The Christian Endeav'r.

P'raps you haint hearn o' th' s'ciety they've hitched t' th' churches around,
W'thout regard to th' crowd, or th' creed, but a view o' th' place where they'r bound?
They don't never pertend t' be Christians, they're only endeav'rin' to be;
But th' way our dominie prays for 'em 's no matter o' wonder to me.
For a town o' sech smallish pretensions, an' a church thet was rather cold,
We'cert'nly got an awakenin' when th' Christian Endeav'r took hold.

First go they was kinder shame-faced a bit, thet th' elders should cast a frown
On young folks for givin' a supper thet got th' domini 's wife a gown;
But th' labelled box they past around froze th' deakins' blood—cold's an icycle!
'T was "drop a dollar in th' slot an' see th' dominie ride his bisickle!"
Th' deakins they tho't it a sackriledge, but thet th' young folks couldn't see,
But they didn't pertend t' be Christians, but only endeav'red to be.

Our dominie was a deal worn out, so p'r'aps his sermons wern't all afire.
An' th' young folks 't seems they hed their views on gettin' th' wuth o' his hire.
Th' deakins they tho't thet was uppish in 'em, an' so they labored with their views,
An' talked o' "years" an' "change o' scene," an' hinted some o' "disquiet in th' pews!"
But, somehow, th' boxes they gathered th' dollars 'bout everywheres they past;
So th' dominie rides his bisickle, an' says he's a growin' young fast.

They'll fill th' week night meetin's full, an' if th' speekin's hap'nin' kinder slow,
They don't no single minnit pass w'thout they up and say a verse or so;
An' it spurs th' ol' folks mettle to see th' young folks try
T' carpet halls, an' paint th' walls, an make th' meetin's spry,
An' disclaim their bein' Christians, an' t' say they only endeav'r
T' prove thet creed is in th' deed thet shall teach for the life forever.

For a town o' sech smallish dimensions, an' a church thet felt kinder old,
We cert'nly got an awakenin' when the Christian Endeav'r took hold;
For th' "billiard hall" hes vanished quite, an' some I know now go t' th' church
Who wouldn't ha' dreamed how pleasant it seemed to leave th' "saloon" in th' lurch;
An' I've a boy o' twenty or so, who ha'nted the town, tell me
He didn't dare think he'd be Christian, but he'd allays endeav'r t' be.

For a town o' such prudish contention t' parry th' sight o' sin,
We cert'nly got an awakenin' when the Christian Endeav'r stepped in.

EDWARD LEODORE SMITH.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

She was not at all what he had pictured her. Singularly enough, no one had told him that she was pretty, and he had thought of her as a gaunt young person with a determined and manly air. She struck him, on the contrary, as being extremely girlish and charming to look upon. She wore the pale pink gown, and as he entered he saw her give a furtive little dab to her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and hurriedly crushed a open letter into her pocket. Then, seeming to dismiss her emotion with facility, she rose to greet him.

"If you want to see Aunt Belinda," she said, "perhaps you had better sit down. She will be here directly."

He plucked up spirit to take a seat, suddenly feeling his terror take wing. He was amazed at his own courage,

"Th-thank you," he said. "I have the pleasure of——" There, it is true, he stopped, looked at her, blushed, and finished somewhat disjointedly. "Miss Octavia Bassett, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, and sat down near him.

When Miss Belinda descended the stairs, a short time afterwards, her ears were greeted by the sound of a brisk conversation, in which the Rev. Arthur Poppleton appeared to be taking part with before-unheard-of spirit. When he arose at her entrance, there was in his manner an air of mild buoyancy which astonished her beyond measure. When he reseated himself, he seemed quite to forget the object of his visit for some minutes, and was thus placed in the embarrassing position of having to refer to his note-book.

Having done so, and found that he had called to ask assistance for the family of one of his parishoners, he recovered, himself somewhat. As he explained the exigencies of the case, Octavia listened.

"Well," she said, "I should think it would make you quite uncomfortable, if you see things like that often."

"I regret to say that I do see such things only too frequently," he answered.

"Gracious!" she said; but that was all.

He was conscious of being slightly disappointed at her apathy, and perhaps it is to be deplored that he forgot it afterward, when Miss Belinda had bestowed her mite, and the case was dismissed for the time being. He really did forget it, and was beguiled into making a very long call, and enjoying himself as he had never enjoyed himself before.

When, at length, he was recalled to a sense of duty by a glance at the clock, he had already before his eyes an opening vista of delights, taking the form of future calls, and games of croquet played upon Miss Belinda's neatly-shaven grass-plot. He had bidden the ladies adieu in the parlor, and, having stepped into the hall, was fumbling rather excitedly in the umbrella-stand for his own especially slender clerical umbrella, when he was awakened to new rapture by hearing Miss Octavia's tone again.

He turned and saw her standing quite near him looking at him with rather an odd expression and holding something in her hand.

"Oh!" she said. "See here! Those people."

"I—beg pardon," he hesitated. "I don't quite understand.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Those desperately poor wretches, you know—with fever, and leaks in their house, and all sorts of disagreeable things the matter with them. Give them this won't you?"

"This" was a pretty silk purse, through whose meshes he saw the gleam of gold coin.

"That?" he said. "You don't mean—isn't there a good deal— I beg pardon—but really——"

"Well, if they are as poor as you say they are, it won't be too much," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll object to it, do you?"

She extended it to him as if she rather wished to get it out of her hands.

"You'd better take it," she said. "I shall spend it on something I don't need, if you don't. I'm always spending money on things I don't care for afterwards."

He was filled with remorse, remembering that he had thought her apathetic.

"I—I really thought you were not interested at all," he burst forth. "Pray forgive me. This is generous indeed."

She looked down at some particularly brilliant rings on her hands, instead of looking at him.

"Oh, well," sh said, "I think it must be simply horrid to have to do without things. I can't see how people live. Besides, I haven't denied myself anything. It would be worth talking about if I had, I suppose. Oh, by the bye, never mind telling any one, will you?"

Then, without giving him time to reply, she raised her eyes to his face, and plunged into the subject of the croquet again, pursuing it until the final moment of his exit and departure, which was when Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher had been scandalized at the easy freedom of her adieus.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES.

When Mr. Francis Barold called to pay his respects to Lady Theobald, after partaking of her hospitality, Mr. Burmistone accompanied him and, upon almost every other occasion of presenting himself to her ladyship, Mr. Burmistone was his companion.

It may as well be explained, at the outset, that the mill-owner of Burmistone Mills was a man of decided determination of character, and that, upon the evening of Lady Theobald's tea, he had arrived at the conclusion that he would spare no effort to gain a certain end he felt it would add to his happiness to accomplish.

"I stand rather in awe of Lady Theobald, as any ordinary man would," he had said, drily, to Barold, on their return to his house. "But my awe of her is not so great yet that I shall allow it to interfere with any of my plans."

"Have you any special plans?" inquired Barold carelessly, after a pause.

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmistone, "several. I should like to go to Oldclough rather often."

"I feel it the civil thing to go to Oldclough oftener than I like. Go with me."

"I should like to be included in all the invitations to tea for the next six months."

"I shall be included in all the invitations so long as I remain here, and it is not likely you will be left out in the cold. After you have gone the rounds once you won't be dropped."

"Upon the whole, it appears so," said Mr. Burmistone. "Thanks."

So, at each of the tea-parties following Lady Theobald's, the two men appeared together. The small end of the wedge being inserted into the social stratum, the rest was not difficult. Mrs. Burnham was at once surprised and overjoyed by her discoveries of the many excellencies of the man they had so hastily determined to ignore. Mrs. Abercrombie found Mr. Burmistone's manner all that could be desired. Miss Pilcher expressed the highest appreciation of his views upon feminine education and "our duty to the young in our charge." Indeed, after Mrs. Egerton's evening, the tide of public opinion turned suddenly in his favor.

Public opinion did not change, however, as far as Octavia was concerned. Having had her anxiety set at rest by several encouraging paternal letters from Nevada, she began to make up her mind to enjoy herself, and was, it is to be regretted, betrayed by her youthful high spirit into the committing of numerous indiscretions. Upon each festal occasion, she appeared in a new and elaborate costume; she accepted the attentions of Mr. Francis Barold as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be offered; she joked—in what Mrs. Burnham designated "her Nevada way"—with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, who appeared more frequently than had been his habit at the high teas. She played croquet with that gentlemen and Mr. Barold day after day, upon the grass-plot, before all the eyes gazing down upon her from the neighboring windows; she managed to coerce Mr. Burmistone into joining these innocent orgies; and, in fact, to quote Miss Pilcher, there was "no limit to the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct."

Several times much comment had been aroused by the fact that Lucia Gaston had been observed to form one of the party of players. She had indeed played with Barold, against Octavia and Mr. Poppleton, on the memorable day upon which that gentlemen had taken his first lesson.

Barold had availed himself of the invitation extended to him by Octavia, upon several occasions, greatly to Miss Belinda's embarras-ment. He had dropped in the evening after the curate's first call.

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit,

"It is very kind of her, if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she found enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked after a pause, "I believe you are not. I shouldn't think so."

Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

"I want you to ask Lady Theobald to do something," she said.

"I am afraid I am not in such favor as you imagine," he said, looking slightly annoyed.

"Well, I think she won't refuse you this thing," she went on. "If she didn't loathe me so I would ask her myself."

He deigned to smile.

"Does she loathe you?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodding. "She would not speak to me if it wasn't for Aunt Belinda. She thinks I am fast and loud. Do *you* think I am fast and loud?"

He was taken aback, and not for the first time, either. She had startled and discomposed him several times in the course of their brief acquaintance, and he always resented it, priding himself in private, as he did, upon his coolness and immobility. He could not think of the right thing to say just now, so he was silent for a second.

"Tell me the truth," she persisted. "I shall not care much."

"I do not think you would care at all."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't. Go on. Do you think I am fast?"

"I am happy to say I do not find you slow."

She fixed her eyes on him, smiling faintly.

"That means I am fast," she said. "Well, no matter. Will you ask Lady Theobald what I want you to ask her?"

"I should not say you were fast at all," he said, rather stiffly. "You have not been educated as—as Lady Theobald has educated Miss Gaston, for instance."

"I should rather think not," she replied. Then she added, very deliberately: "She has had what you might call very superior advantages, I suppose.'

Her expression was totally inco nprehensible to him. She spoke with the utmost seriousness, and looked at the table.

"That is derison, I suppose," he remarked, restively.

She glanced up again.

"At all events," she said, "there is nothing to laugh at in Lucia Gaston. Will you ask Lady Theobald? I want you to ask her to let Lucia Gaston come and play croquet with us on Tuesday. She is to play with you against Mr. Poppleton and me."

"Who is Mr. Poppleton?" he asked with some reserve. He did not exactly fancy sharing his entertainment with any ordinary outsider. After all, there was no knowing what this little American might do.

"He is the curate of the church," she replied, undisturted, "He is very nice, and little, and neat, and blushes all over to the toes of his boots. He came to see Aunt Belinda, and I asked him to come and be taught to play."

"Who is to teach him?"

"I am. I have taught at least twenty men in New York and San Francisco."

"I hope he appreciates your kindness."

"I mean to try if I can make him forget to be frightened," she said, with a gay laugh

It was certainly nettling to find his air of reserve and displeasure met with such inconsequent lightness. She never seemed to recognize the subtle changes of temperature expressed in his manner. Only his sense of what was due to himself prevented his being very chilly indeed, but, as she went on with her gay chat, in utter ignorance of his mood, and indulged in some very pretty airy nonsense, he soon recovered himself, and almost forgot his private grievance.

Before going away, he promised to ask Lady Theobald's indulgence in the matter of Lucia's joining them in their game. One speech of Octavia's connected with the subject he had thought very pretty, as well as kind:

"I like Miss Gaston," she said. "I think we might be friends, if Lady Theobald would let us. Her superior advantages might do me good. They might improve me," she went on, with a little laugh, "and I suppose I need improving very much. All my advantages have been of one kind."

When he had left her, she startled Miss Belinda by saying:

"I have been asking Mr. Barold if he thought I was fast, and I believe he does—in fact, I am sure he does."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda, "what a terrible thing to say to a gentleman! What will he think?"

Octavia smiled one of her calmest smiles.

"Isn't it queer how often you say that!" she remarked. "I think I should perish if I had to pull myself up that way as you do. I just go right on, and never worry. I don't mean to do anything queer, and I don't see why any one should think I do."

CHAPTER XVI.

CROQUET.

Lucia was premitted to form one of the players in the game of croquet, being escorted to and from the scene by Francis Barold. Perhaps it occurred to Lady Theobald that the contrast of English reserve and maidenliness with the free and easy manners of young women from Nevada might lead to some good results.

"I trust your conduct will be such as to show that you at least have resided in a civilized land," she said. "The men of the present day may premit themselves to be amused by young persons whose demeanor might bring a blush to the cheek of a woman of forty, but it is not their habit to regard them with serious intentions."

Lucia reddened. She did not speak, though she wished very much for the courage to utter the words which rose to her lips. Lately she had found that now and then, at times when she was roused to anger, speeches of quite a clever and sarcastic nature presented themselves to her mind. She was never equal to uttering them aloud, but she felt that, in time, she might, because of course it was quite an advance in spirit to think them, and face, even in imagination, the probability of astounding and striking Lady Theobald dumb with their audacity.

"It ought to make me behave very well," she was saying now to herself, "to have before me the alternative of not being regarded with serious intentions. I wonder if it is Mr. Poppleton or Francis Barold who might not regard me seriously. And I wonder if they are any coarser in America than we can be in England when we try."

She enjoyed the afternoon very much, particularly the latter part of it when Mr. Burmistone, who was passing, came in, being invited by Octavia across the privet hedge Having paid his respects to Miss Belinda, who sat playing propriety under a laburnum tree, Mr. Burmistone crossed the grass-plot to Lucia herself. She was awaiting her "turn," and laughing at the ardent enthusiasm of Mr. Poppleton, who, under Octavia's directions, was devoting all his energies to the game; her eyes were bright, and she had lost for the time being, her timid air of feeling herself somehow in the wrong.

"I am glad to see you here," said Mr. Burmistone.

"I am glad to be here," she answered. "It has been such a happy afternoon. Everything has seemed so bright and—and different."

"'Different' is a very good word," he said, laughing.

"It isn't a very bad one," she returned. "And it expresses a good deal."

"It does, indeed," he commented.

"Look at Mr. Poppleton and Octavia——" she began.

"Have you got to 'Octavia'?" he inquired.

She looked down and blushed.

(To be Continued).

First lobster—Well, what are you going to do now? Second lobster—Get dressed for dinner.

—Live wires make dead linemen. Enough of the latter have been buried and now public demands the interment of former.

BARNUM'S ENGLISH TOUR.

A Steamship Laden With Animals and Performers Sail's Yesterday.

Barnum & Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth" left Bridgeport, Conn., Monday night at its way to Brooklyn, to the Anchor Line wharf, where it will be placed on board the steamer Furnessia for London, Eng. Two hundred and forty people connected with the show will also go to London on this ship, while on the steamer City of Rome, sailing on Wednesday, Oct. 16, one hundred and sixty of the attaches will take passage. The arrangements for transporting the show have been most carefully made. Six huge boxes, twelve by ten feet, have been built, each to contain an elephant. When placed on board ship these boxes will be set twelve feet apart, the intervening space forming another box, in which an elephant will also be placed, and thus the six boxes will afford accommodation for the thirteen elephants to be taken. The camels and horses will be placed in a series of stalls distributed all over the main deck of the vessel. The cages containing the animals, after first being detached from their running gear, will be placed side by side, with sufficient space between to permit the attendants to feed the beasts and attend to their wants. An idea of the quantity of material required to feed the various animals may be had from the following list: There will be 80 tons of hay, 2,000 bushels of oats, 6 tons of straw, 6 tons of bran, 25 bushels of corn, 20 bales of peat moss, 30 barrels of carrots, 6,000 pounds of fresh beef, 1,500 pounds of fresh fish, 15 barrels of potatoes, 150 heads of cabbage, 6,000 pounds of fresh bread, 10 barrels of sweet apples, 5 barrels of onions, 7 barrels of turnips, 20 barrels of sea biscuits, 400 cans of condensed milk, 4 sacks of salt, 150 pounds of Glauber salts, all exclusively for the animals and horses. All the meat and fish will be frozen and placed between alternate layers of ice in huge refrigerators especially built for the purpose. The condensed milk is chiefly for the monkeys and Polar bear. The expense of the show going to Europe is said to be the heaviest ever assumed in this line. About $150 a day has been spent in cable despatches to and from Europe during a period of nearly four months past. The advertising material to be distributed free in London has already cost $166,000. The new costumes, including those made in Paris for Kiralfy's "Nero," in which 800 people will appear, and those for the circus department have cost $90,000. Altogether it is estimated that the expenses of the affair, before a single performance is given, will foot up $350,000, exclusive of salaries, and all this for a probable season of one hundred days. The estimated expenses for the London season, calculating $6,800 a day for the circus, will be nearly $12,000 a day, from which the risks of the trip can be judged. But Mr. Bailey says: "I don't care for the expense even if I lose $100,000. I just want to show the people of Europe what a big thing is. We know it in this country, but they do not over there."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnum and Mr. Barnum's nephew, C. Barnum Seeley, sailed Saturday on the Etruria.

Sam Jones.

"Sam Jones, I see, is getting $50 a day for preaching," remarked a Methodist, "and the cynical newspapers are making much of the fact. I don't know as I blame them for criticising. It is a natural feeling to distrust a minister who goes about preaching for so much per sermon, just like a public lecturer who speaks for so much per lecture. It may be all right, but it looks bad to the public and is certain to create adverse comment. Of course, a preacher has to be supported. We support our ministers comfortably, and nobody finds fault with that. But when a man makes a business proposition, that for so much money he will come and get up a religious revival among us, I can't help feeling suspicious and slightly antagonistic. Sam Jones is a smart man, and his methods are like those of some other revivalists, but I can't help thinking he lays himself liable to serious criticism."—*Louisville Post.*

How Do You Lace Your Boots?

Not one person in a thousand laces his shoes correctly. About the nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tightly as possible. The correct way is to put your foot when you are about to lace your shoe as much as possible in the heel of the shoe, says *Vanity Fair*. You can do this best by lacing your shoes with the heel of your shoe resting in a chair standing in front of the one you are seated in. Over the instep the lacing should be drawn as tightly as possible. This will hold your foot back in the shoe, giving the toes freedoom and preventing their being cramped. Lace about the ankle to suit your comfort.

Riding on a Bear.

Near Forester Falls the other day young Mr. Bulmer, of Ross, discovered a bear quietly feeding on a field of oats. He put two charges of shot into Bruin, but he showed ability to escape with alacrity. Mr. Bulmer with daring ran up to the bear and sprang on its back, determined at all costs to prevent his escape. The bear was a powerful specimen and seemed quite equal to the task of carrying off his rider. Mr. Thomas Faught, a noted marksman, appeared on the scene with a gun, and with a well directed shot laid the bear low not in the least injuring or even frightening the courageous rider.—*Hepworth Sun.*

What He Was.

Masked Man (dashing into a parlor-car on Western Railroad)—Hold up yer hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile o' money, so I'll give ye $10 of it back. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor-car porter.—*New York Weekly.*

—A.—Do you know that Jones is going to marry Miss Duzenbury? B.—Yes, so I hear. What surprises me is that such an intelligent girl would ever have anything to do with a man who is so stupid as to want to make her his wife.

LUCKY FELLOW.

He wooed her and sued her and sought her
Till he melted her heart so cold,
Then he married the iceman's daughter
And now he is rolling in gold.

—Druggist (awakened at 2 a.m.)—Well, what is it? Customer—It's a boy. Get up

DEATH PASSED.

Awful Moment for a Car Full of Passengers on a Level Crossing.

The St. Louis express was rushing into Jersey City. A street car was rolling along to the Grove street crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad. William Pearsall, the gate tender, carefully lowered the gates just after the street car got past and was rumbling over the west-bound track. It was near midnight Sunday night. John Connors, the car-driver, suddenly saw the headlight of a locomotive bearing down upon him. It was the engine of the St. Louis express thundering along the east-bound track. Another pull and his team would have the car, with twenty passengers, on the rails directly in front of the incoming train. Connors might have jumped and saved himself. If he had he would have heard an instant later screams and groans of dying men, women and children. The frail street car, with its load of human freight, would have been no more than a feather in the path of the giant locomotive travelling at the rate of a mile a minute. John Connors in the hour of need proved himself a hero. With his left hand he jammed the brake hard down. With his right hand he fairly dragged the horses around at a right angle to the street car. They had been in the centre of the east track. Quick as the driver was the engine was quicker, and as it flashed by it struck the off horse, and ripped him in two from head to foot. So close were train and car that the train bent and twisted the front dashboard of the street car as it swept by. John Connors, the humble car-driver, turned pale and sank on his knees, with the line still in his hand, after the danger was over. Then there was a panic in the car. The passengers realized their peril after it was over and dashed pell mell out on the tracks. Henry Meyer, the conductor, tried to stop them, but he was swept from the back platform like chaff before the wind. The passengers seemed crazed and ran haphazard across the tracks and fled in all directions. Only Conners and the conductor remained on the car.

Where Arsenic Comes From

In a recent issue of *Notes and Gleanings* a writer describes the arsenic industry in Devonshire. The best-known mine in that county which supplies arsenic in quantity is the "Devon Great Consols," near Tavistock. Refined white arsenic is here obtained from the rough ore, and the company is working over again in the furnaces, for the sake of the arsenic, much refuse thrown aside in the palmy copper days. In former days the fumes were allowed to pass off into the workshops and into the air, causing fatal results among the workmen and destroying the surrounding vegetation for some distance. But now that arsenic (and not copper) is the most valuable product, precautions are taken to prevent any escape. Three kinds of calciners are in use at the "Great Consols." First there is the ordinary hand calciner. Next the well-known Oxland's calciner, which is so constructed as to require no attention from the workmen. The third furnace appears to be the most efficient of the three. In it a circular table, sloping considerably from the centre to the sides, revolves at a somewhat slow rate. The ore falls on this table, which is thoroughly heated by the furnace beneath, from an opening near the centre; thence by the slope and the circular movement it is gradually distributed down towards the circumference, where, almost completely deprived of its arsenic, it falls into a trough, while the fumes pass up into the flues through an opening above the highest point. The operation is an extremely pretty one to watch, as the sulphur in the ores causes continual play of blue flames over the surface of the incandescent mass, while the air above seems misty with the fine white smoke of arsenic trioxide Prepared in this way the crude product has a dirty grey color, and is purified by further roasting in a reverbatory furnace, heated only with coke or anthracite, when it sublimes in the flues in the form of a beautifully glistening white powder, which feels to the touch as soft as flour. Sometimes fine colorless crystals are found, especially near the doors of the flues. Visitors feel unwell for the rest of the day after an inspection of the furnaces. The workers have their mouths and noses wrapped up in cloth respirators with cotton wool inside, lest by chance any particles of what the Germans call *giftmehl* or poison-flour might get into the air passages; all the workmen employed in sorting or packing the fine powder of white arsenic are similarly protected. All employed looked powerful men enjoying excellent health. The work has not been going on sufficiently long (about 15 years) to compare the length of life of those engaged in it with that of those employed in furnace work with non-poisonous, or at least, non-volatile poisonous bodies.

He Went.

Here is a new way for a girl to get rid of a late beau. She gives him a paper and pencil with one of her sweetest smiles, and says: Now make a row of eleven ciphers; now make a perpendicular mark downward on the right of the first cipher; upward on the right of the fourth; downward on the right of the fifth; upward on the right of the seventh and eighth; downward on the tenth. The marks should be half an inch long. Ask him to read what he has written. The effect is electrical.—*Rochester Herald.*

A person returned from Japan,
Said, "At once I will try if I can
Speak pure Japanese,
With correctness and ease,
Like a cultured and travelled young man."

—A Biddeford, Me., man thought that to accost a friend by touching the back of his neck with the lighted end of a cigar would be a good joke, a few days ago. But the friend wore a celluloid collar, which blazed up instantly, made a blister encircling his neck, and nearly cremated him.

—The following is to be sung to the tune of "The Death March in Saul." Are you all ready? One, two, three,——The autumn leaves are falling, and the year is growing old, and the snow drifts will be soon against the door. But our woodshed still is empty and our coal bin full of air, and our winter clothing's hanging in the store. Yet the marble faced delinquent reads our paper by the stove, while he burns away the coal for which he owes, and we shiver in the sanctum till the tears bedim our eyes, and the blossom reappears upon our nose.—*Brockville Recorder.*