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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor

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The Apple Seed.

Come hither and listen, a tale I'll relate
Of a little brown seed and its wonderful fate.
In heart of an apple [illegible] 'twas found,
[illegible] was buried deep down in the dark, [illegible] ground.
The frost [illegible] its own little [illegible]
[illegible] by chilling winds [illegible]
The day [illegible] where [illegible]
Of the [illegible]
The [illegible] mild April days
And [illegible] all melted ere May,
[illegible] 'twas [illegible]
And [illegible] the heavenly [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] birds of the sky
[illegible] and there [illegible]
[illegible] girls on its [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] magical lore
You never [illegible] a more marvelous thing
[illegible] of that tree in the spring.
And [illegible] and fair
[illegible] impressed [illegible]
[illegible] they dropped
[illegible] them with
[illegible] at fall of the [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] was carefully placed
[illegible] the bright [illegible]
[illegible] infant to sire.
[illegible] apples [illegible] and a circular [illegible]
[illegible] to roast in the [illegible]
[illegible] with a [illegible], glancing [illegible]
[illegible] an apple's smooth [illegible]
[illegible] would use as a [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] her the best
[illegible] she would give it a [illegible]
[illegible] with a [illegible]
And [illegible] her blushing [illegible] shoulder [illegible]
[illegible]
The silver [illegible] her knitting laid [illegible]
[illegible] all roasted and brown,
[illegible]
[illegible] she indulged with [illegible]
The [illegible] made many a dish,
[illegible] as mortal could wish.
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE GOVERNESS.

"Angeline!" cried Mrs. Duncan, as she [illegible] her daughter's boudoir, [illegible] I've just received a [illegible] Madam Boutelle, and I don't know what in the world I [illegible]."

"You're [illegible] coming?" queried Angeline [illegible].

"[illegible] He's all right—the dear fellow! I [illegible] note from him [illegible] charmed. But now that Madam Boutelle isn't coming, there [illegible] no one [illegible] to talk to him. Angeline, I wish you would give a little more attention to your French."

"I have just been taking a lesson, mamma," Angeline replied. "Mademoiselle La Fonte has taught me a new [illegible] this afternoon."

Mrs. Duncan glanced at the little French governess, hitherto unnoticed, [illegible].

"I hope you will take great pains with her pronunciation, mademoiselle. I always said that French did not amount to much without a pronunciation."

"[illegible] which does," replied the little governess, quietly.

"[illegible] Angeline, are you through with your [illegible]? These [illegible] have come from McK[illegible], and I also want to talk to you about this dinner! Yes, mademoiselle, you may go now; but you must not forget that you are to translate my bill of fare into French—well [illegible]."

"[illegible], I will not forget."

She quitted the room with a bow and bearing that showed she had not always been a mere teacher of French to young children and giddy girls. Indeed, there had been a time when the old La Fonte family had stood to all Provence as a type of the "best blood of France." But the Franco-Prussian war had made a beggar of the once rich family, and left Valerie with a widowed mother, who soon died of grief.

"Mamma," said the fair Angeline, as she watched the slender, gray-robed figure out of sight, "why don't you get mademoiselle in the place of the Boutelle woman?"

"What?" screamed Mrs. Duncan. "Give the place next to Count de Beaupre to a governess?"

"You needn't tell anybody who she [illegible]. She is well-enough looking, and knows how to behave."

"Know how to behave!" It was well for the fair Angeline's plans that mademoiselle did not hear her.

"I shall sit [illegible] side of the count," [illegible] Angeline, [illegible]. "Of course he will talk to me a great deal, and if I get stuck, mademoiselle can help me out. On the whole, mamma, I think that is a very good plan. Madam Boutelle could [illegible] have [illegible] him. You [illegible] and especially Count de Beaupre. Besides," concluded Angeline, very forcibly, "it's too late to ask anybody else."

"I suppose it is," [illegible] Mrs. Duncan, [illegible].

And it was decided that they would have mademoiselle, who was commanded to accept the invitation on the pain of losing her situation.

Angeline was enraged because the stubborn little [illegible] would not borrow a dress of them.

"She will look like a guy, mamma. She can't have anything fit to wear."

"Well, my dear, it is all your fault," Mrs. Duncan declared. "You would have her!"

But mademoiselle did not look like a fright. When Count de Beaupre entered the reception-room, his beauty-loving eyes singled out at once a slender, curving figure, in antique brocade which had grown yellow with age, but was so unmistakably distinguished-looking that all the ladies were wild with envy. Mrs. Duncan introduced him.

"Mademoiselle," said the courtly young lion, bending his fine head to look at the fair, sweet face beside him. "I am charmed to meet so lovely a countrywoman in a foreign land! Is it possible that we have met before? Your face reminds me of one I have seen somewhere."

"I think not," Valerie answered, flushing with pleasure at the sound of a voice that spoke her native tongue so perfectly. "I have been in America for twelve years."

"I am sorry," murmured the count. "One can always claim some favor on the score of an old acquaintance."

Just then Mrs. Duncan's imported butler came in with a practised bow and announced:

"Dinner is served."

Count de Beaupre glanced at his card and saw that he was to take Mademoiselle La Fonte out to dinner. His pleasure was unmistakable.

They were soon chatting volubly in French. Angeline Duncan sat next to them. She put in a word now and then at random, for she couldn't understand a word they were saying. But the count's puzzled "Comment?" (How?) and "Je vous demande pardon!" (I beg pardon!) soon silenced her.

As for Valerie, she was growing animated. Her face [illegible] prettily under the count's admiring gaze and she was quite oblivious to the javelin glances hurled at her by Mrs. Duncan. The count had hardly looked at Angeline.

"Who was that pretty girl I took out to dinner?" he asked, later in the evening.

"Mademoiselle La Fonte," said Mrs. Duncan, coldly. "Is it possible you admire her, count? She is not much of anybody. We just had her to make up the party."

Mrs. Duncan was angry, or she would not have said such a thing.

As for the count, he saw that he had made a mistake; but Mademoiselle La Fonte was wholly unconscious.

Shortly after, coffee was served, the guests departed, and Valerie came up to the hostess, when the party had dispersed, to ask whether she might not go home.

"Yes, and stay there!" retorted Angeline, angrily. "How dared you presume to flirt with a guest of my mother's? You forget, mademoiselle, that you are not here as a social equal. We did not expect you to play any of your adventuress games upon Count de Beaupre."

"Miss Duncan," cried Valerie, growing deadly pale, "you have not yet acquired the right to insult me!"

"Angeline," said Mrs. Duncan, in a low tone, "don't be too hasty. Remember that it is hard to get a good governess on mademoiselle's terms."

"I don't care," cried Angeline, bursting into tears. "She kept Count de Beaupre away from me all the evening."

"Miss Duncan," said the little governess, with much dignity, "I assure you that I had no such an intention."

"That will do, mademoiselle!" said Mrs. Duncan, coldly. "You can go now."

So the poor girl hurried out of the room, and met the Count de Beaupre, waiting, hat in hand, in the hall. She saw by his face that he had heard all.

"I thought you had gone!" she stammered.

"I waited for you," he answered, in French. "I thought you had no escort. May I have the honor of seeing you home, mademoiselle?"

"I have no carriage," faltered poor Valerie.

"Mine is at the door. Allow me!"

So the little governess found herself rolling home in state.

"I ought not to let you do this," she said, hurriedly. "I am not one of Mrs. Duncan's guests, monsieur; I am only her governess."

"The name of La Fonte is very dear to me," said the count, gently. "My father's best friend was a French general, who was killed at Sedan, and that was his name. A brave fellow he was, too."

"It was my father!" cried Valerie. "My father was General Gascoigne La Fonte. Oh, monsieur! did you know him?"

"Know him!" echoed Count de Beaupre. "I should say I did! He saved my father's life twice. I was a bit of a boy, but I remember it well. Ah! now I see why your face seemed so familiar to me. Mademoiselle La Fonte, you and I ought to be good friends."

"I will do my part," said Valerie, warmly.

And the count, having taken her hand in his, found occasion to hold it awhile.

Valerie was much happier now that she had found a friend among her own countrymen. The long evenings slipped by quite gaily. The count took her to the opera, and they had many pleasant jaunts together.

It was one morning in February that Mrs. Duncan called upon mademoiselle to announce to her that her services would be no longer required as a governess.

"I cannot offer any encouragement to any young woman who behaves as you do," said the lady, finally.

Valerie was utterly taken back; but before she could reply, a tall, courtly figure appeared in the doorway. It was the count himself.

"Madam," he said, bowing, "the future Countess de Beaupre has no further need of your patronage."

"Countess de Beaupre!" was all she could gasp.

And Valerie soon found herself standing alone, bewildered, in the middle of the room, while the man she loved was holding her hand and saying, tenderly:

"Valerie, darling, you will let me verify that statement—will you not? I love you with all my heart. Will you take it, and my title and me? I want you so badly!"

And as for Valerie, it could not have been "no" that she answered, for two months later, at the Hotel Valentine, in Paris, were registered the names of the Count and Countess de Beaupre.—[Saturday Night.

Meaning of "Thoroughbred."

The term thoroughbred was originally used in England only in connection with the blooded race-horse, and is still little used in that country in speaking of pure-bred animals of other breeds. In this country it has become corrupted by being indiscriminately applied to all registered or pedigreed stock, and is used synonomously with pure-bred and full-blood. The term thoroughbred should be used as a noun only when referring to the blooded race-horse, and it is generally so recognized. To be sure of not being misunderstood it is usually best when referring to the above-named kind of horses to call them thoroughbred race-horses. Custom in this country makes it entirely proper to use the term thoroughbred synonomously with full-blood and pure-bred as adjectives in connection with the name of the breed. We speak of thoroughbred Shorthorns meaning just the same as when we say full-blood or pure-bred Shorthorns. Those who are interested in thoroughbred race-horses and some others still object to the word thoroughbred as an adjective used in connection with the name of other breeds but they are in a small minority. Generally speaking, any one of these three terms means, in this country, that the animal to which it is applied, is a pure blood of a recognized breed.—Prairie Flower.

A Canary's Four Notes.

In the song of the canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling on'y to rise again. It is in the last-named note that the American birds fail. They cannot hold it. Another difference between the two is that German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But the American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.—[Detroit Free Press.

What Troubled Bobby.

The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile:

"I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of Job."

"No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry, "but Job wasn't always helped last."—[Epoch.

CHINESE FARMERS.

A Glance at the Agriculturists of the Flowery Kingdom.

The Country's Graveyards a Bar to Its Progress.

There are reasons to [illegible] that the trade of this country with China will [illegible] to make up the sums. Of the seven million, five hundred thousand dollars of exports to China in the last fiscal year, nearly five million dollars' worth was of distinctively agricultural products, and of their manufacture. Of the remainder, the largest share [illegible] mineral oil. The [illegible] the United States this year is [illegible] especially with the promotion of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, behind which looms up the extension of canals, the introduction of railroads, of agricultural machinery, and of such of our products as China needs, and she has need of many. Her home products, aside from tea, are wheat, millet, garden vegetables, rice, poor apples, peaches, grapes, etc. The food of China is mostly vegetables and fish—the extensive sea coast, rivers and canals supplying the latter. Beef is almost unknown, except in the foreign settlements, and hogs are rare; mutton is plentiful; pork, poultry and eggs are abundant. Domestic animals, except dogs, are not common. Horses are scarce, mules are numerous, cattle in small numbers, but flocks and herds are unknown. Two or three animals comprise an average farm garrison. The camel is a familiar beast of burden. The Chinese farmers live in cities, towns and villages, and cultivate the adjacent country, where there is no subdivision by fences, hedge rows or walls. There is an excess of flat country, which is subject to frightful inundations from the swollen rivers. Fuel is almost rare, and a few years ago 10,000 000 people died from starvation in two provinces, while abundance prevailed in the rest of the empire. Farming tools are of the rudest. No vehicles have springs. They are made on models found in a text book recognized in the schools for some thousands of years. The people dress in cotton, and live and work after fashions as old as their civilization. The national habit is opposed to change, and so the nation of three hundred million souls goes on in "the good old way." The United States broke the spell of centuries in Japan. It may yet do the same for China. We go for trade and progress, other nations for trade and conquest and colonies, and the Chinese leaders are beginning to understand this.

It has been said that the pious care of the Chinese for the graves of their ancestors prohibits the construction of railroads, telegraph lines, etc. Ancestral worship is indeed an accepted form of religion, and of immortal antiquity. But it is kept alive only by the strong hand of the imperial government. The land is not one graveyard. The graves are all near the cities and surround them in rows of tombs, or detached mounds, looking like hay cocks. If properly approached, a Chinaman will, if duly compensated, move his family burial place and set it up elsewhere. Near Tientsin is a mile race track; within its bounds are several thousand graves, without, as many, [illegible] have been removed to make room for the track and buildings. On these mounds the Chinese stand to get a good view of the race and other sports. Here is proof that this "cult" for the departed is not a fixed and immovable belief. There are twenty-eight miles of railroad, leading from a coal mine in the northern part of the Empire. The mines and the road are worked, in spite of national prejudice and the ancestral superstition. There is little wood in China, and the fuel most in use is the [illegible] of the dried grass, leaves, roots, etc., which are kept for winter use. In both town and country—in the towns rather, for there is no country life—the struggle for existence is severe and constant. A modernized agriculture, and the introduction of railroad and wagon service, would rejuvenate the decaying "Flowery Land," which is a bald misnomer for a land destitute of flowers and shrubs, fresh, and with a dull herbage that contrasts strongly with the culture that has made the American continent to "blossom like the rose," and to be rich in various products that its enterprise sends to all parts of the civilized world.—American Agriculturist.

A Faultless Memory.

Brown—You haven't forgotten, Dumley, that you owe me two dollars, have you?

Dumley—No; I was just about to mention it.

Brown—Oh, thanks. It will come in very hand——

Dumley—I was going to ask you to lend me three more, and make it an even five.—[New York Sun.

You must love your work and not be looking over the edge of it for the play to begin.

Phosphorescence.

The cause of phosphorescent light, as well as its nature, is, in many cases, a [illegible] a few cases it is animal and in [illegible]. The light comes from very [illegible] appearance of [illegible] the [illegible] gives them [illegible] example. In the case of [illegible] the attribution to the phosphorus in [illegible]. But the same name is given to the light emitted by the glowworm or the firefly. In this case there is no such decomposition of [illegible].

The phosphorescence of the sea is referred to the presence of minute [illegible]—creatures of the simplest organism. There are also species of fungi that are producers of light. In these instances it seems to be a result of the functions of life, rather than a phenomenon accompanying death. This light is given off in cases in places where the decay does not seem likely to liberate any phosphorus, and where, if any fungus is growing, it cannot be detected easily. A Scotch writer, Mr. W. A. Smith, tells how he was surprised at the appearance of a piece of fir wood. In this country a decaying maple log, lying in a wet place, yields the best results. "During our walk through the woods the other evening," says Mr. Smith, "we came upon what appeared to be a salt herring lying in the road. On turning it over with our feet it seemed stronger, and we feel [illegible] passed it. A few yards farther on another brilliant streak of light attracted our attention, and we this time decided to attempt its capture. A piece of paper was employed to prevent an unpleasant meeting, and we then lifted, most circumspectly, what proved to be neither more or less than a piece of Scotch fir from one of the fallen trees alongside. Apparently a new break was the phosphorescent surface, and the night being wet as well as dark, we supposed this had some influence. After drying it next day we again tried it in the dark, and it still showed brilliantly; so the wet had not did to do with it. Under a lens no fungus could be seen, only the rough, broken fibres on the surface."—[Youth's Companion.

The Fate of Ocean Wrecks.

The almost daily reports by arriving vessels of passing derelict and abandoned vessels at sea might lead the landsman to suppose that wrecks are more numerous than is actually the case. But, in fact, a single wreck is reported many times and frequently in a wide change of position. It may be seen to-day on one part of the coast and tomorrow may be many miles from that position, as it drifts about with the current of the Gulf stream or it is driven a long distance by the winds.

It is only a few weeks ago that the cruiser Atlanta towed into the capes of Delaware a dangerous derelict which had been drifting about off the coasts for weeks, and though special attention had been given by passing vessels to report this wreck, in order that the information might lead to finding and destroying it, it was a long time before it could be placed. Often the wrecks that are reported to the hydrographic office lead to an extensive and unavailing search only because they have been carried so far from the reported position by winds and currents that the searching vessel could not find them. When it is possible to tow them into port this is done; otherwise they are blown up with gun cotton torpedoes. One wreck, seen on the lower edge of the banks of Newfoundland on Aug. 28, in latitude 44 degs. north, longitude 55 degs. east, had drifted to latitude 39 degs. north, longitude 64 degs. west, on Oct. 7, a distance of 600 miles, and had been reported four times.—[New York Tribune.

Home-Made Sausage for Dyspepsia.

"Everything I eat in the morning disagrees with me, doctor," remarked a patient a few days ago. "It has come to such a point at last when, if I take any solid food before noon, it becomes a source of heavy discomfort."

"Have you ever tried home-made sausage?"

"No; why I never could digest that, doctor; it is too greasy."

"Well, perhaps so," was my answer, "but in some cases really good results have shown up lately from its use; I would like you to try it."

A [illegible] enough, says Dr. W. F. Hutchinson in the American Magazine, the [illegible] fatty food was quietly digested, and proved just the required morning meal. It is worth trying in every case of forenoon dyspepsia when ordinary diet fails.

A Tear-Shedding Tree.

The Kayashi tree of the natives of India is described as a tree that really weeps. If an incision is made in the bark of one of these trees in spring, the sap flows from the wound in a great stream; and whenever an opening in the bark is made, the fluid escapes for a considerable time. These facts are given by a recent observer, who mentions noticing great drops falling from one broken branch at the rate of one a second, the tree having been in a weeping condition for at least ten days.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A supposed [illegible] at Aixla-Chapelle in 1882 has [illegible] by Prof. [illegible], and pronounced that it is [illegible] primitive [illegible]. The immense mass weighs five tons, and the date of its [illegible] cannot be guessed.

[illegible] years ago a bottle of [illegible] placed in a well at [illegible], fell into the [illegible] the well [illegible] about six feet [illegible]. [illegible] apparently as sound and fresh as the day it was put in.

Washington Territory [illegible] have [illegible] [illegible] Davenport. [illegible]

An English observer [illegible] the locomotive as a cheap [illegible] for farmers and others [illegible]. When the [illegible] suspended [illegible] saturation with [illegible] when the steam [illegible] up, the [illegible] purpose [illegible].

Certain [illegible] at Lima, Peru, [illegible] were elevated [illegible]. A [illegible] the hollows to be [illegible] number, and [illegible] to be due to ravages caused by the growth of lichens which live on the rock.

In a paper on injurious insects, Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 320,000. Of those found in the United States, 7000 or 8000 species are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple. A borer which had hitherto troubled only peach and plum trees has begun to destroy the apple within the past two years. The successful fruit grower must be something of an entomologist.

A French military engineer has put dynamite to a new use in forming foundations in wet ground. In the construction of fortifications at [illegible], a hole is bored in the wet ground ten or twelve feet deep and [illegible] a half in diameter. The explosion of a string of dynamite cartridges enlarges this hole to about a yard in diameter, and forces the water so far out beyond the sides of the cavity that at least half an hour is required for it to find its way back. This gives the workmen time to introduce quickly-setting concrete; the process is very rapid.

It is found practicable, at last, to make the waste of pine saw mills available for paper pulp. In reducing the wood to pulp [illegible] of lime has been used, the powerful chemical acting on the fiber only when heat is [illegible]. Heretofore only lead-lined boilers would resist its action, these, however, being costly and hard to keep in repair. More recently there has been discovered in Germany a kind of brick lining for boilers, which serves the purpose in question. The wood, sawed in small pieces, is digested with [illegible] in large boilers lined with this brick, heat being supplied through lead steam pipes, nothing further being necessary except washing of the fiber. The [illegible] is made on the spot, by passing sulphurous vapor through [illegible] limestone kept thoroughly wet.

Professional Wine Tasters.

Dr. [illegible], physician to the asylum at Bordeaux, in a paper published in The Annales [illegible], comments upon the effects of tasting upon [illegible] continuously, and even in [illegible]. He particularly [illegible] the fact that professional wine tasters, [illegible] in order to preserve their delicacy of taste, must never swallow any wine, but spit it out and then rinse the mouth thoroughly [illegible] for the same [illegible] to the head and stomach as those who are habitual drunkards.—[Chicago Tribune.

The Reality of Dreams.

There are some very remarkable things about dreams. In the first place, they are twice as real as reality. Did you ever fall down stairs in a dream? If you have you must have observed that it is much more terrible experience than when you are awake—except that you don't have the bruises to nurse afterwards. But the mental experience of falling down stairs in a dream is something awful. There is nothing like judicious abuse of the stomach for the man who enjoys real exciting dreams with some [illegible] to them.—Burlington Free Press.

Looking For a Novelty.

"Your town seems to be very quiet," said the traveler. "Yes," replied the Dakotahan. "She's lyin' low for a rise. We're all primed for a boom, but we can't agree whether to work it on natural gas, a new wheat belt, or platinum mines. But when we've decided just how to cut the fuse she'll go off like a bomb."—[Burdette.

Nursery Song.

Pace, pace, pace;
That's the way the ladies ride.
[illegible] down the pony's side
[illegible] pace, pace
[illegible] gently into town,
[illegible] and a gown,
[illegible] a street,
[illegible] they meet.
That's the way the ladies ride,
[illegible] the pony's side,
[illegible] pace.

Trot, trot, trot;
[illegible] way the gentlemen ride
[illegible] the pony's back astride,
Trot, trot, trot;
[illegible] and bound,
[illegible] a bound,
[illegible] the woods in spring,
[illegible] sing.
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
[illegible] astride,
Trot, trot, trot.

Rock, rock, rock;
That's the way the sailors ride,
Rocking [illegible] from side to side,
Rock, rock, rock;
Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas,
[illegible] northern breeze;
Thinks that [illegible] and tack,
While he [illegible] horse's back.
[illegible] west,
[illegible] his best;
[illegible] rock.

Sleep, sleep, sleep;
That's the way Ned will ride,
[illegible] the summer tide,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Out upon the [illegible] sea,
Where the [illegible] blossoms be,
Far away [illegible]
[illegible] Ned—[illegible]" he smiles;
Sinking [illegible] deep
Little Ned is fast asleep,
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
—Ann M. Libby in Good Housekeeping.

HUMOROUS.

Concealing the truth—Lying in ambush.

A [illegible]—"Shut the door."

[illegible] Buffalo Bills now, for [illegible].

The [illegible] with twin boys knows what it is to [illegible].

[illegible] his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.

A pretty [illegible] smilingly asked her [illegible] are so full of [illegible].

[illegible] barrels apples every [illegible] won't take any [illegible].

[illegible] the opera [illegible] "It was splendid, [illegible] the house."

"[illegible]" murmured the unfortunate [illegible] he paid the [illegible].—Boston Bulletin.

[illegible] do with this [illegible] Second [illegible] in the bag. [illegible]

The [illegible] life's path [illegible] surprises [illegible] how it's done, [illegible] advertise.

"[illegible] for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another, as she [illegible] "We're neither sugar nor salt." "No," replied the [illegible]."

A Flaming Fountain.

In the town of Kane, on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, near the Philadelphia & Erie Railway, there are [illegible] springs. Here, [illegible] a well was sunk [illegible] feet into the mountain, which, though failing to strike oil, [illegible] of oil gas enough to light a city. [illegible] was finally abandoned, and the casings cut in boring were pulled out, when the hole rapidly filled with water, which poured in until the [illegible] gas accumulated [illegible] to lift the column of water a third of a mile deep, when it [illegible] out in a voluminous spray [illegible] top of the well.

From that time [illegible] has been going [illegible] from six to [illegible] minutes [illegible] of gas, spray and water [illegible] into the air [illegible] feet high, [illegible] and the [illegible] of flames [illegible] spray produces [illegible] the night. In the winter, [illegible] after [illegible] frozen foam [illegible] a hundred feet [illegible] sunshine, a most [illegible].

A Prompt Application.

Bobby had been a pretty good little boy all day and his father was very much pleased.

"You will find, Bobby," said the old man, "that virtue is its own reward. I mean by that, that every time you do what you ought to [illegible] you will feel good over it. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bobby intelligently, "and now, pa, if you'll give me another piece of pie you'll feel good, too."—New Haven Palladium.

Brought It on Himself.

Mr. [illegible]—No, Miss Jones, they can't deceive me; I am not such a big fool as I look.

Miss Jones (endeavoring to flatter)—No, indeed—I discovered that long ago. —[Judge.