THE RICHMOND ROCKET.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor. TO DEMOCRACY WE PIN OUR FAITH. $1.50 per Year in Advance.

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The Inauguration Ball.

A Washington dispatch says: It is expected that about twenty thousand persons in military and civic organizations will be in line on Inauguration day. So far, not a military company in the New England States has signified an intention of being here. The New York Sixty-ninth regiment will arrive here in the morning and leave that night.

The Washington Continentals, from Schenectady, the Albany Jackson corps, and Rochambeau Grenadiers, of New York city, are the only New York State troops to be in line. The Pennsylvania division of fifteen regiments and three batteries, numbering between eight and nine thousand troops, will be in line. The Virginia brigade under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, 1,500 strong, will be a feature of the procession. The Phil Kearney Guards, of Elizabeth, N. J., is the only military organization from that State that has applied for position in line. Maryland, especially Baltimore, will send a large military contingent, the corps being able to arrive and depart the same day.

The feature of the military parade will be the large number of colored companies in line. There will be five from Norfolk, Va., three from Baltimore, one from Philadelphia—the Gray Invincibles—one from Fredericksburg, one from Richmond and one from the University of Virginia. In addition there will be the well drilled and finely equipped companies of colored troops here in Washington. The War, Post Office and Interior departments, Winders Building, quarters at the Navy Yard, the Court House and other public buildings will be used as quarters for many of the visiting regiments.

SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Of the 16,000,000 school children in this country 10,000,000 are enrolled in the public schools.

The Use of a Scarf Pin.

They were playing whist in the smoker. One of the players wore on his collar-scarf a diamond pin. It was very large and very brilliant. The inference was that the wearer was a showy nabob, or a blackleg. As a partner was shuffling for a new deal, another remarked: "That is a fine pin you wear!" "Yes," replied the man, "that is a good pin—for the money. It cost $3.99. It is paste. You may wonder why I wear such a worthless bauble. I wear it for protection. This is the third one I have worn, the other two were stolen. Let me explain:

"I was traveling on a Southern railway at night. Gradually the passengers in the car I was in dwindled to three—two men besides myself. I discovered that these men were attracted by my scarf pin, and I was convinced that they were determined to get it. I was glad, for I had more than $3,000 in money and checks in my pocket. When I left the car one man was in front of me, and one was behind, and as I passed out the door, the jolting of the car gave both an opportunity to fall against me. At that moment one of them snatched the pin, and thinking it was a great prize, had no thought of taking anything else. It is a safeguard, and I would not travel with valuables in a strange country without one."

The Posts of Union Veterans.

John S. Kountz, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, says: Our organization is growing rapidly in numbers and importance. There are now 6,000 posts, having a total membership of 275,000. Pennsylvania has a larger number than any other State. There are a million men living who fought for the Union, and it is thought that the membership of the Grand Army will reach half a million. There is a much larger number of Grand Army posts in the South than one might expect to find. All of the larger cities of the South have one or more posts. New Orleans has three. The main strength of the organization is in the Central States. New York should have a much larger number of posts than she now has.

Exports of Provisions.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of domestic cattle, hogs, and of beef, pork and dairy products during the month of January; also of beef and pork products during the three months, and of dairy products during the nine months ended January 31, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods of the preceding year, were as follows: January, 1885, $11,965,948; January, 1884, $9,091,877. Beef and pork products exported for three months ended January 31, 1885, were $28,210,693, for 1884, $26,748,881. Dairy products for nine months ended January 31, 1885, $13,199,392; for 1884, $14,310,457.

TOUGH GRASS.—Take a blade of bear grass and boil it 40 minutes. Then beat it with a hammer and scrape it until the threads are smooth. Suspend it to a whip for a cracker, and after it has worn a little and becomes dry it will strike fire like flint and steel when struck against dry sands.—*Eastman (Ga.) Times.*

FOR OTHERS.—Handsome fortunes have been made in the Kennebec ice business, but the man who showed the Kennebeckers how to do it, who introduced Kennebec ice to the world and gave it the first boom, is to-day not worth a dollar.

VERSIFICATION.

As bright as the golden June weather
Came Rose with her prayer-book and fan
Through the church door, and homeward together
We walked, and my wooing began.

She chatted of anthem and sermon—
I thought of her lips and blue eyes—
Of her light dainty step in the German—
Till vaguer became my replies.

As I vainly endeavored to fashion
Some phrase that should fitly express,
Or hint of, that burden of passion
Which she, alas! seemed not to guess.

But we paused on the bridge, whose gray arches
Look down on the bridge in the brook,
And there in the shade of the larches
Her little gloved fingers I took.

And said: "Rose, you've been kissed in a sonnet
In which I my emotions rehearse,"
When a voice 'neath the pretty pink bonnet
Murmured: "Darling, I am not a-verse."
—*Life.*

The Letter.

"Any letters?" asked the Widow Wadsworth, turning from the grocery counter of the "store" of Kornhill to the corner by the window over which swung a placard bearing the legend "Post office" upon it, and glancing through her spectacles at the small row of candy jars which were made to do duty as letter holders. "Any letters for our house Mr. Bristol?"

Mr. Bristol, the senior of that name—who was too rheumatic to weigh groceries or measure calico, was as deaf as a post, had, perhaps, the least natural talent for the reading of dubious script that could be found in the person of any living man; and, besides this, could never find his spectacles—roused himself from a nap in which he had been indulging, looked bewildered, and seemed for a moment dubious as to what he should do next; but seeing that Mrs. Wadsworth's eyes were fixed upon the candy jars, decided that she wanted a letter, and, reaching up, slowly took two of them down and, with much deliberation, spread them before her like a pack of cards.

"I've put my specks some'rs," he said, "but where I dunno. Look 'em over and sort out what's yourn, Mrs. Wadsworth."

This was old Mr. Bristol's usual style of performing the business of postmaster. And as it was an honest place, little harm came of it. Often people carried their neighbors' letters to them when they happened to pass their gates, and the only registered letter that ever yet has been sent to Kornhill was considered an insult to the community at large.

"They might ha' known no one would ha' meddled with it," said the postmaster.

And the farmers talked the matter over as they jogged home side by side in their wagons, and the summer boarder who did the strange thing was made to feel the indignation of her hostess. But that was long after the evening on which Mrs. Wadsworth asked if there were any letters for "her house."

Peering over the little row spread before her, she saw that there was one—a small envelope—addressed in a delicate lady's hand to "James Wadsworth, Esq."

"That's Jim," said the old lady "Who can have writ to him?"

There were no more. She put her single epistle in her pocket, pushed the rest toward Mr. Bristol and nodded at him. Mr. Bristol nodded in reply, rejarred the letters, perched himself upon a stool and went to sleep again. Then the younger Bristol helped the old lady into her wagon, handed in her basket of groceries, and she drove away, with the letter in her pocket, and a queer feeling, half fear and half anger, at her heart as she said over and over again, talking aloud to herself, as the old white horse plodded along the lonely road:

"Who has writ to Jim, I wonder?"

Maggie, the "help," came out to carry in the basket, when Mrs. Wadsworth stopped at her own gate, and she herself walked into the kitchen. There was a great stove there, and on it the kettle was boiling, steam rushing from its spout in one long stream, and creeping in a flat sheet from under the cover. Before this stove Mrs. Wadsworth stood and warmed her hands.

"I wonder who has writ to Jim," she said. "If I thought it was that girl I'd throw it into the fire."

Then a story she had heard of some one who had feloniously opened an envelope by holding it over the steam of a tea-kettle occurred to her mind.

"I wonder whether it would open that way," she said. "It couldn't be any great harm just to satisfy myself that it isn't from her. Jim is but a boy, and I am his mother. I guess, according to law, I'd have a right. I ought to, anyhow."

Then the hand which held the letter outstretched itself. The stream of steam beat against the flap of the envelope. In a moment or so, it hung loose and limp and wet in her hands."

"I'll go and put my bonnet away," she said, in an unnatural sort of tone, and hurried upstairs.

"I am his mother," she said again, as she sat down in her rocking-chair and drew the letter from the envelope. "It's right I should know."

Then she cast her eye over the writing. There was not much of it. Just this:

"DEAR JAMES: I know, after my conduct, it is my place to write first. I was naughty. Please forgive me. Isn't that humble enough? And if you do, come and take me to the picnic to-morrow.

"Your own
"NELLY."

"It is from that girl," said Mrs. Wadsworth. "It's from her. And things have gone so far, and he hasn't told his mother a word! Oh, how hard it is to bear! That girl I don't want Jim to marry; but of all girls, that one!" and she rocked herself to and fro.

"There's been a quarrel," she said at last, "and she's written this to make up. If he never got it, he'd never speak. I know his pride. She come of a poor lot. I hate her; she's a bad wife for Jim. I think it's my duty not to give it to him. I'll think it over." Then she opened the drawer of her bureau in which she kept valuables and money and thrust the letter in and locked it up.

She had time to think the matter over before Jim came in, for he was late, and "that girl" grew more distasteful to her every moment.

"Going to the picnic, Jim?" she asked, as they sat over their tea. And Jim answered that he hadn't thought of it.

"I'd go if I was you, and take your Cousin Miranda," said the old lady. "She expects it, I guess." And Jim, only moved by the remembrance of Nellie Barlow, and a wish to make her jealous, agreed to the proposition. He took Miranda to the picnic next day, and Nellie was there, and saw them together; and remembering her note, written in a moment of softness, when the wish to recall certain angry words she had said to Jim, was strong upon her, she grew sick with shame. She had held out her hand in reconciliation, and he had not taken it. Could anything make a woman more indignant? After that she never even looked at him.

Old Mrs. Wadsworth having kept Jim's letter a few days, felt that too much explanation would be necessary were she to give it to him after so long a delay. Besides it would be well for her son that he should not see it. He would, of course, marry his cousin Miranda—only a second cousin—a girl she liked, and who would never set herself up above her mother-in-law—a girl who did not, like poor Nellie, look aggravatingly stylish.

But Jim did not marry Miranda. No one will ever know now whether Miranda would have accepted him or not. After awhile she married a Mr. Wiseman, who was better off than Jim, and old enough to be his father; and Nelly, too, married. While her heart burnt with resentment against her old lover, she chose a new one, a dark, moody, silent sort of man, who carried her away to the city, whence there came rumors now and then that she was not happy, that her husband led a wild life. Once some one declared that he was a very madman in his jealousy, and locked her in her room at times. But no one knew whether it was true or not. Her parents would never say an ill word about her.

As for James Wadsworth, he had gone to church to see her married and had gone home with a headache. The next day he was delirious; a brain fever had set in and the doctors shook their heads over him. What he said in his delirium only his mother understood—out if she could have undone the deed that she had done, she would have thanked Heaven. For weeks he lay at death's door, and then a pale shadow crept about the house—the wreck of bright, handsome Jim Wadsworth. His beauty was gone, and no one felt quite sure about his mind. He answered sensibly enough when he was spoken to, but voluntarily he never spoke.

After awhile he grew strong enough to do farm work, as he suggested, and she grew ... tered ways. And so matters went on, when, ten years from her wedding day, Nelly came back to her father's home in a widow's cap. And the people of Kornhill learnt that her husband was dead, and began to wonder whether he had left her money.

Jim, plowing in the adjoining field, saw her as she sat upon the old homestead porch, and stood, for a moment, staring at her. Then he left his plow in the furrow, his horses standing where they were, and went home. His mother saw him coming. He tramped over the beds of vegetables, and trod down the young corn. He sought no path. As the bee flies he sought the doorway at which his mother stood staring at him, and walked into the kitchen past her without a look.

"Jim, my boy," said the old woman, "what is it?"

He made her no answer; but went to his room and straight to bed. For hours he never spoke to her. Then he began to babble. He uttered Nelly's name; he reproached her with inconstancy; he called her tender names in one breath and cursed her in the next. Then he gave one wild cry and sprang up in his bed and dropped back again, with his eyes staring toward heaven. He was dead; the mother knew that before they told her so.

The next day a coffin stood in the low-ceiled parlor, and in it lay a pale statue with closed eyes—all that was left of Jim Wadsworth. One by one the friends and neighbors came softly in to look at him, and went away more softly, often in tears. At last came one woman—a fair woman, in a widow's cap and veil who stood longer than the rest looking at the still, white face, and at her own request was left alone with it, while curious people in the other room wondered whether it was true that Nelly and Jim were once engaged and had quarreled. For this was Nelly, in her widow's weeds, who had come to look at Jim for the last time.

As she stood there, with thoughts for which there was no words trooping through her mind, an inner door opened and an old woman crept in. It was Mrs. Wadsworth, broken down at last, and with the strange, restless light of an unsettled intellect in her light blue eyes.

She held an old letter in her hand, and it rustled as she slowly crossed the room and stood beside the coffin.

"Jim," said she, "here's your letter. I've been thinking it over, and since you take it so hard, you'd better have it. I only kep' it for your own good, Jim. She ain't the girl for you; but you take it so hard. Wake up, Jim; here's your letter."

But the white, frozen hands lay still upon the breast, and other small, living woman's hands grasped it instead. Nelly knew all the story now.

"Here is your letter, Jim," she whispered. "Oh, Jim, Jim," and she laid it softly under the white flowers upon the bosom, and, stooping, kissed the waxen hands and brow. "Oh, Jim, Jim!" she said again, and let her black veil down over her face, and went her way; and the gossips who stared after her as she passed down the village street, wondered again if she had ever been engaged to Jim Wadsworth, but none of them ever knew. The grave keeps its secret, so also does a woman's heart.

Rather a Ferocious Rabbit.

Soon after dinner yesterday a boy who was very much out of breath hailed a man on Miami avenue, and informed him that he had seen a rabbit run under a barn in an alley near by. The information wasn't so very startling, to be sure, but it was enough to affect the pedestrian. He was on his way down town on an errand, but no sooner had he heard the story than he followed the boy at a run. A boy who saw them running followed after, and as they turned into the alley two men suspected that something was up and joined the caravan. It wasn't ten minutes before twelve men and a score of boys had surrounded the barn, and then a serious consultation was held. Men got down on their knees and thrust head and shoulders under the barn. Boys got down and peered and poked. Two women came up and began to throw out suggestions.

A crowd instinctively looks for a leader. This crowd soon found one. He was a man who said he had spent the best portion of his life driving rabbits from under barns. He ordered everybody to get down and cry "scat!" but the rabbit "caught on." Then everybody got poles and clubs, and everybody poked and pounded. The rabbit was too "fly."

For thirty minutes the crowd, growing larger every minute, put in some awful licks against the peace of mind of that humble hare, and he had not been budged a foot when a boy came along with a terrier dog. Boards were pulled off and the dog ordered to go in and win renown. He went in, but it wasn't over a minute before he remembered that he had forgotten something, and he came out for it. A big cat followed close behind, walking the rail at every jump, and as she reached the alley she took a skip over the fence and was lost to view.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Editor's Peregrinations.

Last week the tired editor, after laboring hard in the vineyard, concluded that he would go out among the brethren. While down in the Dry Fork neighborhood we preached at Ebenezer, and accompanied Brother Sam Hayfoot home to dinner. There were several brethren present, and among them we were pleased to notice old Brother Shopwell. He is an old servant of the Lord, and, had the smallpox kept out of his way, we think that his countenance would have escaped a great wrong. Old Sister Hayfoot, kind reader, knows how to get up a good dinner. She has our idea of cooking cabbage, for, like us, she thinks that they should be boiled ... their brittleness ... ing pot. After ... man we again assemb... room, where Sister Stove... with a hymn and 75 cents, for ... she wanted six months' subscription. One dollar would have struck us with a little more warmth, but in these days of sin and hard times a half loaf is much better than a Boston cracker. Brother Smithfield, a good old soul as ever lived, declares that he will take the paper when he sells his red steer. Gentle reader, do you know of any one who wants to buy a steer?—*Arkansas Christian Weekly.*

Animal Fighting in China.

Fighting turtles are of two classes in China, either the mud or snapping turtle. They are caught and regularly trained. They are fed with raw meat and a drug that coorresponds with the "loco" of Texas. In six months the turtle becomes savage and ugly, and will fight and bite on the smallest provocation. To increase its bellicose powers, the jaws and teeth are carefully filed and sand-papered, until its mouth is made almost into a series of razors and needles. Each day its trainer teases it with cotton and wood until it is excited into a perfect frenzy and bites the training instruments into small pieces. Six months' training puts it in good fighting condition. Young and old turtles are valueless. A middle-aged turtle—that is, one of seven or eight years—is the best. When the fight comes off the turtles have been starved and teased for a week, and are as ugly as may be imagined. Each is handled by its own trainer, and is teased and tickled until it is in a violent rage. They are then put in a ring and the battle begins. The fight is always to the death. A throat hold means victory. Generally the legs are the main points of attack, and often both reptiles will lose a foreleg in the first round. Their vitality is so great that after a head is almost bitten off it will turn and seize a leg or tail, and bite as if nothing had happened. These fights last from one to ten hours, and are always largely attended by men and boys.

TOO TRUE.—There is no use trying to make a theological journal out of a daily newspaper, remarks a New Mexican journal. Too many bad things happen.

LIFE IN THE SOUDAN.

THE SLAVE TRADE AND THE MANNER IN WHICH IT IS CARRIED ON.

A Speculation that Gave Khartoum Its Notable Importance.

Throughout the Soudan, says Sir Samuel Baker, in his narrative, money is exceptionally scarce and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty per cent. This fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild speculator borrows upon such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick. Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers. The same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at 100 per cent. after this fashion: he agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels and engages from 100 to 300 men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and he agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months for which they are paid. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount he has received both in goods and money, and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy.

Charmed with his new friends, the ... of whose ... he ... the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbor. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within the kraal or "zareeba," are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, and the former secured ... instrument called a *sheba*, made ... rked pole, the neck of the prisoner ... into the fork and secured by a ... ce lashed behind, while the ... rought together in advance of ..., are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which they are marched to the headquarters in company with the captured herds.

This is the commencement of business. Should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by fire, it is appropriated. A general plunder takes place. The trader's party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty the traders return to their negro ally. They have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy, and a present of a pretty little captive girl of about fourteen completes his happiness.

An attack or razzia, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who in his turn is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves.

The Soudan.

The March *Century* contains an article on the Soudan, written by General R. E. Colston, formerly of the Confederate army, and later on the general staff of the Egyptian army. In the latter service he commanded two expeditions of exploration in the Soudan, traveling on all the principal caravan routes, and spending two years in the towns and among the tribes which are frequently mentioned in connection with El Mahdi's rebellion. The article is illustrated with more than twenty pictures.

"OH, HUM! I wish I had married Mr. Gladstone,' sighed Mrs. Bascom, throwing down her newspaper, "What!" exclaimed her husband, starting out of an incipient nap—"rather than me?" "Yes," reiterated Mrs. Bascom, "Mr. Gladstone chops all his own wood."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Little Householder.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West Side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, and paid no attention to it. After awhile a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"'What do you want it for?' says I.

"'To live in,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'

"The first month he brought $2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with $3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes $2 and sometimes $3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"'He's dead, sir,' was the reply.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?'

"'More'n a year,' he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"'Where is she?' said I.

"'We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since.'

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then I said:

"'My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together, and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and told him that it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald.*

About the Sound of It.

Some writer has produced a poem called "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives readers the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proof-reader—As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mair—

Copy-holder—Thunder! Not mair—air.

Proof-reader—I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma.

Copy-holder—Shoot the comma.

Proof-reader—'Tis done. As bowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—no joy in life—comma—no worms—

Copy-holder ...

Proof-re... comma—...

Copy-holder—Bah... vigor fly—

Proof-reader—Health and full stop.

That's about the sound of poetry is on deck.—*Des Moines ter.*

The Civil Service.

THE FEDERAL COMMISSION'S SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF ITS WORK.

The second annual report of the Civil Service Commission, covering a period from Jan. 16, 1884, to Jan. 16, 1885, was sent to Congress by the President. It says the Civil Service law has been found practicable and effective for the accomplishment of its purpose. During the year persons have been examined from every State and Territory except Idaho. One hundred and sixty-two examinations have been held, and 6,347 persons have been examined, of whom 5,525 were males and 822 were females. Of those examined 4,141 passed at a grade showing them competent for the public service, and 2,306 failed. The average age of those examined was nearly 30 years. Of those examined 3,920 were educated only in common schools, 1,960 in part in high schools or academies, 91 in part in business colleges, and 459 in part in colleges. More than 70 per cent. of them had only a common school education. There have been 1,806 appointments made from those examined. The report adds that the Commission has no reason to believe that any discrimination on political grounds has been made in these appointments, and positively asserts that none has been made in connection with the examinations.

A LEVEL HEAD.—A California paper tells this story: Said an Indian to a white man: "You go to party at Independence?" "No," said the white man; "I am broke and can't go." "What for you talk so?" said the Indian; "you work all time, earn money; what for you no keep him? Some time I broke to buy whisky, drink him up, more gone. Now no drink long ... plenty ... no broke ... no!

STRAY BITS OF HUMOR

FOUND IN THE HUMOROUS COLUMNS OF OUR EXCHANGES.

A Present for Jimmie—A Discount—Neglected Work—It Was Time to Get Away—A Handy Husband, Etc., Etc.

A PRESENT FOR JIMMIE.

"Oh, Jimm-mee-ee-ee!"
"Wotcher want?"
"Yer comes yer daddy!"
"Wot's he doin' ?"
"Lookin' for you!"
"Wot's he want?"
"He's got somethin' nice fur ye!"
"Wot is it?"
"Dunno! Looks like somethin' to ride on. Kind o' long and slim and slick-like, like as of he'd peeled the bark off'n it."

Jimmie dives into the creek with his clothes on and strikes out for yonder point accoutered as he was. He was playing "hookey," and he "had rode" on one of them things before. It would be a raw and gusty day when Jimmie got left.—BURDETTE.

A HANDY HUSBAND.

Scene in the boudoir of a Hartford belle:

Thoughtful Mamma—"Well, dear, which gentleman have you selected for your husband?"

Dutiful Daughter—"Oh, I think I'll take Mr. Fatboy."

"But, dear, Mr. Littleman is very rich, while your choice is very poor."

"Yes, my choice is very poor, it is true; but he is so big and stout he will be just splendid to sit on the Bible and press winter leaves."

"Oh, I see. You will not be influenced by a monetary consideration."

"No; I marry for love alone."—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

FELT BORED WITH IT.

A lady was singing at a concert, and her voice was, to say the least, very thin in places.

"Ah," said her husband, who after the manner of husbands who have musical wives, thought her vocal powers were great, "what a fine voice she has!"

"Very fine," replied a strange man at his side.

"What *timbre!*" continued the husband.

"Considerable timber," responded the stranger again, "but too many cracks in it for weather-boarding, and not quite enough for a paling fence."

The husband remained silent during the concluding portions of the entertainment.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

TIME TO GET AWAY.

"Hello, back from New Orleans so ...

"Yes."

"Couldn't you find any quarters there?"

"No; and the quarters I took with me went so fast that I wouldn't have had one left to pay the Pullman porter if I hadn't left when I did."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

THE EXPRESSAGE.

"I would be obliged to you," said a closefisted old fellow to a country editor, "if you will express my thanks, through your excellent paper, to the many citizens whose timely aid last night saved my house from being destroyed by fire."

"Certainly," replied the editor, "I will express your thanks, but it will be necessary for you to advance about a dollar and a half to prepay the expressage."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Charley has an awfu... Bertha, in a musing ... fast table. "How ... her fo...

(an ... Press... "Mamma, ... made a mistake and da... for myself and only one ... *Boston Transcript.*

SOME NEGLECTED WO...

"You don't cook like Sary ... to, Matilda," he said in tones ... exasperating reproof; "no it se... me you can't cook like Sary Ann ... to." On another occasion it ... "You're not as smart in gettin' roun... as Sary Ann was, Matilda. You ... seem to catch on ... where she l... About this time a heavy rolling-p... in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by t... vixen?" he exclaimed in agony.

"I'm doing some of the work ... neglected," she replied, and th... much peace in the family thereaf...

DIDN'T LIKE TO HAVE HER W...

"I tell you I shall do as I p... shouted Mrs. Miff.

"Well, well, my dear. I di... you couldn't," replied Mr. Miff.

"And you can't stop me!!"

"I didn't say I could, my ...

"You'd better n...

"Indeed, ind...

"That's jus... about his wi... pared to ...

bar...

A ... poc... bri... f... br...

y... p...