Too Late.

If this love that is gilding life's summer Had come in life's spring How my soul would have met the new comer.

With garment and ring ; With sacrifice offered in gladness, With hope for the beautiful years-Alas! from the depth of my sadness.

I greet it with tears. Too late do we stand at the altar! Too late you rejoice!

Too late do you tremble and falter At the sound of my voice! The hand that you hold has grown thinner,

The heart has known anguish and fears; I am yours, O victorious winner! I salute von with tears! You say that love's golden September

Is faithful and strong: You marvel that I should remember Love's May-time of wrong!

The sorrow for you is all over; My heart is prophetic in fears, And so for your kiss as my lover, I offer my tears!

What! give to the cheek in its whiteness, Praise lost to its bloom? What! turn from the eyes in their brightness. And worship their gloom?

The rose in its freshness and beauty, You crushed in your earlier years ; Will you cherish it, faded, from duty? I answer with tears.

OUT OF W. RK.

"It's no use, Maria, I have tried everywhere."

"But you are not going to give it up, Peter ?"

"Give up! How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every book bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?" What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do." "Yes. I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends, and offered to help them if

they would hire me." "And what did you mean to do for them?" "I offered either to post their ac-

counts, make out bills, or attend to the counter. Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked. "To think that you should have imagined that you would find work in such a place. But how is Mark Leeds?" "He is worse off than I am."

" How so?" "He has nothing in his house to

A shudder crept over his wife's frame "Why do you tremble, wife?"

"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing.

"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean

" I do." "But our flour ?"

"All gone. I baked the last this

afternoon. "But we have pork?"

"You ate the last this noon." "Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room. Peter Stanwood was a book binder by trade, and had now been out of employment about a month. He was one of those who generally calculated to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse, even when work was plenty, but now-there was nothing.

"Maria," said he, stopping and azing his wife in the face, "we must gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world.

"But do not despair Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest is honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not

"But our house rent?" "Trust to me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find something to do, I will see that we have house room. "I'll make one more trial," muttered

Peter, despairingly. "But you must go prepared to do

anything."
"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"What do you call reasonable?" "Why-anything decent."

She felt inclined to smile, but the cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure he would find no work. She knew that he would look for some kind of work, which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice ex-pressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and so she let the matter

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put on the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless, and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and letting the future take care of itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house, he said, "something

must be done."

No sooner had her husband gone, than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her oldest child was a gir eleven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children and what do you suppose he offered until noon. These children were known | me?" to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. dinner for her children, and then she

'Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, with the offer.'

made out to get a dinner with an old chum, but could not find work." "And where have you looked to-

"O-everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same story in every place.-It's nothing but one eternal no-no-no! I'm sick and tired of it.

"What have you offered to do?" "Why, I even went so far as to tend liquor store down town." The wife smiled.

"Now what shall we do?" uttered Peter spasmodically.
"Why, we will eat our supper first,

and talk the matter over.' "Supper! Have you got any?" "Yes-plenty of it."
"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to day, and "You been after work?" u

husband in surprise. "But how-where-what?" "Why, first I went to Mrs, S knew her girl was sick and I

might have work to be don to her and told her my story set me at work at once doing ing. She gave me food to br to my children, and paid me tl lings when I got through.' "What—you been washing) butcher's wife?" said Peter.

very much surprised. "Of course I have, and have earned enough to keep us in food yet they lie still because through to-morrow, at any rate; so tomorrow you may come home to din-

"But how about the rent?"

"O. I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on arrearages up to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting up work.

"So he's got your gold watch?" "No-he wouldn't take it, He said if I would become responsible for the rent, he would let it rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? What a curse these hard times

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us ed to keep us alive.'
Ah—what is that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses." "What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind that he said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon the idlers that lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I'm to be there in good season in the morning.

"Well this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing.

"And why not?"

"Because-because-" "Say because it will lower me in the social scale. " Well, so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still starve, toc, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I must. night, had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends, and engaged in them. At such a time as this, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the inde-

oner go do it myself."

convictions of right.

"If you will go," said the wife with a

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife had thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his

new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to a Mrs. Smith's and the other to a Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier matter was too serious for that, and a ne had carned ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he met greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier now than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a fancies. dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given them. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who had been discharged with himself. Leeds looked

careworn and rusty. "How goes it?" asked Peter.
"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My
family are balf starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?" " Nothing. "Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the bindery to-day,

"What was it?" "Why, he offered to let me do his hand-carting! He has just turned off She returned at noon bringing some his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! went away again. She came home in I had a great mind to pitch him into

the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm. the hand cart, and run him to the—"
"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place I should have taken up

Mark mentioned the name of the same "Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I individual again,

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy

or a whole week. Mark was incredulous, but his companion convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away rom home to find some sort of excite-

ment in which to drown his misery. One day Peter had a basket of pro visions to carry to Mr. W-, his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, and just as he was entering

the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W. coming out. "Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"What are you up to now?" "I'm a butcher's boy, sir."

of my count ning for

work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job of doing my hand-carting. I told him that I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose, and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morring, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand

with a joyous, grat blessed him fervently. joyous, grateful grip, and

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things; first, what a noble wife he had; and second how much resource for good he held

within his own energies.
Our simple picture has two points to ts moral. One is-no man can be owered by any kind of honest labor. The second-while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

Maxims of Cardinal De Retz.

Some of the most celebrated aphor-Some of the most celebrated aphor-isms ever given to the world are those of being totally submerged, as it is conwork." But his maxims have their time act as a precipitant for whatever value, as the reflections which a great or whether both plans might not be and able man formed from long experi- combined. ence and practice in great business. and starve, and see one's children This was Lord Chesterfield's opinion, and he adds, "They are true conclu-We sions, drawn from facts, not from specushould have been without bread to- lation." We subjoin a few of them: Weak men never yield at the proper

There are no small steps in great affairs.

I am persuaded that greater qualities are required to form a good party leader than to form an emperor of the universe; and that in the order of the qualities which composes him, resolupendence to be governed by my own ion should walk hand in hand with judgment—I mean heroic judgment, the principal use of which is to dis-"But my wife, only think—you car-the principal use of which is to dis-rying out butcher's stuff. Why, I would tinguish the extraordinary from the impossible.

Upon men of small understanding smile, "I will stay at home and take nothing makes so deep an impression care of the children." as what they do not understand. When fear rises to a certain height it

produces the same effects as temerity Fear never applies the proper remedy. We should never play with favor; we real, nor fly too far from it when it is

A man who distrusts himself never truly confides in any one. Men never believe others can do what

they cannot do themselves. The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are worked all day, and when it came night far vaster than those of the most vio-

lent passions. I have remarked that ill-founded enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offenses of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil

To common-place people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed.

A Grand Cathedral. of a building in my life-solid silver are furnished as certainly as the coffin, porting golden candle-sticks, surround recess was an altar, at some of which, beside the filthy Indian saying mass, seen. and each alike dropped their fee-much or little as the case might be-into the golden box which the priest held out. like a good girl you would forgive her, Paintings on the walls, gold trappings wouldn't you?" Yes, marm," she rearound the sacred alcoves, and burn-plied, "if I couldn't catch her." ished gold and silver in great masses behind the principal altar make the interior one scene of splendor."

"Grange" is a French word, and

THE GREAT COLORADO DESERT.

How it May be Reclaimed or Converted into a Great Chain of Lakes.

Senator Jones of Nevada has received full reports of the results of a scientific exploration made at the expense of himself and a private citizen of California last summer for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of reclaiming or submerging the Great Colorado Desert by turning into it the water of the Colorado or the Gulf of California. The report of Mr. J. E. James, the engineer of the expedition, and elaborate commentary upon it by Mr. R. E. Stretch, an eminent civil engineer of San Francisco, furnish the following very interesting information, much of which is entirely new:

The exploration shows that the greatest portion of the Colorado Desert and the Mojave Valley and Death Valley, which lie north of it, are from forty to one hundred feet below the level of the sea, and that this great desert, stretching from Lower California to Inyo county, in the State of California, and from the base of the Coast Range Mountains to the Colorado river, comprising an area about 300 miles long by 150 wide, may be converted into a chain of lakes or irrigated by the method above mentioned; and also that a large portion of this "desert" really consists of extremely fertile soil, being a deep alluvium susceptible of the highest cultivation. It is further shown that the prevalence of what are known as "sandtorms," and hot desiccating winds and the deficient rain fall—the evils suffered -are directly traceable to the existence of this desert from which, as from a great furnace, there constantly rises in in a crouching attitude that they could the summer time a vast column of heat- not move them. ed air without appreciable humidity.

Thus the moisture of the rain-bearerly during the summer months from superheated region, and prevented from reaching the dry but fertile plains of California beyond. The shells found on the surface of this desert prove that it has been at one time the bed of a sea, and at a subsequent period the bed. She is so weak from lying that she sea, and at a subsequent period the bed of a fresh water lake. The shore lines of both sea and lake can still be seen and recognized in many places; and terrible sufferings were witnessed is ten Mr. Stretch expresses the opinion that the Aztec civilization of the adjacent The Bulletin, in conclu region in Arizona (of which there are so many traces) came to an end in consequence of the climatic changes caused by the evaporation of these lakes in civilization and humanity. Southern California, after the Colorado river had cut down its bed in the Great Canyon, so deep that its course was diverted at Colville to a southerly direc-

Senator Jones expresses the opinion that, although either course would involve large expenditures of money, be demonstrated, private capital might ment.

The Funerals of To-Day.

Modest funerals at modest prices are not the rule in New York, a local paper says. A prominent undertaker says that every funeral he has had charge of in the last few months has cost at least \$475. That sum represents only the their hangings inside the dwellings amount paid to himself. Metallic cas- near the office, both the doors and wincannot too closely embrace it when it is kets only are used in fashionable funerals, except for very old people, who compressor building and boiler-house, are content with wooden coffins covered strewing the fragments for a long diswith cloth, costing \$90. The caskets tance in every direction. Mullany, the victim with fright, or to call assistance range from \$90 to \$350. The last are blacksmith who was killed, was one of in danger. He says: "I once witmarvels of luxury and are furnished the best men on the work, and had been nessed an attack by seven hogs on a with all the modern conveniences. In a sober, industrious man, much beloved rattles, and three others appeared; but indulged in to the wildest excess, the by all who knew him. casket will cost \$350; the hearse, \$12; eight carriages at \$7.50 each, \$60; porters, \$6; gloves for she pall-bearers, porters, undertaker, and clergyman, 30; undertaker's attention, \$10; and the opening of the grave, \$7, which makes up the total \$475 that the undertaker receives. If the funeral takes \$10; there is \$1 extra on each of the Building lots are laid 25x100 feet, and lent rabble followed them from place to place at a church, the sexton receives carriages. The choir in most churches this is the full measurement of a lot, place, and the turmoil at times was alies paid. In Catholic churches the sixteen of which are contained in an most deafening. The voices of prayer organ, choir, and draping of the church completely in black will be furnished A correspondent, writing from the for \$160. These expenses added, which after deducting the parks, is 140,000, City of Mexico, says: "I cannot pre- are by no means unusual, bring the cost and more than one-half is covered with City of Mexico, says: "I cannot pre-tend to give a description of the Cathe-up to \$635, and by no means includes a number of important items which go 1,000,000. At the close of the Revoludral. I never saw so much gold and number of important items which go to make up a fashionable funeral. Not tion it was 10,000, and in fifty years it silver used as ornaments in the interior the least of these is the flowers. They columns, ten or twelve feet high, sup-forming a very important part of what one might call the trousseau of death. These are, to be sure, not all furnished every altar; bronze railings protect the by the family of the dead, but they are precious decorations from the cupidity in part. A moderate basket of flowers, of the devout worshippers. In every such as are used on these occasions, costs \$20, out of season; and one bas-

"If a naughty girl should hurt you,

That man is rich who has a good dis position—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

INSANE ASYLUM ATROCITIES.

Inhuman Treatment of Pauper Luna

ties in Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin publishes a lengthy and interesting description of the treatment of the insane poor in certain county almshouses in Pennsylvania. The Bulletin states that terrible abuses have grown up in this connection which only need exposure to bring about a speedy reform, and announces its intention of publish ing all the facts that can be obtained concerning these abuses. A visit to one county poorhouse betrayed a terrible condition of affairs in the Insane Department.

All sanitary measures were neglected, and a sickening odor prevailed in the department named. The insane panpers were confined in wooden cages, having only a small opening protected by iron bars, to admit air and light. The interior of the cages were covered with piles of dirty straw and filth, and the atmosphere was indescribable. In cage No. 1 was an agricultural laborer, clad in rags. He was quiet and civil, his derangement not being of a violent character.

He had been shut up in that filthy box for eighteen months, simply because they had no other place to put him in. In the other cages the scenes presented were even more inhuman and revolting. The unfortunate inmates were nearly naked, two of them wholly

They crouched among the straw and litter in their dens, some asleep or by the surrounding country and as far in a stupor, and all suffering greatly north as the Tulare Valley of California from the wanton neglect of their keepers. Some could not rise from weakness, their limbs having been so long

A still more shocking sight, however, was revealed on proceeding to the ng clouds, which are blown northwest- basement of the hospital. There, in a similar cage, lying on a heap of loose the Gulf of California, is dissipated as straw, was a young woman twenty soon as they reach the borders of this years of age. She is dumb, distorted, and idiotic. For eighteen years she reaching the dry but fertile plains of has been confined in the poorhouse,

can neither move her limbs, rise nor walk. The almshouse in which these

The Bulletin, in concluding the exposure, calls upon the State to see to it that the Board of Public Charities does its duty in wiping off this deep stain on

How a Hundred Lives were Saved. The explosion at the west shaft of the

Hoosac tunnel was accompanied by a The question is suggested whether thrilling incident. John Greene, a these desert lands cannot be reclaimed blaster, left the office where Donnelly was engaged in charging the cartridges of Cardinal De Retz. As a writer, the sidered certain that covering them with not a minute before the explosion, with fame of De Retz rests upon the "Me- vegetation would tend to prevent the twenty-seven pounds of nitro-glycerine moirs," a "most striking and brilliant evaporation of moisture and at the same in a can, ready for charging the holes below. He had reached the cage, some fifty feet from the office, at the time of the explosion, and he realized that if he remained where he was, and a second explosion occurred, all the buildings would be demolished by the consequent the matter is of such public interest as explosion of the nitro-glycerine. Some to be worthy of investigation by the Government, which alone has the necessishaft; others shouted, "Drop it and sary resources and appliances at com- run!" but he did neither. Dashing mand for a thorough examination of through the back door of the cage, he the subject. If by such an examina-tion the feasibility of the work should from the machine shop, where he put down the can, and then returned to see be found to undertake it. He there- what had become of his comrade Donfore proposes to bring the matter to nelly. He had just reached the mathe attention of Congress, with the view to having a survey made by the Governtee office, when the second explosion took place, but-thanks to his forethought-without exploding the glycerine. Greene was within a few feet of James Mullany when the piece of wood struck him with fatal effect, but he Greene) escaped uninjured. By his not rudimental merely—and the conremarkable presence of mind, Greene saved the lives of perhaps a hundred

persons. The concussion wrenched doors from dows from the machine shop across the way, and tore the whole side of the

New York City.

A correspondent writes: New York City is the entire area of an island ten in width. This island contains twentytwo square miles, or 14,000 acres. acre. The number of building lots, has increased 800,000. Central Park contains eight hundred and fifty acres. and cost \$10,000,000. It is open to all, but is seldom visited by any except the rich or their servants. The tax is an unjust one, as it favors a small class of our population at the expense of a vast number who reap no benefit from it. During the year seven hundred and during my visit, ladies, georgeously at-tired, were kneeling on the bare floor the floral luxuriance which usually is mated at more than \$4,000,000. There are three hundred public schools under charge of the Board of Education, with an average attendance of 105,000 scholars. The cost of these schools is \$3,-000,000 a year. There are, it is supposed, one hundred establishments in the city where stolen goods are received,

> thieves besides those in office. Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers.

and there are two thousand professional

The Late Charles Sumner.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston,

Mass., Jan. 6, 1811, received his early education at Boston Latin School, and graduated from Harvard College in 1830. After a year of private study, he entered the law school at Cambridge, where he formed an intimate friendship with his teacher, Judge Story. He was admitted to the bar in 1834. He was appointed reporter of the Circuit Court of the United States, and in that capacity published three volumes known as "Sumner's Reports," and at the same time edited a law journal, enti-tled the "American Jurist." During the absence of Judge Story he acted as lecturer to the students, and, not un-frequently, had entire charge of the law school. In 1837 he visited Europe, remaining there three years. On his return to Boston he resumed practice, and in 1844--6, published an elaborate edition, with annotations, of 'Vesey's Reports," in 20 vols. Although he had always been a Whig, he took no active part in politics until 1845, when, on July 4th, he pronounced an oration be-fore the municipal authorities of Boston, deprecating a war with Mexico, insisting that peaceful arbitration should be substituted for the ordeal by battle in public, as it already was in private

About this time he came out as a strong advocate of anti-slavery, and eventually separated from the Whig party to join with the Free Soilers, to whose candidates, Van Buren and Adams, he lent support in the Presidential contest of 1848. After the withdrawal of Daniel Webster from the Senate of the United States by his entrance into the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore, in 1850, Mr. Sumner was elected to fill the vacancy by a coalition of Free Soilers and Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature. Once in the Senate, he immediately took up arms against slavery, his first important speech being in opposition to the Fugitive Slave act. This course exasperated Preston S. Brooks, who assaulted him dangerously, May 22, 1856. After his entire recovery, in 1859, Mr. Sumner's first important speech was a denunciation of the influence of slavery on character, society and civilization, which was subsequently printed under the title of "The Barbarism of Slavery." He was an active supporter of Lincoln and Hamlin, in the Presidential contest of 1860. Up to the time of his death he continued to hold his position in the United States Senate. At the close of the war he made his famous motion that the names of Federal victories should not be enrolled upon the national standard. The vote of censure of the Massachusetts Legislature which this action brought out, was rescinded just before his death. Mr. Sumner had been an invalid for some years, and had, in vain, sought relief from his sufferings.

A Battle of Rattlesnakes. The formation of rattles upon the tail of a rattlesnake is a curious phenomenon. The notion that one is developed every year is incorrect. Young ones have been known to have six or more; sometimes two of them appear in a single year. The skin of one that was six feet long, now in the museum of the Long Island historical society of Brooklyn, has thirteen rattles. DeKay cited, in 1842, the Clarion newspaper, published at Bolton, New York, which stated that two men killed, in three days, in the town of Bolton, at Lake George, one thousand one hundred and four rattlesnakes, some of

which carried from fifteen to twenty rattles. They were killed for their oil. The same author states, on the authority of the Columbian Magazine for November, 1786, that a rattlesnake was killed having forty-four rattles, which seems an incredible number. The use of the rattles is a subject of discussion. not rudimentel merely-and the conclusion is irresistible that they are of service to the creature. We cannot suppose the organs which are constant in a class of animals could have originated, if entirely unserviceable and useless to it. Professor Aughey suggests that a whirring rattle is a call note by the animal to its mate. That it was thus used on one occasion which he was eye-witness; or to paralyze its victim with fright, or to call assistance the hogs were victorious.'

Disgraceful Scenes in Dayton.

A letter from Dayton, Ohio, says: The crusaders marched this afternoon miles long and averaging one and a half in three detachments of twenty each, and stormed thirteen saloons on Fifth and West Third streets. A large turbusixteen of which are contained in an most deafening. The voices of prayer and songs were frequently inaudible. Ribald jests were bandied about by the outside mob with indecent loud talk, and rough, swearing crowds of beer drinkers pressed into and infested the saloons and drank as fast as they could, mocking the praying women with loud blasphemy and louder bac-

chanalian songs. Even women joined in ribaldry, and at once place flung out bits of bologna and fragments of crackers among the crusading women, who meekly bore His wife, accompanied by one of her these galling insults, and persisted and

WOULD NOT Go. - A commodore being confined to his room by a severe fit of the gout, some sweeps were employed to sweep the chimneys of the house next door to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down in the commodore's apartment. The boy, confused at his mistake, seeing the commodore in bed, said, "Sir, my master will come for you presently." "Will he?" said the compresently." "Will he?" said the com-modore, leaping out of bed, "I beg to West the "and immediately ran down the

Items of Interest.

"The rear admirables of the Navy"

is good. California produces lemons weighing

24 ounces apiece. The population of France decreased one per cent. last year.

Defaulters are now more elegantly called "hypothecaries." Love is an egotism of two. The first

sigh of love is the last of wisdom. The way they bunch up dresses in the back now-a-days is astonishing.

A Keokuk butcher gives away a chromo with every ten pounds of mes The wives of Brigham Young are the envy of their sex. They remain always

The tariff on snuff is 50 cents a pound. This makes it mighty expensive to sneeze.

By industry a good farmer in Europe can get \$50 a year and a suit of clothes A hungry panther recently tried to

rob the U. S. mails between Burksville and China, Tenn. The Parisians are confident that the Column Vendome will be done in time

for the next Commune. The Ohio women have closed up 336 saloons thus far, leaving some villages without a drinking place. A lad of fourteen is conducting a re-

ligious revival in Illinois, and is winning converts by the score. It is said that the difference of two farthings a pound in the price of rice

in India brings on a famine. The New York Chemist says there is not a hair dye in the market which will not in time make the head bald. An Indianapolis reporter aptly called

the late unsuccessful printers' strike in that city a "typographical error." Gold hunters are leaving Oregon in large numbers for the Alaska mines. The mines have not yet been practically

A Montreal man said, "By the Lord Harry !" and a justice fined him \$7 and costs. How could a Yankee ever put up a stove in that country? Hot alum water is a recent sugges-

tion as an insecticide. It will destroy

explored.

red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chintz bugs, and all crawling pests. "And did you hear him call her my dear, or anything like that ?" asked the

lawyer. "No, sir! of course not; why, she was his wife," answered the lady The Green Bay girls, having heard that certain young men would not marry a woman who could not do housework,

can now be seen every morning sweeping off the doorsteps. A Baltimore jury recently brought in a verdict for the respondent in the case of a will contested because it was writ-

ten partly in ink and partly with a lead pencil and was not signed. Merimee says, in one of his letters, 'I don't like relations ; you are obliged to be familiar with people you never saw, just because they happen to be sons of the same father as your own

father.' At Chatham, England, there is a man who regularly refuses to have his children vaccinated, and will not pay the fines. The Anti-Vaccination support his wife and family while he is

in prison.

"So you are taking lessons in drawing, Sallie?" "Yes, and the teacher says I am an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, admirers, and allowances than any girl in the academy." Americans who pay nearly a million for an artillery regiment may well envy the fortune of Sir Garnet Wolseley,

who hired all the soldiers he wanted from two African kings at \$50 per thousand men. The editor of a New York child's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber recently, in which was written: "Our Anna died last week,

after reading the last number of your valuable paper." A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tomb-stones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you sup-pose they will give me when I die?" Brimstone, my love," was the affec-

tionate reply. Speaking of the half-naked statue of Washington, which cost \$50,000, in the East Capitol Park, Grace Greenwood wittily says that his outstretched arm points reproachfully toward those glass cases in the Patent Office, where hang his much-desired habiliments.

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again.

The King of Masindy, in Upper Egypt, having died, was lately buried. his wives being interred alive with him. A number of prisoners of war were taken to the immense grave, their limbs broken, and their mutilated bodies flung on the dead king and his wretched

widows. A Cruel Disappointment.

A story is told in Paris of a son of M. Bixio. This eminent man was for a short time incarcerated in the fortress of Vincennes, after the coup d'etat. sons, went to see him. They dined together in his chamber. The son was extremely sad and taciturn during the dinner, and at last attracted his father's

attention. "Why, my dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, father," replied the lad of "Nonsense; I see something is the matter with you. Come, tell me what

The boy blubbered, "Why, pa, I am

so disappointed. I made sure of seeing you in a dungeon, chained to the wall, and you ain't."