miled in childhood's slumber while I felt conies of labor; and the nights ping, o'er the little sufferer knelt, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights. Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and

While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol, and my pride.
I taught her all those graces which you praise.
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She should lend luster to my fading days,
inould cling to me (as she to you clings now,)
The young fruit hanging to the withered bought of the bleasm.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go
Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems th Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart, For one who never bore a single hour of pain for her; which tears her life apart of all its moorings, and controls her more Than all the ties the years have held before; Which growns a stranger with a kingly grace And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! and yet were death to say:
"Choose now between them!" you would be her
choice.

choice.
God meant it to be so—it is His way—
But can you wonder, if while-I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife"No longer necessary to her life?" My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet

Tour very goodness sometimes hurts my her Recause for her life's drama seems complete Without the mother's oft repeated part. Be patient with me! She was mine so long. Who now is yours. One must indeed be str To meet such loss without the least regret, And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

—Brooklyn Magasine.

LUCY'S LOVE AND TRIALS.

BY CHARLES WETHERILL

"What is the matter, Lucy?"
"Nothing, dear aunt, "replied Lucy Freeling, who, from long habit, thus addressed Mrs. Lawson, although they were but distantly and habit. antly related. "Why do you ask?"
"I thought you had been crying," returned the other; "your eyes look very red."
"My eyes ache rather, as they often do

w. That is why I have put away my ork so early."

The scene I would paint was a neatly-, comfortable-looking room in ose thousand streets of London, which, without having any pretensions to consequence or consideration, are, never-theless, thought very eligible by a large class of people either for some individual pants of the room, sat a young man of about four-and-twenty working diligently watch-maker. Various implements and particles of minute mechanism, whose uses are incomprehensible to the ignorant, were efore him, and the strong light of a partially-shaded lamp fell precisely on his

Jasper Lawson was not a common character; and perhaps his employment, which, while it required patience and a the self-instruction of thought and repounds, shillings, and pence, he largely contributed, his mother having no other e except a small annuity, secured to her from some benefit society, to which her husband had belonged.

The interest of a few hundred pounds, which should have been hers when she became of age, might have sufficed to bring

Although she was not old enough to make a legal contract, it was perfectly understood and relied on that this advance, so judiciously made, would be refunded when Lucy attained her majority.

Alas! before that time arrived, the trustee, in whose hands her little fortune was placed became a barktrust and that form

payment; and now the struggle was nearly er-a few more pounds were all they re-

Lucy not unfrequently worked at home, instead of at the large establishment where she was employed; for her home was centime in going backward and forward. This had she done on the evening on which we have introduced her.

But there was another person in that

and supper-table three or four nights a week. Not that such a feeling was by any means evident from his manner; on the contrary, the most casual observer might have felt pretty sure that Ralph Ashton agreeable to Lucy Freeling; and to have betrayed his own self-conceit, or certain other attributes of his nature, would have been a mistake unworthy of his cuming. He was good-looking, an few second was good-looking, so far as a correct of regularity of features and a bright dark eye might constitute good looks; and he had a smattering of superficial knowl-

beencaught by the outward seeming, and though the knowledge racked him to the heart's core, did not wonder that Lucy regarded him with interest.

Not so the widow. From the first moment of Ashton's acquaintance with her son, he had been disliked by her; although when pressed hard for her antipathy, she could seldom find any but the most trivial

There had been a whispered conference those who were all but acknowledged lovers, accompanied by downcast tooks and flushed cheeks on the part of Lucy; but Ralph Ashton had left somewhat earlief than usual, having course.

other alone.

He had extinguished the lamp by which he worked, and only the light of lle remained besides that of the sinking candle remained besides that of the sinking fire, which it was too late to replenish. He was leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down, apparently watching the flickering embers; but the expression of his countenance was sad almost to solemnity.

"Mother," he exclaimed, after a pause, and in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "I suppose it is all settled? The attempt is vain," he added; "I cannot hide my feelings from you." And as he spoke, he leaned his head within his hands, perhaps to conceal the tears, if they actually flowed. "I am afraid it is," replied the widow; "though Lucy has made no acknowledgment to me of her affection. Poor girl, she must suspect that the cheice she has made is the overthrow of all my hopes for my old age."

age."
"Don't blame her, mother; perhaps she does not know all this. Long ago I should have given myself a fair chance, and let her know that I love her better than with a brother's love, instead of weighing words and looks, and smothering every expres-sion of my feelings, from the romantic no-tion that I would not ask her to marry me until I was in business for myself, and could place her in the position of a prosperous tradesman's wife. Idiot that I was, not to be sure that I should be fore-

"And now that you are so near the summit of your wishes!" apostrophized his mother.

"To my astonishment! The offer of

Monson to take me into partnership is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune."
"He knows there are not half a dozen such workmen in London, and that a fortune is to be made by the imprevements ou have suggested," replied Mrs. Lawson, with pride.

"Well," sighed Jasper, "from whatever cause it is, it comes like a mockery now. I doubt if there will be an more improvenents of mine. I have little heart for anything.

"I can hardly forgive her for this, Jasper; and so much as I have always said against

"There it is, mother," interrupted the young man, almost fiercely; "if she loves him in the manner that I love her, the more he is blamed the more she will cling to him. Why, I feel if she were plunged to him. Why, I feel if she were plunged into want and misery, her beauty gone, or with evil tongues like harpies darting at her, such an hour of woe would be the one in which I would show my adoration most passionately, most madly, if you like to call it so—she would still be herself, and it is herself that I love."

Poor Mrs. Lawson was awed and pained by her son's enthusiasm. Like many other excellent-hearted and shrewd persons, she was quite incapable of following those subtle emotions which are the most real in the world, and more than any others, influence human destines; and yet are scoffed at by a large number of persons as "mere imagination," "romance, sense," and a long list of et ceteras.

We must take the reader a little behind the curtain. Ralph Ashton was quite as much in love with Lucy Freeling as his nature permitted him to be; but his was that common passion, a purely selfish one. He admired beauty, and would be proud of a wife thus endowed, and with mental acor general advantages. In one corner, as if to be out of the way of the other occupants of the room set a manufacture of the r had nothing to do with these personal qualities. It so happened that a great deal of the business connected with the affairs at his ordinary employment, that of a of the bankrupt trustee had passed through watch-maker. Various implements and the office in which Ashton was employed, of the bankrupt trustee had passed through and he knew enough of it to form an al-most positive opinion that Lucy would ultimately recover her little fortune. Howver, he took care to keep this knowledge to himself, and wooed her apparently with the most disinterested affection, not even at present hinting of the plan which in his own mind was well-nigh matured—that of certain degree of attention, like women's establishing his wife at the West-end of needlework, afforded much opportunity for the town as a fashionable milliner, well knowing that her taste and skill. flection, might have something to do in molding his disposition. He was "the only son of a widow," to whose comfort, even in the matter-of-fact respect of he planned to himself becoming something like that very contemptible deathless memory, Mantalini.

A few weeks passed over, and Ralph Ashton and Lucy Freeling were engaged to Lucy Freeling was the daughter of a distant relation, and haf been left an orphan in early childhood; but the widow had so tenderly fulfilled the offices of a parent that Lucy had scarcely known her loss.

The integer of the latter, we must say that she had only very lately sustended the long companion, Jasper Lawson, entertained for her, and the discovery made to her by his vexed and disappointed mother be married. In justice to the latter, we long companion, Jasper Lawson, enter-tained for her, and the discovery made to her by his vexed and disappointed mother pained her deeply. It is true, Mrs. Law-son had sometimes hinted at her hopes for came of age, might have sufficed to bring the future, in phrases sufficiently intelligible to Lucy; but, alas! Jasper concealed longed; but for a few years Mrs. Lawson his affection but too well. The time had

declared he had received but a few hours declared he had received but a few hours before, that perhaps, after all, Lucy would have her money. He did this advisedly, for he knew it was very likely that the news would reach her in a day or two from another quarter. Sorrow was coming, however, as it generally does, from a quite unexpected source. The "aching" of her eyes, of which Lucy had complained as the result of averseived by the state of the second source. placed, became a bankrupt, and that from such unexpected cause, that the circumstances of Lucy's money being engulfed in the general ruin arcse less from fraud than from imprudence.

But the eight was pounds debt which had seen invested was proved about the control of the con But the eighty pounds debt which had been incurred was now a dreadful burden to those who had such slender means of repaying it. Nevertheless, the right-minded weeks to a darkened room; and months weeks to a darkened room; and months must elapse before there was any hope that under the most favorable circumstances by small degrees. The widow had also put by from her little income, and Jasper had worked hard to help out the respectively. and, through his mother, his increased income contributed to the comforts and medical attendance of the poor sufferer. How could the poor destitute orphan refuse help from him who asked to be called "her brother?" She did not refuse it—nay, she felt that she would rather be assisted by him than by her betrothed. How strange are the intricacies of human feel-

ing!
During these months of suffering, the But there was another person in that nest and comfortable room, and one who was now a frequent guest. Ralph Ashton was a lawyer's clerk, and on the strength of a situation which he considered rather above that of a journeyman watch-maker, he thought in his own heart that he sorie-what condescended in joining their tea personal disfigurement, would appear to her like so many "blessings in disguise," that had combined together to save her

from a gulf of misery and ruin.
When the cure, so far as it could be efdoing his utmost to make himself fected, was complete, a white film still reable to Lucy Freeling; and to have vision of one of those deep blue eyes which had seemed like stars of light a poor Jasper Lawson. Moreover, the cculist declared that the preservation of the other eye depended on the most careful abstaining from anything like straining the visual

he had a smattering of superficial knowledge, and a certain speciousness of manner, which were likely enough to deceive a simple-minded inexperienced girl like Lucy.

Even Jasper, his superior in every respect, but diffident to himself, endowed by nature with an almost womanly delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of feeling, had sentiment and tenderness of feeling had sentiment feeling had sent organs.
Only a few days had lapsed since this must have known before, and among them the great change in their future prospects her affliction had made; hinted ve gibly at the wisdom of a separation, and concluded by mentioning that unless she desired to see him, he should refrain from calling again, and signing himself "ever her sincere friend."

Lucy Freeling was for a while stunned by the blow; but though her young and susceptible heart had been caught and led

astray, it was of a nature too fine to be broken by mockery—a falsehood.

"Do not tell me not to weep," she exclaimed a few days afterwards, as she sat between Mrs. Lawrenment between the state of the arilef than usual, having several letters to between Mrs. Lawson and her son, with a hand in one of each; "I know you would act, pleading more than ordinary fatigue, eitred to rest, leaving Jasper and his might. But do not tell me not to weep. It annot be that man whom I have loved; and with these foolish tears there seems to pass away some dream—some folly. Better this —better this a thousand times—than to have been his wife! I feel it so; believe it, I do indead!"

A sharp, irrepressible cry escaped Jasper Lawson, and both his mother and Lucy turned towards him. One look was ex-

changed, and throwing himself passionately beside her, he twined his arm around her waist, and pressed her to his breast with an impulse that would not be staid. "Lucy," he exclaimed, "there is one whose heart has been filled with thoughts

whose heart has been filled with thoughts of you for years; to whom you are the same in sickness and in health, rich or in poverty; with beauty perfect, or with beauty blemished; his heart does not feel the difference; it is yourself he loves—no conjured image of youthful fancy. Mother, mother, did I not tell you this when hope was dead within me?"

Is there much wonder that Lucy's heart released from the sway of a phantom love, clung now and forever to the tried and the

A prison in Hollond is rather an emellishment than a disfigurement to a town, at least such is the fine new penitentiary at Leeuwarden, one of the most famous prisons in Holland, and a model of its kind. It is completely built of stone, bricks and iron, consequently fireproof; staircases, halls, and workshops are built with mathematical precision and such manner as to permit f constant surveillance. The yards are large and spacious, all the rooms whitewashed from top to bottom and well ventilated, the inner and outer walls ever bearing witness to the proverbial Dutch cleanliness. The steps and passages are equally clean, and you would look in vain for a soiled spot or a grain of dust. Not a cracked or a tarnished pane of glass can be found in the whole building. Everything is washed, brushed and waxed with a care we might well envy in many of our American homes. The dormitories are regularly scrubbed every day and well ventilated. Their aspect is, however, curious. Each consists of a large white-washed, asphalt-floored room, in the center of which is an immense iron trellised cage, armed on the inside with spikes. This cage is divided into over one hundred cells, each separated by sheet-iron walls; each has its bed, consisting of a thin mattress, a pillow, a pair of sheets of coarse texture, and two coverlets.

Each night the prisoners are locked in these narrow cells, and thus repose perfectly isolated from each other. All around the dormitory run, iron waterpipes, with taps fixed at intervals, at which the convicts are supposed to per-form their ablutions. Water is general throughout the whole prison, and is to be met with on each story. Baths, which the prisoners are compelled to make use of at stated times, are on the ground floor. The prisoners have three meals per day. In the morning, luke-warm milk and water and a piece of dry bread; at midday, a soup composed of vegetables; in the evening, coffee and brown bread. Sometimes they are allowed a small quantity of meat, but more often bacon. The prisoners, however, can improve upon this food by the money they earn. They have, in fact, a small interest in their work, four-sixths of which is at their disposal the balance being very properly capi-talized and handed to them on their lismissal. Everything is conducted with military discipline in a Dutch prison, which allows neither of ill-will nor question. The dungeons, a kind of subterranean cells, are for the unruly, and iron for the mutinous. No conversation is allowed between the prisoners, during hours of work. Perfect order prevails, as a rule, and attempts at escape are events unknown.—Brooklyn

Holmes and Proctor.

When I first visited America, in the autumn of 1873, I called on Dr. Wendell Holmes in company with Mr. Wilkie Collins. As naturally "a ner-vous, shy, low-spoken man"—like the elebrated coxswain of the Mantlepiece, longed; but for a few years Mrs. Lawson had exceeded these limits for the purpose of giving her increased advantages for education, and when she arrived at the age of 17 had paid a sum of money to place her for two years with a milliner and has a dear brother.

They were engaged, and all seemed fair before them; and Ralph even ventured to hint one day, from intelligence which he hint one day, from intelligence which he age. for which the reader will overhaul his away the greatest humorist of the age, knocked the distinguished novelist "all of a heap," after the manner of speak-

ing, by placidly remarking:
"I make a point of reading one novel a year-never less, but also-never

He then turned on me in that brisk, birdlike manner which all who know him know and love. I expected to be touched up in like live sort, and rather rejoiced that I had cultivated the habit of enjoying a joke at my own expense. He began:

"I found you out years ago;" and I began to tremble, wondering which of my iniquities his eagle eye had discovered and what castigation would be meted out to me. But he went on: "I found you out as a student of astronomy who had something of his own to say, and meant to say it and show it to be worth listening to."

Judge as if as a young writer and a young student of astronomy, for my first work then was but eight years old I was not warmed by the kindly encouragement of America's great humorist, who might, had he chosen, have stood first—among her poets also. Only a year before he had written "The Poet of the Breakfast Table," and the hero of that poem is, as we all know, a oung astronomer, with all whose thoughts alike as students of science and as philosopher my own thoughts are in harmony—though in that work the melody is given compared with which my own teachings, explanatory and expository resembled rather the steady but necessary accompaniment. -Prof. R. A. Proctor.

Female Curiosity.

The servant girl of a boarding-hous went to the door to get the mail. Letter-carrier-Here is a letter for Judge Pennybunker. Does he live

Servant—Yes, he has the front room. He is a rich old bachelor. Is the letter addressed in a female hand?

"Yes, here it is." "Good gracious! So it is, and as sure as I am born there is a photograph "Here is another letter for Judge

Pennybunker." "Addressed in a female hand, too?" "No. this one is from Partem & Squeal, the great divorce lawyers. Their name is printed on the envelope.

Well, that settles it." "Settles what?" "Nothing, except I was going to quit this boarding-house on the 1st, but now I'm going to stay right here and see this thing out."—Texas Siftings.

THE ultra-violet or heat rays of the spectrum, invisible to human eyes, ap-pear to be plainly perceptible to the eyes of ants, according to the investigaions of Dr. Forel, the distinguished Swiss entomologist.

THE main strength and force of a law consists in the penalty annexed to it. — Blackstone.

SARCASM OF NAMES.

xamples of Anything but Appropr What funny names people give to their chilren, anyhow, writes Bob Bur-dette. Not the high-sounding, or fanci-

ful, or romantic names; they do well

enough, although they do harmonize ill with red hair and freckles sometimes. the real good, sensible names, even family names, I mean. Now, one of the boys with whom I went to school was named Newton, Isaac Newton. His ideas of heaven and mathematics were equally well founded. I shall never forget his amazement when the teacher ed him that two and two made four. He stuck out for seven for a long time, and at length agreed to leave it to the class, and when we unanimously decided in favor of four he said it was the beatin'est thing ever happened to him. The day he learned that apple, loosed from the tree, would fall down instead of up, he sat without speaking a word all day, dumb under the overpowering burden of this revela-tion that fell upon him like the worldrenowned clap of thunder out of a clear sky. And one day overhearing the teacher declare that the sun was more than twice as large as the earth he gathered up his books and said he couldn't stand any more of this nonsense. He never came paca. He got a place as clerk in a coal-yard, trine that two and two make seven, and the attraction of gravitation makes things fall up, so that the lighter any-thing weighs the heavier it is, paved his way to a partnership and great wealth. He kept on knowing less and less every day, until now he is a most eminently respectable citizen, who thinks politics is vulgar and debasing, never votes, and is a member of the Board of Education. Then there was young Solomon Wise

man. He stood at the foot of the same class five years; that was the lowest class in school. He never got out of it. Said the teacher: "Can fish live on the land, Wiseman?" And Solomon thought a moment and said: "Yes'm. Then she said no, and explained why they couldn't, and then asked, "Could they live in the air?" and he said, cheer-fully, "Yes'm." But she said no, and explained why, and then asked, "But they could live in the water, couldn't they?" And young Wiseman said, very confidently, "Nome." She said they could, and this discouraged him. He never came so near answering a ques-tion correctly again. He staid in school five years, during which time he drove two teachers to suicide. He is a rich man now and a member of a local board of civil-service reform. When he left school he got a place down at the gas works, and his unfailing capacity for making everything mean exactly what it didn't say led to the invention of the gas-meter, and so he sped on to

Why, do you know, I could give a lozen instances of these misnomers. There was Jerry Blackhart, not Jere miah, but Jeroboam. He was a half-breed Indian, son of Col. Blackhart a miserable old thief of an Indian trader who called this boy Jeroboam to spite the chaplain of the post. That boy just loved his worthless old father, and he wouldn't have his name changed for anything, though everybody shortened to Jerry. But he was the whitest boy in that school. He never used word or an expression that he couldn't have used in Sunday-school. He was the soul of honor, and was religious clear through. He got up a noon prayer-meeting in school and it led to a revival, and he is a missionary to-day, working among his brethren in the far

And there was Nick Doolittle; he was the busiest boy in school. He read by firelight until he was bald at 17, studied himself into brain-fever at 18: then he became a civil engineer; laid out rail- ters. roads faster than the Gould family could gobble them up, and every he gets unusually busy he discharges two or three clerks because, he says, they get in his way and retard his work Fact is, you can't tell much about a boy by his name, except in the old-time Sunday-school books, where the good boys are always named John and Charles and the bad ones are called Bob and Bill.

A Gypsy Wedding.

Few things are more simple than a marriage ceremony among the gypsies. and a description of a wedding as recently witnessed by the writer will not, we believe, prove uninteresting. There were more than a score of tents at the encampment, where we were temporary guests, and at the opening of each fire was burning, crackling, and blazing away as early as 6 o'clock in the morn ing of the day which was to witness the marriage of one of the favorite young girls of the camp. An hour afterward and an old gypsy man with silvery hair and bronzed, wrinkled ace, with but one eye, stepped on a little mound and began playing the violin, which had but two strings on it. The player's opening piece was the well-known tune, "Haste to the Wedding," to which the younger gypsies were soon dancing with great hilarity. While some of the elder women were watching the dancers, others were engaged in culinary preparations. At the opening of one of the tents stood the swarthy-looking masculine gypsy chief, with his hands in his pockets, steadfastly gazing upon the dancers. At a given signal from the chief the music and dancing ceased. Two rows of gypsies, with about twelve or fifteen in each row, were formed, standing face to face, being between four and six feet apart. Half way down between these rows two gypsies held up a broom-stick about eighteen inches above the ground. All being thus far in readiness, the chief called out the name of the bridegroom, who was a very handsome gypsy man about 22 years of age His hair and eyes were very dark, and the conformation of his face strongly indicated the race to which he belonged He wore an olive-colored velveteen coat, red waistcoat, and a glaring colored handkerchief round his necl In person he was tall, muscular, and well made. In obedience to the chief's command he came from a tent at one side of the encampment, walked between the rows of gypsies, stepped over the broomstick, turned round and then stood with his arms akimbo look into 'em.—Brooklyn Eagle. waiting the arrival of his intended wife. The chief then called out the name of the bride, who came from a tent at the opposite side of the en-campment. She was about 19 years of year-old Robbie stood jealously inspectage, rather short of stature, apparently ing her.
of a healthy and hardy constitution.

To his mind she looked smaller and of a healthy and hardy constitution, while the pearly luster of her eyes

tween the two rows of gypsies, tripped

arms and completed the ceremony by giving his new-made wife some of the loudest kisses we ever heard in our life. loudest kisses we ever heard in our life. Then the music and dancing were resumed; the whole of the members of the encampment had suspended business; preparations for a good feast were going on; every face looked bright, and every heart seemed joyous. The men smoked, the women talked volumes, the children shouted and frolicked, the old horses grazed by the side of the banks, the donkeys nibhled. side of the banks, the donkeys nibbled their coarse food with a self-satisfied air, and looked as if conscious they were to have that day's respite from their weary toils; even the two or three dogs that were there wagged their tails, as if in anticipation of an extra feed or as if in anticipation of all extra local of better and a larger quantity of rations than usual, even without the trouble of having to hunt before any dinner could be allowed them.—Brooklyn Magazine.

Take Care of the Feet, Ladies whose feet have become misshapen from excessively narrow boots can do much to remedy the difficulty by care and pains. Select easy, roomy shoes, and stockings of soft fabric. Bathe the feet thoroughly in water comfortably warm, never allowing it to grow cold enough to feel chilly, and wipe them thoroughly dry with a soft towel-coarse crash is almost poison to sensitive skins, and often causes irrita-tion and a small eruption like rash. Then rub into them thoroughly about the joints or injured parts either cold cream, or what is better, glycerine, perfectly pure, and mixed with double quantity of water. Especially should it be diligently applied to the joints of the great toes if they are enlarged or painful. Wipe off with a damp cloth and dry carefully, after which powder the feet thoroughly with rice flour powder. Brush off all that comes away easily and put on the stocking, being careful that no semblance of a seam comes over the sensitive joints. Adjust the shoe carefully-never "jump into" any article of wearing apparel—smooth the boot over the foot and ankle, if it is a high top, and be certain that it is comfortable.

These cautions may seem trifles, but the feet are ill, and all conditions of recovery must be absurd. Take care that they do not get very cold or in the least damp. The ankle should also be protected by gaiters or leggings, if there is any necessity for going out in wet weather. The difficulty is an inflammation of the joint membranes, and has had many serious results. At night the feet may be wiped off with a damp cloth, and the glycerine and powder repeated. Ladies who adopt this plan will never find soft corns coming tween the toes. For hard corns there is nothing better than a little judiciously applied caustic, which should just touch the hardened part of the corn, never the surrounding flesh. Repeat every other day, first soaking the feet in warm water and gently scraping the surface of the corn until it will finally come out altogether. Great care must be taken to keep the caustic from the whole flesh, and the foot should never be damp, as the application will spread Such a course of treatment, rapidly. patiently followed, has in several cases restored to quite passable shape and comfort feet that were considered as hopelessly deformed. — Demorest's Monthly.

A Study in Meat.

The majority of people who buy meat depend, as to its quality, upon the statement of the man who sells it to them. A rich piece of meat, in their eyes, is no different from a poor piece. A tough steak or roast is not discovered until it comes on the table. And yet quality of meat can easily be told by running the finger over it. People can educate themselves in meat as well and as successfully as they can in art mat-

"If people would investigate this subask a butcher's opinion. Regard should be had for three things-color, grain, and the lines of fat. The color be bright and red; the grain close, so that when the finger passes over it, a smooth, even surface presents itself, and the fat lines should be fine and run all through the red flesh.

"The flavor will be preserved and the tenderness and juiciness can be relied upon. The cook, however, often fights the butcher, and never fails to knock him out when he calls to his aid the seething-pot and the fryingpan.

"Taking beef as the standard for butchers' wares, the best meat comes from New Jersey, Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa. In the last three named, the cattle have good feeding and care and a short ride to the slaughter-pen before being dressed and sent East. A Colorado or Texas steer furnishes the poorest and least desirable meat that comes to New York. Veal and mutton? Well. veal properly cooked is as desirable a meat as ever finds its way into market, although it is generally considered to afford little nourishment and to be hard to digest. Mutton, when it has been allowed to hang three or four days, is also a wholesome meat. The antipathy of some people to it, I believe, results from their having at one time got hold of a leg of strong old sheep. While an old sheep is always rank, a young one is never so. There is also a great dif-ference as to the kind of a sheep it is —a ewe or a wether. The wether is always the tenderest and the most finely flavored; it stands in the same relation to mutton that capon does to poultry." New York Mail and Express.

Looking Into Politics.

"A party leader," said Rollo, looking up from the paper; "is he the man who eads the party? something like that," said "Well. Rollo's Uncle George; "he is the man who lies awake nights trying to guess which way the party wants to go, when he finds out he scoots across lots and tries to get there first; he leads the party unless the party should happen to change its mind and go the other way; he leads the party the same as the leader

Rollo said he thought he was begining to see into politics as through a glass darkly, and Uncle George said that was the way old politicians usually

in the stage team leads; he goes ahead,

but he goes the way the man on the box

with the reins and whip tells him to

How It Struck Him. It was a little newly-arrived sister

less attractive than any little sister of and long, dark, glossy hair seemed to the other boys that he could rememidentify her with the purest remnant ber, and he felt a keen thrill of disapof the gypsy race. She also walked be- pointment. So he put his hands deep in his pockets like papa, wrinkled up very lightly over the broomstick, which his nose, and regarding the new acshe had no sooner done than the young gypsy man, in the most gentle and gallant manner imaginable, took her in his weeks like papa, wrinkled up very lightly over the broomstick, which his nose, and regarding the new acservations are sufficiently sufficiently as a sufficient with the sufficient sufficient with the sufficient suffici

I turned the cows out, and as old Bess was a little slow in going I just caught her by the tail and gave her a switch with it to hurry her up a little. I've been feeding old Bess off and on for five years, and I thought that she honored me and respected me, but suddenly in the twinkling of an eye and with malice aforethought she raised her hind leg and let fly at me with all her might. She hit me on the shinher might. She hit me on the shinbone, and you might have heard the collision for fifty yards. It hurt so bad I let go her tail prematurely and hollered. It was a cowardly act of hers, but nevertheless I shall ever hereafter let those cows' tails alone. I thought from the report that from the report that the bone was broken, and I took on powerful and let. Carl help me all the way to the house, but when I examined I found the bone all right and only the epidermic cuticle abraded. I've lost confidence in cows. They have no gratitude and no emo-tions of an exalted character. They are not fit for pets. A horse belongs to the nobility, but a cow is a scrub. She has about as much affection as a mule.

She is a machine to manufacture milk. and that is all. Nevertheless I never like to sell my cattle to the butcher. I never kill one for my own use, and I never want to eat a beefsteak that comes from one of my own raising. Now, hogs are very different. I have no lingering affection for a live hog. I can see a fat one killed with perfect indifference. It is his nature to be killed. He had just as lief be killed as not. There is no attraction about him, no beauty or comeliness, no traits of character, but after he is dead and dressed and dissected there is a greater variety of good things about him than about any other animal. There is backbone and sparerib and sausage and hog's feet and hog's head and brains and jowl and turnip greens and souse and lard and cracklin bread and middling and ham and shoulder, and they are all good and yet all different in taste and satisfac-

Well the other morning I went down to feed the hogs, and as I was throwing the corn over in the pen the old cotswold ram jumped in to divide the breakfast, and as he was butting the hogs around lively I picked up a little stick and climbed over the low fence to chastise him and make him depart those coasts. I had some little hesitation about this business, and proceeded slowly and shook the stick at him. He just stepped backward a little and bowed his neck and doubled up his fore-feet and made a lunge at me, and would have knocked me clean over the fence, but I was over before he got to me. I was as mad as Julius Cæsar, and I grabbed up a fence rail and stood outside and punched him until he jumped

out where he jumped in.

The Good Book say that man shall have dominion over the beasts of the field, but it looks like mine are in a state of rebellion, and are trying to have dominion over me. - Bill Arp. in Atlanta Constitution.

Going to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress and have his bed warm before a woman has her hairpins out or her shoes untied." This is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." No reply, "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed "The Louisiana Muddle." Fifteen minutes later she calls out from the bedroom: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night." and. murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now, she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns, his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes 12 he turns out the gas and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides-no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job! Setting her teeth hard, she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman"—Eastern Argus.

Evidence Indisputable. Winks-Do you believe the spirits of the departed can communicate with the

living? Jinks-Yes, I have had absolute proof

FORD FLOUR, ROCK-FORD HOSIERY.

ROCK FORD WARPS, ROCK-

roceries, sure as I'm alive she gave me a message

from my wife's first husband.'

"In his writing?" "Oh, no!"

"Did you see him or hear him talk?" "No, the medium just told me what he said."

"Nonsense; then what proof have you that the communication was genuine?" "He said he was sorry for me."-Omaha World.

In his youth Labouchere was in the diplomatic service, and was for some time the attache of the British Legation at Washington. A visitor called one day at the legation to see the British Minister. "He is not in," said Labouchere. "Never mind; I'll take a seat and wait till he comes." The visitor was handed a chair, on which he sat for about an hour, when he became rather restive and consulted his watch "Look here," said he, "I can't wait for-ever; how much longer will he be?" "Well," said the impudent attache, "he left for Canada this afternoon, and I expect him back in about six weeks."

PITH AND POINT.

A BIEB wagon—a hearse.

LIGHT labor—cleaning lamps.

A GAME leg—hindquarters of vension.

THE bounds of reason—jumping at

The telephone operator has a perpet-ual holler-day.

The mathematician's favorite season is the sum-mer. The milkman's is the

spring.

THE young lady who habitually uses powder on her cheeks is in danger of having them blasted. The fashionable overcoats and their wearers remind one of the seashore

capes and heavy swells. You may set a thief to catch a thief;

You may set a thief to catch a timer; but if you set a hen you expect some day to catch a spring chicken.

One of the queer things of life is that the man who knows it all seldom can tell any of it to anybody's satisfaction—Journal of Education.

"HE makes faces and busts," says somebody to the Judge, speaking of an artist. Having seen some of the faces should think he would.—The Judge.

THERE are nine muses known to fame, But when a ball club of a game Become the lovers,
And didn't get there, just the same,
There are nine musers,
The Bits.

A LANDLADY on the Wabash
On a barber was making a mash;
But whew! she was mad
And the boarders were glad
When they saw him shampooing the hash.
Neuman Independent.

If there is one thing a woman cannot do besides throw a stone it is to tell a conundrum without forgetting either the question or the answer.-Lowell Citizen. Sailors should always carry a little

Western Union stock about them. Then if they get wrecked and without water they can squeeze the stock. — New Haven News. Or the 408 men who make up Congress only 283 are connected with

churches, remarks the Advertiser. A great responsibility has been lifted from the churches.—Lynn Bee. An up-town merchant said to a

farmer: "A dollar will go further than it used to." "Yes," the farmer quickly replied, "and it makes the distance in quicker time."—Hudson Republican. "IF there is anything I like better there is anything I like better than classical music," said Maj. Bran-ningan in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert-room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth

on edge."—San Francisco Post. SHE (at a ball)—How gracefully that foreign-looking gentleman dances, and how genteelly he crooks his little finger in the air. He—Yes, he gets that crook from his profession. She—Is he an artist? He—Yes, a tensorial artist.—

New York Sun. KLINKS—Did you go to the charity ball? Blinks—No, I was very anxious, indeed, to help the poor, but found I couldn't afford it. "You couldn't?" "No; after paying \$100 for a suitable costume I hadn't money enough left to buy a ticket." "But, if I remember, that was your trouble last year." the same." "What became of the dress suit you bought then?" "The moths ate it up."-Omaha World.

An old farmer in Readfield had a rough family of boys many years ago. One day when he had some company in the fore room a tremendous uproar was heard in the kitchen. It was evident that a fearful row was in progress. A boy broke into the room crying:
"Father, Jim is killing Bill!" The old man waved him blandly away with his hand, saying: "Let the lambs play!"—Dexter (Me.)

THAT fine old Anglo-American or Americo-Englishman, R— S—, used to tell at his dinner-table in London this story of a very celebrated English General. The military hero was once dining with Mr. Sstray mouse was seen running to and fro looking for a hiding place. With one spring the General v was on his chairwith another on the table. Amid much laughter the host rose and proceeded in the direction of the mouse. "Oh! stop, S—," shouted the man of war; "for Heaven's sake don't exasperate him!" -Harper's Bazar.

Medicine for the Mind.

It is easier to believe an ill report than to inquire into the truth thereof. Sorrow seems sent for our instructions, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing. It is sometimes difficult to say which works more mischief, enemies with the

worst or friends with the best inten-

tions. As the medical properties of some plants can be adduced only by distillation, so our good qualities can only be

proved by trials. A

Life at the greatest and best is but a
forward child that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleen and then all is over. Apathy is one of the worst moral dis-

eases; it incapacitates us from combat-ing the encroachments of vice, and closes every avenue of our souls to the approach of virtue.

When we are laboring under a physical malady we see everything

through a distorted medium; we are no longer masters of ourselves, but the victims of a distempered imagination .--Good Housekeeping.

Instinct.

Prof. J. S. Newberry gives a most marked illustration of what appears to be development of instinct approaching reason in one of the low forms of life. The grub of the seventeen-pear locust buries itself deep in the ground, and only emerges after its period of seventeen years is ended. At Banway, N. J., a house had been erected above a spot where some of these grubs had buried themselves. At the expiration of their period the grubs started on their way to the surface, but emerged into the cellar, where they were yet in the dark. In order to reach the light they commenced building small structures, and when first noticed the floor of the cellar was found covered with small, cones, some of them more than six inches high, which these cicades had built in their evertions to traverse the dark cavity to the light above ground.

At the Variety Show.

He-Yes, I think men are more considerate than women. She—What makes you think so? He-Well, you see that young lady in front of us? She wears a highcrowned hat, and the man behind her can't see over it.

She—I see. He-Now you see the man in front of her who is so earnestly watching the pretty girl in tights.

-Well? He—He is so considerate of those behind him that he does not even wear his hair, let lone his hat.—Boston