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A SUMMER IDYL.

o the frog, the slimy green frog,
zing away on that old rotten log,
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
the tail that he had when a wee pollywog.

the boy, the freckled school-boy,
med for cussedness, free from alloy,
Watching the frog
Perched on a log,
h feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
ich the freckled-faced boy at the frog doth
sock,
Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
he likely result of its terrible shock.

he grass, the treacherous grass,
from beneath his feet! Alas!
Into the mud,
With a dull thud,
alls and rises a slimy mass,

, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
ing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

* * * * * * *

at the switch, the hickory switch,
ng to make that school-boy twitch
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes,
he raise his voice to its highest pitch!

I should smile—a snickering smile—
guish will circulate over a mile.
And the next slimy frog
He perceives on a log
given a rest in magnificent style.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SUN SPOTS.

Black Holes Into Which Three our Worlds Could Be Dropped—Hough on the Connection Between Sun Spots and Cyclones and r Storms.

ting information in regard to sun
and the theories about them at the
gs of the Chicago University,
rter for the *Inter Ocean* found
. W. Hough, of the chair of
my, busily engaged in his favor-
k, but not too busily engaged to
to his visitor a cordial reception.
in his working dress, with a
but becoming professor's cap
is head, the Professor looked
ch the gentlemanly conversa-
the reporter found him to be.
ect of the interview announced,
ut a moment after the greeting
r for the professor to unlock his
se of knowledge that the re-
ight take a peep at some of the
s hidden therein.

e first place," said the Professor, you to understand I don't take in the great cry about the in- the sun's spots upon the The fact is you newspaper etimes are hard up for news these spots are most preva- interview every so-called or nomer who has a loose tongue notoriety. Then comes a lot out electrical storms and the h in the main is absurd. The t is, that there is no direct between these solar disturb- these electrical storms, or any tters pertaining weather, r crops. True, there are out the relation of the sun to rs, which occassionally seem n true; but, while it is ap- is not real. All this talk un's spots causing famine ncing the condition of the to diminish the growth or of cereals is without founda- . The argument which I which I deem unanswer- If there is any connection se electrical storms, etc., nges upon the surface of the th should be affected as a in particular localities."

you mean by this?" asked

pposing there is a severe rm in Chicago during some lar disturbances. Now, I the storm is the result of ts, there should be a sim- London, for instance, at ne, or, at least, when the an comes under the sun; no facts to prove such the contrary, this alleged con- en the sun and earth is nomena taking place at one ality. Then, again, the ut fourteen days in cross- disk, and, hence, the al- the spots should continue longer than the few hours orms really last. Besides has yet told us at what should affect the earth, it first comes in sight, across the sun's disk, or t.

inent astronomers have s to attribute the great forty or fifty years ago, o the influence of these my view of the case, it s could not have been, the world had plenty of e time, and to affect the se spots must affect it as upon it, this talk of about sun spots and upon climatic changes, like is founded in fool-

ssor, what are these pots?"

ive you a clear idea of so far as science knows may understand the stood in the latest sci-

, the sun is a body of seous, or solid sub- ,000 miles in diameter. by an envelope or cov- to 6,000 miles thick, the photosphere, and et our light and heat. hotosphere, which is of temperature and more tion all the time, is a loud-like matter, in roscope discloses the ng the various metals us attenuated by the intense heat of the inside globe of molten matter. Outside this layer is another, probably not equally distributed, made up of hydrogen gas, and still outside of this is what is called the 'coronal atmosphere,' as seen in total eclipses."

"Now," asked the interested reporter, "are these spots parts of the sun's surface inside of all these layers of atmospheres?"

"By no means," rejoined the animated Professor. "This black spot which the astronomer or the curious, non-scientific observer sees, is nothing in the world—or the sun—but a big black hole in the photosphere. It is not a spot or blotch on the real surface of the sun by any means. It is black, to be sure, but only so in contrast with the brilliant surface. We look at the sun and see the photosphere. A mass of some kind of gas is thrown up or sent down through the photosphere, and makes a big, irregular cavity, precisely like the crater of a volcano, and this hole is what you see when you look at the 'spots on the sun.'"

"How large are these sun spots, or these holes in the photosphere?"

"They're big. Big enough, some of them, to drop the earth and several planets down in without touching the sides of tho hole. To illustrate, in 1843 there was a spot seen which was 75,000 miles in diameter, visible a whole week, and there was another group 150,000 miles across. You see these spots break out near the equator of the sun and are seldom found more than thirty degrees away from it."

Being interested in the cause of this irruption on the face of the yellow old sun, the reporter wanted to know what made the spots break out.

"The astronomers have been at variance as to what the main body of the sun is. No one, however, can say positively that he knows and be truthful. What keeps up this internal heat, too, is a matter of question. Some think the vast solar fire is supplied by matter drawn in, in some way, from outside space to supply fuel for this great fire, which has been burning for millions of years without apparent diminution of the sun's body. Why, sir, if the sun was a body of hard coal, gigantic as it is, it would burn up in five years. This great mass of heated matter is constantly developing gas—hence the spots which I have told you were the result of some of this gas pushing up through, or, in some cases, going down through the photosphere."

"Probably the inside of the sun is pretty warm."

"Hot, sir; hotter than red-hot iron. Whatever it is—solid, liquid, or gaseous—it is at a very high degree of temperature."

"How about the inhabitants of the sun?"

"The theory of inhabitation is nonsensical, sir."

"Why is it that these spots can some times be seen wiih the naked eye?"

"Because they happen to be unusually large. They may be large or small according to circumstances. The general surface of the sun in its normal state is mottled and not entirely smooth, though there are no indications of solar mountains or valleys. Sometimes there are little blotches called faculæ extending above the photosphere, while the real sun spots extend down in. Sometimes the spots appear and disappear rapidly, sometimes they remain in sight for days, and sometimes the sun is dotted with them for months. They are periodic in their nature, appearing to reach their maximum about once in ten years. Then, in about four or five years, the sun's disk is comparatively clear, gradually growing spotted until another sun-spot maximum is reached. The spots are composed of a center or nucleus of dark matter surrounded by a penumbra or lighter part, which is distinctly marked from the point of contact with the nucleus."

"Has the sun any atmosphere, Professor?"

"There is a good deal of difference of opinion about an atmosphere outside of the sun. In total eclipses of the sun there is seen a corona, showing like a halo around the dark surface of the moon, and it has been called a coronal atmosphere. I put forth the theory in 1878 that this corona was caused by matter which was drawn in from space, because on Pike's Peak, where observations were taken, it was seen to extend off five or six degrees from the sun, and it seems to me absurd to suppose any atmosphere could extend that distance. The comets which have passed very close to the sun didn't suffer any retardation in speed upon their approach to the sun, which would seem to show that if there is a permanent atmosphere it must be very attenuated. Dr. Hastings, of John Hopkins University, thinks this corona is simply a diffraction or bending out of the rays of the sun around the surface of the moon."

Speaking of spots, Professor, could you give me a glimpse of the genuine article?"

"Certainly," said the courteous Professor, "providing there are any to be seen; but it is rather late in the day, and there probably are not many to be seen now."

Up to the dizzy height of the observatory the reporter followed the nimble-footed Professor, and was treated to a glimpse of a couple of just visible spots—tiny little specks of a few thousand miles in diameter, more or less. With a good-by, and a pleasant invitation to call again from the genial Professor the reporter left the sun's spots, and came down to earth after a decidedly interesting visit to realms supernal.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The waves are ever at war. They are constantly shelling the beach.

Butchering in Belgium.

Consul Tanner, at Liege, Belgium, sends the Department of State some interesting facts about meat in that State where so much system seems to abound in everything that is done.

All beasts that are butchered there must first be carefully inspected by a veterinary surgeon, and marked according to their quality. In Liege and all Belgian cities there is a large brick building set apart by the city to which all beasts to be butchered must be sent. They are carefully examined by a veterinary surgeon employed by the city, and if they show the slightest symptoms of disease are condemned, killed on the spot, and instantly buried. If the beast is sound but lean, it is marked with a red mark in a conspicuous place, which denotes second quality of beef. If it is in the best condition a blue mark is made on the breast, and two blue cockades given to its owner.

One of these cockades the farmer is glad to keep, and if one goes into a farm-house there, it not infrequently happens that one sees the walls of the parlor decorated with the blue cockades. The second cockade goes to the shop where the meat is retailed, and no one is allowed to use the blue unless they have bought the beef that has won it, under severe penalties.

The city butchers the beast in the most approved manner at a very moderate charge. This simple manner is the most effective in guaranteeing the best of beef, because it can be seen at a glance the inducements to both the farmer and to the dealer in having the blue cockade; his cattle would not fetch as much in the market with the red mark, nor the shop be patronized so extensively, without the blue cockade. This system does more; it guarantees pure beef, and offers sufficient encouragement for the best qualities.

Horses are similarly examined before being butchered, and those buying the flesh know what they are buying, and the laboring classes are glad to get it.

The law is severe on any one who should butcher a beast without having it examined, and no deception is used about the quality of beef, nor can any be used. The blue cockade speaks for itself, and a second-class shop can lay no pretensions to having first-class meat.

Horse-flesh that is retailed is sold in shops that only deal in that flesh.

All beasts must be butchered at the building set apart for that purpose by the city.

The Consul says that on an average about 10,000 horses are butchered per annum in Belgium. The average price of the meat is five cents per pound. If a horse becomes helpless from age, or is crippled, he is put in as good condition as possible and sent to market.

If we in American cities had this system of inspection, or, indeed, any system at all, it would be better for the health of the people, and the reputation of our packed and canned meats trade would suffer infinitely less from prohibition edicts abroad. Some day we shall come to this, as we shall, probably, to the eating of horse-flesh. That we do not eat horse meat now is owing greatly, of course, to the fact that beef, mutton and pork are plentiful and comparatively cheap, and that they are really more juicy and palatable than the flesh of the horse, but it is owing still more to the existence of ill-founded prejudice. The horse is cleanly in all his habits, compared with the animals whose flesh we eat, especially the hog; his food is of the best, and he has few hidden diseases.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Amusing an Editor.

In the party of prominent persons who arrived from Europe last Friday to visit Yellowstone Park, at Rufus Hatch's invitation, was William Hardman, editor-in-chief of the *Morning Post*, of London. Mr. Hardman is accompanied by his wife, and with the rest of the party has been staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and spending the last few days "doing" New York before starting for the West.

The New York *Tribune* says: Besides being editor of one of the oldest London newspapers Mr. Hardman has also for the last twenty years occupied the onerous position of chairman of the Surrey County sessions, and has thus enjoyed the pleasure of committing something like ten thousand rogues and rascals of various degree to cool their heels for a greater or less period of time in the county jail. He differs much in outward appearance from the Shakspearean ideal of the justice, for his kindly, ruddy, distinctively English face, so far from being adorned by a "beard of formal cut," is clean-shaven and guiltless of any approach to severity, while instead of "wise saws and modern instances," his conversation abounds with good humor. He had not been on American soil half a dozen hours before he was promptly given the title of "Judge," and as "Judge Hardman" he is known to all the Yellowstone party. There is no disputing the fact, however, that the "Judge" is almost aggressively British as regards the outward man, and as he walked across Broadway yesterday from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the Brunswick, the merest glance at his portly form would have set a confirmed Anglophobist wild.

As he skirted the Worth monument, seeking its grateful shade," Mr. Hardman was accosted by a short, thick-set man, with a black mustache, who rushed up to him and said: "How are you?" then, without pause, "you seem to have forgotten me. My name is Harrison, and I came over on the same steamer. But perhaps I am mistaken. What steamer did *you* cross in, and what was the Captain's name?"

"The Adriatic was the ship and the Captain's name Jennings," answered the "Judge."

"I beg your pardon, then, for I must have made a mistake. Excuse me," and the short, black-mustached man hurried off. Mr. Hardman pursued his dusty way to the Brunswick, and transacted his business, and on his return thought he would see whether the Madison Square Garden would not discount the Worth monument as regards shade. He had hardly entered it when a tall, thin-faced man, with a fair mustache, faultless as to dress and voluble as to speech, stopped him and began:

"How do you do?" A blank stare was his only answer.

"Ah, I see you don't remember me. My name is Harry Jennings, and I am the nephew of Captain Jennings, with whom you came over on the Adriatic."

The "Judge" knew his man in an instant. He had sentenced too many of his kidney to six months' hard labor to be mistaken, but thought as there were so few theaters open he would see the cheap little comedy played out.

"I'm glad to meet you again Mr. Jennings, but for the minute I had quite forgotten you. Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

Mr. Jennings took the arm of his newfound friend and sauntered with him through the cool and shady walks of the garden. They talked on various topics, and Mr. Jennings showed himself a man of considerable information. From Yellowstone Park to Rufus Hatch the talk turned to literature and American literary men, and it appeared that Mr. Jennings was the happy possessor of a portion of Longfellow's library. Not only that, but he was desirous of giving Mr. Hardman a beautifully-bound copy of Tennyson, with the author's and Longfellow's autographs on the title-page. The "Judge" obligingly consented to receive the gift, and was conveyed by Mr. Jennings on board a 3d avenue street car, or "tram-car," as the chairman of the Surrey sessions called it. Mr. Jennings paid the fares, and, alighting at 14th street, led the way to a quiet-looking house east of 3d avenue. They were let in by a servant, whom Mr. Jennings questioned as to the arrival of the books. They had not come, but a letter had, which Mr. Jennings opened, and on the contents of which he asked his new acquaintance's congratulations. He had won $500 it appeared. The Judge gravely congratulated him, and was then invited to step up-stairs and see how it had been won.

In a small, sparely furnished room up-stairs an elderly man was sitting at a desk. Complying with Mr. Jennings' request, this elderly man produced a small shiny blackboard on which were mysterious figures. Jennings and the elderly man then commenced a game the intricacies of which were beyond Mr. Hardman's comprehension, but the fact was evident that Mr. Jennings was winning largely. In a few minutes he took Mr. Hardman aside, asked him if he would try his luck to the extent of eleven dollars. The "Judge" was obdurate. "See here, now," said Mr. Jennings, "if you put up your eleven dollars and lose it I will make it all right. Unless you play I cannot go on winning, and if you lose I will give you half my winnings. Besides, you might win yourself, you know."

The intended victim thought it was about time to ring the curtain down. "Gentlemen," he said, suavely, "I am much obliged to you. As a stranger I like to see all I can; as a Judge in a criminal court I am interested in the ways of all criminals. You have lost some valuable time and five cents car fare, and I am indebted to you. Good day!" And with a deep step and mien upholding the dignity of the English bench he withdrew, leaving "Hungry Joe" alias "Mr. Jennings" and his "pals" lamenting.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Dead Give-Away.

A certain young Hebrew traveling man, now on the road, but with an older companion, bought a special ticket of a scalper and got aboard the train in good shape. When the conductor came around he took up Isaac's ticket and looked at the name, and then at Isaac, shook his head, and said:

"What's your name?"

"Let me see my ticket."

"Can't you tell your name without seeing the ticket? This won't do. You'll have to get off at the next station or pay your fare."

This agitated Isaac profoundly, and he turned to his companion and said:

"Moses, I've forgot my name that was on the ticket; can you tell me what it is?"

"Vill you leef me see dot teeket, Mr. Coondogter?" inquired Moses. The conductor showed it to him. "Mein Got, Izeek, vot name is dees? Patrick Moriarity! No vonder you dond recommember dot name! Dond you nefer got some more teekets pi dem schoolpers mit dot name on it. Dey vill all de times gif you afay. Dem Coondogter looks at dot nose and den at dot name, und he schmiles mit himself ven he dinks of a Patrick-behint a nose like dot. Oh, Iseek, ven you grows olter you vill know a krate deal more as you knows yoost now. Mr. Coondogter, I yill pay dis goslink's fare to de schopping place vere ve gits off.—*The Drummer.*

—Dakota is a great country for good girls to emigrate to. The Dakota *Journal* says: "A girl in Dakota without a dollar to her name stands as high in the community as one blessed with a fortune. The man can make the fortune." That is sensible. Dakotaians are right. Marry for love and work for money is a good maxim in any country.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Rochester has a horse with a mane three feet and ten inches long and a tail that sweeps the ground.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—A new idea at Newport is to serve watermelon in the middle of a dinner instead of at the end. It fills the guests chock full, and they can't eat so much. *Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—The Utica (N. Y.) *Observer* says that when Boston girls get lost in the woods they dont shriek for "help!"—no, indeed. They exclaim in a high pitch, "Three ladies in this direction are in urgent need of assistance!"

—When Oscar Wilde comes to this country the Pittsburgh *Despatch* thinks it would be a public-spirited enterprise to induce him to emulate the example of the other English importation by sliding gracefully and esthetically down the rapids at Niagara.

—John Helman, of Lexington, Pa., stood in the hall cleaning his ear with the but-end of a small, stiff switch. A screen door was opened suddenly against him, which thrust the switch inside the ear, broke the drum, caused the most intense suffering, and made Helman a maniac.

—A Cincinnati firm had for years kept in a drawer all the counterfeit money received in the course of business, and the other night a burglar got in and took every cent. It is supposed the burglar will write an indignant communication to the press upon the subject as soon as he calms sufficiently to handle a pen.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Reno saloonkeeper kept a bottle of pitch-pine splinters soaked in spirits of turpentine for the use of customers who tell the barkeeper to hang it up, but the beverage became so popular in Reno that it was considered too good for that class of customers, who are now regaled with a decoction of Truckee River water in which old gum boots have been soaked.—*Denver Tribune.*

—According to Mr. John Bright, in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, forty-one families out of every one hundred families live in homes having only one room, and an additional 37 per cent in homes of only two rooms. Yet, according to Mr. Bret Harte, American Consul at Glasgow, "there is less destitution, less absolute deprivation, less misery and want in Glasgow than in her sister cities."

—A train boy may be happy. The peanut crop of Virginia is set down this year at 2,100,000 bushels, and Virginia is a generous State. There is nothing about it of the man "who hath peanuts and giveth his neighbor none." Tennessee expects to raise 250,000 bushels, and North Carolina 135,000. Peanut pastry is coming into fashion down South, the pastry being made of peanuts ground up.

—"Cricket stands on a very different footing in England from base-ball in this country," remarks the Philadelphia *Ledger*. "Every county, shire, school, and village has its cricket club, composed of amateur players, whose matches are reported in all the papers, and whose games have a local interest that can never attach to a club formed of professional players gathered from all parts of the country, and engaged to play under a name they do not represent."

—At the recent ball in Paris, Millionaire Mackey hired the King of Sweden to dance with the American ladies, paying him $1,000 an hour for the work. The Prince of Wales telegraphed for an invitation, but was refused. Several descendants of the Bonaparte family who attempted to climb in through the windows were thrown into the basin of the fountain. This information is from an account in the Nevada *Appeal*, "based on reasonableness and an intimate knowledge of Mackey."

—Steubenville, O., has had a series of catastrophies. A cow got her tail caught in a gate, and in her efforts to free herself tore a poor man's whole front fence down. The following night a mule got tangled up in a streak of lightning, and by the time he kicked himself loose the stable in which he was quartered looked like it had been interviewed by a cyclone. Subsequently there was a collision between a bicycle and a wheelbarrow, in which the bicycle and the gallant rider met with a most crushing defeat.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of the drawings of Mr. Thomas A. Edison's automatic reversible fox, for which letters patent have just been issued. The invention consists of the skin of a real fox, stuffed with anise and caramels, which, by aid of a powerful electro motor, concealed in the hind legs, will lead the hounds a chase of exactly six miles and then lie down and curl up. A streamer of pulu, in imitation of a real tail, is screwed in appropriately, and may be detached and given away as a trophy. The retail price of the animal is sixteen dollars, forty extra tails included. Four of these automatic foxes are now used by the Queens County Hunt.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Two young men were clerks in their father's store. One lived in the parental house free of expense, and the other was paid a salary. The former sued for compensation, and offered to prove the value of his services by the amount paid to his brother. In this case the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided in favor of the father, saying that unless there is an express contract to pay a son for services where he works for his father, who is boarding and lodging him without charge, he cannot recover compensation. The law will not imply a promise to pay him, and, if a recovery could be had, what was paid to the brother would be no evidence of his services' value.—*N. Y. Times.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Carbonate, Colo., welcomed the first woman by giving her a town lot, a mining claim and money enough to buy a silk dress.

—Horatio Seymour has an old deed which shows that Wasington once speculated in Mohawk Valley land.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

—Frederick T. Stanley, who recently died at New Britain, Conn., aged eighty-one, was the first man to manufacture locks in this country.

—The daughter of Surrogate Moses Warren, of Troy, N. Y., has married the family coachman. The bride is only nineteen. The father decides to make the best of it.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—Rev. William Cole, a Baptist clergyman of Lowell, Mass., started from Lowell fourteen months ago with his horse and buggy, and has just returned from a point some distance beyond Minneapolis, Minn., having covered the whole distance in his carriage. —*Boston Herald.*

—Twenty years ago Miss Christine Roberts, the belle of Hartford, Conn., was engaged to marry a promising young man of that city, but he died on the eve of their wedding day. She was disconsolate, and never appeared to care for the company of gentlemen until she recently met David Dawson, of Morrisonville, aged seventy-three years, in whom she saw a resemblance to her former lover, and she married him.—*Hartford Post.*

—Secretary Chandler's brother-in-law Mr. Kingsley, is the sole survivor of a large family, all of whom have died suddenly. One of the parents was killed by accident, and the other dropped dead with heart disease without a moment's warning. Four of the children died within a few days of scarlet fever, two others were burned to death on the steamer Henry Clay, and another was thrown from a carriage.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"Yes, I sold Abraham Lincoln his first pair of spectacles," said a veteran oculist of Chicago to a reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* the other day. "It was about the time of the Legislature of 1854, when he was a lawyer in Springfield. Some editor down there paid me fifteen dollars to make Mr. Lincoln a pair of spectacles, and those were the first he ever wore. When he was elected President I made him three pairs, one of gold and two of steel.

—Tom Thumb died comparatively young for a dwarf. Richard Gibson, miniature painter and court dwarf to Charles I., lived to be seventy-five, and his dwarf wife, Ann Shepherd, to be eighty-five. Sir Geoffrey Hudson, dwarf and diplomatist to Charles II., expired at sixty-three, and the little gentleman's span of life was shortened by his incarceration, on suspicion of connivance in the Popish plot, in the gate-house at Westminster, where he died. The far-famed Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski, for whom George IV. provided, died also at an advanced age. Dwarfs are better constituted, so Barnum says, than giants, both mentally and physically.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Paper rowing boats were not the first aquatic craft that were constructed of that material. Paper cutters were made years and years ago.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Six lovely school ma'ms were out rowing on the placid Monongahela last evening. A bold, wicked man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boat went by, simply remarked, "Behold the whaling fleet."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—"Does a goose lay eggs?" inquired Rollo, one brisk morning in breezy March. And Rollo's father, sitting behind the stove, eating quinine with a spoon, and trying to shake his whole skeleton out of his pockets, made reply: "Yes, my son, ague slays everything. It has slain your father."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

—The place to get a bang up article —At the hair store. Might not the safe arrival of a ship in port be looked upon as a wreck-less affair? Just the man to fill a vacancy—The dentist. Why are persons who get killed while walking on a railroad track like a certain kind of coal? They lack-a-warner (Lackawanna).—*Boston Traveller.*

—Foreign papers announce that the President of the United States is to receive the present of a true foranor-diskeaskioldbuckels in the old Northern style with Runic inscription. We do not wonder that the President determined to fly to the Yellowstone Valley Even the bravest of us would feel like dodging a thing like that.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"I'm so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed a St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer. "He hasn't written me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excited," was the reassuring reply; "he is out of the reach of Indians, there is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed, and when he last wrote you he was in perfect health." "Oh, yes, I know all that, Lizzie," said the timid, agitated creature, "but then there's the army worm."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Little five-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring that she could read a good deal better than Sabrina, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "wouldn't it sound better if some one else said it?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would; I have such a bad cold, I can't say it very well." *Harper's Bazar.*