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NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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The Cotton Crop of 1882.

The statements of the National Cotton Exchange for the four months ending December 31, show receipts at delivery ports of 3,246,814 bales, a deficit compared with the same time last year of 200,295 bales; overland by rail routes to mills direct, 309,708 bales, against 257,580 last year. Northern spinners have taken this season 1,013,918 bales, or an increase over last season of 174,901 bales. Exports to foreign ports show a decrease of 125,598 bales to Great Britain, 82,788 to France, 74,198 to the Continent, and 4,133 to the Channel ports. The amount of crop of 1881-82 that has appeared in sight at delivery ports and overland points of crossing is 3,583,684 bales, or 152,871 less than last year.

SMALL THINGS AND GREAT THINGS.

The river rolls with its fleet of ships
  On its full and swelling tide,
But its far-off fountain creeps and drips
From a chinklet's dank and mossy lips
  That a pebble and dock-leaf hide.
The thoughtless word from a jesting breath
  May fall on a list'ning ear,
And draw the soul from the rusty sheath
To work and win the rarest wreath
  That mortal brow can wear.

Yon tiny bud is holding fast
  Gay Flora's fairest gem,
Let the sunlight stay and the shadow go past
And the wee green bud shall blaze at last,
  The pride of her diadem.
The sower casts in the early year
  The grains of barley corn,
And barns and barrels of goodly cheer—
Of Winter's bread and nut-brown beer—
  From the infant seed is born.

The poet chant may be a thing
  Of lightsome tone and word,
But a living sound may dwell in the string,
That shall waken and warm as its echoes fing,
  Till untold hearts are stirred.
Look well, look close, look deep, look long,
  On the changes ruling earth,
And ye find God's rarest, holiest throng
Of mortal giants—strange and strong—
  Arise from noteless birth.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

A wild, bleak place it seemed to strangers, but as it was, Dame Breitmann loved it. Her thatched cottage was placed in a niche far up the mountain side, and all around were rocks and clefts, and snatches of hilly clearings, where her little flock of sheep browsed, except when the snow lay there in great drifts, as it did throughout every winter.

People wondered that the dame should have chosen such an isolated rugged spot for her abode, while the valley lay beneath, with its green fields, its sparkling streams and varied woodland, which could not find footing in the shallow soil above.

The reason that the dame loved the place, with its summer gusts and sudden storms, its winter cold and driving snows, was that she was a native Swiss, and all these reminded her of the land she had left years and years before.

Then she had been a hale young matron, with a strong, honest, toilsome, good man, and three chubby-cheeked little ones tugging after her, clinging to her short linsey skirts, as she worked with willing heart and hands to add comforts to the new home. Ah, me! she had seen sorrow since, and her husband and babies all lay in the churchyard, with slabs of rough granite above their heads.

Now she was a withered, wrinkled old woman, with hair lying white and smooth beneath her muslin cap, and with rheumatic twinges that often kept her from bobbing down the mountain path upon the Sabbath day, to the little church where she had gone regularly for forty years.

Only Bretta, her grand-niece, lived with her in her eyrie cottage home. A blithesome, neat-handed lass was Bretta, but with a head as light as her heart, and some vain notions in it, which gave Dame Breitmann many a qualm of misgiving, and called many a reproof down upon the young girl.

But Bretta was a willful minx, and the dame's precepts fell without impression upon her mind. She heard without heeding, and forgot all warnings when there was danger that they would interfere with her pleasure. She would linger in the village where she went to sell the bunches of produce gathered from the thorn-hedged garden, the great, white-shelled eggs from the poultry-yard, and the rolls of yellow butter which the dame gathered from the milk of her one cow.

Never a Saturday but Bretta, in her neat, short gown and white starched sun-bonnet, with the heavy basket on her arm, trudged down the mountain path, out across the valley to the village houses, where her patrons lived. And never such an occasion but she returned with a yard or two of gaudy ribbon, a tinsel brooch, or some other bit of finery to adorn herself at next day's meeting, where she dropped a penny into the mission-box instead of the shilling which the dame allowed her.

All this troubled the good dame sorely, and besides, she worried herself into a fever of anxiety every night when the girl went down the mountain to drive the cow up from the common pastures. The dusk would creep down and the mist settle over the valley, before the bell about Crumble's neck could be heard tingling as she came slowly up the path. It was no use to find fault with or to send her hours earlier, for she only loitered the more on the way. But Dame Breitmann need not have feared for her. Bretta was fleet and sure of foot as a chamois, and knew every rock and crevice until she could tread them in the darkest night.

"Make haste, Bretta," the dame would say, every evening when the girl tied her bonnet over her glossy brown hair. "Get thee home before the twilight falls."

"Ay, granny," Bretta would respond, bounding away before another admonition could be given her.

And then she would sing snatches of song, and turn from the path into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, in search of gray lichens and red cup-moss, or clamber up the precipice after glittering sparks, which she was sure were precious jewels until she reached them, when they turned to pink or white pebbles in her hand. So when the valley was reached, the shadows would lie thick and dark in every nook, and the mountain top would be lost from sight by the mist which hung between. Then Bretta, who knew nothing of fear, would call Crumple and start her along the path, while she lingered to chat with the lasses she might encounter on the green. So it was that she trudged homeward one night, later even than was her wont, with Crumble's bell sounding far ahead.

Now, the broad path up the mountain wound in and out in great curves, avoiding the chasms, and choosing the most gradual ascent. There was another and more direct way which Bretta often followed, and which she chose now to accelerate her return. This was narrow and rough, and in some places so steep that climbing up it from rock to rock was like ascending a great natural stairway.

This night the mist had settled down until it hung an impenetrable curtain, shutting everything out into a region of obscurity. Even Bretta's sharp eyes could not distinguish objects more than a yard distant; but she clambered on fearlessly, secure in her perfect knowledge of the way. At length the path verged upon a more level space, where on one side there was a sheer descent of a hundred feet, and on the other the rocks broke away in a wide cleft or ravine. The moon was struggling up outside the mist, lighting it now with a kind of opaque brilliancy.

Bretta was half way across this ridge stretching over this space to the next ascent, when she paused at a sight which took away her breath and held her motionless as she gazed at it.

A woman's figure, taller, she knew, than any living woman could be, white, and dim, and wavering, stood up against the mist out over the middle of the precipice. It had long floating hair waving about its shoulders, and seemed to approach or recede as the mist thickened or was pierced by the moon rays.

For a moment Bretta lost speech and thought, and gazed awe-stricken upon it. Then her native courage came back, and clasping her hands reverently, she addressed it:

"Spirit, whatever thou art, what wouldst thou with me?"

The spirit did not speak, but as Bretta folded her hands, threw up its arms as though warning her back.

"Speak to me!" Bretta cried, imploringly. "See, I do not fear thee. Tell me why thou hast sought me here?"

But the figure wavered away, and Bretta turned to see the mist breaking and rolling up before the bright moonlight. When she looked again, spirit and mist had vanished together. She turned her face toward the mountain, and there, a few steps before her, the ledge had crumbled away, leaving a yawning gulf, into which she surely would have fallen had she attempted to traverse it through the mist.

"Ah, now I know it was a good spirit," she said to herself, "But for it I should be lying down there bruised and dying upon the rocks."

With a thankful heart Bretta crept down the ledge and back through the ravine, until she could regain the path beyond the new-made fissure.

She found Crumple grazing near the cow-yard, and shut her within, while she went on to the cottage, where Dame Breitmann had grown nervous over her long absence.

"Child, child! why wilt thou loiter so late? Thou wilt come to no good by it."

"Never mind, granny," Bretta answered, with her usual careless laugh, as she reached down the bright tin pail from the shelf. "I have come to no ill by it yet."

The dame sighed, and took up the gray stocking from her lap. But her thoughts were troubled, and her hands trembled so that she dropped stitches from her needles and tangled the yarn unbound from her ball.

Bretta, coming in with foaming, brimming pail, found her straining her eyes over the miswrought work.

"Let me do it, granny," she said, with more thoughtfulness than she often displayed. And taking the knitting from the aged hands, she kneeled down before the fire and proceeded to set it right.

Dame Breitmann laid her quivering hand upon the girl's head, passing it down the long locks which had escaped from their fastening, then uttered a reproving exclamation:

"Bretta, child, thy hair is heavy with damp! Why, where was thy bonnet?"

But Bretta was lost in her own thoughts, and it was easy for the dame to conjecture that she had carried head-covering instead of wearing it.

From that day the girl studied more carefully her grand-aunt's comfort. When she sewed, she picked up the scraps and lint she had scattered, instead of racing away, as heretofore, the moment her task was done. A little watchfulness on her part spared the good dame many a painful step. The latter wondered at the change and was thankful; but knew not the cause of it, for Bretta never told her that she had seen the Spirit of the Mist.

The girl thought the specter she had seen was a special protecting power, and thinking that such was watching over her, taught her greater gentleness toward others who were not so favored.

For a time the dame had no cause for complaint. Then Bretta longed to see the spirit again, and lingered late upon ledge. But night after night passed and it did not come.

Weeks passed. Bretta was gradually going back to her old light ways. One night she lingered late in the valley, and speeding homeward, thought nothing of the spirit until she reached the ledge. She was half startled to find it there again, pictured against the mist midway out over the precipice. She spoke, but it did not answer, and vanished as before when the mist rolled away in the moonlight.

A sound floated up from the void of space which chilled her blood. But she was a brave girl, as we have seen, so she leaned far out over the pricipice, striving to pierce the darkness beneath. Then the sound was repeated again and again, and she knew it to be the moan of some one in pain.

She hallooed, and a faint voice answered her. It was many minutes before she could make out the situation, which we shall explain in a few words.

A man had been hunting on the mountain. Returning, he had lost his way, and the mist closed down around him. Wandering hither and thither, he had missed his footing at last, and fallen over the precipice. Down, down, bruising against projecting crags, until he clutched the branches of a scraggy pine tree, which had found root in a crevice and grew horizontally from it, thus saving him from the certain death which would have met him below. He was clinging there still to the frail support, which bent and swayed beneath his weight, but he was chilled and numbed by the mist, and felt that he could not much longer retain his hold. This much Bretta learned, and, calling out her assurance of speedy aid, fled away up the mountain path to her home.

Soon the young girl was back with ropes, which she securely fastened and threw down to him. With renewed hope he gained new strength, and following Bretta's directions, climbed slowly, resting whenever he could find foothold, and ere long he stood with her upon the ledge.

Her strong young arm aided him up the pathway, and the cottage reached, he sank down weak and trembling, all of his overtaxed strength gone for the time. It was days before he was well enough to leave, and meantime he won upon Bretta's confidence until she told him of the Spirit of the Mist which had appeared to her.

He made her promise to take him to the place, and when he was well again they went there together. Only the mist hung in thick darkness about the spot; the spectral figure did not appear.

"It will not come," Bretta said, when they had waited. She was scarcely disappointed, after having looked for it in vain so many times before.

"Ah," the gentleman replied, "if it is what I think, you will see it only when the moon is full."

Afterward, when he was gone, Bretta remembered his words and proved them true. Any night that she visited the ledge when the moon was full and the mist gathered there, she would behold the spirit, but at no other time was it visible.

Time sped away, and Bretta no longer lived in the thatched cottage upon the mountain. Good Dame Breitmann was laid beside her dear ones in the churchyard, and the gentleman whom the mountain maid had rescued, and who had since kindly interested himself in her welfare, took Bretta to his home, to be educated and provided for with his own daughters.

But one thing which Bretta's studies might have taught her she would never believe. It was regarding an optical illusion produced by certain degrees of light and density of air, and which explained the figure she had seen as nothing more or less than her own shadow thrown against the mist. But Bretta went on believing in the spirit to the last.

The Increase of Divorce.

Rev. Washington Gladden discusses the "Increase of Divorce," in the January number of *The Century*, in a manner which is pretty sure to attract wide attention and occasion some controversy. The facts which lie at the basis of the discussion have been, for the most part, presented in the addresses of the Rev. Mr. Dike, and the reports of Col. Wright; but their significance is so appalling and the evil which they disclose so far-reaching that it is well to have them gathered up and presented again in Mr. Gladden's very forceful and suggestive paper. Not to enter into them too minutely, let us give just a hint as to what they are, and what their meaning is for us of New England in particular. In Belgium the ratio of divorces to marriages, in 1874, was 1 to 200; in France, the ratio of legal separations to marriages, 1860-1870, was 1 to 152; in England, the number of petitions for divorce and separation—which was of course much larger than the number of divorces—was in the ratio, in 1878, of one to every 300 marriages. These figures, in each case, show an increase over previous years, and they have been a good deal discussed by moralists and statisticians. But look now at New England. In Connecticut, the ratio of divorces to marriages has averaged, during the last fifteen years about, one to ten; in Vermont, in 1878, it was one to fourteen; in Rhode Island, the ratio is about one to thirteen or fourteen, and in Massachusetts, one to twenty-one, while in New Hampshire the number of divorces granted increased fifty per cent. in eight years, and in Maine, thirty-five per cent. in two years. Making allowance for the fact that one-fourth of the marriages in at least four of the New England States are among Roman Catholics, who do not recognize divorce, we have the ratio of divorces to Protestant marriages one to fifteen in Massachusetts, one to thirteen in Vermont, one to nine in Rhode Island and one to less than eight in Connecticut. When our social order has reached a point where of every eight marriages solemnized, one is destined to be broken up by divorce, it would seem to be none too soon to call public attention to the evil and to seek for a remedy. If the family is worth preserving, as the foundation of Christian civilization, it would appear to be time that some measures were devised for its preservation.—*Boston Journal.*

A Fable.

THE WOLF AND THE PEASANT.

One day a Peasant who was laboring in his field was surprised at receiving a visit from the Wolf, and he was about to rush for his gun when the Wolf called out:

"Hold on, my friend—my visit is one of peace. I have come to have a serious talk with you."

"But you killed one of my sheep only last week," protested the Peasant.

"So I did, and that is the very matter I have come to talk about. I have felt conscience-stricken ever since that event, and have firmly decided to kill no more sheep."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, and I hope you will stick to your resolution."

"Oh, I certainly shall, and I hope you will give me due credit in the future."

The Wolf took his departure with a sweet bow and a melting smile, and the Peasant softly scratched the back of his neck and did a heap of thinking. That night he placed a large trap at the weak point in his calf-pen, and next morning he found the Wolf held firm and fast.

"Excuse my embarrassment," began the Wolf as the Peasant appeared, "but why did you move this trap from the sheep-fold?"

"Because," replied the Peasant, as he hunted around for a club, "experience has taught me that a Wolf who is tired of mutton is simply working up an appetite for veal."

MORAL;

Don't put your foot in it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT TO DO WINTER EVENINGS.

A Few Hints About Farm Life in the Winter.

[From the Weekly New York Sun.]

The truth of the old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" has never been disputed, and it is well, when practicable, that the work and play should be so regulated and adjusted that at no time should there be too much or too little of either. Hence it is that we have always approved the observance of all legal holidays and the making of as many more that the laws do not recognize, as possible. But the farmer's work must be done in its proper time, if it would be well done. "If you don't drive your work, your work will [illegible] you," and there are times when [illegible] of the labor of one day on a farm cannot be made up in a week. Not only must hay be made while the sun shines, but all other departments of farm labor must receive attention when it is demanded, or loss will result. With few exceptions, from early spring until the snows and frosts of winter make their appearance, there is no time for real leisure or relaxation for the farmer. He must work from daylight till dark, and is too weary to enjoy what of evening there is.

But in winter it is different. He has his labors and duties then, to be sure, but they are not so many or so arduous as in the summer; and when the long evenings come the question, "What shall we do to-night?" is asked in many a home circle.

Man is a social animal, and he who does not associate with his neighbors omits a duty he owes both to them and to himself. Without society no one is mentally or morally full grown. We gain from others by our intercourse with them, and they gain from us in return.

The religious societies found in almost every neighborhood furnish to a certain extent opportunities for the exchange of social courtesies. Besides the stated services on Sunday, there are the usual weekly meetings, where the neighbors gather with kindly feelings; and although we would not class such meetings with social gatherings, there can be no doubt that the coming of men in kindly contact with each other is of real benefit to all.

But besides these, there should be in every rural district other gatherings of the people. There should be a Farmers' Club regularly organized and holding stated meetings for discussion of questions previously agreed upon, as well as of such as may arise at the time. These meetings should be as free from stiffness and formality as possible. We know how difficult it is for many who are unaccustomed to it to put their thoughts into words. Others cannot speak when standing for the purpose. The sound of their voices seems to drive away the power of thought. Others, good conversationalists, make entire failures when attempting anything like a speech or an address. But there are few who cannot say something, if permitted to do it in their own way, that will be of interest to others. There should be other neighborhood meetings of an entirely social character, where young and old can meet together, and all be young again so far as concerns the throwing off the cares that growing years must bring. There are games and sports in which, for the hour, all may join, with not only freedom from harm, but with decided benefit to all.

As we write, we wonder if in all our broad land there is a place where anything like the New England spelling-schools of forty years ago has an existence. We see now in memory the old school house, with its long benches around the sides, hacked and cut with the ever-busy knife of the traditional Yankee boy, with its dim light from tallow dips set in potato holders; with its antagonistic rows of boys and girls well versed in the contents of Webster's spelling book, showing a spirit of determination worthy of the cause, and with interested parents proud of the orthographical attainments of their children. Those spelling schools are worthy of resuscitation, and some of the winter evenings can be spent in no better way.

But neighborhood gatherings are only occasional, and there is a winter evening at the close of every winter day. Blessed is that home where the family is sufficiently large to make a social circle in itself. What opportunities are afforded for mental culture! Reading is always in order, and no member of any family should be excused from taking his or her turn in reading aloud, not only for the pleasure or instruction of others, but for his own benefit. There are but few good readers in the community—not one where there might be and ought to be a hundred. Music, too, ought to be cultivated in every home circle. All cannot sing well, but there are few who have not the gift to an extent sufficient to take a part with others of the family. We believe there is nothing more powerful in preserving unison and cementing affections than music, both vocal and instrumental.

There are many games that should be encouraged. One of the first endeavors of the head of a family should be to make home pleasant. Many young men have been allowed, if not driven' to seek amusements in other places that they should have found at home, and in places where the company was such as to lead to their final downfall and destruction. Offer, then, all the inducements in your power to your boys to help you make home pleasant for them and the whole family. There are innumerable games fitted for a winters evening. Chess and checkers, although they may not be classed with the social games, rank among the highest, if we consider their connection with the intellect. The game of authors, of history, of biography, and a hundred others, furnish amusement for the house, and, if well played, are of real benefit to the players. Cards are, in many places, interdicted from conscientious motives, and by others because they see nothing in the games but a waste of time, and many of them are open to that objection. Still we know of nothing better calculated to strengthen the memory by exercise than whist, while cribbage is an excellent school for children in so far as quickness of thought and computaiont of smaller sums in addition are concerned.

There are a few families whose numbers are sufficient to make dancing practicable except to limited extent, but when the children of two or three neighbors can meet for the evening, an hour spent in that way cannot be objectionable. We do not care to be understood as recommending dancing as it is often indulged in, where overheated and ill-ventilated rooms, unwholesome suppers, and late hours are violations of physical laws, and where promiscuous company often renders the gatherings still more objectionable; but to mere dancing in proper places and at proper times there can be no valid objection. It is merely the poetry of motion, a stepping in time to cheerful and enlivening music, and as natural for children as walking or running.

Let the evenings of this present winter, or a part of them at least, be given up to proper social amusements, and, our word for it, the coming spring time will find none who engage in them the less fit for the labors before them, but rather stronger in all respects, physical, mental and moral.

Valentine's Turkeys.

Senator Anthony is credited with presenting each of his colleagues in the Senate with a splendid Thanksgiving turkey, the product of his farm, causing annually much surprise that so many magnificent gobblers could be raised in such a small State as Rhode Island. It appears, however, that the Senator is not the only Congressman who makes turkey presentations. Representative Valentine, of Nebraska, has engaged in a similar practice for some years. Christmas is his day for the distribution of gifts, and the recipients are the preachers and editors of West Point, the enterprising Nebraska City which he calls his home when not in Washington. Even as the butternut candy made by the Vermont lady tickled the palate and inspired the quill of Senator Edmunds, and was voted as a dish to set before the President, the mastication of the juicy turkey—the cooking was probably perfection—of the Nebraska Representative sent a thrill of delight through the frame of the editor of the West Point *Republican*. He can not contain his words, and therefore with a grateful heart and full stomach he acknowledges the generous and appetizing gift and "talks turkey" after the fashion:

Congressman Valentine, in accordance with his old-time custom, presented the preachers and editors of West Point with turkeys on Christmas, for which he has the thanks of the ministerial and editorial profession hereabouts. Turkeys are always very acceptable presents to editors and preachers, and the donor will be held in grateful remembrance. There is nothing small about "Val" but his feet, and newspaper men and expounders of the Gospel are not the only ones who will testify to his large-hearted liberality. We mean it as no "taffy" when we say that our Stalwart Congressman has one of the biggest and warmest hearts that ever beat in manly bosom, and it is this which has endeared him to his friends, as it will any man.

Mr. Valentine, after reading this glowing tribute to him and his turkey, will most assuredly open his heart and send two turkeys to the *Republican* office next Christmas.

Cornstalks as Fuel.

An Iowa farmer, who has both coal and wood on his farm, warms his house with cornstalks, and claims that they make the best and cheapest fuel he can get. He uses a large stove, and burns the stalks in tightly-bound bundles, weighing about forty pounds each. A bundle burns three hours (without flame) in an air-tight stove. The large stove offers so much radiating surface that it does not need to be very hot. Five bundles a day, or 600 for the winter, will suffice to keep the stove going and the room warm. The farmer, Mr. Ruggles, says: "I can bind up six hundred bundles of cornstalks in two days alone. I couldn't chop the wood to warm this room in a week. Then in the spring I have a load of strong ashes for my wheat field, while my neighbors have to cut up the same cornstalks in the spring to get them away from the harrow. It makes me smile when I hear about these idiots up here in Minnesota who have fifty-acre cornfields, andstill go cold or buy coal. Why, I'd rather burn cornstalks than cut maple wood within sight of the house."

Disappearing Seats.

Theatre seats which disappear into the floor on occasion when it is desired to leave the auditorium free, or in cases of fire or panic, are the invention of a New York genius. The idea, however, is not new. At least one such seat has recently been noticed in a theatre in Boston. A fat man weighing about two hundred and sixty-five pounds discovered it. He sat down composedly just after the first act had begun, and five minutes thereafter there was an ominous creaking, a crash and the smothered maledictions of a corpulent auditor as he struggled upon the floor amid the wreck of the concern. Providentially as it would seem to some, he had placed his silk hat under the seat, and this somewhat broke his fall—correlatively, also, the fall very considerably broke his hat. The fat man, however, took the matter good humoredly, and, grimly remarking that he didn't wear a crush hat for the sake of style, he jammed the dents out of his beaver as best he could, and sought the services of a hatter's smoothing iron.

THE PARDONING POWER.—A San Francisco jury acquitted a prisoner, notwithstanding his guilt was made conclusive by his confession. "Gentlemen," said the Judge, "the mental process by which you have arrived at this conclusion I am totally unable to comprehend; and, gentlemen of the jury, it is not amiss to say to you that the pardoning power is by the Constitution of the United States vested in the President, and it is not exactly proper that a petit jury should usurp that power."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

New Year Reveries—General Notes.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"De y'ar 1881 am past an' gone forebber," said Brother Gardner as Samuel Shin let the stove alone. "I see nuffin' sad 'bout it, nuffin' to call fur sighs an' tears an' groans which kin be heard two blocks away. We expec de y'ars to pass away. We expec time to keep dustin' right along. We expec to grow old, an' to hev gray hairs, an' to cotch de rheumatiz. Dat's what we am heah fur. If we could allus remain young an' purty, an' part our h'ar in de middle, an' w'ar yaller kids an' smell of cologne, de undetaker an' de grave-digger would starve to death.

"My frens, in beginning de new year, doan' start out on de belief dat de louder you talk de mo' argyment ye hev.

"Doan' imagine dat ebery man wid a gift of gab am a bo'n orator.

"When you find a quiet man doan' rush off an' gin him credit fur wisdom. Some men doan' talk kase dey hev nuffin to say. Silence am no mo' a sign of wisdom dan poundin' on an empty bar'l am a sign of war.

"If argyment won't bring a man ober to your side of de queshun knockin' him down won't do any good.

"De man who can run up a bill at de butcher's an' dodge him for six months, am not necessarily a statesman.

"De man who takes up de moas' sidewalk, am not allus de pusson of de moas' consequence. A fifteen-cent drunkard wants mo' room in dis world dan a Judge of de Supreme Court.

"Jealousy of your naybur am not ambishun. Slander am a weapon used only by cowards. Hopin' dese few remarks won't do you any pertickilar injury, we will now address ourselves to de usual programmy."

ANOTHER CLUB TAKEN IN.

The Secretary announced an official communication from the Secretary of the Ancient Order of Believers in Spooks, of Logansport, Ind., asking that the Believers be taken into the Lime-Kiln Club in a body. On motion of Pickles Smith, who said he visited the club last summer and found every member with his hair oiled and his boots blacked, the Believers were voted in, thus adding the following new members to the Lime-Kiln Club: Reuben Buckner, Robert Buckner, George Grant, Val Thurston, George Rodgers, Horace Lumer, George Fox, Lewis Johnson, George Johnson, Moses Peak and Sky Turby.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY.

Giveadam Jones then offered the following one-horse resolution:

"*Resolved*, Dat dis club extends its heartfelt sympathies to de people of each an' ebery State in which dar am to be a session of de Legislashure dis winter."

The resolution was adopted by a vote of 168 to 1, Elder Toots voting in the negative to spite Samuel Shin for waking him out of his first nap.

INVITED TO LECTURE.

The Rev. Penstock explained that he was in receipt of a letter from the "Inspired Cranks," of Defiance, O., inviting him to appear before that society on Washington's birthday and deliver his celebrated lecture on "What is Inspir ation?" The invitation is extended by such prominent members as William McDonald, Ben Davis, William Blair, Dick Carter, Aleck Wess, James Whatsel, William Johnson and John Bond, and the "I. C's" offer to charter a freight car both ways for the lecturer, guarantee him a pair of Arctic overshoes and a bucksaw, and will see him to and from the depot with a string band. Brother Gardner promptly granted his permission, and unless an earthquake happens to prevent his going, the Rev. Penstock will certainly reap fresh laurels.

PREPARING FOR A PANIC.

Waydown Bebee desired to call the attention of the President to the fact that the only means of egress from Paradise Hall was a single door, which opened into the room. In case of fire, and a rush, a calamity might occur which would fill hundreds of Detroit houses with wails and lamentations.

"De President has had dat ar' fack in mind fur de las' six months," replied Brother Gardner, "an' now dat de queshun has bin called up, I deem it my dooty to arrange a programme to prevent accident. In case de janitor puts a stick in de stove dat has bin loaded wid powder, or some of dese lamps explode, our fust dooty will be to try an' distinguish de flames. In case of failure, I will walk out of de hall fust, follered by Sir Isaac Walpole, Waydown Bebee an' Giveadam Jones, at reg'lar intervals. De rest of you kin foller on in single file, an' I figger dat not a coat-tail will eben be singed. My reasons fur gwine out fust am dat I may see de fire engines when dey arrive and tell de men whar to frow water to keep our safe from heatin' its contents."

PRIZE AWARDED.

The time for receiving poetry entered for the special prize offered last fall by Waydown Bebee, having expired, that gentleman announced that he had received thirty-two different specimens, of which seven were poems, six idyls, twelve sonnets and the remainder were odes to spring, fall, winter, dead folks, rolling oceans, green meadows, spotted cows, handsome women and codfish-balls. He had read and re-read, and had come to the conclusion that a poem entitled: "The Tears They Blind My Eyes," by Prof. Goneby Jackson, of Alabama, was entitled to the prize of $5 in cash and a fire shovel eleven feet long. The following is the first verse of the poem:

I ar' lookin' down de lane whar' de chill'en used
  to play
An' de shadows of de ole persimmon tree
War' frown across de roof of de little cabin
  home,
Whar' ole Dinah watched de hours away fur
  me.

"THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH."

The Secretary announced a further communication from Gardnerville, Tex., announcing that the name had been given to the new town in honor of the President of the Lime Kiln Club. Brother Gardner was quite overcome for the moment, and might perhaps have broken down under his emotion had not Samuel Shin accidentally upset the water pail and filled the surrounding brogans with ice water.

CAN'T RECEIVE IT.

The Treasurer said that a majority of the honorary members were sending in punched quarters and halves in payment of dues, and although he had plugged scores of pieces with lead and passed them off on the unsuspecting public, he hoped for some ruling in the case which would relieve him from the pressure. The President instructed him to hereafter make a discount of 1,000 per cent. on all mutilated bills or coin sent in, and most of the lamps being on the point of going out for want of oil the meeting was dismissed in due and ancient form.

His Reward.

The glittering rewards of the law, says the Boston *Journal*, are well known, and yearly tempt into a practice of the legal profession hosts of ambitious and zealous young men. One of these, who has been engaged in this liberalizing and lucrative pursuit for a year or two, was met trudging home to Charlestown at 3 o'clock the other day in the blinding midst of a heavy snow storm. On being asked what important interest had drawn him away from his office during the busiest hour of the day, he said: "Well, I thought I could save more money by going home and shoveling off my sidewalk than I could earn by spending the afternoon in my practice," and, thus saying, he disappeared amid the whirling clouds of snow. When it is taken into consideration that the cost of hiring an athletic laborer to clear a sidewalk of snow varies from ten to twenty-five cents, the vast dimensions of that young man's income from the law may be partly appreciated.

One Cause of Drunkenness.

A Vermont correspondent writing of drunkenness in that State says: The genuine summer visitor, who comes with his family to recruit health in the country, is not generally a very strong customer of the country hotel's bar-room, though he is apt to be seen at the billiard tables. The city men who leave most money with the bar-tenders of our hotels are not summer guests. They are those birds of passage calling themselves "commercial travelers," but known to the people as "drummers." There are many good men among these, but the majority of them drink, and drink deep. They are good, social fellows, and it is their business to know everybody and invite everybody to drink. They exercise a powerful influence over the young men of the villages, and it is to them, mainly, that the spread of drinking habits among the sons of our leading business men and citizens is due.

A TROUBLESOME CANDLESTICK.—In the old cathedral at Ribe, Denmark, there is, fastened to one of the massive granite pillars near the main entrance, an ugly brass candlestick upon which is inscribed a curse on the man who removes it. No one knows when or by whom it was put there, probably more than two centuries ago. When some years ago the church was repaired it was decided to remove the unsightly object. A ladder that was put up for the purpose fell upon one of the workmen and broke his leg. The first man who went up to unfasten the candlestick fell down and broke his neck. On the same day the architect who had the restoration of the church in charge fell seriously ill. The candlestick was then left in its place and remains there today, an object of awe.

A SHREWD CANADIAN FATHER.—An original and novel way of preventing a registered letter from falling into the possession of anybody but the right person came to light at the Baltimore post-office recently, when a letter addressed to the postmaster was opened and a photograph found inside. The letter, which was from Sherbrook, Canada, stated that the writer's son, a young man, had run away from home with a companion, and that the photograph was sent for the purpose of identifying him when he called for the registered letter, so that his companion, whos honesty the writter doubts, could not get by misrepresentation. The registered letter was called for by the right person. It contained money to to pay his expenses home.

MATCHES.—Some idea of the size of match trade may be gained by a glance at the figures paid for stamps. The Government exacts a revenue of one cent per 100 on matches manufactured. During the year ending May, 1881, one company paid for stamps $4,500,000. This year the amount paid will be increased $50,000. There are two hundred matches in a box. The tax is two cents; they are sold to the grocer for three cents, and retailed at five. Four million five hundred thousand dollars represent 455,000,000 one-cent stamps. As a stamp represents 100 matches, the grand total manufactured is 45,000,000,000 matches, or 277,500,000 five-cent boxes.

HOW HE GOT A TICKET.—Said the shrewd tramp: "No, sir; I never try to beat rides on railway trains. When I want to get a ticket to a town I go to the authorities of the place where I am staying and say: 'See here, I'm a pauper; I belong to such a town. I think I'm going to have the small-pox and I want to go home.' They are so anxious to get me out of town they shell out the ticket quicker than a cat can dodge." To live is to work rackets. —*Boston Post.*

A DISPLAY.—At the recent demonstration at Avondale, Mr. Parnell's residence in Wicklow, there were 600 carts engaged in carting the manure and 183 plows in operation. The men were decorated with green ribbons and the horses with green boughs. Toward the close a cart was paraded, from which rose the effigy of "The Last Landlord," through which was driven a large four-pronged fork, amid great enthusiasm.

WHEN desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice and prudence folly.—*Johnson.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

TWO SPARROWS upon one ear of corn are not likely to agree long.

THERE is but one sure way to keep from being dunned, and that is never to run in debt.

DO YOU really know what a weak and foolish thing you carry in your hat whenever you go out to walk?

"I KNOW where the dark goes when morning comes," said little Clara. "It goes down cellar; it's dark down there all day."

COMPOSITORS are almost always intelligent men. They are men of letters who literally pick up their knowledge as they go along.—*Boston Courier.*

A SHREWD advertiser keeps space with the time, runs few risks, and generally has a walk over in his line of trade.—*New York News.*

SOME ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

THIS is an odd comparison, but a very suggestive one:—"It is as unreasonable to expect good to come out of evil as it would be to take a hole to a cooper and ask him to make a bucket round it."

AN exchange explains "how leather scraps are utillized." It is not necessary to explain how leather straps are utilized. Nearly every boy in the land is painfully familiar with the process.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE rural amusement of guessing at the weight of a hog has taken such a strong hold in New York, that when a portly individual spreads himself out so as to occupy three seats in a crowded street car, everybody begins to wonder how much he weighs.

SINCE the introduction of meters in the city, the consumption of water has fallen off 33 per cent. in Liverpool. Evidently water meters have not attained to the exaggerated powers of mendacity inherent in their relatives, the gas meters.—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE is a certain significant relativity in crime. If you steal a peck of potatoes to keep your children from starving you are a contemptible villain, but if you commit a crime at which the whole world shudders you can hold a levee on New Year's Day and be the observed of all observers.

A BOY who had been watching through a key hole the antics of a couple of lovers, ran down into the kitchen to announce his discovery to his mother. "Oh, it's such fun!" he exclaimed. "What's such fun?" asked the old lady. "Why, to see sister Mollie and Mr. Fipps play lunatic asylum."

A GENTLEMAN somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," was the answer.

ONE of the amusing sights in the cold weather is afforded by the man who walks carelessly and quite unconcernedly along until he reaches the thermometer which is exposed to view on the street. He looks at it a moment, sees that the mercury is very low, pulls his collar up to his ears, shrinks up in his coat, walks frigidly away, and exclaims, "Gracious, how cold it is!"

IT is easy to be perfectly cool when another man is in danger and easy to bear the afflictions of our neighbors with becoming resignation. While Commodore Anson's ship was in a severe action a sailor came rushing in with "Sir, the ship is on fire, close to the powder magazine!" "Well," was the quiet reply, "why don't you run back and assist in putting it out?"

ONE down-town preacher is blest with two sons, bright little fellows they are, too. Now, it is the custom in that preacher's family for these two lads to recite every morning a verse of Scripture. The boys were in great haste to get out on the hill a couple of mornings ago, when the father said: "Now boys, recite your verses; then you can coast." "I'd rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the wicked," repeated the older lad. "So'd I," ejaculated the junior youth, and away he flew after his sled, and the father did not remonstrate.

AURIST to patient: "We'll see directly what your difficulty of hearing arises from. Can you hear this tick?" holding out his watch. Lady: "No." Aurist, holding it nearer: "Now, possibly?" Lady: "No." Aurist, placing the watch closer to the patient's ear: "Well, now, at all events?" Lady: "Not a sound." Aurist: "Why you must be all but stone-deaf! You surely can't understand what I am saying to you?" Lady: "Indeed I can, I assure you!" Aurist: "But upon my word——" He looks at the watch, then puts it to his ear. "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons. The watch has not been wound up!"

FOR SUNDAY REFLECTION.

A GOOD man was once asked why he spent so much time in reading, meditation and prayer. He replied by simply uplifting his eyes and hands to heaven and saying, with great solemnity, "Forever! forever! forever!"

THERE is a strength of self-possession which is the sign that the last hope has departed. Despair no more leans on others than perfect contentment, and in despair pride ceases to be counteracted by the sense of dependence.

THOSE who do it always would as soon think of being conceited of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking a pocket? A thief who was trying to reform would.—*George MacDonald.*

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wronged; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty; all the kisses we bestow upon the smallest relic of their presence.

OUR deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitute a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character.

I DO NOT say to my disciples, Go and by aid of supernatural power work greater miracles than man can do; but I instruct them in the law, and I say to them, Live, O saints! hiding your good works and showing your sins.—*Buddha's reply when asked to confound his enemies by giving power to work miracles.*

THE GLOUCESTER FISHING FLEET.—Seventeen vessels were built at Gloucester, Mess., last year, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,179 52-100 tons. Six schooners of an aggregate of 547 89-100 tons were purchased. The number of vessels lost was eight, aggregating 735 82-100 tons, and valued at $30,000; on which there was insurance of $20,493. The number of lves lost was 59.