

CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

Southern News.

Thieves broke into the Jacksonville (Fla.) jail and stole a lot of bacon.

Over one hundred mustang ponies were landed at Wilmington, N. C. last week.

The ice factory in Knoxville is turning over seven tons per day at one cent per pound.

The cotton caterpillar is putting in an appearance in various parts of Alabama, Louisiana and Texas.

Some of the Texas papers say it took 1,500 delegates five days to nominate a man the people didn't want.

A cotton mill with ten thousand spindles and employing two hundred hands will begin operations in Vance, S. C., in October.

The New Orleans Times advises the Crescent City people to lay in a supply of ice while it is only \$60 a ton, as next week it may be \$100 a ton.

The Raleigh News says this year's fruit crop is a yinterior, and it is probable that North Carolina will never again see the equal of that of 1877.

Page (Va.) Courier: There is a man living in Suwanooah county, who last year paid fourteen dollars dog tax and but seventy-five cents on all his other effects, the collector not being able to collect his capitation tax.

The colored race may be dying out in the south, but it is evidently flourishing in Berrien county, Ga. The News says that in Alabama the white population is rapidly decreasing, while the colored inhabitants are on the increase.

Montgomery Advertiser: Five sleepers containing refugees from New Orleans passed through the city last night. They are fleeing from the horrors of "yellow Jack," but this large number indicates there is a considerable exodus from the Crescent city.

Dallas (Texas) Commercial: The wheat throughout the country is much better than was anticipated, but the price offered is so small that farmers are quite blue. It is not enough to pay them for the raising. Cotton is looking well everywhere. Cotton and corn will be in abundance in the southern portion of the state.

Montgomery Advertiser: A negro was bitten by a dog yesterday, in several places, and the foolish mother, acting on the principle that "the hair of the dog is good for the bite," proceeded at once to fill the wounds with the dog's hair. Dr. Blue was summoned, and after an hour's work succeeded in having the hair taken out and other remedies applied.

Savannah has had a sad and sufficient experience in the yellow fever business, and is determined not to have it again if proper care and caution can prevent it. The sanitary condition of the city is represented as excellent. The quarantine regulations are more rigidly enforced than ever before. An improved apparatus is used for fumigating vessels from infected ports.

New Orleans Democrat: Crops are reported good throughout the State. The corn crop in every portion of the State is excellent, and one of the finest ever made. Rice also is in splendid condition, and an extraordinarily large crop is promised. In the sugar region the cane is everywhere reported several weeks ahead of last year. The weather has generally been good for cane, although a little rain is now desirable. Cotton is the only crop not in a promising condition.

From the fourth agricultural report for Georgia, we learn that from Bartow county there were shipped last year 225,000 pounds of dried apples and pears; from Macon county, 150,000; from Sumter and adjacent counties, 800,000 pounds; from Monroe 400,000 and from Upson 100,000 pounds. Many other counties give smaller, but respectable returns. The report says that a reliable gentleman states that his net proceeds from the shipment of peaches amounted to nearly \$8,000.

Miscellaneous.

London has seven hundred exhibitors at Paris.

Natchez is disinfecting and cleaning up with all her might.

A pair of twelve-year-old twin girls in Alabama weigh 182 and 162 pounds.

One man in North Carolina has shipped North this season 40,000 watermelons.

The western people say that lightning has never been known to strike a slated roof.

A few years ago Maine was the great lumbering state of the union, but now she is the sixth on the list.

Twelve years ago a poor man in Oakland, Cal., across the bay from San Francisco, pre-empted a long stretch of mud flats on the bay shore, erecting a shanty there and living in it. He has just been awarded \$90,000 gold coin for his twelve years' guardianship and his "squatter rights."

Vicksburg Herald: The Levee Board of Bolivar, Washington, Issaquena, and Sharkey counties has fixed the levee tax on cotton for this year at 1 cent per pound, or \$2 per bale. This is an immense tax. We believe the people of these counties are taxed higher than any other people on the face of the earth.

One of these Sunday-school teachers who are always desirous of drawing out the ideas of children, asked her class what they supposed Daniel said when he was

placed in the lion's den. One of her scholars, who has a practical turn of mind, answered, "Good-by! I'm a goner!"—[Norwich Bulletin.]

A California Mining Story.

Not many miles from Shasta City is the gulch, of which the following mining story is told: It is a pretty deep ravine, with rocks showing all the way up the sides. Gold in paying quantities had been found along the stream, but it seemed to disappear a few feet from the channel. One day, while a gang of busy men were toiling in the stream, a stranger, evidently green at mining, came along and leaned on ragged elbows to watch with protruding eyes the results of their toil. The miner nearest him took out a \$5 nugget, and the anxiety overcame the greenhorn. "S-a-y," he asked, "where can I go to diggin' to find it like that?" The hardy miner stopped his work, and giving the wink to all the boys, so that the joke should not be lost, pointed up on the barren rocks where no gold had ever been found. "Ye see that rough looking place?" "Yes, yes," said the new hand. "Well, that it is rich. Jes ye stake out a claim an' go ter work, an' when we finish here we'll come up, too." Then the new hand thanked the honest miner and the boys all grinned appreciation of the joke. That afternoon there was a solitary figure picking away on the slope and every time the miners looked up they roared with laughter. But about the next day the greenhorn struck a pocket and took out something like \$30,000 in a few minutes. Then, innocent to the last, he treated all around and thanked the miner who sent him up there, and took his money and went down into the valley and bought him a farm. Then the unhappy miners arose, leaving their old claims and dotted the hillside for many days. But there were no more pockets anywhere. The whole thing reads just like a traditional fairy story. But then I saw the gulch. Much more unbelievable things have happened in the mines.—[San Francisco Bulletin.]

The Salaries of Circus Men.

"How are the salaries of the performers in the equestrian profession, Mr. Barnum?"

"Well, I pay my best rider \$100 a day, Sunday included; that is \$700 a week. The leading lady equestrian gets \$300—they generally receive about \$150 to \$200 from other concerns. Paid riders get about—well, say from \$100 to \$125 per week."

"How are the acrobats and gymnasts, and that class of performers paid?"

"From \$50 to \$100 a week, according to ability and the danger of their performance. There are a great many of them to be had, always plenty on the market, but I always have the best."

"Do clowns receive—?"

"Clowns always command good salaries, and a really first-class clown is worth from \$150 to \$175 per week, and some, such as Ted Almonte—poor Ted—who died recently, was earning more in the season."

On advertising he was quite sane: "Ah!" said the great showman, with half a sigh, advertising is a heavy drain, but then if I didn't advertise I wouldn't make anything. My pictorial printing this year has already cost me \$43,000, but my newspaper bills in a season amount to a great deal more. My expenses on my trip three years ago amounted to \$650,000, and in that year in six months the profit was \$50,000."

Small Change in California.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: "Just now there is a curious mosaic of customs in California in respect to change. In early times no miner or business man expected to give or take the exact change. Anything less than a quarter was too insignificant for a Californian to recognize. A New York newspaper was sold at two bits. A quarter of a dollar was recognized as change. Finally a dime came to be recognized as small change, although it was very hard for the Forty-niner to come down. He was willing to sleep in his blanket and do his own cooking, but to recognize small change was too much for him. In time the 5-cent piece made its appearance. It was an honest silver coin, and was gaining ground rapidly. But after a while a 5-cent nickel made its appearance—a base, bastard coin, well calculated to excite contempt. There are now two usages in this State—one of which is of pioneer times, and the other of more modern date. One discards any less sum than a dime, and on all small transactions will take fifty per cent. additional rather than make the exact change. The other recognizes that an article sold for a dime is not fifteen cents, and that it is not honest to take it."

Excellence of Oat-Meal.

Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oat-meal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheaten bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students the University—a very numerous class and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them, the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oat-meal porridge.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

ARLEAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Dim shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair they climb. The cloudy vault that upward leads to where the closed portals shine. Round about the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward, hand in hand, and some, with weary step and slow, look back where their beloved stand; Yet up the misty stair they climb, and lead on by the Angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that floods the very air, the shadow from within of the great glory hidden there: And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals close one more, the halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door: The joy that lightens them from that place shines still upon the watcher's face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music seems to fill the silent air with love and fear, and the world's slumbers all grow still: Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on in pain.

Complain not that the way is long,—what road is weary that leads there? But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty stair: And thou wilt hearing heart await the opening of the Golden Gate.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

My name is Hunt. Yes, sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a settler on this western prairie. Wilds! Yes, sir; it's little else than wilds now, but you should have seen it when I and my wife first moved up here. There was not a house within sight for miles. Even now we have not downright good ones. To appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must live in these lonely places, so far removed from the haunts of man.

What I am about to tell of happened ten years ago. I was going to the distant town, or settlement, to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures, sir, as ever you saw. The journey was a more rare event with me than it is now; and my wife had always plenty of commissions to charge me with in the shape of dry goods and groceries, and such like things.

Our young child was a sweet little gentle thing, who had been named after her Aunt Dorothy. We called the child Dolly. This time my commission included one for her—a doll. She had never had a real doll; that is, a bought doll; only the rag bundles her mother made for her. For some days before my departure the child could talk of nothing else—or we, either, for the matter of that—for she was a great pet, the darling of us all. It was to be a big, big doll, with golden hair and blue eyes.

"What a very great big doll, please, daddy," she called out to me; "and please bring it very soon."

I turned to nod a "yes" to her as she stood in her clean white-brown pinafore against the gate, her nut-brown hair falling in curls about her neck and the light breeze stirring them.

"A brave doll," I answered, "for my little one—almost as big as Dolly."

Nobody would believe, I dare say, how full my thoughts were of that promised doll, as I rode along, or what a nice one I meant to buy. It was not often I spent money in what my good, thrifty wife would call waste; but Dolly was Dolly, and I meant to do it now.

The cattle sold, I went about my purchases, and soon had no end of parcels to be packed in the saddle-bags. Tea, sugar, rice, candles—but I need not weary you, sir with telling of them, together with the calico for shirts and nightgowns, and the delaine for the children's new frocks. Last of all, I went about the doll, and found a beauty. It was not so big as Dolly, or half as big; but it had flaxen curls and sky-blue eyes; and by dint of pulling a wire you could open or shut the eyes at will.

"Do it up carefully," I said to the storekeeper. "My little daughter would cry sadly if any harm comes to it."

The day was pretty well ended before all my work was done; and, just for fun or amusement, I hesitated whether I should not stay in the town and start for home in the morning. It would have been the more prudent course. But I thought of poor Dolly's anxiety to get her treasure, and of my own happiness in watching the rapture in her delighted eyes. So with my parcels packed in the best way they could be, I mounted my horse and started. It was as good and steady a horse as you ever rode, sir; but night began to set in before I was well a mile away from the town; it seemed as if it were going to be an ugly night, too. Again the thought struck me—should I turn back and wait till morning? I had my brace of sure pistols with me, and decided to press onward.

The night came on as dark as pitch, and part of the way my road would be pitch dark beside. But on that score I had no fear; I knew the road well, every inch of it, though I could not ride so fast as I should have done in the light. I was about six miles from home, I suppose, and I knew the time must be close upon midnight, when the storm which had been brewing broke. The thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents; the best I could do was to ride onward in it.

All at once, as I rode on, a cry started me; a faint, wailing sound, like the cry of a child. Reining up, I sat still and listened. Had I been mistaken? No, there it was again. But in what direction I could not tell. I couldn't see a thing. It was, as I have said, as dark as pitch. Getting off my horse, I felt about, but could find nothing. And while I was seeking, the cry came again—the faint moan of a child in pain. Then I began to wonder; I am not superstitious, but I asked myself how it was possible that a child could be out on the prairie at such an hour and in such

a night. No; real child it could not be. Upon that came another thought—one less welcome: Was it a trap to hinder me on my way and ensnare me? There might be midnight robbers who would easily hear of my almost certain ride home that night, and of the money I should have about me.

I don't think, sir, I am more timid than other people—not as much so, perhaps, as some; but I confess the idea made me uneasy. My best plan was to ride on as fast as I could, and get out of the mystery into safe quarters. Just here was about the darkest bit of road in all the route. Mounting my horse, I was about to urge him on, when the cry came again. It did sound like a child's—the plaintive wail of a child nearly exhausted.

"God guide me!" I said, undecided what to do. As I sat another moment, listening, I once more heard the cry, fainter and more faint. I heard myself off my horse with an exclamation.

"'Tis that ghost or be it robber, Anthony Hunt is not one to abandon a child to die without trying to save it."

But how was I to save it? how find it? The more I searched about the less could my hands light on anything, save the sloppy earth. The voice had quite ceased now, so I had no guide from that. While I stood trying to peer into the darkness, all my ears alert, a flood of sheet lightning suddenly illumined the plain. At a little distance, just beyond a kind of ridge or gentle hill, I caught a glimpse of something white. It was dark again in a moment, but I made my way with unerring instinct. Sure enough, there lay a poor little child. Whether boy or girl I could not tell. It seemed to be three parts insensible now, as I took it up, dripping with wet, from the sloppy earth.

"My poor little thing!" I said, as I brushed it to me. "We'll go and find mammy. You are safe now."

And in answer the child just put out its feeble hand, moaned once, and nestled close to me.

With the child hushed to my breast I rode on. Its perfect sense soon showed me that it slept. And, sir, I thanked God that he had let me save it, and I thought how grateful some poor mother would be! But I was full of wonder for all that, wondering what extraordinary fate had taken any young child to that solitary spot.

Getting in sight of home, I saw all the windows alight. Deborah had done it for me I thought, to guide me home in safety through the darkness. But presently I knew that something must be the matter, for the very few neighbors who had been gathered there. My heart stood still with fear. I thought of some calamity to one of the other of the children. I had saved a little one from perishing, but what might not have happened to my own.

Hardly daring to lift the latch, while my poor tired horse stood still and mute outside, I went slowly in, the child in my arms covered over with the flap of my long coat. My wife was weeping bitterly.

"What's amiss?" I asked in a faint voice. And it seemed that a whole chorus of voices answered me: "Dolly's lost!"

"Dolly lost!" Just for a moment my heart turned sick. Then some instinct, like a ray of light and hope, seized upon me. Pulling the coat off the face of the child I held, I lifted the little sleeping thing to the light and saw Dolly!

Yes, sir. The child I had saved was no other than my own—my little Dolly. And I knew that God's good angels had guided me to save her, and that the first flash of the summer lightning had shone just at the right moment to show me where she lay. It was her white sunbonnet that had caught my eye. My darling it was, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

Dolly, anxious for her doll, had wandered out unseen to meet me in the afternoon. For some hours she was not missed. It chanced that my two elder girls had gone over to our nearest neighbor's, and my wife, missing the child just afterward, took it for granted she was with them. The little one had gone on and on, until night and the storm overtook her, when she fell down frightened and utterly exhausted. I thanked heaven aloud before them all, sir, as I said that none but God and his holy angels had guided me to her. It is not much of a story to listen to, sir. I am aware of that. But I often think of it in the long nights, lying awake; and I ask myself how I could bear to live on now, had I run away from the poor little cry in the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp, and left my child to die.

Yes, sir, you are right; that's Dolly out yonder with her mother, picking fruit; the little trim light figure in pink—with just the same sort of white sunbonnet on her head that she wore that night ten years ago. She is a girl that was just worth saving, sir, though I say it; and God knows that as long as my life lasts I shall be thankful that I came home on that night instead of staying in the town.

Room at the Top.

Never fear, young man; never falter. Press forward with living courage burning in your heart; "these're room at the top." No. 2849, five stories beyond the elevator, right under the tin roof, thermometer 129° in a cool place, no fire escape, no bell, no water in the pitcher, only one towel and no soap, and the only window in the room opening into a dark hall. Yes, young man, there is always room at the top, and the dustier you are, and the more weary and travel worn you look, the more absolutely certain is the clerk to send you there.—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

ICED TEA.

The Perils that Linger in the Distance Around the Cooling Beverage.

[From the Burlington Hawkeye.]

Singular enough, science has not yet permitted people to enjoy this cool, delightful beverage simply because its taste is grateful to the wearied system during this scorching weather. We must do our duty, though science may shrink from it, and the people may cry out against us. There is danger in iced tea, and, if you would live long and well, shun the cooling cup. We have not the space to devote to an extended discussion of the matter, and can only cite a few instances from a long series of carefully made experiments, which can not fail to carry conviction to the most incredulous mind.

On June 10, of this year, John C. Hempstead, of West Hill, began to drink iced tea at dinner and supper. He kept up this practice for nearly three weeks, and then one day, going down the Division street steps, he slipped and fell, abrading the skin on both legs, and running a silver into the ball of his thumb so far that it made his teeth ache when he pulled it out. His clothes were also considerably torn. When he went home that evening he learned that his eldest boy had been whipped at school for sticking a pin as far through another boy as the head would let it go. He was warned to quit drinking iced tea, but he persisted in the practice, and is now sleeping in the valley, between West and North Hill, where he lives, and says he never felt so well in his life, but may be he lies about it.

Henry Esterfeldt, of Eighth street, drank iced tea regularly every summer for three years. He noticed that, after drinking it about two months, his boots began to run over at the heel. He persisted, and one Sunday afternoon, while he was out driving, his horse ran away and smashed \$17 out of a borrowed buggy. He paid the money, but neglected the warning. He went on drinking iced tea, and in less than six weeks some one poisoned his dog. These statements can all be verified by writing to Mr. Esterfeldt, who is now living in Kansas City, the father of eleven children, all of whom inherit their father's vice.

A young woman who did plain sewing in this city, while employed in the family of Ralph Henderson, of Maple street, became addicted during the summer to the use of iced tea. She soon ran a sewing-machine needle through her thumb, and for many days, whenever she picked up a cup of iced tea, a sharp pain ran through her thumb. She refused to obey the warning, however, and in six weeks she was carried away. The man who carried her away married her first, and they are now living in Sagetown.

Last week, at the beginning of the heated term, two eminent scientific gentlemen of Burlington took a strong, healthy black-and-tan dog and immersed him in a tub of pure cistern water, into which a weak solution of iced tea had been poured. They held the dog's head under the water fifteen minutes, although he struggled violently; thus showing the natural and instinctive aversion to a substance which intelligent human beings blindly and eagerly drink, and when the gentlemen took him out of the tub he was quite dead. If a teacupful of iced tea in a tub full of water will kill a dog, think for yourselves what must be the effect of a strong, undiluted cup of this deception upon the system of a weak woman.

Last summer a lumber puller in the employ of F. T. Parsons & Co., of this city, declared that he could live on iced tea. Before he had time to go up to his boarding house, however, he fell off the raft upon which he was at work, and drowned.

A single drop of iced tea poured upon the tongue of a living rattlesnake will produce the most startling effect, instantly causing the man who administers it to fly for his life, and his life will be in imminent danger, unless he distances the snake before the first turn.

Eleven grains of strychnine mixed in a teaspoonful of iced tea will kill the oldest man in America.

These instances and facts might be multiplied by scores. We have said enough, however, to warn every person of the danger that lies in the tempting goblet of iced tea. If suffering and death ensue from its continued use, the Hawkeye feels that it has done its duty and washes its hands of all responsibility in the matter.—[Hawkeye.]

Astonishing Feat of Oriental Magic.

And now comes the most astonishing trick of all, which has a touch of tragedy to give it a more piquant flavor. I shall tell it in the quaint language of the old chronicler, somewhat abbreviated. After describing very vividly the basket-murder trick, which is well known in India, he says: I am now about to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands under my own eyes. One of the party took a ball of cord, and grasping one end, threw the other up in the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and was soon out of sight. I stood, full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this, when, lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up and threw it into a basket. A moment after a hand came down, and immediately on that another leg. And in a short time all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and

were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all we saw come down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them all out again tippy-turvy. And straightway I saw with these eyes all those limbs creep together again and in a short time form a whole man, who stood up and walked about without showing the least damage! Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by the help of the devil.

It is a good plan, if any one has anything marvelous to relate, to tell first what he has seen himself, and afterward what may have come to him at second-hand. The old missionary Jesuits in India and China relate with holy horror the magic arts of the sorcerers which came under their own observation, and lament that some credulous princes, who had been converted to Christianity, should still allow diabolic tricks to be played upon them. As for instance, goblets of silver to be removed from one end of a table to another without hands, and heavy articles of furniture to dance about the room as if possessed of demons. This was many centuries before the development of modern spiritualism, and these sincere and pious old monks would be shocked at seeing tables tipped, banjos banged, fiddles fly through the air, and bells rung in cabinets when the evil "spirits" were supposed to be tied hand and foot.

A Miraculous Corner at the Paris Exhibition.

[Paris Correspondence of the Boston Journal.]

In a corner of the immense French section, not far from the "Gallery of Labor," is the group devoted to a branch of industry in which the French are masters, and which is constantly observed by laughing crowds. It is the spot of all others to which a dyspeptic visitor to the exhibition should first go. There the ingenious Gaul has shown what he can accomplish in making toys for children. Surely there never was so ingeniously expended before upon such little matters. In the room stands a little theatre, on the stage of which an orchestra of monkeys richly costumed, perform a selection of pieces of music. These automatons are almost astonishing enough to make one believe in the black art. The leader gesticulates from time to time, then addresses himself with true artistic earnestness to his violin, and his musicians play with feeling and taste which might well make the Tziganes envious. In a miniature pond near by a woman, dressed in a handsome bathing costume, is swimming. Were it not for the Liliputian proportions of this rival of Boynton and Webb, it would be almost impossible to imagine that it is not a human being. Beneath a wide spreading oak are seated half a dozen pretty girls, dressed in the ravishing costume of Louis Fourteenth's time. Beside them is a young cavalier, who salutes them civilly, then hands them a basket, from which they take the provisions necessary for a picnic. It is magic you are inclined to say; yet it is really nothing but mechanism. Pass a little further on and you see a fragment of the Jardin d'Acclimation. The animals are shown engaged in eating, in nourishing their young, in soliciting food from visitors; the toy elephant slowly moves his trunk through the grating, takes a toy cake from a girl's hand, eats it, flaps his huge ears in token of satisfaction, and passes out his trunk for "more." The giraffe cranes his neck and looks out comically upon you. A sorcerer could do no more. This mechanical world is as natural as the real one. And the doll-houses! And the armies marching, countermarching, storming fortifications and firing mimic cannon! Verily, one can not help recalling the remark which the satiric Voltaire put into the mouth of his prince of Babylon. "The French are the children of the good God; I love to remain here and play with them." By no means forget the top corner at the exhibition. Volumes might be written about it."

Off the Beach at Long Branch.

The sand shark is sometimes hooked when not wanted, and, when wanted, not hooked. He is larger than the drum fish, and will singly fight any number of his sturdy opponents. Fishermen declare the sand shark as harmless to man, refusing live or dead bodies as food, while his relative, the deep water shark, prefers human flesh, dead or alive, to all other food. As, however, this sand shark has teeth and mouth very much like his more formidable kin-fish, I prefer to keep out of his way. I have met them several times with centre fin erect swimming with the power and velocity of a small steam tug. All sharks, when cruising, show their upper middle fin, and some sailors call them "bottle" or "warning flags." Sailors have the highest opinion of their fighting qualities, as they say that frequently the ocean seems to boil when one of these sharks gets into a serious tussle with his less formidable finny neighbors, and that invariably this monster sails off with fin erect, apparently unharmed, while numerous wounded or dead fish float in the vicinity of the aquatic battlefield.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

A little three-year-old girl who volunteered to say grace at the table did so as follows: "Oh, Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and papa and gampa"—and here, casting up her eyes to her grandfather in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying "Behave yourself, gampa—for Christ's sake. Amen."

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

Kissing.

There's a jolly Sixton proverb That is pretty much like this: That a man is to be loved When he has a woman's kiss. But there's danger in kissing, And the sweetest may forsake it—So I tell you, bashful lover, If you want a kiss, why take it. Never let another fellow steal a march on you in this; Never let a laughing maiden see you spelling for a kiss. There's a royal way of kissing, And the jolly ones who make it Have a motto that is wondrous: If you want a kiss, why take it. Any fool may face a cannon—Anybody wear a crown—But a man must win a woman If he'd have her for his own. Would you have a golden apple, You must find a tree and shake it. If a thing is worth the having, And you want it, don't forsake it. Who would burn upon a desert With a forest growing by? Who would give his sunny summer For a black and wintry sky? Oh, I tell you there is magic, And you cannot, cannot break it For the sweetest part of loving Is to want a kiss—and take it.

Many men find plenty of time to do a mean act, who are unable to spare a moment to perform an act of charity.

Servants are companions in Germany, obedient in England, masters in France, respectful in Italy, submissive in Spain.

Gentlemen (log.): "I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg. Look at it."

"Don't look very nice at that end, sir, I must say. Try the other."

My dear friend, as strange as it may seem to you, mankind had rather see you fail than succeed, because they had rather pity than admire.—[Josh Billings.]

The New York Herald figures up the number of American tourists who have gone to Europe this season at twenty thousand, and the season is not over.

The college youth who graduated last week with the expectation of starting out in the world and being a statesman, next month will be in vain looking for a job to run a soda fountain in a second-class drug store.

There is a girl in Santa Barbara with such a big mouth that the other day, when she smiled at a fellow on the street, a kind-hearted little boy exclaimed with great earnestness, "Look out, miss, your lid's coming off!"

The argumentum ad—"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house all marble, and de back gate chiefly sloop barl, sah."

Unknown Prevaricator: Scene in a restaurant somewhere: "Waiter!"

"Sir?"

"Your stew is horrible."

"How, sir?"

"This mutton tastes like goat."

"And you object to that?"

"Certainly I do."

"But, sir, the cook chose mutton tasting like goat, because the customer can thereby always be sure that he is not eating dog."

It has been ascertained that a book agent can be won by kindness. One day recently a West Hill man tried it on one of them. He beat him with a bludgeon and broke his arm, poured kerosene over his clothes, and set fire to it, shot him through the lungs and locked him up in a room with a mad dog, and the agent, deeply affected, whispered through the keyhole that as soon as the dog got through with him, he'd let him have a copy of "Moody's Anecdotes" for sixty-five cents, which was thirty per cent off.—[Hawkeye.]

Portuguese Courtship.

The young men of Portugal have one occupation more important than wearing tight boots, and which almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest forms of love known among men. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections; while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper window, and there the matter ends. They are not within speaking distance