The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A farmer of Paris, Illinois, has a little grain corner of his own that has proved rather expensive. He has 1600 bushels of corn in a crib on his farm, near Tuscola, which he has held for a high price since 1880. In 1881 he was offered eighty-two cents a bushel for it, but he wanted more. The corn is now nearly worthless.

According to a Chinese paper, instead of taking a dog out to walk, a Chinaman carries a cage, imprisoned in which is a bird, and when he sits down to rest he hangs the cage upon a tree in order to enjoy the melody which the bird pours out. This is certainly as sensible and much more poetic than the American girl's fashion of carrying a dog about with her.

A Lockport man is figuring on a scheme for building a boat for passenger traffic through the rapids of Niagara river. His boat is to be something after the style of a catamaran, ninety feet long and twenty-one feet wide, with capacity for 200 passengers. A company has been formed with a capital of $100,000 to push the scheme. It is proposed to carry the boat back to the starting point by railroad. The fare will be $2.

The biggest load of saw-logs ever hauled over a road in Washington Territory recently arrived at Seattle. There were eighteen logs ranging from 24 to 120 feet in length. The longest ones are intended for vessels' masts, and one has a diameter of thirty-six inches, and another forty-eight inches in the middle. The latter contains 13,000 feet of lumber and the total measurement is about 100,000 feet. Their gross weight is about 650,000 pounds, and they are to be shipped to the Atlantic coast.

A London firm of importers has submitted to Queen Victoria, with a view to a sale, a magnificent diamond, weighing in its present perfect shape 180 carats, of the finest water, free from flaws and imperfections, and of great brilliancy. It is said that it surpasses in weight and quality all the historical diamonds on record. Some idea of its value can be gathered from the fact that a little piece sliced off the end to improve its shape, producing a brilliant of nineteen carats, was at once sold for about 4000 pounds to a merchant.

The people of California, and especially of San Francisco, note as a remarkable fact that pennies are coming into use as money. Heretofore the five-cent nickel has been the smallest change. Ten years or more ago the ten-cent bit was the smallest. San Francisco is to be congratulated on this wholesome change in trade customs. The prosperity of neither individuals nor of the community can be regarded as on a sound basis while either is careless about little things. A trader who is unwilling to take one cent profit often repeated, is sure in the end to be superceded by some who will gladly do it.

A machine for shearing sheep is said be in successful operation in Australia. It is made of brass, in the shape of a small trowell, and is actuated by a turbine wheel about three inches in diameter, geared into a wheel on which is fixed a cutter. A comb serves as a guard against cutting the skin. The steam is conveyed from the boiler by an India rubber tube, which is double, having one inside the other. The inner one is the injection, and the space between the two the ejection. When this machine is fitted with an attachment by which it will pursue and catch the sheep, the honest farmer will be enabled to do considerably more loafing than he does at present.

A large trade is done in exporting timber from America to Australia, which gets most of her wood from other countries. In 1885 there were imported into New South Wales nearly 67,000,000 feet of timber, valued at $2,291,000. Of this amount 23,000,000 feet were from the United States, a larger quantity than from any other country. New Zealand comes next in the amount and value of the import, and British America third. Norway furnishes the largest share of dressed timber, and our Consul at Sydney, Mr. Griffin, thinks that this is occasioned by the low price of labor in that country. The imports from the United States consist principally of pine and redwood from the States and Territories on the Pacific slope. The sawmills of California, Oregon and Washington Territory rank among the foremost in the world, and are equipped with the best and latest improvements in milling machinery. The sawed timber of the Pacific slope is often 150 feet in length. Preparations are being made for its shipment in larger quantities than ever not only to Australia, but Japan and other countries. The men who own timber land in Australia are very jealous of the popularity of the American woods, and strong efforts are being made to have the government increase the tax upon the timber imports. They want the present duty of 48 cents per hundred foot increased to $1.25. The excuse they make for wanting this protection is that the American wood takes fire too easily. It is likely that this effort will be successful, and we will thus lose another very important market.

Environment.

Can the wild swan harried by hawks,
And hunted and chased from rest,
Over deserts and bleak fields driven
From the quiet of his nest
Where he never may pause a wing—
Where life hath no clear, cool spring—
Can he flee, think'st thou and sing,
With broken wing?

But give him his reedy haunts,
His mate, and his silent pool,
And his shadowy lakes that run
To the heart of the forest cool,
And, though his wing be broken,
He will suffer and give no token,
Yet leave not a note unspoken,
But low in the reeds will sing.

—*Charles J. O'Malley in Literary Life.*

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

They were walking down "Love Lane" in a gay, chattering procession—girls with laurel-wreathed hats, young men bearing shawls and baskets, a matron or two; last of all Stephen Fulton, a child on either side of him, and in his arms little Nanny Forsythe half asleep. Wherever Stephen went children followed, led by attraction irresistible as that which draws iron filings to the magnet. Grown people could not understand this attraction, but the little ones never mistook about it. Sleepy as she was, Nanny's small hand kept patting his shoulder as they went along, and her voice cooed words of drowsy endearment which made Stephen smile, gloomy as he felt that day. Each cheerful reply to the children's questions cost an effort; but he spoke cheerily all the same, and tried to keep his eyes from wandering forward to where Captain Hallett walked by the side of Milly Graves, with his handsome head very near hers, and his voice murmuring low sentences inaudible to the rest of the party. Many glances were sent back at this couple from those in advance, for Neal Hallett was the novelty of the moment, a hero and a stranger; and the girls, who were only too well-disposed to pull caps for him, thought it "quite too bad" of Milly to absorb his attentions as she had done all day.

But, after all, what could Milly, what could any girl, do, when an all-conquering captain takes up his position at her side in early morning and never leaves it until late afternoon? It is not in girl nature to resist such tribute, and Stephanie De Witt, in front, was partly justified in calling it "a desperate flirtation," although I fear the pout with which she spoke was due rather to *amour propre* than outraged morals. But on Milly's side it was not all flirtation. For all her merry, saucy ways, she was a sensitive, credulous creature, just the woman to give "gold for dust," and stake her all in that unequal barter so common in this world of misunderstood values.

Her fair cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes full of shy excitement as they walked along, talking about—dear me, whom do people talk about when they are young and of diff-rent sexes? Captain Hallett's fine eyes said more than his tongue; his martial mustache seemed to give point and value to mere nothings. He carried a lithe little cane with which he emphasized his sentences; now cutting the air, now beheading a mullein, in a way which Milly thought fascinating. And then Love Lane was such a pretty spot, the very place to be eloquent in. Its winding turns were hedged with fragrant growths—woodbine, brier, sweet fern and bay. Overhead the trees met and clasped in shady arches. Here and there a pink honeysuckle glinted in the network of green, or a train of shimmering clematis. The pure primrose light of a cloudless sunset sifted down through the canopy of boughs; a light breeze stirred, full of delicious smells. It was like an evening in fairy land.

Suddenly a turning brought them to a fern-clad bank, against which, set in a frame work of tremulous verdure, stood one rose of perfect wild wood pink, poised at tip of a cluster of vivid leaves. It was like an enchanted queen, Milly thought.

"How beautiful!" she cried; but even as the words left her lips the restless cane flew through the air, flicked the rose from it stem, and sent it into the dusty road, a little whirlwind of broken leaves accompanying its fall.

"What a pity!" she said, involuntarily.

"It's only a wild rose, you know," surprised.

"But don't you like wild roses?"

"Oh, yes; but there are so many of them that it is hardly worth while to waste sentiment on a single one," and the captain showed his fine teeth in a smile that was the least bit cruel.

Milly sighed and cast a regretful look behind. Her gentle nature felt for the fair despoiled thing. But, after all, there were plenty of wild roses, as Captain Hallett said, and presently she forgot her sympathy and its cause. Another turning in the lane brought them to the village outskirts, and to Squire Allen's gate, where the rest of the party were waiting. There were good-byes to say, divisions to make. Mrs. Allen was intent on securing to each person his or her own basket, Kitty Felton was counting teaspoons, Stephanie hunting for a missing plate. In the midst of these researches Stephen came up with the children. He looked weary, and put Nanny into her mother's arms with an air of relief, disregarding the drowsy protest which she uttered.

"What a lovely rose, Stephen!" said some of the girls. "Where did you find it?"

"In the road," replied Stephen. "Somebody had switched it off its stem and left it to die, so we picked it up."

"Yes, and Mr. Felton said it was a shame to treat flower so," put in a little boy.

The captain listened impassively, but Milly gave a half-pained glance at the flower. "That was just like you, Stephen," she said, softly, and Stephen brightened for the first time that day.

It seemed to Stephen, looking back, that his love for Milly had begun when he was a boy of five and she was a baby in the cradle. He could not recollect the time when he did not prefer her to all other girls. At school he was her knight, his sled, his jack-knife, his help, always at her service. Stephen taught her to skate, to row. It was he who brought her the first maple sugar, the first arbutus; he who took her on sleigh-rides, and walked home with her from church and the village tea parties. Milly absorbed these services not ungratefully, but as a matter of course. She had been used to them from her babyhood, and could have almost as well dispensed with sun or air out of her life; but sun and air being never withdrawn, are rarely noticed or alluded to. "Dear, good old Stephen," she called him. Now, it is not well for a man to lavish himself on a woman who thinks of him only as "dear old Stephen."

And now Stephen was doomed to stand by and see a stranger appropriate the object of this life-long devotion. He had sown, and another was to reap his labors. Day by day all that summer long the glamour grew and deepened. Captain Hallett's leave of absence seemed of the most elastic description, permitting him to stay the entire season at Baymouth. His mornings, his evenings, his noons, were spent with Milly. Stephen sickened at the inevitable gold-banded cap that met his eye whenever he entered the house, and proved his rival in possession of the field. Milly greeted Stephen kindly always, but there was a sense of interruption; he felt himself a third party. Then he tried staying away but that was worst of all, for his love did not notice his absence beyond a careless "What ages is it since we saw you, Stephen?" This state of affairs, of course, set people to talking, but Milly was blushingly indignant. "It was hard," she declared, "if a girl couldn't have a pleasant friend without having such things said." But her pretty poutings and protestings made little difference, and it was generally understood that the affair, if not an absolute engagement, amounted to "an understanding," whatever that may mean.

At last the long, lovely summer came to an end, as summers will. Scarlet boughs flamed in the forests, golden-rod burned along the brook-sides, the birds flew, and with them Captain Hallett prepared for flight. His orders had come to report in Galveston, Texas, and his leave takings were hurried. The last moment was Milly's, and though no one knew the exact situation of affairs, it was taken for granted that another year would bring orange blossoms and a wedding.

Milly's own expectations were not so definite. No definite promise had passed between her and her lover, but she trusted him and waited brightly and hopefully. Letters came and went; the scarlet boughs burned into ashes and fell to the ground in pale heaps; then came snow and the winter, to be in turn scourged away by the whip of the fierce New England spring. Still Milly waited; but not so brightly now, for the letters came less regularly than at first. By and by they ceased altogether. Weeks passed without a word. Milly, with visions of yellow fever and Indians chasing each other across her terried brain, wrote and wrote again, but no presage of the real danger which threatened glanced over until one day, opening the newspaper, this met her eyes:

"At Galveston, Texas, by the Rev. Pierre St. Cloud, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Dix, Captain Edward Hallett, U. S. A., and Blanche Emily, only daughter of the late Pierre St. Cloud of Filatki, Florida. No cards."

Mrs. Graves upstairs heard no sound, but when she went down Milly lay on the sofa white and rigid, the newspaper still clasped in her cold fingers. It was long before her senses came back. Her mother flamed with anger, but the girl hushed her with a weary sob.

"We were never really engaged, you know."

"Not engaged! Oh, Milly!"

But Milly turned her face to the wall and said no more.

Baymouth was stirred to its depths next day by the news that Captain Hallett was married to a Southern lady, and Milly Graves was down with typhoid fever. Everyone wanted to help to nurse, above all, to know the particulars. Such masses of blanc-mange and jelly were sent in that poor Mrs. Graves was at her wits' end to know how to dispose of them. But no one could readily aid, not even poor Stephen, who scarcely left the house day or night, or ate or slept, till the crisis passed, and Milly was pronounced out of danger.

Out of danger, but it was weeks before she could sit up, and weeks longer ere she came down stairs, thin, white, shrunken—a mere shadow and wreck of the blooming little beauty who walked so gayly up Love lane at Ned Hallett's side not quite a year ago. She was patient always, and uncomplaining, but she did not often smile. Perhaps Stephen won these infrequent smiles oftener than any one else, and he counted them as precious payment for all time and trouble spent in her service.

Only once did he see her shed tears. This was when, hoping to give her pleasure, he brought in the first wild roses of the season and held them before her. Suddenly a spasm passed over her face, she gave a gasp, turned aside, and struggled for composure. Stephen dropped the flowers as if they burned his fingers and hurried out of the room. A hot anger shot through him. "He has ruined everything for her," he thought. "Even a rose reminds her of him. Coward that he is. They hang a man for poisoning the water springs, why not hang him? though hanging is too good for such a villain as he."

Natures processes of cure are secret. It is in their depths that wounds begin to heal. Gradually, as months went by, the renovating principle worked in Milly. She resumed her place at home, the little duties and pleasures, and took up again the burden of life. She was pale still, but the paleness infolded a sweet serenity which was no less lovely than her girlish bloom. "Milly Graves was real improved since her disappointment," certain severe old ladies asserted, and they were not far from right. Stephen adored her more than ever. Two years later he told her so.

To his surprise, she was neither astonished or shocked, but looked in his eyes with a smile which was sad and tender and sweet all at once.

"Dear Stephen," she said, "this is just like you. Do you recollect the day in Love lane, and the rose you picked up out of the dust? You are doing the same thing now, but I am not worth it, dear, not worth the picking up."

"Milly," said Stephen, trembling with eagerness, "there never was a day since I first saw you, and that was twenty-one years ago, when I didn't love you beyond any other living thing. Pick you up, indeed! You, my Rose of all the world! Can you not love me a little bit in return?"

"Oh, Stephen, I do!" and the fair little fingers closed over his. "There's nobody in the world like you. I always knew that. It's only—the others are so much fresher, you know—fresher and brighter, and—they might make you happier than I can. You're quite sure you really want me? Then I'll do my best. Why, Stephen, how happy you look."

"Happy! I should think so, when I've got everything I ever wanted in my life," cried Stephen.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

Wonderful Anatomy.

There are some things familiar enough to the civilized man which the credulity of a cannibal of the Pacific Islands refuses to take in. Evidently the reflection, "What a piece of work is man!" has never been forced upon his mind, though he may often have dined, with much satisfaction, off a well-roasted specimen of humanity. Among the startling stories told of white men in the Pacific, there is one of an "old hand" in Fiji, who had a cork leg and who once found himself in the hands of the natives, at a time when they were apparently intent upon the preparation of a meal.

He did not like their looks at all, and he was very much exercised in his mind at the sight of an oven, in an active state of preparation, outside the house he was in.

However, his presence of mind did not desert him. He called for food, which was brought him, and, with a large crowd watching him, he began to eat heartily. Between every mouthful he struck his clasp knife so firmly into his cork leg that it stood upright. The natives watched these proceedings with intense astonishment, and were evidently much bewildered.

When he had finished his meal he very deliberately unscrewed his leg, and composed himself to slumber. But this was too much for them; they rushed out of the house, and allowed him a clear passage to where his horse was.

A Chance to Save Money.

Patient—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor?

Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off.

Patient—How much will the job cost?

Surgeon—Fifteen dollars.

Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man.

Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I will cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars.—*New York Times.*

"MALINGERING."

Soldiers Who Feigned Sickness to Get Out of the Army.

A Surgeon's Account of an Attempt That was Not Successful.

A "Surgeon of the Tenth" says in the Detroit *Free Press*: It was supposed that now and then a volunteer would become so disgusted with army life, and so homesick to see his friends, that he would take all risks of peril and degradation and desert his colors, but few people have been made aware of the great amount of malingering in the service from 1862 to the close of the war. There were men who were too proud or too cowardly to desert, and yet who were determined to get out of the army. The only way open to them was to affect some ailment, and of course I was sooner or later brought in to close contact with them. The first five men discharged from my regiment for disability recovered so speedily after securing their discharges that I became a butt of ridicule. Indeed, two of them remained about camp and plied their professions as gamblers, and made no secret that they had fooled me.

One of my toughest cases was that of a private soldier named French. He had served from June, 1861, to April, 1862, and was well spoken of by his officers. He was a tidy man, enthusiastic in the line of duty, and had been selected for promotion. One day he attended sick call, explaining that he had not been feeling well for three or four days past. He had the general look of a man under a slight fever. I gave him some medicine and told him he would be all right in a day or two, but next morning word came to me that he was ill in his tent. I went over to see him and found his fever increased and his appetite gone. I was surprised that the powders had not checked the fever, but prescribed others and decided not to have him removed to the hospital for a day or two. He had no complaint to make, and this was great in his favor. Next day the fever was a little worse than before, and the man began to look pretty haggard. I ordered his removal to the regimental hospital, and set myself about in a vigorous manner to break the fever, which was clearly intermittent. A week from the day he was taken sick I had made no progress, and was about to order his removal to the hospital at Alexandria when I received a pointer. One of the nurses reported to me that she had accidentally observed French slyly wasting his medicines. I could hardly credit it in a man like him, but decided to set a watch on his movements. In 24 hours I was assured of several things. He was, in the first place, eating only enough to barely sustain himself, although I could find no reason why he should not be hungry when his fever was off. He was deliberately wasting my medicines instead of swallowing them, and about once in six hours he was forcing himself to swallow something which was terribly disagreeable to him. During my next call he asked to be sent to Alexandria, and I said nothing to lead him to suspect that I had any doubts of his being a fit patient for the hospital. I wanted to watch him a little longer. I left a new supply of medicine, which was so fixed that he could take it himself. While he claimed to be very weak, he was still able to move about and dress and undress himself. During the day he made a pretense of taking the medicine, and during the night he poured most of the contents of the tumbler on the ground.

The next morning I gave orders to have him thoroughly searched, and the result justified our suspicions. The man was malingering. He had made himself up a lot of pills composed of government soap and rancid fat from government pork, and was taking one about every four hours. More than that, he was swallowing the juice of plug tobacco in sufficient quantity to sicken a horse, and not one drop of my medicine was passing his lips. We had such a plain case on him that he could not deny it, nor did he attempt to. I left new medicine with him and gave him three days to get well, and before the time was up he had returned to duty. I made no report of his case to his captain, not wishing to degrade or disgrace him, but in the course of a couple of weeks he fired a bullet into my tent one night, knocking the cap off my head, and then made a break to run the guard and desert. He was fired upon by two men, and both their bullets inflicted mortal wounds.

Despair Turned to Exultation.

A life insurance policy may not cover a multitude of sins, but it seems to condone some minor one's in a widow's eyes, according to the Chicago *Tribune*:

"A young widow in Waukesha, whose husband had been dead for a month, and whom she had always supposed to be free from small vices, was overhauling his clothes the other day. She found a large plug of tobacco in a coat pocket. "Oh, George! George!" she exclaimed despairingly, "you and I will never meet in the good world!" In another pocket she found a life insurance policy for $5,000, of which she had before known nothing, and she burst forth exultantly: "Oh, yes, we will! we will! Heaven will forgive him his one little fault!"

Booth's Weapons.

I saw the other day, says a writer in the Washington *Republic*, two of the most curious and interesting relics of the greatest tragedy in American history. They are the pistol with which John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln and the dagger he held in his hand when he leaped from the box to the stage of the theatre, crying "Sic semper tyrannis." These relics are preserved in a bureau of one of the great departments of the government, and with them is the bullet that struck Mr. Lincoln down. The pistol is the most interesting of the lot. It is one of the kind known as the derringer, made in Philadelphia, which was very famous all through the South and Southwest thirty years ago. The one in question is of beautiful workmanship. Its barrel is only two inches in length, and the bullet weighs about a quarter of an ounce. The entire length of the weapon is but four inches. Its mounting is of silver, and the lock is one of the finest and most perfect pieces of workmanship I have ever seen, even in these weapons, which are very expensive and elaborate. The bullet is much battered, and was evidently driven into the muzzle (for the pistol is a muzzle-loader) by the use of a mallet and iron ramrod. Considering the heavy charge of powder under the bullet before it was fired, the latter must have been only half an inch from the muzzle, and could easily have been touched with one's little finger inserted into the barrel. The marks of the rifling in the barrel are clearly visible on the bullet, which was very much thinned from striking the skull. A month later, a more interesting and ghastly relic I have never seen. While handling the pistol I looked at the end of the breech. I found there a receptacle for percussion caps, which had evidently been overlooked, and on opening it I found a solitary cap, which Booth had evidently put there himself, intending, if by any chance the one on the tube of the pistol exploded without firing it, to have another ready to his hand.

Scene at an Ape's Death-Bed.

In his recently published treatise on the anthropoid apes, Prof. Hartmann of the Berlin University tells a touching story of a large female ape which belonged to the Zoological Gardens of Dresden. Mademoiselle was named by Herr Schöpf, the Director of the gardens, who is a paragon of polite manners. She would bow her nose with a handkerchief, put on her own boots, wring out the linen, steal keys and open locks. She had a cup of tea every morning, and one of cocoa every evening, and at any time would fill her own cup or tumbler without spilling a drop—giving other at once a sense of propriety and of appreciation of the beverage. Her death was quite pathetic. After some years' experience of the Dresden climate, she showed symptoms of consumption, and, it was able to realize the progress of the disease, she was quite conscious when it was drawing to a close. She would scarcely allow her friend, Dr. Schöpf, who nursed her through her last illness, to leave her sight. When the end approached, feeling her forces ebbing, she threw her arms around his neck, kissing him tenderly, held out her hand to grasp his and fell back lifeless.

A Relic of Jefferson.

The flat little stone building at G and Fourteenth streets, which is being pulled down this week, has a history. It is said that President Jefferson opened a public school there in 1804, after his second election, relinquishing its use as a stable for that purpose. It was there that he kept his horse and perhaps his carriage, or wheeled vehicle of some sort—no doubt the same historic horse on which he rode from Monticello to the Capitol, and he a backing on on the morning of his inauguration and rode up to the Capitol, where, tradition says, he dismounted and hitched him to the picket fence till after the ceremony.

The reason why Jefferson rode on horseback, by the way, does not appear to have been his simplicity or his economy, for he was both an extravagant and a ceremonious man; but because it was at that time about the only way in which a man could get through the mud of Virginia to Washington, and through the knee-deep mud of Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol.—*Washington Post.*

The Excellence of Farm Life.

It is a common complaint that the town and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and live without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties and resources he has—his friendships with his cattle, his team, his dog, his trees; the satisfaction in his growing crops in his improved fields; his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces. Cling to the farm, make much of it, bestow your heart, your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtues after your day's work is done.—*Century Magazine.*

In Harbor.

I.

I think it is over, over—
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foemen and friend,
The sweet and the bitter have passed
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath blown its ultimate blast.
There's for a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens heward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last.

II.

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the water surrease;
How few were the days of the Roses
That scented the beauty of peace!
And discord and strife was the omen
That hinted rest—surcease.
From the range of life and its rot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which looms in this Harbor at last!
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throbs through the sun-flecked river
Which get the the Harbor at last—
That heavenly Harbor at last.

III.

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last.
Down went the shattered anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed;
Let rage the tempest of ocean,
Hath sent down its ultimate blast,
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens heward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver,
Of heart pulses throbbed through the river,
These lights in the Harbor at last—
To the heavenly Harbor at last!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

HUMOROUS.

A maxim of paradise: The banker.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer."

"Yes, my child; Wednesday was put immediately after Thursday on purpose."

"Today is a month old, clear than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.

"This is evidently a cheering out sail," said the captain to a merchant on his trip as he looked around at his seasick passengers.

It is a little premature for people to go to Europe to recover their health when they had not been previously there to lose it.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up and Charles hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me so as to teach him to be generous?"

"May, can I go over to Sam's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mamie. "Yes, dear; I don't care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply. "I've been."

"We don't wish to be understood as finding fault with nature," writes a correspondent, "but we do wish from the bottom of our hearts that the luminous end of the rainbow had been hitched to the mosquito."

A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner specially "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me!"

Easy Mathematics.

A farmer spends $13 per year for tobacco, and his wife spends $2 per year for shoes. How much more does her shoes cost than his tobacco?

It is twenty-eight feet from a certain kitchen door to a wood pile, and 235 from the same door to a corner grocery. How much longer will it take a man to walk to the wood pile than to the grocery, estimating that he walks three feet per second?

If it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles in the country to meet a circus coming to town?

A cook hires out at $3 per week, and when Saturday comes she has broken $1.89 worth of dishes. How much is due her, and how on earth did the mistress find out that she had broken anything?

A young lady who is out with her beau drinks four glasses of soda water at five cents each; two glasses of ginger ale at five cents each; eats three dishes of ice cream at ten cents each; four pieces of cake valued at thirty cents, and throws out a half dollar's worth of candy worth fifty cents. What does she cost him in all?

A tramp reaches a farm-house, and a dog tackles the tramp. The tramp passes over thirty-two rods of ground per minute, while the dog passes over forty-eight rods. How long will it take the dog to overhaul him?

Four boys who are on a visit to their aunt discover a cake of maple sugar weighing five pounds and eleven ounces. What will each boy's share be if equitably divided?

If a saddle horse has caused the death of four different ladies who were advertised by their doctors to try the saddle for exercise, how many ladies could have been decently killed in half the time by riding over rail fences in buck-boards?

John has an orange, and six boys lick their chops and want him to divide. He eats it by himself, seeds, rind and all. How many pieces would he have had to divide the orange into, in case he had been a flat, to give each boy a piece?