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Select Poetry.

CONSTANCE.

Fairy Constance, opened-eyed!
Fair-haired ripple of life's tide,
Seven year's fairy! in what lays
Shall I write or sing your praise?

Somewhat difficult, I find,
Is it to recall to mind
Rusty rhymes of other days,
Snatches of forgotten lays,
Tropes and metaphors that, when
All my years were but twice ten,
Flowed as easily as flows
Guttural talk through parrot's nose.
Somewhat different I see,
Through some misty years to me
Look the dreams of younger days;
How then shall I sing your praise?

Angel edited below,
Complete in duodecimo!
Fairy phantom, elfin child,
Spirit of the ocean wild!
Airy goblin of the storm
Prisoned in a human form!
Tell me, Constance, what you were
In those realms of upper air:
Whence you surely earthward came,
Changing ever, yet the same:
Like the shine and shade that fly
O'er some landscape in the sky,
In the bosom of the blue,
When the stars are peeping through
Evening's weft of silvery gray,
Ere the sun has fled away;
Where did then your footsteps range,
Constance, constant but in change?

In and out, now here, now there,
Like a daytime vision fair;
In and out among the gloom
Of my dull and silent room,
Fairy Constance dances free,
Spray-like o'er a sullen sea;
While, like beads of Circe's wine,
Her wild eyes sparkle, doze, and shine—
Liquid eyes of magic power,
Heavy like a hanging flower.

Changing Constance, let me see
If by any simile
Pen and paper can express
Your artistic changefulness,
Showing now your nature is
Your name's complete antithesis.

Like a sunbeam on a stream:
Like a passage of a dream:
Like the varied witchery
Of wild music in the sky.
Like the transient tints of red,
When the sun has sunk to bed,
Or the still more transient gold,
When the midnight mists unfold,
And the earliest streaks of morn
Tremble through the Eastern dawn;
Like the breath of summer breeze
Wandering through the lazy trees,
When the sleep of still July
Sings the loud blast's lullaby;
Like the ripples of a lake,
That on placid shingles break
In the lonely tropic hills;
Like the noise of bubbling rills
Running down a valley-side;
Like an autumn corn-field wide,
Waving in the waving wind;
Like a thought within the mind,
Scarcely grasped yet partly known;
Like a young bird newly flown;
Like a flake of feathery snow;
Like—what more I do not know.

So, my dear, I'll leave your praise
To some bard of later days;
Younger eyes, when I am old,
Will watch each infant grace unfold,
See the budding tender shoot
Open, blossom, and bear fruit;
Other hands when these are cold
Will write what now remains untold;
Other hearts when mine is still
At your glances move and thrill;
Other souls know hope and fear,
Young love's fancy, young love's tear—
What! so late? Good-night, my dear.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

(E. A. POE, LOQUITER.)

Many a midnight dark and dreary
Have I wandered, weak and weary,
Tossed tumultously in spirit,
Which temptation's billows bore;
All my brain within me burning—
Nameless fiendish forms discerning—
While with horror from them turning,
Help from Heaven to implore!
Still, these sightless monsters meeting,
Help in vain I did implore
In the streets of Baltimore!

O'er the past I mourned in meekness;
God was gracious to my weakness:
Plucking out the tempter's arrows,
Rankling in my spirit's core!
Youthful love awoke from dreaming—
Hope again was brightly beaming—
Life was lit with golden gleaming:
She would spurn me nevermore!
She, the shining star, would guide me,
Loveless, lonely nevermore;
Blest and happy evermore!

Ere my sweets I swallowed sours;
All my hopes were fading flowers
Crushed by some destructive demon
That the guise of friendship wore!
In the bitter bowl o'erflowing—
In the goblet golden glowing—
Happiness he pledged me, knowing
Life was blighted thus before!
Cruel custom, cursed while tempting,
As it did in days before,
Pledging friendship—nothing more!

An inhuman, hellish craving,
(Past the power of reason's saving,)
Sprang from sleep within my being,
Like a tiger tasting gore!
Then it was some human devil,
Midst of some exciting revel,
Shrinking not from deadly evil,
Drugged me dastardly and sore!
Heaven saw and stooped in kindness
O'er my spirit sad and sore:—
Earth had vanished evermore!

Deep despair—that Raven's shadow—
Faded fast: an Eldorado
Burst upon my startled vision,
With a flashing star-lit floor!
Then, the death-bell's doleful ringing
Seemed a seraph sweetly singing
To my spirit, upward winging:—
'Earthly struggles now are o'er:
Wandering through the realms of beauty,
With thy sainted love Lenore:—
Love shall languish nevermore!'

WHEN an honest hen is laying the foundation for a large and interesting family and doing all the hard work, some absurd rooster is ready to do all the crowing.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestrated that we are never annoyed by predestinary tramps."

Select Story.

MR. PALMLEAF'S PROPOSALS.

White and glistening, like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over all the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lacework, the leafless woods held up their boughs against the dazzling winter sky—and the Rev. Peter Palmleaf, studying over an embryo sermon in his own special sanctum, glanced up where a blackbird was whistling in the casement and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready!"

"What horse?" said Mr. Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to-be-sure!" said Miss Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never! said Miss Paulina, bouncing into the study, with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head, and her sleeves rolled in a business-like fashion up to her elbows.

"Peter, you grow more moony and absent-minded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast table? Why, you'er going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to-be-sure!"

"A—girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamingly rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady, briskly. "She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning, because the family is large, and work so heavy. She can't find that fault with our establishment, I guess. Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her whether she has any followers—a follower is the one thing I can't tolerate, tell her—and be sure you bring her back, with her bundle. I must have some person to help me before cousin Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come?" said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating to look after a certain kettle, which was noisily boiling over, at the back of the house.

The thus, charged with his mission, the Rev. Peter Palmleaf got into the one-horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farm-house nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it, a red barn at the rear, and a perfect colony of dove-houses at the sunny southern angle; and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man, with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate, and then stopped. "How! Why, it's the minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmleaf—good morning! That there Sunday sermon o' yours was a masterpiece. Me and Squire Sennex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely alighting, and tying the horse to the post. "But I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a man of one idea, and, for the time being, the "hired girl" had chased all theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow; "business?"

"I've come after a young woman," said the young minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped his spade in the middle of a snow drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"If that's her name—yes," asserted the minister, solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it's to be an engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes—that is, if we suit each other," said Mr. Palmleaf mildly.

"Je-rusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most men of genius, was an 'eccentric,' but had never realized it before. "Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. "But, of course, I can have no objections if Dolly herself is suited. Though," and he smote one red-mitted hand upon his knee, "now I come to think of it you've never seen Dolly."

"No," said the minister, serenely. "But that need make no difference.'

"Je-rusalem!" again uttered the farmer. "It wasn't the way I used to look at things when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf a little impatient at this lengthened discussion. "Can I see the young woman?"

"Oh, of course you can see her," said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly! Dolly," raising his voice to a wild bellow. "Here's the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you! There's the door, just to the left, sir."

And in his near-sighted way, the minister stumbled into the farmer Darrow's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black hair, brushed away from a low olive dark brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milk-pans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir?" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill, amid the wrinkly and leather-like folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmleaf, "do you want a good home?"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a thing!" said Dolly, all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some confusion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir?" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr. Palmleaf; "or, rather my sister. Our family is not large; the wash is light, and Paulina is a most elaborate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what?" said Dolly, in bewilderment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back with me immediately," said Mr. Palmleaf. "Paulina expects company. It is essential that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimsoned like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and lips around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

"Wait a minute, please," said she.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner, and fell to meditating on the "thirdly" of his uncompleted sermon, while Dolly sped up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Father," said she, flying into the presence of her parents, "the minister has mistaken me for Bridget!"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Darrow.

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly, with eyes full of fun. "And I'm going!—Quick—where's my hat and shawl, and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in all the majesty of her black silk gown and gold watch-chain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're never going to hire out as a servant!"

"Yes I am," said Dolly. "It's better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Miss Paulina is a jewel! Oh, do make haste, or he'll be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her point. Fifteen minutes later she got into the cutter, with a parcel, which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen, frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown all over her face, and the bundle under her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmleaf," said she. "The hired help, at your service!"

Miss Paulina stared.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she.—"And I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly, brightly. "But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And, oh, Miss Paulina, please don't undeceive him. Because I am a smart little housekeeper, and I can help you just as much as any Irish girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all." Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little brunette.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then she came to the clergyman one day:

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I'm going to leave the place."

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement and said:

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither I nor my sister have unwittingly offended you?"

"No," said Dolly, patting her little foot on the staring green leaves in the study carpet; "but, oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have done so wrong, and I do earnestly beg your pardon!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Rev. Peter, in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true," sobbed the girl; "and I am not a hired girl, and I only came here for a joke, and I can't bear to think I'm de-de-deceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry, piteously behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh!" said the minister.

"Y-yes!" confessed Dolly, behind her apron.

"Well, then," said the minister, gently drawing her towards him, suppose you stay in earnest?"

"Sir?" faltered Dolly.

"My dear," said Mr. Palmleaf, "I have got used to you around the house: I should miss you terribly if you should leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming young wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly indignantly. "Old—you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me—always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as the Rev. Peter Palmleaf ever mustered courage for a proposal; but nobody knew that the engagement begun for a joke and turned out in sober earnest.

☞ The excess of exports over imports for the last twelve months reached the enormous total of $283,000,000, against $199,000,000 for the year ending with March, 1878, showing a net increase of our foreign commerce of $84,000.

☞ A man coming out of a newspaper office with his nose spread all over his face, replied to a policeman who interviewed him, "I didn't like an article that peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it: he war there.

☞ Hope is the sugar coating on the pill of life.

BIJAH AS AN ADVISER.

He Gives Some Fatherly Counsel to a Young and Modest Widow.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

"Knock! knock! knock!"

"Kemin!" called Bijah, as he hurredly tucked away the remnant of a banana under the table.

It was a woman who might have been a hundred years old, but who probably wasn't over sixty.

She had corkscrew curls and a winning way,
And the pitch of her voice was high,
And her smile was bland as smile could be,
As she seated herself to say:

"This is Bijah, I presume?"

"The same, madam—born that way and can't help it."

"I'm a widow," she said, after a painful pause.

"How many of 'em, madam?"

"Sir!"

"Your husbands, madam, how many times has death evaded your peaceful fire-side and robbed you of your beloved partner?"

"Well, I have lost three husbands,' she sighed, trying in vain to find her handkerchief.

"And now—?"

"That's what I wanted to consult you about. You see, I'm young yet, and scores of my friends have been pleased to say that I have not yet lost my beauty."

"Just so, madam. If I should turn a corner and run over you I should be apt to suppose you were a girl of about eighteen. Your real age, however, is about thirty—perhaps five or six days over."

Then she shook her curls
And smiled again,
And bit at her fan
And went on to explain—

How an old boy, aged 72, by the almanac, had met her at the regatta, loved her at first sight, and followed her home and proposed marriage. Her relatives opposed the match on account of her youth and innocence, and his age and piratical look; but "you know, Mr. Joy, how hard it is to live alone—all alone, with no one to call you pet names and feel sorry for you when you have the head ache."

"This would be only your fourth husband?" mused Bijah, as he snapped a peachstone out of the window.

"Only my fourth," she sighed.

"Well, I'd take him. I don't like to see a woman hunting after a ninth or tenth husband, because that makes a business affair of it, but I truly belive the human heart can love seven different times."

"Do you?"

"I do. You are alone in this cold world. The bad boys stone your cat, mock your parrot and hook your cucumbers, and there are times when your eyes fill with tears because you have no one to take you to the Star Island House and pay your way."

"What a mind-reader—what noble words!" she gasped, as she hid her face in her handkerchief. "Then you'd accept, would you?"

"I would, and I wouldn't let time get ahead of me, for these old chaps drop off like hot cakes. Write him a note asking him to call and see you, and then arrange for an early marriage."

"But he may have changed his mind."

"Then we'll sue him for breach of promise."

"I'm so timid—so embarrassed—so—so!" she stammered as she went out. But she'll fix him.

"YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!"

A certain disciple of Esculapius who loves a joke, is the owner of a fine skeleton, set up in such a manner that by opening the door of the receptacle and touching a spring, the bony object will walk forward several steps out of the door. Among the many pests and detriments to study and thought which this physician is daily subjected to, is the frequent intrusion of apple, orange, and other fruit-venders in the shape of small boys. The other day, while in close proximity to the door of the closet in which the skeleton is kept, the doctor's rest was broken by the entrance of one of the youthful vendors with a shrill cry, "Want to buy apples?" Thinking to have some sport at the apple vendor's expense, the worthy physician suddenly threw open the closet door, and touching the spring, forth stalked the skeleton in all his bony majesty. A basket was instantly dropped on the floor, a half bushel of apples rolled broadcast over the room, while a terribly scared youth was seen disappearing through the office door with shrill cries. After enjoying a quiet laugh, the physician busied himself in picking up and restoring to the basket the scattered fruit, expecting the lad would return in a moment for his stock in trade.

After a brief interval the physician noticed from the window the lad standing in the street gazing spell-bound at the office door. Seeing the lad evinced no disposition to return for his basket and fruit, the doctor carried the same to the door, which he opened, and calling to the lad, requested him to come and get it. Junge of the doctor's surprise when he was greeted with the following response to his invitation:

"No you don't! You can't fool me, if you have got your clothes on!"

☞ The story-book pictures of whaling, in which a man throws a harpoon from the bow of a boat, are no longer accurate. Of late years the weapon generally used has been a bomb that is fired from a gun and exploded in the whale's body. A new implement of this sort is described as follows: The lance weighs seven and one-half pounds and contains one and one-quarter pounds of gunpowder, and is propelled by a heavy rocket. There being no discharge of a heavy gun, the recoil is a push rather than a blow, and the bomb ignited by the rocket when the latter has burned out. A chain toggle attached to the front end of the rocket is released by the explosion, securely holding the whale, which, if not instantly killed, cannot survive the explosion.

PAID IN ONE'S OWN COIN.

Peter's mother died. After that he was sent to his grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve.

Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home, but he did not want to go. He felt sure he would not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother. "Carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind and you will be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he rose early, as he was used at his grandmother's, and came down stairs, where everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself; "I know I shan't; I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter came up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," said she, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you; for I'm afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother?"

What a kiss was that! It made him so happy.

"That's paying me off in more than my own coin," thought Peter.

Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best 'small change' in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

BEE STINGS FOR THE CURE OF GOUT.—Several articles and letters have been printed in German papers of late lauding the efficacy of the sting of the common bee as a cure for gout. Here is one of the latest of these communications, which appeared recently:—"I was lying in bed," says the writer, suffering from a heavy attack of gout, accompanied by violent pains in my left foot, when I chanced to read in a newspaper an article describing how gout may be cured by the stings of bees. I at once determined to try the remedy, and soon contrived a small box by means of which a captured bee could be applied to the afflicted part. I then let my foot be stung by three bees in succession, each bee leaving his sting behind in my flesh. After a few minutes these stings were extracted; and when the pain caused by them had subsided I found that the gouty pain had also left me. On the same day I left my bed, and on the morrow was able to walk about. For some little time my foot was slightly inflamed, and I experienced some burning sensation; but in four or five days this left me, and I was completely recovered."

SCIENTIFIC RELIANCE ON SOAP.—Dr. Richardson lectured recently in this city on the germ theory of disease. He acknowledged his obligation to Tyndall for his microscopic investigation on air dust, spores and other comforting and salutary topics. It is worth while for common people to learn that 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the circumference of a pin head, or a visible globule. It is worth while for them to note that these germs may be dessicated and be borne, like thistle seeds, everywhere, and like demoniacal possessions, may jump noiselessly down any gaping throat. But there are certain things spores can not stand, according to the latest ascertained results of science. A water temperature of 120 degrees boils them to death, and soap chemically poisons them. Here sanitary and microscopic science come together. Spores thrive in low conditions of life. For redemption fly to hot water and soap, ye who live in malarial poisoning. Hot water is sanitary. Soap is more sanitary. Fight typhus, small pox, yellow fever and ague with soap. Soap is a board of health.

A SINGULAR BIRD.—A strange bird which lives in China, called the fork-tailed parus, which is quite an acrobat. He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on the perch.—He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same trick, and they are called tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to our country, but a sea voyage is not good for them, and they are always sure to die on the way.

Mr. S. Miller, the veteran fruit grower of Missouri, notes, as a curious fact, that "strawberries in mass will bloom earlier than the same varieties in stools on the same ground but a few rods away."

TRACES OF EXTINCT PEOPLE IN THE TERRITORIES.

That which seems the most perplexing to the antiquarian is the fact that the ruins of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado bear no resemblance whatever in their construction to antiquities found elsewhere in our country, nor to those of old Mexico, Yucatan or South America, with one exception of the Casa Grande, twenty-five miles above the Pima village, upon the Gila river. The Casa Grande has so often been described in works of travel that all interested in antiquarian researches have become familiar with its appearance. Its history must forever baffle the curious.

It was first visited and mentioned by a Spanish adventurer, Cobeza de Vaca, in 1535, and later by Padre Marco de Niza, in 1537, and was afward visited by a part of Coronada's army, in 1540, who found it in pretty much the same state of ruin as it remains at present, with the exception of being several stories higher.

Here, too, are found the ruins of the Montezuma canal, which is well marked for more than twenty miles, of immense size and admirably constructed.

In the Gila basin are ruins of other cities and edifices showing remains of greater magnitude than that of the Casa Grande. The Pima Indians, who now occupy the valley, and were found there by the Spaniards in 1535, had no knowledge of the people by whom these ruins were built, although their tradition at that time extended back several hundred years.

In Arizona the 'stone book' of geology also opens its most inviting papers to the savant. Upon the tops of the loftiest mountains are found water-worn stones, and fossilized shells, while many interesting specimens and well-defined geological stratas are offered for investigation at almost every turn.

"RAISED."—No barber knoweth whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into a shop and drops into a barber chair, without seeing who occupies the next chair to the right or left may get badly left, as a case proved recently. A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lather, when in came a young man who flung off his coat, bounced into a chair, and called out:

Hurry up, now, for I must get back to the store before old Blank does or he will raise thunder! Hang him, he won't even give a fellow time to die:"

The solid citizen turned his face to glance at the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

"Going on a vacation this summer?" asked the barber who was preparing to shave the young man.

"Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away away from old Blank? And if I could he pays such a stingy, contemptible salary that I could not afford even a ride on the ferry boat!"

"Why don't you ask him for a raise?" inquired the barber.

"Why don't I ask for the hand of his freckled-nosed daughter? He'd discharge me in a minute, though he's making money and can afford it. If the old hyena would have a stroke of apoplexy the junior partner might do something, but such chaps always live to be a hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid man got out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from his chair and turned around, snow-balls would have looked black beside his face. He tried to bow and speak, but something wouldn't let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held it tails up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid man rose up, looked around and walked out, saying never a word. The barbers wet the young man's head and held cologne to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out, and there was an uncertain wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position, state what shop you shave at.

FEMININE DEVICES A CENTURY AGO.—It is not to be supposed for a moment that ladies of the present day resort to artificial means of increasing that native loveiness which 'when unadorned is adorned the most.' Their great-grandmothers, however, thought differently; and so numerous had female falsifications become a century ago, that it was deemed necessary to introduce an act into the English parliament in 1779, which provides as follows:

"All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether they be maids or widows, that shall from and after this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by paints scents, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and misdemeanors, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

☞ According to the Chicago *Tribune*, this is the way in which souls are saved in that city: A few young girls belonging to a west side church have set about a noble missionary work to increase the attendance of their beloved pastor's ministrations. They go out just before the evening service hour and lure young men to follow them, pilot their victims in by a harmless-looking side-door, and give them in custody of two venerable-looking deacons as sinners desirous of turning from the error of their ways, and before those young men have recovered from their shock of surprise and disappointment they find themselves stowed away in front seats between trustworthy members, and being prayed and preached at by the officiating clergyman in a manner which for directness discounts that of Nathan."

All Sorts of Clippings

Needs looking into—A telescope.

Handy things—fingers.

A sweet craft—Courtship.

Headquarters—The hat store.

An attached couple—Oyster shells.

The Glass of time—Getting beer on tick.

House-drains—The butcher and grocer.

A cool proceeding—Kissing a lady's snowy brow.

Can you call a clerk in an oil store a serve-ile fellow?

Debt is a paradox. It grows bigger as you contract it.

A profane upstart—The man who sits down on a bent pin.

A delicate parcel—A young woman wrapped up in herself.

When the mountains strive for prizes the Alps will draw a Blanc.

We scuttle a boat at the bottom, and a house at the top.

A journey-man worker—The itinerant preacher.

A stitch in time through a shirt-button saves a husband's temper.

A poor manager—the superintendent of an almshouse.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort as well as decorum, as Fuss.

Sorrow is a summons to come up higher in Christian character.

A nice little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

Many a hermit has been led to lead his secluded life by receiving her mit.

When a man is too poor to hold the rich blood within him he naturally boils over.

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to the young man with a new watch.

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes women; for man embraces woman."

The pancake is like the orb of day because it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.

"orn bread," said the Irish waiter, "we haven't got; an' isn't it corn bafe ye mane."

The laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

June is at hand, and we shall probably soon hear that the solid South is becoming somewhat porous.

The claret punch is ripe, but touch not the lips to the fatal glass—suck it through a straw.

Everything is exorbitantly dear in Leadville. Even a very ordinary drunk costs $15, without extras.

To the Christian nothing can be so dark but that there is a bright side.

How few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed.

Do good to all, that thou mayest keep thy friends and gain thine enemies.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

Be earnest in thy labors and very careful with what thou earnest by thy labors.

Speaking of style there is not much "get up" to the people who lie abed until noon.

The best way to steal a watch without being caught is to take it off its guard.

Speaking of rude remarks, any remark is rued that gets you into trouble.

When a reporter attends a trotting match, he tries to write a racy account of it.

The girl with "speaking eyes" has the advantage of the girl with a "luminous mouth."

When a tooth begins to feel as if there was a chicken scratching at its roots, it's time to pullet out.

A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting a wife—"Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

Said an Irishman, in the course of an eloquent speech, "Mr. Chairman, the gals is the boys to do it."

"Whither thou goest, I ghost," is what Hamlet said to the materialization of his deceased progenitor.

Sandpapered heads will always be a popular style with married men because it heads off one of the wife's best hand-holds.

It is trying time to the young man with just twenty cents in his pocket when he asks his girl if she'll have another plate of cream.

Even a Mormon, when he wants an early dinner, might be willing to admit that one wife at home is worth two at the dressmaker's.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they haven't they are apt to get 'em."

A singular instance of scepticism is recorded in the case of the man who said the Bible was "too good to be true."

The difference between a boquet of flowers and the "boquet" of wine is, that one makes a nosegay and the other a gay nose.

It is a most mortifying reflection to any man to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.

A man on the biggest drunk he ever had in all his life doesn't have half the fun a Newfoundland dog and rat terrier have.

The man who married for wheel or woe has recently been seen wheeling a baby carriage. Form your own conclusions.

Cucumbers have made their appearance, and if your undertaker owes you anything, now is the time to strike him.

It now costs anywhere from $5,000 to $50,000 a year to support a fashionable wife. This is why women are called dear creatures.

It is better to hang around a sensible girl than a street corner.

Farm and Household.

Plants and Flowers.—To have roses bloom well, keep wood cut back; cover the bushes in winter with straw, corn stalks or loose manure and work into the soil around them plenty of iron filings or break up old pieces of cast-iron as fine as possible and put around next the roots.

If rose bugs trouble your roses put a spoonful of white hellebore in a pail of water and sprinkle it on the bushes or vines.

Artificial Foods.—Millions of dollars' worth of so-called artificial foods, cotton-seed oil-meal, linseed oil-meal, peanut meal and other refuse materials are sent to Europe from this country every year. This is as though we furnished our enemy with a sword wherewith to slay us. We supply our competitors with the most effective means for meeting us in competition. We give our adversaries material help in doing this. Of these foods they make meat, butter, cheese, grain, grass and manures to make more of these, all of which, directly or indirectly, we are making and selling in the closest competition with them. In a ton of cotton-seed meal, there are 500 pounds of beef, as much cheese, and as great a value of manure as the meal costs to purchase. Linseed oil-meal is equally as valuable. By using these ourselves we should secure the benefit of all this production, while we should prevent its use by our competitors in business. Some may say we cannot afford to use these. This excuse is obviously groundless, when they are purchased by English farmers who pay rentals for their land of $10 to $50 per acre yearly, and pay the cost of freight from our shores across the Atlantic upon these feeding stuffs, with the expenses and profits of at least two intermediate dealers, and yet use them with sufficient advantage to make them an object that is earnestly sought after. The fact is, by neglecting these home-made products we are throwing away an immense advantage which cannot amount, in a money value, to less than a hundred million of dollars annually.

Brine for Corn Beef.—Five gallons of water, 1 gallon of salt, ½ pound of saltpetre, 1½ pounds of brown sugar. Boil this mixture 15 minutes. When cold pour over the beef.

Pork Fillets and onions.—Have your frying-pan thoroughly heated; put in a bit of dripping or butter; then put in one pound of pork fillets, half a pound of onions cut into nice rings; season with pepper and salt, and you will have a nice, tender dish.

Tomatoes.—One of the nicest and simplest ways of dressing tomatoes is to cut them in half, lay them in a baking-dish, cover each piece with some bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and some finely-chopped parsely; pour a little oil over and bake in a good oven.

Germans.—Two ounces of butter in half a pint of cream, which has been slightly warmed, and then allow it to cool; beat into this two ounces of flour, the same of white powdered sugar, and the yolks of four eggs with the whites of three of them; flavor with a teaspoonful of orange water, mix well, and pour into small crops, which must be buttered; bake 30 minutes. Sift sugar over them and serve hot.

Baked Tomatoes.—Canned tomatoes are a most palatable dish when prepared in this manner: Butter a baking-dish of earthernware or tin, then pour in half the tomatoes intended to be used, sprinkle over them pepper, salt, butter and a very liberal allowance of sugar; cover with bread crumbs or crackers, then add the remaining tomatoes, with more sugar, butter, etc.; cover the top with fine crumbs, moisten with boiling water, put lumps of butter over the top, and bake one hour or longer.

To Wash Hair Brushes.—It is best to clean two at a time, in this way: First comb them well to remove the loose hair or dust; then dip the bristles only in very warm water, sprinkle each brush with plenty of powdered borax, and rub the two together; after they are thoroughly cleansed, have a pitcher of hot water and pour it over the bristles.—Keep the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out and dry quickly in the sun.—Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

Lobster Salad.—Take the meat of two boiled lobsters, saving the fine claws and tail. Take the meat and cut it into small pieces and stand it aside. Bruise the small claws in a mortar, and put in a stew-pan, with any fish stock, about one and one-half quarts; add an onion, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a little cayenne pepper. Let the soup cook for three-quarters of an hour, adding a little stock from time to time. Strain the soup clear; then add to it two ounces of butter, well mixed with flour and for a final boil put in the pieces of lobster.

Fish Like Turbot.—Take a fine whitefish or trout; steam until tender; bone it; sprinkle with salt and pepper; take one quart of milk, a bunch of parsley and thyme, three slices of a large onion, salt and pepper; put it over the fire; let it come to a boil or till you think it seasoned enough with the herbs; then strain it; put it over the fire again; add to this one-quarter pound of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, stir it until it becomes a thick cream; take it off the fire, let it cool some, and add two eggs; put in a baking dish a layer of fish and a layer of the sauce alternately; sprinkle with grated cheese and bread crumbs over the top and bake for half an hour.

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