

EMMONS COUNTY RECORD.

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MAX RASPBERRY is the romantic, ruby and fruity name of an ardent old lady who aspires to be in Atlanta what for many years Mrs. Myra Gaines was in New Orleans. She sues the city for the recovery of twenty-five acres, on which are eighty houses, claiming the property as inherited from an aunt whose will was lost or stolen.

Mark Twain lives in his own house, near Hartford, a house with its back kitchen on the street, its front entrance on one side, bristling with peaks and chimney pots, and in style of architecture the crystallized expression of an encounter between Mark Twain and Queen Anne. Mrs. Clemens is the source of wealth from which all this springs.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, long prominent on both sides of the Atlantic as an author and newspaper correspondent, intends before long to leave England, where he has lived for more than twenty years and return to his native land. He has just got back from a trip round the world, and is now arranging his affairs in London with a view to recrossing the sea and settling here at as early a date as his numerous engagements over there will permit.

GEN. GRANT, being invited to preside over a meeting to be held under the auspices of soldiers of both armies in the late civil war to raise a fund to build a hospital for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, writes Gen. J. B. Gordon promising his support, financially and otherwise. Gen. Grant adds: "I am in hearty sympathy with the movement, and would be glad to accept the position of presiding officer if I was able to do so. You may rely on me, however, for rendering all aid I can in carrying out the designs of the meeting."

There is a grand rivalry in jam going on now between the Queen of Saxony, President Grey, and Premier Gladstone. The Queen seems to have the best of it. She spends whole weeks in the autumn in making jam, and balancing her housekeeping book daily. Unfortunately, a taste for the regal jam is not very prevalent at the Saxon court. The countries, notwithstanding their desire to be complimentary, find their capacity for jam eating limited, and the bulk of the Queen's preserves is distributed to the poor of Dresden—to such an extent indeed, that there is a weak apropos joke prevalent in that capital, that her Majesty never goes out, even when unattended, without a suite.

The Russian Government has an immense railway project under consideration. The author of the scheme calls it the Russian Pacific Line. The line would start from Katerinburg, join Tobolsk, Yeneseisk, and Yakutsk, ending in Nikolajew, with a branch line from Yeneseisk and Yakutsk to Kinkhia, which would form a connection with the Amoor and China. A second main line will start from Astrachan to connect Herat, Persia, and India, with a branch line to Bokhara over Cashgar. The extent of railway would be 3,000 geographical miles, and cost one hundred million roubles. The capital would be spread over twenty years. One part of the proposal is to employ part of the army on the works.

The news of a remarkable natural phenomenon is reported from Bona, in Algeria. An isolated mountain, the Dshebel Naibo, 800 feet high, is sinking into the earth. Round its feet there is a deep hollow, and before long the mountain will disappear. The district of Bona has once before witnessed a similar event; the Lake Fezzera, of more than 12,000 hectares, did not exist in the time of the Romans. St. Augustin, who lived at Bona, described the whole district without mentioning the lake, and researches in 1870 have resulted in the discovery of the ruins of a Roman town at the bottom of the lake. As in Arabian writings there is nothing to be found concerning the formation of the lake, it is supposed that it has existed only for about a thousand years.

During the past year the average quantity of water supplied to London was 145,000,000 gallons per day, of which 72,000,000 gallons, or nearly one half, were taken from the Thames, while of the remainder nearly the whole was obtained from the river Lea, and only a comparatively small amount from deep wells sunk in the chalk. In a paper recently read before the Society of Arts, Dr. Frankland showed that much of the water derived from the Thames is contaminated with sewage and other objectionable matter, and that such water might at any time carry with it infection. The trouble seems to be, that nearly all the towns in the Thames basin reject the river and its tributaries as a source of water supply,

but employ springs and deep wells for that purpose; and the great obstacle in the way of a similar supply being obtained for the metropolis is the magnitude of the capital invested in existing works, the interests of which capital are at present allowed to override all other considerations.

RAMSDELL'S Washington Letter to Philadelphia Press: It has been a pretty tough winter for me. I have not been free from and rheumatism and colds the whole time, and I have taken enough medicine to stock a drug store. And just here let me say that if ever you are troubled with rheumatism avoid salicylic acid. All the doctors prescribe it nowadays, and it certainly relieves rheumatism, but it leaves behind something that is worse than that painful complaint. During the winter I must have taken a pound of the medicine. It has destroyed my stomach, taken away my strength, and robbed me of twenty-five pounds of flesh, every one as dear to me as Shylock's. I have talked with many rheumatics, and, being young in the business, I have been laughed at unmercifully. Mr. Blaine has suffered with rheumatism, so has John Chamberlain and Mr. Barlow, the art expert, and Mr. Chaffee, ex-Senator from Colorado, and Mr. Spofford, husband of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others not known to fame whom I have consulted. And when I told them that I had taken salicylic acid they each and all laughed in turn and said I was a fool. I know it now, and want to place it upon the record that salicylic acid is worse than rheumatism. It is a thing to be avoided.

A WASHINGTON dispatch asks, What has become of all the fractional currency? In 1863 something over \$20,000,000 was issued, and the amount outstanding was increased about \$5,000,000 a year, until in 1874 the highest aggregate was reached, and the book of the Treasury showed nearly \$40,000,000 in circulation. The redemption was then begun, and has continued until the present time; but since 1879 the amount outstanding has remained almost stationary, with a balance of \$7,000,000 in favor of the Government at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1883. During the nine months of the present fiscal year only \$16,000 has been offered for redemption, leaving outstanding \$6,984,000, the greater quantity of which is either lost or destroyed, or in the hands of curiosity-collectors. Some of it is hanging in frames in the offices of bankers, and coin and postage-stamp dealers furnish it to customers at a premium of about 200 per cent. The Government will probably be the gainer by this scheme of Secretary Chase to the amount of \$6,500,000, as the Treasury officials do not believe that much more will be sent in for redemption. Clean pieces are never received nowadays, and that which comes in is so ragged and soiled as to be worthless as a curiosity.

The contagiousness of consumption, says the Chicago Tribune, is the subject of some sensible remarks by Dr. Formad, of Philadelphia, who has given much time and patience to the investigation of consumption. He finds himself unable to coincide with the conclusions of Dr. Koch, the noted German investigator of what may for short be called the germ disease, that consumption is caused by the germs or bacilli that are found in connection with it. The bacillus to which Koch imputes its origin, is present in all cases of consumption, says Dr. Formad. It may be one of the causes of tuberculosis, but still it cannot yet be said that its presence in consumption proves that to be a contagious disease. A contagious disease can have but one cause, and the observer declares himself, as the result of repeated observations, to be firmer than ever in his former conclusions that consumption may result from other causes than the presence of the germ which Dr. Koch has brought to notice. Dr. Formad concedes that the germ may on account of its irritating effects be one of the causes of the disease, but it is not the cause—at least it has not been proved to be such. The fact that people are known to be predisposed to consumption stands in the way of the acceptance of the bacillus theory. Dr. Formad believes that he will be able to show that consumption is not a contagious disease. The bacillus of Koch and Krebs is present as one of its symptoms. But bacilli and similar organisms are present in health. They may alter in disease; they may serve as carriers of the disease, but they are not, in the case of consumption at least, the primary and sole cause of it, as they must be to sustain the claim that by their agency consumption is infectious.

Nothing but Ears.
"Pa," said a little boy to his father on their arrival in St. Louis, "I don't know people in this city had wings."
"Wings? Certainly not," replied the father.
"Then, what are those things that stick up so high?"
"Hush, my boy," said the father in an under-tone; "you mustn't speak so loud. Those are ears."—Philadelphia Call.

GIANT BIRDS OF OLD.

Huge Ancestors of the Ostrich—A Goose Twelve Feet High.

There is an interesting slab, said a geologist to a reporter, holding up an ancient weather worn slab. It is a fact and a case in the British museum, that bears the remains of the oldest bird known. It had a regular lizard tail. This specimen was found in the Bavarian quarries at Solenhofen, where so much valuable lithographic slate is found.

"The archæopteryx, judging from this specimen, was about the size of a crow, and the first thing that attracted the finder's attention was the remarkable tail. If you can imagine the pope's nose of the bird or a turkey stretched out so that it is longer than the bird itself, and made up of twenty movable bones or vertebrae, each supporting a pair of feathers, one upon each side, a fair conception of this strange tail may be had. A further examination showed that the fore limb had two toes or fingers free of the limb, each arm with a powerful claw, while a third was greatly elongated and supported the feathered wing.

"The head of the archæopteryx was not found, but from later discoveries of other early birds it is presumed that its reptile like appearance was increased by having vestigial teeth in its jaws. In our country the rocks of a later time have preserved birds for us that are perhaps equally as wonderful as the long tailed specimen from Solenhofen. For a long time their footprints had been known, and finally some specimens were discovered in Kansas, that attracted universal attention, from the fact that they possessed vestigial teeth. These curious creatures were taken from the chalk beds, and named by Professor Marsh, the discoverer, odontornithes. Twenty specimens were found, showing that the possession of teeth was probably general among birds at that time. The largest bird taken from the chalk was named the hesperornis. It was a great water bird, at least six feet in length. Its jaws were lined with sharp teeth, set in grooves. The wings were like those of the ostrich, incapable of lifting it from the ground, while its feet were webbed like those of a duck. In fact, if we can imagine such a strange conglomeration, the hesperornis was a carnivorous or flesh eating, swimming, ostrich like bird.

"The flying birds of that age, not larger than our common pigeons, had larger teeth. Such was the tetryx, and its teeth were in sockets, just like those of the alligator to-day, and it had a backbone like that of a fish. Another was a pigeon with teeth, and others somewhat resembled swans and rails; all however, being provided with sharp teeth of various kinds, showing that they were hunters, and far different in their habits from their descendant to-day.

"Equally strange are some of the birds that have become extinct in later times, and have been preserved in the earth. Within a few months some excavations in the plastic clay of Bas Meudon, France, have resulted in the discovery of the remains of a goose-like bird, which, when the bones were arranged, towered aloft to height twice that of the tallest man. Such enormous birds must have presented a strange spectacle moving about in flocks, and from them probably came the legend of the rock of the Arabian Nights. The bones of a vulture like bird have been found that exceeded in size the gormonin of France. Its name is the megalornis, and it probably preyed upon the monster goose, which could not escape by flying.

The caves of various countries were evidently the resorts of the large birds of early times, and in many caves the remains of remarkable birds have been found. Thus, in France, a large crane has been found in various caves, together with the remains of the reindeer, all the bones showing marks of the instruments of primeval men. The remains of the woolly owl and the willow grouse are also common, and in the Zebug cavern, in Malta, a gigantic extinct swan has been discovered. South America caves have produced over thirty-four different kinds of birds; but it is to New Zealand and Madagascar that we look for the most remarkable gigantic forms. In the latter island, which seems to have been the home of many these animals, Isador St. Hilaire found the remains of an enormous bird, the pyrronius maximus. In traveling through the country his attention was attracted to the symmetrical dishes that were occasionally possessed by some of the natives, and, thinking they were gourds, he inquired where they were obtained. To his amazement the owners informed him that the dishes were part of the egg shells of a great bird and upon further investigation he found the remains of the giant and its eggs. The eggs, when perfect, were each equal in size to 135 hen's eggs, and would hold two gallons of water. This strange bird and others that have since been discovered seem to have been buried in the sand beds of the southern part of the island, and there preserved for ages.

Larger even than the pyrronius was the gigantic moa, whose skeletons have been obtained in great quantities in New Zealand. In a single swamp several tons of bones were found, and of such prodigious bulk that at first it was supposed they were the remains of an elephant; but the bills and feet proved them to be large wingless birds, which had probably waded into the swamp and become mired, and so hardened and preserved. Here, too, the great birds seem to have resorted to caves, and what is called the Moa Bone Point cave has produced great numbers of skeletons, found buried with the remains of the ancient Maori, and recently some feathers of these great birds have been found.

It seems almost incredible that a bird should exist large enough to prey upon the great moa, yet such was undoubtedly the case. A bird of prey, the harpagornis lived, that could easily have mastered the largest moa. In still later times the great rail, notorious, gigantic geese, strange crested parrots, the King of pigeons, the dodo, and the curious solitaire have passed away, and become a part of the strange and wonderful history of the rocks.—New York Sun.

The Bootblack's Dog.
An English officer, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a puddle dogrubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his

curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the bootblack was the owner of the dog he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price and carried him to England. He kept him tied up for some time and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A couple of weeks afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.—The Eye.

Hanging Baskets.
Hanging pots and baskets seem to have come into almost universal use the past few years. These are usually of earthenware, wire-work or rustic work. Those of earthenware which are glazed or painted are not considered by some to be as healthy for the plants as those that are unglazed, since the moisture cannot escape through the sides of the pot, but I find by being very careful not to overwater, I can keep plants in them in a healthy condition. Baskets of wire-work are apt to drip more or less, and they seem more suitable to hang beneath a porch or piazza, in summer. I like best those of rustic work, where a variety of plants are to be grown together. They can be bought at very reasonable prices, or, where economy is desirable, may be manufactured at home.

My rustic basket had been used for years, and had decayed past all hope of repair, so I told John that he might make me one some rainy day, adding that a nice one the size I wanted would cost about one dollar. "Well," said he, "I wouldn't pound my fingers nor vex my soul to write that; I'd rather buy you a new one." "All right, thank you," said I, and in due time the new one appeared. I had slips and plants already started for it, and the last of September I proceeded to fill it. I use the same soil for basket plants that I do for others, first putting in broken charcoal at the bottom with a handful of moss over it. The charcoal serves as a fertilizer and purifier, and also absorbs the surplus moisture, giving it out again when needed. All hanging baskets should be turned every few days, and should be sprinkled with tepid water once a week, twice a week would be better, as the atmosphere where they hang is much drier and hotter than that surrounding the plants on the stands beneath, consequently they will be more liable to suffer from attacks of the red spider. I believe in "immersion" for them, as water, water, water, is the only remedy; they dislike moisture.

I like to water my plants and baskets as early as convenient in the morning, using warm water, and toward spring I give them, once a week, a drink of barnyard tea, about the color of weak coffee, being careful not to give it too strong, or too often. For a rustic basket, a foot or more in diameter, one needs something showy and graceful for the center, as well as a little taller. A crimson dracuncus is good for this purpose, so, too, is the white-edged green variety. I have sometimes used a bright colens, but it needs constant pinching or it will grow too tall. Around the center may be grouped ferns, with a rich begonia or two, a bright foliage geranium, with ivies or maurandias to run up the handles, and lobelia, musk, vinca, tradescantia, etc., to droop over the sides, interspersed with sedum, wandering Jew, panicum variegatum and Italian grass. Coliseum ivy is very pretty growing in a large sea-shell suspended from the window, and the pretty, free flowering small oxalis is fine, and looks and thrives best by itself. Last winter I planted the yellow oxalis in the same pot with the large pink variety, and they were pretty grown together, as the sprawling habit of the former was well hidden by twining its long stalks among the stout foliage and bright blooms of the large pink oxalis, and the colors harmonized finely. A plant of the ivy-leaved geranium, Pelegrante, is very attractive, with its peagreen leaves edged with white, often tinted with carmine, and is an ornament to any room.—Vick's Monthly.

Unruled Ambition.
An enthusiastic artist, desiring to paint a storm on the sea, pushed his boat far out on the deep, and when last seen was painting the very wave which engulfed him. That this man was a fool is self-evident. The means he employed defeated the end he sought. He sacrificed his life to a passion which, if properly restrained, would have been innocent and even praiseworthy, but which, being inordinate, destroyed him. Does our judgment condemn this painter? If it does, it illustrates its own soundness. But does it not at the same time censure a multitude of living men? What is this painter but a typical man, illustrating the folly of thousands who have surrendered themselves to the control of an inordinate ambition to be rich, or to be pre-eminent in society, or in political or in ecclesiastical life? What other interpretation than that such a surrender has been made by vast numbers can one give to those illegitimate methods which have taken possession of the great marts of trade, which so largely characterize our political elections, and which in some small degree manifest themselves in ecclesiastical circles? Ambition in church or State, when curbed by Christian principles, may be innocent and even praiseworthy; but when it exalts itself into a ruling passion, tramples on the claims of God and humanity and seeks money, honor, office or power as an end, it becomes a deadly and dangerous sin, destructive of character and fatal to its victim's immortal interests. Our painter is the fitting type, both of his folly and his fate.—Exchange.

It is better to lose a professed friend by doing that which your conscience tells you is right, than to do that which you feel is not right hoping to retain his friendship. A clear conscience is the best and truest friend of man.

SLOT, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.—Franklin.

A Tale of Cats.

The cat is a beast of very ancient lineage and high degree. Perhaps it was from Nubia that the Egyptians got the cat, which they at once began to worship, as the Goddess Pasit. The etymology of the names of the cat throw little or no light upon its original home. A recent American writer mentions some children who invented a "cat language," in which cats could be intelligently addressed. Oddly enough, a French philosopher, Dupont de Nemours, had anticipated this childish idea, and made considerable researches into the language which cats talk among themselves. He decided that cats, which have a more extensive view of the world from the tree-tops and house-tops than dogs enjoy, have also a more fully developed language than their natural enemies.

"The cat has a speech in which all the vowels of the dog are found, with six consonants into the bargain; these being m, n, p, h, y and f. Hence the cat has a far greater number of words than the dog; hence, too, its superior intelligence and cunning."

The Abbe Galiani, a famous wit, was also fond of studying cats. He maintained "the language of the tom is quite different from that of the tabby, as it ought to be." In this cats resemble several savage races (such as the caribs, and a people mentioned by Herodotus), in that the males and the females of the race speak twenty different tongues. The abbe detected "more than twenty inflections in the language of cats." He was certain that "cats always use the same sound to express the same thing." These philosophers might well have wondered, like Montaigne, what their cat was thinking of their diversions. Chateaubriand, a great friend of cats, had rather a good story of a ghost of a cat, accompanied by a ghost of a wooden leg, which used to walk up and down stairs together in an ancient house. And if cats have a language why should they not leave ghosts behind them?

Among the most illustrious friends of cats have been Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, Prosper Merimee, Chateaubriand, Cardinal Wolsey, Richelieu and Mahomet. The cat of Mahomet was named Muezza, and for this worthy animal he showed the highest consideration. One day the cat fell asleep on the wide sleeve of the prophet's coat. Mahomet had a business engagement, but he could not dream of disturbing Muezza. At last, as the matter became pressing, this good natured prophet out the sleeve off his coat, went about his business, and left Muezza to repose. Chateaubriand thought, and justly, that the independence of the cat was one of its most remarkable features. There is always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved in every affair of the heart, and the cat invariably occupies the latter position. And why not? "Man has sought the society of the cat, it is not the cat that has sought the society of the man," says Campfire. It is a natural animal, comfortable, selfish, independent animal, and probably its society is valued because it so obviously and unaffectedly makes the best of this life without pretending to any enthusiasm for humanity.—London News.

In the Champs Elysees.

With all the variety, life, and interest of the Champs Elysees during the day, after dark it becomes a very scene of enchantment. At nightfall a gauzy vapor gradually overspreads the earth and fills the air veiling every outline, until nothing remains but a sense of space; through this flash innumerable triple jets of gas, in rows, in circles, in long double and quadruple lines, leading far away through miles of illuminating mists, until they meet in the indefinite distance, reflected on the wet asphalt by linear dashes of light, like a palisade of fire. Through these glimmering avenues, and through intervals of dimness, glide countless lights; some swift as meteors, some slow as glow-worms, white, yellow, red, higher or lower, but always in the air, flitting, following, darting, chasing, like thousands of will-o'-the-wisps. The imagination ranges with delight among the beautiful, mysterious suggestions of the phantasmagoria. "A firefly meadow," said Mr. J. R. Lowell, looking down from the window. Yes and no, for the lights do not twinkle; it is more like New York bay at night from the heights of Staten Island; nor yet that, altogether, because the spectator is so much nearer this scene. It is most like some of Martin's illustrations of Milton, and so is this fantastic, fairy transformation of the Champs Elysees on a rainy day an unpeopled world of wonder on a rainy night.

A Remarkable Time Piece.

"I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for that watch."
"Hundred dollars! Why, it never was worth more than forty."
"It may not be worth more than that to you, but it is to me."
"Family relic, I suppose?"
"Not a bit of it. I'll tell you why that watch is so valuable. You see, it never keeps the correct time."
"I wouldn't have it as a precious gift."
"Maybe you wouldn't, but I would. You see, I am a traveling man. I'm traveling here in Texas all the time where the railroads never arrive on count. Now if I had a watch that kept correct time I'd be left half the time, but thanks to this watch, I'm more likely to catch the train than I would be if I had half a dozen watches that could be relied on."—Texas Siftings.

The Tramp Would Not Drink.

A tramp rang the bell of an up-town flat and the Irish servant responded through the speaking tube:
"Who is it, and phwat d'yees want?"
"Will yer please give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp pathetically.
"Put your mouth to the trumpet," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour ye down a drink."
The tramp did not reply, but departed in disgust.—New York Tribune.

MODERN education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.—Sterling.

THE BAD BOY.

"I don't hear much about your pa lately," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up one morning before breakfast to buy a mackerel. "He is alive, aint he? Is he in politics yet?" and the groceryman took a small rusty mackerel by the tail and slapped it against the inside of the barrel to get the brine off, and wrapped it in some thick paper, heavier than the fish, before he weighed it.

"Hold on there, please," said the boy, who was watching the proceedings. "Weigh the mackerel separate, please, and then weigh the paper, and charge the fish to pa and charge the paper to yourself. That is all right. Yes, pa is alive, but he is not in politics. He was thrown out of politics head first on two occasions the night before election. You see, pa is an enthusiast. Some years he is in one party, and some years in another; just which party gives him the best show to make speeches. He has got speaking on the brain, and if he can get up before a crowd and say 'feller-citizens,' and not get hit with a piece of brick house, that is his picnic for pa. This spring he went with the temperance and saloon people. You know the temperance people and saloon people sort of united on a candidate, and pa was red hot. He wanted to speak. The fellows showed pa that he had got to be careful and not get mixed, and they turned him loose to speak. The night before election pa went in a hall where there was to be a meeting, and he got up and said what the people wanted was the highest possible license, enough to drive out half the saloons. He was just going on to demonstrate what a blessing it would be if there was only one saloon, when some one took him by the neck and threw him through a window. It seems that it was a meeting of people who were opposed to any license, and who believed everybody should be allowed to sell liquor for nothing. A policeman picked pa up and took the window sash off from over his neck, and picked the broken glass out of his vest and pants, and walked him around, and told him of his mistake, and pa admitted that what the people wanted was free trade in whisky. He said now that he thought of it there was no justice in making people pay for the privilege of engaging in commercial pursuits, and if the policeman would take him back to the hall, he thought he could set himself right before the assembly. Well, the policeman is the meanest man in this town. He took pa to another hall, around a block, where there was a meeting of the high-license people, and he went in, thinking it was the one he was in first. He was kind of surprised that they did not attack him, but they were busy signing a petition for high license. Pa waited a minute to think up something to say, and then he got up on a chair and said, 'Mr. Chairman, this is a matter we are all interested in, and the humblest citizen may speak. After studying this matter thoroughly, looking at it in all its bearings, and summing up an experience of forty years, I have come to the conclusion that the city should not grant any licenses at all.' That tickled the crowd, 'cause they thought pa was in favor of stopping the sale of liquor altogether, and they cheered him. Pa got his second wind, and continued:

"As long as liquor is recognized as an article of commerce, like sugar, and meat, and soap, every man should be allowed to sell it without any license at all. Let everybody be free to sell liquor, and we shall—"
"Pa didn't get any farther. Somebody threw a wooden water bucket at his head, his chair was knocked out from under him, and several men took him by the collar and pants and he went through another window. The policeman met pa as he came out the window, and asked him if he didn't find it congenial in there, and pa said it was too darned congenial. He said it seemed as though there was no suiting some people, and he asked the policeman to take him home. They passed a hall where there was another meeting, and the policeman asked pa if he didn't think he'd better go in and try again, but pa went on the other side of the street. He said if he wanted to go through any more windows he could jump through them himself, as he knew better which end first he liked to go through windows, and he thought one man better than six when it comes to making an exit from a public hall. I noticed pa came home early that night, and he sat thinking a good deal, and I asked him if anything had happened, and he roused up and said, "Henry, a little advice from an old man will not hurt you. Whatever you do, when you arrive at man's estate, don't ever go into politics and become a public speaker. If you are a public speaker, you will never know how to take your audience, or how your audience will take you. They may take you by the hand and welcome you, and they may take you by the neck and fire you out of a window. You can tell how to go into a hall, but you can never tell how you will come out. Keep out of politics, and don't be a speaker. If you have anything to say, be an editor, and write it, and then if people kick on what you say, you can go and hide, or if they come to you you can fire them out. I have often thought you would make a good editor of a political paper, though you would have to learn to lie, I am afraid." Oh, pa has had enough of politics, and I guess he will not vote this year. Well, I must go with this mackerel, or we won't have any breakfast," and the boy went out carrying the fish by the tail and rattling it against the pickets of a fence to make it tender.—Peck's Sun.

A Grease Tree.

They have in China what is known as the grease tree. Large forests grow there, and the oleaginous product has become an article of traffic. The grease forms an excellent tallow. Burning with a clear, brilliant white light, and at the same time emitting not a trace of any unpleasant odor, or of the ordinary disagreeable accompaniment of combustion, smoke.