BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

The Rev. Epimenides Morton is the editor and proprietor of the Weekly Hallelujah News, a journal which ably defends its creed and urges its subscribers to pay up. During many useful years the Rev. Epimenides was a circuit rider, and many a man who is now enjoying the comforts which the Gospel brings into a family, was seized by him in the early days and induced to take shelter within the fold.

Several days acc. Mr. Anthony Biddle—as

Several days ago, Mr. Anthony Biddle—as good church member as ever lived—accom-panied by his little boy, called on Mr. Mor-



The visitors were cordially received into the office.

into the office.
"Why, my dear old friend," said the oditor, "you don't know how happy I am to see you. Ah, and you have brought your little boy. What a fine little fellow he is. Never mind, that all right, I assure you."

Never mind, that s all right, I assure you."
The fine little fellow had shoved a bottle
of ink off the table.
"Henry. I am astonished at you," said
Mr. Biddle. "What made you do that?"
"Bidn't go to do it?" the boy replied.
"Well, you must be more particular, or I
never will let you go anywhere with me
areain."

Do not scold the little man, brother Biddle, for boys will be boys. By the way, how did you like my article on the Bap-



"Don't you think that his footsleps were indeed made clear?"
"Perfectly so," Mr. Biddle politely lied,

for he had not read the article. "I am glad to hear you—oh, that makes no difference, I assure you."

The boy had dropped the editor's scissora

into the spittoon.
"My gracious, Henry!" exclaimed Mr.



Biddle, seizing the boy by the arm, " wha made you do that?"

"Didn't go to." "You are the worst child I ever saw. Why don't you keep your hands off things?" "'Cause I will."

"Oh," said the patient editor, "boys will

The Rev. Epimenides Morton is one of the most patient and self-sacrificing mon in the



world, and is so careful of other people's feelings that he entirely forgets that which is due himself.

"Yes," he repeated, "boys will be boys.

I think that it is our duty to stand up for the faith, Brother Biddle. We are too apt to forget how precious it is, and how our noble ancestors had to fight to maintain it. We would think more of it if we were com-pelled to sneak out into the woods andthere. Brother Biddle, do not jerk him around that way."

The boy had upset a bottle of mucilage on

The boy had upset a bottle of muenage on a new, gilt-edged Bible.

"Henry!" exclaimed the irzte father,

"you shall never go anywhere with me again. I am going to tell your motifer that you are not fit to go anywhere. Now, just look what you've done—ruined that Bible What made you do it, say?"

"Didn't go to."

"Sit right down there, now, and keep your hands to yourself."

your hands to yourself."
"Oh, the book is not injured," said the

editor, as he proceeded to wipe off the mucilage. "Boys will be boys. I remem-

ber very well when I was a boy.

"Brother Morton, what are you doing with that big pole standing there in the corner?" "That, my dear Brother Biddle; is a sap-

"That, my dear Brother Biddle; is a sapling that grew on the site of an old church, where I preached my first sermon. The house was long since torn away and this hickory sapling grew up where the pulpit used to stand. An old friend of mine cut it down several days ago, triumed off the branches and brought it to me. I prize it very high. I assure you. I am now don't slap him."

The boy had turned over the spitioon. "I'll whip you for that just as soon as I get you home, you good-for-nothing thing. Just look there now on the carpet. What made you do it, say?"

nade you do it, say?!

"Didn't go to."

"Why can't you sit still? What makes you want to tramp around that way, say?"

"Cuch, now don't!"
"Don't shake him that way, Brother Biddle. Boys will be boys in spite of every-

thing we can do."
"I'm going to whip him just as soon as I get him home."
"Oh, I wouldn't do that."
"Yes, I will. It is time he was learning how to behave himself."

The preacher and visitor soon forget the boy's depredations and entered into an interesting discussion of the article which funde John's footprints clear. The boy got up, crossed the room and began to examine the sacred sapling.
"Henry, don't try to lift that pole."
"No, sir."

"He can't hurt it, Brother Biddle."

"But he can't do it any good. Yes, I quite agree with you and most highly appreciate your love of faith."
The boy lifted the pole.

"I am glad to hear you say-"
Whack! The pole had cracked the editor

on the head.
"My goodness alive!" exclaimed the visitor, springing to his feet and assisting the editor to rise. "Are you badly hurt, Broth-

editor to rise. er Morton?" The editor's face had assumed an expres The editor's face had assumed an expression of agony. It was some time before he could speak. Then he attempted to say something about boys being boys. When the visitor had dragged the boy down stairs, the editor tenderly touched a bump on the top of his bald head and groaned.—[Arkansaw Traveler...

Medleal Item.

Uncle Mose met Mrs. Lindley Murray. "How am your son coming on?" asked the

"Ho is doing very well." He is a student at the medical department of the University

"You don' tolo me so?"
"Yes, and he will graduate next year."
"And den he will be a doctor?"

Yes. Uncle Mose.

"Why, de Lor, your son am too young to be a sura enough doctor. I recken he is only a doctor for childrens."

Is the World Growing Better?

"The world is a great deal more wicked than it was when I was a boy."
"Oh, that's all stuff and nonsense. It's

growing better every day."
"I'd like to see you prove it."

"I can do it."
"Come on with your evidence."

"Well, some time ago I inadvertently left an umbrella in a hotel hat-rack, and found it there on my return a day or two after-ward, and it was a silk one too."

"Was it raining at the time?"
"Well-er-ne, I believe not."-[National Republican.

A Profitable Tip.

Mrs. McEwen: "Did you tip that waiter, Henry?"
Mr. McEwen: "Yes; didn't you see me give him a quarter just before he went for the check? But he tipped me back.

Mrs. McEwen: "A waiter tip you, Henry!"
Mr. McEwen: "Cortainly. Ho tipped
me the wink when he handed mean eightyfive cent check for a dollar-and-a-half luncheon."-[Tid-Bits.

Masonry Exposed.

"What do those letters stand for?" asked curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.—[Morchant Traveler.

A Sure Thing of It.

"What interest can you have in reading the list of prizes in the Havana lettery? You never buy any tickets," asked Kosciusko Murphy, on seeing Col. Yerger perusing a

paper.
"I know that I never buy a ticket, but I have more real enjoyment than if I did," replied Col. Yerger.
"I low is that?" " How is that?

"You see, I pick out a number. If it wins I am as much tickled as a man can be, and go on a tear. If my number don't win, then I have saved the price of the ticket, and I celebrate my escape with the money I have saved. I am bound to win either way. I can't be beat."-[Texas Siftings.

The Brothers.

"To sum it up in a few words," said Sam Jones recently, "a dude is a jackass." Mr. Jones is surely mistaken. While a dude is not distinguished for brain, the other animal is pretty much all brayin'.—Bingham-

IN THE SEA'S ABYSMAL DEPTHS.

A Walk Amid Coral Groves-Shelly Forms

Found in Deep-Sea Mud-Low Life. The results of deep-sea dredging tend to show that the ocean bottom, which has been supposed to be in absolute darkness, is lighted by brilliant phosphorescence. I believe that if we could find ourselves upon the bed of the sea in 2,000 fathoms, we chould see brilliant white lights castwe should see brilliant white lights, cast-ing intense shadows, illuminating the bottom in an effectual manner. The bottom in an effectual manner. The groves of coral would shine with this light, shrimp and fishes would dart about, spectre-like, over an illuminated pathway. spectre-like, over an illuminated pathway, each carrying his own lamp, and the whole ground would be one glow of pheaphorescent light. The bottom animals have eyes, and hence they have use for them, for nature supports no uscless organ. One thing that is certain is that there is practically no glimmer of sunlight in these creat always algebras, and urless that there is practically no glimmer of sunlight in these creat always algebras, and urless that in these great abysmal depths; and urless we admit that there is some such light as I have mentioned, the presence of eyes can not be explained. Certain animals re-tain a phosphorescent luster even after being brought to the surface, and it seems but natural to conclude that in this way the ocean bottom is lighted.

THE THEASURES OF THE DEPTHS.

The dredge comes up laden with its precious load of deep-sea treasures, and the enthusiastic naturalists crowd around to explore the contents. Mixed up in a mass of mud are brilliant red starfishes, deep purple sea poils, delicate pink sea anemones, pure white holothurians, and ugly black fishes, all peculiar in many respects. While the naturalists are busy getting the animals ready for us to see, getting the animals ready for us to see, let us take a bit of the mud into the laboratory and examine it through the microscope. It will be found to be composed of countless numbers of microscopic shells, the teste of Foraminifera. They are usually composed of carbonate of lime but there are silicious species. They are usually composed of carbonate of lime, but there are silicious species also, and in the shallow waters, sandy forms. Some are as smooth and glossy as the best-glazed chinaware, showing beautiful concentric rings of different hues, while others are rough and lobed in a manner which defies description. Still others are the most beautiful shade of pink, and some present in color a most delicate chocolate brown. We find them tubular, coiled, crown shaped, spherical, and oval, and in masses of lobes upon lobes. of lobes upon lobes.

These beautiful shelly forms are allied

to Amorba, so common in fresh water and on damp leaves. They are one-celled and simple, the lowest forms of animal life, yet capable of producing these regular and perfect shells. These are the creatures which have formed the English chalk cliffs. Moreover, they are at this monetate falling from the surface of the sea in a continual shower upon the great ocean abysses, and in conjunction with the forms living on the ocean bottom, are forming vast layers of an oozy, clayey mud, which, in the proper conditions, would produce great strata of chalk.

LIFE IN ITS SIMPLEST FORM. The animal inhabitant is very simple, being without any organ, yet capable of performing all the necessary duties of life. They can move without muscles, eat without a nearly design of the state of the second and the out a mouth, ligest without a stomach and feel without nerves. When they wish to move they send out a pseudo-pod or little foot, which may be any part of the elastic cell wall, and then the body actually begins to flow from itself into its foot. If the foot touches a digestible object another smaller one is sent out, and the two surround the object, join to-gether, and thus two pseudo-pods become one, with the object within. The ease with which they can dispose of the cell wall to accomplish this makes the whole process seem like magic. It is in these animals that we see the first formation of temporary organs.

As we go higher these become fixed as permanent organs, and the next higher step of animal life has one part of the step of animal life has one part of the body fixed as a permanent mouth, another as a stomach, while other definite parts afford lecomotive power. Here is life in its simplest form, capable of using any part of its body for a stomach and any part for a mouth. Although so simple, they are wonderful because of their very the Mistrian of the control of simplicity of structure, accompanied by such complex powers.—Ralph S. Tare in New York Sun.

A correspondence of the Temps has been at the pains to ascertain that there are in Paris at the present time no fewer than twenty-three establishments which employ a more or less considerable staff of clerks in writing out addresses for circulars and advertisements to be sent through the post. Although these establishments are, as a matter of course, busier than usual at election time—having had to write out the addresses of nearly 3,000,000 circulars—they seem to do a pretty good business all the year round, their ordinary work consisting for the most part of addressing tradesmen's circulars. They also keep a list of all the persons engaged in different branches of trade compiled from the directory of Paris; so that when anyone applies to them to send out a circular, say to all the tailors of the town, they are ready to begin writing the ad

Stranger still, they keep a list of those who stammer, who have lost their hair, or are subject to any infirmity which advertisers of patent medicines, and so forth, propose to cure. The writer of the article in The Temps says that he has the misfortune to be bald, and he is constantly receiving circulars about some infallible preparation or other for restoring him his lost locks. Lists of this kind must necessarily be incomplete; but, by dint of perseverance, their compilers are enabled to classify most public men and get a good deal of information in a haphazard way. There are even lists of persons with false teeth and with red hair.—Pall Mall Ga-

A Rural Bridegroom's Marriage Fee. A Washington clergyman recently received \$1,000 as a marriage fee. The writer of this paragraph, whose father was a Methodist minister, remembers the gusto with which the old gentleman told the story of marrying a couple in Rhode Island, and after the ceremony the approach of the rural bridegroom, who in quired, "Well, parson, how much dew yew ax me?" The minister replied, "The reguax me?" The minister replied, "The regular fee is \$2." The bridegroom, after vainly searching his pockets, observed, "look here, parson, I haven't got any change, but I'll pay yer day arter to-morrow in white beans." True to the word' he appeared at the appointed time with his bag of beans.—Exchange.

Musical Instrument of Aztec Origin. A quaint musical instrument has been found in Mexico. It is in the shape of ϵ pipe, the body and head of which represent the inferior extremities of a grotesque figure of human form, terminating in a leg, which, with the foot, forms the mouthpiece. The instrument is supposed to be of Aztec origin.—Chicago Herald. PRAIRIE DOGS IN CENTRAL PARK.

They Began Work When First Turned Loose in Their Quarters. [Cor. Boston Transcript.]

When the dogs were turned into the enclosure they frisked about the space a few moments in evident surprise. Then they gathered in a knot for consultation, in which one fat old patriarch seemed to assume the leadership. The old dog. followed by six other stout dogs, selected a central spot in the enclosure and began to dig with his forepaws until in a minute or two his head was out of sight. He then stepped aside and gravely sat on his then stepped aside and gravely sat on his haunches white another dog began dig-ging in the hole thus started. The re-maining five dogs stood in a row behind the one that was digging, while the un-occupied dogs kept together a short dis-

the one that was digging. While the thrococupied dygs kept together a short distance away.

As the dirt was thrown up from the hole the dog that was next to the one digging gathered it in his paws and threw it back farther to those behind. In a short time the first dog, was out of sight. He then stopped and took his position last in the row, and the next one began digging. The Ioreman continued to watch the operations quietly or to inspect the progress of the work at short intervals. It did not take long before the whole six were down into the ground. Then the workmen were reenforced by another detachment until finally the forty dogs had disappeared, with the exception of the old one, who stood outside.

Presently there was a movement of the earth at a distunce of fifteen feet. A dog's head appeared, and the subterranean workmen all filed out of the gallery which they had made. The dogs seemed highly pleased with the result of their work, and after the foreman of the work had inspected the tunnel several times the colony then divided into groups, each

work, and after the foreman of the work had inspected the tunnel several times the colony then divided into groups, each group selecting a spot and going to work to burrow on its own account. Five of them with the old dog continued to work at the first burrow. During the afternoon each of the groups made its own home under ground, and they all went to rest in these holes at night.

New Test of Financial Standing.

New Test of Financial Standing.

["Uncle Bill's" New 'ork Letter.]

A new test of the real financial standing of a man about town is to snill at his silk hat. If it smells like a mixture of turpentine, hartshorn and several other things, however faintly, then the wearer is to be set down as not a daudy reckless as to expenses. He may be a good enough chap in a general way, but he is guilty of re usersting his het by means of a "juid re uvenating his hat by means of a fluid sold by barbers in bottles, instead of having it blocked by his hatter every two or three days at at a cost be cents for each treatment. The new method imparts luster, but leaves an indistinct odor, by which the economizing can easily be de-

They tell a piece of fiction about a fellow noted among a lot of swells for his devices for living slowly at a low cost. The tale runs that he called on a beautiful young heiress, with a distant view of get-ting so near to her as to marry. At the end of the evening and his dejarture she lifted his gloved hand to within a foot of her dainty nose, sniffed at it, and exclaimed: "Ah; benzine!" Then she brought her nasal tester close to his lappels, and remarked: "Naphtha!" Finally she smelt of his glossy hat, and handed it to him with the parting criticism: "Oh, stove-pipe polish!" He did not call again.

A Methodical Old Man.

A Methodical Old Man.

Exchange.]

Thomas M. Walter, architect of the United States capitol extension and of Girard college, lives in Philadelphia and is described as the most methodical of men. He is now engaged on the new city hall in that city. Although verging closely on to 80 years of age, he is yet able to produce drawings the details of which are as carefully prepared as though he were half as old as he is. Punctually every morning at 9 o'clock his tall figure can be seen entering the city hall, and just as punctually at 4:30 in the afternoon he leaves. A watch can almost be reguhe leaves. A watch can almost be regulated by his movements. His ponmanship, too, is indicative of his characteristics. Every letter is formed with the utmost care, and each word is separated by precisely the same sized blank space. All his expenditures, even for postage stamps, are carefully noted down in a memorandum hook. memorandum book.

A Rich Find. [Detroit Free Press.]

[Detroit Free Press.]

A broad tract of land in Lisbon, Ma, known for years as the "Pine Woods," is now one of the most highly valued lots of land in that state. Two years ago it could have been bought for \$5 an acre, and to-day \$25,000 an acre is its estimated value. It is owned by E. N. Chamberlain, who leased it a few months ago to E. H. Taylor of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. E. H. Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Chamberlain is to receive a royalty on the Product of a paint mine that it contains.

The value of the earth comprised in this tract of land was discovered through observation of the fact that the mud clinging to the wheels of vehicles driving through it dried on like paint and was removed with disliculty. The earth is yellow, and has been pronounced by Professor Stanley, of Bates college, to be a variety of sienna.

India's Oplum Production. [Exchange.]

The amount of crude opium produced in India in 1883 is stated in recently published statistics to have been 8,071,120 pounds. The number of acres of land used in its culture is given at 876,454. The use of opium among the poorer classes is said to be rarely excessive, but the well to-do people suffer greatly from overindulgence in it.

On the Old English Post-Roads. [Chicago Herald.]

Cycling is giving to the present genera-tion of England a remarkable knowledge of their own country, which railroads were causing them to lose, and has infused fresh life into many once famous inns on the old post-roads. The most popular cycling ground is the great Bath road, and men frequently go 150 miles and back.

Can No Longer Be Said. [New York Tribune.]

With the multiplication of clevated railroads in all directions, allowing passengers to look into all manner of bedrooms and kitchens, and get correct, if fleeting, views of the sort of domestic economy practiced by their occupants, it can no longer be said that "one-half the world knows not how the other half

L dgings for the Poor.

initiatelephia Call.]
One man's hobby is to induce the wealthy residents of cities to open their spacious, ventilated homes during their own summer absence as lodgings for the poor. He argues that it is wicked in the millionaires to let thousands of innocent whiders discussed in the millionaires to let thousands of innocent children die unnecessarily in tenements.

The crop of raisins grown in California has increased from 1,000 boxes nineteen years ago to 400,000 the present season.

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I will have in another lot of the 10 pound BEST GILT EDGE BUTTER,

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Creamery Butter at 24 cents delivered.

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ONE CAR OF DESPER DESERVER

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Intending to change my business by the 1st of January I will positively sell (commencing from the 21st instant) all the CROUKERY and TINWARE I have on hand regardless of cost. Call around be the contract of fore buying and be convinced that this is no humbug 2 doors South of Henry Kehn.

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have samples of work examined at Gallery.
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A against the Estate of Mrs. FRANCIS
R. WOLFE, deceased, will present them to
the undersigned on or before January 23,
1886.
J. A. WOLFE,
Dec 21-42
Executor

1886. Dec 24-4*