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The Dawn of Day.
Even fell before the night,
Night before the crimson dawn,
Till the day, all lovely white,
Lay over valley, hill, and lawn.
Birds were singing, kine were lowing,
Beez hummed in the air,
Dews were falling, waters flowing,
All the morning in a joyous ray.
Flowers were opening, milk-maids singing,
Nature laughing in her looks,
Sylphs singing, joyous winging,
Nymphs reclining in their brooks,
Trees were budding, clouds were swelling,
Odors fresh from Flora's breast,
Time was going, Phoebus flooding,
All the scene so lovely wrought,
Dullards started from their slumbers,
Snails grew hurried in their pace,
Such a joyous spirit o'er the scene,
All the scene that interface,
Married, wedded, wooed, and winning,
Cupid shooting arrows random,
All a headlong in his train,
Pill in train, and tripped tripping,
Sawdust Aurora in her train,
Blow across the sleeping earth,
Every sense a joyous rapture,
Wooing sweetly, hearts the dawn,
Care and night together married,
Took their tour across the west,
Morning-jess full gladly married,
Like a may-green all had married,
Song and laughter thro' the valleys,
Such a sun and sunshine on the hills,
Cupid there his bowman's rattle,
Feeling sugar-cured pills,
Erosion and gullies of spirit,
Mourning souls gave voice for snide,
Every hope that could be snide,
Smiled upon the scene the while.

BOB DAYTON'S MINE.

The familiar sight of two young asses or "jacks," as the miners call them, loaded with mining tools and provisions, and driven along by two miners who walked behind them, would have attracted but little attention among the loungers in front of the Grand Hotel at Cedar Gulch, had it not been for two or three peculiar circumstances which "Col." Brown proceeded to narrate to the bystanders.
Since coming to Colorado three years before, the colonel had succeeded, without any visible means of support, in maintaining an existence as free as the air of the hills, and by his abundant leisure, his skillful disposal of tobacco, and his success at the faro table had fairly won his title. The talker and his audience leaned against the rough logs of the one-story Grand Hotel. Along a brownish fount at a dusty stone some feet away, the colonel began:
"Queer party, those. There's Bob Dayton—he ain't much more than a tenderfoot, but he's a white man right through. But as for Sandy Joe, I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see. If he didn't jump that claim of Cap. Perry's last winter, I'm a Cayote. How Dayton ever happened to strike it in with Joe, I can't see, except that it's rather fresh in this country. Joe, who ought to have heard him last night tell me in confidence all about his girl out in Ohio, Lizzie, I think, he called her. He was poor, and she was poor, and he didn't see much hope of getting married unless they wanted to live on a little less than nothing. So he came out here to find his fortune. Hope he'll get it. He deserves to, anyway, going out prospecting on the mountains in Colorado in October. Like as not there may be three feet of snow on the mountains to-morrow. Joe ought to know better, at any rate; but he's reckless enough to do anything. By the way, Bill, what about that roan horse that Powers lost upon Mount Shavano? Haven't found it yet, eh? He better be looking around lively, if he expects to get it down before the snow comes."
And then the conversation of the group in front of the hotel at Cedar Gulch drifted off on to other topics, while the two men of whom the colonel had spoken proceeded on up the gulch, and turning to the right struck the trail leading up the sides of Mount Shavano.
A great contrast was apparent in the looks and manners of the two men working together in the close companionship which is implied in mining regions by the term "partners."
Robert Dayton was a tall, fair haired young man with a frank, open countenance that made him friends even among the rough class of men among whom his lot was cast in a Colorado mining camp. He had been well educated by a father who had left him only his education as an inheritance. He had become engaged to a pretty and rich girl, but her father lost in a grain speculation most of the wealth that he had acquired, and Robert was unwilling to urge her to a speedy marriage unless he could provide for her a home with at least some of the comforts to which she had become accustomed. Accordingly he had sought the silver land of the West, in the hope of there obtaining more speedily sufficient means to justify him in making her whom he loved his own. But his sanguine expectations had been disappointed, and for several months he had wandered from one mining camp to another, till at last he arrived at Cedar Gulch, weary and disheartened. He was just in the mood to listen to a reckless proposal which he heard made in the

hotel one day by Sandy Joe, to go on a prospecting tour in spite of the near approach of snow. Robert did not know, and did not care much, who his partner was if he could have another chance to labor for the treasure which he was seeking. No one knew the real name of Sandy Joe, as he was called, with the frequent inappropriateness of Western nicknames. He was a short, dark-complexioned, and dark-haired man, with an unenviable notoriety for quarrelsomeness. This ill-assorted couple proceeded on their expedition without much incident the first day, driving their "jacks" up the stony trail toward the summit of Mount Shavano, that towers high above the surrounding mountains.
On the second day of their journey, when they had not yet reached the place where they had to leave their "jacks" and proceed on foot, there came down over the travelers a heavy mist, not uncommon on the mountains, and soon after the snow began to fall, very lightly at first, and then more heavily. The trail, which had not been very distinct before, began to be almost hidden from view. But the sagacious animals seemed by some instinct to pick out the true path, and the journey was still slowly continued. One of the animals, however, wandered a little from the path in the afternoon, and stopping on a loose rock near the edge of a steep ravine, slipped and tumbled over and down the bank, and was seen no more. A hearty curse from the lips of Sandy Joe greeted this mishap, but the journey was continued. The path began to grow steeper, and as the snow began to be piled up before the travelers it became almost impossible to go on. Joe, who was good-tempered enough when everything went well, began now to show signs of increasing ill-temper. He cursed and swore at the storm and snow, and then would subside into moody silence. He beat with merciless blows the heavily-laden "jack" that struggled along on its hard journey. It became evident at length that the men could not reach the camp to which they were bound by walking, and the animal was unladen, and it was decided that the men should take turns in riding till their destination was reached. But five or six miles now lay between the men and the cluster of cabins where they hoped to find aid, but the darkness was already coming on, and the way was getting almost impossible.
Joe insisted upon taking the first turn in riding, and Dayton allowed him to mount. In this way about a mile was passed over, when Dayton, almost overcome with fatigue, called upon his companion to dismount and exchange places. The way at that point was narrow and led alongside of a steep incline on the mountain side. Joe, who was riding ahead, stopped when he heard his companion call, and allowed Dayton to come up to him, as if to allow him to take the animal. Then suddenly bending over, Joe drew from his belt a long knife and plunged it into his partner's breast.
"There," said he, "as we can't both go through to the camp, I won't be the one that's left behind," and then giving poor Bob a push over the edge of the bank, the assassin rode on.
The wounded man rolled down the stony side of the mountain, the kindly snow shielding his body from some of the sharp bowlders, till the gradual declivity down which he was precipitated changed to a steep precipice, over the edge of which he plunged onto a level surface several feet below. Stunned as he was by his wound and fall, he was still able, on looking around him, to see in the side of the precipice a large opening like the entrance of a cave, and with the instinct of self-preservation, he dragged himself thither, and succeeded in reaching this shelter from the storm before he fainted away, overcome by the loss of blood.
Meanwhile, Sandy Joe struggled on his way, and by using the animal as far as it would go, and then leaving it in a snow-drift while he continued on foot, finally reached the little camp to which he was bound. He told his tale of the great dangers he had endured, but without mentioning his companion, and received sympathy and attention from the miners.
The morning sun was just darting his straight beams from the eastern sky across the valley and into the interior of the mountain cave when Bob Dayton awoke from his sleep of exhaustion. The storm had cleared from the mountain, and as the shining rays were cast upon the interior wall of the cave, Bob, lying with his eyes just opened and too weak to feel a disposition to rise, noticed gleams of light where some bright substance reflected the sunlight. With difficulty he made his way on his hands and knees toward one of these points of light, and taking the glittering object in his hands, found, with trembling delight, that it was a bit of native wire-silver, such as is found sometimes even on the surface over rich Colorado mines. On further examination he found rich indications of the same nature in va-

rious parts of the cave; and he was soon aware that he had made one of those discoveries which incite so many to seek their fortunes in the mining grounds of the West, and that are really so infrequent and exceptional. The ambition of his life was accomplished, and he might now, he felt, make a home as rich and pleasant as he had imagined to which to take the one he loved. But while in the first joy of his discovery he thus pleased himself with grateful images of the future, there came to him a new thought of his present situation, which had for the moment passed from his mind.
"Alas," said he, "the wilful fortune that kept from me the riches that I desired brings them to me now when I see no way to safety, weak as I am and far from my rescue. Must I die in the midst of this new-found wealth?" Just as he was accupest with these thoughts he heard a noise in a dark recess of the cave, which he had not yet explored, and with a start, some animal that had apparently been lying there, rose to its feet and came towards the light. For a moment Bob thought it might be one of the few wild beasts which are occasionally found in the mountains; but as it advanced he saw, to his joy, that it was a roan-colored horse, such an one as he had heard had been lost from Cedar Gulch on these very mountains, and the very one to which Col. Brown had alluded when he talked to the loungers on the departure of the miners. Poor Bob's heart fairly leaped to his mouth at the hope of rescue presented by the appearance of the horse, who had apparently wandered into the cave to seek shelter from the storm, and most opportunely presented itself.
Bob took up and put in his pocket a few specimens of the silver-bearing mineral about him, and leading the animal to the entrance of the cave, succeeded after several efforts, in getting on its back. The feeling of a rider on its back brought the horse to its habit of subjection, and almost without direction it found its way back to the path, and down the side of Mount Shavano toward Cedar Gulch.
The horrors of that journey to the rider it would be hard to tell. His wound, from which the blood had ceased to flow, began to bleed again somewhat, and was with difficulty staunch. The weak man could scarcely retain his position on the horse's back, but with a brave determination and strong will he kept his seat while the sagacious animal descended the trail.
The evening had just set in when Bob tumbled fatigued from the horse in front of the Grand Hotel. The rough but kind-hearted miners took him up and cared for him till by skill and patience he was again restored to strength. Sandy Joe, in the distant camp, heard of his victim's escape, and quickly departed from that part of the country, and was afterwards killed in a fight with a fellow-outlaw. Bob recovered from his wound, and before the winter snow had melted from the mountains he had staked out for himself a claim called "The Lizzie Claim," and including the cave where that memorable night in his history was passed. He is counted a rich man in the possession of this mine, now famous for its mineral wealth, but he considers himself far richer in the love of the woman now his bride, and the two bright-eyed children growing up in the circle of home.

A Tale of Royalty.
M. Florian Pharaon tells an amusing anecdote about King Humbert of Italy, who is so fond of shooting as was his royal father, Victor Emmanuel. From time to time King Humbert, oblivious of all royal duties and court etiquette, separates himself from his suite, and goes in hand goes out alone in search of game, accompanied by his two favorite dogs. During one of his excursions he was met by a peasant, who looked on with admiration at the havoc the king had made among a covey of partridges. He did not know the monarch, and seeing him in the dress of an ordinary sportsman could not recognize him. He went up to him, complimenting him on his skill with his gun, and then told him that if he would come to his farm on the following morning at daybreak and kill a fox which had made several raids on his hen roost, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs for his trouble.
King Humbert kept the appointment, and was fortunate enough to kill the fox. The delighted peasant welcomed him on his return, called his wife and children out, and insisted on the king sharing their breakfast with them. At the end of the repast the peasant took leave of his visitor, pressing a two-franc piece in his hand, which the king tossed up in the air and caught, declaring it was the first money he had ever earned. Two days afterward the peasant was surprised to see an officer in uniform ride up in an open carriage with presents from the king for his wife and children. He then learned to whom he owed his obligation, and was confused at the familiar manner in which he had been snubbed with royalty.

How to Escape Nervousness.
Nervousness is nervous weakness. The principal sign of a feeble nervous organization is an excessive degree of irritability of one or more of the organs of the body. If the nervous system be weak, the organs to which the nerves are distributed will also be weak, and a weak organ is always an irritable one. It takes very little to throw such an organ out of its orderly course of action. Some slight cause or other acting on a "nervous" brain creates such a degree of irritability that its possessor feels as if he would like to "jump out of his skin," or he may be thrown into a paroxysm of intense emotional disturbance, or a sick headache, an attack of hysteria, or even a more severe disorder may result. A "nervous" eye or ear is annoyed by unusual or persistent lights or sounds; a "nervous" heart palpitates or flutters after slight mental or bodily exertion; a "nervous" stomach is irritated by food which a healthy baby could easily digest, and the condition known as "nervous dyspepsia" is induced; and a "nervous" spine, to specify no further, causes derangements of nearly all the organs of the body. To cure these various disorders is often difficult and sometimes impossible. To prevent them even in persons predisposed to nervousness is comparatively an easy matter.
The whole hygiene of the subject is embraced in this sentence: Strengthen the nervous system.
How is this to be done?
1st. The first prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh and cool air. The nerves will always be weak if the greater part of the day and night be passed in close, ill-ventilated and over-heated apartments. The nerves more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished, require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure vitiated air, whether from sewers, gas-lights, subterranean furnaces or the individual's own person, without making an energetic protest.
A gas-burner consuming four cubic feet of gas per hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than is evolved from the respiration of eight adult human beings. Bear this in mind, who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourselves up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve cubic feet of gas per hour) you are to all intents and purposes immersed with twenty-three other persons, all taking oxygen from the atmosphere. It is a wonder that after several hours' exposure to the depraved air your nerves should rebel as fast as your weak state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble, and that your daughter's playing on the piano almost drives you wild.
An overheated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to ninety degrees. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find the women, who sweate all day in such a temperature and add to it at night by superfluous bed-clothing, cross and disagreeable from little every day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her rooms at sixty-five degrees and opened the windows every now and then.
2d. Eat plenty of well-cooked and nourishing food. The nerves cannot be kept healthy on slops. Gruels, panadas, teas are well enough in their way, but the nerves require for their proper nourishment undiluted animal and vegetable food; as a rule the former should predominate. Meat-eaters are rarely troubled with nervousness. Americans eat more vegetables than any other well-to-do people, and they are probably the most "nervous" nation on the face of the earth.
3d. Take sufficient physical exercise in the open air. When you feel irritable, tremulous, fretful, fidgety, and unable to concentrate your thoughts on the various trials, take a long walk, or split half a cord of wood. Even the extreme nervousness of lunatics is best quieted by bodily labor. The homicidal maniac who cannot if kept in his cell be trusted with a bodkin may safely be given a spade, pickaxe or hoe and set to work in the garden. His irritability is quietly led off into another and safer channel, and his nerves are strengthened.
These are the principal rules. If they were faithfully followed, there would be less work for us doctors to do.
WILLIAM A. HANMONY,
—Our Continent.

FOR INVALIDS AND OTHERS.
What to Put in Bismark Dishes for Weak Stomachs, and How to Prepare Them.
Cooking for the sick must do half the work of digestion. Everything that is offered to an invalid must be done to perfection. If the dish is a failure it must not be served in the sick room. And sometimes one's best efforts are failures from some cause impossible to prevent, leading one to believe more firmly than ever in the total depravity of inanimate matter. Indeed, this is a doctrine that impresses itself with painful distinctness on the woman who sees her carefully prepared cutlets separate into curds and whey at the moment when it ought to attain perfection, or the jelly that should stand proudly erect, clear as a crystal, lying limp and muddy in its mold. Happy the patient that has a nurse who rises to the occasion and tries until she does succeed.
When fresh eggs are to be had they are a great resource. They can be prepared in so many different ways, and are usually liked and are eaten with a relish. In dropping eggs it is sometimes difficult to preserve the form. Little wine-strainers are sold for the purpose, which are very useful. When one is not at hand a small half-teaspoonful of vinegar added to the water helps to set the egg. The water must be boiling at the moment the egg is put in, and a square of hot, buttered toast ready to receive it when it is taken out. A simple omelette is made with an egg beaten very light, a dessert-spoonful of flour, the third of a cup of milk and a little salt. Grated ham may be added if desired, or fresh parsley shredded fine, or spice. The omelette is poured into a hot pan with a little butter melted in the bottom. It is wiser for an amateur cook to attempt to toss an omelette. When one side is nicely browned, fold it over in the shape of a half moon and serve on a hot dish.
It is asserted that gelatine contains absolutely no nutriment; so, however tempting the jelly made from it may look, it is practically useless, except as a vehicle for wine or nourishing substances. A nourishing jelly is made from rice by boiling a quarter of a pound of rice flour, with sufficient sugar to sweeten it, and a slice of lemon or rather flavoring, with a pint of water, until the whole becomes a glutinous mass. The jelly is then strained into a mold. Jambo mango is a pleasant change from blanc mange, of which connoisseurs have a variety in the earlier stages of their recovery. To make it, boil half an ounce of gelatine in a little more than half a pint of water; strain it and add the juice of a small part of the grated rind of an orange, a tablespoon of sherry, the yolks of two eggs beaten and strained with sugar to taste. Stir it over a gentle fire until it just boils; then strain it into a shape.
Lemon sponge is very light and delicate. Nothing that contains the white of eggs must be looked upon as important in an invalid's bill of fare. It is made with half a pint of water, in which is dissolved half an ounce of gelatine and a quarter of a pound of sugar, with the juice of one large lemon or two small ones. The whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth are stirred in last. It must be eaten scarcely to a boil and be put to cool in the dish in which it is to be served.
Snow jelly has a refreshing sound in warm weather, when even a suggestion of coolness is grateful. To make it, take half a small box of gelatine and soak it in half a pint of cold water; add one gill of boiling water, one cup of sugar, and the juice and grated peel of two small lemons. Put it in a dish to cool, and when stiff add the whites of two eggs very lightly beaten, and beat the mixture well. Serve with a central around it made with the yolks of the eggs and half a pint of milk. In summer it is desirable to make this dish the day before it is desired to use it.
The use of sage is not so general in this country as it is in England. If its merits were better known it would be more popular. Put a dessert-spoonful of sage into three-quarters of a pint of cold milk, and let it simmer gently for an hour and a quarter, stirring frequently; skim it as it approaches boiling, and sweeten with a dessert-spoonful of sugar. It may be flavored with nutmeg if the taste is liked.
Tapoca can boast more friends, and make a delicious dish. Put a large tablespoonful to soak over night; boil a pint of new milk the next morning, sweeten it, add the tapoca and the yolks of two eggs well beaten; flavor with extract of vanilla, and put in a dish to cool. Then cover the top with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, with a little sugar and vanilla, and place in the oven to brown slightly.—Christian Union.

POPULAR SCIENCE.
Lighting of railroad trains generally in Germany by means of electricity is considered to be merely a question of time.
It is proposed to hold, in 1884, an Italian National Exhibition in Turin, with the view of stimulating the general industrial interests of the country. The Duke of Aosta is the President of the committee.
Mr. John Shields says he has succeeded in lying down in a permanent form outside the North Harbor, at Peterhead, Scotland, an apparatus for throwing oil upon troubled water, thereby making the entrance to the harbor safe in any weather. He will have opportunity enough there to prove how far his contrivance is of any value.
A new and interesting proof that the earth is round has been presented by M. Dufour in a paper recently read before the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences. In calm weather, the images of distant objects reflected in the Lake of Geneva showed just exactly the same degree of distortion which calculation would predict through taking into consideration the figure of the earth.
The average height of the Japanese is five feet three inches. Climate can scarcely account for their smallness, since that is temperate, though subject to violent changes. The use of charcoal braziers for heating may affect their growth by causing them to inhale the carbonic oxides.
It is about settled in the minds of experimenters that plants absorb very little moisture through their leaves, but by means of a special apparatus the plant alive without the aid of moisture at the roots.
Teeth do not belong to the bony skeleton, but are developed by the living membrane of the month, which is only a continuation of the skin. Hence the teeth are classed with other skin appendages, as the hair and nails.
Few people know that in bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. That arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of the hive.
Some people have maintained that the close confinement of dogs is a fruitful cause of rabies. They say that if dogs were not chained up or muzzled hydrophobia would soon disappear. The observations of the late Col. T. G. Fraser in Western India are altogether opposed to any such views. He found that jackals frequently suffer from this disease, and punish dogs, also, and the latter at least have been known to communicate the terrible malady to human beings.
Fish Culture.
There are few enterprises enjoying public attention at the present time that promise more profitable results than the multiplying of food fishes in fresh water ponds. It is the belief of all who have studied the subject that fresh water fishes of all kinds can be multiplied almost indefinitely, and so cultivated as to be improved, not only in quantity but in quality, and made to be the cheapest of cheap food. This fact should be related over and over again, until every one who has a patch of water on his premises large enough for tadpoles and shiners, can make it yield an abundance of wholesome fish food, at not half the trouble and expense with which he cultivates a like patch of ground. The food thus produced is too much neglected by the farming community. It affords elements of nourishment necessary to a healthy condition of the body, for which no cheaper available substitute can be found. There are 250 ponds of from 5 to 2,000 acres each, aggregating 131,000 acres in Connecticut, which contain a considerable number and variety of food fishes, although probably not a thousandth part of what this may be made to produce, at a little expense of time and money. Besides these 250 large ponds, there are a greater number of ponds of less than five acres each, that are in like manner capable of development.—Connecticut Fish Commissioners.

A Farmer's Curious Will.

An old farmer at Guelph, Canada, recently made a curious will, which is substantially as follows: The son works the farm till his stepmother's death, at the end of which time he commences paying instalments on \$3,000 to the rest of the family at a yearly rate of \$50 a year, and when he gets all paid off he will get the farm in his own possession. It will be seen that after the stepmother's death it will be sixty years before the son gets the farm, and as the woman is yet in the prime of life and healthy, it is calculated that she may live another forty years. The son is now thirty years of age, and when he can claim the farm, by his reckoning he will be 130 years old.
A young girl died at Georgetown, Col., from the effects of tight lacing.

Love Song.
I stand beneath her window,
But, alas! I cannot sing!
The beauty of my loved one
Is more than anything.
The light will lose its brightness
If she open her window here;
Her eyes would see its splendor—
I cannot call them there.
What time her kind voice calls me,
The flowers all jealous glow;
A friend might praise her rosy lips
I cannot call them so.
To press her to my heart, my own,
I'd heaven itself bring;
Others would call her angel—
I sit and stand below.
I wait beneath her window,
No words the midnight stir,
For eyes that see has spoken
Will lose their truth for her.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The finger rings of America are worth \$25,000,000.
The richest university in the world is that at Leyden, Holland.
The crown prince of Germany can boast of 65,000 ancestors.
Niagara Falls, Canada, proposes to raise a fund of \$1,000,000 for the purpose of holding a world's fair.
After many changes it may be now definitely accepted that the coronation of the Czar of Russia will not take place before the month of August.
Manitoba has a real live peripatetic town. It is called "Boomtown," and moves as the Pacific railroad advances. A camp is made at the end of the line and building lots bring fancy prices, and with another advance the place is deserted and another locality is called "Boomtown."
The number of feet of merchantable pine left standing in this country May 31, 1880, is given as follows: Texas 87,598,500,000, Wisconsin 41,000,000,000, Michigan 35,000,000,000, Mississippi 23,975,000,000, Alabama 21,192,000,000, Florida 6,915,000,000, Minnesota 6,100,000,000.
HUMOROUS.
"Pa, what is meant by muscular Christianity?" "I don't know, my son, unless it is peevishness."
Kind-hearted editors now allow contributors to the waste-paper basket to write on both sides of the paper.
Which is worth more, a half dollar with a hole in it, or a hole with a half dollar in it?
A man who "traveled on his shape" insulted a young lady, and her father knocked him down and traveled on his shape, too—walked all over him.
Give every man the credit of sincerity, notwithstanding it may be a slight strain on your credulity to believe the doctor means what he says when he tells you, "I am glad to see you well, sir."
A citizen of sixty anglicized young Bostonians are about to introduce fox hunting. The suburban farmers' clubs are laying in duck shot, and will introduce fox hunting.
"Oh, by the way, dear, have you congratulated Lily on her engagement?" asked Miss Flosser of her friend. "Oh, yes; of course. I went round yesterday afternoon. I told her she couldn't have done better—and I don't think she could, the horrid homey thing."
While going down Cambridge street, a university car became derailed, and went jolting over the pavement in such a manner that the big, round waistcoat of the obese passenger shook like jelly. "Not very aesthetic movement, this," quoth he. It should be," growled an Englishman from a corner; "it is a 'oss car wild."
"I tell you," said the canvasser, "you have no idea of the hard work there is in this business. It is either talking or walking from morning till night."
"Beg pardon," replied the victim; "I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now please favor me with an exhibition of the walking part." The canvasser exhibited.
The Editor's Ruse.
One day the editor was visited by a committee of villagers to urge upon him some argument in favor of a new town pump. Being an amiable man, although it was just his busiest hour, he asked them to be seated until he had finished an article he was writing on the application of ensilage to green jacket fences. While waiting, they all began to talk to each other at the very pitch of their voices, until the distracted editor could stand it no longer, when, wheeling round in his chair, he remarked, with an expression sweetly uttered: "You'd oblige me, gentlemen, by conducting your conversation in a lower tone. There's a man sick with small-pox in the next room and you might disturb him." As he gathered up the hats, canes and umbrellas that were left by the committee in their eager bolt for the fresh air, he said to himself, quietly: "I reckon I'm going to be a success in journalism."