Talking Poll Parrots.

A young lady advertised, a few days since, a liberal reward for "a young parrot speaking a little Spanish," and it is to be hoped got the bird. "In fact," said the old bird-fancier, "nothing would be easier, in our line, than to supply her with any reasonable quantity of parrots speaking a great deal of Spanish. If a parrot has any other mother-tongue than an infernal squawk, that mother-tongue is Spanish, at least with those that come here from South America, which is our main source of supply. It is, you understand, the language of the people who capture the bird and give it the rudiments of education. Very naturally, the first words a parrot learns from them are likely to be 'bonito papagayo' and 'caramba,' just as, if English-speaking people got him first, it would begin by saying 'Pretty Polly,' and some familiar and probably more vigorous words than those Spanish ones. Spanish oaths, by the way, don't amount to much, as a rule, any more than the French 'sacre pomme de terre' or the German 'donner und blitzen.' But the noble Castilian tongue is not altogether devoid of ingenious expletives. Some of them are strong enough to curl the hair of a mule, and not infrequently we get parrots that have had their conversational powers developed in that direction to a startling extent. It doesn't hurt the value of the bird for people who don't understand Spanish. They may innocently imagine it his wild, sweet, native song when he is making the most frightfully ornate remarks about their lights and livers and things, and no harm is done. By and by, too, he will learn the language of the people he is with, and not hearing Spanish spoken about him, will gradually drop it. It is open to doubt, however, whether a parrot ever wholly forgets what he has once learned—a really good one, I mean. Several months ago a gentleman who was going abroad, not expecting to return for two or three years, left with me for sale a very fine parrot that, he said, he had had for over five years. The bird spoke English extraordinary well, and he subsequently assured me, he never knew that he spoke anything else, as he had bought it from an English lady, who had not told him that he knew any other language. But while he was here a couple of ladies entered the store one day and, while looking about were chattering in Spanish to each other when they were startled by the exclamation, in a loud tone of surprise, 'Caramba!' It was the parrot. They talked to it in Spanish. For some little time it either could not or would not say anything but 'Caramba!' and always with the proper intonation as an exclamation of astonishment. At length, however, its memory came back, and it began uttering a variety of Spanish words with great volubility. The ladies assured me that it spoke Spanish exceedingly well, and was—what was still more remarkable—a very decent bird, with good moral training. One of them bought it and paid me a good price for it. A parrot learns very quickly, if it is going to learn at all. One that speaks Spanish only when it leaves South America will pick up a great deal of English in the course of a trip of three of four weeks by a sailing vessel to this port; and as parrots are generally brought here by sailors whose habits of speech are, to say the least, lacking in refinement, poor Polly is likely to have a good many undesirable words in her vocabulary when she goes into American good society.

"Some of the fine gray parrots that come here from Africa speak Portugese fluently, that being the language of the people who captured them; and occasionally we strike one that jabbers gibberish that nobody understands, doubtless some negro talk. Green parrots from Brazil also speak Portugese. Minos are the same as parrots, talking any language that is about them. Most people have a mistaken idea about the minus, that he simply fires off a shriek like a steam-whistle every five minutes or so. But that is wrong. He can be taught to talk, and very well, too, even better than most parrots. Parrots learn German and French, or, indeed, any language, the same as they do English; but the birds that attain those accomplishments gain them from private owners, who value them as pupils, as well as pets, and they seldom get into our hands, except by accident. I was aboard an outgoing French steamer, recently, on business, just before she left the dock, and noticed on the deck an elderly French woman—one of a party—who was manifesting great solicitude about a parrot that she had in a cage. It was hard to tell which one of them was chattering French most vigorously, she or the bird. I don't suppose she would have taken $500 for that French-speaking parrot, which was intrinsically worth about $15. I don't know that I have ever encountered a German parrot, but I have heard of them and know that they exist."

Another bird-fancier, a German, said upon that branch of the subject: "German parrots? Bless me! yes; lots of them. But I can hardly say that the parrot seems to be specially adapted to speaking German. It is rather too heavy for his tongue, and as a rule he only takes in the shorter and easier words, and not a great many of them then. He would have to be a very bold parrot who would undertake to swear in German. One of the best German-speaking parrots I ever met was owned by Dombrowski, the German actor, who came over here a dozen years ago to support the great Mme. Seebach. It was a villainously malicious bird toward everybody except him, but he had spent much time in petting and training it, and with surprisingly good results. He carried it about with him in all his travels, brought it here from Germany, lugged it around from place to place, and finally took it back with him. I don't think it would be difficult for me, at any time, to find for a customer a German or a French-speaking parrot—not, of course, a perfectly educated one, but one that could speak a little of either language. It is not seldom that a parrot knows a good many words out of two or three languages, but is likely to get them mixed up in his talking.

"It is no longer a matter for question that parrots at least seem very often to know the meaning of the words they use, and apply them intelligently, appositely, in whatever language they speak. Poor Virginia Whiting, whose brief and brilliant career was that of one of our best native prima donnas, had a very fine green parrot, of unusually amiable and intelligent character, that was poisoned by a malicious servant. The wretched bird, lying upon its back in its mistress' lap, with its claws convulsively drawn up to its breast in its dying agonies, whined out, with a really human intonation of pain and anxiety: "Oh! my God, what's goin' to become of poor Polly?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Alaska Fisheries.

Capt. Joshua Slocum, of the American clipper ship Northern Light, has had much experience in the fishery business, and was one of the pioneers of the Alaska fisheries. In view of the latter fact a New York *Tribune* reporter asked him to tell in his own way what he had seen of and knew about the fisheries on that far distant coast.

"Now I don't wish to comment upon our intelligent fish commissioners," said the captain, "though the scaly business of throwing away money on foreign fisheries, when we have such ample fields at home is open to criticism. For one whose business for so many years has been a wet one to attempt to give a sketch of one or two of my fishing cruises may seem dry. However, if truths will interest I will be able to give a little seasoning. Before I had command of the Amethyst, the oldest American ship afloat, and known better as 'Old Hickory,' we—I mean myself and wife, for we were at the head of the expedition, and our family was augmented early in the voyage, despite the assertion that fishing is not healthy—brought to the Columbia river a cargo of 23,000 Alaska cod. The voyage was a success and the fact soon became known that a genuine Alaska cod was on the market, and, for flavor and nutriment, was unsurpassed by any in the world. It would seem that Alaska became known for the first time, and this, too, after we had paid $7,200,000 for that territory, ostensibly for its worth in fisheries, and again $5,500,000 for the right to—fish somewhere else. Any one having cast hook or line in the waters of Alaska would look upon our worked out Canadian islands with disdain.

"These facts are not sufficiently known, else surely this 'fisherman's paradise' would not be neglected. To one who has seen the millions of the finest of the finny; the acres of salmon ranging in weight from ten to one hundred pounds or more, hanging in the sun to dry with salt or other curative—simply cured by the pure air of Alaska—it is hard to speak without the appearance of exaggeration. Yet we have seen all this. We have seen scurvy dogs feed on salmon—better fish than some I paid a guinea each for a few weeks ago in Liverpool. One salmon such as a dog's master would keep for himself would be a good season's work for a British channel trawler. Such an Alaska salmon would be prized more than Jumbo was, and the English public would be less likely to part with it. I have frequently seen three Alaska salmon fill a barrel which it would take sixteen Columbia river salmon to fill. Again, prime Alaska salmon are as far ahead of Columbia river fish as the latter are superior to those of California. There is, to be sure, an abundance of Alaska fish only fit for fertilizing, and this was the kind first sent aboard branded, 'Alaska,' and which for a time jeopardized the Alaska fishery interests. Again, so much has been said about the 'cold, icy regions.' It has been our privilege and pleasure to feed on good strawberries at Kodiac, notwithstanding a general impression that only ice grows there.

"The best three species of salmon run in succession and afford nearly six months' good fishing about Cook inlet and English harbor. An abundance of wood and several coal mines furnish ample means for cooking fish for the world, if utilized. This should be the market of employment for a large number of the idle youth of our seaport towns, and it would have been long ago had proper consideration been given to the enterprise."

Saved by His Slimness.

A rather singular accident occurred in the Short-line yards, at the head of Jefferson street, yesterday evening, which came miraculously near being fatal. A man named James Noise was passing through the yards, walking along the ends of the ties, when he was caught by one of the engines. There are a large number of tracks at this point which cross and recross each other in a very deceiving manner, and as a number of engines are continually passing and repassing, it is very dangerous to walk the ties even in daylight. Noise saw the engine when it came within about a hundred yards of him, and thinking it was going to pass on another track, he turned his back toward it and walked straight ahead. The engineer saw him as the engine got close to him, but supposing he would step off the track, paid no more attention to it until within a few feet of him, when he rang the bell and called out at the top of his voice. Noise appeared to be in a reverie, and was so startled that he gave a sudden jump, and, as often happens, jumped square into the middle of the track. The engineer reversed his engine, but it was too late, and the footboard on the engine caught his foot and jerked him down in the middle of the track. He fell on his back and the whole engine passed over him, and to the great astonishment of all who saw it he got up and hobbled off the track. It was found that besides some very bad cuts and bruises on his foot where he was first caught, and a number of scratches on his face and some very bad bruises about his body, he was uninjured, but his clothing was almost entirely torn off. Noise is a very tall, slender man, and it was his slimness that saved him. The firebox of the engine, which is very low, caught him on the body and dragged him some distance, but finally slipped over him. The rails are hardly four inches above the ties, and the escape is a most remarkable one.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

—A fancy of the moment is to have the parasol, fan, gloves, and hose to match, in color and decoration.

Summer Pruning.

It is many years since, from our own experience, we recommended people to prune at midsummer, although we knew it was opposed to the views of many eminent horticulturists. At that time it was regarded as a bold innovation on established rules; and we have often since seen articles to show that summer-pruning must be wrong. The reasoning by which this is supported is no doubt very good. It does seem by the reasoning we have referred to, that it ought to be wrong to prune at that season, but on the other hand we have the evidence of our own senses not only that no harm but absolute good resulted from the summer pruning of trees.

But it seems to be forgotten by many good people that there are two sides to every story—two sides to winter pruning and two sides to summer pruning. Few of these horticultural operations are unmixed good or unmixed evil. In any case what we have to accomplish is to be gained, sometimes, at a little expense of good points—good if we are after some other object. So in this summer pruning question. It is said by persons whom the whole horticultural community respect, that "winter pruning strengthens while summer pruning weakens trees;" and if one were to deprive a tree of all its foliage this would probably be true enough to work serious injury. It is on the principle on which noxious weeds are destroyed. Denuded of every leaf as fast as one appears, a plant is often killed in one season. But may this not be different when only a few branches are taken off? The remaining leaves and branches have more food at their disposal. What was intended for a thousand branches is now divided among nine hundred. But we are not disposed to enter into these minute points of physiological science. It is enough for practical men to know that the cutting away of a few branches has never been known to work any serious injury; while the ease with which the wound heals over, is in striking contrast with the long time it takes a winter-wound to get a new coat of bark over it if it ever does. We have seen in a vigorous, healthy tree a stout branch of two inches taken off, in the summer, have the new bark nearly covered the branch in two years. In winter the same spot would have been several years in closing over, and perhaps the part would decay first, and thus lay the foundation of future disease in the tree. So well is this known, that in many places where winter pruning is practiced to any great extent, it is not unusual to have shellac or some other composition ready to paint over the wounds, to keep out the weather until it shall have been closed over by the new bark.

Of course a heavy loss of foliage would be a heavy loss to the tree; but it is very rare that any tree has been so much neglected as to need the half or even the fourth of its branches taken off in summer-time. But there are in many cases branches here and there along the trunks of trees which it is an advantage to the tree to lose; and thinning which may be done in various ways to advantage, and in such cases summer-pruning will tell a good tale. Another gain by it is to promote increased budding the following year, in fact, we have no sort of doubt but that many a rapid-growing tree could be made to come into bearing two or three years earlier by shortening-in liberally the latter part of June and the first half of July. Fall, winter and spring pruning does not induce budding; it can only give form to the tree. Let this be born in mind, and if there are any doubters, let them try it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Notes at the Zoological Garden.

An old monkey sat coolly asleep in a snug corner, with a friend nestling against him and indulging likewise in a comfortable snooze. Presently a young sky-larker approached them somewhat timidly, and squatting beside the friend, sat quiet for some seconds, then suddenly, as if possessed by some malicious inspiration, he reached his arm out cautiously behind the slumbering friend and gave the elderly monkey a whacking box on the ear. He, waking in just wrath and unsuspicious of the truth—for the culprit was now shamming sleep and looked the picture of innocence—flew upon his friend with an indictment for assault, and chivied him with monster clamor round and round the cage, while the culprit sat regarding them and jabbering with joy. Some little time after, the performance was repeated, the old monkey and friend having settled in their corner, and assault and the wrongful punishment occurring as before. Once again the trick was tried, but the friend, who had twice suffered, was shamming sleep this time, and caught the culprit in the act, and with the help of the old monkey gave him a good drubbing, which, indeed, he well deserved.

I have seen many interesting infants at the Zoo, and heard much conversation evoked on their account. What a fuss was made about the hippopotamus, and how the baby tapir was idolized last winter, until the Jumbo worship put its tiny snout quite out of joint! A baby elephant would doubtless draw all London to its cradle, and who would fail to hail with joy an infantine giraffe? But as far as my affections have at present been extended to babies zoological, I think that baby monkeys have most won my admiration, if not, indeed, my love. Few babies are prettier than a baby kangaroo, seen peeping slyly forth from the snug maternal pouch. Even this, however, is not so sweet a sight as that of a small monkey squatting pick-a-back upon its mother, with its long, lean little arms tightly clasped around her neck. To see him get give it suck is one of the grotesquest and yet tenderest of sights; and if she allows you the great honor of a hand-shake with her offspring, you will not soon forget the softness of the tiny slender fingers, or how clingingly they clutch.

The study of zoology is made easy at the Zoo, and a few steps from the monkey-house will bring you to the lions, whose solemnity of countenance and dignified demeanor present a striking contrast to the restless little mischief-loving creatures you have left. A lion always looks majestic except, perhaps, when snarling and snuffling over a bone; he has a way of gravely gazing into space, as though his brains were occupied by great affairs of State. Yet the king of beasts is somewhat of a coward, so hunters have declared; and despite of all his dignity, I fear he may be hen-pecked like many a weaker creature. I have often seen his majesty submit to much ill-treatment at the paws of his good queen, and the other day she actually jumped over his royal back while he lay enjoying his slumber in the sunshine, and on his growling a remonstrance she gravely slapped him on the cheek. Whether this was done in fun—although she looked too grand a creature to condescend to joke—or whether she desired to try her husband's temper as fine ladies often do, or possibly to draw his notice to the fact that some remarkably fine plump children were close before his nose, are points which must remain forever wrapped in doubt.—*All the Year Round.*

Telling a Story.

They were sitting on the veranda after tea, when the man with a story began to tell it.

"By the way," he said, "I heard a good thing in town to-day."

"Was it warm in town?" asked the woman who stays at home.

He assured her that it was, and went on: "I met Jack Rollins—"

"What, little Jack?" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, I remember when Jack's father first come to Huckleberryville, long 'fore he married Hulda—she was a Smith, you know, ole Billy Smith's darter. Old Billy was a curus chap. Did I ever tell yer 'bout that scrape him and me got inter in their winter of thirty-five—no, 't was thirty-four—yes—no— Well, I disremember zactly wich; but anyhow, Billy and me, we—"

"Yes, yes; we know all about it, Uncle Ben," said the man with a story. "As I was saying, I met Jack Rollins, and he and I thought we'd go down to the beach and have a swim—"

"You are getting on swimmingly now," observed the retailer of second-hand puns.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed the man with a story, "Jack and I went down to the beach, and—"

"You had a nice bath," said the woman who interrupts.

"No, I didn't," sharply answered the man with a story; "you see the tide—"

"Oh, that reminds me of a funny thing that happened to a lot of us fellows when we were in the army!" exclaimed the war veteran. "It was just after the second Bull Run, and the Major—"

The war veteran was reminded of this "funny thing" invariably seven evenings a week, and, though he always told it from beginning to end nobody ever listened to it. It is not necessary, therefore, to repeat it here.

After he had finished, however, the man with a story began again. "The tide, you see, was away out, and Jack said we might as well go up to the —"

"Oh, tell us again!" interrupted the retailer of second-class puns.

The man with a story frowned on the punister and continued: "Go up to the hotel and see who was there. Charley Sprague—"

"Is Charley one of Squire Sprague's boys?" queried the old gentleman. "The Squire and me—"

"No, Charley isn't one of the Squire's boys, Uncle Ben," was the rather peevish rejoinder of the man with a story. "Charley—"

"Do you remember what a time we had that night it rained so?" suddenly asked the young lady with the erratic mind.

"It's awful dry," remarked the amateur agriculturist; "if we don't have rain soon, I guess my potatoes won't amount to much."

"What a horrid dress that Boston woman had on to-day!" remarked the young lady in the rocking-chair.

"We had a bully time on the river to-day," interjected the boy in the flannel shirt.

"Shall you go to the mountains before you return?" asked the young gentleman who was doing the agreeable to the young lady with the low forehead.

The man with a story saw it was no use. So he gave it up in despair and walked sadly away, leaving the others to chatter at their own sweet will.

But, mark you, he will tell that story to every one separately before the week is out, and probably two or three times to most of them. They will come to the conclusion finally that it would have been much better for them to let the man with a story tell it at once and have done with it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Gail Hamilton, in *Harper's Weekly Magazine*, in telling about mowing, confesses that she is "afraid of the scythe." She says "the scythe is a singularly snake-like and dangerous thing to handle. It has such a way of twisting in your hands, and it always twists the wrong way—towards you. The best manner of mowing is to get some one else to do it. That way it is the most delightful work in the world—rhythmic and graceful."

—The charming fashion of wearing wash dresses of pattern materials has brought out painted muslins for the hot summer days. Both dark and light grounds are exceeding popular, and these muslins should be arranged over a skirt of thin silk. If this foundation is made of muslin, it should be of a very delicate hue, and plain in color, so as not to interfere with the one above it.—*N Y Evening Post.*

—"What's them potatoes worth?" inquired an Evanston man of a well-fed, healthy-looking farmer. "They're wuth about four shillin' a bushel," answered the farmer; "but as I heerd they was payin' two dollars for 'em, I hitched up and brung in a load."—*Chicago Cheek.*

—Of the New England States, New Hampshire and Vermont produce the finest grades of wool, the growers in these States devoting their attention principally to the fine merino wools.

—The ocean steamer passage-books show that the words, "when I was in Europe," will issue from 60,000 additional mouths next autumn.—*Philadelphia News.*

A Wedding in Chinese High Life.

Among the pure Chinese, and especially among the higher classes, a wedding is a long and serious affair. From the almost Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to their betrothal, and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character equivalent to the *bazvalan* or marriage broker of ancient Brittany, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency Office, or the daily marriage advertisements of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner first, and negotiate the transfer after. If you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own tastes as well as interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your accredited ambassador. There is, however, one prelimary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a fatal difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is Chun and you are Le, or she is Kwan or Yu, and you rejoice in any other patronymic monosyllable, the next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date, and hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness; if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortune-tellers in China as it is elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is if the station and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form. The wedding presents are then sent, and if accepted the young couple is considered as legally betrothed.

A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, while the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the style of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent as we might imagine by some wicked wag or irreclaimable bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection. The ladies, too, in China, as well as elsewhere, indulge in a little fashionable crying on the occasion, and so the relatives of the bride spend the morning with her, weeping over her impending departure, or, more probably, their own spinsterhood. They do not, however, forget to bring some contributions for her trousseau. In the evening comes the bridegroom with a whole army of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and gilding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up securely out of sight, and the whole procession, preceded by a band of music and the dragon, and closing with the bride's bandboxes, starts for home. On arrival, she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably in order to prevent her bringing an evil influence in with her. She then performs the kotou to husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betel-nut to the assembled guests.

Up to this time she has been veiled, but she now retires to her chamber, where she is unveiled by her husband; she then returns, again performs obeisance to the assembled guests, and partakes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened the other with bitter herbs infused in it, are drunk together by the newly-married pair, to symbolize that henceforth they must share together life's sweets and bitters. The bride then retires escorted by the matrons present, some one of whom recites a charm over her, and arranges the marriage couch. The next morning the gods of the household and the hearth are worshipped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions at home of different members of the two families or equally formal visits paid to the family of the bride. During the whole of this period, she still travels in her red-and-gold sedan, and is still escorted by her band of music and dragon.—*Temple Bar.*

—The inborn ability of the Connecticut boy never deserts him. From way out in San Bernardino we get a postal card which proves this: "One of my neighbor's little boys found two ripe peaches on a tree in the orchard and asked his father if he might pick one. 'Yes,' was the reply; so the four-year-old trotted off, soon bringing back the peach. 'Did you pick only one?' asked the parent. 'Yes, sir, only this one.' 'Well, give your little brother half.' 'Yes, sir.' Several days later the father happened by that same tree and spied the pit of the other peach sticking fast to the tree. The boy had bent down the limb and eaten off the fruit clean. This youth hails from Connecticut."—*New Haven Register.*

—Patrick Dogon, of Harwinton, Conn., who killed his father, has been bound over in the sum of $400. The Judge had a great mind at one time to make it $450. Tell ye wat, naow, when man in Connecticut goe'n kills his father, 'y gol, they make him smart fur it. 'Taint like ez ef 'twere out West, naow, wher they don't hev no regard for human life. Parson Goodbee said ef he'd a ben on the bench he'd a mode his bail $450, he wouldn't a cared wat folks said.—*Burington Hawkeye.*

—Flora Tilman, a sixteen-year-old Indiana girl attempted suicide with a razor. She gave as a reason that her father had called her from the spirit land.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Olive Logan pronounces Bernhardt's husband highly kissable.

—A Boston clothing firm provides free cabs from any part of the city to their store.

—Something in a political meeting at San Antonio, Texas, seemed so funny to Mr. Chevalier that he was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter. It required several men to hold him, his contortions were so great, and he did not become quiet until morphine was administered.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The remains of Lewis H. Redfield, the veteran editor, printer and publisher, who died recently in Syracuse, N. Y., were interred at Oakland Cemetery, beneath a simple slab bearing the words—chosen by himself—"Lewis H. Redfield, printer. A worn and battered form, gone to be recast more beautiful and perfect."

—Mr. Jotham Johnson, of Durham, Me., is described as a somewhat remarkable man. He is now 96 years old, but in good health, and as active as most men of seventy. His wife died three years ago at the age of ninety-two, after living with her husband seventy-two years. Mr. Johnson followed the sea, beginning at the age of seven. He never uses glasses, and has good, natural teeth, as well as a fine head of hair, white and curly.

—A recent visit to the grave of S. S. Prentiss, near Natchez, Miss., found it bearing evident marks of neglect. It was overgrown with wild briars and weeds, and the little marble headstone was hardly visible, while all around were magnificent and carefully kept tombs of men whose names were blanks in comparison with the name of Prentiss.

—Abraham Ingalls, a resident of St. Paris, O., has received a letter from the mother of the late President Garfield bearing the news that he is a nephew of hers and a cousin of the late President, and extending to him an invitation to visit Mentor and renew acquaintance. The parents of Mr. Ingalls died when he was very young, and all trace of him was lost by his mother's relatives. He was entirely ignorant of the relationship existing between himself and the Garfield family until the receipt of Mrs. Garfield's letter.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If only all preachers and public speakers would follow the example of the late Bishop Scott! Once, a few years ago, he was invited to preach a Thanksgiving Day sermon at Odessa, Del. A large congregation attended, and an elaborate discourse was expected. But, to every one's surprise, he closed his sermon after talking only fifteen minutes, and to the inquirers who flocked about him afterward he explained that he had said all he knew on the subject in hand, and had therefore stopped talking.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Forty years ago, in a village near Philadelphia, arrangements were made for a wedding. The guests were invited and the bride awaited the groom, who never came. The girl, crazed by grief, became a harmless lunatic, and wanders through the rooms of her home arrayed in her bridal finery, buoyed up with the hope that her lover will yet return. Burglars entered her house lately, and her quick ear detecting their steps, she stepped out on the staircase and greeted the thieves with the words: "I have been waiting all these years; I am ready; come on." The men looked at the ghostly figure in its faded robes, standing with arms outstretched, and fled from the house.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Philadelphia mule has killed a mad-dog, but it is still a matter of doubt whether a mule or a mad-dog is the safest thing to have around—*Lowell Citizen.*

—You can buy a real Mexican manilla hammock for $1.75. And then you can fall out of it and drive your back-bone up clear through your chin for nothing.—*New Haven Register.*

—A physician in Paris, being called to attend a very pretty actress, after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue, pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam; but the doctors only prescribe remedies; they do not take them," was the rejoinder.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."—*Boston Post.*

—A ladies' journal announces that a marked change will take place this fall in the fashion of arranging ladies' hair. We are given no hint as to the character of the innovation, but it is suspected that instead of hanging the hair over the back of the chair at night, upon retiring, it will be suspended from a nail in the ceiling.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Did you bathe while you were in Galveston?" asked Gilhooly of a Col. Yerger, who had just returned from a visit to the island city. "O, yes, I bathed several times." "How did you find the water?" "No trouble finding the water. The street cars take you right down to it. You can't miss the water. It's all around the island.—*Texas Siftings.*

Grandma was nodding, I rather think;
Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
He climbed on the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there.
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this little fact came to his sight;
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And woke with a start to find Harry there.
"Why, what are you doing, my child? she said,
He answered, "I's pulling a basting-fread!"

—Col. Percy Yerger was complaining confidentially to Hostetter McGinnis of the frequency with which his mother-in-law paid him visits—that she came to see him four or five times a year. "My wife's mother" responded McGinnis, "has visited me only once in the last five or six years. The last time she came to see me was when I was first married, five years ago." "Lucky man! When is she going to visit you again?" "How can I tell? She has not got through with her first visit yet in."—*Texas Siftings.*

IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL