lighthead; "it only means that they will be homeless than ever now."

"It is our duty to keep ourselves unspotted from the world," said the preacher. "I shall be mighty glad if I keep myself unspotted from the detectives," murmured a burglar who had just dropped into the church to escape pursuit.—Boston Courier.

"I RECEIVED a lot of rejected manuscript to-day," said Titmarsh to a friend. "Did you? I had no idea you had an ambition to shine as an author." "Not exactly that. You see, my girl and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."—New York Sun.

A YOUNG man thrusts his head out of the window of a cab and cries to the driver: "Why don't you drive faster? I am going to be married this morning, and at this rate I will arrive too late for the wedding." Driver (sympathetically)—"Well, what of it? I am giving you plenty of time to reflect."—Figaro.

"Got any invisible ink?" she asked in a whisper. "We have." "One bottle, please." "You know how to use it," he queried. "Oh, it isn't for me, but for the nice young man who writes to me. Mamma has got in the habit of opening my letters, and we propose that she shall draw blanks after this."—Detroit Free Press.

A PROMINENT Kentucky lawyer is noted for the size of his feet. He is not at all sensitive about them, however. He has himself named his shoes after two Ohio River steamboats, and when he gets up in the morning calls over to the boy who does his boot-blackings, "Jim, bring me the Indianola, and then go back and bring me the Pride of the West."

"I NOTICE," said a clergyman's wife to her husband, "that it is no longer fashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony." "Yes," sadly responded the good man, "many of the pleasant features connected with the wedding ceremony have been discarded, and—'What's that?' demanded his wife, ominously. "I mean—I mean," he stammered, "that the senseless custom of kissing the bride should have been abolished long ago."—All the Year Round.

EVERY little while we read of some fabulous number of pairs of pantaloons that the American Missionary Society sends to the heathen. Of course pantaloons are necessary to fully change a heathen into a Christian and gentleman, but sometimes we can't help wondering a little about the rest of the wardrobe. It seems as if the worst heathen in the lot would like a change from pantaloons all the time—say an occasional pair of red suspenders.—Dakota Bell.

Flip in an Old Tavern.
About the only relics of the flip age are the dozen or more flip-irons which now occupy a conspicuous position behind the trim bar. Sugar, eggs and cider were metamorphosed by these uncouth utensils into a mellow and foaming beverage, which slipped down our ancestors' throats so smoothly. The flip-irons are much like a soldering-iron in shape, though the extremity which is heated is more bulbous. In making the famed concoction the expert taverner will have the component parts well mixed by the time the iron has blushed rosy in its nest of hot coals. It is taken red-hot from the fire and allowed to cool a trifle so that the mixture may not be scorched. The artist watches its ever-changing hues as closely as though tempering a Damascus blade. With a dextrous turn of the hand he inverts the globe over the leaden cider mug and carefully touches the top of the liquid till the heat covers it with a creamy foam. Then the iron is let down to the bottom and the apple juice is gently stirred till it froths up to the rim of the vessel and the delicious compound is ready.—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Boston's Harmonious Danish Club.
A clever Danish woman said to me one day she was engaged at her Danish club for that evening. I asked some careless question in regard to the club, and the reply was: "Oh, it's a beautiful club. I am the only member, so everything is managed to suit me. The truth is," she added in a burst of confidence, "I take one evening a fortnight to read my native literature. When I said I wanted to stay at home and read nobody accepted the excuse as valid. If I say I am engaged at my Danish club the plea is always recognized as valid, and I am let alone."—Providence Journal.

You are the only one to blame for the escape of your secret. If you cannot keep it, why should anyone else?