The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Sing-Song.

Sing of the bobolink hid in the clover:
Sing of the summer winds lost out to sea:
Sing of blue skies and the clouds that float over,
The old days and golden that once used to be.
Sing and be glad, clasp hands and sing on
Of the days of your youth and the years that are gone.

Sing of the old-fashioned lullabies,
Crooned by your mother above her first-born;
Never again will such sweet melodies
Greet life's weary pilgrim, bent, gray and forlorn;
There's peace in the region where the roses once grew;
There's peace in the thought as it drifts back to you.

Sing of the land where the wheat fields are glowing;
Sing of the green-tasseled corn and the breeze;
Sing of bronzed workers who sing at their mowing;
Sing of the birds and sing of the trees.
Sing of life's morn and its glorified Mays
While your heart travels back over old fashioned ways.

A song or a sigh may make you touch fingers
With the youth that is gone, and let you clasp hands
With the maiden long dead, whose memory lingers
Like a perfume blown back from life's fairy lands.
Sing and be glad, clasp hands and sing on
Of the days of your youth and the years that are gone.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

TWO OF A KIND.

"Bargains, eh?" said Mrs. Pilkington, "Guess I'll have a look at 'em."

Of all things, Mrs. Pilkington was least able to resist a bargain.

The old Pilkington farm-house at home was crammed full of "bargains" possible and impossible. The bureau drawers overflowed with "bargains" which were of no use to anyone; the trunks were packed full of "bargains."

And here, on the crowded curb-stones of Grand Street, the swinging pasteboard sign of "Great Bargains Within!" attracted her attention, hurried though she was with the manifold errands which yet remained incomplete.

She had a lot of damaged table-linen under her arm, and some cheap hosiery in her bag, and a dozen towels with misprinted borders in her pocket, and here she was crowding into the Grand Street store to buy a blue-spotted pongee neckerchief for eighteen cents!

"It'll do for Sara Janetta to wa'ar around her neck of a cool evenin'," said Mrs. Pilkington, "and eighteen cents is really very cheap for real pongee."

Mrs. Pilkington lived in a little brown roofed farm house on the Housatonic River, and her main errand up to town had been to buy a "store carpet" for her best room floor, and to exchange an old sewing-machine for something of a newer order.

Her cousin, Mrs. Bruce Babbitt, who had spent the summer months at the farm, and made the most possible trouble for the least possible pay, had also engaged to hunt her up a "help" from the nearest intelligence office, and have the same on hand when the "five-four train" left the Grand Central Depot that afternoon!

And sure enough, when the lady from the country arrived, red and panting, at the depot, with dishevelled hair, bent bonnet, and shawl dragged all awry, a modest young girl stood at the door with a card bearing the name of "Mrs. Bruce Babbitt" in her hand.

"Is it Mrs. Pilkington?" said she.

"You ain't the new sewing machine, be you?" said Mrs. Pilkington, rubbing her nose with a puzzled air. "Nor yet the eighteen yards of carpet from Stoneybridge and Bounce's?"

"I am Phœbe," said the young woman—"Phœbe, at nine dollars a month, if I am lucky enough to suit you, ma'am!"

She was a pretty, blue-eyed lass, with a fresh complexion, and a neat gown of green and white seer-sucker, and she wore a bonnet of her own trimming, with a cluster of butter-cups on the side.

Mrs. Pilkington looked dubiously at her. She had prepared herself to expect a stout, red-handed dredge.

It did not seem possible that this delicate little apple-blossom of a girl could be a servant-of-all-work!

But there, sure enough, were her credentials, and the bell, even then, was clanging for the closing of the gates.

"Come on!" said Mrs. Pilkington, and she rushed through, dragging Phœbe after her. "It's strange, though, that the carpet and the sewing-machine ain't here."

"Did you expect carpet and a sewing-machine, ma'am?" Phœbe asked, respectfully.

"I bought 'em and paid for 'em," said Mrs. Pilkington, impressively, "and I don't see why they ain't here."

"Perhaps they will be sent by express," suggested Phœbe.

"I declare to goodness, I never thought of that!" said Mrs. Pilkington.

And she skurried through the crowded car to find a seat.

It was the dusk of a chilly May evening when they reached Blackbird's Hollow, and alighted in the midst of dense pines and sighing tamaracks.

"If Pilkington hain't remembered to come and meet us, I shall be mad!" said Mrs. Pilkington, stretching her neck forward the better to survey the glimmering curves of the road. "And Pilkington is always forgetting! My goodness, gracious me! what's that?" as Phœbe stooped to recover something which she had inadvertently let fall.

"My handkerchief, ma'am!"

Mrs. Pilkington made a grasp at it.

"Your handkerchief!" she screamed. "Mine, you mean—minx! thief! good-for-nothing!—my pongee handkerchief, that you have stolen right out of my bag! Well, I never!"

She shook Phœbe vehemently. Phœbe began to cry in mingled terror and resentment, and just then up drove the farm wagon at a gallop.

"Hello, mother!" said Ezra Pilkington's cheerful voice. "I'm afraid I've kept you waiting a bit, but the linchpin came out of the wheel, and I had to stop at Tony Deephill's to get it fixed. Now, then!"

He drove the stout pony close to the raised platform which extended away from the station.

Mrs. Pilkington perched Phœbe into the back seat, and followed her with lightning haste.

"Not that way!" she cried, grasping at the reins, as Ezra would have headed for the highroad. "Drive straight to Squire Pultney's. This gal's a thief! I'm going to have her arrested before she is a day older!"

"Eh?" said Ezra, staring from his mother to Phœbe, and then back again.

"She's stole my spotted pongee handkerchief—my handkerchief that I bought a bargain on Grand Street this very morning," shrieked Mrs. Pilkington.

"It's—it's my handkerchief," faltered poor Phœbe, feeling as if she were in a terrible nightmare from which there was no awakening.

"A likely story!" clamored the enraged housewife. "I've always heard of the wiles and tricks of those city minxes, but I never realized it until now. Drive on, Ez, drive quick! She shall be lodged in the county jail this very night!"

"Are you sure you ain't mistaken, mother?" said kind Ezra, compassionating the look of pallid misery in the young girl's face.

"Mistaken, indeed!" sniffed the old lady. "Drive on, I say! Don't lose any more time, or Squire Pultney will have gone home for the night."

She herself took possession of the reins and she spoke and chirruped to the horses.

"But, mother—" pleaded Ezra.

Even as he spoke, however, poor Phœbe, driven wild by vague terror and an instinctive desire to escape, had flung herself from the wagon to the ground.

"Stop—for heaven's sake, mother, stop!" shouted Ezra. "Don't you see that her dress is caught in the wheels?"

The little horse stopped. He always stopped, on general principles, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself, and the very slightest "Whoa!" would invariably bring him to a dead stand-still.

Ezra sprang from the wagon to disentangle the helpless figure in the dust, and Mrs. Pilkington scrambled after with a vague idea that Phœbe might yet get up and try to run away.

As she jumped down her satchel fell prone into the road, and bursting open the overstrained latch, disgorged its contents on the dewy grass of the roadside, first and foremost among which was—a spotted pongee handkerchief.

"Good Land o'Moses!" piously interjected Mrs. Pilkington, "if there ain't the dratted old pongee handkerchief, arter all!"

And she stared helplessly, first at its prim and undisturbed folds, and then at Phœbe's handkerchief—exactly the same in color, pattern and fabric.

"She *ain't* a thief, arter all!" said Mrs. Pilkington, her whole nature overflooded by the rising tide of remorse. "Poor child! and I'm afeard she's hurt a-tryin' to run away from nothing at all."

Phœbe's ankle was slightly sprained, that was all, and by this time she was able to smile and answer kindly Mrs. Pilkington's numerous questions and condolences.

"Can I ride home? Oh, of course I can!" said she, in reply to Ezra's interrogations. "My ankle is only the least bit lame."

Old Farmer Pilkington was anxiously looking out for them, when, considerably later than he had expected, the wagon drove up and Mrs. Pilkington made haste to explain everything to him.

"And ain't it queer," said she, "that me and Phœbe should both hev bought pongee handkerchiefs just alike on Grand Street! If ever there was bargains, they be! Half a yard square, real China goods, with a hem—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said old Mr. Pilkington. "If there's anything I hate, it's bargains!"

Little Phœbe Primrose stayed on at the farm. She liked the daisies and red clover, the sound of running brooks, the smell of the cows' breath. And—Ezra Pilkington liked her.—*Helen Forest Graves.*

A windy contributor enters an editorial room. "Whew," said he panting, "that long stairway makes me blow."

Editor—"Ah, if that's what makes you blow I'll have it taken down. I am glad you have discovered the cause."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Coke, and How it is Made.

Coke is the solid product left when all the moisture and gaseous matters have been expelled from bituminous coal. There are two kinds; gas coke, which is obtained from the retorts of gas-works, after the gases have been separated; and oven coke, which is made by burning the coal in a kiln, with little exposure to the air. Gas coke produces but a feeble heat, and though it is used to a considerable extent as fuel in cities, being a cheap sort, it is regarded by manufacturers as mere cinders. Oven coke, on the other hand, is capable of producing intense heat, and is valued for use in furnaces or smelting metals, and also in locomotives of underground railways, where the smoke of bituminous coal is very undesirable. At mines of bituminous coal, coke is made in large quantities, as in its manufacture all the fine refuse coal, screenings and coal dust, that would otherwise be thrown away, can be utilized. Two methods of cooking are in use. One is, by burning the coal in ovens of fire brick made for the purpose, these being usually about twelve feet square and ten feet in height. A door is made near the top through which the coal is put in, space being left for it to swell, while holes in the coverings of the oven allow the escape of the gases. The coal is then ignited from below, and a trench under the oven admits the air necessary for combustion. About forty-eight hours are necessary to complete the cooking process. The other method of making coke is by burning it in the open heap. It is piled in long ranges, often containing many hundred tons over a shallow trench or air passage extending their entire length. The heap is then fired, and when it is once thoroughly alire coke dust or ashes is heaped upon it, and when thoroughly covered in this way the fire is left for several days to smother and cool. This is a wasteful process, as much of the heap becomes ashes before the rest has been thoroughly coked. In some parts of Virginia and other southern states beds of natural coke is found.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Social Free Lunching.

A Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: I know of a woman in Washington who occupied a small, dark, inside room on the fifth floor of a tolerably fashionable hotel. She, to use a theatrical expression, faked out her meals. That is, she arose at 10 or 12, bought a second-hand newspaper for a cent, and wended her way to a small saloon on Pennsylvania ave., whose proprietor has grown rich by making a specialty of delicious coffee and Vienna rolls and fine butter. He charges ten cents for this little lunch. This Madame Itinerant would breakfast on her cup of coffee and roll. Then she went up to Congress, invariably riding in the three-cent car. There is a bob-tail car running up to the Capitol, the fare in which is only three cents, and some folks are so aristocratic they are ashamed to be caught riding in it.

Madame would visit a few of the members, loll for awhile in the gallery of the House, and sit just long enough in the Senate gallery to secure recognition by a smile or bow from such of her Senatorial friends as happened to be on the floor, and after picking up a few choice items of gossipy news, the conversational coin with which she pays and pays her social way, my Madame Itinerant gets back by 2 o'clock to her dingy inside room. At 3 she comes out resplendent in a nompareil velvet dress, and, card case in hand, starts on the round of calls. She goes from house to house, and daintily and deliberately eats her lunch at each place. In the course of ten visits madame has more than satisfied the cravings of her stomach, and has dined and supped for the day. Do you wonder that I call this "taking out one's meals?"

The Shops of Havana.

The shops and cafes of Havana are surely more bright and interesting than those of any other city. Among the shops you will find no great establishments covering a half-acre of ground, half a dozen stories high, and giving one the feeling of despair to enter; but they are all on one floor, high, cool, pretty, and many ladies have a habit of shopping from their carriages. In America it is the effort of merchants to get goods of every earthly description under one roof. Here the shops are more characteristic and individualized, as a rule. One will deal in silks and trimmings; another only in velvets and velveteens; another may show superb lines of linen; gloves, fans, parasols, and umbrellas may be found at another; again a shop will sell woolens exclusively; another prints and cottons and rarely will you find the notion store. So, too, outside of the textile fabrics these divisions in trade are rigorously observed. A photographer is not an artist; bronze goods do not include pottery; the jeweler sells jewelry, not clocks and watches; the woodenware, ironware, and basket-ware merchants are not each all the others; and wine-merchants do not sell soap. In all these shops there is a richness and taste, but not obtrusiveness, in display; and from one end of the city to another the neatness, brightness, lightness, and airiness of the shop form model of Havana's attractiveness.—*Chicago News.*

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Lullaby.

Behind the mountains in the west
The lazy sun is slowly creeping;
The big round moon is in the sky,
The little stars are brightly peeping;
The flowers that opened with the day
Have shut their eyes—as well as they
Must little folks be sleeping.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Little Milkmaid.

Bessie lived on a large farm in the beautiful country. The house was very old, and the trees around it were old too. But such cherries and pears and apples Bessie thought never grew anywhere else.

There were a great many chickens and cows in the farm yard. Bessie used to play with them all, for they seemed to know that the dear little girl would not do them any harm. But her pets were the big dog, Hero, and the little cat Jet. Every morning and every evening when the maids were going out to milk the cows you might have seen Bessie walking behind them. She had a big dog on one side and a little black cat on the other. In one hand she carried a little pail and in the other a milking stool. Old Boss, the gentle cow, who knew that a very little milkmaid was coming to her, and two little hands would soon be working to fill the tiny pail. The cow would stand still, not even kicking the flies away, for fear of hurting the little dairymaid.

The pail would be full of foaming, creamy milk. Then it would be poured into a deep dish for Hero and Jet to drink.

Papa had changed the name of the dog to Hero. Once, when Bessie was a tiny little girl, she was playing in the grass with the dog, then quite small and called Fido. A big, wicked-looking dog had come running right toward Bessie. But Fido would not let his little mistress be hurt if he could help it. He put himself right in front of her and barked as loud as he could. As the big dog tried to go past him he caught him by the tail and held on tight. The dog got many a bump and some pretty hard bites before Bessie's mamma could reach them and drive the intruder away.

Then they all petted Fido, and papa changed his name to Hero, because he had been so brave. Ever since that time Bessie loved him more than ever. She never forgot that he liked his breakfast and supper of nice new milk served by Bessie's own hands.

One day Hero found the little black kitten away down the road somewhere, and he brought it home. He laid it in Bessie's lap, while he looked in her face, as much as to say: "Please take care of him, for my sake." From that time they were always together.—*Our Little Ones.*

Teaching to Memorize.

A prominent man, who professes to be a teacher of memory, says: "In a few lessons I enable me to memorize the most difficult things without an effort."

"How can that be done?" asked a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express.*

"Oh, it's a matter of association, according to a system I have worked upon for twenty-five years. It is based upon the alphabet and numbers. I take a person, and in a few hours can get him to repeat or reproduce a long poem which I have read to him twice, or at the most, three times. He can repeat it backward or forward, and give you any line you may call for by number. I had a boy once, twelve years old, who, after learning the system, went to hear Beecher preach, and afterwards repeated the sermon to an audience without having taken a single note. Of course, he did not give every word Mr. Beecher used, but he covered every point in its regular order, just as the preacher had done, curtailing it to be able to deliver it in half the time it originally took."

"Do many come to you to have their memories cultivated?"

"Yes, a great many of all classes, some students, reporters, lawyers and preachers, men here and lawyers particularly. The former to acquire an aptness in memorizing sermons, and the latter to memorize authorities and dates. Orators also, who memorize their speeches. Then, persons who are going in for an examination come to me to learn to memorize dates and event, location and rivers, historical, statistical and practical facts, etc. I had a man, office here not long ago who was preparing for an examination for promotion and he perfected himself in the system so that he could without difficulty remember anything he desired. There is an old lady between 70 and 80 years of age who, with her daughter, has taken instructions, and she says she finds no difficulty in remembering and repeating what she reads. She says she can take ten poems she has read and repeat them alternately, a line from each."

A Sudden Change of Opinion.

Smith—I heard Brown speaking very highly of your neighbor Black yesterday.

Jones—Brown is a fulsome flatterer.

S.—He also said that he thought you were one of the most estimable of men, a kind husband and father and a loyal friend.

J.—Oh!—er—Brown said so—h'm, I thought you meant White. Brown is an excellent fellow, honest and reliable.—*Boston Courier.*

HIS LITTLE GAME.

The Young Man Who Wasn't Particular About Wages.

An Agreement Which Proved A Diabolical One for the Employer.

Year before last a bright-looking young man entered our counting room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping clerk. He told the usual tale of how he desired a position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start in on. The old man was feeling in particularly good humor that afternoon, and said pleasantly to the new comer:

"Well, sir, what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?"

The young man picked at the lining of his hat with his fingers, and deferentially replied:

"I want to show you, sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent for the remainder of this month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month thereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the old man with a smile. "Do you know what you are talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, and I would almost be willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know."

"I'll take you," remarked the old man. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for awhile," he added.

He took him up to the cashier. "This is John Smith," he said. "He will go to work as an assistant shipping clerk to-morrow. His salary will be one cent this month. Double it every month from now on."

"In consideration of my working for this small salary might I ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the governor; "but we can't lose much on you anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow. How long do you want employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

Well, by Jove, the old man agreed, and young Mr. Smith, on pretence of wanting some evidence of stability of his place, got the governor to write out and sign a paper that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms I have stated.

He worked along for six months without drawing a cent. He said he would draw all his earnings Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested in the project that he kept multiplying for the three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took to the old man. First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64 ought, $1.28; ninth, $2.56; tenth, $5.12; eleventh, $10.24; twelfth, $20.48; thirteenth, $40.96; fourteenth, $81.92; fifteenth, $163.84; sixteenth, $327.68; seventeenth, $655.36; eighteenth, $1,311.72; nineteenth, $2,623.54; twentieth, $5,247.08; twenty-first, $10,494.16; twenty-second, $20,988.32; twenty-third, $41,976.64; twenty-fourth, $82,953.28; twenty-fifth, $165,906.56; twenty-sixth, $331,813.12; twenty-seventh, $663,626.24; twenty-eighth, $1,327,252.48; twenty-ninth, $2,654,504.96; thirtieth, $4,609,009.92; thirty-first, $8,618,019.84; thirty-second, $17,236,039.68; thirty-third, $34,472,078.38; thirty-fourth, $68,944,156.72; thirty-fifth, $137,888,313.44; thirty-sixth, $275,776,626.88; total salary for three years, $552,554,253.65.

The governor nearly fainted when he understood how, even if he was twice as rich as Vanderbilt, he would be ruined in paying John Smith's salary.

He concluded to discharge the modest young man at once. Smith had figured up how much would be due him, and reminded the old man of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in courts and let everybody know how he had been duped, the governor paid Smith $5,000 and bade him good-bye. I've heard he tried the same dodge in Chicago after leaving here.—*Conner Journal.*

Business Complications.

A Dakotian met an old friend while on an Eastern trip.

"I hear that Bill Applejack who went out to your country has failed in business."

"Yes."

"Hard times?"

"No."

"Too much competition?"

"No, I think not."

"Too little attention to business?"

"Oh, no, he worked hard."

"I don't see why he failed, then."

"Well, you see, a few determined gentlemen on the board of trade got a new inch rope around his neck and forced him to make an assignment."

"Horses?"

"Horses."—*Estelline Bell.*

Chased by a Plant.

One of the most familiar plants in Southern California and Arizona is the tumble-weed. In the fall the gardens of some localities are covered with them, the plant being a low bush, about two feet in height, and spreading out to several feet in width. So small and weak are the roots that when the plant goes to seed the breeze detaches it and the plant goes rolling along like a ball, scattering its seeds broadcast over the land miles from where it originally grew. In Arizona the tumble-weed sometimes attains mammoth proportions. I have seen them five feet across, and so bulky that one would easily upset a man when traveling at a good rate of speed.

The following incident shows that a man may be chased by a plant: "I was travelling through Arizona on horseback some years ago," said the narrator, "and one day found myself in a desert plain almost destitute of vegetation. The only thing in the way of a shrub were numbers of dead tumble weeds, many of gigantic size, and, curiously enough, they were piled in great heaps as if some one had hunted them together to burn them; but as there was no object in doing this, I concluded that the wind had done it, and I found later that my supposition was correct.

"I had gone about ten miles in this tumble-weed country when I noticed a storm coming up to the west. There was not the slightest shelter, so I kept along, but finally saw a big pile of tumble weed and made for it, thinking to get under its lee, and I just about made it when the rain commenced. The pile was about ten feet high, and I thought I had a good shelter and dismounted; but I had hardly reached the ground when a gust of wind came that shook the heap as if it had been made of paper, and a big tumble weed on top rolled off onto the horse. Fortunately I had not left him, and as he leapt back and reared I sung on and in a second was on his back, and not a bit too soon, as then the gale struck us, and the way that heap dissolved partnership was a caution to sinners. My horse was wild with fear and was off galloping, while behind came thirty or forty mammoth tumble-weeds, rolling along like gigantic cannon balls. I never saw such a sight in my life, and I soon found that I was being chased by hundreds of them. I looked back and saw one jump twenty feet into the air as it hit a rock, and every little prominence sent them up where the wind would catch them and bowl them like foot balls. I dodged several and at last got out of the squall. I haven't the slightest doubt that if I had been struck by one of the plants it would have knocked over horse and all—in fact, I heard later of a man that was caught in such a squall and actually bowled over by one of them."—*San Francisco Call.*

Origin of Billiards.

Billiards were invented, says a good authority, by a pawnbroker. About the middle of the sixteenth century there was one William Kew, a pawnbroker, who during wet weather was in the habit of taking down the three balls, and, with the yard measure, pushing them billiard fashion, from the counter into the stalls. In time the idea of a board with side pockets suggested itself. A book letter MS. says: "Master William Kew did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls, and all the young men were greatly enchanted thereat, chiefly the young courtiers from Pawles, hence one of ye citizens was named a Cuson, having been he son of ye same citizen, greatly interested. The game is now known by ye name of bel yard, because William or 'Bill' Kew did first play with his yard measure. Ye stick is now called a kew or cue." It is easy to comprehend how "Bill yard" has been modernized into Billiard, and the transformation of "kew" or "cue" into cue is equally apparent.

Fire Customs in China.

The following extract from a letter from a lady in Peking, China, written to a friend in Chicago, will interest a good many people: "Last week there was quite a fire not very far from us, quite unusual thing I am told, for the buildings are of brick with tile roofs. Several stores burned, and three men were burned to death. A strange custom in connection with any fire is, that the owner of the building where the fire happens out is taken to the yamen (place of public business, police court, etc.) and severely beaten. I suppose the idea is that he must have been careless to allow it to happen. In this case the man was hurt at the time and died from the beating. Another strange thing is that all the stores near, for several days are obliged to sell their goods cheap out of gratitude that they did not burn down too."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Much Too Affable.

Mrs. Percent.—"Major Stiker was in, dear, while you were out, and he was quite affable."

Mr. Percent.—"Affable was he, eh?"

Mrs. P.—"Yes, dear, he kissed the baby and made himself quite interesting."

Mr. P.—"Did eh? I suspected he wasn't able to pay his note, now I know he's going to ask me to renew it."—*Siftings.*

Now.

Love me now! Love has such a little minute,
Day crowds on day with swift and noiseless tread.
Life's evil years are fairly we begin it,
Pain is the joy, and hope gives place to dread.
Love me now
It will be too late when we are dead!

Love me now! While we still are young together,
While gladness leaves the sun-shines overhead
Hand locked in hand, in false, smiling weather,
Sighing were sin, and variance ill bestead,
It will be too late when you are dead!

Love me now! Shadows hover in the distance,
Cold winds are coming, green leaves must turn red,
Frown not then, my Love, at this sad instance
Even this moment may the fact be sped!
Love me now;
It will be too late when I am dead!

—*Sweet Adelaide.*

HUMOROUS.

All played out. Opera singers.

How to make both ends meet—don't buy any bone.

The girl with the sweet teeth becomes the woman with the false one.

Bubbles are an accepted type of courage, for we have known the lofty and despised kitten come up to the scratch.

It may be supposed that the man who has been sent to House of Correction twenty-three times is not chained of his convictions.

Uncle George—And do you go to school now, Johnny. What part of the exercises do you like best, Johnny—The exercise we get at recess.

"The Boston base ball club has four pitchers." If it proportionate a corresponding number of tumblers, we predict that it will not win the championship. But perhaps the pitchers are not often full.

"Are you trying to think of something funny, my dear," asked the paragrapher's wife. "I am," he said, as he heave a deep sigh and run his fingers through his long hair. "Then suppose you think that you are going to buy me a new bonnet, my dear; that will be something funny for you to do."

THE WHOLE WAIFS.—No lover at all but the maiden sure,
She were wooing something,
But she fought a shadow—an I fetch I to play,
And thus had a heart-ache strange.

"One-Slave" Barrels.

Four handles and others who use barrels are interested in a "One-Slave" barrel, manufactured near Detroit. While the size and shape of this barrel are the same as the ordinary kind, the body of the barrel consists of a single sheet of timber held by hoops. The longer sized is elm, which is the usual material. Canada is the main place of supplies. The logs will be sawed into lengths, and dried by fall in winter time. The [illegible] taken from the room or room [illegible] and put into seasoned [illegible]. There they remain a [illegible] until the moisture is [illegible]. In this condition the log is prepared into thin sheets, or veneers, [illegible] the body of the barrel. By a specially [illegible] a two-foot log becomes [illegible] of wooden sheeting in a minute or [illegible]. These veneers open on machines [illegible] which is inserted in revolving toned heads. These sheets are [illegible] ing machine, by which body [illegible] made perfectly smooth. After passing through a calibre, and [illegible] machine they are cut by a cutting machine to adapt them to the shape of a barrel. Thence they go to a [illegible] kiln. From the dry house they go to the [illegible] saws, where they are cut to the desired length, when they are ready for the coopers' shop or for shipment. They are shipped in bundles, and in the [illegible] to be put up at their point of destination. Three thousand of them can be stored and forwarded in an ordinary box car. The heads are shipped in bundles.—*Boston Herald.*

Tobacco and the Eyes.

The New York *Medical Record* says: Dr. Carmel has given opinion that the recent poisoning of the crew of the pole Sylvania, and the accompanying ophthalmia, were due to the excessive use of tobacco, has removed the lesion of the anterior chamber. For years it has been known to suppose that abuse of tobacco was good to tobacco sight, and the fact has been made use of by the anti-tobacco courts. The *Medical Record* [illegible] a few years ago [illegible] widely quoted article on the point, to which it adds:

"In the great city cigar factory of Messrs. Sears, of Liverpool, it appears that atrophy of the optic nerves is very rarely met with as the result of excessive smoking, although tobacco is the essential agent in producing failure of sight. Great moderation in smoking and especially the employment of home-of tobacco, is all that is necessary to insure recovery. Workmen in tobacco factories do not appear to be subject to deterioration of eyesight. In one large tobacco factory where 12,000 men and women are employed, Mr. Sears has found that not a single person on the premises suffered from failure of eyesight, although many of the hands had been working there for ten years."