Land of the Beautiful Dead.

I.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps
And nigh to the tower of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear drop is shed
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

II.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way:
Through the heart sobs of women and rolling of drums,
The army of mortals obey.
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each fireside has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us now
In the land of the beautiful dead

Not a charm that we knew ere the bound'ry was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone,
Not a trait that we prized in our darling is lost:
They have fairer and lovelier grown.
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night
Into bondage at dawn break are led,
So they bask in the glow by the Pillar of Light,
In the land of the beautiful dead.

O! the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead,
Are close to the heart of Eternity wed.
When the last deed is done and the last word is said
We will meet in the beautiful land of the dead.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Some of the Crazes in Wood that Have Been Popular for Years.

There are many crazes in the furniture business in respect to different woods and their imitations, says the New York *Graphic*. For many years walnut was a wood that held absolute predomination over all other woods for furniture. But while other woods have become very popular and walnut is apparently on the decline, yet, really, walnut will always be a fashionable wood. The price will gradually increase, for the large demand is fast consuming the supply. In many States fifteen years ago the farms were enclosed with walnut rail fences, as the wood was not so valuable in those days. But in these States where walnut grows the lumber that would have been formerly cast aside with the "culls" is to-day sold for high prices. Even the small limbs of walnut trees are now sawed up into material for rungs and posts of parlor chairs. The old snarled limbs and knots of the walnut trees are sought after with avidity by buyers through the country districts, who sell them to firms that manufacture them into ornaments for antique shelves, fancy hassocks and other similar furniture. Rail fences in these districts are now a rarity in the extreme. But, as to the various woods that are used in the manufacture of furniture, maple, ash, poplar, gum and cherry comprise the list. What is known as quarter-oak is the latest craze. Quarter-oak is made by first sawing a log from end to end through the middle. Then each half sawed from end to end through the middle, thus leaving four quarters. Each quarter has only three sides, one the bulge part of the log, and the other two sides being flat and coming to a sharp edge. The boards are sawed off the sharp edge and each sawing, therefore, throws off a board wider than the one before it. Sawing the quarters of the log in this manner the lumber is beautifully cross-grained. The cross-grained lumber is worked into the finest parlor furniture at present. The wood is susceptible of a very fine polish, and the cross-grain produces an effect, made by both nature and the saw, that is far superior to the art of the most experienced grainer. But one of the prominent features still in the furniture business is the staining of woods. There are tricks in all trades, and this is the greatest one in the furniture manufactories. A very simple preparation, composed of crude oil and lampblack, is rubbed on the highly-polished surface of oak, and when it soaks into the pores of the wood the wood then takes on a dark hue. The varnish is then applied, which gives a neat finish to the wood, and this is then a fair imitation of antique oak. The common gum is often stained to represent cherry. Cherry itself is very valuable and is left in its own natural color, although it is sometimes stained to represent rosewood. Soft maple, poplar and gum are stained with preparations of burnt umber, crude oil and lampblack, to produce an imitation of mahogony. Ash has a very pretty grain that stands out prominently under color, and it can be stained to imitate red cherry. Sycamore is a wood largely used for bed-posts and it stains nicely in imitation of walnut.

A Dog on Long Sermons.

A correspondent, "A. H A.," of the London *Spectator*, of August 4th, writes: "During a recent journey in Canada I met with a striking instance of reason in a dog. I was staying at the Mohawk Indian Institution, Brantford, Ont. Rev. R. Ashton, Superintendent of the school, is also incumbent of the neighboring Mohawk church (the oldest Protestant church in Canada). Mr. Ashton is very fond of animals and has many pets. One of these, a black-and-tan terrier, always accompanies the ninety Indian children to church on Sunday morning. He goes to the altar rails and lies down, facing the congregation. When they rise to sing, he rises; and when they sit, he lies down. One day, shortly before my visit, a stranger-clergyman was preaching, and the sermon was longer than usual. The dog grew tired and restless, and at last a thought occurred to him, upon which he at once acted. He had observed that one of the elder Indian boys was accustomed to hand round a plate for alms, after which the service at once concluded. He evidently thought that if he could persuade this boy to take up the collection the sermon must naturally end. He ran down to the back seat occupied by the boy, seated himself in the aisle and gazed steadfastly in the boy's face. Finding that no notice was taken, he sat up and 'begged' persistently for some time, to Mr. Ashton's great amusement. Finally, as this also failed, the dog put his nose under the lad's knee and tried with all his strength to force him out of his place, continuing this at intervals till the sermon was concluded. Did not this prove a distinct power of consecutive reasoning?"

Wall street has just lost one of her most daring speculative leaders, Charles A. Jolnes, who in the last few years has made over $2,000,000 in the stock market, breaking down his health utterly in the strain and excitement involved therein.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE greatest woman in the world died last Monday. She was a Nova Scotian, her maiden name was Anna Swan, and she was the wife of Capt. Bates, the Kentucky giant. Her actual height was 7 feet 9 inches, and her weight 325 pounds. She had been exhibited all over the world, yet she was as modest and retiring as a woman of her size could be. She had one child, but it died in infancy.

AN interesting experiment was recently made by a Dr. Durand in reference to the relative power of imagination in the two sexes. He gave to 100 of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterwards entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had by mistake administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic, and were mainly men, while every one of those not affected were women.

WHETHER or no there exists some mysterious connection between camp meetings and rain, the fact remains that the weather during their continuance is generally of a decidedly moist character. This year has been no exception to the rule; but instead of dampening the enthusiasm of the dwellers in tents it appears to have added to it. The camp-meeting, amid all other changes, is likely always to remain as a distinctive feature of Methodism, valuable for the physical rest which it affords and for the friendly associations which it engenders.

THOSE who deprecate the principles on which the opposition of organized charity to indiscriminate alms giving is based would have their eyes opened could they read the details of a case in one of the courts of New York this week. A lame woman who was imported by one Greenfield as his capital in a begging venture, sued him for the recovery of $235, being a balance of $300 she had deposited with him during her twenty-six weeks' operations less board at the rate of $2.50 a week. She gained the suit with interest and costs and once more illustrated the profitableness of begging.

Eight big ocean steamers are being built for the trans-Atlantic lines, and some sharp contests of speed are expected when they are floated, for all are being built with a view to lowering the record. The Guion line has on the stocks what will be the biggest vessel afloat—not including, of course, the Great Eastern, which is to be broken. She will be 11,500 tons. Sir William Pierce, who designed the Oregon, Alaska, Umbria and Etruria, is her designer, and he says she will cross the ocean in five days. Her length will be 500 feet, breadth of beam 63 feet and depth of hold 53 feet. Several striking departures will be made in her construction.

THE Duke of Marlborough has recognized the force of the point that his New York marriage with Mrs. Hammersley was of very doubtful validity and has had another ceremony performed in England. This removes all doubt in the matter, as there can be no question as to the validity of the English marriage. The Duke's experience should be a lesson to every divorced defendant who may want to go to New York to get married. The New York law prohibits a person against whom a decree of divorce has been granted for his or her marital infidelity from marrying again during the lifetime of the complainant without leave of the court.

UNITED STATES Consul Leoning, of Bremen, reports the arrival in that port of some tobacco grown in the German colony of Cameroon, in Africa. It is the product of a first crop, and is regarded as fully equal, if not superior, to Sumatra leaf. The price paid in Bremen for this tobacco was 50 cents per pound. Similar grades of Sumatra sell for 88 cents to 95 cents per pound. Quite a boom in this tobacco is now being experienced in Bremen. Companies are being formed and capital is being liberally invested in its cultivation. It is expected to compete sharply with Sumatra, being of quality equal to the Dutch product and much cheaper.

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg to the New York *Times* says that a "prominent local mining engineer and coal expert thinks natural gas is giving out." He says: "Within two years at furthest coal lands will be selling for what they were considered worth before natural gas was thought of. This will be due largely to the failure of the gas fields to supply the demands made upon them. Gas, like oil, will in time exhaust itself. New fields may be opened, but, taking all in all, I think the outlook for coal was never so bright since natural gas came in use." Similar predictions were made concerning the petroleum supply twenty years ago.

THE marriage of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, last week, to Agnata Ramsay, daughter of Sir John Ramsay, has created extraordinary interest on account of the remarkable university career of the bride. Both bride and bridegroom enjoy the distinction of being seniors in classics, a coincidence without parallel. Dr. Butler is a man of high academical distinction and extremely popular. One of the bridesmaids was a fellow student of the bride at Newnham College; she wore spectacles, giving her a curious appearance. Dr. Butler is 55 years of age and the bride 22. He presented her appropriately enough with finely bound copies of Plato, Sophocles and Dante.

THE old proverb, "Better late than never," has just been illustrated by a striking instance. Ninety-seven years ago some person, now unknown by name, posted in Paris a number of the *Gazette Universelle*, directing it to "Monsieur X——, in Morges, Switzerland," but the newspaper did not arrive at its destination until last week. It appears that the *Gazette*, which had been waiting for delivery ever since January, 1791, had got mixed up with a bundle of other newspapers, and was found with its cover and address still intact amidst a heap of rubbish in a garret. The finder conscientiously sent it to the Morges postmaster, by whom it was as conscientiously forwarded to the present representative X—family still living at Morges. So unique a specimen of postal integrity deserves to be exhibited in a postal museum, or would not be out of place amongst the curiosities in the Newspaper Museum at Aachen.

NO ONE can accurately estimate the damage which has been done, especially in recent years, by bush fires. These are all accidentally started; that is they have developed, unexpectedly, from smaller fires. The persons setting them out, however, have exhibited a criminal carelessness. The owners of valuable river property are found fault with because they discriminate as to whom they will allow to camp upon it, but the fault-finders would be less given to severe criticism were they aware of all the anxiety and worry the campers have caused. A few days ago, says a Kingston paper, tourists were refused a landing at one man's wharf, and on the same day a fire was started in his bush. Before it was checked it had burned over a considerable territory. That was not the first experience of the kind which the landlord had had, and he is to be excused if he curtly warns every camper henceforth to go elsewhere with his fires Later, another property owner, near to the same place, had most of his hay burned up, and the scarcity of fodder makes the loss a serious one.

MCKEE RANKIN writes to the Chicago *Times* that the late Bartley Campbell had nothing to do with "The Danites." It was dramatized from Joaquin Miller's sketch, "The First Families of the Sierras," by P. A. Fitzgerald, of Philadelphia, an old acter, to whom Rankin paid $25 an act for the work as fast as it was done. The play, under the title of "Poor Little Billie Piper," was first read to Joaquin Miller in the summer of 1876, Rankin says, and to Bartley Campbell in the following winter. Rankin adds: "This P. A. Fitzgerald was considered an unlucky man, and I was certain that managers would never listen to a play written by him; so I hired Miller to father the work and paid him $5,200 for the fraud" This is a fair illustration of many happenings in the Grub street literary line. The stage carpenter who sawed out the play got $200, the literary charlatan who lent it his name got 26 times as much, and the actor of it probably doubled the last named sum at least twenty times. And Bartley Campbell and Louis Aldrich got the hint of that profitable piece of theatrical joinery out of poor Fitzgerald's work to boot.

PROBABLY the most aggravating passenger the street car drivers have to deal with is the able-bodied man who pulls the bell and then proceeds to alight before the car stops. Of course the driver obeys the signal and then looks round for his passenger to alight. Nobody stirs, and on further investigation he sees the person who rang the bell across the street, unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that he has caused the driver and horses unnecessary labor and the passengers unnecessary delay. Of course, if a passenger wishes to do so it is his privilege to pull the bell rope, and nobody will complain. But in that case let him keep his seat until the car stops and then get off. But if he proposes to leave the car while it is in motion why does he ring the bell? There are many citizens who never think of stopping a street car to get on or off if they are alone and unencumbered by baggage. No one should try it, however, who hasn't learned to jump with the car, a precaution that is sometimes neglected by people old enough to know better and who are very much surprised on stepping off the wrong way to find themselves lying flat on their backs in the streets.

In a recent report to the English Education department Sir James Chrichten Browne, M. D., gave it as the result of his investigation of alleged over-pressure of work in elementary schools that "the seeds of disease are being sown broadcast by the schoolmaster." He found that suicide, insanity, and many diseases of the heart and the kidneys are increasing in England year by year; and he expressed the opinion that "the main cause of this increase is over-pressure in elementary schools." This is a startling judgment of high authority on a subject of strictly vital interest, and we have no reason to question its truth. To force the unformed and reluctant brain to tasks beyond its normal power is far more cruel than to overtask the muscular system by excessive physical work. In the latter the body soon reaches its maximum of possibility and there stops, with a stunted growth, a premature development, and an enfeebled system as its consequence. In the former there is an excited condition of the nerves, a permanent damage to the brain, and a deterioration of all the vital functions which depend upon the brain. There are many small graves where children lie buried who might have lived the allotted span of human life but for the baneful haste and ambition of indiscreet parents. There are many schools which are worse than slaughter-houses.

A Self-Sacrificing Host.

At one of the country hotels, after the fourth or fifth execrable meal, I determined to speak to the landlord. He was a mild-mannered man, and I beckoned him out behind the house and began with:

"Say, do you realize that you are keeping one of the poorest, meanest hotels in all Tennessee?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed in great surprise.

"You have the poorest beds I ever slept in, and I've slept in a hog-pen once or twice."

"You don't say?"

"Your cook ought to be killed with a club, and your cross-eyed waiter should have been in the grave long ago."

"Well, well."

"How you have managed to get along and keep the place beats me. I don't want to be mean, but I want to ask you if you can't improve things a little?"

"I can, and I'll cheerfully do it, sir."

"It's for your benefit to please your guests, of course?"

"Of course it is, and I'm bound to do it. I'll make an improvement in less than half an hour."

In about 20 minutes he came around to me on the veranda, smiling and rubbing his hands, and said:

"Well, I've made it. I've cut the cook's wages down a dollar a month and swapped that cross-eyed nigger waiter off for a lame wench! Bet your life things have got to go different here, if it costs every cent I take in. Can you suggest anything else?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sisters of the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, have obtained from Bishop Walsh permission to found a convent school at Wyoming, to be conducted as a branch of the Ursuline Academy.

FAMOUS HORSES KILLED.

Some of the Notable Animals Lost in the Corning Smash-Up.

Quite a stir was caused in sporting circles by the news of the fatal accident to the valuable horses owned by the firm of Langtry & Gebhard. Ten horses, of the aggregate value of $100,000, were killed in the collision at Corning. The horses were shipped on Sunday afternoon by the Wells-Fargo express, at the owner's risk, the company being released from all liability. The car was expressly fitted up for their occupancy and was to go directly to Englewood, Ill., where the horses were to be given a three days' rest. The horses owned by Mrs. Langtry were St. Saviour, Pauline and two black tandem horses. Pauline was a French thoroughbred and had been the property of Mrs. Langtry for several years. An oil painting of the intelligent-looking animal is hung conspicuously in the drawing-room of her Twenty-third street home. Orphan Boy, one of those killed, was a trained polo horse and had been seen often at the Newport meets. Mrs. Langtry's five-hundred-dollar white English bulldog, together with several young terriers, were also sent with the horses. The bulldog, curiously enough, refused accommodations in the car and insisted on accompanying the fireman in the cab. The dog could not be induced to leave his new friend's side and was crushed beneath the engine, while the fireman was frightfully scalded. The trainmen who came into the Erie depot from the west yesterday told interesting stories of the peculiar actions of the knowing dog and the attention he attracted along the line. When the train was in motion he occupied the fireman's bench and lay with his head on his paws, gazing ahead through the open cab window. Neither the tooting whistle nor the clanging bell disturbed his repose. At the several stopping stations he jumped down and ran about, but when whistled to before the train started he would leap into the engine and resume his watchful position. The dog was a great pet of Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Gebhard and a party of friends were to leave to-morrow in the "Lily's" special drawing-room car for her farm in St Helena, Cal., but at a late hour yesterday a telegram from Long Branch was received at the Twenty-third street home directing that the arrangements be delayed. It is thought by friends of Mr. Gebhard that he took the precaution of insuring his horses. The loss of the horses named does not by any means exhaust his stock of racing material. He has several fast ones left, all of which have been entered in Monmouth Park races this season. Among these may be mentioned the bay filly Sweetheart, by Spendthrift; the black 3-year-old filly Her Lillyship; bay gelding Volunteer, by Mortimer, and a chestnut gelding by Owas.

Mr. Buck, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, received a despatch from Mr. Gebhard yesterday morning informing him that he was going to the scene of the accident at once, and asked him to have everything in readiness for the care and comfort of Mr. Aby if it was found possible to remove him to this city.

Of the horses in Mr. Gebhard's lot the four best known were Eole, Eolist, St. Savior and Palanca.—*N. Y. World.*

THE LILY AT THE WRECK

Discourteously Treated by Port Jervis Hoodlums—Mrs. Langtry Washing an Injured Woman's Hair—An Errand of Mercy.

Fred. Gebhard, his cousin, Frederick Blanc, Mrs. Lily Langtry, her *femme chambre*, Mr. Gebhard's valet, and the *chef de cuisine* of the party, have come and gone, says Wednesday's Port Jervis *Gazette*. They arrived in the handsome palace coach La Lee, owned by Mrs. Langtry, on Tuesday morning, and although they originally intended to return the same night, they concluded to wait until noon to-day. This was done in order that they might take with them Mr. C. W. Aby, the superintendent of Mr. Gebhard's California stock farm, who was so badly injured in the wreck at Shohola last Sunday night. Mr. Aby is suffering from a compound fracture of the arm, a severe cut in his wrist, and several bad bruises on his back. He was able to walk to the car, which was switched in front of the Delaware House, and will, no doubt, have a pleasant journey to Jersey City in one of the finest palace cars in the country.

To the discredit of Port Jervis hoodlums, and also some older but equally ignorant people, we must confess that the Langtry party were used most discourteously. Coming here on a mission of mercy—to care for their injured employees they were intruded upon in a most outrageous manner. Their car was switched near the Germantown crossing for the night, and the occupants hoped to obtain a much-needed night's rest. Instead of that the car was surrounded by a gang of women, men and boys, who insisted on climbing on the platforms, and even went so far as to throw stones and lighted matches through the open, but lace curtained windows. In addition the most vile language was indulged in, until finally the party were compelled to walk down town and take quarters in the Delaware House until their car could be brought down to the centre of the yard where police protection could be obtained.

The goodness of Mrs. Langtry's heart was exhibited by her travelling so far, unsolicited, and by her subsequent conduct in visiting nearly all the injured. This morning, hearing that Mrs. Sarah Slater, one of the injured, was liable to lose a portion of her beautiful head of hair, by reason of the scalp wound she received, and which was filled with matted blood, glass, etc., she spent upwards of an hour in washing and combing it out. This was another act of kindness, and one rarely exhibited by women worth $250,000 in their own right. All who came in contact with Mrs. Langtry acknowledge that she is a most accomplished and courteous lady.

A Necessary Precaution.

A Pittsburg hostess promises in the near future the latest "fad," a Babylonian tea—that is, a tea on the housetop. There should be a balustrade erected for the convenience of the gentlemen who take their "tea" cold.—*Pittsburg Post.*

It seems strange that though the whee of a steamboat may be kept going continuously, it only works in its turn.

NEARLY BURIED THE WRONG BOY.

An Extraordinary Case of Mistaken Identity in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn came to the front yesterday with an extraordinary case of mistaken identity. On Thursday last the nude body of a boy was picked up in Buttermilk Channel by Captain Lewis, of the tug W. H. Howie, and taken to the foot of Conover street, whence it was removed to the morgue.

Philip Ulrich, a Glen Island policeman, of No. 567 Baltic street, missed his son John, aged 11 years, who had gone to visit his grandmother on July 30th and had not returned on the day when the body was found. He gave a description of the missing child to the police on August 7th, and on Thursday evening was informed by them of the finding of the body and its removal to the morgue. He at once visited that institution and made a careful examination of the body. It had been so long in the water that decomposition had set in, but Mr. Ulrich was convinced by certain marks on the face and breast that it was that of his son.

From the morgue Mr. Ulrich went home, stopping on his way at an undertaker's and instructing him to prepare for the burial of the remains. When he reached his house he told his wife that he had identified their son in the morgue, and they mourned their loss together.

Early yesterday morning Mr. Ulrich called upon Mrs. John Bulkley, his mother-in-law, at No. 59 Amity street, with whom he is not on friendly terms, as she was bitterly opposed to his marriage with her daughter, and told her also the news.

"Your boy is not dead," said Mrs. Bulkley, emphatically, when he had finished his sad story.

"He is," exclaimed Mr. Ulrich, "Haven't I seen his dead body?"

But the old lady was not to be convinced, and though she was reluctant for a time to tell all she knew still persisted that the child was alive. Finally she asserted that he was at St. John's Orphan Asylum, St. Mark's and Albany avenues, Brooklyn.

Now it was Mr. Ulrich's turn to be incredulous, and he insisted upon Mrs. Bulkley's coming with him to the morgue and seeing for herself whether the story he had told was true. She was so persistent in her refusal to go to the morgue and so emphatic in her assertion that the boy was in the asylum that Mr. Ulrich at length decided to postpone his visit to the morgue and go to that institution.

When he reached the asylum and asked for his son the little fellow was brought to him. He was in the best of health and spirits, and Mr. Ulrich's relief at seeing him alive and well was beyond expression. "Johnnie" said his grandmother had induced him to go to the asylum with her and had left him there.

With a lightened heart Mr. Ulrich returned to his home, taking the boy with him. Last night, when questioned as to the motive of his mother-in-law in placing his son in the asylum, he said:

"The Mother Superior told me that the woman who brought the child there said that his mother was dead and his father away. The reason why Mrs. Bulkley put my boy into the asylum was that she thought my second wife did not like him. Now, the fact is the child has never been whipped or maltreated by either his stepmother or myself. There's one thing I'm certain, and that is that I'll make it hot for Mrs. Bulkley on a charge of abduction."

The body of the drowned boy is still unidentified at the morgue, and Mr. Ulrich yesterday countermanded the order for the living boy's funeral.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Canada Thistle—How to Get Rid of Them.

Almost every one knows something about this very troublesome seed. I can remember the time when I had never seen one of them. Tho' I am not engaged in farming at present I will try to tell those who are so engaged and are troubled with this great pest how to get rid of them. Several years ago I sent an article to the *Globe* on this subject, which I have good reason to know did some good. I shall now, as nearly as I can remember, repeat what I then said. I simply related my method and how well it succeeded. I gave two examples. I had one small field in which spring wheat entirely failed and the thistles grew up very thick and rank. I allowed them to get full size and when they were fast beginning to blossom I took a skimmer plough and turned them nearly under and let them lie till they completely rotted. Then I ploughed the field and sowed it with fall wheat, which yielded a magnificent crop, and we were able to bind it all without gloves. In another field there was one large patch of thistles which had troubled me for years and seemed to gain every year. I summer fallowed that field thoroughly, using both gang and skimmer freely; the result was that we had a good crop and could harvest nearly all without gloves on that place where the thistles had been. About five years ago the thistles had accumulated in one corner of the wooded pasture where the timber had been taken off. I went down one day when rain was falling very gently, and with a scythe cut them all off. Three years ago I sold the farm. About two weeks ago, being in the neighborhood, I felt a little curiosity to go and see if the thistles had reappeared on that land to any extent, and found that very few had made their appearance after the lapse of five years. Now, I think it is quite possible and easy to write prohibition and annihilation in regard to the thistle and get rid of them. When they get to the full size and are then ploughed under, I think the crop is equal to a good coat of manure, and as I told the readers of the *Globe*, in this way they can be made to pay their way. Let it be this motto of every farmer, "Keep the thistles down and cut." United action is all important; give them no quarter and triumph is sure. E. Tobring.

—Two boys were trying to jump down few steps on the stoop of a house wherein they resided. Says John to Jim: "Can you jump down six steps?" Answers Jim "I wouldn't risk it here. We better go to some other house. If I break my neck here in front of my house I get the —— licking I ever had." And off they went.

First Mormon missionary—How did you leave Baxter county, Smith, by rail? Second Mormon missionary—Yes, fence rail. And I can smell the tar yet.—*Burlington Free Press.*