THE HOME.

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THE HOME.

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"THE HOME,"
Pittsboro, N. C.

A syndicate is being formed in London at present for the purpose of experimenting in beet growing in Ireland, with a view to the eventual establishment there of an extensive sugar industry. Experts in the manufacture of beet sugar are very sanguine of the success of the scheme.

Out in Oregon, Lake Melburn, which has heretofore covered seventy-five square miles and been wholly without an outlet, has broken itself a passage and is now roaring through it to such an extent that miles and miles that were once its bottom, are now high and dry.

The discovery has been made that much of the tea brought to this country is colored with poisonous chemicals. The Custom House officers in New York have been directed to test all suspicious cases, but it is feared that some of the tea has already been distributed over the country.

"Is the mercantile sailing fleet being driven from the ocean by steam competition?" inquires the New York *Tribune*. The reports of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington declare that the sailing tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this relative proportion is likely to be maintained.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "Mr. Bancroft's report shows that there are 14[illegible],713 miles of railroad mail service in this country, and 59[illegible]3 miles of steamboat mail service. Altogether it amounts to a distance which is six times the circumference of the globe that we live on. The United States of America is a pretty big country."

Over $8,000,000 is annually appropriated in France for the promotion of agriculture, of which $2,500,000 is devoted to educational work. Russia appropriates over $1[illegible],000,000 to promote her agricultural interests, and Brazil over $20,000,000. These are official figures quoted by United States Commissioner Colman.

The *American Banker* notes the discovery lately of a deceptive $10 counterfeit. The paper of the counterfeit is said to be fully as good as that of the gilt-edged $10 bills, but the counterfeit can be easily discovered by reason of the fact that it is one-eighth of an inch shorter and narrower than the gold bills. The engraving is also coarse.

"The most interesting feature of the description of the sea serpent lately seen in Winyah Bay, S. C., is," observes the New York *Sun*, "that he was red-headed. Nothing could be a more impressive, decorative marine picture than a red-headed sea serpent. We hope that it may yet be possible to get one of the red headed variety for the Central Park."

The room where the Court of Appeals sits in the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., is described as the most gorgeous in its appointments of all the court-rooms in the country. The woodwork is beautifully carved and panels are of mahogany and onyx. The carpet was woven to order across the water. Portraits of all the judges that have ever sat in the court are placed in panels about the room.

Miss Eva Pemberthy, the daughter of wealthy parents at Massillon, Ohio, went to Pittsburg recently and secured a position as nurse in a hospital. She had been in the institution but a few days when she witnessed a frightful surgical operation which made such an impression that her mind became unbalanced. She was taken to her home a raving maniac and has been placed in the asylum at Toledo.

"The first statue erected to General Grant in the United States was, with its foundation and pedestal, placed in the center of Twelfth street, between Locust and Olive streets, the other day, in this city," says the St. Louis *Herald*. "In due time St. Louis will have a gala day, when the time comes to unveil this beautiful work of art to the admiring thousands of our old hero citizen, beloved and renowned patriot and General."

A DREAM OF HOME.

Ah! this is the home I remember!
All others that I have known
Have been as tents by the wayside—
They never were all my own,
Here I first worshipped the sunshine
Here my first violets grew,
And from fairyland's open borders
Winged thoughts and fancies flew:
And here when the magic of nigh
Has its spell upon me thrown,
With a dreamer's strange delight
I have come unto my own.
Hark! was it a leaf that fluttered
Or a whispering voice that uttered
A dream within a dream?

Beloved! I joy to meet thee
Where we parted so long ago;
Can the angels above, devotion
More sweet than our child-love know?
Let us hasten, for while we linger,
They call me—the river and woods—
The tall pines tremble with welcome
As we enter their solitudes.
Mossy and green and still
Is the path to the wildwood dell,
At my touch the violets thrill,
They, too, remember well.
But why do the branches bend
And whisper as friend to friend,
A dream within a dream?

Still on where the brook breaks lightly
Into broader and swifter flow;
I only, of all who have listened,
That song and its meaning know.
To my childhood's ear it warbled
O! sweeter than fairy lyre,
"We are coming, coming, coming,
The day of our heart's desire,
Dear brook, I believe you still,
I wait and have waited long,
Some bright hour must fulfil
The promise of Nature's song.
It is not the river nor sky
That breathes the foreboding sigh
A dream within a dream.

Now softly, past shadowing maples,
The path to my home we trace;
From hearthside or window surely
Will smile a remembered face.
Yonder the willows were planted
And there the lone cedar tree,
And here was the terrace of roses—
All Araby's gardens to me.
I have wandered long and far,
Home coming is late, so late
But heaven's door seems ajar
As I open the garden gate.
That haunting voice! ah! clearer
It murmurs—it hovers nearer—
A dream within a dream.

Keep close to my side, beloved!
Behold! where the home-lights shine,
Strange shadows flit, and I tremble
Lest your hand be loosed from mine.
So long have our ways been parted,
The silence so deep and drear,
That I feel, in this wondrous meeting,
It is but your phantom near.
For I heard in some vanished gloom,
That you slept as my childhood sleeps,
A part of the hillside bloom,
Where the river so gently creeps.
O speak! child-friend, child-lover,
Is it thou saying over and over
A dream within a dream?

Yes; now I know I was dreaming;
With the dead I have wandered far;
Farewell, dear vanishing presence,
Called home by the morning star.
I must bind on my pilgrim sandals,
And onward in shade and sun,
Still seek for the land of morning
Where the promise of life is won.
The vision shadows the truth,
The beautiful days will come,
The rapture and glory of youth
Be mine in that last, true home.
There never when joy beats high
Will lips that are dearest reply
A dream within a dream.

—*Frances L. Mace.*

A SUCCESSFUL BURGLAR.

HE TELLS IT

Mother and the girls were quite in ecstasies over the new house. The masculine members of the family were inclined to be dubious as to its advantages. The chief objection which we had to it was that it was one of a row of eight, all exactly alike, and it was extremely difficult to be sure of the right door.

A week's practice, however, made that all right; ours was the fourth house from the south end of the row; as I walked from the office along the street immediately south of us, I soon became accustomed to taking the exact number of steps, after turning the corner, which would bring me to the door.

Besides, the hour at which I came home (I am a proofreader on a morning paper and my duties usually keep me at the office until near 3 A. M.) made it necessary for me to carry a latchkey. While I knew that of course our neighbors had exactly the same conveniences which we enjoyed, and looked for light to windows in the same portion of exactly similar rooms, and experienced the annoyance of smoky chimneys when the wind was in the particular quarter which affected ours. I did not dream that the houses were so precisely the same that the key of one would unlock another.

We had lived here about a week when the street-car line near by began running owl cars. This was a boon to me, as it saved me a walk of some length. The car lines ran within half a square of the house, being on the next street north of us.

The first night that I rode home I was so sleepy when I got out of the car that I scarcely knew what I was doing. Hitherto the exercise of walking had kept me wide awake until I got into my own room. I managed to unlock the front door, however, and get upstairs; habit making my movements noiseless, as I knew that my mother was easily awakened and did not readily go to sleep again.

The room which I occupied was over the dining room, the door being nearly opposite the head of the stairs. Somewhat to my surprise, the gas was not burning on the landing; the girls had probably forgotten to light it before going to bed. I groped my way carefully along, and at last reached the door of my room. I entered; it was, like the hall, pitch dark. I tried to find the table on which there should be a lamp, and my hand came in contact with something else. I drew a match from my pocket and struck it. As I held it screened in my hand I saw that the room was a strange one. Suddenly all was dark; it was not that the match had gone out, but the brain was shadowed. I knew nothing more.

SHE TELLS IT

I was always rated courageous. I seemed to lack that instinctive fear which causes some to shrink from darkness and loneliness. My brothers and sisters often declared that I would never be frightened; not even, added May, with a shudder, if a burglar were to present himself before me and demand my valuables. These would not tempt any well-regulated burglar, being small and of little intrinsic value; but I should not like to lose them, and I had always determined to defend my property stoutly if threatened, providing, of course, that I had sufficient warning of the robber's intentions to enable me act.

I awoke one morning at that proverbial darkest hour just before the dawn. I had no idea what time it was, as the whole house was wrapped in silence and darkness; it is from after events that I am able to say that it was nearly morning. I had started suddenly from sleep, but at first I could not tell what had aroused me. As I lay listening for some sound to follow that which had recalled me from the land of dreams, my thoughts turned instinctively to our next door neighbors, who had been domiciled in the row for about a week.

Nobody knew them, although several of the older residents had spoken of calling upon them—perhaps; for we liked the looks of the ladies and they seemed inclined to be friendly. The men, however, seemed to be home all day and away all night. They were not workingmen—one could see that by their hands, their clothing, their bearing; and we were afraid they were not just what they should be. We recalled certain grewsome stories of counterfeiters, burglars and other criminals who settle in respectable neighborhoods, and only excited suspicion by the unreasonable hours which they kept.

Was that a step on the stairs? I listened more intently, my wandering thoughts recalled from all other subjects. Surely it was, and that was another. There was a burglar in the house. I sprang out of bed and enveloped myself in a circular which chanced to be hanging on a chair, as I had worn it out into the rain the preceding evening.

In spite of my boasted courage, my heart beat very loudly as the step was heard once more, and this time upon the landing just outside my own door. I grasped the poker firmly, however, trying to restore my wonted courage by the pressure of that formidable weapon in my hand. It was a plain, heavy bar of iron, at which the others often laughed, declaring that it must make me tired to rake the fire.

The knob of the door turned slowly and cautiously, and the burglar entered the room. What would he do next? He closed the door as gently as he had opened it, and for a moment seemed undecided. Did he have a dark lantern and a pistol? I could not imagine a burglar without such adjuncts, both of which were equally unfamiliar objects to me; and I shivered as I thought of the advantage which he would have over me and my poker.

Evidently the dark lantern was not in working order, however, for he simply struck a match. The little flame showed me that our new neighbors were not unfounded upon reason—this was one of them. They were certainly a gang of burglars.

He made a step toward the dresser. To reach it he must pass me. He was within reach of my arm. I raised my weapon, and uttering the loudest scream of which my lungs were capable, I struck him on the side of the head. He fell like a log to the floor. Horror! I had killed him!

My renewed screams alarmed the house, and the others were speedily at my side. I had already lighted the gas, and was on my knees beside the man I had struck, vainly endeavoring to recall life. My assortment of restoratives, I was afterward assured, was sufficient to have revived a dozen swooning men.

"What in the world——" began my brother as he appeared upon the scene. He was the first to come to the room.

"Oh, my burglar's come!" I exclaimed, half hysterically, "but I've killed him."

"Wholly unnecessary severity," remarked Tom; "you always overdo the thing. But that man isn't dead."

As if to confirm his words, the burglar just then opened his eyes and looked inquiringly around him.

"He looks dazed," I whispered to Tom.

"He has occasion to look dazed if you hit him with your beloved poker," rejoined Tom, pushing me aside and applying restoratives in his turn; "put it where it belongs and go get me some brandy or whisky or something of the kind. We'll have to get this fellow on his feet before we call the police."

"I—I—was mistaken, sir," said the burglar in a feeble voice, but with a very decided manner. "I was mistaken in the house. It appears that the same latch key unlocks both doors, and I got the wrong one."

"Yes, I think you did," rejoined Tom, emphatically, and eyeing him with suspicion.

The burglar managed to scramble to his feet, although I could see that he was still dizzy from the encounter with my poker. I retired into the closet and held the door shut—that is, very nearly.

"I think that you will do me the favor to change your mind about sending for the police," he said, "when I explain. I am employed upon a morning paper, and am not through with my work until nearly this hour in the morning. I usually walk home, but I took advantage of the new owl cars to-night, and went to sleep on my way home, hardly waking up when I got out and walked the half block here. I live at 415, and I hope you will accept my explanation and apologies and allow me to go home to bed. I am very serry I have disturbed the lady, and probably frightened her."

"It seemed to me," said Tom, putting out his hand, "that the lady is perfectly well able to take care of herself, and that you ought to know it."

The stranger laughed good naturedly "she tried to beat it into my head, at any rate. But will you convey my apologies to her."

The two went down stairs then and I heard no more. But the blow on our neighbor's head effectually broke the ice between the two families and we became firm friends.

I was married about two years after the episode of the burglar. My husband declares that he is not afraid of the house being entered while he is away, for my fame must have gone abroad; while if, under the supposition that my vigilance relaxed when he chanced to be at home, they should come while he is there, he would be sure of being ably defended.

P. S.—I married a proof-reader on morning paper.—*New York Sun.*

WISE WORDS.

The rose grows among the thorns.

Where content is, there is a feast.

Steal the goose and give the giblets in alms.

When the head is sick the whole body is sick.

The envious man's face grows sharp and his eyes big.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.

He who throws himself under the bench will be left to lie there.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

The place honors not the man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place.

The doctor who prescribes gratuitously gives a worthless precription.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

Man sees the mote in his neighbor's eye, but knows not the beam in his own.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

When thou art the only purchaser, then buy: when other buyers are present be thou nobody.

For people to live happy together the great secret is that they should not live too much together.

As the old man grows more and more blundering, if he will grow more careful, it will go far to counterbalance that infirmity.

Repent the day before thy death. (Consider every day as possibly your last, and be ever prepared through penitence).

It is worth while to expose our ignorance to others, that we may learn it ourselves. This is many times the only way we shall ever learn it.

A good name when deserved gives a strength and mild courage, quiet boldness and modest assurance, which are worth all that they cost.

It is not very strange that a man should mistake in point of duty; short-sighted, crook-sighted, blurred and defective, what else could be expected?

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the froward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.

Alpine Glaciers.

Glaciers filled every valley and ravine, and the ice stood up in tall ramparts wherever the space was too narrow to hold its rigid waves. Glacier ice is snow that has for a considerable time been subjected to enormous pressure. If you squeeze a snow ball in your hand until it is very hard it becomes icy. So in the Alps, the continual fall of snow is the pressure and the sun's heat the warmth which produces those seas of ice that are called glaciers. There are over 600 of them in Switzerland, and some are coeval with the glacial period of this continent, while others are now in process of formation. Winter is their season of rest, but with the Spring they resume their onward motion, due to the combined action of heat and gravitation. For in spite or their apparent immobility all Alpine glaciers do move constantly, although with different degrees of speed, and, like liquid streams, they carry with them debris of all sorts, but principally the stones that fall upon their surface from the mountains' sides. The glacier starting in its purity from some white, unsullied peak, loses before many years its spotless character. The wintry frosts gathering into iron bonds the streams that trickle down the mountain sides expand the water in freezing and shatter rocks with a force that the most solid cliffs cannot possibly resist. Thus broken fragments drop on to the once unspotted bosom of the ice sea and swell its burden with advancing years. The debris thus brought down form what are called moraines. Each glacier has a moraine on either side of it; its end is a terminal moraine, and when two glaciers unite, their lateral moraines join and form a medial moraine. One of the largest medial moraines hereabouts I saw as we came down from this excursion. It is in the centre of the Morteratsch Glacier and is about 50 feet or more broad and perhaps 20 feet high in its centre.—*New York Times.*

George Washington's Advertisement.

The origin of advertising is lost in antiquity, but it has been discovered that in George Washington's day the art was practised even by that great and good statesman. In the first issue of the Maryland *Journal*, August 2, 1773, Washington inserted an advertisement at that historic farm now known to all the world as Mount Vernon. This is the "ad:"

MOUNT VERNON, IN VIRGINIA, July 15, 1773.—The subscriber having obtained patents for upwards of 20,000 acres of land on the Ohio and Great Kanawha (10,000 of which are situated on the banks of the first mentioned river, between the mouths of the two Kanawhas, and the remainder on the Great Kanawha, or New River, from the mouth, or near it, upwards, in one continued survey) proposes to divide the same into any sized tenements that may be desired, and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years rent free, provided, within the space of three years from next October, three acres of every fifty contained in each lot, and proportionably for a lesser quantity, shall be cleared, fenced and titled; and that, by and before the time limited for the commencement of the first rent, five acres of every hundred, and proportionably, as above, shall be enclosed and laid down in good grass for meadow; and, moreover, that at least fifty good fruit trees for every like quantity of land shall be planted on the premises. Any person inclinable to settle on these lands may be more fully informed of these terms by apply to the subscriber, near Alexandria, or, in his absence, to Mr. Lund Washington; and would do well in communicating their intentions before the first of October next, in order that sufficient number of lots may be laid off to answer the demand.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Good for Either Side—Improvement—A Long Time Since They Had Met—A Sure Way, Etc.

Oh, the streams will flow with honey,
If our side wins;
And the trees will sprout with money,
If our side wins,
And a gay, full-dress millennium
Will come on the proscenium,
And fatening up the curtain,
If our side wins.

Oh, we'll live on luscious manna,
If our side wins;
While the angles sing hosanna,
If our side wins.
And a reign of general charity
And uncontrolled hilarity
Shall dominate the planet,
If our side wins.

—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Improvement.

First Dude—"Miss Amy paid me a great compliment to day."

Second Dude—"Ah! What did she say?"

First Dude—"She called me a lunatic."

Second Dude—"What?"

First Dude—"Generally girls call me a goose."—*Time.*

A Long Time Since They Had Met.

Policeman (to tramp in front of an exchange office)—"What yer bowin' and scrapin' in front of that winder for?"

Tramp (making another Chesterfieldian bow)—"I'm saluting them bank notes. Old acquaintances that I haven't seen for years."—*Siftings.*

A Sure Way.

"John," asked Mrs. Bentley, "suppose you heard a noise down-stairs and didn't know whether it was a dog or a burglar would you be so cruel as to send me down to find out?"

"No, dear," said Mr. Bentley; "I have a better way than that. I'd wait until next morning. If the silver was gone, I'd know it was burglars, and if the silver was not gone, I'd know it was the dog."—*Bazar.*

A Drawback to the Place.

"I say, stranger," said a passenger, as the train stopped at a small Nebraska station, "is there any show in this town in the real estate line, for a man who has got big money to invest?"

"Show," repeated the citizen; "he can double it every twenty-four hours."

"You don't say so! What's that awful noise down the street?"

"That's our new brass band."

"Well, I guess I won't get off."—*Epoch.*

It Was the Cat.

"What was all that racket in the yard a moment ago, Bobby?" demanded the old gentleman; "it was enough to set one crazy."

"I was playing with the cat, pa," explained Bobby.

"Well, if you can't make less noise when I'm trying to read, I'll have your mother tie you to the bed-post."

"I wasn't making any noise, pa," said Bobby, with an injured air; "the noise was all made by the cat."—*Bazar.*

Very Amusing to His Wife.

Mrs. Sniverly is the wife of the captain of a volunteer company. She attended a review at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mrs. Sniverly laughed all the time, and when she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all these men about, and they doing just what he told them. Why doesn't he try that game on me."—*Tit-Bits.*

Business First.

"I confess, sir," said the widow, with some shyness, "that I might in time learn to love you, but, er—you are quite poor, are you not?"

"Well, yes; my income is not large, but with you, dear Mrs. Tompkins, to cheer and encourage me, it would soon ——"

"Ah," interrupted the widow, with a sigh, "that would be giving hostages to fortune. I am drawing fifteen dollars a month pension, and I wouldn't like to give up a dead sure thing for a rank uncertainty."—*Epoch.*

Quite Another Thing.

A prominent trunk manufacturer and his wife, while waiting for the Saratoga special, watched the baggage smashers in fiendish glee.

Suddenly a huge trunk went thundering to the platform and parted in several places.

"Why, John," said the lady, "isn't that our trunk?"

"I hope to be murdered in cold blood if it isn't," shouted John. "I'll report that fellow to the superintendent of the road."—*Utica Observer.*

Seeking an Unadvertised Solitude.

A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if she could do anything for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there for half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked him if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and he says above all things I should avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours' isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.—*Peck's Sun.*

Impediment of Speech a Blessing.

The late William R. Travers, a number of years ago, took a fatherly interest in a man who is now a Wall street banker, and who was formerly a clothing store clerk. He forsook the corner and made a start in the street under the wing of the noted wit. The young man married a charming Brooklyn girl. On his return from the wedding trip Mr. Travers congratulated him:

"They t-t-tell me, Cha-Cha-Charley, that you m-m-married a cha-char-m-m-ming woman."

"Yes," replied the young man. "She is beautiful and accomplished, but she has one misfortune."

"Ah ha! W-w-what's that, Cha-Cha-Charley?"

"She stutters."

"She stut-t-t-ters, does she? And you c-c-c-call that a m-m-mis-f-f-fortune? Why, Cha-Cha-Charley, that's a b-b-blessing in a wo-wo-wman."—*New York Sun.*

Capers.

At Gibraltar, as at all military stations, the rules in regard to admitting civilians to different parts of the works are very strict. This is for the safety of the individual, as well as to protect the forts from harm. Now it happens that among the Gibraltar rocks the most common growth is the asparagus and the caper plant. The caper is gathered, under certain restrictions, and preserved for use.

One day a visitor was foolhardy enough to attempt, for a trifling wager, to get out on the slanting point of one of the batteries, overlooking the sea, and there keep up dancing for several minutes. The sentry remonstrated with the visitor, and order him desist. Finding, at length, that the stranger would persist in his foolish and dangerous antics, the sentry brought his musket to bear on him, and threatened instant death. This action secured compliance with orders. The sentry was, however, brought before a court of inquiry on a charge of having exceeded his authority, and having disregarded instructions in preventing the stranger's disposing of his life as he liked best.

The man defended his conduct by referring to the orders of the governor, that "no one but the post surgeon should cut capers within the fort."

An Eel Fools a Snake.

An amusing encounter between a water snake and an eel occurred in the Hudson River, near a dock at Glasco, N. Y. Recently a party of fishermen noticed a commotion in the shallow water on one side of the dock, and leaning over they saw a large water snake moving landward, with an eel nearly half the size of the snake. The reptile had the eel by the throat, and the slimy thing was evidently making for dry ground, where it could more easily dispatch its prey, which was making a frantic effort to get free. Twice the eel squirmed itself loose from the snake and made for the water, but each time it was recaptured and brought to land. After a third chase for the eel the snake seemed to lose all patience, and winding itself about the wriggling eel, pressed nearly all the life out of it, and then dropped it on the beach. The eel was apparently dead.

The snake wound itself in and out of a little opening under the dock, returning every now and then to smell its presumably dead prey, for which it was evidently getting up an appetite. The latter had just disappeared under the rock a fourth time when the eel, which had been playing 'possum, began moving toward the water. When the snake returned to the spot and found no fish for dinner its movements were like those of an angry, disappointed child. It lashed its tail furiously, coiled itself half a dozen times as though preparing to attack an enemy, moved rapidly round and round the spot where the eel had lain, and then made for the open water, whence it was soon lost to view.—*New York Sun.*

The Noble Horses of St. Petersburg.

One can find poor horses in Russia I suppose, writes a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, but very few in Petersburg or other large cities. They are tall, long-legged animals, with slender bodies and limbs, long silken manes and tails, the latter nearly always reaching to the ground, small heads, small feet, large intelligent eyes, and necks arched like the chargers one sees in pictures of the Bedouins of the desert. I always thought that such horses were the creations of the artists, but Russia is full of them. The ishvoshtnik is always proud of his horse, if he is a good one. Nearly all the time he is disengaged he is either petting or rubbing his horse, and at intervals he brings out a little nose bag from under the seat to feed him oats or meal. As The harness of the horse is as light leather can be made, none of the straps being more than half an inch in width, and most of them are round, not larger than a lead pencil. There is no breechen because there are no grades in Petersburg; the country is perfectly level. There are no blinders on the bridle, and the horse fears nothing; he will walk up to a locomotive with as much indifference as his master. He never shies, never gets rattled, never runs away, but is perfectly obedient to the voice of his master. I did not see a whip during my entire stay in Petersburg, but the ishvoshtnik keeps up a continual one-sided conversation with his fleet-footed partner. The effect of the driver's voice is peculiar, and an observant rider will be interested in studying this odd relationship.

Dining Fifty Years Ago.

The dinners, says Walter Besant in "Fifty Years Ago," was conducted on primitive principles. Except in great houses, where the meat and game were carved by the butler, everything was carved on the table. The host sat behind the haunch of mutton and helped with zeal; the guests took the ducks, the turkey, the hare and the fowls, and did their parts, conscious of critical eyes. A dinner was a terrible ordeal for a young man who, perhaps, found himself called to dissect a pair of ducks. He took up the knife with burning cheeks and perspiring nose; now, at last, an impostor, one who knew not the ways of polite society, would be discovered; he began to feel for the joints, while the cold eyes of his hostess gazed reproachfully upon him—ladies in those days knew good carving, and could carve for themselves. Perhaps he had, with a ghastly grin, to confess that he could not find those joints. Then the dish was removed and given to another guest, a horribly self-reliant creature, who laughed and talked while he dexterously sliced the breast and cut off the legs. If, in his agony, the poor wretch would take refuge in the bottle, he had to wait until some one invited him to take wine—horrible agony! The dinner table was ornamented with a great epergue of silver or glass. After dinner the cloth was removed, showing the table deep in color, lustrous, well waxed, and the gentlemen began real business with the bottle after the ladies had gone.

CHANGE.

I

When first we parted,
The barren fields lay bare beneath the sun,
And crimson leaves dropped downward, one by one;
The heart of nature bled, that now was done
Her labor sweet,
Her pulses beat
Slowly as the tear-drops fall from aged eyes,
For all the poor dead blossom at her feet
No more would rise;
Yet gray clouds held for us a rosy dye:
Love smiled through pain on Love in that good-bye.

II.

When next we met,
The summer fields were green with hope's warm tints,
The waves were shining with the golden dints,
That sunbeams make, when on foam-crests each glints
In showered gold;
And wide unrolled
The carpet, flower-decked, by Nature spread,
And silver arrows held with azure thread
Glanced o'er the sea;
But all was gray and cold, fair Love was dead,
And spring a frozen waste to you and me.

—*Ruth Ramay, in Times-Democrat.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A loud color—Yeller.

Beats awl—Shoe machinery.

A paper that shows grit—Sand-paper.

A morning rapper—The man who's been down to the club.

A delicate parcel—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

The only dairy which does not use water to excess is the dromedary.

It is not altogether strange that a beetrothal should lead to a honeymoon.

Nothing tires a smart man so quickly as seeing a lazy man resting himself.

A sleeping policeman is one of the silent watches of the night.—*Rochester Tidings.*

An intelligent little girl, whose father asked her to write him a love-letter, immediately wrote I.

Keep an eye on the children. Kidnappers sometimes go abroad to take the heir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Financial straits won't send a man to Canada nearly as quick as financial crookeds.—*Rochester Tidings.*

There is said to be a scarcity of $100 bills, but we must confess that we had not noticed it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

When we go to war with Canada it will be appropriate to bombard Montreal with fishballs.—*New York Sun.*

'Tis the hatchet in the hand of the unmethodical youngster that causes the "hew and cry."—*Binghamton Leader.*

The bill collector probably doesn't like his business any better than the man who has to pay him, but it has to be done.—*Bazar.*

Vision of charms passes on the arm of a theatrical manager. "Who is she?" "Oh, an ex-actress." "What does she exact?"—*Truth.*

A fat man is more likely to fume and fret with impatience than a lean one. He thinks it is likely to reduce his wait.—*Binghamton Republican.*

No, said the actor as he trod wearily over the railroad ties. "I am not looking for Jay Gould, but I've been on his track all day."—*New York Sun.*

There are some things in this world that we never forget—and the tax collector helps equalize things by never forgetting us.—*New York News.*

General Blood we're sad to note,
Eats with his knife, according to fame.
But since he swallows his food with his throat
We suppose it gets there just the same.

—*New York Sun.*

Smith—"I heard two splendid jokes yesterday." "Let's hear them." "One of them won't do to repeat, and I've forgot what the other was."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Old maids find themselves treated by the world very much like ordinary second-hand books. They are not old enough to be rare, and not new enough to be dear.

The facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music he could not tell one heir from another—*Binghamton Republican.*

Young Doctor—"They don't bleed people as they used to do twenty or thirty years ago, do they professor?" Professor—"No, not with the lancet."—*New York Tribune.*

"Trusta" writes a sagacious correspondent, "are good things in their way." No doubt they are, but the trouble is that they are often in other people's way.—*New York Dispatch.*

A Scotch beadle took his sweetheart to a graveyard, and showing her a dark corner, said: "Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there when you die?" It was a grim way of proposing, but Mary was a sensible Scotch lassie, and accepted him.

Very Stout Old Lady (watching the lions fed)—"'Pears to me, Mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat fer such an animal." Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's big enough for the lion."—*Life.*

Some say that married life may be
Whate'er we choose to make it;
While some, preferring to be free,
Don't hesitate to shake it.
If it to some a failure be,
Of course they must abide it.
It has no failure been to me,
For—I have never tried it.

—*New York World.*

Father (reading)—And as Shakespeare so beautifully expresses it, 'use strengthens habit.'" Daughter—"I don't think that altogether right, papa." Father—"Why not, my dear, how is it wrong?" Daughter—"Why, goodness knows, my riding habit has had 'use' enough, and instead of being strengthened by it, it is nearly worn out."—*Fun.*

There is no doubt that the sorrowful season is on us when we cannot get sporting extras telling how "Mickey got his base on balls, went to second on Skinner's fumble of Billy's hot one and took third on Stubbin's wild throw-in of Munich's fly to left, only to die at the plate on a splendid double play off Johnny's grounder to Mehaffy to Sandy."—*New York News.*