Fair Play.

Published Every Saturday.

GENEVIEVE. - - MISSOURI.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a worthier goal,
The dreams of love and truth—
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a cherished hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up life's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the hear
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfaling record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that can not fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angels voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—*All the Year Round.*

MIRIAM DOUGLAS.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir; but the lock on your sachel is broken, making the things unsafe, besides being a very shabby old bag, sir, begging your pardon." So quoth Eliza, relict of Josiah Nims, the sexton, to her lodger, Rev. Julius Byron.

"What a bore," exclaimed this gentleman, "when I really haven't the time to attend to anything but these letters!"

"I have an errand which takes me past Piper and Tipson's; I could buy you a new sachel, if you would trust me. Going among all those fine people at the wedding with your lock tied up with a bit of string wouldn't do at all, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims; I have great trust in your judgment, and should be obliged if you would attend to the matter for me and save my going into town."

As the door closed after his landlady Rev. Julius Byron resumed his writing with a sigh of relief. As he sat leaning his head on his disengaged hand—a hand beautiful enough to atone for plainness in all other features had nature willed him to be plain—Julius Byron was an ideal picture of a student—brown eyes, with a far-away, dreamy look, hair long enough to show a tendency to wave loosely back from the forehead, and a pale, clear complexion set off by a golden-brown velveteen coat, which he wore when in his study. Twenty-nine years old, undeniably handsome, gifted with winning manners and shepherd of a flock most willing to be guided, Julius Byron, as if by a miracle, had escaped being spoiled and petted into effeminacy. His safeguard lay perhaps in a pair of soft eyes which had held him spellbound for a few rapturous weeks, and the witchery of which had lasted over three years of almost total separation.

Miriam Douglas, dispensing tea and ginger-bread to a horde of charity children in the park at Mount Edgecombe, was one of the prettiest and daintiest of modern Hebes, in a muslin dress in colors matching forget-me-nots and her eyes equally well, and with roses at her waist and throat which stole their delicate tint from her cheeks. Miriam was seventeen that day, and the blue muslin was her first long dress; to this the little lassie paid far more attention than to the admiring gaze of two dreamy brown eyes. After the feast there were offerings of flowers, good wishes, and rather too many kisses and embraces from the charity children, and, among her other trophies, Miriam Douglas carried away the heart of Rev. Julius Byron. Had she known this, it would have affected her less than the consciousness that the Barclay girls, her former playmates, were enviously admiring the grown-up womanish arrangement of her bright silky hair.

There were a few tennis parties and five o'clock teas after this, during which Mr. Byron worshipped his divinity from afar. She seemed a little in awe of him and rarely spoke with him more than five minutes at a time. What a delightful task it would be to chase away the timidity from the soft, fawn-like eyes, and how pleasant to think that the sea-shell pink stole to her cheeks from joy at his approach!

Fate, however, cruelly interfered with Mr. Byron's dream of awakening loving confidence in the bosom of this bashful maiden of seventeen. In three short weeks, before he had made my perceptible headway, Miriam was summoned to the bedside of a dying relative and Julius Byron was called to a parish in a commercial town.

Three long years this idyl had been in the past and through all this time the memory of Miriam Douglas excluded any other love from the young clergyman's heart, though many were the goddesses willing to be therein enshrined.

He wondered at himself; she had slipped completely out of his material existence; he knew not where she was, or if she were dead, or worse—married. Still, with all this uncertainty, he could not forget her, and a voice within him seemed to whisper that they would meet again.

The rapid skimming of his pen over the white page was stayed for the second time by a heavy footstep at the door outside; and Mrs. Nims, panting and crimson from the ascent of the steep stairs, exclaimed:

"There, sir, you could not have found a better or cheaper sachel yourself if you had searched the town from end to end. Piper and Tipson say on their oath that it is a first-rate one, and that you needn't fear exchanging with any one by mistake, for they had only one of the kind. This decided me to take it, for, being rather an absent-minded gentleman, you might easily pick up the wrong bag."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims, thank you; each time that you do anything for me you give me fresh cause to admire your clever management and forethought."

In the wedding to take place on the following day Mr. Byron felt no particular interest. The contract parties were almost strangers to him, as were also the guests, with the exception of Willis Howard, a schoolmaster of days gone by, and a friend ever since of the young clergyman.

Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the ceremony was performed at home. It was a pretty wedding, the bride graceful, sweet and pale as a lily in her sheeny, fleecy drapery, and among the guests was the subdued merriment which prevails when the entertainers exhibit unreservedly the signs of joy and sorrow—the smile and tear both coming from the heart.

After the ceremony Mr. Byron partook himself to a dressing-room to fold his surplice and replace it in the sachel chosen by Mrs. Nims. While so engaged a letter was handed him with the word "immediately" written conspicuously on the envelope. The contents were as follows:

MARLOW HALL, Thursday, 18th.—If Rev. Julius Byron could find it convenient to officiate at a private baptism this afternoon at Marlow Hall, he would confer a great favor on the undersigned. Mr. Byron is requested to pardon the apparent *bruscquerie* of this notice, as the case is urgent. The 2 p. m. train stops at Portland Station, where a carriage will be in waiting.

STANFIELD MARLOW.

"You will go I suppose?" said Willis Howard, to whom Mr. Byron presently showed his note.

"Of course; one cannot refuse such a summons. It is probably a question of life and death."

"I am due at Uxmore to-night—rather a different errand from yours—a masquerade party. I'm sorry we are not traveling in the same direction."

"I am sorry also. Do you know anything of the people at Marlow Hall, Howard?"

"Never had heard of them before. Are they strangers to you?"

"Entirely so."

"Now good-bye, old fellow; my traps are all stowed away in the train, and I had better follow them. Take care of yourself among those mysterious strangers."

In the bustle and confusion at the station Mr. Byron's sachel was mislaid, but he presently caught sight of the familiar object on a distant table, and felt inwardly thankful for its ungainly proportions and the huge brass diamond which made it so easily recognized.

At Portland a respectably dressed man in charge of a wagonette came forward to meet Mr. Byron, and, during the drive to the Hall, the former discoursed freely upon the existing state of affairs there. A son and heir to the fine estate had arrived, and there had been great rejoicing, but within the past twenty-four hours their joy had been turned to mourning by a dispatch summoning the newly-made father to the death-bed of his only sister in Germany. The young mother seemed to feel a presentiment of misfortune, and she insisted upon the young baby being baptized before the departure of its father. The clergyman of the parish was temporarily absent, hence Mr. Byron's hasty summons. The ceremony would be performed in the chapel connected with the Hall, and would be very quiet, being witnessed only by the father and grandfather of the child, with possibly one or two guests.

After lunching in a somber, richly-decorated dining-hall, Mr. Byron was shown to a bed-room, with the intimation that his services in the chapel would be required in an hour if convenient to him.

There was something strange and interesting about the fine old mansion, so lately a scene of rejoicing, and now silent as an empty church. No members of the family were visible, and the great house seemed deserted, save for a few silent-footed servants.

As the time for the baptism drew near, Mr. Byron asked to be conducted to the vestry-room. To make sure that everything was in readiness he opened his sachel, when, to his consternation, instead of drawing forth a neatly folded surplice, he held up before his astonished gaze a doublet and hose of scarlet and gray satin, such as might be seen on the stage in "As You Like It."

Alas for the veracity of Messrs. Piper and Tipson and the credulity of the worthy Mrs. Nims. The so-called unique bag had many duplicates, and Mr. Willis Howard had bought one that very morning in which to stow away his fancy ball costume.

Here was a predicament indeed for Rev. Julius Byron! In desperation he flew to the wardrobe in the vestry-room. Vain hope. Not a shred of the other clergyman's vestments hung there. What was to be done? Even if in extreme cases the church rules permitted the clergy to officiate without robes in the sacred edifice—and for a moment Mr. Byron was too bewildered to think whether this would be permissible or not—how could he explain the annoying mistake to these strangers? They, already so troubled, would think him an untrustworthy, careless trifler.

In his perplexity he rang for the man who had already waited on him.

"Is there a lady in the house with whom I could speak for a few moments?" Mr. Byron asked.

"My mistress' cousin is here; but she does not leave the invalid's rooms for anything just at present."

"Then I will write my message in a note."

He stated the case as clearly as he could on paper, and dispatched the servant with it. In answer the lady sent her maid to inquire if search had been made everywhere in the vestry-room for a surplice. He sent back word that further search was useless.

After some moments of, to him, terrible suspense—for the time was almost come for him to appear in the chapel—the maid returned, and, with deep blushes and a nervous twitching of her apron hem, began:

"My young lady told me to tell you, sir, that, if you would not think it any harm, she would send you her——Oh, no, I don't mean that, sir! She said I was not to say who it belonged to, but she would cut the bands off the sleeves and the lace from the neck, and it would be long, and nobody would notice that it was a night-gown, sir; and, if you didn't mind, sir, I would go and fetch it at once, for there is no time to lose."

The girl's concluding remarks were only too true; and, however much he might have hesitated at her suggestion in cooler moments, he was thankful now for any solution of the difficulty.

"Tell your mistress that I shall be very grateful for the loan she proposes, if she thinks the deception will not be discovered."

The servant vanished, and was soon on the spot again with a snowy linen night-gown. The neck at the back had been torn down to admit broader shoulders, and a linen handkerchief had been hastily stitched in to hide the rent. Most of the ornamentation had been cut away; but enough remained to prove that the garment belonged to a lady of very dainty tastes.

Thankful for this semblance of a surplice, and too hurried to feel amusement, Mr. Byron arrayed himself, entered the chancel, and the service began at once. He observed with a sigh of thankfulness that the chapel was very dark; and this enabled him to read without much nervousness. Two gentlemen came forward with the baby and its nurse, and for a brief time during the service the young clergymen saw indistinctly the slender figure of a lady standing in the dimly lighted aisle. Before the end of the ceremony her feelings seemed to overcome her, for she left the church stifling what might have been a sob, but which sounded strangely like a laugh.

What Mr. Byron feared would be a trying ordeal was soon over, and he reentered the vestry-room with a much lighter heart than when he left it. While disrobing a name in indelible ink on the gown attracted his attention. Perhaps he should have respected his fair benefactress' wish to remain unknown, but the temptation was too strong. He turned to the light and read the name—"Miriam Douglas"—under the tucks and embroidery of the robe which he had just discarded.

Was it a coincidence, or had a kind of fate led him to the shrine of his idol? The uncertainty was not to be borne.

"Will you ask Miss Douglas if she can grant me five minutes' interview before I go?" he said to the girl who came, in great trepidation, for the novel surplice.

In a cosy little reception-room Julius Byron was presently received by her who had been the companion of his happiest dreams during more than three years. The blushing bashfulness had disappeared, leaving in its stead a graceful, womanly dignity. She was a sweeter, fairer Miriam even than of old, "divinely tall and most divinely fair!"

"Oh, Mr. Byron, how horrified you must be. You signed initials only to your note, and I little imagined to whom I was offering that garment. I recognized you at once in church, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion I had to laugh. It was such an uncommonly bad fit."

"It was a great boon to me, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to you for coming to the rescue."

A sudden indifference as to the hours of departing trains seemed to take possession of Mr. Byron, and he found himself with a certain amount of equanimity, accepting an invitation to spend the night at the Hall.

At the conclusion of her visit to her cousin, Mrs. Marlow, Miriam betook herself to the house of a friend, who extended many formal invitations to Mr. Byron as well.

One soft fragrant evening, among the June roses, Julius Byron told his love story, and Miriam listened with a look in her eyes which told her lover that he spoke not in vain.

"How provoked you, in your turn, must have been at finding my surplice instead of the fancy costume," said Mr. Byron to his friend Willis, when they again met.

"I was in a rage at first, I admit," answered Mr. Howard, "but affairs turned out not so bad, after all. I put on the surplice to see how it became me, when one of the maids, catching a glimpse of me through the window, set up a scream, declaring that she had seen a ghost. This brought a lot of visitors out of their rooms, among whom, to my sorrow, was Edith Fuller—my Edith, you know. We had quarreled and parted, never to meet again; but the ridiculous feature of this scene seemed to break the ice between us, and——. Well, Byron, I have blessed the memory of your surplice ever since."

"That contretemps of the sachel's was a lucky thing for us both."

"Piper and Tipson and their humbugs forever!" exclaimed young Howard.

Ornamentation of Table Linen.

The artistic works of the Japanese, only of late made familiar to us by means of exhibitions and the like, have on account of their novelty and peculiarity an especial attraction for the spectator. For instance, the Japanese applique embroidery shows the highest completion, and now that it has become marketable, its sphere of use for various purposes is considerably enlarged. Used with other embroidery or paintings this applique is excellent for decoraino purposes, such as ornamenting fire and wall screens cushions, borders. Wonderful flowers, birds and insects in dazzling well shaded colors, sometimes a faithful copy of nature, otherwise most fantastical, from a charming combination. The separate pieces of embroidery are worked over cardboard and secured on squares. We select one of the smaller ones, with all sorts of animals on it for our illustration. A piece of silk laid over it and an original cover of stuff like paper, the well-known style of which with its Japanese colors is quite a study, prtects the embroidery from the air and dust. These squares may now be purchased in large shops.

It has now become so general to have table linen with a colored border, that, especially for company, one can scarcely imagine a handsomely arranged table without this agreeable ornament. Although the interwoven red and blue borders suffice for daily use, we see for grand occasions table-cloths and napkins adorned with the most artistic needlework, which, since all possible tones have been produced in fast-colored cotton, often display a most variegated arrangement. In houses where the plain white linen from the grandmother's stores is still in use, modern taste is brought to bear in the long, narrow crumb-cloths laid over the large table-cloth. But sometimes the careful housewife likes to have the ornamental border on the tea and coffee-cloth and napkins produced by her own industry.

The embroidery is done with fast-colored blue cotton, in tambour stitch. The cloth has a hem-stitched border about one and one-half inches broad; this is followed by a narrow row of embroidery rather more than an inch deep, then comes a space, and after that another row of embroidery, six inches broad. Both these border rows are executed in renaissance style. The shields in the four corners of the cloth are intended to be alternately filled up with the date and the owner's initials. The napkins have the same narrow border, but only the shields in two opposite corners.—*The Season.*

—The sunflower does not turn with the sun, as many people suppose. It has been observed that the flowers do have a prevailing direction when opening. In the case of one of these plants bearing sixty-eight flowers, up to a certain time all had their heads inclined to the southeast. Three days after this twenty-one of the older ones had advanced toward the northwest, horizontal face, becoming erect during the journey.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The ancient Holmes mansion on Holmes place, Cambridge, Mass., which was built many years before the Revolutionary war, and was the headquarters of General Ward in 1775, and later the residence of Rev. Abiel Holmes, his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, being born there, has been sold and removed to Lorton Murray street in the same city.—*Boston Journal.*

—When you go to Washington Territory don't call for "a dozen raw." The Puget Sound oysters are sometimes two feet in diameter, and weigh, inclusive of the shell, as much as sixty pounds.—*Chicago Herald.*

Economic Pork.

One writer affirms substantially that all agree that a pound of pork is made with less feed when fed to the small breeds than when fed to the large breeds. I trust that none will accuse me of a desire to be controversial in calling in question this assertion and popular belief, as such it is. There is not a shadow of a doubt that a young animal will make a pound of growth on less food than the same animal will at a later date. I must confess to having been misled by the claims of the breeders of the small breeds, for a brief space, upon facts that have shown the above truth. Only one phase of the problem is, however, represented by these facts. In its application to cattle, it is now almost universally repudiated here in the West, where the best cattle of the world are found. The large breeds of cattle have been found, or are believed to have been found, the most economical consumers of food; hence they are the sources of Western beef. Theory and practice both affirm that the policy of the pork producers, as regards relative size of the breeds to be fed, is one with that of beef producers. Indeed, Sir J. B. Lawes' and my own results affirm that the law, that the older and larger an animal grows the more food it takes to make a pound of growth, is decidedly less pronounced in the pig than in the steer. Now the larger breeds make more growth per day and grow more pounds in two hundred days, or grow two hundred pounds in fewer days than the smaller breeds. According to all known facts in animal nutrition and growth, the larger pigs will make this growth with less food than will the smaller breeds. The animal organism is supported fewer days, and the food of support is thus saved. More growth being made daily makes it probable that a greater proportion of the food eaten is used for growth. Such was my experience with Merinos vs. Cotswolds. I found that 1,000 pounds of Merinos ate decidedly more than 1,000 pounds of Cotswolds. It must be agreed, inasmuch as the large breeds of pigs start in life at about the size of small breeds, that the larger breeds either eat more, or digest or assimilate more food than the small breeds. In either event, upon any information now known to the world, I would select the large breeds for economic pork. But there is one mortifying factor that I at one time, early in my experience, counted too heavily upon, as the result of the teachings of one or two well-known men. This factor is as follows: The small breeds get in shape to market at a less weight than the large breeds, and are assumed to be ready at less age, and thus, by virtue of lessened age, the law that the less the age and size the less the food to make a pound of growth is assumed to more than counterbalance the superior growth per day of the large breeds. My observation is that the Berkshires and improved Poland-Chinas are in shape for the market at as light a weight as the market presents any demand for them; and, furthermore, that the little Suffolks, Essex and small Yorkshires, to obtain the weight admitted as desirable, are as many days in accomplishing it as the larger breeds are in shaping up, or at least the difference is not nearly enough to bridge over the assumed advantage over the greater growth per day of the large breeds. Without asserting positive knowledge—for it does not exist, although I have several times contemplated the trial—I must affirm that such evidence as the world has affirms the advantage of at least the medium-sized breeds for making pork in the most economical way.—*Prof. J. W. Sanborn, in Rural New Yorker.*

Ax-Grinding at Farmers' Meetings.

The way in which everybody with anything to sell "flocks" to a gathering of farmers may, perhaps, be taken as an evidence that farming is a profitable business and makes its followers good customers; if they haven't money, certainly their credit is good. But there is another view to take of this eagerness to advertise with and canvass farmers, a view not so flattering to their prosperity. It is not alone those who have wares to sell who gather on such occasions; politicians and others who have axes to grind are equally "simultaneous."

Two recent farmers' gatherings afforded striking examples of this ax-grinding. On both occasions, most of the time was occupied by rival agents for machinery, salt, etc.,—in discussing the claims of their respective wares to the assembled farmers' cash. On the former occasion the principal topic discussed was one entirely foreign to the objects of the meeting, viz.—a scheme for draining swamps for the benefit of certain lumber and railroad interests. On the latter occasion the most conspicuous business was a heated wrangle over rival breeds of fancy cattle for sale to farmers. The great and most momentous question of salt also came to the front as earnestly as if every farmer had married a Mrs. Lot. It is a notable fact that the most pertinent and by far the most disinterested address was made by a jurist, and it is not less notable that most of the irrelevant issues were introduced by farmers.

It is this self-seeking and ax-grinding issue that prejudices a good many farmers against attending such gatherings. They are justified in resenting the interference, and the wonder is that the managers of meetings allow the impertinent discussions to go on. Some one ought to apply the rules of order and relegate advertisers to the outside, where there is usually a show room for them. Exhibitions of machinery and dairy salt are well upon such occasions, but the platform of the meeting is not the place nor is the regular proceedings the time to push their claims.

That such things are done and tolerated is probably due to the unorganized and disunited situation of farmers. The irrepressible pushers of these interests seem to calculate on the inexperience of farmers in conducting public meetings and to feel assurance that the complaisance of the latter is no match for their "cheek." Such irrelevancies are not tolerated in the meeting of the Grange, where farmers are educated in a regular order of deliberation and to act as organized bodies. It would be well if members of the Grange could carry into public assemblies of farmers its order, propriety and self-respect. This should be done because unwarranted interferences will surely bring the meetings themselves into disrepute, and thus deprive farmers of the benefits, social and business, which undoubtedly come from such exercises properly conducted.—*The Country Side.*

—Spiced Currants: Eight pounds fruit, five pounds sugar, one pint cider vinegar, one ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves, one ounce allspice. Boil one hour altogether. Put in more spice if you wish, and cook it down as much as you wish. A very nice relish with meats.—*N. Y. Post.*

Fashion Items.

Hoop earrings are more worn than any other style now in vogue. It is claimed, however, that these circles of barbarism, in any form, are soon to be numbered among the things that were.

There is a new way of trimming the armholes of dresses. A piece of medium-sized velvet or ribbon goes entirely round, and the two ends which meet on the top of the shoulder are tied in a graceful looped bow. When the sleeve is a long one, a similar trimming is placed just above the elbow and tied to correspond, but with no ends of any length. The band is frequently repeated at the neck, tying behind.

As fall bodices are so general. Swiss bodices are likely to come into use again. Very decollete are more becoming to the figure than narrow ones, and by deep is meant the genuine sort, such as the Swiss peasantry affect. These are made as formerly of velvet, satin, jetted cloth, or corded silk, and the richest and daintiest for evening toilets are made of white or pale tinted satin, hand-painted, with a tiny blossoming vine, which forms a delicate floral bordering to the entire girdle or band.

An old sunshade stripped of its former cover may be easily renovated to match any costume. Take one of the sections removed and cut as much of the new material as was first used when the old sunshade was new; have them stitched together by machine sewing, and fasten to the frame. A new lining, if required, is so easily made. The work is not difficult, and will pay just now, when the effect of uniformity in dress details, now so studied, requires a change of parasol for time, place and costume. A little ingenuity and finger dexterity combined go almost as far, and sometimes farther, in giving finish and elegance to toilet et cetera.

Feather fans are extremely fashionable in evening dress, and the latest styles from Vienna are made of pure downy white plumage. These are much larger than the old fans formerly carried. An all-white fan is preferred with a white toilet, but in many cases a cluster of crimson roses, a spray of carnations, or any seasonable flower, is asked for the evening to give a touch of color to the otherwise colorless toilet. The fans are hung from the waist in chatelaine fashion.

Stylish young ladies have seized upon the pretty little Russian jacket recently introduced by Mme. Peponey, of Paris, as a favorite novelty, very appropriate to the present season. These jaunty little shapes reach only to the belt in front, and end in a short postillion in the back. Beneath the fronts, which part at the neck, is a plaited vest, which also terminates at the waist line. The sleeves are short, with a chic-looking turn-back cuff of lace or passementerie trimming the lower edge, which, upon most of these jackets, reaches the elbow. The richest model yet seen was made of black Lyons velvet with a very handsome border trimming of jet-beaded passementerie, and a vest of crimson silk laid in flat plaits from throat to belt, and snugly fitted. The most dressy model was formed of a dark shade of Neapolitan red velvet, embroidered in a much darker shade of the same color in silk floss, the design outlined with deep colored ruby beads. The vest was of pale pink corded silk arranged and fitted exactly as the crimson vest just described.

Some very stylish dresses for young girls are now being made in plaid and cashmere. They are very much trimmed with ribbon loops and ends, and some have an added trimming of shot taffetas. One pretty little suit of plaid, in blue and chestnut, has a kilted skirt faced up the kilting to the depth of six inches with chestnut and blue shot taffetas. The tunic—a la washerwoman—has the turned-up portion faced to match, and the bodice is of the plaid, with blouse vest of the taffetas. Another dress of gray cashmere, crossed with crimson, has a facing upon the kilts and tunic of crimson serge. Above these skirts is a Russian jacket of the plaid, with plaited waistcoat of the serge ending at the waist and finished by a ribbon belt of crimson satin, clasped with a silver buckle.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The Honest Countryman.

There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearny, near California, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe set back. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for eight dollars yesterday?"

"Never dakes pack anythings ven vonce solt my frent," said the hand-me-downer.

"Oh! that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found this five hundred-dollar bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Oh gorse he vill—he has call already, my tear frent," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You ish von honish man. Here, I gif you feefty tollar ask a reward. Dot vill be all right."

When the honest customer got around the corner he murmured softly: "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before the Sheeny tumbles to that counterfeit. It's getting mighty hard to shove the "queer" round these parts, and that's a fact.—*San Francisco Post.*

Cause and Effect.

Singular how variously the same cause will affect different subjects. Now the sting of a hornet will paralyze a spider or a cricket instantly. But the same parasol strapped to man will fill his sensitive being with the wildest enthusiasm and cause him to conduct himself like the motive power of a Georgia camp meeting, rousing even his dormantest faculties into the liveliest and most vigorous action. Thus we often observe that in the elements of individual complex conceptions, by a system of perceived agreements and differences, that what is one man's poison, with varying and not very material differences, is usually acceptable poison for the crowd. Unless, of course. And even then. Still, the understanding has the power at will, to combine these several simple conceptions, which after all. However.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Needed Prescription.

Bride.—"I must have your advice, doctor. My husband gets the nightmare nearly every night, and frightens me half to death."

Doctor.—"You have gone to housekeeping, I suppose?"

"Bride.—"Yes; we just got settled last week."

Doctor.—"And, I presume, as there are only two in the family, you attend to all the housekeeping duties yourself?"

Bride.—"Yes."

Doctor.—"Well, hire some one else to do the cooking."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Our Young Readers.

THE MAIDENS' REFORM.

Three doleful little maidens
Started off for school each day;
Three weeping little maidens went
A-mopes out to play.
Three heavy-hearted maidens
Pored over a musty book—
The road was rocky, the studies were hard,
The sun shone out of joint.
They had such dreadful headaches,
And the pains in their backs were strong,
Their heads were cold, their feet were tired,
And so the world went wrong.
Three little maidens met
Beneath a spreading oak,
And one of the three was heard to say
In a voice that was broken with sobs,
"Girls, we must do something
To make the world go right."
Very soon all three maidens
Began to plot and plan;
They ate and drank [illegible] cake and pies
[illegible]
There sorry little maidens
Instituted a reform;
Their little faces grew rosy and pink,
Their little backs grew strong;
They laughed from morning [illegible]
And they laughed in school and out;
Nobody knew what had happened
To the three maidens stout.
They skipped and [illegible]
For they knew what they were doing;
Now with [illegible]
A [illegible]
They spelled [illegible]
Their [illegible]
Started off for school [illegible]
And when the [illegible] came
They [illegible]
Very happy little [illegible]
[illegible]
They [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible]

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

A Story of Northern India.

"Tiger-hunting's very good fun in its way," said Mr. B——, as we sat in the veranda of his bungalow one fine July evening, watching the sun sink over the rocks that overhung the Nerbudda River. "It's very good fun at least, so long as you're hunting the tiger; but when the tiger takes to hunting you, it's not quite so jolly.

"But, although I've had some narrow escapes in that way, I'd scarcely have them called twice over that one such adventure as happened to me close to this very spot, about six years ago.

"In those days, as you may think, the place looked very different from what it does now. The railway wasn't even begun then, and I was the only white man for miles round.

"All this clearing was as thick as a hairbrush, with trees and jungles right down to the water's edge, and if you wanted to go anywhere, your only chance was to look out for some place where an elephant had crashed his way through the thickets, and then follow his track.

"I don't believe you'd have slept very sound here in those times. I can promise you I didn't for the first month or so. No sooner did it get dark than you'd hear a row like fifty cracked trumpets all blowing at once, and by that you would know that an elephant was coming down to drink at the river.

"Then that would wake up the crocodiles in the mud along the bank, and in a minute they'd all be speechifying and bellowing in chorus, one louder than another.

"Then the monkeys in the trees overhead would begin squeaking and chattering and howling like mad.

"Then that would arouse some dreadful old native bird, whose name I could never find out (perhaps no one had ever been able to invent one bad enough for it), and it would start shrieking away as if somebody was being murdered.

"And then, all at once, there would come rolling through the depths of the forest the roar of a tiger, which seemed to strike the [illegible] silent for a moment, as a cannon does the crackle of fireworks; but in a minute or two, they were all just as [illegible] as ever.

"But the things that plagued me most were the jackals. You've heard them often enough, and so you can't be a judge what it must have been for a man fresh out from Europe (and, rather feverish into the bargain) to hear them under his window, every night and all night long, a noise as if forty children were being bitten by half a dozen mad dogs.

"At last, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I made up my mind that I'd teach them to hold their tongues before I had done with them, if I had to keep watch for a fortnight to do it.

"So, early one morning, I went out to a small clearing in the very heart of the wood, where there were plenty of jackals' tracks about, and dug a hole deep enough to cover me, leaving just my head and arms out.

"Then I waited till night came on, and when all my native servants were asleep, I took my double-barrelled rifle, and away I went and got into the hole to wait till the jackals turned up.

"But one would have thought the sneaking brutes saw what I was after, for, although they had come in crowds when I *didn't* want them, yet now, when I was watching and wishing for them, not one would show his nose.

"Well, there I waited and waited, till at last I got so tired and stiff that I was just thinking of giving it up and going home to bed, when I thought I heard a rustling in the thicket just in front of me.

"The next moment there was a sharp crackling, like dried twigs snapping under a heavy weight, and out into the clearing, with every point of him quite plain in the glorious summer moonlight, came stalking the biggest tiger I had ever seen in my life.

"It's no use trying to make out that I wasn't frightened. I was frightened, and very badly frightened, too, I can tell you.

"Indeed, I couldn't well have been in a worse fix than I was. If I had been on a tree, I should have had no fear, for the real Bengal tiger can't climb like the panther or the cougar. Even if I had been on our level ground, I'd have felt more comfortable for that, at least, I should have had a chance to fight or run. But, crammed as I was into this precious hole, with my head just level with the ground, I seemed put there on purpose for the beast to eat whenever he liked.

"The tiger saw me as plain as I saw him, and came creeping on till I could feel his hot breath on my face, and count every one of the great white fangs that glittered so ominously in the moonlight. Why didn't I shoot him? you say. Why, just because at the very first movement I made he'd have bitten my head off like a strawberry. My only chance was to keep stock-still, and I did it.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Tiger seemed quite as much taken back as I was. The sight of a man's head growing out of the ground like a mushroom was, no doubt, quite a new thing in his experience, and he evidently did not know what to make of it. He prowled backward and forward in front of me, sniffing uneasily, and coming so close to me every now and then that the froth from his open jaws and great red tongue flew off in flakes all over my face.

"This was bad enough, as you may think, but it was a mere joke as to what was coming. For now the tiger, having looked at me long enough in front, took it into his head to go round behind me.

"Then I felt as if all was over. Even while I could see what the tiger was doing, it was quite as much as I could bear to have him sniffing about me as if I'd been the hair of a trap. But when he got round behind my back, and I expected every moment to feel his teeth and claws in my flesh without being able to tell where he was or what he was at—ugh! I don't like to think of it even now.

"I felt that another minute or two of this work would drive me mad outright, and I made up my mind to scramble out of the hole, rush upon the tiger, and take my chance. But at that moment I heard a shot behind me, and then a tremendous roar, and turning my head, I saw the brute springing in a fall I must in white, who leaned like an English officer.

"I jumped out of the hole like an arrow, and leveling my rifle, gave the tiger both barrels. The great beast bounced up to his full height, with a savage snarl that showed all his fangs at once, and then rolled over as dead as a door nail.

"I have to thank you for saving my life," said I, holding out my hand to the stranger.

"'On the contrary,' said he, 'it's I that have to thank you for saving mine.'

"Well, I fancy we're about even there," answered I, "but this shall be the last time I ever try shooting from a hole."

"And it was the last time, sure enough."—*Boys' Ree. in Science Days.*

Dolly's "Trip to the Springs."

Our little "Ray of Sunshine," as we called her, had been ailing for some time, and finally all in the house became alarmed, and started out for a change.

Papa went to the farm, for he often found her there, with her little dolly friends full of cares, now clover hooking the cows through the stable window or trying to mother the little white chickens that were always getting away from the hen.

Aunt Sue thought possibly she might be swinging in the hammock under the big maple tree. She would often swing in the sunshine, and listen to the chattering of the birds who were busy building new nests among the leaves, until her eyes would close, and she would dream she was a real little bird herself, swinging on a bough, and making her own nest.

Willie was sure he should find her in the garden, for she had told him that very morning that she was going to have a dollies' party under the honeysuckle, and that he might come if he wouldn't ask for a mouthful to eat until the lady dollies had finished supper.

But she was not to be found there, and every nook and corner had been searched twice.

Mamma stole softly to the attic. She heard a little low voice, and she peeped softly through the door, and there, perched upon a pile of dusty trunks, sat our baby May, with her dear dolly clasped tenderly in her arms.

Mamma listened very quietly for a moment. A little anxious look stole over May's face, and she began talking to her dolls in this way:

"Dolls, dear, I se taten you to a springs, tause you is tummin' down way sadin'. I do no 'hat, and you mus' not be a wold of a tittet man, for he won't hurt nobody or nossin' wiv 'at cane at he mates holes in tittets wiv.

"I dot a bottle of tandy pills in my pocket to cure 'hat you is tutanin' down wiv, if we don't det to springs in a minute now.

"Does you hear 'at toot, don't be afraid of 'at toot, taus 'at says we dot dere now, and we tan det off."

Mamma's heart was at rest when she found that her little girl was safe, and she ran back to the others who were still looking for her.

In a few moments a pattering of little feet was heard on the stairs, and May came dancing into the room almost breathless, and said:

"Mamma, did you know my dear dolly is most well? I feed her on a twip to a spw, yes, and 'hat she was tummin' down wiv ha, all done away."—*Youth's Companion.*

Cows Must Have a Language.

A suburban correspondent sends the following amusing instance of intelligence in cows to a London paper: "The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the look-out for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks the thought struck me that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel which the poor animals sucked up at once with the greatest eagerness. The pair then started contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised and amused not a little by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate accompanied by three other cows. The water-tap was again called into requisition, and the newcomers were in like manner helped liberally. Then with grateful "bo-o-o's" (an unanimous vote of thanks,) our visitors slowly marched off to their pasturage. It was quite clear to us that the two first callers, gratified by their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and duly companions, and had informed them how I can not say, can you? of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the very pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage. This morning we were again visited by the first couple, bringing a stranger with them; and I have little doubt these morning calls will be regularly repeated and afford my little household fresh pleasure and amusement in administering to their wants. The remarkable thing, to my mind, was the fact of the two first cows informing the others, as most assuredly they did, of the treatment they had received. I state the simple fact. I have in my time lived a good deal in the country, but never remember anything like this remarkable instance of the cow's intelligence, nor indeed have I ever read—to the best of my recollection—of anything like it. As your columns are often open to other than political questions, and thinking some of your readers might be interested by this, strange as it may seem, absolutely true story, I have ventured to trespass on your space.

P. S.—Since the above was written our four-footed friends have never failed in their morning calls, generally bringing some to us strange stock with them. On Saturday we had three strangers; yesterday one, and this morning one.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—A little boy walked into the police station at Kansas City, recently and announced that he had walked from Indiana—having been four months on the road—to see the West. He was not discouraged and proposed to continue his travels, but the Chief of Police detained him until his friends could be communicated with.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Carlyle says: "Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to the man who has inadvertently trodden on a banana peel.