

Dates.

Hippity and tawney at every breath. The rainbow arches that possess by the daisy way, like a sea-breeze...

A DIVIDED DUTY.

The rain fell with a mournful patter on the Webster household, and the wind sighed an intermittent thrum through the stately trees that stood on the beautiful lawn...

Within the homestead, seated in an easy-chair before the ruddy fire, was gray-haired Farmer Webster, with head bent forward, the hot tears of anguish pouring down his wrinkled, weather-beaten cheeks.

Only yesterday the wife who had been his helpmeet and adviser through thirty-five years of varying fortunes and weary struggling, had been borne a corpse from his home to the little churchyard at Weldon.

She had seen the little farm of a few acres expand into a broad domain as far as nature, in her happiest moods, had ever formed. She had seen many heavy obligations paid up, and now, when she stood in the way of a happy and contented old age, death had hurried her in and blighted the joyful reality.

This sad culmination of all his hopes had fallen heavily on Farmer Webster, and now as he sat in his home on this gloomy evening and recalled the many happy recollections of the past, his grief was more bitter than he gave way to in his bitter lamentations.

"On God!" he groaned, "why has this sorrow befallen me? Why was she taken away from me just when I needed her most?"

A fair girl's form, over whose slender form a wealth of golden hair, tripped lightly from an adjoining room, and, going to his side, placed her hand upon his head, and in a gentle voice, said:

"Why do you ask such a question, father?" "I have a right to know," he replied in a severe tone. "I know you have, dear father," she returned, "and I will be candid with you. I do love Ned, and have loved him for many years. When we were schoolmates together, I loved him for his many kindnesses to me. That love has grown with each succeeding year, and now love him for his manliness and character."

"But, dear father, I know that all men want and claim an undivided share in their wives' affection, and that it is useless for you to talk of caring for me and your husband, too. I care now, and I hope you will heed my request. I want you to give up all notion of becoming Ned Bradford's wife."

"It is a hard condition you place upon me, father. I will see Ned, and if he submits to your will I shall do so cheerfully," Nellie replied sadly.

A few evenings afterward Ned called again at the Webster homestead, and when he saw Nellie's father, she asked him what his father's wishes were.

"What shall we do, Ned?" she asked, looking lovingly into his open, expressive blue eyes.

"Nellie," he answered gravely, "I have always believed it to be the duty of a child to honor and obey a father and mother; but I believe there are some things in our lives which are beyond the limit of a parent's dictation. You and I love each other. We can live happily together, I am sure, until death separates us. It is your father's will that our paths in life should be in different places. Let us remember the great loss that you have both suffered, and for the present respect his wishes. We will meet often as friends, and be friends, and wait. Time will assuage his grief, and, perhaps, he will look upon our matter differently."

"Dear Ned, what a philosopher you are! You dear, good boy, I will accept your advice, but I will never cease loving you as devotedly as I do now."

The lovers passed away the evening of that day in a happy and contented mood. But when the morning came, and he took his departure, Nellie hastened to inform her father that they had agreed to conform to his wishes.

The selfish old man smiled an approval, and congratulated Nellie on her prudent choice. Throughout the long winter that followed, Nellie and Ned met often at the village church, at church meetings, festivals, family socials, and all those entertainments that form a part of the existence of every dweller in the country.

"We'll agree to that, won't we?" "I shall be delighted to stay in the old home," Nellie replied. "We can have father with us, and how happy we can make his life! And—"

"Well," interposed the old man, "now arrange for the wedding-day at your pleasure."

Two weeks after, Nellie and Ned stood before the altar in the little church, and heard the words pronounced that made them man and wife.

As the clergyman stepped forward to congratulate the happy couple he turned to Farmer Webster, who stood nearby, by a remark.

"Friend Webster, God has blessed you in your daughter's choice, for he will prove unto thee a restorer of thy life and a nourisher of thine old age."

"God grant that he may," returned the old man, as he took the young couple by the arms and started down the aisle for the door.

Several years have passed, and Farmer Webster has had many occasions to appreciate the parson's prophecy of his son Ned, whose kindness and attention to his father's every wish have been unremitting.

As the old farmer sits at eventide on his porch, and sees his broad acres teeming with bounteous harvest—the results of Ned's industry—and listens to the merry prattle of two lovely grandchildren, the thought occurs to him that it is the unwritten law of our lives that there will come to us a time when he will be brought face to face with "A Divided Duty," and that the supreme power of love will be the arbiter of our actions.

The laundryman's victim. I do wish the washer-washer people of the United States would call a national convention of laundresses and laundresses, and adopt a uniform style of marking the linen that passes through their hands.

spans high, over the dial. The defect of the lunar arrangement described is that the moon never appears gibbous, but is always, in its phases, a circle with a crescent-shaped piece cut out of it.

The clock face which supported this lunar array was of brass, and the dial circle, which had the hours, beautifully engraved upon it, was of dark wood, of silver. The white painted faces, which are often seen on "grandfather's clocks" are altogether later or more degenerate productions.

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Clara Bell's Chat. A handsome friend of mine was so potent in love-making recently that he got three girls simultaneously into a sentimental condition which lacked only the formal questions and answers to complete betrothal.

"Let me manage it," said I. "If you suddenly jilt them they will get mad about it, and perhaps lose the whole summer napping. Of course I will manage it all right by next winter and extend on winter fellows every bit as good as you. But the thing can be fixed better."

Now that I am lecturing on matrimony, let me say that husbands ought to be more polite than they are to their wives. I can conceive of a gentleman literally kicking a woman justifiably. Indeed, I have seen a society tell of a certain well-known clubman, which circumstantial evidence had placed him, and demanded \$1,000 as the price for letting him alone.

At Pittsburgh I had a round-up of my laundry at the Great Western Satin Gloss laundry, where the man with the indolent ink labels, wearing 30 big and black, and sewed additional patches on my—ahem!—nose. I next carried my things at the establishment of Ping Ping in Columbus, Ohio, who stitched in a freeraker joke in red thread.

At Kansas City Hang Hi worked in a gray-triplet station, and at Decatur, Ill., the lander and his stamp, the design whereof was a valentine heart inscribed the letters XIX. I do not know the meaning of the symbol unless it refers to my age, certainly has nothing to do with the white tags on the necks of my shirts, with the same design printed on them. At Terre Haute, Ind., they sewed tags on everything, from withers to loek, and at Valparaiso they stitched XVII on the entire—

He Was Answered. Dan Voorhes tells a good story of himself. He appeared once in a while in a lawsuit out at Terre Haute in the name of chief justices on the other side was the mother of the boy Booth of California. In his free and easy way the Tall Sycamore asked questions that the witness resented, so it seemed, for though inquiry after inquiry was propounded not the slightest of his own mind from the witness-box. Mr. Voorhes, however, was not patient and his questions became a little snappy. Not a bit more effect was produced. Finally, in dire exasperation, he demanded in his own all-otting voice, "What do you mean by that?"

DISRAELI'S GAY YOUTH.

A small volume of letters has made his appearance in England which is likely to excite a great deal of interest. The "Home Letters of Lord Beaconsfield" written during his absence on a tour in 1839-41, is the title of the volume, which is published by Murray.

The coolest child I think that I ever met was at a juvenile party. It was a very grand affair, and the lads were drinking champagne and eating oyster patties and other messes with the greatest gusto.

Another child I once met never would be outdone. She would say the most ridiculous things to prove that everything in her home was larger or better than in the homes of others.

"I always take them together." And she ate the abominable mixture, too, without a grimace. I envied that child.

His servant leaves him, and this he finds annoying, because this wonderful retainer wore a Mameluke dress of crimson and gold, with a white turban thirty yards long and a mustache glittering like a rainbow.

"Affection tells her even better than wit. Yesterday, at the racket court, sitting in the gallery among strangers, the ball came, and I lightly struck me, and fell at my feet. I picked it up, and observing a young ruffian exceedingly sly, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I really had never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes today."

How the future prime minister of England caroused with a Turkish bey on the top of Mount Pindus is a story worth repeating. The party was ravenous, but there being no interpreter, knew not how to make their wants known. It was a great resource, but this wore out, and it was so tedious, smoking and looking at each other, and dying to talk, and then exchanging pipes by way of compliment, and then pressing my hands last, every moment of the party was sat in a corner, I unfortunately next, so I had the odds of mute attention; and Clay next to me, so he and I could at least have an occasional joke, though, of course, we were too well bred to expect it.

"We found the king seated in the middle of the room; his being and person had the stamp of supreme rank; a look of youth still lingered on his face; his cheeks were all full and lessened the relief of an aquiline nose; his broad forehead was slightly too much thrown backward, but a quick and penetrating glance lit up his countenance; his hair in the fashion of his youth; it was withdrawn from his brow, cut, as it were in lengths, powdered, and then tied with a ribbon in the back of the neck. His dress was a simple blue coat with gilt buttons that bore the fleur de lis; epaulettes and a new iron breast-plate were the only mark of distinction; and he wore the order of the cordon bleu, and the cross of St. Lazare at his buttonhole."

In a mine in Grass Valley, Cal., that had for many a year been operated, was found upon renewing operations recently, that a drill hole in a vein of quartz had healed up around a small rod of iron, or "spoon," that had been left in it, and that several clusters of small crystals were well arranged. The mineral was found in a fractured portion of the vein. It is quoted to prove that metal grows, like wood, and other products of the earth.

CLEVER CHILDREN.

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Badly Scared.

A drummer who had been down in Texas was telling of his experiences and observations there. He had entered the State feeling that he was risking his life by going among such barbarians as he had supposed the Texans to be, but upon better acquaintance with the people this idea quickly disappeared from his mind.

"I was badly scared, though," he said, "the third day I was in the State. It was way out in the extreme West, where cowboys most do congregate. Of course, I was pretty well tugged up, as most drummers are, and I noticed the fellows about the hotel eyeing me pretty close. I didn't like that at all. They're meditating some devilry on me," I thought. But when I went into the dining-room something occurred that made me half-stun on end. At the two tables in the room four or five wicked-looking cowboys were sitting. When I entered they looked up quick like, and then glanced at each other. That scared me. But when I noticed that each man held his hand to his mouth I was nearly wild. That was the signal, though I knew it was to assassinate me. But I'm no coward, and I walked right along in. Every cowboy kept his eye on me, and I watched them all out of the corners of my eyes, you bet. Just as I passed them I saw their arms and the gleam of four knives in the lamp light. I jumped about seventy-five feet and shouted like a Comanche. I was never so frightened in my life. I ran out into the office and begged the landlord to protect me. 'What's the matter?' says he. 'Those fellows are holding their knives on me,' says I, 'and I want you to have them arrested for carrying concealed weapons.'"

"The landlord went into the dining-room and in half a minute came out laughing. He explained the whole thing to me, and then I had to laugh, too."

"Did they really draw their knives on you?" "Yes, but this is the way they did it. When I entered the dining-room those cowboys were eating potatoes in the regular way, and I noticed the knife about two-thirds full and then sliding it into the mouth. Just as I stepped through the door they had all taken a mouthful, but hadn't withdrawn their knives. They suspended operation to watch me until I had got by them, and then they took their knives out in order to scoop up more potato. That's where I got rattled and skipped. How could I be expected to know that those concealed weapons were intended for potatoes instead of me?"—Chicago Herald Train Talk.

The Bull Not Taken by the Horns. It is no credit to a cowboy to catch a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them, and he is not to be a prisoner, but the skill in throwing a lasso is to pitch the noose in front of an animal when he is going at full gallop, so that the next step he takes in to it. The cowboy tried it on a bull while both of our ponies were jumping along on a dead run. The old fellow was going about as fast as we were, but the fatal loop shot through the air at a tangent and fell wideopen, just in front of him on the ground. The left fore foot plunged square into the circle, the rope was tightened with a sudden jerk and the steed rolled over on his dust, as cleverly caught as anything I ever saw. The broncho, too, understood his part of the business thoroughly, for he bore at the right moment in the opposite direction, else he might have been rolled instead of the bull, to which he was well over a hundred weight.—Fort Kough Cor., Cleveland Leader.

A Dude in a Street-Car. "California men are not so accommodating to the ladies as they used to be," said an old car conductor. "Most of 'em hold their seats and let the women stand; but, of course, when a pretty girl comes in there is a rush to see who'll make room for her."

"All the time," said the conductor, "Why, bless you, the market-basket women has no sort of a chance with the dudes, but the old fellows will hop up and give her a seat just as readily as if she was a child. I've seen 'em saw one of the fellows in the car last trip. A mighty pretty young lady came in with a nurse, and the nurse was holding a baby. The car was full, and a dude hopped up when he saw I was sweet face of the young mother, and he took her seat. Well, sir, he was grinning and smiling at all times, and she looked mad and indignant for whatever way she turned that clump's eyes followed her. At last she stopped the car and got off. The dude squatted down and was about to give her a parting mash through the window, when he saw a handkerchief on the floor. He picked it up quick as lightning and skipped out after her. Why, I laughed it to split, and so did all the passenger."

"Where did the laugh come in? It was pointed on his part to restore to her property."

Yale College is said to have a private detective who keeps an eye upon the conduct of students and sends weekly reports to the "gov'ner," or in other words, to their parents. He also furnishes the number of marks the pupil receives, his losses at cards, the names of the girls to whom he pays his attentions, where he spends his evenings, and the like.

M. Lauth, of Severs, has, after ten years of experimentation, produced a porcelain far superior to the famous old Severs. It will take all kinds of glazes, and is susceptible of the highest kinds of decoration.