The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

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The Dear Old Songs of Home.

O wheel sublime of tireless time,
Turn backward in your flight,
Ring out the chimes in fairy rhymes
Of boyhood's music bright:
Like bells of joy outringing,
These memories old are ringing.
Now faint, now near again I hear
In accents clear where'er I roam
My mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

Make me a boy, with boyhood's joy,
As in the days of old
When mildly blue before our gaze
Went up in sparks of gold
I see the bells swinging,
The shadows round it clinging,
Till o'er me again, in sweet refrain,
On land or main, where'er I roam,
I hear my mother's singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

At set of sun, when day was done,
Low silver chiming bells,
Rose on the air, with evening prayer
The song we loved so well
Still in my ear they're ringing,
And memories old are bringing,
Like gentle showers of boyhood's hour,
With subtle power, where'er I roam,
Of mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

No time can [illegible] this fragrant spot,
This chime of silver bells,
But oft my heart with sudden start
The sound [illegible] tells.
Then [illegible] the glad bells ringing,
With holy thoughts upspringing,
Now faint, then clear, again I hear
In accents dear, where'er I roam,
My mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

—[Fred E. Woods in Current.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

Upon the hall there was a general commotion. Mr. Westley, the owner of Westley Grange, had come pretty nearly to the end of his tether. He had but lately succeeded to the estate, and it had come to him very heavily encumbered; and now, with reduced rents, irregularly paid, he found it impossible to go on. He had, therefore, determined to spend a couple of years on the continent, during which time he hoped that the agricultural depression would pass away.

The establishment at the hall was not a large one by any means for a country bachelor squire, but it was larger than he could afford to keep up under existing circumstances. So one evening he called his servants together and told them how matters were with him, bidding them seek other situations at once.

His personal servant, Ben Biggins, was not included in the general dismissal, but was destined to accompany his master abroad. Ben was one of those men not unfrequently met with in this country—a man who could turn his hand to most things, though he might be no good at any. The position he held at Westley Grange was a cross between a valet and a gamekeeper, but at odd times he had been known to cook his master's dinner and make his master's bed. This was during a growing expedition on the Welsh hills, but the rumor of it had traveled to Westley. Ben was in high spirits when he was told of the journey in store for him.

"I'll teach these foreigners a thing or two," he said to the cook one night; to which she replied: "You be very careful, Mr. Ben, that they don't teach you more than you teach them."

"Them!" he cried; "them teach me. Why, I could wallop the lot of 'em, if I wanted to."

"Then you mind you don't want to," she answered.

"Why, you knows very well," continued Ben, "that I set your watch a-going after Jones, the watchmaker, had it a month, and couldn't make nothing of it; and I stopped the blue bedroom chimbly smoking, when the smoke had nearly druv you all out of the place."

"Rubbish!" she said. "The watch only wanted winding; and as for the chimbly, it smoked because there was a bag of straw in it. You needn't crow over them things, young man."

Yes, there was a little ill feeling on the part of the cook toward Ben. She had claimed him for her own originally, but Ben had fought shy; and latterly he had been paying a good deal of attention to Anna, the housemaid at the rectory. Either fault alone, on Ben's part, would have made the cook somewhat aggrieved toward him, but the two combined were more than culinary flesh and blood could stand. Thus it happened that her tongue had an access of acerbity when moving at Ben.

Down at the rectory the commotion was nearly as general. The servants discussed the situation from morning till night, and Anna received many unpleasant jeers.

"Stick to you!" said the coachman; "not he. Them sort never stick to nothing but their beer. When you says good-by to Ben, you says good-by forever, my lass."

"He can please himself," she said; but if he thinks I shall die broken-hearted because he takes on with some foreign girl, he's very much mistook."

"That's always the way with you women folk. You talks as big as big, and when it comes to, you doubles up to nothing. There was that gal o' Simmond's—her as kept company with the keeper fellow. Look how her [illegible] it out when they found he'd left a wife in Wales, and her died of consumption in less than a year.

"But Ben and me's different," said Anna. "If he's not in earnest, no more aren't I." Which was perhaps consolatory.

The time slipped rapidly by, and it wanted but a day till Ben and his master should start for the continent. That night Ben repaired to the rectory, and had a parting interview with Anna. His last words were: "You'll not forget me, Anna, while I'm parted from you! I'm coming back for you some day. Till then, [illegible]!"

"Till what?"

"That's a bit of French, my dear. I've bin learning the [illegible] lately. It's something like 'good-bye,' only more so. [illegible]!" And so they parted.

In the course of a few weeks Ben and his master were comfortably settled in a small German village near Bonn. The house where they had made their home was an old farmhouse that had once belonged to a noble family, but was now partly fallen to decay. It was inhabited by the present owner, who carried on the business of a small farmer and wine grower. He had neither wife nor child, the domestic functions being superintended, and in a great measure performed, by a sister. Naturally, therefore, it came about that Ben and Fraulein Schmidt were often in each other's company, and naturally also, Ben improved the occasion. If the Fraulein, with womanly curiosity, asked about the Herr Westley, Ben was careful to explain to her that Herr Westley was a great baron at home, dwelling in a mansion with marble halls and gilded ceilings; that he, Benjamin Biggins, was the confidential companion of this said great baron, and that, though he—Benjamin—now appeared in the role of a servant, he had a remarkably good position among the gentlemen of his native land. And the Fraulein would listen with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Sometimes in the evening, before the farmer had come home, as they sat together by the house place fire, Ben would delight his listener with stories of the wonders of London. He had spent a few hours there one day while attending upon his master, and he therefore felt competent to describe its principal sights, and where his knowledge failed his invention came to the rescue.

True, he mixed things up a little. He got the National gallery and the houses of Parliament under the same roof, Westminster Abbey and the Tower within a stone's throw of each other, while the way to the Crystal Palace was over London Bridge, and up the river, past Battersea Park. But this made no difference at all to his listener. Like Desdemona, she drank in all his descriptions—

"But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again."

All this was, I fear, on Ben's part, a matter of calculation rather than sentiment. That he wished to stand well, for the standing's sake, in the eyes of his landlady, goes without saying, but the standing well brought with it and after it some advantages that were of infinitely more value to Ben. There were many things dear to Ben's heart, but none more dear than poached eggs and hot buttered toast; and though these were "not in the contract," they were almost daily incidents of Ben's life. At first, it is true, he had not got on so well with his landlady, for notwithstanding the best intentions, neither had been able to comprehend a word said by the other. Time, however, which works wonders in so many cases, brought amelioration in this, for Ben got a smattering of German, and the Fraulein picked up a few words of English, and from that time Ben was, to use his own expression, "a made man." Though not endowed with a large amount of wisdom, he knew "which side his bread was buttered," and he resolved to keep on good terms with the Fraulein, no matter who else might be offended. And the Fraulein herself grew really to like the big, beautiful Englishman, and did her best to make both of her lodgers contented with their temporary home. This was about the position of affairs, when, some eighteen months after they had left England, Mr. Westly told Ben he should soon be returning. This was a sad blow to Ben. No more poached eggs on hot buttered toast, no more idle days. He told the Fraulein what the Herr had said, and she, too, grieved. No more stories about London; no more leaves from the stately genealogical tree; no more pleasant evenings.

"And you must go?" she asked. "And I shall never you no more see!"

This set him thinking. Why should he go back? And the thinking ended in resolution—he would not go back. It came out in words at the first opportunity: "I do not mean to go back to England, Fraulein, but shall settle down in Germany, if I can get any work."

"There is plenty of work on the farm," said the Fraulein.

This did not altogether chime in with Ben's view of life. Work was a thing to be endured, not courted. Plenty to eat and to drink, and nothing to do, was Ben's domestic creed. Still, he could work, and not work very hard; and if he married the Fraulein, the farm would be as good as his at once, and absolutely his some day. He might do worse, he fancied he could do no better.

"I've had some news from home, Ben, that ought to please you. Your old sweetheart at the rectory has had a couple of thousand pounds left her by her uncle, the miller."

"Two thousand pounds!" said Ben to himself. "Two thousand pounds! Why, that's a fortune. Things is becoming extremely complicated. I think I shall go back with master."

That night a letter was dispatched to England bearing on the envelope the name of Miss Anna R[illegible], at the rectory, Westley, Shropshire. This was the letter:

"My Dearest Anner, I hope this will find you in good [illegible] as it leaves me at present. My dearest Anner, it has a long time since [illegible] to you, but there have been so much to do and I have no time. I hope this will find you in good helth, my dearest Anner. This is a very quite place [illegible] no sports nor nothink. I [illegible] for dear old England at [illegible] faces, [illegible] I left behind [illegible] at present from your true love, BEN.

What the Fraulein thought of it when she heard that Ben had changed his mind I hardly know, but he made some plausible excuse, I have no doubt, and promised to soothe her wounded feelings that he would soon return.

Once more at Westley. The first evening after his arrival Ben went down to the rectory. Anna was out, but the coachman was in.

"Yo' back again my lad! Yo're just like a bobby, a-turning up when you are not wanted."

That was the coachman's welcome and Ben resented it.

"Perhaps if you don't want me there's some one else as does."

"Then perhaps there's two on 'em, for I see two on 'em together not five minutes ago."

"Hey!" ejaculated Ben.

"As much hay as yo' like, my lad, we gies it to the 'osses, and can spare a bit for a donkey."

Clearly, there was no friendly feeling on the part of the coachman for Ben.

Then the cook tackled him. "You've made a fine mess of it, Ben. Have you heard what she's had left her?"

"Left her!" exclaimed the humbug.

"Yes, left her—two thousand pounds and she's going for it on Monday. It'll make them very comfortable."

"Her and her mother," suggested Ben.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared the coachman.

"Hi, hi, hi, hi!" laughed the cook.

"He, he, he, he!" sang the kitchen maid all in chorus.

"Her and her mother!" and then they went off again.

"It's very funny," said the victim, "but I don't see where the fun comes in."

"Don't 'e now. Then I'll tell yer. Y're come back to make it up wi' her because yo'ave heard as her's got some money. But it's bespoke already for her and—her mother."

Coachman, cook and kitchen maid repeat chorus.

"I'll not take it," said Ben, "from no one's lips but hers. Her said her'd stick to me, and I've stuck to her, and I expect her'll stick to me, and that's all about it."

"Then you can take it from her lips now, Mr. Benjamin," said Anna, coming in at the moment. "You never wrote to me for more than twelve months, though I wrote to you twice, and then, when I had some money left me, you sent me a letter pretending as how as you was very fond of me. Afore you went away I said to the coachman, 'If he's not in earnest, then I'm not in earnest,' and that's all about it."

"Never mind," said Ben to himself that night. "If one door shuts another door opens."

"Yes, the door was open when Ben got there, some six weeks after he had left. He entered the house with the air of a master, pausing a moment to look round on the vineyards which would so soon be his. He opened an inner door, there sat Fraulein, busy with her needle.

"I am back again," said he; "give me a welcome."

"Then you can go back again," she replied.

"But I am come to stay and work on the farm."

"The farm does not want you, neither do I," she answered.

Then Benjamin waxed furious. He called her fickle and wicked, told her that no good could come to a double-dealing person, and left her with the somewhat double-edged remark that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

I think I ought to explain the Fraulein's behavior. The old cook at Westley wrote to her to warn her against "that presuming villun."—[Cassell's Magazine.

Young stayer (at 11:45 p. m.): What a charming song that was. I wish you would repeat it. What is it called?

Miss Bored: I chose it because I thought it might be new to you. It's entitled "Going."—[Tid Bits.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Reason Why.

O happy birds among the boughs
And silver, tinkling brook below!
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
"Ah! would you, would you know?
A pleasant song to ours [illegible],
"For some one else we sing,
And that is why the [illegible]
With rapture 'round us ring."

O daisies crowding all the field,
And twinkling grass and [illegible] that grow!
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!
"And who [illegible] would you know?
Her beauty to my heart [illegible],
"For some one else we love,
And nothing in the world [illegible]
Is sweeter than to give."

—[George Cooper, in [illegible] Nicholas.

A Pet Blackbird.

An English lady, residing in the country, has a pet blackbird. Last summer the bird's cage was placed in the open window and a wild blackbird flew down to it, looking through for a minute or two at the prisoner, and then flying away. A minute afterward the visitor returned bearing a worm in its beak. This act of friendship was repeated again and again, until the caged blackbird and its mistress had to leave. The two birds had been separated for eight months, recently the lady returned to the country, and had not hung the cage up half an hour before the same wild blackbird was seen flying down to his old friend.—[New York Sun.

Johnnie's Bonfire.

Grandma was very sick, and mamma could not leave her for a moment. Papa had gone a few miles away for a nurse, so there was no one to get Johnnie and Eddie ready for Sunday school.

"Oh, dear," sighed Johnnie, "I'm tired keeping still! I, I'm going down to the big rock, and read."

"What do you want of matches if you are only going to read?" inquired Libbie seeing Johnnie reach up to the matchsafe.

"Oh, there might be a total eclipse of the sun, you know, then we should have to strike a light."

This seemed satisfactory to Eddie, and he put on his hat.

They went across the pasture, over an old bridge, to a grove, and were at the big rock. That rock had long been a family favorite.

There was an opening in the rock, which was filled with dead grass, and moss. It was just the place for a bonfire, Johnnie thought, as he looked over his book. A small fire could surely do no harm, and they could warm their hands, for the September air was chilly indeed. He sent Eddie to fetch some dry sticks and bark from the woods near by, and soon a bright blaze was leaping and dancing above the rocks. Johnnie watched it rather anxiously, and was glad enough to see it die down at last, and soon go out as he supposed.

He returned to the house, but he felt all the while as if some dreadful thing was about to happen.

Pretty soon he saw the minister, who lived next door, running across the lot with a pail in each hand. His father was just returning home with the nurse for grandma. He drove up to the gate and left both the nurse and old Kate in the road. Seizing a pail he darted down the pasture. Johnnie thought of his bonfire in an instant. Sure enough it had started up again, and was running as fast as it could towards the large woodlot his father prized so much.

That evening when the fire had been ready put out and nothing serious had come of it, Johnnie told his papa how sorry he was, and promised never to play with fire again.—[Our Little Ones.

Singed Hair.

Singeing hair is the latest device of the barbers to draw a customer's money, said a tonsorial artist to a St. Louis Globe reporter. I hear it is being worked very successfully down East, but it has not reached this city yet. Singeing is done either by red hot irons or by flame. The hair is held up in a comb as now in cutting, and the ends are singed off. It is a custom that finds favor with those who have a tendency to baldness. The barber tells them that their hair is [illegible] out. They get frightened, and then he tells them it is caused by the oil of the root escaping from the top of each individual hair. If the patron admits that gauzy statement the barber follows it up with the remedy, which, of course, is nothing more than singeing the top of each hair. This, the customer is told, will stop up the hollow by causing a hard little knob to form at the end. That sounds reasonable, and they take the singeing. As each hair is left with the frizzled end the entire head of hair looks thicker, and the customer looking in the glass thinks his hair is really improving under the singeing and getting thicker. So he is happy, and nobody is hurt. But the barber ought to be excused for this little scheme. The trade is not what it used to be. The dye business is almost forgotten, although 20 years ago it was the most fruitful source of revenue. Then everybody had his beard or mustache dyed. Brownish or light which were rare then. Everything had to be black. It was 50 cents for five minutes' work on the thinnest mustache, so the profits could not help being great.

THE HUMAN MAW.

A Few Pretty Stories About Man's Storage Capacity.

Men With Ravenous Appetites and the Stomach of an Ostrich.

Elizabeth Charlotte, the Duchess of Orleans, writing under the date of December 5, 1718, says: "The late King, Monsieur the Dauphin, and the Duc de Berri were terrible eaters. I have often seen the King eat four plates of different kinds of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick slices of ham, mutton flavored with garlic, a plateful of pastry, and finish up with fruit and hard-boiled eggs." There was a good old German from Wurtemberg whom My Lord Hamilton [illegible] to his country, who had a fine facility for storing away provender. He [illegible] arrested. For a wager he would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig, or put out of sight a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He lived until he was [illegible] years of age, a greater portion of the time exhibiting this prodigious appetite, which, to say the least, must have been a very expensive one. Too, he would eat glass, earthenware and flint broken into fragments. He had an especial preference for [illegible] [illegible], mice and birds, and when these were not procurable he would content himself with mineral substances.

Once he put down his "craw and gut" a pen, the ink, and the sand [illegible], and he would have gobbled the inkstand, too, had he not been restrained. Taylor, the water poet, tells of Nicholas Wood, of the county of Kent, in England, who was a terrible good trencherman. On one occasion he got away with a whole sheep, at another time with several dishes of a third with three dozen [illegible] and grown pigeons, yet again, again, with eighteen yards of black puddings, and on two other occasions sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. Dr. Copland, in speaking of two children who had wonderful appetites, the youngest, a boy, [illegible], being the worst, said: "The quantity of food devoured by her was [illegible]. Every thing that [illegible] in the [illegible] held, even to [illegible] tallow, was [illegible] up almost greedily. Among other articles so devoured, tallow, half a pound of candles and some other were taken at one time. The mother stated that the little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six besides herself."

At Bayonne about [illegible] years ago a [illegible] ate the [illegible] of [illegible] and two quarts of green peas in [illegible] minutes and a Polish soldier who was presented at the Court of Saxony [illegible] in one day repeatedly [illegible] of twenty pounds of beef and half a bushel with the appropriate fixings. When George III was king, a watchmaker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in the [illegible] hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds and a proportionate quantity of pea pudding, washing all down with a pint of brandy, taken in two [illegible]. The [illegible] Nick Davenport [illegible], it known [illegible] and [illegible] fishes [illegible] [illegible] appetite [illegible] numerous, and man have been known to swallow live mice, spiders, flies, toads, [illegible], cotton, knife [illegible], nails, [illegible], and earthenware, after man could swallow billiard balls and gold watches. In the New York medical journal for 1887, [illegible] is made of a man who could swallow [illegible] knives with impunity. One day he [illegible] the [illegible] by swallowing [illegible], and it killed him, which was [illegible]. In 1829, in England, two men of Wiltshire wagered with each other as to which could consume the greatest quantity of food in the shortest space of time. One of them [illegible] from [illegible] six pounds and a half of veal, a loaf of bread and [illegible] in a quarter of an hour, and he was so pleased with the [illegible] he received from the [illegible] that he finished off with a beef-steak, [illegible] and a half pint of brandy.—Good Housekeeper.

Umpire and Strikes.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, you had better hide that milliner's bill, and I'll try to shave enough off the grocer's bill to pay it. Your papa is greatly worried over his business affairs.

Aurelia—O, mama! you don't mean to say he's going to fail?

Mrs. Bagley—I know nothing for certain, but last night I heard him talking in his sleep about being robbed by a man named Umpire, and about going out on strikes, and I fear the worst.—Philadelphia Call.

Important Information.

Doctor—"What is the matter with you?"

Patient—"I find it very difficult to breathe with my lungs."

Doctor—"My friend, you would find it still more difficult to breathe without your lungs."—[Siftings.

Coffee and Chicory.

Adulteration of food is prevalent and is a just cause for complaint. Coffee, however, seems to be rightfully free from the charge. The mixture of chicory with the delicious beverage is generally condemned in this country, but abroad it is actually demanded. The recent enormous rise in the price of coffee has attracted a great deal of speculative attention to its next-door neighbor. The "chicory coffee" served at many of the [illegible] restaurants is [illegible] entirely of the root. In Germany 25 per cent. of chicory is added to the coffee, and in France over 40 per cent. In the United States for general use but 4 per cent. In almost quite all of our penal and charitable institutions the "coffee" drank by the prisoners is made from [illegible] bark, rye, or peas, with a small percentage of chicory to give it a coffee flavor. These are called adulterations, but [illegible] they are not. Perhaps the [illegible] is not rightfully "coffee" any more than a drink made of [illegible] is "tea." Yet they are [illegible] and to the very nerves of taste worse than it made from the [illegible]. Chicory is largely [illegible] Belgium and France, but the [illegible] of [illegible] is [illegible] the most abundant. It comes in hogsheads, and the heaviest consignments are under the monogram "H. S." (Henry Siegemann), a German importer, now deceased. Experts in coffee making say that 15 per cent. of chicory is the requisite, and that the great prestige [illegible] in Germany and France is because of the enormous [illegible] [illegible] in making coffee, two kinds, Java and Mocha and the [illegible] [illegible] 10-15 per cent. of chicory [illegible] it and well [illegible] well as the [illegible] cold water to a boil. It is a great comfort and [illegible] of a bitter winter morning, tickling the susceptible palate with its delightful flavor and the olfactory nerve with its savory fumes; and it is not so bad of a sultry summer day drank from a glass that has been its reservoir for half an hour immersed in a cooler of finely crushed ice.—New York Times.

Shoplifters in City Stores.

A floorwalker through a pal [illegible] shoplifters is worth $[illegible] or $[illegible] a year to any one of the larger stores. The Pinkertons of Chicago tried to establish a branch of this kind of detective work among the leading retail stores of St. Louis, but were not successful in the attempt. The very best of the professional shoplifters do not visit any one store oftener than probably a dozen times a year. They know almost as soon as one trying to spot them that they are watched. The most successful tricks they work is to "conceal" their booty in the [illegible] of a heavy black mourning veil. A few years ago they generally carried a basket and were more easily caught. Customers in general soon became aware of the fact that any one carrying a basket through a store was closely shadowed, and they dropped the habit, until to-day it is a hard matter to find a woman with one, unless it is the [illegible] German. A male shoplifter is very rare, and during my twelve years' experience in St. Louis I have seen but one.

Where the Presidents are Buried.

The burial places of our Presidents are widely scattered. Washington lies at Mount Vernon, the two Adamses are buried under the old church at Quincy, Mass., Jefferson rests at Monticello, Madison's grave is at Montpelier, not far from Monticello; Monroe's remains lie in the Richmond Cemetery; Jackson's grave is in front of his old residence, "The Hermitage." Van Buren was buried at Kinderhook, Harrison at North Bend, near Cincinnati. Polk at Nashville, Taylor's remains are now at Louisville; Fillmore lies in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo; Pierce was buried in Concord, and Buchanan at Lancaster. Lincoln's grave is near Springfield, Johnson's at Greenville, Garfield's at Cleveland, Grant's at Riverside and Arthur's at Albany.—[Washington Letter.

What the Fences Cost.

The cost of all fences in the United States amounts to $1,747,549,000, or nearly equal to the interest-bearing debt, and about the same as the estimated value of all the farm animals, so that for every dollar invested in live stock another dollar is required for constructing protection against the ravages upon crops. The annual repairs, together with interest on the amount invested in the existing fences, amounted to nearly $200,000,000, and the amount of wood needed must have been not far from 5,000,000,000 feet.

An Enthusiast.

Doctor—"Have you taken your pills regularly?"

Patient—"Every two hours as directed."

Doctor—"Did you eat nothing except what I told you?"

Patient—"Nothing."

Doctor, enthusiastically shaking his patient's hand—"My dear sir, you are a model patient. You deserve to be sick, [illegible]."—[Siftings.

Dew.

The slender spears are weighted down
With drops of dew
As this as if in dread array
Some ghostly crew
Condemned to wander through the night
For a [illegible] in a bygone year,
Bore down this grass with lagging steps,
And left on every blade a tear.

Oh, listen not to fancies sad
That come at night
But wait to hear the joyous tale
Of morning light.
The fairies sprinkled them at eve,
And gentle Nature, bending down
To them in love and kindliness,
Bestowed a gem from every crown.

—Horatio K. Truth, in Current.

HUMOROUS.

The great past—repast.

The position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.

The stockholder's motto. Man wants but little here below—par.

The only man in business for himself whatever strikes, is the pugilist.

The man who propels a wheelbarrow sees his work ahead of him all the time.

When a man is 20 he knows something; when he is 45 he wishes he knew something.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday. It was an unlucky day for England.

"The people like tyrants," says a magazine writer. Maybe that's why the people get married.

"This was the most unkindest cut of all," sighed the youth disconsolately, as he gazed on the moth-eaten trousers which his tailor sent.

A laborer in Vermont recently bought a lot of land which subsequently developed into a very rich marble quarry. His was a hard lot, but it had compensations.

"Don't be a fool," she said, with a snap, to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied, and silence fell upon that house.

"Johnny," said a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waist band and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk Turkey."

One day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron. The teacher called attention to its small tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of." The next day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little girl wound up by saying: "The blue heron has a tail, but it must not be talked about."

The "Born-Tired" Man.

The fellow who was born very tired grew more and more weary as he went through the hops and mishaps of childhood, the adolescence of youth and the early period of manhood. At middle age he was the tiredest man then living. At fifty he was so utterly worn out with the simple process of existing that it occurred to him to calculate how many breaths he must draw if he went on living for twenty years more, and, being given to fair preservation, there was a good prospect of his reaching the allotted threescore and ten years of average manhood.

Well, the tired citizen figured it out on the basis of eighteen breaths a minute, 1080 to the hour, 25,920 to the day, 9,460,800 for a year, and 189,216,000 for twenty years. The figures appalled him, and he died in disgust and discouragement at the tremendous task of doing such an enormous amount of breathing.—[illegible] Times.

The Crow and the Peasant.

A crow who was scratching up the corn freshly planted by a peasant was thus appealed to by the latter:

"Oh, foolish crow, but you do not seem to realize that if you will leave these few kernels of corn alone now they will bring you far more than you can eat in the fall."

"Oh, that part of it is all right," replied the crow as he went for another [illegible], "but five kernels of corn are worth more to a hungry crow on the spot than five bushels in the future."

Moral: A boy's piece of sweet cake never grows larger by waiting.—[Detroit Free Press.

Mechanical Effect of Steam.

Suppose we take a cylinder, say a piece of iron or brass tube, closed securely at the bottom end and left open at the top, and the area of the cross section to be one square inch. In this tube place a cubic inch of water, and over it place a steam-tight piston, to which a cord from the centre should pass over a pulley having a weight hung at the loose end, just sufficient to balance the piston, then we have a simple device for demonstrating the mechanical effect of steam.

A Boston Bootblack.

A traveler en route for Boston was awakened by a cry outside of his window.

"Pedal teguments artistically illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of five cents."

"By Jove," he said, "we're there."—[New York Sun.