What have you done to Mary Ann, That she is crying so? Don't say 'twas 'nothing'-don't, I say, For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry At nothing, I am sure; And if you've wounded justice, John. You know the only cure Is punishment! So, come, stand up; Transgression must abide The pain attendant on the scheme. That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sun-burnt face, And hair all in a tumble. His laughing eyes a contrast to His drooping mouth so humble. "Now, Mary, you must tell me all-I see that John will not, And if be's been unkind or rude, I'll whip him on the spot."

"W-we were p-playin' p-pris'ner's An' h-he is s-such a t-tease, An' w-when I w-wasn't 1-lookin', n

H-he k-kissed me -if you please !" Upon the teacher's face the smiles Have triumphed o'er the frown. A pleasant thought runs through her mir The stick comes harmless down. But outraged law must be avenged !

Begone, ye smiles, begone! Away, ye little dreams of love, Come on, ye frowns, come on ! "I think I'll have to whip you, John, Such conduct breaks the rule; No boy, except a naughty one, Would kiss a girl-at school. Again the teacher's rod is raised, A Nemesis she stands

A premium were put on sin. If punished by such hands! As when the bee explores the rose We see the petals tremble So trembled Mary's rose-bud lips-Her-heart would not dissemble

"I wouldn't whip him very hard"-The stick stops in its fall-"It wasn't right to do it, but-It didn't hurt at all!" "What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?" The school's noise makes a pause. And out upon the listening air, From Mary comes-"Because ! Will F. McSparran, in Our Continent.

FIELD, FORT AND FLEET. THE MISSION OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

Some Striking Examples of "Grape and Canister."

"Bring up the guns!"

Let the order be heard by a regiment of infantry crowding to the rear in a panic and it will halt the men in their tracks and make fighters of them again. There is something in the companionship of a field battery that makes a foot so'dier braver than when his regiment fights alone. The guns may be wasting ammunition as they roar and crash, but it seems to the regiments on flank or in rear that every discharge is driving great gaps through the enemy's lines. So long as the battery remains the supports will remain. Even when the order is given to double-shot the guns and the infantry can see that half the horses have been shot down he still carries the feeling that grape and canister will win the victory. The loss of horses, wagons and small arms is lightly mentioned in official reports and the losers feel no degradation, but let a brigade lose a single gun from one of its batteries. and every soldier feels the shame. It is next to losing the flag presented to a regiment as it marched from home.

AT MECHANICSVILLE. When McClellan, in his change of base, took position at Mechanicsville, his left rested near Ellison's mill. For three hundred yards in front the ground was open, a part of it being a plowed field. Two hundred feet in front of the Federal lines ran the mill-race, which then had perpendicular banks and contained four feet of water. Thirty feet back from the race the Federals had made an abattis of rails, tree-tops, limbs and sharpened stakes. Then came more than thirty field-pieces in line, and behind them on the slopes were infantry supports three lines deep.

Pender's brigade, of D. H. Hill's command, advanced alone to assault this position, intending it as a flank movement to turn the Federal left. They had no sooner moved out into the open ground than the artillery had a fullsweep at them. Grape, canister and short-fused shell were hurled at them almost by the top, and in five minutes the four regiments which had left cover in beautiful order were little better than a mob. However, instead of retreating in a panic, the men dropped to the ground, and began a sharp musketry fire. This was answered by volleys from beyond the mill-race, which literally plowed the ground.

Pender hung until the assault became a butchery, and then the order was given to retire. Pender's brigade numbered less than 8,000 men, and yet in twentyfive minutes its loss was nearly one-sixth of its strength. It was an exception to find a man who could not show bullet holes through his clothing, and some of the wounded were hit three and four times, Those who buried the dead said that of the 200 or more killed by the artillery fire at least 175 were so torn and mutilated as to be little better than a bloody

As Pender was driven back he met Ripley's brigade, of the same command coming to his support. Lee knew the

position, but he must carry it to turn the Federal left, This second brigade had less than two thousand four hundred men, and, united with Pender, the total strength was not over five thousand. Four times that number could not have made an impression upon that

- Frank a fill fill and

When Pender had rallied his men, the two brigades advanced in column of assault, breaking cover with a cheer and on the double quick. The Federal guns were worked with terrible energy, but under cover of the smoke, and by crawling upon hands and knees, the Confedates reached the mill-race. Indeed, several hundred of them crossed it. Then, for forty minutes, there was a tertific struggle. So fierce was the Federal infantry fire over and through the abattis that it was gradually whittled away. Limbs as large as a man's arm were barked, chipped and splintered as if lightning had played over them, and the surface of the mill-race was covered with splinters, twigs and leaves.

Pender and Ripley could not advance beyond the canal in force. They could not long maintain their lines where they were. The fire from the Federals searched every foot of ground, and every minute their lines were melting away. When the order was given to fall back, the artillery raked them again as they crossed the open ground, and when the men finally reached cover, the loss of each regiment had become amazing. For instance, the Forty-fourth Georgia, which numbered only about 700 men, lost 338 officers and men. Every field officer was killed, and of the ten captains and twenty lieutenants, only twelve remained. It was the same with the Third North Carolina and other regiments.

AT FRAZIER'S PABM.

At Frazier's Farm, during this same eventful weck, Randall's battery of six pieces was on McClellan's right, and supported by the Fourth Pennsylvania. The front was an old field, devoid of shelter, and the battery was playing into. the woods half a mile beyond. This that a brigade was ordered to charge it. The Eleventh Alabama had the lead. and was to be closely supported by the other three regiments. Through some blunder the Alabamians, numbering about seven hundred and fifty, were permitted to advance alone.

They were seen as soon as they broke cover, and more than one hundred of them were killed by the artillery as they advanced across the field. The menwere thrown into disorder one moment to be rallied the next, and, finally, with muskets at a trail and caps swinging in the air, they made a rush straight upon the guns. As they came near the Pennsylvanians rose up and delivered two or three volleys right into them. These were returned, and then the final rush was made. In a minute a wild mob was swirling 'round and 'round the gursbayonets drinking blood-clubbed muskets felling men-the wounded staggering up to clutch an enemy and pull him

The guns were won. The Fourth was pushed slowly back, but as the cheers of the Alabamians drowned the noise of the battle to the right and left, the Seventh Pennsylvania came to the support of the Fourth. The fight which now took place was witnessed by at least two generals and half a dozen colonels, outside of the hundreds in the ranks. It was two regiments to one, but the Alabamians had won the guns and were determined to hold them. Not a single company formed in linenot an officer had a command. Two thousand mad and infuriated men rushed at each other with murder in their hearts. No one asked for quarter -no one gave it.

At the end of twenty minutes the Pennsylvanians gave way, not overpowered by numbers but pressed back by such dare devil fighting as nobody had ever witnessed before. The guns had been taken, but there were no horses to draw them away. The captors were making arrangements to draw them away when there was a rally on the part of the Federals. The smallness of the Confederate force suddenly became plain as the smoke lifted, and before a gun could be moved hot fire was opened from a whole brigade, followed by charge. The Alabamians were picked up and hurled back in a broken mass. and the last of them had not reached the woods before the guns were again playing upon them. The loss of the Confederate regiment was over 150 men. 100 of whom, including eight company

commanders, died around the battery. THE REPULSE AT KENNESAW.

The day after the repulse of the Fifteenth Corps at Kennesaw Mountain the Fortieth and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Ninety-seventh and Twenty-sixth Ohio, Twenty-eigth Kentucky, and Onehundreth Illinois regiments, each numbering about 800 men, were selected to make an assault on a ridge 300 yards in their front. The lines were formed in regimental divisions, and while the front was only the width of two companies the depth was thirty lines of men in open order. It was in fact s giant wedge of flesh and blood and steel which was to drive itself through the

Confederate lines. As the men stood in line their officers expisined to them in low and earnest tones what was planned and what was

hoped for. It was a forlorn hope indeed. Every man must have realized that there would be a terrible loss of life even before the salient was reached, but each one seemed to nerve himself for what was to come. During the twenty min-utes' interval between forming and the order to advance there was almost dead sitence in the ranks. The men leaned upon their muskets and peered through the forest in their front which hid the Confederate position, and the supports on the flanks moved up and into position as if fearing that their footsteps would disturb the dead of the day before.

It was not positively known to the Federals that the salient was defended by cannon. The hope that it was not gave the men more spirit, as the lay of the ground-forest, thicket and ridgefurnished fair shelter from musketry

Soon after 8 o'clock a single low poken order brought every man to a front face. The moment had come. As the column had formed under cover it was hoped to take the defenders of the salient by surprise. The lines were dressed, and in a moment more were moving through the woods. From the valleys at the base of the Kennesaw, Lost or Pine Mountains to their crests there is scarcely a level spot. The sides are covered with forests and thicket, and the ground is almost a sucession of rocky terraces. Over this difficult ground the great blue wedge orced its way at a rapid pace, but no cheer was heard-no shouts were given.

"Crack ! crack ! crack !" It is the alarm from the Confederate skirmishers, who have crept down almost to the base of the mountain. They are posted behind great rocks and hid den behind ledges. They cannot retreat; they must carrender or fight it out. They choose the latter course. Nine out of every ten hold their positions until the point of the blue wedge reaches

them and brings a savage death with it. All along the sides of the grim mountain the skirmishers bar the way, seeking to detain the wedge and alarm the defenders of the salient. Here and there a Federal throws up his hands and falls back, but the column makes no halt. Up, up, up, and now an officer in front waves his sword as the slopes of the parapet come into sight. Here the cover suddenly ends. From the bushes to the salient, a distance of 200 feet, the ground has been swept bare of tree and bush, and rocks have been rolled aside.

At the foot of the parapet is a palisade outside of that an abattis. Behind the works are a thousand muskets—a thousand Confederates with fingers on triggers. At regular intervals along this line-250 feet front-are six field pieces, each one loaded with grape and canister. The men within are waiting, Not an order is given nor a head appears in sight until the first line of blue is out of

Now, as if one finger had pressed the housand triggers, a great sheet of flame leaps forth and scorches and blisters and shrivels the advance. The second line crowds up over the dead and dying, the third and fourth cheer as they come. Now, with a crash as if a volcano was breaking through the crest of the mountain, the six guns belch their contents into that mass of men sixty deep.

The effect was horrible. What were men a moment ago are now bloody shreds blown against the rocks and scattered far over the ground. Some of the gory fragments fall upon the lines yet half-way up the slope.

The advance halts in confusion-the rear lines crowd up. There is another bloody feast ready as soon as the cannon can be charged. Then comes the order to break lines and divide to the right and left to get out of range of the artillery. The men rush forward to the abattissome lie flat down-others take cover behind rocks.

For fifteen minutes heroic carnage holds them before the salient. The Confederates have them at their mercy. Men take deliberate aim and send a bullet through the heads of the living targets. When the burial party comes to do its work it will find that seven out of every ten Federals lying before that abattis has been killed stone dead by a single

The fire of musketry might have checked the assault, but aided by artillery the check became a butchery. Grape and canister scarched out spots secure from bullets, and men in the very rear ranks, who did not even catch sight of the abattis were struck down by the iron missiles. No assault could have brought out more nerve and heroism, but it was the wave dashing against

a rocky clift. When the men had fallen back to their original positions the roll of dead and wounded was a shock to those who had escaped. No one had blundered, Johnston's lines were there, and they must be carried by assault. Sherman was looking for a weak spot to drive a wedge into. That salient was one of the rongest points on the Confederate fine.

M. QUAD.

A BRIGAND. -Black Bart has robbed more than a score of stages in California single handed. He had a habit of writing doggerel verses and pinning them to rifled express boxes. The rewards' offered for his capture amounted to nearly \$15,000, and a stray bit of his versification finally betrayed him.

LOSING A PLACE HOW THE GUARD EST ED CONSTRE Little Incident of the Sate Uepleasant-

Thomas B. Love, of full County, Tex., was a Confederate S. Idler under Brig. Gen. Lyons, and while the command was on the march in W. tern Kentucky, in the winter of 1865, a Federal, who urned out to be a notorious spy and bushwhacker, was captured. After the command went into camp for the night the prisoner was sentenced to do next morning. Love came on guard at 8 o'clock, and the rest of the story is given

n his own words:

By this time all werd sound asleep, as the men were thoroughly worn out. The prisoner and I sat on opposite sides of the fire. An hour passed and not a word was spoken between us. He seemed all the while thinking of the morrow, knowing full well that if he ever saw the sun rise a prisoner it would be his last day on earth. I was only 17 years old and a ittle reckless, but strict to obey orders. I had no pity for him, and perhaps he ealized this and was silent. The prisoner sat beside a post or stump, some mes leaning against it, and the distance between us was not over eight feet.

About 9 o'clock a corrade, who had een out foraging, returned and emplied bag of apples just behind me. I turned partly around to pick up one and as I turned back I did not look directly at the prisoner, for I was cortain he was all right, I having heard no sound to arouse my suspicions to the contrary. As my side was to him when I picked up the apples, he must have stolen away as noiselessly as a shadew, as soon as he eaught my eyes off of him. I can now imagine that he went on a 2:40 gait. I went on eating my apples, certain that the post he was sitting by was the prisoner himself and all right.

I suppose fifteen minutes had passed whilst eating apples About this time our captain had occasion to get up. He poticed that the prisoner was not there and asked me-where he was. I almost tonishment-when I realized what had happened, and my tongue almost became paralyzed. The captain motioned me to be still. I finally asked him what on earth I would do, knowing full well what stern general we had when duty called for it, notwithstanding he carried a great big heart and none of us but would have lied for him in a moment. The captain was satisfied that I had not purposely let the prisoner escape, so he told me to take out a pair of my pistols and go up creek that run through the lot and away from the house, and fire as fast as I could, yelling halt! halt! You may believe I obeyed orders promptly that time. The prisoner had been gone, I suppose, at least twenty minutes. The firing raised Old Harry; all were up and in arms in an instent, thinking the Federals were in camp. The general came out half dressed, and when I came back he asked me if I thought I hit him. I told him I was almost sure I had filled him with pistol shots, and while he looked a bit doubtful I escaped censure.

Trimming.

Five men were kept busy all day in Bridgeport, Conn., trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed once on the road, once in the fall, and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is covered with a thick horny substance, which, as it grows thicker, tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. At the time of trimming, the elephant stands on three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a large tub. Two men held the leg down, and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then with a twofoot drawing knife one man shaves off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. The elephant held the foot high of his own accord, seeming to understand what the men were doing, and after the operation he flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks.

THE DRUMMER. There is a country editor not a thousand miles from Ionia, Mich., who takes produce or labor in pay for subscription to his paper, and as a matter of fact, he receives about all a human being wants. in this world except, maybe, money. He had been sending his paper to a certain party for a year and then sent him a bill. The party responded promptly and then asked the editor if he would take it in trade. "Certainly. What is presume you will work where I want you?" "Certainly," answered the man, Well, come down at once, bring your drum, I want you to play two days in front of my esteemed contemporary's room across the way. I've been wanting a drummer for some time." The turned, and in moving to the door of the man played about an hour. The undertaker took his drum on account The editor is out.

total values of the exports of petroleum | the monody of death; at the door, in and petroleum products from the United States for September, 1883, were those who had just been made one to \$4,773,490; September, 1882, \$3,410,955, the festive joys of a wedding breakfast, nine months ended September 30th, there stood the vehicle which conveys 1883, 335,691,122; nine months ended all that is left of man after dissolution September 30th, 1882, \$34,257,811,

The Indian Corn Crop.

The November report of the Department of Agriculture gives the total yield of the Indian corn crop this year as approximately 1,577,000,000 bushels. this estimate is correct the gratect the year falls about 40,000,000 bushels short of the crop of 1882, notwithstanding a large increase of acreage. This is the third crop "in succession," we are told. "below an average, following six successive crops above an average yield, or twenty-six bushels per acre," and the quality of the crop in the frosted belt is said to be very poor. The report is not flattering, but it will be well if the present deficiency of the corn harvest turns out to be no greater than the department estimates it. The Chicago correspondent of the Journal of Commerce evidently fears that the crop is generally overestimated, and states that "Towa has not enough corn for home consumption," while Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are virtually in the same predicament.

Though it is not likely that there will be any scarcity of corn in the country before the crop of 1884 is secured, the fact that for three successive years this most important of all our cereal crops should have been cut short by untimely Northwestern frosts emphasizes the exefficiency of extending its oultivation south of the thirty-eighth parallel. Uness the spring opens early in the Northwest and the corn can get a good start so as to mature before the middle of September, it is always liable to injurious frosts. The great stittem of tropical va-por traversing the United States in summer (under which alone can be found the temperature and rainfall necessary or the perfection of this tropical plant) projected from the Gulf coast, and after reaching the Missouri and Ohio valleys is deflected eastwardly to the west end of Lake Eric. Within the area largely increased.

Modern Courtship Scene. "And you really love me dearly?" he asked, as he coiled his arm about her wasp-like system. "And ton'll always

"Always, Frederick; ever so." "And you pledge me to sew but-"

"You pledge me to so beautify my life that it will always be as happy as

"With my last breath, Frederick." "And, darling, you will mend my stock-"

"Your what, sir?" "You will mend my stock of knowledge and draw me upward and onward

to a better existence?" "It will be the pride of my life so to do, Frederick, I will sacrifice all for

your complete happiness." "I know that, sweetheart, But suppose in the fullness of time some acci-

dents should happen to-to-say the "You forget yourself, sir. To the what?'

"To the trousseau; would it defer the our that makes you mine?" "Never, Frederick. I am yours, mina and heart, and naught can separate us.'

"And you will care for me ever, my soul, and I for you; for though I may never have a shir-" "Enough! Leave me forever."

"But listen. Though I may never have a shirking disposition, I shall sometimes, perhaps, in the struggle of life, orget the plain duty-And so on. That's modern courtship.

Lots of abstract swash, but a manifest disinclination to contemplate such conveniences as buttons, socks, trowsers and shirts. - Chicago Tribune.

Fancy the Bride's Feelings.

At the Church of St. John Nepomuk there was an occurrence of singular, and, to most people, awful solemnity, says the St. Louis Republican. At eight o'clock there was a high mass celebrated, at which were married a young couple. When the ceremony was nearing its close, the bride and groom, with their attending bridesmaids and groomsmen kneeling on the steps of the altar, and the church crowded with friends and relatives, the church bell pealed forth, not the merry marriage chime, but the your trade?" "I am a bass drum slow and dolorous toll for the dead. To player," solemnly replied the man, "I the door of the church there came a hearse, and into the middle sisle, down which the newly-wedded ones were compelled to pass, there was brought the long bier with all its somber display.

When they had received the blessing of the priest, the bride and groom church, had to separate and pass one on either side of death's pedestal. In the choir the organ trembled with the joyous strains of the "Wedding March:" in THE EXPORTS OF PETROLEUM. -The | the belfry the iron throats belehed forth place of the goach which was to convey to the dark and narrow house.

GIRLS PLAYING BASE BALL.

What a Western Editor Ilas to Say of

[From Peck's Sun.]

Over in Michigan the drie of one of road held a consultation as to the Dest method of taking cheap and healthful out of door exergise for the promotion of, and building up their muscular system. Walking matches, horseback riding and several other plans and methods were discussed, but all were roted too commouplace. Finally one of the roung ladies who had been to Bosfon, and for that reason was considered authority, proposed that they organize a base ball nine, saying that she would see to it that the girls of a neighboring town did the same and then they could combine business with pleasure by challenging the rival club to play a match game. She knew that her omb could "everlastingly pulverize" the other girls and thus they would not only be gaining health and glory to themselves but would bring their little village into an enviable notoriety and prosperity. The scheme took, and in less than a month the two clubs had been organized and were practicing before the friends of the members of the club were fairly aware of it. In fact the organizations were not known to exist until it was announced that a match game between the two clubs was

to be played. The day of the game arrived. Old ol arose bright and early, evidently determined to see the fun, as not a cloud of trouble crossed his silent path. In fact, he did exactly what lots of other old sports did-arranged himself in smiles and took the game in. The first club organized was called the 'Blondes,' but why, nobody could exactly tell, as two-thirds of the members were brunettes. It may have been so named on overspread by this "vaper plane," and a secount of the captainess having hair of small rain belt Southwest of Late Michigan, we must look hereafter for our now called a terra cotta blonde. The chief supply of corn. Next year cape- rival club was called the "Yellow Jackacreage of corn within this nea will be wore blue basques. The time set to no searin' ambiahan. He neither wants largely increased. crowd. The Blondes went first to bat.
The pitcheress proved her sex by firing the ball at the catcheress and witting an orphan on the other side of the left field. The ball was recovered, and with motion like hitting a belated husband with a broom, she sent the ball forward with a peculiar curve that sent is into

> "You mean, hateful thing," excitedly exclaimed the catchese, as she ran over to wipe the blood off the umpiress's nose. You ought to be ashamed to call her an old hen, she didn't mean to hit you.' "You hateful thing, I didn't call her a hen. I shouted foul, just as the men do when they play, because the umpire always does when such a foul caper as that pesky pitcheress cut up by throwing the ball at me." Finally the pitcheress sent a ball through and the batteress hit it and sent a liner toward center, and started on a run for first base. It was an inspiring spectacle to see her blue stockings hopping toward second base and toeing in with the violence of her emotions, while every girl on the bases was jumping up and down screaming wildly and swinging their arms like a windmill. By this time the pitcheress sent the ball toward the catcheress again but the girl at the bat hit the ball a clip that sent it high into the air and the center fielderess caught it in her apron, while the crowd was yelling

the mouth of the umpiress. "Foul,"

shouted the umpiress.

'catch that fly !"

This rather aroused the curiosity of the umpiress who asked: "Where is the fly anyway? I don't see any fly. It's too late for flies to be out doors, any how." A gentleman standing near tried to explain but retired in a humble frame of mind when told that he needn't bother himself about the game. Then one of the favorites went to the bat and several of the girls crowded around to encourage her. She swung the club around in great style and had she hit the ball it would have knocked the cover off. She hit a girl that was standing by, on her bustle, nearly knocking her down. and all her friends congratulated her splendid base lift. The next time the ball come she hit it and sent it against the belt of the short stop who liked to choked herself to death by getting a lump of gum she was chewing into her throat. As quick as she could speak she called "judgment" and the umpiress declared the girl at the bat "out." This raised a row and the whole nine took after the umpiress and chased her down to the other end of the fair ground where she dodged through a hole in the fence just as a cow came around a building and scared ber pursuers off. The game and bets were declared off.

"I BELIEVE I'll have to reduce your wages, John," said a miserly employer to one of his help the other day. "What acter of Mr. Jones?" for?" was the query. "Because thing are coming down. The necessaries of life are cheaper, and you can afford to get along on smaller pay." "I should like to know what necessaries of life are cheaper," said John ; "beef is as high as ever, flour hasn't dropped a cent, and coal is as dear as ever." "Well," said the employer, as he turned away, "at Jones is very vivid in we any rate, the price of postage stamp

THE LIME-KILN CLOUR WORDS OF WISHOM PROM PARA-

"De older night," began the Free dent as the club same to order, "de ole man Birch cum ober to my cabin an cried bekase he had not becum a great

and famous man. Dot sot me to finkin "Cleero was a great man, but I can not find it on record dat he eber took any mo' comfort den Samuel Shin does. Samuel has 'nuff to eat an' drink an w'ar, an' of an ebenin' he kin sot down in a snug co'ner an' eat snow apples an read de paper. He am harmless to de community as he am. Make a great man of him an' he might invent a new aort o' religun, or originate a new theory in pollytics, or do sunthin' or other to peot de minds of half de people.

"Demosthenes was a great man, but I can't find dat a cont des could put his ha as he kin de G can't find or dat he h dat or a cupato of li

his dinner any better Jones does, while he had de same chilblams an' headaches an' nightmares. As Givendem now like an circumsta children kin play with him, wood-piles in his nayborhood am safe, an' mo' dan one poo' fam'ly am indebted to him fur a shillin' in money or a basket of 'taters. Make him a great philosopher an' who kin tell how many rows an riots an broken heads could be laid to his door.

"Plato was a great man, but I can't find dat he he was fed on pertickler fine beef or mutton, or dat his tailor gin him an extra fit, or dat he got a discount when he bought ten pounds of sugar all to once. When Waydown Bebee gits sot down in front of his cook-stove, a checker-board on his lap an' a panful of pop-corn at his right hand, wid five pickaninnies rollin' ober each udder on de floo', he am takin' a heap mo' comets," probably because the member fort dan Plato eber dreamed of. He has an' becum eberybody's antagonist,

"De man who sighs to trade fe'r wages, a werm house an a pessenti h'arthstun fur de glory of Bonaparte am a dolt.

"De man who secrifices his clean humble cabin-his easy ole cost, his co'n cob pipe an' his pitcher o' eider fur de gab of an orator or de delushuns of a philosopher trades his 'taters fur windfall apples."-Detroit Free Press.

A Legal Complication.

The first legal complication arising from the change of time occurred in Boston, On the 18th a notice for the examination of a poor debtor was issued from the office of the Commissioner of Insolvency. It was returnable on the 20th inst, at nine o'clock in the forenoon. According to custom the poor debtor is allowed one hour's grace. He appeared before the Commissioner at forty-eight minutes past nine o'clock, standard time, but the Commissioner ruled that it was after ten o'clock, and defaulted him. The case will probe be brought before the Supreme Court

RECERATIONS IN SCIENCE. "The sun is 15,000,000 years old, and will last 15,000,000 years longer. This fact will quiet a great deal of anx-

iety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would only last 14,000,000 years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest habitants say it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.

The temperature of the moon is at least 2000 below zero, and it is highly edifying to mingle oldest inhabitants who congregate around the village barroom stove in midwinter, and listen to their lies about the cold January of 100,781 years B. C., when water froze while boiling on the stove. The hypothesis, however, that the temperature of the moon is 200 below zero is evidently a false one. If the theory were tenable, the United States Government would have sent an exploring expedition there to freeze to death.

Some stars are so far away that their light, moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, require 50,000 years to reach our eyes; but by "colliding" with a half-open door, when groping about a dark room at midnight, the light of 129,640,000,000,000 stars, more or less, will reach our eyes simultaneously with their first appearance. - Puck

"Mr. Smith, do you know the char-

"Well, what do you say about it?" "Wall, he sin't so bad a man affect

"Well, Mr. Smith, what we want to know is: Is Mr. Jones of a sp "Wall, jodge, I should say that To but when it comes to

sent he beta'l organ bet