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A Lay of Eggs.

A worldly wise egg-bearer laid a nest chock
full of eggs,
Then rising from her eggery, stood erect upon her pegs,

Eggs-uitantly eggs-claiming as to what she'd
been about,
While chanticleer in echo said "an eggs-cellent lay out."

"A good eggs-ample," biddy said "for others' " imitation,
"Eggs-actly" chorused all the brood, in one
grand cackle-ation.

Then chanticleer broke in again, with shrill
"Eggs-cel-si-or,"
In cock-a-doodle lingo, heard anear and
known afar.

And then again, with flapping wings and air
of eggs-aitation,
He eggs-ceeded all authority in a sweeping
eggs-clamation,

Which these eggs-centric lines, in rhyme, but
feebly may eggs-press,
Said that he on eggs-cursion was full to an
eggs-cess.

Eggs-citedly eggs-plaining his eggs-traordinary eggs-hibition,
Eggs-plicitly, eggs-ulting and assuring eggs-
pedition,

In eggs-tracting from this one eggs-ert an
eggs-citing chicken match,
For biddy, in eggs-pectancy, would eggs-plicate and hatch.

Then they went to "counting chickens," thus,
one, and two, and three,
One egg, one chick, two eggs, two chicks, as
many as may be.

But farmer Brown in eggs-tacy came across
this eggs-tra nest,
And eggs-tradited all the eggs,—the reader
knows the rest.

—Good Housekeeping.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"Where's Dorothy?" said a bright little fellow. "I've been to the mail and have a letter for her."

"Oh, she's in her studio, drawing or engraving or something. She's always busy," answered the mother pleasantly, adding, "when you come back I'll have a bag of cookies ready for you."

"Thank you. Can't I take them now?" said the boy eagerly.

"No, I don't like to have crumbs scattered over the house, and so I always give my cookies to boys who are willing to eat out doors."

"They are so nice. Most any boy would do that, Mrs. Porter," said the little fellow, as he ran away, quite unconscious that his petite little speech had earned for him an extra supply of cookies.

Now, as we can't eat Mrs. Porter's goodies, we will go with Bertie to the studio.

"Good morning, Bertie."

"Here's a letter for you, Dorothy."

"Thank you, you are very kind to go to the office so often for me."

The boy looked a little abashed, felt a great desire to whistle, then thought [illegible] to Dorothy forgiven the letter he remembered the cookies and disappeared.

Dorothy is busy, and we will glance at the studio. Every studio is artistic, so we suppose this one is. In an immense jar the mullein rears its esthetic head. I hope you all know why mulleins have become artistic. It's because when you go to the place where you know the cat-tails are, they are always gone.

To continue our description. Near by in a vase (you can pronounce that word any way you please now) the cotton blooms nod their greeting, and just above them the feathered clematis tells of early Fall. There are pictdres and tools scattered everywhere, and neutral tints subdue the gorgeous reds and yellows, which win alike the admiration of the artist and darkey. I suppose you know now just how that room looked, and what is the use of my telling you any more?

Dorothy hasn't paid the least attention to you and suddenly she laughs, a laugh that is all fun. When Dorothy has only Dorothy for company that's the kind of a laugh she always laughs, and that's the kind I like to hear. Now I am going to tell you about that letter, and why Dorothy is so amused.

In the first place you must know that Dorothy is a very uncommon girl, and belongs to a remarkable family, and this man who has been writing to her (for of course you haven't been simple enough not to suspect it was a man) belongs to another branch of the same family, and Dorothy thinks he must be very remarkable, although she has never seen him. He has written to her five or six time asking questions about her ancestors; he says he is going to write a book about the family and perhaps he is. I don't know as much about him as I do about Dorothy. His letters have been very business-like, with a gleam of fun once in a while. This one says:

"FEB. 17, 1883.

"DEAR MISS PORTER: Please send the date of your grandfather's death; also date of your great-grandmother's marriage. I have mislaid the inscriptions on the tombstones of the Pepperill branch; can you send a copy of them to me? Yours truly,

R. P. HUTTON.

"P. S.—You might consider this a valentine.

R. P. H."

Dorothy goes to an old-fashioned secretary, and with a smile lighting up every feature, writes:

"DEAR MR. HUTTON: Allow me to thank you for your poetic and tender epistle. I would not mention for the world that it was written some days after St. Valentine makes his annual visit. I would simply endeavor to appreciate the beauties of its diction. Had it been a business letter your questions would have been answered at once as it is, I believe the St. wishes them left unanswered through the year. Sincerely,

DOROTHY PORTER."

Dorothy posted her letter and thought of Mr. Hutton. I suppose you think I'm going to tell you just what she thought, but I'm not; that's for you to imagine. I'll mention that although she stayed in her studio all day she seemed to accomplish very little. Dorothy always does things thoroughly, and when she muses she does it as she paints, with a great deal of vim.

"I never saw Dorothy so interested in the post office," said Mrs. Porter. "She has been once or twice herself when we were not expecting a letter from anybody in particular."

Even mothers don't always understand girls, not but that I always understand mine.

In a day or two Dorothy's answer came. Don't let's be so ceremonious. I am so anxious to read it that I'll peep over her shoulder, and nobody'll see me but the mulleins, and they are country things. I am not a bit afraid of them.

"DEAR MISS PORTER: I don't know whether to be displeased at your note or not. In one point of view it compels a very busy man to write an unnecessary letter; in an other it affords an additional opportunity to hear from a very bright correspondent. I most humbly apologize for the levity of my postscript, and on my bended knees ask for an answer to my question."

Here Dorothy turned over the letter before I had finished reading it (strange how inconsiderate some people are!) and all I could see was:

"P. S. As you take this part of your letter most seriously to heart, please consider the above a business document of the highest importance requiring prompt attention.

R. P. H."

Now what there was in that letter that I didn't see might have been the most important of anything in it, and the most provoking part of it all is that I have some affairs of my own that I must attend to, even if I don't watch Dorothy. But this morning, after I had gone home, I happened to see among the news items in the *Gazette* that

"Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hutton are at the Vendome for a few days."

Alack! alack! then he's married after all, and Dorothy in her studio is thinking too much about him. What shall I do? I think a minute, and then pick up the paper and fold it so that his name can easily be seen, and then I slip into the studio while Dorothy has gone to speak to her mother, lay it near the easel, and hide behind the door. Now I don't like hiding behind doors, but how should I ever know whether Dorothy read that paper or not if I didn't?

Well, Dorothy came back and sat down at her easel without ever glancing at the paper. She was greatly interested in a bit of woodland, she was sketching, and worked for an hour without stopping. How my poor legs did ache standing there afraid to move! For Dorothy can't bear anything that's mean, and, if she found me, she'd never speak to me again.

Oh, dear, I feel as the boys do in school who shy spit balls at the studious ones. I'd be willing to do anything to stop such amazing and ill-timed industry. There, she's beginning to bite the end of her pencil. I think she's going to stop. Yes, her eye has caught the paper, and she takes it up and reads that item about "Mrs. Hutton" aloud.

"Dear me," she says quietly, "I had no idea he was married." Then without a frown, or a sigh, or another word, she falls to work again, and draws for another hour. My poor legs! I shall drop! All my sympathies, too, wasted on that heartless girl. She deserves to be an old maid and I hope she will be. What on earth can I do! The children will be at home from school, and no dinner ready. It must be 12, and I've stood here two good hours.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, come out for a race," cries Bertie at the open window.

"Blessings on thee, barefoot boy," answers Dorothy, and starts.

I start, too, and rush home to find my hungry children. House is empty! Have they gone back to school? I glance at the clock. Ten o'clock. Mercy on me, have I only been gone fifteen minutes and suffered all these agonies!

Now I suppose you will say I am a very imaginative person, and you won't listen to anything more that I have to say. Well, I can't tell you any more about Dorothy, for my brother Isaac has come, and he says that his wife is sick, and he wants me to go and spend the Winter with them and shut up my house. I've decided to go, for Dorothy isn't worth watching, she is so cold hearted. No sentiment about her at all.

(Six months later.)

Isaac's wife is a dreadful feeble thing, and I was so busy I didn't have time to think much about Dorothy. But in the Spring, Isaac went over to see if the house was all right, and he said there was a young fellow courting Dorothy. He said he called on Mrs. Porter, and saw the young man himself, said Mrs. Porter called him Roy, but his last name was Dutton.

"Hutton, you mean," cried I. "Roy Hutton. R. P. Hutton. I must go home and see about it. It is a wicked shame; that girl is deceiving her mother, and the man has one wife already."

"Nonsense," said," Isaac; "have you ever seen him?"

I didn't take much notice of Isaac, but left the children and started home.

I opened the house and made myself comfortable, and then dropped in to see Mrs. Porter. I hadn't been there more than ten minutes before Mrs. Porter said:

"I suppose you know Dorothy is engaged?"

"I should think she'd be ashamed," said I, getting angry, "to engage herself to a man that has one wife already, but I suppose they'll live in Utah."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Porter, turning red in the face like a turkey gobbler.

"Why," said I, very loud. "Dorothy knows he's married; she saw about his wife in the paper" I wasn't going to be put down by Mrs. Porter, not I.

"I don't believe one word of it!" cried Mrs. Porter.

"Ask Dorothy," said I, thinking that would convince her.

Then Mrs. Porter was mad, and how she did talk. She told me that I was a meddlesome gossip, interfering with other people's business instead of staying at home to take care of my children, and—well just at that moment Dorothy and Roy came in, and Dorothy looked from one to the other and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Why, this—woman here," said Mrs. Porter, as if she could think of nothing quite contemptuous enough to call me, "says that Roy is married, and that you know it."

"You have made some queer mistake," said Dorothy, as pleasantly as possible. "Won't you tell us all about it?"

I was so thunderstruck at the way that Dorothy took it that I could not say a word.

"Come, come, I want to know when I married and whom?" said the young man, laughing.

"You ought to know," said I indignantly, "I'm sure I don't. I saw in the paper about Mrs. R. P. Hutton staying at the Vendome, and I knew Dorothy had been writing a good many letters to Mr. Hutton, and I thought she mightn't know he was married, and so I showed her the paper, and now she is engaged to you just the same."

"Who is this fellow?" cried Roy fiercely, turning to Dorothy.

"My cousin," said Dorothy, "four or five times removed, who is writing a history of the family and wanted information about our particular branch. And now," she continued, turning to me, "allow me to introduce Mr. Roy Dutton, who is no relation to Mr. Reuben Hutton, and who is not married"—

"Yet," interrupted the young man, "but is going to be soon," and the saucy fellow actually kissed Dorothy before us both.

"You don't seem to mind being kissed, Dorothy," said I severely.

"No," said Roy, "she's had that pleasure before."

They both looked so good-natured that I couldn't help saying:

"I hope you'll be very happy."

"We intend to," returned the young man, and then we all laughed, and I shook hands with Mrs. Porter, "and I thought of saying "Forgive me." but the words stuck in my throat. Still I think she understood, for she offered me some doughnuts for my tea that night.

I've wondered since if what Mrs. Porter said was true, that I was a meddlesome gossip, and I've concluded to be just a little careful. But, then, most anybody would have made the same mistake that I did. Don't you think that Hutton and Dutton sound very much alike?

An Athletic Wife.

I see that some hypochondriac has written a letter to the papers protesting against the vigorous exercise now indulged in by young women, claiming it gave them hands like those of hired men and partially destroys the beautiful outlines of their person so deeply admired by men. He goes on to say that when a fellow wants a wife he doesn't look or ask for such accomplishments as the ability to ride a fiery horse, drive a tack with a rifle ball, row a boat, or be a specialist in any acrobatic games. I used to reason in the same way years ago.

When I was a young man I married a girl who still abides with me. She was the daughter of an athlete, and from him she inherited a love for such unwomanly practices as boxing, walking, and so on, much to my annoyance. I used to tell her that she might be better employed reading her bible; but she seemed to enjoy it, and I didn't want to be harsh. Well, one villainously cold winter I fell sick. I was stretched out on a bed suffering the agonies of the ladies and gentlemen in the nether world, unable to move hand or foot.

One memorable morning a rap came to the door and my wife responded. When the portal was swung ajar she was confronted by a big raw-boned tramp, who looked as strong as a draught-horse. He assured her with a choice collection of imported and domestic oaths that he wanted something to eat, and wanted it right away. Somewhat frightened at his manner, my wife endeavored to close the door, but he grasped her arm violently and prevented her. I was lying there like a corpse, unable to lift a hand, and you may imagine that my feelings were not boisterously hilarious. Well, what did she do?

Recovering from her scare she wrenched her arm free and pasted that tramp in the mouth with her left. Before he could figure out what struck him he caught her right on his neck and went over like a falling church. He came up pretty goggy and mad all over, but she wasn't through with him. She just lammed that tramp around the eyes and neck until he made a sneak for the gate, looking as though he had been run through a corn-sheller.

You bet I never said much more against athletic exercises to my wife after that and I have no sympathy for anybody who does rant on that question. I have two able and accomplished daughters at home and, although they are as gentle and womanly as anybody's daughters, they can take care of themselves with more ease than can a great many broad-shouldered men I know.—*Letter in Nebraska State Journal.*

Making Camphor in Japan.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot, partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and the oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw and packed in tubs. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and medical purposes.—*American Agriculturist.*

Crisp and Tender Relishes.

If in being forgotten we could only forget?

"Seek peace and pursue it" and pursue it till it is found.

In bending the twig be careful to have it incline the right way.

Avoid a knave who would cover his knavery with a cloak of apparent piety.

A brass band may make enthusiastic soldiers, but enthusiasm does not always win battles.

The higher one climbs into the tree of popularity the more serious the fall when the limb breaks.

Publicity may meet privacy with safety, but privacy is only safe when it lets publicity "pass by on the other side."

A lie often trips itself up by its undue haste to "get there," leaving truth to walk quietly by on the other side and win the race.

Lace work is well in its place, so is the work of darning and mending in its place, but that of either in the other's place is decidedly out of place.—*Good Housekeeping.*

His Hour of Triumph.

A naturalized citizen of English birth tells this story: "The day before the Fourth of July last year the teacher to whom my boy goes to school explained to her class why the day was celebrated giving full particulars. The next morning the boy, who was born in this country said to me: "Dad this is the day we licked you."—*Syracuse Herald.*

The Fence Crawled Away.

"The Traps" is the name of a locality on the top of the Shawagnuck mountains, about midway between New Platz and Tuttletown. It is nearly all rock and covered, as the settlers who live near there say, "with underbrush, huckleberries and snakes." The mountain seems to be split at this point and into the split hunters set traps for game. This, says the Kingston *Freeman*, is why it is called "The Traps." This forenoon a resident of that delectable neighborhood told the following snake story, which he said he had every reason to believe was true: "About ten ago a man named Daniel Hasbrock, called by his neighbors 'Mountain Dan Hasbrouck,' owned a farm which took in a part of the mountain where "The Traps" are. One forenoon he started out to build a piece of a rail fence. He had cut the rails about two weeks before, and had them near at hand. The night before was a cold one and early in the morning the frost covered everything. "Dan" worked hard and fast. About 11 o'clock he went home for dinner. The forenoon had been cloudy and disagreeable. The wind blew cold and chilly, and "Dan" was satisfied to go home early. About noon the sun shone brightly, the wind died away and it was warm-like. "Mountain Dan," after having finished his noon meal returned to his work. When he reached the spot he found that his fence had disappeared. Not one rail was left. The disappearance of the fence, which had been carefully made by him, was beyond his comprehension. Going to the spot where he had commenced his work he was startled by the movement of a big black snake.

"There," said Dan as he told the story, "I'll be busted, by gosh, if I hain't laid that there fence up with black snakes."

Sure enough, the snakes had been frozen stiff during the night, and "Dan," thinking they were rails, had laid them up just as he would wooden rails. While he had gone to dinner the sun had warmed them up a bit and they crawled away. "Dan" said that he measured the snake he killed and it was eight feet in length. He had an ax with him, and it was as long as four lengths of the handle. I reckon the whole lot of blackies must have been from six to ten feet long and from about three to four inches through.

Western Lakes Drying Up.

The lakes in eastern Oregon, as well as in Nevada are drying up. In some instances the water in the lakes is subsiding because the streams which empty into them have been diverted from their natural channels for purposes of irrigation, but the continuous drought, doubtless had much to do with the low stage of water in them. The *Herald*, published in the new county of Harney, Oregon, says not over four square miles of the original bed of Warner lake is now covered with water, whereas in 1865 there was seven feet of water where the land is now dry, and last spring a stack containing 400 tons of hay was burned on land which in 1874 was surveyed as Warner Lake. Goose Lake, which once reached Lakeview, Oregon, is now five miles away, and Malheur lake, in Harney county, is eight feet lower than at any period within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In this county Humboldt lake, which some years ago comprised a sheet of water sixteen or eighteen miles long and from eight to twelve miles wide, is now only a few miles long and perhaps a mile or two wide. The Humboldt has not discharged any water into the lake for several years, and a large area which was covered several feet with water at one time is now dry as any other part of the Humboldt valley. It is a fact, however, that the lake was as low nine or ten years ago as it is to-day, and that five years ago it was as high as it was ever known to be. Immigrants in early days who saw the Humboldt discharge an immense volume of water into the lake, or sink, as it was called, believed it had a subterranean outlet; but that idea was erroneous, as the volume of water was reduced by evaporation, not drainage.—*Winnemucca Silver State.*

A New Field for Women.

"There's a field for our girls in architecture, I'm sure," said a school teacher the other day, "and I wonder more of them don't try it. I am sorry I did not, instead of falling into this prosaic fate for old maids, the profession of a school-ma'am. Are not people always dinning into the ears of girls who want to strike out for themselves that woman's province is the home? Why should she not design the home, then? Has she not special knowledge of the necessities and the conveniences of the house, which men in general know little of, and which so few even of the best architects seem to possess? As to office building or large public edifices, churches, etc., probably men always would do better than women, since men, as a rule, seem to take broader views; but details are a woman's strength, while the tendency of men to lump things often entails inconvenience upon the householders at the expense of a good general appearance. I understand that already the gulf between the professions of architect and decorator is being bridged rapidly. The best architects now lay their plans with a view to the decoration of the building and the best decorators study interior architecture, and in this combination a woman of taste and talent should certainly excel. One great difficulty, of course, in her way would be the management of workmen, but, if she had the brains to evolve the plan, plenty of men would be found, either as partner or employe, to see the plan carried out. Some training in a technical school and a clerkship in an architect's office would soon decide the question whether the girl possessed any marked ability in this line or not."—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Squawker Paid Him Double.

Dr. Pile—Your trouble, madam, is indigestion. You don't take enough exercise, I'm afraid.

Mrs. Squawker—Why, doctor, every day directly I've finished dinner I go to the piano and sing half an hour.

Dr. Pile—Ahem! I would prescribe, madam, a little pepsin and—silence.—*Judge.*