

Rev. Dr. Morrison of the First Church, Atlanta, Ga., is said to be the coming exhorter of the country. His sermons are described as perfect groupings of the English language, and his delivery as the some of frankness.

British gold, the Cultivator says, is again flowing into this country in payment for our immense exports of breadstuffs, provisions and cotton. This will serve to stimulate business and make a better market for farm produce.

A saloon keeper at Biloxi, Miss., was arrested for selling beer on Sunday. He pleaded not guilty of "selling" beer, but stated that he "sold" sandwiches and "gave" a glass of beer with each sandwich disposed of. The jury acquitted him on this plea.

Last year 150,000,000 pounds of rice were grown in our Southern States, and about 100,000,000 were imported from abroad. Rice culture which has materially declined since the war is reviving. In Louisiana it is succeeding sugar culture measurably.

Mrs. Cleveland is a lady of fortune as well as a fortunate lady. Congressman McShane, of Nebraska, is authority for the statement that the present valuation of the Omaha property in which the President's wife and her mother have each an eighth interest is \$800,000.

Among the curious missions to be found in London is the "Sea Shell Mission." According to a statement in a London paper, this mission, has distributed over 10,000 boxes and bags of shells, which represent over 4,000,000 shells, to as many poor, sick, and invalid children in London and elsewhere.

The inhabitants of a French village wherein contractors sought to introduce cheap Italian labor were not so lenient as Americans. They promptly attacked the subjects of King Humbert and scattered them in confusion over an area of some six miles. None were venturous enough to return to their work after one encounter with the fiery Frenchmen.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U., has sometimes ten secretaries at work. Some years she has travelled 30,000 miles writing on the cars nearly all her speeches and articles for the press. She has visited every town in the United States of 10,000 population, and many with only 5000, organizing branches of the W. C. T. U. For ten years she has delivered on an average a speech a day.

Within a few years the thousands of horses employed on horse railway lines of this country will be supplanted by electro-motors in propelling cars. The lesson in this change for the farmers is that animals fit only for horse-car service will be much cheaper in the near future, hence breeders should devote their attention to producing a better class of horses for gentlemen's driving and for family use, also heavy horses for express and teaming business generally.

Consumption in the United States, according to statistics from the census collected by Dr. G. W. McCaskey, averages only 1.8 per 1000 of mortality, which is less than in Switzerland, and little more than half the average of Europe. Above our average are the New England and Middle States and California. The interior and lake States are very near the average, while the south Atlantic and Gulf States, and regions west of the 85th meridian (except Texas and California) barely exceed one per 1000.

One of the ablest engineers the country has produced said not long since that the time was not far off when the American public would undergo a terrible experience with railroad bridges. A great many of them, he said, were built for a business vastly less than they were required to do. They were designed for lighter trains and locomotives such as are little used now. Ten-ton cars have increased to twice that capacity, and the strain to which bridges are put is greatly in advance of any necessity existing when they were built.

It has often been remarked that humor is akin to pathos. Comparatively little is now heard of the Danbury (Conn.) News man, whose fun used to be quoted all over the country. But he is still at his old home, and, according to the Hartford Post, is another sample of the "funny men" who have a big load of sorrow to carry. It says of him: "He is a large, handsome man, with black eyes and dark hair, now plentifully sprinkled with gray. He lives very quietly in Danbury, Conn., and is either always at his little office on Main street or at his modest residence, with his pretty green lawn and beds of flowers. He never spends an evening away from home, and has not been outside of Danbury for years. His poor wife has lost her reason and demands all of his attention. She thinks nobody in the world can do anything for her except her husband. He must dress her and arrange her hair and attend to all her wants. She is like a child and he gives her all his affection, time and attention. His devotion is something heroic and beautiful. Upon one occasion, so the people of Danbury say, she went to his office, and asked him to do up her hair. It had fallen down. He arranged it for her in the pleasantest manner possible, did all she asked without the least annoyance and then took her home."

At Thirty-Five.
If half of three-score years and ten
Make half the life of man;
If life is merely time, why, then,
I've but to live my past again,
To finish out my span.
But since a thousand years may run
Through one brief moment's thought,
My life, though it were nearly done,
I'd count in truth but just begun
Had I accomplished naught.
What have I done? Well, this at least:
I've taught myself to strive;
I've learned that crusts may make a feast;
That wealth is only want decreased—
I live at least at thirty-five.
—(Chicago News)

THEY RAN AWAY.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.
My aunt, said the doctor, was brought up in a queer way, different from any American girl, though she was an American.

Among the mountains in Pennsylvania there are two or three ancient German towns, founded long before the Revolution; by the Moravians. The huge, massive stone buildings stand still—and are likely to stand for centuries—in which the early communities dwelt together, yet separate. There are the Brother and Sister Houses, and the Gemein, or Common House. These are occupied now by the widows of Moravian missionaries with their children.

There is a deadly quiet and chilly cleanliness about these great dwellings. Each little suite of family rooms opens out into wide stone corridors, in which no speck of dust is allowed to remain. A fly would hardly dare to enter the open windows, to disturb that absolute order and silence.

My Aunt Maria was the only daughter of one of these widows. She had never known any other home than the huge Sister House, where life went on like a clock that moved without ticking.

She rose at dawn, and helped her mother put their three neat rooms into still more perfect order. Then she ate her breakfast, and was washed for the second time; her flaxen hair was plaited behind, and tied with a bow of brown ribbon; then, books in hand, the demure little maiden paced across the green quadrangle to the school where all the children of the church were taught. When school was over, she sat with her knitting by her mother's side. She never had ventured into the quiet street alone.

On rare occasions the children in the Community houses played hide-and-seek in the attics which ran under the roof around the three sides of the great square. These proceedings, however, were usually regarded as disorderly by the grave widows.

But Maria had one adventure in her life which rose out of it, as the peak of Tenerife does out of the flat ocean around it. When she was ten years old, she ran away! How it came about nobody ever knew, Maria herself least of all. It may have grown out of a temporary insanity, the reaction from the long dullness and quiet.

John Freitag, the Widow Freitag's son, persuaded her into it. He told her of the plan a hundred times, on the way home from school. Some of the town boys told him of it; it was an every-day matter to them. When old Gottfrey Sohner started to the next settlement, about five miles down the valley, his wagon loaded with great bags of corn, the boys would hide among the topmost sacks, and there lie safely until the end of the journey was reached. Gottfrey was a good-humored old man, and, after grumbling a little, always brought them back in the empty wagon before night-fall.

The idea grew, week after week, in the little girl's mind, under her dull eyes and smooth plait, and at last she suddenly declared that she would go and "see the world."

One morning in September, after Maria and John had gone into the school and hung up their wraps, they took them down again, walked slowly out of the door, and down the street to the inn yard. Even in running away, they did not hurry; they did not know how to hurry. In the yard stood Sohner's great wagon, heaped with sacks. Nobody was near, and they climbed up and hid in the hollows on the top. Presently the mules were brought out and harnessed, Gottfrey climbed up and cracked his whip, the great mass shook and rocked, and they were off.

My aunt always told me that she was not afraid. She forgot her mother, and that she was committing a horrible sin, according to the rules that she had been taught.

"It was all so strange and beautiful," she used to say; "the clouds rushing past us overhead, the moving procession of trees, the strong wind—I was wild! I could have shrieked for joy!"

I always fancied my maid aunt had a turbulent heart under her brown cape. Both the children soon fell asleep, being unused to the steady rocking motion. When they awoke the sun was overhead. Could Gottfrey have spent four hours in driving five miles? Could he be going farther than usual? They whispered to each other in alarm, but there was no way of finding the real situation. John had never made this desperate venture before, and therefore knew none of the landmarks. They dared not tell Gottfrey now that they were there until the journey was over, or he might abandon them on the road.

Who knew what wild beasts inhabited these jungles of laurel through which they drove?
Noon passed. Gottfrey stopped to

bath his mules, and to eat a hearty meal out of his well-packed basket. The children had brought no food. They were hearty eaters, who never had waited 10 minutes for their mid-day meal. The smell of Sohner's ham and cheese melted their hearts. They began at once to think of the misery of their mothers, and to shed tears of remorse. I need not dwell on their sufferings, which were real enough before the journey was over.

Gottfrey drove down to Philadelphia. The trip occupied two days and two nights. The children did not discover themselves. Their terror of being abandoned outweighed all their other fears.

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herself, and took the rooms her mother had had in the Sister House. She lived there, for nearly half a century, a calm, orderly, peaceful life. She never again left the quiet building in which her childhood had been passed, or tried to break its dull monotony. But when she used to tell of this, her own adventure, her eyes would burn and her chin quiver.

She would never hear an evil word against any of God's creatures.

"I, myself," she would say, "was once among the abandoned of the earth, poor circus players and wild beast tamers,—and they treated me as though I had been their own child. God's mark of ownership is on all His children—somewhere."—Youth's Companion.

A PONY FARM.

The growth of cork-oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork-acorns by the Patent Office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State. There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The State University is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the State, as all the widely separated places named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop of which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the corkwood of commerce comes from the Spanish Peninsula, where the trees abound not only in cultivated forests but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle stoppers, life preservers and seine corks. When stripped from the tree it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spooling. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centres. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburg. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned, to make it still tighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into cork partitions. The average annual importation of corkwood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth on this side of the water \$20, making a total value of the importations of \$1,400,000. It comes in free.—(Pacific Rural Press.)

FLISH ON THE DESERT.

A most astonishing discovery was made one day some two weeks ago, on the desert about ten miles southeast of Mayhew's half-way house between Florence and Casa Grande, and three miles from Mr. J. C. Loss's ranch. Felix Mayhew and a Mexican were out hunting horses when they espied a small water hole some two or three feet in diameter and quite shallow. Mr. Mayhew rode up to it intending to water his horse, when he found it alive with fish. He left the Mexican at the place and rode to Loss's ranch for a bucket to save them alive, and when he returned the rapidly receding water had left the fish almost dry. Out of the little hole were taken four fine carp, one five inches, one ten inches, one twelve and one thirteen inches in length, and they are now enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Mayhew's water tank and may be seen by any one that passes his station. How the carp reached the water hole is the great mystery, as no one has noticed sufficient overflow of the Santa Cruz to bring them across sixty miles of desolation, and yet there is no other way of accounting for their presence in the desert.—(Florence (Ariz.) Enterprise.)

CHICAGO'S WANING STOCK BUSINESS.

Chicago is gradually feeling the westward drift of the cattle and hog business. The traffic of the great stockyards is lessening, and the time is near at hand when Kansas City products and Montana and New Mexico dressed beef will partially supplant the Chicago pork and beef in Eastern markets. Not many years ago all the beef consumed in Boston and vicinity was driven on the hoof to Brighton, Medford and Water-town. It now comes largely in refrigerated cars. Chicago will sooner or later meet a similar experience.—(Boston Cultivator.)

A PRACTICAL FATHER'S OPINION.

Anxious Chicago Father (to friend)—I fear that my son will never amount to anything.

"I heard," the friend consolingly replied, "that he had written a magnificent criticism on the school of American realism."

"Oh, yes, he did that, but he sold a cow for \$10 when he might just as well have got \$10.35."—(Arkansas Traveler.)

A PONY FARM.

An Annual Penning and Branding on Chincoteague Island.

Stirring Scenes Witnessed by Great Holiday Crowds.

"Here's the pony, gentleman! Thar ain't no finer traveler on the island. Whoa, thar!"

The speaker, a tall, angular chap with unkempt hair, a cardinal shirt, blue overalls and barefooted, a typical specimen of the native, was holding by the long mane a restive, diminutive pony, the raising and penning of which have, within the last decade made the island of Chincoteague, Va., in connection with its great oyster deposits, famous throughout the country. And while he was vociferously expatiating upon the speeding qualities of his charge the crowd was constantly augmenting in size, a curious heterogeneous congregation of people, who came in boats from the Virginia shore and in cars from the back counties in Maryland. This year, however, the attendance has not been confined exclusively to residents of the immediate neighborhood, but Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington have continued largely to swell the crowds from the rural districts. Conspicuous among this great audience are the colored people who regard the event as a holiday and are always present in full force.

These pennings take place annually, and for weeks great preparations are made by the people to attend them. The beautiful bay of Chincoteague is dotted thickly with sail of all kinds of craft—the tiny sail boat, the canoe, with its mutton leg white wings, the bug eye, the puny and the schooner—all filled with human freight and all gravitating toward the one great point. Here, too, comes the steamer from Franklin City, having on board the sightseers from Maryland and the up-country people. They all rush pell mell to the centre of attraction, where the vast crowds are good-naturedly pushing and jostling each other for vantage ground—black and white, men, women and children, mixed up in almost inextricable confusion.

It is almost impossible to learn anything definite as to the origin of the Chincoteague pony, or an intelligent version of whence it came. A great many claim that there are an offspring of the pony of the Shetland Isles and must have found their way to Chincoteague from a large steamer that was wrecked on the island before it was inhabited. Certain it is, at one time they roamed the island in vast numbers, but when the great storm of forty years ago devastated the country and almost submerged Chincoteague it came near annihilating them.

In size the Chincoteague pony approximates that of the Shetland. The hair on their bodies is thick and shaggy and their manes and tails are long and glossy. They are strong, hardy little fellows, roaming wild on the extreme southern end of the island, feeding on the hay and tender roots which grow in luxuriant abundance in the salt marshes bordering on the bay and the Atlantic Ocean. When they are brought in they are divided into what is known in the vernacular as herds, and each herd has its own peculiar mark or brand to distinguish it from the other, and thus obviate the difficulty of dispute as to identity or ownership when corralled for branding. These branding irons are made according to the notion of the owner, representing the initials, stars, spear heads, crosses, etc., and are easily distinguished by the owner.

The men who herd the ponies are experienced riders, and in throwing the lariat would put some of the cowboys to blush. They are all mounted on fleet horses and each one is provided with a long whip and lasso. They start out in different directions and by a circuitous route come up within sight of the ponies, quietly feeding on the salt marshes, where they surround them. The sudden appearance of the riders generally frightens the ponies and a stampede ensues. Then comes an exciting chase for miles, the herders usually coming out the victors. The ponies are gradually gathered together in mass and treated kindly until their fright at the sudden disturbance has somewhat subsided, when they are driven to their pen, where the herding takes place, which is an immense space enclosed with a board fence. Here the young colts are picked out, labelled, and haltered together. As is well known, a colt will, by instinct, follow its mother, and, as a result, the colts of one herd are easily distinguished from another.

The arrival of the herders with the ponies is the signal for the wildest excitement among the spectators, and loud cheers greet their coming, and the ponies are ushered into the enclosure with wild hurrahs and clapping of hands. The process of branding is not only exciting, but exceedingly dangerous, and accidents have frequently been the result. It requires an expert in the business to successfully manage it. The pony is brought out, and while one man holds his head the branding iron is applied to the hip. The whole operation does not ordinarily require more than five minutes. Sometimes, however, a colt grows refractory than the rest has to be thrown down before he will submit. Ropes are tied to its legs, and it is thrown down. Crowds of negro boys ranging in age from 6 to 12

FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.

"Did you read," asked Dufunny, "about that baldheaded man in Michigan who went out in a storm and had a cat photographed on his head by lightning?"

"Yes, I read about it." "Wonderful, wasn't it?" "Oh, I don't know. Nothing strange about that. I once had a sad iron photographed on my head without the aid of lightning."

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

Young physician (to patient): Your dyspepsia comes, I think, sir, from too high living. You are a very high liver, are you not?
Patient: Yes, sir; I live on the top floor of a New York flat.—(Life.)

A GOOD REASON.

Officer—Private Schulz, why has the soldier eight buttons on the front of his coat?
Private Schulz—"Because there are just eight button-holes."—(German Joke.)

years, eagerly seize the ropes and hold fast, to keep the pony from kicking, taking care to keep at a respectful distance from the hoofs that wildly paw the air. When the branding is completed the colts are again turned loose, and they trot nimbly off to their mothers, and, unless a great many buyers are present, the whole herd is again let out of the pen, and, unrestrained by the whip or lasso, are off with the speed of the wind, and are soon lost to sight in the great woods.

Formerly these ponies could be bought very cheap, but since the facilities for travel to the island have increased and the population grown to such large proportions, they command higher prices and are much sought after by the wealthy for beach driving. They are easily trained, and when properly cared for after being taken from their marshy home are handsome little specimens of horseflesh.—(Philadelphia Times.)

HELPING OUT THE MINISTER.

A strange chance threw me in company, to-day, on a street corner, with an oculist and a minister, writes the Chicago Journalist's "Sidewalk Stroller." In the course of the conversation the oculist made a curious and instructive remark about the eyes and eyesight. He said: "It is a singular thing, that when a man thinks his eyes are all out of sorts, and that his eyesight is failing, there is apt to be nothing the matter with him, and that when he thinks his eyes are all right, but that the objects of sight are too small or blurred, then his eyesight is failing. When a fellow can't see as well as he used to, and feels like rubbing and bathing his eyes, he is not in a very bad way; but when he complains that the newspapers are not printed in as large or as clear type as they were formerly, then his eyes are failing. The same paradox exists in the sense of hearing. When a man feels like picking his ears there is nothing very serious the matter with his ears; but when he thinks his ears are all right, and that everybody around him mumbles his words, then he is going deaf." These remarks caused the minister's eyes to sparkle somewhat, and he said, "What a beautiful illustration. Come and hear me preach next Sunday, and see how I will use it. I have a sermon on the stocks from the text, 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?' and I have been cudgeling my brains for two days for some adequate illustration of that text. You see, when a man blames himself for everything that goes wrong, he is apt not to be to blame at all; but if he thinks he is a paragon and everybody else at fault, then he is apt to be all wrong, and the cause of all his own miseries. You have no idea how much easier it is to amplify a thought when you have even one really good illustration."

A GIGANTIC LEAF.

At the meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of England, recently, among other curiosities of plant life exhibited was a leaf of the Victoria Regia water lily, seven feet in diameter, showing the peculiar structure of the under side of the leaf, from which one might suppose the cellular structure of some ironclads and other large vessels was taken. The radiating ribs or veins resemble T girders tied together by deep, lateral walls, forming many hundred air-tight cells, some so large as to contain ten ounces of water, and, of course, when floating on the water and filled with air, giving remarkable buoyancy to the leaf, a single leaf having been known to support a weight of 400 pounds.

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

An accomplished amateur photographer has a set of rough Manila albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a year old and not a month passes without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings—the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written the date, and the album will constitute a curious record for the future.—(Harper's Bazar.)

"OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

A bright little girl, who did not see the value of arithmetic, was asked to give the total of five cows and seven cows. "Nine," she answered promptly, and her answer being rejected, said "Eleven." On again being convinced of error, she became scornfully indifferent. "Oh, it's of no consequence how many cows there are," she said; "you know well enough and I don't want to know."—(Troy Times.)

WILL OUTGROW IT.

"I'm not going to play with Willie Waffles any more," was Flossie's dictum.
"Willie is a very nice little boy," said her mamma.
"I don't like him. In fact, I don't like boys at all, mamma. I guess it is because I'm not old enough."—(New York Sun.)

PHARAOH'S FLOWERS.

The remains of no less than fifty-nine species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur and the scarlet of the poppy, the chlorophyll in the leaves, and the sugar in the raisins, remaining.—(Chicago Herald.)

HIS VACATION.

"Hello, Charley, what are you doing, moving?" asked one young man of another whom he met with a big valise in his hand.
"I've just commenced my vacation."
"Your vacation?"
"Yes, I'm vacationing at the request of my landlady."—(Washington Critic.)

MEDICAL ADVICE.

"There is your money, doctor, and I'm much obliged to you. I declare, my children are always meeting with accidents, and I ought to know how to treat them. Now, what would you do in the case of a broken arm?"
"Well, say ten dollars for setting, and afterward the usual price, two dollars a visit."—(Boston Courier.)

TEA TASTERS.

"Ten years ago only one store in a hundred had what is known as a tea taster; now there is no tea house of any importance whatever which has not in one of its employes a good tea taster," said a large wholesale tea dealer. "A thousand chests of tea will be received; the tea taster then gets in his work. A little tea is taken and put in a scale; just enough to balance a five-cent piece. It is then placed in cups and boiling water is poured over the tea. The taster then takes a sip from each cup and writes down on a piece of paper his idea of its worth.

"No two tasters, however, agree to the value of tea, especially the black Oolong, which is mostly drunk in this city."

"Does the tea have any injurious effect on the taster?"
"Sometimes he will get hold of a positively rank grade, and then he will spit it out as soon as he can. Frequent tasting often makes a man very nervous, and most of these men soon acquire a positive dislike for tea and drink nothing but coffee. There are connoisseurs of tea as well as whiskey."—(Philadelphia News.)

A COMMISSION THAT WAS DECLINED.

Artists have a good many queer customers, and they have advantages for observing what vague ideas it is possible for a man to entertain respecting art and nature too. An ex-soldier went to the studio of D. J. Gue, of Brooklyn, one day, to inspect a picture of Lookout Mountain that the artist had been painting. The picture pleased him, and he evidently had thoughts of purchase, but he was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea that he communicated thus: "I was in that fight, mister, and I'd like you to paint my picture on that. Let's see. You could paint me right here in this field, facing front, with my left hand resting on top of the mountain." The man was in thorough earnest. He did not see that if drawn to scale his figure would be about 5000 feet high, and that he would have a reach of arm that would enable him to grasp at an object six or seven miles away. Mr. Gue precipitately declined the commission.—(Brooklyn Eagle.)

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"Sometimes he will get hold of a positively rank grade, and then he will spit it out as soon as he can. Frequent tasting often makes a man very nervous, and most of these men soon acquire a positive dislike for tea and drink nothing but coffee. There are connoisseurs of tea as well as whiskey."—(Philadelphia News.)

A COMMISSION THAT WAS DECLINED.

Artists have a good many queer customers, and they have advantages for observing what vague ideas it is possible for a man to entertain respecting art and nature too. An ex-soldier went to the studio of D. J. Gue, of Brooklyn, one day, to inspect a picture of Lookout Mountain that the artist had been painting. The picture pleased him, and he evidently had thoughts of purchase, but he was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea that he communicated thus: "I was in that fight, mister, and I'd like you to paint my picture on that. Let's see. You could paint me right here in this field, facing front, with my left hand resting on top of the mountain." The man was in thorough earnest. He did not see that if drawn to scale his figure would be about 5000 feet high, and that he would have a reach of arm that would enable him to grasp at an object six or seven miles away. Mr. Gue precipitately declined the commission.—(Brooklyn Eagle.)

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

An accomplished amateur photographer has a set of rough Manila albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a year old and not a month passes without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings—the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written