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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Tramps are overrunning Florida to such an extent that the county commissioners have decided to authorize general lighters in the St. Johns river and central the tramps there for ninety days each.

A curious instance of the changed condition of affairs in the west is that buffaloes are bred in Kansas for sale, and calves bring \$30 each, now, where twenty years ago herds of thousands of these cattle ranged wild over the prairies.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has made the remarkable discovery that, through a legislative or clerical accident, the Indian title to 10,000,000 acres of land in Dakota has not been extinguished, though not less than twenty thousand people have moved in and set their feet on the land.

What wouldn't the average boy give if his pa would only send him to the Fort Wrangell training school in Alaska? The newspaper of that place says that the boys of the school last year killed for the use of the institution 121 deer, 11 seals, 1 bear, about 500 wild geese, over 300 ducks, and numerous grouse, porcupines, marmots and snipe, and caught all the salmon, halibut, codfish, trout, herring, flounders, crabs and clams they needed.

The Ephraim river, once a mighty stream, seems likely to disappear altogether. For some years the river banks below Babylon have been giving way, so that the stream spouts an into a marsh, until streams could not pass, and only a narrow channel remained for the native boats.

The Boston Journal recently told a correspondent that the report that snow had fallen in the West when the mercury was 30 degrees below zero, an error, seeing that it is then "too cold to snow."

The principal astronomical event of 1886 will be the total eclipse of the sun on the 29th of August. The line of totality in this eclipse will cross the Atlantic Ocean, traversing land in the West Indies just after sunrise and in northern Africa towards sunset.

Lieutenant Greely makes a pathetic appeal in his recently published book for the survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition. Some of them have not been fully paid for their Arctic service, not one of them has been promoted in the army, one has recently died in the receipt of private charity, and one and all are neglected and forgotten after their faithful discharge of the government service required of them in the far North.

In a recent article published in the North American Review, Governor Ireland, of Texas, asserts that the word Texas means "welcome," and that on the landing of the first white men on the coast of Texas, the Indians greeted them with the exclamation of "Texas" or "welcome."

This theory, according to a correspondent in the Texas Geographicalist, is not correct. In the ancient Spanish archives, stored away in the land office at Austin, it appears that certain lands were situated "en el pais de los Tejas," or in the country of the Tejas, or Tejas Indians, and it being pronounced alike.

Not the Slightest Consequence. Litewaiter (profusely): "My dear Miss Olive, you must excuse me. Passed you on the street—baw Jove!—forgot to bow—actually didn't see you?"

An instance of the intimate relationship between a horse and its keeper is afforded, says the New York Times, in the remarkable history of the horse Epoulet, for which Mr. Bommer offered \$20,000 in vain. On its first appearance in the ring it was untried and lost the first two heats. The regular driver and trainer of the horse, a colored man, begged earnestly to be permitted to take the horse and drive the remainder of the race, and fortunately his request was granted at the last moment.

Considerable attention has been lately directed to the commercial and industrial value, at least prospectively, of the tupelo gum and willow oak timbers of Mississippi. After various and thorough tests the first named has been pronounced almost a soft and light as cork, and the white oak timber in the valley. It is very tough, and will bear a heavy strain, it is variously qualified for use in building, and almost all kinds of water vessels, as well as for many other purposes.

The comedies of Washington society are more funny than those that appear upon the stages of its theatres. "The Wrong Man" is a very good one, and the author, who is a native of the city, writes it with a knowledge of the life and manners of the city, and a knowledge of the people, which is a great advantage.

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Farmer Joy's "Arrantia." The jolliest farmer was Ephraim Joy, Gray-headed and bent, with the heart of a boy.

He whistled all day as he ploughed or mowed. He hauled each neighbor upon the road. He petted his cattle and called every one by some comical name—for the sake of the fun.

He sang at his milking and pitching his hay; He always was sunny whatever the day. He carried his cream to the neighboring town. These days in the week he rode up and down, still singing or whistling or resting his team after climbing the hills or crossing the stream.

He was jolly and merry—so much like a boy. Were all very glad when he went up and down. To leave his horse "arrant," if need be, in town. He was postman, expressman and messenger, too.

None caught him forgetting a thing he could do. And you'd never have guessed he was sixty years old.

Mrs. Prodigit glared. "Is there any end of the folly and nonsense of the present generation?" said she.

"I suppose," laughed Hattie, "that in your day, Cousin Prodigit, nobody went slumming?"

"Went where?" said Mrs. Prodigit. "Slumming!" distinctly repeated Hattie.

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But the Reverend Cecil was equal to the emergency. "Don't beg my pardon," said he, gravely, although there was a regular sparkle in his eyes.

"Oh, dear!" Oh, dear!" gasped Hattie. "I thought it was Gilbert Renshaw. I never had seen him, you know, and it was so dark, and—"

"Oh, don't," said Hattie, presently lifting her little head. "Please don't."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Gray. "We'll forget and forgive."

And when Cousin Prodigit and Mrs. Hardy came in Hattie and the young clergyman were earnestly discussing the merits of the geraniums on Mrs. Hardy's flower-stand.

A Peculiar Dish of Greens. The following incident occurred at a very early date in the history of Maine.

Among the new officers of the North Country, in the name of Alexander, who was looking for a wife, was chosen a captain to command the 10th company of men which he had raised for self-protection in those dangerous times.

One can imagine what a merry company it was that gathered in the great big kitchen, knitting needles clicking, babies cooing, and the flax wheels humming like a great swarm of bees in a clover field, while outside the newly made cap-tain treated the men.

Over the fire and hanging from the huge iron crane was a big brass kettle, boiling furiously and emitting a most fragrant odor. There was a whistling among the pipes as to what their duties should be preparing, but all signs of that if it rained, half as good as rained, it would be good enough.

Under the table, the knitting was just going, the babies were laughing and the flax wheels were humming like a great swarm of bees in a clover field, while outside the newly made cap-tain treated the men.

Oh, three little birds on a Bramble spray! Each flew to find his nest. There was one went rarely over the sea; And one flew straight for the North Country.

Oh, for the withering Bramble spray, And the bird that sings in his nest! There is one in a north-western sea, And one in a pine in the North Country.

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THE WRONG MAN.

"Ah," said Mrs. Prodigit, "things have changed since my day. When I was a girl, folks used to stay at home and help their mothers do the housework, and piece beautifully, and embroider beautiful, and instead of running about in all the dirty streets and narrow lanes in crooked ways."

"I don't beg my pardon," said she, "tag the pardon of society of public opinion of everything else which you are outraged by this shameful behavior of yours. Apparently you have neither pride nor self-respect left—now take my advice; turn over a new leaf. Give up your evil practices and set yourself to earn a decent living. Look me in the eyes, young man!"

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Dangers from Goat's Milk.

A correspondent writes: The British Goat Society has held its half-yearly meetings and the report states that the committee have been able to supply goats to cottagers with very satisfactory results.

On a Mexican Street Car. Although the street-car of a Mexican street-car is free and easy, and men smoke and drink on the platform, women are invariably treated with respect, and half a dozen men will get up to give place to any woman, young or old, rich or poor.

A Table. A sick farmer had an obstinate cough which he wished to get to market. On consulting his neighbors he received the following advice: The carpenter said he'd have a screw-driver; the tinsmith said let a butcher draw; a small boy offered to follow; the newspaper man said let an editorial leader; the postman suggested having a letter carrier; the village tinner wanted to do his part, and offered to take a horn; the pickle vendor thought a little gin-kin would start her; the farmer expostulated with exclamation, and the cow died of grief.

Handies on Horseback.

The handies on horseback, generally corresponding to the Springfield Regatta, are a picture usually consisting of a self, for these fellows are born duffers, and both men and animals are full of prancing life. The horses are noble creatures, whose chests have been mightily and correctly developed by the ranchmen, and the riders are athletic and born horsemen.

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SONG.

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