

### The Little Widow Briggs.

A span of ponies attached to an emigrant wagon, containing a woman and three children and various household goods, halted on Grand River avenue yesterday to have a blacksmith set a shoe for one of the horses. As the woman seemed to be alone, or at least had no man in sight, the smith asked: "Old man sick?"

"No, sir, I buried him up the country a year ago."

"Then you are a widow?"

"I reckon I am, and my name is Briggs."

"Which way are you jogging?"

"Going Southwest—may be into Indiana."

"Got sick of Michigan?" continued the smith as he peered away at the hoof.

"Well, the State is good enough," she slowly answered. "Some mighty fine land, good schools and tolerable weather but I had to get out where I was. I lost a pound a week right along for the last three weeks."

"Ague?"

"Humph! I'd like to see the ague upset us! No, sir! My husband wasn't cold before I had an offer of marriage! It wasn't a month before I had three of 'em. Why, it wasn't six months before their tracks were as thick around my house as cat-tails on the snow!"

"Had your pick, eh?"

"Pick! I could have married anybody, from my hired man up to a chap who owned a section of land and four saw-mills. They came singly and in droves. They came by day and by night."

"And you—er—?"

"Say, yourself!" she exclaimed, as she drew herself up, "do I look like an idiot?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, when I fling my three children at the head of a second husband and give up the \$800 in cash in my pocket you can call me an idiot. No, sir! I repelled 'em."

"And they got?"

"They had to. Susan had me that second husband repeller. It's in the back end of the wagon."

The girl hunted around and fished up a hickory club four feet long, and the woman held it out for inspection and said:

"There's hairs of six different colors sticking in the splinters, and these blood-stains are the pure quill. You can judge whether they sat there and made love, or tore down the front fence in their hurry to reach the woods."

"By George!" whispered the smith, after a long inspection. "Well, I guess you don't want to marry."

"K'rect, sir. If you have any old widowers in this town, or if you know any one between here and Indiana who wants a headache that will last all winter without any letting up, just put 'em up to begin to ask me if my heart don't yearn for love and my soul rattle around for some one to call me darling!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A New Prime Meridian.

Most of the maps made in this country use both the Greenwich and Washington meridians, placing the Greenwich longitude at the top and the Washington at the bottom. This can be done well enough, for Washington is almost exactly 77 degrees west of Greenwich, and the meridians, on maps where great exactness is not required, may be made to correspond. For scientific purposes, however, only one prime meridian can be used. The British use that of Greenwich, the French that of Paris, while the Germans stick to the old one which used to be the edge of the world before "Columbus sailed the ocean blue," and which is now the line of division between the hemispheres—the meridian 20 degrees west of Greenwich.

It is highly desirable that all civilized nations should agree on some common line from which to reckon longitude, and, eventually, time; and there can be no question that before many years pass an agreement will be reached.

The meridian used by the Germans is for some reasons the best prime that could be chosen. As has been said, it is accepted by geographers as the dividing line of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. It passes through the Madeira Islands, runs pretty close to Cape Verde, on the African coast, and cuts the South Atlantic into nearly equal divisions. It cuts Iceland in two, and touches the east coast of Greenland. On the other side of the world, it passes through Kamtschatka, and between Australia and New Zealand. There need be no national prejudice aroused in adopting it, and it divides the hemispheres better than any other meridian. But whether this or another be adopted, the main thing is to have a single standard from which all nations may reckon longitude and perhaps time.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

### Mackerel Scarce.

Fresh mackerel at present command prices twenty-five per cent. and salt mackerel thirty per cent. more than those at this period last year. Mr. Blackford said: "At the beginning of the mackerel season the prospects were exceedingly good, and it was expected the fish would be extraordinarily abundant and cheap; but all such expectations were speedily destroyed. From all along the Massachusetts and Maine coasts the mackerel disappeared to an extent never known before. Vessels came to port with light catches, if any, and prices, of course, went up at once. I had to pay yesterday in Gloucester \$30 a barrel for salt mackerel that I could have got for \$20 last year at this time. Within the last three days the mackerel have reappeared all along the coast that they deserted early in the season, and are both numerous and fine, but there is no hope that they will be taken in sufficient numbers to bring the catch up to that of an average year."

"No, I do know a good deal about fish, but my ichthyologic lore is not deep enough for me to explain why the mackerel went away or why they came back. The mackerel, as the Scriptures say of the wind, 'goeth whithersoever it isteth,' and I'm sorry to say that it doesn't this year 'list to port'—to misapply a nautical phrase for the purpose of a paltry pun—to the extent that fish dealers desire. Here is some statistical information on the subject from the Cape Ann Advertiser, the best possible

authority that may be of some use to your readers."

The Advertiser said: The vessels arriving from the Bay of St. Lawrence report a good catch, and several but little news of an encouraging character from the large fleet employed upon the American shore. August is usually a good month, and was looked to to redress the ill success early in the season, but the hope has not been realized. For the remainder of the season the mackerel fishery is attended with considerable uncertainty, but with good weather it is possible to make considerable additions to the stock within the next six or eight weeks. Not, however, to bring the supply up to the usual amount of the quantity demanded by the trade. The total receipts at this port this season have been about 45,000 barrels, against 125,000 barrels, in round numbers, for the same period last year, and 51,000 barrels the year before. Last year the fall fishery was poor, the Gloucester mackerel catch after September 1 being 42,000 barrels, but in 1881 the fleet were more fortunate, taking 72,000 barrels, and in September 1, 1882, they took like good luck away the fleet the entire season, the Gloucester catch will still be 50,000 barrels behind last year's, and it is probable there will be no marked decrease in prices, which are much higher than usual at this time of the year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### Goats in Paris.

Speaking of persons and things essentially Parisian, the man and his goats must certainly be counted among the number. I have seen in Naples men and women leading cows with crumpled horns through the narrow crooked streets, from which they drew at intervals fresh milk for the benefit of their Neapolitan customers, but that sight was not more interesting than is the one I see here in Paris—that is to say, flocks of black goats from which is daily drawn lactical fluid for the benefit of old and young. It is quite a sight, the morning promenade of these nannies. No bearded bucks are permitted to accompany this excursion of the milky way, tramping quietly along the sidewalks, brushing their black hairy bodies against one's new ladies or the skirts of richly dressed ladies, well-filled udders almost touching the ground and overflowing with the milk of the animal kindness. The Basque berger, or goatherd, is a picturesque looking individual, quite in keeping with his gentle but strong smelling associates. He has retained the red cap and short, dark-blue jacket of his native Pyrenees, and hanging from his neck is a little flute, a flat piece of wood not larger than his hand, on which from time to time he blows some wild, shrill notes, that serve to attract the attention of his customers, as well as to recall any of his flock whose curiosity has led them to linger too long at some open shop-door.

At the berger's heels is one of the Pyrenean Mountain dogs, in close relation to the Highland collie, with soft expressive eyes, and long shiny hair, and it performs its duty—that of keeping any of the flock from turning the wrong corner and straying away—with the most conscientious and intelligent accuracy. There are ten or a dozen goats in each flock, and they are on duty only every other day. Occasionally one of the mothers is accompanied by a sporting kid, which gives no little trouble to the dog and delight to the juvenile customers of the goatherd. This fellow lives outside of Paris, but every morning he starts for the city at an early hour to serve his customers—this one in the bourgeoisie quartier of the Faubourg St. Deufs, that one to the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, another along the grand boulevards, and so on throughout the capital. The bonnes are always ready for him, and they are often accompanied by the little invalid, the milk being the best when drunk when warm from the udder. The goatherd calls up one of his flock, the docile nanny submits to being milked without "kicking," and having pocketed his three cents for a quarter of a pint, he moves on, merrily blowing his flute to attract the attention which his position deserves. By ten o'clock his round has been made and his flock are on their way back to the country. Outside the fortifications there is a halt, and while the honest berger eats his frugal déjeuner the goats are nibbling at the green grass which grows along the ramparts.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

### Bedding for Animals.

The farmer who takes pains to "make up the bed" for his cow or horse gains ten times more than the cost of the labor of so doing. If all material is passed through the cutter previous to being used for bedding it not only adds to the comfort of the animal, but assists in the matter of cleanliness by reason of its greater power of absorption. For this reason sawdust is becoming a favorite, as its fineness not only admits of its being handled easily, well spread in the stall, and removed, but, after having absorbed the liquid flows of the stall, still readily mixes with the matter in the manure heap. The merit of sawdust is due to its fineness and to its absorptive quality. If any bedding is plentiful, fine, and absorptive, it prevents loss of manure by intimately mixing with it, and as the droppings are more readily incorporated with a greater mass of absorbent material the risk of evaporation and escape of gases is lessened. Now, if the labor of cutting is to be taken into the account, it is more than balanced by facility in spreading the fine manure when it is hauled to the field. The cutting can be done in winter or during wet days, and it is a luxury to spread nice, finely-divided manure. Good, fine, clean bedding adds to the thrift and health of the animals, is cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and those who use it prevent much loss.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, writes to a Boston friend of fresh explorations and new discoveries in the Congo region. In the equatorial districts he finds the population very dense, which if it were in form, would give about 49,000,000 people in the equatorial basin of Africa. He says the natives are born traders, that their products would repay transportation, and that tribes, between whom he made peace, elected him father and mother of their country.

—There were nine starters in the one hundred mile road race for bicycles, through the suburbs of Boston, the other day. Thomas Midgely, of Worcester, was the winner of the gold medal, in the remarkably fast time of nine hours forty-seven minutes; Theodore Rothay, of Boston, was second, in ten hours forty-four minutes; L. A. Peabody, of Marblehead, third, in eleven hours twenty-five minutes.—*Boston Post.*

### The Most Economical Mode of Improving Farm Stock.

It has quite commonly been the practice among farmers to attempt an improvement by commencing at the lowest round of the ladder. That is, they buy a male having a moderate infusion of improved blood, and a trifling gain in contour over the merest scrub. The little good in such an animal is lost in the labyrinths of the scrub dam, while full measure of ignoble blood mingles with the one-half or three-fourths of similar blood in the sire. Thus the two or four changes in sixteen depending upon whether the sire is one-half or three-quarters blood, gives but a faint chance for this trifling percentage to stand up against the heavy odds on the other side. Nothing could be more natural than that the great preponderance of similar blood in such a dam and sire should affiliate and almost entirely give character to the offspring.

To attempt improvement by such a mode may rightly be compared to an attempt to improve the fruit-bearing qualities of a tree by first engrafting with the scions from a tree which bears fruit partially improved, simply because this could be bought for an insignificant price. All attempts at improvement in farm animals must, to a degree, be looked upon in the light of engrafting, and practice must be carried out on that basis. As an illustration of the great importance of using a sire of superior breeding and merit, we have only to remind the reader that he cannot as a rule depend upon the sire transmitting more than half his good qualities to his progeny, while in fruit grafting he can secure the full duplication of the fruit of the higher quality through the process of engrafting upon the inferior bearing tree.

The paying of prizes for animals entered in breeding classes, merely because they chance to be shapely, forming an exception to the rule that breeders should be high merit, on both sides, is the only mode by which any guarantee of uniform results can be had, from every point of view, wrong. In using stock for breeding purposes, there should be such merit fixed indelibly upon it, as will give its likeness in every duplication. Otherwise, breeders are traveling away from any prospective consummation, rather than making steps towards it. With swine stock, it is easy to attain to a desired model, because the rapid duplication so cheapens the material that there is no excuse for using unworthy parentage on either side. This enables one to approach towards a perfect model, while in breeding cattle and horse stock he is quite likely to fail to secure the forms he has expected.

The feeder and the butcher are at no loss in selecting the best individuals in a bunch of feeding cattle, because they know where the best meat is found, and all know at first sight, the outward contour under which they may look for a paying yield. But in the case of the dairy cow, no such rule can be relied on, and the breeding of dairy cows that will quite regularly fill the pail, because they have been bred from a given model, has not been found practicable. Thus, inspection of a herd of dairy cows being made, the question was put to the owner as to which was the best cow in the herd, the annual yield of milk being the criterion. He pointed to an ill-looking bridled cow, an unsightly beast in every way. Now it is not unlikely that an inspection of the herd on an adjoining farm would have resulted in showing that the finest looking cow of the lot was the best milker. So, while in the case of meat-producing animals and draft-horses there is no trouble in pointing out merit, it is different in the case of milk cows generally seen upon farms; and it is a question whether the capacity for a uniform yield can ever be established except through the use of purely bred bulls of the dairy breeds. At any rate, these offer the only probable solution of the question of effectual and economical grading up for dairy use. A man may buy a herd of uniformly large milkers, but he can not in a lifetime breed such a herd from native material.

In business transactions, as a rule, it is the quickly-turned penny that pays a profit. The movements upon the farm are governed by the same rule, and there is no procedure in which it cuts a more important figure than in insuring a quick return when a male of an advanced type is used upon a female of a lower grade. In using a male of superior breeding and merit, a result is reached by one cross that repeated efforts may fail to secure if material low down in the scale is used. Crossing on the last-named plan can not but end in disappointment, not now and then only, but with much more persistent regularity than when meritorious sires are used, because there is ignoble blood in its entirety upon one side, as well as a preponderance of it on the other.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

### Fall Fashion Notes.

An elegant fringe is formed of green gages and blue plums arranged alternately.

Fine cloth shot with silken threads of bright colors is the newest fabric for traveling costumes.

Gants de Suède, or unglazed kid gloves, are worn for both day and evening dress; they come in dark, medium and light shades.

Feather capes are shown, but they are not so popular as capes made of velvet or velveteen and trimmed with bands of feathers.

Young girls can wear belts even with basque bodices; they are stylish, fastened at the side with cockade bow, or a metal or pearl buckle.

Pretty evening toilets are composed of skirts of tulle trimmed with narrow gold satin ribbon and worn with a bodice of gold colored or blue satin.

Bonnet pins, two-pronged, like old-time forks, are ornamented with arrow-heads of brilliants or small butterflies and birds enameled in natural colors.

Really popular is the new collar for street wear, which consists of a velvet band, over which lace is turned. A velvet rosette or bow, with plaited ends of lace, finishes the front.

Pretty tight-fitting jackets for young ladies are cut in a novel way, a graduated box-plait being inserted in the cen-

tre seam at the back. A closely set row of buttons down the front finishes the stylish garment.

New car-drops are beautifully ornate with flange and light scrolls. The balls swing from tiny trefails of polished gold and the surface of each ball is ornamented with a flat plaque of highly-polished and engraved gold.

An elegant traveling suit for a bride is of gray cashmere, trimmed with several rows of fine silver braid, sewn on flat and close to each other. This braid borders the skirt, basque, sleeves and collar, gray straw hat, with a long silvery shaded feather and a gray gauze veil.

Useful costumes for fall are made of checked or fancy material, with a full blouse bodice, trimmed with several rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The skirt and tunic are trimmed with the velvet, and cockade or star bows of ribbon to match are placed here, there and everywhere over the bodice, skirt and draperies.

A cape novelty for street wear is called the "Zora." It is fitted high upon the shoulder and may be worn separately or over a long cloak. The "Zora" is best adapted to rich material, brocade velvet or embossed plush, lined with Duchesse satin and trimmed with a soft, thick chenille or crimped silk and chenille fringe.

A lovely bonnet is composed of black and white cord over crimson satin, with a cluster of stiff white feathers at the side curved slightly to the front. A scarf of fine crepe, covered with raised silk spots, is arranged as a coronet across the forehead and also forms the strings, fastened behind the ears with small pearl ornaments.

For a miss of ten years old a pretty dress is of blue silk. The skirt is in wide box-plaits and the blouse jacket is formed with a gauged yoke bordered with box-plaiting. The sleeves are trimmed with turned-back cuffs, edged with a box-plaiting. Waist-bands of blue satin, finished at the back with looped bows and ends, fastened with a careless knot.

Velveteen is in great favor this season for undershirts, which are simple in construction, with only a plaited ruche, lined with surah or satin round the bottom. The nonpareil velveteens appear this season in such perfection that they can hardly be distinguished from real velvet, indeed they are quite as handsome as velvet, both for skirts and complete costumes or for wraps and jackets. They will be much used for skating suits, with fur trimmings.—*Philadelphia Times.*

### Mechanical Science.

It may be that to the end of time mankind must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. All the same, it seems as if mechanical inventions will eventually make existence easier all round, and save the human machine from the most distressing and life-shortening results of wear and tear. Our first parents made themselves aprons of fig leaves, clearly demonstrating by Holy Writ that primitive sewing was the initial industry, and that every other form of occupation is less ancient than that of tailoring or dress making. As "Adam delved and Eve span," so countless generations of ladies and gentlemen of the highest antediluvian antiquity got their bread and made their clothes. Hence manual labor became honorable, as, judging by the signs of the times, it may again become, and that at no distant date. The interesting correspondence which we publish from day to day, bewailing the curse of a hapless gentleman, points to a change in public opinion with regard to the honorability of hard work. People are beginning to recognize that the genteel callings are overcrowded, and that it is better to teach their boys a trade by which they may earn a respectable livelihood, than suffer them to starve as clerks, lawyers, and scribes, unattached. Alexander Pope very neatly formulated the trouble of the age in our great-grand-fathers' days: "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies." Probably the greatest disability of mechanical employment rests on the conventional objection to dirty hands. Genteel folk, more or less remotely connected with county families, will not readily consent to their sons stepping down to the artisan platform. But is it not possible to raise that platform to a higher level? The dignity of a calling does not make itself; it is made by those who practice it. Amateur turners and carpenters, engineers, farmers, and gardeners abound, and a gentleman is not less genteel because he amuses his leisure with the lathe, the tool-chest, the succession of crops, or the occupation of removing flies from a rosebush. Sir Walter Scott wished all his readers "clean hands, clear head, and patriotic heart, like Pitt." Science will make his desire apply practically and to every calling. Very soon the wheels of labor, and the work of the world will go by machinery. Men will have fewer and fewer mean tasks to perform, and presumably no one will be too proud to mind a machine. After all, it is not so long ago since clerks skill as beneath the dignity of a knight signed their names to deeds of settlement with the but-end of a dagger, or a conventional, symbolic cross. Grand folk who lived uncomfortably in huge drafty castles, dressed magnificently, and were as proud of their gentility as proud could be, looked on school learning with open contempt. Folks of this generation have gone to the other extreme. School learning and scholarly refinement can not be overestimated, so long as they do not help to pauperize the educated classes; but it is a mistake to assume that a well-stocked memory and genteel manners are incompatible with mechanical employments. Such inventions as that of the improved sewing machine in a measure go to prove the contrary. The management and conduct of machinery, while it neither hardens nor necessarily begrimes the hands of the operator, leaves the intellect free for reflection and affords leisure for self-improvement. It will be strange, indeed, should the spread of mechanical science, which has too long suffered under the imputation of degrading sentimentality below the mindless craft of machinery, not in the end help to ennoble and dignify manual labor.—*Cleveland Herald.*

### Slain For Fashion's Sake.

During the last two or three years, or since fickle-minded fashion has decreed that birds as well as feathers should be used to ornament the heads of the elite of feminine society, a new source of revenue has been opened to the natives of Southern California. Santa Barbara, being "the land of flowers," is necessarily the home of the delicate little humming bird, which lives upon the distilled pollen or bee food of our garden flowers. In a glass case upon the counter within the drug store of A. M. Ruiz was discovered two rows of dead humming birds, each with their little "feet turned up to the daisies." The trade is a recently developed one, "said Mr. Ruiz. "It is less than three years old, but it is steadily growing. We do not propose to engage very heavily in it, as it is not exactly in our line, which is drugs and perfumery, but we find a market for all we can obtain."

"How do you obtain these humming birds?" queried the reporter. "The little boys bring them in. There are four or five little Californians who live in or near town who are experts with sling-shots, a skillfully manipulated improvement upon the contrivance used by David to kill Goliath. Small pebbles or a teaspoonful of small bird shot are used, and when propelled by our little humming bird hunters usually bring down the bird. These little hunters bring in on an average about five birds a day."

"Why do they not use nets? It would not destroy or injure the delicate plumage of these little birds."

"Nets would be better, I believe, but the little Spanish children are used to the little sling shots and are as skillful with them as their fathers with the tiara, and woe to the humming bird at which one of these little boys discharges a charge of pebbles or bird shot."

"Is there money in the business?"

"No, not worth speaking of. I pay ten or fifteen cents each for the birds and then I dress and stuff them and ship them to San Francisco. Then I am paid at the rate of fifty cents each for the female common bird and seventy-five cents each for these male birds of brilliant plumage."

"Is there more than one variety of humming bird in the market?"

"Yes, we have four. There is the 'Fiery,' or that bird you see there with the red flaming throat. Then there is sulphuretted or yellow bronzed bird. Next the ordinary male, which has a green and red plumage, and last the brown, unbronzed female bird."

"What is the extent of the trade?"

"Last year we sent off less than 1,000 birds; we could have found a market for at least three times the number exported."

In continued conversation it was discovered that while San Francisco obtains a large proportion of these delicate little birds, the best and prettiest are selected and shipped direct to the fashion centers in Paris and London, where they command a high price.—*Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.*

### Notable Smokers and Snuff Takers of Past Times.

Indeed, it is possible that the pipe smoked by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the occasion when he made and won his famous bet with Queen Elizabeth, may still be extant in some cabinet of the curious. Thomas Cooper tried to prove that Shakespeare indulged in the weed; it is certain that he might have done so, Milton and Newton both "took tobacco." Thomas Campbell and William Makepeace Channing were ardent devotees of the pipe-bowl; and Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, puffed at a "straw" in the open street. Lord Beaconsfield loved a good cigar. Mr. Tennyson prefers a pipe. As for literary snuff-takers, their name is legion. Moreover, the practice of snuff taking at one time employed a large number of artists and artificers in painting, enameling, gem-setting, engraving and chasing the beautiful and costly works of art, the pride of the collector of curios. The presentation and acceptance of snuff-boxes formed, and forms to this day, part of the duties and curiosities of diplomacy. Formerly a physician would not have dreamed of going abroad without his gold snuff-box and gold headed cane. Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX. both "snuffed." According to Moler ground tobacco is the craving of upright men, and he who lives without it is not worthy of life; it encourages righteousness and virtue. What would Bonaparte have been without his snuff-box? There is a story told of a Dutch General who, during the heat of action, begged a pinch of one of the members of his staff. Just at that moment a cannon-ball whizzed by, and carried off the gentleman's head. The military Hollander, equal to the occasion, quietly turned round to another of his Lieutenants with, "Perhaps you, sir, will kindly give me a pinch?" His late majesty George III.'s Queen Charlotte was familiarly spoken of at court—behind her royal back, of course—as "Old Snuff." At that period everybody snuffed, from the proud Highlander who shoveled up the dust with his wooden or silver spoon, to the ticket porter groaning beneath a heavy load, and the long-coated night Charley in his watch-box. When gentlemen wore wigs and smalls there was an etiquette of the snuff-box, and according to a high authority, taking a pinch artistically involved twelve separate and distinct operations. The operator was to take the box in his right hand, pass it to the left, rap the box, then open it and present it to the company. He was next to receive it after going round, gather up what remained in the box by striking the side with the middle and fore-fingers, and take a pinch with his right hand, holding it for the space of a couple of seconds to the nose. Having performed that task, it only remained to sniff with both nostrils without making a grimace, shut up the box, sneeze gently, and apply the lace-edged handkerchief to the gratified organ of smell.—*London Telegraph.*

—When Mr. Bookwalter was in China he became acquainted with a Judge, who invited him to see a case tried. The culprit was arraigned for larceny. Within thirty minutes that Chinese court tried the prisoner, convicted him, sentenced him to death, took him out in an alley and cut his head off.—*Cleveland Herald.*

### Spoopendyke and the Car Window.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sloopendyke, fanning herself vigorously and looking anxiously under the car. "My dear, don't you think it is awfully warm in here?"

"Open the window then," suggested Mr. Sloopendyke. "Press your thumb on the catch and raise the sash. Give it a hard jerk; that'll loosen it."

Mrs. Sloopendyke followed instructions, split her glove, knocked the skin off her knuckle, and then sat down in a high state of perturbation.

"That the best you can do?" demanded Mr. Sloopendyke. He gave the window a wrench, but it firmly resisted.

"Won't eh?" he growled. "Got some kind of a notion that this is the Fourth of July and the right season of the year to manifest independence, haven't ye? Come up!" and his finger slipped off the lock, leaving a piece of the bark behind. "Oh, ho!" he roared. "Bite, do ye! Praps you think some woman with a wax thumb is working this hoist! This is Sloopendyke who is engineering this particular lift, and ye're going through the top of the car!"

With which exordium Mr. Sloopendyke planted his hat firmly on his head and tugged at the window until his face looked like the danger side of a switch target.

"Never mind, my dear," pleaded Mrs. Sloopendyke. "It isn't as warm as it was, and I don't care about having it up."

"It ain't eh?" howled Mr. Sloopendyke, bracing himself for another attack. "I s'pose you've got some kind of an idea that this is a sort of refrigerating process I'm going through! Maybe you think this exercise is calculated to precipitate an early frost and ruin the peach crop!" he continued.

"Perhaps it is stuck at the top," suggested Mrs. Sloopendyke.

"No doubt of it!" squealed Mr. Sloopendyke, turning suddenly on her. "Somebody's been here and screwed it fast to the roof. Praps he's up there yet, holding on to it, but if he is he'll think a steam jack machine is working underneath him! Look out there, she's coming. Brace yourself for your flight to the spheres, for Sloopendyke has got a grip on now that'll last till something gives way!" and the worthy gentleman took hold once more and toiled, while his wife dodged suspender buttons and back strap buckles.

"I think I saw it move," she remarked, encouragingly.

"Did, did ye?" howled Mr. Sloopendyke, whose hands were numbed by his exertions. "Did ye notice which way it went? What'd ye do to the thing when ye tried it?" he demanded, a new idea occurring to him. "Don't ye know ye broke it when you were fooling around here? Come up, will ye? Oh, linger not, but come, oh come, come up, come up with me!" and throwing himself into his job with a despairing onslaught, Mr. Sloopendyke missed his hold, fell over backwards into his seat, where he sat glaring at his distressed wife, the picture of baffled energy.

"That what ye wanted?" he hissed between his teeth. "Have ye accomplished your design? Got any more chores ye want done before they begin to measure me for a shroud?"

"Don't bother about it, dear," purred Mrs. Sloopendyke, patting his head tenderly. "I'd rather have it shut than open, for it isn't half as warm as I supposed it was."

"Then what'd ye want to make such a fuss about?" howled Mr. Sloopendyke, still writhing under the sting of defeat. "If ye're cool enough, what'd ye hoist me up there like a hired man for? Oh, ye're cool enough! If I had your temperature, I'd fit myself up with a band of music and a bar-room, and hire myself out as a summer resort!"

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Sloopendyke, as a brakeman stepped up and opened the window with a little jerk. "My husband may not be very strong, but he's willing; and the next time I want a window opened I'll have it done before we leave home," and Mrs. Sloopendyke arranged her hat, and devoted the rest of the day to the cinder in her husband's eye.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

### The Moonshiner's Hogs.

The thoughtful provisions of this moonshiner for his hogs reminds one that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers. Your toper is not more fond of the product of the still than is this useful animal of its residuum of slops and refuse. Not long ago a drove of fine porkers were driven to market in a Southern city. Their route led past a registered distillery, and with a celerity which rivaled that of their relatives in Bible story who "ran down a steep place into the sea," they broke column for the succulent slops. A revenue officer standing by asked the driver: "Where did you buy them hogs?" On investigation it was found that the mountaineer in charge of their early education had maintained an unregistered distillery in a tranquil spot, which would no doubt have escaped the vigilance of the "revenues," but for the inconsiderate and ungrateful conduct of his pigs.

A Deputy Marshal carelessly sauntered into the front yard of a citizen who was a suspect, but against whom there was no inculpatory proof. "I found a block-ade still down there on the branch," said the deputy. "What branch?" "I know nothing about it," replied the honest yeoman. "What sort of a looking place is it?" "Nothin' particular," said the deputy, drawing a powder-begrimed Smith & Wesson, and wiping it on his coat-tail. "There were some mighty fine hogs there, and I shot 'em accordin' to law. It is a pity that meat don't belong to nobody." "Je-rusalem!" bewailed the innocent one. "Ye'r hain't shot them 'shots,' hev ye?" and with that he made a bee-line for the still-house, of whose existence a moment before he had been supremely unconscious. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that his "shots" were in their usual health, and were clamorous for their accustomed beverage.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—A boy in Worcester, Mass., advertises that the lady who gave him a \$2.50 gold piece—mistaking it for a penny— for holding her horse, can get \$2.49 by applying a Spy office.