

THE HOME.

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That the land is capable of civilization is abundantly proved by a full-blooded California Indian.

A "Christan Temperance Commonwealth" has obtained a location for a colony in British Columbia.

The Chinese in California are endeavoring to head off the movement to supplant them with boys in picking and canning fruit.

An undertaker at Cresco, Iowa, states in an advertisement that he has a large number of debtors who, though now living with their second wives, have not paid the funeral expenses of their first ones.

Seventy per cent. of the criminals of Illinois are unable to write, asserts the Detroit Free Press.

The prevalence of suicides in all countries of civilization seems, says Dr. I. Elix & Oswald, to increase in the exact proportion to the fierceness of the struggle for existence.

A philanthropic Mme. Batifol established some time ago an annual prize of \$3000 to the most deserving and industrious young woman in Paris.

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BEFORE THE FROST.

A little heaven below of bloom, This garden spot of ours. Its sweet-peas' winged host; its pure, white-robed alyssum flowers; Its shining host of marigolds; Its each one with gleaming crown; Its purple cloud of heliotrope. Sweet incense breathing down: Blue, golden, crimson, not one hue Of rainbow glory lost. 'Twas never half so fair before, And now, to-night, the Frost! How loath the winter was to go! How lagged was the spring! How slow the seed from out the ground! How long the hidden buds delayed To show the hidden flowers! We've watched it with what patient care, This garden plot of ours! And now, when all this wealth of bloom Repays the pains it cost— (The life's old story told again)— To-night will come the Frost! —Martin Douglas, in Bazar.

BEE AND DEE.

BY ALICE BROWN.

We were christened Beatrice and Dorothy, but with what great aim calls the horrible asseritiveness of American children, we hastened to rename ourselves as soon as we could speak. Bee says one of us ought tell the story of the naughtiest time in our lives, or, as she puts it, being fond of long words, "its most critical period." She adds that my pen is as ready as her tongue, and that where the one fails, the other shall dictate. So let us begin. One day, when we were about fourteen with a desire to be thought young ladies; so Bee, who is clever with the needle, had pieced down our dresses, under the oversight, until they swept the floor. We had "done" our hair high, and tied on some old earrings, and when we appeared at school the girls, awed and admiring, declared we looked "lovely—and twenty-five at least."

The teachers smiled in a way that made me a trifle uncomfortable, and at recess I heard Miss Weston say to Miss Pray: "O, or things they certainly do show the effect of their training—or rather of the lack of it. Shall you speak to them about this?" "No, you have heard the rumors about their father's"—her voice fell, and I saw a sweet little woman, and a very firm one, I think they can safely be left to her. "Who is Emily?" I asked Bee, as we walked home together, and I repeated the conversation to her. "Probably a governess, or a new housekeeper," returned Bee, who, like Warren Hastings, had a "mind calm and untroubled."

"Whoever it is, I shan't mind her. O Bee, there's great-aunt's carriage at the door! How she will scold about our dresses! Take off your earrings, and put them in your pocket." We walked boldly into the parlor, though our long dresses did twist most provokingly about our ankles, and to my dismay, Bee related into giggling when I stepped on mine and plunged forward, almost into the arms of great-aunt herself. There she sat, eye-glasses in hand, in all her terrible dignity, and there also sat a strange lady, petite, flushed with youth and loveliness, and charmingly dressed. "Girls," said papa, coming forward and hesitating, as if he wished the ceremony were over, "this lady is your new mamma. I hope you will love her for my sake."

The stranger rose and put out a hand to each of us, while, by a common impulse, it was always said at school that "we would not obey, and that the person who aspired to be firm with us should repeat her ambition." It would be a long task to tell all we did to make that sweet lady's life a burden. To be sure, we were not as heartless as we seemed, for we could not estimate the greatness of the cross we had put upon her. We made a point of calling her "Step-mother," except when papa was by. If she offered to kiss us, we gave a little peck at her cheek, like vicious canaries. If she took pains in selecting our ribbons, we looked coolly on those particular colors; if she spent time and thought on our dresses, we wore them without rewarding her with a word of appreciation.

We had simply entered on a course of what Bee called "anti-step-mother," and, as great-aunt always said, we belonged to an obstinate race. Our chief grievance lay in the fact that everybody persisted in considering us children, while we thought ourselves young ladies. We wanted to wear our mother's jewels; we wanted for party dresses with trains, and

all the nothings that accompany young womanhood.

One day Bee came rushing into our chamber with a newspaper. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks scarlet. "O Dee," she began, "listen! I found this among the 'personals.'"

"A young man of high culture desires a correspondence with a young lady of the most elevated ideas, purely with a view to intellectual development. Address E. R., Plainfield."

"Who is he?" I asked stupidly. "Who is he? He's a Great Unknown! He's a poor fellow who is just as bored and unhappy as we are. We must answer it."

"I wish I could say I tried to dissuade her, but the truth is that I seized upon the idea as an excellent one. I had heard of the vulgarity of 'personals,' but this was so elegantly worded! He caught that thought, as it was passing through my mind."

"You see he's a real gentleman," she said wisely. "Nothing in it about 'fun' or 'flirtation.' All he wants is to be intellectual."

"And we'll answer it together, and make up a name of our initials. B. D. Bella Dunn! But how shall we get the letters?"

"Why, we can tell Kitty Fisher," (she was the postmaster's daughter.) "You know she often distributes the mail."

So we concocted an answer, a very short and dignified one. In reply came a long epistle full of quotations from Emerson, and of course, from his letters, he was understood by every one. He said, and no one could guess his joy at finding Miss Dunn willing to smooth his dark pathway by pouring upon it a flood of intellectual light. I couldn't help thinking Miss Gaston would have called that a mixed metaphor.

hesitating, as if the English language had not words enough to describe him adequately. "He had on a bright blue tie—and his hair was black with oil—and he wasn't quite clean!"

"Meet me at the upper end of the Common at five o'clock to-morrow," she read, "or I'll know the reason why."

"Then she considered, and we cried. Finally she said, 'I needn't tell you what I think of your conduct; you probably estimate it correctly, now that you see its results. But if I am to help you out of your trouble, you must do exactly as I tell you. 'Kitty, I shall see your father, and explain your side of the affair; being a cat's paw, you're not quite as bad as the others. Now don't leave this room till I come back.'"

"Oh, the miserable afternoon we spent there! But at six in came mamma, flushed but smiling."

"These girls," she said, "he's going on the 4.30 train, and I don't believe he'll come back."

"Oh, what did you do?" we cried. "Well, I went first to Kitty's father, to tell him she had been foolish but not wicked, and he quite agreed with me that, if you three girls value your good name, the story must never be talked about. The going man was still lingering in the post-office, no doubt watching to hear his letter called for, and I invited him to get into the carriage, and drive home with me."

"Oh! we were, still in fear and horror; but mamma smiled. He was very embarrassed, but I succeeded in persuading him to make me a call. We had some cake and lemonade, and after a long talk, chiefly on my side, he agreed with me that he was never to trouble you again."

"But how did you persuade him?" asked Bee. "I left it to his honor as a gentleman," said mamma, sweetly, and looking into her sincere and lovely face, I realized that it was not a hard heart which could withstand her. "Run home and confess, Kitty," she added, "our father is all ready to forgive you."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Precisely—A Matrimonial Reason—A True Man—A Violent End Imminent—The Fatal Number, Etc. Fishes are weighed in the scales, and an elephant packs his own trunk; but a never tell their own tales. No nephew or niece fan his ears, and a cow never blows its own horn. A cat cannot parse its own claws; no porcupine nibs its own quills; though opium bears still have their paws, a bird will not pay its own tail; sick ducks never go to a quack; a horse cannot plow its own mane; a ship is not hurt by a tack. And a window never suffers from pane. —San Francisco Examiner.

A Matrimonial Reason. "I'm very glad I didn't marry old Wormley, after all," said Grace, "although it did make me so vexed at the time." "Why, my dear?" "Because he has lived so much longer than either of us expected." —New York Sun.

A True Man. Harry—"So you are going to marry old Diana Hunter. Well, Tom, my boy, do you think she is just the girl for you—that is—er—?" Tom—"Oh, I know, old fellow, she has many faults, but I consider, above all, her pa value." —Bazar.

A Violent End Imminent. "See that chap over there?" "Yes, why?" "He'll die with his boots on before long." "Hard character, eh?" "No, but he's a barber and an expert at dying whiskers." —Lincoln Journal.

The Fatal Number. "Amarantha, in accepting me, you have made me immeasurably happy." "I am glad to know it, Arthur. You are not in the least superstitious, are you?" "No, darling. Why do you ask?" "Because you are the thirteenth man to propose to me this year." —Life.

A Request. "Gentlemen," said the Judge, "will you please proceed with the case?" "Yes, sir," said a pert attorney, "we will try your honor." "Very well, oblige me by trying something besides my patience." —Merchant Traveler.

I Remunerative Flattery. She pulled her bonnet down a little to hide some imminent gray hairs and said: "I would like to look some bracelets." "Yes, for yourself?" "Well, here is something very suitable for a lady about twenty-five." "Well, I'll take them," and she did. —Jeweler's Weekly.

A Comprehensive Order. Guest (in restaurant)—"I've no time to give you an order from the bill of fare. Bring me anything—bring me whatever you've got." Waiter (deferentially)—"Everything we've got in one order, sir?" Guest—"Yes, that will do." Waiter (in loud, imperious voice)—"I am chowder for one?" —Chicago Tribune.

An Unfortunate Youth. Benevolent Gentleman—"Why are you weeping, my lad? Where's your father?" "In jail." "Well, well; and your mother?" "In jail." "Have you no brothers or sisters?" "No, but they're in jail." "And where do you come from now?" "From jail. They wouldn't let me stay any longer." —Lincoln Journal.

Candidates' Pictures. Foreman (great daily)—"Here's an order from down stairs to print a cut of Blifkins, the People's candidate for Mayor. We haven't any cuts of him." Able Editor—"How much did he pay for it?" "Five dollars." "July 5. Scratch a beard on Lydia Pinkham, and run that in." —Philadelphia Record.

Chicago girl's foot, hair in the soup, the mother-in-law—Bring some water, uncle, somebody! He has fainted!"

Chicago Tribune.

An Idyl of the Bob-Tail. He was dressed in a new suit of faultless fit, and he was the only man in the bob-tail car. This gave him an excellent opportunity to show off a fine diamond ring he wore. At last he gave up his first seat to a lady and then posed for a further benefit on the outside platform.

Men, Women and the Bible. H.—"It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned incidentally as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men." W. (amusingly)—"You may be right after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women."

A Male Venus. An amusing story, related of the late dean of Chichester, appears in the Liverpool Mercury. "While he was vicar of St. Mary the Virgin's Church of Oxford—from the pulpit of which (archbishop Newman delivered his famous sermon—a parishioner brought a male child to be christened. Upon Mr. Burgon asking the sponsors what name they desired to give the baby, they replied, 'Venus.' 'Venus?' he exclaimed, indignantly: 'how dare you ask me to call it any such name? In the first place, it is not a man's name at all, but that of a most wicked female.' Please sir, the child's grandfather was christened 'Venus,' excluded the godmother, very much alarmed. 'What do you mean to say he's got a grandfather called 'Venus?' Where is his grandfather?' The christening was suspended till he came, a poor old fellow, bent double with rheumatism, years and toil, and looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined. 'Do you mean to tell me, my good man, that you were christened 'Venus?' Well, no sir," he coughed and stammered. "I was christened 'Sylvanus,' but folks always call me 'Venus.'"

Be Your Own Glazier. There are hundreds of little jobs that 'the man about the house' could do if he only went to work in the right way. An "all-round" repair hand to a New York Mail and Express reporter the other day. "Plenty of people, chiefly mechanics who have grown old in their trades, and who have not been able to keep up with the times, usually earn a living by going from house to house at this season of the year and in the spring, to do the many little odd jobs that are always needed. Mending old windows is one of the hardest jobs to be done. The putty comes off hard, and very often the sash is split and badly damaged in the attempt of the tinkers to chisel off the old putty. Occasionally a very old sash is found, the putty on which has a large proportion of whitelead mixed with the whiting. Such putty can hardly be removed with a chisel without chipping off large pieces of wood from the sash. When time can be taken it will materially help to cover the sash thickly with a paste made from three parts of lime, one part of potash, and a sufficient quantity of soft water to mix well. If this is done and the sash laid aside for ten or twelve hours the putty can be removed without breaking the glass. That is the only safe way to do it. A thin paint made of this same mixture can be plastered on any of the greasy covered jobs, which every person who attempts any such repairing very frequently comes across. A liberal coating left on overnight and an application of cold water from a hose under sixty pounds pressure will have a wonderful effect. Such seemingly insignificant remedies are worth a trial from those who desire to have their house and outbuildings in good repair."

Children's Quaint Sayings. Little Dick had been listening to the recitation in geography of an older brother. "I know what an island is," said he to mamma. "It's a little piece of land all fenced round with water," proudly answered Dick. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "or you will be in a cucumber."

He Stood to Reason. "Judge," said the Montana lawyer, as he leaned back in his chair and threw one foot up on the table, "I object to the witness answering that question, and I'm ready to argue the point. It stands to reason—"

Broke the Young Man's Heart. Editor-in-Chief (kindly, to young man just added to the staff)—"You will understand, Mr. Jordelson, that on certain hackneyed themes we avoid wearying the patience of the public. You will not be expected, Mr. Jordelson, for instance, to write any vituperations on the same old, same old sidewalk, the mule, the stovepipe, the church organ, the spring poet, boarding-house butter, the

A SIMILE.

Rivers start from mountain springs; Lives mature and then take wings; They bubble each down childhood's way— They twinkle and laugh, an' glimmer and play. Then slip from their mountain cradles' embrace, And wander about in a strange, wild place. One foolishly thinks that a bank of flowers is the place where life leads the happiest hours; Buttercups, to its fancy, seem pure gold, And bright dandelions are wealth beyond. So it goes that way; and the soft-seeding moss is found to be thistles and the gold mine dross.

Another wanders o'er desolate plains, And only waste places and barren fields gains; Midst deserts white, and rocks and sands, Through comfortless and unknown lands; And on its drear banks there bloom no flowers. To soften and sweeten the desolate hours! One sings the song of the golden rule, And the crystal drops are bright and cool, Which it spatters and dashes on thirsty cows As they stand, breast high, 'neath an' sycamore boughs. It gathers force from streams and rills And turns the wheels of giant mills.

Another is muddy and sluggish and slow, In every one's way whenever it may go; It bridged with patience and forded with frowns, And voted a nuisance by savants and clowns. No beauty it has and no work does it do, As it aimlessly runs its useless course through. Though one may be foolish, another be wise, One the color of earth, another of skies. Whatever their aims and ambitions may be, They all find a way to the grave-like sea; And into the wide ocean, death, they are tossed, And their gains and their pains are forgotten and lost. —Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The warmest season—Carbene pepper. A lump sum—The coal dealer's profits. A rank deceiver—A visiting foreigner with sham title. The billiard-golf wears a beard because he is a goat-hisself. What is the board of education? The schoolmaster's shingle. What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum. If a young lady's maiden aim is successful, she has no maiden name. Writing for the magazines is a business that always yields big returns. —Life.

It is probably the attention paid it which makes the weather-vane. —Life. What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train. What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face. Day is not easily discouraged. Although it breaks at its very start, it keeps right on just the same as if nothing had happened. —Detroit Free Press.

The cobler does not die, of course. When all his years are past, because it's quite impossible for him to breathe his last. —Bazar. In Boston the neck of a chicken is called Napoleon, because that is funny; and it is strange that the bonny part includes the Nape of the neck. —Peachy. Emma (to her intended)—"Just think, Charlie, Judge So-and-so proposed to me yesterday." "Charlie—'What did you say to him?'" "I told him that I was very sorry, but that I was already engaged." —Tennis St. Louis.

Samaritan—"I see you have a card in your window. 'Help Wanted.'" Yes, sir; I put that there. Samaritan—"My poor friend, why don't you pocket your card and go at once to the overseers of the Poor?" —Lancet Courier. "Had a nice time?" "Ya'as, rather." "Been doing the Continent?" "Well, yes, if you like to put it that way, but when I look at my expense account it rather seems as if the Continent had been doing me." —London Tidbits.

A Temporary Loan.—Chumley—"I'm in a little fix, to day, Brown, for money; what would you say if I were to ask you for a temporary loan of a hundred or two dollars?" Brown—"Well, Chumley, if the loan will be temporary, I might let you have the two dollars." —Accident News. His First Offense.—Miss Gotham (to Mr. Wabash, recently returned from abroad)—"I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (uneasily)—"No, only once, and I got off with a merely nominal fine." —Hesper's Bazar.

Hinkins—"I hope I am not in the way, Miss Tompkins." Miss Tompkins—"Why, Mr. Hinkins, how can you suggest such a thing? You know I believe in even numbers. Polly and Charley made two; Jack and I make four; you and the dog make six. We are all paired off nicely." —The Ostron. Patient Wife (of sick man)—"Mary, bring in a temporary loan of a hundred or two dollars." Sick Man—"Darn your homeopathic doses. You want to let me die for want of medicine, don't you? Mary, bring in the glass half full." Wife—"This isn't the whisky, dear; it's the cod-liver oil." —Philadelphia Record.

A young widow, in erecting a monument to the dear departed, is cleverly availing herself of the opportunity to inscribe upon the tomb: "Died to the memory of Mathuziah Bezuchet, who departed this life, age sixty-eight years, regretting the necessity of parting from the most charming of women." —San Francisco Wasp.

"Talking about the sad condition of the poor," said a monopolist, "I've been investigating of late on my own account and I find that the poor can purchase more for their money now than they could fifteen or twenty years ago. Why, a locomotive can be purchased for \$10,000 now that would have cost \$20,000 twenty years ago." —Cartoon.