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THE PICTURED LEAF.

We grasp life's book with eager hand,
Through love not brief, through joy and grief,
To sober age from baby-land,
Our thoughts dwell on this pictured leaf:

A faint perfume, a morning mist,
Lilies which in the field have smiled
An Eastern sky by Glory kissed,
A branch of palm, a little child.

A crown of thorn where shadows pall,
Gethsemane in deep repose—
But Love sleeps not and outlasts all
When Time shall come the book to close.

—*Frank D. Bish, in the Current.*

A MULE'S OBSTINACY.

AND HOW IT LED TO A MARRIAGE.

About two miles from my house, on my Dakota wheat farm, stands one tall, lonely tree. It is the only object in sight that breaks the low horizon, and for many a long mile, north, south, east or west, no other tree can be found. It stands just on the high bank of Smoky river, which goes curling and winding across the country westward, and close beside it stands Chris Tronsen's log house, built of logs brought down the river in the spring time from the North.

One day, early last spring, I had been to the next town to get an iron bolt made at the blacksmith's, to replace one that had been broken the day before, and was riding home. My mule was loping at a good rate along the road which follows the river. And as we reached Chris's log house, which had just been newly whitewashed outside, I saw Chris sitting calmly on the door step, while Lotta, his wife, was lifting the heavy harness, and throwing it on to "Yack," their old white mule.

"Chris must be either sick or very lazy," I said to myself, "to sit and let his wife harness the mules." I did not know much about Chris then, but giving him the benefit of the doubt, I shouted, in passing:

"Sick, Chris?"

Chris shook his head in what I thought was a rather sheepish way, and Lotta looked over her shoulder and laughed.

In the hurry of the day's work, this occurrence slipped from my mind. But some time afterward, when I happened to pass their place again, I saw Lotta out in the fields driving the mules, which were fastened to the seeder. This in itself would not have been surprising, for the Norwegian women in the Territory, with their vigorous frames and robust health, often work with their husbands at the out-door labor. But I saw great, robust Chris himself paring potatoes outside the door. And just as I rose into view from below the river-bank, he caught up his pan and slipped into the house.

"No doubt he is a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow," I said to myself, "who has a thrifty, energetic wife. And so he sits down and does her light work, while she is out sowing the wheat. It might not have a bad result if he could be harnessed up with one of the mules for a day, and made to work under the whip."

After that I saw Chris himself at work in the field several times. But one evening, a week or two later, I passed there again. The mules were fastened outside the straw barn. The ground had been very wet for two or three days past, and of course the mules' legs were fairly coated with sticky mud, which had partially dried on. Lotta was hard at work over the old white mule, scrubbing and rubbing, scraping and brushing and currying, as if her life depended on her success. And there, on an overturned barrel, sat Chris, much at his ease, calmly smoking his pipe and looking complacently on. I remembered what I had said to myself before about his laziness, and now I added.

"I will just stop for a few minutes, and see if the presence of a stranger won't shame the fellow into taking off his coat and going to work in his wife's place."

So I tied my mule to a ring at the corner of the house, and walked over to where Chris was sitting. He looked up and smiled, and said "Good-evening" with the same sheepish expression I had noticed before. And Lotta paused for a moment and stood up, her face glowing with the exertion, and laughed, —I thought she would have done better to give her husband a good shaking,— and said it was very warm. Then she went to work again, to get through, so she said, before dark. But do my best, I could not lead the conversation to any explanation of the strange state of affairs, and Chris showed no disposition to take hold of the work himself.

When it was dark, Lotta led the two mules to their stalls, and then at last Chris condescended to rise and fasten the barn door. I was sure by their manner, and by Chris' expression when the subject was broached, that either he was outrageously lazy, or there was some odd explanation of his wife's doing so much of his hard work, while he sat idle. So I took pains, as I met one neighbor and another here and there about town, to make inquiries about Chris. And with one accord they all gave the same answers.

"Had Chris Tronsen a good reputation?"

"Yes, very good."

"Was he industrious and steady?"

"As hard-working and steady as any man in town."

"Did he treat his wife kindly?"

"There could be no doubt of it. He was as kind-hearted as he was hard-working."

"Then why," I would ask myself, "was his wife always plowing, or rubbing down mules, while he looked on and did nothing?"

This all happened in the spring and early summer. But it is only about a week ago now that I drove over to Chris's one mild evening, to get some bags that I had lent him to use in carrying his grain to the elevator.

The year's work was over. The wheat was cut, threshed and sold. Then bar had been buried anew in a mountain of fresh wheat straw, which filled the dooryard with its pleasant, fragrant smell. The mules were tethered and browsing near by.

Lotta and Chris were sitting together on the doorstep, talking over the year's work, no doubt, while the sun was setting in a great bank of black clouds, from behind which streamed out a fire of crimson and gold.

After Chris had got the bags and thrown them into my light wagon, he and Lot[illegible] into their little parlor [illegible] re stiraply the [illegible] closed and [illegible]ay-colored [illegible] whole the [illegible]ortable [illegible] a lamp. After we had talked for some time about the crops and prices, and the best way of banking up houses in winter, in which Chris was greatly interested, I said to Lotta:

"But you have worked almost as hard as Chris this year. You must be glad the summer is over."

Chris shifted uneasily in his seat. Lotta laughed.

"So now I shall tell why it was so, Chris," she said, looking at Chris.

He only nodded in silence. He apparently did not anticipate much pleasure from the recital.

"But no," said Lotta, "you shall tell those first part, and I shall tell those last part, that is how we shall do."

Chris appeared still more uneasy, and laughed nervously, but after a moment's hesitation, he plunged into his explanation of what I had so often wondered at.

"You haf onerly been lif here two year?" he asked.

"That is all," I said.

"Well, so this is all happen one year longer ago as that," he said. "Those time I lif alone in sod shanty, and Ruya and Oscar—those was the two mule, the last one he named for king of Sweden and Norway, because he is so good—they lif in other sod shanty. I haf onerly twenty acres broke then, and ready for sow seed. Very few neighbor then. Onerly Mr. Knudt Qualley and Mr. Petersen near here. So then Mr. Jannsen, father of Lotta, he come to lif very near—onerly four mile away. And sometime I see Lotta on Sunday at meeting to Mr. Qualley's house, and sometimes I go to Mr. Jannsen's house to borrow somethings. Then I go there almost efery day to borrow somethings, and Mr. Jannsen say:

"'Mr. Tronsen, you lose great time to borrow somethings,' but I say I likes to ride so far to borrow somethings.

"And almost efery time it was Lotta what brought me those things what I came to borrow, and she tells me to come often. She say they always very glad to borrow me anythings."

"Now I can see," I said, smiling, "why Lotta did not tell this part of the story."

"Oh, no," said Lotta, "it is not any reasons at all. Chris he knows why he did come so often to see my father, better as I do."

"Well," said Chris, continuing, "so those days I were very bashful, and I nefer dare to stay for talk with Lotta. I always talk onerly with Mr. Jannsen. Mr. Jannsen very good man," he added, in explanation, "but I rather talk to Lotta. But I always afraid, so I make believe I go efery day to visit Mr. Jannsen, and borrow somethings. And Mr. Jannsen he think I was his very good friend. So he say one day, 'Chris, I nefer had any ones care so much for me before, like you does, and come so efery day to talk with me.' So when I sees Lotta I nefer knows what to say, and so I borrow knife, or nails, or shovel, and go right away. So one day, after I go away, I say to myself, 'Next time I shall go and I shall say, "I haf not come to see Mr. Jannsen, I haf come to borrows somethings. I haf come to see Lotta, and I shall talk with Lotta."' But when next time comes, I cannot dare to say so. And I talks with Mr. Jannsen all times. So by-and-by I wants to ask Lotta to be married with me, and come and lif here after new house is built. But I could not dare to talk to her about that. Well, then, so I had saved up my money for long time, for build house. But Oscar—those mule named for King of Sweden and Norway—he die; those good old mule! Poor Oscar! And so I must go and take those money, and buy new mule, so I buy white Yack."

An expression of actual misery settled on his face at this mention of white Jack, and it took him a moment to recover equanimity.

"Those dreadful mules!" he exclaimed, in continuation. "He eat and eat and eat. He eat his oats, he eat his hay, he eat his straw bed all night. But he would not lof to work. He lof to put his ears up straight, and stand up on his front legs, or lie down and roll after those harness is on. Sometimes he lie right down in furrow and roll, and break harness. And fire pour out of his eyes. He are a dreadful mule. So I whip him some—not too much, I very kind," he added, at a reproachful look from Lotta —"and starve him—onerly starve him little bit, to make him feel sorry for been cross. But all no good. He jump and bite and kick, and sometimes he will not do some works at all. So I could not tell what I shall do. One day I is working in field near house, with both mules, and he stops and put up his old white ears. Then he throw his back heels clear up in the air. Then he just going to lie down, but I whip him—onerly a little, very easy. So he did not lie down. He onerly stand still. He stand still half an hour. First I try to pull him, put he stick his hoofs in dirt and pull back. Then I try to coax him, but those fire come out of his eyes, and he snort and stand still. When I been got all discouraged, I saw Lotta going down those road on ox-team with little brother. Those oxes stop, and I go to road to see Lotta. "So Lotta laugh and say—

"'Good morning, Mr. Tronson. Why do you and mule stand still all times in field?'

"Then I say, 'I do not know; you must ask Yack.' Then Lotta say, 'Does those mule willing to work?' So I say, 'Those white mule, he will not work, he will onerly stand still. I haf pull him, and I haf push him, and he will not go.' So then Lotta say, 'Well, I think if I shall ask him to go, he will go. Mules and dogs and cats love me all times.'

"And I say, 'Well, I think he will too.'

"So she get off ox-team, and we go out to where Yack stand. Then she put her face on Yack's old white face, and she rub his nose and talks to him little whiles, and make him believe he are very handsome and very kind. So then she say—

"'Now, Yack, let me see you plow some furrow so nice.'

"So I takes reins, and Yack start and work better as he nefer had work before, and she walk along and talk to him. So by-and-by she haf to go away. And after she go away we feels very lonesome, but Yack he keep on and work hard all day. And that night I gif him more oats and big, soft bed. But he eat it all up, efery scrap. Well, he work very well for few days, and then he got bad some more. So efery time he got bad I drive him over to see Lotta. He always willing to go. And he be so ugly, and bite and groan, and stamp his feat, and wrinkle his nose. But after Lotta talk with him little whiles, and tell him he very handsome and how he must be good and work hard, he get so gentle, and run home very fast and be so good. But he lik[illegible] to go and see Lotta [illegible]ten. Sometimes he will go efery [illegible]annot go to haf Lotta pat him and talk to him, he will not work. So when harvest time been come, I are very busy, I cannot go to see Lotta efery day. It were impossible. I tell Yack so, but it didn't do some good at all. He should not work. He onerly bite, and wrinkle his nose and look ugly, and some fire come out of his eyes. And while he are ugly, those wheat must be cut, or it get spoiled. It are those whole year's work. It must not been lost. It ruin me to sit still in harvest, and not cut my wheat. But Yack would not work. He hate me, and almost eferybody. So one evening we went over to see Lotta about it. She came out to road to see Yack, and rub his nose, and pat him and tell him to work. And so I jes' tole her how it all was. I tole her how Yack he ugly a'l times and would not work, because he hate me. But if she talk to him and pat him, then he work. I tell her all about wheat, how it must been cut, I tell her I don't know what to do about it—and then I stop.

"So then she say she don't know what to do about it.

"So then I get very bold and say:

"'Lotta, I long time want to ask you to get married with me, but I too afraid you would laugh at me. But will you not come?'

"So she look down on ground, and poke little stone with her shoe, for long time, and by-and-by she say:

"'Perhaps, Chris, by-and-by.'

"'I haf want you to come for efer so long,' I said. 'But how can I wait now? Yack hate me. He will not work for me. I shall lose my wheat, for I can get no one to help me; they are all busy. So then I shall haf no money to build house, and we cannot get married atall.'

"Lotta poke the little stone with her foot some more, for long time, and look at ground. It been got very dark, and eferything so still and quiet.

"After awhile she say in very low voice:

"'My father been say that Pastor Hofsen shall be at our house to see him, to-morrow.'

"That was all she say. Then after a minute she turn and run into house. So I talk some more with Mr. Jannsen, and tell him I want to borrow one think more to keep always. He very much surprised. He say he always thought I come to see him all those times.

"And next day, ——"

"So if I do not tell the rest,' said Lotta, from her corner, 'I shall tell nothings. So we been got married those next day, when Pastor Hofsen come, and I came to here and feed Yack, and rub him down and lead him when he are cross, and he did work hard and saved all those wheat. He lof me very much, but when he are very cross, he will not work if Chris stay near him at all. Those times I drive him. I likes to drive Yack and plow. I plenty strong. Chris, he don't like it, but he can't help hisself. Nobody will buy Yack, and we cannot buy some other mule yet. But Yack are getting old. He haf lost two teeth this summer. So I hope when he is old he will not be so ugly, but will get kinder like some old peoples, and then he will love me and love Chris too."

I confess I do not share Lotta's faith in Yack's reformation. But I thought the explanation of her working in the field now and then, while Chris sat idle, was a very good one.—*Youth's Companion.*

Frightening Children.

With painful frequency we hear of cruel "practical jokes" perpetrated upon little children. Again and again comes to us the old story of a child frightened into convulsions by a playfellow who "only wanted to have a little fun." One would think that incidents like this had been enacted and told with ghastly iteration often enough from generation to generation to warn off the most incorrigible fun-lovers and fools from the perilous ground. The progress of the witless plot is generally the same up to a certain point. There is neither originality nor variety in the favorite mode of execution. It sounds trite in the telling. A figure wrapped in the conventional sheet lurking in the dark corner; a spring upon the unsuspecting victim, selected because he is the most timorous or delicate of the family or school; dismay, shrieks of anguish blent with goblin laughter—then a difference in the ending. Sometimes no apparent harm is done, unless that one child is made more timid, another more cruel. Again, the nervous system is unbalanced so far that a swoon, or, as in the case before us, convulsions, ensue. Once in awhile the innocent subject of the practical joke pays for his tormentor's prank with his reason or his life. In a less flagrant manner incalculable mischief is done in many nurseries by tales of ghosts, bogies, the black man who comes down the chimney to catch children who will not go to sleep quietly, etc. The mother is culpable who, when she finds her child unduly timid, does not watch narrowly for indications that the nervous organism of her offspring has been tampered with, and who, should her suspicions be confirmed, does not follow the clue to its source and banish the criminals from her household.—*Babyhood.*

Famous Trotters.

Following is a list of trotters that have made records below 2.17, with the names of the States in which they were bred:

Name.	*Bred in*	*Record*
Maud S.	Kentucky	2.09¾
Jay-Eye-See	Kentucky	2.10
St. Julien	New York	2.11¼
Maxey Cobb	Pennsylvania	2.13¼
Rarus	Long Island	2.13¼
Phallas	Kentucky	2.13½
Trinket	Kentucky	2.14
Clingstone	Connecticut	2.14
Goldsmith Maid	New York	2.14
Hopeful	Maine	2.14¾
Harry Wilkes	Kentucky	2.15
Lulu	Kentucky	2.15
Smuggler	Ohio	2.15¼
Clemmie G.	Kentucky	2.15½
Hattie Woodward	Connecticut	2.15½
Fannie Witherspoon	Kentucky	2.16¼
Edwin Thorne	New York	2.16¼
Lucille Golddust	Kentucky	2.16¼
Maud Messenger	Kentucky	2.16¼
Wilson	Kentucky	2.16¼
American Girl	New York	2.16½
Darby	Kentucky	2.16½
Jerome Eddy	Michigan	2.16½
Phil Thompson	Kentucky	2.16¾
Charlie Ford	Wisconsin	2.16¾
Occident	California	2.16¾

The place for babies—Baby-lon. The place for scholars—School-craft. The place for lovers—Court-land. The place for sleepy heads—Bed-ford. The place for laundrymen—Wash-ington. The place for farmers—Rich-land. The place for anglers—Fishkill. The place for hungry men—Sand-wich. The place for reporters—Pencil-vania. The place for carpenters—Plane-well. The place for butchers—New-market. The place for vocalists—some of them at least—Sing-Sing.

Spiders eat twenty-six times their weight each da[illegible]

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Too Funny.

"It was too funny. You know how a man is."

"Well, I should think!"

"There he went, looking all over the house for his hat, blowing and fuming like they all do, while I was sitting there reading a letter I'd just got from Martha, and not much noticing what he was up to, for you see she's going to be married in June, and she was telling me all about her getting ready. Well, there he went upstairs and down, and all around everywhere, on the lookout for his hat, and after he'd thumped two or three of the children for losing it, I finished the letter and got up, and blessed if I hadn't been sitting on it all the time!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Large and Small Bosses.

Chief clerk (to head of establishment)—Good morning, Mr. Largewealth.

Head of establishment—Good morning, Mr. Smith.

Second chief clerk (to chief clerk)—Good morning, Mr. Smith; pleasant morning.

Chief clerk—Morning Brown.

Ordinary clerk (to second chief clerk)—Good morning, Mr. Brown. Glad to see you looking so well this morning, sir.

Second chief clerk—Ya'as. Hang up my coat, Jones.

Office boy (to ordinary clerk)—Good morning, Mr. Jones. Can I do anything for you this morning, sir?

Ordinary clerk—Hustle around lively now, and get things in shape. You ain't worth the powder to blow you up.

Colored porter (to office boy)—Good mawnin', James. How is you' health this mawnin'?

Office boy—Come, you black cuss, get down-stairs and sweep out the basement, or I'll report you.

The colored porter then goes down-stairs and abuses the cat.—*New York Sun.*

It Made Him Weep.

Apropos of one of the portraits in the academy of music, the following circulates: A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter, "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc."

He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had served in Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secreting his friends about the room, he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears, he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back. "It is a good likeness then, it affects you so much."

"No," said the man. "Poor mother, to think she has been only dead six months, and looks like that."—*New York Mail and Express.*

His Last Absent-Mindedness

A friend sends us the following incident as having happened in a neighboring village: "Apropos to 'the absent-minded clergyman' recently referred to by the *Bulletin*, I would tell you of an incident of absent-mindedness that cured a schoolmaster entirely of this often comical mental defectiveness. The bell was ringing for school, and the master's wife wanted a pail of water and a hod of coal. To save time the master strove to get both the water and the coal at the same time. He drew the water from an old-fashioned well, and getting his hod filled with coal entered the house with his hands full. He walked up to the sink and placed the hod of coal where the water pail was usually kept, and taking the pail of water into the sitting room poured it into the stove. The hissing steam blew open the stove doors, issued from the coal chamber and every seam in the stove, scorched the master, put out the fire and filled the house with steam.

"Amid it all issued the agonized shout of the schoolmaster: 'I've made another mistake!' He never made another one. In the week that he was done up in linen bandages and goose grease his mind as well as his body was restored to a healthy condition, and now he says: 'Absence of mind is a phase of idiocy of which a sensible man ought to be heartily ashamed."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

A Nebraska Romance.

The young man took the seat beside e, and as the train rolled on he unwound about twelve and a half yards of bright red and green and yellow and blue knit comforter from around his neck, then he took off his fur cap and pulled off the knit cap which was hauled down close over his ears. Then he took off his big woolen mittens and a pair of gloves, and then he drew off one pair of arctics. It is not au fait even in the land of the blizzard, to wear more than one pair of arctics on the train. He then chucked off his ulster and unbuttoned his buffalo overcoat. The rest of his wraps he did not remove, as he was going to get off in about forty-five miles. His countenance, when his face began to thaw out, wore an expression of profound dejection.

"Stranger," he said. "Do I look all broke up?"

I told him he bore the appearance of a man whose entire system was one permeation of laminated fractures, from whithers to hock. I always talk that way out West. You see I want these guileless children of the "rowdy West" to understand that I am now residing in a land of superior culture, where we look proud and talk through our noses.

He looked at me for a moment and then reached for his hip pocket. As I dropped under the seat and crept behind my valise he drew out his tobacco box and I came to the front again, remarking that I was looking for my collar button.

"Oh, you kin talk English, too?" he said, in a tone of admiration. "I wish I knowed mere'n one language. But lemme tell you, I don't look half s broke up as I feel 'r else you'd l askeered to set by me. You know ho all killin' cold it was Saturday night?"

I felt my frosted ear tenderly, an nodded.

"Well, I got on a freight train an rope up to Hubbleson's siding, 43 mil that night, to see my girl. I allowed t visit with her folk all that night and Sunday, an' come home on the passenger Monday mornin'. She lives six mil from the station, an' I tramped out t the house in all that blizzard, an' got there long 'bout 'leven o'clock Sat night. An' I'll be [illegible] by a bullrush, if t[illegible] Old folks, [illegible]

TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. Keely of motor notoriety has recently found a competitor for fame in France, where an inventor, M. Boutet, claims the honor of discovering a new force by the application of air and water. How he does it, he tells no more than Mr. Keely, but he promises to exhibit a tramway operated by the new motor at the coming Antwerp exhibition.

The dahlia, after having been unfashionable for many years, has of late again gained many friends, who will no doubt be interested to learn that this flower might this year celebrate the centenary of its introduction into Europe. In 1784 the Spaniard Vincent Cervantes found a new plant in Mexico with small red, violet, or orange flowers along a large yellow centre, growing on a long thin stock. He sent a specimen to Senor Cavanilles, the director of the botanical gardens at Madrid, who gave the flower its present name. From Spain the dahlia was exported all over Europe. For the first thirty years it was cultivated in England in a greater variety than in any other country, but later on Germany, and especially the town of Kostritz, has taken the first place in the culture of dahlias.

Making cyclone pits is one of the domestic industries of Georgia. They are underground refuges for shelter in a tornado. The tremendous force of these storms, several of which sweep across the State every season, destroying everything in their track, has warned the people to provide safe shelters near the house where the family can find refuge when the tornado approaches. In general they are merely deep holes in the ground. The latest improvement is called a "waterproof pit," the floor and walls being lined with brick lined with cement. The track of a tornado is so narrow, very rarely so much as half a mile wide, that the area swept by them is small comparatively, and the likelihood that any particular house will be in the path of a tornado is not great. Most of the makers of cyclone pits will never need to use them, but if the need does come it is very imperative.

The progress of the tea plants at the station near Summerville, S. C., is reported by the superintendent as being quite satisfactory. The plants, it is thought, are now large enough to afford leaves in sufficient quantities to warrant an effort at tea manufacture, if such an operation should be considered necessary by the department at Washington. That the Chinese tea-plant can be grown over a large portion of the United States, and that good teas can be made from these plants, have been demonstrated, but whether teas can be procured of standard qualities to meet the requirements of commerce and bring profit to the planter and manufacturer are questions which have not been practically demonstrated. It is well recognized that in some essential conditions of successful tea production (a principal one being a deficiency in the average rainfall) there is sufficient reason for caution in experiments on a large scale, even in the most favored climate.

A Chinese imperial decree has recently been issued, ordering that the late viceroy of Yunnan, through whose negligence, it is alleged, Sontay and Bac Ninh were captured by the French, and the viceroy of Kwangsi, who did not advance beyond Langson to the relief of these two towns, are to be beheaded after the "autumnal assizes." The viceroys Li and Tso, who strenuously interceded for the culprits, are degraded two degrees in official rank. The viceroy of Canton, who was guilty of recommending one of them for employment, is also to be punished. He is, however, to be leniently dealt with on account of recent services in providing for the defence of his province. Chang Peilun, who commanded at Foochow during the bombardment, is summarily degraded and dismissed, and is ordered to Pekin for trial, while several other military commanders and high officials who recommended them for employment are also either degraded or handed over to the board of punishments for trial.

Any one in need of a carpet or a set of chairs would naturally be attracted by the announcement, in a New York paper, that "Colonel C. Bonner, being about to sail for Europe, will sell his entire household furniture, pictures," etc. The fact, however, is that Colonel Bonner is a mere myth. The auctioneer, on the other hand, is a swindler, who hires a house and furnishes it, merely for the purpose of shoving off worthless furniture upon unwary buyers. The name of Colonel Bonner is occasionally varied by the advertisement of "a private family breaking up housekeeping after only six months." In these cases their is always a Steinway grand-action piano, and sometimes two, and this instrument adds dignity to the sale. The method is to fill the house with cheap but showy furniture, made only to sell, and then have their underbidders, who lure on the genuine purchaser. The latter, of course, learns by his experience, as he sees the "bargains" tumble to pieces; but every auction brings its new set of greenhorns, and so the fraud becomes a permanent feature in the season.

Dr. W. E. Sylvester, in a paper which appeared recently in the *Alienist and Neurologist*, states that twenty years ago the number of insane persons in the United States was only 24,042. In 1870 it had reached 37,432, and in 1880 treatment was required for 91,959 lunatics. From 1870 to 1880 the increase in insanity was nearly 150 per cent., while that of the total population was about twenty-six. These figures do not, however, represent actual increase, but during this period a large number of insane persons, previously concealed, were brought to public notice by more thorough investigations. In America, apart from several large county asylums, there are eighty State and forty private institutions for the care of the insane, with a proper capacity for about 40,000, but containing 53,192, thus leaving probably 45,000 to be cared for elsewhere. The proportion of insane is greatest in New England, while the increase has been most rapid [illegible] Western States. In the State of [illegible]rk there are thirty-five institu[illegible] the care of these unfortunate [illegible] 11,343 patients, [illegible]000 provided [illegible] to become [illegible]ies on the [illegible]ment made [illegible] success[illegible]re [illegible]

Atlantic counties. At first porpoises were caught for the skin and blubber alone, the carcasses being thrown away or in a few instances used as fertilizers. From the blubber is extracted a very fine oil, while the skin makes a superior quality of leather. Some time last fall it was discovered that porpoise flesh was savory to the taste, and it soon became popular as an article of food and was in great demand. The juicy red meat, which is taken from beneath a layer of fat next to the skin, is pronounced by epicures to be more palatable than any porterhouse steak ever cooked. In appearance it resembles beef, but is more solid and of finer grain and very tender. Some persons say that it tastes like venison, and that there is nothing of the fishy taste about it. Last fall New York fish dealers offered two cents per pound for the carcasses, but they will command a much higher figure next summer.

The Chicago *Times* asserts that "the last quarter of a century has been a period in which history has been made with unexampled rapidity—that is, vast events in dense masses have been developed. Rarely in any other period of equal length, save perhaps in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, has so much occurred, and which has been so gigantic in the dimensions of the respective units, or so potent in influences on the destiny of the nations. Within that period many of the most mighty changes of modern times have taken place. In 1861, Russia emancipated her 22,000,000 serfs, and the same year in this country, commenced a conflict one of whose results was the freeing of nearly 4,000,000 slaves held by the Southern States. A year or two later, the comparatively insignificant state of Prussia commenced a series of aggressive movements against Schleswig-Holstein, which ended in the expulsion of Austria from the German confederation and the creation of the German empire—the mightiest product of the century. There were also the Russo-Turkish and Franco-Prussian wars, each of which made material changes in the map of Europe and radically modified the condition of at least one great empire.

Kangarooing is the most exciting sport in Australia, and is one of the most exciting in the world. Large meets are organized, parties of from twenty to thirty joining in these hunts. They ride to the kangaroo grounds, and as soon as an animal is sighted the two dogs are released and the horses are given their heads. If the Australian horse is well up in his business, and if you let him take you instead of you trying to take him, he will carry you safely, avoiding trees and underbrush. A good, strong kangaroo will give you a long chase, and very often the dogs cannot follow him. In this case, when the horseman gets up to the kangaroo he takes off his stirrup and strap and knocks the animal over the head, which effectually stuns him. He is then killed and skinned. The hind quarters are given to the dogs. It is good enough for eating, but too strong to be palatable to those of delicate taste. The tail, on the contrary, is considered delicious when made into soup. The average size of a kangaroo is about three and a half feet high, but the old man kangaroo is often six feet, and is very fierce when cornered; he has even been known to rip men open with a single blow from one of his hind legs.

The New York Constant Current Storage Battery company, for the first time makes it possible for a man to go and buy his electric light by the pound, and take it home with him. For $5 you can buy a little box about the size of a thick pocketbook and weighing a little more than half a pound. This box is hermetically closed and may be carried round in the pocket. Two wires project from it. With the box comes a little incandescent lamp about the size of a horse-chestnut. Attach the two wires to the lamp and for four hours you have a pure and steady light equal to about three candles or half a gas light; at the end of that time the lamp goes out because the battery is exhausted. Then you can take it back to the company's office and get it refilled at a cost of twelve cents. If instead of allowing the battery to run out the light is used for a few seconds at long intervals, extending over months, the leakage of electricity is very small and the lamp may always be depended upon for light, provided there is any current left. This is the smallest size of battery sold, but the lamps are of all sizes, the smallest being as large as peas and intended for surgeons who wish to see what is going on inside the body. The larger size batteries are intended for carriage lamps, for house illumination when cost is no object, and for use upon the stage. It was this type of battery which was carried about some time ago by the girls in one of the ballets, and which lit up a small star in the headdress of each girl; but it is only now that they have been put upon the market in quantities for practical use.

An Automatic Gun.

A gun which is capable of firing 600 rounds a minute, and which when once started keeps up this terrific fire without the interference of any human agency, is clearly one of the most effective and deadly weapons of war which modern ingenuity has devised. Such a gun is the Maxim self-acting machine gun, the invention of Hiram S. Maxim, an Englishman. In the working of this gun every round after the first is fired by the recoil of the previous explosion. The cartridges are carried in a belt composed of any number of lengths, which are connected together as the cartridges are used. One end of this cartridge-belt is placed in the gun mechanism on one side; the cartridges are picked out of it by the automatic action of the gun, and the belt and the cartridge-shells are ejected after firing. Every recoil of the gun brings the next cartridge into position, forces it into the barrel, cocks the hammer, pulls the trigger, extracts the empty cartridge-case and ejects it from the gun, all these processes going on with the almost inconceivable rapidity represented by the firing of 600 rounds a minute. At the moment of firing the recoil drives the barrel back about three-fourths of an inch, and it is this recoil which directs the mechanism of the gun and makes its fire continuous. The gun can be turned in any direction by turning a crank, and the rate of discharge can be accurately regulated by means of a "controlling chamber" ingeniously contrived so that the gun may be fired rapidly or slowly, as desired. This belt system of automatic firing has been applied by the inventor, not only to machine-guns, but to the Winchester, Martini-Henry, and other rifles fired from the shoulder. Its introduction in practical military operations is likely

AFTERGLOW.

It is not altogether dark,
It is not altogether lonely,
That the sky to-day holds shadows only;
If some bygone year to us was fair,
Its light still lingers on the air,
As the flush in the west is fair to see,
When the sun long since has dropped under the sea.

It is not altogether dark,
It is not altogether lonely,
If the friend beloved was once ours only,
The leaf of verbena, when we look
Through leaves of some long since opened book,
Is haunted, we find, with the scent to-day
That it held the morning when laid away.

It is not altogether dark,
It is not altogether lonely,
If the scented leaf remains to us only;
A little grave flower, though it be
Linked with our loved one's destiny,
That grew in the light of that bygone year,
That saddened and sweetened and left life dear.

—*Jennie Maxwell Paine.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The surest political appointment is—disappointment.—*Marathon Independent.*

It is not the change of scene that cures so many traveling invalids. It is absence from the doctor.—*Cal.*

"Plant anything on your Kansas farm, Bill?" "Yaas, planted a mortgage and two cowboys, but I am afraid I can't raise nary one of 'em."—*Burdette.*

An exchange asks, "How shall we prevent mice from gnawing trees?" Kill the mice, of dead mouse never gnaws bark.

A man may be loaded to the muzzle with philosophy, and yet be as helpless as a child when he hears the last word with a woman.—*Boston Ledger.*

The inability of George Washington to tell a lie left a gap in the system that his fellow-countrymen used every exertion to fill.—*Telegraph.*

A Brooklyn seamstress carelessly left a needle in the back of a young lady boarder's dress, and now a part of the friend of the family has his arm done up in flannel.—*Rochester Herald.*

You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing,
But sitting down on a red-hot stove
Is a sign of an early spring.

—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

"How long does it take to become a pianist?" asks a subscriber. It all depends. We know some people who will never be pianists. They have tried and is published for the benefit of the community.

There was a man,
And he had a little can,
And a quart or more of kerosene was in it;
And upon the kitchen fire,
To make it burn still higher,
He poured the oil, and in much less than a quarter of a minute
There was no little can,
There was no little man—
The tale's too sad—I can't go on—Oh! what did I begin it?

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A man in New York, who could speak Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Greek, Turkish, French and English fluently, applied to the justice of the tombs a few days ago for employment. While this unfortunate man was frittering away his valuable time mastering several languages, he might have learned the art of pitching a curved ball, and would now be overwhelmed with tempting [illegible] to become the pitcher of a score [illegible] sional baseball club.

A c[illegible] *Journal* says: It is [illegible] mind-cure [illegible] confined to [illegible] have so [illegible] fancy. If [illegible] some yet [illegible] Dr. Culli[illegible] germ of t[illegible]ater syste[illegible] for itself a footing, and [illegible] gained many a convert an[illegible] many an astonishing cure, [illegible] become a firmly established insti[illegible] with a theory, a practice, a church, and a school—the Massachusetts Metaphysical college, on Columbus avenue—where its tenets are taught and which numbers among the faculty such men as Dr. Bartol.

There seems to be something weird and mysterious about it, though the treatment is simple enough with no medicine, no quackery of any sort to raise a doubt. The patient visits the mind curer or Christian scientist, sits in a comfortable chair and is requested to follow Bunthorne's advice and think of nothing at all, while the operator, sitting opposite with closed eyes, puts her vigorous mind to work for half an hour. And this is all. Science or no science, argument pro and con notwithstanding, there remains the stubborn fact that hundreds of people have received good care at the hands of these new doctors, and that remarkable cures are every day reported and duly attested.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, who came from New York with nervous prostration, was persuaded to try a little Christian science and returned in high glee, restored to health, and a warm believer in the theory, and Miss Louisa Alcott, who spends her winters in Boston, and who has been quite ill, is now under the care of Mrs. Newmax, one of the most successful operators, and is rapidly recovering her health and spirits. These are two out of a thousand instances of the wonders worked under our own eyes, and we are prepared to accept any startling intelligence with complacency. It is a necessity of the age we live in, this indifference to miracles, and ere long we shall be so steeled to surprises that the skies might fall and no one lift a startled eyebrow.

Rescued to a Life of Usefulness.

In the Luteran cathedral at Magdeberg there is a monument erected to the memory of the Frau von Asseburg. She is represented as a mature woman, kneeling in front of a block of stone, and by her side is her husband. Stretching outward from her side is a goodly line of daughters, and from the side of her husband an equal line of sons. The inscription relates how this noble lady w[illegible] her marriage tak[illegible] [illegible] supposition th[illegible] was left in th[illegible] ly, the vault[illegible] gaining cons[illegible] returned hom[illegible] all this fami[illegible] ence in t[illegible]

T[illegible]

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