

MRS. BOWSER'S HUSBAND.

How He Ingloriously Failed to Make a Garden—His Knowledge of Vegetables.

"Well, I'm going to have a garden this Spring," announced Mr. Bowser, as he entered the house the other day. "You—you can't mean it!" Mrs. Bowser, when I say I'm going to have a garden I don't want to be understood as meaning that I'm going to have a brickyard." "But you remember last year?" "Certainly, I remember last year. What of it? I set out to make a garden, and you and the dog and the neighbor's hens and a hail-storm and the bugs beat me out of it." "Well, of course, you will do as you think best, but I'm sorry to see the yard all torn up for nothing." "For nothing!" "That's just like you! No matter what enterprise I have on hand you always try to discourage me. You are a nice helpmeet, you are! I might as well fold my hands and sit down and wait for the poor-house. I shall begin on the garden to-morrow."

A year ago he came rushing into the house one Spring day with some seeds which some one had given him, and announced that he was going to have a garden. Most of our back yard is in the shade, and no one of sense would expect anything to grow there, but Mr. Bowser had it spaded up and made into beds, and his enthusiasm was wonderful. "Don't want a garden, eh?" he chuckled, as he brought me to the back door to survey the beds. "Doesn't this remind you of old times on the farm?" "Yes, yes, but I'm afraid the soil will be too cold."

"Oh, you are! Perhaps you have been reading up on soils, and are preparing a series of articles for some agricultural paper! You can go in and attend to your rick-rack!" "But you can warm the soil by running steam pipes under, and I don't think it would cost over \$1,500!"

If I hadn't shut the door I think Mr. Bowser would have hurled the spade at me in his sudden anger, but after a few minutes spent in reflection he began measuring back and forth and sticking stakes, and he afterwards acknowledged to me in a burst of confidence that he intended to try hot bricks at five feet apart. He made a list of the stuff to be put into the ground. There were pumpkins, squash, cucumber, water-melon, cantalope, and turnip seeds, and he put in some seed onions, made a bed for lettuce, and his work was done for the time. He had broken three pairs of suspenders beyond repair, spoiled two pairs of pantaloons, ripped three shirts down the back, and lost a \$20 gold piece in the dirt, but he was happy and enthusiastic.

"Just think, Mrs. Bowser!" he exclaimed, as he waved his hand over his garden, "of walking out and cutting your own vegetables, grown on your own land, and covered with the dews fresh from heaven!" "And covered with our own worms and bugs, I suppose." "There you are! You'd die if you couldn't say something mean! I used to wonder why some families didn't get along better, but now I see through the mystery." "Has anything sprouted yet?" "None of your business! Don't you dare to even look over my garden! If I raise fifty thousand big, luscious melons you shan't have even a piece of rind." The next week he brought home two dozen tomato plants and set them out. While he was down town I went out to look at them, and when he returned I asked him if he was certain they were tomato plants. "Am I certain that I am alive at this moment?" he roared. "Perhaps I have travelled this country from Maine to Texas to be taken in by a farmer?" "Well, I hope they'll turn out to be tomato plants, but they look to me like—" "Bosh! Most things look queer to a cross-eyed woman!"

I am satisfied that Mr. Bowser used seeds enough in that garden to plant five deep. Whatever he could hear of he got, and what ever he brought home went into the ground before he could rest. His tomato plants didn't do well. They got liver complaint and turned yellow, and they got malaria and shivered all day long, and one afternoon he brought a friend up to see what ailed them. The man pulled up one by the roots, put it to his nose for a second, and then laughed: "Bowser that's a potato stalk or I'm a fool!" "No!" "Well it is, and you might as well pull up and throw the others away!"

I heard it all but never let on. In June some of the things began to sprout, and our garden was the talk of the neighborhood. There were wheat, oats, lettuce, barley, clover, onions, broom-corn, water-melons, pig-weeds, and beets all coming up together, and men hung over as if they were dying till they cried. Mr. Bowser treated the subject with such a lofty air that I asked no questions, but one day when I had been over to mother's I returned to find the garden gone and the seeds restored. "Wasn't it a success, darling?" I asked that evening. "Wasn't what a success?" "The garden, of course." "Could a garden be a success with people throwing hot water and hair-oil bottles and old shoes at every sprout that showed its head above ground?" Mrs. Bowser you were maliciously determined that I should not have a garden, and you've triumphed for the hour, but beware! It's a long road that has no turn!"

Honey.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter. One pound of honey will go as far as two pounds of butter, and also has the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasting, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid and often produces cramp in the stomach, eruptions, sourness and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health. The use of honey instead of sugar in almost every kind of cooking is pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry or strawberry shortcake, it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving principle. This is an error; honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscle as does beefsteak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy and gives vigor to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength, to the business man mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, etc., but produce a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

Fighting Horses.

Theodore Roosevelt is contributing a series of separate papers on ranch life to the Century, which Frederick Remington illustrates from his own experience. From the Home Ranch in the March number we quote the following: "Some horses, of course, are almost incurably vicious, and must be conquered by main force. One pleasing brute on my ranch will at times rush at a man open-mouthed like a wolf, and it is a regular trick of the range-stallions. In a great many—indeed in most—localities there are wild horses to be found, which, although invariably of domestic descent, being either themselves runaway descendants from some ranch or Indian outfit, or else claiming such for their sires and dams, yet quite as wild as the antelope on whose domain they have intruded. Ranchmen run in those wild horses whenever possible, and they are but little more difficult to break than these so-called 'tame' animals. But the wild stallions are, whenever possible, shot; both because of their propensity for driving off the ranch mares, and because their incurable viciousness makes them always unsafe companions for other horses still more than for men. A wild stallion fears no beast except the grizzly, and will not always flinch from an encounter with it; yet it is a curious fact that a jack will always kill one in a fair fight. The particulars of a fight of this sort were related to me by a cattle man who was engaged in bringing out blooded stock from the East. Among the animals under his charge were two great stallions, one gray and one black, and a fine jackass, not much over half the size of either of the former. The animals were kept in separate pens, but one day both horses got into the same enclosure, next to the jack-pen, and began to fight as only enraged stallions can, striking like boxers with their fore feet, and biting with their teeth. The gray was getting the best of it; but while clinched with his antagonist in one tussle they rolled against the jack-pen, breaking it in. No sooner was the jack at liberty than, with ears laid back and mouth wide open, he made straight for the two horses, who had for a moment separated. The gray turned to meet him, rearing on his hind legs and striking at him with his fore feet; but the jack slipped in, and in a minute grasped his antagonist by the throat with his wide-open jaws, and then held on like a bull-dog, all four feet planted stiffly in the soil. The stallion made tremendous efforts to shake him off; he would try to whirl round and kick him, but for that the jack was too short; then he would rise up, lifting the jack off the ground, and strike at him with his fore feet; but all that he gained by this was to skin his front legs without making him lose his hold. Twice they fell, and twice the stallion rose, by main strength dragging the jack with him; but all in vain. Meanwhile the black horse attacked both the combatants with perfect impartiality, striking and kicking them with his hoofs, while his teeth, as they slipped off the tough hides, met with a snap like that of a bear's trap. Undoubtedly the jack would have killed at least one of the horses had not the men come up, and with no small difficulty separated the maddened brutes."

My Little Visitor.

BY MRS. A. M. MARRIOTT.

One summer, while living in Colorado, I frequently had the most charming little visitor you ever saw. You could never guess what it was, so I will tell you it was a little deer. It belonged to a lady living near us. She had bought it from some Mexicans who had brought it in from the mountains a few miles distant. It was a light brown color, with white spots on its side; and had such soft hair and silky ears, and the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. At first it was very shy, but in a few days it grew tame, got accustomed to its new home, and as we lived near, and there was no fence between the houses, it soon got in the way of coming to see us. It would come into the kitchen where I would be preparing dinner, and putting its nose in my hand, beg in its pretty way for a bit of bread or cake. It was very fond of vegetables, especially cabbage, and would often go through the whole house in search of its favorite vegetable, frequently going to the front part of the building, where my husband kept a store containing all sorts of groceries, provisions and fresh vegetables; here the little deer felt quite at home (unless there were strangers in, when he was very shy), and would help himself to anything he wanted, sometimes going behind the counters, where he would hunt among the different sacks of dried fruit for currants, for which he seemed to have an especial fondness, more than once eating his fill of them, until my husband said "Dicky" (that was his name), must do better than that, or stay out of the store.

Once during an illness that kept me confined to my bed several days, Dicky would come every day at about the same time, and stamp on the door step with his fore foot, until some one would open the door for him, when he would come in, and coming straight to my bed, lay his head in my hand. I grew very much attached to him, but as the weather grew cooler, he often wandered away from home, and would be gone two or three days, and finally, much to the grief of his mistress, disappeared altogether. She thought he had been stolen, but I think it was only his wild nature asserting itself, or he had fallen in company with other deer, preferring their society to ours. One day during the following summer, while at supper, in a room opening off from the store room, and adjoining the kitchen—the doors being open clear through—a large deer stepped into the store, and coming on through the room where we were, without, however, paying much attention to us, walked out into the kitchen and coolly picked up a small loaf of bread that I had just brought from the baker's, and walked out at the back door. When I had recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to think, I went to the door to look for him, but he was nowhere to be seen, nor did we ever see him again. He had grown wonderfully, but I am sure it was Dicky.

Mr. Henry George's assertion that "the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer" is not borne out, so far as England is concerned by the income tax returns of that country. These show that during the past ten years the number of incomes between \$750 and \$2,500 has increased twenty-two per cent. Those between \$2,500 and \$5,000 have not increased at all, while those between \$5,000 and \$10,000 have slightly decreased. These facts prove that the tendency of modern production in England, at least, is favorable to the poorer classes.

Getting a Little Fun Out of an Englishman.

"I don't know that I ever saw one worse out up than Boggs was to-day. You know he's always getting off practical jokes, and would chaff or sell his own father if he could amuse himself by it," said Col. Miles, twisting his plenteous mustache. "This afternoon we were walking up and down the corridors of the Windsor to while away time, Boggs, as he always is, looking out for game, when he suddenly said:—"See that little Englishman over there? He's just gone in. Came by the steamer to-day, I guess. Pure cockney—London to the backbone. Hasn't shed his checks yet. Let's get a little fun out of him."

"I wasn't unwilling, but stood off, a listener," Boggs advanced with:—"From England, sir, I presume!" "Ya-a-s!" said the little man, rather startled.

"Came in by the steamer to-day, of course?"

"Yaas! with more confidence, but considerable drawl."

"How do you like the country, sir?"

"Aw! chawming! I very much pleased, I'm sure."

"Pleasure or business, sir?"

"Both, aw! I've just come to hunt, fish and twavel and look at wallowads, and if I like 'em I'll buy one or two. By the way, how far shall I have to twavel before I can find buffalo and Indians?"

"Oh! you'll find Buffalo four or five hundred miles away. And Indians, w't we haven't killed off, in the same vicinity."

"Then you still follow that inhuman practice, aw, of slaughtering the red man?"

"Yes, but we leave it altogether to the boys of ten and twelve. It's no longer men's work, I did it myself years ago."

"Did you? You've killed Indians yourself, aw?" said the listener, much excited.

"Oh, yes, dozens of 'em. Niggers, too, and Chinamen. But you can't kill a nigger since the war without raising a fuss, because he's a voter; and as to Chinamen, its getting to cost so much as it used to cost to buy a nigger."

Mr. Checks looked horrified, but went on. "Are murders as frequent now, aw, as they used to be in the West? In Chicago, now aw, they say they used to average about ten a day."

"Well, no! not as much, because they've got a way of retaliating in a family, and if anybody kills my father or my brother I shoot him down at sight, but a stranger in a place or a foreigner has very little chance, because every man goes armed, though the fashion of carrying rifles in the streets is going out. I don't approve of it myself."

"They say, aw, that it's considered a deadly insult to refuse to drink when you're asked, and the law, aw, justifies the shooting in that case."

"Yes, and very justly too. Otherwise how would our elegant bar rooms, the pride of the land, be supported? By the way, we've about talked ourselves dry; will you take a nip?"

"Well, aw! I don't drink, but I won't go against the customs of the country."

"We moseyed up to the bar and drank, and I noticed that Mr. Checks, for a man that didn't drink, took a most sizable horn self, as seeing a friend in the crowd, he shook hand with Boggs and hastened away. As he went Filibets—you all know Filibets—came up and shook digits with Mr. Checks as he got away."

"What!" said Boggs, "do you know that man? Why, he's just arrived to-day from England."

"Of course he has," said Filibets. "Went over a month ago. That's Billy Britte. He's the foreign buyer for the house of great Smith, Jones & Co."

"But he's an Englishman, ain't he?" gasped Boggs.

"Well, if being born and raised in Ontario makes him so he is. He's the smartest Cannock unwhung."

"Boggs swears now that he'll never enter that cursed Windsor Hotel again as long as he lives."

Endorsing a Cheque.

Many women otherwise intelligent are singularly lacking in business capacity, and when, as often occurs, they are thrown on their own resources, they do not know how to conduct the most ordinary business transaction. The woman mentioned in the following incident, narrated by an exchange, was evidently lacking in business training. She entered a bank in order to get a cheque cashed, so she went to the receiving teller's window and thrust it in. The teller showed it back:

"Next winter," said he.

"Next winter! I can't wait till next winter!" exclaimed the lady.

"I said next winter," shouted the clerk; "w-i-n-t-e-r, winter; 'tother winter."

"Oh, yes; but this is the receiving window, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you can't get any money here."

"But I'm going to receive it, ain't I?"

"Not here you ain't; go to the other window, lady; he'll fix you."

The lady was still uncertain, but she went and shoved in her check. The polite official thrust it back. "It's not endorsed, madam," said he.

"Not endorsed? What does that mean?"

"Is your name Tucker?"

"Well, what if it is?"

"Is this your name here on the face of the check?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, then, you must endorse it."

"That's what you said before. What do you mean?"

"You must write your name across the back of it."

"But my name's on it already."

"On the front. That ain't enough; it must be across the back."

"Oh, well, gi' me it." She took it and carefully wrote her name upside down across the bottom of the check and handed it in.

"You endorsed it wrong, madam."

"How did I know how you wanted it? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I did; here, write it across the top so," and the teller painfully showed her, and with much grudging she complied. The teller thereupon cashed her cheque with two silver dollars.

"I ain't going to take these," she said, "G'i' me bills."

The teller sighed, and gave her two one-dollar bills, which she took, picked up her parcel and departed.

"How dared you sell me bad fish yesterday?" asked an angry housekeeper of a transient fisherman. "Two years ago you sold me some fish, and it was so good that I ate it every day."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Ten cents an acre was all a farm of 954 acres brought recently in Greene county, Ala., when sold under mortgage.

Mrs. Sarah P. Bartlett, of Hope, Me., is 90 years old, and has just taken her first spoonful of medicine. She has decided not to be a centenarian.

There is a five-year-old cow in Clay county, Dakota, that stands 16 1/2 hands high and weighs 1,888 pounds. Cirsous men are bargaining for her.

Four generations live in a house in Central Falls, K. I. There are a mother, daughter, daughter's daughter, and daughter's daughter's daughter.

There is a large and healthy moral in the boast of a saloon keeper of Danville, Ill., that his two grown sons have never tasted whiskey, never used tobacco, and seldom swear.

A large copper medal, minted in King George's time, and evidently worn by some British soldier in the Revolution, was ploughed up recently in a field near Monroe, N. C.

A "size" in a coat is an inch; in underwear it is 2 inches; in a sock, 1 inch; in a collar, 3/4 inch; in a shirt, 3/8 inch; in shoes, 3/8 inch; in pants, 1 inch; in gloves, 3/8 inch, and in hats, 3/4 of an inch.

In order to cure whooping cough in Warwickshire village, Eng., they cut a piece of hair from the nape of the child's neck, chop it very fine, and spread it on a piece of bread and give it to a dog.

John Lamar Acree, of Lower Lee county, Georgia, died recently from a brass harmonica. The harmonica was a Christmas present, and in blowing it the harmonica poisoned his mouth and lungs.

A young man is digging for a red tin box containing \$600 in gold, buried in the woods at Villa Rica, Ga. He claims to have been called out of the house to the front gate of his yard by a ghost, and told where to find it.

Four fishermen at Knoxville, Tenn., report that while crossing the Tennessee in a small boat a fish like a serpent, and fully ten feet long, capsize the boat and broke it into pieces, the men barely getting ashore with their lives.

Albert Frazer, a convict in the Michigan penitentiary, escaped, and a reward was offered for his capture. He communicated with his wife, who was having a hard struggle with poverty, and induced her to deliver him up and get the reward. So she did, and Frazer is happier than he has been for years.

The cook in a cow-boy camp near Cheyenne was told that he had drawn a lottery prize of \$15,000. He at once invited the boys into town, and in the carouse that followed spent every cent that he had saved for a year. When he got sober he learned that he had been fooled, and then he made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to kill himself.

Mr. Clarence Gann, of Corinth, Mich., has attained notoriety in the easiest possible way, simply by putting this badly written note in a barrel of apples, which was opened recently in Oshkosh:—"I write this line to a friend unknown, won't the first young lady that gets apples ought of this barrel to right me a letter just for the crusty of it and if you due I will make you a present of a barrel of chous apples next fall."

A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of 1 year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry the child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right-handed.

In 1855 Charles Strong came to Boston from Germany and began trying to make a living by repairing clocks. The other day he was found dead in the house where he lived alone. Four rooms were full of rage, one heap serving as the miser's bed. Gold and silver watches and chains, a great number of old and new clocks, copper coins, and other like articles were strewn around the rooms. It is said that Strong left property worth at least \$70,000.

The paper doors now coming into use are claimed to possess the advantage over wood of neither shrinking, swelling, cracking, nor warping. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glazed together with glue and putty, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating, and then one that is fireproof, they are painted, varnished, and hung in the usual way.

They say in Bloomington, Ill., that Dolp Richardson, who spent all his time in politics, out of which he made precious little money, much to the discouragement of his hard-working wife, was cured of his bad habit very suddenly. One day he rushed into the house and demanded dinner instantly, saying that he must be back to the polling place in five minutes. He sat at the table and Mrs. Richardson placed before him a pitcher of water and a platter heaped up with election tickets. Mr. Richardson saw the point, and has since devoted much of his energy to providing for his family.

Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the stave are cut square and, when placed together to form the barrel, the outside are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extrathickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

A Chinese lady matchmaker had a good looking but humpbacked girl to procure a husband for. She discovered that there was a humpbacked youth who had also found difficulty in obtaining a wife, so she set out to arrange the match, but, as both parties were very eligible in other respects, each respective parent insisted upon obtaining a surreptitious view of their daughter-in-law or son-in-law. It was arranged that the girl should be interviewed while spinning with her hump inserted into a niche into the mud wall, and the man was introduced as he was leading home a water buffalo, leaning over its back with a rain coat thrown over his back. The marriage took place, and it was too late for interference before the rump was discovered.

No News From Stanley

No news comes yet from Mr. Stanley's Emin Pasha, and anxiety for his safety naturally increases. No news has come for more than a year, and the hope is ever, serious reasons for alarm are not wanting. Since he was last heard from at the end of the world he has been reported to have been scattered and driven across the country through which it is easiest to make passage and hardest to send back, and moreover, while it would require a considerable opposition to stop the progress of the expedition, any one of a thousand risks might intercept a solitary messenger. It is as reasonably believed, it is not so much that no definite news has reached us, as that no news would have to come either way of Zanzibar or by way of the Congo. The latter route is, as has been said, uncertain. The former is still the most probable, and with Uganda and Ujoro in the utmost disturbance, it will be almost impossible to send a dispatch from Waddai to East Coast. It is to the Congo that we look for the earliest news, and the steamer coming down will be watched eagerly for tidings of the great expedition. The next steamer that can bring any message is the Stanley, which is due at Liverpool about March 15. It will interest whether Major Bartlett at Yambou has heard anything of the expedition while out from his camp into the wilderness. He had not, anxiety will be enhanced. It is to be hoped that the expedition will not be destroyed nor even a shadow shaken.—N. Y. Tribune.

Old Sam.

There is in the City of Coldwater, Mich., a large sorrel horse known as Old Sam, which is the most popular horse in the town. It is the younger days he was used as an early horse, and he and his mate, a larger one, were so well trained that they would jump up to the principal hotel and back the bus up to the sidewalk and back the passengers out without being guided at all by the driver.

One stormy night the train was late, while waiting at the station for passengers the driver fell asleep. Old Sam, in the company, after standing about as long as usual, started up town on their own account and backed up at the hotel in the usual way, and then went over to the livery man where they were kept.

When the war broke out, the citizens of Coldwater equipped the Loomis Battery with some of the finest horses that were in the Army, and among them was Old Sam. He was in a great many battles, but he was not unhurt, and at the close of the war the soldiers bought him of the Government, and presented him to Gen. Loomis, who commanded the battery.

On the return of Old Sam to Coldwater some of the people thought they would give him a reception. So they made ready an old stall, filling the rack with hay and manger with oats; then they went to the railroad station, and after greeting him with three cheers, turned him loose, and waited to see what he would do.

First he went to the hotel, where he stopped for passengers, and looked around a little. Then he went over to his old home, walked into his stall, smelt of the hay and oats, and gave a loud neigh, as if to express his satisfaction that everything was all as usual, and then began eating as if he had been away only a few days, instead of years.

A Watchman's Extraordinary Adventure.

A singular, and at the same time a comic, accident happened to a Paris watchman named Parnot on Sunday night. He was not employed near the Champs de Mars, but to look after some buildings which were under course of construction, and in order to himself warm during the night he put planks over a caulked of boiling water, and covering himself carefully up, went to sleep on them. During the night the planks gave way by degrees, and the man all tumbled into the bitumen. Under normal conditions he ought to have been boiled, but the bitumen was just beginning to feel the effects of the frost, and so the watchman was saved from a horrible death. Unluckily, however, the bitumen before being put on freezing had adhered to Parnot's clothing, and about 4 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by cold which seemed to penetrate the marrow of his bones. He endeavored to get up but he found himself to a bed of adamant, and shouted for help. His cries attracted a number of maternal marauders who were prowling around the locality for plunder, and they, instead of helping the unfortunate man out of his bituminous bed, seized him out of his watch, a purse containing a small amount of money, and his knife, after which he indulged in unreasonably chaff as to his ability to "rise with the lark," and finally left him to his fate. Parnot was nearly dead when to the workmen arrived at his emergency case, for not only were his limbs enfeebled but he had seriously injured his head, his energetic but ineffectual endeavours.

War in Twenty Minutes.

"The war of the rebellion," said Sickness the other evening, "was really whiskey war. Yes, whiskey caused the rebellion. I was in Congress preceding the war. It was whiskey in the morning, whiskey cocktail—a Congress of drinkers. Then whiskey all day; and drinking and gambling all night. Drunks before Congress opened its morning session before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee was formed without its demijohn of whiskey. The clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The slightest angry speeches—were whiskey, and the sphere was redolent with whiskey, and whiskey seeking relief in whiskey, and whiskey adding to nervous excitability. Yes, the rebellion was launched in whiskey. If the French Assembly were to drink any one day by that Congress France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes."

The Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, of Astill, Norfolk, is the oldest clergyman in England. He has just completed his 100th year. He has been a minister of the village just twenty-five years. He is the oldest living Cantab, having been born B. A. in 1811. He is in good health, still occasionally conducts the services in his church.

NUTTIE'S FAULT.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Mark rode home, more actually mad than he had taken. His father had not been to bed for some longer than shaken in his own mind. He was not that an illness was over, but that he had been obliged to finish his residence in Greymont with the man who had been absent from his family, thought it rather a father and daughter but another at once, and that the benefit of her father's estate could be no doubt that he had left alone; for Mark was not left to accept his inheritance longer than shaken in his own mind. He was not that an illness was over, but that he had been obliged to finish his residence in Greymont with the man who had been absent from his family, thought it rather a father and daughter but another at once, and that the benefit of her father's estate could be no doubt that he had left alone; for Mark was not left to accept his inheritance longer than shaken in his own mind. 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