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Amos J. Cummings says that there are in New York more than twenty newspaper men who are professional interviewers. According to Mr. Cummings "every man, except perhaps Roscoe Conkling, can be interviewed. Mr. Conkling is so stern and frigid that a newspaper man is seldom able to get a word out of him."

Thomas Langley, an innkeeper of Dove England, is said to be the heaviest man in the world, being 500 pounds in weight. He is a little over six feet in height, and measures eighty inches around the waist. He is unable to walk much, and does not trust himself in a carriage for fear of breaking the springs. He is very temperate in eating and drinking.

Captain Robert W. Andrews recently reached Hartford, Connecticut with his dog Fida. The Captain had just strolled down from Boston. He has walked 10,000 miles in the last four years. He is 97 years of age. He lives in Sumter, South Carolina, and left there in April to walk to Boston. He claims to have seen all the Presidents, with the exception of Garfield.

Statistics show that blindness is increasing very rapidly in the United States. Between the years 1870 and 1880 the population increased thirty per cent. and blindness 140. It costs $25,000,000 a year to sustain an army of over 50,000 blind people on the lowest basis of cost and wages that would have been earned. The chief cause of the rapid spread of this infliction is said to be contagion, assisted by immigration, which brings many infectious diseases of the eye into the country.

The Boston *Herald* suggests co-operation in the employment of physicians The idea is not new but is certainly sensible, writes the New England *Homestead*. Suppose a number of families pays a fixed sum per annum for the services of a doctor in whom they have confidence. This action on their part assures him a steady income and makes him interested in keeping them well and hearty. He may call on them often in a friendly way, and offer suggestions and counsel without laying himself open to the imputation of wanting to "run up a bill." If a family thus provided for should have a good deal of sickness, the doctor would earn his salary from them twice over; if, through his kindly offices, they should have none at all, they would all the more readily pay for the great boon of health. The plan is by no means chimerical: it could easily be put in practice with benefit to both healer and healed.

Among the contributions to the Minnesota State fair from Dakota were the following extraordinary specimens of vegetable growth: A Dakota banana, or a species of cantelope, three feet and a half long, and a musk mellon three feet long. Forty-five bushels of wild grass, twenty-five varieties, a rare collection. A bunch of alfalfa, three and a half feet high, sowed 26th day of May, millet five and a half feet high. Hungarian grass five feet and four inches. Black bearded wheat, very fine, and four feet high. Samples of Scotch Fife, four feet, four-six and four feet four inches, respectively. The heads on this wheat are long and remarkably well filled. A bushel of potatoes, Beauty of Hebron, weighing two pounds each. A squash, "Queen of the Missouri Valley," weight 125. It is a wonderful specimen. A mammoth Hubbard squash, weighing seventy-five pounds. A large sample of tobacco, four feet high, well leafed and blossomed. A mammoth queen pumpkin, weighing only eighty-five pounds and parsnips with leaves five feet long.

Lieutenant Woodford, an Inspector of the Signal Service Bureau of the War Department, has recently given some interesting facts to the public with reference to the work of the Bureau. Many persons will be surprised to hear that the Signal Service Station on the top of Mount Washington is to be discontinued. It has always been interesting to watch the atmospheric changes as reported from that station, but the authorities have regarded these reports more as curiosities than as being of any practical benefit. The altitude is so great that the changes there rarely affect the lower atmospheric strata. The wind might be blowing a hurricane at the summit of the mountain, while a dead calm prevailed at the base. During the summer season the station will be maintained simply to accommodate visitors to the mountains, but it is to be dispensed with during the winter as a needless expense. Speaking of the talked-of introduction of the newly invented electrometer, Lieutenant Woodruff explains the object of the instrument to be the foretelling of the apparent approach of thunderstorms by several hours. The electrometer has not as yet been brought to a state of perfection which yields practical results, but a series of observations is being taken by all the stations, under all conditions of atmospheric pressure, and by a comparison of these, with the help of the electrometer, it will be possible to predict with accuracy the approach of storms of the character named. This will, of course, be of great benefit to all classes of people, and will greatly increase the usefulness of the Signal Service.

THE BOAT THAT NEVER WENT TO SEA.

It lies forsaken on the sand,
Forgotten on the lonely beach,
A thing of neither sea nor land,
Beyond the waves' incessant reach.
The tide may fall, the tide may rise,
The wind may whistle joyfully,
It has no fibre that replies—
The boat that never went to sea.

Ah! happier were the derelict
That tosses with the tireless wave
Where currents of the sea conflict
Above the calm of deep sea caves:
It had its part of storm and shine,
It bore its colors valiantly,
Its keel has cleft the bitter brine,
Its sails were set, it went to sea.

And happier even were the wreck,
When masts are snapped and sails are torn,
And waters meet upon the deck,
Than this poor boat, untried, forlorn.
That never, driven by the wind
And blind with foam, ran desperately
With rocks before and storms behind—
This boat that never went to sea.

The wild convolvulus sows its seeds
And blooms above the sun-warped planks
That never met the water weeds
And passed between their parted ranks;
The rudder, that remembers not
A hand to guide it steadily
Through warring waves, must waste with rot—
The boat will never go to sea.

—E. CAVAZZA

A Story of the Sea.

THE TRUE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE MUTINY ON THE SHIP TWO SISTERS.

THE Two Sisters was a fair-sized ship, carrying nineteen men, and was owned and sailed from Glasgow. I had come around to Glasgow on a coaster from Liverpool, having no chance to get a ship, and being willing to take up with anything to earn my way until times got better. The Two Sisters was bound for Rio Janeiro, and the day I got into Glasgow was her day for sailing. Oddly enough, a common seaman got a fall which disabled him, and I was shoved into his place, and the ship was off almost before I could turn my head, and certainly before I was prepared for such a long voyage. I had been to sea for several years previous to this shipment, and had rated as "able" more than once, but in this case I was rated as "ordinary," and the pay was to be for such. I was then about 23 years old, a thorough Yankee by birth and feelings, and as I had neither parents nor home, I did not care in which direction I sailed.

Now, to help you comprehend what finally happened, I want to say that no sailing ship ever left port with everything entirely satisfactory to Sailor Jack. He is a chronic grumbler, just as the farmer is, but he means no more by his grumbling. He will kick on the food, on the weather, on the cargo, on his quarters, on almost everything connected with the ship and her voyage; but it is simply a fashion, and he doesn't expect anybody to take him in earnest. And I say further that there is no English, Scotch, German or American sailing ship afloat to-day in which the Captain cares two cents for the life of a foremast hand. The mates are born bullies, ready to knock a man down on the slightest provocation, and they will make the provocation themselves. Jack may be cut and bruised and ill, but it is only when he falls helpless that he is permitted to leave his watch. He is supposed not to have any more feelings than an ox, and it would seem as if the aim of most officers was to make him forget his manhood. The ditch diggers in any country live better than the average sailors. Jack's hours are longer than any workingman's, his pay is less, and there isn't a day from the time the voyage is begun until it ends that his life is not in peril. And to cap the climax, he is a man to put up with everything. He expects poor grub, plenty of abuse, a great deal of dirty weather, and a close shave for his life about once in so often. He will stand more bulldozing than a black slave, and more abuse than an ox. Mutiny at sea is a rare occurence. The American Marine does not average one in five years. This isn't because the provocation is lacking, for that exists on almost every ship every day, but because Jack is willing to bear to the last moment before he turns. In my time I have known sailors to cut their throats, hang themselves, or leap overboard to end their wretched lives—made wretched and unbearable by a bullying mate. A soldier would have shot down his officer in such cases. A slave would have run away.

We were not out of sight of the coast before it was found that both mates were bullies, the Captain a tyrant, and our grub the poorest which could be purchased for a ship. The crew were far above the average in point of looks and seamanship. As we were mustered to be divided into watches I was surprised to note the fine bearing of the men. It was just such a crew as a Captain could feel confidence in during a long and perilous voyage. If there was a shirk among the lot, his looks did not betray him. When we were divided off I fell to the Captain's watch, which is in reality the second mate's watch, and I found two more Americans with me—Johnson and Green. They were able seamen of middle age, and there was but one younger man than I in either watch. In the first six hours of our being afloat I saw four men knocked down by the mates without provocation enough to have called out a rebuke from the officers, while the Captain, who was evidently a hard drinker, exhibited his temper in various ways. It is usual for a Captain of a ship to make a little speech to the men when the watches are divided. It is done not to encourage but to intimidate. It is to further show Jack that he has no moral or legal rights whatever, and that if he isn't brained next day with a belaying pin, it is because his officers are willing to overlook and condone his heinous offences. When our watches were called Capt. McKay stepped forward and said:

"I have been looking you over, you dirty scum of the docks, and I find there isn't a sailor among you. I wouldn't have shipped such a gang of sojers for mud scow. You have come aboard under false pretences, calculating to feast on pie and cake and have a trip for your health. Look out for me, you d——d riff-raff. I'll make some of you wish you had never been born before this voyage is over."

That was his speech as one of the sailors wrote it down, and that was the cue the mates were to take. When the off watch went below the men remarked to each other that it looked as if we had signed articles with a bad man, but there was no criticism. When supper was served we found the beef outrageous. The smell of it was sufficient to turn a sailor's stomach, and you can imagine that it must have been pretty high. The tea could never have seen the inside of a chest. I doubt if it was anything more than the leaves of trees and shrubs. The ship biscuit had better been called ship grubs. There was more worm than biscuit in each case, and as hungry as we were, not a man made a pretence of eating. It is the

"We can't eat the grub."

rule of every ship that Jack may come aft with his complaint. He was expected to in this case. The captain was on deck when he should have been below. He looked for a kick against the provisions, and he proposed to shut the grumblers right up. After a forecastle conference it was decided to appeal to the captain. Not a man of either watch could touch the provisions. An oldish man, who was a thorough sailor, very intelligent, and the last to find fault, was selected as spokesman, and he put some of the provisions in a kid, and we followed him to the mainmast. As I told you, it was evident the captain and mates looked for a protest, for all were on deck. The name of our spokesman was Herbert, and he was English born. The captain came forward to meet us as we grouped around Herbert with hats off, and after looking us over he shouted out:

"Well, d——n your eyes, why don't you speak up? What is wanted of me?"

"If you please, sir," said Herbert, "we can't eat the grub."

"Oh, you can't! You are probably disappointed. You expected oyster soup, Java coffee, hot biscuit and honey, and your stomachs have gone back on you!"

"Your Honor, but will you please smell of this beef?" asked Herbert, advancing a step.

"Smell of the beef, you hounds, you!" howled the Captain. "Did the owners engage me to sail the ship or to smell of the forecastle beef? I sized you up on the start for a lot of skulking sojers, and here's proof that I was right. You are a lot of d——d mutinous dogs, and now's the time to give you a lesson."

With that the three officers began the attack, never minding who they hit, and driving the watch on deck forward with the others. The man at the wheel was, I believe, the only man who escaped a blow, while not a sailor raised his hand in reply. The ship was running off before a light breeze, and for fifteen minutes the three men had it their own way. Then the Captain's watch was called, the other sent below, and as we came on deck Capt. McKay said:

"There, curse you for a lot of dock loafers, I hope you have found out who sails this ship. The man who dares come aft with another complaint will get his brains knocked out."

There were nine of us in the Captain's watch, which, as I told you, was really the second mate's watch, no Captain standing a watch at sea unless he so wills. Every one of us had been struck or kicked, and two of the men had been savagely beaten on the head and were covered with blood. The name of the first mate, who now went below with the Captain, was McLogan. The name of the second mate was Andrews. He was a younger man than the others and perhaps had more heart, for after a bit, while Herbert had the wheel, he stopped near him and observed:

"The old man is a little rough, but one of the best seamen out of Glasgow. You complained too soon."

"But, Mr Andrews, what are we to do for grub?" asked Herbert. "There isn't a man in the fo'castle as can eat such stuff."

"Well, it's not my lookout what the owners furnish. Unless you men want h—ll to pay you will turn to and make the best of it."

That closed the conversation. Not a man of us spoke of mutiny or even the slightest resistance to lawful authority. When our watch was up we turned in and went to sleep. I for one cherished the hope that the provisions would be better in the morning. The officers had only to taste them to realize that they were totally unfit, and I hoped the Captain would do this and thus do away with all cause for further complaint. As the kids were brought forward at breakfast time, however, we scented the stinking beef long before it reached us, and we found the biscuit and tea as vile as ever. Having eaten nothing since the previous noon, and all of us being hearty men, you can imagine that we were sharp set. Not a man of us, however, could swallow that food, and the kids and pannikins were left standing at the windlass for the cook to carry back with their contents untouched. The men looked at each other with troubled faces, but there was no threat of mutiny. We went to our work on empty stomachs, as also did the other watch, and, though the officers knew it, not a word was said. The men chewed an extra quantity of tobacco, and hoped that noon would soften the Captain's heart.

Noon brought no change, and when supper was served and we found the same grub placed before us, the men broke out with curses. If the food had been eatable, don't you suppose that sailors, who had been from twenty-four to thirty hours without eating a mouthful, would have at least nibbled at it? I am telling you what I afterward made affidavit to. I made repeated attempts to worry down some of the meat, but each time it was rejected. Some of the men who got a few swallows of the tea down were made dreadfully sick. Again we went supperless, but now the men began to assert that no law of the high seas permitted a captain to starve his crew. We will wait until morning, and, if the food was not changed, that something must be done. I am sure the Captain expected something to occur that night, for he was frequently on deck, and the three officers were more than once in consultation. The cook had reported, as we afterward learned, that none of the supper had been eaten, and the Captain had replied:

"Well, the durned sojers will either eat such grub as I set out, or live on their own fat."

I am telling you truthfully that not a word of mutiny was whispered during the night. We made no threats, and had no plan, but yet we all felt that morning would bring a crisis of some sort. During the night, in the case of both watches, the officers were very abusive, and the men were struck or kicked without the shadow of an excuse. When daylight came, and we began to scrub down, the breeze died quite away, and we lay becalmed. We were at this point ninety or a hundred miles from the British coast. When it was time for breakfast both watches were on deck, and, as the men went to the cook's gallery to receive their kids and pannikins all three officers showed up on deck. I was at the wheel, and I saw that the Captain and first mate had their revolvers. The kids were taken forward without a word. The food had not been changed, and the men pushed the dishes away. If there was any growling I couldn't hear it. The Captain waited about ten minutes, and then seeing that the men were not going to eat, he told the second mate to order them aft. All came in a body, and all bore themselves respectfully.

"Look here, Herbert," said the Captain, addressing the sailor, who had acted as spokesman on the previous occasion, "what is the matter with the grub?"

"It's bad, sir—unfit to eat," replied the man.

"That is, you lazy lubbers have agreed among you to call it bad, and so make me put into some port!"

"Sir, there's never a man of us but what is willing to stand for the voyage and work our best—but the grub, sir, begging your pardon, was spoiled long enough before it came aboard. Will you please to inspect it, sir?"

"Not by a damned sight, and now we'll see which end of this ship sails the other."

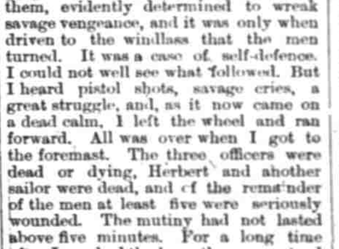
With that he rushed upon Herbert to strike him with his loaded weapon, while the mates seized belaying pins and dashed up to knock down as many men as they could. The sailors ran forward, and I heard some of them begging for mercy. The officers followed them, evidently determined to wreak savage vengeance, and it was only when driven to the windlass that the men turned. It was a case of self-defence. I could not well see what followed. But I heard pistol shots, savage cries, a great struggle, and, as it now came on a dead calm, I left the wheel and ran forward. All was over when I got to the foremast. The three officers were dead or dying, Herbert and another sailor were dead, and of the remainder of the men at least five were seriously wounded. The mutiny had not lasted above five minutes. For a long time after I reached the bow the men stood looking around them without uttering a word. Then, at last, a Yankee sailor named Ben Lobdell, who had a bullet in his left shoulder, stood out a little from the rest and said:

"Mates, we have been driven to mutiny and murder. Aye, every man of you knows we had to turn to save our own lives against these officers lying dead. It has all come about through the bad grub. I shall now order the cook to prepare us breakfast, and after that is eaten we shall consult as to what is to be done. Meanwhile, as in duty bound, I will set a signal of distress."

The steward got the flag from the locker in the cabin and it was properly set. Then the burts of the wounded were looked to, and by that time breakfast was ready. It was served in our dishes and eaten on deck, and not a man of us had a word to say. Just as we were finishing the cook and steward came out in company and hoped we would spare their lives. Ben got up and replied:

"Don't take us for either mutineers or murderers. What has been done was only in self-defence. The life of every man here is as safe as in his own home. Now, then, the first thing is to see who of the poor fellows lying on the decks has a bit of life left in him."

The Captain and first mate were dead enough, as was the case with the two sailors, but the second mate had life in him. When the men were driven to



"All was over."

bay they turned and used their sheath knives and the capstan bars. The second mate had his left arm broken and and had received two stabs. We took him down to his berth, removed his clothes, and dressed his hurts, and when the steward had prepared him a drink he opened his eyes, and when he found that we were in possession of the ship he said, in the presence of four men:

"I expected it would come out this way, but I had to obey orders. While you have done for me I bear you no grudge. If you will draw up a statement of how it came about I will sign it."

I drew up a statement of fact, and the mate, who hadn't two hours to live, affixed his signature, and it was followed by the name of every man in the ship. Before noon he was dead, and after dinner we buried all the bodies and made the ship tidy. By mutual consent Ben was made captain, and a sailor named Jack Wonder was selected as mate. It was our purpose to sail the ship back to Glasgow, and not a man was allowed in the cabin, nor were any of the stores disturbed, except the provisions. The signal was kept flying all day, but owing to the calm we did not move half a mile. Just at sundown a steamer came up with us, sent a boat aboard, and when told of what had happened she put several men aboard and got out a tow line and made fast to us. It was thus we returned to port, and the news of our arrival and the mutiny kicked up a grand excitement. We were at once put under arrrest, as we expected to be, and for the first week or two all the talk was to the effect that every man of us would be hanged. It didn't seem to occur to the people at large that we could have any defence, and we were condemned long enough before the trial came on. The owners of the ship were rich as well as penurious, and they wanted us executed as a warning to other sailors. However, when the trial came on the general public got something to open their eyes. Our lawyers had had the provisions inspected by medical men, and had saved samples for the jury. The medical gentlemen affirmed that no human stomach could retain such provisions, and recommended that the owners be promptly prosecuted. Then we had the name of the mate to the statement of facts, the testimony of the steward and cook, and it was shown that we had set a signal and behaved ourselves in an orderly way.

The case was decided in ten minutes, and every man of us was set at liberty. There was talk of suits against the shipowners, but they sent an agent around to each one of us with a £10 note, and we made no move against them. Our trial and the facts brought out brought to light other facts, one of which was that British sailors were treated worse than curs and were fed mostly on condemned stores. A social and political agitation resulted, and from it grew the Government inspectors and the laws which give sailors back the rights of a human being. The move which Plimsoll made against over-loading was an offshoot of our mutiny, and I have heard it declared that our adventure was the best thing which could have happened for sailors on any ocean.

VERY LIKE JESSE POMEROY.

A Maine Boy Burns a Seminary Because the "Grub" Didn't Suit Him.

Augusta, Me.—A strange story has just developed in connection with the burning of the Oak Grove Seminary building, twelve miles from this city. The main school buildings were destroyed August 31 and a pupil, Stevie Jones perished. A little more than three weeks later the gymnasium and stable, which were being finished temporarily to accommodate the pupils, were also burned. On Friday Geo. A. Harrington, fifteen years old, who attended the school, was arrested in Brockton, Mass., for the crime, and he has made a sworn confession to being the incendiary, alleging as a reason that the "grub" was poor and he was ill-used.

He says he had entertained his incendiary purpose for several days, and on the night in question got out of bed about midnight, and, with nothing on but his shirt, took a lighted lamp and proceeded down three flights of stairs to the basement of the building. Upon a beam he found a quantity of rags which he touched off.

Returning to bed he dropped fast asleep and was awakened by fellow pupils when the building was a sheet of flame, and he barely escaped with his life. He lost all his clothing. Regardless of the fate of little Stevie Jones, hardly three weeks had elapsed when one quiet Sabbath morning, as the devout and steady-going Quakers were worshipping in the church near by, he touched the torch to the gymnasium. He was suspected of setting this fire, but told a story about bathing in the river and threw off suspicion, but a letter to him from his guardian was intercepted in which there was mention of threats he had made to burn the seminary buildings.

On Friday, Sept. 23, he ran away from the school, which had been continued in a Hall near the scene of the burning, but the detective followed him to Stockton, Me., his old home, and thence to Brockton. He pleaded guilty to burning a building in the night time, and was bound over. The penalty of his crime is States prison for life. From his appearance he would seem to be a second Jesse Pomeroy, and manifests the utmost coolness and indifference when talking about his crime. He says he has been addicted to reading dime novels. His bearing is sullen and brazen, and Principal Jones says he is addicted to the sulks. There is an entire absence of remorse or repentance.

An Unhappy Princess.

A Paris letter says: The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria came here quietly Thursday and as quietly departed Friday for the Island of Jersey, where she will remain for several weeks. She was accompanied by a numerous suite, several members of which remain in Paris. She left them here to do shopping and other commissions for her while she is rusticating in the Channel. It was remarked by all who saw her that she has changed much for the worse since her marriage. She used to be, as I remember her at the Belgium Court, a plump, robust little lady, always smiling and in the best of health and spirits. She was seventeen years old when she was married. Now she is twenty-three. But she looks every day of thirty-five, and has constantly the care-worn, unhappy look of a woman the best part of whose life is long since past. The cause of this is a mystery to the public. I am even told her own family are ignorant of it. Whatever her grief is, she bears it alone and conceals it from every one. Her marriage with the Crown Prince Rudolph was supposed to be a love-match. People say she is vexed because he spends so much time in hunting and scientific research. Others say her jealousy has better cause, and that his hunting excursions are merely masks, under cover of which he carries on love affairs with numerous pretty peasant girls. Others say the trouble is merely ill-health, and that the domestic relations of the couple are of the happiest character. Whatever be the truth, Stephanie is certainly a most unhappy woman.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE FUNNY PRESS MEN HAVE TO SAY.

The Missionary—A Difference—No Winking—A Foolish Question—A Lively Town, &c., &c.

TENDER CHICKEN.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old tough one?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth."

"Chickens have no teeth."

"No, but I have."—*Puck.*

MENDING MATTERS.

Charlie (aged 8) to his sister Fannie's new beau—Say, Mr. Sophtly, Fannie said last night that you were not such a fool as you looked.

Billy (aged 7)—Why, Charley, she didn't say anything of the sort.

Mr. Sophtly—I should imagine not, Billy. What did she say?

Billy—She said you didn't look so great a fool as you were.—*Tid-Bits.*

SO LAZY.

A story is told of a lazy Nantucket shopkeeper, who was not inclined to give up his personal comfort or ease. Whenever he saw a customer enter the front door he would [illegible] chair; [illegible] got it."

On one occasion a customer wished to buy a pail, of which there was a line hanging from the ceiling, and inquired the price. The shopkeeper, without getting out of his chair, designated the price with his foot, saying:

"That is 50 cents, that is 62½ cents," etc.

"Well," said the customer, "I will take one of those," pointing to the pail he wished to buy. The storekeeper did not stir, and a wave of distress seemed to be passing over him. Presently, with an air of great perplexity, he said:

"No, I won't sell it, for I shall only have to buy another."—*Boston Traveller.*

SATISFIED.

Occasionally the servant has really reason to find fault. A man appeared at an intelligence office the other day and engaged a girl for general housework.

"Have you any children?" asked the maid, before she closed the bargain.

"Only a few," he replied; and she took this to mean two or three.

She arrived at the house just at breakfast time the next morning, and was surprised to see nine little ones filing into the dining room.

"Are there any more?" she gasped.

"Well, yes," answered the proud father; "there are the twins, who cannot walk yet, and the baby."

The girl did not stop to unpack her trunk.—*Boston Gazette.*

A FOOLISH QUERY.

Omaha Man (in England)—That's a pretty fair sort of a house. I believe I'll take that for the season.

Englishman—'Ouse? 'Ouse? That's no 'ouse, sir.

"No house, eh? What is it, then, a stable?"

"Thats one of the queen's palaces."

"Oh! I see it's empty."

"Yes, it stands h'empty most of the time."

"I wonder what rent she wants for it?"

"Rent? You couldn't get that for a million pun, sir."

"A million pounds! Great Scott! I wonder if she thinks this is Los Angeles?"—*Omaha World.*

THE WAY MADE PLAIN.

"That boy," said a proud father, who was an amateur phrenologist, "that boy was born to be a great fighter—not a vulgar pugilist, you understand, but a great general or something of that kind, but," and he hove a deep sigh, "the world is moving, peace waves her olive branch, there will be no more wars and he will never have a chance to distinguish himself."

"If he was born for fighting," said the mother, "I guess we can give him a chance to distinguish himself."

"How, Maria, how?"

"We can make him a member of a church choir."—*Boston Courier.*

A GRAMMATICAL CLERK.

Customer—Will this wash?

Clerk—No, I don't think it will. I never knew it to.

Customer—If it would wash I would take fifteen yards.

Clerk—Oh the material can be washed if that is what you mean. You simply confuse the transitive and intransitive verbs. Servant girls wash; cloth can be washed. Do you catch my meaning?

Customer—I think I do. And you are an insolent idiot. Is that plain?

Clerk—Quite plain. Quite forcible, and grammatically, absolutely correct. No confusion of verbs there. C-a-sh!

THE REST.

A shrewd and kindly old gentleman who is an acute observer of life, and who phrases the results of his observations and reflections with a good deal of terseness, was recently consulted by the anxious mother of one spoiled baby in relation to works on parental discipline.

"Can you tell me," she said, "any real good treatise for bringing up children? I want the very best."

"The best that I know," the old gentleman replied, sweetly, "is a family of six."—*Boston Courier.*

THE MISSIONARY.

Edward (fishingly)—"I think of going to the Cannibal Islands as a missionary, Cicely, but you have only to say the little word to bid me stay, darling."

Closely (after a moment's thought)—"And did the horrid things eat the last missionary, Edward?"

Edward (eagerly)—"Yes, Cicely, yes; they left nothing but the bones."

Cicely—"Oh, how exciting! Yes, I think that it is your duty to go, Edward."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE STORY.

A little girl came home from her grandmother's one day with a very full account of an elegant lunch party that grandmamma was giving. Surprised that she had known nothing about it before, mamma made inquiries, only to find that no such party had taken place. Questioned in regard to her imaginative effort, Mabel answered plausibly:

"Why, mamma, sometimes you make up 'stories to amooose me, and I thought I'd see if I couldn't make up a story to amooose you!"—*The Epoch.*

NO WINKING.

James A. Stewart, a clerk in a Kansas drug store, has been sentenced to seventeen years and four months' imprisonment, and in addition will have to pay a fine of $20,800 with costs. He was convicted of a violation of the liquor law of the State. After James has served his term in prison and has handed over the fine money it is more than likely that he will display this notice done in big letters in front of his drug store: "Positively no winking at the soda fountain allowed."

ELOQUENCE OF MODULATION.

Omaha Dame—So you are named after your father? I suppose, though, your mamma has some pet name for you.

Little Boy—No. She calls me Will, same as she does papa.

"When she is in another room and calls I don't see how you can tell which one she means, you or your papa."

"Oh, that's easy enough. She always calls me kind o' coaxing, you know."—*Omaha World.*

ON THE ROAD.

"A little girl, daughter of a well known commercial traveler of the city, was walking down street with her mother. She left her mother's side and went out some distance from the edge of the sidewalk, walking along in danger of being run over. "Come back," said the mother. "You should walk on the sidewalk."

"No," said the little one, "I'm going out on the road like my papa.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

Omaha Teacher—Yes, my children, remember there is no human love equal to a mother's love.

Little Girl—Womens love their childrens better than their husbands, don't they?

"Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we get the hiccoughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em, but when papa gets the hiccoughs she gets mad."—*Omaha World.*

A GOOD THERMOMETER.

"We never need a thermometer at this season of the year to indicate the rise and fall of the temperature," remarked the Judge.

"No?" replied the Major, tentatively.

"No; all we have to do is to look at the lumps of ice vouchsafed us by the iceman. As the thermometer drops the size of the lump increases, just one pound to every degree."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

AN ENDURING BOOK.

"Yes," said the man from Biggsville, "We are having an old-fashioned boom. Four railways heading our way, street car company organized, new stock yards—"

"New stock yards?"

"That's what I say."

"How large are they?"

"Oh, they're small yet. I'm using 'em for a hog pen just now."—*Lincoln Journal.*

AN ENVIABLE LOT.

"That George Sampson, I suppose, is one of the luckiest dogs alive," remarked young Featherly, enviously.

"In what way?"

"In being engaged to Miss Smith."

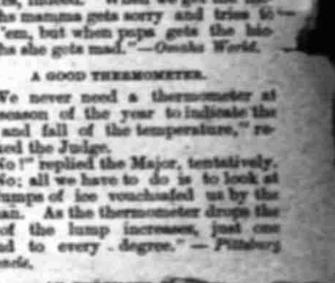
"How is he lucky in that? She is not pretty, and is certainly not rich."

"No; but she clerks in a confectionery shop. I heard George say that even the smell of ice cream almost makes her sick."

ALL MAY COME.

Fort Smith is a lively town in Arkansas which has decided to have a "boom," and it has issued a highly colored statement of its unparalleled advantages among which the following is worth noting:

"Even a horse-thief from Ohio can become a leading citizen of Fort Smith if he is wise enough to keep his mouth shut and let other people's affairs alone."



IN FINE CONDITION.

Maid (to mistress)—James, the footman, says, mum, as what he caught cold last night, an' has a wery stiff neck.

Mistress—Tell him to have the carriage at the door, Marie, in half an hour. I have some shopping to do. (Turning to daughter)—For once, my dear, I think James will be able to hold his head as I have endeavored to teach him to.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN SMALL QUANTITIES.

Chicago Drummer (to stranger)—"What line of goods are you selling, sir?"

Stranger (with dignity)—"I'm a lawyer. I sell brains."

Chicago Drummer—"Ah, yes. Retail, I s'pose."

REFERENCES EXCHANGED.

At a summer resort:

"I love you madly, passionately, Miss Smith," he said. Will you be my wife?"

"I confess I am not indifferent to you, Mr. Brown," she replied, "but I must not be your wife without reference."