Edgefield Advertiser.

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THE WRATH OF JACK FROST.

Jack Frost was affronted and angry—
The North Wind had told, in a gale,
How mortals were dreading his advent
When Autumn should die in the vale.
They spake of his stern laws abiding,
His treacherous kiss that is death,
The brown shment sad of the blossoms,
The tree rivers chained by his breath.

Then, drawing his white robe about him,
He vowed he would leave them to know
That evils for mortals there might be
More dire than the ice or the snow,
Then strode to the north, very sulky,
Till people grew frightened to think
Of the dainties denied—of the horror
Of summer-warm water to drink.

They sent him a tropical letter,
Bloom-scented, with touching device;
With hoar-frost he sanded his answer,
And wrote with his finger, "No ice."
The Grangers sent up a commission,
To speak, so they said, for the wheat;
He frosted their noses by wholesale,
And sent them home blue with defeat.

The skaters, with steel clashing loudly,
Invoked him, with pentecit cry,
"Oh, come in thy beautiful armor,
Oh, Frost-King!" He whistled, "Not I."
The ice-dealers prayed by the river,
An army right stalwart to see;
They filled the soft air with reproaches,
Yet Jack never heeded their plea.

Then came to him, faintly and softly,
A pitiful, weak little cry
From fever-hot childhood, still asking
That his hand on each forehead might lie.
To this he was strangely attentive,
And bent to the tremulous prayer,
Then spake to his servants in waiting,
To fling out his flag everywhere.

Then lo! there were crystalline bridges
That needed nor cable nor pier;
The South Wind before him retreated
In turmoil and terrible fear.
He tucked the poor wheat away safely,
He sealed the buds safe with a kiss,
Till the white winter harvest was gathered
And housed from the sun and the mist.

But just where the brook, running swiftly,
Touched lightly its ice-tamborine,
There were echoes of happy child-laughter
Still sounding all pauses between.

THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

"Ministers' sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I to the gentlemen who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train, bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance. He stopped me with his hand on my arm, and with an earnest look which I shall never forget. I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had stopped to listen, too.

"Let me tell you a story," he said. "I know it is a common belief that ministers' sons are wild, but that is because people talk about the bad ones, while those who turn out well are taken as a matter of course. I gathered statistics about them once, and found that out of 1,000 sons of ministers there were very few who did not grow up useful and industrious men."

"But what is your story?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "it begins with a class supper in Boston a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant, J. E. Williston—perhaps you have heard of him—and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in Western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and the dozen or so elderly men who were left felt more tender than ever toward each other as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how soon no one would be left on earth who shared in that happy time. The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brilliantly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the tender feeling I have spoken of would come uppermost, now and then; and in one of these moments Williston's eye was attracted by something glistening on the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on. He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which the coat was made had been worn so thin that it was very shiny.

"'Well, Blake,' said he, suddenly, taking hold of his friend's arm cordially (which he somehow hadn't thought of doing before), 'how has the world gone with you lately?'

"Blake had a naturally sad and thoughtful face, but he looked around quickly with a warm smile.

"'No need to ask,' he said, laughing. 'You can read the whole story on my back. This old coat is a sort of balance-sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T.'

"Then he spoke more seriously, adding: 'It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country person. I don't complain of my lot, though sometimes I'm distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat I've got on is hardly fit for a man in my profession to appear in, but I'm going to send my boy Sam to Harvard this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful, though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacrifices of personal appearance and convenience.'

"'Don't you give a thought to your coat, old fellow, returned Williston. 'Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may look.'

"Blake was pleased with this kindly expression, and both men after that exchange of confidence felt happier. But, among the various incidents of the evening, this one almost passed out of the minister's mind by the next day, when he started for Elmbank. Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up, he broke open the envelope, and found a few words from Williston with a check for $500, to defray the first year's college expenses of his old classmate's son.

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said my traveling companion at this point, "but I think you will appreciate the feeling with which poor Mr. Blake stood in his bare and dingy study in the old farm parsonage, holding that letter in his hand, and lifting his tearful eyes in thankfulness to God."

"Yes," I replied, "Williston did just the right thing, too. And how was it? Did the son show that he deserved the help?"

My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said: "Sam Blake was a good-natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expenses of his first college year taken off his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. Rev. Mr. Blake bought a new coat, and Sam entered Harvard that fall; and there matters stopped for awhile.

"A Freshman has a great deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time. Here he had society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own, with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base-ball, into which it appeared indispensible for the honor of the class that he should enter sotively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind, and ground batting. He could not refuse to go to the theater occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest to the society of young ladies, too, and had given up some time to its cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable, to prevent his health from going down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college was not very extensive. This didn't seem to have any bad effect till well along in the winter, when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong without his noticing it that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation-room. Gymnasium, theater, billiards, smoking, and I am afraid I must say a little drinking, frittered away his time.

"One horrible, snowy, sleety morning, when he had got up too late for prayers, the postman brought him a note from the faculty—an 'admonition.' He dropped the pipe he was just lighting, and bolted off to the recitation. But he 'desded' immediately, and that discouraged him. He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the Freshman year, he came out far down toward the foot of his class. He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home he recovered his usual spirits.

"When he walked up the village toward the parsonage farm, he was thinking that—since he was a Sophomore now—he would buy the knottiest and biggest-headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first thing that met him at home? It was his father out in the field digging for new potatoes, his coat off and his spectacled face perspiring. The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and, running up with hardly a pause for greeting, cried:

"'O father, let me do that. I don't like to see you at such work.'

"Mr. Blake stopped, and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.

"'Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a how-do-you-do as you could have offered me. There's something good about you after all.'

"It had not occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:

"'Where's the hired man?'

"'I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son,' was the answer.

"Sam was rather puzzled, and began to reflect.

"They went into the house, and there, when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old shabby, shiny coat. At this he was more than ever astonished. The supper, also, notwithstanding it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meager. Not a single extra luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad. Suddenly he laid down his knife, and exclaimed to his sister Katy:

"'Sis, what does all this mean?—this going without the hired man, and starving yourselves?'

"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, and made no answer.

"'I thought,' said Sam, petulantly, 'that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here the pinching is going on five times worse than ever.'

"'I don't own my friend Williston's money,' said the minister, quietly.

"'Of course not. But the five hundred dol—'

"Sam stopped abruptly on an entreating gesture from his sister.

"The subject was not resumed; but before he went to bed Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt secretly that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household. But that only made him speak more impetuously. 'Now, Sis,' he began, 'can I get two words of sense out of you?'

"'Not until you ask politely,' she replied.

"'Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is.'

"'It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed.'

"'I don't see why he should try to commit suicide, if he is,' Sam retorted. 'I haven't cost him much this year.'

"'Oh, yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold his new coat?'

"'Why?' Sam frowned.

"'Because he's been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time.'

"'What for?' asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

"'Well, he—how should I know? Don't you see? He's ashamed to have had that money from his classmate, and he's nearly saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret, and now I've told you!' And his sister burst into tears. 'You've nearly broken his heart, Sam—poor papa!'

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon. Coming back, he overtook his father coming from the postoffice.

"'I know all about it!' he exclaimed, in his excitement. 'Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat a while.'

"'Why?' asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.

"'Because,' said Sam, 'I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off today, and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgeburton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, father?'

"'You are too late,' was the minister's answer, 'I've just mailed the letter to him.'

"In fact, next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"DEAR WILLISTON: My boy—it almost breaks my heart to say so—has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum which you sent me for him last year, and you will find a draft inclosed for that amount. BLAKE."

Here I interrupted the narrator. "Doesn't this story prove what I said at the beginning?" I asked.

"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.

"He told him, 'I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself worthy.'

"Williston gave him a position, and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it; and you may believe he sent his father next Christmas the finest coat that concern could produce.

"I am a well-to do man now, sir," continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, "and when we get to Chicago if you will come to my establishment I will show you my father's, the minister's old, shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the beginning of a fortune and made a man of me."

"Then," I exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "it is yourself you have been talking about all the time. You are——"

"Sam," concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling.

THE GRAND OUTANG.

Of all the wonderful creatures in the entire animal kingdom none have excited such deep and lasting interest as the great man-like apes. The gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-outang approach so near to the form and size of man that the question of relationship is instantly suggested to the mind of every person who beholds for the first time one of these wonderful forms. In the living animals we see actions very similar to our own, and a perfect reflection of our own peculiar passions and emotions. Scientists are anxiously looking forward to the discovery of the "missing link" which shall establish a direct line of relationship between the human race and the great antiropoid apes. Slight wonder, then, that the latter are studied with such deep interest, second only to that bestowed upon ourselves.

Scientists agree in according to the gorilla the second highest place in the animal kingdom—that next to man. This is by reason of his great size, and the man-like proportions of his body and limbs, which enable him to stand more nearly erect than any other of the apes. For structural reasons the chimpanzee is given the second place below man, after which comes the orang-outang. Next in size to the gorilla, in weight often equaling man himself, and with human like face, arms and hands, the Malays of Borneo call him simply *orang utan*, or "jungle man."

The orang is found only in Borneo and Northern Sumatra, and the former island may fairly be calledits home. Like the gorilla and chimpanzee in West Africa, it is here found directly under the equator, inhabiting only the densest virgin forest, where wild fruit is abundant, and it is comparatively safe from the attacks of man. In Borneo the orang-outang inhabits that wide belt of swampy forest which lies between the sea-coast and the mountain ranges of the interior, and extends entirely round the western half of the island. It is most numerous in the territory of Sarawak, along the rivers Batang-Lupar and Sadong and their small tributaries. This region between the interior mountains and the sea is a vast swamp, entirely covered with a dense growth of virgin forest, into which a white man rarely ventures. Here and there rise isolated hills or mountains, like islands in a sea, clothed to their summits with tropical verdure. Upon these hills grow many noble fruit trees, and, in the "fruit season"—January to May—the orang-outangs from the surrounding swamps repair to them for their annual feast. The principal fruits upon which they feed are the famous durion, the mangosteen and rambutan, supplemented by the green shoots of the pandanus and the leaves of various trees. —*Harper's Weekly.*

STREET-CAR COURTESY.

A hatchet-faced woman, of about 35 summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff-stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Galveston avenue. There were half a dozen gents in men on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said:

"Ef any of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in your laps, you are barking up the wrong tree, for I want you to understand I'm a lady."

A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.

ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

The observances of card-leaving, or, as it has been scoffingly termed, "pasteboard etiquette," are at times found to be irksome and annoying; but they are followed, nevertheless, with a great deal of punctilio. Upon this custom the whole fabric of society may be said to rest, for by the proper use of visiting-cards, the ice of conventionality is broken—a circle of friends either formed or enlarged—the way paved for invitations—acquaintance kept up, or connections severed. Therefore the study of the code now followed in this respect is of the greatest importance to those who are desirous of attaining any of the objects just mentioned, as well as to those who wish to feel themselves at ease, should they, by any means, find themselves removed from the ordinary routine of their lives.

Card-leaving is a duty which comes almost entirely within the province of the mistress of the house, and only on her own behalf, but on her husband's also.

In the country it is etiquette for the old established residents to call first upon any new people who come to dwell in the neighborhood, and this is a custom which should be carefully observed. By it a kind of welcome is given to the strangers, and it rests entirely with the first callers to decide whether the acquaintanceship thus formed should be nothing more than a bowing one, or whether it should expand into intimacy or friendship.

This position can be most easily explained by means of an illustration.

We will suppose, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith come to reside either in the country, in the village, in a suburban locality, or any place where they would be likely to meet frequently, or even occasionally, with the established residents—in a word, anywhere except in a large town.

We will take the family of the Browns as a type of the old inhabitants. Upon learning that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were fairly in residence, Mrs. Brown (accompanied or not by her husband, as the case may be) would take an early opportunity of calling upon Mrs. Smith. If that lady is at home, Mrs. Brown, is [illegible] shown into the drawing-room, [illegible] will intimate the purport of her visit—namely, that of manifesting a friendly disposition toward them. This call need not last more than a few minutes—say ten or fifteen. If Mrs. Brown has called without her husband, she will take the opportunity, while leaving, to slip on the hall-table two of her husband's cards—one for Mrs., the other for Mr. Smith. This is taken as equivalent to a call from Mr. Brown; and, besides, in this case, the cards are useful, as informing Mrs. Smith as to the Christian name and place of residence, which, as a stranger, might not be known to her.

It is now Mrs. Smith's turn to respond to the civility thus shown. After the lapse of three or four days, or a week—according to the amount of cordiality she may feel—it is her duty to return Mrs. Brown's call. She does so, of course, leaving cards; should Mrs. Brown happen not to be at home.

BABIES IN DOGS.

A contribution to knowledge of this disorder has been made by M. Galtier, a French scientist. The most important of the conclusions which he draws from his experiments is that the saliva of a mad dog, obtained from the living animal and kept in water, continues virulent five, fourteen and even twenty-four hours afterward—a fact involving consequences which everybody should be warned of. Thus it seems that the water of a vessel in which a mad dog may have dropped some of his saliva in attempting to drink should be considered virulent for at least twenty-four hours; and next, that as saliva from a mad dog which has succumbed to the malady, or has been killed, does not lose its properties through mere cooling of the body, it is important in examining the cavities of the mouth and throat after death to guard against the possible danger of inoculation.

TOBACCO IN SPAIN.

Since the time of Cervantes, says a recent writer on Spanish literature, "mental capacity in Spain has been on the decline. With the introduction of tobacco into the state physical degradation began, and, notwithstanding there are a few exceptions to the rule, with the body weak the mind is apt to be weaker." There is not a particle of doubt that climate has its effect in the use of tobacco on the human system. Look at the Spanish race, for instance. Four hundred years ago it was said of stalwart men and beautiful, handsome-formed and well-developed women. A stalwart Spaniard is hard to find nowadays. The women, with rare exceptions, are scraggy, small in stature, without plumpness, and altogether unsatisfactory in a physical point of view. The fact that they meet and applaud in cold blood at the cruel scenes in the bull fight is evidence enough to settle the character of their mental structure. That this condition is the result of the use of tobacco, we do not entirely allow. If the Spaniard had fallen from physical grace by its consumption, the fat and friendly Dutchman of Holland has certainly improved. From the time of Peter Stuyvesant, the Van Dams, the De Ruyters, and the other heroes of Amsterdamian history, tobacco has wielded a power in the diplomatic, political and social affairs of the world. Smoke has taken the place of argument, and the pipe has seen logic out of the front door. We think it hardly reasonable to attribute the general decadence of Spain to the use of the weed, the quiet burning of which seems to lend encouragement to the existence of a very large and important number of the human race. As most people must find out by experience what hurts them, it is hardly worth while to declaim against an almost universal habit, as being one mortally, morally and physically damaging.—*New York Commercial Bulletin.*

CHICAGO.

An English Prediction.

[From the London Telegraph.]

On his return to England from the [illegible] and only visit to the United States, [illegible] into Richard Cobden avowed to his friends that he considered himself well repaid for crossing the Atlantic by having had an opportunity afforded him of seeing Niagara and Chicago. The quarter of a century which has almost passed since Mr. Cobden traveled in the great republic—and was, moreover, so delighted with it as to declare that, if twenty years younger, he would establish himself there for good and all—have wrought a prodigious change in the most marvelous city that is to be found in the United States. The population has grown more than five-fold, the city has spread far and wide over the circumjacent prairie; the greatest [illegible] for cereals, lumber and live stock in the world streams along the bank of the bifurcating Chicago river; the manufactures which have lately sprung up within the confines of the "young giantess of the West" are astonishing in number, in variety, and in enterprise; and, finally, the record of the trade done by Chicago reads almost like one of Rabelais' stupendous exaggerations. Until the time shall arrive when the capabilities of production shall begin to cease in the vast agricultural region from which Chicago is fed, or until the grain, the cattle, the sheep, the hogs and the poultry raised therein are required for home consumption, the commercial capital of the state of Illinois will continue to grow in wealth and population, until, as is already predicted by its most sanguine and far-sighted inhabitants, it becomes the largest and most populous city in the Union.

Chicago is already the Mecca to which the managers of all the great trunk lines of railway running to the Eastern ports of Montreal, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore extend their vision. "To reach that vast emporium," says Mr. John Harold, in his able pamphlet upon "Farming and Railroad Interests in North America," "into which are gathered the products of States having an area of some 380,000,000 acres of the most exuberant lands in the world, is the aim of all railway kings. No difficulties—whether geographical, physical or financial—are allowed to stand in the way of their tapping that great reservoir of traffic, upon which the profitable development of their iron roads is so largely dependent." The official statistics of the trade and commerce of Chicago for the year just closed afford ample justification for the efforts of railway managers to "make connections" with that amazing center. [illegible] the aggregate of grain received there amounted to more than 160,000,000 bushels, against 130,000,000 received in 1879, and only 60,000,000 in 1870. [illegible] A time will come, probably within the lifetime of many who are already in existence, when Chicago is the biggest city on the American continent. This anticipation is based upon the incontrovertible fact that nowhere else in the world are all the staples indispensable for the sustentation of an enormous head of population at the cheapest possible rates to be found in such unparalleled and overwhelming abundance.

SINGULAR HABIT.

The Portland *Press* furnishes this remarkable incident illustrative of a peculiar habit of the gentler sex: "When Dr. Twitchell, of Fairfield, was about to extract a tooth from a lady's jaw, he saw what he thought was a silver tube, and he asked what its use was. She replied, 'That is not a tube; it is pins. When I pick up a pin I put it into my mouth.' The doctor asked what she did when she ate and slept. 'I never remove one except to use it,' she answered. To the doctor's astonishment, he found seventeen pins by the side of her under jaw."

ONE HONEST MAN.

Six men sat around a stove in a Detroit tobacco store. There had been a long period of silence when one of them rubbed his leg and remarked:

"That old wound feels as if it was going to open again. I shall always remember the battle of Rich Mountain."

There was a slight stir around the stove, and a second man put his hand to his shoulder, and observed:

"And I shall not soon forget Brandy Station. Feels to-day as if the lead was going to work out."

The interest was now considerably increased, and the third man knocked the ashes out his cigar and said:

"Yes, those were two hard fights, but you ought to have been with Nelson at Franklin, Tenn., but wasn't I excited that day! When those two fingers went with a grape-shot I never felt the pain."

The fourth man growled out something about Second Bull Run, and a scowl set on the head, and the fifth man took his left side and said he should always remember the lay of the ground at the Yellow Tavern. The sixth man was silent. The other five looked at him and waited for him to speak, but it was a long time before he pointed to his empty sleeve and asked:

"Gentlemen, do you know where I got that?"

Some mentioned one battle and some another, but he shook his head sadly and continued:

"Boys, let's be honest and own right up. I lost my arm by a buzz-saw, and now we will begin on the left and give every one a chance to clear his conscience. Now, then, show your wounds."

The five men leaned back in their chairs and smoked fast and chewed hard and looked at each other, and each one resolved he was in Texas, when a runaway horse flew by and gave them a chance to rush out and get clear of the one-armed man. It was a narrower escape than any one of them had had during the war.—*Free Press.*

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out.

"It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said.

"Pooh!" answered Ben; "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"Oh," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying."

"Very true but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quitted work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold, the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall, getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had got more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act and live the exact truth always.

HOGS AND THE FARM.

"Nothing but a farmer," is a phrase that is heard now and then in America. It would probably be heard in no other country short of Algiers. In the best, at least, of the older countries the tradesman, the teacher, the mechanic—not to say the commercial traveler—would congratulate himself on the good fortune that promoted him to the social standing of a five-hold farmer, even though his acres should be few enough to be counted on his fingers. The notion that the man somehow stands a little higher who wears fine linen and bends over a desk or a counter than the man who wears overalls and holds a plow-handle is a backwoods notion. If it has had any influence—as it doubtless has had—in beguiling young men from the farm to the shop, the mill and the office, it will not have it much longer. As a new-country sentiment it will go the way of the log-cabins, and the corn-dry roots.—*Good Company.*

A SOLILOQUY.

"There's worry little winkin' among folks, when they're a-lookin at nother people's misdemeanors; instead of shavin' a slice off, they generally slaps a chunk on. They takes hoiservations of their folks' follies through a bunkin-eon large telescope, but they rewarse the instrument when they're a-tryin' to discover their hown; it's just a delusive way of tryin' to cheat themselves into the belief that their misfortunes ain't nothin' in the scale, when weighed agin the faults of hothers."

HE HAS A REPRESENTATIVE

The constituents of a member of the General Court from Huckleberryville were discussing his qualifications. They accused him of ignorance of the law, of tolerance, and of being a disgrace to a respectable community. The member asks, admitting all this, wherein he fails to represent the people of Huckleberryville.

"What in the name of high heaven does that fellow across the street wear that fur cap for?" "Probably he is a newspaper man, and needs a fur-tile brain." The groans of the bystanders reminded one of a field hospital after a great battle.—*Galveston News.*

Gen. Haskell, of the Salvation Army, almost destroyed his usefulness at Mayfield, Ky., by forgetting where he was, and praying fervently for a blessing on Paducah, a rival town.

JACKSON AND THE BRICKLAYER.

Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln always had a soft side for the toilers, and a liking for working clothes—in which, many times, no doubt, both the great Presidents would have felt happier than in stiff "reception" broadcloth. Jackson's sympathy for laboring men is shown in this little story from the Nashville *Banner:*

John Cryer, a mason, was on several occasions engaged to build chimneys at the Hermitage, and while at work often observed the most refined and wealthy people of Nashville coming to visit the General and his wife. The good mason, having more or less of mortar ornamenting his clothes, would say to Jackson that he "would not go to the first table to eat;" that he "was not fit to appear in such elegant company."

The General always replied, "You must go to the first table, sir; a laboring man ought to be as highly honored as any man in the community, for the support of the world depends on their labor. I will see that you are treated with proper respect at my table."

This story is certainly to the credit of Jackson's democracy, however it may be as to his social graces. Cryer frequently, laughing, said that he had been more honored than any man in the world, for President Jackson had frequently waited on him and brought him brick and mortar when his regular attendant was out of the way.

Bee culture is becoming a profitable industry in Texas, especially in the Brazos and Colorado valleys, where quite a number of enterprising men have found that it pays vastly more than cotton raising.

A man who had just learned poker, but had not sufficiently mastered the intricacies of the game, bet wildly upon a flush, and, upon showing his hand, was told that "the spirit was willing but the flush was weak."—*Puck.*

MYSTERIES OF A BEE-HIVE.

A life-time might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes after [illegible] at least an equal [illegible] Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow sirup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the sirup-honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallized, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the sirup it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

HOW TASTES DIFFER.

The tastes of neighboring nations. The Germans and the English esteem the goose almost as highly as the turkey. But in France the former is looked upon as a vulgar bird, unfit to set before epicures. An English journal, writing of the change of taste with respect to eating birds, says:

"To-day we never see a poulterer's shop adorned with rows of peacocks, and, should one of these beautiful birds appear upon the table at some grand public or private dinner, none of the guests would go into ecstasies over the dish, as if its delicacy was a fact universally known. But at Rome, no banquet was complete without the presence of a peacock. Among the other large birds, the cranes, the swans and even the ostrich were held in high esteem. Geese were also highly prized, and they were eaten, not with a sauce, but stuffed with small green apples. The duck and teal were served with the juice of the orange and not that of the lemon; and they were preferred to the heathcock and woodcock. As for larks and thrushes, they were usually eaten at the end of a meal, with the idea that it would prove a sovereign remedy against affections of the bowels. But the bird most in esteem with the subjects of the Cæsars was the common thrush. These birds were raised and fatted in large establishments near Rome and brought very high prices. The artificial rearing of these birds, which are excellent for the table, would prove an easy matter."

The mother of Parnell, the Irish agitator, who is the daughter of Commodore Stewart, "Old Ironsides," of the American navy, resides in New York, and is President of the Ladies' Land League, of that city. Her daughter, Lucy Parnell, is a young lady of remarkable brightness and great force of character, and an intelligent and vigorous writer. One of her sons is a Georgia planter, but is temporarily in New York.

The new building for the Boston English High School and Latin School is said to be the largest free public building in the world, being 339 by 220 feet, with a hollow square in the middle. There are fifty-six rooms in all, including a drill hall 130 by sixty, a gymnasium of the same dimension, and an exhibition hall capable of seating 1,250 persons.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

Dress does not make a man, but it often makes a successful one. The most precious stone, you know, must be cut and polished. I shall enter your name in my book for an unlimited credit, and no account to be settled till you are a Privy Councilor. I do not limit the credit, because you are a man of sense and a gentleman, and will not abuse it. But be quite as careful not to stint yourself as not to be needlessly extravagant.

* * * I have known many an heiress lost by her suitor being ill-dressed. You must dress according to your age, your pursuits, your object in life; you must dress, too, in some cases, according to your set. In youth a little fancy is expected, but if political life be your object it should be avoided, at least after 21 years of age. I am dressing two brothers now, men of considerable position; one is a mere man of pleasure, the other will probably be a Minister of state. They are as like as two peas, but were I to dress the dandy and the Minister the same, it would be bad taste, it would be ridiculous. No man gives me the trouble which Lord Eglantine does; he has not made up his mind whether he will be a great poet or Prime Minister. "You must choose, my Lord," I tell him. "I can not send you out looking like Lord Byron if you mean to be a Canning or a Pitt." I have dressed a great many of our statesmen and orators, and I always dressed them according to their style and the nature of their duties. What all men should avoid is the "shabby genteel." You had better be in rags.—*Vigo, the Tailor, in Beaconsfield's "Endymion."*

A Galveston dandy didn't like the new pants he had received from his tailor, so he told the artist who built the pants: "Look here, I can't use those pants. I wanted them for a dinner party, and they are so tight I can't walk in them." "Well," growled the tailor, "if you don't get to be any tighter than the pants you won't find any trouble in walking."

PLEASANTRIES.

A "stop order"—Whoa!

"Sold short"—Pea-jackets.

"Long on stalks"—Sorghum.

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gaslight.

The watch repairer is always engaged trying cleaning.

A kind act dollars and a half, if it happens to be [illegible] ary.

People who harbor evil thoughts should apply to Congress for harbor improvements.

The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not been found.

"Let it be recorded," said a buyer when he suspected that his wood-dealer was bringing short measurement.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

There was a young fellow of Ovid
Sent a valentine to his beloved,
But her father came out
With a club and a shout,
And over the fence he shoved.

It is asserted that Vendor at one time was a plumber. Well, he's not the only plumber that makes a good weather profit.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a potato patch is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

It may be well to state for the information of amateur artists that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court-plaster.

Ida Lewis has saved two brass-band performers from drowning. She never discriminates against a man's calling when he is in distress.

There was a young man from Havana
Who ate twenty-three feet of banana.
When asked how he fell,
He parted his belt;
"I would tell you," he said, "but how can I?"

Mrs. Spurgeon was boasting of her new house. The windows she said, were all stained. "That's too bad! But won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.

Parents who contemplate making railroad men of their boys cannot be too careful how they bring them up. We learn that the cause of many of our railroad disasters is defective training.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" said a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow."

Last word of a scene with an importunate creditor: "No, sir, after the way you have dunned me, I solemnly vow that I will never pay you a penny, and, when an honest man pledges you his word about anything, that is the end of it!"

"Are you engaged?" asked Col. Mark Anthony of a Galveston hack-driver. "Engaged! Why, man alive, I have five children down with the measles and two more to take it. I am engaged in sitting up with them all night long."—*Galveston News.*

A dandy of 26, having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly man to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age as 26. Said the elder gentleman: "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

A countryman took his watch to a watchmaker to have it repaired. After a few minutes' work on it, the watchmaker handed it back with the remark that the damages were $5. "What was the matter with it?" asked the stranger. "There was a hair in it." "Was that all? You ought to have found a hair mattress in it for $5."

ARTEMUS WARD.

Mr. Toole, who was one of Artemus Ward's most intimate friends in London, says that he told him the following story: He went to lecture at a remote place, where his face was not known. He was a little late; the audience became impatient, and began to stamp with their feet and to whistle. By-and-by Ward came out, and began to move about the platform, dusting the chairs and desk. The people took him for a "supe," and became still more impatient. Presently he turned around, dropped the dust-cloth, and said: "Now, having dusted the chairs, I will begin my lecture." Many of the jokes he made were not so good as this, but, no doubt, served to amuse himself and others. An acquaintance told me that he was once riding in a Broadway omnibus when Browne got in, and, on being asked for his fare, inquired of the driver if he could change $5. The driver said he could not, stopped the coach, and requested Ward to get out. Upon this Ward became very indignant. Why should he get out? Because he had not the proper fare. "But I have," he said; "I never said I hadn't 10 cents. I only asked if you could change $5."—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"The difference," said Augustus Millwhiffles, sauntering into the college library, "the difference between the works of Capt. Marryatt and the works of Beaumont and Fletcher is, I presume, that the former are by a tar and the latter bi-tu-men." Before he could cackle, he was seized by the nape of the neck and thrust out of the building by an enraged professor, who said to him, as he struck the ground: "Do you know why you are like Noah's ark?" "No," said the bewildered Augustus. "Well, it's because you're pitched without," said the professor, as he shut the door.

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