3. Articles for publication should be written in a c'ear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.

4 All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown, Her body was lesn and her neck was slim; One horn turned up and the other turned dow She was keen of vision and long of limb; With a Roman nose and a short stump tail, And ribs like the hoops on a home made pail,

Many a mark did her body bear; She had been a target for all things known ; On many a soar the dusky hair Would grow no more where it once had grown; Many a passionate, parting shot Had left upon her a lasting spot."

Many and many a well-aimed ston. Many a brickbat of goodly size, And many a cudgel swiftly thrown, Had brought the tears to her loving eyes, Or had bounded off from her bony back, With a noise like the sound of a rifle grack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to her neighbor's corn; Many a cowardly our and hound Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn Many a teapot and old tin pail Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn ta

Old Descon Gray was a plous man, Though sometimes tempted to be profane, When many a weary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain. Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and to get away,

She knew when the descon went to town; She wisely watched him when he went by; He never passed her without a frown And an evil glance in each angry eye. He would crack his whip in a surly way, And drive along in his " one-hoss shar,

Then at his homestead she loved to call, Lifting his bers with crumpled horn, Nimbly scaling his garden wall, Helping herself to his standing corn; Enting his cabbages, one by one; urrying home when her work was don

His burner passions were quick to rise. And skriding forth with a savage cry, With fury blasing from both his eyes, As lighted age first to the summer sky Bedder and redder his face would grow,

Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his peer and apple trees; Tramping his malons into the ground Dwarturning his hires of hess; Leaving him enery and badly stong, Wishing the old erw's neck was wrang.

The moves grew on the section wall: The years went by with their work end play The boys of the village grew strong and tell, And the gray-baired formers passed away. One by one the red leaves fall, Fightion bighway over colices it them all.

THE HANDSOME ARTIST.

Orioma McDonald was a young High lander come to Florence to study the old masters. "He was an athletic, whole some handsome follow. He painted in the palace or wiped his forehead on a warm day with equally small care, to all appearance, and he had brought his mother and two sisters to Italy, and supported them by a most heroic economy and industry. Indeed, the more I know McDunald, the more I became convinced that there was another man built over

Perhaps you have been in Florence, dear reader, and know by what royal liberality artists are permitted to bring their easels into the splendid spartments of the palace and copy from the price-less pictures on the walls. At the time I have my eye upon (some few years ago) McDenald was making a beginning of a copy of "Titian's Bella," and near him stood the easel of a female artist who was copying from the glorious pieture of "Fudith and Bolofernes," in the same apartment, Mademoiselle Polie (so she was called by the elderly lady who always secompanied her) was a small and very gracefully-formed creature, with the plainest face in which attraction could possibly reside, McDonald was her nearest neighbor, and they frequently looked over each other's pic-tures; but, as they were both foreign-ers in Florence (she of Polish burth, as

he understood) their conversation was in French or Italian, neither of which languages were fluently familiar to Grame, and it was limited generally to expressions of courtesy or brief criticisms of each other's labors, As I said before, it was a "proof im-pression" of a celestial summer's morn-

ing, and the thermometer stood at heav-enly idleness. McDooald stood with his maul-stick across his knees, drinking from Titian's picture. An artist, who had lounged in from the next room, had hung himself by the crook of his arm over a high peg, on his comrade's easel and every now and then he volunteered an observation to which he expected no particular answer.

When I remember how little beauty I have seen in the world," said Ingarde (this artist), "I am inclined to believe with Saturninus that there is no resur-rection of bodies, and that only the spirits of the good return into the body of the Godhead-for what is ugliness to do in heaven?"

McDonald only said: "Hm-hm! How will this little plain woman look in the streets of the New Jerusalem, for example? Yet she expects, as we all do, to be recognizable by her friends in heaven, and, of course, to have the same irredeemably-plain face. Does she unmight not be altogether pleased with my

"I have spoken to her very often, said McDonald, "and I think English is Hebrew to her; but my theory of beauty crosses at least one corner of your argument my friend! I believe had the original type of every human being could be made beautiful without in any essential perturalir destroying the visible identity."

VOL. IV. NO. 48.

AMATEURS AND EDITORS.

ence that goes on is surprising and dis-

tressing. It is distressing because it

shows such a lamentable want of tact on

the part of the contributors. No editor

can reasonably be expected to reconsider

his decision. If he were to do so, every

rejected article would be sent in half a

dozen times, each time with a slight al.

teration here and an addition there; and

it would be necessary to have six edi-

tors instead of one to examine the con-

tributions in their successive stages of

development. How such an economical

system would work we leave the reader

to imagina. Naturally this badgering

an editor declines a proffered contribu-

tion because it is unsuitable for his mag-

may be, is worth publishing, let them

send it the round of the periodical press

and if it fail to find a haven of rest from

its wanderings somewhere, its proper

place is in the fire. It ought to be bortis

le devours an immense assount of rub-

bish, and pays for it too, it will not swal-

low the literary garbage produced by all

who choose to antibble on paper with a

pen. There is a vast difference between

well-written nonsense and the clumsily-

hashed encyclopadia or everstrained

sentiment of beginners, - Tinsley's Mag-

tions to the feuilleton are Schiller, Les-

sing and Herr Goethe, "who is the

well educated and talented son of the

high-born, most respectable, most wor-

thy Herr Senator Goethe, of the free city

of Frankfort." Heine was a frequent

ANOTHER SUBSTITUTE FOR CASTOR

A writer mentions black alder as

substitute for castor oil. He recom-

mends a fluid extract made from the

bark, each fluid dram of which contains

an equivalent of one dram of the bark.

The extract is a dark brown thick fluid,

with a sweet and agreeable taste, and

the dose varies from one to two drams

for a child. As an aperient it has many

advantages over Rhamnus cetharticus:

causes no nausea, no eructations, and

no griping, and also seems to have tonic

nd aromatic qualities by which the

muscular action of the bowels is slightly

THERE are 17,000 railroad engines in

the United States, and each one aver-

ages fifty toots per day. Where do these

850,000 daily toots go?-Detroit Free

Wany the same man plays "high

samble .- Lowell Courier.

low," does that indicate

and fluctuating market?

stimulated.

mind that, although the roading pub-

C. H. S. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1881.

And you think that little woman's face could be made beautiful?"

"I know it." Try it, then. Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an apothesis portrait of your neighbor, and, while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognizable as the portrait, and I'll give in to your theories believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the same time !"

Ingarde laughed, as he went back to his own picture, and McDonald, after sitting a few minutes lost in reverie. turned his easel so as to get a painter's view of his female neighbor. He thought she colored slightly as he fixed his eyes upon her; but, if so, she apparently became very soon unconscious of his gaze, and he was soon absorbed himself in the task to which his friend had so mockingly challenged him.

Excuse me, dear reader, while with two epistles I build a bridge over which you can cross a chasm of a month in my story.]

To GREME McDonald-Sir: I am intrusted with a delicate commission, which I knew not how to broach to you except by simple proposal. Will you forgive my abrupt levity, if I inform you, without further preface, that the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady of high birth and ample fortune, does you the honor to propose for your hand. If you are disengaged and your affections are not irrevocably given to another, I can conceive no sufficient obstacle to your acceptance of the brilliant connection. The Countees is 22, and not beartiful, it must in fairness be said; but she has high qualities both of head and heart, and is worthy any man's respect

An answer is requested in the course of to-morrow, addressed to "The Count Hanswald, Minister of His Majesty the King of Prussia," I have the honor. etc., etc.

To the Hamiltony, Banawald, etc., sta. You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The moment, requires, perhaps, still further reflection—but my reply shall be definite and as prompt as I can bring myself to

be in a matter so important. My first impulse was to return your letter, declining the honor you would do me, and thanking the lady for the compliment of her choice. My first reflecan independence would being to a mothprecarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to

tion was the relief and happiness which er and two sisters dependent now on the marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to propose. In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of im-

aginative men in matrimony I have observed that their two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary wofnan, of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needed for common life, possesses at the same time the elevation and spirituality necessary for the ideal of the poet and painter. And I am not certain, in any case, whether the romance of some secret passion, fed and pursued in the imagination only, be not the inseparable necessity of a poetic nature. For the imagination is incapable of being chained, and it is at once disenchanted and set roaming by the very position and certainty which are the charms of matrimony. Whether exclusive devotion of all the faculties of mind and body be the fidelity exacted in marriage is a question every woman should consider before making a husband of an imaginative man. As I have not seen the Countess I can generalize on the subject without offense; and she is the best judge whether she can chain my fancy as well as my affections, or yield to an imaginative mistress the devotion of so predominant a quality of my nature. I can only promise her the constancy of a husband.

This inevitable license is allowed-my ideal world and its devotions, that is to say, left entirely to myself-I am ready to accept the honor of the Countess

Your Excellency may command my time and presence. With high consid-Pather agitated than surprised seemed

Mile, Folie when, the next day, as she arranged her brushes upon the shell of her easel, her handsome neighbor commenced, in the most fluent Italian he could command, to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she interrupted him in English, and begged him to use his nawould not then understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctions, somewhat, that so unreal a sentiment till the pext exhibition. should bring the visible blood to her cheek, She thanked him often the pupils select a boy who is deemed by Press. They go to make the toot en-cloth from the upper part of her own the teachers to be worthy of the modal, samble.—Lowell Oburier. icture and showed him an 'admirable | thus proving that the sense of honor is

dith, in the original from which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding, and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the altar. He chanced to wear at the moment a ring of red cornelian, and he agreed with he that she should stand where he could see her, and at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon his bride's finger that she should put on this, as a token of having received his spiritual vows

The day came, and the splendid equi page of the Countess dashed into the square of the Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. As they were followed by other coroneted equipages, and gayly-dressed people dismounted from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom, gayly dressed, among them, but looking pale with incertitude and dread.

The veiled bride was small, but sh moved gracefully up the aisle, and me low courtesy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. McDonald was colorless, but firm, and, indeed, showed but little interest, except by an anxious look now and then among the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced his rows with a steady voice, but, when the for an instant, and then suddenly, and to the great scandal of all present, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. The cornelian ring was on her finger-and the Countess Nyschriem and Mademoiselle Polis his bride and his fancy queen-were of editors never leads to "business." If

This curious event happened in Florence some years since—as all people szine, it is not likely that he will be then there will remember-and it was builtied into taking it; and every attempt prophesied of the Countess that she to do so will be resented and rememhandsome and gay husband. But time policy of amateurs who adopt such a does not say so. A more constant hus course of action cannot be too strongly band than McDonald to his plain and censured. If they really believe that in love, does not travel and buy plotures and patronics artists—though few, excopf yourself, dear reader, know the from the Nineteenth Century downward. phillioghyjet (k.)

JUDIED BY RIV SCHOOL MATER. A starton which is unique among the schools of the country has been observed, with the heat results, for twentydve years at the Chauncey Hall School of Buston. It is described as follows by

"It is a vote by the boys and girls of the school for the best lioy in school. No conditions are imposed, save as they are implied in the explanation which is given to acquaint the young people with the purpose of those who established

the school who has been a maraber for of the largest and most widely circulated any length of time, agospt since Dec. 1 German newspapers, not long ago celeinst. It has been the custom to select a brated its 150th anniversary. The profrom the oldest class, but it is not prictors published on this occasion a

ald help in developing a manly spirit the school, began the practice of giva medal to the boy who receives the the throne, wading through pools of ality of the rotes of the school as the blood, including that of her husband, is

At noon the scholars were gathered the school-room, and, after other busi-(including an explanation of the medal system of the school, based on absolute, not relative, merit, so that a edal is within the reach of every pupil), fr. Ledd explained the intent of the ntlemen who give the best-boy med-'This does not mean,' said he, 'the est classical scholar, nor the most noted toher or pitcher at base-ball, nor the lest mathematician, nor the best drilled soldier, nor the most elegant de-claimer, nor the fastest runner, nor the most accurate Shakspearian scholar, nor pluckiest fellow at football.

'You, young boys, will do well ote for the person who seems nearest to what your father and mother want you to be-what you mean to be yourselves when you are in the first class: and you, young girls, will do well to vote for the boy who comes nearest to being what your parents are trying to have your brothers become.

"The older scholars are tolerably familiar with ancient and modern history. Vote for that one of your number whose character comes nearest to the noblest man of whom you have read.'

"All the school sat upright with military precision. Their officers passed the ballots, and each pupil prepared

"At the head he puts his own name and the number of years he had been in the school; below, the name of his choice for the prize. Each ballot counts many units as the scholar casting has been years at the school.

"After the votes were cast, the school was marshalled from the room in regular order, and the result will not be known

"By long experience it is found that portrait of his handsome features, sub- the same with boys as with grown peostituted for the masculing head of Ju- nie."

Amateurs are very apt to look upon A couple of our solid citizens soli editors as their most implacable foes. in avoirdupois as well as in their bal The cool persistence with which they accounts—were on a horse-car a day & decline to avail themselves of contributwo since, when a man came limping tions which the contributor is convinced aboard apparently suffering from rheuwould make the fortunes of the journals, matism. One of the solid men reif they only knew it—such blindness to marked, "I've never had a twinge of self-interest-rouses pity in the breast rheumatism in my life," and at the same of the worldly-wise amateur. He indites time he took from his pants pocket a a letter of remonstrance to the misguided horse-chestnut, and displayed it with an editor, and is promptly crushed. In air that seemed to imply, "This is the little joker that did the business." But some a less-tender emotion than pity is aroused by such conduct. Rage very no sooner had solid citizen No. 1 disoften agitates the bosom of the rejected poet. Smarting under a sense of gross ill-usage, he pours out the vials of his wrath upon that incarnation of fraud, injustice and wickedness, the editor, carried that for thirty years," Why should his poems be rejected, when so much trash is inserted? Why is no reason for rejection vouchsafed to him? He hysterically demands satisfaction, for gout," The amount of this sort of correspond-

> about with you?" "Because it don't cost anything, and can do ne harm, if it does no good," "It shows a little auperstition, though," "Very well; I'll keep on carrying it. I've carried it thirty years, and have not been troubled who can testify to the same result,"

JOURNALISM ONE RUNDRED AND memorial number of 200 pages, giving literal reprints of some of the most interesting numbers. The accession of Frederick the Great, the principal events of his wars against the united powers of Europe, are recounted. The revolution by which Catharine came to given with comical reserve. The number of Feb. 5, 1798, contains a most pathetic account of the execution of Thus, while it may pay the young be-Louis XVI., which ends with the pleasant news that "exchange on Hamburg is 72 and steady." When Napoleon ruled over Germany, the old respectable journal, then already nearly 80 years old, became Journal Officiel du Department des Bouches de l'Elbe, Under this regime the number of the 16th of November, 1813, contains the official account of the battle of Leipzic, twentynine days after the event. The official account says that Napoleon had won the battle, but retired to Erfurt for "stratethe amateur. - Cincinnati Gazette. getical reasons." Among the contribu-

"It looks like rain."—Plato.

"You can stop my paper."-Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Is this hot enough for you?"-Cardinal Richelieu. Daniel Webster.

Thomas Jefferson, "These potatoes ain't more'n hall done."-Socrates.

dinner." - Confuctus. "Call around next week and I'll pay "- - Edgar Allan Poe,

be home till late."-Thomas a-Kempte. try, is now making rapid strides in Eu-"Can't you lend me \$5 till next Mon-

Av set by which we make one friend | however, does not rob the purchasers of

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.

vegetables? Why do pale-faced, brown haired women wear the deep red and orange hues which can "go" only with the olive and pomegranate tints, and the blue-black hair of the South? Who is accountable for the terra-cotta garments in which some otherwise harmless maid ens pervade fashionable crowds, inspir ing the observer with wonder, totally unmixed with admiration?-slender girls

played his chestnut charm with a contented air, than solid citizen No. 2 also drew from his pantaloons pocket a horsechestnut. Said the first citizen, "I've have I carried this for more than thirty years," replied the other; but I don't carry mine for rheumatism. I carry it -A passenger, who had been an interested listener to the foregoing, rather timidly asked one if he really believed there was any virtue in a simple horsechestnut, "No," answered the man,

"Then why do you carry the thing

shoulder it. In the meantime I shall with rheumatism. And I know of others Then the lame man who had got should of the our and was the cause of this episode put his hand in his pooket and draw out a horse-chestnut, and held it up to the gaze of the others. A ripple of laughter went up, and the two solid citizens who pinned their faith to the gut antisipated a set-back from the lame man. But the latter remarked. "Don't laugh, gentlemen; I have faith in the horse-chestnut. My lamentes in | two just above the alboy, it is the very days ago. I had a touch of the rhaumatism, though, about ten years ago, and I went and got a horse-chestnut,

Purhaps three men carrying horsecharteuts is a rather big average for a one-horse exclosed of passengers, but there are more masculines with these chestnot charms in their pockets than Dr. Tanner, in his philosophy, "ever dramed of "-Hartford Times.

and have carried it in my pocket over

since. And, gentlemen, I've never had

NEWSPAPER WRITING PS. MAGA-

The chief duty of most newspaper man is to burrow around for news, not be form smooth sentences or anuncials beautiful thoughts. Many persons can be brilliant two or three times a year. who utterly fail in the treadmill experience of journalistic work. Literary contributors to newspapers or periodicals seldom become millionaires. Of course, one who is already famous can get his own price for an article, but \$5 a page is a good average compensation for an article accepted by one of our magazines. Suppose it to cover ten pages, the writer receives \$50. If he could write and secure a publisher for twelve such articles in a year, which is supposing what rarely occurs, his net income would be soon ginner in law or medicine to employ his own abundant leisure and increase his limited income by writing for the monthlies, a complete reliance on them for support, even under favorable circumstances, is foolish. As for the daily papers, they have little room, under the constantly-increasing amount of tele graphic and local news, for the miscellaneous topics, in which alone the outsider can hope to compete with the regular staff. Thus they offer very little to

UTTERANCES OF NOTED MEN. "Pass the butter."-Horace Greeley. "Oold day, ain't it?"-Martin Lu-

"My head sches fit to split,"-George Washington.

"Here's another button off this shirt." "Send me up two pounds of steak."-

"You're fuller than you were before

"Can't you keep your cold feet out of y back?"-Brigham Young. "You needn't sit up for me; I shan't

day Y'-John Howard Payne. "I suppose I've got to go out and portions. -- French paper, shovel of that sidewalk." - Charles

and one enemy is a losing game, because the enjoyment they find in paying exrevenge is a much stronger principle travaguet prices for ugly articles they than gratitude.

\$2 a Year.

arrayed in shapeless clothes, made apparently of slices of the wall of the new

Natural History Museum at South

Kensington; strong-minded young

women in aggressive cloaks, so un-

speakably hideous that we sigh for the

ulster of last season, which we then be-

lieved could not be surpassed in odious-

ness; awful things made of sage-green

tweed with blue frills, or gosling woolen

stuff tipped with pink! The eel-skin

style has been succeeded by bag, and

though the latter is more decent, it is

not much less ugly. A woman with high,

narrow shoulders, and thin, long arms,

might do better than array herself in a

black satin bag, with a running string at

the neck and at the waist a "piping"

(such, we were assured by a sympathetic

friend of the offenders' own sex, is the

correct term by which to describe this

contrivance), from which the skirt hangs

shapelessly to within an inch of the

ankles; and she might crown the

edifice more becomingly than with a

bonnet-or was it a hat?-like

nothing in nature except a crumpled

cabbage. The "cosey," as an adjunct

to the tea-table, is of dubious elegance

as well as unquestionably fatal to drink-

able tea; but when adopted as a cape to

the shoulders of blooming girlhood,

forming a straight line across the mid

die of the back and cutting its sleeves in

most unsightly piece of dram that can be put on, especially if it is of a sickly color. Balmon pink satin, lining a big

bonnet of crinky crinoline, looking like

half a dozen shells joined at the edges,

would be trying to the best complexions:

it was consoling to see it applied only

of the worst. Why should a very pretty

ludy wear a fiat gown of a peculiarly re-

pulsive green in color, but of rich valves

in material, and over it a hideous camilet

lowish ribbon at the back and a plush

bounet like the visor of a knight's hel-

met? Why should writing people,

painting people, singing people, persons presumably intelligent, since they all de-

exacthing that pleases the public and is

more of a select crowd, and especially as

tends more and more to simplicity. Of course there will always be affected male

diots, long heired and short haired

with neckties that make us stars and

hate that make us wink by their brill-

inney; but these are the mere "brate"

of society; they are too insignificant to

ALLIGATOR LEATHER.

immediately became a profitable one,

and since then many thousand alligator

hides are annually used by our home

manufacturers or sent abroad, princi-

pally to London and Hamburg. At first

the skins came from Louisiana, and

fic. The wholesale manner in which

the alligators were slaughtered, how-

ever, speedily rendered them scarce in

that State. Florida is now the great

source from which our supplies are ob-

tained, and the trade centers in Jackson-

ville. The alligators are killed in great

numbers, both by passengers on board

the steamboats plying on the rivers of

Florids and by hunters who follow this

pursuit as a means of livelihood. After

being killed they are flayed, and only

those parts which are useful for leather.

such as the belly and flanks, are pre-

served. They are then packed in a cask

containing a strong brine and sent

North to be made into leather. Hither-

to alligator leather has been used chiefly

for men's boots and shoes; now, how-

ever, it is coming into fashion for ladies'

wear. It is also made into alippers.

pocket-books, cigar-cases and variou

A Jurax paper says half of the ware

sold as Japanese is not gentilize. That,

have I possible on the

be offensive .- The Spectator

paid for in money, array then

is not the note of the popular affect

the dress of "the conflicting go

WHY? OH! WHY? Why do women with red or yellowish Jones calls his wife's hair dresser her hair wear "dead" gold, and greens that remind the beholder of badly cooked

> there are no weddings. THERE is a chap who calls his best girl Revenge, because "revenge is sweet."

Rates of Advertising.

" each subsequent insertion. 50 ets Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly usu-tracts made on liberal terms.

Centract advertising is psyable 20 days after first in crition, unless other-

es accompanied by the name

dress of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good

PLEASANTRIES.

A MATCHLESS story-One in which

THE PEOPLE,

Barnwell C. H., S. C.

Prump girls are said to be going out of fashion. If this is true, the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances "Mr Darling's Shoes" is the name of a new ballad, but "the old man's boot" is generally considered more touching.

Tird a was case a girl in Duluth Who find ar aversion to brills, So when her beau kissed her And made her lige blister, She fold folks she had a sore too

GENTLEMEN who are continually ineighing against fashion worship should remember that it makes a heap of difference whose dress is gored.

WHEN a hen sits on an empty chine egg, you call it blind instinct. What do you call it when a girl sets her affections on an empty-headed noodle?

A CHIVALROUS exchange thinks when s man marries a widow he should give up smoking. "She gives up her weeds"

he should be equally polite. Tun Boston Daily Advertiser heads an article in its columns, "The Greece of To-day." If this is intended for a conundrum we would answer-Oleomar

"Bux was a daisy," but she put her el, and in a flash was transformed into a lady slipper, and then stose blushing

Ar ambilions girl in Dubingus Pull in lots with a floor feesign De Then the instead that his make

"Do roe play the piano?" "No. I don't play the plane, but my stater Han-

spaniel and muracuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a damly, standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow,"

Tux Boston Globe remarks that love inferent of amatory postry, we really hope not. Just imagine a love week clock of another, and if possible more repulsive, green, with a bunch of yelling beneath the lattice of her he lower "My stomach, my stomach is breaking for the love of Allow Gray,"

"Mr wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends anothers." She went once, just before we were married, and, seeing a friend on the opposite sile notifed politely, whereupon the suctioner knocked down a patent radio, and asked her where she wanted

"Is pr true that you are going to marry again?" "It's very true," "And whom do you marry?" "My dead vite's sister," " Is she handsome?" No." " Rich?" "Not at all." " Then why have you chosen her?" "To tell you the truth, dear friend, in order not to change mother-in-law."

AN RDITOR'S DEST. In the years agone, when De Witt Clinton county, was the county seat and a right smart village in the woods, or on the way to be, the editor of its week an old Canadian revealed to the head of ly paper had some subscribers who paid a large shoe-manufacturing firm in Bos- in wood, others in produce, others in ton the secret of a process for the tan-ning of alligator hides. The industry all. One of these latter class was named Lemon, but to squeeze anything out of excuses at his tongue's end for not pay ing, and the longer the debt stood th more reasonable his excuses seemed to his creditors. One day the editor met him on the street, and, after a general New Orleans was the center of the trafgreeting, began on him with: "Mr. Lemon, you have been owing

me for two years." "Yes, but I had bad luck in mysugar

"But you might have brought wood." "So I should, but I broke two new axes and couldn't buy another." "I offered to take it out in turnips

"I know, but the crows ate my corn up and the Injuns stole all my turnips." "Well, how are you getting along

"Have you a good run of sugar?"

Yes."

"Corn doing well ?"

"Wheat all right?" " Yes, ell right,"

"Well, if corn, wheat, potatoes and other kinds of fancy articles. The trafturnips turn out good, and you keep well fic in this leather, which has hitherto and you have no losses, will you pay me

been of importance only in this coun- in the fall?" The farmer scratched his head and took a full minute to think over it before rope, and at a not far distant day will probably reach no inconsiderable pro-

"That's an honest debt and orter be paid, but I won't positively agree to quare up this fall until I know what sort of a corn senses, we upo to here!" It is pendious to may that he me