

WENT THE OLD MAN WRECK.

They sit no more in the parlor, where they sat by the glowing grate. They sit no more in the twilight fair, as they swing on the old front gate. And the old man weeps, but his bitter tears bring never balm to his gait. It will cost him more for gates he fears, than it did last month for coal.

A THANKLESS CHILD.

How a Georgia Farmer lost Possession of His Broad Acres.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A suit brought in the Fulton Superior Court, Atlanta Ga., unveils a chapter of domestic life which illustrates anew the sorrow of King Lear when his children thrust him out.

One of the most prominent policemen of Atlanta is James Joseph Green. James was a dutiful boy in his younger years. His father is Pleasant B. Green, a substantial farmer, who resides thirteen miles from Atlanta.

When the cop from the city visited the broad acres of his sire he would look upon them with envious eyes. He at last made bold to suggest to his parents that as laws were uncertain and lawyers tricky, they might fulfill their own desires and save himself much trouble by signing to him the full title while they were yet in life.

Looking over his spectacles the elder Green simply responded, "Say, nay, my child, not yet."

Rebuffed once, twice, thrice, the son grew more importunate, while the father slowly softened so as to listen to his reasons. Finally a great grief overcame the father in the death of Mrs. Green, a veritable mother in Israel, whose remains were duly laid away by the designing son and the sorrowing husband.

The younger Green again proposed the signing of the deed. In his great reverence the elder Green felt that the shadows of death were closing around him; that his days were to be few because a deep-seated conviction. He met his son in the city by appointment. The two appeared at a notary's office, and the simple movement of a pen-point transferred the beautiful homestead to the son, the father reserving, however, the right to its use during his natural life.

As the funeral days receded into the past the old man's grief grew less poignant. In the smiles of a neighboring neighbor he felt that there was sunshine yet, even for an old man. Soon the two came to an understanding and it is said that the fury of Policeman Green was simply grand when the news was broken to him that a step-mother reigned in the paternal mansion. He at once notified his sire that he must vacate the premises or pay rent for them. An exclamation of the deed showed that the old man had signed an absolute fee-simple deed, and that the provision giving him life time use of it had been altogether omitted.

He now brings suit to enjoin the action of the son and asking for the cancellation of the deed on the ground of fraud. He alleged that the deed, as signed to him by the attorney, and which he supposed he was signing, was a totally different document from that which he now finds on the record. A temporary injunction was granted by Judge Hammond, and is set for hearing. The father went to his son and begged that the affair might be settled by letting him remain upon the farm during his lifetime, but the son, who had been harshly rebuffed by the young man, who told the father that it was now his turn.

Greene Smith's Birds.

A friend of the family told me last week that the Commissioners having charge of Central Park, in the city of New York, had lately exerted themselves to secure the transfer from Peterboro, N. Y., of the collection of stuffed birds left by the late Greene Smith. Of the value of this museum of ornithology there is no doubt. In the number of varieties, the skilled character of the taxidermy, and the arrangement and index of the specimens, it has not its equal anywhere in the world. The eccentric naturalist whose quick aim in all lands brought down the larger part of the birds he himself afterward is mounted, is said to have spent \$200,000 in its collection. The collection of humming birds alone is valued at \$60,000. Of the seventy or so specimens, Mr. Smith had obtained all but ten.

"Have you a complaint, madam?" said the judge, soothingly.

"I should say I had, judge," snapped the applicant. "I'll just tell what that brute Skinderson—I'm Mrs. Skinderson, more's the pity—what that brute Skinderson's been doing. Flesh and blood can't stand it no longer."

"Didn't beat you?" inquired his honor. "I should like to see him try it," said Mrs. S., with an indignant sniff. "It's a heap worse than that, Mr. Court, a heap worse. This morning I was talking with the aggravating thing for over two hours—just arguing with him, mind you, about a new paper for the party—when what do you suppose he did?"

"Tried to shoot himself!" hazarded the judge. "I just wish the brute had. No sir; the mean wretch rang for a district telegraph messenger boy, and when he came Skinderson lay down on the lounge and says, 'With one of those cold, tantalizing smiles of his, 'Mardra, I'm worn out now and I'm going to take a nap. Just wrangle with this boy for an hour or two, and when I wake up I'll relieve him. If he gives out meanwhile, just ring up another.'"

"I'm afraid you couldn't get a divorce on that," said the court reflectively. "Couldn't, eh?" cried the victim of a young girl's virtue.

Love without a desire is delusion. It does not exist nature. There is no game of chance more hazardous than marriage.

It is not always for virtue's sake that women are virtuous. Memory records services with a pencil injuries with a graver.

It is necessary to be almost a genius to make a good husband. Love is the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything.

The only secret a woman guards inviolably is that of her age. We quarrel with unfortunates to be exempted from pitying them.

The world ceases to be a pleasure when it ceases to be a speculation. He who pretends that he knows everything proves that he knows nothing.

Pleasures may come of illusion, but happiness can only come of reality. The duration of passion is no more in our power than the duration of life.

To enjoy reading is to transform wearisome hours into delightful ones. Marriage communicates to women the vices of men, but never their virtues.

Well, says Ephemera, what have you seen in all your travels? "Follies!" Philosophy teaches us to bear with calmness the misfortunes of our friends. The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it.

Reason is the torch of friendship; judgment its guide, tenderness its almit. Do you wish a portrait that is not flattered? Ask a woman to make one of her rival.

The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows. Our years, our debts, and our enemies are always more numerous than we imagine.

At fifteen, to dance is a pleasure; at twenty-five, a pretext; at forty a fatigue. The misfortune of those who have loved is that they can find nothing to replace love.

There is in hypocrisy as much folly as there is in a hypocrite to be honest as to appear so. Wit is a zero added to our moral qualities; but which standing alone, represents nothing.

To swear to love always is to affirm that two being essentially changeable will never change. The weaknesses of women have been given them by nature to exercise the virtues of men.

DE FINOD'S COMPILATION.

Flashes of French Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness.

Hope is a sarcasm. Woman is the heart of man. Love is the poetry of the senses.

Love begins too well to end well. Vows of love prove its inconsistency. If the young knew—if the old could! One wears delightfully with women. Who elevates himself isolates himself.

The morals of the world are only castistry. What a husband forbids, a wife desires. Coquetry is the desire to please without the want of love.

Love is a torrent that one checks by building a bed for it. The anticipation for pleasure often equals the pleasure itself.

We find nothing good in life but what makes us forget it. Homeliness is the best guardian of a young girl's virtue.

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A woman is a well served table that one sees with different eyes before and after the meal. Nothing is more difficult than to choose a good husband—unless it be to choose a good wife.

Women are happier in the love they inspire than in that which they feel; men are just the contrary.

The Terrible Sequel.

N. Y. Graphic.

Mr. Jones: "I'll stand it no longer, madam. I'll lie down on the bed and blow out my brains. Don't attempt to dissuade me, woman. I've made up my mind."

Mrs. Jones: "I don't want to dissuade you, heaven knows. But you ought to think of me a little. You might at least have the decency to drown yourself or take poison."

Mr. Jones: "Drown myself or take poison?" Mrs. Jones: "Yes. Just think how embarrassing it would be for me to have the coroner search all over the bedclothes and not find any brains. Just imagine what his verdict would be, and how that odious Mrs. Smith would say: 'I told you so.'"

Jones concluded to postpone the job. Stock Definitions.

Wall Street News.

What is a bull? A bull in a person who talks much of the prosperity of the country, the vast earning capacities of the railroads, the big crops out West; and then eats a ten cent sandwich for his dinner.

What is a bear? A bear is a person who talks much of the depressed condition, too many railroads, and that everything must go to smash. In the evening he occupies a front seat in the crack theatre of the town.

which secures to you the right of putting your money where you will never see it again.

What is a call? A call is an instrument of torture benevolently issued by a capitalist. The profits you thought you would make generally begin after it has expired. Brokers sometimes accept them as a margin.

What is a margin? A margin is a sum of money put up on your deal. It has a patent right for always growing smaller, and is related by marriage to a stoop order.

What is a stoop order? A stoop order is an electric machine used in firing you out of the market.

VISIT TO AN OSTRICH FARM.

The Success of a California Enterprise—Curious Use of Chinamen. Letter in Springfield Republican.

During our stay at Los Angeles we visited the ostrich ranch, some twenty miles below. It is the only one in the country. The place was started two or three years ago by a party of English capitalists who brought over thirty-two birds. Remote as they are now from their native wilds, they seem to flourish well, and the venture, begun at first under somewhat doubtful circumstances, is turning out a successful undertaking. These immense birds are kept in corrals. A common board fence, higher than the ordinary, surrounds each corral, and divides them. There is a space or open lane between the pens—a driveway for teams, and to carry food to the birds. They eat a wagon load of shells in one day, beside a large amount of coarse food, vegetables, alfalfa or clover-grass, etc. The cost of each is \$1,000, and their weight is from 300 to 400 pounds. They lay seventy-five eggs each year, and egg is valued at \$100. Their feathers are plucked twice a year, each plucking averaging \$300. The eggs weigh two and a half pounds. It requires four strong men to hold one of these birds while plucking their plumes. It seems a cruel process, and no wonder the birds resist so hard. They are savage and dangerous if attacked, and can only be handled after a sack or stocking leg has been drawn over the head. They drive them into a corner, and slip as quickly as possible behind them to draw the covering rapidly on—some feathers are pulled out easily, others are not, and one has to understand his business to prevent the bird from bleeding to death.

When the eggs are to be gathered a Chinaman is called into the arena. The ostrich seems to have taken a fierce dislike to the smile of the heathen Chinese, and is so taken up with his efforts to attack him that men slip in unnoticed and take possession of the eggs.

A Lightwood Knot.

The following bit of wit upon the part of a North Carolina girl comes to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia watering place.

Among the regular habitués is Colonel B., a well-respected, handsome old beau of uncertain age. His society record is brilliant, and through he has raised many hopes, yet season after season has ended and the Colonel has yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting as he does, in season and out of season, not only the bluest South Carolina blood but the most direct Huguenot descent.

During the past summer there appeared fitting about the broad piazza and through the long drawing-room a bright dashing girl from the "Land of the Sky." The Colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly, and the ambitious young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the Colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best and watched him closest were sure that he was on the eve of a victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty than ever before, and the poor ancestral Huguenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately, a bit of eavesdropping in the dim star-lighted seclusion of what the Colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza told the story of such woeful discomfiture that he fled the place within twenty-four hours afterward. He had evidently proposed in his pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

"But, I think—I am sure," said the Colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, "you do not understand; you do not appreciate, Miss, the honor that has been conferred upon you, that you so lightly disregard. I am a Huguenot of South Carolina!"

"Ah, Colonel, it is you who forgets," said Miss — with her most roguish smile. "You do not appreciate the honor to which you aspire. I am a Lightwood Knot of North Carolina!"

Told by the Fishermen.

The south branch of the Potomac is just now alive with black bass that take either the fly or live bait.

At Greenwood lake, N. Y., the bass are not taking the fly well this season, but the bait fishers are having excellent luck.

The largest Hugenote ever seen on the Jersey coast was taken near Seaville on Wednesday last. It weighed over 300 pounds, and measured 5 feet across the back.

Seventeen salmon, the largest weighing over 30 pounds, were recently taken in Nova Scotia waters, above Sherbrook, by Lawson B. Bell, of New York, and a friend.

A trout weighing a few ounces over 8 pounds, and 27 inches long, was taken with a fly in Lower Richardson Lake by F. H. Chappell, of New London, Conn. It took twenty-five minutes to land it.

A party fishing in Moosehead Lake, Me., saw a red squirrel swimming toward them. Coming to the side of the canoe it made two attempts to jump aboard, but failed. The paddle was extended toward it and the squirrel mounted it and came aboard. After running about the canoe he perched himself on the bow and then jumped into the water and swam ashore.

SENSIBLE THOUGHTS.

Large minds are rarely quick. Random thoughts bear a resemblance to wasteful flowers.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man. Hold on to your character, for it is, and will be your best wealth.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance than an inheritance without wisdom.

The world is a great book, of which they that stay at home only read a page.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanities or their vices.

Dignity is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

Good newspapers are the only paper currency that is worth more than gold and silver.

No compassion is felt for the author who denies sleep to himself to give it to his readers.

The necessities that exist are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.

The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always and doing good to others.

That good sense which nature affords us is preferable to most of the knowledge that we can acquire.

Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.

There are certain evils which cannot be overcome. We should make the best of them and not add to the burden of worry.

The more a man knows about a subject the greater will be his charity for, and sympathy with, views differing from his own.

Education will not create mind, but it will elicit and bring it out. It will moderate it, refine, correct, enlarge and invigorate it.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because friendship is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

What is done without passion is done coldly, what is done from passion alone you may have reason to repent of.

The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

If ultimate results would always be taken accurately into account we should, perhaps, find that, for the building up of character, the developing of all the manifold virtues, and the promotion of the world's best welfare, failure has in the long run succeeded infinitely better than success.

Agassiz and His Father.

A good story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist. His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations were spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know anything about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England, taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid—not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said, at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific savans of Europe belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much I have a fancy to try. There is under this cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was of course extinct. "Can you sketch for me on the black-board your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctor burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

Selected Brevities.

Think twice and speak once. An obstinate man does not hold opinions, they hold him. A man without ambition, is like dough without leaven in it to make it rise. The man who is always boasting of speaking his mind, usually has the least mind to speak. There is fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous passion stimulates another. The causes which start men upon their careers, are often seemingly the most slight, and casual. If a man has good health, it is unfair

NOBLESS OBLIGE.

If I am weak and you are strong, why then, why then, To you the braver deeds belong. And so, again, If you have gifts and I have none, If I have shade and you have sun, If yours with freer hand to give, Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand, With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook To turn the wheel; The strength of steel We do not ask from silken bands, Nor heart of oak in willow wands; We do not ask the wren to go, Davy Crockett of antelope know; Nor yet expect the lark's clear note From out the dove's dumb throat.

This wisdom's law, the perfect code, By love inspired; Of him on whom much is bestowed, Is much required. The tuneful throat is bid to sing, The oak must reign the forest's king; The rushing stream the wheel must move, The beaten steel its strength must prove. 'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes To face the midday skies.

A BALL AND A HAMMOCK.

The Two Playthings Cause the Daughters to Haug Their Modest Heads and Titter. Burdett's Ardmore Agonies.

The little Base Ball rolled under the tree and leaned up against a clump of white clover to rest.

"Well I am a little tired," he said, with the air of a man who is pretty well satisfied with himself and doesn't care who knows how smart he is. "I'm not very big in circumference, but I'm busy and 'get there in a way to astonish humanity."

"What have you done?" drawled the East India Hammock, languidly, making a lazy effort to swing a little in the evening breeze.

"Done?" said the little Base Ball scornfully. "What have I done? Since 2 o'clock I have been at it. I broke the short-stop's fingers, knocked the eye out of the catcher, skinned the pitcher's hands, doubled up the umpire twice, drove the wind clean out of the second base, broke six panes of glass and a woman's head in the school-house, and knocked a spectator cold. What have I done? I haven't laid around all day, a limp mass of protoplasmic network."

And he smiled in bitter triumph, as he thus displayed his college training.

"Never mind," drawled the Hammock, "do not be discouraged. You are beginning very well and will doubtless be able to accomplish something when you are older and have had more experience."

The little Base Ball, dumb with amazement, fairly burst its seams with wrath, but ere it could speak a strong man, weighing 264 pounds, sauntered under the tree and swung himself into the Hammock. It was all done so suddenly that the tree had no time to bark.

A swift movement of the Hammock, like the rotary whirl of a buzz-saw, a human form tossed into the air like a cork and hurled to the ground with a noise like the fall of a bale of hay on the deck of a wharfboat, and the little Base Ball was driven into the ground like a fly in a currant cake.

"Alas!" it said, in the tone of a crushed man, as it watched the moaning human limp painfully towards the hotel. "Alas! my pride is forever humbled. I will never again sneer at gentleness. I will never despise the hand of steel in the velvet gauntlet again."

His swinging comrade lay, heaved a mocking laugh. "Smilina similibus cur rarer," she said. "It is the mild power subdues."

A smothered sob, ending in a pitiful wail, was the only reply, and the strong tree laughed itself to hear the Base Ball's success.

The Match Trade.

The domestic match trade is suffering from the effects of foreign competition. When the internal tax on matches was removed the manufacturers were left without adequate protection. This seems like a singular statement, but it is nevertheless true, the internal revenue tax serving to discourage importations, because it compelled importers to invest large sums of money for stamps before they could put their wares in the market. The result was an increase of importation from \$2,234 worth in 1882 to upward of \$500,000 worth in 1884. A further result is the closing for an indefinite period of the largest Philadelphia match factory, and scores of idle mechanics. An appeal to Congress for higher duties will probably be ineffectual, as the match manufacturers invited popular disapproval by their course in keeping prices exorbitantly high when they had command of the trade.

Asking Questions.

"A Philadelphia hotel clerk philosophizes as follows: 'I have found in my quarter of a century experience behind the hotel desk a queer class of travelers, who are always expecting letters and telegrams, and yet have never been known to receive a single one. There is an important look about a fellow who registers to the register and puts his name down, and then with a pompous air inquires: 'Any letters for me?' He knows as well as the clerk does that he never expected any, but then it impresses the man behind the desk with the idea that he has a great man under his roof. I have seen guests who were in the habit of inquiring every couple of hours for letters; but they never received any. The business man steps up to the desk and waits for his letter to be handed him, or else inquires in a low tone of voice: 'Anything for me?'"

Obedience to the Scriptures Literally.

In obedience to what he considered a command, from God, M. J. Kinsley, a young shoemaker of Randolph, shockingly mutilated himself yesterday. Evidently he had been meditating on the lines, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," for he deliberately placed his right hand under a sole center in the shop where he was employed and allowed the die to fall and cut the hand completely off. He is only 21 years of age.

She Could Get Him Some.

"Have you any pleasant room to let?" inquired a man who was visiting the rural districts.

"Yes, sir," replied the hostess. "And fresh butter?"

"Yes."

"And good milk?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I think I will engage board; but by the way, have you any mataria here?"

"No; but I can get John to bring you some any time you want it."

FASHION NOTES.

Chantilly is the coming lace. Bonnets grow smaller, hats larger. Shot silks will be worn another season. The skirts of little girls' dresses grow longer.

The fall fabrics show spotted and sprigged designs. It is said that trained dresses will be worn again in the fall.

Fastidious women declare that lace is becoming too popular. There is a decided preference for yellow flowers at the moment.

Woolen braids, rosettes and bands trim many pretty seaside hats. Colored muslin and lawn toilets rival white for August wear.

The mother Hubbard bathing suit is suitable for slight figures only. Spanish laces are to be set aside for real old Chantilly, revived for fall wear.

Dark blue serge remains the favorite fabric for yachting and mountain suits. All little girls' dresses are made now with skirts that reach well below the knees.

Pretty checked taffeta lace skirts sell as low as 32 cents the yard in Twenty-third street.

The baby waist is worn by nine-tenths of the young ladies at Saratoga this summer.

The Marie Antoinette fichu of lace or muslin elaborately frilled with lace, is revived.

The three-cornered kerchief drawn a la paysanne over the shoulders is correct for country wear.

The jersey, in future, will take the form of a well-fitted corset, unlined, but shapely and well trimmed.

White and ecru serges, sprinkled with black or brown spots, are used for skirts of fall suits, with jersey waists.

Dust cloaks of gray alpaca or mohair may be cut either to fit the figure or like a raglan or a long round cloak with a cape.

Waistcoats of white pique or white corduroy are fashionably worn under the cutaway jackets of cloth traveling and utility suits.

The latest productions of the embroidery machine look more like lace than embroidery, and are in fact, fine specimens of point couppe.

White corduroy and white chevrot dresses are much worn at the seaside and mountain resorts this season on account of the unusually cool weather.

The Fedora bathing suit is the novelty in