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PROFESSIONAL.

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FARMER WHITE.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

You may envy the joys o' the farmer,
An' fancy his free, easy life;
You may sit at his bountiful table,
An' praise his industrious wife.
Ef you worked in the woods in the winter,
Or foll'ered the furrer all day,
With a team o' unruly young oxen,
An' feet heavy loaded with clay,
Ef you held the old plow—I'm a thinkin'
You'd sing in a different way.

You may talk o' the golden-eyed daisies,
An' lilies that wear sech a charm,
But it gives me a heap o' hard labor
To keep 'em from spilin' my farm;
You may pictur' the beautiful sunsets,
An' landscapes so full o' repose,
But I never get time to look at 'em,
Except when it rains or it snows;
You may sing o' the song-birds o' summer,
I'll tend to the hawks and the crows.

You may long fur the lot o' the farmer,
An' dwell on the pleasures o' toil;
But the good things we hev on our table
All hev to be dug from the soil;
An' our beautiful, bright yaller butter,
Perhaps you may never hev learned,
Makes a heap o' hard work fur the wimmin,
It hez to be cheerfully churned;
And the cheeses, so plump in our pantry,
All hev to be lifted an' turned.

When home from the hay-field in summer,
With stars gleamin' over my head,
When I milk by the light o' my lantern,
An' wearily crawl into bed,
When I think o' the work o' the morrow,
An' worry fur fear it might rain,
When I hear the loud peal o' the thunder,
An' wife, she begins to complain,
Then I feel ez if life was a burden,
With little to hope fur or gain.

But the corn must be planted in springtime,
The weeds must be kep' from the ground,
The hay must be cut in the summer,
The wheat must be cradled an' bound.
Fur we never are out o' employment
Except when we lie in our bed,
Fur the wood must be haul'ed in the winter,
An' patiently piled in the shed,
While the grain must be took to the market,
The stock must be watered and fed.

You may envy the love o' the farmer
Who works like a slave fur his bread,
Or, mebby, to pay off a mortgage
That hangs like a cloud o'er his head.
You may sit in the shade o' the orchard,
Nor think o' his wants or his needs,
You may gaze at his meadows an' cornfields,
An' long fur the life that he leads;
But there's little o' comfort or pleasure
In fightin' the bugs an' the weeds.

But the farmer depends upon only
The things that he earns by his toil,
An' the little he gains is got honest,
By turnin' and tillin' the soil.
When his last crop is toted to market,
With conscience all spotless an' clear,
He may leave the old farm house forever,
To dwell in a holier sphere;
An' the crown that he wears may be brighter
Because o' his simple life here

A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they had walked and listened ever since they could remember; at any rate, she was six years younger than her former play-fellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress." There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No estimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart and £50,000 a year has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I am ordered to China."

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only 16, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was 5, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting, perhaps, that it was nicer—which it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail, and an ivory tooth-pick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes," she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forget—and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor Lieutenant; you will have all the Squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh! no, indeed, I shall not, Alic," she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart upon the spot, and thrown away the pieces, so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and, if we've got any money, we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alic, dear?"

"Yes, of course, I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of a thing, you know."

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully [illegible] letter, but six months passed and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the Celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed, and yet no letter came, and Maggie journeyed into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at last she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was 20 years old when her father died, and the creditors pounced down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister, who was well off and bad tempered, and it was thankfully accepted.

Maggie went as governess into the family of a Mrs. Marshall, of Woolwich.

Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband was really mistress of the establishment, for Mary Patterson had a strong will and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said very nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school-room as usual, for the pupils had just said good-night and been delivered to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play if we should want you?"

In the evening she put on her shabby black gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers in her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons. When it came, with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted, expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alic Granger. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-by, and then left it altogether. She recovered self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment she saw him by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost piteously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, then, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been play-fellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling that she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed, how interesting!" then turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be our dance, I think," to Alic, and she sailed off with him triumphantly.

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I have got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano and, saying that she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without being able to get another look at Alic.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed—"

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson," Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her little room; the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about 12 o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Tom, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you would like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half-hour or so, for I have just seen them on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to [illegible] your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking, "what did you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote."

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came; so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alic, they'd never forgive me."

"Never mind; it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There, now, what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you," and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over her head, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me into into dreadful trouble—you will, indeed; Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she's only jealous," he laughed. "Now, tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when we came back, have you, little coquette?" and he put his arm around her waist, just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No; but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course, I am—to you."

"Oh, but, Alic—"

"Oh, but, Maggie—"

And then he stopped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

Of course there was no rejoicing on the part of Maria, but, notwithstanding, Alic and Maggie were married within a month.

A Desperate Struggle.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted long, lank Confederate soldier, sittin upon a sorrel horse, toying with double-barreled shotgun, the favorite weapon of the Western bushwhacker in the early war time. He was the picket guarding the camp of Dick McCann, one of the most daring of the Confederate cavalrymen. The bivouac rested in the security of his vigilance in a piece of woods a mile or so to the left of the turnpike leading from Gallatin to Nashville, Tenn. The picket stood where the country road which led past McCann's camp made its junction with the turnpike. He evidently challenged the cavalry approaching from the direction of Gallatin as a matter of form, for as the officer approached him in response to his command, "Advance and give the countersign," his shotgun lay upon his lap, across the pommel of his saddle, while he was paying more attention to his comrade who was coming up the wagon road with two chickens in one hand, the plunder of an unofficial forage, and an unruly horse in the other, than he did in the officer responding to his challenge. The Federal soldier got within a few feet of him before he seemed to recognize the possibility of an enemy being nearer than Nashville. The dress first attracted his attention, for he saw that it was not that of a Confederate, and, hurriedly bringing his shotgun to bear upon the officer, he commanded:

"Halt! What regiment do you belong to?"

"To the Fourth Michigan cavalry," replied the officer.

Covering the officer with his shotgun as he passed around to surrender himself, the Confederate again commanded, "Give me your arms!"

The officer, who wore a heavy overcoat with a long cape, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, pushed his hand under his overcoat to unbuckle his saber and comply with the demand.

The Federal soldier's horse being thus left at liberty crowded against that of the Confederate, and, believing his game was already in hand, he laid his shotgun down across his saddle to receive the arms of his captive. Hardly had he done this before the Federal soldier saw his opportunity, and, throwing his left hand quickly under the cover of his cape, struck the muzzle of his shotgun and knocked it to the ground and with the same movement caught the Confederate by his long, flowing hair, pulled his head upon his breast, whipped his revolver from its pouch, placed it against his body and fired. The hammer of the revolver caught in the fold of the long cape which hung from the Confederate's shoulders and did not explode. He drew it back, raised the hammer again, and made another attempt to secure the Confederate. This time it got between his body and arm, and, although it did not miss fire, the Confederate was uninjured and in the tussle escaped. All was the work of a minute, for the [illegible] had shouted to his command, [illegible]ard!" the moment he had grap[illegible] one of McCann's private sol[illegible]. But by the time it had arrived [illegible]ldier was going down the road at break-neck speed, while his comrade with the two chickens for the morning's breakfast had mounted his horse and was following him hurriedly. The little command passed on to Nashville as rapidly as possible, without stopping to do more than to pick up the soldier's shot gun to send home as a souvenir of the escapade.

Gross Superstitions.

In my grandfather's family the old cook was accustomed to bake cakes in large rounds, which she cut into four with a sharp knife, each quarter being put to bake by itself. She was most careful that during baking the pointed end of each of these quarters should not be broken, otherwise a death might shortly be expected. Even the slipping of a piece of soap from a person's hands when washing has been construed to mean that the death of some relative is imminent, as, indeed, is also the persistent burning of a fire on one side only of the grate.

Every one knows that to dream of losing teeth means that some calamity may be looked for. If the eyes of a corpse are difficult to close, they are said to be looking for a successor; and [illegible] among the dead. If the house-door is closed upon the corpse before the friends have come out to take their places in the carriages, Sheffield people say another death will happen before many days; and if, at a funeral where the mourners walked, the procession went in a scattered or straggling manner, this was thought in the West of Scotland to betoken the same misfortune. Even if the mourners walked quickly, the omen was bad. To walk under a ladder betokens misfortune, if not hanging, as it does in Holland. To meet a funeral when going to or coming from a marriage was considered very unlucky in Lanarkshire; for if the funeral was that of a woman, the newly-made wife would not live long; and, if it was that of a man, the fate of the bridegroom was sealed. If one heard a tingling in his ears, it was the "deid bells," and news of the death of a friend or neighbor might soon be expected. If knocks were heard at the door of a patient's room, and no person was found there when the door was opened, there was little chance of recovery; and, if a man caught a glimpse of a person he knew, and found, on looking out, that he was nowhere to be seen, this was, says Mr. Napier, a sign of the approaching death of the person seen.

LECTURE on the rhinoceros: Professor—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eye fixed on me."

Immigrants.

"Immigrants," the fat passenger said, speaking with his head out of the window, "are grand things for a new State; they are the bone and sinew of our country; they are the hope and strength of the State; our doors are open to them, and our hearts cry 'welcome!' when they come; they are the wealth of the frontier, the development of the republic, the glory of the golden belt, and the support of the Land Commissioner; but," he continued, speaking with a hesitating utterance, his attention and thoughts being distracted somewhat by a hot cinder as big as a goose egg in each eye, "but they are not, and I have ever maintained it, they are not really pleasant and attractive traveling companions."

"You are entirely correct, oh patient and most observant of men," the Jester replied with a groan. A Danish lady with three children was endeavoring to share the Jester's seat, and the Danish baby was crawling over his lap to look out of the window. Now the Jester loves babies, indeed he does, but he is not a very go[illegible] nurse, and this little Danish baby, poor little thing, hadn't been bathed for two weeks, and its face hadn't been scrubbed for a month, whereas, had justice been done, it should have had a bath ten minutes after the train started. The Jester must have looked discouraged or severe, for the baby, halting on its wandering way to the window, looked up into his face. Then the grimy, plump little lips quivered, and the suckling Hamlet began to cry in good strong Danish.

"It is he, Hamlet, the Dane," said the sad passenger.

"What wilt thou do for him, Laertes?" asked the tall, thin passenger. "Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself? woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?"

"Nay, an' thou'lt mouth," said the Jester, "he'll rant as well as thou."

And then he climbed over the back of the seat and left the Danes in undisputed possession, while he sat down beside a boy who ate apples and gingerbread until he became sea-sick; and then an old woman, going down the aisle for a drink of water, fell against the side of the car going round a curve, and bent a very soft-boiled egg she had in her hand against the panel, bent it all out of shape; and then, as though the sad spectacle of that blighted egg was an inspiration of hunger, every last immigrant in that car hauled out a lunch from box or basket or grain bag and began to eat, until the air was heavy with the sound of bread crumbs and sausage and cheese and corned beef and onions and things. And there was no escape from it, because these immigrants that come into Kansas travel on first-class tickets, as a rule, especially on the North and South roads. It's unreasonable to grumble about it. Poor immigrants, they can't help it; they're not really fond of dirt, but there should be some provision made by the railway companies for their convenience and comfort.—*Bob Burdette.*

"Sit Down, Robert."

Elder Traverse was once the most noted men in Eastern New York as a camp-meeting leader. He had a powerful voice and was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meetings. The elder was once holding a camp-meeting at Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precaution, but when Bob appeared on the grounds, with a cigar in his mouth, and a slung-shot up his sleeve, the elder didn't pale worth a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the crowd began to sing, he began crowing, and thus created confusion:

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man!" was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out the crowd!" crowed Bob, as he pulled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and, as he fell over a bench, he was followed up and hit again and again, and, while in a semi-unconscious state, he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first to come forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and said:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday, I am bound to have it, if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.—*Utica Observer.*

America's Future.

Of course some day the movement of people from the Old World to the New will cease; the population of the two hemispheres will become equalized, and the disappearance of cheap lands will [illegible] the movement. But when that day shall come, it will see in the United States a [illegible] people, the like of [illegible] never seen before on the earth—a people numbering 100,000,000, made up of all languages and tribes, with the imperial Saxon element predominating, and capable of exerting a force which has not been witnessed or felt since the days of the Roman empire.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Japanese Laborer.

In his own country the frugal Jap lives in a house of no more than four rooms—one for eating, sleeping and sitting, one for cooking, one for bathing and one to spare. He never wears boots nor brings mud into the house. He and his family sit on the floor when they eat, and take their meals at a low table. The floor of their dining and sitting-room is covered with clean, soft mats, upon which at night cotton comforters are spread to sleep under. Such a house can be built and furnished for $100, and, though cheap and small, is comfortable. The bath, found in almost all laborers' houses, is in daily use. "Better than gold is the water cold."

"IT isn't dying," said Mrs. Brownsmith, "that troubles me. I am not afraid of death; but it makes me sad to think of leaving my friends. I often think what would become of you if I were gone!" "Oh! you needn't let me interfere," replied Brownsmith eagerly; "don't let me stand in your way, darling." And the house took up the question of "Resolved, That Brownsmith is a brute," passed it through its three readings without a dissenting voice, and adjourned precipitately for a real good cry.

A Doctor's Liability.

It is related, as a legend of the medical fraternity, that the Emperor Augustus was once so highly pleased at a cure effected in himself by his doctor, Antonius Musa, that he raised that gentleman to the rank of Knight, and relieved the whole profession from the burden of taxation.

Probably at no time before or since that event has the lot of the physician been such a happy one. In the earlier days of Rome the practice of medicine was despised and confined to the humbler ranks of society and to slaves. Not until the influence of Grecian civilization made itself felt in the Roman capital did physicians gain honor or standing.

In the middle ages the calling suffered a relapse, to speak medically. Surgery was in ill-repute, and Sprengel tells us that in Germany no artisan would employ a young man as an apprentice without a certificate that he was born in marriage of honest parents, and came of a family in which were found neither barbers, bathers nor "skinners," as sur[illegible] called.

Even at the present day, although the meritorious claims of the medical and surgical practitioner have been recognized and an honorable social status awarded him, his mind is not at rest. The advancement and refinement of ideas have begotten deeper anxieties and a feeling of responsibility. So jealously does the law guard the lives and persons of the people, that every time the physician writes a prescription, or the surgeon makes an incision, he takes his purse, his liberty, or perhaps his life in his hand. The risk is not all on the part of the patient, despite a popular impression that the only pocket-book likely to be depleted or the only life liable to be sacrificed, is that of the sick man.—*Oliver E. Lyman, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Carful of Kings.

An amusing incident is told by a German correspondent as having occurred during an imperial hunt at Hubertustock. The hounds had just been called off, and the guests were dispersing, when the Emperor William, feeling slightly unwell, proposed to return to the castle on foot. The King of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg accompanied him. But, when the august party were about half way to the castle, the Emperor became fatigued, and a peasant, driving a cart in the direction of Hubertustock, happening to pass by, they asked him to give them a lift, which he willingly did. On the way, however, the good man's curiosity was excited by the appearance of his passengers, and he said, turning to one of them:

"And who may you be?"

"I am the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg."

"Oh, indeed!" returned the peasant, with a wink. "And who may you be?" he inquired of the next.

"I am the King of Saxony."

"Better and better!" cried the carter. "And you?" accosting the third member of the party.

"I am the Emperor of Germany."

"Well, then," said the countryman, in high humor, "I shall tell you who I am. I am the Shah of Persia, and can hoax people as well as you."

But when he drove up to the Castle of Hubertustock the honest fellow found that of all the potentates in the cart he was the only one whose claim could not be made good.

Rust Preventive.

A new method of protecting the s[illegible] face of iron from rust has been broug[illegible] forward by Mr. Ward, of London. T[illegible] new "inoxidizing" process, as it [illegible] termed, consists in combining a silic[illegible] with the metal by the aid of he[illegible] Cast or wrought-iron objects are fi[illegible] coated, by painting or dipping, with a silicate glaze, which quickly dries, and the articles are then passed through a furnace, or rather oven. In this way the silicate composition is said to be fused and absorbed into the metal, which upon cooling is found to have assumed a dull, black appearance. The coating is said to be so far homogeneous with the metal as to protect it from any change from long exposure to the atmosphere; and, at the same time, the silicate is not liable to disintegrate or separate from the iron. The articles treated in this manner may be ornamented by combining the silicate wash with any vitrifiable colors. Thus smooth-polished colored surfaces may be produced upon iron, which, while possessing features distinct from ordinary enameling, yet present superior and more durable results than those obtainable by ordinary painting and varnishing.—*Scientific American.*

An Impertinent Mimic.

Young ladies who expect attentio[illegible] from young men should not keep a to[illegible] well-educated parrot. A family i[illegible] Nashville has a parrot noted for its wo[illegible]derful powers of imitating the huma[illegible] voice. The family also has a daughter whose especial duty is the care of the parrot. [illegible] found them closed. He pulled the bell knob again.

"Next door!" shouted the parrot, in a voice not unlike the young lady's.

The young man looked up and down the street in a puzzled sort of a way, as if it had suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a mistake in the house. Concluding that he had not, he again rang the bell.

"Go to the house!" cried Poll from his perch in the upper window.

"What house?" exclaimed the young man, angrily.

"The workhouse!" shrieked the parrot. The young man concluded to leave for his boarding house.—*Youth's Companion.*

They Never Smiled.

A Massachusetts man went to call on some school children, and began to tell them funny stories and pleasant tales which made them laugh. Suddenly noticing their faces becoming sober he turned and saw the teacher threatening them with gestures and a fierce expression of face. On asking her what the matter was, she said in a harsh and solemn voice, "They are never allowed to smile in my room." "Then I think your room ought to be more agreeable than your company," he answered, and it is to be hoped that he took measures by dismissing her to make it so.

We never could quite understand why a *non cat* man is the noblest work of the Creator.