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Experience.

Don't lose your temper or your time,
Or lose your soul a minute.
Because this good old rocky world
Has foolish people in it.
Be not one wholly useless weed
The fertile earth is cumbered,
Then count not these years done good,
Or with them you'll be numbered.

If all began by being wise,
Each one his sphere adorning,
From wisdom's way we yet might stray
For lack of proper warning;
But Nature kindly sets her signs
On Danger's chosen dwelling;
Without them, what would come to us,
There's little any telling.

Just go look up your foolish friends,
Each people peculiar outing;
And of that folly cure yourself
At which in them you're railing;
While, if you find some heedless one
The same all through and over,
You'll never be unlike him
Than find a four leaved clover.

Has needs him I carry store
Of philosophic knowledge,
But this I've learned by studies in
That best but dearest college;
Perhaps you think that school is meant
For other people only;
Or, maybe, your are wise in truth—
But don't you find it lonely?

—[Minnie K. Davis, in Frank Leslie's.

"NERVOUS DAY."

Mrs. Stanhope was one of those nervous, irritable women that about half the time make themselves and every one around them miserable. She had been having one of her regular nervous days, as she styled them, and everything had gone wrong.

Little Freddy, only four years old and their only child, had been banished from the sitting-room, although he had pleaded hard to stay and "doot at his pitty pitter book" Santa Claus brought him, and had promised, with such a resolute air, that he would be "so stilly," but no, his mamma wanted to lie down on the lounge, and he must go out to play.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were not wealthy, so Freddy did not have a nurse to look after him, no one but old Towser, the faithful Newfoundland watch dog, who was years older than his little master, and who had watched him faithfully ever since he was a wee baby.

Mrs. Stanhope had just settled herself on the lounge and taken up the last magazine, which she thought might quiet her nerves a little, when, bang! went the outside door, as only a healthy boy, full of spirits, could shut it, and the next instant Freddy bounded into the sitting-room, upsetting a chair and tumbling headlong over a footstool.

A spasm, as of pain, crossed his mother's face, and she raised her hand as though to ward off a blow, exclaimingly fretfully:

"Oh, Freddy, what a naughty boy you are! why can't you stay out and play when I wanna feel so?"

"Mamma! mamma?" exclaimed Freddy, who had by this time regained his equilibrium, and who did not in the least mind the rumble or his mother's fretful speech; "me is havin' such fun! let me tell oo. . ."

"No, no, Freddy," interrupted his mother; "I don't want to hear; run out again and play. You may do anything you choose, only let me have a little quiet."

Freddy looked disappointed and stood pouting his cherry lips, with one chubby finger stuck between them.

"Did you hear, Freddy," reiterated his mother, rising her voice. "Ain't you going to mind? I told you to go out; now start."

The child walked slowly out of the room. On the hall rug lay Towser, and Freddy impulsively threw his arms around his hairy friend's neck and burst into tears.

"Me did out to tell er Towder, me did," he sobbed; but his grief and disappointment was of short duration, for in a few moments he sprang up and ran out into the yard, followed by Towser.

After Freddy went out, Mrs. Stanhope tried in vain to get interested in the magazine; at last she threw it petulantly from her and lying back upon the cushions, closed her eyes. Soon a sweet, delicious languor stole over her; she was riding in Mrs. Graham's exquisite brougham.

Mrs. Graham was a widow lady who lived just across the way, and who was worth over half a million, report said; and whose superb horses and elegant carriages little Mrs. Stanhope had often admired, and, if the truth must be told, envied.

Then the scene changed; she was lying there on the lounge in her pleasant sitting room, listening to the sweetest music she ever heard. Suddenly there was a scream from Freddy, an energetic bow wow from Towser, and an exclamation of fright from Kitty, the servant girl, as she ran hastily out into the yard.

An undefined feeling of terror filled the heart of Mrs. Stanhope; she tried to rise, but found her strength had entirely deserted her; and pale as death, with eyes closed, she lay there longing, yet dreading, to hear what had happened.

In a few moments—it seemed hours to her—she heard Kitty come in. There was another step too, not Freddy's; she listened in vain for the patter of his little feet. The steps paused at the sitting-room door, which was ajar. She new intuitively they were looking in.

"Hist! do not make a noise; she is yet asleep," she heard Kitty say in a whisper. "It will be trouble enough for us to know when she wakes, poor nervous creature."

"One of his horns went clean through," she heard the other voice say, and which she recognized as Mary Calhoun's, Mrs. Graham's kitchen maid.

What terrible accident had happened that they were not going to tell her on if she awoke, O, would she ever awake and come out of this stupor? She tried to move, to scream, but all to no purpose; a sudden, thick darkness seemed enveloping her, and she sank into insensibility.

When she again opened her eyes it was night; the curtains were down, a lamp burned on the table, but was turned low down, and the figure of a strange woman was moving about the room putting things to rights.

"Who are you? What has happened?" asked Mrs. Stanhope, in a scarcely audible voice and with difficulty arising to a sitting posture.

"O, have you waked up?" said the woman, coming over to the lounge where she sat. "And you don't know? deary me! how can I tell you! Your little boy, your little Freddy, you will never see him alive again!"

"Never—see Freddy—alive! What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Stanhope, starting up and groping blindly across the room to the door. As she opened it she met her husband, who took her gently in his arms, soothed her tenderly, and in a broken voice told her that Mr. Afton's cross cow had by some means escaped from the yard into the road that afternoon, and that Freddy had teased her through the fence with his red scarf; that in her rage she had broken down the fence, and, before Towser and Kitty could rescue him, plunged one of her horns through Freddy's body, killing him instantly.

"O, why cannot I die too?" she wailed, wringing her hands distractedly. "My Freddy! my precious boy! my darling baby! I have murdered you by my thoughtless selfishness! O, let me die!"

After a while she became more calm; a sort of numb despair seized her heart; she could not weep, and when they led her to look at the little waxen form arrayed for burial, she could only look at the white, set face of her darling as he lay there, with roses strewn about him and snowdrops in his chubby hands, with a weary longing to lie down too and be at rest. Tears seemed swelling up in scalding floods over her brain, burning deep, scathing blisters there, but she could not shed one.

At length the day of the funeral came; how specterlike it all seemed, every one moved about so quiet, so deathlike; she could not even remember a word the minister said. The procession formed; they placed a heavy black veil over her face that seemed to increase the already midnight gloom of her heart. They reached the cemetery; the little casket was lowered into the grave and she heard the gravel rattle upon the lid; yes, they were burying her precious treasure, her all, forever from her sight and yet she could not weep, she had not dropped one tear on the loved face; the thought tore her heart with agony, and she felt her mind reel and totter on its throne.

Again she was at home. How still and silent the rooms were and how dark and gloomy; it seemed as though she was never again to see the bright, glorious sunshine. So weeks passed. She caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror once in a while, and she could see how thin and white it was growing. Then came whispers—no one seemed to speak out loud now—that a change of scene was necessary; the beach or the mountains.

Mechanically she made preparations to leave home; it was the night before her departure, and she strode out to the cemetery to visit Freddy's grave.

"Oh, my poor murdered darling!" she moaned, sinking upon the grave in an abandon of tearless grief.

"Lucy! Lucy! what is the matter? Ain't you never going to wake up?" said her husband's voice, close to her ear.

With a start, she raised her head and looked about her. Yes, it was Walter that was bending over her, and strange to tell, she was lying upon the lounge in her little sitting-room, and the sun was just flinging his parting rays into the west window. How cosy and cheerful everything looked; and, glancing up into her husband's face, she saw he was laughing.

"What! did you have the nightmare?" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she answered in a whisper, "where is Freddy?"

"Freddy?" echoed Mr. Stanhope; "why he is asleep. After teasing Afton's cow until she tore the yard fence nearly all down, and getting Towser into a fine scrape, for he bit the cow severely, and she ran one of her horns through his leg, and frightening Kitty nearly out of her senses, he has concluded to go to sleep."

Yes, it was a cruel dream, and Lucy Stanhope wept tears of joy; but she could not feel sure until she had pressed her lips to Freddy's and felt his soft breath upon her cheek.

It was a long time before she could tell her husband her terrible dream; and she never again sent Freddy away from her for the sake of quiet.—[New York News.

"Mugging" Criminals.

In my business we learn to detect the foibles and weakness of men and women, says a police photographer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but in the jail you would not expect to find any vanity in the matter of personal appearance. Nevertheless there are many prisoners who take pride in securing a good negative. Ordinary prisoners never object to the process of "mugging," because they are too ignorant to understand the advantage of a picture in the hands of the police. High toned crooks from the East always object. Sophia Lyons, the famous New York shoplifter, cried and raved like a fury when brought before me, but finding the detectives inexorable, she dried her eyes, primped her hair, adjusted her bonnet, dabbed a little powder on her cheeks and told me to go ahead; that, if she couldn't help it, she would have a good portrait. Jane Cosley, another big shoplifter, sat smiling as sweet as an angel, after having made a desperate fight, clawing like a catamount, and her face is one of the prettiest in my collection.

How to Bear Burdens.

Mental burdens will be far more easily borne if they are placed, as much as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell on them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but, this done, let us place it where it may no longer be in constant sight—drag it to the light, to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side, its real burdens will be borne lightly, happiness will abound and be diffused, and the value of life be multiplied ten-fold.—[Baptist Weekly.

A Horse's Costly Tombstone.

Frank W. Harper, the well-known turfman, has ordered at Versailles, Ky., the costliest monument probably ever placed over the grave of any being below the estate of man. It is for Ten Broeck, the famous race horse, who recently died at Mr. Harper's stock farm, near Midway. Ten Broeck was foaled on the farm, and belonged to Mr. Harper throughout his whole life, and was beloved by the Harpers as a member of the family. The monument is to be of white marble, seven feet two inches high, and surmounted by an urn. Upon its side will be inscribed the dates of the birth and death of Ten Broeck and his various achievements.—[Baltimore Sun.

A Happy Thought.

"I don't see why your friend Miss Smith referred to my moustache as 'down,' Maude," said young Sissy to his pretty cousin. "There is nothing of the 'down' about it; it quite bristles. I have to shave twice a week, I assure you."

"I know it bristles, Charley," returned the girl, knitting her brows, although not very fiercely, and "I am as much perplexed as you are to understand why Clara should speak of it as down. (Sudden happy thought.) Perhaps, Charley, it's because it grows on a goose.—[New York Sun.

Cwt.

Many of my readers know that "cwt" stands for "hundredweight," for have they not used it themselves when doing their summer? But I think few could tell how this strange sign came to be employed. And yet when they learn its meaning they will find it very simple. C stands for "hundred;" it is the first letter of the Latin word centum, hundred. If you will look in your Bible you will notice that the hundredth psalm is marked "Psalm C." Then "wt." is merely short for "weight." Thus you have "hundredweight" cwt.—Little Folks.

The Passing Bell.

In olden times they used to ring the bell when the hour had arrived for the court to come in and hold its sessions, as they ought to do now for the court of common pleas.

"Is that the Passing bell?" inquired a venerable stranger visiting the town.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied a wag of a lawyer, "the Passing bell. It is the signal for you to come and pass your property into the hands of your lawyers."—New London Day.

Proof of Devotion.

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you?" repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never complained at all I got home. Love you?"—[Bazar.

ARABIAN WOMEN.

A Housewife's Duties in Modern Bible Land.

Syrian Dames Work Hard While Their Husbands Loaf.

There are grand women in Arabia—women of ability, keen in thought, and wonderful capabilities, writes Florence M. Jones in the Swiss Cross. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows: She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars, and bringing them upon her head. She rises early, and goes to the handmill of the village, carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt, she removes the ashes, and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude? She cares for her children,—unusually a large family,—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his 'argeeje,' or sits cross-legged upon his divan, or house-top, in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society. The houses are made of a coarse stone, roughly hewn. The house tops are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible Land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort. He remedies the difficulty,—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the house-top, and in the drenching rain, propels a roller of solid stone, backward and forward, much as we use a lawn mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks together, and prevents the entrance of water. These are only a few of a Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world surely. She cannot speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caress before his friends. She goes veiled, and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by open wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very few. The wealth of a Syrian family is not in money, but is estimated according to the number of herds of camels, goats, sheep, and cattle it possesses. The women are fond of ornament, but have little opportunity for it. They always wear the "round tire like the moon," spoken of in the Bible. Even the children have these on. The form is a half-moon. A single row of silver coins, overlapping one another, and sewed upon a piece of coarse material through a single hole bored in one side, is attached to a square of cloth, having long strings, which tie under the black hair. This allows the coins to rest in a curve about the forehead. One of these tires, which we had, weighed four pounds and six ounces, and was was worth $80. We now have a child's tire, which weighs two pounds. Over the round tire is worn the heavy, hand-woven, linen veil. The specimen we have is worth $50, and is large enough for a piano-cover. All the silk for embroidery is gathered by women from the silk-worms, and must be spun and dyed before they can use it. If a mother in Syria presents a daughter to her husband, he is bitterly disappointed. When you ask a Syrian parent, "How many children have you?" if his family consists of five boys and six daughters, he will tell you, "I have five children." They only count boys. This seems bitterly cruel when the workers of Syria are of the softer sex. The girls are dark-eyed, raven-haired, of olive complexion, and usually of medium height, though some are extremely tall and muscular.

Politeness.

It is said that Louis XIV., the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his court. If so, no man need think that he derogates from his dignity by keeping his hat off in a respectable shop when he is served by a woman. Even in business intercourse politeness need not be banished. In England, for instance, checks are marked, "Pay to." In France they are worded, "Veuillez payer"—"Please to pay," "Kindly pay," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

What Made Her Nervous.

Old lady—Conductor, I hope there isn't going to be a collision.

Conductor—I hope not.

Old lady—I want you to be very careful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.

A Spanish Bull-Ring.

The bull-ring of Granada, like most of those in the larger cities of Spain, is a most amplitheatre, built of wood, and capable of seating perhaps 20,000 persons. By accident we came to this huge structure in the course of our meanderings, and we were conducted through it by an attendant. In the stables were a number of wretched-looking steeds, aged and raw-boned as Don Quixote's "Rosinante," yet considered good enough to be ridiculously slaughtered for the amusement of the gentle dames and spirited young dons of Granada. On the stock pile surrounding the area were great streaks and blotches of blood, which had spurted from the wounded animals in various conflicts. At the same time that these were pointed out to us it was explained how, in the practice of the noble art of bull-fighting, a horse would often have his sides ripped open by an infuriated bull and the plucky steed would nevertheless go on sometimes with the fight, although his entrails would trail upon the ground and dangle about his feet. We were then conducted to the chambers where the matadores dressed themselves and where were kept the trappings for ornamenting the horses, and the apparatus for provoking the bulls. Among the articles of the latter sort were long poles with sharp spikes in the end, masks, dummy horses and various other devices and instruments of torture, cunningly adapted to rouse the wrath of a peaceably disposed bull and convert him into an infuriated demon. In one of the rooms, improvised as a chapel, there were crucifixes and other pious paraphernalia by which the last offices of the church might, in case of sudden emergency, be administered to a mortally wounded bull-fighter, so that his gentle soul might not take its flight unshriven. There appeared to be no similar provision for the bulls and horses, they being only brutes and having no souls.—[American Magazine.

The Most Famous Oysters.

The Blue Points are the most famous in the world. They were first discovered a little over a hundred years ago in Long Island waters. The bottom of the Great South Bay, opposite Blue Point, was covered then with blue-mud and up to the time the oysters were discovered they were not supposed to exist in the muddy ground. The discovery was accidentally made by an oyster-man. The shells of the oyster were a deep dark color, and the oyster itself was fat and luscious. It was not long after the discovery before the baymen flocked to the grounds by hundreds, and it was not unusual for one man to take as high as 200 bushels in a single day. At that time there was a ready market for them at 50 cents per bushel. The beds could not stand the drain more than and were finally exhausted. The oysters now called Blue Points do not resemble the original any more than a day does night, as they do not grow wild, but are cultivated the same as a field of wheat or corn. The oysters grown in the waters around Patchogue (which is one of the greatest oyster growing localities in this state), are shipped all over the world as Shrewsburys, East River, Blue Points and almost every other name given an oyster. Over five hundred men are employed in the oyster industry in and about Patchogue. The oysters are shipped by the barrel to Europe, are but little larger than a silver dollar, costing, ready for shipment, about $4 per barrel. They bring $5.50 and $6 per barrel in the European markets.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Ceylonese.

The Ceylonese, or Singhalese, as they are called, from the native name of their lovely island, are a solid and inoffensive race of people. They have the reputation, indeed, of being rank cowards, but this is rather the character of most Eastern folk. The men are tall, not badly made, and have slender limbs. The women are shorter, and are fond of finery, such as gay-colored dresses, bangles, and chains. They are partial to unadulterated dancing, but their tom-tom, as they call their drum-like instrument, gives out a dull and tiresome sound which soon gets monotonous; and their dancers are not as a rule so agile, graceful, and clever as the Hindoo dancers of India.

A Magnificent Lemon.

Our friend Thomas C. Dixon, showed us a magnificent lemon which he had gathered from a tree of his own raising. It was 7 inches long and 16½ inches in circumference and weighed over 14 ounces. We were astonished to find that it was possible to raise such fruit in Chatham county. It is of excellent quality, and Mr. Dixon's tree bears about two dozen a year.—Pittsboro (N. C.) Home.

The Business for the Boy.

Fond Mother—Pa, what business do you think we ought to start Willard in? He's getting to be 18 years old and ought to get into something.

Fond Father—It's hard telling what he's fitted for.

Fond Mother—Yes, he's as proud as lucifer, but he's as neat as wax.

Fond Father—Well, then, let's start him in the match business.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Wrought iron expands and contracts with a force of about 600 pounds to the square inch for each degree Fahrenheit.

The Argentine Republic is soon to have a weather bureau equipped with forty-five observatories in different parts of the country.

A sanitary engineer suggests the impeachment of building on streets running northwest and southeast, or northeast and southwest. Sunshine in all rooms at some time in the day can thus be insured, with a great gain in healthfulness.

George H. Reynolds, of Willimantic, Conn., has invented a pneumatic gun for throwing dynamite shells which explode when striking any desired spot. Shells weighing 1000 pounds are handled with as much ease as a revolver.

Alum is found native in some places either efflorescent on the surface of bituminous shale, or united with the soil in the neighborhood of volcanoes, when it may be obtained by simple lixiviation and evaporation; a little potash being commonly added to convert the excess of sulphate of alumina present into alum. It is also found in certain mineral waters.

Mr. W. A. Ashe of Quebec reports that the Esquimaux living near Hudson Strait have a mean height for the men of 5 feet 3.9 inches, and for the women, about 5 feet. Their body temperature averaged 100.2 degrees for winter and 98.4 degrees for summer, that of the observing party being 98.1 degrees and 97.7 degrees respectively.

Though it is claimed as one of the advantages of electricity that it does not raise the temperature of the atmosphere when used for lighting, it is nevertheless, says La Nature, capable, under certain conditions, of evolving heat. This property is about to be turned to profitable account by the Societe des Usines Electriques, of Berlin, who have announced that, in future, in addition to light, they will be prepared to furnish a supply of electricity for heating purposes.

Prof. Delpino, who as early as the year 1873 announced the idea that most extra-floral nectar glands in plants are useful to the plants that bear them, by attracting a body-guarded ants, has now published the first part of an elaborate memoir on the topic. The number of species recorded as having extra-nuptial glands is much larger than would have been expected. This term "extra-nuptial" is coined to distinguish the glands under consideration from certain extra-floral glands, which, needless to those in the flower, are subservient to pollination. The service performed by the ants so attracted and fed is the keeping off of caterpillars and other insects which prey upon the foliage, young fruits, etc.

Rapid Sight Seeing.

Americans traveling abroad are often laughed at for their passion of rapid sight seeing. But why may not the brain take impressions as swiftly and as easily as the photographer's chemically prepared plate? "How long will it take me to see the exhibition?" asked a lady of a gentleman who had just come from the world's fair at Philadelphia. "Fifteen minutes," was the response. The lady of course was astonished, and the responsible proceeded to explain. "To study all the details of the exhibition would require many months, but to obtain an impression of its magnitude, to seize upon its salient features, fifteen minutes would do wonders for you. A ride around the circuit of its connecting railway would give you a succession of pictures never to be forgotten." What is true of a great fair is true of a great city. It has been said that very few people really know London folks, for any one may obtain an idea of its physiognomy, of its characteristic features, in a half hour's drive through its streets. To all except all the qualities there are in a painting I must stand it well, but a single glance gives me an idea of the composition and the scheme of color. In truth this first instantaneous impression heart is an admirable, and a painting should always be approached, if it is possible to do so, under conditions that enable the spectator to get a full view promptly. How often a painter turns his picture to the wall and therefore it remain long enough to allow him to obtain an unprejudiced and instantaneous impression when he sees it again. Study and analysis are of course indispensable factors in some things, but the flash, the revealing glance, the sudden insight, the instantaneous photograph on the sensitized brain, are things of value in life as well as in art.—[Home Journal.

Knew Where He Stood.

"You'd better look out," said Johnny's big sister, "or I'll tell mother on you."

"I don't care."

"Oh, you naughty boy, I know better than that."

"I don't care if ye do go tell 'er, 'cause she's got the rheumatism to-day, and it won't be comfortable for her to turn me over her knee."—[Merchant Traveler.

Night on the Farm.

The fowls in the farmer's farm
The flocks are gathered in the fold,
The lambs are safely asleep
The horses lick their boards of gold.

Shrill crickets, scraping bills are heard
In pastures, deep, dark and damp,
And little deer, amid trees, a bird
Trills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark, blue deep, are full of stars,
One blue lamp in the hitherto gloom
A pale away, wed as Mars
The night is faint with sweet perfume.

At a dame in the quiet house
Up through the window I see
Without a lamp, and not a mouse
Is stirring. Lonely, broad free.

The old, lock ticks, and easterly
The ancient window-sill
How the sun's kiss will waken me
With bird songs wafting up the sky.

[New England Farmer.

HUMOROUS.

Electricity is very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.

A bald headed book keeper should never try to wipe his pen on his hair.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing.

Hardly anybody would care to change places with the turtle, and yet he has a great snap.

English statesmen live longer than American statesmen, but they don't have so much fun.

"I aim to tell the truth," "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."

"Can you recommend for me a good home course of botany?" asks a correspondent. "Yes, the plain horse."

Cally—Miss Peterson has a markably small voice. Dolly—Yes, the doesn't small, but she has had a young man in her for a long time.

A girl who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her boat well-trimmed went to work and sewed two silk flounces around the sprocket.

"And you, Mose?" he inquired, as he fumbled around with the latchkey. "No, I didn't. I'm out—out of sugar, out of tea, out of doors, and out of patience," snapped a female voice from an upper window.

A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door. "It's none of your business how our milk is made," was the indignant response, and the door slammed most emphatically.

Seals.

Sealing a letter is now a day's the work of an instant, but how was it accomplished before the invention of gummed envelopes? A correspondent of Le Livre describes the methods of sealing which have been employed from the remotest antiquity.

The first seals consisted of a ring affixed to clay, and later to thick cake of a mixture of pitch, wax, and pipeclay. The use of wax did not become general until the Middle Ages. Beeswax, followed by time, was the first variety of it used, and, after it, came sealing wax, mixed with a white substance. Red and green wax came in during the twelfth century, and a hundred years later, the list of colors was supplemented by nearly all those now to be found in wax.

In the times of the First Empire, under Bonaparte, the French people began to use wafers which were brought from Italy by the soldiers of the French army. These wafers were cut with a punch from a thin leaf made of flour. Finally gummed envelopes began every where to replace the sealing wax and wafers. The first of these envelopes were made in England about the year 1840.

The seals chosen by different people are often interesting, as quite many personal traits. Goethe, after his return from Italy, sealed his letters with an antique head, such as that of Socrates, Minerva or Leda. The seal of the archbishop of Lausanne had a ship engraved upon it, and that of Meyerbeer, a composer, had a lyre, with the legend, "Semper vivit in lacrymis."

Victor Hugo's seal was very simple, merely the letters V. H. so arranged that when inverted they formed the cipher A. H.—[Youth's Companion.

Left His Address at Home.

An old farmer named Kent was a well known character some years ago in Mount Vernon and Vienna. He had many peculiarities and eccentricities which earned for him a variety of nicknames, at which, by the way, he never took any offence. In some way this old fellow had some claim to a pension. He went down to Augusta to be examined by the physician there for that purpose. He was found to have disabilities that warranted his obtaining a pension, but he was very much excited at the length of the examination and the variety of questions put to him. Finally he was asked his address. "Oh, yes, of course," he replied, "you'll want my address, but bless me what did I do with it?" After fumbling in all his pockets, he looked up helplessly and said, "By gracious, I must have left my address at home."—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.