The Bolivar Bulletin

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TWO GRAY HEADS.

Two gray heads at the gate:
Lingering adieu, clasping of hands—
The grand-daughter there with her baby stands;
The horses prance, and the travelers wait;
The driver shouts: "We are late!"
The hour-glass stays not its sands
For the old man and his mate.

They wave "Good-bye!" from the door
Hung over with morning-vines,
Her soul through her aged features shines,
And the sun streams over his white locks pour;
They are lover and bride, as of yore,
In their cottage under the pines,
Although they are full four-score.

The eyes that look up to his,
And meet half-way his caressing glance—
The beautiful, heart-fresh countenance—
Nothing therein does the bridegroom miss
Of her maiden tenderness;
And the thoughtful years enhance
Unto her nobleness.

For three-score golden years
They have shared life's homeliness and its stress;
Time's plow-mark furrows the wrinkled face,
But, deep in the channels of long-dried tears,
A blossoming glory appears;
Unfailing faith in the place
Of transient sorrows and fears.

A steady life-time through
Soul has been unto soul as a guiding light:
They have lived in a realm where there is no night,
Where love is eternal, because it is true:
And Heaven will be hardly new
When it breaks on their failing sight
Through celestial morning dew.

Two gray heads in the sun;
Each in its halo of silvery light
Fair as the mountain-foreheads white,
Their brows in the pureness they have won;
Some love-tales in telling are done;
But the story these old lovers write
Is a story forever begun.

—*Lucy Larcom, in Congregationalist.*

THE BULLS AND BEARS.

Observations from the Gallery of the New York Stock-Exchange—Young Lady Visitors Inquiring for Vanderbilt and Gould—A Busy Time.

The flutter of pink ribbons and a balmy odor of roses caused the waiting messenger-boys in the Wall street entrance to the Stock Exchange to hush their noisy chatter for a moment. A dozen pairs of eyes cast admiring glances upon a bustling party of young people who were about to climb the long iron stairway. The party included three vivacious young ladies and two sedate young men. The ladies wore bright spring costumes of blue, and pink, and olive, the charming effects of which were heightened by profuse floral adornments.

"Oh, my, what a queer place!"

"Isn't it splendid?"

"Goodness, just hear the racket!"

Such were the ejaculations that escaped from feminine lips in quick succession. One of the gentlemen led the way to the visitors' galleries with the air of a person who had a proprietory interest in the building. He was a jaunty little man, with a brisk, knowing air. A bunch of pansies nestled in the top button-hole of his cutaway coat. The vigilant doorkeeper recognized in him a member of the Exchange to whom fortune had been kind. The squeeze in Lackawanna stock a week ago is said to have put a cool $50,000 into the pocket of this jaunty little man.

A noise like the moaning of a gale saluted the ears of the visitors when they reached the top of the stairway. It grew louder as they advanced through a glass-floored vestibule toward a long, narrow corridor. A partly-open door at the left of the vestibule revealed to the curious gaze of the ladies a large, square room, with a high pulpit desk on one side, with two hundred or three hundred seats arranged in amphitheater fashion. Ten or twelve men were grouped around the high desk. "This is the bond room," the young broker explained. "All transactions in bonds are carried on there, and the meetings of the governing committee are also held in that room."

The young ladies were impatient to find out from whence came the noise. Their aunty chaperon led them the entire length of the narrow corridor, and, pushing open a swinging leather-door, ushered the party into a small gallery at the southend of the building. It was two o'clock p. m., and the place was comfortably filled. The broker elbowed the strangers right and left, and placed his friends close up against the front of the gallery, where they could command an unobstructed view of the great trading-room. The roar of voices from below was incessant and deafening. The market happened to be fairly a live, and there were perhaps three hundred and fifty brokers on the floor of the Exchange. They were divided up into groups of ten, twenty and thirty persons each, and to the puzzled spectators each group seemed to be striving to make more noise than its neighbor. Most of the men on the floor were young—some mere boys in appearance. Here and there perhaps a gray-beard might be seen, but nine-tenths of the active brokers were apparently under forty years of age. A few were bare-headed, and those who wore hats had them tilted back on their heads as though they were in the way. The more excitable men had also pushed their coat sleeves up above their elbows, and, as they waved their arms above the heads of their fellow-brokers, the rattling of their cuff-buttons could almost be heard in the galleries.

It was a curious and perplexing sight—as changeable as the shifting views of a kaleidoscope, and as amusing at times as mischievous boys at play. An eager, jostling crowd, drawn together in the street by some trivial accident, will invariably form a picture of more or less interest. Here in the Stock-Exchange a dozen such crowds are in view at once. Like eddies in the water, they start up from slight disturbances, expand in undulating circles, and then gradually break away into mild ripples here and there. At no time during business hours does the noisy activity cease. Through the length and breadth of the great blue-domed hall men hurry and scramble, rudely pushing and shouting in their eagerness to bargain, or jostling one another in playful sport. Here at one end of the room a dozen brokers swarm like bees around a tall man with a flushed face and up-lifted arms. He seems to be bristling with indignation, and his voice is heard in terse, piercing exclamations. The men about him press closer and return his shouts with cries equally shrill. He shakes a clenched hand at them, and immediately a dozen arms are stretched toward him with vicious energy. He increases the violence of his gesticulations and seemingly hurls defiance at the excited crowd. Then there is an impetuous rush, many voices mingle in a prolonged yell, and in a twinkling the crowd has dissolved, and two or three brokers are quietly jotting down memoranda in their little books. A few feet away two men meet and exchange mild salutations. A third man comes up and drops a remark that falls like a burning lucifer in a powder magazine. Instantly there is an explosion. The three men jump up and down, beat the air with their arms, and yell like delegates in a convention. In two seconds they form the center of an eager mob, which circles about them like a whirlwind. In the middle of the floor another demonstration is in progress. A score of animated brokers appear to be having a May dance around a tall staff. On top of the staff is a framed placard bearing the words "Denver & Rio Grande." A little further along another staff holds aloft the legend "Wabash." A couple of rods distant from this is a third post labeled "Louisville & Nashville," and in other places similar staffs display conspicuous inscriptions. Each of these staffs has its cluster of men, and the larger clusters are linked together by smaller ones, forming an almost unbroken chain of surging, roaring humanity, extending from one end of the room to the other. The three young ladies gazed with speechless eagerness upon the turbulent scene until their bright eyes grew round with wonder. The youngest, a fair-haired miss scarcely out of her teens, turned to the broker after a while, and said: "For mercy's sake, what are they doing down there?"

The young man smiled as he replied: "Why, that's business."

"Gracious!" said the little lady, with a pretty frown. "I don't see how anybody can do business in such a hubbub."

"That is what all strangers, and especially ladies, say when they come here," said the young man with an important air. "Nevertheless, in all of this seeming chaos, business proceeds systematically, rapidly, and with a degree of accuracy that knows no parallel in ordinary mercantile transactions. The men who trade here seldom have disputes, yet they buy and sell millions of dollars' worth of securities every day. They have no time for written contracts. With them minutes are as precious as diamonds, and seconds are golden. A shake of the finger, a nod of the head, or perhaps only a wink, are frequently the only signs that pass between them in the bargains involving thousands of shares of stocks. You see quickness and absolute integrity are essential to the kind of business that is done here. When the market is lively and stocks are changing in value every minute, there can be no hesitating and no repudiating of bad bargains. A broker's 'I'll take it,' is as binding as the most formidable legal document ever written, and after a seller has said: 'It's your stock,' the bargain is closed. Occasionally I have known the price of a stock to go up two points within half a minute after a seller had nodded affirmatively to a buyer, who was but one of a score of brokers scrambling for the stock. By simply contending that no sale had been intended at such times the seller might have realized an advance of ten thousand dollars or twelve thousand dollars on his stock. But do you think that any member of the Stock Exchange would dare do such a thing? No, indeed! No member would dare."

"Which is Mr. Vanderbilt?" queried one of the ladies with charming indifference to her chaperon's earnestness.

"Mr. Vanderbilt never comes here," answered the young broker, somewhat curtly. "He is not even a member of the Stock Exchange."

"Well, which is Mr. Gould?"

"Neither is Mr. Gould a member of the Exchange."

"Why, I am sure that I read in the newspapers a short time ago that Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Gould were supporting the stock market," persisted the lady.

"And that was true," replied the young man, laughing softly at his fair companion's earnestness. "Those two men have separately and unitedly endeavored to do the atlas act with the stock market upon various occasions, but in all their manipulations they are represented here by brokers. There are certain firms in Wall street which are looked upon as Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers, and certain other firms which are commonly spoken of as Mr. Gould's brokers, but each of these great financiers does business secretly through firms that are often not suspected of the association. When a big operator desires to make an important turn in the market he can not afford to let 'the street' know through whom he is operating. Speculators in stocks watch the regular brokers of Vanderbilt and Gould as closely as the mice in a kitchen watch the family cat. Many a smart broker has had his neck twisted in trying to nibble Mr. Gould's cheese."

"Did you ever try to get any of Mr. Gould's cheese?" asked one of the maidens, roughishly.

"Well, if I have tried I certainly have never succeeded," was the ambiguous reply.

For a few minutes every member of the quintet remained silent. Suddenly a pair of roving eyes, under the brim of a saucy pink hat, espied a lot of white numbers on the black front of the gallery at the other end of the room.

"Look! look, girls!" she exclaimed. "See those numbers change over there. The figures '32' have just faded away and '34' is coming out. Now number '5' up in the corner has gone, and, see, '12' and '20' have just appeared on the same row. How funny. I wonder if the same thing is being done on the front of our gallery." Looking down over the railing in front of her, she added: "Yes, it is just the same. What are these numbers for, Mr. C.?"

"Those are the signs by which members on the floor are notified that somebody at the door wants to see them. In so great a crowd, and with so much noise, it is extremely difficult for a messenger-boy to find any particular person, and it is impossible for the doorkeepers, in shouting the names, to make themselves heard more than ten feet away. Each member of the Exchange, therefore, has a number, and whenever an inquiry is made at the door for a member an attendant touches an electric button and causes the number of the desired man to appear on these conspicuous blackboards. As soon as the member responds to the call another button is touched and the number disappears. The arrangement is on the same principle as the electric calls in hotels."

"But what are those boys in uniform doing?" asked one of the ladies, indicating with her parasol a number of young men clad in brass-buttoned suits of gray, who were dodging briskly about on the crowded floor.

"Some of them are pages whose services are required by the members, and some of them are employed by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company to report the sales, prices, etc. All of the quotations sent out of the Stock Exchange as official are picked up by these active and expert reporters. If you watch closely you will see them, book and pencil in hand, hovering on the outskirts of every crowd where trading is going on. They have to be on the alert constantly."

"Are they expected to record every transaction that occurs?" said the broker's male companion. "It does not seem possible that they should be able to do such a thing amid all of this noise, confusion and scrambling."

"Of course, they do not get all of the sales," replied the broker. "I presume they do not get one quarter of them, but they get all they can, and their reports show pretty accurately the condition of the market. Some days when the trading is uncommonly lively the reporters don't get more than one out of every ten sales that are made."

"Do all members of the Stock Exchange get rich?" suddenly propounded the girl with the pink hat.

The young broker cast a searching look into the demure face of the questioner. Seeing nothing there to lead him to doubt the sincerity of the question, he looked thoughtfully up at the ceiling and pulled his mustache savagely. After a while he answered: "My unwavering regard for the truth compels me to say that all of the members of the Stock Exchange are not rich at present. Many of them, in fact, are feeling too poor to hold their seats. With a few noted exceptions, the members of this board have fared rather badly during the past year or two. Brokers who deal in securities on commission usually look for their profits to buyers outside of the regular Wall street community of speculators. It has been a long time, however, since any outside buyers have sent in orders. The general public seems to have grown suspicious of Wall street. A membership in the Stock Exchange three years ago was worth $35,000. Now memberships are selling at $21,000 and $22,000 each, and during the recent panic I understood that a seat was sold for $20,000. Brokers that used to live at the rate of $30,000 to $40,000 a year are now exercising the most rigid economy. Why, half-a-dozen fellows that I know have got the retrenchment fever so bad that they will wait around a corner for ten minutes for one of those cheap yellow cabs to take them up town."

"How much are the brokers paid for buying or selling stocks for other people?" inquired one of the party.

"In the usual run of business a broker's commission is ⅛ per cent. each way. When he buys $5,000 worth of stock for a customer he charges ⅛ per cent. on that amount. If he sells the same stock he charges a commission of ⅛ per cent. for making the sale. It occasionally happens that one broker will have more business than he can handle. When such is the case the fortunate broker gives some other broker a job, and divides the ⅛ per cent. commission with him. Then there is what we call the 'two-dollar brokers,' members who work without capital and buy and sell in the Exchange at the stated rate of $2 for each 100 shares."

Bang! bang! bang! went the Chairman's little black wooden hammer on the metallic block that forms a part of his high desk. There was a barely perceptible diminution in the noise of voices, and about one-fourth of the brokers on the floor rushed pell-mell to the desk. A score of them ran up the steps at the side and crowded in behind the Chairman and around him and his dignified lieutenant. Several little slips of white paper were handed to the Chairman, and as he read brief notices from them the men in front of the desk pressed up as closely as possible in their eagerness to hear. After each notice the Chairman would raise his hammer only to let it fall with a clatter in obedience to a nod or a shout from some frantic broker in the crowd.

"What is the matter now?" asked the three ladies in unison: "Has somebody failed?"

"Oh, no," was the young broker's reply, "it is 2:15 o'clock—the delivery hour—and securities are being bought and sold under the rule for non-delivery. The rules of the Exchange provide that where securities are sold in the regular way all deliveries must be made before 2:15 p. m., and when the deliveries are not made by that time the contracts may be closed under the rule after due notice to the defaulting party. Sometimes these transactions, under the rule, are important and significant, but as a general thing they imply either temporary inconvenience or forgetfulness."

"I noticed," said one of the ladies, as the party turned to leave the gallery, "that one of those tall posts down there has a card upon it with the word 'Loans.' Does that mean that whenever brokers are in need of money they can go there and borrow some?"

"No, indeed," promptly answered the broker. "The loan crowd that clusters about that post have stocks and not money to lend. They are prepared to accommodate brokers with loans of securities at daily rates of from ¼ to 1, 2, 3 or 4 per cent. The loaning rate of any active stock, of course, depends altogether upon the transactions in that stock. Sometimes a borrower has to pay an exorbitant rate for the use of stocks which he is obliged to have to meet a sudden call made upon him by somebody to whom he has sold stock without delivering it. Such an occasion is called a 'squeeze.'"

"What is a 'bull?'" suddenly asked the maiden with the pink hat.

"A 'bull' is a person who has securities to sell, and wants the prices of everything to go up."

"What is a 'bear?'"

"A 'bear' is a person who sells securities that he has not got, with the understanding that they are to be delivered at some future time, and he wants the price to go down, so that he may be able to buy as cheaply as possible the securities that he must deliver."

Having acquired all of this information the young broker's four friends walked immediately over to the Sub-Treasury, and asked Mr. Acton to let them see the gold and silver vaults.—*N. Y. Times.*

Zeelanders.

Market-day is generally a holiday as well in Holland. On the slightest pretext out come all the antique finery and all the family jewels, and they wear them in profusion, men, women and children, in Zeeland. They pile on the entire hoard on nearly every salient part of their person. The dress of the Zeelanders is by far the most complete and elaborate of any part of Holland. It is rarely nowadays that the men resist the inroads of modern fashion, but here they keep strictly to the costume of their forefathers.

Still, if you take the *ensemble* of the male "get up," it is rather mixed in periods and styles. The hat—one shape of it especially—(there are three varieties) with the universal cut of hair and the closely-shaven face, has a purely fifteenth century effect. Such a number did I meet that reminded me of the portraits of the Eleventh Louis of France, or certain heads in Van Eyck's pictures! The shirt-collars, often embroidered with black lines, and fastened with large gold button-links, are fifteenth century also. The jacket seems to be a survival of the jerkin of two centuries later. The velvet knee-breeches are evidently a century later still, as the shoes are. The silver buckles on the nether garments are often chased richly; while as for the four great silver waist buttons, or rather plates, that half encircle the belt, embellished often with Scriptural subjects in *repousse*, there is a vague sort of impression that they must have survived since the wandering Gauls overran the islands of Zeeland. The other style of nether garment is short, wide, flowing velvet trousers. On both these there is the same profusion of silver plate, and both styles have on either side, back of the hip, a deep narrow pocket. Exactly where the wild Texan Ranger secludes his revolver, the Zeelander carries his brace of sheath-knives. They are about the size and shape and usefulness of the sort of knife that one takes to a good-sized ham. The handles are often of richly-chased silver, or the more modest box-wood carved in quaint old design. These murderous implements, I need not say, are carried out more to complete the costume of the country than for actual service, though they do not say that every proper Zeelander knows well how to use them in case of need. We all know how unhappy the most amiable full-dressed Highlander would be without a few dirks about his girdle, and at least one handy in his garter. So doth the genial Zeeland peasant sport his pair of carvers, not necessarily to use on a friend, but rather on his bread and cheese!—*Harper's Magazine.*

—There is an error in the common saying that we ought to speak only good of the dead. We should say only good of any one, living or dead, unless we are compelled in the fulfillment of a real duty to say what is bad. But, whether it be good or bad, we should speak the truth.—*The Congregationalist.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Good horses are scarce and dear, and growing more scarce and dear every year.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—It is said that stove polish will be blacker and more glossy when moistened with turpentine than with any other liquid.

—If a little powdered sage is mixed with pepper and salt and is scattered over pork steak while it is cooking it will give an agreeable flavor and will lessen the purely greasy taste so objectionable to most people.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Few effects are more beautiful and striking than that produced by planting together climbing roses and clematises. The habits of growth of the two are so similar, and yet their general appearance is so dissimilar, that they group nicely. They both blossom about the same time.—*Troy Times.*

—Few things in the progress of the civilized world are more astonishing than the increased consumption of wool. This is best shown in the statistical account of the production, which in the year 1830 was 320,000,000 pounds, while in 1871 it was nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds. Owing to the great progress made in improving the breeds of sheep the quality is also much better than formerly.

—Some farmers believe that clover can be grown indefinitely without exhausting the soil. This is true provided the clover is fed on the farm and the manure returned. There is some loss even with this method, as it is impossible to return what goes into stock sold off; but this exhaustion is less than what the clover roots get from the subsoil, which would otherwise be unavailable as plant food.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The amount of the crop of strawberries next year will depend much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in summer and during the first half of the autumn will give a good crop next year. Scatter manure between the rows or about the stools, and work it into the surface soil with a steel rake or hoe, if in the garden, or with horse culture in the field. Keep the runners out and a fine growth will be the result.—*Chicago Times.*

—A most excellent pudding is made by stewing one pound of prunes until they are so tender that the stones may be removed without difficulty. Take one quart of sweet milk, and subtract a teacupful; into this stir enough flour to make it like thick paste, then mix it with the rest of the milk; beat four eggs very light, and add, and lastly stir in the prunes over which you have first sifted a little flour. Boil or steam for two hours. Serve hot, with some highly flavored sauce; vanilla or wine sauce are preferred.—*N. Y. Posi.*

—Give your wife an efficient helper. Do not expect her to do the housework, the family sewing, run the dairy, care for the poultry, harvest and preserve fruits and rear a family. If you have not tried the "help" cure, commence now, and an actual money profit will be found in the transact on. Doctor's bills will be less. Comfort will reign. The food will be better. The butter will bring higher prices. The poultry will lay more eggs and thrive better. The winter's upply of preserved fruits will be larger and more varied. Best of all you will feel like a larger man.—*Cleveland Leader.*

How to Trim a Fruit Tree.

No man should start out to trim a fruit tree on a theory not based on what is wanted from its growth. A good many act and talk about the business just as if a fruit tree were grown for its timber. But the thing wanted out of a fruit tree is its fruit; this is down to the hard-pan as to the purpose of its culture.

The way to trim a tree is that which gives us the most luscious harvest. It's the sun that helps to this return for our care. The right pruning, therefore, is that which leaves the tree spray so that the sun can tint with its pencil, and ripen by the chemistry of its rays, every fruit.

Most men begin the work in the lower limbs, and lop them until, year by year, the tree takes a form as lank as a lean and feather-stripped turkey.

But the place to begin is at the top, unless the maze of criss-cross branches puzzles your downward sight and work. If so, cut out first those interlacing limbs; then, starting from the tree-top, so lop the limbs and sprays as to leave none to chafe its fellows, and that each radiating branch may stretch from the trunk or main limbs outward into a space open to the sun and air all around its fronds and foliage. It needs, besides the wit to judge about this business, a good deal of courage to rightly prune. Most men are timid about the duty; they fear lest the cutting out of so much wood will shorten the crop. Have no such fears; no well-bearing tree does its best unless the fruit is thinned. Though the number will be less, the better size will make the quantity about the same, and the quality far superior. So, if you thin out the branches, you virtually thin the fruit, without the job of picking off the little settings, and, at the same time, open the tree to sun and air. There are fewer men who have the courage to thin their fruits than to prune thoroughly.

As to dwarf trees, it used to be the plan and counsel of orchardists to cut in first, before much swelling of the buds, about half the last year's growth. I don't think that counsel wise. A dwarf tree (according to the experience of the veteran nurseryman and pomologist C. M. Hovey) never fruits well till you leave it to shoot up as it lists. All you need do is to stake it, if the slender roots do not stay its "wabble" in the wind, and to thin the fruit sets, if too many for a perfect crop.—*General William H. Noble, in Rural New Yorker.*

Rye.

Where stock is kept upon the farm a good patch of rye should be sown early in the fall, so that it will make a good thrifty growth before cold freezing weather sets in.

There is no plant that will furnish as large amount of winter and early spring pasturage as rye, and it is equally good for all kinds of stock, including poultry. I have found it profitable to run a small patch convenient to the poultry yard, so that during the winter the poultry can have access to it, and find that it furnishes a large amount of green food at a very low expense. And with larger stock the result is the same. The soil should be prepared the same as for wheat, but it should, in order to furnish the largest amount of food, be sown considerably earlier, say about the middle of August, provided the soil is moist enough to induce germination of the seed.

It can be pastured all winter, unless the soil is very soft so that it is injured by tramping into the mud, and yet yield a profitable crop in the spring, or, if allowed to grow, it will furnish a large amount of feed at a small cost, if it is cut and fed out to stock. Once well established, a plot will furnish a supply of green food for three or four years, if it is not allowed to mature seed, and in this way will furnish more green food with less cost than any other plant. And when we realize the value of green food for stock of all kinds during the winter, and especially in the early spring when cows, mares and ewes are coming in, it is strange that more farmers do not take the trouble to sow a good patch, to be used for feed alone, and especially when stock or poultry is kept and green food is so much an item.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Youths' Department.

JESSIE'S SCHOOL.

Such a beautiful place for a "school," you know,
On the hillside green where the breezes blow;
Where daisies and buttercups grow all the day,
And sunshine and shadow at hide-and-seek play.
Little Miss Jessie, a dear little girl,
With eyes full of sunshine and hair all a-curl,
Says: "Look at me, child'en, 'twill be a great pity
If I can't teach you something I learn in my city."

Now little Miss Jessie is wondrously clever;
And since she has learned it, I think she has never
Forgotten just how she should spell the word "cat."
And it isn't, I'm sure, every child can do that.
So wee little Susie and chubby-checked Joe
(The weest of wee country bumpkins, you know),
Look hard at their "teacher," and spell c-a-t,
Which they stoutly pronounce "p-u-s-s-i-e."

"Now, Susie," cries Jessie, "c-a-t spells cat."
"Well, tat means a pussy; I diess I know dat."
Lisps the small country maiden, who thinks it more fun
To be chasing the butterflies there in the sun.
"O Joey, you spell it!" cries Jess, in demair.
Joe giggles: "I seen a big snake over there!"
When lo! in a jiffy "school's out" for that day,
For the scared little teacher had scampered away.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Youth's Companion.*

POLLY'S MORTIFICATION.

One day in November, soon after the arrival of her pet kitten, Polly said:

"Mamma, I'm so glad we're going to stay in the country all winter: for I think really the country is so much better place to bring up a kitten in!"

Polly didn't like at all having to leave kitty so long when she went to church. She could take kitty with her to play, or she could come in to see her whenever she liked. She said nothing of this grievance, for she approved of going to church, but she thought about it a good deal.

One Sabbath near the end of the month the little girl who sometimes had to be waited for was already in the carriage when Mrs. Blatchley came to the door.

"You in the back seat, Polly?" she asked. "I thought you always liked to ride in front."

"I thought I wouldn't to-day, mamma."

Mrs. Blatchley put her foot on the step of the carriage, but instead of taking her place beside Polly, she stopped in surprise. "What is that great bundle in your lap, child?"

Polly started, and looked down carefully. "That's a muff," she said. "I heard you say just now, mamma, it was very winterish."

"It's not cold enough for that, child. And, besides, why didn't you ask Nora to get your own little muff? What in the world is that thing?"

"Why, it's grandmamma's muff. I saw you put it in a big box in the cedar closet ever so long ago, and I went and got it this morning."

Mrs. Blatchley took her foot off the carriage step, and turned round. "Nora!" she called.

But Nora had gone away, and Polly cried pleadingly: "Oh, no, no, mamma: let me keep this; I like it a great deal better."

"What is the matter, Sallie?" said her husband as Mrs. Blatchley hesitated. "The child can leave it in the carriage if you don't want her to take it into church. It is better not to wait now; I'm afraid we shall be late." So Mrs. Blatchley got into the carriage.

Polly was very still during that drive. She didn't twist herself about as usual to try and see both sides of the road at once. She did not even talk. Her mamma smiled, and said the muff overwhelmed her

When they reached the church the great bell in the steeple was giving out its last peals. Mrs. Blatchley alighted hurriedly and walked in at the great door. Mr. Blatchley saw Polly demurely following with her arms buried in the big muff. He did not stop her. What harm could her childish fancy do? Besides, he was a man fond of a joke, and he enjoyed his wife's unconscious air as this droll little figure walked on behind her. But the immense, old-fashioned muff was not the only reason why people turned their heads and smiled as she passed up the aisle. There was something about the muff even funnier than itself, for pushing out at one end appeared a little head of fur with bright, round eyes, eyes that moved, as the children saw, and pointed, pink-lined ears that moved too, as Polly's arm pressed hard against the alert little nose.

The child's face was very red as she slipped into her pew. "May I sit up in the corner, mamma?" she whispered.

Mrs. Blatchley's eyes, too, fell on this head peeping out of the muff.

"Polly!" she whispered, so severely that the child who was already a good deal frightened, actually started. But her only answer was to seat herself as quickly as possible, and so far as she was able, stop up the ends of the muff with her little hands. All was quiet within, and soon she heard a soft purring sound as she bent her head.

"It's all right, mamma," she whispered, "I'll answer for her."

The lady said nothing. She had been speaking to her husband, and Mr. Blatchley's face had its broadest smile, though as he saw Polly's eyes upon him, he became suddenly grave.

When the congregation stood up to sing, Mrs. Blatchley motioned to Polly not to rise. But singing was the part of the service Polly liked best of all, and she jumped and peeped over her mamma's shoulder, to look at the hymn. Up jumped something else, too, in the depths of the muff and began to stir.

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered Polly, soothingly.

All was still; and the child's sweet little treble joined in the hymn.

One, two verses she sang, then, suddenly sat down, for the motion within the muff was becoming very decided. Before the congregation had finished the third verse, the movement had become a commotion, and the child with a red and anxious face was trying to check her prisoner's attempts to escape.

The singing was over at last, and there was a pause in which the faintest sound could be heard. It was then that there came a distinct angry mew.

Poor polly hid her face as much as possible. It seemed to her that everybody near and far was frowning, and looking straight through the muff to the kitten that was so tired of her close quarters. She grasped the prisoner still more firmly. The result was another louder mew.

Her mother turned to her:

"Take that kitten away directly," she commanded, sternly, "and walk about outside until we come."

At any time Polly would not have liked to go down the long aisle during service, but, now, when she had that great muff she had begun to hate, the struggling kitten inside of it, with first her head and then her tail at its opposite ends, and when all the people were looking at her, it was dreadful. But she got up. She could not hold the ends of the muff quite so well standing: kitty took advantage of this in a moment, and was on the floor beside her little mistress. Mrs. Blatchley stooped quietly; but kitty slipped past her. The next moment Mr. Blatchley made the same attempt and succeeded in touching kitty's tail, as she slipped along to the entrance of the pew. Polly glided after, hoping to clutch her favorite.

But kitty was a sprite sometimes. When she didn't want to be caught nobody could catch her. All ready for a frolic, she cocked her head and watched the child coming up to her. Polly moved very cautiously; she was determined to get hold of kitty. The little creature stood still as if to let her do it. Polly bent down, her hand touched the little furry back; it was all right now.

Was it, though?

In an instant kitty whisked off into the broad aisle. Then, seeing her playmate didn't follow, she arched her back, waved her tail like a plume, and in the drollest way pranced almost up to her again.

Poor Polly! She tried a second time to seize this pet who was coaxing to be played with. Kitty ran farther up the aisle, looking back in a way that showed it was quite useless to follow. Polly's mother signed to her to take her seat.

The kitten walked up and down the aisle examining the different pews, and sometimes darting into one in a way that set Polly, who was responsible for it all, in an agony. One lady was sitting alone listening attentively to the minister. She moved her arm and kitty made a dart at the swinging fringe of her shawl, and sprang into her lap. Polly longed to call out: "Catch her," but before the astonished lady could move, kitty was off again.

The sexton tiptoed along, hoping to catch the little intruder, but she frisked away a good deal faster than he could tiptoe, and all the children enjoyed the fun so much, to say nothing of the grown people, that he soon gave up trying.

After a while the kitten was seen walking slowly up the pulpit stairs.

Poor little Polly's face grew crimson, and she began to cry quietly.

Kitty liked the soft carpet; she worked her little paws into it, and soon curled herself down. Then she jumped up again, and after turning around several times settled herself for a nap.

"Oh," thought Polly, "if she'll only stay asleep."

At last the service was over. The child was sure it had been three times as long as ever before.

Nearly everybody had gone. She walked softly up to the stairs. Kitty, wakened by the general movement, was sitting looking about her. Just as Polly stretched out her hand she heard a laugh behind her. It was the sexton.

"That cat's a real imp, little girl," he said. "I just saw it shut up one eye and wink at you in the cutest way. It knows the fuss its been making, I can tell you."

"Polly," said Mr. Blatchley as they drove home, "what punishment do you think you ought to have for doing such a naughty thing as this?"

"I thought I could keep her very still, papa, and, you know, mamma said just now, it was a great mortification to me. I think the mortification is all I need. Don't you, papa?"—*Wide Awake.*

Middlburg.

Of all towns in Holland, I think (after seeing about fifty) Middelburg about the most peculiarly representative and Dutch. It has in it the most charming examples of architecture and costume that one could wish to see. It is quaint and original, clean to a degree, and not too dead and gone; in fact, on a market-day, it is for the time being about as lively and stirring a place as one could happen on; and they do say that on the occasion of the annual kermesse, which lasts about a week, the great market-place at night, when the fun is wildest, is no faint hint of those far more ancient and more nether regions *en fete*. So much of an affair is it here that they talk of the past one for six months, and prepare for the next one the rest of the year.

In passing along some of the silent, well-swept quays under the tall trees, one is struck by the number of well to-do and even stately residences, seemingly the homes of the descendants of the "merchant princes" who made their fortunes here when Middelburg had a commerce to boast of. There were no finer docks and waterways in all the country; but, alas! fickle Commerce one fine day found other harbors. The big ships sailed away one by one into the "Eternal Whither," and came back no more. The docks and basins took on the scum of idleness, busy ship-yards grew silent, and the half-finished hulks rotted where they stood. 'Tis the fate of many once thriving towns. But Middelburg was only sleeping—it was a very long Rip Van Winkle drowse—there was still strong life somewhere dormant. It woke to energy and action again some fifteen years ago. When its old neighbor and rival, Flushing, began its splendid new harbors and docks and station, high hopes were held that the new life-blood let into Flushing would revive the entire island of Walcheren. Middelburg "shook itself together" for the long-looked-for return of prosperity. New docks, canals and basins were made, big enough to float the vast commerce she wished to see again bustling about her long-deserted quays.

But, sad to say, after much outlay of money and labor: after grand opening ceremonies and much kermessing, coy commerce came not, to any great extent to gladden the souls of the good burghers either of Flushing or Middelburg. Let us say, rather, that for many years it did not come. Lately there is a better show of shipping at both places. "Time was" when this same Middelburg was the richest, proudest and most powerful city in the Netherlands. Its most prosperous times were during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when all the wines of France and Spain that came, not only for the entire country, but for towns along the Rhine far into Germany, had first to pay duty here. There exist still many relics of this powerful "octroi." There is still the "Rouenische Kade," where the wine galleons of Rouen disgorged their cargoes and their heavy customs duties. The wool-staplers of England and Scotland had also rich and powerful houses here, and at Veere, near by, under the protection of the Duke of Burgundy, who married a daughter of James I. of Scotland.—*George H. Boughton, in Harper's Magazine.*

Boston's Trust Funds.

The sums given by various individuals during the past two centuries and held in trust by the city of Boston have reached an aggregate exceeding $1,370,000. The income is spent for the various purposes designated by the givers. The most common are charity, education, reading, etc. But some are out of the ordinary. Jacob Foss created two funds of $2,000 each, the incomes to be devoted to celebrating the Bunker Hill anniversary and buying American flags for the use of Charlestown, which is now a part of Boston. Archibald Babcock, who died in 1862, left a bequest of $3,000, with directions that the income be used for giving free public concerts in Charlestown. Charlotte Harris bequeathed $10,000 to the Charlestown library, the interest to be spent in buying books published prior to 1800. James Holton established a fund of $1,000 for giving Thanksgiving dinners to the poor, and Mary Louisa Shaw one of $2,000 for supplying flowers and fruit to patients in the City Hospital. The Phillips street fund amounts to $20,000, bequeathed by Jonathan Phillips in 1860, to "adorn and embellish the streets and public places" of the city. From the proceeds of this fund statues of Quincy, Winthrop and Samuel Adams have been erected. The largest, and perhaps the most unique of these funds, is that established by Benjamin Franklin. In 1791 he gave the city of Boston £1,000 to be lent on specified conditions to young merchants. The philosopher calculated that the sum would increase to $582,000 in 1891, and he directed that $500,000 should then be spent in public works, and the rest continue on interest another century. But his calculations will not be verified. The fund now amounts to $291,000.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Popping the Question.

Popping the question is a strictly masculine institution, though it involves the presence of a woman. If a man popped all alone and no woman to catch on to his pop he'd be a blamed fool for his trouble.

Men have been known to pop at all times and in a variety of places, but those who have been there say that a good solid pop over a garden gate lays over any other sort of a pop and is the poppiest kind of a pop.

All women like to hear a man pop his poppiest, and have been known to get mad if the pop was a weak, sickly kind of a pop without style, self-respect or force of character.

Men get off the best kind of a pop when they have both of their girl's hands in their own or have one of their arms around her waist. This action gives tone and force to the pop—helps to hold the fellow up while making it.

Some fellows take naturally to popping, and are going off all the time. To others it is a painful and laborious proceeding, only to be attempted once in a lifetime and then only as small a pop as they can possibly get away with.

When a fellow's pop is acceptable to a girl, it instantly involves a kiss. When it is not acceptable, kissing is not involved.

When a fellow pops he always pops at his best girl. No fellow ever pops at his second or third best girl. There is no exception to this rule.

Popping is a very ancient and honorable institution, and the girls like it. A girl who has never heard a pop never confesses as much. She invents a pop, so that the other girls can not get the dead wood on her. We believe in popping, and shall probably experiment in that direction some day.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

The Origin of the Turnpike.

An etymological crank has discovered that the name of turnpike comes from having a pike hanged across a roadway so that no one could pass without turning it. Toll roads were instituted about five hundred years ago, the first one being built in England by a monk whose self-appointed work was to guard the shrine of St. Anthony, on Highgate Hill. Not having much to do he carted dirt from the top of the hill and filled up a deep hollow. In doing this he expended all his fortune, but the king came to the rescue and published a decree addressed to our well-beloved William Philippe, in which, after approving the motives which induced him to benefit our people passing through the highway between Highgate and Smithfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep, he authorized him to set up a bar and take toll, so that he might keep the road in order and himself in comfort and dignity.—*Chicago Times.*

For Half a Life-time.

Mrs. John Gemmell, Milroy, Mifflin Co., Pa., in the Spring of 1864 injured her spine and partial paralysis ensued. For nearly twenty years she was unable to walk. In the Spring of 1883, she was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, the great conqueror of pain. The first application gave instantaneous relief. Before the second bottle was exhausted she was able to walk and is cured.

THE man who called another a dog, apologized by saying he did not do it purposely.—*Gouverneur Herald.*

Better Than Diamonds,

And of greater value than fine gold is a great tonic and renovator like Kidney-Wort. It expels all poisonous humors from the blood, tones up the system and by acting directly on the most important organs of the body stimulates them to healthy action and restores health. It has effected many marvelous cures and for all Kidney diseases and other kindred troubles it is an invaluable remedy.

ADVERTISE and adversity begin alike, but they end very differently.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers adhere, even against the full light of fact and discovery, to the old fashioned folly of coloring butter with carrots, annatto, and inferior substances, notwithstanding the splendid record made by the improved Butter Color, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At scores of the *best* agricultural Fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

A GRAVE mistake—Burying a live man.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

LADIES of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite, from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility, may have health renewed and life extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints specially incident to the female constitution. We not only have a living faith in Mr