The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A Modest Young Man.

Oh by Jove! I am tired to death, you know,
Though as yet it was kept a member but few,
For there's so many coming to woo me
That I really don't know what to do.
There is Bess, who is forever talking
Of my lovely moustaches and hair;
And Blanche, who declares that with emotion—
I mean sympathy—my eyes she can compare.
And Ethel, who says I'm distinguee,
And Jennie who calls me her lamb—
Oh, by Jove, it is quite overwhelming,
To a fellow as shy as I am—
As modest and shy as I am.

There's Annie, who nearly broke my heart
Before Nell came to heal the smart;
And there's young widow Bell Letter,
Who writes of my exquisite grace;
And sweet Lucy will be proposing
Oh, by Jove, how I wish I could sleep.
Or how about half my attractions
Fall on the cold at the very first offer of sheep,
For I don't—no I don't want to marry
And to have the girls scratching me so,
Oh, by Jove, it is quite overwhelming
To a very shy fellow as I am—
A modest young fellow as you know.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A FAMILY RELIC.

"Yes, I know," said Aunt Nabby, in a voice about as cheerful as the croak of a consumptive raven. "The family is all broke up, and everything is scattered. And the furniture was sold at auction. Such a thing never would have happened if I'd been at home."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Wellwood, tapping the feathery tip of his cigar against the Japanese ash-receiver, and thinking secretly what a fortunate thing it was for the amicable settlement of the Wellwood estate that Aunt Nabby—"Abigail Maria" her name was written in the family record—had not been at home.

For she was a veritable thorn in the side of her relations—this querulous, ill-tempered, domineering old lady.

"Not that I care for the old chairs, and tables, and bedquilts," went on Aunt Nabby, knitting energetically away at the silk mitten, which never seemed to grow any larger. "Samuel's wife was a dreadful poor housekeeper, and things were 'most used up, anyhow. But there's one thing I'm determined to have."

"What is that?" said Mr. Wellwood, more in compliment to Aunt Nabby's sudden stop than out of any active curiosity on the subject.

"The old dictionary," said Aunt Nabby.

"What! That old thing?" said Mr. Wellwood. "Why, it's the edition of 1840, and all battered to pieces—one cover gone, and half the leaves out!"

"No matter," said Aunt Nabby, rescuing her ball of silk from the paws of the irreverent kitten; "I want it. And I mean to have it. And I want you to help me get hold of it, Matthew."

"I don't think it will ever be possible for you to find it," said Mr. Wellwood, thoughtfully.

"But I will find it!" said Aunt Nabby. "I must find it."

"Why?" point-blank demanded Mr. Wellwood.

"Because," answered Aunt Nabby, "I want it for a family relic. I hain't got nothing to remind me of Samuel's wife. And that's what I've come on East for—to get hold of that old dictionary. I'm goin' out to Pelt's Point to-morrow, to see Squire Saller—he was the lawyer that settled the estate, what there was of it to settle—and he'll maybe know what became of the old dictionary."

"I don't regard that as especially likely," said Mr. Wellwood. "How should he know?"

"There ain't no tellin' what's likely and what ain't," said Aunt Nabby, resolutely.

And here the subject was allowed to drop. But when Aunt Nabby had gone up stairs to bed, with a pitch-plaster in one hand, for her back, and a tumbler of boiling hot water in the other, for her digestion, and a box of nervine pills in one pocket, and a bottle of corn curer in the other, Mrs. Wellwood—a shrewd, sallow-complexioned little woman, who had all this time been darning quietly away at a basket of stockings in the corner—looked up at her husband with quick, intelligent eyes.

"Matthew," said she, "what does this mean?"

"I think," said Mr. Wellwood, "that Aunt Nabby has some sort of method in her madness this time. And it is not for any mere sentimental association that she wants to get hold of the old dictionary."

"I remember it well," said Mrs. Wellwood, thoughtfully. "A queer old book, with the edges bulging out, the title-page gone, half the cover torn off, and a round black ring on the other half, where little Polly once set down a tin cup of hot salve. Do you suppose, Matthew—"

"Aunt Nabby knew your Aunt Walker—Samuel's wife, as she always calls her—better than any one else," interrupted Mr. Wellwood. "She was an eccentric old soul. We were all surprised, if you recollect, at there being no money saved up, none deposited anywhere. Depend upon it, if there was any money to save—"

"It was in that old dictionary!" cried Mrs. Wellwood, dropping her darning-needle. "And Aunt Nabby knows it!"

Mr. Wellwood nodded his head, and smoked harder than ever as he stared into the fire, as if seeing from the red embers counsel and advice.

"Where is that dictionary?" said he.

"Goodness only knows!" despairingly sighed Mrs. Wellwood.

"Try and think!" eagerly urged her husband.

"Perhaps Mrs. Grubb would know," said Mrs. Wellwood. "She packed all the things that were left, and locked up the house."

"Write to her," said Mr. Wellwood eagerly. "Or, no! that would only be uselessly arousing suspicion. Go there yourself, Sarah. Ask her to come here, and make a visit."

"What—Mrs. Grubb?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grubb."

"But, Matthew, she is such a dreadful old bore!" pleaded Mrs. Wellwood.

"Never mind that," said Wellwood, impatiently, dinging his cigar-stump into the red-hot coals. "Only think of the fortune that may possibly reward our efforts! Sarah, we must get hold of that dictionary!"

So Mrs. Wellwood went to Mrs. George Grubb, and courteously invited that lady to make her a visit. Mrs. Grubb accepted promptly. She had always wanted to visit the city, and here at last was a golden opportunity, she brought her little nephew and her two tall girls with her.

"I know you didn't specially invite 'em, Sarah Ann," said she; "but the deers will so enjoy the museums and the park and the Brooklyn Bridge, and all that sort of thing. And they won't be no more trouble than three kittens. There never were such good children!"

The three young Grubbs were something worse than a pestilence. Mrs. Grubb was nearly as bad. And at the end of a week, Mrs. Wellwood felt herself—Mrs. Wellwood felt herself fully qualified to enter a lunatic asylum.

But on the last day, while George was smearing himself with bread and butter and honey in the kitchen, and the two Misses Grubb were pounding desperately away on the piano-forte, in imitation of the hand-organ man outside, Mrs. Wellwood ventured to put the fateful question which had so long trembled on her lips.

"The old ditchnery?" said Mrs. Grubb, who was not over-particular regarding her pronunciation. "La, no! What would any one want o' that old trash?"

"Well, nothing much!" hesitated Mrs. Wellwood. "But Mr. Wellwood is rather a bibliopole."

"A which?" said Mrs. Grubb, with one hand back of her ear.

"A collector of old books," explained her hostess.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Grubb, scratching her head with a knitting-needle, "if I was going to have books, at all, I'd far and away rather have new ones."

"Tastes differ," said Mrs. Wellwood, with a pang, as one of the piano-chords snapped resoundingly, and Master George's voice was heard below in loud altercation with the cook. "But where is the old dictionary—"

"Lesbia Field has got it," said Mrs. Grubb. "Mrs. Walker's grandniece—don't you know?—Leopold Field's girl. She's a factory-hand, up to Poke Hollow—a dreadful likely girl! Soon to be married to Zeke Hanner-dey."

"Are you sure of it?" said Mrs. Wellwood.

"About the weddin'? Oh, yes! Zeke's folks they set a deal of store by Lesbia, and—"

"No, no!" interrupted Mrs. Wellwood—"about the dictionary."

"Sartin sure," said Mrs. Grubb. "I see Lesbia pick it off the floor herself, when I was a-packin' the woolen blankets that Mrs. Seeder brought at auction. Says she, 'I ain't goin' to hev the ditchnery that Aunt Hanner thought such a deal of sold for old paper,' says she. 'I'll keep it myself, jus' to put me in mind of Aunt Hanner and Uncle Samuel.' And she wrapped it in a bit of old calico—I remember the very palm-leaf pattern on it—and took it away, under her arm. What is it, Georgie, darling? The hired girl won't give you no more honey? Never mind! Mrs. Wellwood'll give you some damson preserves, I know!"

As soon as Mrs. Grubb departed—a period of time which Mrs. Wellwood began to fear would never arrive—she packed a little traveling-satchel to go to "Poker Hollow" and see Lesbia Field, a relation with whom she had hitherto had very little acquaintance.

Lesbia was at home—a blooming lass, with cheeks as pink as roses, and sparkling black eyes—and she was evidently much puzzled to account for this unexpected notice on the part of her city relation.

But Mrs. Wellwood, while making herself as agreeable as possible, kept her eyes vigilantly on the alert, and was rewarded at last.

For there, on the top shelf of a little glass-fronted corner-cupboard was the old dictionary itself, bulging leaves, missing cover, and all.

"Oh, that darling old relic of antiquity!" cried she, nervously feeling of the twenty-dollar bill in her pocket, with which Mr. Wellwood had intrusted her, the last thing. "Aunt Hannah's dictionary! Oh, Lesbia! I must have that!"

"Well, isn't it funny?" said Lesbia, laughing over the chicken she was stuffing with bread-sauce for dinner; for pretty Lesbia was cook, chamber-maid, waitress and all, in that particular establishment. "I had a letter from Aunt Nabby Wellwood, yesterday, about that dictionary. She wants it. She's coming to lay to see about it."

"But promise it to me," said Mrs. Wellwood, coaxingly. "Dear cousin Lesbia, Mr. Wellwood is so anxious to obtain it for his collection of antique publications."

"Oh, it isn't old enough to be of value as antique," said Lesbia, who was "honest enough."

"But he has set his heart on it," pursued Mrs. Wellwood, growing more earnest, as she heard the rattle of wheels in the distance, and beheld through the tiny paned window a depot wagon, bringing to the scene no other than Aunt Nabby herself. "Do let me have it, Lesbia!"

And she placed the twenty dollar bill coaxingly in Lesbia's hand.

"But I shall be cheating you," said Lesbia, looking at the bill in amazement. "Do let me see Aunt Nabby about it first."

"No, no!" said Mrs. Wellwood, as Aunt Nabby's voice was heard without in high disputation with the driver as to whether a coin she had given him in payment was genuine or not. "Give it to me now! And here is my sealskin cape—you were just admiring it—I'll make you a present of it, Lesbia—a wedding-gift, dear."

"You are very kind," said Lesbia, with a radiant face. "And if you really care for the dictionary—"

And so it came to pass that the dictionary was safe in Mrs. Matthew Wellwood's possession, when Aunt Nabby bustled in, full of the iniquities of drivers, the inconveniences of traveling, and the threatening twinges of her annual rheumatism.

"What!" she cried, as her eye caught sight of the fat volume in her niece's lap, "you've got the dictionary, after all! But of course you'll let me have it, Sarah Ann?"

"Certainly I shall not!" said Mrs. Wellwood, exultantly. "Mr. Wellwood has set his heart on possessing it."

"And I've just sold it to her," added Lesbia, helping Aunt Nabby untie her bonnet strings.

The old lady heaved a deep sigh.

"Wal, it don't matter so much," said she. "The main thing was to find the dictionary. And if you'll just let me copy out the receipt for making waffles, Sarah Ann, that's pinned on the page W—first of the W's, you'll see—it'll be jest as good as if I had it myself."

"The receipt for waffles!" cried Mrs. Wellwood. "Was that all you wanted it for?"

"That was all," said Aunt Nabby, briskly. "Samuel's wife, she was a dreadful good hand at waffles, and she never would give nobody the receipt. But I knew where she kept it, and I was always tryin' to get at it. And if you'll just let me copy it out—"

Mrs. Wellwood grew pale; the ceiling of the little, old-fashioned room seemed to swim around her.

Was this the end of the dictionary mystery? Had she entertained the Grubb family for ten mortal days, had her piano broken, her china cracked, her nerves shattered, for this? Had she paid twenty dollars, a sealskin cape and her traveling expenses to Poke Hollow, all for a receipt for waffles?

The buzz of conversation went on all the same, and Mrs. Wellwood recovered at her leisure. She returned to New York that afternoon, carrying the old dictionary, although Lesbia endeavored to induce her to remain, by the promise of waffles for tea, made after Aunt Hannah's famous receipt.

And when Mr. Wellwood discovered that there were no thousand-dollar bonds, nor hundred-dollar banknotes hidden in the dictionary—nothing but definitions, ink blots, and one or two cooking receipts pinned to the pages, he indulged in execration more deep than loud.

"It's all that meddling old cat's fault," said he, referring doubtless to Aunt Nabby. "And I'll never have her in the house again."

And he never did. But all that didn't restore the twenty dollar bill and the sealskin cape. And innocent Lesbia was the only one who reaped benefit from the transaction.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Wind Flower.

Wind-flower, Wind-flower, why are you here?
This is a less-generous time of the year
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the cold-shivering pavement
new;
For snow-flakes yet flutter and fall in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear
Have you not come here, pale darling too soon?
You would seem more at home with the flowers
of June.
"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower
said
"Why?"—and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals—"Perhaps to
teach you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate,
too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, melting
rains
The first melting snows do my life to
my veins
The mossy bed I lay in the earth fulfills well;
I am here with the Wind—because I am his
child!"

—*Lucy Larcom in N. Y. Ledger.*

A Remarkable Parrot.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: At Windsor, Vt., in the possession of Col. M. K. Paine, there is a parrot whose story may be interesting to the boys and girls who read this journal. It is a gray African parrot, and at the time it was purchased in Boston was warranted to say one hundred words. But now he goes far beyond that, and has learned to vary sentences to suit the occasion. In the morning he greets the family with "Good morning—pleasant morning," and then, if no one pays any attention to him, he repeats it, in a gruff and imperative voice until he gets a response. He imitates every sound that he hears, even the tones of the voices of individuals, so that the members of the family in another room are often puzzled. His cat fights are wonderful imitations. He picks up snatches of tunes very easily, and learns to whistle whole tunes with good expression. Every luxury he calls a peanut. One day he lost a peanut through the wire door of his cage. He tried in various ways in vain to get hold of it, and, after storming around his cage, he came as near to it as he could, and, in a wheedling tone said: "Good morning, peanut. Don't you want to come up?" He is fond of playing with an almond, using it as a boy would a ball, throwing it up and shouting, "Hello," or "Oh" if it happens to hit him on the head. As he throws it he calls out "Hello, peanut." At night the canary bird's cage is put on the table by him, and he comes down from his perch as close as he can and calls in tender tone, "Poor little pussy." This is his term for any pet. He often whispers in a confidential tone, and laughs at his own joke. He says: "How do you do? Is Polly well? Is Polly cold? What is the matter? What ails you?" etc. He has a great deal of curiosity about the telephone, answering "Hello?" and often calls out, "What's the talk?" He likes to have his poll scratched, and in a cracked voice rings all sorts of changes on the sentence, "Do you want mother to scratch your poll?" He was heard to say to the cat, "Poor, little pussy, do you want me to scratch you, poll?" He remembered the family that he lived with formerly, and calls their names and says, "Where is the little boy? Has he gone to school?" He let out the fact that he had been accustomed to be punished. Sometimes he bites the wires of his cage and makes them ring, and shouts, "Naughty, naughty, polly! Do you want the stick?" When he is punished he cries out, "Get out! Go away!" and stands on one foot, and, looking up the other, turns it over and examines it. He shows a great deal of curiosity about what happens in the house, and one day watched the opening of a box, and said: "What are you doing there?" He calls himself pet names, such as "Polly Wolly," "You rascal," "You old scalawag, Polly." In a thunder-storm he was frightened and at a very loud clap he jumped on his perch, and in a human, frightened tone, cried out "What's the trouble?" These are only a few specimens of the words and sentences that he has acquired, and he is constantly learning and is often overheard practicing the words by himself. No idea can be given of the wonderful variety of expressive tones that he employs. His range is beyond that commonly used by ordinary people.

Cruel.

Old Mr. Topeasy fell overboard the other day. He was fished out and was sent home, and while tearfully recounting his misfortune to his wife, he said:

"I swallowed about a gallon of water."

"Then you know how it tastes at last," returned Mrs. T.

He wished he had been drowned.

The oldest alphabet in existence is scratched on a little ink bottle found in one of the Greek colonies in Italy, and is supposed to date about 500 B. C.

THE EDITOR'S CONSCIENCE.

The Father of the "Bad Boy" Tells How He Once Stole a Horse.

To-day a letter came from the business office to the editorial desk, and when the editor opened it, and saw the late-line, "Troy, Alabama," his heart smote him, and he reached out for his check-book, instinctively. Then he stopped and read the letter and breathed easier when he found it was only a letter from a boy who wanted the editor's autograph. What could have caused the editor's heart to jump up into his mouth when he read that letter from Troy? What made him reach for his check-book? Reader, young reader particularly, the editor once stole a horse at Troy, Alabama. Do not hold up your hands in horror at the deed, and say that you have always mistrusted that the bald headed man, with the pleasant face, was a horse thief in disguise, for you never thought any such thing. Besides, a man was not considered a horse thief in those days who took another man's horse. It was in 1861 and a cavalry regiment to which the editor belonged, made a raid through that portion of Alabama, and one afternoon stopped at the beautiful little village of Troy. There was a thin, pale, nervous, red-headed soldier in the regiment who had been riding a hard-hearted, deceptive, diabolical, disgusting mule for a week, a mule that didn't care whether school kept or not, a mule that would not keep up with the procession, and tried hard to lag behind so the confederates would capture the red headed soldier. To keep up with the regiment it was necessary to wear out a pair of spurs, a clap-board, two fence rails, and the rider, every blessed day, on the mule, and much of the hatred of mules which the present editor has was born of that experience. That evening the soldier gave of his rations to a little colored boy who looked smart, and told him to always be a good boy, and learn to read, and be kind to his old master, and he would be all right, when the colored boy told where there was a fine horse in a pasture, a few miles away, a "thoroughbred," he said. There is no person except one who has ridden a mule a week, who can appreciate a fine horse belonging to the enemy. The mule was saddled, and soon the soldier and the colored boy, and another soldier and another colored boy were trying to catch that horse. O, he was a beauty. As he galloped across the pasture and neighed and snorted, and put on scallops, he looked like a picture. It was not long before the red-headed soldier's saddle was on the fine horse, and the procession rode up by the planter's house. Ah, there was the rub. The old mother and father of the boy who owned the fine horse, who was in the confederate army, sat on the veranda. They had seen the soldiers go through the granary, the smoke house, and everything where they could get anything to eat, and the old people had not murmured. They sat there smoking corncob pipes acting as though in war times they must submit to war measures. But when the red-headed soldier rode by on the horse, his canteen and sabre rattling, and the horse looking so proud, as though he had been left out of the war so far, and was now going in fresh to put a stop to it, the old folks saw the animal, the old lady said 'O, pa, the Yankees have found Bob's horse,' and then they both burst out crying. "Bob," the brave young confederate, was away with his regiment, and poor old pa and ma had to sit there and see his horse go off with the Yankees. The blue soldier had a heart concealed about his person even then and he thought of his old father and mother in Wisconsin, and he had half a mind to take the horse back, notwithstanding the fact that another soldier would take him in a holy minute, but just then the bugle sounded for the "assembly," the soldiers yelled and spurred their horses toward camp, and the new horse began to prance and wanted to go along so bad, that the slim soldier "let him went," and a beautiful race it was. For nearly two years after that horse was the constant companion of the slim soldier, who rode him about ten thousand miles more or less, but there was hardly a day of all these long marches that he did not think of the poor old father and mother of the soldier boy who owned the horse, and of their fears when they saw the noble animal go down the lane carrying a Yankee on his back, when they would have been delighted to have seen their own gray-coated soldier on his back. And so it was, when we opened the letter from the boy who wanted our autograph, who was probably unborn when it was taken, we came so near putting the autograph on a check and sending it to the old people who smoked the cob pipes nineteen years ago and wept over the horse.

LIVING IN THE FORECASTLE.

A Deep-Water Sailor's Description of the Food He Had to Eat.

"You want to know how we fellows live in the fo'cas'le, do you?" said an old weather-beaten sailor in answer to a query of a New York *Tribune* reporter. "Well, we have a hard time of it taking it by and large. Take a man, for example, that ships for a deep water voyage. He gets, say $18 or $20 a month. The fo'cas'le is generally crowded to death and ain't fit for a dog to live in at its best. It's chock-a-block full of rats and cockroaches, with a smell of bilge-water, when we are in the warm latitudes, that would turn the stomach of anything except a shell-back. When we first leave port the grub is pretty fair. The salt horse, or salt beef you shore-going folks call it, is comparatively fresh; the weevils and worms haven't had a chance at the hard tack, and the water tastes something like water. Once in a while we have 'sea-pork,' or salt fresh. It's better we've been to sea for a month, or six weeks, that we catch it. Why, I've seen men that ate, that the 'doctor,' as we call the cook aboard ship, had to take it out of the harness-cask, in which it is kept on deck, with tongs. We put to like it that way after a while. It's fun to see some of these coasting sailors get hold of a piece of hard tack that's doubled the Horn two or three times. I've seen 'em take a piece and break it on the edge of a seat-chest with a marlin-spike or a belaying pin and carefully pick out the weevils. Bless you, we don't take such trouble after we've fairly taken to growing barnacles on our backs. We just soft-en it a bit in coffee and take it in, weevils and all. I don't know how that is, but they ain't half so bad when you get used to 'em. You know when we are in port, the water tanks are cleaned out and whitewashed. After the water has stood in them for three or four weeks, and we get into hot weather, it has the taste of a mixture of whitewash and iron rust, and to say it's flat, is to put it mildly. You can guess what alot drinking it makes.

"Shore-going folks would think that that sort of grub would go pretty hard, but we get so used to it that we won't have anything else. The worst I ever came to being in a mutiny was aboard a tea-clipper from New York to Shanghai. The salt junk gave out and the 'old man' fed before the mast hams on tinned meats. The boys liked it first rate for a day or two, but then they began to growl and sent a man aft. The 'old man' said the men forward were living on 'salan grub,' and wanted to know what ailed 'em. 'Well, sou'-sou', sir, said the man, there ain't no chaw in the meat you send forward.' When the boys found out that it was all they could get, they made the best of it. Why, there's more chaw in that salt beef than there is in a piece of India rubber. I've chawed on a piece for a whole watch, and it was as good when I went below as it was when I went on deck. Thursday is generally duff day aboard ship. Duff is first class when you get used to it. It is made of flour and water and salt. If the 'doctor' is in a good humor, he puts in some raisins. Then it is boiled generally in the coppers along with the meat, and it is served to the men with a 'lot' of molasses.

"The grub ain't served as well as it is in a first class eating saloon ashore. It's generally brought into the fo'cas'le by one of the boys in 'kids.' A kid is a little wooden tub. The meat is in big hunks and the men chop it on with their sheath knives. There ain't any ceremony. Every man makes a grab for the 'kid,' and the strongest and quickest man gets the best piece of meat. The last generally gets what's left, if he ain't smart enough to hook a piece before he gets to the fo'cas'le, which he most generally is."

Interior Africa.

A mighty revolution seems to be impending in the center of the Dark Continent. The valley of the Congo is inhabited by a colored race, who are not negroes. They are tall, with thin noses and lips, and are industrious and warlike. Henry M. Stanley says there are 40,000,000 of them whom he is trying to civilize. The difficulty with the valley of the Congo is its remoteness from the sea coast. The valley, a fertile and populous region, is 350 miles from the Atlantic ocean. Were a railroad built this distance between it and the coast, it would render available the wonderful resources of Central Africa, and bring a country almost as populous as the United States into the relations with the rest of the world. There is no reasonable doubt but that by the beginning of the next century measures will have been taken to open up Congoland; and it is some comfort for us to know in America that Henry M. Stanley, our countryman, has been the first to bring this marvelous region to the knowledge of the outside world.

Young Hearts.

What though the years are flying fast,
And silver sprinkles through the hair,
And crow's-feet come, and wrinkles last
In spite of pride's most jealous care,
That with reluctance we confess,
And growing old—despite the thing of
to plain a truth should not distress
Is nothing if the heart be young.

That we have cause to regret
Is for the common lot of all
There—something to be loved be yet,
Something, whate'er befall.
Let others chide the past—the rest
The dirges of some sweet song
We'll hold the old Time near the breast
And comply while the heart is young.

While life exists, the light of hope
Should never be allowed to grow dim.
But brighten all our horoscope
Until we hear the call to the tomb.
The oldest still have ties to bind
So fresh should never be our song
Until life's lamp will burn low
As long as we the heart is young.

And here shall there, to feel is green
When we look on our autumn garden,
When age begins in the dusk of eyeless
And we need some a friend to lean
By feeling memory of long gone
By sighing memory of long gone
Thus age and death are long withstood,
And thus our heart keeps every young.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

HUMOROUS.

The proper question to ask a young woman who is about to elope is, "Does your mother know your route?"

In a courtship the position of purser is occupied by a man, while woman looks after the rigging and stays.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Golder, as he listened to the playing of a young pianist who had just returned from Europe, "he is last but not Liszt."

If it be true that the physicians have plenty to do attending to imaginary ailments, it is equally true that the sick have plenty to pay for imaginary cures.

Patti, it is said, is inordinately fond of onions. It will be remembered by those who have heard her that she possesses a voice of much strong voice.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

"Business is pretty good," said an undertaker to an interviewer, "but if lying was punished as it was in the days of Ananias, I would have to enlarge my grass and purchase fifty more hearses."

A young girl, coming from the field, being kissed by her poetic cousin that she had [illegible] as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said: "Well, it wasn't any fellow of that sort, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

"Now, you must converse in nothing but French," said Monsieur the Professor to his pupils, "silence immediately fell on the class for the space of a quarter of an hour, when the Professor exclaimed, "What? Nothing but silence? Zat is the very opposite of French."

A man was quietly munching a piece of pie in a car, when a look of distress suddenly displaced the serene expression on his face. Taking something from between his teeth and looking at it, he turned to the waiter: "Here, you there's a stone I found in this pie." The waiter took it, glanced at it critically, and handing it back briefly said: "It's no good to us, you can have it."

Parsee Funeral Ceremonies.

The funeral ceremonies of the Parsees are a most remarkable usage. High up on the ridge of the Malabar hill, Bombay, indeed, on one of the highest and finest peaks, where a splendid panorama of Bombay lies at the feet of the admiring spectator, like the Bay of Naples from the summit of Posilippo—the Parsee community possess a beautiful garden full of palms and flowers. In this cemetery stand the six dokhmas, or towers of silence. They are cylindrical, white towers from thirty to forty feet in diameter and about the same height. The inside is divided, like an amphitheater, into three concentric circles, subdivided by radiating walls into a number of open chambers. Each of the divisions hold a body, those of children in the center, those of women in the second circle, and men in the outer one. As soon as the white robed servants of the dead have received the corpse which the relatives have escorted to the cemetery, they carry it, accompanied by chanting priests, and place it in one of the open graves, where they leave it. Flocks of the sacred bird of Ormuz—the fine brown vulture—at once come down from where they have been sitting on the neighboring Palmyra palms. They fling themselves on the body inside the roofless tower, and in a few minutes the whole of the flesh is devoured. Swarms of black ravens finish off the slender remains of their meat. The bones are afterward collected in the centre of the tower.