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The People's Press.

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The last penny of the $100,000 which Buffalo proposes to give as a prize to the man who invents a feasible method of harnessing the immense water power of Niagara has been subscribed.

On January 1, 1887, President Grevy, of France, received 8,000 callers. On the first day of the present year fourteen persons visited ex-President Grevy. That little prefix "ex" is terribly potent in this world.

There are two hundred private railroad cars in the United States, representing a value of nearly $5,000,000. They are worth anywhere from $1,000 to $60,000 each, the most luxurious, probably, being that owned by George M. Pullman.

In the matter of eclipses the United States is treated perhaps a shade better in 1888 than usual, as the eclipses of the moon are visible here. But none of the solar eclipses are to be seen, and it is surely time some consideration was shown in this respect.

The total of anthracite coal for the past year is put at 34,400,000 tons in round numbers, exclusive of local sales at the mines and colliery consumption. The total for 1886, with which these figures are to be compared, was 32,136,362 gross tons. Crediting the present year with an increase of 5 per cent. only, will show up a total of 36,120,900 tons for 1888."

Colonel George L. Perkins, Treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, is the oldest railroad official in the United States, and probably in the world. He is ninety-nine years old, is six feet two inches in height and stands as straight as many men of thirty. Colonel Perkins is the only surviver of the passengers who steamed down the Hudson in Fulton's pioneer steamboat, the Clermont, on her trial trip.

Among the many expenses that Wall street brokers have to face every year is the item for flowers with which they brighten and adorn their offices in the Metropolis. Winter and summer, spring and fall, huge bunches of expensive posies are kept on hand in many of the attractive offices. It is reckoned that the average expense for an office is $10 a day. At dusk the office boys and lesser clerks divide the flowers, and who knows but some tender heart has had one or two ecstatic beats at receiving some of them?

Late details of the Chinese floods make the story one of the most terrible in history. What was a beautiful, populous district of 10,000 square miles is now a rolling sea. At least 3,000,000 people are homeless and absolutely destitute of the barest necessaries of life, while it is thought that the loss of life will reach 750,000. Everything in the way of figures is as yet, however, pure speculation, with the chances of a total mortality far greater than the present estimate. Court and business circles in Pekin, Canton and other centres, are doing all in human power to cope with the disaster.

The new industry in the South, which has been noted, develops another use for pine needles besides that of spreading an aromatic odor from the filling of a pillow. One product of these needles is a remarkably strong oil, claimed to possess valuable medicinal properties; another is pine wool, which is bleached, dyed and woven, this wool being a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor which gives it value as a moth destroyer when employed in the form of carpet lining; and to these is to be added another product made from this wool, viz., a strong, cheap matting, adapted for halls, stairways and offices.

More than a hundred descendants in Milwaukee of Martin Kroeger, the oldest man in Wisconsin, received their aged relative at a party reunion recently. He is 114 years old and a native of Prussia. He was a resident of Milwaukee from 1850 until three years ago. His eldest son is 78 years old, and he has great grandchildren 25 years old who have children. He looks as though he were about 60; goes about without a cane, and is as clear-headed and jolly an old man as there is in Wisconsin. He can see very well without glasses, hear perfectly, and has an unimpaired memory. He was in the wagon train of Napoleon's army in its invasion of Russia, and tells many a reminiscence of the campaign.

The American *Cultivator* refers to the fact that New Zealand is making a practical effort to compete with America in the supplying of cheese to the English market and adds: "Advices from New Zealand state that in the provinces of Otago and Southland alone there are over twenty cheese factories operating already, turning out each season an average of fifty or sixty tons of cheese, and capable of doubling the production. In the other provinces there are also several factories in operation; and, though on a less extensive scale, the total yield from both the north and middle islands for the season ending July last is estimated at about 1500 tons of cheese. Up to last year a market was found for the whole output in New Zealand and Australia, but this year the producers are looking to England for a market for their surplus cheese. It will probably be some time before there is an important factor in the competition with American cheese, but it will be well for our cheesemakers to be forewarned, that they may endeavor, by superior make and quality, to still command the British markets."

THE END OF THE STORY.

You were standing alone in the silence,
When I passed down the stair that night,
Alone with thoughts in the shadow,
Away from the fire's soft light,
And never a greeting you gave me,
Not a word your lips let fall,
As I came from the light to your side, dear,
That night, in the old oak hall!

But I know, ah, so well, the secret
You fancied you kept unseen,
And I hated the pride that was standing
Like a shadow our hearts between.
So I told you, that night, a story,
And you listened as in a spell,
Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
Of the story I tried to tell!

You fain would have silenced me then, dear;
To leave it untold were best—
Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
To your heart, that you knew the rest!
And the shadow passed by from between us
Forever, beyond recall,
As you whispered the end of the story
That night, in the old oak hall!

—*G. Clifton Bingham.*

PLAIN MARY JANE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Carterets were conspicuous for their pretty names, which they always wrote in full, even before a revolution in taste had put Bessie, Nellie and Madge out of fashion everywhere, except as pet names to be used at home. There were Clementina, Gladys, Marguerite and Lilian among the girls, and Theodore, Reginald, Maximilian and Francis Felix among the boys, and then came No. 9, with Francis Felix out of kilts, and Clementina beginning to go into society. Mrs. Carteret had always had the naming of her brood, but Mr. Carteret, holding the blanketed bundle in his arms and surveying the wrinkled, rosy face, declared that it was his turn at last.

"I shall call this daughter plain Mary Jane, after her Grandmother Jenkins," he declared, "and, my dear, if ever we have another son, his name shall be John, you may make up your mind to that."

They never did have another son, however, and Mrs. Carteret was spared the humiliation of hearing a boy of hers saluted as Jack on the street or recorded as Johnny on the baseball score of his comrades.

Mary Jane was a round, rosy-poly child, sturdy and strong, and as different from her brothers and sisters as if she were no relation to them. Her mother, lying lanquid on the sofa with a novel in her hand, was distressed at the air of rude health which distinguished her youngest, and wondered why so great an affliction should have come to her, when Mary Jane declared that she preferred making puddings to practicing her scales, and would rather mend the stockings than paint cups and saucers for the decorative art store. It had come to pass, by the time Mary Jane was sixteen, that the family circumstances were not what they had been when Gladys and Marguerite were growing up. How it had happened Mr. Carteret could not explain, but year by year his law business had lessened and his income dwindled. With expensive tastes, which none of the family felt like denying, with little outside the office to depend upon, except some unproductive land in New Jersey, which had never paid enough to defray the taxes, Mr. Carteret's household was often in straits, which would have astonished the neighbors, had they dreamed of their possibility. The boys were nice fellows, well-bred and agreeable, but without a particle of push; the girls were elegant and accomplished, judged by a finishing school standard; yet Clementina's piano, Lilian's embroidery, Gladys's water-colors and Marguerite's French and German were each and all sources of expense, and not one, had either young lady chosen to use her skill, would have brought in enough to pay for decent gowns and gloves. Lilian only patiently tried the decorative art, once in a while selling a cushion or a card-case, on which occasion hot-house flowers in profusion always adorned the mother's table and the family had ice cream for dessert.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carteret grew more and more fretful, languid and depressed, and Mr. Carteret's face took on a hunted, anxious look, which if it troubled nobody else distressed the heart of his daughter Mary Jane.

"Papa's little girl" she had called herself as soon as she could speak plainly, and "papa's little girl" she remained when her brown hair was brushed smoothly back from a compact, sensible forehead, and her gray eyes looked straight on the world with the courage of a young woman who meant to make her way, asking no odds on account of youth or sex.

"Who is that happy-faced girl who so often walks down the street with old Carteret?" said a merchant one day, standing in his door and watching the progress of the two toward Mr. Carteret's office.

"That," said the person addressed, "is his daughter—plain Mary Jane they call her, I believe. She has taken the place of office boy for the old gentleman just at present, and it's no doubt a great relief, for even that expense is a burden when a man's funds are as low as Carteret's chronically are."

"Whew!" said the merchant, with a long whistle. "I didn't know that Carteret had a daughter who knew enough to play the part of office boy."

Had curiosity led the critic to follow the pair he would have seen Mary Jane—her stiff dress covered with a brown linen wrap, her hair enveloped in a cap, long loose gloves protecting her hands and arms—sweeping, dusting, setting things to rights, singing a merry tune the while; then later, copying legal documents and looking up references for her father, serving him, indeed, with a quickness, intelligence and interest unknown to the tribe of office boys.

"I hope no one among our friends will ever find out that papa allows Mary Jane to go so familiarly to the office," sighed Gladys deprecatingly, as she dipped her brush daintily into the lemon-yellow with which she was touching a withered leaf.

"It's not good form!" said Reginald, posing before the glass to try the effect of bangs for his patrician countenance.

"Papa has always spoiled Mary Jane," echoed Mrs. Cateret, regarding her son with complacent satisfaction.

"There is a manishness about Mary Jane which is singularly unlike the gentility of the women of our family," remarked Marguerite.

Clementine, who had been married for several years, and who had less toleration than formerly for the Carteret deficiency in the exchequer, threw cold water on the general disfavor by saying, in a matter of fact way:

"Oh! well, girls, and mamma, you know very well that nobody will ever choose Mary Jane for her beauty, and if she can help papa, for goodness sake let her do it. Jerome says that papa must have managed dreadfully to let affairs drift as they have, and I agree with him."

The housekeeping had fallen a good deal into the hands of Mary Jane. She had a perfect genius for contriving ragouts and fricasees out of the leftovers and fragments: she would buy a "soup-piece" for a few cents and make a delicious pot-au-feu, and as for watching the weekly bills and cutting off a cent here and a sixpence there her talent was marvelous. Plebeian if you choose, but nevertheless a convenient and comfortable talent for the child of an impecunious parent.

But the day came when not all Mary Jane's magic could evolve dinners out of nothing. Invention she had, but creation was beyond her powers, and not all her willing service, diligent and faithful as it was, could bring business enough to poor Mr. Carteret to more than pay his office rent. Mrs. Carteret, poor lady, cried till her eyes were red, but what good did that do? Lilian went to live with Clementine. Marguerite thought she would try writing for the press under the impression that here was an easy road to fame and fortune—so respectable, too, and needing so little outlay—for couldn't she throw off poems and stories at a sitting if she could only find an editor to pay for them? Two of the boys went off on a ranch in the train of an English nobleman and the others were at work, though they were able to do little more than support themselves.

Mary Jane determined to improve the situation, but the question was how? What could she do which would bring in money? Day after day, night after night she thought, but could fix upon nothing definite. Meanwhile she mended and darned, turned curtains and furniture covering, kept the house bright and shining, and found herself repaid by seeing her father lose the discouraged expression which had overlaid his natural cheerfulness.

"You have inherited the Jenkins faculty," he said one day. "We Carterets and your mother's people, the Truemans, are lacking in resource, but my mother's mother was Mary Jane Jenkins, and she was a woman among a thousand."

Jenkins faculty, or Carteret elegance, Mary Jane pondered, which was to come to the front and prove helpful.

She was mounted on a step ladder rehanging a portiere, which she had spent hours in repairing and freshening, when a visitor was announced. It was a certain Mrs. Despard, an old and fashionable friend, and Maria, now maid-of-all work, hurried from her tubs to open the door, and ushered her, without ceremony, into the room where the young mistress was busy with her amateur upholstery.

"For pity's sake!" ejaculated Marguerite, in the chamber above. "Mary Jane is in the middle of the work and she'll never apologize. I will not go down."

"Mary Jane mortifies me every day of my life," foamed Mrs. Carteret, brushing her thin hair and taking her best lace handkerchief from the bureau drawer.

"I wish," she continued, sorrowfully, "that dear Mrs. Despard had called when the drawing room was somewhat in shadow. Mary Jane has no doubt admitted floods of light and every threadbare line in the carpet and all the makeshifts will show, and oh! it is hard to let the world know how poor we are!"

Thus tragically the mother and daughter above stairs regarded each other, while below Mary Jane having tripped from the step-ladder, shaken out the portiere and established the caller in a great easy chair with a hassock at her feet and her back to the light, a screen between her and the bit of fire in the grate was finding herself all at once face to face with her opportunity.

"Is it possible, my dear, that you can find such things yourself?" exclaimed Mrs. Despard. "Do pardon me, but neither for love nor money do I know where to find any one who can take stitches when they are needed, arrange my pretty things daintily, drape a lambrequin and generally see to what my daughter would have done if she had lived. You know I lost Mignon when she was only two. You and she were born in the same month with the April violets, Mary Jane."

How it came about Mary Jane could not have told, but before Mrs. Carteret entered the parlor a compact was made and the Despard portieres and furniture were all to pass in review before the girl's bright eyes the next day afternoon.

"You will let me pay you, my dear child?" said the lady, in a soft aside, as she went away.

But plain Mary Jane was not sensitive on this point. She said, in her usual voice:

"Certainly, Mrs. Despard, if I am able to serve you I will charge you a fair price, but you must not count upon me until you find out whether or not I can really be of use."

Mrs. Carteret exclaimed as the door closed:

"That I should have lived to see this day. Mary Jane! Mary Jane! What will people think of you?"

"Oh, my dear little mother, what matters it what they may think if only they will find my work good of its kind and pay me a living price for it."

It was not many weeks before Mary Jane had all she wanted to do. A dozen families were in need of precisely such helpful assistance as she could render, and she had her regular days and went from one to another, gradually coming to be regarded as a household oracle. For, were there stains on the linen, Mary Jane could remove them; was a bit of lace frayed, her deft hands could restore it to its primitive freshness; did a lady need a hat for reception or opera and there was no time to send for a French miliner, here was Mary Jane with magic in her finger-tips, and give her a few ends of ribbon, a flower or two and a bit of tinsel, and there you were. She could mend a three-cornered rent so that you would not see the scar of her repairing, and as for tablecloths and napkins, she had the patience and the skill of a medical man in restoring them when they had begun to go. The Jenkins faculty stood her in stead, in these days, and though Mamma Carteret fumed, she was so environed with new comforts that she grew resigned in spite of aristocratic prejudice, while Papa Carteret, with ever-increasing pride, openly boasted of this business-like daughter. "Papa's little girl," meanwhile, was so happy and busy, and successful, that she began to look beautiful, and "plain Mary Jane" seemed like a misnomer in earnest.

One day she was looking over the morning paper, when her eyes fell upon a paragraph which set her wits to work in earnest. She drew her father aside, and, smoothing his dear old head with her hand, a hand which had a good deal of magnetism in its tender touch, she suddenly said:

"Papa, dear, wouldn't you like to take me on an excursion?"

"Where, my darling," was the surprised reply. Provident Mary Jane was seldom anxious that money should be spent on jaunting for pleasure. Was she tired, he wondered, and would an outing do her good? But there was no hint of fatigue in the wide-open childish gaze, in the lips with their forceful set, contradicting the laughing eyes, as if to protest that Mary Jane was a woman for all her girlish fun and freedom.

"I do think, papa," said Mary Jane, taking his breath away by her audacity, "that you and I ought to do something about that cranberry swamp of ours in New Jersey. It's a sin and a shame that it isn't paying us something, instead of being a cost which we dread whenever it's time to pay the taxes. And so, dear, I propose that we go and see what is to be done."

All this was several years ago. This winter the Carteret ship, under the pilotage of plain Mary Jane, finds itself in peaceful waters. The cranberry swamp is paying well. The upholstery business has its headquarters in a neat little office, where Miss Carteret takes orders and from which she sends out men and women to do the best work in town, never disappointing an employer by failure to fulfill an engagement nor ever breaking her word.

"I tell you what, girls," says Clementine's husband, addressing his wife and her sister, "you all used to be ashamed of plain little Mary Jane, but what a brick the child has turned out!"

"It's the Jenkins faculty!" says Papa Carteret, smiling.

"It's Emerson's doctrine," says poor Marguerite, whose literary work has not been appreciated. "'Get your brick ready for the wall.' I begin to see that I, for one, have been all these years working away at the wrong brick."—*Philadelphia Times.*

How to Stay Under Water.

Some travelers have told marvelous stories of the natives of Eastern countries who were able to stay ten or even fifteen minutes under water, but there can be no doubt that these are absurd exaggerations. It is well known that the ordinary divers for coral, sponge and pearl-oysters do not remain under more than two minutes, and the "men-fish" who exhibit in the museums do not exceed two minutes and a half.

The doctors differ in their opinion as to the time at which death comes in drowning. Seme say in three minutes, others in five, but none set a longer time than this, except the drowning person faints, when respiration and animation cease.

A Frenchman named Lacassagne has been for some time studying this subject, and the results of his experiments and observations are given in the *Revue Scientifique*. The man upon whom he experimented was a famous Hungarian swimmer named James, who, among other exploits, once swam from Calais to Dover, and had remained under water for four minutes and fourteen seconds.

Before diving, it was observed he first expelled all the air from his lungs, and then took a long breath. After he had been under water for a minute his heartbeats became slow, irregular and feeble. After two minutes and thirty-seven seconds there was a rush of blood to the head, and his eyes appeared sunken. Still he continued to breathe amply and regularly at the rate of twenty respirations a minute, while at the same time the observer noticed that the abdominal cavity diminished greatly in size.

M. Lacassagne believes from this, and from the fact that James was continually swallowing his saliva, that, in drawing the long breath at first, he swallowed a quantity of air, and that the ordinary respiratory channels being closed he takes into his lungs the air contained in his stomach, and from thence again taken, somewhat purified, into his lungs. That is, in other words, he makes of his stomach a reservoir for air, a fact which, if true, will account for his ability to remain for such an extraordinary time under water. This process, which the diver performs instinctively and mechanically, M. Lacassagne believes can and should be learned by all swimmers, as giving them a far greater endurance under the surface than they now possess.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Female Animal Charmer.

Tipton County, Tennessee, has a phenomenon in the person of a young lady who has remarkable power over animals. She is able to conquer, and ride, in a moment's time, horses and mules that no one else has ever been able to handle. The most savage dog in the neighborhood quails before and never offers to molest her. Squirrels and birds come to her in the woods and eat from her hand, and many times she has been known to pick up a rabbit in the path. She says that from infancy she has had this remarkable power over wild animals, but only within the past few years was she aware that she was also a "horse tamer." She says she is not conscious of putting forth any effort in this line, but it just "comes natural." The only explanation that she can offer is that she has an intense sympathy and love for wild birds and animals. In regard to horses she is perfectly fearless, and by their animal instinct they must know it. These, she says, are the only reasons she can give.—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

First Use of Torpedoes in Naval Warfare.

Francis Edgar Shepperd is said to have been the first man to use the torpedo in naval warfare. He came of an old North Carolina family, and was a graduate of the Naval Academy. He resigned when his State seceded, and entered the Confederate Navy. Twenty-five years ago Shepperd, then a Captain in the Confederate Navy, blew up the United States gunboat Cairo with an old-fashioned fixed torpedo fastened to the bottom of the Mississippi. Lieutenant-Commander, now Rear Admiral, Thomas O. Selfridge, was in command of the Cairo. He and his men were badly shaken, but no one was killed or seriously injured. Captain Shepperd, who was lying on the bank watching the explosion, made up his mind then and there that that was a cowardly way of fighting, and that he would not have any more of it. He never used another torpedo. He died recently in Georgetown, and was buried near Philadelphia.—*New York Sun.*

A Georgia man had a pure white hen. Recently she began moulting, and every white feather that dropped out was replaced by a black one, and now she is clad in deep black from bill to tail.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A Hint to the Housewife.

At this season of the year stewed apples, pears and plums are favorite articles of diet. For breakfast or luncheon, in the dining-room or in the nursery, there are few table dishes more wholesome and more delicious than well stewed fruit served up with cream or custard. There are many persons, however, who cannot eat it, on account either of the acidity of the fruit or the excess of sugar necessary to make it palatable. Sugar does not, of course, counteract acidity; it only disguises it, and its use in large quantities is calculated to retard digestion. The housewife may, therefore, be grateful for the reminder that a pinch—a very small pinch—of carbonate of soda, sprinkled over the fruit previously to cooking, will save sugar, and will render the dish at once more palatable and more wholesome.—*British Medical Journal.*

Mutton Suet as a Household Remedy

It is very vexing and annoying, indeed, to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but, like the measles, it is far better to strike out than to strike in. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear. This is also an excellent remedy for parched lips and chapped hands. It should be applied at night in the liquid state, and well rubbed and heated in before a brisk fire, which often causes a smarting sensation, but the roughest of hands, by this treatment, will often be restored to their natural condition by one application. If every one could but know the healing properties of so simple a thing as a little mutton suet, no housekeeper would ever be without it. Get a little from your butcher, try it out yourself, run into small cakes and put away ready for use. For cuts and bruises it is almost indispensible, and where there are children always there are plenty of cuts and bruises. Many a deep gash that would have frightened most women into sending for a physician at once, I have healed with no other remedies than a little mutton suet and plenty of good castile soap. A wound should always be kept clean, and the bandages changed every day, or every other day. A drenching of warm soap suds from the purest soap that can be obtained is not only cleansing but healing; then cover the surface of the wound with a bit of old white muslin dipped into melted mutton suet. Renew the drenching and the suet every time the bandages are changed, and you will be astonished to see how rapidly the ugliest wound will heal.—*Herald of Health.*

"Good Cheer" Recipes.

POTATO CAKES.—Take cold mashed potatoes, mix two beaten eggs with them, season if necessary, flour the hands and make into oblong cakes. Fry in beef drippings and butter. Turn carefully when browned on the under side.

PARSNIP STEW.—Three slices of salt pork, boil one hour and a half; scrape five large parsnips, cut in quarters lengthwise, add to the pork, and let boil one-half hour; then add a few potatoes, and let all boil together until the potatoes are soft; the fluid in the kettle should be about a cupful when ready to to take off.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—One cup of meal, one of flour, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, a little salt, a tablespoonful of white sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one seant teaspoonful of soda, two scant teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, or two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in muffin tins.

BEAN SOUP.—Take one teacup of dry beans, par-boil until the skins will roll up when you blow them. Drain, and add two quarts of boiling water and a little salt. Cook one hour and a half, when there should be about a pint of water on them. To this add one cup of sweet cream about five minutes before serving. Children like this very much. I think farmers' wives are very unwise in not using more cream in cooking. It is cheaper and more wholesome than butter.

CHICKEN SALAD WITHOUT OIL.—Mince fine the white meat of cold, boiled chicken, take one and a half times as much celery in bulk, having cut in pieces a quarter of an inch long; prepare a dressing of three eggs beaten light, one-fourth cup melted butter, one-half cup each of cream and vinegar, a half-tablespoon each of made mustard and sugar, with salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and put in a dish over boiling water, stirring constantly till it thickens like custard. Pour it over the salad when cold, and only a short time before using.

NEW WAY TO COOK MUTTON.—Put the leg of mutton in an uncovered stewpan with a wine-glass of water on a brisk fire. When the water has evaporated and the mutton is a good color pour over it a wine-glassful of stock, seasoning with an onion, two bay leaves, three sprigs of parsley, a little thyme, salt, pepper and other spices to taste. Cover the stewpan and let the contents simmer until the mutton is done. Before serving strain the gravy, mix with it half a pint of cream and set it on the fire. Let it boil up once and thicken it with two yolks of eggs. Dish the mutton; pour the sauce over it and serve.

BEEF FRITTERS.—One pound of cold roast beef, ten ounces of flour, one teacupful of water, two ounces of butter, two eggs (the whites), pepper and salt, beef dripping. Shred the beef as finely as possible, and season to taste with pepper and salt; make a smooth batter with the flour and water, blending them well together, and stirring in the butter (which should first be melted); whisk the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the batter, and lastly put in the beef. Stir all well together, and have some beef dripping boiling hot in a pan. Fry the fritters in this, but do not drop too much of the batter in at one time, as it reduces the temperature of the fat, which in frying should never be allowed to get below the boiling point. Fry to a nice brown, and when done drain well and serve on a folded napkin.

Wedding Celebrations.

The following list shows the order in which the various wedding celebrations properly come:

At the end of the first year—Cotton wedding.
Second year—Paper wedding.
Third year—Leather wedding.
Fifth year—Wooden wedding.
Seventh year—Woolen wedding.
Tenth year—Tin wedding.
Twelfth year—Silk and fine linen wedding.
Fifteenth year—Crystal wedding.
Twentieth year—China wedding.
Twenty-fifth year—Silver wedding.
Thirtieth year—Pearl wedding.
Fortieth year—Ruby wedding.
Fiftieth year—Golden wedding.
Seventy-fifth year—Diamond wedding.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Happy Five Minutes—The Ashes of Love—A New Field of Rivalry—A Clock For Her Parlor, Etc.

"Did e'er you know five minutes," said the misanthrope to me,
"Five minutes in your life, sir, when from trouble you were free—
Five minutes of true happiness, of pleasure unalloyed,
In which within your heart you did not feel an aching void?"
"Oh, yes, I've known five minutes, sir, of happiness in life—
Five minutes when I quite forgot all trouble and all strife;
'Twas when a maiden said to me, while driving in a sleigh:
'I'll give you just five minutes, John, to take your arm away.'"
—*Boston Courier.*

The Ashes of Love.

"All is over between us, Mr. Sampson," she said, coldly. "The presents you have given me will be returned to-morrow."

He stood there proudly, but his face was ashen.

"Everything shall be returned," she went on, with a queenly sweep of her rounded arm, "with the exception, of course, of the caramels and ice cream."

And thus they parted.—*New York Sun.*

A New Field of Rivalry.

First Boy—"Yer needn't be so uppish. We've had a burglary to our house."

Second Boy—"Well, that ain't nothin'. We've had a burglary to our house, too."

F. B.—"H'm! I guess the burglars didn't find nothin' at your house."

S. B.—"Didn't they! Yer bet cher life they did. They took mother's earrings an' dimon' pin."

F. B.—"H'm! That ain't nothin'! They took my mother's gold watch an' my sister's false teeth an' switch. So there!"—*Boston Courier.*

A Clock for Her Parlor.

Omaha Jeweler—"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, please your æsthetic tastes. At precisely 10 o'clock every evening a chime of bells rings and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

Omaha Man—"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure."

"I have a daughter, and I wish the clock for the parlor where she entertains her company. Fix it so that at 11 o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and yell 'morning papers.'"—*Omaha World.*

Fast and Slow.

All the trains in the West have fast names and slow wires. Possibly this makes the telegraph seem slower than it really is. And do you know, it is much harder to wait for a fast train than it is for a slow one. It is irritating to waste one's life at a station and hear an impatient freight conductor extract information from the station agent.

"How's the Cannon Ball?"
"Four hours late."
"How's the Flyer?"
"Three hours late out of Denver."
"How's the Thunderbolt?"
"Abandoned."
"How's the Sleeping Crab?"
"She's running on the Incandescent Thunderbolt's time to-day; went by without stopping, two hours ago."—*Burdette.*

No Slang for Her.

"Miss Hauteur," said one of the pupils of an Indiana boarding school for young ladies to the principal, "we want to ask you a question before we recite."

"Certainly, my dears, ask as many as you wish."

"Would one of we girls ever be justified in using slang?"

"You certainly would not," replied Miss Hauteur, with quiet firmness.

"We frequently hear educated and cultivated people employ it in their conversation," insisted the young lady.

"That may be only too true, but it is no excuse. We cannot fall into all the ways practiced by even the so-called educated and cultivated. For my own part," continued the principal, as she sat up very straight on the edge of the chair and glanced at the text-book she held in her hand and again raising her eyes, "for my part I will allow the boreal blasts to whistle through my whiskers a very long time before I will indulge in the use of slang."—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Knew Him.

They stood in front of a grocer's on Michigan avenue yesterday and one of them looked very sly and cunning as he said:

"Let's come a joke on him. I'll take that turkey down and hide it, and we'll hear him rave."

He took the bird off the hook and started to hide it in a barrel around the corner, when an officer who was coming up and had seen the theft took him by the collar.

"Say, it is all in fun," protested the man.

"Oh, is it? Well you can explain at headquarters."

"But the grocer knows me."

"Does he? Come in and we'll see."

The situation was explained to the grocer, and he looked hard at the man and replied:

"I can't say that I know you."

"But I have been trading here right along. My name is on your books."

"Let's see! you owe me a balance of seven dollars."

"I-I guess so."

"And have owed it for four months. I can't say as I know you."

"But I'm going to pay. Here—take it out of this ten. I always pay my debts."

"Exactly—three dollars back. Officer, I think I know him. Yes, I'm sure I do. He took the turkey for fun, and you may let him go."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Truthful Landlord.

Not far from the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the roads running from the city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or in foul, in hard times or in soft, Ford would have his joke whenever possible. One bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shout and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Three lawyers from Montgomery," was the answer. "We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and ready to drop with fatigue, held a consultation, and then as they could do no better and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a fire till morning?"

"Oh, yes; I can do that, gentlemen."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then uttering a word or two of impatience as they waited for daylight.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said one of the travelers.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said it would be impossible; for the night was two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds why didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

How Mark Twain Was Fooled.

Away back in the sixties when Mark Twain resided in San Francisco and was the regular correspondent of the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, he was a character among the Bohemians, and associated with many jolly souls who are now numbered among the missing, and many who are still well known in San Francisco.

Mark was an ardent angler, and was never happier than when sitting with his legs dangling over the side of a cosy yacht, and waiting for the slow and lazy nibbles of the denizens of the sea.

In those days Alexander Badlam and Fult Berry owned the steam tug Fanny Ann, and to gratify Mark's piscatorial whim they fitted her up one day with a dozen or two bottles of bait and a fine lunch, and with a few choice friends steamed off for Angel Island. Mark had constantly expressed as the desire of his life that he might catch a mess of red rock-cod; those in the San Francisco markets being of a bright red, very attractive to look at and very choice food fish.

The party consisted of Mark Twain, O. P. Sutton, formerly secretary of the Pacific Bank; General John McComb, then editor of the *Alta;* a prominent San Francisco judge now deceased; Alexander Badlam and Fulton Berry. The two latter, knowing full well that there were no red rock-cod on this side of the Farrallone Islands, purchased a large, fine specimen in the market, and placing it in a gunny sack smuggled it on board the steamer. After a pleasant sail across the bay the Fanny Ann was anchored across the stream at a point on Angel Island known as Ralston's quarry, so called from the fact that the rock from the Bank of California was taken from that place. The tide was ebbing strong, and after anchoring all the party except Badlam and Berry dropped their lines on the lower side. These two gentlemen dropped theirs on the upper side of the steamer, with their lines drifting under the steamer, while those on the opposite trailed toward the sea. When unnoticed Badlam attached the large red rock-cod to his line, and, apprising the others of the fact, pulled him to the surface amid great excitement. The fish was immediately placed in a barrel of water, which had been provided to keep alive what fish might be caught. It was suggested to Mark Twain and his friends that they had better fish on the upper side of the steamer, as they prefer shady places, which was concurred in. After the lines had trailed under the steamer, Berry removed the bait from his hook and on the opposite side trailed and caught Mark Twain's line. The latter complaining that his line was foul, was assured that upon the swinging of the steamer it would soon loosen. In a few moments the red rock-cod was taken from the barrel and hooked on to Mark Twain's line. A vigorous pull was given and at the top of his voice Mark yelled out: "I have got a whale! I have got a whale!" He landed him in fine shape, the two jokers taking him off the hook and placing him in the barrel. Mark immediately procured a piece of chalk and commenced to score the catch of each of the fishermen, and during the next two hours this same fish was hooked on in the same manner fifty or sixty times on the lines of all the parties, and pulled up in the same manner and placed in the barrel of water. Twain, of course, having caught the largest number. When the fun became monotonous, Berry hooked the fish in the tail, hoping that Mark would drop on the joke, but he did not, and simply said: "It takes an artist to catch a fish on the wrong end. I have often done so in trout fishing in Nevada."

The fish having had its gills all torn out, scales most all torn off, and no place to hook on to him any more, the jokers in desperation fished up Twain's line and Sutton's line at the same time, and tied a monkey wrench on the former and a hatchet on the latter. Screams were raised that they had got a devil fish, and the wrench and the hatchet were landed on the deck. Words cannot depict the faces of the fishermen. Twain pulled off his coat, looked at the score, looked at the monkey wrench, at the hatchet, and then at the barrel, rolled up his sleeves and fished out the poor, solitary, worn out red rock-cod, and holding it aloft, said:

"Boys, we have had lots of fun today; let's go home." He was the only one in the party who took it good naturedly, the other gentlemen refusing to converse on the sport of red rock cod fishing, and always looked on the transtion as a very mean joke.

We have looked through all of Mark Twain's writings on his life in California, and we have failed to find any account of the fishing expedition that he went upon and had such rare sport.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Mexican Post-office.

They have a queer way of conducting the post-office in Mexico. In one of her letters Miss Ward relates that if you go into the land of "Dios of Libertad" and ask in English for a letter the obliging Postmaster, or one of his deputies, will toss out the whole stock addressed to foreign names, whether it be a peck or a bushel, and allow you to select for yourself, quite indifferent as to whether you confine yourself to your own or other people's mail.—*Chicago Tribune.*

UNCERTAINTIES.

Pink linen bonnet,
Pink cotton gown,
Roses printed on it.
Hands burnt brown.
O, blithe were all the piping birds, and the golden belted bees,
And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with her apron full of peas.

Sound of scythe and mowing,
Where buttercups grow tall;
Sound of red kine lowing,
And early milkmaid's call.
Sweet she sung on the doorstep, with the young peas in her lap.
And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap.

"You called me a bad penny
That wouldn't be sent away—
But here's a good-bye to you, Jenny,
For many and many a day.
There's talk of cannon and killing—
Nay, never turn so white!
And I've taken the King's shilling—
I took it last night."
Oh, merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the cherry tree,
But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out through the gate went he.

Scent of hay and summer;
Red evening sky;
Noise of the fife and drummer;
Men marching by.
The hay will be carrried presently, and the cherries gathered all,
And the corn stands yellow in the shocks, and the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps some evening after,
With no more song of thrush,
The lads will cease their laughter,
And the maids their chatter hush;
And word of blood and battle
Will mix with the sound of the flail.
And lowing of the cattle,
And clink of the milking pail;
And one will read half fearful
A list of names aloud;
And a few will stagger fearful
Out of the little crowd;
And she, perhaps, half doubting,
Half knowing why she came,
Will stand among them pouting,
And hear, perhaps, his name—
Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the lane,
And wish one summer morning were all to do again.
—*Macmillan.*

PITH AND POINT.

Yes girls, this is leap year, but it is well to look before you leap.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Strange as it may appear, it is usually a cold day for a man when he is "fired."—*Boston Courier.*

Leap till the last armed male expires;
Leap for your husbands and for sires;
Leap for a chance to build the fires,
Fair ones throughout the land!
—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A South Carolina paper tells of a farmer in that State who has been at the plow for sixty-eight years. It is time to call the old man to dinner.—*Alta California.*

The young man who would waste time kissing a girl's hand would eat the brown paper bag and leave the hothouse grapes for some one else.—*Somerville Journal.*

The new Harlem Police Magistrate—"What is your name?" Vagrant—"That shows you are a green hand at the business. All your predecessors knew my name.—*New York Mercury.*

"What is the most religious portion of the body?" asked