

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Be careful of the pennies and the pounds you'll never regret.  
Deserve success and rest assured that you'll command it, too.  
For "God helps those who help themselves" toward what they'd be and do.  
The deeds done in the future are by far the most sublime.  
Procrastination is the thief of treasure-laden time.  
"We never miss the water till the well is running dry."  
Nor ever prize the roses till they fade away and die.  
However thick the clouds may lie, the sun is just behind.  
As long as you're somewhere there's a turn that you will find.  
"Fortune is a knocking once to every body's gate."  
But only for a moment will the fickle lady wait.  
"Is better far to grind our meal while still the chances last."  
For "we'll never turn the mill wheel with the ripples that have passed."  
"Wait not for chance to bring you what your empty spindle lacks."  
Prepare it and the distaff, and then God will send the flax."  
—Cicilia Tharin, in Good Housekeeping.

### Cast on the Waters.



It was a sultry June day, with a sunless, leaden sky, the atmosphere charged with electricity, the trees in the park powdered over with fine dust. The children had been contumacious, the lessons hard, the trustees unusually exacting in their visit of inspection that morning, and Miss Middleton, as she untied her bonnet-strings and sat down in the one easy-chair that her room afforded, drew a sigh of mingled relief and vexation.

"One might as well be a slave at once!" said Miss Middleton. "If I were a man, I'd snap my fingers in their faces, send in my resignation and go out to Kansas to farm government land, or weave corn-baskets, or make my living in some other shape where a person can be independent. But, as I'm a woman, I can't. I'm fond of children by nature, but I could have cheerfully choked every young imp in my class to-day. Now, all this isn't the proper state of things. I'm the wrong woman in the right place—the square block of humanity in the round hole."

Miss Middleton looked at herself in the glass. She was fat, fair and thirty-six, with here and there a silver thread shining in her braids and incipient crown-feet at the corners of her bright, hazel eyes.

"I ought to have been married," said Miss Middleton, vaguely following up the current of her ideas. "But what is a girl to do when the men don't know what they're about? And, dear me, I never had but one offer, and that was from poor Dick Brandegee, who couldn't even support himself, let alone a wife. He died in the lunatic asylum last year. Perhaps he would have died there sooner if he had married me."

"What is it, Mrs. Moscovitz?"—to the landlady of the boarding house. "A boy want to see me? What on earth does a boy want to see me for?"

"He's been here twice, Miss Middleton," said the landlady, pursing up her thin lips. "And I've seen him through the basement windows—a hanging round the arched, and I am free to say I sent Caroline to bring me the spoon-basket and the silver tray, for he isn't exactly what you would call an ornamental member of society."

"Send him in," said Miss Middleton, brusquely; and a tall, ungainly lad of fifteen or thereabouts slouched into the room, ragged, dusty and wearing shoes which scarcely covered his feet.

"Oh!" said Miss Middleton, recognizing a former member of her class in the public school. "It's Benny Pole, isn't it? I'm sure it's Benny, now. And what do you possibly want with me, Benny Pole?"

"Please, 'm, I want to borrow five dollars," answered the ungainly youth.

Benny's countenance fell. "I didn't hardly 'spect you would, ma'am," said he, "but I hadn't no one else to go to. I humbly beg pardon, ma'am, for intruding."  
"And he was shuffling away, when Miss Middleton's kind heart misgave her, and the words of the Bible flashed into her memory: "One of the least of these—one of the least of these!"  
"Benny," said she, brusquely. "The lad halted.  
"Come back!"  
"Here is a five-dollar bill," said Miss Middleton. "I need it badly myself, but I don't know but that your case is worse than mine. Make the best you can of it. And now, good-by."  
And Benny Pole, departed, with a face wherein a gleam of hope had begun to appear.

Twenty years had passed by and the snowy dusk of a winter's evening was gathering around the railway station of a thriving young western city, as a bent and silver-haired woman alighted from the train.

"Where does Mr. Silvester live?" said she, looking vaguely around her.

The station agent stared, in his idea, every man, woman or child who didn't know where Mayor Silvester lived deserved to be classed among the outside barbarians of the world.

"In the big house at the top of the hill," he said, briefly. "There's his carriage now, waiting for the train to clear the track."

"Is that he?" said Miss Middleton, nodding toward a tall and stately figure seated well back under the shelter of the baron's top.

"That's him," said the agent. "I have an order here for admission into the Home for Indigent Women," said Miss Middleton, faintly. "I am told he is president of the institution."

"Yes," said the station-agent, and deely losing what little interest he had previously manifested in the stranger's affairs.

"Perhaps I had better go to him," said Miss Middleton.

"Pr'aps you had," said the station-agent, indifferently.

The prematurely aged woman took up her shabby little traveling bag and went, timidly, toward the superb carriage, whose coachman could scarcely hold in the foam-flecked horses. Mr. Silvester leaned out, with kind courtesy, as he saw her approach.

"Did you wish to speak to me, my good woman?" said he.

Miss Middleton humbly presented a slip of paper. Mayor Silvester read it by the light of the flaming carriage lamps—read it twice over, and looked hard at the applicant.

"You are Dorothy Middleton?" he said.

"I am Dorothy Middleton, sir," Mayor Silvester stepped out of the carriage and held the door open.

"Do me the favor to enter," he said. And Miss Middleton obeyed in a bewildered sort of way.

"You don't know me?" said Mr. Silvester.

"I never met you before," said Miss Middleton, meekly.

"You will, perhaps, remember the name which I bore before assuming, in accordance with the terms of an eccentric friend's will, my present appellation—Benjamin Pole. Little Benny Pole, with ragged clothes, a penniless pocket, and a future as dark as Erebus—don't you remember his coming to you one day, Miss Middleton, to borrow five dollars?"

Miss Middleton was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she said, at last, "I do remember it. Is it possible that you—you are little Benny Pole?"

"That five-dollar bill," said Mayor Silvester, "was the nucleus of all my success in life. It gave me my first incentive to ambition, my first start in the world. Without it I think I should have committed suicide. I was quite discouraged and disheartened enough for any rash and unconsidered act. When I was in New York a few years ago I tried to search you out and repay a tithe of what I owed you, but your old position was vacant and nobody could give me any tidings of your whereabouts. Now I heartily thank the Providence which has thrown you in my way. Here we are, as the carriage stopped.

### THE COMING AMERICAN RACE.

It Will Be Anglo-German With a Dash of Celtic Thrown In.

It is curious to note the shifting character of the immigration to this country. For awhile we were threatened with an Italian deluge. When the collapse in the Argentine republic and Uruguay turned the floodtide of southern Europe in this direction the American ports were overrun with the brown races of Sicily and the Italian peninsula, and some of the prophets began to predict that the American people would be Latinized. But the Italian immigration is already decreasing. The report of the bureau of statistics shows that the number of Italians arriving in this country during the nine months ending with March was 90,194, while during the corresponding period of the year preceding it was 38,025, and still greater for the year before that. The feature of the movement from Europe is the enormous growth of the Russian immigration. This is due to two causes—the increasing discontent throughout the empire and the Jewish persecution, the latter in particular being effective. As a source of human supply Russia now ranks next to Germany. During the last nine months we received from that country 62,319 immigrants, which was more than double the number for the equivalent period preceding. A few years ago the immigration from Russia was so small that it was not worth mentioning. But there is one country from which the human stream is not subject to spasmodic increases or decreases. On the contrary, it flows steadily on with a gradually swelling volume, and the characteristics of that land, next to those of parent England, will always have the greatest influence upon the United States.

The German nation has long furnished us more immigrants than any other, and even the great Russian spurt has not been able to pass it. The German movement, which began a half century ago, has been throughout that time unchecked, and is now larger than ever before. During nine months the total arrivals from the German empire was 76,128, and the Germans from Austria, 20,497, this being an increase of about seventeen per cent. in one year. The immigration from England, Scotland and Wales does not change much from year to year, but remains close to 60,000 annually. While in certain years Russia, Italy and other countries may go ahead, yet the island of Great Britain remains, next to Germany, our chief source of human supply.

Contrary to the general belief, the immigrants from Great Britain are much more numerous than those from Ireland. There have been periods when there was an enormous influx from Ireland, but for many years it has averaged not more than 38,000 annually. Obviously, the Scandinavian blood—and a vigorous red blood it is—is destined to figure conspicuously in the composition of the American of the future. The arrivals from Sweden, Norway and Denmark are next in importance to those from Great Britain and Germany, and exceed by one-fourth those from Ireland. The Bohemian and Hungarian immigration is still large, but is increasing very little, while that from Poland has augmented considerably.

On the whole, after examining the figures for many years, there is no reason to change the opinion of earlier investigators that the American race will be essentially a composition of the Teutonic people of northern and central Europe. It will be Anglo-German, with a Celtic dash, and it is too late for the Italian, Hungarian or Polish bloods to have any effect upon it.—Louisville Courier Journal.

### TALES OF THE ROAD.

The Daring Deeds of Desperate Highwaymen.

A group of men were loitering in the long corner of a San Francisco hotel. Each had his paper open at the page describing the robbery that startled Berkeley Saturday. "I cannot help having an admiration for such bold thieves," said a very respectable member of the gathering. "Not," he added, "that I approve stealing in any form, but if one is bound to do it a strong box is more manly to do it at the point of a pistol than to sneak into the victim's confidence and then betray it."

One by one the readers threw their papers aside, and without difficulty disposed of bandits and plunder in the remarkably short order that always prevails on such occasions. Then they grew restless.

"The pluckiest robber I ever heard of," said a Denverite, "was the one who made Dan Moffatt give up twenty-one thousand dollars about three years ago. The story became familiar enough, but the sequel has been generally neglected. A young fellow walked into Moffatt's private office at the First National bank, covered Moffatt with a pistol, displaying a bottle of harmless oil that he said was nitro-glycerine, made Moffatt fill out a check and then get it cashed and hand him the money. He specified just what he wanted, demanding one thousand dollars in gold, a ten thousand dollar bill, and smaller bills. When Moffatt went to the paying teller for the cash the visitor closed just behind him with the revolver close to his ribs, but hidden by an overcoat. Having secured the money, the robber backed out of the door and disappeared."

"Did they ever catch him? Well, now; that is hard to state. There is some mystery about it. Some people did not think that Moffatt wanted him caught. But a big row was made about it, and rewards offered. In perhaps a year, after numerous arrests and releases, it was announced that a prisoner in jail in Clay county, Mo., charged with horse stealing, had confessed to being Moffatt's robber. The bank teller went there and identified him. The Denver chief of police told me, however, that the prisoner was a pretender, and that he did not believe that he had ever been in the state of Colorado. Then the chap went crazy. You cannot try a lunatic for robbery, and the public does not keep track of the crazy

prisoners of Clay county, Mo. So the matter rests."

The Denver man had the floor. "You remember, don't you, the way Senator Tabor's gold bricks from the Vulture mine in Arizona were stolen? He got the property along in the '90s. The output in the form of a brick left the mine every two weeks. One of these bricks was worth about eight thousand dollars. The foreman thought he could carry the treasure himself, but a lone highwayman fooled him; got away with the game, too. He was afterward caught in the City of Mexico and the brick recovered. The foreman took some assistants with him next time, and on this trip ran into an ambush. One assistant was killed and the other wounded. One of the robbers was hurt, and caught later nursing his wound in a hut. The other robber was picked up in a lonely canyon, dead, a bullet through his head, a revolver in his hand, and the brick on his breast. Must have been a grimly sarcastic crew."

"I notice you are having a good many stage robberies here. Used to have them in Colorado. Abolished the stage. But speaking of robberies reminds me of one highwayman who could give you your Black Bart points. He had held up stage after stage in southern Colorado; taken everything in sight. He always gave orders as though he had a whole posse in his gang. When he was captured it was found that he was a cripple weighing about one hundred pounds, and never had any confederates except dummies armed with broomsticks. He's in the government pen at Detroit now."

"What's the use of resisting when a man has the drop on you?" This from a fierce-looking individual whose piercing eyes would have scared the ordinary highwayman. "All nonsense, I say. Now in the Redding robbery Messenger Montgomery resisted. What did he get? Why, a system full of lead. He didn't save the treasure. He didn't do himself any service, and the good opinion of the company is nothing to a dead man. I say it's all right to give up when a gun is at your head. There's nothing else to do. Shoot your highwayman when he runs if you can, but look out for your own hide. You'll never get another."

"Are the authorities severe upon stage-robbers in California?" queried a Philadelphian.

"Oh, not very," answered the fierce-looking one. "In the first place, they usually do not catch them. Two boys, frightened half to death, stopped a stage near Casadero the other day. They trembled so that they couldn't get the quaver out of their throats for a week, and this gave the robbers the comparatively innocent lad who was led into it was captured. His elder brother, the one who killed Montgomery and got the booty, is still at large. The San Andreas murderer, who shot in a stage a few weeks ago and riddled a young lady passenger, has never come to light. No California is not particularly hard on stage-robbers."

"Coming back to the Berkeley case," remarked the quietest member of the loungers, "the pair of brigands were audacious enough to have trained under Jesse James. I do not blame the men for yielding. When robbers are so desperate as to make such an attack in daylight, and in the midst of a crowd, they are desperate enough for anything. I was in the big Blue Cat hold up on the Rock Island railroad years ago. It was done by the James crowd, and I want to say that the barrel of the six-shooter I gazed into looked bigger than a joint of stove pipe. Some of us had been boasting the night before what we would do in just such an emergency, but we didn't do it. We attempted to crawl under seats and through windows, and many forgot to hide their watches and money. Oh, it's easy enough to sit around a hotel and brag, but the man who refuses to acknowledge the potency of the drop the other fellow has on him is a bigger fool than I am. But I don't mean to be personal, no indeed."

And the quiet man looked apologetically about to see if he had hurt any one's feelings.—San Francisco Examiner.

### A DESPERATE YOUNG MAN.

The Rejected Suitor Carries Out His Awful Threat.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munn, with some anxiety in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't your Mr. Gasket here last night?"

"Yes, papa. Why do you ask?" "Did you and he have a quarrel?" "No, papa, not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?"

"Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed suicide?"

"What was your reply, daughter? Did you accept him?" "No, papa. Has his body been discovered?"

"Did you give him any encouragement whatever?" "No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or—"

"You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?" "Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. O, papa, isn't it awful?"

"Yes, it's awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done to-day."

"O, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?" "O, dear no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you." "But tell me what he has done, papa!" "He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Press.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Since the United States constitution was adopted, Massachusetts has been the birthplace of two presidents; New Hampshire, one; Vermont, one; New York, two; Pennsylvania, one; Virginia, seven; Ohio, four; New Jersey, one; North Carolina, three; Kentucky, one.

—Mr. Austia Corbin desires to plant 30,000 hawthorn trees on his great game park in New Hampshire. The trees have all been imported from England, and 4,000 have so far been set out. They are to serve as a hedge to retain the buffaloes and other large game within the limits of the preserve.

—The Gila monster, Heloderma horridum, is the only species of known poisonous lizard in the world. It is a native of the Gila river country in Arizona, and has seldom or never been seen at any great distance from the stream. The Indians of Arizona believe the spittle, or saliva and even the breath of the animal to be deadly poison.

—A curiosity was lately found in a boatload of lobsters brought from New Brunswick waters. The strange crustacean was of bluish-white—one of the rare and remarkable albino lobsters. It was sent to Washington, where it is to become a part of the exhibit of the United States fish commission. Only one other white lobster has been taken in these or any other waters.

—Among the other great things in this country the number of high mountains is a remarkable feature. There are 600 mountains in the United States, each exceeding 10,000 feet in height. The greatest number are found in Colorado and Utah. In Alaska there are five which each exceed 15,000 feet, and Mount Elias 18,500 feet high, is the loftiest peak in the United States territory.

—Ten miners in Pulman county, Cal., were descending a snow-covered mountain, dinner-pails in hand. Suddenly there was an avalanche, and the miners shot down the mountain with frightful velocity. In a few moments the snow-alde separated, five of the men going down a slope 700 feet long, and the others not halting until they had bounded over a precipice 30 feet high, and come to a stop unhurt after traveling fully 1,700 feet.

—In 1823 John Wilson went from Ireland to Missouri and took up his abode in a big cave in Miller county, about four miles south of Jefferson City. When John Wilson died he was buried in a smaller cave close by, with a "demijohn of the best liquor to be had" at his side. This smaller cave, on the Big Tavern creek, has never been opened, the local historian says, since John and his liquid treasure were sealed up in it.

—The flag used by the colonial troops during the first two years of the revolutionary war were of various designs. The New York forces used the orange, white and blue of their Dutch ancestors; the Connecticut regiments the three grapevines; some of the other New England troops the rattlesnake flag, and yet others, the pine tree flag, a modification of which had been used at Bunker Hill. The first flag used in naval warfare bore a black rattlesnake on a yellow ground, and was thrown to breeze by Commodore Hopkins early in 1776.

—Ask the average man what he thinks is about the average diameter of the funnels, or smokestacks, of the large Atlantic steamships, and he will most probably say somewhere between four and eight feet, the latter figure being put as the outside limit. And he will be about ten feet wide of the mark on every guess, for steamship funnels are the most deceptive things afloat. The funnels of the Etruria, which may be taken as a standard for the big liners, measure over eighteen feet in diameter. One of the leading engineering journals in the country is responsible for the measurement.

—Some New York dogs go out of town for summer vacations just as their masters and mistresses go, and not always with their masters and mistresses. An enterprising colored man has set up a summer resort for dogs in New Jersey, where the board is six dollars a month for big dogs and less for little ones. The keeper of the resort has a family of boys whose duty and pleasure it is to take the canine boarders swimming every day. Some member of the family calls for the dogs when they are to leave town and returns them to their urban homes when the vacation is over. The big dog of a famous actress spends his summer at the canine resort.

—In Noble county, W. Va., there is a fathomless sea, composed of salt water and oil, from which gas escapes with a tremendous roar. Twenty years ago a well was drilled there to the depth of 1,600 feet. Some years later water and gas escaped from the hole with great pressure, tearing out the tubing and cutting a cavern apparently hundreds of feet deep and forty feet in diameter. After it ceased to flow a farmer filled it up and built a barn over it, and again a few days ago a terrific report announced another explosion of the well, and water pouring out in abundance. In a single day the hole became fathomless and about forty feet wide.

### HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Dried Beef.—Take one-quarter pound of beef, put on in cold water and boil for a few minutes. Take off and chop. Make a dip of milk with a little thickening, a small piece of butter, add the meat and serve with toast. Very nice for breakfast.—Good Housekeeping.

—Whipped Cream.—Allow one quart of thick sweet cream for one dozen persons, set in a pan of cracked ice until very cold, then with an egg-beater beat, take off the top in a separate dish and beat again, taking it off as fast as it gets stiff; when all is whipped sweeten with fine sugar, and flavor with vanilla; serve in sherbet glasses.—N. Y. Observer.

—Barley Broth.—Put a pound of mutton or beef to cook with half a pound barley and four quarts of water, boil for an hour, then add a piece of cabbage, a turnip, a carrot, a piece of parsnip, an onion cut in two, some parsley and a few stalks of celery. Boil for an hour and a half, strain, season and serve. Add more water if too much boils away.

—Household Monthly.—One cup of cold salmon minced and mixed with an equal quantity of chopped celery. Line a dish with lettuce leaves, tuck into it the mixed salmon and celery, and over all pour a dressing made of two table-spoonfuls of oil, three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper. A mayonnaise dressing may be used, but with salmon the plain dressing is to be preferred.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Early Hour Biscuit.—Sift one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and two of baking powder. Add to this half an ounce of sweet butter and mix well together. Add milk (or water and milk) just sufficient to make a dough that can be handled. Dredge the dough-board, roll out the dough gently, dredge flour over the top, cut out with a cutter into biscuits, and place in the buttered pie-pan. Bake in a quick oven.—Detroit Free Press.

—Baked Lobster.—Take a lobster from the shell and cut it fine; chop a small onion very fine and add to it a sprig of parsley. Season it with pepper, salt and a little mustard. Put in all the coral and the juice of the lobster. Cut up a small piece of butter into bits and mix with it, and fill the shell part of the lobster with the mixture. Cover the top with bread crumbs and bits of butter; bake in the oven for fifteen minutes, and serve in the shell, garnished with parsley and hard-boiled eggs. This is delicious, and also makes a nice side dish.—Housekeeper.

—When linen has been stained with fruit juice of any kind, it should be immediately washed in hot water in which a little soda has been added. If the stains are of long standing and are very obstinate, draw the discolored fabric over a vessel filled with boiling water and allow it to become saturated with the steam; then, while it is held in this position, rub salts of lemon upon it until the stains are removed, place it in hot water and leave it to soak. If this does not avail, dip the stained part of the material in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and then wash it thoroughly with cold water. The lution must not be too strong, and the fabric should be allowed to remain in it for only a very short time.

### CHERRY PUDDING.

A Good Rule For Making a Pretty and Delicious Pudding.

A cherry pudding is one of the best fruit puddings we have. Wash and stew about a pint of cherries. Either the sour Morello cherry or the black Tartarian cherry is good for this purpose. Roll out a nice biscuit crust about half an inch thick, cut out a circle six inches in diameter, cover it thickly with cherries to within an inch of the edge, and scatter sugar over them. Put a circle of paste about four inches and a half in diameter over them, then a layer of cherries, leaving half an inch around the edge; then a circle of paste again about three and a half inches in diameter, then cherries again, and finally an apex of paste about two inches across. Steam this pudding on a plate for about two hours. Serve it with a hard sauce made of butter and sugar molded to the form of a pyramid, and crimped into beehive shape with a knife.

The best hard sauce for this pudding is made about as follows: Beat a quarter of a cup of butter to a cream. Add half a cup of sugar, stirring it gradually. Grate in half a nutmeg, and mold and shape it as described. Simple as this pudding sauce is, it is very often a failure because it is not properly put together, or the butter is not beaten to a cream, or the ingredients are measured with that sweet oblivion to rule and method which characterizes the work process of most housewives, and has been the greatest drawback to their work when they desired to put it in the mercantile field.—N. Y. Tribune.

### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Philadelphia funeral team did service at a wedding a few days ago, and the dozing driver allowed the horse to carry the bridal couple into the cemetery.

—Prof. Herkomer says that when he sent one of his first pictures to the Dudley Gallery an art critic thus noticed it in the press: "It represents an ugly girl choosing bad cabbage with an impossible background." He took a drawing to one of the principal publishing houses in London, and was advised to "study anatomy and eat more pudding."

—A quick courtship is chronicled by a Georgia paper. A man stopped at a house in Douglasville and asked a lady for a glass of water. When he had quenched his thirst he asked her if she was married or single. She replied widow. On which the man said he was a widower in search of a wife. "Walk in," answered the widow, "and we will talk the matter over." One hour later the twain were made one by the nearest minister.

—Sir Edward Watkin, of Channel-tunnel fame, is accustomed to say that the safest place in which to spend an hour or two is an express train on one of the main railways. This is confirmed by the fact that last year only four persons were killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom, whereas in the streets of London alone 147 deaths and 5,734 personal injuries resulted from accidental circumstances connected with vehicular traffic.

—A man living in Minneapolis has 8000 worth of wooden legs and arms and wears them all himself. His left arm and both legs are gone, and all but the stump of a thumb on his right hand. Yet he can write a good hand, gets about briskly and does more business than many a whole man.

—This story is told of the famous bandmaster, P. S. Gilmore: When a young man he engaged a room for a few nights, but was unable to sleep because of a piano in the next house, which was kept going all night long. A lady in the adjoining room to Gilmore also owned a piano. He borrowed it one night and found peace and quiet thereafter by simply playing. "I'm tired now, and sleepy, too."

—According to Rogers, the poet Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a sunstroke. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes, upon which the Hindoo rang the bell and said to the attendant who answered it: "Bring fresh glasses and sweep up your mistress."

—At the time of his retirement from active service, June 1st, Gen. David Sloan Stanley was commander of the department of Texas. He is a soldier of excellent record in the rebellion and on the frontier. He was graduated from West Point in 1835, and from 1855 until 1861, when he was promoted to a captaincy, he passed the greater part of the time in the saddle in the far west. In 1859 General Scott complimented him for a successful engagement with the Comanches.

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"Blodges has wonderful ability for keeping out of trouble." "Good natured?" "No, sprinter."—Washington Star.

—Surface—"Jan't Bighed rather young to be a cynic?" Rowley—"O, no! He has been graduated a year and the world hasn't recognized him yet."—N. Y. Herald.

—When she gave him her little hand He was so much in love. He little thought that every week 'T would need a brand-new glove. —Cloak Review.

—Belated Student—"Shee here, watchman (sic), can't open this door." Watchman—"Perhaps you will succeed better if you will try a key instead of that cork-screw."—Fleegende Blatter.

—Stranger—"Can you kindly inform me when the band begins to play?" Park Sparrow—"O! can. Shure 'o!m not diff. Wait here, an' when it strokes up, o! I'll key know."—Drake's Magazine.

—Mrs. Watts—"Mary Ann, these balloons seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her hair ralls are clean and smooth as glass." Mary Ann—"Yis mem. She has 'trec small boys."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What's the matter, Johnny?" called his mother. "Cramps," shrieked Johnny, doubled up with pain. "Ah, yes" (severely); "you've been in swimming, have you?" "No, ma'am; it's the other kind—green apples."—Chicago News.

—The Correct Pneumatic Tube.—Pneumatic tubes of clean straw seem to retain their flavor with the public during a heated term like this, in spite of exhausting scientific research for some better material.—Providence Journal.

—Carruthers—"Didn't you feel all broken up when I said confessed that you were the seventh man to whom she had been engaged?" Waite—"Not at all; the number was so lucky that I made a bee-line for a policy shop."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Weary Wife—"John, I do wish you'd tell me how your mother made plum-pudding; then, perhaps, I could suit you." John—"Why, she took some plums and stirred 'em up with pudding and baked it, that's all." Weary Wife—"But, John, real plum-pudding is boiled." John—"Why, of course. Mother always boiled it after she baked it."—Boston Transcript.

—She had a French gardener. What-over accomplishments he may have possessed in other ways, he was rather stupid about lawn duties. One morning his stupidity was beyond endurance. She told him, most emphatically what she thought of him, and dashed by saying: "Now, Francis, you can go. I'll not have you another day." He went, crestfallen, to the stables, where her husband chanced to be. He looked at the general thoughtfully for a minute, and then said: "Ah, general, I'm very sorry for you." "Why, what is the matter with me, Francis?" said the general. "Well, I can go, but you must stay."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.