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THE ANSON TIMES.

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CALL AND SEE US.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
If anything can;
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world;
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man:
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And our earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—*Mary Brainard.*

The Deacon's Daughter.

Dora Maxwell was the prettiest girl in Dacre—a village which produced crops of pretty girls, just as naturally as it did big rocks, shaded roads, cool glens, and picturesque and highly dangerous waterfalls.

Everyone liked Dora! The young men, because she was handsome and unaffected; the girls, because she was amiable, and always had the prettiest patterns of any one in the village, and was quite ready to lend them; and the mammas, on account of her substantial charms—such broad meadows, such goodly cattle, such stores of linen made up by the hands of the thrifty Dora, such wealth of massive silver and old-fashioned china as belonged to Deacon Maxwell, and a goodly portion of which must go to his eldest and handsomest daughter, would have made even a squint, red hair, and bad temper endurable in their eyes.

So all the village regarded her as a sort of personal property, and every mother who had a marriageable son watched over her with a vigilance and interest truly surprising, and which ought utterly to confound those who don't believe in the natural goodness and purity of human nature. Spite of which, in her twenty-third year, Dora was Dora Maxwell still—a fact which she didn't take at all to heart, though some of the envious had commenced to whisper, "old maid."

It was the first Sunday in June, a warm, balmy, smiling, fragrant morning, just deepening into noon, as the deacon and his family came home from church. Mrs. Maxwell had on her loose dress and was fanning herself by the window, while Dora and her two sisters, having laid away their hats and parasols, were getting dinner, when their mother exclaimed: "Dear me, if there ain't Eph Schenck comin' up the walk." The girls giggled, and Dora reddened.

Eph Schenck was a lerky, tall, shambling, freckled, red-haired youth, who had a disagreeable way of driving over to church from his father's farm (ten miles distant), and then concluding to take dinner with Deacon Maxwell. She knew just how it would be. He would sit there, in that corner, by the eight-day clock, his chair tipped back, his huge mouth open and his eyes fastened on her in stupid admiration. He would choke himself at dinner, and break out in a perspiration, trying to say something tender in her ear. He would go with them to church, and tumble up the steps; he would tread on her dress and tear it; he would insist on singing out of the same book with her, and to a doleful tune of his own imagining; he would stare at her during the sermon, and wipe his shining forehead, alternately, till he had all the younger portion of the congregation engaged in doing their best not to giggle. He would go back and choke himself again at tea, and after tea father would go out to look at the chickens, and mother and the girls to see about the work, and then who could tell if he wouldn't take it into his stupid head to ask her to be Mrs. Eph Schenck. Down went the cloth from Dora's hand as this last dreadful possibility presented itself to her mind, and away she ran, like a startled deer, across the garden and out of a little back gate into the broad meadow, where in her haste she almost rushed into the arms of James Van Buskirk, the clear-headed son of a good-for-nothing father, who bade fair to retrieve the position which his father had lost, but being only half way up the hill, was only partially maintenanced by all those prudent and worthy people who will nearly shake your hand off when you are safely at the top.

Dora was about to pass him with a dignified bow, but the young man, whose dark eyes were dancing with mischief, stopped her, by gravely inquiring: If she had the dyspepsia, and was running for exercise?

"No, sir, I am in a hurry," tartly answered Dora, who thought that it was none of his business.

"Oh!" indeed, don't let me detain you then," and turning, he coolly walked on beside her.

Dora bit her lip. James Van Buskirk was the smartest, the worthiest, and the most agreeable young man of her acquaintance; but she was a Maxwell. She would not be undeceived until to Mr. Van Buskirk, but of course she could not encourage him; and holding her head at a much loftier angle than usual, she marched on erect, and in silence.

"I think I saw Mr. Schenck drive by a few minutes ago," remarked James, "did I not?"

"It is quite likely, but what of it?"

"Nothing, only it struck me as a little extraordinary, that according to my calculation you must have gone out the back door precisely as he entered the front one."

This was too much for Dora's gravety, and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"You may think it does not concern me," proceeded the young man, with the same imperturbable gravity, "but I am only in pursuit of information. Am I to understand, Miss Maxwell, that when I wish to see you, my best way will be to knock at your father's door, and then take the shortest cut for the meadow?"

Dora could scarcely credit her senses. James Van Buskirk visit her? Wish to see her? In doubt whether to give him a saucy, or a coldly-scornful answer, she looked up; but, in spite of herself, her cheek glowed with blushes, and her eyes fell before the kindling glance that met her own. James smiled to himself.

"You have not answered me," he said, after a short pause.

"I—I don't know what you mean," she stammered. "My father's house is open to all."

The young man shook his head.

"I do not doubt that, but that is not the question. It is you I care for. Will you receive me? Do you say that I may come?"

Dora was silent.

"Speak," he said, impetuously. "I have no fear or shame in asking you to be my wife, heiress though you are. I want nothing that is your father's, nor would I take it; but I swear to you, that if you will only have the courage to acknowledge the love that I know has long been in your heart, I will at no distant day place you in a position far above the one in which you now are."

Dora trembled, for his words awakened echoes in her heart for which she could nowise account; but pride and prejudice is strong—stronger than love, and she only answered:

"Here we are at Mrs. Fleming's. Good morning, Mr. Van Buskirk," and flitted away up the walk before he could stop her.

Summer merged into autumn, autumn gave way to winter, but no greater changes took place around her than were developing themselves in the mental economy of our little Dora. From that memorable Sunday, James had never approached her. She had met him constantly in attendance on other girls, and especially with the squire's daughter—whom, it was whispered, he was about to marry—and he always bowed gravely to her, but no more. How handsome he was! how dull and insignificant other young men seemed beside him. What a good son he was! What a rising young man! With what manliness had he addressed her! Why did he never speak to her now? Such were the thoughts that were continually running in the foolish little girl's head, and that especially tormented her, as she was on her way to the wedding at Farmer Wentworth's. Would she meet him there? It was the first frolic of the season, and her heart throbbed at the idea. She stopped at the door, and looked into the large "keeping room," where was going on a most vigorous handshaking, and how-de-doing.

"How are ye?" said a voice close in her ear. "Feel skeery? I do. Let's go in together, and kinder take the edge off," Eph Schenck's arm was thrust out to her, like a bent pumphandle. "Lots of folks here," pursued Eph. "Knew there would be. Folks allers likes to come here, they give such good feeds. Gracious! there's Jim Van Buskirk. Ain't he fixed up? Look at that air shirt, and them studs! Guess he thinks he's some, now he's goin' to marry the squire's darter." Dora looked up in time to meet the roguish glance of James, who had heard Eph's remarks. "There comes the bride," went on the inexorable. "Nice gal she is. Should a made up to her myself, only I'd made up my mind for some one else. They say she's had nine new dresses made. How would you like to be married, and have so many gowns?" Fortunately the ceremony here intervened, and Eph was obliged to be quiet, but scarcely was it over, when he commenced again. "That's quick done, ain't it now? Nuthin' so dreadful, is it, after all? Come on. Everyone's goin' up to kiss and shake hands, and then they'll go in for supper."

Dora looked around her in desperation. There was a small door open behind her, which led, as she well knew, into the kitchen and without stopping to reflect, she darted through it and began to run toward home as fast as the faster that she fancied she heard Eph behind her, till in her haste she stumbled over the root of a tree, and fell to the ground, spraining her ankle severely.

"How could you be so imprudent, and what made you run so?" said James' voice, the moment after, as he stood by her side. "Did you think I would let you go home so? Are you hurt?"

"I don't know," answered Dora, faintly. He stooped and tried to raise her. She groaned and shrank back. "I'm afraid that I can't stand."

"Then I will carry you," he said promptly.

"But I am so heavy, and it is so far."

"I wish it was twice the distance," he whispered. Dora made no reply, but her head rested quite confidentially on his shoulder, and her little hand lay against his cheek. He carried her in silence, till she could see the lights of the deacon's house. "Now, Dora, speak," he burst out. "You have had a long time to reflect. Quick, Dora, for this is the last time I shall ask you."

It was the faintest of all possible whispers that answered him; but if James' face, when he reached the light, was any index of his feelings, it must have been a satisfactory one.

There was a wedding shortly after. All the mammas with marriageable sons shook their heads, and the deacon and Mrs. Maxwell groaned whenever it was referred to, and said they'd done their best, but Dora was a headstrong girl, and the will of Providence must be done.

There was none of the "linen, and china, and plate" went into the cottage that James fitted up for his bride, and all the broad lands and fine cattle remained to the dowry of the other two girls. There were few visitors, either, at the cottage, and of these very few who ever failed to lament, in a roundabout way, over "Dora's dreadful mistake," as her family called it; but James only laughed, while his wife obstinately persisted in growing handsomer and merrier every day, and the last I heard of them he had fulfilled the promise he made her on that June morning, and the deacon was speaking with exceeding respect and pride of his son-in-law, Senator Van Buskirk.

The Grand Canal of China.

A part of the Grand canal of China, that connecting the Hoang-ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang rivers, was made as early as the seventh century. Subsequently, the highway was extended up to Chinkiang, and the great Emperor Kublai Khan, in the thirteenth century, had the work carried from Peking to the Yellow river and the connections made with rivers and lakes, completing the great "Transit River," as the Chinese call it, as it is now known. This canal extends from Peking in a southeasterly direction, forming with the rivers which it connects a broad waterway from Peking to Hangchow, a distance of 650 miles. Part of it has been for some time disused, as the inflow from the Yellow river has become, by deposit from this turbid stream, completely choked up. Before this occurred there was, by aid of several smaller canals and the numerous rivers that traverse the great plains of China, an uninterrupted water communication from Peking to Canton, over 1,100 miles. The Grand canal traverses the flat country southward from Peking to the northern branch of the Pei-ho river. This branch forms the channel to Tientsin, and thence to Lintsing, 300 miles, it follows the southern branch of the Pei-ho. From Lintsing to Tsining it is an artificial waterway; thence to the Yang-tse-Kiang it follows the lake system, and from this river to Hang-Chow is again an artificial excavation. The oldest portion of the canal, that between the two great rivers, is about ninety miles in length, and for the greater part of this distance it is carried upon a raised work of earth, in many places twenty feet and more above the surrounding country, the stream being confined between walls of stone. The sheet of water there is about two hundred feet wide, and has a current of nearly three miles an hour. Several large cities lie along the sides of the canal there, whose safety, as they are below the level of the waterway, depends wholly on the care taken of its banks. South of this its level descends until it is several feet below the country on its sides. Through its whole extent the Grand canal was connected by smaller ways with every lake or stream that could possibly be led into it. S. Wells Williams, in his very complete work on China, entitled, "The Middle Kingdom," says of this construction: "As a work of art, compared with canals now existing in Western countries, the Transit river does not rank high; but even at this day there is no work of the kind in Asia to compare with it, and there was none in the world equal to it when first put into operation. It passes through alluvial soil in every part of its course, and the chief labor was expended in constructing embankments, and not in digging a deep channel. The junction of the Yun-ho about lat. 33 N. was probably taken as the summit level. From this point northward the trench was dug through Lintsing to join the Yu-ho, and embankments thrown up from the same place southward to the Yellow river, the whole being a line of 200 miles. In some places the bed is cut down thirty, forty, and even seventy feet, but it encountered no material obstacle. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of rude construction, and thick planks sliding in grooves hewn in stone buttresses form the only locks. Still the objects intended are all fully gained, and the simplicity of the means certainly does not derogate from the merit and execution of the plan."—*Inter-Ocean.*

A Grave Matter.

"I wonder that those people who used to go to church in winter without having any fires there didn't die," remarked Mrs. Liffly the other day.

"They did, my dear," serenely returned the husband from behind his paper.

"Oh yes," said she, somewhat nettled, "of course; but I mean that it is strange they didn't die before their appointed time."

"People never do," replied the severe Lilly.

Mrs. Liffly looked very dignified, but ventured no further comments.

The habit of prompt and unquestionable obedience to whatever appeals to us as duty, puts us in the very best condition of learning more and higher truths.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Rigid Court Etiquette.

Apropos of the retirement of the Austrian minister of public instruction, Baron Conrad, a Vienna paper relates the following episode, which shows how rigidly court etiquette is observed in Vienna: One evening, at a so-called "aristocratic picnic" at the Hotel Imperial, one of his daughters, who was dancing with the Archduke Ludwig Victor, pinned one of the cotillion orders on her partner's coat. Such a thing is strictly forbidden by etiquette, and the duke promptly tore off the order and threw it on the floor.

The young baroness being ignorant of this rule, went to her mother, weeping, and left the hall; and next day Baron Conrad had an audience with the emperor, begging to retire to private life on account of the insult to his family. But the emperor smiled, and told him he would "make it all right," and the following day Ludwig Victor called on Baroness Conrad and apologized for his apparent rudeness in the most chivalrous manner.

Origin of Bangs.

I wonder how many of my lady readers know the origin of the bang. I give it below: it is another strong argument in favor of evolution.

Exactly when the bang came into Europe is a matter of doubt, some placing its advent in the latter days of the Roman empire, while others insist that it was brought from the east by the crusaders; but whenever it came, it found that the front hair of the European ladies was as intractable as their temper, and so the hairdressers, being unable either to curl or to frizzle, the saucer-bang, stiff, straight, soaped and plastered down as hideous as a nightmare, was finally evolved. This being settled, there remains only the concluding inquiry, whence came the first bang? The most formidable of the animal kingdom is the much-dreaded gorilla. This beast, among other attractions, carries a head of short, bristly hair, and one of the animal's preparations for battle is to pass the paw rapidly down the crown of the head to the eyes, thus bringing the front hair straight out and giving an aspect of ferocity that never fails to inspire the utmost terror. So well understood is this gesture that among the gorilla's fellow-countrymen it is the signal for an instantaneous and headlong scamper from the spot, and as the female gorilla in defence of her young is even worse than the male, certain African dialects have an expression, "a female gorilla with her front hair down," to indicate the extremity of ferocious bearing.

In time it came to pass that when African ladies were abused by their husbands they adopted the same gesture, and, so far as the hair was concerned, with the same result. Then certain wives, to indicate their readiness for the battle at all seasons, took to wearing their hair drawn over their foreheads, and the fashion rapidly spread to young ladies, who wore their hair in this style as insinuating their resolve never to submit to matrimonial tyranny. The idea spread and the bang flourishes alike in African deserts, on the banks of the Ganges, of the Thames and the Mississippi. Thus does scientific research shed light on social topics, and even the monstrosities of female costume are shown to have their origin in intelligent action; for nothing is more reasonable than that as one animal taught man how to build his house and another how to catch his dinner, his wife from a third should learn how to dress her hair.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Fashion Notes.

The pointed waistcoat front is the marked feature in young girls' frocks.

Plain cloth, diagonal and serge for tailor-made dresses are of light weight.

Plaid buttons of ivory and of mohair come among other novelties in big buttons.

A feature of the new parasols are crook sticks of natural wood, with ribbon trimmings.

Elbow and three-quarter sleeves are made, as well for street as house dresses.

French styles and combinations are very quiet, and the English styles are full of color.

Chenille fringes for mantles have wooden spindles tipped with beads on the strands.

The brocades for spring show small designs rather than the large figures of the present season.

The Paris fashion of having a parasol for every costume will prevail in New York this season.

Little girls' frocks have regular waists No belt, but a sash from under the arms to tie in the back.

Sateens, seersuckers and ginghams so closely resemble silk and wool that their cotton origin is only revealed to the touch.

Spring jackets of fine striped or checked cheviot are trimmed with cord ornaments, the cuffs being of moire antique or velvet.

Some of the Parisian models of silk and lace dresses show a revival of the fashion of years ago of covering the full skirt with flounces.

Since the popularity of red-wool street jackets has become so univeasal, redingotes, bonnets and hats have been introduced to wear en suite.

Black and white are used in combination for evening wear in diaphanous costumes. White tulle is trimmed with black velvet ribbon bows.

Ladies' cloth bodies of brown, blue, gray and red are worn with skirts of figured plain or striped material and are trimmed hussar fashion with cord.

Hunting for Grouse.

"Occasionally a mighty Nimrod from the city comes out to hunt game in my neighborhood," said a Greenfield farmer yesterday. "A few days ago I saw a swell of a chap edging up through my sugar bush to the wheat field. He had on long-legged boots, and was toggled and belted and strapped out in regular hunting fashion. He looked just too purty for anything. He carried a darling of a gun, and he went dodging around as if he expected to start up a Bengal tiger from behind every stump. I took a short cut to the barn and turned the old peacock loose. The old bird understood what was wanted of him. He pulled down his eye at me and started for the back lots. I followed down along the fence, and pretty soon I saw the swell-hunter break cover from the woods. He was after quail, and he soon sighted the peacock. The bird had his tail fanned out and his head up, and could be seen half a mile away. Nimrod got his gun off his shoulder and began to creep up, and by and by he blazed away. I saw the whole charge of shot tear into the ground yards away from the old bird, but he knew his business. Down he fell, wings and legs flopping, and pretty soon he expired. The young man with the darling of a gun reached him about the same time I did.

"'Beautiful shot,' says he.

"'I reckon,' says I, 'but what are you hunting?'

"'Grouse,' says he, 'and this is the finest one I ever saw.'

"'Grouse, you numbskull, but you have killed my peacock!'

"'Well, the usual results followed. His chin began to quiver, the cold sweat started out and he wanted to know how much I would take to let him off. I sent him to the house to see the old woman. She has got a way of wiping her eyes and choking her voice over the death of that peacock which always brings in $5 extra. She let this young swell off for $10, which is the usual price, and as he started down the highway for Detroit the old bird got up and marched back to the barn with a chuckle that set every hen to laughing. That's five times we've played it on the swell Nimrods within six months, and I expect more fun this summer than a horse can draw."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Scared.

"I have had plenty of experiences calculated to try a man's nerve," said a friend of mine yesterday. "I have sought the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,' I led a relief party into a caved-in coal mine, I stayed in New Orleans all during the yellow fever epidemic, but I never was so scared in all my life, never felt so great a responsibility, as on one day in a quiet country street without another human being in sight. It was this way: A friend of mine who lived there owned a $22,000 trotter, and he was taking him out with only a halter on. He forgot something and gave me the halter while he ran back. He did not return at once, and a sudden start given to the horse by a piece of paper blowing across the street made me realize my position. I had at the other end of a slender strap $22,000 worth of horseflesh belonging to another man. At any moment a sudden noise might cause the animal to break away from me and dash himself to death against the fences or in a ditch. Even the discovery of my presence might have that effect. I scarcely breathed, and the perspiration broke in cold streams all over me. I could not take my eyes off the beast; I was fascinated by its face. Every time it lifted a foot or moved a muscle an involuntary shudder ran through my frame. My friend was only gone a minute or two, but it seemed an age. When he returned I fairly forced the halter into his hand. 'Why, old fellow,' said he, 'you're as pale as a ghost.'"—*Chicago News.*

Inoculation Against Yellow Fever.

One of the very latest theories of inoculation to prevent disease is the alleged discovery of a well known physician of Mexico—Dr. Carmona—of the cause or causes of yellow fever and his peculiar preventive to protect a person against this dread disease. Eminent American and European physicians have for many years been investigating this important matter, with the view of discovering some way or some plan whereby the mortality in certain parts of the world from yellow fever might be lessened. This Mexican physician claims that he has discovered the cause of this disease to be a microscopic fungus, and he asserts that by inoculating this fungus in the blood persons can be protected from yellow fever in the same way as vaccination is a security against smallpox. Whether his plan is feasible and will accomplish the greatly desired results time and careful investigation will alone determine.—*Panama Star and Herald.*

Matricide.

A French investigator of criminal statistics proves that there are 2,680 infanticides, 100 suicides, and forty-five patricides to one matricide A man will kill his children by the dozen and attempt his own life a hundred times before he will lift a hand against his mother. At least the Caucasian man of the nineteenth century. Among the Botocudos Indians of the Orinoco, where suicide is almost unknown, a stout young man will think it a shame to let his old mother become a burden to the tribe if he can find a club to dispatch her at the first symptom of dotage.—*Felix L. Oswald.*

The man who doesn't know all about running a paper would be a great curiosity.—*Pacific Jester.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Artificial sponge made of cotton, rendered absorbent, and treated with antiseptics, has been invented in England. A piece of the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it reached the size of a cocoanut. It is so cheap that it need be used but once.

Naturalists now count 1870 different kinds of fishes in North American waters, of which 590 live in rivers and lakes and 550 kinds belong to the Pacific. Of the remainder 105 dwell only in the deep waters of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, never approaching the shore or the surface.

Attention has been called to the fact that the streams in certain cultivated portions of Northern Texas now run during the part of the year when they were formerly dry. This is not attributed to any change in the rainfall, but to a more even absorption of water over the cultivated areas.

A London paper asserts that the highest velocity yet imparted to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second, equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; thus if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

The adaptations with which plants are provided for making the most of the water that comes to them in the form of rain or dew are thus classified by Lundstrom, who has made them a subject of special investigation: Depressions, in the form of leaf-cups or of grooves in the epidermis; hair formations, in tufts or borders; hydroscopic membranes, as spots or stripes on the epidermis; and anatomical adaptations, such as water-absorbing textures and swelling glands. None of these features are found in the submerged parts of plants.

After a study of nearly 12,000 cases, Dr. Hermaun Brehmer, an able German physician, rejects the theory of the contagiousness of pulmonary consumption. He finds the disease to be due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, which may result from various antecedent causes, such as inherited defects of constitution, and vital organs impaired by disease, injury or mode of living. He believes that the operation of all the causes may produce such changes that it may be possible years, even decades, in advance to predict with great probability which members of a given family will be afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and which will remain healthy.

Says Mr. Grant Allen: "It is the brain as a whole that thinks, and feels, and desires and imagines, just as it is the body as a whole that walks, and digs, and dances. To locate, say the faculty of language in a particular convolution of a particular hemisphere is almost as absurd, it seems to me, as to locate, say, the faculty of writing in the last joint of the right forefinger. Convolution and forefinger may be absolutely essential or indispensible for the proper performance of speech or writing; but to say, that is, not to say that the function in question is there localized. The brain as a whole is the organ of mind, but there is no organ for the the word Canonbury or for the proper perception of a Mrs. Pollock geranium."

A Persian Dinner.

An official in high rank, residing in Persia, writing to a New York paper, says: Last night I went to a Persian dinner, served in the true Persian style—no chairs or tables, quantities of sweetmeats before dinner, and a general absence of knives and forks. Pilau formed the mainstay of the feast, with mutton kibobs dripping with grease between the slabs of the flat, doughy Persian bread. The entertainment was varied by music on several species of mandolins and tambourines, not bad in its way, and Persian singing, resembling nothing so much as the screeching of a cat being slowly and surely strangled to death.

There was also dancing by very young children. Among the dances was that of the Indian Nautch girls, an Afghan dance, very spirited and effective, during which the tiny dancers discharged toy pistols in the faces of the guests, and the Cabuli or dance of Cabul, the prettiest of all, danced with a number of fans arranged on the heads, the waists and the belts of the dancers producing a very pretty effect. Dancing it can scarcely be called—the word has not that meaning in Persian—ragsiden is to perform a series of graceful and expressive movements, accompanied by an appropriate play of feature. It is sensuous pantomine. An unfortunate European, who had a nervous twitch of the facial muscles, was known here by the Persians as "Requas," the dancer.

The almost incredible story is told of a Western farmer that, some years ago, hearing burglars breaking into his house, and being out of buckshot, he hurriedly loaded his gun with a box of pills, which were compounded, however, of a soft material, and merely smeared the burglars somewhat, as warmed cobbler's wax might have done, when the weapon was discharged; and that the other day, again hearing burglars and being out of buckshot, and bearing his former failure in mind, he loaded up with pills which were sugar-coated, and shot one burglar dead and seriously wounded another.

FUN.

A vessel is called she because you see her bow before meeting her.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Tramp—"I say, boss! what time is it by your watch?" Stranger—"About time to look out for it."

Not many women are blacksmiths, but all of them will undertake to shoo a hen when occasion seems to demand it.

Coal dealers have things their own weigh. You may dispute their weigh; but you get no more coal by it.—*Picayune.*

The average plug hat only weighs a few ounces, and yet the effect it has on some men is to make them feel as though they weighed a ton.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Nothing recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.—*Texas Siftings.*

Small boy (studying natural history)—"Ma, what makes cats roam around nights?" Mother—"You must ask pa. He has probably made a study of their habits."

"I see the scoundrel in your face," exclaimed the judge to the prisoner. "I reckon, jedge," was the response, "that that ere's a personal reflection, ain't it?"—*Rambler.*

The poet has gone through the skylight so free,
An' the man with the essay on money
Has gone up the auriferous stairs, tiralee!
Beware of the editor, sonny!
—*Washington Hatchet.*

The boarder who was agreeably surprised to find his steak infinitely more tender than usual, met with another surprise not so agreeable when he found that his new kangaroo shoes were gone.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Dr. William A. Hammond continues his study on baldness. He claims the Indians have plenty of hair because they do not wear silk hats. He seems to forget that the gentle savages make a business of raising hair.—*Cleveland Sun.*

'Let me read you my poem," he said, as he entered the sanctum.
Fall and erect he was with the flush of health on his features,
Strong in the vigor of youth, in the pride and the glory of manhood.

Shattered and bruised he was as they bore him out of the sanctum
With his coat torn half up his back and his beaver busted forever,
And his health destroyed for all time and his grace and his beauty departed—
Thus the barbarous editor kills the heaven-sent bards of the nation.
—*Lynn Union.*

A Reporter With Nerve.

Each newspaper in New York, of course, had a big force on the Grant funeral. Well, it took so many men that some of comparatively little experience had to be given pretty important assignments. Among these was a young man on the *World*, who has been in the newspaper business about a month altogether. He was told to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the morning and never lose sight of the Grant family till night. Up he went bright and early and stayed till the procession was about to start. Then he was in a quandary. He never could keep the Grants in sight if he went on foot through the multitude. Besides it was about six miles to the park. A happy idea struck him. Along Twenty-third street was a long row of carriages to be used by the Grants and prominent people who were stopping at the hotel. So very quietly this young but enterprising journalist threw away his cigar, straightened his hat and walked out. He stood a moment on the steps and then motioned to the driver of the best looking carriage. John drove up quickly and the reporter got in.

"What number are you?" he asked.

The driver told him.

"Yes, yes, that's right. Now do you know where you come in?"

The driver did not.

"Well, you follow the Grant carriage, that stands by the door now."

The driver supposed it was all right naturally, and as soon as the procession started he pulled in behind Col. Fred, Mrs. Sartoris and others. And that fellow rode in state and alone all the way to Riverside Park. Talk about nerve!—*Troy Press.*

Enjoying the Perfume of Flowers.

"Never touch a flower with your nose when you inhale its perfume," said a gentlewoman the other day in my hearing to her little daughter. This lesson in the proprieties is one which all mothers might well impress upon their children. Among the ruling classes in China, I am told, it is considered a gross breach of etiquette to bury the nose in the buds and blossoms of a bouquet. Surely, from an æsthetic point of view, any such practice is to be reprobated. Who has not smiled at the appearance of those ardent lovers of the "stars of earth" who, for example, thrust their nasal organs deep down among the perfume-laden lilies, and after many long-drawn inhalations raise their face all golden with the pollen of the desecrated bloom. To treat in this way flowers that are intended for another seems almost a sacrilege. To say nothing of the injury done to the petals by such an invasion, there is something distasteful to sensitive persons in having their bouquets brought into such close contact with the "human face," no matter how "divine" it may be. The enjoyment of the perfume of flowers is keener and more refined when the fragrance is inhaled without touching the blossom.—*Courier-Journal.*