THE OHIO DEMOGRAT.

LOGAN, - - OHIO.

RHODA RAGLAND.

Twas the morning after Shiloh, 'Way down in Tennessee,
I was cruisin' round among the woods—
A friend of mine and me,
When I seed a little maiden

Who was settin' on a gun, That was busted at the nozzle

From the work that it had done. She had throw'd a bit of banner

Acrost ber golden bead.
An' when I asked her for her name,
She laughed and then she said:
"My name is Rhoda Raglan',
An' I'm waitin', don't you see,
For pappy dear to come back here,

Wif sompen good for me." "We was livin' in the cabin,

In the clarin' over thar,
Whar the little crick went rattlin' by
So sparklin' an' so clar.
But now the water's maddy,

An' it's bloody, an' the banks In just suined by them Yunka.

"My pappy was a shootin" For the southern side, you see, An its strange that he don't come back here

Wif sempen good for me.
'm gettin' jest as hawagry
As I've hardly ever been. An' the way my pappy stays awa**y** Is mighty nigh a sin.

"Our cabin's full of hursed men. They groaned the worsteatway-They was hurted in the battle With we'ans posterday. An' ther arms an' legs a bleedin',

It was sich er awful sight, didn't sleep a little wink The live long night. "So I've come good Mr. Yanken,

To wait for pappy here.

My mother went away to God,
Last winter was a year.

An' we was tivin all alone
In the cable over thar.

An' why he don't come back to me

I think it's monstrous quar-She was a posty five-year-old. With eyes of deepest blue,
An 'thosay curis an' dimpled cheeks,
With reses in 'em too.
I had some little kids at home,

Just like this battle waif, And now I thanked the Lord above That they were well and safe,

A minute ball had plerced my arm, That lay now in a sling,
The hurt was just a fleshout,
An 'the pain a smartish thing,
But I had got it fairly
An 'well shough I knew.

The helpless arm would take me home Within a Cay or two. So I plead with Rhoda Ragian'

To go alory with me.

An' maybe re would find her pap
Somewhar to Tennessee.

An' yet I knew'd her father
Was away beyond life's ills,
So I tuck her to Kentucky To my home among the hills.

We raised her fost as good an' true, As of she'd been our own, Blood of mine and mother's, And hone of our hone An' she's been as good a daughter As any of the three, An' a blessing to my homestead,

An' to mother an' to me. She's thirm-six, or thereabouts, I can't exactly tell— But she married in the neighborhood,

And married monstrous well: An' she's got a little daughter, that prattles at my kne

-Will L. Visscher, in Banner of Gold.



I the breaking out of the civil war I was a mere boy and our nearest neighbor was a florid-faced. k i n d-hearted. generous old Quaker. Both he and his good wife had been

south, and, after the liberation of their slaves from a sense of duty, still reand family with all the comforts which the people of their simple faith care to possess. In those days their great stone house with its thick walls, broad verandas and low windows met my the enemy bit the dust before his hand idea of the castles which were mixed up with my meager knowledge of medieval times. The macadamized road that ran through the farm was lined on either side with locust trees that in the period of blooming made the air heavy with the perfume of the graceful white blossoms waving in a background of green that they almost concenled. A never-failing spring that bubbled up through moss-grown stone was embowered in the overhanging branches of strong-trunked weeping willows. The great front yard had its driveways cut through a rich sward and wound among towering maples. The garden had the earliest, the latest and the sweetest flowers. The stock was the fattest and the best cared for. The negroes who would not leave a kind master and mistress found a life of comparative ease and plenty with them. The handsome old gentleman was "Grandpa Waterson" to all of us, and the wife, who al lowed no visiting boy or girl to depart without cookies, great mellow apples, mince pie, maple sugarcakes or some other evidence of a kindness that took all the world into her heart, was al-

ways "grandma." No nobler couple ever trod the pathway of life together and the sorrows that came upon them suggested to me as a boy the inscrutable ways of Provi-

There were two sons in the family, models of physical perfection and manly courage. No handsomer could be found. They were over six feet tall, had the light curly hair, the blue eyes and the fresh complexion so conspicuous in men of Anglo-Saxon origin. They were highly educated, and idolized, not only by the parents but by the four fair sisters and untold scores of for she would have been Charles' wife other peoples' sisters. One had gone west and soon established a popularity in her own right, for she had never that placed him in a responsible public censed to send those welcome letters, position. The other had remained at always bright and cheery save when

of every business cure. The startling news of active hostilities flashed over the country Henry, agine now that 1 was over-officious in the elder son, resigned his office and piloting her around, pointing out everysurprised us all by appearing one after- thing that Charles was ever associated noon without previous notice. The with and gubbling away as a boy, whose called his brother out for a walk and vancement, will. forgetful that "little pitchers have

of mingled terror and surprise when I | assurance that Annie was just as dear as heard Henry say to Charles in the anguage they had always used at home: 'Charles, I have decided to enlist."

"Thee can't mean it. Do father and mother know? "I promised Ruth to tell them to-night. It's more terrible to me than the dread

"I have already done so."

of war.

"Thee is nearer to them than I, Charles. I will break the news to father when we get back. No one can soothe mother or break the news so gently as he. I am more than sorry that thee has taken it. I wanted to make sure that one son and one brother would be left. But it cannot honorably disappoint them. I will have a gallant lot of boys at my

Here I broke away so full of importance that I ran at top speed. I was gonot have those two bandsome fellows stopping bullets. But I met Lydia, as pretty a maiden as ever donned a drab dress or dropped a modest pair of eyes and called all her friends by their first names.

"Lydia," I shouted between breaths, "Henry and Charlie are going to enlist. It must be stopped," but by that time the girl was pale as a ghost and leaning against the nearest tree.

"Don't thee say another word," she ommanded, in a determined voice. 'Not another word. This must come from brother Henry or brother Charles. But it will break mother's heart," and I joined Lydin in a hearty cry just out of sympathy. Only in after years did I learn what

followed. Henry, in his manly, straightforward way, told his father all. Pleading, argument and persuasion on the part of the afflicted old man were in vain. It was contrary to the doctrine of non-resistance, a tenet of the church: it was raising the hand of the son against the relatives who were left in the south: but the brothers firmly clung to their determination, gently persisting and doing all possible to settle the poignant grief they inflicted. Grandpa Waterson's lips quivered as he bade Henry good-by, and the broken-hearted mother clung to the neck of her eldest born until unconsciousness released her from the pangs of actual parting.

A few days later Charles rode forth Kentucky lineage, and everybody from somewhere about her person agreed that no finer, braver boy would dropped the big gold watch that Granddo battle for the union. He joined the pa Waterson prized most as an heir-Ringgold eavalry. Early in the war he loom. I had it in a twinkling and the was left wounded on the field and was angry shouts of the woman only added kindly cared for by a southern family. to my speed. I told grandpa, told His chief nurse was a pretty little rebel everybody. I wanted her arrested, but with soft, wavy hair, great brown eyes, "Thee must leave this matter entirely inviting lips and a disposition as cheery to me," checked my ardor. "There shower. No woman had a right to re- will see that this woman leaves us. sist that big, brave, handsome fellow. Don't plead for her, mother, I will only and there the union soldier was be- dismiss her, that is all." trothed to the bewitching champion of Ruth, and through this intangible link love with the little confederate.

his saber when his revolvers arm heart of the southerners and they persisted until he was taken alive.

He was sent to Libby, made his es cape, went for days without food, and when at length he found it, ate so much that death followed quickly upon gentleman blinked, tried to look calm the pangs of starvation.

Henry's record was as brief as glorious. His regiment worshiped him. No reared in the man of them, westerners though they were, could outride or outshoot him. He led wherever he asked his men to go. tained enough to surround themselves A giant in strength, he was a hero in courage.

At Pleasant Hill, La., he was sho from his horse but still fought on, and after being fatally wounded, three of



"I HAVE DECIDED TO ENLIST."

brother, son and neighbor more sincerely mourned. Charley's story was never learned until after the war.

But now comes a sequel stranger than the story itself. Grandpa Waterson and his wife had borne their sorrows with a fortitude that only people like tune!" them can understand. They talked of their lost boys and together found a grim pleasure in reviewing the childhood, the youthful experiences and the manly qualities of the dead sons. Time and time have I seen them at the end of whistling a seditious air in a public the front veranda, overgrown with hop- place eysuckles, sitting hand in hand talking

of Henry and Charles. One day came a letter from Annie, announcing that the would visit the Watersons. There was great preparation had he lived, and she was dear to them some and relieved Grandpa Waterson | Charles' fate forced its way into her

thoughts. She came to a royal welcome. I imwarm family greetings over, Henry voice is at the hen-cackling stage of ad-

"Thee is a great comfort to us," ears," they allowed me to saunter Grandpa Waterson used to say to Annie, At the spring we all drank and and when grandma got her arms around affected the court so favorably that he then followed a long tramp in the shade the pretty southerner, there was al- was sentenced to only three days im-

though she were a daughter.

Then came a surprise in the shape of a handsome, showy, bold-faced woman, who announced herself as having been the affianced of Col. Waterson, killed at Pleasant Hill. She had long meant to visit the family and make herself known, but had not been able to do so. Col. Waterson had left everything to her, and she produced a will at that late day purporting to have been made by

She was welcomed with old school courtesy, but there was a sober look on this step, for I came home to prevent every face that she encountered. I called Annie out at once and held an indignation meeting. That woman was is too late. I have consented to com- a fraud and I knew it. Henry was not mand a regiment of sharpshooters and the man to fall in love with any such specimen of her sex. I dedicated my time wholly, then and there, to watching her movements and proving my opinion. The result will suffice without the details of my detective work. ing to tell Grandma Waterson. I would Grandpa Waterson's watch was missed. All of Annie's most valuable jewelry disappeared and the adventuress complained loud and often about robberies, charging that she never could trust "niggers." Then grandma would gently



THE RIDER CAME LIKE A ROCKET. chide her, and say: "Thee should res

The fraud would turn up her nose and put on a look of contempt that always et me boiling.

One day at the spring she leaned over on his own horse, a gallant black, of to use the clear water as a mirror, and

And he did, after everything had been secession. Then Annie, for that was recovered and the forged will deher name, began to correspond with stroyed. We never heard of her again. The very next afternoon there was a of connection the whole family fell in great clatter of a horse's feet up the hard road. The rider came like a Charles rejoined his troops as soon as rocket and we all rushed to see who it able. After a desperate engagement was. I think that everyone fainted but his company was scattered and he was Annie and myself. She emitted somehemmed in on every side except where thing between a shrick and a gurgle, the rugged mountains of Virginia vaulted over the veranda railing and towered up behind him. Boldly he landed right in the arms of-big, handturned the black, went flying over foot- some Charley. He was alive. He was paths, leaping chasms and forcing his well. All that we had heard was false, way where few could follow. But He had survived his sufferings after a there were bold mountaineers in the long illness in the family of a poor but chase and when they brought Charles kind mountaineer, and there he was, to bay, the gallant stand he made, the picture of health, with Annie in his I sprang into the saddle with were emptied, saved his life for the maniacal yell. I got two little darkeys time. His desperate courage won the on behind me. We tore over the yard in wild delight and soon all the folks about the farm were shouting, crying and welcoming Massa Charles.

"God bless thee, son," was all grandma could say then, while the good old as the tears rolled down his checks and then he sobbed: "Charles, Henry's wish is fulfilled. Thee is left to bless our old age and thee has also brought us Annie."-Detroit Free Press.

ARRESTED FOR WHISTLING.

The Musical Workman Who Committed s Treasonable Offens

Americans have little conception of what may constitute a treasonable offense in some of the countries of the dropped senseless to the ground. His old world which are still despotic and extremely military. There recently oc curred at Barr, in Alsace, a trial which must have been very amusing to an American who might have witnessed it, if a man's liberty had not been in

One day, not long ago, in the streets of Barr, a laborer, who was engaged in loading a wagon, whistled cheerfully at his work. As he was thus engaged, a gendarme or military policeman came within hearing. The workman, apparently preoccupied, kept on with his

whistling. "I arrest you," said the gendarme, coming up and putting his hand on the workman's shoulder.

"What for?" asked the man, aston ished. "For seditious whistling. You have

been whistling the 'Marseillaise.'" The "Marseillaise" being the French national air and a revolutionary air be sides, is forbidden in German Alsace. But the workman exclaimed: "Oh no, you are mistaken! It isn't the 'Mar-

seillaise' at all that I am whistling, but | ch?" the 'March of the Brunswick Hussars. I used to belong to the Brunswick Hussars, and that was our regimental The gendarme, who was a German, and thought he knew one tune from another, took the workman under ar rest; and in due time he was brought

into court charged with disloyalty in Both the gendarme and the accused told their stories very confidently, and as the workman was reputed an honest and Ioyal man, the court was very much perplexed between the two men and

e two tunes. In this predicament the court adfourned to the councilroom adjoining. and calling in the accused and the accuser in turn, made the workman whistle the "March of the Brunswick Hussars" and the gendarme the "Mar-

seillaise. Each did his best, but the tunes proved, in the ear of the court, to be so much unlike that it was regarded as improbable that the gendarme could have been mistaken.

The accused was, therefore, sent to prison, but his general bearing, and all, his excellent whistling, had of the locusts. I almost let out a shout | ways a gentle kiss and a sweet voiced prisonment. Youth's Companion.

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind, And closes the door with a slam, And, before he has taken his hat off, Calls out for "come bread and some jam?" Who is it that whistles so loudly As he works at some tangle of twine That will send his kite up into cloudland? Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Has always a hole in his coat, A button to sew on in a hurry, A sall to be made for a boa Who is it that keeps in my basket His marbles and long lishing line, And expects, undisturbed, there to find them? No one else but that brother of mine

Who is it that, when I am weary,

Who is it that tiptoes about softly Whenever I'm sick or in pain— And is every minute forgetting And whistling some head-splitting strain? Who is it that, when he is trying To be just as still as he can, Is always most terribly nolay?
My brother, of course—he's the man-

When in need of a true, honest Who is it that I shall miss sadly When his boyhood has come to end? And when he is far from the old home,

Who is it I'd rather have by me

And I long for a glimpse of stushine, Whem, then, do you think I shall send for? Why, of course, for that brother of mine. Agnes L. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping

ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL

A Deed of Kindness and What Came of It.

Adam Holcomb was dead at lastend after seventy years of moneyretting, and the grave had closed over im. He had no children, for he had ed a single life, induced, so it was said, hough nothing was certainly known, by an early disappointment which had varped his nature, and made him lead solitary and selfish life, given up to Mammon alone.

Adam Holcomb was dead, and as vet no one knew what disposition he had nade of his money.

Three days after the funeral, the ext-of-kin and possible heirs were colceted in the office of the lawyer, who was the custodian of the will and private papers of the deceased. They were few in numbers for the family was not a large one. There were but judge. All these people are old friends three, and these three may be briefly of mine and faithful."

First came James Holcomb, a nephew of the deceased, a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centered upon himself and his own family who had tically. never been known to give a penny for

any charitable purpose. Next came Harvey Holcomb, a cousin of the last-named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angular. He belonged to the legal profession, in which he had managed to pick up conwas none of the best. He was considered tricky, willing to undertake as the clear sunshine after an April must be no talk," he continued. "I any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a gradging manner. He, too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's death.

Last came a young man, presenting a strong contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes, and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age, very plainly dressed, and with a modest manner which prepossessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had married a poor minister, and her son, Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now teaching in a country school, hoping to obtain enough by this means to pay for his college course. He had applied to each of his two relatives present for a small temporary loan, to help him complete his studies, but without effect. He had been curtly refused by both.

He had come here to-day, as a matter of form, without the slightest expectation of benefiting by the will of his late relative. He had known him but slightly, and never received any encour agement upon which he could build a hope. Yet if he could but receive a legacy of even three hundred dollars, he thought, it would help him materially. That was the amount which he had vainly sought to borrow of the merchant and lawyer, now present with him at the reading of Adam Holcomb's last will and testament.

The merchant and lawyer conversed while waiting for Squire Brief. "Have you any idea, cousin, how

much the old gentleman had accumulated?" asked James Holcomb. "I have heard it estimated at two

hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" was the reply. "That is a large sum. I hope he has

not been unjust enough to squander any of it on charitable societies. of hope not. That would be a great piece of injustice to his relations." "He never dropped anything to you

about the disposition he intended to make of his property, did he?" 'Not he! He was a close man, very,

said the other. "I once tried to worm something out of him, but didn't ge much satisfaction." "What did he say?" "He said that he thought of endow

ng an asylum for fools and lunatics and that I could tell whether I was likely to be benefited by his so doing. "Ho! ho!" laughed James, shaking his capacious sides; "he got you there

"I don't see it," said the lawver, sourly "You don't appreciate the joke, eh?" "It was a foolish piece of imperti However, everybody knows nence. what the old man was, and I let it pass

If it had been anyone else, I would have given them as good as they sent." "But you were afraid it would spoil your chances, ch?" ' As to that, I have no idea. There is

no question that we ought to be joint heirs. "True," returned James. "That would give one hundred and twentyfive thousand apiece. That would sat

sfy me. "How about Alfred's chances? ueried the lawyer, glancing sharply to hat part of the office where the young man was quietly scated.

"Oh, he'll get nothing," said the mer chant, contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll emain to the end of his days. Going be a doctor, I hear." "Well, I wish him joy of his profes

ion, if he ever gets in it, which is some what doubtful. He wanted to borrow three hundred dollars of me the other 'And of me. Did you let him have it?" "Not I. I've enough to do with my

money without giving it away.

course he'd never have repaid it."

"No, I suppose not. The coolness of ome people is refreshing." "Well, I take it for granted old Adam

his money on such a fellow." "Trust him for that." The young man was engaged in reading a volume he had taken up, and did

was much too shrewd to lavish any of

not hear this conversation. It was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Brief. Both the merchant and the lawyer greeted him with deference and cordiality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment. Alfred Graves rose in a quiet, gentlemaply manner, and bowed with the courtesy which was habitual to

him. "Gentlemen," the attorney said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read

Of course his words commanded instant attention. All bent forward to listen. After the usual formula, came the fol-

owing item: "I give and bequeath to my nephew ames Holcomb, the sum of five thouand dollars to be held in trust for his children.

"To my nephew, Henry Holcomb, I ikewise give the sum of five thousand dollars to be held in trust for his children, to whose sole use the income shall annually be applied.

"To my only remaining nephew, Alfred Graves, I give the sum of two housand dollars to be appropriated to als own use as he may see fit

"I set aside the sum of two hundred housand dollars to establish a public library in my native town, one quarter to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable building and the remainder to constitute a fund, of which the income only shall be employed for the purchase of booles."

Here the notary made a pause. The merchant and lawyer sat with looks of blank disappointment and anger, which they made no attempt to conceal

"He had no right to defraud his relalives in this way," muttered James. "It is a miserable imposition," said Henry Holcomb, "to put us off with

such a niggardly sum. "For my part, I am quite satisfied," said the young man. "I have received more than I expected."

"Oh, yes; it will be a great thing for a beggar like you," said James, sareas-"I am not a beggar," returned the

young man, proudly "Gentlemen," said the lawyer, have not finished reading the will. "My faithful old dog, Scipio, who is

now somewhat infirm, I trust one of my nephews wi'l be willing to take home siderable money, though his reputation and treat indulgently for the sake of the master to whom he was attached.' "That's cool!" ejaculated James, "Aş for me. I don't choose to be bothered with the dog.'

> "But," said the lawyer, "since your uncle has given you a legacy, are you not willing to incur this slight care and expense?" "I must absolutely refuse. Mrs. Holcomb does not like dogs, nor I. More-

> over, my uncle has treated me too scurvily for me to inconvenience myelf much on his account." "Then, will you take him?" asked the solicitor, turning to the lawyer. "Not I," said he, shrugging his

> shoulders. "The dog may starve for aught I care." "And you, sir?" turning to Alfred

"I will assume the charge of Scipio,"

said Alfred Graves. "It is a slight acknowledgment for my uncle's legacy. "You may find him troublesome."

"What a model nephew!" said the nerchant, sareastically.

"Good young man!" said the other celative, with a sneer. "Gentlemen," said the attorney, "I will now read the codicil." The two older men looked at each

rage and dismay as they listened. 'To that one of my nephews who shall agree to take charge of my dog, being yet unacquainted with this provision of my will. I bequeath the residue of my property, amounting, as near

as I can estimate, to one hundred thousand dollars." "You knew of this!" exclaimed the elder men, turning wrathful faces towards Alfred Graves. 'Not a word," said the young man

"I am as much astonished as you can "No one knew of it except myself," said the attorney. "I congratulate you,

Mr. Graves, on your large accession of wealth." "I receive it gratefully. I trust I shall make a good use of it," said the

young man. "I hope now to repay my parents for the sacrifices they have made in my be-

half. "If I had but known," said the merchant, with bitter regret. "I have thrown away a fortune

"And I," chimed in the lawyer, rue-But there was no help for it. The leed was done. The two disappointed men left the house, feeling anything out grateful to the uncle who they peruaded themselves had cruelly wronged

hem. But there was a modest little home hat was made glad by the news of Al-'red's good fortune, and in his hands he money has brought a blessing with it, for it has been made a fountain of good deeds and charitable influences .-Home Queen.

A Character Study. "Did you ever study the faces in a barber's shop of the men waiting to be shaved?"

"Yes." "Did you ever try to distinguish the essimistic from the optimistic?" "Yes; and there is very little difffculty in assigning them to their respect- Ledger. ive classes.

"Indeed?" "Yes; the pessimist is the last man that comes in and who has to wait until six other men are shaved before his turn comes and the optimist is the man distinguished by the appellation of

did she take your offer of marriage?" She asked me what I intended to do with her after I married her." "A prudent girl." "I told her I would hire a fallen flat?" "Exactly,"-N. Y. Press. Times.

THE "SOO" CANAL.

Great Commercial Importance of This Waterway. rne All the commerce of Lake Superior that is sent to or from it must pass through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, until the Canadians finish the parallel waterway, which they are building in order to be in all respects independent of us. Nature makes the waters of Superior to flow into Huron by means of any girl." She (meditating) -"There the Ste. Marie river, but in doing so is only one sure way-don't ask any they drop to Huron's level, which is somewhat lower than that of the king of lakes. They make eighteen feet of that young lady is playing?" Criticthe descent suddenly by the rapids "It is, if some one else plays it."—which give to the artificial waterway Fliegende Blatter. built to avoid them the name of the Sault. Ste. Marie canal. "Soo" and Soo Saint Mary," or "Susan Mary," as it is often called, are western forms ing, this cannot added Superior to the great lake system or route, connected it directly with the Atlantic and the asylum)—"She lived in New York and world at large, and shortened very greatly the railroad carriage of ore and Brooklyn."-Cloak Review. le which for years has been greater than that of the Suez canal. In 1886 trunk."-N. Y. Herald. freighting through the great African am not mistaken, while the tonnage that passed "the Soo" in 1890 was 9,041,-313. It is interesting to note that of this sum the proportion of freight carried by Canadian vessels was only six per cent. in 1888, and four per cent. in 889. It is also worth while to no

through the canal in 1890, about 4,500 000 were east-bound and 2,600,000 were west-bound. But the canal is inefficient; wofully so the opinion of the extra energetic shippers at the Lake Superior ports who assert that its lumbility to pass the largest vessels fully Inden operates to the adva stage of their great rival, Chieags. The depth of water in the canal in 1800 ran from fourteen feet and nine inches to fifteen feet and three inches, and during the first half of 1891 it varied between thirteen feet and ten inches to fourteen feet five inches. Such vessels as are now being added to the lake service draw sixteen and a half jer and Furnisher. feet, and in view of the present depth of water in the canal it will be seen that they lose several hundreds of tons a trip by carrying only partial loads. The government is awake to the situation, and the new lock which is now building, at a cost of four millions of dollars, will be 100 feet in width, 21 feet deep and

that of the nine millions of tons float.

1.200 feet long. The fact that the canal does more business in seven months than the Suez the wall with a terrible crash on the canal effects in a year does not give so clear an idea of its importance as is: gained from the consequence of a slight accident to the lock year before last. This necessitated closing the canal temporarily, but it cost the men and companies who use the canal a loss of about one million dollars. There were at that time one hundred and eighty-three vessels waiting to pass out of Superior, and nearly as many going in the other direction.-Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

MODERN HOUSES. Cheapness in Construction Seems to Be

the End in View. After many hundred years of progress in almost all of the pursuits of life, it is rather discouraging to reflect that in the item of house-building we are in many particulars almost precisely where we were in the days of our great grand-

That will make no difference. While most part too unwieldly and expensive he lives, he shall be comfortably cared for moderate incomes, and therefore practically a monopoly. The great improvements of the world are those which save labor or money for the masses, and this the modern improved dwelling does not do. Attempts in the direction of economy of space and less cost have resulted in the erection of buildings in which light and air, the other in surprise, which changed into two great essentials to health and happiness, are sacrificed. Isolated houses are put up on the most parsimonious plan as regards material, and are, as a matter of course, cold, flimsy, and consequently uncomfortable and unsafe. Half a century ago, the house in the country was built with a good, substantial stone wall underneath it, and upon this secure foundation was erected a superstructure which had in its skeleton enough timber to make it substantial and keep it in place. Now the foundation wall is built with just as little material as possible; the upper portion is made of light sticks, nailed together, the boarding is thin, and to make up for lack of warmth, paper is placed under the boarding next to the uprights, and tacked on. The floors are thin; every heavy step in the upper stories jars the entire building: there is no quiet, no retirement, and no real comfort about the place. If the wind blows, the house rocks and shakes, and the inmates, in wonder and terror, manage to exist until the fury of the storm is past. As an abundance of water is one of

he necessities of good health, if not of life itself, the choice lies between cumbersome and complicated appliances or a great deal of very hard work, which, in these days of unreliable help and many cares and responsibilities, is searcely to be thought of. Contract work is responsible for much of this trouble, and, although there is in many uses nothing else to do than to put milding into the hands of contractors, it is a most expensive and oftentimes unsatisfactory way of doing things. The building of a house, even at the present low cost of raw materials, is a much more costly operation than it was years ago, when everything which entered into its composition, with the posable exception of lumber, was much ligher in price than now. Certainly there should be something done in the lirection of fitting up homes for the mil ions at a fairly reasonable price. -N. Y.

A German Schoolmaster.

After teaching school for fifty-one ears Johann Jacob Haberle, of Germny, died some years ago, and his diary has just been published, in which the punishments be administered are all noted down. He gave 911,517 strokes with the stick, 240,100 "smites" with a birch rod, 10,986 hits with a ruler, 188. -She Was Evidently No Flat.-"How 715 hand smacks, 10,235 slaps on the face, 7,905 boxes on the ears, 115,800 blows on the head, 12,763 tasks from the Bible, catechism, the poets and grammar --every two years he had to buy a Bible flat for her, and she said living in a flat with a flat would be a rather flat ex-by his scholars—777 times he made his istence." "That wasn't very flattering, though it wasn't a flat refusal." "It was a flat failure, nevertheless." "So the whole thing may be said to have fallen flat?" "Exactly."—N. Y. Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-The Slower the Better. - Wife-"What a slow train this is." Husband -"Well, what of it? Aren't we going to see your mother?"-Yankee Blade,

-Bunting-"Why are you fellows always dodging Bloobumper?" Larkins -"His first baby has just commenced to talle.

-He-"I should hate to be refused by one,"-N. Y. Sun. -A-"Isn't that a Chopin piece which

-Good Fish Scales,-Tom-"Let's go over to Smith's and weigh those fish we

caught." Jack-"His scales are not in order. They exaggerate." Tom-"Yes,

employed a dressmaker who lived in grain to the east, and of coal and general merchandise to the far west. The bohemian." Brace—"How is that?" Bagley—"He expects to be supplied

with meals on presenting an empty -Rimer (entering the editorial sanccanal amounted to a gross tonnage of s.183,313 tons, but it has decreased, if I grip, sir." Editor (who is just over a severe attack of the malady)-"Well, it

deserves it."-Jury. -Ladies' Press Club Official-"What has become of all the members?" Second Official-"Don't you know it is ladies" reception day at the men's press club?"

-Wife (excitedly)-"If you keep on like this I shall certainly lose my temper." Husband (serenely)-"No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost."-Pittsburgh Bulletin.

-"I could sit beside you forever," he aid, as they sat together in front of the dying embers of the charry logs. 'I elieve you," she said, yawning and glancing at the clock, "and you intend to, don't you?"—N. Y. Press.

-Briggs-"What has become of your new silk hat, old man?" Griggs-"I gave it to the porter of a Pullman car." Briggs-"What did you do that for?" Griggs-"It was cheaper to give it to him than to have him brush it."-Cloth-

-"I suppose," he said, "that proverb, People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones,' applies especially to women." "Why?" 'Miss Banx," he responded, "it is evident that you never saw a woman trying to throw stones."-Washington Star. -His Wife's Mother (in terrible flutter)-"O, dear! O, my! That heavy Louis XIV clock upstairs just fell off very spot I stood on but a moment be-fore." Her Daughter's Husband (absent-mindedly)—"I always said that elock was slow."—Brooklyn Life.

-There is a story told of Grammont, who one day dined in state with Charles the Second of England. Charles bade the count to notice that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect to guests of the king not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont. thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner.

DIDN'T KNOW PEANUTS. A Merchant Who Had Never Heard of

These Daintles. A young Russian groceryman at Ekaterinburg oblig ingly displayed his stock of goods to Mr. George Kennan, and incidentally gave him and his companion a great deal of information as to the Chinese and Russian nuts lying in improvements, but they are for the most part too provided by the counter. Mr. Kennan most part too provided by the counter.

After we had examined them all and tested a few, the grocer said: "I have in the back part of the shop some very curious ones that were sold me a year or two ago as African nuts. Whether they ever came from Africa or not I don't know, but the people here do not like the taste of them and will not buy them. If you will condescend to wait a moment I will get a few.'

quired Mr. Frost, as the young man went after the African nuts. "Brazil nuts, very likely," I replied, "or cocoanuts. I don't believe anybody here would know either of them by sight, and they are the only tropical nuts I can think of."

"What do you suppose they are?" in-

In a moment the man returned, holding a handful of the fruit of a plant known in science as Arachis hypogoga. "Why, those are peanuts!" shouted Mr. Frost, in a burst of joyful recognition. "Amerikanshi peanuts!" he explained enthusiastically to the groceryman, "Kushat khorosho"-American peanuts eat very weil - and he proceeded to illustrate this luminous state ment by crushing the shell of one and

tations show of relish. Suddenly, however, the expression of his face changed, as if the result had not fully justified his anticipations, and relieving himself of the "African nut," he exclaimed, "They haven't been roasted. It is necessary to fry," he aded impressively to the groceryman.

masticating the contents with an osten-

'Americans always do fry. "Fry!" exclaimed the young man, to whom fried nuts must have been a startling novelty. "How is it possible

to fry them?" I explained to him that Mr. Frost meant to say "roast them," but this seemed to him quite as extraordinary as frying, and when he was told that the peanut is not the fruit of a tree, but of an herbaceous plant, and that it grows underground, his astonishment was boundless.

His commercial instincts, however, oon resumed their sway, and when we left his shop he was already preparing to roast a quantity of the "wonderful American underground nuts," with a sending them out again on trial. - Youth's Companion.

A beautiful girl was showing me some

Advice to Young Giris.

choice Jack roses the other day. lock at them!" said she, "they cost twelve dollars a dozen. Mr. So and So sent them to me." Who was So and So? A poor young man on a salary, striving to keep up with the demands and requirements of his exacting lady love and the world in which she moved Girls, did you ever stop to think that the career of many a defaulter commenced right here where So and So is spending his meager and hard-won earnings in costly flowers and notions to foster the vanity of his sweetheart? Be a little thoughtful about these things, dears. Don't exact such costly attention and services. Be content to go to a party or the theater as grandma used to go, afoot and without posles that cost a fortune to purchase. The girl that is thoughtful in such matters before marriage will make a good wifa and a royal helpmate.—Amber, in Chi-