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A Birthday Greeting.
What shall I wish thee for the coming year?
Twelve months of dreamlike ease? No care?
No pain?
Bright spring—early summer—autumn without
Of bitter tears? Would'st have it thus, my
friend?
What lesson, then, were learnt at the year's
end?
What shall I wish thee, then? God knoweth
well
If I could love my way, no shade of woe
Should ever dim thy sun-shine—but I know
Strong courage is not learnt in happy sleep,
Nor patience sweet by eyes that never weep.
Ah, would my wishes were of more avail
To keep from thee the many joys of life!
The happiness that comes of work well done—
And afterwards the peace of victory won!

UNDER THE WEATHER.

"Six of us," said Fenella Greyton,
"as I looked to live upon"
She looked around upon the rest
Of the Greyton family with the tragic
air of a modern Melela.
The Greytons lived in a pretty, old
manor house, on the Bloomingdale
road, just a pleasant drive out of town.
They liked pretty draperies, and cul-
tivated rare roses, and painted lovely
little amateur pictures, and baked, in a
sot of unthinking way, in life's sun-
shine.
They didn't know quite how much
in one they had, nor exactly where it
came from. They only knew that
everything was in the hands of "poor
papa's" lawyer—a darling, white-
haired old philanthropist, who was devoted
to the hearth, and who officiated
as secretary to half a dozen foreign
mission societies. And whenever
they wanted money they went to him
for it.
And one day, when Mrs. Greyton
and her daughter Lilla went to the
city office, with a bundle of unpaid
bills, to get Mr. Framingham to write
a cheque for them, the door was pat-
locked, and a little notice "Do Let"
was tacked upon it.
Where had Mr. Framingham gone?
Nobody knew.
When would he return? The public
was densely ignorant on that subject.
Why had he gone? And in answer
to this question there was a very
universal shrugging of shoulders, and a
whisper about a general "smash-up!"
Poor Mrs. Greyton! She and Lilla
were both as ignorant and inexperienced
of the world as a pair of white
kittens, and it was some time before
she could comprehend that Mr. Fram-
ingham was a thorough-faced villain
and that she and her little flock were
penitents.
"Wha shall we do?" murmured
Mrs. Greyton, after she had wept
through her whole supply of pocket-
handkerchiefs.
"Couldn't we sell our hand-painted
china?" said Charlie, a swarthy-browed
girl of eighteen. "I designed every
piece myself. And Mr. Favalli said—"
"Disavow!" curtly interrupted Fenella.
"Just look at the china-store, crowded
full of far finer work. Poor Charlie,
they wouldn't pay you the price of the
mineral paint it took to do them, for
your plaques and vases."
"I can do art-embroidery very nice-
ly," suggested Mona, a tall, shy girl,
with liquid black eyes, and jetty hair
growing low on her forehead.
"The embroidery market is overfull,"
said Fenella, who was the incarnation
of common sense for the family. "If
you could do housework now, Mona—"
Mona looked down at her slim, white
hands, all sparkling with rings, and
shuddered.
But Bess, the youngest, came brave-
ly to the rescue.
"The first thing," said she, "is to
send all the servants off, except Ann.
We can't afford to pay four girls and a
man any longer."
"Who is to keep the garden in
order," cried Charlie, "if we discharge
the man?"
"It must go without being kept in
order," said Bess, "or else we must do it
ourselves."
"My poor roses!" sighed Mrs. Greyton.
"Momma's roses shall not suffer,"
said Lilla. "I will look after them
myself."
"Ah, old Mrs. Playford, who spends
a month with us every summer?" said
Mona. "And the Biggood girls, who
always invite their friends here to the
midsummer picnics—and all the people
who drive out from the city to lunches
and teas—"
"We must make a clearance of the
whole of 'em!" said Fenella, crisply—
"unless, indeed, they would like to make
a business matter of it and pay their
board."
"Ob, Fenella!" cried Mrs. Greyton.
"Well, why not, mamma? So far as
I can see, we haven't got money
enough to buy our own bread and
butter—so how can we afford to order
leaves, and frozen puddings, and patés
de foie gras for other people? But if we had
a regular income, I am almost sure,

with Ann's help, that we could set a
very nice table for boarders."
Lilla looked terrified.
"Momma," said she, "has it come to
this?"
Bess frowned savagely.
"Lilla," said she, "don't be a fool!—
unless you think you would like to
starve."
And while the family were still in
committee-of-the-whole, old Mrs. Play-
ford's huge, old-fashioned barouche
rumbled up to the door, with a Leaning
Tower of Pisa strapped on behind in
the shape of trunks!
"Isn't a little earlier than usual, my
sweet girls," said she, with a smile
that revealed the golden hinges of her
false teeth after a most ghastly fashion.
"Put the season is intolerably hot, and
my doctor declares it would be suicide
for me to remain longer in town. And
I know, darlings, I'm always sure of a
welcome here!"
Mrs. Greyton was about to reply
when Fenella stepped forward.
"Then you haven't heard of it?" said
she. "We are ruined, Mrs. Playford.
Old Mr. Framingham has spent all our
money and gone to Australia. We
can't entertain a company any longer.
But if you would like to board here, at
a reasonable compensation, we shall be
glad to receive you, and give you all
the comforts of a home."
Mrs. Playford's jaw dropped; she
tutted a sickly, puffy color.
"Ob, John!" she cried, to the man;
"you needn't unstrap those trunks. I
have so many friends who are anxious
for my society, that really I am not at
liberty to accept your very singular
proposition" (to Fenella). "Of course,
(To Mrs. Greyton) "I sympathize
deeply with you, but we all know that
riches have wings, and I never did get
any confidence in Mr. Framingham as
a business man. So sorry that things
should have come to such an awkward
complication!"
"Then she goes—the old harridan!"
said Mona, as the withered hand waved
itself from the carriage-window, half-
way down the drive. "She has lived
upon us for six summers, and now she
wouldn't fling one of us a penny if we
were starving!"
Old Mrs. Playford was bitter than an
advertisement in the newspaper. The
Biggood girls came no more. The city
people kept unkindly away. The old
adage concerning the flight of rats
from a falling house, came strictly true.
"Rosa Biggood hasn't even come
after that conserve of rose-leaves I
promised her," said Mona, sadly.
"And I gave five dollars for the spices
and essential-oils, and I dried the
jasmine and niel-leaves so carefully
and Charlie painted such a beautiful
butter-fly for it!"
"Can I have the pot-pourri, Mona?"
asked Bess, suddenly.
"Ye-if you want it," answered Mona,
with a shrug of her shoulders. "We
can't eat nor drink dried rose-leaves."
"Perhaps we can," said Bess to her-
self.
And she rummaged out divers and
sundry rare old porcelain jars and vases
from the family store, filled them with
the sweet, strangely-scented mass that
Mona had concocted, and carried them
quietly to town.
"It smells exactly like Mrs. Greyton's
drawing-room at the manor house
here!" exclaimed Ferdinand Houghton,
as he entered the studio of Miss Mal-
vina Morris, a fair feminine sculptor
who had some very original ideas of
her own, and was on "half-fellow-well-
met" terms with all the other artists of
both sexes.
She was neither young nor pretty,
yet every one liked Miss Morris.
"Well, I should think it might," said
she. "Do you see those wine-jars on
the shelf?"
"Of course I do. What are they?"
"They are filled with conserved rose-
leaves. Mona Greyton made them,
Bess, the second sister, wants me to
sell them for her. Real old porcelain;
leaves full of the subtlest scents of
Bendemeer. Will you take one at ten
dollars, Ferd?"
"Then it's true?" said Houghton.
"About their financial troubles?"
"Unfortunately, yes," said Miss Malvina.
"I only wish I could help them. Come,
buy the pot-pourri—there's a good fel-
low!"
"Isn't my last ten-dollar bill," said
Ferdinand, "but here goes!"
Mrs. Greyton is an angel. Do you suppose,
Miss Malvina, she would accept a poor
artist like me, with no particular in-
come and nothing to live on?"
"Try it and see," said Miss Morris.
"But I'm not half good enough for
her."
"Possibly," conceded Miss Malvina.
"But there are five girls, you know, and
nothing to live on."
So Ferdinand bought the pot-pourri,
and rode out at once to the manor
house.
"Your uncle, sir, wants to see you up
at the house," said the groom who led
out his little gray nag.

"I can't stay this morning," said
Houghton. "I am in a hurry."
"But it is some very particular busi-
ness," said the man, running down the
pavement after him.
"Ob, hang business!" said Houghton;
and off he rode.
Mona was in the garden, with a basket,
gathering more rose-leaves. She
thought the pot-pourri question prom-
ised favorably.
Charlie was painting desperately
away at old India ginger-jars, up stairs.
Fenella was writing an advertise-
ment, "Boarders Wanted," for the
paper.
"Your house is as big as a hotel," said
she. "Why shouldn't we make some
use of it?"
Mona Greyton listened with smiles
and tears to Ferdinand Houghton's
vehement proposal.
"But what could we live upon?" said
she.
"Why, I could paint pictures!" said
this sanguine young woman. "I'm sure
to sell them at a tearing big price, as
soon as my name becomes a little better
known; and I'll have your mother and
all the girls to live with us."
"Ob, Ferdinand!" said Mona, half
laughing, half crying.
And then the young artist knew that
he had not pleased in vain.
"And it's all owing to the pot-
pourri," said she, "the sweet, poetical
pot-pourri!"
"Every bit of it," said Ferdinand.
But his uncle listened gravely to the
tale, when the young man came home
late in the moonlight, with his heart
full of his love affairs.
"Hought!" said Uncle Barlow.
"Have many pictures did you sell dur-
ing the past year?"
"Two, sir."
"Of how much?"
"Seventy-five dollars each," reluctantly
admitted Ferdinand.
"Hought!" again granted this re-
lentless old Rhadamanthus. "And you
expect to maintain a wife and her
mother and four sisters, on a hundred
and fifty dollars a year?"
"I shall manage to maintain them in
some way, sir," said the unshaken
nephew. "There's always the Far
West, you know!"
Uncle Barlow laughed.
"I think I can manage to do better
than that for you, you young scamp,"
said he. "If you had turned back this
morning when I sent for you, instead
of pelting off to the manor house, as if
it was a question of life or death, you
would have learned that old Fram-
ingham had been overhauled in London,
en route for Van Dieman's Land,
gorged with plunder, like an old leech!"
"Wha, sir," shouted Ferdinand?
"The Greyton's defaulting lawyer?"
"Himself, and none other," said
Uncle Barlow. "We had a cable tele-
graph at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Greyton's
money is all safe in the hands of
our London agent!"
"But, sir," gasped Ferdinand, "how
do you come to know this?"
"Old Dorrance Greyton did me a
favor once, when I was a struggling
man," said Mr. Barlow. "It was not
my intention to stand by and see his
widow defrauded, without some slight
effort in her behalf. It seems that I
was just in time."
So there was an end to Greyton
troubles. They kept the old manor
house. Ferdinand Houghton set up
his studio there in one of the great
north-lighted rooms, and Mrs. Houghton
makes pot-pourris every year, of rose-
leaves.
And as fast as the other girls marry
off—which is by no means a slow busi-
ness, for they are every one of them
handsome—she gives them each a
wedding present of a sweet conserve of
scented leaves, in an old Oriental jar.
"For pot-pourris are lucky!" she
says, with the wisest of nods.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
Two Opinions.
"Would not be a girl," said Jack.
"Because they have no fun;
They can not go to school, nor
As-learn-ing with a gun."
"Would not be a boy," said May.
"For boys are bored things,
With pockets filled with locks and
knives,
And with-and-by-and-strings."
Forbearance.
Such a long time the frost had last-
ed; berries were scarce, and the birds
were almost starved. Made bold by
hunger, the sparrows gathered round
the pan that had held trim, the ter-
rier's dinner.
"I hope he won't fly at us," said a
young bird, peering fearfully at the
kennel where Fern's rough head rested
on his paws.
"Don't be afraid," said her brother
"he's much too lazy to fly; and if he
should chase I will soon make him go
back again," and the little sparrow
raised his crest and looked very war-
like.
"Ye, indeed," said another. "Who's
afraid?"
Fern raised his head. "Pith little
wretches!" he muttered. "shall I go
out and crush them with my paw?
But no, they are hungry, and I am too
strong to take offense at the threats
of the weak."
No Fern laid his head down again,
and the sparrows finished their meal
and then flew away, chattering about
their own bravery, and meanness
that they owed their lives, as well as
their dinner, to his forbearance.
Famous Dances.
It is somewhat discouraging for a
boy with moderate abilities, who aims
to do his best, to be told that others
accomplished in childhood what he
can only do by hard study the best
years of his youth. But such a boy
should not relax his efforts. He will
succeed if he gives his heart and mind
to the work. Sir Isaac Newton was
pronounced (in due in his early school
days. He stood low in his classes, and
had no wish for study. One day the
bright boy of the school gave him a
kick in the stomach, which caused him
severe pain.
The insult stung young Newton to
the quick, and he resolved to make
himself felt and respected by improved
scholarship. Newton owed his pre-
eminence in his philosophical studies
more to perseverance and application
than to any marvelous natural endow-
ments.
Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no
boy could appear more stupid, was the
butt of ridicule. A school dame, after
wonderful patience and perseverance,
taught him the alphabet, a thing which
she deemed creditable to her school,
and which she lived to mention with
pride, when her pupil became fa-
mous.
Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy,
and when attending the University of
Edinburgh, he went by the name of
"the great blockhead." But he wast-
ed no time on trifles, and in pursuing
a study that he loved, he was perse-
vering and methodical.
Sheridan found it hard to acquire
the elements of learning. His mother
deemed it her duty to inform his teach-
er that he was not bright to learn
like other boys. Adam Clark was
pronounced "a grievous dunce," and
Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his
teacher an "incorrigible" one. Chat-
terton was dismissed from school by
his master, who, finding himself un-
able to teach him anything in a satis-
factory manner, settled it that the boy
was a fool.
A Compromise.
As a woman, accompanied by a boy
about ten years of age, was passing a
store on Michigan avenue the other
day, a cur dog belonging to the mer-
chant gave the lad a snap on the leg.
A great commotion was at once raised
over the circumstance, and the mer-
chant finally inquired:
"How much do you want to settle
this case?"
"Ten yards of calico," promptly re-
plied the woman.
"Very well; come in and get it."
The cloth was torn off and handed
to her, and mother and son took their
departure. They returned, however,
in a few minutes, and when the mer-
chant asked what was wanted, she re-
plied:
"It's the boy who is raising a fuss,
sir. He says he got the bite and I got
the dress, and he isn't satisfied."
"Well, what does he want?"
"Three sticks of candy will con-
sole him, sir, or if they don't he'll have
to take it out in complaining."
The sticks were handed out, and as
the boy broke one in two and stuffed
his mouth full he muttered:
"You let the next dog bite you and
I'll take a suit of clothes and you may
have the candy."—Detroit Free Press.

LIFE IN TANGIERS.
An American Lady's Visit to Two Moor-
ish Harem—Their Inmates.
High above me I behold the build-
ings and walls of Tangiers, says an
American lady in a letter to the New
York Sun. The blue Mediterranean
dashes its waves against a ruined mole
and a temporary pier for the accommo-
dation of travelers. Everything is
different from European scenes. Wild
flowers grow in profusion on the roofs
and old walls. The bright blossoms of
the cactus glow in the sunlight. The
prickly pear attains the size and height
of trees, and in many places forms
arches beneath which ride Moors and
others mounted on mules and donkeys.
The natives cut the fruit, cutting each
pear from its stem with twine. The
leaves are food for camels.
Just below the hotel and outside the
gate of the city is the souk or market
place. On Sundays and Thursdays it
is filled with a motley crowd, who
bring game, meat, eggs, fowls, and
other provisions from the surrounding
country. It is here that Gibraltar ob-
tains its supplies.
Here you see the genuine Bedouin
Arabs. Wild and dirty as they are, he
is clean when compared with the horrid
looking men from the Rif coast, de-
scendants of the old pirates. They are
wild and untam'd, and ferrier than
wild animals. They do not ever their
heads. Their heads are closely shaved
after leaving a lock by which they fer-
vently believe Mohammed will pull
them up to heaven.
The noise and din in the market
place is infernal. At least 7,000 tongues
are at work. You can hardly force
your way through the crowd. Once
on the out-skirts you are lost in great
herds of cattle and strings of loaded
donkeys from Barbary. These little
creatures carry wonderful loads. They
look small by the side of camels. These
animals, relieved of their loads, are lay-
ing down in a circle with their fore
legs tied together. Near them are
numbers of goat-skins, filthy in the
extreme, and only high enough to sit
under. The confusion is terrible.
Some of the men are playing on drums,
and others are blowing the kharish,
which is infinitely worse than the Moor-
ish drum.
On passing through two gates we
came to a fountain. It was surround-
ed by a mob of water carriers. Tal-
lered rags dattered over their naked
legs. They fought fiercely for pre-
cedence in filling their water skins.
Women whose faces were covered with
the exception of an eye, crouched on
the ground near by, selling bread. The
magnificent Moor, in flowing white
robe and spotless turban, strolled ma-
jestically by, not deigning to cast his
haughty glance at us. The streets
swarmed with children in various cos-
tumes. The small shops were packed
with men sitting cross-legged. Above,
below, around, and beneath there was
dirt of every description. Fortunately
for us, the viler smells had been tem-
pered by recent rains. In summer the
stench is said to be almost unbearable.
This morning we were awakened
early by a great noise. We heard cries,
shouts, the beating of drums, the ring
of guns, and the steady tramp of an-
imals, biped and quadruped. These
were the thousands who had filled the
souk returning to their homes in Fez,
Morocco, and the great desert of Sahara.
There is, however, a dense resident
population.
Yesterday we were guests in two
Moorish harems. The inmates gave
us a very kind reception. The gloomy
appearance of the outer walls contrasted
strongly with the inside of the house.
The halls were tiled. Marble
pillars, bright colors, and rugs gave
the rooms a bright appearance. Mat-
tresses were laid on the carpets in
apartments facing the court yard.
They were the bedrooms of the wives.
There were no windows. Each wife
leaves her slippers at the entrance of
her bedroom. We saw no chairs, and
only an occasional cushion. The wives
prefer to recline or to sit on the floor.
One or two sat on sheep skins.
The second harem belonged to a rich
Moore. We saw there several clocks
and mirrors, evidently a recent impor-
tation from Paris, but they looked out
of place. The Moore had only one wife
and she was just thirteen years old.
She had been married two years. She
sat on the floor barefooted with three
other women, who were either rela-
tives or visitors. She was very pretty.
With an engaging smile she motioned
us to sit near her. She looked animat-
ed, gay, and happy. Several servants
in Oriental attire were in attendance.
The life of Moorish wives must, how-
ever, be very wearisome. They are
shut up in apartments with grated
windows, high above mankind, with
only occasional glimpses of the great
world without.
In the first harem I saw a widow
with seven children, all girls. Two
were playing cards and two were sew-

ing. None of the girls had ever seen
a man. On Fridays only the widow
is allowed to go to the Moslem cem-
etry to weep and to pray over her dead
husband. We were offered coffee and
cakes. Etiquette required that we
should drink four cups of coffee and
eat as many cakes. Our visit was
made very early in the morning.
The poor wives were glad to see us.
They admired our dresses and called
each other's attention to what took
their fancy in the way of jewelry.
They were dressed gayly, but they had
a slovenly look and an ungraceful walk.
Should the Hair Be Cut.
It may be that cutting and shaving
may for the time increase the action
of the growth, but it has no perman-
ent effect either upon the hair bulb
or the hair sac, and will not in any
way add to the life of the hair. On
the contrary, cutting and shaving will
cause the hair to grow longer for the
time being, but in the end will inevi-
tably shorten its term of life by ex-
hausting the nutritive action of the
hair-forming apparatus. When the
hairs are frequently cut they will usu-
ally become coarser, often losing the
beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate
hairs. The pigment will likewise
change, brown, for instance, becoming
chestnut, and black changing to a
dark brown. In addition, the ends of
very many are split and ragged, pre-
sented a brush-like appearance. If
the hairs appear stunted in their
growth upon portions of the scalp or
beard, or gray hairs crop up here and
there, the method of clipping off the
ends of the short hairs, or plucking
off the ragged, withered and gray
hairs, will allow them to grow strong-
er and thicker. Mothers in rearing
their children should not cut their
hair at certain periods of the year
during the superstitious periods of
full moons, in order to increase its
length and luxuriance as they bloom
into womanhood and manhood. This
habit of cutting the hair of children
brings evil instead of good, and is also
condemned by the distinguished work-
er in this department, Dr. Kaposi, of
Vienna, who states that it is well
known that the hair of women who
possess luxuriant locks from the time
of girlhood, never again attains its
original length after having once been
cut. Plinius has made the same ob-
servation by frequent experiments,
and he adds that there is a general im-
pression that frequent cutting of the
hair increases its length; but the ef-
fect is different from that generally
supposed. Thus, upon one occasion
he states that he cut circles of hair
an inch in diameter on the heads of
healthy men, and from week to week
compared the intensity of growth of
the short place with the rest of the
hair. The result was surprising to
this close and careful observer, as he
found in some cases the growth be-
came slower after cutting, and he has
never observed an increase in rapidity.
I might also add that I have many
beardless faces and bald heads in middle
and advanced age are often due to
constant cutting and shaving in early
life. The young boys and girls seen
daily upon our streets with their close-
cropped heads, and the young men
with their clean-shaven faces, are year
by year by this fashion having their
hair-forming apparatus overstrained.
Flowers in the Sick Room.
The "superstition," as he called it,
that plants are not healthful in sleeping
or sick rooms, was vigorously attacked
by Dr. J. M. Andrews, in a Lecture
before the social meeting of the alumni
of the Philadelphia College of Phar-
macy. The deleterious matter that
they gave out, the doctor declared, is
too small to have any appreciable ef-
fect, while their positive value in a
sick room is great. They fill two
functions—that of the generation of
ozone and exhalation of vapor, by
which the atmosphere of the room is
kept in a healthful condition of humid-
ity. Tests made by the doctor at
Christ Hospital showed that in two
rooms, alike in all respects except that
one contained some flowers and the
other none, that containing the flowers
was cooler by 1 1/2 degrees than the
other.
The ozone, which is generated by
building and flowering plants, the
doctor had found to have great sanitary
value, in that it purified the air, rid-
ding it of disease-breeding germs and
of vapors of decomposition. For con-
sumption ozone is of great benefit, ar-
resting the course of the malady, and
by living among flowers constantly
consumptives have been known to
reach an advanced age. Of thirty
forists whom the doctor visited, he
found none who had the consumption,
though among the families of several
it was hereditary. Foliage plants, the
doctor found, produced no ozone, and
so far as he had experimented, he had
found no difference between odoriferous
and non-odoriferous plants.

Straight on to Port.
Straight through the sea from out the awful
eyes.
And wail that battle round us day and
night.
Till the pale moon hides her white face in
the light.
The ship that bears my loving heart and me
Fares toward that port where waiting loved
ones be.
And on the beach of home the fire is bright:
Have I not eyes, shall I be made glad with
sight.
And perchance I'll find you joyfully.
So, through long nights, and hard, and winter
days,
Oh summer's short-lived triumphs, or young
springs,
Or autumn's with-drawn, melancholy ways,
My soul bears onward to her haven far.
Beyond the narrow sea's own harbor bar,
There to find you, who my heart has bound
for ever.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.
HUMOROUS.
Do dwarfs ever live long?
Two for a cent—The nostrils.
"You make me tired," said the
wheeler to the wagon-maker.
What goes most against a farmer's
grain? His mowing machine.
Is a dog valued for what it will
bring or for what it will fetch?
Patti is the greatest bargain-maker
in the world; she can get anything
she likes at a mere song.
An Indian woman lost her speech
for a month, and the rest of the family
gained fifteen pounds each.
An amateur painter informs us that
some horses have wings, and he has
often seen a horse fly. We thought
no part of a horse save the chimney
flue.
To say that a man with a bad cold
in his head is like a musician, because
he blows a trumpet, may be a base joke,
but it is certainly funny.
Offering a Detail. Mother, "I am
afraid Mr. Grey's case is not serious in
his attention." Daughter: "He is
awful bashful, you know; but he's
offering himself a piece of meat. Last night
he wanted me to take his arm."
Scientists who have made minute
examination assert that the point of a
bee's sting is so fine as to be nearly
undistinguishable under the micro-
scope. Under some circumstances the
stinger seems as big as a red-hot crow-
bar.
She went into a store to buy some
toilet soap, and when the clerk was
expatiating on its merits, about made
up her mind to purchase; but when he
said "it would keep off chaps," she re-
marked that she didn't want that kind.
—Detroit H.
A bookbinder said to his wife at
their wedding: "It seems that now we
are bound together, two volumes in
one, with clasps." "Yes," observed
one of the guests, "one side highly
ornamental Turkey morocco, and the
other plain calf."
In Ireland the nights are six months
long, and when a young man sits in
the parlor for six or seven weeks with
his girl without popping the question,
and then gets up with the remark that
it is growing late and that he will call
around some other evening, the young
woman realizes that matrimony is still
a long way off.
Making a Home in the West.
With only a team and a few dollars
the emigrant determines to make him-
self a home in the wilds of Nebraska.
His first care is to build a sod house,
as he must have shelter. This done,
about the middle of May he commen-
ces breaking prairie, and if he has a
good horse team, succeeds in getting
from forty to sixty acres broken by
the middle of June. A few acres of
corn breaking are usually planted with
corn, dropped into a cut made through
the sod with an ax, which incision is
closed again, the foot of the planter.
This cannot be cultivated, and is whol-
ly at the mercy of the season. Half
the time it is a failure, but if a favor-
able season, yields twenty or thirty
bushels to the acre. Melons and pump-
kins usually do well on sod, and
turnips sown in mid-summer seldom
fail. In the fall he "back-sets" his
ground with a breaking plow, taking
an inch or so of ground from below
the spring breaking. The ground
should not be plowed deeper than it is
thoroughly set. The ground is now
ready for corn, and his wheat is
sown the first of February, or in
March. He is plenty of work to do,
and hard work at that. No chance to
make money comes him. The first
year or two is almost invariably one
of hardships and privations for the
average homeseeker. The weak or
shiftless ones usually give way in de-
spair and turn eastward. The resolu-
te ones stay, and soon have com-
fortable homes. But no young man
should go West unless he is prepared
to work hard in the face of many dif-
ficulties.