

Before his dear old grandma could reply,

This boy looked up, and with a roguish eye,

A Courteous Boston Dog.

-- [New York Journal.

Then whisperel in her ear,

That nobody might hear:

There we are coming home; lalvine, and Pearl, and Florimel, p. Kamp, R+tr-se, and Gretchen Schell, Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Suathes the fields I hear her los-oo, And clang her silver bell; Go-ling, go lang, Goding, godang, golinglelingle, With faint, fair sounds that mingle The cows come slowly home: And mother- oags of long-gone years, And baby joys, and childish tears, And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,

When the cows come home, With ringle, ran de, ringle, By two- and threes and single, Thereasy are evaluationed Torough violet air we see the town. And the sammer surfa slipping down: - maple in the hazel glade, brows d wa the path a longer shade, And the hills are growing brown; To ring, to rang, To ring, to rang, to ringlelingle, By threes and fourst and single The cows cours slowly home; a sume-west sound of wordless psalm, Desim-sweet June day rest and calm. the sume sweet seept of bud and balm. When the cows come homo-

Wath tinkle, tankle, tinkle, Through fern and periwinkle, Thereows are coming home; A lottering in the checkered stream. Where the survey's glanes and gleam, Teach down, and Phielos Phyilis. stard kneed op in the creamy lillier In a drow-w dream; To link, to hank, Colink, to lank, tolinkletingle, O'er the banks with butter cups a-twinkle The newscome slowly home, Viel no through Momory's deep ravine

Frank thought there was no more danger in an advance than a retreat, so on we went. Heavens! what an experience at the foot of Ben Nevis. They are that was which followed. The wind howled like a host of dcmons bent on destruction. The snow became i finitesimally fine and, driven by the blast, stung one's fl sh when exposed like needle points. We could not sec to the horses' heads, and as the one track was long since covered up, we no longer knew which way we were going, and could only trust to the

Joe suggested a return and hinted at

possible danger. Father hesitated but

and heavily, then the wind rose and the the carcasses of 40 coyotes, old and

horses. Mother became alurmed and cried quietly behind her vail. All my high spirits vanished, and instead of the

cold be ran to increase.

At 2 o'clock by Frank's watch we were nearly frozen, and the weary horses tail as their trophy of the chase. To could scarcely move along. Suddenly Joe put out his hand and

contemptuous warfare agaiast the clutched at some object close to the covote race that their owner's ranch is ide of his sleigh. "Hurrah!" his cheery voice rang out, "whoa,"

man, who has on his cattle ranch a pair "Say, grandma, have you any more m of superb staghounds which he brought pief from Scotland, from their native kennel wonderfully docile and intelligent, fleet An intelligent dog near Boston reas the wind, and possess a marvelous ceives numerous friends whonever he is amount of strength and endurance. allowed to roam in the back yard. As The wolf they consider a foe worthy of he was standing unoccupie | near the their skill, and when ever they find one door lately one of his visitors ap enter a contest from which they soon proached, bearing in his mouth a nice come off victorious. But they seem to little bone evidently fresh from the consider the coyote an animal so desbutcher's. On came the visitor and laid picable as to be worth only the most the bone carefully at the host's feet and contemptuous notice. For one to apthen retired with a pleasant wag of the pear within their sight is to bring swift tail to a safe distance. Bath dogs punishment upon itself. But the noble looked at each other metionle s, lut

young that had been burned to death.

Another coyote story is from a stock-

hounds feel so much contempt for the animal that they will not take its deshappy future I had been a ticipating I picable life. They always bite off its now saw nothing but a cruel death be- tail close to the rump or pull it out by fore us, with the snow for shroud and the roots, and having thus set the mark of their disdaia upon Mr. Coyote, they let him go while they carry home the

such an extent have they carried on this

Journal.

My Little Visitor.

One summer, while living in Colorado, I frequently had the most charming little visitor you ever saw. You could never guess what it was, so I will

soon the host understood the friendly

meaning of the gift and began to show

appreciation in the best manner by hav-

ing a good luncheon of bone.-[Boston

round it. The space allotted to the "howlers" was well-filled, yet a good many both of young and old, were still coming, and after going forward to where the high priest sat, they reverently bowed to the dust, then priest was a small alcove, painted a of antique small arms, swords, daggers,

and spices, filled the room with aromatic fragrance. Around three sides of the low room in keeping her mistress's room in order, were galleries, some closely latticed and occupied by Turkish women, others open and filled with curtous spectators ike ourselves. The best location was reserved for Turkish gentlemen and soldiers. Beneath these galleries was still another, elevated a step or two above the main floor and separated from it by a low railing and furnished with scats

be alarmed. It is probably only madame calling for her sedan chair, or the master who wants his branly and soda, the standard drink of foreigners

State Ling

all over the far East. In taking a house in China the first thing is to get a good boy, the second taking the priest's hand, gently kissed to have him "secured." The securing it and retired. Directly behind the consists in getting some reputable or wealthy Chinaman to agree bright green and filled with a variety that if the boy runs away with anything he will either produce him or pay battle axes, etc. On the walls were the amount of the loss. The servants in many mottoes or sentences in frames, the East are all of the male sex, and and some prayer rugs. A small brazen women are never employed about a cer ser containing burning frankincense house except where there are children, or where a lady has a 1 amah as her personal attendant. The amah's duties lie

> dressing her hair, in short, performing the duties of a lady's maid, and, if there are young children, in looking after them.

In most cases there is one amah to each child. She receives, according to qualifications, from \$5 to \$10 a month as wages, out of which she feeds herself, her wages in fact being higher for spectators. On the main floor were than those of the other servants. Fespread many rugs of Angora goatskin, male servants are in China, as everyon which were seated old men, regular where else, a source of internal discord,

In an advertisement by a railroad

Constitution brook wold sing and its old-time sheen. And the crement of the silver queen, When the cows come home

With klingle, klingle, klingle, With lon-on, and mon-on, and iingle The clows are coming home; And over there on Merlin Hill Hear the plaintive cry of the Whip-poorwill The dew-drops lie on the tang'el vines, And over the poplars Venus shines, And over the silent mill; Ko-ling, ko-lang Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle, With ting-a-ling and jingle The cows come slowly home;

Let down the bars, let in the train Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain, For dear old times come back again When the cows come home.

WEDDED IN A BLIZZARD

When father too's up his claim in Douglass county, Dak., the county was new and thinly settled. Father and my and the robes, joined us. three brothers took up a section and built their four houses on aljoining corners. So, as two brothers were married, we formed a little settlement by change. Vigorous and continued exourselves. This was well, as our nearest neighbor lived eleven miles away. I was then a merry, romping lass of 15, all the wilder for leing just from ci y life.

The first year a very destructive cyclone vi-ited that part of the country. Lying as it does between the Missouri and James rivers, it was feared such visitations might be frequent, so father and the boys dug a cave midway letween the houses. Twice we sought refuge there and heard the demon of destruction at work among the fruits of our industry. We escaped without injury; but father, who was returning from the town, twenty miles away. where we got our mail and supplies, was bally bruised by the overturning of his wagon. As soon as he recovered he and the boys dug a cave about mid way on the route to the town. The location was marked by four tall, upright posts, which could be seen for a long distance. Years passed with no occasion for its

use, but father was always dreading such a time, and kept it in repair. Four happy years passed, and then a

(ar'y of visitors from the cast came. Among them was Frank Healy. We but been great friends in the past, and became something more during that ong summer.

We agreed to be married in the spring, and he would stay until that time; but early in January he received a utamons home to Chicago, and in-

sistel that I go along. So preparations were made for our marriage. We sent to Bunker for a minister, but our messenger brought word he could not get away. "Could

"- not come to him?" We must start + Chicago at once, so decided to adopt

The tired horses stopped instantly, only too glal of the chines. Joe sprang out into the vielling snow. In a moment he shoute I again: "Hello! Here's another sleigh. Father! Frank ! Pile out here with your shoveis!"

They did as he or lere l, and mother and I roused to see what it all meant. But we could see nothing, and only faintly hear their voices above the rushing wind,

We soon found out, however, for father and Frank soon returned and lifted mother and me out of the sleigh, and carried us---where? Into father's cyclone cave.

We stared about in stupid amazement, for Joe had brought a lantern along, and he had lighted and hung it up. A moment later we were joined by the minister from Bunker, who, finding it possible to get away, had started. The men blanketed the poor horses,

huddled them together close to the mouth of the cave, turned the sleigh box up beside them as a partial shelter, then bringing my trunk, lunch basket

The temperature of the cave was comfortable compared with the outer air, and we were truly thankful for the ertion soon restored our benumbed limbs to their normal condition, and we settled down to a quiet discussion of the situation and the probabilities in our favor.

After a time the talk languished, and Frank made in a whisper the queerest propriation. I gave a decided negative, but at last yielded to his entreaty, and almost before the rest knew what was going on we stood before the minister with clasped hands, and he was speaking the solemn word that bound us for better or worse for life.

It was a strange bridal. In that low, dark cave, lighted only by the smoky lantern, the terrible blizzard howling overhead, and death lurking near in the fearful cold, which steadily increased. mother cried softly, and father's voice trembled as he gave me his blessing. Frank's face was very white as he clasped me in his arms and called me wife. My own feelings were a mixture of terror and happiness, such as I hope never to experience again.

We remained in our safe but gloomy refuge forty-eight hours. Then we were dug out by my brothers and a party from Bunker, who were in search of the minister and had found us by the mounds caused by the snow drifting

and the other had to be killed, he was [Washington Critic. so bally frozen. Huddled together under the ground, with fifteen fect of snow over us, we had not suffered badly; and the lunch

basket filled by mother for Frank and me on our journey had sufficed to keep us from actually suffering from hunger.

strewn with caudal appendages, and bobtail coyotes are the rule --- | New York India Ink.

From the earliest times "collectors" of choice brands of ink have never been wanting, and in one respect, at least, lifferent as eastern and western notions

may be, they both agree in this-that we do not make as good stuff now as in former times. It was in the latter days of the Tang dynasty that one Li-tchao and his son, Li-ting-Kouei, set up a nanulactory of ink in the small town of Chu-tcheou, which was then surrounded by magnificent forests of fir, from which fact we may reasonably infer that

the black was to be made from the combustion of that wood. The father had grown old in the business without makng any particular reputation; the son, nowever, brought the processes then imployed to the highest pitch of perfection; but he kept his methods a proound secret, and since his time the efforts of all the makers have been directed to producin ; an ink as gool as his. Yet it is allowed by connoisseurs that nobody has yet succeeded in equaling his makes, especially those in shape of a sword, and of round cake-which are his masterpieces. We are told that an infallible neans of recognizing the ink of Li-ting-Kouei is to break a piece off a cake and

to throw it in water. If, in a month, the pieces are still unacted upon at the bottom of the vessel, we may be certain that they are really authentic. This great genius made several qualities, which are distinguished by the characters stamped upon them. Three are of the highest excellence, unapproachable by any modern; and the fourth, which may be considered as the ordinary artiele, bears his name, together with the title conferred upon him by imperial decree as a reward for the services he had indirectly rendered to literature. -- [All the Year Round.

The President's Conclusion.

one?"

"Daniel," calle 1 the President sharpy to his private secretary this morning, as he heard that worthy talking to an applicant in the outer office.

'Yes, stre," responded Daniel, coming in trembling. "Didn't I hear you talking to some

"Yes, sire." "Who was it, Daniel?" "He wants help, sire, He says he is poor democrat.

"A poor democrat, Daniel?" "Yes, sire." "Well, Daniel, he must be a mugwump. They are the poor st democrats over the poor horses. Two were dead I ever had anything to do with."-

> A Great Shot. First Nimrod-"Who are going on the hunting party?" Second Nimrod -- "Well, Sam Peter-

son is going along." "Who is Sam P. terson?"

tell you; it was a little deer. It belonged to a lady living near us. She had bought it from some Mexicans, who

had brought it in from the mountains a lew miles distant. It was a light brown color, with white spots on it; sile; and had such soft hair and silky cars, and the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. At first it was very shy, but in a few days it grew tame, got accustomed to its new home, and as we lived near, and there was no fence between the houses, it with these mourting badges. soon got in the way of coming to see us. It would come into the kitchen where I stood a lithe figure with a pale, cadaverwould be preparing dinner, and putting ous countenance, but a keen, penetratits nose in my hand, beg in its pretty way for a bit of pie or cake. It was very fond of vegetables, especially cabbage, and would often go through the whole house in search of its favorite vegetable, frequently going to the front part of the building, where my husbaud kept a store containing all sorts of groceries, provisions and fresh vegetables; here the little deer felt quite at home (unless there were strangers in, when he was very shy), and he would help himself to anything he wanted, sometimes going behind the counters, where he would hunt among the different sacks of dried fruit for currants, for which he seemed to have an especial fondness, more than once eating his fill of them, until my husband said "Dicky" (that was his name) must do better than that.

or stay out of the store. Once during an illness that kept me confined to my bed for several days, face and figure of a 3-year-old baby, Dicky would come every day at about who stood for two long hours swaying the same time, and stamp on the door step with his fore foot, until some one dervishes and with his rosy cherubwould open the door for him, when he would come in, and coming straight to my bed, lay his head in my hand. I grew very much attached to him, but as the weather grew cooler, he often wandered away from home, and would be gone two or three days, and finally, much to the grief of his mistress, disappeared a'together. She thought he had been stolen, but I think it was only his wild nature asserting itself, or he had fallen in company with other deer, preferring their society to ours. One day during the following summer, while at supper, in a room opening off from the store-room, and adjoining the kitchen-the doors being open clear through-a large deer stepped into the store, and coming on through the room where we were, without, however, paying much attention to us, walked out into the kitchen and coolly picked up a small loaf of bread that I had just brought from the baker's, and walked out at the back door. When I had recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to think, I went to the door to look for him, but he was nowhere to be seen, nor did we ever see him again. He had grown wonderfully, but I am sure it was Dicky.-|Farm, Field and Stock.

The government of Egypt has been persuaded to make surveys which prove "What, you don't know Sam Peter- the existence of a depressed region

patriarchs in appearance, while two as they are constantly carrying tales or groups of little children were ranged making mischief, and a lady who can the letter "I" had dropped from the behind them. Seated close to the low do without an am th thereby gets rid of word "lawful" and it read: "People railing were rows of men clothed in the almost the only vexation in her housenowing pervish mantle and tan-colored keeping life. - I Good II mickeeping "galuph," a tall, brimless felt hat, strongly resembling an inverted flower 500 Tons of Pills a Year.

pot, bound round the head by a long "There are eleven and one-half tons black scarf with ends left flowing. of postage s'amps sold at the New York These ends were at intervals during the postoffice every year," remarked a service tenderly pressed to the lips. At manufacturing chemist to a New York other times the eyes were carefully wiped Mail and Express reporter. "Now guess how many tons of pills are made

Conspicuous before the high priest in this country eviry year. " "What have postage stamps to do with pill-? '

ing eye, who was slowly manipulating a "Nothing whatever, save that each is long, white scarf. He first threw it useful in its way. I only cited the postaround his shoulders, thus symbolizing office wend to give you an i lea of the the all-embracing love of Aliah; then great weight of small things when conbinding it tightly about his waist, he sidered in bulk. Give it up? Well, as began tying and untying it, each knot nearly as can be figured, they will having a particular significance. His argount to over 52 tons a year. A ton a week is a fair estimate. In England alone there are 2,000,000,000 consumed every year. That reduced to tons would make about 40. How many are used in other countries it would be hard to say, but the total estimate would not come far from 450 tons. Say 500 tons are used a year by the entire world. The habit of pill-taking is ancient. It is the most convenient form for carrying and taking, and is the most popular. Formerly they were male by hand. Now they are produced by machinery. There are a few manufacturers who make 1,000,000 pills a week. Big business, isn't it?"

The Crow and the Farmer's Dog.

An old Crow basked in the wintry sunshine on the bough of a leafless tree just outside the barnyar I fence,

With 1 linking eyes he watched the Farmer's Dog at his dinner of Lones, and waited for a chance to steal some of the remains.

The Dog raised his eyes.

"Be off!' he cried. "What do you want in the neighborhood of good and respectable birds? You are a vagrant by the infants on exhibition. I shudand good-for-nothing."

"I may not be very good," calmly replied the crow, but I have manage1 to reach a prosperous old age, which is more than cin be said for the unfortunate and worthy turkey whose bones you have just devoured. The truly good die young. A little worldly wisnever left their posts a minute, nor dom doesn't hurt us in the race of life."

ceased to sway their bodies and shout And hastily snatching up a bone he until the performance was concluded, vanished in the frosty air. by a louder clapping and howling, more This fable is not for the young .--

Bar ara Fritchie, Some of the relatives of the late Barbara Fritchie in Frederick, Md., rccently sent to Mr. John G. Whittier, who immortalized the venerable lady in verse, a number of table articles which formerly belonged to Mrs. Fritchie. Mr. Whittier acknowlelged the reccipt of the articles some days ago and stated in his letter that he had become convinced that his poem entitled "Barbara Fritchie" was based upon a supposed incident that h d no foundation, but that he was glal to know, never-

company of some uncalled-for goods to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

HUMOROUS.

A last resort-The shoemaker's shop.

The longest reign in history-The

Sticks at nothing-The theatrical

The woman question: "What are you

"Another Cuban outrage," said Col.

Sozzle, after vain efforts to make a 20-

Never ask a crust of a crusty man.

Ask him for meat, for he'll give you a

Mamma-"Elith, can you tell me

what faith is?" Edith (aged six years)

- "Oh, yes; it is believing what yeu

Hanks-"Don't care if I do take a

drink, thank you, for I am awfully

thirsty. Why, I have a perfect [Sahara

inside me." Banks (giving large order

to waiter)-"All right, old man, you

shall be treated according to your des-

deluge.

swordsman.

cent cigar draw.

know isn't true!"

ert."

going to trim it with?"

cold shoulder with pleasure.

"Just think, darling, a week ago we were utter strangers, and now we are angaged !" "Ah, yes, Mr. De Hobson, lear, it was a case of love at first sight.' "Mr. De Hobson? Why don't you call ne by my first name, darling?" "Because, precious," the girl replied, shyly "I don't know what it is."

She was a pretty salesgirl, He asked for a kiss For he was the accepted Of the fair and blushing miss. She gave him one, and as she drew Her rosy lips away, "Is there" she asked in trembling tones, "Anything else today?"

The Fathers of Presidents.

Grover Cleveland is the only clergynan's son who has ever been elected resident, though Arthur's father was a lergyman. He was not, however, lected president. The fathers of the Virginia Presidents-Washington, Jeferson, Madison and Monroe-were lanters. John Tyler's father was a awyer and a statesman, and John Adams, the father of John Quincy Adms, was by profession a lawyer. Frant's father was a tanner, Hayes' ather a merchant, and the fathers of Jarfield, Lincoln, Pierce, Fillmore, Polk, Van Buien and Jackson were armers. The chances for the presilency in the past have thus been with he farmers' boys, and out of the 18 presidents elected by the people only ne has been a parson's son.-[New York World.

The Largest Silver Nugget.

The biggest silver nugget in the vorld was recently on exhibition in New York. It weighs 606 1-2 ounces, and was found at the Greenwood group of mines in the State of Michoacan, Mexico. Fifty-nine others, weighing rom one to thirty-five pounds cach, vere found there at the same time. The hig nurget was found on the surface, and in its original condition weighed welve pounds more. It is almost pure ilver. Mr. Watson of the United States Assaver's Office, says it is the finest pecimen he ever saw.

The Weight of a Heart.

The average weight of men's hearts, ays the Medical News, is eleven ounces rach, and of women's only nine ounces. Thu, when they give and take or exhange hearts, man is the loser, quality cing equal. Man's average brain veighs forty-nine and a half ounces and voman's forty-four. The average veight for both lungs is for men fortyive ounces and for women thirty-two.

He Was Hopeful.

Smith-I see you are keeping comany with Miss Jones yet. Brown-Yes. "Does it mean business?" "Can't tell. I wouldn't be surprised,

Life.

tumult than before. Then a sudden hush, when, without a signal or look from any one, this lovely little baby demurely marched up to the high priest to receive his blessing, then laid him

down, his face to the ground before the venerable man. Another, who appeared to be a high chiel of the order, now took the sta' wart priest by the hand while he placed both feet on the body of this frail infant and stood with his face turned upward, while he muttered what appeared to be a prayer. Then oth r children followed.

its frail body in perfect unison with the mouth uttering the same indescribably impressive cry of Allah! When the rude throng had at length worked themselves up to a state of religious frenzy the little boy also rolled his bright eves about as if beholding a heavenly vision, To my mind nothing was so impressive as the power of endura co showa

der when I think of the torture they

must have been subjected to in the pri-

vate drill necessary to prepare tham for

such a per 'ormance in public. Some of

the children seemed free to pass in and

out at will, Lut the tiny boy spoken of

above and a little girl (a hunchback)

violent jerking of the head and wilder

whispered words will bear this interpretation: 'I tis up greed; I untie charity. I tie up hate; I untie love. I tie up pride; I untie humility." And so on through a long list. Then began a monotonous chant that soon swelled to a tremendous howl. All rose to their feet and kept time with swaying body and jerking head in a frantic manner. The old and feeble among them gradually dropped out of the circle and took seats on

rugs near the centre of the room, besides the rows of standing children. At length the eyes of the spectators became rivited upon the

