

"Laugh a Little Bit."  
Here's a motto just your fit:  
"Laugh a little bit."  
When you think you're trouble fit,  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Look Misfortune in the face,  
Brave the villain's rude grimace;  
Treat to one 'till you yield its place.  
If you have the grit and wit  
Just to laugh a little bit.  
Keep your face with sunshine lit—  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Gloomy shadows off will fit  
If you have 't' wit and grit  
Just to laugh a little bit.  
Cherish this as sacred writ—  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Keep it with you, simple it;  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Little lile will sure beside you,  
Fortune will not sit beside you,  
Men may mock and Fame deride you,  
But you'll 't' stand them not a whit  
If you laugh a little bit.  
—J. Edmund V. Cook, in St. Nicholas.

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.

By Helen Forrest Graves.  
The editor had lighted his cigar just as the level light glimmering through his by no means immaculate "sanctum" windows, indicated that the glorious orb of day, somewhat obscured in fog and metropolitan smoke, was about to disappear behind, not exactly the western hills, but what came to the same thing in a city, the western roofs and chimney tops.  
Karl Rubens, the editor of the weekly Shiner, was a tall, bright-looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny. He had been very successful through life, but it was because he had denuded success with a contagious persistence that would not be denied. Brown-haired, with careless, wavy locks, drooping low upon his forehead, and dark-brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome, yet the eye rested with pleasure upon his face, and in his light editorial coat, somewhat worn at the elbows and shiny at the seams, and the velvet cap, tasseled and braided with gold, he looked every inch the elegant and frank-hearted American. O, we might phrase it "gentleman," did we not secretly believe that the former title is far the nobler and more comprehensive of the two.

As we said before, Mr. Rubens was just drawing the first inhalation of Havana, when the door opened softly, and a beautiful young lady stepped in: a young lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of "society," whose beauty he had worshipped afar off, and whom he had unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds, pearls, silks and tulle-draperies, looped up with hot-house flowers.  
He started up, exclaiming, and thrusting his head behind a pile of "encyclopedias."  
"Miss Ainslie?"  
"An I interrupting you, Mr. Rubens?" she asked, softly.  
"Interrupting me? Not in the least in the world; in fact, I feel very much honored by—by—please take a chair."

And Karl tipped a heap of yet unselected newspapers of the nearest chair and drew it eagerly forward. Blanche Ainslie sat down, her pale blue silk dress subsiding round her like the billows of a sapphire sea.  
Blanche Ainslie was very handsome, with azure eyes, and bright, chestnut-brown hair, with her complexion, although rather pale, was clear as ivory, and her features were as delicate as if she had been a Greek girl in the days of old Ptolemy.  
While Karl unconsciously noted these things in his mind he was marveling inwardly what lucky chance had procured him this visit. Did she mean to invite him to one of the soirees of her niece, the rich old broker, or was some surprise party on the tapis, too exclusive for the ordinary medium of cards or printed paper? For Mr. Rubens rather prided himself upon the entire he was beginning to gain within the enchanted portals of New York society. Almost at the same moment Blanche looked up.

"You are wondering what brings me here," she said, half-smiling.  
"Whatever it was, I can but thank the opportunity," Karl answered, with prompt gallantry, although he could feel the teat-tale blood rising to his cheek.  
"And I may as well tell you the whole truth at once," said Blanche, her voice faltering slightly, and two red spots glowing upon her temples.  
"My Uncle George failed last week, and we are going to be very poor."  
"Failed?" echoed Karl, "scarcely it cannot be possible—at least that is I had not heard of it!"

"But it is true, nevertheless," Miss Ainslie said; "and all the world will know of it but too soon. And Mr. Rubens," she added in a lower and more hesitating voice, "I must do something for my own support—either teach, sew, play companion to an invalid lady, or earn my living in some way not unbefitting a gentleman's daughter; and I have concluded to try and write for the papers."  
"Indeed?" said Karl, not knowing what else to say.  
"Will you give me a chance in the columns of the Shiner?" she asked, with a very evident effort. "I believe I could write as good stories as some of those that you publish and pay for."

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say. How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him, in the halo of her youth and beauty and high social position, that she could no more hope to succeed as a sketch writer than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam engine without an hour of practice or experience? Had she been a shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle-aged female with iron gloves and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough. As it was, her blue eyes, shining wistfully into his, seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue.  
"I have got a little story here," went on Blanche, producing a neatly folded packet, "which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it, and give me your unprejudiced opinion—"

"Certainly," said Karl, recovering his self-possession, and bowing as he took the packet.  
"There are some verses, too," said Blanche, reddening, "and a little essay or two, written as spicily as possible. Shall I come tomorrow to get your opinion?"  
"By no means," said Mr. Rubens, politely. "I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you—"

"I shall be so much obliged!" said Miss Ainslie, eagerly, and Karl knew that she meant it.  
Blanche Ainslie went away, leaving an intangible little scent of attar of roses behind her—and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.  
"How pretty she is!" Karl Rubens thought; "but, please! the idea of her writing for the papers! Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the papers to D, and see what she says about 'em."  
Miss Diana Rubens was a strong-minded young lady, of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew, kept house for her brother, and did nearly as much of the "sheavy work" of the Weekly Shiner as did the editor himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening cup of tea, tossed the manuscripts toward her, and related his story. "Little Blanche Ainslie could no more write for the paper than any canary bird! But every woman thinks she's a born authoress, and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of them!"  
Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.  
"Seemed with rose," said she, scornfully. "Stuff and nonsense!"  
"Well?" said Karl, at last, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Diana laid the packet down, with a loud "Hum!" which signified the completion of her task.  
"Fiddlesticks!" was the brief yet significant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose with the end of his pen-stick, evidently a little disappointed.  
"You think they won't do?" said he.  
"Of course they won't," said Miss D. "Diagrams and adjectives—trash and sentiment—what are the girls thinking of nowadays? If she had sent me a few good table recipes now, or a way of cleaning marble or taking out mildew; but an impossible love story with the hero on stilts and the heroine mere milk and water. Pahaw!"  
"Poor child!" said Karl, compassionately—but he never thought of an appeal from his sister's decision. "And she was so sure of success!"  
"They always are!" said Miss D.  
Karl Rubens was a little provoked at his strong-minded sister, but he remembered, as a palliating circumstance, that Miss Diana had never seen Blanche Ainslie.  
The editor did not sleep very soundly that night. He could not help thinking of the beautiful girl so suddenly reduced from luxury and wealth to utter poverty, and when a

last he fell asleep, it was to dream of blue eyes, and chestnut hair braided with shifting lights of gold.

Look Misfortune in the face, Brave the villain's rude grimace; Treat to one 'till you yield its place. If you have the grit and wit Just to laugh a little bit.

Blanche was at home, sitting among the splendor that was to be hers so brief a time now, and her bright, upward look, as he entered, went to his very heart.  
"I feel like Crookback Richard," he thought, "going to murder the innocent little princess in the Tower."  
And when he told her, as gently as he could, that the stories and poetry would not pass muster, she burst into tears.  
Mr. Rubens could not endure those bright sparkling drops.  
"Blanche!" he faltered, "don't cry. Dear Blanche, it is not worth it!"  
And before they parted that evening, Blanche Ainslie had half promised to consider the possibility of accepting the editor's love, since the editor could not accept her contributions.

"The idea of supplanting yourself is very ridiculous," said Karl. "It's a great deal better to let me support you."  
And so Blanche Ainslie became an editor's wife and the happiest of little matrons, and to this day Karl keeps the little packet that was respectfully declined.—[The Weekly.

**Cause of Variegation of Leaves.**  
The variegated color of leaves, as in some kinds of geraniums and the coleus, is believed to be due to some kind of disease or defective growth. This variegation is called sporting, and is not propagated by seeds, but only by cuttings of the plant. In the case mentioned, in which a variegated geranium, cut back to the ground, throws up a number of new stems, of which some bear green leaves and the others white ones, the sporting takes another form, and as these stems all proceed from buds in the main stem some of the buds are evidently stronger than the others, but why they should excite alternate it is difficult even to suggest. It may be possible, however, that the plant so severely cutback has made a natural effort to survive the injury and has produced a more vigorous growth from some of the buds, and these more vigorous stems bear the green leaves. There are often cases analogous to this which go to show that plants possess the same power as animals to make an unusual effort to exist under unfavorable circumstances, and this seems to be an instance of this class. The green stems are the larger because they are the strongest and this is also the reason why they are green. A curious case added to this occurred in the writer's experience lately. A potato which had a pretty purple striped blossom, but which had never been known to bear a seed ball, had a bloom cut for a bouquet and afterward was set in the ground in the garden. It took root and made a seed ball. It was a small potato at the root. Here was a case of nature's effort to survive and perpetuate the plant under unusually depressing circumstances. At least we look at it in that way. And as the tuber was a very weak one, the small plant produced a seed ball with seed.—[New York Times.

**Salmon Going the Way of the Buffalo.**  
It looks as though the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River, which have added enormously to the wealth of the Northwest, would in the course of a few years become extinct. The fate of the Columbia will probably be that of the Sacramento river, from which griver the salmon have almost disappeared. Fish laws may be enforced and an attempt be made to possess them, but it is not thought that anything can be done in this way that would suffice to save the fisheries. It seems that the salmon will not remain in rivers the waters of which are frequently disturbed by steamboats, and that it flows through thickly inhabited countries. The salmon fishing of the not very distant future will likely be almost entirely confined to British Columbia and Alaska.—[Denver (Col.) Republican.

**The Banana Industry.**  
South American people do not regard the banana as a luxury. There is a "banana patch" in every garden just as surely as you find a potato patch near every little cabin in the United States. Some kinds grow wild in the woods, but the fruit of such plants is almost always too bitter to eat.  
A growing banana plant looks, from a little distance, somewhat like an immense calla lily. The rows are started from young shoots which are cut off and set in the ground just as we set geraniums. Soon they send up two long leaves, which are curled so tightly together that they look just like a round stick. After a time the leaves uncurl and hang down like branches, and others, curled quite

tightly, take their places. This the plant keeps up until, with a dozen or more great leaves spread out, it begins to look quite tree like. But the trunk is not hard wood like the oak or pine; it is nothing but leaf stems, so sheathed and folded and hardened together as to sustain the great weight above.  
At the end of nine months a deep purple bud appears in the centre of the leaves. As it lengthens and droops downward it looks like a great purple heart. When this opens it shows within a number of rings of bright little buds arranged around the stem, and by and by each little bud bursts into a yellow blossom. Gradually the fruit develops, from the cluster of tiny green pods to the bunch frequently weighing one hundred pounds.  
After bearing fruit the old plant dies, and from the new shoots which spring up from its roots young plants are started.  
At Trinidad, in the West Indies, bananas are dried and shipped in large quantities.  
The variety which yields the best result in drying is the "Gros Michel." There is every reason to believe that dried bananas will soon be an important item in the trade of the West Indies. This article can be conveyed to market from remote districts over bad roads without injury, and the risks of handling and sea voy ges are small.  
The banana is one of the most productive of fruits. Its yield is estimated at forty-four times that of the potato, or one hundred and thirty-one times that of wheat.  
There are almost as many kinds of bananas as there are of apples—big ones, a foot long; thick ones, almost like small muskmelons, and little "pig" bananas that are the best in quality.  
For cooking, bananas are taken while yet green, and may be fried, roasted, baked or broiled. If taken when fully ripe they are too soft and sweet for cooking. In whatever way they may be cooked be sure and serve them hot, for as soon as they begin to cool they become tough. A common sight along the Amazon River is the camp fire surrounded by groups of natives roasting bananas among the embers; this is really the most delightful way to cook them.—[American Gardening.

CATTLE TRAILING.

An Interesting By-Gone Feature of Western Life.

Driving Big Herds of Cattle Thousands of Miles.

The barb-wire fences shut off the great trails that stretched from Corpus Christi through the Pan Handle of Texas, and on up through New Mexico and Colorado and through the Indian Territory to Dodge City. The coming of the railroad also made this trailing of cattle to the market superfluous, and almost destroyed one of the most remarkable features of the West. This trail was not, of course, an actual trail, and marked as such, but a general driveway forty miles wide and thousands of miles long. The herds of cattle that were driven over it numbered from 300 to 3000 head, and were moving constantly from the early spring to the late fall.  
No caravan route in the far Eastern countries can equal this six months' journey through three different States, and through all changes of weather and climate and in the face of constant danger and anxiety. This procession of thousands of cattle on their slow march to the North was one of the most interesting and distinctive features of the West.

An "outfit" for this expedition would consist of as many cowboys as were needed to hold the herd together, a wagon, with the cook and the tents, and the mules for the riders. In the morning the camp wagon pushed on ahead to a suitable resting-place for the night, and when the herd arrived later, moving, on an average, fifteen miles a day, and grazing as it went, the men would find the supper ready and the tents pitched. And then those who were to watch that night would slowly circle around the great army of cattle, driving them in closer and closer together, and singing as they rode, to put them to sleep. This seems an absurdity to the Eastern mind, but the sound of something familiar quieted and satisfied these great stupid animals that can be soothed like a child with a nursery rhyme and when frightened cannot be stopped by a river. The boys rode slowly and patiently until one and then another of the herd would stumble clumsily to the ground, and others near would follow, and at last the whole great herd would be silent and immovable in sleep. But the watchfulness of the sentries could never relax. Some chance noise—the shaking of a saddle, some cry of a wild animal, or the scent of distant water carried by a chance breeze across the prairie, or nothing but sheer blind wantonness—would start one of the sleeping mass to his feet with a snort, and in an instant the whole great herd would go tearing madly over the prairie, tossing their horns and bellowing, and filled with a wild unreasoning terror. And then the skill and daring of the cowboys, who were put to their severest test, as he saw his master's income disappearing towards a canon or a river, or to lose itself in the brush. And the cowboy who tried to head off and drive back this galloping army of frantic animals had to ride a race that meant his life if his horse made a misstep, and as the horse's feet often did slip, there would be found in the morning somewhere in the trail of the stampeding cattle a horrid mass of blood and flesh and leather.

Do you wonder, then, that after this half-year of weary, restless riding by day, and sleepless anxiety and watching under the stars by night, when the lights of Dodge City showed across the prairie, the cowboy kicked his feet out of his stirrups, drove the blood out of the pony's sides, and "came into town" with both guns going at once, and yelling as though the pent-up speech of the past six months of loneliness was striving for proper utterance?—[Harper's Weekly.

**Africa's Greatest Pest.**  
All white men who visit regions in Africa infested by the tsetse fly have much to say about it. There is now evidence that the tsetse is moving gradually to more northern regions, and the cause is supposed to be that South Africa is depleted of its large game, much of which is moving northward to get away from hunters, and the tsetse fly goes with it.  
The insect is only a little larger than the ordinary house fly, and it resembles the honey-bee. Its sting is hardly so annoying as that of a mosquito, but near the base of its proboscis is a little bag which contains its poison. It lives on the blood of animals, and only a few species are fatally affected by its bite. Cattle, horses and dogs, however, cannot live when bitten with the tsetse fly. Natives who herd cattle and travelers who depend on horses or oxen must avoid the fly regions or lose their stock. For human beings its bite has no serious consequences.  
Mr. Swan, a missionary in Katanga, near the western head waters of the Congo, says that recently the buffaloes of South Africa, which differ from those of the Congo, have been moving northward into the Katanga country. It is to the buffaloes that the English missionary attributes the prevalence of the tsetse in Katanga. When Lieut. I. Marinel went to Katanga, more than a year ago, he took a dozen head of cattle, intending to leave them at the station there and raise a large herd. The tsetse was too much for them, however, and in a short time only two of the cattle remained.  
Sometimes the poison kills the victim in a week or ten days. At other times the animal lingers along for several months. The symptoms are those of blood poisoning. White men in Africa express the opinion that with the gradual disappearance of large game the tsetse will vanish. If it does not, it will be impossible to carry on many enterprises that would certainly thrive in some regions now infested by the fly.—[New York Sun.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

FRICASEED TRIPE.

Cut a pound of tripe in narrow strips, put a small cup of water or milk to it, add a bit of butter the size of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of flour, or work it with the butter; season with pepper and salt, let it simmer gently for half an hour, serve hot. A bunch of parsley cut small and put with it is an improvement.—[Boston Cultivator.

A MOUNTAIN BREAKFAST DISH.

In that delightful middle-aged book, "Quits," which the Passion Play set everybody to hunting up and reading, travelers in the Tyrol are often referred to with schmarra. Some readers wanted quite as much to know what schmarra is as to know about the wood carvers, so here it is: Take a half pound of flour, the yolks of four eggs, a little salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, either nutmeg or grated lemon, with cream or milk enough to make a rather thick batter. The batter must be light and smoothly mixed. Lastly, add the whites of the eggs whisked to a snow. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a stewpan, place it over a brisk fire and into it pour the batter. Cover the pan and let it stay over the fire until a nice brown crust has formed at the bottom. As soon as this is done, break up the schmarra with a little iron spatula or fork, and let it set and brown again; then break up smaller by tearing it lightly apart, and serve it without delay.—[Farm and Garden.

GENUINE NANTUCKET CHOWDER.

A celebrated New England dish is the genuine Nantucket chowder. The dish usually served under that name, a mixture of potatoes, crackers, etc., is more properly a stew or fish fricassee, a palatable compound, but not chowder. This is the genuine article. Get a codfish, fresh caught and weighing about five pounds. Don't buy it unless its eyes are bright and its gills a bright red. Have it cleaned as for boiling, leaving the head on. Cut it into five pieces, the head forming one; wash clean and leave the pieces in cold water slightly salted. Take three-quarters of a pound of clean, fat salt pork, cut this up into five dice, the finer the better, and put into a pot over a slow fire. While it is slowly frying out cut an onion very fine, and when the pork is a rich brown turn in the onion, stirring it frequently, and after the onion is cooked lay the fish on it and cover with boiling water. Wet two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in half a pint of milk and add salt and pepper to taste. When the fish has boiled fifteen minutes add the thickened milk. Boil five minutes and serve with pickles, olives or celery.—[Washington Star.

DOE-SHEDDING HINTS.

To purify water, hang a small bag of charcoal in it.  
Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg-shells in a little water.  
For toothache, try oil of sassafras, and apply it frequently, if necessary.  
Scorched spots may be removed from cotton or linen by rubbing well with chlorine water.  
If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.  
A good liniment for inflammation, rheumatism, swellings, etc., is olive oil well saturated with camphor.  
To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.  
Acids, wine or fruits may be extracted by first being moistened with ammonia, then washed in chlorine water.  
To clean straw matting boil three quarts of bran in one gallon of water, and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.  
To remove brown spots from black fabrics, pour spirits of ammonia on the spot, drop by drop, and rub gently round and round with the finger.  
Onions should not be cooked in an iron pan; if they are very strong, boil a turnip with them. They are always best scalded before chopping for gravies or sauce.  
All vegetables are improved by laying them in a pan of cold water before cooking. They should be put to cook in boiling water, and quick boiling in an uncovered pan will preserve their color. Never allow them to stand in the water after they are done.  
For soft frosting, use ten teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar with one egg; beat thirty minutes. Lay the frosting on with a knife, which is frequently dipped into cold water, will give the icing a gloss. A little cream of tartar will hasten the hardening.

THE GRASS.

The grass so little has to do— A sphere of simple green, With only butterflies to brood, And bees to enter vain.

And stir all day to pretty tunes The breezes fetch along, And hold the sunshine in its lap, And bow to everything;

And thread the dew's all night, like pearls, And make itself so fine— A daisies were too common For such a nothing.

And even when it dies, to pass In colors so divine, As lonely stars gone to sleep, Or ananias of pine.

And then to dwell in our reign here, And dream the days away— The grass so little has to do I wish I were the hay!

—From Poems by Emily Dickinson.

HUMOROUS.

Teneller—What is quickness? Schoolar—Quickness is when a person drops a hot pipe.

"There's nothing like poached eggs," said the man when he robbed his neighbor's hen-house.

Kind Party—What are you crying that way for, little boy? Little Boy—'Cause it's the only way I know how to cry.

Briggs—Tompkins is engaged to a widow, I hear. Briggs—That's just like him. Too lazy to do any of the courting.

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow generally sends for four doctors when he has a headache.

She—it is always the unmarried man who knows all about women. He—Yes, I have noticed that the man who knows all about women does not marry.

I cannot sing the old songs I sang a while ago. For I take the other girl's quickly got up and so.

"How is your daughter doing with the piano, Susy?" "Fast-rate. She kin play with both hands now." Says she'll be able to play with her ear inside of six months."

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother-in-law, my boy?" asked the school teacher of the new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, finally, "she's just a good deal, sir."

Servant—This room will be rented only to an artist. Room Hunter—And why not to another man? Servant—Because artists are less troublesome—they never want their room put in order.

Gentleman—But I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watch-dog. Man (with pipe)—Why, Lor', bless your 'art, it was only his week that this 'ere very animal held a bawlgar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail!

Warning to Brain Workers.

A physician warns brain workers against overeating, and states that the breakdown of active brain workers is often caused by the over-stuffing of their stomachs, when it is attributed to brain fatigue. He says that hard work, mental or physical, rarely ever kills. If a mild amount of physical exercise be taken, and a judicious amount of food be furnished, the functions attended to by the surface be protected by proper clothing and a philosophical nature cultivated, an almost unlimited amount of work can be done for an indefinite length of time, bearing in mind always that when weariness comes rest must be taken instead of stimulants, so that there shall be no working on false capital.—[New York News.

The Inkeeper and His Theory.

At a political meeting in Kansas City the other day ex-Governor Crittenden told a story of an old tavern-keeper whose fond theory it was that every 100th year came the exact repetition of events that had occurred on the same date 100th years before.

Two graceless scamps, filled with the host's good cheer, sought to weaken his dependence on this theory by saying that they would pay their bill on that day 100th years ago. "No, you don't," he said; "you're the same fellows that were here 100th years ago and promised the same thing."—[Kansas City Times.

A Lazy Walker.

An English fellow-traveler, with whom I was returning from Dublin to Bradford, said to me: "Really those fellows are a queer lot! In Morrison's Hotel, where I was staying, there was a poor wretch, so ill that he could hardly crawl about, and I said of him (as he stood on the steps to see me off) to the carman: 'That poor fellow looks shockingly ill!' 'HI! Sure he's been dead these two months, only he's too lazy to close his eyes!'"—[New York Mercury.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Husband—Well, my dear, have you seen the spots on the sun?  
Wife—No, not yet; can I see them now?

H—Yes, if you will run upstairs and look at Wallace. He has the measles.—[Truth.