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STANLEY has a name for his book, and it is a dandy: "The Darkest Africa: The Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin."

A MAN searched four hours in London one night recently for a doctor who would consent to attend his dying wife, but found none.

IOWA is the banner State for women educators. Fourteen of the State Superintendents are women, and four-fifths of the teachers are women.

MADAME TACON, the nurse of the infant King of Spain, has been made a Countess. She is over 70 years of age, and for half a century has been in the service of the royal family.

ONE citizen of Augusta, Me., called another a "jackass" about two years ago. The matter has been in court ever since, and the other day, when finally settled, it had cost each litigant over $1,300.

AN alleged English countess advertises that she is willing to present Americans at court and society generally during the coming London season, in consideration of the sum of $5,000 paid in advance.

KOSSUTH, the Hungarian patriot, predicts that there are men now living who will see Ireland a State of the American Union. Kossuth's dream is a wild one, perhaps, but come to think of it, Ireland is no further away from Washington than Oregon is.

IN Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri you can bore a hole in a stick of firewood, plug it up after filling with powder, and leave it where a thief may get it and blow his house up. These are the only three States, however. All the others have laws making such a thing a misdemeanor.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN'S estate has proved to be much larger than was at first supposed, and the aggregate is nearer $15,000,000 than $5,000,000. It is likely now that the contest of his will will be compromised and New York will probably get her $4,000,000 for a public library after all.

A CANTON (China) paper estimates that 750,000 people die every year in China by fire and flood, but it is not satisfied. "The fact is," it remarks, with cold-blooded cynicism, "the great need of China is the sudden removal of 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 inhabitants to make elbow-room for those who are left."

LACK of work is so keenly and generally felt in the towns and provinces of Italy that the Prefects and royal Governors are issuing vigorous proclamations calling upon owners of property to scrape up some kind of employment for the unoccupied, who are literally penniless and at the door of starvation.

THE humble cottage where Mary Washington, the mother of George, lived and died is still standing at Fredericksburg, Va. It is suggested that this home of our first President's mother be bought and preserved, so that future generations may know from what small beginnings great results may spring.

BEN BUTLER has got so old that he has to be helped about by a servant, and his sight is so poor that he cannot see print three inches away; but when some one declares that he doesn't look a day over 50 and that he may yet be President of the United States, the old man looks as pleased as a girl with her first beau.

FROM the wallet of a murderer, robber and burglar recently captured in New York was taken a slip of paper on which was written: "Keep good company or none;" "Honesty is the best policy;" "Drink leads to ruin;" "Honor thy father and thy mother;" "Civility costs nothing;" "Do not mock at sacred things."

MEMBERS of the Astor family of the male persuasion are said to wear beetling brows and care-worn faces, as though oppressed by the responsibilities attaching to the care of their great estate. All this suffering is unnecessary. Whenever they want to lighten their terrible burden almost everybody stands ready to lend a helping hand.

REPRESENTATIVE ALLEN, of Mississippi, was recently requested by one of his colored constituents to give him a recommendation in writing so that he could secure a position as watchman in one of the departments in Washington. As Mr. Allen knew that the man was worthy he at once complied with the request. The certificate of character was so warmly complimentary that Sambo was astonished when he read it. "Look heah, Marse Allen," he said, "can't you gib me somethin' to do yo'self on dat recommendation?"

IN an Omaha church recently, Sam Jones shouted: "Is there a man present who never spoke a cross word to his wife?" The silence was becoming oppressive. People looked here and there. Every husband present wanted to get up but did not dare to. But the sadness that had possession of Jones' face vanished a moment later when a round-faced, good-natured man rose from his seat. "Thank God!" exclaimed Sam, "there is one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "No, sir, I never did. I'm a bachelor." Then he put on his hat and calmly walked out the door.

AFTER THE BALL.

BY EMILIE CLARK.

Fling back the curtain and let in the light,
Strains of sweet music are floating to-night
On the breath of balm-breathing air;
The light-hearted dancers in circles go by,
With a blush on the cheek and a smile in the eye,
For bravery and beauty are there

Fling back the curtain, and once again gaze
On all the old scenes—the wearisome days—
The sunshine, the shadow and rain.
Are there apples of Sodom whose ashes still cling,
Crushed roses whose thorns still festering sting
That gossip and sport with the brain?

Fling back the curtain—re-enact the old play,
The hopes and the fears; have you nothing to say?
No sentence or act to recall?—
Nothing that brings you a pang of regret—
Nothing you would not be glad to forget,
And never know after the ball?

The haunts we so loved, are they murmuring still
In their dark robes of green—the clear singing rill
At the foot of the spicy birch tree?
Do the choir in the wildwood sing gayly as when
We wandered together in that love-haunted glen
And praised their rare minstrelsy?

Could my steps but keep pace with the wings of my mind,
I would leave this fair land and its treasures behind
And roam over meadow and wold;
The hill-side and valley again I'd retrace,
Your true hand to lead, I would visit each place
We loved once so fondly of old.

Fling back the curtain and let in the light,
This is a scene that is sacred to-night,
And yearly its bliss I recall;
And while youth is treading its light mazes through
I'll linger a moment, beloved, with you,
In memory of "After the Ball."

And now when life's giddy waltzes are done,
When the lights are all out and the dancers are gone,
With the pleasures that come at our call,
Will you sit in your cozy arm chair and repeat
The low whispered words so wonderous sweet,
The parting just after the ball?

ANITA, Iowa.

A CHEROKEE POET.

Tempestuous Life of a Civilized and Educated Red Man.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the Cherokee country, on the Oos-te-nah-ly River, at what is now the flourishing city of Rome, Ga., on March 19, 1827. His father, Gen. John Ridge, a full-blood Indian, was the popular chief of the powerful Cherokee tribe. His mother, a highly educated lady, was the daughter of Judge Northrup, of Connecticut. The family moved with the tribe to the present Cherokee reservation in the Indian Territory in 1837. Dissension soon arose among the tribe, because of their enforced removal from the home of their fathers, which were cunningly fomented by John Ross, a rival chieftain, who was jealous of the popularity and power of Chief Ridge, which finally culminated on June 30, 1839, in the cold-blooded murder of General Ridge and his aged father, in the presence of the family, by the adherents of Ross, who seized the supreme power, and remained chief until about the close of the late civil war between the States, when he died.

"Yellow-Bird," then a boy of 12 years of age, an eyewitness to this atrocious murder, in a letter thus describes the incident:

"The removal of the Indians West had fomented discontents of the darkest and deadliest nature. The ignorant Indians, unable to vent their rage upon the whites, turned their wrath towards their own chiefs, and chose to hold them responsible for what had happened. John Ross made use of these prejudices to establish his own power. He held a secret counsel and plotted the death of my father and grandfather, Ka-nun-ta-kla-ge and Boudinot and others who were friendly to those men. These bloody deeds were perpetrated under circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

"On the morning of June 22, 1839, about daybreak, our family was aroused from sleep by a violent noise; the doors were broken down and the house was filled with armed men. I saw my father in the hands of assassins. He endeavored to speak to them, but they shouted and drowned his voice, for they were ordered not to listen to him for a moment, for fear they might be persuaded not to kill him. They dragged him into the yard and prepared to murder him. Two strong men held him by the arms, while others stabbed him deliberately with long dirk knives twenty-nine times. My mother rushed to the door, but they pushed her back into the house with their guns, and prevented her egress until the act was finished. My father fell to the earth, but did not expire for a few minutes. My mother ran out to him. He raised himself on his elbow and tried to speak, but the blood flowed into his mouth and prevented him. In a few brief moments he died, without speaking the last word which he wished to say. Then succeeded a scene of agony, the sight of which makes one regret that the human race had ever been created. It has darkened my life with an eternal shadow. In a room prepared for the purpose lay pale in death the man whose voice had been listened to with awe and admiration in the councils of his nation, and whose fame as an orator, a statesman and a soldier had passed to the remotest of the United States, the blood oozing through his winding-sheet and falling, drop by drop, to the floor. By his side sat my stricken mother, with her hands clasped, and in speechless agony—she who had given him her heart in her youth and beauty, and, leaving her parents, had followed the husband of her choice from her home of wealth and culture to a wild and distant land; and bending over him was his own afflicted mother, with her long white hair flowing loose over her shoulders and bosom, crying to the Great Spirit to sustain her in that dreadful hour; and in addition to all these—the wife, the mother, and the little children, who scarcely knew their loss—were the dark faces of those who had been privy to the assassination, who had come to smile over the terrible scene."

John Rollin Ridge, or Chees-quat-alaw-ne, his Indian name (signifying "Yellow Bird"), was educated at Fayetteville, Ark., and graduated with distinguished honors at Great Barrington, Mass. He was first cousin to the gallant Colonel E. C. Boudinot, so well known to the people of Texas as the leader of a regiment of Indians in the Confederate army, and who has been for years the representative of his people at the national capital.

At the breaking out of the California gold fever, in 1849, Yellow Bird emigrated to that country, and engaged in placer mining in Shasta County, where this writer, then a small boy, learned to love and honor him for his manly virtues, his kindly sympathy, and brilliant intellect. His idle moments were devoted to the muses, and his numerous poems (I now have them in book form), published in the provincial papers of that day, were extensively reproduced in the literary journals of the country, and met with distinguished popular favor. Gifted with a commanding physique, irresistible personal magnetism, and a classical education, combined with an exceptional wealth of imagery and fluency of language, he became one of the most popular writers of the day. He was a vigorous and incisive political writer, and edited with marked ability one of the leading daily journals of the State; but his devotion to the arts and sciences and the higher branches of literature disinclined him to engage permanently in the partisan warfare which prevailed in California in the early years following its admission into the Federal Union. Some of his fugitive pieces possessed such remarkable literary merit as to attract the attention of the profoundest thinkers and ablest writers of the age.

A few years since, while our poet was visiting the national capital, where his genius was recognized and greatly admired, Miss Vinnie Ream (now Mrs. Hoxie), a lady known to fame for her genius as a sculptress, and whose cunning hand created from cold marble some of the most beautiful statuary which now adorns the most stately capitol of the world, requested Yellow Bird to write her a little Indian love song. Without preparation or thought, on the impulse of the moment, he wrote this little gem, which has been set to music, and become one of the most popular melodies at the capital:

I LOVE THEE.

I love thee as the soaring bird
The bright, blue morning
When he sings;
In circling, circling melodies,
With heaven's sweet sunlight
On his wings.
I love thee as the billows love
In tropic lands the
Pearly shore;
They come and go, they come and go,
With answering kisses
Evermore.
I love thee as the mariner,
Far driven o'er the
Stormy sea,
The bright and silver rising star,
Which tells him where his
Home may be.
I love thee, ever, ever shall,
Thine eyes, their bright and
Glorious light
Dwell in my soul forevermore,
Illumining its
Deeps of night.

GEORGE F. ALFORD.

He Mashed a Hat.

Along about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a bandbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister man!" she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got $12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed, I didn't——"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a $12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, miss—but——"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock $50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, miss."

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh? Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't; you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled $25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.—*New York Sun.*

Laid Over One Train.

"Put down room No. 52 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but the excitement and muss, and I shall probably have to testify at the Coroner's inquest."

"I—I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but those stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here——"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bawls out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 29 Judge Havens slips out with his revolver. Major Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and——"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular; and even if I get away at 9:30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending a nigger up to pound on the door."—*New York Sun.*

DR. G. MUNRO SMITH states that a diet of twelve to fourteen ounces of chemically dry food, digestible and with the ingredients in proper proportion, is sufficient for the daily needs of an average-sized man on moderate work. Most persons eat literally twice as much.

STORY OF A BUSY LIFE.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

How He Won His Way in the World—His Public and Home Life—Personal Characteristics and Business Methods—His Wife a Woman of Tact.

NOBODY likes a good story or joke better than John Wanamaker, and none can laugh with more heartiness, writes a Washington correspondent. The story of his early life is brief, and very much like the stories of the lives of other men who rise to fortune through the force of industry and their own ability. The present Postmaster General was born in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1838. When a boy he worked in the little brickyard owned by his father, and left that to enter a book store at $1.25 a week. His next move was to Philadelphia, and he got there aided only by the sturdy legs that trudged over every foot of the way between Chambersburg and the city of white marble steps. In Philadelphia he married, and was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association—two events that happened not very far apart.

In 1861 his father-in-law started him in a store which was the beginning of his present immense establishment. That is the story of his life. And it is as different from his present existence as the brickyard of his boyhood is different from the Postoffice Department of the United States.

The present family of the Postmaster General consists of that official himself, Mrs. Wanamaker, Thomas B. and L. Rodman Wanamaker, and the two girls, Misses Minnie and Lilly, the former a debutante of this season and the latter a sprightly young lady of 13. One of the sons, the elder, is in Philadelphia, while L. R. Wanamaker is in France representing the firm of Wanamaker & Co., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wanamaker and her two daughters are in Washington.

The house occupied by the Wanamakers is not only historical but surrounded by memories of the most

MRS. WANAMAKER CRUSHES THE CUP.

brilliant social events that have ever shone in American society. The house was part of the old Frelinghuysen estate. The interior has been remodeled to a very great extent, and cost a good many thousands of dollars. The parlor is charmingly furnished, the prevailing tone being rather dark. Etchings, engravings, and bric-a-brac fill odd nooks and spaces, but the most beautiful pictures are where they should be—in the art gallery.

Her home and charity are Mrs. Wanamaker's chief pleasures in life. Although judicious through the force of the very instinct which prompts her gifts, she annually gives away a great deal of money directly or indirectly to the poor of Philadelphia. The chief characteristic of the woman is tact, a trait which, everything considered, she possesses in a most remarkable degree. A story is told of Mrs. Wanamaker which clearly illustrates this attribute. Mr. Wanamaker met one day a man whom he had known in years gone by and to whom he desired to show some courtesy, so he invited him to call on Mrs. Wanamaker. Now, this old friend was primitive in his ways and rather

THE WANAMAKER MANSION.

crude as to social observances, so Mr. Wanamaker sent his wife word to make the caller as much at home as possible. As it happened, the caller made his appearance just as Mrs. Wanamaker was in the midst of an afternoon tea. When he saw what was going on a nervous desire to get out only increased his embarrassment. Mrs. Wanamaker, seeing this, tried to calm him with a cup of tea served in a cup belonging to a new and almost priceless set, handing him the beverage with her own hand. Of course the first thing the visitor did was to break the cup, at which mishap he was rapidly dying of fright when Mrs. Wanamaker turned to him and said:

"These cups are so fragile that they are almost useless," and then turning, so as to be seen by all, said: "See how easily they break, and while speaking crushed the cup in her own hand into a dozen pieces.

But to return to the Postmaster General himself. There is about his office none of the exclusiveness that so often marks the Cabinet officer. Between Mr. Wanamaker's desk and the corridor of the department there is but one door, and that is of lattice-work. No double row of secretaries or aids ask you what you want or why you want it. You go in, wait your turn in the ante-room, and are then privileged to walk up to the desk of the Postmaster General, make your little speech, and then give the next man a chance.

There is not a single employe of the United States Government that works harder or more hours a day than the Postmaster General. He rises at 6, breakfasts at 6:30, reads the morning papers, and is at his desk at 8 o'clock, an hour before the department is open for business or the clerks have arrived.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECK OR NOTHIN' HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.

MR. EDITUR: Thay want nuthin in under the sun purvented Sally an Willam Henery frum havin a scrummig, only Mis Perkins frum over on to Spider Crick a driven up jest then.

"I heerd you wus back," ses she, "an I jest hitched up old Begum an kim rite over, fur in the fust place I wanted you to promise to kim over and spend one hull day nex week, an in the nex place I wunted to onburden my hart to sum sympathizin feline, an I didn't no of enny buddy thet wus more so than you."

"I'm proud o' yure confidence," ses I, a wipin my specks an' tellin Willam Henery to go put up Begum, es I led the way into the frunt room. "It's about Mary Hanner," ses she, arfter she'd got out her nittin' work, "she's thet onhappy, an' her man drinks an' abuses her, an' to think we made her marry him," an' Mis Perkins sithed. "Well, it's too bad," ses I, "but what kaint be cured must be ondured, an' she tuck him fur better nor worse, an' ef she finds him sum worse then she axpected why she ort to stick the titer to him."

"I wunt you to talk to her about it," ses she, a wipin her eyes on her apron es she seen Mis Purdy a cummin up the lane.

I promised I wood.

"I've made up my mind," ses she, "to let my other gals marry who thay plese, an Ellie is a goin to take the Doctor, an Emmie an the minister is awful frenly, but don't mention it," ses she. An I sed I woodn't, an jist then Mis Purdy kim in.

"Whare's Willam Henery?" ses she, arfter she'd shuck hans an kissed me.

He jest stepped out with Ben a while ago.

"Well, is it so?" ses she.

"What so?" ses Mis Perkins an me to onct.

"Why, thet you folks air a goin to sell out an go to Utah, whare he kin marry Mis Boggs an be a Morming alder," ses she.

"Land o love!" I gasped; "of all things! Why, we haint never even thunk o sech a thing."

"Well, it is quare how sech things sturt," ses she.

"Tis so," ses Mis Perkins. "What kind o luck you hed with your turkeys this year?"

"O, I didn't raise nun. Purdy sed last year when thay et all the cabbig thet thay shudent never not another one cum on to the place, so I didn't set enny this year."

"Thay be a dretful instructive critter," ses I.

"Yes, an do you fead your calves this summer, Mis Perkins?" ses Mis Purdy.

"No, we let 'em have half the milk."

"Thet is the bes way, I think," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "but hed you heerd thet Mis VanDyke hed a new bow?"

"No," ses we in a breth.

"Well, she hes; he's a ole tooth-pullin man. I don't s'pose the school marm' want him.

"I don't no, I'm shore; she likes to devil the widder," ses I.

"Yes," ses Mis Purdy, "Jonathin Blodgerses air a gittin better o' the hoopin cough, now."

"I glad to hear it," ses I; an jest then Willam Henery cum a sneekin in, an fust Mis Purdy node he hollered "boo!" jest es lowd es he cood rite into her ear.

"O! you ole scalawag," ses she, a hittin him a lick over the back with her parasol un brakin it rite smack off'n the han'le.

"Goody good!" ses he, an run off an her arfter him, an he never quit till he hed opsot 3 swill pales an hurt his corns, then he baiged off.

I wus glad they didn't hev no scrummig. Yourn thankfully,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

A True Fish Story.

Nearly a year ago Fisherman W. T. Van Dyke, while pursuing his occupation off shore, invitingly threw out a fishing line with two well-baited hooks. Presently there was a jerk—the bait had "took." Van Dyke was hauling in hand over hand, when suddenly the tension ceased, and the line was gracefully and adroitly whisked into the boat minus both hooks.

Last fall Mr. Van Dyke in emptying one of his "pounds" of his over-night catch, discovered among his captives a "pig" fish and a sea bass united by a bit of fishing cord, which he readily identified as his own. A hook had penetrated the jaw of each fish, and, becoming imbedded there, the flesh had grown around their barbs and thus securely fastened them in position. Thus held together for nearly a twelvemonth they had coursed the briny in double team, held by a single twine, till death cut their thread of life in twain.

The skeletons of this curious pair of accidental Siamese twins, together with the hooks and line which constituted their sole domestic tie, now adorn the walls of the fish house of Mr. Van Dyke on Ocean avenue, opposite North Bath avenue.—*Long Branch News.*

Too Strong to Work.

First tramp (watching men and women coming from the mill)—Pretty sickly looking crowd, ain't they, Bill?

Second tramp—They are, pard. A parson once told me that work was healthy, but I don't believe him. We're as fat as them people, ain't we?—*Boston Herald.*

WHEN ONE FALLS OVERBOARD.

It Strikes Terror to the Hearts of the Bravest of Men.

THERE is no sound aboard ship so demoralizing as that of "Man overboard!" It strikes terror to the heart of the bravest of men, and only the best disciplined crews can withstand the panic it usually produces. Almost every ship has a particular rule of action for such occurrences. The best preconcerted arrangements, however, are often inapplicable, and success depends mainly on the presence of mind of the watch, the man at the life buoy, and the normal condition of the boats.

A cool hand will drop the life buoy sometimes within reach of a man; a "bothered" one will either not let go at all or do so before the man has got near the stern. Of all persons aboard ship, the officer of the deck should be cool and collected.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce lays down the principle that the most important considerations when a man falls overboard are: First, the quickest and most effectual method of arresting the ship's progress and how to keep her as near the spot where the man fell as possible. Second, to preserve the general discipline of the ship, to maintain silence, and to enforce the most prompt obedience, without permitting foolhardy volunteering of any kind. Third, to see that the boat appointed to be employed on these occasions is placed in such a manner that she may be cast loose in a moment, and when ready for lowering that she is properly manned and fitted, so as to be efficient in all respects when she reaches the water. Fourth, to take care in lowering the boat neither to stave or swamp her nor to pitch the men out. And, lastly, to have a sufficient number of the sharpest-sighted men in the ship stationed aloft in such a manner as to give them the best chance not only of discovering the person overboard, but of pointing him out to the men in the boat, who may not otherwise know in what direction to pull.

With steamers the difficulties to overcome in rescuing a man overboard are comparatively few, inasmuch as a steam-vessel is always under control so long as her machinery is in good order. The rule is to stop as quickly as possible, lower the life-boat, and pick the man up. The really fine points of seamanship come into play when sailing ships are being handled. The ordeal is a trying one for the best of officers, and the young seamen who can properly place a large sailing ship and rescue a man that has fallen overboard deserve the highest credit for seamanship qualities.

The Devil Broke Loose.

WHILE working on a Southern newspaper I was sent down into a swamp neighborhood to investigate a rumor to the effect that the devil had broken loose. No, it was not a political disturbance. It was declared by the negroes that the devil—the old personal fellow himself—had made his appearance in the community. He first made himself known by leaping over the fence into the county road, snatching up a horse that belonged to a highly respected citizen and pulling the animal in two. The next occasion of the old man's introduction was at a hog-killing. He seized a shoat, knocked down a justice of the peace with it, swallowed a chunk of fire and then went shouting through the woods. Shortly after reaching the neighborhood I learned that all the reports could be traced to a negro preacher, an old fellow who was regarded with extreme veneration. I called on him and found him in the woods engaged in prayer.

"I have been told," said I, "that you could give me some information concerning the devil that is now airing himself in this neighborhood."

"Ah, Lawd, chile, I does hope an' pray dat you won't talk ter me on dat subjeck. It's er awful time we's habin' down yere, an' lessen dar's some mighty tall prayin' somebody gwine ter git hurt powerful."

"Have you seen the devil?" I asked.

"I wush you wouldn't put me in de mine o' anything so awful."

"But have you seen him?"

"Cose I has. Whut you come foolin' wid me dat way fur? How I gwine ter know so much erbout him ef I ain't dun seed him?"

"What does he look like?"

"I ain't got time ter tell you whut he do look like, sah. Da's so much erbout him ter tell dat I wouldn't like ter undertake do job. Monst'us, sah; oh, he was monst'us."

"Now, look here, old man, you are too intelligent to believe in such nonsense. You know that no devil has been seen; you know that you started the report yourself."

"Look yere, sah," he exclaimed, turning wrathfully upon me, "whut you mean by comin' down yere a-foolin' an' a meddlin' wid our 'ligious affairs? Ain't you got no bisness ter tend ter at home? Doan you know dat you got ter keep de devil constantly befo' dese niggers or da ain't gwine do no good? Whar I preached last year I got up an' tole 'em dat I didn't bl'ebe dat dar wuz any devil, an' whut did da do? Da cut down my salary, dat's whut da done. Yas, cut down my salary, an' den didn't gib me but half o' de cut-down. An', 'stead o' takin' off dar hats when da meet me in de road like da uster do, da'd laugh at me an' call me old knock-kneed Ben. So when I come ober yere I 'lowed ter myse'f, I did, dat I wuz gwine ter use diffunt tactics, an' I has. W'y, sah, ef you take de devil outen 'ligion, de nigger preacher would starve ter death, so go on away now, an' quit foolin' wid er bisness dat you ain't got no intrust in."

Nothing Foreign Wanted.

Dealer—You say you want to buy a lamp for your son?

Customer—Yes.

Dealer—Is he a student?

Customer—Yes, he burns a good deal of midnight oil.

Dealer—Then why not get him a German student lamp? Just the thing.

Customer (with decision)—No, sir. I don't want any of your foreign contrivances. Give me an article of home manufacture.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Reason.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"
Now, I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this,
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle, but girls may not;"
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down in the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle, and do it well,
Why can not girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a *sing-ular* thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say
"They will make *you* whistle enough, some day."

A Seven-Year-Old Girl's Composition.

The catterpilar is a craling thing and hears all over his back and fannie found one down her back and it made me crall like everything, birds eat catterpilars and give them to their children to eat. I don't see how they can eat them. I know I could not eat them, they are such horrid things, they look so offly and feel i don't know how. Catterpilars climb trees. the other day i saw a big, big catterpilar and he was so horrid that i took a stick and kild him with it and threw it away to let the swill man pick it up and take it home period catterpilars have 1,000 or more legs, he may not have so many, and he may have more the big ones have more than the little ones i gess that but i don't know.

Catterpilars eat flies and other insects such as ants, miscatos and others like that. Also the eat leaves, plum leaves and in short all kinds and some flowers to. some have baby catterpilors, in short all of them. Catterpilars drink water, in short everything they can get. Catterpilars, I cannot say much more about catterpilars, but one good rool is never throw a catterpilar at a man or anybody for it gives them such a fright. i have told you all they eat, drink how many legs it has and the rool. A catterpilar can climb, you cannot. Ma be some of you can, i cant, but most of the things that a catterpillar can do we cannot, and most of the things that we can do they cannot.—*Buffalo Express.*

Allie's Cold Bath.

A dainty little figure in a brown cloak, with scarlet hood, mittens and scarf. A new shining sled on which "Dexter" was painted in glowing colors. A smooth, glistening crust over the snow, and a brown, curly dog to race and bark as they flew down the long hill.

Jake stopped his work at the woodpile to watch them; he almost wished that he was a little girl with red mittens and a new sled.

The sled flew down the hill, across the little flat, and plump into the brook! Allie gave a great cry. Jake dropped his axe and ran into the house.

"Mrs. Hood! Your little girl's gone slid herself clear into the brook!"

"Then do you go and get her out!" cried mamma.

Jake started, but the crust that held Allie so nicely proved too thin for his heavy feet, and he sunk in deep at every step, making such slow progress that mamma, who was watching him, called out:

"Lie down and roll, Jake—roll fast!"

So down he went and began to roll, slowly at first, but gaining speed as he advanced, until, when he reached the foot of the hill, he too came near going into the brook.

Mamma watched him until he disappeared from sight. The brook was very shallow, but the banks were high, and the deep snow made them still higher.

Soon Jake drew Allie up, followed by her sled, and proceeded to climb out himself. Going up the hill proved slow work, as he now went down at every step, and rolling up hill wasn't very easily done. So he sent Allie on ahead, and he followed, drawing the sled.

Poor little girl! her clothes were wet, and her shoes filled with the icy water.

"Run, Allie! Run just as fast as you can!" cried mamma.

And she did run, and soon reached the warm sitting-room, where there was a bright fire. Then she was rolled in hot blankets, and tucked up cozily on the lounge, and being tired with her run up the hill in her heavy, water-soaked clothing, soon fell asleep. And, do you believe it! She didn't take the least bit of cold!

But now, when grandma gives one of her favorite lectures on the value of cold baths, Allie fails to be convinced, and says:

"Well, if grandma had tried it as I have, she wouldn't think it so very nice!"—*Waverly Magazine.*

How to Raise Boys.

Mrs. Hobbs (parent of an infant terror and several half-grown terrors)—Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys.

Hobbs—Certainly; every boy ought to be kept in a hogshead and fed through the bunghole until he is 12 years of age.

"And when he reaches the age of 12?"

"Stop up the bunghole."

Well Acquainted with Hiram.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We are too compatible."

"Compatible!" he exclaimed, "isn't that the very reason why——"

"Not in our case. I should probably insist from motives of economy on dispensing with a servant and doing my housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."

Not So Sensible.

"Father," exclaimed young Jenkins, entering the old gentleman's office, "I have sold my newspaper office——"

"Sit down, Tom. I am glad to see that you are so sensible."

"Yes, father, I have sold my office, but I have bought another one."

"Get up! You have lost what little sense you ever did have."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*