The American Union.

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E. W. EMERSON.

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The American Union.

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EPIGRAMMATIC GEMS.

A FOP.

A fop is one who takes great pains
About everything except his brains.

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

If I had a fortune of gold to invest,
It would cause little worry or troublin';
To Ireland I'd send it, that "Isle of the Blest,"
Where the Capital always in Dublin.

THE SWEET BUY-AND-BY.

"By and by is easily said."—Hamlet.

As Jones and his wife so buxom and sweet
Passed a milliner's shop on their way down the street,
Where a "duck of a bonnet" she chanced to espy,
And with words most seductive she coaxed him to buy.
"It's only twelve dollars; come, dear, let's go buy it."
"All right," replied Jones, and passed on; "let's go by it!"

SYMBOLIC LOVE.

My love for U will ne'er D K,
Nor ever grow 0 less;
I 0 U both night and day,
& love U 2 X S.

POETRY VS. PROSE.

Success is the poetry of life as it goes,
For we find, to our cost, its re-verses are prose.

A 'ARD 'IT.

Of the letter h throughout their land,
The English seem to have a dread;
They've seldom got it in their 'and,
And never in their 'ead.

AN ENIGMA.

From majesty take head and tail,
Be sure an I leave the rest:
Then, if you do, you cannot fail
To see it's but a jest.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE LOST I. O. U.

Some men seem to take naturally to whatever promises to be unfortunate to them, and it must have been in a blind obedience to this law that Charles Day insisted on regarding Jonas Terry as his friend. There was nothing in common between the men but a love for Josie Merritt, and such a circumstance is not usually conducive to friendly feeling.

Charles had wavy brown hair, a pleasant face, and a fine tenor voice. Jonas kept his hair cut after some penitentiary fashion, his features were thick and commonplace, and he had a short, stumpy figure. Their mental differences were quite as great: Charles was rapid and bright, Jonas slow and secretive; Charles also was affectionate and prodigal, Jonas saving and prudent, and inclined to make a merit of always looking out for himself. Both were young men of some fortune and position, but Jonas alone was in business. Charles lived upon the rents of his property, and devoted his time to the ladies in general, and to Josie Merritt in particular.

One evening in June they sat together in the library of Charles' fine house. They had been discussing some summer plans, and Charles said,

"Leave off griuding at that money mill of yours, Jonas, and come with me; we shall have a pleasant month's cruise."

"I cannot possibly do it. To tell the truth, I am in a very tight place, and it is a bad time for raising money."

"How much do you want?"

"About twelve thousand."

"Will ten thousand do?"

"Yes; ten would put me out of straits. In fact ten thousand now might be worth fifty thousand to me."

Charles walked to his secretary, and unlocking it, counted out the amount in bills, and handed them to his friend, saying:

"Just give me your I. O. U., Jonas, for two months after date. Will that be long enough?"

"You don't mean this, Charles?"

"Why, yes, I do, old fellow. It is not much of a kindness, after all. You see, Merritt paid me my quarter's rents to-day, and I shall be sure to spend all before the quarter is over if I keep the money where I can get at it. In two months I shall be out of funds, and in the height of the season. It is a plan of mine to secure ten thousand for a clearing up in September."

"Thank you, Charles. I will accept the loan with pleasure, and if you should need it before, why, just drop me a line. I shall be out of trouble long before September."

The young man then drew a pen and some paper toward him, wrote out the I. O. U., and handed it to his friend, observing, as he did so, "Allow me to say, Charles, that it is foolish to keep so much money here. Put it with your banker."

"Certainly. Merritt paid me this afternoon. It was so hot when he left I thought I would not go down-town until the morning. There is no danger. Nobody but you and Merritt and myself knows anything about it."

Then he lifted the I. O. U., glanced at it, and rose to put it in his secretary; but as he was crossing the room Jonas said, "I heard to-day that Josie Merritt is to marry Lieutenant Price."

In an instant the young man's thoughts were diverted from his money affairs. He was much excited at the information, refused to believe it, and went over and over, with a passionate earnestness, his reasons for being certain that such a thing could not be.

"Why," he kept repeating, "I have known her ever since she was a little bit of a girl. I carried her books to school; I went with her to the dancing class; her father has been my lawyer and my adviser; I have been as much at home in Merritt's house as in my own. Pooh! the thing is impossible. Josie never would treat me like that. I won't believe it."

"Go and ask her a straightforward question."

"I can't. It is too late to-night, and I leave by the noon train to-morrow. I intended to have that matter fully understood this summer, but I was in no hurry. A love affair is all spoiled when papa and mamma and the lawyer and the world come into it. I have told Josie that, and she and I understand one another. Will you be calling there soon, Jonas?"

"I will try, if you wish it."

"They leave town in a few days, but call before, if you can, and send me word if you see anything of the lieutenant."

"I will. Lock up your secretary, Charles; I see it is still open. I am very much obliged—very much."

"All right. You are very welcome. I am just putting ten thousand safely away for when I need it."

Charles was much annoyed at what he had heard, but he did not forget his secretary. It had a secret drawer, and was capable of being fastened by three intricate locks. He carefully secured all three, and then sat down to smoke and think over again the absurdity of Josie caring for any one but himself. In half an hour he was satisfied that the thing was impossible, and he rose rather wearily, determined to sleep upon his faith in her love.

As he passed the table he saw a piece of paper that attracted him; it was Jonas' I. O. U. He had forgotten to put it away, and it was too much trouble to unlock the secretary again. He hesitated a moment where to secure it, but almost instantly selected a place he considered singularly safe, deposited it there, and then went to bed and to sleep.

The next day he went to Newport, and there waited impatiently the advent of the Merritts. Before he got any letter from Jonas, Josie herself had satisfied him. They had a charming stroll together, in which everything was talked over, and left Charles in what he considered a very happy and enviable position.

Nothing marred the heaven of their next two months. At the end of that time the reckless lover began to be in want of funds, and as he had heard nothing from Jonas, he determined to go to New York and collect his I. O. U. He had not a care on his heart about it until he had searched his secretary again and failed to find the paper. He lit a cigar, and sat down to think. Then he suddenly remembered that he had found the paper after he had locked his secretary, and that he had hid it. He even remembered the little laugh of delight with which he had put it in such a capital place. But what place? He could not remember that.

The room, as said before, was the library, and the walls were covered to a considerable height with books, the top of the shelves being ornamented with busts, Indian boxes, and Chinese cabinets and jars. He looked behind all the books, opened those within easy reach, rifled the boxes and cabinets, and peeped into all the vases. The search was continued half through the night, but the paper was not found.

He tried to think that it was of no consequence, but somehow his heart failed him. Early next day he went to the office of Jonas Terry, and found him there. Jonas was busy writing, but he lifted his head with a smile, and rose heartily to greet his friend.

"Jonas," said Charles, with a puzzled, eager look, "that I. O. U.—I have lost it. Searched everywhere all night for it, and can't lay my hands on it."

"What I. O. U.?"

"The one you gave me for the ten thousand dollars I lent you in June. After you went I sat down to think about Josie Merritt, and when I was getting sleepy I found it on the table. I was too lazy to unlock my secretary again, and I hid it somewhere; or else I thought I hid it, and left it about, and the servants have swept it away. However I will give you an acknowledgement that will cover all possible claim if ever it should turn up. That will do, you know."

"You must be dreaming, Charles. I know nothing about an I. O. U., and I don't at all see what you are drifting at."

"Jonas! You could not be such a scoundrel! You are joking, of course."

"Mr. Day, I request you to leave my office at once, sir. I am not to be bullied or black-mailed in this way, I assure you."

Then Charles struck the scoundrel, and there was such an uproar of words and blows that the police were called in, and the affair became sufficiently public, and indeed went into the courts. Of course Charles got the worst of it every way. He had no particle of evidence to show for his claim; he was fast, fashionable, and extravagant, while Jonas was universally spoken of as "estimable and reliable." Society turned the cold shoulder toward him, and mothers forbade their daughters to ride in his company or accept him for a partner in the dance. "But then," as Mrs. Merritt shrewdly said, "his engagement to our Josie has just become known."

It was remarkable that after this quarrel Jonas Terry's business grew with an amazing rapidity. Perhaps the saving of that ten thousand had been the turning-point of his fortune. We all know how the want of a five-dollar-bill can sometimes lose us an amount amazingly disproportionate. Socially, too his success was very great. He married a beautiful, stylish woman, who fully shared his antipathy to the Days, and who never lost an opportunity of mortifying them; and social slights are bitter enough to those whose whole life turns upon social success. In fact Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Terry, with their grand house and exclusive entertainments and fine turn-out, were the Mordecai sitting in the gate of all Charles' and Josie's happiness.

Many a time the two had gone together over everything in the room, taken every book from the shelves, and examined every crevice in the cases, but all in vain. The I. O. U. was evidently lost, and Charles said, after every fresh search and disappointment, "No use, Josie; I tell you everything goes against honor and virtue. If you want to be pointed out as a pattern of all excellencies, you must be in secret a natural and practical villain."

So the years went by—fifteen of them. The I. O. U. was not forgotten. They lived in a society where people have little else to do but remember the antecedents of its members, and Charles Day and his wife very often felt the influence of Jonas' accusation. The two men never spoke. If they passed each other on the drive Jonas cracked his whip offensively, or Mrs. Terry looked scornfully at the shrinking couple, but they had long ago said all to each other that it was possible to say.

In the fifteenth summer after the loan Charles went yachting, and on one memorable night was shipwrecked. Almost by a miracle, and after he had sunk thrice, he was rescued. The first words he uttered to his wife were: "Josie, I have found the I. O. U. Write down just what I say: "Shakespeare, Knight's Edition, vol. iv., page 213, fourth compartment, fourth shelf, fourth book."

Josie wrote it down; but he was so restless lest anything should now happen to the library that he returned to New York as soon as there was the least safety in doing so. When he arrived at home he went straight to the library, and putting his hand on a certain volume, opened it at the page he had indicated, and there was the lost I. O. U.

"When I was drowning, Josie, the last time I sunk, everything I ever did became in a moment's flash clear as day to me, and I saw myself putting the note in the place I found it. It is wonderful. But it is true, and, Josie dear, thank God! my name will be cleared at last."

The clearing of his name was Charles' first thought, but after it came the very satisfactory one of making Jonas pay the principal and interest due him. "And after this is done, Josie, I shall sue him for defamation of character, and make him pay for every insolence."

This was no idle threat. The next morning Charles' lawyer confronted the false-hearted scoundrel with his I. O. U. and entered proceeding at once to recover. Jonas at first tried to compromise, but this offer Charles indignantly rejected. "I want the world to see," he said, "that though punishment for a cowardly wicked deed be long delayed, it is sure to come."

And perhaps the social and commercial world in which these two men moved never had a more vivid illustration of this truth. The business that had been built upon a fraud and a wrong crumbled away as if touched by some withering blight. The court awarded Charles Day principal and interest, and a subsequent action for famation gave him, in reparation for fifteen years' slandered name, fifty th and dollars.

But by that time the firm of J. Terry was unable to meet such a cla He shut his doors in dishonor, and in the darkness of night from the th ands whom he had robbed.

"It is a great punishment," said J sorrowfully: "and he has four l boys."

"It was a great crime Josie; and wrong to my purse was the least pa the wrong."

But Mrs. Terry, sitting in her wre home, took a different view of the "Charles Day is entirely to blame," said. "His weakness and his laz threw the tempation into Jonas's It is the weak men that make wicked ones.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Navigation of the Mississippi.

The total navigation of the Mississ itself is 2,161 miles, but small steam can ascend 760 miles further.

The following are its principal navigable tributaries, with the miles of navigation:

	Miles.		M
Minnesota	295	Wisconsin	
Chippewa	90	Rock	
Iowa	80	Illinois	
Missouri	3,174	Yellowstone	
Big Horn	50	Ohio	
Allegheny	325	Monongahela	
Muskingum	94	Kanawha	
Kentucky	195	Green	
Wabash	365	Cumberland	
Tennessee	270	Clinch	
Osage	302	St. Francis	
Whites	779	Black	
Little White	48	Arkansas	
Big Hatchie	75	Issaquena	
Sunflower	271	Yazoo	
Tallahatchie	175	Big Black	
Red	986	Cane	
Cypress	44	Ouachita	
Black	61	Boeuf	
Bartholomew	100	Tensas	
Macon	60	Teche	
Atchafalya	218	D'Arbonne	
Lafourche	168		

The other ten navigable tributa have less than fifty miles each of nav tion.

The total miles of navigation of th fifty-five streams is 16,571 miles, ab two thirds of the distance around world.

The Mississippi and its tributaries n be estimated to possess 15,571 mi navigable to steamboats, and 20,5 miles navigable to barges.—*New Orle Times-Democrat.*

Farms on the Baltic.

A more beautiful farming country d not exist than that along the south shore of the Baltic. No fences mark t boundaries of the fertile farms whi stretch away over the rolling hills to t distant horizon, all aglow with yell grain. At intervals a clump of tr often seen intensely dark against ripe grain shows where a farmho stands, and giant windmills swing th sails on the highest hill-tops. The hi way, a finely built chaussee, leads straig across the country, only curving to pass through some village. Mountain ash, birch and cherry trees border the road in an unbroken rank. In the ditches and by the roadside grow countless varieties of wild flowers—a perfect paradise for the botanist. From the highest hill the eye meets to the South a succession of grain fields. To the North, beyond the soft undulations of the cultivated hills, the Baltic shimmers in the strong sunlight, a narrow line, sharp at the horizon. The dimensions of the brick barns prove the accustomed magnitude of the harvest; the luxury of the farmers' houses tells of inherited success.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Largest Apple Trees.

The largest apple tree supposed to be standing in the United States may be seen in the dooryard of Delos Hotchkiss, Cheshire, Conn. Its shape is symmetrical, the trunk being round and without a scar or blemish upon it. There are eight large branches, five of which bear one year and the other three the next year. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one year from the five branches eighty-five bushels of fruit, but his predecessor harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same five branches. The circumference one foot from the ground and above all enlargement of the roots is thirteen feet and eight inches. The girth of the largest single limb is six feet eight inches. The top limbs reach a height of sixty feet, and the spread of the limbs is 100 feet. The age of the tree can be traced by family tradition to 140 years at least.—*New England Farmer.*

THE WILD HOG OF TEXAS.

A STORY OF THE PECCARY'S INDOMITABLE COURAGE.

A Drove Tackles a Railroad Train and Dies on the Track—Hunting the Peccary.

"I'll never forget the first time I ran into a drove of peccaries," said an Erie locomotive engineer, recalling some of his experiences.

"A drove of peccaries!" said the reporter, and his tone must have grated on the engineer, for he replied, testily:

"Yes, a drove of peccaries. You'll admit, I s'pose, that there are peccaries? Didn't you ever hear that they ran in droves?"

"Oh, certainly!" said the reporter. "But they're down in South America, Mexico, or Central America, somewhere."

"Are they? Thank you!" said the engineer. "Did you s'pose I thought they were rooting 'round in this railroad yard? Had you an idea they were chasing the beechnut and the acorn up along the Erie line? I know where peccaries are, and I think I ought to. And it wasn't in South America, Mexico, nor Central America that I met 'em, neither. It was in Texas, and, as I said before, I'll never forget the first time I ran into a drove of 'em.

"I had gone down to take a job on a Texas railroad, like a good many other sap-headed railroaders from the North. I didn't know any more about Texas than—well, than you do, but I went down there to run a train, and I thought I could do it. I got a passenger train, and had a fireman who was from the North. I had got the hang of the road fairly, and was biling along one day through a piece of woods when all of a sudden my fireman hollers:

him for a mile ahead of us, when we went back next day, standing plump in the middle of the track, or, rather, squattiug on his haunches, waiting for us. It seemed a pity to run him down. He rose to his feet as we drew near him and rushed forward to meet us. The engine struck him and hurled him fifty feet out into the woods. We had finished the drove.

"I found out a good many things about the peccary before I left Texas. There was a time when nothing would kill a peccary but the poisoned arrows of the Central American Indians, but that was before the days of Winchester rifles. A bullet from a Winchester is just searching enough to find a peccary's vitals, but the range don't want to be too long. When a man goes out hunting peccaries he doesn't trip lightly through the forest, and, stealing upon the unsuspecting game, bring it down with his unerring rifle. No, not when he hunts peccaries. If he did, nineteen seconds after he fired his first shot he would be proportioned out among the drove in two-ounce lots, buttons, boots, and baggage counted in. The daring peccary hunter shins up a tall tree, near where the charming creature will more than likely soon come to feed on acorns or mast. The peccary has but one virtue—he can't climb a tree. Perched safely on a limb, the brave huntsman waits for the peccary's coming, and when the drove comes trotting and grunting along beneath him, he sends a bullet through a peccary's heart. The wounded peccary lies down at once. He knows just what's the matter. He turns his glittering bead of an eye up to the hunter, and dies without uttering a sound. One peccary killed out of a drove, the hunter must have ammunition enough to kill all the rest, or provisions enough to last him a year, for the survivors at once take positions around the foot of the tree, and there they sit on their haunches, now and then gnawing furiously at the trunk of the tree, waiting for the hunter to come down. If hate in the fullest sense of the word, can be expressed by looks and actions, then the peccary can look and act it toward human beings. The hunter shoots one after another of the waiting drove, and each one as it is wounded, lies down without a murmur and dies, never removing its eyes from its slayer. The living pay no attention to the dead or dying, but sit there on their haunches hoping for revenge until the last one dies.—*New York Sun.*

Some Funny Fancies of Aristotle.

Among other curious zoological statements of Aristotle's which seem to receive his support, and which may be set down as current folk lore of his time, are the following: "If any one make a noise as grasshoppers fly along, they emit a kind of moisture, as agriculturists say. They feed on dew, and if a person advances to them bending his finger and then straightening it, they will remain more quiet than if the finger is put out straight at once, and will climb up the finger, for from bad sight they ascend it as if it were a moving leaf." "Persons who have parasites in the head are less subject to headache. Moths are produced in the greatest abundance if a spider is shut up with them in the wool, for this creature being thirsty dries up any moisture which may be present. Small birds during the day fly round the owl—which is called admiring it—and as they fly round it they pluck out its feathers." "The anthus" (some bright colored bird) "is an enemy to the horse, for it drives the horse from its pasture and eats the grass; it imitates the voice of the horse and frightens it by flying at it, but when the horse catches it he kills it." "If any one takes hold of a she-goat by the long hairs of the beard, all the others stand still as if bewildered and gaze at her." "The hawk, though carnivorous, does not eat the hearts of the birds it has killed." "The jay has many varieties of voice; it utters a different tone, so to speak, every day." "The goat-sucker flies against the she-goats and sucks them, whence its name. They say that, after the udder has been sucked, it becomes dry and goes blind." "Mares become less ardent and more gentle if their manes are cut. At certain times they never run to the east or west, always north or south." "The sow gives the first teat to the first little pig that is born." "When a serpent has taken its food, it draws itself up till it stands erect upon its tail."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Wines of the Ancients.

The celebrated ancient wines seem rather to have been syrups or extracts than wines. They were undoubtedly sweet and little fermented, and Chaptal, in his "Elements of Chemistry," declares it to be impossible to suppose that they could have obtained any spirit, or possessed, in consequence, any especially intoxicating properties. The wines so valued by the Greeks and Romans contained much saccharine matter and little alcohol. Aristotle says the wines of Arcadia were so thick, either by boiling or by adulteration, that they dried up in the goat skins, and the people would scrape the dried material off and dissolve it in water. The thick and fat wines of Chios, Thasos Lesbos and Crete were probably of this character.

The pitched and pickled wines are doubtless the wines the Romans kept to such extraordinary age. Horace boasts of drinking some seventy years old, and one kind is said to have been kept in Rome more than 100 years. The celebrated Opimian wines, which took the name of the consul who lived when they were first made, are spoken of by Pliny as having been preserved until his time, nearly 200 years, and so excellent were they that money could not buy them.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.*

Cure for Drunkenness or Morphinism.

Dr. Fleischl, of Vienna, declares that morphinism, alcoholism, and similar habits can now be cured rapidly and painlessly by means of cocain chloride. The method is very simple—a withdrawal, either gradual or abrupt and complete, or the habitual intoxicant, and treatment of the nervous and other symptoms which arises therefrom by means of hypodermic injections of the cocain. He claims that in ten days a cure may be affected in any case. The dose of cocain chloride, hypodermically, is from one-twelfth to one-fourth of a grain, dissolved in water, repeated as necessary.—*National Druggist.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dynamite has about thirteen times the force of gunpowder.

Certain astronomers now claim that the apparent diameter of the sun varies periodically.

Blasting paper is an Austrian invention. It is merely a kind of blotting paper, coated with an explosive mixture, cut into strips, rolled into cartridge form and fired like gunpowder.

Evidence of the sanitary value of sunlight is afforded by the recent experiments in France of Mons. E. Duclaux, who finds that the light of the sun, in its action on germs, is fifty times as destructive as its heat.

Large quantities of small electric lamps are now used. The first small lamp seen in this country came from England two years ago, but now they are turned out by the hundred and sold at retail for $1.50. The smallest are half a candle power, about the size of a pea, and used by surgeons, or as toy scarf pins, etc.

A Paris company is making white bricks of a very handsome appearance from the pure silica, used in the manufacture of plate glass. They are lighter in weight than clay bricks, but are not porous, being subjected to hydraulic pressure before the final baking process to which they are subjected. Changes of climate have no effect upon them.

A French scientist has been studying the effect of altitude upon vegetation, and concludes that for each augmentation of about 100 yards there will be, as a general average, a retardation of four days; that is, other circumstances being equal, a crop planted at the sea level will appear above ground four days before a similar crop planted 300 feet above it.

By means of a simple and conveniently worked device of coiled spring, an English inventor has succeeded in dispensing with the need of driving sewing machines by hand or foot. A few turns of a handle winds up sufficient power to keep a machine going at full speed over an hour. It is completely under control as to the rate of stitching and stopping, and can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost.

It has been found by Dr. Lawson Tait that, as a rule, the ear in woman can perceive higher notes, that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second, than the ear in man. The highest limit of and ability for the human ear is somewhere between 41,000 and 42,000 vibrations. The ears of most persons seem to be unequally sensitive to acute sounds, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. To show the ear's range, it may be added that very low notes of about fifteen vibrations per second may be perceived, but when the vibrations become a little slower they cease to produce the effect of a continuous sound, and each gives a separate impression upon the ear.

The South American Pampas.

The peculiar characteristics of these vast level plains which descend from the Andes to the great river basin in unbroken monotony are the absence of rivers or water storage, and the periodical occurrence of droughts, or "siccos," in the summer months. These conditions determine the singular character both of its flora and fauna. The soil is naturally fertile and favorable for the growths of trees, and they grow luxuriantly wherever they are protected. The Eucalyptus is covering large tracts wherever it is inclosed, and willows, poplars and the fig surround every estancia when fenced in. The open plains are covered with droves of horses and cattle, and overrun by numberless wild rodents, the original tenants of the pampas. During the long periods of drought which are so great a scourge to the country, these animals are starved by thousands, destroying in their efforts to live every vestige of vegetation. In one of these siccos, at the time of my visit, no less than fifty thousand head of oxen and sheep and horses perished from starvation and thirst, after tearing deep out of the soil every trace of vegetation, including the wiry root of the pampas grass. Under such circumstances the existence of an unprotected tree is impossible. The only plants that hold their own, in addition to the indestructible thistles, grasses and clover, are a little herbaceous oxalis producing viviparous buds of extraordinary vitality, a few poisonous species, such as the hemlock, and a few tough, thorny, dwarf acacias, and wiry rushes, which even a starving rat refuses. Although the cattle are a modern introduction, the numberless indigenous rodents must always have effectually prevented the introduction of any other species of plants, large tracts are still honey-combed by the ubiquitous biscacho, a gigantic rabbit; and numerous other rodents still exist, including rats and mice, pampas hares, and the great nutria and carpincho on the river banks. That the dearth of plants is not due to the unsuitability of the sub-tropical species of the neighboring zones can not hold good with respect to the fertile valleys of the Andes beyond Mendoza, where a magnificent hardy flora is found. Moreover, the extensive introduction of European plants which has taken place throughout the country has added nothing to the botany of the pampas beyond a few species unassailable by cattle, such as the two species of thistle which are invading large districts in spite of their constant destruction by the fires which always accompany the siccos.—*London Nature.*

Lubeck Costumes.

In the midst of the wealth of artistic detail that the city affords we scarcely regretted that we did not find the elaborate local costume which we had anticipated. Silly-looking hats worn by the market-women seem to be the sole distinctive article of costume among the peasantry. The uniform worn by the porters, a blouse and small clothes of gray-blue linen, is, with the exception of the dress of the servant-girls, the only characteristic attire to be seen in the city. The latter are distinguished by a black velvet jacket with short puffed sleeves, a green and red striped petticoat, an oval ruche of lace on the back of the head, and low slippers on the feet. The arms are bare almost to the shoulders, and in justice to the class it must be said that fair round arms are the rule, and coarse or ugly faces the exception.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong;"
A sigh too much or a tear too long.
And a father's patience is quite worn out;
There's a hurried step and a wrathful shout.
And the dream of a youthful pair is o'er.
A youth escapes through the open door,
With terror imprinted upon his face,
And goes down the street at a flying pace
With hat in hand and a dog in chase.
The dog to the flying youth draws nigh;
There's a savage growl and a piercing cry,
"Alas! how easily things go wrong;"
Why did the lover stay so long?

A panting youth at his mother's door
Is vowing he'll go out to court no more;
A dog is returning with visage grim,
Dragging an ulster's tails with him.
"Alas! how easily things go wrong,"
When a lover foolishly tarries too long;
"And yet how easily things go right"
When he leaves at a decent time of night.
He's wise who this in his memory logs:
Fathers are fathers, and dogs are dogs.

—*Boston Courier.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hard to beat—Carpets.

Made of awl work—A pair of shoes.

A fop is one who takes great pains
About everything except his brains.

—*This and That.*

Hot cakes are more powerful at putting down oleomargarine than the board of health.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"An Original Belle" is the title of a story in an exchange. She probably never attended a skating rink.—*Graphic.*

There's no trouble about twisting the tail of a sleeping bulldog. The disagreeable part comes when you let go.—*Chicago Sun.*

It is said that there is a soft side to every man. That's the reason a dude is afraid to stand on his head.—*New York Journal.*

A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said: "He settles his debts just like clock work—tick, tick, tick."—*Nashville Budget.*

People who live in a malarial section may not believe in the tenets of those sects, but they ultimately become quakers and shakers.—*Siftings.*

"Suppose," says an exchange, "all the world went to bed at sunset." Oh, well, the world's gas bill would be just as big at the end of the quarter."—*Norristown Herald.*

A mischievous boy yelled "rats!" in a rink in this city and nearly created a panic. It is almost impossible for a girl to stand up in a chair with roller skates on.—*Newark Call.*

"What One Girl Did," is the title of a story in an exchange. We haven't read it, but presume she told her mother that her beau never stayed later than 10 o'clock.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Bright boy—Father, I know why George Washington always kept his little hatchet bright. Dull parent—Well, my son, why did he? Bright boy—Because he had no ax to grind.—*Boston Budget.*

A Western paper speaks of girls at the rink as "Angels on Casters. We have observed that when one of the angelic creatures gets upon rollers for the first time they are very apt to casther.—*Somerville Journal.*

"I'd like to strike you for fifty dollars to-day," said Hardup to Young Hyson Saturday afternoon. "By Jove," said Young Hyson, who was a little short himself, "you may do it for $20. Give me the money and say where you want to strike me." Hardup struck out.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Oh never borrow trouble,
My friend, wher'er you go,
For life is but a bubble
And it ain't worth while, you know."

"Ah, well, I'll let to-morrow
Take care of itself, I vow,
And the only thing I'll borrow
Is a dollar from you, now."

—*Boston Budget.*

Why Pa Forgave Her.

Once, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice lest she should "'sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee girlie! She missed mamma; and tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermon. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and one day noticing the shadow on the little girl's face, he said: "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.—*St. Nicholas.*

Plants Growing in Money.

A number of persons have tried to find money in plants, and failed. On the other hand a Hungarian scientist tried to find plants in money and succeeded. The money was in the form of bank notes, even those which had been in circulation but a short time. To be sure, the plants are so very small that a powerful microscope is required to see them. Nevertheless, they are as much plants as is a pumpkin vine, or an oak tree. What is lacking in the size of the plants, is made up in that of their names. One of them is Saccharomyces cerevisiæ, another Pleurococcus monetarum, and so on. These little plants with such hard names, can grow and multiply in the substance of a bank bill, and the matters that adhere to it, without its owner being any the wiser for it.—*American Agriculturist.*

William Bradford, the founder of the first newspaper in New York city, rests in Trinity churchyard. He was a native of England and emigrated to this country with William Penn.

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