

MY VOW.

When I get rich, I'll give the red for good And give my own at home as each man should.

STABLES OF THE WEALTHY.

Every Convenience and Comfort for the Horse. A glimpse into the interior of one of the many handsome buildings in New York set apart for lodging and feeding horses would delight all lovers of the intelligent equine.

BUTTONS ON BUSHES.

A Nut Furnishes This Useful Article of Wearing Apparel. No, the ivory buttons you wear do not represent the death of an elephant in the wilds of Africa; your pearl buttons were probably never nearer than you took them to the shell of a bivalve mollusk.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "CHRISTIANITY'S BROADMINDEDNESS." The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Brewster contrasts the Church with the narrow-gauge Avenue Man—One of the Bibles of the Revolution—One in a Dozen.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Northerners Too Distant to Know Negro Problem. GREENLEAF IS OVERRULED. For Illustration Bartow Man Tells Good Story About an Irish Justice of the Peace—That Suggests of Slavery Again.

THE MITIGATION OF MISS NERVY.

How Miss Nervy Turned the Tables on Her Cow-Boy Lover, First Snubbing Him, and then Falling in Love with Him. BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN.

THE MITIGATION OF MISS NERVY.

It was mid-day at Waxhaw. The narrow street in front of the postoffice was full, and the hitching-post each tethered its saddled horse. There were high-heeled boots with jingling spurs, reckless-looking sombreros, cartridge-belts and full holsters, as well as leather and befringed leggings, but the crowd about the grey and weather-beaten cottonwood building was a decorous one.

Even those who came and went through the swing doors of the Cow-boys Rest down street did so in a subdued way. Had a stranger, expecting vociferation and reckless shooting, questioned the state of affairs, Limber Jack, the erstwhile Best Man of Waxhaw, would have explained.

"Don't talk too loud, or Miss Nervy'll get after ye. She don't like a racket when she's sortin' the mail." The men lounged and talked, exchanging tobacco, the news of the range and frequent libations. Suddenly the postoffice door opened, and there was a hush. An erect, well-built woman of about thirty-five stood there. The sun caught the ripples of her red hair, turning them to copper; her mouth was set in a grim line as she looked sternly across the crowd.

"You Samuel Smith!" Her voice drifted commandingly even into the interior of the Cow-boys Rest. "Your horse is kicking the wall against the door. One usually takes the horse over. If you don't take more care, you can not hitch here at all." A dozen men sprang with alacrity in answer to her complaint, and as many more reproved the owner of the offending animal, who was smiling Sam to all but Miss Nervy, and who meekly led the pony away.

Her father, early widowed, had taken himself and his young goddess to the plains of the setting sun, where in the heart of the great grazing country he established a small store at a trading point on one of the great stage-lines. He died while his daughter was yet young, the general opinion upon his taking of being epitomized by Sid Merritt's remark, "How glad the old man must be to be good 'n' dead."

"Blamed if she don't try to reglapple every livin' one o' us," Limber Jack would complain. "Jaws us if we don't change our shirts, or of we run our horses or take a hand at a quiet little game. Always two kinds o' things is wrong—them we do, an' them we don't do—so anyway she's sure to skin us."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The highest speed which matter has been known to reach is that attained by the eruption of hydrogen and other gases from the sun, which is estimated several hundred miles a second.

That "magic wand" which locates suitable places for wells has turned up again. This time it is in Germany that the little hazel twig is being used with success and much discussed.

A Spider's Expedition. Last summer a large spider had its web in the top of a decaying peach tree with no few leaves that it was in position to catch its prey. One day while watching some birds with my glass, she seemed to be climbing from the top of the tree on nothing to a telephone wire some 15 feet away and somewhat higher than her web.

The farmers of India, when fuel is scarce, cook an egg without fire. The egg is placed in a sling and whirled around for about five minutes, until the heat generated by the motion has cooked it.

A woman in Paris is said to be the largest specimen of her sex in the world. Being unable to enter the door of a railway carriage, she takes her train journeys in the luggage van. An infant in Missouri is said to be the smallest human stomach, weighing only a pound.

A Curious Find. An Iowa woman who was cleaning some one's dry accidentally knocked out a brick and mortar from the side of a little wood room. In doing so she came upon a curious human skull, and a delicate odor. She told her sons, and two of them climbed up 50 feet outside of the house and removed some of the weatherboards to investigate. They were much surprised to find that nearly the whole side of the house had been filled in by bees with honey.

From whatever standpoint it is viewed the religion of Jesus Christ is characterized by its broadmindedness. It is to-day the only world religion, and the church looks forward to the time when all the people of all the nations will become Christians. An examination of the theories of the church of the apostles, without disposition to the theories of the world, both as to ideas and life. In contrast with the theories of the world, stand alone from Christ, how broad and strong is the platform of Christian belief.

God has a place for each one of us and a work for each one of us. God does not expect us to do more than our own part, or to do more than our own work. Each one of us is important in his or her own place. The offerings of the wealthy to God are not the offerings of the poor. The poor widow, who had only two mites, should not have felt that her gift was unimportant. It seemed as if Jesus sat watching and waiting for that little offering. The story of her doing her part has been told the world over in the centuries since then, as a lesson, and as an example. It is a story that we should all have read, and that we should all have read.

Slavery Was Humane. We are tired of all this nonsense about slavery. It was no blot. It was nature. There are a heap of people now in the south who look upon slavery like it was Achan's wedge of gold and perished under the condemnation of God. They are not a bit wiser to-day than they were yesterday. Therefore, we require more ability to stand by the position which one maintained yesterday. Have you the power to grow?

BIRDS PLANT TREES. An old-time Arizona wood chopper says the blue jays have planted thousands of the trees now growing in Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pine trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through a pine grove, when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened the chopper man was skeptical; but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a round pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. This it will be seen that nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.

Wireless Telegraphy in Forests. M. Mathe, a French inventor, has made some experiments with wireless telegraphy in the forests of St. Germain. The transmitter was placed on the top of a house, but connected to the ground in the manner of a lightning rod. A thousand yards distant two iron poles 30 feet apart were connected together by wire, and had a telephone receiver in circuit. Sounds from the transmitter were plainly heard in it. Receivers of the line at transmission do not catch the message.

A British parliamentary paper shows that as usual, nearly 20,000 more boys than girls were born in the British Isles last year. Whence, then, the "superfluous women"? The boys die, during the first weeks and months of life, at a far greater rate than the supposed "weaker vessels." It is a few months that have sunk in an equality and soon women take the lead, usually, and keep it, numerically. The reason is not unaccounted for by the larger size of the baby boys' heads, for while the father pays the penalty, the mother pays the expense. The women who made slavery all the world over, and who made it a crime, and when it comes to be that I have

reckon it run out of the hat of it. History makes of two races living together, unless one was in a state of apoplexy upon the other. Our modern philanthropists are deceiving the negro when they flatter him with a capacity equal to the whites in fitness to invent or to govern, or to rise to the heroic or the sublime. I reckon if one of our millionaires was to die and leave his money for the education of poor white children, it would be a violation of some of the constitutional amendments. We want to help the negro, but we want him to help himself first. He has got to work out his own advancement by industry and by saving what he makes before education will do him any good. Dr. Mayo, of Boston, was the superintendent of education in that state, and he said: "The negroes must be told that no people in any land was ever so marvellously led by Providence as they have been for 250 years. Indeed all of the good there was in slavery was for them. It was that severe school of regular work, and that drill in the primal virtues which every race must get at the start and their slavery was a charity school, compared with the European nations came up to their present civilized life. If the southern freedmen now lie down in a stolid indifference to their future they will deserve all that their most contemptuous critics say of them."

This is sensible talk. There is no foul blot in that view of slavery and it is good talk to the negro. What the bad negro wants is less chiding and more whipping, and the bad white man should be punished the same way.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Leves Old Darkies. I love them old darkies, not as my equals, but as I love my children. I love them because they are old and dependent upon me. The relation between the white and black race is a relation of dependence upon the other, and when it comes to be that I have

Some fifty years ago there was a dogmatic old squire in the seventeenth district of this, Cass county, whose name was Jim McCallin. He had plenty of what is called good horse sense, a determined will and abundance of prejudice. He won the J. P. machine in that district for about twenty years, and his final judgment in a case was the law of the settlement. Nobody dared to appeal or carry the case up for fear of offending him and losing the next case they had in his court.

One time a fellow, sued another fellow for the hire of a negro, Judge Parrott was on one side, and Colonel Abda Johnson on the other, and when the judge started to read his law from Greenleaf on "Evidence," Colonel Johnson stopped him and made the point that Mr. Greenleaf was a very smart man and had writ a power of good law, but that he was a yankee and lived in Boston and knew no more about hiring negroes than a heathen knows about Sunday. The old squire asked for the book and looked at the title.

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