THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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UNE PETITE.

'Twas up in the mountains I met her
Last summer in early July;
You ask if I soon will forget her?
Indeed, my dear fellow, not I.
So dainty and charming a creature
Ne'er yet has graced german or ball;
Every pose of her form, every feature,
I still can recall.

Her gowns were remarkably tasty,
Her hats had a fashionable tone,
Her speech, though it rarely was hasty,
Yet showed she'd a mind of her own;
And I was her favored adorer,
Won glances and smiles on the sly,
Though mamma hovered watchfully o'er her
With guardian eye.

The end came with hazy September
When Gertrude went back to the town;
With pleasure I long shall remember
Her laughter, and even her frown.
Did I speak out my love ere we parted?
Well, no, I did not, for you see
The maiden who left me half-hearted
Was aged—*just three!*

—*Clinton Scollard, in the Rambler.*

AN HOUR IN A COLLIERY.

Through the Earth's Crust Into a Coal-Mine.

The Bewildering Sensation of the Descent—Horse-Stalls Alive with Mice—A Haunted Cave—Items Both Entertaining and Instructive.

Through the earth's crust into a coal-mine! Will you come? Take first a glance round the pit-top; peer down the black hole you are to descend; look up at the huge wheels overhead, and comfort yourself with the thought that the ropes, though they seem so like spiders' threads, are made of steel and will bear thirty tons. Take this lamp, unless you prefer a candle stuck in your hat, collier-fashion; and as the cage—so the platform is called in which men and coal alike are conveyed—clicks on the catches, step in, clutch the iron rod which runs along its top to steady yourself, and prepare to drop a quarter of a mile in no time! A bell rings, and we are off. Before the qualmy sensation, so suggestive of sea-sickness, is fully realized, with a rattle and jerk the cage stops, and you find yourself bewildered and helpless; for the candles cast so dim a glimmer as merely to render the darkness visible. We will sit on this bench for a minute, till—as the phrase is—we "get our pit eyes;" and then start, escorted by the courteous manager, to see such objects of interest as naturally attract a novice's attention.

First of all—while we are waiting for our carriage to drive up—let us pay a visit to the stables; capital stalls, cut out in the solid rock, at present untenanted save by swarms of mice, which scamper off in all directions as we bring our lamps to bear on the well-filled mangers. Surprise number one. Wonderingly, we ask: "How did mice get here?"

"Brought down in the hay, you know; and they multiply so alarmingly that we keep cats, and pay them weekly wages, that they may wash down with milk their monotonous mousy diet. We shall see some of the horses as we go our rounds." So our guide informs us, and adds: "Come now; it is time we started for our drive."

Accordingly, we return to the spot, whence divers small tunnels of impenetrable blackness radiate; each of us crams himself into an oblong box on wheels; and a train of a dozen or so "trams," as they are called, is at once set in motion by a plump, powerful horse. He has not seen daylight for eight years, we learn in answer to our questionings. The uniform temperature—warmer in winter, cooler in summer than on the surface—suits the equine constitution wonderfully; and then there is no rain underground. Dark as it is, our Dobbin has sense enough to step outside the tram-rails at any stoppage, and so the trams pass without touching him. Doubtless, many a whack on the heels has taught him this lesson, for the string of carts is drawn by a loose trace-chain only.

Don't omit, while going along this road cut through rock and coal, to keep a good lookout for any curiosities we may pass; only hold your head well down, or it will come in painful contact with the timber props which support the roof, and which rest at each side on stout upright posts. See! there is a perfect *Lepidodendron*, standing just as it grew, when these dark places of the earth constituted a swampy forest, densely covered with reeds and ferns, and trees of which the ornamental Monkey-shrub (*Araucaria imbricata*) is perhaps the best representative among our country's present-day growths. How many thousands of years have elapsed since this trunk—a core of stone within, but without the actual bark with its seal-like markings stamped out in solid coal—waved its spiky branches beneath the open canopy of heaven! And yet, through all these æons, pressed as in a girl's album, fern fronds of most fragile and exquisite forms, delicate as lacework, as if photographed on stone, lie beneath the enormous mass of superadded strata, perfect as when they shot their graceful stems up into the steaming air in which our coal-measures were laid down in such lavish profusion. Verily, there be "sermons in stones."

"Show us where they are digging out the coal," is naturally the first request as we leave our comfortable vehicle

But if riding was bad, walking is worse, if that can be called walking, where, with bent neck and stooped shoulders, tall men progress with frequent head-bumpings along a road of a painfully low pitch. Soon we come where, by the dusky light of a flickering "dip," we see a half-naked collier lying on his side, the better to drive his pick into a narrow seam of coal; while, near by, others are hard at work on thicker veins, hewing out big blocks of shiny blackness, interspersed with cataracts of small coal, which other men shovel rapidly into trams, for conveyance to the upper regions. It is a busy scene, for all these honest fellows are on piecework.

As we go on to visit other workings, our guide stops at a point where a disused road runs down to the right, "deeper and deeper still," to tell us this odd story: "This spot is believed by the miners to be haunted. They are, you know, very superstitious, and now, none of them will come this way without company. It seems that a carter, whose duty it was to push trams of coal along here to the horse-road we have just left, one day heard footsteps as of a man approaching him from the opposite direction. He stopped, to avoid a collision, and distinctly heard the stamping of heavy boots, and a sound as of some one scraping mud off them on the rails. He shouted to him to hurry up, but got no reply. He held out his candle at arm's length—but saw nothing. He went on to the spot whence the sounds had proceeded; but there was no one there. Incontinently, he bolted to the nearest workings and told his weird tale to sympathizing ears. The story has been corroborated again and again by strangers, who had never heard of it. Hush! there it is! Can't you hear it?"

(Our lamps had been taken from us under the pretense of trimming them, and at this instant they went out, and we were in the blackness of darkness. Few people know what absolute darkness is.)

"Yes," we faltered; "we do hear a strange noise. How do you account for it?"

"I can't," was the reply. "It may be water in the abandoned road there. It may be an unexplainable echo. Sounds are audible at enormous distances underground. We had a similar scare years ago." (Here the bailiff succeeded in relighting the lamps, to our great relief.) "In another part of the mine, the men were constantly hearing mysterious knockings, which they quickly put down to Satanic agency. So I took careful measurements of the spot, and found it to be just under an iron foundry, where a steam-hammer was at work four hundred yards overhead. But the colliers stick to their own theory still."

A little further on we were told to climb on all-fours up a steep, low and narrow cutting, technically called a "gug," up and down which a small boy was dragging, apparently with the greatest ease, a wicker basket, fastened by a chain to a rope round his waist. At the top he filled it with the coal which a collier was hewing; at the bottom he emptied it into a tram such as we have described.

"This was the work which the lasswoman who worked underground had to do. Her son is employed here now. Just think what a change has taken place in the last thirty or forty years. At the present time, there is not, so far as I know, a single woman at the colliery-work either underground or at the surface in the west of England, though, in other parts of the country, female labor is still used at the pit top." Such was the manager's comment.

Again we march on in Indian file, stopping here and there to watch some swarthy giant—the dim light makes them look immense—drive in his pick with a dull thud and bring down avalanches of "black diamonds;" or to notice how, with sledge-hammer and drill, holes in the rock are bored to receive the charge of powder; or hurry past, half choked by the pungent smoke, where the shot has just been fired, and the pleased workmen are shoveling up the copious results of their skillful blasting.

We have already noted some of the fossils of the vegetable life of long-past ages. Here we catch sight of living, and apparently thriving, spiders; though they are colorless and diaphanous, presumably from lack of light, and perhaps also through insufficient nutriment—for what *can* they find to eat? Not so the fungi, which hang, like huge puff-balls, from long threads rooted in the roof. But they, too, are pale and almost substanceless, so that if you hold a candle, or even clap your hands against them, they crumble to powder. Looking at this strange growth, we think of that imprisoned miner, who, when he was rescued, after many days of starvation, well-nigh dead, was found to be covered all over—face and hands and all—with a kindred plant. Oh, the horror of the quietness and stillness in which a fungus could thus root itself, and flourish on a living man!

"Now for an adventure, if you are venturesome," our guide cries, as we reach the top of a long steep 'incline' worked by a steam-engine and an endless rope. "Did you ever try 'tobogganing' on snow? This is a good substitute—these bits of plank I have had made with a groove to run on one of the rails. Sit on it so, and off we go!"

"Off we go," exactly described what happened; for we kept tumbling over, either on the rope at one side, or else against the rough, rocky wall of this narrow passage. If the charm of "tobogganing" consists in a judicious mixture of speed and danger, this method of going down a colliery incline doubtless resembles it closely. But for all that, I should prefer to walk another time.

Arrived at the bottom, bruised and shaken, we find ourselves in a sort of dome of coal. Its height is perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet; and, in our inexperience, we at once exclaim: "Ah, this is more like the real thing!"

"No!" the manager answers; "you are mistaken. This is only a 'fault,' and will soon narrow down again to its normal thickness of five or six feet. You fancy it is easier to hew the coal here; quite otherwise. There are narrow bands of 'shale' every here and there in these walls of coal; and it requires considerable skill and care to keep *this* out of the trams. While, if the 'hewer' fails to send up his coal reasonably clean, it is condemned, and he gets no pay for it. Then there is greater danger from falling stones when the roof is so high. For example, not long ago we had an accident here, not without a comic side to it. One of the colliers was endowed with an immensely long nose. While he was at work, a sharp stone fell in front of him. It fortunately missed his head, and would have dropped clear of any ordinary mortal; but the projecting feature came in the way, and from it a good, thick slice was cut clean off! The man suffered much pain, and was laid aside for a long time; but on his return to work, he was complimented on the vast improvement in his appearance, and his nickname, 'The Beak,' fell into disuse."

But for all that we agreed we would choose this open, well-ventilated and roomy place to work in, if we were colliers; especially after we had been exposed to the faint, close odor which another vein hard by gives out.

When we complained of nausea and begged to be taken away, we were told that strangers had been known to vomit after standing by the face of this seam of coal for a few minutes.

"The smell serves one useful purpose, in indicating at once what strata we are working; for, as far as I know," our guide informed us, "this is the only stinking vein in the district. It is quite safe; there is no choke-damp or other noxious gas. I can't explain how it is so; it is only one of the many puzzles that confront the mining engineer. Another of them is, where the water comes from we constantly have to contend with. Look at that hole, about big enough for a hen to go through. You'll hardly believe me when I tell you that a few weeks ago there was a road five feet high running down there. On Sunday evening the deputy-bailiff was going his rounds, to see that all was right for the night men—who repair the roofs and keep the roads good—to come down, when he found this five-foot way contracted to a height of only *two* feet. He crawled through to see what had happened, and fortunately got back safely before a flood of water burst through the spongy, fireclay floor, which it had crushed up in such a remarkable manner. All the workings below this point were flooded, and are not yet in a fit condition for coal-getting. How much worse it must be in fiery mines, where gases rush out in the same, or rather in a far more, sudden manner, dealing death to scores of hapless colliers, you may now easily realize. We have no such awful perils in this pit, thank God! Yet our men have ample hardships and dangers to face. Now that you have seen them at work, don't omit, when occasion serves, to say a good word for those who do so much for England's prosperity—our colliers."

With which parting words, our obliging cicerone put us under the care of a subordinate, who led us back safely by the way we had come, and brought us up out of the horrible pit into the cheerful light of day.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PIPING BLACKBIRDS.

The Method of Instruction Required to Make Songsters of Them.

When reared by the hand from the nest, the blackbird is capable of forming strong attachments, and from his wonderful imitative powers will make himself a great favorite. He will, if trained when young, learn to whistle almost any tune that may be taught him. The best, and perhaps the quickest way is to take him when about six weeks or not later than two months old, to a quiet room away from any other bird, and in the evening and the first thing in the morning give him his lesson. The tune may be played on a flute or other wind instrument. It is advisable to feed him before commencing operations; and some bribe or other, as, for instance, a lively worm, should be placed in his sight. Play over a portion of the tune you wish him to learn, and he will evidently pay particular attention to it. Repeat it, with exactly the same time and expression, say twenty times; then give the bird a little quiet, so that he may, if he will, have an opportunity of imitating it. If he should make any attempt, instantly give him his reward, coaxing and caressing him meanwhile. Being, for a bird, possessed of strong reasoning powers, he will soon discover why the worm or other bribe is given him and before long he will understand how to earn it. When once learnde, the tune or tunes will never be forgotten, but pass, as it were, into its song. It is rather a tedious undertaking, but the result is invariably satisfactory. A blackbird will also imitate other birds very minutely, and though there is little variety in his natural song, it is made up for by its pure, flute-like tone and full volume. It most readily imitates the thrush, but it will catch many notes from the nightingale, to which bird its tone has most resemblance, were it not for the introduction of several harsh notes. When kept in confinement, it is always advisable to bring it up when young near to some good singing bird, as it will thereby learn its neighbor's song, and, intermixing the notes with its own, make a most agreeable songster.—*Canaries and Cagebirds.*

HIS RIGHTS.

How an Arkansaw Negro Secured His Dues From a Railroad Company.

An old negro called on the President of a railroad company. Hobbling into the room he said:

"Look at me, sah."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Money."

"What for?"

"Dis heah," holding out a foot from which three toes had been cut.

"I've got nothing to do with that."

"Well, er mighty fine lawyer tells me dat yer has. Wuz on one o' yer trains tuther week when hit jumped de track. De lawyer says dat I ken rekiver er thousan' dollars."

"Didn't you once work for the road?"

"Yas, sah, I worked fur it two feet."

"Were you not riding on a free pass?"

"No, sah, wuz ridin' on de train."

"You know what I mean. Didn't you have a free pass?"

"No, sah, I'll sw'ar ter de Lawd I didn't, an' more den dat I ken prube it."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"Perposes ter hab my rights. Gin me ten dollars an' a pass fur a year an' I'll let de thing drap."

The money and the pass were given him.

"Thankee sah." As he hobbled down the stairs he muttered. "Wa'n't ridin' on er free pass. Wuz er stealin' dat ride. Dis pass is jes' inter my han'. Gwine ter fetch up fish frum de bayou. Huh, dis ten dollar bill is ez putty ez a new shirt."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY.

Some of the Difficulties Attending the Construction of a Lawn.

This is the time of year when the man with a country meditates upon his lawn. If he be a surburban resident of long standing and experience he is in a tranquil mood. His lawn flourishes in luxuriance of grass without meretricious display of tawdry flowers of the field.* Life-giving fertilizers have enriched the turf in the late autumn or early spring, and given a deeper tone to its tint. The heavy roller has been trundled up and down and left the lawns as level as a dancing floor. The gravel paths have been reduced to curves of beauty and the borders pointed and trimmed with painstaking care. Obtrusive weeds have been cut out with timely vigilance and the hollows filled out with verdure. The lawn-cutter has been rattling unceasingly over the sward, keeping the grass closely shaved and thickening it until it is now like a fine-woven velvet carpet, beautiful to the eye and without a flaw or patch in its texture. Tall trees have skirted the lawn and shielded it from too fierce sunlight, prolonging the influence of morning dews and making the ground soft and springy. The man with the country feels that the lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places. A grateful stretch of green checkered with sunlight and shade from overhanging foliage refreshes his eyes when he returns from the city in the evening. His Sundays are days of rest, attuned to what Mr. Whistler would term a symphony in green. Lingering on his piazza until the trees lose their outlines in the fading summer twilight and the hush of night settles down, he wonders how the city man manages to exist without a country of his own.

But landscape gardening has its amateurs as well as its seasoned veterans. If the man with a country be a newcomer on land long neglected, he spends a sad summer wondering what the harvest will be. In the rawness of his inexperience he has fancied that a lawn may be produced as easily as a piazza floor can be painted or a cellar wall whitewashed. In the beginning he resolved to be thorough and to follow scrupulously the regimen and treatment prescribed by competent authorities in landscape-gardening. He had his ground plowed, harrowed, spaded, raked, levelled and rolled. He had clay and loam underlaid and overlaid. He scattered Central Park grass-seed by the bushel. He turfed the borders of paths and all out-of-the-way corners close to the house. He employed three or four men for a month in the early spring at a reckless rate of expense. He kept the seed-seller's circular headed "How to get a lawn in two months" constantly under his eyes and never swerved a hair's breadth from the directions. As soon as the tiny blades began to appear he set both roller and cutter in operation. He was unremitting in his exertions to make the grass grow. But the grass has resisted all importunities. If it has come up in patches, here a little and there a little less, it has speedily shriveled under the glare of the sun or been choked out by the encroachments of the rankest and thrift est of weeds. Luxuriance of vegetation he has had from the outset, but no Central Park grass. Watering has only served to stimulate the fierce energies of wild grass, dandelions and the commonest and ugliest of wayside weeds. The man with a country, rising early and peeping out of his bedroom window to see if haply the grass has come up during the night, is horrified to descry through the white mist black masses of variegated rankness that have sprung up like Jonah's gourd.

Advice the man with the new country receives in large measure, the greater part of it retroactive. Fall plowing and harrowing, unlimited fertilizers in early spring, and a sprinkling of oats in the original seeding are now out of the question. He is told to sow white clover, which will grow rapidly and kill out the weeds, and he does so; but the white clover fails to appear after three weeks' patient vigil, and the vigorous weeds profiting by constant cutting are constantly thickening out and covering the ground with a coarse and tangled matting. Sympathetic neighbors advise him not to mind the weeds, but to keep the lawn-cutter in motion, since in the long run they can not stand frequent cutting, while the grass thrives under it. But the trouble is that the weeds do not mind it either; and there is neither grass nor clover, only the bare ground, to compete with them.

Thoughtful observers explain the failure of the lawn by the absence of great shade trees, the young grass being withered before it has time to get root. But shade can not be extemporized. Big trees can not be erected at a moment's notice, and a lavish use of canvas covering and tent poles would be painfully suggestive of a country circus. No; the man with the new estate feels that it is a hopeless matter. He has indeed carpeted his lawn at greater expense than the new carpets and curtains which his wife was anxious to have him buy, but it is a torn and patched rag carpet, unsightly to the eye. He is doomed to desultory weeding and melancholy reflections. His meat is tears. He mournfully confesses that all flesh is grass and human hopes as the flowers of the field.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"I was gwine up-town in a Bleeker street kyah de odder day, when I see a lady drop a five-dollah bill in de box. She looked at me an' says: 'Mistah, what'll I do? I put a five-dollah bill in dat box.' I says: 'Speak to the drivah an' he'll fix it.' So she goes to de drivah, and she says: 'Drivah, I've put a five-dollah bill in de box. What shall I do?'" Interlocutor—"Well, sir, what did the driver say?" "Oh, he was all right. He tole her to wait until he got to de stable and he'd give her de horse."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

—Eleven thousand dollars a foot front was the price paid recently for the old Brandreth House property on Broadway, New York.—*N. Y. Sun.*

KNOWN BY HIS HAIR.

The Hair an Infallible Guide to Character—An Expert Delineation.

"I have been phrenologist and physiognomist for twenty years," said a little old man, whose face was shriveled, and whose well-oiled and dyed locks were rolled inward in the manner of a circus rider, who came into the *News* office this morning distributing cards in relation to his business. "I have reduced the art of reading character to a science, as no one before has ever done. I do not profess to give an accurate 'diagnosis' from a photograph, for that is impossible, but let me have a lock of hair and I will tell you a man's or woman's character as though I had known them for years.

"You seem astonished. Let me tell you that the hair is as infallible a guide to character as are the eyes, 'the windows of the soul.' There is no greater diversity in anything than in hair, and its color and nature are invariably indicative of the person on whom it grows.

"You are black-haired. I will not enumerate your various traits, for I require to be paid for that, but I will speak in general terms of black-haired people. They are generally distinguished for their firmness of will. Any task they set themselves to do they will accomplish, whatever the difficulties they have to surmount. Their power, strength and endurance is wonderful. While their natures may not be coarser, they will undergo and patiently endure hardships from which light-haired people of weaker natures would shrink. Of course, speaking generally, the character of light-haired people is the direct antithesis of the bilious temperament indicated by black hair. Their organization is fine and delicate, and they are constitutionally less robust. Auburn hair, as distinct from red, denotes refined physical organization, intellectuality and quick susceptibilities.

"Red hair is emblematic of the fiery, impetuous, and sanguine temperament of its owner. The feelings of red-haired people on all occasions are of the intensest character. They are hot-blooded and passionate, but passion does not spring from haughtiness, as is generally the case in black-haired people. Outdoor employment suits them best.

"Other qualities of the hair besides the color are important. Thus straight-haired people are suave, tender, generally mild, and with uniform temper, which they are able to govern. In some instances straight hair denotes stupidity, obtuseness, and slowness of perception. Impulsiveness is denoted by curly hair. Its owners are excitable and emotional, and sometimes of very nervous temperament. Fine-haired people are cultivated, refined, and intellectual. Coarse-haired people are coarse in nature and in habit.

"You see I know a great deal about hair—in fact, the only hirsute subject on which you will find me ignorant is hair of the dog that bit you. I am a life-long prohibitionist.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE INDIAN DAYS.

How a War Was Caused in Georgia by the Theft of a Pony.

Away back in Indian times there lived a man in Stewart County who owned some horses, and a raging party of Indians stole one of his best ones and carried it across the river. The ranger tracked the horse to the river, and crossing he went to a noted resort, and there found his horse in the possession of a tawny warrior. "Muchee good pony. Ugh. Tote two big warriors long ways." This was said to induce the white man to purchase the pony, the Indian not aware that he was talking to the lawful owner. "Come across the river and I'll pay your price," said the white man. Once across the river he turned to the Indian and his friends and said: "This is my horse, and you stole it. Now I've got it again I'll see if I can't keep it. Get on to your side of the river." This was the last straw. The war of Roanoke followed.

That was a terrible beginning. The proprietor of Roanoke murdered, his goods stolen, his possessions burned, the cry, "To arms," was echoed from hill to hill, and the hardy militia was in the field. The Indians plundered a place on the Nochaway, and dressed themselves up in clothing stolen from the whites so as to surprise the man who had obtained his horse at such a risk. The Indians were sitting on a log near the creek, and Nace Bush, Judge Bell and a man named Sampler were coming up the creek in search of Jernigan's company. Bell and Sampler were out in a clearing, and Sampler, walking on the hill at the foot of which flowed the Nochaway, saw a smart company of men, all seated on a log, and thinking they were Fernigan's men he shouted: "Hello, boys, I was just a lookin' for ye," and started toward them. Suddenly, as he came within rifle range, he was electrified by the whistling of a rifle ball near his head, and with a yell the Indians started in pursuit of Bush, who was now flying for life. Bell was on horseback, and hearing the commotion galloped to a deep ravine, up which Bush was flying, and Sampler, on foot, soon overtook them, and they found that he was seriously wounded. "Leave me, boys," said he, "I can't go any further." But Bell proposed to get him on the horse. They lifted him up, but the horse smelled the blood and refused to carry him. "Blindfold the cussed horse," cried Bell, and this expedient was resorted to with happy results, and all three escaped.—*Americus (Ga.) Reformer.*

—The mine mule is the least enviable of all useful beasts. He never leaves the mine after he goes in except perhaps in his old age to be shot, and is a patient, hard-working, deeply abused animal. His only recreation is kicking.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—As near as we can discover, the ideal world is a place where everybody is dumb when we want to talk, and where we are deaf when anybody else does the talking.—*Troy Times.*

—They don't have woman's rights lecturers in England, but the women get even just the same. There are forty thousand of them in London making sandwiches.—*N. Y. Mail.*

PITH AND POINT.

—It is stated in a Southern exchange that one of the best sugar plantations in Louisiana is run by a dentist. There is a fitness in a dentist devoting himself to sorghums.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—The Pittsburgh *Times* declares that there are too many pretty girls in this country. The only help for it seems to be for the girls to go to Pittsburgh. The smoky city is bound to soot everybody.—*Boston Globe.*

—There is said to have been discovered a kind of tobacco which if smoked or chewed will make a man forget that he owes a dollar in the world. We have several friends who smoke it.—*Boston Post.*

—The New York *Times* says "there is a strong prejudice against black birch among architects in this country." This prejudice isn't confined to architects. All boys have it, the world over.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.*

—"So you think Fenderson's verses are finely molded?" remarked Fogg; "well, perhaps they are; I didn't know they were molded, but have often heard them spoken of as rot. No great difference, I suppose; mere form of speech."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Host (something of a musician, who is entertaining a Kentucky friend at dinner)—Would you like a sonata before dinner, Colonel? The Colonel—Well, I had two on my way here, but I guess I can stand another.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Little girl from Chicago—"Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours." Little girl from Boston—"No, it isn't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the last two centuries." Little girl from Chicago—"Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—An exchange says: "When a couple are engaged, there is seldom any sensible reason why all the world should not know it." We will not undertake to pass judgment upon so important a matter, but we have no hesitation in saying that all the world *does* know it, whether the couple are engaged or not. Nothing, not excepting the measles in a primary school, spreads so fast as the news of an engagement.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A gentleman from Philadelphia, who went to New York not long since, had a commission from a lady to her brother, which he was anxious to carry out at once. "Where will I find Mr. B—, who is in the grocery business?" he asked of a New Yorker. "There are two brothers of that name, both in the grocery business in Broadway," was the reply. "Which do you wish to see?" "I mean the one that has a sister in Philadelphia."—*Texas Siftings.*

GENIUS AND INSANITY.

A Quality Which Often Bears a Likeness to Eccentricity.

To the multitude of men genius wears a double aspect. Superlative intellectual endowment is plainly something very unlike the ordinary type of intelligence. The relation of lofty superiority includes that of distance, and mediocrity in viewing the advent of some new spiritual star may adopt either the one or the other *maniere de voir*. Which aspect it will select for special contemplation depends on circumstances. In general, it may be said that, since the recognition of greatness presupposes a power of comprehension not always granted mediocrity, the fact of distance is more likely to impress than the fact of altitude. It is only when supreme wisdom has justified itself, as in the predictions of the true prophet, that its essential rightness is seen by the crowd. Otherwise the great man has had to look for recognition mainly from his peers and the slightly more numerous company of those whose heads rise above the mists of contemporary prejudice. It is easy to see that this vulgar way of envisaging genius as marked divergence from common sense views of things may lead on to a condemnation of it as a thing unnatural and misshapen. For, evidently, such divergence bears a superficial likeness to eccentricity. Indeed, as has been well said, the original teacher has this much in common with the man mentally deranged, that he "is in a minority of one," and, when pains are not taken to note the direction of the divergence, originality may readily be confounded with the most stupid singularity. And, further, a cursory glance at the constitution of genius will suffice to show that the originator of new and startling ideas is very apt to shock the sense of common men by eccentricities in his manner of life. A man whose soul is being consumed by the desire to discover some new truth or to give shape to some new artistic idea is exceedingly liable to fall below the exactions of conventional society in the matter of toilet and other small businesses of life. Among the many humorously pathetic incidents in the records of great men there is perhaps none more touching than the futile attempt of Beethoven to dress himself with scrupulous conformity to the Viennese pattern of his day.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Not at All Kind.

"I've got my opinion of those dern musical critics in the newspapers," said the leader of a band, in New York, to his partner.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired his friend.

"Bah, they're no good."

"But why? I always found them right decent."

"Aw, they make me tired."

"So you say, but what's the reason?"

"Just this. I got my new band out the other night, new uniforms, new instruments, new everything, and went around to serenade four or five of them, and, by Jimmy Christmas, the yaps all had labored and severe critic sms on the music in their papers the next morning. Now, that's what I call rubbing it on too thick when a friend wants to do a little favor. Why, darn 'em, they even said my men needed several more rehearsals. A serenade, too. Bah!"—*Merchant Traveler.*