

Fly-Fishing for Black Bass.

So, girls and boys, let us go a-fishing for black bass. A good brook or rivulet is close by almost any country house or town. A short drive or walk takes us to where we can hear the bubble and murmur, and see the pure water rippling and gleaming among the shining stones. The big plane-trees, sometimes called sycamores, lean over the brook's current, and there's a woody fragrance and freshness in the air. Birds sing overhead and round about in the thickets.

We walk cautiously along the brook-side until we find a place where the water is dashing merrily among big stones and whirling in shining circles, frothed with clots of snowy foam. This is a promising place for a cast. Let us try. Give way, boys and let one of the girls have the first cast. Now! See her take the fly in her left hand, lightly between the thumb and forefinger, her beautiful slender rod held almost vertically in her right hand. She waves the rod backward over her left shoulder, at the same time loosening the fly, then she whips the rod forward with a slight whirl to the right, and away spins the fly. But it falls somewhat short. Quickly and deftly she slips a few feet more of line from the reel, gracefully whirls the rod backward again, and, as the line straightens behind her, she casts as before. Again and again she does this, lengthening the line a little at each cast, until, at last, the gay fly falls lightly among the shining waves close by a little whirlpool. Splash! What a fine fish leaps up! You see his scales gleam and his fins flash as he "flips" himself almost bodily above the water and seizes the fly. And what does my little lady with the rod? She quickly "strikes"—that is, she gives a short, sharp jerk with her right hand, and then the fight begins. The rod is bent like a whip; whiz goes the reel-creak as the strong fish pulls off yard after yard of the line. Hold him back, quick! Now, as our little girl changes the rod from her right hand to her left, in order to manage the reel, the fish makes a big lunge and turns a somersault clear out of the water. The hook is an extra good one, or it would have been broken under the strain. We all look on with tremulous excitement as the bass falls back again into the swirling current and begins to dart this way and that, making the line sing and whirl. Now our determined little angler begins to force the fight. She turns the butt of the rod more forward, thus raising the tip, and begins steadily to turn the reel-crank with her right hand. See the slender rod bend almost double! Hurry, boys—some one of you—get the landing-net and be ready to dip up the game! As the line is shortened, the bass is drawn nearer to the grassy bank. There! his prickly dorsal fin cuts the water! Now get the landing-net under him. Good! he is ours, and he weighs a full pound and a quarter. That was a well-managed campaign on the part of our young lady. Which one of the boys can beat it?

You may think that it would be a very easy task to manage a fish weighing no more than a pound and a half; but when a live and stubborn bass of that size is at the end of ten or twelve yards of line, and your rod is as limber as a whip, the thing isn't so easy after all. I have seen grown men fail in the undertaking.—*Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.*

Ordered Out.

Thomas Edward, the shoemaker naturalist of Scotland, used (at one time) to carry pocketful of pill-boxes to put the curious little live things in that he "picked up in his rambles, when not "sticking to his last." The boxes were the old-fashioned oval kind, made of bent "chip" and glued at the joints. One day, while out among the moorlands, near the Ballock hills, between Keith and Huntly, he was caught in a furious thunderstorm, with a deluge of rain. He reached a house, or hut, and ran in without ceremony, soaked to the skin. He found only two little girls inside, who were somewhat alarmed at first at his sudden appearance and dilapidated looks, but soon recovered enough to inform him that "mither was out breakin' sticks," and a minute later, while he stood by the fire slowly exploring his many pockets to see how badly his specimens were damaged, they actually began to titter and giggle at him.

Turning round, he saw one of them pointing to his back and trying to suppress her mirth. He could not imagine the reason. Another and yet another stifled laugh. On his looking round again, they rushed out of the room, and then he heard them exploding with laughter.

The cause of their merriment was this: The rainstorm had soaked Edward's clothes—and every pocket and wallet was full of pill-boxes and water. The glue of the boxes had melted; the ants, worms, slugs, spiders, caterpillars and such like had all escaped, and were mixed up in a confused mass.

They shortly began to creep out of the innumerable pockets which held them. The little girls had seen the mixture of half-drowned spiders, beetles, ants and caterpillars crawling up the strange man's back, and they bolted out of the room to have a good laugh by themselves.

Before the poor naturalist had discovered what the matter was, a terrible-looking woman, red-headed, bare-footed and six feet high, stalked into the hut, with an axe in one hand and a pole in the other.

She approached Edward, and he thought she was half-crazy and that she might very likely kill him, for evidently he stood no chance with her to fight—or to run away from, either, so long as she was between him and the door. Close to the trembling intruder came the Amazon; and then she lifted up her voice.

"Men! Fat the sorra brocht ye in here, an' ye in siccan a mess? Gang out o' my house, I tell ye, this varry minit! Gang out!"

Edward tried to stammer an apology, and get in a petition to stay till the rain stopped, but the woman interrupted him in a voice like an Indian war-whoop.

"Not a minit! Ye'll pit my house afloat. Besides yer vermin, ye'll pit's a' in a hobble. Gang out!"

Edward began to protest that he had nothing to do with vermin, but—just then he had occasion to put up his hand

rather suddenly to wipe something off his face. There was a "hairy cobbit" crawling up his cheek!

It flashed upon him then what the trouble was, and clearing the room at a bound, he plunged into an old shed outside and tore off his coat and waistcoat.

They were all alive with creeping things. The contents of the pill-boxes were out, and had been swarming over him like the lice of Egypt. But there was something humorous in the very misery of the situation. It was himself that was the lunatic, and not the big moor-woman.

After thoroughly shaking and beating his clothes, Edward went and very humbly excused his intrusion to the "lady of the house," and departed for home. After that he always carried his boxes to put his bugs and things in, instead of chip pill-boxes.—*Youth's Companion.*

What Violin Should a Child Use?

Ought young children to begin upon small-sized violins? All makers say "Yes," naturally, for they supply the new violins of all sizes. But I emphatically say "No." The sooner the child gets accustomed to the right violin intervals the better; the small violins merely present him with a series of wrong distances, which he has successively to unlearn. It is bad enough if in after years he learns the violoncello or tenor. Few violinists survive that ordeal, and most people who take to the tenor or 'cello after playing the violin keep to it. Either they have not been successful on the violin, or they hope to become so on its larger, though less brilliant, relation, but they have a perfectly true instinct that it is difficult to excel on both, because of the intervals. Yet in the face of this you put a series of violins of different sizes into the pupil's hand on the ground that, as his hand enlarges with years, the enlarged key-board will suit his fingers better, but that is not the way the brain works—the brain learns intervals. It does not bother itself about the size of the fingers that have got to stretch them. A child of even seven or eight can stretch all the ordinary intervals on a full-sized violin finger-board. He may not be able to hold the violin to his chin, but he can learn his scales and pick out tunes, sitting on a stool and holding his instrument like a violoncello. Before the age of eight I found no difficulty in doing this. But the greater the difficulty the better the practice. The tendons cannot be too much stretched short of spraining and breaking. Mere aching is to be made no account of; the muscles can hardly be too much worked. A child will soon gain surprising agility, even on a large finger-board. Avoid the hateful figured slip of paper that used to be pasted on a violin finger-board in my youth, with round dots for the fingers. I remember tearing mine off in a fit of uncontrollable irritation. I found it very difficult, with the use of my eyes, to put my fingers on the dots, and even then the note was not always in tune, for of course the dot might be covered in a dozen ways by the finger tips, and a hair's breadth one way or the other would vary the note. But the principle is vicious. A violin-player's eyes have no more business with his fingers than a billiard-player's eyes have with his cue. He looks at the ball, and the musician, if he looks at anything, should look at the notes, or at his audience, or he can shut his eyes if he likes. It is his ears, not his eyes, have to do with his fingers.—*Rev. W. H. Haweis, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

Getting Wealth.

The thirst for gold prompts men to extraordinary exertions. And in its pursuit they will endure terrible privations. We are led to these remarks by late advices from Cape Town in reference to the diamond fields of South Africa. These diamond fields are about six hundred miles from Cape Town, and their revenue has been very considerable.

The capital of the sixty-five mining companies is £7,000,000, and one of these, the Kimber, has yielded £3,000,000 a year. The mine was 1½ miles in circumference and 380 feet deep but lately the soft debris has tumbled in to such an extent that it is thought it will take eighteen months to clear it out. This, together with terrible droughts, failure of crops and famine, has led to a sad state of affairs. Several leading men have blown their brains out, a large number have returned to England, while those who remain are in a panicky, starving and despondent condition. Thousands of these men have put in their fortunes only to lose money, time and health, after enduring incredible privations.

The lesson which the failure of these mines teaches is, that in the mad race for wealth but few win prizes. The major part, after years of excessive toil and hardship, in which young men grow prematurely old, wake up to a sense of a terrible loss and grievous disappointment. It is a bitter thought—this consciousness of wasted, ruined life. But the history of mining fields the world over is rich in examples. A little observation of Wall Street, or of the Stock-Board in Chicago, will emphasize this fact.

They who haste to be rich serve a hard master. And yet the bulk of our young men, unmindful of the past and the lessons of experience, will plunge in to learn the facts by bitter experience. The experience of others, like the offers of salvation, is often rejected because offered on such easy terms. If any reader of these words will spend a little time in learning from others what are the pitfalls of life, and what the true road to success, he may soon outrun those who scorn all advice. And after all it is not what you get, but the spirit which actuates you and the use you make of the means God intrusts to you. Many a man lives a noble life and does more good with \$10,000 than others with a million. Not what we get, but the spirit and the use, marks out the truly successful man.—*Golden Rule.*

These are the echoes of a family circle in Springfield, Mass., according to the *Republican* of that city: "Mary, you little brat," came harshly from the window of a clean-looking house yesterday, "come here and stop that racket or I'll pound you black and blue all over!"—then the same voice in a shrill soprano, "I will sing of my Redeemer,"

Fashion Items.

Black toilets are again in high vogue. Classic and æsthetic styles of dresses are still affected by many fashionable ladies both here and abroad.

Quaker gray, amber, dove, and silver satins are imported, made in superb and elegant simplicity, with court trains unadorned, the only trimming upon the dress being a bertha and frills at the wrists of old lace of rare design and value.

Transparent muslins are shown in exquisite tints of mauve, tea-rose, pale almond, sapphire blue, and cameo, with laurel blossoms, mossbuds, sweet-briar roses, strawberries, and geraniums in single clusters scattered over the delicate ground.

It is now quite the fashion to hand-paint your given name upon the handle or panel of your parasol, your pocket-book, glove-top, etc. The Mauds and the Ethels and the Graeces will likely adopt the fancy; the James and the Hannahs and the Jerushas will doubtless deride it.

Black toilets, especially in airy fabrics, over either a black or bright-colored foundation, are now in the height of fashion. Such dresses are of black Chantilly, Spanish lace, brocaded grenadine, or silk gauze, trimmed with plaited flounces alternating with those of lace. Some of the imported dresses of black, lace and other diaphanous fabrics, are trimmed with exquisite silver passementeries and ornaments forming pendants at the ends of narrow satin ribbons upon the tablier and scarfs, and at the edges of the crenelated bodice. Silver lace is also used, and the draperies are held with silver buckles in filigree in old Roman designs.

Worth is employing for some of his handsomest toilets brocades with flowers gigantic enough to vex, by the size of the figures, even his consummate art at arranging materials to make them reasonably quiet and unobtrusive. This he manages chiefly by using only a small quantity of this gorgeous material in each dress, and never using it for the corsage. One of his latest creations is a golden olive satin, with a ground of dark olive brocade, the figure being a huge magnolia with foliage in shades of golden olive and pale greens. The train is of the plain golden satin and the skirt is of the brocade. The front is caught up slightly to show a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of dark olive satin, over which falls a fringe composed of little silk floss balls in the varied tones of the brocade.

Waistcoats of almost every shape and material are exceedingly fashionable, but this style of bodice demands the most careful fit and finish, otherwise their introduction will mar the good effect of an otherwise stylish toilet. Amateur dressmakers and ladies who cannot command the services of the best modistes would do better to limit their desires to those added trimmings which, though less aspiring, are quite as fashionable and much more easily arranged. For example, suppose a perfectly plain close-fitting corsage. On this may be placed a plastron of satin or lace, either long or short, wide or narrow, as is best suited to the figure of the wearer. Shirred silk fichus edged with lace are also easily adjusted, and a number of these in white and pale evening shades make a pretty variety for brightening a single dress of black silk or satin.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Home-Made Clothing in the Olden Time.

Of the great changes in social life which have marked the last two generations, none is more complete than the change in the method of clothing the rural population. It seems quite incredible to young people that the methods which their seniors tell them of, so entirely different from the present, should be remembered by those not yet very old. These changes are not so striking as the railroads and telegraphs have made; but they have been scarcely less influential in the domestic and social life of the country people.

Perhaps young readers may be pleased to hear again how their grandfathers and grandmothers clothed themselves. Now, one who wants a new suit goes into the clothing store, which is found in every village, and may be fitted, "cap a pie," in an hour. In the former day it took a full year to get a suit of new clothes.

For the linen part of the clothing which would be wanted, the flax seed was sown in the last week of April, and the flax was pulled in July and spread upon the ground, where it remained a few days to dry. It was then piled in an open shed till autumn, when the seed was beaten out, and the stalks were spread upon a grass field to be "rotted," where it was left several weeks, being turned once or twice, which was done very expertly with a pole for that purpose. After rotting, so that the woody part of the stalk became brittle and could be easily separated from the bark—the fibre—it was laid up, in bundles, overhead in some building till winter, when the separation of the fibre was to be done. This was called "dressing," which consisted in "breaking" and "swinging," and "hutcheling." After this rough process, which was done at the barn—on a dry, bright day if possible—the flax passed through another and finer hatchel under a more expert hand.

The "tow," which was taken out at the last hatcheling, was made into a coarse fabric called "tow cloth." The flax was then ready for the distaff, which was supported by an arm of the wheel. The flax wheel—"the little wheel"—can be found now in some cabinets of historical curiosities. After the spinning the yarn was boiled in a weak lye to soften and bleach it, and was sent to the weaver's, not far off, perhaps, in the family. The loom was not, however, in every household, as the wheel was. It was more than a year from the seed sowing to this point of the work, and yet after the weaving, the finest of the cloth was to be bleached or "whitened" by being spread upon the grass and sprinkled with water, having also an addition of lye.

The linen cloth, prepared by such a long and varied process, furnished almost every article of summer clothing for the family, and all the summer sheeting and pillow cases, and all the towels and strainers, and all the bags. Besides these, the flax raised on the farm furnished the material for all the ropes used, and all the shoe thread and candle wicks and twine and tow strings, and much of the thread used in making garments.

For woollen clothing, the first thing was to shear the sheep. Every farm had sheep enough to furnish all the woollen goods of the family, flannel, felled cloth, cloth dressed for "women's wear," and stockings. The wool was first "sorted," by female experts, then picked and oiled and sent to the carding machine, and returned in rolls. It was ready then for spinning on the "big wheel." This was done in the pleasant weather in some open chamber, and the elastic step and the pleasing attitude of the maiden spinner, inspired by the music of her wheel, required no lesson from a master.

The yarn was sent to the loom, and that part of the fabric which was intended for "fulled cloth" was carried to the cloth dresser. The piece was numbered by figures made with thread and the corresponding numbers recorded with the owner's name in a book for that purpose. The fulling and coloring and shearing and pressing required several weeks, so that it was not till winter that the family could have their new and warm garments. These were made by a tailor or perhaps—in the house, though some of the garments might be cut by a tailor in his shop. Only a little trimming of the clothing came from the store.

A large item of home-made woolen was the blankets, in addition was the flannel sheets. They were colored in domestic dyes and woven in tasteful patterns. The stockings and mittens also had their fancy colors. Some of the flannel also was colored, so that, as of old, the household were clothed in scarlet.

The same home production furnished the clothing for the feet. To get a pair of shoes, the beginning was when the family cow was killed. The hide was carried to tanners and marked with the initials of the owner, and not till after several months was the leather ready for shoes, which were made for the family to their several measures in their own house. It was the identical material which had been raised on the farm. For fine shoes, there were the calf-skins from the family veals; and the sheep-skins made leather aprons and mittens.

What forecastings, what patient waitings, what hopeful expectations are implied in all this!

Let no one suppose that the farmers' families were not well clothed in those days, and that they must have been worn out with incessant toil. There are witnesses enough now to testify that they were as comfortably clothed then as now, if not so cheaply, and that there was no more drudgery, no more excessive work by the female members of the household, and no such despairing cry for help in the kitchen as we now hear.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Police Scandal at Pera.

A remarkable affair, which aptly illustrates the state of society in Constantinople, has (a correspondent says) just been hushed up. On the information of the detective police of Pera, a number of persons were arrested a few weeks ago for making counterfeit coin. The evidence for the prosecution showed many discrepancies, and one of the detectives, becoming alarmed, declared that the accusation was false, made with the object of extorting money, and that the false coins and implements had been concealed in the houses of the accused by the detectives themselves. This revelation caused a general panic among the detectives, and other scandals were divulged. Upon this the Sultan ordered an investigation, which brought to light the fact that the police of Pera have for the past four years been systematically in partnership with professional criminals, that there has been a regular division of spoil between them, and that the police have given facilities for robberies and murders both before and after the fact. It was also shown that a profitable business in false accusations has been systematically carried on, the detectives finding the subjects, the police arresting them, and the detectives negotiating their ransom. As an instance of the profitable character of the business, the correspondent mentions that on searching a box belonging to the doorkeeper of an exalted official connected with the police, 2,000 Turkish gold pieces were found, besides a number of valuable articles of jewelry. The investigation was pursued to the point where it was about to compromise a person of great wealth, recently acquired, whose palace friends found means to obtain an order for the suppression of the inquiry. It is said that these very friends urged the Sultan to begin the investigation, well knowing that at a certain point the person in question would pay liberally to get the proceedings quashed.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Bought the Whole Farm.

A Hoosier, who was jogging into Indianapolis the other day looked so down in the mouth that an acquaintance halted him to ask if any of the family were dead.

"No," was the rather regretful reply. "Anybody sick?"

"Guess not. The old woman I was licking the children when I came away."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I've been busted by a railroad."

"How?"

"Why, you know them five acres of mine out there? Well, I was calculating to ask the company \$5,000 for the right of way across, and have enough land left to pasture the cows and raise our latters, but they played sneak on me."

"They did!"

"Yes; sent one of their agents to me and bought up the whole patch for \$25 an acre, and I've got to vacate. That's just the way with them monopolies, and nobody need tell me that a poor man has any chance in this country."—*Wall Street News.*

—Minnesota, according to a pamphlet just issued by the State Board of Immigration, has still a vast tract of unexplored territory within her borders. A number of counties are as yet a veritable terra incognita, neither surveyed nor explored.

How to Protect Fruit from Insects.

Fruit and forest trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers have been more infested with bugs and worms this year in this part of the country than for a long time, and gardeners are put to their wits' end to know how to get rid of their enemy.

The advice given below is selected from the writings of experienced horticulturists, and *Forest, Forge and Farm* recommends the trial of some of the remedies.

"Oils of all kinds are deadly to most insects. Kerosene can only be used by diluting with water. To mix oils with water, first combine them with milk, then dilute, as desired, with water. Sour beer and molasses attract moths, spread on boards placed in the orchards or on trunks of trees. Paris green is very effectual when it can be well applied; one pound mixed with twenty-five pounds of flour or plaster is sufficiently strong. Of London purple use only one part by weight to fifty parts of flour or plaster. The common ground beetles, the lacewing flies, and the well known 'lady bugs,' are old friends of the horticulturist, and should be protected. As regards the noxious insects, the codling moth ranks, for destructiveness, nearly at the top of the list. Paper or cloth bands are used, applied every ten days through spring and early summer, and in connection with the use of a proper wash. The apple tree borers, of which there are several kinds, are enemies of the apple, the quince, and some other trees. When observed, cut the larvæ out with a knife and place a sheet of tarred roofing felt about the collar of the trees to prevent further ravages. Dustings of lime are effectual with the cherry and pear slugs, abundant in moist regions, such as about Puget Sound. The plum curculio, which is not here yet, but is perhaps on the way, is an enemy that at present cannot be conquered. There is no remedy known except the jarring process, to commence as soon as the fruit sets, and jar the tree three times a week for a month. This shakes off the curculio bitten fruit, and it should be gathered up and destroyed. The steel beetle known as the grape flea beetle nips the vine in the bud; the larvæ feed on the leaves in the summer. The beetles are jarred off the vines in the early morning, over an inverted umbrella, or lime is used; for the larvæ, alum water. One ounce of alum to a gallon of warm water destroys the strawberry worm; so does white hellebore. Hand picking is about the only remedy for the gooseberry fruit worm. The currant borer is troublesome. Cut out and burn all infested branches. Do the same with the raspberry twig girdler."

Mowing Bushes and Weeds.

Few farms are so well cultivated as to be entirely free from bushes; for unless the farmer makes persistent efforts to kill them out, they will creep in around the fences and on the banks of the ditches on land kept for grass.

The usual custom with farmers is to improve the first leisure after the hay crop is harvested to go over the mowing land and cut all of the bushes that are not mowed with the grass; thus preventing them from becoming trees, but never killing them; so the work is required to be done over every year. It would be better economy to spend time enough to kill them out entirely than to keep them alive by mowing but once a year. If the bushes stand single it is better to spend time enough to dig them out in August, level the ground, apply a liberal dressing of manure and seed down to grass; but if the bushes are thick, so that the roots are matted together, they should be cut several times in the season, close to the ground with a sharp narrow hoe. In August one or two inches of loam should be carted on, or dressing of manure should be applied and well harrowed in with a liberal quantity of grass seed. By this method the bushes can be killed out in a single season and a grass crop obtained the next season.

Bushes in a rock pasture are not so easily killed, by hand labor, but by cutting them as close as possible two or three times in one season, and stocking it hard with sheep two or three years, there will be but few lives bushes left. The sheep should be fed with a little cotton seed meal to keep them in good condition. Pastures near home that are overrun with bushes may be reclaimed by first mowing the bushes and pasturing with hogs. To do this work thoroughly a mowable fence sufficient to enclose several rods should be built. The hogs should be kept in the enclosure long enough for them to root the land all over, then moved to another portion of the field; as fast as subbed level off and sow grass seed. This method of killing bushes is one of the most effectual as well as the cheapest.

Mowing the weeds around the cultivated fields is an important work, but it is often neglected by even good farmers. There is no work on the farm that pays as well as this, if they are cut before they begin to seed. A farm never can be kept very clean of weeds as long as those which grow around the ploughed land are permitted to grow and ripen their seed. It is so little labor to mow the weeds that grow on the edge of cultivated fields that it is a work which no farmer should neglect.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—A boy who was plowing recently on a farm near Bradford, N. Y., saw an enormous black snake lying stretched along on the ground near the fence. Frightened by the reptile, the boy dropped the line and started on a run for the house. Reinforced here by several members of the family, he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the python tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was dispatched, when it was found that the horse was dead, his life having been choked out by the snake.—*Utica Herald.*

—The New York Herald says: "No English fortunes have ever been accumulated by individuals in England equal to those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. The largest personality was that of Mr. Brasse, the great railroad contractor, \$30,000,000. The next largest was that of Mr. Morrison, dry goods, \$20,000,000, with real estate equal to some \$2,500,000 more. The Duke of Westminster's realty can fall little short of \$100,000,000, but his father only left \$4,000,000 personality, and this included a famous collection of pictures.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Bishop B. J. McQuaid, of the Catholic church, has been Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., over fifty years.

—The late W. L. Kendall, of Providence, R. I., left \$175,000 to the public library of that city and \$37,000 to local charities.

—A saloon-keeper of Hoboken, N. J., recently returned from Germany with \$400,000 left by his parents.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"Tom Thumb" weighed nine pounds at his birth, and his sister, who weighed nine and a half pounds, grew to weigh more than two hundred.—*Boston Post.*

—De Lesseps is eighty-two years old, and the father of eleven children, the youngest being born only two weeks since. No wonder he wants another job of canal digging.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The little attention which the death of Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, Dean of Exeter, has attracted in this country is one more example of the brevity of some sorts of literary fame. Only a few years ago every reading American knew the essays of the Country Parson, the nom de plume under which he wrote. Now his death has passed almost unnoticed.

—The claim of Dr. W. C. Palmer, who died at Ocean Grove recently at the age of seventy-nine, that he had lived a life free from sin for fifty years, may be difficult to admit; but his devotion to the promulgation of the doctrine of perfect holiness and his gift of \$500,000 to the work, shows that he was a man of wonderful sincerity and self-sacrifice.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Rev. John Jasper, the Richmond (Va.) colored preacher who has obtained wide celebrity through his sermon on "De Sun do Move," was an uneducated slave prior to the war, and worked in a tobacco factory. He is six feet tall, has a retreating forehead and chin, a deep and mellow voice, considerable pathos at times, and an apt way of "putting things," which makes his talk attractive in spite of his illiteracy.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The real name of Joaquin Miller, author of the Songs of the Sierras, is Cincinnati Heine Miller. His divorced wife's maiden name was Minnie Theresa Dyer and her literary pseudonym was Minnie Myrtle. It is said that the name Joaquin was given to Mr. Miller by "the boys" in his early California experience, when he was "roughing it," from a real or fancied resemblance to a noted Spanish highwayman, and he adopted it as a pseudonym.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—An aged lady applied to the police of Wheeling for aid to reach Washington, where she hoped to secure admission to a charitable institution. She stated that her father was Vice-President William R. King, and that she was the widow of General Hunter, whom President Jackson sent to Russia as minister, and that the first six months of her married life were spent at the American embassy in St. Petersburg. She was given ample funds to proceed on her journey.—*Chicago Times.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Base-ball item: Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac.

—Died of scrawfulness," was the brief wording of a Michigan doctor's death certificate.—*Boston Post.*

—The cost of stopping a train of cars is said to be from forty to sixty cents. When the train is stopped by another train these prices become somewhat inflated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

—In a Newport boudoir: "Oh! he is such a charming gentleman and he did not make his money in a vulgar trade, either. No, indeed! He owns a bank, for I have heard people who knew him speak of it. It is in a Western city named Faro."—*Philadelphia News.*

—A collector wrote to General Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received in reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my orderly is bald I cannot comply with either of your requests."

—A mother can call "Johnnie, it's time to get up" for three hours without making any impression, but when the old man steps to the foot of the stairs and shouts "JOHN!" Johnnie takes his breakfast with the rest of the family.—*Detroit Post.*

—An exchange prints several items under the head of "True Fish Stories." It might happen that way. Once in a century. But not often. And they have not yet made their appearance this century.—*Norristown Herald.*

—When the editor proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart: "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss;" then, observing her blush, he added, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." She would not resist that.—*Somerville Journal.*

Returned from Her Trip.

"Look here, Uncle Rub," said the postmaster the other day, as he heard the old man inquiring if there was any letter for him, "if you will come up to my house there's a little work I want done."

"I thank you, sah," said the old man, gravely, "but jes now my hans am full, and dey will be till da ole woman gets ober her trip."

"Has your wife been taking a trip?" asked the postmaster.

"Yes, sah, she hab; by de rabbit cransit line too, an' it done use her up foh de summah, her trip did."

"Why, where did she go?"

"She tripped down de cellah stairs, sah, an' I reckon its about all de trip she wants dis yeah. It has spiled her complexion and her tempah an cost most as much as a trip to de sea shoer, kase I hez to neglect bizness and take keer of her," and the old man resumed his fur cap and went out singing:

"My ole Kentucky-foam-goo-nite."
—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—Bad eggs are now used in the manufacture of morocco as well as in the forcible expression of public sentiment.