The Turkey's Last Request.

Now, hark ye, merry gentlemen,
And hush your foolish squabbles,
And listen to the Turkey, when,
His last request he gobbles
The scanty time I have to live
Is spent in observation;
So pray you, gentlemen, forgive
The Turkey's dissertation.

I do observe among you all
A selfishness surprising;
Youre satisfied when others fall,
And envious when they're rising.
This wicked world a barn-yard is,
And, when a corn shower rattles,
Each craves a share that is not his,
And with his neighbor battles.

The jaunty fowl with head in air,
He crows in exaltation;
The rest a look of meekness wear,
And fawn in adulation.
But let misfortune clip his wings,
You meet him with suspicion,
And every friend the whisper flings
That wafts him to perdition.

O petty race of greedy men
That kills me at Thanksgiving,
Does conscience never prick you when
You see the way you're living?
How many of you spend your days
In honest, cheery labor?
Whose head upon his pillow lays
At peace with every neighbor?

You're merry when the skies are fair,
Your selfishness pursuing;
Your charity is cold and spare,
And left for others' doing,
What care you for the poor man's lot,
Or for the widow's sighing?
The mournful sound ye hear it not
Of orphan children crying.

To-day my coat is old and brown.
My gait an awkward hobble;
'Mong barn-yard fowls I seem a clown,
My voice is but a gobble.
But when upon your board I lie
In golden yellow glory,
With fragrant incense steaming high,
Then don't forget my story.

O petty race of greedy men,
When I have died for others,
Pray think upon your duty then
To all your suffering brothers!
Above your head the skies are fair,
O'er yonder roof they're murky;
I beg you'll send my drumsticks there,
And please the martyred Turkey.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA.

"Yes, stranger, it is a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness. You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts any where. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it.

"I hate it, but I calculate the sight's nuts to you. You think that Nature's got it fine up for you to stroll down to after breakfast at Forsyth's.

"It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and tot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?"

The dollar-giving uses of this sublime cataract had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker who took this view of perhaps the most marvelous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray-clouds ever steaming up from the abyss which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind to associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting-house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I replied, I dare say smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self-possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimate of his want of what our fine old sculptor Nollekens used to call "entusymusy."

"Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?" I said. "I know familiarity breeds contempt towards most things, but I rather expected to find Niagra beyond this customary result."

"Well, to say the plain truth, Britisher, I don't go in for any outlandish howling about this roarer; but when you talk of my having any sort of contempt for it, I tell you my fancies about Old Thunder are something particularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes? Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us." So, with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flashing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollections of Niagara.

"Why do I get savage at traveler's spooney raptures about this awfulest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummagem tinsel—not got up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't made to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I see; my dander isn't riz by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real scare with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done you're a cooler card than I give you credit for being.

"I'm toughish still, you see. Oldish rather, for sixty odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess; every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away—up to Erie and down to Ontario. Field and forest know my shoe leather all through these parts.

"When I was thirty, or thereabouts, I hutted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though, as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of genations yet to come.

"Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Further down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and whirls and grows scared like of whats before it. Then it exercises itself for the hell it is to pass through. It tastes purgatory. It's all foam and dash, and splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that roughen it for awhile. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate.

"How grand that calm deep flood is that pours along without stay or hurry that you can see, to its awful plunge! But, stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, its deep enough and strong enough to astonish weak nerves, or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done if my tongue does its duty.

"Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horse-shoe near you, That curve is some two thousand feet broad, and some hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there's Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small, flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it, as you'll hear. Our American fall beyond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable water-shed, too. Twelve hundred feet in the breadth, a hundred and fifty feet high. Your knowalls guess that every passage minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good fresh river roll over that rock into sprays and foam in the dim gulf below.

"As a boy, I used to see beauty as well as wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam see what a clear sea-green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of rock it slips down.

"How does it strike you? You see it, I dare say, as I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror, It's lovely too. And to me? well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable, unutterable that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron gray you see it now. Their iron entered into my soul, as they say. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle kills the memory of all this side of my coffin.

"I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I could get a ready sale for what I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had canoed it from when I could recollect any thing, and was pretty spry, I tell you, with the paddles, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from.

"I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it, I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none of the scare new-comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it, I know it by night, when the calm moon-light poured down light through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rainbows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be dreaded by me.

"One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for its human prey.

"It was one Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure seekers bleed freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could skim any where.

"Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe.

"Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little toward the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore.

"I got fully employed with my lines, for, as I glided down stream, my take was rapid, and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful.

"It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething waters could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddles strongly and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertions I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall.

Inch by inch I fought my way up stream and towards the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as it a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me.

"As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near!) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me.

"I talk stagily, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech, if you think or utter any thing.

"Minutes that had seemed hours had passed, and still I was struggling frantically, steaming with my frenzied exertions. I had won some way. I had edged some distance from the central rush of the river, and safety would be found in the slower waters that skirted the bank, could I but reach them.

"I bent still more madly to the effort. In a moment I had lost my hold on existence, and was rushing, helpless and hopeless, to the dreadful fate I had been fighting against. One of my paddles, overstrained, had broken, and, at the mercy of the mighty flood, I was speeding every minute more swiftly to what I knew so well—what I saw as plainly with my mind's eye as I had thousands of times seen it with my living sight.

"How I saw all we are looking down on here! Not a sight, not a sound, we are seeing and hearing, but was in that moment heard and seen by me more vividly than now. I was literally bewildered with the roar I now hear so calmly.

"I shrieked aloud in my agony as I clasped my useless hands over my sight, vainly, to shut out the smooth slide of the inland sea, as I saw it flashing back the morning sun as it leapt into the misty gulf into whose thunder it shot.

"A few moments bore me down to the rapids. A few minutes, and I was through them—safely. How I escaped wreck among them puzzles me. I was too paralyzed with horror to use my one paddle, to in any way steer my light craft through the foaming currents on which it tossed. Its lightness must have saved it. Had it been a heavier built boat it would have been dashed to shreds a score of times before we reached smooth water. As it was, it danced along, frolicking as it seemed to me, with a ghastly defiance of the destiny to which it so surely hurried.

"Out of the hissing! out of the frothing foam! We were on the calm, majestic mass of waters—the sea tide, you might surely call it, that was to hurl itself and me to atoms.

"How oddly the mind acts in such moments of horror! Would you believe it? a tradition of Niagara actually occurred to me as I flashed along. It was an Indian legend. I remembered how an Indian squaw, long the favorite of a famous Chief, found a young maiden was to supplant her in her wigwam. I recollect—I swear I saw it as plainly as if imagination and reality were one—she bore the best-loved child she had borne to its father from her forest home till she reached a canoe. Then she paddled herself and her boy into the full stream and cast the paddles from her, and with a heavy heart, nerved by hate and revenge and misery unendurable, stood up chanting her death song that recounted her wrong and her misery, and welcomed her coming escape from it, till they shot into eternity amid the hell of waters below.

"Even while this was for an instant flashing through my bewildered brain I was entering the very heart of the thunder of the fall. Moments only seperated me from my release from agony. But the Indian stoicism was foreign to me; I could have yelled aloud in the terror that possessed me

"I dared not await seated the awful last moment that was so near. I faced my fate; I turned; I stood up; I looked straight ahead to where the curving waters were to launch me to peace eternal.

"The flood had scarcely a ripple on its surface.

"Was it real? Within a few yards of the awful brink the canoe had shot by a flat speck of rock that off the shores of Goat Island lay stirless on the very edge of the abyss.

"With a hardly conscious effort in passing I had sprang to its slippery surface. That moment had saved me from instant annihilation. The canoe was gone. I was standing as yet, while almost washing my very feet, the sea of waters hurried on—on—on either side of me, and disappeared.

"I gasped a cry of blessing for deliverance. Deliverance? Was it deliverance? For how long? I yet breathed, but who would, who could, save me from the rushing flood that tore past me, from the thundering cataract that fell almost within reach of my touch?

"Oh heaven! What had I saved life for? For a prolonged agony? For such misery as must end in starvation, madness, suicide? Could my mind long bear the strain now upon it? How could it?

"Let your eye skirt the rounding edge of this nearest fall. You can see the very rock I was on. It looks but yards from the larger space of Goat Island, but those yards were as bad as miles. They were an impassable gulf between me and the stretch of rock that seemed so near.

"What were my chances of escape? Dared I hope there were any? I was almost two wild with terror to think at all. Yet the brain seemed fevered with life in such moments.

"Should I be starved? Should I slide into the rushing tide from cold and exhaustion? Would sheer, unbearable terror fling me to death from my utter inability to endure the horror that possessed me?

"What could be done for me? Was rescue possible? Could a boat be floated in any way down to me? Even if it could be guided to so small a point, could I dare to trust myself to it?

"Would any rope be strong enough to bear the force that the mighty flood would require it to endure and overcome?

An instant's relaxation of the strain on the rope that might hold it till it towed it to shore, and I, if not it, would be where my own canoe had gone.

"Would human strength, could human endeavor, snatch me from the doom that had so nearly already ingulfed me?

"All these thoughts were in my brain in that instant, even while the very power to think seemed frozen in me.

"How could I dare to see? I shrieked to be senseless. Oh, for madness, if madness would rid me of the terror in my brain, in my very blood, that was, as it seemed, my life—that so possessed me, that existence had room for nothing but unutterable horror!

"I looked to this very rock on which we stand. Here, on this spot, I saw a throng of excited spectators. I was seen; and who could see a human being in such peril, and not faintly share the terror that I felt?

"I could hear the calls of men to me to have heart. I could catch cries to me that I should be saved. I could see women wild with pity. Ah, what could their pity do for me? Yet that, perhaps, was the saving of my life. Any thing—any thing—to make me forget the ever-rushing waters that unceasingly flashed by my feet and disappeared.

"Men were crowding the river bank. They were consulting, I could see, excitedly, debating what should be done.

"There is a rush of some from the crowd. Time passes, ages to me, in my agony. At last a boat comes borne on the shoulders of boatmen at a run. They lay it at the water's edge. Delay! delay! Oh, God! Oh, God! There is a rush of others with a coil of cable, not rope; rope they knew would be murder.

"I see them boring the boat's sides—passing the cable through—knotting it—nailing it securely.

"The boat is towed along the still side-water far up the stream. The crowd follow it. What will they do? God! what will they do? What sane being will venture his life to save mine? Delay! delay! They have stopped. Talk! chatter! will they never act? Oh, dear God, help him—bless him! A canoe pulls out from shore, with the boat in tow. The canoe as well as the boat, has a cable secured to it, by which those on the bank regulate its drift down stream. How strongly it struggles up and out into the full flood! Both cables are secured round trees and paid out by numbers.

"Fighting up and across the tide, drifted down it as the cables slack their length, I watch—with what hungering eyes! The canoe steals inch by inch to where it and the boat holds it are in a line with my feet. The set of some current drifted me to the rock I stand on. The boat is detached, straining on the cable, guided, too, by a rope from the nearly stationary canoe. The current sets it toward me. It is brought up by the strain of the cable ashore. Still it drifts nearer and nearer.

"There are moments in life that swallow up all the rest of existence in our memories. They haunt us awake. We dream them always. If I should be a Methuselah with centuries of breath it seems to me one thought would always absorb all others, as Aaron's snake devoured Pharoah's magician's serpents.

I remember nothing else but that I woke out of a dream of hell in bed at Forsyth's I was told I had been in a death agony with a brain fever. What mattered that? I was out of the torment of the damned. I felt the blessedness of peace, of safety, of life wrung from death.

"They dared not tell me it was real—that all I am now telling you had been awful reality—that I had dared as the boat drifted abreast of me to risk a leap into it—that, on the very edge and utter brink of perdition, the strength of scores ashore had overpowered the rushing flood—that amid the shouts and tears and sobs, not of women only, but of bearded, iron-nerved men, I had been lifted senseless from the boat and borne to enjoy brain fever safely in the hotel yonder.

"Do you think I have told you a lie or a believable truth—the bare fact? I know it is plain truth, and yet I only half credit myself. Well, stranger, dream or truth, I never forget it; it's part of me always.

"God save any one from ever trying, in fact or fancy, such an experience as mine!

"Now you know why I don't see any thing of beauty in Niagara. I leave that to be discovered by those who never came so near to being a real part of it as I did.

One of the prettiest of late novelties in ear-rings is a web of fine threads of gold in which is caught a fly in iridescent enamel. The entrapped insect naturally suggests the entrapper, and the young man beside it is the—&c., &c.

Furs must soon command attention, and dealers say—probably, or possibly, because they have a large stock on hand—that silver lynx will be in great demand by our leaders of fashion.

Meeting.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Many years have floated by
Since we parted, she and I.
Now together here we stand,
Eye to eye and hand to hand.

I can hear her trembling sighs,
See the sweetness in her eyes.
Silently I hold and press
Her soft hand with tenderness.

Silence, who shall fathom thee?
Who read the mystery
Hidden between loving eyes,
Burning hands, and answering sighs?

—*Hellen S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine o October.*

"I WISH I'D REMAINED AT HOME."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"The Badgerleys coming here to spend Thanksgiving!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettingley was a close-fisted and calculating matron, who lived in a house in a stylish neighborhood in New York, and was one of those who, of her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flee to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettingly liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending money. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettingley, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with spectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Saugatuck county."

Mr. Nettingley felt of his chin.

"They haven't invited us," said he—"that is not especially."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Badgerley and her six children, and Mr. Badgerley's two sisters, I won't do it! Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost $3, at the very least. Get me a timetable, Nettingley. Send word to Mrs. Badgerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettingley, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained. For he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettingley packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettingleys, and took the afternoon train to Scrag Hollow, in Saugatuck county.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettingley—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettingley all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettingley, "people in the country always live in the back of the house."

And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging along a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted.

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in a high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You's her cousin from the city, come t spend Thanksgiving? Well, if that ain too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started th very afternoon for Ladd's depot; got som relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettingley. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming.

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little old woman.

But Mrs. Nettingley knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph! And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettingley, had fled before the Badgerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettingley, grinding her false teeth, "I'll go to Ladd's depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith. Or it might be Thompson. But she *believed* it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street.

It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettingleys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express, and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's depot, as Mrs. Nettingley found to her cost when she paid $5 for a hack to take her back to Ladd's depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about a half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's depot. The first place to which they drove, on Thorn street, was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettingley. "Drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on

"This isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs Nettingley, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid, who lived with her married sister, and never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettingley.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettingley. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why its past 11 a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody. But s'spose I could take you to the 12:30 night express, for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with $8

"Ma!" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettingley, pronouncing the word as if it were a pea-nut-shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Badgerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at 30 cents a pound.

It was 1 or 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost!

"I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettingley to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking I do believe Nettingley's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!"

And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true; the servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Abby!" said Mrs. Nettingley, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Abby, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am."

And Abby threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys well browned and savory, a chicken-pie that was a small mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce, that set Mrs. Nettingley calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Badgerley, the two sisters, and the six children, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of her husband—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

"Mrs. Nettingley and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettingley had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said the sacrifical lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do!" repeated Mrs. Nettingley, in accents of the bitterest scorn. "Couldn't you close all the blinds and lock the front door and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettingleys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them—the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettingley had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had remained at home," thought Mrs. Nettingley.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's proclamation.

Stock in the South.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "There is a quiet kind of an improvement going on in the Southern States that but few people seem to fully realize. In numerous localities can be found, here and there, a man who is beginning to improve his breed of cattle, sheep and hogs; others are attempting to raise their own horses and mules, and are bringing in better breeds of horses than we have generally had in these States. The Merino sheep is begining to attract attention in the Gulf States far more extensively than in former years. And fine sheep of the Merino, Southdown and Cotswold breeds are sold a great deal cheaper than formerly. A good Merino ram formerly sold for $75 or $100; now they can be purchased for from $25 to $35. The Jersey, Alderney, Shorthorn, and other breeds of cows are being introduced into the South more than ever. The improved breed of hogs, particularly the Poland-China and Berkshire, are getting new holds in many parts of these States, such as they never had before. Improved chickens, geese, ducks, turkeys, etc., are on the increase."

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me annuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

The Physiology of the Liver.

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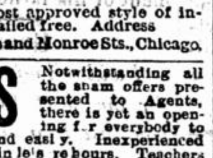

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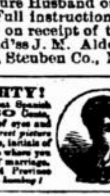

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