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Select Poetry.

THE RESULT OF AN ENTERPRISING MEDIUM'S FASHIONABLE SPIRIT WEDDING.

[From the New York World.]

I.

It was a city medium
Had an idea grand—
To marry and in marriage give
Shades in the Summer Land:
The infant sons of Presidents
That were in teething dead
With female babes and sucklings, gone
Before, he used to wed.
So great became the medium's fame
Who marriages thus made
In *seances* and messages
He drove a roaring trade;
Nay, foreign ministers at night
Would skulk into his area,
In ample cloaks disguised, to seek
News of dear Lady Mary.

II.

It was a rural medium
Was fired with emulation
When he beheld the great success
Of his brother's innovation.
"What man has done that man can do,"
They say. He did construe
It thus: "How men have once been done,
That way you men can do."
"Now," said that rural medium,
"The spirit marrying
Is, in the words of Swedenborg,
The biggest kind of thing.
The Summer Land is full of folk
Were from their parents reft
Ere yet they could their dexter hand
Distinguish from their left.
Old bachelors' boys are not so brave
Nor old maids' girls so fair
As the gilded youth of the Summer Land
To surviving parents are.
I will hie me to the old churchyard
And copy such names as be
Inscribed upon the tombstones 'Aged
One year,' or two, or three:
I will look through the newspapers—
When notices I find
Of the Dearest-Willie-thou-art-Gone-
To-meet-his-cousin kind,
So I will carefully write them out;
They shall be in marriage given
Unto the great ones of the earth—
I should say of the heaven.
And thus my business shall increase
Till I can afford to get
More spirits and better ones than now
Throng from my cabinet.
I will take to me a Byron then
Who nonsense will not speak,
A Bonaparte that can talk French,
A Plato knowing Greek;
For now I can materialize
But paltry spirits two—
A Katie King that rustles and signs
And an Indian that says 'Ugh!'"

III.

It was a well-to-do old man,
An old man excellent,
Believer in the spirit faith,
To whom the medium went.
"The spirits have to me disclosed
That they through me will learn you
An you will come to the next *seance*
Something which does concern you."
The old man girded up his loins
As meek as any mouse
He followed that bold medium's steps
To that bold medium's house;
They placed him in a circle there,
They turned the lights down low,
And they played, of course, 'Sweet By-and-By,'
On the jingling pi-an-o;
And they bade the spirits to appear,
And show what they had to show.

IV.

"Behold, my friends," the medium said,
As the curtains up were furled,
"A fashionable wedding that
Takes place in the Spirit World.
The officiating clergyman
Is Swedenborg the seer,
And, to your dim and doubting eyes
Though they not appear,
Hosts of distinguished witnesses
E'en now are hovering near.
There Washington and William Tell,
And Jefferson and Byron,
And Franklin Peace and Nathan Hale
The happy pair environ.
Ho, Mister Jones, do Nature's tones
Unto your heart not speak?
Do you not know that spirit-bride
Who stands the spirit-groom beside
With a spirit blush of maiden pride
Upon her spirit cheek?
That rare and radiant maiden whom
The angels still call Sally,
You laid away at the age of two,
'Neath the clods of yonder valley.
She is your spirit daughter, and"—
(A Democrat was Jones)—
"Has mated with the grandest house
The Summer Kingdom owns.
This very hour she doth espouse,
His name to her name tacks on,
The son of a great ex-President,
Of General Andrew Jackson!"

V.

Old Jones a moment gazed upon
The tableau moved and awed,
Then he said unto that medium,
"My son, thou art a fraud.
Lo, I have had a firm belief
In spirits, but bewray me
If that thou canst bamboozle me,
Or for a Pierrepont play me.
If thou hadst read thy history
Even as thou shouldst have done,
Thou wouldst have found Old Hickory
Did never have a son.
If my spirit daughter has wed his child,
Across his child's escutcheon
A bar sinister must be drawn,
Good cause have I for dudgeon.
My daughter's life shall not be curst—
Let the bans forbidden be—
I will lick the spirit bridegroom first
And afterwards lick thee."

VI.

When they had stopped that stout old man,
Who was like a raging bull,
They took up of the cabinet
About twelve brskets full.
The spirit husband he had kicked
And beaten black and blue.
He proved to be the medium's son,
And the Indian that said "Ugh!"
And as for the old man's spirit-girl,
She was a no-such-thing;
She was the medium's servant-girl
And the spirit Katie King.
And the graphic local reporter writes
(In his own choice vein—not Ercles'),
"The sad event has cast a gloom
In spiritualistic circles."

☞ He entered the grocery, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer said, "No; we sell nothing on tick!" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

Select Story.

TURNED FROM THE DOOR.

"No tramps here," said I, and I shut the door in his face, I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating up the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I'm afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again, and knocked at the door—knocked not half so loud as he did before—and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face—a pale ghost of a face—with yellow-brown hair, cropped close, and great, staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How near is the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Mitten's and she's as set agin tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents, at Greenbank, where I can rest till I'm better; all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me lie just before the fire, and only give me a crust, the stalest crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if it had not been I'd seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier and traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been foolish enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest.

"No doubt your pockets are full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Get away with you."

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, "Do let him stay, auntie," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of sixteen.

"Go away with you!" says I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's now.

And when I opened again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!" said I. He looked at me and said: "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came to my mind I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he.

"Don't go showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin giving anything unless it's through some well organized society, Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said, "Let him stay, auntie," with her lips again, but I took no notice of her.

So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed to be tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and went to the work-basket to get a sock I had been knitting for my Charlie, and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor.—I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "From C. F. to R. H.;" and on the inside was a bit of tobacco, and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumpled old letter; and when I spread it out I saw on the top, "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one light thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again I had to say to myself what I heard our pastor say often: Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for as I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Halloa, mother!" And I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder-straps, and as handsome as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then she went to set the table and how nice the things smoked on a cloth white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Drusilla said; "What is the matter Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing; but it was this: Kind o' like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ, over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice saying: "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust;" kind o' like some one that had a mother down on the wintry road, freezing and starving to death there. This is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was down, and he told us things about the war I never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and been badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow had saved him, and carried him away, fighting his way back to camp.

"I would never have seen you but for him," says Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Bob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow! We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother I could not think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charles?" said I.

"Why, I'd love him, too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, could not be enough. Send for him Charlie."

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," raid he, "I don't know whether Bob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner.—And military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother, too, and she is so fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Bob, the preserver of my life!"

And I saw Charlie was nearly crying.

Not to let us see to the tears he got up and went to the mantle-piece. I did not look around until I heard a cry.

"Great heavens, what is it?"

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped in his hand.

"Where did this come from? I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Bob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?"

And I fell back in my chair, white and cold. Said I:

"A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Bob, my dear, never your Bob. He must have been an impostor, I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no, no; it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Bob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he:

"It was my dear old Bob, wounded, and starving!—my dear Bob who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother, to use Bob so!"

"Condemn me Charlie," said I, condemn me if you like; I am afraid God will. Three times he came back; three times he asked for only a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I, I—and he's lying on the road now. Oh if I had only known!"

And Charlie caught up his hat.

"I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "Oh, Bob, my dear friend."

And then—I never saw the girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers and says.

"Thank God, I dared to do it!"

And says she to me:

"Oh, aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you would say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry, and wounded, and put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and have been so frightened all the while."

"The Lord bless you, Drusilla," said Charlie.

"Amen," said I.

And she, getting bolder, went on:

"And I took him some hot short-cakes and apple sass and tea," says she, "and I took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and I told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting of to be half murdered, you know, and the girl, who was sixteen, always before minded me as if I was her mother.

Never was there any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Bob. And Charlie, who got well, and a mother, who was not so poor either, helped Bob into business.—And he got well over his wounds at last and grew as handsome as a picture, and to-day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I, "and I won't refuse you even Drusilla," when he asked me, telling me that he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Bob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to be in Drusilla's place.

I Can't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm imposed upon; but this is what I say: "Better be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says, "Even as you have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

A Ten Dollar Trouble.—The other day one of the ferry-boat captains found aboard of his craft a cadaverous looking chap who had beaten his way to and fro so often that patience was no longer a virtue. When it was found that he had no ticket, the captain roared out at him:

"What did I tell you the last time I passed you over?"

"You said you'd throw me into the river next time I tried to beat my way across," was the calm reply.

"And now—!" yelled the captain as he started to pull off his coat.

"And now you won't You are a good-hearted man and I don't want you to get into trouble on my account. I will go overboard on my own hook."

He stepped to the gangway and made a dive before any one could prevent. The boat was stopped, life preservers thrown out, and after hard work the man was hauled aboard. The captain seized him, braced him against the cabin. and shaking his fist under the beat's nose, exclaimed:

"Look a-here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to $10 trouble trying to collect your five-cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Went up on the Cellar Door.—A farmer of Cynthian township went to town to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired it was necessary to go into an upper story, and the salesman said to his customer,

"Just you get on; and we will go up."

The startled granger looked around and said, "On where?"

He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking:

"This beats all nation, don't it?"

The salesman smilingly said he rather thought it did. In the meantime, a son of the farmer became impatient, and came into the storeroom below looking for him. The farmer seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said:

"You can't come up here, son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet."

A Gas Clock.—It is said that there is a clock in the Guildhall Museum, London, of which the motive power is hydrogen gas, generated by the action of diluted sulphuric acid on a ball of zinc. The clock resembles a large colored glass cylinder without any cover, and about half full of sulphuric acid.—Floating on the top of this acid is a glass bell, and the gas generated forces forward this concave receiver until it nearly reaches the top of the cylinder, when, by the action of a delicate lever, two valves became simultaneously opened. One of these allows the gas to escape, thereby causing the receiver to descend, and the other permits a fresh ball of zinc to fall into the acid. The same operation is repeated as long as the materials for making gas are supplied, and this affected without winding or manipulation of any kind. The dial plate is fixed to the front of the cylinder, and communicates by wheels, etc., with a small glass perpendicular shaft, which rises with the receiver and sets the wheels in motion.

☞ A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant and said:

"Why do you look at me so, sir?"

He said that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic.

"Yes, sir, it's that eye."

"Well, madam; that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman."

The explanation and the compliment combined put the woman in a good humor.

Fashionable Preaching.—As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders buttonholed him to whisper an additional caution:

"The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whiskey business or the temperance question."

The young minister getting frightened to see the moral ground so steadily narrowing before him, inquired:

"Whom or what shall I preach against, then?"

The elder's reply came like an air of triumph:

"Preach against and Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town."

EDMUND KEAN, THE ACTOR.

Some Incidents of His Early Life.

Research can find no date of birth and no certainty concerning the parentage of Edmund Kean. His reputed mother, however, was a disreputable strolling actress named Nance Carey, his reputed father one Kean, supposed to have been a tailor. At three years of age Kean was chosen for his fine black eyes and his animated gesture from among a lot of children to personate Cupid upon the stage. He was also one of the imps that danced around the caldron in John Kemble's Macbeth, and by the stately John he was well thumped one night for playing some roguish prank. At a very early age he mastered the use of the foils, and was all his life renowned as a splendid fencer. He was a rascally boy, always in some scrape, ever seeking vile company. His mother, if such Nance Carey was, having abandoned him, he was under the charge of another actress, Miss Tidswell, who was so put about by his eccentric habits in the matter of running away that finally she had a brass dog's-collar fasten to his neck, inscribed with the words "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

By far the most powerful picture drawn by Mr. Baker in his voluminous records of these extinct lives is that of this erratic genius. At one moment he is found at an inn, tarred and feathered, singing low songs to amuse a drunken company; at another he is caught wandering in the fields, where he has subsisted on uncooked turnips and cabbage for days. Proud, impetuous hot-head, of intemperate habits and an ungovernable temper, his life for years was one series of untold privations, in which, in course of time, a wife and children shared. How they trudged from town to town on foot, stopped in barns and played for sixpences to such yokels as cared to listen to them, is a story which wrings the heart to read. Years passed thus; and that under such circumstances Kean could have perfected himself to the marvellous extent he did In the art of acting in something that exceeds comprehension. But the turning-point was at hand. One night he noticed an intelligent face among a spars and stupid set of boobies who had gathered in to see him at Doncaster. After the performance the owner of the intelligent face went to him and said, "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow. I have something to say to you. I am the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre." Kean staggered backward as if he had been shot. An engargement was effected the next day for three years, at £8, £9, and £10 per week.

But, oh, how dark was the hours before the dawn! A beloved child who had long been ailing died; he fell ill himself; he had a dispute with the manager about his opening part when he recovered; the company at rehearsal jeered at his small figure, his worn shoes, his shabby rough coat. Meantime he was half starved. "I must dine to-day," he said to his wife on the day of his appearance, and for the first time in many days he tasted meat. The night of his first appearance in London was cold and foggy. There had been a heavy snow, and now the streets were almost impassable with slush, which penetrated his worn shoes and chilled him to the bone. Taking a bundle in his hand containing shoes, stockings, wig, and other trifles, he bade adieu to his wife, telling her that he wished he was going to be shot. "If I succeed I shall go mad," he said.

But what a fairy tale was his success! How instant, how overwhelming! In seventy nights the receipts were £20,000. His manager tore up the original agreement, and gave him a fair profit.

He was now the lion of the day; poets, nobles, statesmen, crowded his dressing-room eager to secure him as a guest. His son Charles is seen playing with heaps of guineas, and bank-notes litter the drawing room like waste paper.

Then rivals began to spring up. The most prominent of these was Junius Drutus Booth, the father of Edwin Booth, who had appeared at Covent Garden as Richard III., which, it is said, was an imitation of Kean's own, save that it was superior. To decide the question the Drury Lane management engaged Booth to make a contest. The trial play was to be Othello—Kean the Moor, Booth the Iago. The house was crowded, the excitement prodigious. We have the testimony of Barry Cornwall and other disinterested and competent critics that Booth's defeat was overwhelming and complete. Kean no doubt maddened by wine as well as excitement, was wrought up to such a fury of passion that seemed dangerous to cross his path, death to assault him.

In 1820 Kean went to America, reaping a golden harvest by his tour. Returning to England, he was received again with rapture.

In thirteen years Edmund Kean earned over a million dollars; yet he squandered it as fast as he got it, lived extravagantly, died poor.

His last appearance was tragic. He and his son Charles were playing Othello and Iago together. The house was crammed. Kean was almost helpless before the play began, but when he came to the words, "Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," he fell upon his son's shoulder, moaning, "I am dying." An hour before he died he sprang out of bed, exclaiming, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" His last utterances were the dying words of Octavian: "Farewell, Floranthe!"

Application to the Dean of Westminster to allow the body of Edmund Kean to repose beside that of his only peer, David Garrick, was refused.—*Harper's for June.*

☞ Little Andy has got to the head of his class at last. "I hope you will stay there now," says the father. "Oh, no, I don't think I will, pa," says the thoughtful boy; "I might get too proud."

THE "SEPARATED" MAN.

About 6 o'clock a man whose form was full of wrinkles and kinks and twists crawled out of a coal-shed on the wharf and began yawning and rubbing his eyes like one who had put in a heavy night.

"Sleep in there last night?"

"Yaas, kinder," was the rejoinder.

"Looking for work?"

"N-n-o, not exactly.

"You'll be run in if you hang around in this way," remarked the officer.

The man put his hand on the top of a snubbing post, laid his chin on his hands, and after a long look across the water he turned and said:

"I dunno exactly what I'm going to do. I did live out here about eight miles, but I've separated from the old woman. Yes, separated last night."

"What's the trouble?"

"Waal, she was my socond and I was her second, and we never got along any too sweet. We both of us think we know it all, and neither feels like giving in. We came in to see the circus."

"Ah! you did?"

"And that's where the separation took place—right in front of the sacred hyenas from Japan. You know they advertised an electric light there?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd never seen one. When we got into the menagerie there stood the elephant. Then came the camels. Then we came to a darned old bear. Further on were the lions and tigers, and monkeys, but no electric light. We walked three times around that old tent without coming to his cage, and I got mad, and says to one of the fellers over the rope: 'Whar in thunder is the cage with the electric light in? We want to see him or have our money back!' The feller he grinned all over, and lots of folks laughed out, and my wife flew up and said I'd made a fool of myself. 'How?' says I. 'Why, the electric light is not an animal at all,' but has something to do with the clown.' We had a big jaw right there. She caved my hat in, and I broke her parasol, and then we separated.

"And you won't make up?"

"Make up! Never! She can take the electric light and bake and eat him, but this individual is a man who never crawls! By this time to-morow, down at Toledo, I'll be drunker'n a horse!"

"And you didn't see the electric light after all?"

"No! I don't believe they had any! Maybe they thought they could work that 'ere rhinoceros off on the public by another name, but they couldn't fool me. I'm an old rhinos myself, and my wife is another, and when I think of how I stood there and let her call me a fool afore all the people, I'm mad 'nuff to walk clear home and pizen her half of the yoke of oxen!"

FASHION NOTES.

The chataleine bag now is often made of the same stuff as the dress.

Linen serge slippers, for the house, are pretty, especially if embroidered.

Fashionable New York ladies wear velvet wristlets by day, instead of bracelets.

Carefully putting on and taking off gloves is a great assistance toward making them wear well.

There are many soft twilled silk sashes in the gayest Roman bars, or in tartan plaids, or in contrasting stripes.

Cream white and pale blue barege dresses are made up for misses and very young ladies to wear at the watering-places.

For very elegant toilettes fringes and embroideries entirely composed of jet beads are adopted by ladies most noted for their good taste.

There are rich silk blonde laces that are used with effect on the cream white barege overdresses, and also the very light fuffy fringes known as fly fringe.

White Breton lace plaitings trim the pale blue barages worn by fair young girls, and there are jabot clusters of lace, with forked ends or loops of blue satin ribbon in each curve.

There are two sizes of white lace bows worn at the throat; that for morning and plain wear is not more than four inches broad, while the large Louis Quatorze bow worn on dressy occasions measures 8 inches from tip to tip.

For dresses of muslin, linen, or baptiste, plaited corsages with yokes have been abandoned. These corsages are now gathered at the waist, and open out toward the shoulders—in a word, the old fan waist in vogue 30 years ago and more.

The fans most in vogue are eleven inches long from the handle outward—a more graceful size than the large heavy fan lately in use. Brocaded silk is the fashionable mounting, and is chosen in small French designs, in intricate Persian patterns, or in the brilliant Turkish colors.

☞ Six boys were sitting in a barn, on a recent evening, talking about religion, and particularly of wakes. Policeman Collins, who had previously driven them out of the street, entered the building and ordered them to go home. They told him that the building belonged to the father of one of their number, which it did, and that they had a right to remain there, if they were orderly. The policeman instantly began to use his club, beating one lad brutally. They wrenched his club away, struck him once with it, and then hastily scattered. Collins chased Jimmy Leigh, commanded him to stop, and, because he did not obey, shot him twice in the back.—Jimmy fell, and Collins began to roughly drag him toward the station, but he died immediately.

☞ Attempts to abolish the study of drawing in the St. Louis schools, and failing that, to make it an optional branch, have been unsuccessful in the school board.

Georgia coal is largely sold in South Carolina.

All Sorts of Clippings

Pressed fer time—Mummies.

Branch house—The florists.

The sign of the cross—A frown.

In the midst of life we are in debt.

A set speech—One in type.

A low collar—The tramp.

An uncomfortable suit—Hospital reports.

People of settled convictions—Prisoners.

The first duty on T—Don't forget to cross it.

A suit in Tennessee courts ran from 1832 to 1875.

Approaching a cri-sis—Walking toward a restless girl baby.

The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.

It takes a prima donna with ruby lips to sing in precious tones.

The oldest theatre gore—Red paint.

Always some hitch about it—A harness.

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

The way the earth "laughs with a harvest"—Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

A shirt front is a thing to be studded.

The birthplace of Burns—The kerosene can.

An anonymous article—A baby before it's christened.

When a dog is muzzled his bark is on the tied.

There is no beautiful spring at Niagara. It is all fall there.

Never pass an acquaintance without a salutation or recognition.

To ask a man to pay a bill is as easily said as dun.

Want is a hard master, and compels lazy folks to work or steal.

A fly never bathes in water, but he does like to get into milk.

The man who pays in advance cannot be trusted.

Solid men are generally fond of liquid refreshments.

The weight of the transgressor is 16 ounces to the pound.

Buckskin gloves are dear because the deer is the buck's skin.

The whitewasher's business is always slack.

A facetious fellow calls the frog the Dutch nightingale.

Peaceable Indians all stand in front of cigar stores.

Deuteronomy as you'd have Onomy deuter you.

A money order: Commanding a remittance.

Taken ill: Invalids who sit for a photograph.

Does a traveling orator deliver a rambling discourse?

Romulus founded Rome, but Shakespeare reared a Hamlet.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

"That strikes me as solid," remarked the boy who was hit with a brick.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound they can't be cured by favors.

Man has to go out and seek his path; woman's path usually lies close under her feet.

Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals.

Bodily enjoyment depends upon good health, and health depends upon temperance.

Pleasure is the mere accident of our being and work its natural and most holy necessity.

We presume that it is beeause the coral is a kind of fish that it makes the best red ear-ring.

Eighteen hundred girls under 20 years of age were married in New York city last year.

A stationary engine is a common sight, but did you ever see a rolling mill or a walking beam?

No elderly maiden should be without a sewing machine, now that a feller accompanies each one.

A thieving boy who the other day was apprehended for stealing a pigeon, said he took it for a lark.

Just at this season, a pig pen by any other name could not smell a scent more than it does.

Since the passage of the free quinine bill even country editors can afford to have the chills occasionally.

Many a young lady who has a rich pa is pressed for money. Ask her young gentlemen friends.

"Time makes all things right," except the disappointment a fellow feels when he is left by a train.

It too often happens that in pursuing happiness we are, as it were, only chasing a pig with a greased tail.

Song of the Harvard Graduate—That last examination did so much for me, that now I am the owner of the big A. B.

After friendship and love come benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

What did the young lady mean when she said to her lover: "You may be too late for the car, but you can take a 'bus."

A doctor to his son:—"Johnny, wouldn't you like to be a doctor?" "No, father. Why, I could not even kill a fly."

When a man has tried everything, and found it will not answer, let him go where there is an echo and try that.

A contemporary says: "The men of to-day are not what they used to be." Of course not. They used to be boys.

Don't despise the small talents: they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

The shingle is fast disappearing before the march of improvement, but it has been discovered that very fair promises can be elicited from a boy with a piece of slate roofing.

Farm and Household.

Kicking Cows.—When my patience becomes exhausted in coaxing and scolding a cow that kicks, I put a leather strap around her body, forward of her bag and behind her hip-bones, and buckle it tight. Then she can do no harm, for she cannot raise her feet more than two or three inches from the floor. When she becomes satisfied that she can do no harm she will stand perfectly still; then you may loosen up on the strap by degrees, and soon learns to stand still to be milked.

A New Potato.—The Commissioner of Agriculture having heard of a variety of the "Irish potato which is raised near Lima, Peru, procured a supply. Of these, he has already distributed some for planting in California and elsewhere southerly; the remainder will be carefully preserved until next spring, when they will be distributed among careful and competent farmers in different States. In order to be sure that the potatoes received were the same variety which had been reported to him, General Le Duc invited his informant to go to the department and inspect them. He did so, and after selecting three of the best, had them boiled in the laboratory. When broken open they were found to be of the kind he had described. They were of a deep yellow color and delicious flavor, entirely different from that of any potato ever seen by any of the gentlemen present, and all agree that if they could be grown in this country, it would undoubtedly be a great public benefit.

Insects.—Precautions against insects of all kinds should be adopted early in the season, because when they are allowed to become developed to maturity they propagate eggs in such abundance that it is almost impossible to keep them under. The destruction of one early moth is a far better preventive than killing a hundred caterpillars. The simplest way of preventing the ravages of the canker-worm is to put strips of thick tarred paper about four or five inches in width about the tree, and cover the same with tar, or what is better, cheap printer's ink. These substances will need to be renewed often, as they glaze over and allow the insects to run up over the same. It depends something upon the weather as to how often the tar or ink should be renewed. One must watch and see. Sometimes when the insects are very numerous they fill in the bridge over the tar or ink with dead bodies, so that their comrades have a passage-way. Another way, and a very good one, is to have a zinc, iron or wooden through filled with some cheap oil, over which they cannot pass. This trough needs looking after to see that it does not get filled up, and that the oil does not get low.—It should be protected from the rain. These appliances can be purchased or ordered at the agricultural warehouse, both of iron or zinc.

King's Pudding.—Beat six eggs, add one quart of sweet milk, one pound of white sugar, one dozen of soda crackers four large apples cut in very thin slices, and a little salt. Spice to taste. Bake about two hours.

Indian Pudding.—One flat cup yellow Indian meal, one quart boiling milk poured upon it; allow it to cool and add two eggs well beaten, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; a meringue top if liked; bake twenty minutes.

Rich Jumbles.—Rub to a cream a pound of butter and a pound of sugar; mix with a pound and a half of flour, four eggs and a very little brandy; roll the cakes in powdered sugar, lay them on flat buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Cottage Baked Pudding.—Two eggs two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cupfuls of flour and three cupfuls of buttermilk. Stir this last into the flour, etc., and mix lightly. Bake an hour in a pudding dish.

Biscuit.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of lard, a little lard, a little salt; rub well together; stir in a cup of milk in which has been dissolved one-half a teaspoonful of soda; roll quite thin; cut out with fine biscuit rings and bake in a hot oven.

To Preserve Eggs.—Put some lime in a large vessel and slack it with boiling water until it is of the consistency of thin cream; you may use a gallon of water to a pound of lime; when it is cold pour it off into a large stone jar, put in the eggs and cover closely. See that the eggs are well covered with the lime water, and lest they should break, avoid moving the jar. It will be well to remove the lime water occasionally.

Apple Bread.—To one quart of meal put one pint of ripe chopped apples, one egg, a small piece of butter, a little salt, and fresh water enough to make a stiff dough. The apples should, of course, be pealed and minched very fine. Some persons like a little sugar in the dough, but it is generally preferred without. This is a favorite with children.

Snow Custard.—Beat eight eggs, leaving out the white of four; add them to one quart of milk and five ounces of sugar; have a shallow pan of hot water in the oven, set the dish into it, and bake till the custard is thick; then take it out and set away to cool; beat the remaining whites very light, add half a pound of sugar gradually and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. When the custard is cold, lay the whites over the top in heaps, but do not let them touch.

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