At the present moment, so says an English paper, fortune telling is one of the most flourishing systems of imposture in that country, and there is scarcely a town or village without its resident or visiting cheat of this description.

Patagonia has been obliterated from the map of South America. To Chili has been assigned all the western slope of the Cordilleras to the southern extremity of the Continent. The remainder becomes the property of the Argentine Confederation. Terra del Fuego is parted equally, while Chili takes all the othan islands.

James Tucker (colored) of Sandystone, Sussex County, has the distinction of being the most extensive producer of eggs in New Jersey. His poultry yards contain 500 hens of the white Leghorn breed, and from the e he obtains thirty dozen eggs a day. Mr. Tucker has been so successful in poultry raising that his methods are being widely adopted, and for Clemence-Alburtis as I took him relating to the business.

According to a Cleveland (Ohio) letter, James A. Garfield has been studying law with Judge Boynton in Cleveland, and is looked upon by friends of his father as the son most like him in every way. He has his father's size, complexion, eyes and manner. Both sons are now men, and have, it is said, great ambition. Miss Mollie, the only daughter, is now a young woman, taller than her mother, and has about finished her stud-

A tea ship that recently arrived at Portland, Oregon, had on board a very peculiar bird, called the Japanese tumbler. It has a habit of jumping from its perch, turning a somersault, and coming down on the perch all standing, and this trick it will perform dozens of times in succession, till beholders deem the bird demented. It is considerably larger than a canary, and of rather pret ty plumage, but not much in the musical line.

There is real English thrift indicated in a recent tale from Cheltenham, which is a very enlightened town, especially noted for its many excellent schools. And yet the whole town is worked up over the alleged appearance of an old lady's ghost who wants to show somebody where she buried £500 before : he died. The municipal authorities, under the advice of the ghost, have offered £50 to any one who will find the treasure: tend with. and regular "ghost trains" are run in from the suburbs for the convenience of work. Lay aside pens, ink and paper, those who want to see the old laly's go into the country, fish, walk into the

A Spanish shepherd killed by light ning recently was made the subject of a scientific post mortem to discover how the electric bolt had done its fatal work. His eyebrows and eyelashes were burned off, his eyeballs were dried up, all his know, and it isn't half done yet." left side was scorched and burned in death was apparent. The lungs were or you'll be a lunatic or a dead man in a frightfully congested and the base were menth." frightfully congested and the heart was frightfully congested and the heart was And drop my book on 'The Puerility enormously d.lated and filled with of Prehistoric Power?'" said Clem, coagulated blood. With all this damage mournfully. to the man his clothing was very little injured, the only traces of the lightning upon it being a small hole bored through the rim of the hat and a slight singeing of the shirt collar.

... A representation of Marshal Bazaine as a stage villain has nearly caused a riot in Paris. What long memories those Parisians have! If Marshal Bazaine had been an American, says the New York Graphic, he might have created and lost a dozen governments and been forgotten only an ornamental part of his life. in five years. The Mexican "expedition," on which the play is founded, has more of romance in it than anything else in the continental or international politics of the last thirty years It has material for an excellent play. It has not been half written up for books. There was never a more interesting character than Maximilian, the only imported Emperor that Mexico has had; and the and two ladies entered—one, Miss heroism attending his execution has not Martha Megrims, an old maid of sixtyheroism attending his execution has not been half celebrated. His wife, Carlotta, still lives in one of the sequestered establishments of the Hapsburgs, hopelessly not wait for me to call on her, but insane. The Princess Salm-Salm, originally a circus-rider, was one of the most brillient members of the Court at Queretaro. The misfortunes of the never saw, and never expect to see last Napoleon as a ruler began again, and as go d as she was pretty. in Mexico, to be ended at Sedan.

Marshal Bazaine led the French forces

Miss Megrims, and I must bear with her that were to establish a French foothold usual ha f hour of groans and grunts, for in Mexico. His Emperor was exiled. Maximilian was shot. The Prince Imperial died with a spear in his side in the go, for I knew he was in a dangerous country of the Zulua. Of that imperial his threat. Introducing him and bringestablishment only Eugenie remains, ing him into our conference was out of married him, she should never touch a heartsore and old. The only victory of Marshal Bazaine in Mexico was winning little back room, from whence there was knew a runaway marriage to turn out well a young Mexican woman, who accompanoescape but by a skylight or the door in my life." nied him to France as his bride. In the war with Germany that followed the loss of Mexico, the death of Maximilian and the end of our Civil War, the Marshal on Miss Lillian Br wo with a most unwas hopelessly disgraced for military in- mistakab'e look of admiration, which I capacity and sentenced to confinement | fancied was returned shyly by the young for a term of years. The Mexican lady clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step for a term of years. The Mexican lady 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step helped him to escape, and since then he has passed out of the memory and interhas passed out of the memory and interest of this busy world.

"Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? which they could hang their clothes prolife, and I ve treated her son so badly. 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll oblige me if you'll step Why didn't you say so before, doctor? 'Clem, you'll

DOWNHEARTED.

Downhearted? Pshaw! there's seldom seas A lane without a turning! Each desert has a spot of green, In spite of bright Sol's burning. Your friends have failed you? Well, what

Remember changing Peter; Sorrow has tried the best of men, And life is all the sweeter.

then?

What adds a zest to summer's joy? Is it not a winter weary! Peace would be tame without alloy, Past grief makes solace cheery. All cannot win though all must run When once life's race is started: Yet all may hear the words: "Well dons," So never be downhearted.

CLEM'S CURE.

BY PAUL DRAYTON

What's the matter? What's the mat ter, my boy? Sit down. Sit down and quiet yourself and then tell me what's the matter?"

That's the way I talked to Clem-short he is quoted as authority on questions by the arm one day when he rushed wild-eyed and thick speeched into my office, and seated him on the

"Doc," he said in a helpless tonemy profession is that of a physician-"I'm crazy. I can't collect my thoughts, and the pain in my head drives me

"I know it." I said. "I've told you it would be so many times. You have a buzzing in the ears, black'specks floating before the eyes, and ---'

"Yes! Yes! that's it. Nervous twitches of the muscles of the face and numbness of the limbs, and--"Depression of mind and melancholia,

"A disposition to suicide," he almost shouted. "I feel it almost necessary to commit suicide. Doc, what'll I do? How'll I stop it? Eh? How'll I keep

from blowing out my brains?" "Nonsense!" I said, angrily. "Don't talk to me about brains. If you go on the way you're going now, you won't have any brains to blow out in a few days. You'll be in the lunatic asylum, as brainless as a born idiot."

"I know it! I know it!" and Clem wrung his hands wildly, and endeavored to spring from the lounge, but I forced him back into his seat.

'And so I am determined to put an end to my life at once. God bless you! you with me to-morrow. Good by: I can't endure this agony any longer!" And once more he made an effort to rise.

"Sit still." I thundered out, now almost angry myself, 'or I'll send for a policeman and have you committed to the Charities and Corrections, to be examined as a lunatic. Now, do you really want to be cured of this attack of teezceweezees you've got?"

"Yes," he said, a little more calmly, finding he had a superior power to con-"Very well, then, give up all book

woods, feed the chickens, do anything, but don't read anything but trash for two months, and, above all, don't think of anything scientific until next winter without my l'ermission '

"But what's to become of my paper on 'The Origin of the Megatherium !' I'm ciety on the 15th of next month, you

"Confound your Megatheriums!" I exspots down to the ankle, while the right side of the body and right leg were uninjured. Serious as these injuries were, your Megatheriums and do it, but don't questions about him that would none of them appeared sufficient to have come bothering me about your symphave taken the skill of a diplocaused his instant death. But as soon toms. I tell you that you must have a mat to answer, though of course as the breast was opened the cause of complete mental and physical diversion, I did it as favo ably as I could for Clem,

"Drop every book, written and unwritten, and write not a line but an occassional letter until I tell you that you

The poor fellow buried his face in his I knew I was right. Clem had graduagain—which, by the way, I had noticed ated from college with high honors, and was more than Miss Megrims did. gone to the bar with high hopes, when suddenly his mind had, som how, become diverted to science, in which, unfortunately, he could afford to indulge, from the fact that he possessed a small had been rebuffed by Miss Megrims. He had the hydrophobia and died .-- Nashbut comfortable income, left him by his grandmother, so that law could be made

More than this, he was a remarkably handsome fellow, and, outside of his scientific studies, possessed more than ordinary common sense. The fact was he had overdone the matter, and he was suffering accordingly, from insomnia and mal refusal. Miss Megrims did not in-over brain-work. Entire and complete tend that her niece should marry for cessation from study was his only hope. Just as I had told him this there came a gentle tap at my door, and to my summons of it "Come," it opened, five, my patient, with nothing at all the matter with her but the want of exercise and employment, and who would hunted me down with her moans and troubles daily. Her companion was her niece Littian, and "airy tairy Lillian" she was. A more beautiful little creature I

which I was so well remonerated, and at the same time I did not dare to let Clem condition of mind, and might carry out the question, and there was but one way coat of her money.

for it, which was to stuff him into my "Doctor," she said one day, "I never which led into the office.

This I turned on him to do when I saw that he had risen from the lounge, and | bertis's own parents were a runaway was standing as one entranced, gazing match. She was a great belle, a Miss on Miss Lillian Br wn with a most un- Ellis Clark, and—"

ing slowly across the office, bowing to the two ladies as he went, but not shut-ting the door after him on his disappearance, so that he could hear all that might be said. This was not much that could entertain or instruct him, consisting only of the old woman's usual recounting of the malac es which she could not have possibly had if she had been poor and obliged to walk instead of ride, and the occasional musical tones of Iillian, answering my questions, or encouraging her aunt. Over a quarter of an hour was passed in this way, which would have been longer had not Lillian, knowing that I had Clem in another room waiting for me, hurried Miss

Megrims away.
"Who is that, Doc?" said Clem, eagerly, as he rushed back into the room as soon as the office door had closed on the ladies.

"That's the rich Miss Megrims," I said. "She's got more money than she's got time to spend it in, and so plays sick." "Oh, pshaw!" he said petulantly, "I don't mean the old one.

"Ah! that's her niece and supposable heiress, Miss Lillian Brown!" I replied, carelessly. "She's rather pretty!"

"Rather pre:ty!" he almost shouted. By the great ichthyos urus, sir, she's lovely: simply lovely. I never saw anything more be utiful in my entire existence."

"Gone!" I thought to myself. "His brain has given way," and I took poor Clem by the hand and felt his pulse.

"Oh, I'm all right, Doc," he said,

laughing, and then resuming his seat upon the lounge and becoming quite calm. "But really she is very handsome, and I don't know that I've ever seen any one that has made such an impression on Can't you introduce me, do tor!"

"Oh, you're too much mixed up with egatheriums and Prehistoric Power to even talk sensibly to a lady, and Miss Brown is a very sensible and practical

"Oh! bother the megatheriums and prehistorics. I'm not thinking of them just now. I want an introduction to Miss Brown," said Clem, earnestly.

"I'll give it to you to-morrow," I an-

swered, "if you'll promise to do just what I tell you until then." "Certainly, I will," he exclaimed

'Very well. I am to call on Miss Megrims to-morrow at 3 P. M. Promise me that you won't open a book, touch a pen, or think of megatheriums or prehistories until then, and that you will go to the theatre with me to-night, and I will take

"Done!" he said, enthusiastically. "Then we'll go and take a walk in the Park," and I shook hands with Clem on

the barguin, and we marched away for a smoke and a talk all about Lillian Brown. That night I took Clem to see an exceedingly funny burlesque, and was grat-ified at his appreciation of it in hearty bursts of laughter, and the following day he made his appearance at the office faultle sly dressed, something I had not known him to be since he embraced science, and looking so much handsomer and better than the day before that it hardly seemed he w s the same man. Of course I carried out my promise, and of course Miss Megrims looked surprised at my bringing Clem, but I did not care for that, for at the same time I saw Miss Lillian was gratified.

For the first time within my memory Miss Megrims seemed to for et her ailments, and devoted herself to Clem, who to read it before the Fe Fi Fo Fum So- had corralled Lillian on the opposite side of the room and appeared to be making the best use possible of his time, which, I had warned him, could not be more than fifsenses, for a Megatherium, why take poured in broadside after broadside of but I came out of the encounter strongly impressed with the idea that Miss Megrims did not want her niece to marry at all, or have gentlemen friends, and that she considered her too young—she was twenty—to think of such a thing at all. When Clem got into the street he was in raptures. Lillian was an angel; her beauty was almost beyond the earth, and her voice music itself. He was in hands, and sat the picture of despair, but love, and Lillian had asked him to call

Well, time sped on, and I saw plainly that Clem had dropped everything but Lillian. I saw him every day, and heard all about it. He had called again and had called several times more, but Mis: Megrims never left the room. Clem did not intend to be rebuffed, but Miss Megrims finally denied him the house or an opportunity of seeing Lillian. Then I stepped in and carried a formal proposal to Mis Megrims, which I backed up with my best efforts, but received a fortend that her niece should marry for some years to come.

My reply to this selfishness was my becoming letter bearer between the lovers, and a few days afterward they met in Central Park, although it must have been a hard job for Lillian to have gotten the chance. From the meeting Clem rushed into the office, exclaiming: 'It's all right, Doc. We're engaged. Lillie's going to try and soften the oldhippogriff, and, if she can't, we'll get married anyhow and go abroad."

Clem had carried the war into Africa, and meant to stay there all the time, he said. He had forgotten all about megatheriums and prehistorics, and had no more symptoms and tendencies to suicide. In fart he was completely cured, and, stranger still, Miss Megrims had become as robust as a prize-fighter, and not a word ever came out of her month about pains or aches, though she would not give up daily calls, but always filled them up with denunciations of Clem and declarations that if Tillian

Oh! that's a mistake, Miss Megrims," I said. 'I have known many, Mr. Al-

bring the dear fellow here directly. HIRING PASTURE FOR BEES ally fell upon his neck and wept, and then they fell to talking about Clem's mother until Clem cried in concert.

Well, they did not have a runaway, but did up the affair in style, and all went to Europe together, and the last letter I have from Clem declares the hippogriff to be one of the most charming old maids the world ever produced. -New York Star.

Japanese Marriages.

A marriage in Japan is preceded by the ceremony of betrothal, at which all the members of the two families are present. It often happens that the paries concerned then for the first time are informed of the intentions of their parents with regard to them. From this time the couple are allowed to see each other on every opportunity. Visits, invitations, presents, preparations for furnishing their future home, and the betrothed are soon satisfied with their approaching future. The wedding generally takes place when the bridegroom is over twenty years old, and the bride in her seventeenth year or over. The morning of the appointed day the groom dresses, and the toilet articles of the bride are carried to the bridegroom's house and arranged in the room appointed for the ceremony. Among many decorations the small table supports figures representing long life, such as the stork and turtle, supposed to live longer than any other creatures.

In the evening a splendid procession enters the hall, headed by the young wife, clothed and veiled in white silk. escorted by two bridemaids and followed by a crowd of relatives and neighbors; also friends in full costume, all glittering with brocaded scarlet and embroidery. The two bridesmaids and two or three young girls who are friends of the bride volunteer for the service, perform the honors of the house, arrange the guests, and flutter from one place to another to see that all are made comfortable. Among the objects displayed in the middle of the circle of guests there is a deep saucer of soft ware made for the occasion. It has a metal vase which is furnished with two spouts and elegantly adorned with artificial flowers. given signal one of the bridesmaids fills the vase with "shake," a queer liquid poured into the saucer. The bride drinks one-half of the liquid and the bridegroom drinks the other half. After this everybody is invited to the diningroom, where the "best man" sings the happy song and serves out the great dinner to all. With the exception of certain Buddhist sects and Christians, a priest or clergyman never takes part in the celebration. The person known as the "best man" acts as priest and performs the marriage ceremony. The next day after the marriage follows a festival given by the police officer who has given permission for the nuptials. He then places the newly-married couple on his

Madstone. An American reporter was shown a 'real" madstone, which came to this city yesterday, and which, it is claimed, has been instrumental in saving hundreds of people from the tortures and terrible consequences of hydrophobia. The stone was originally brought from England to North Carolina, and from there about six years ago to Texas, where it was owned by Mr. Bumpas, of Farmersville, where people for miles around, when bitten by dogs or snakes, went to have the wonderful little rock applied, and it proved as efficacious in the latter ca e of bites as well as the former. Incisions the size of the stone are made where the wound is, and the magic healer after it has been soaked well in warm water bound to the place. In case there is no poison it does not stick, but if there is, it holds on like a leech till every bit is out, and by then soaking it in warm milk the poison, of a greenish color, which has been absorbed,

comes out in milk. The stone is of a black or greenish black color, about an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch wide and very light. It was sent to Mr. Rodney Wetherby by his brother in-law, Mr. Bumpas, for the use of Dr. Hallowell in the hospital. Mr. Wetherby says in every case in which it has been applied com-plete cures have followed. He has seen it work several t me himself, and mentioned one instance where three men had been attacked and bitten by a very rabid dog; two had the malstone applied and never were given any troub e, but the oth r. who used the ordinary method, ville (Tenn.) American.

The Emblematic Horse-Shoe.

And now it is authoritatively stated that the horse shoe is not the emblem of good luck it has so long been supposed. On the contrary, it brings the reverse of luck to people who treasure it. The superstitions will please take notice, and cease to pick up this offending piece of iron wherever and whenever they chan: e to see it, as has long been their custom. One of the greatest scamps on record, a person who would have sold his mother's false teeth if the "fit took him." once said nothing on earth or in heaven would prevent him stopping to pick up a horseshoe, for, if he knew his fortune was at stake should he miss a certain train, he would rather lose both than pass this emblem by! It is melancholy to acknowledge he was alway a lucky fellow till he died, and then, who can tell whether he was or not? At all events he left a large collection of horse-shors of all sizes and conditions to mourn his loss, and henceforth exercise their thaumaturgical power in some neighboring junk-shop. -Boston Herald.

Old-Fashioned Beds.

Two hundred years and more ago the beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, but not upholstered or s uared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter remade daily. There were few bedrooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only no-"What;" acreamed Miss Megrims," ticeable room in the house, on tables or jumpung to her feet. 'His mother my benches. Woo'en coverlids were proEllice, my darling Ellice! It can't bo! vided for warmth; poles or hooks on

A FARM WHERE HONEY IS MADE BY THE WHOLESALE.

Shrewd Yankee Agent's Device for Getting the American Article

on the Queen's Table. "Did you ever hear of such a thing as man hiring pasture for bees?" asked a gentleman from Cherry Valley, N. Y. who was waiting at Cobleskill for a train. The New York Times reporter, of whom the question was asked, had certainly never heard of anything of the kind, and so informed his questioner.

"I was quite sure you hadn't, and that's the reason I asked you," said the gentleman. "I always like to put the question to every stranger in this neighborhood I happen to meet, for I enjoy the way it puzzles them, and then it always does me good to tell them about the man who hires pasture for bees. You know, of course, that all through this region hops is the mainstay of the people. Almost everybody is engaged in hop raising, and I can tell you that I've seen seasons when they wished they weren't. But you don't know, take it, that at Cherry Valley-historic Cherry Valley, the garden spot of Schonarie—we have probably one of the most extensive bee farms in this or any other country. California is, of course, the greatest bee-ranching or honey making region in the world, owing to the excellence of its climate and the endless variety of its honey-yielding flowers. There are no long winter in California, with dearth of flowers, through which the bees must be fed by artificial means, and in the mouth of almost every canyon there is a bee ranch or apiary. Why, sir, the beckeeper of the Pacific coast don't known how well he is off. He is beset by none of the difficulties of his Eastern brethien. He grows indolent often fail to recogni e it. and rich from the labor of his ever-industrious brown-winged servants. You see men, women, and children out there who own extensive bee ranches, so easily are they started and kept up. There is a constant buzzing of wings in the canyons, caused by the endless comings and go ngs of the bees, and the burden of honey they carry collectively is so great that the air is perpetually filled with the fragrance of the fields. "But hold on, I'm coming to it; in

spite of all that, the quality of California honey doe; not excel, even if it equals, the honey made right up here in Cherry Valley. That's an admitted fact, and Capt. Hetherington—oh, yes; the man who hires pastue for his bees; he's the man—Capt. Hetherington, of Cherry Valley, whose apiaries turn out over 100,000 pounds of honey every year, and the hum of whose 2,500 swarms of beesequal to 10,000,000 busy little servantsis heard all along Cherry Valley Creek, from the time the first blossom opens in the spring until the last one tumbles to the frost in the fal. Two steam saw-mills are kept busy five weeks in every year manufactu ing the lumber for the boxes in which the honey made by his bees is stored. Almost 150,000 panes of glass, six inches square, are used in these boxes. Captain Hetherington hasn't enough clover, buckwheat, basswood tree , &c., of his own to supply his bees, and so he pays a rent to every farmer in the vicinity for the privilege of his bees working on their premises. He won't have his bees running loose on his neighbors any more than he would have his cows, and so he hires pasture for them, and they go on and pile up so much honey for him that some years he gets no less than \$25,000 for it.

"And then there's the way our same New York State honey worked its way on to Queen Victoria's table. Did you That was a stroke of Yankee genius that never was beaten. You know, of course, because everybody knows that, that there was positively no market in England for American honey up to 187r. Oh, yes! They wouldn't have American honey at all, the dealers wouldn't, and the trade papers kept crying it down. The home article was so much inferior to ours that those interested in the former knew the introduction of ours on the market would kill the demand for theirs. A big wholesale grocer; house in New York City was very anxious to get New York State honey on sale in London, and they sent an agent over there to see what he could do. His name was Hoge, but after he had worked London on the honey question for a month or so he made up his mind his name was Dennis, and he was on the point of coming home in disgust, when one day the landlord of the hotel where he was stopping said to him:

". What you want to do, Hoge,' said he, 'is to get some of your honey on the Queen's table. After you've done that you're made. Everybody'll buy Ameri-

can honey then.'
"'That's so!' said Hoge, opening his eyes. 'How'll I do that?' "'Punno,' replied the landlord, and

walked away. landlord did know how he could get American honey on the Queen's table if it was only made worth his it was only made worth his while. You've got to make it worth everybody's while in England, as of course you know. So Hoge made it worth the landlord's pleasantly of the hereafter.

" 'I've got a friend,' said the landlord, time ago and is now in pickles. He scene that makes a pauper of descripwants to sell a big order of his goods in | tion. America. He's a great friend of the present Lord Steward. The Lord Steward, by the bye, has charge of the things that go on the Queen's table, and I'll in-troduce you to my friend,' said the land-lord, and he did that same evening.

"When the ex-Lord Steward went home that night he had the biggest or-

der for pickles he had ever received, and the Yankee salesman had a letter to the Lord Steward. In a few days the latter sent Hoge a letter, by order of the Queen, below zero and still falling. Some men praising the American honey that she advise this person to move to a hot cli-had sampled, and an order for ten cases. mate, without delay, but I don't think it That settled the American honey question. Hoge wasn't a great while making the fact of the royal pleasure with his goods known in London, and when he returned to New York he had orders for more than 500,000 pounds of American honey in his pocket. That's the way our trade in honey with Europe began, and the man that hires pasture for his bees isn't getting left in his share of it. But here comes my train, and some other

WISE WORDS.

An error becomes a fault when it is repeated.

Progress is attained by the perfection of the individual.

It is always best to overlook and depise illiberal censure. Still water becomes corrupt; the run-

ning stream is limpid. Many peop'e are busy in this world gathering a handful of thorns to sit upon. No man is more severely punished than he who is subject to the whip of his own

remorse. Look around the habitable earth, how few know their own good, or how topursue it.

It is clear that in whatever it is our duty to act, those matters also it is our duty to study.

The first in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor. and the fourth wit.

That cunning may succeed for the time being is perhaps true; that it will fail in the end is e jually true.

Hope without action is a broken staff. We should always hope for things that are possible and probable. As the skill of the navigator is not

required in a smooth son, so virtue, inactive in prosperity, reveals itself in adversity. The man who does a good turn to a neighbor to day will find somebody doing a good turn to him next year. This

is an eternal law. Such as thy words are, s ch will thy affections be estcemed; and such will thy

deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds. Sometimes the reward for honesty is

far from equal to the homage rendered rascality. We demand honesty, yet too

There is no occupation in which one may so constantly see and realize the presence of an overruling providence as in the cultivation of the earth.

Hope nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, so forewarned and forearmed, that all shallow observers will call you

Quaint Epitaphs.

.. San Franciscan on the occasion of a rec nt visit to the East discovered in an old graveyard in Greene, Trumbull County, Onio, the following quaint and humorous-if su ha word can be used in connection with a graveyard-epitaphs, which he copied. On one old. fat, brown headstone, fallen down and broken in two, is written:

WYMAN WAKEFIELD. During his life he voted for & belped to elect the following Presidents:

George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Jan es Munroe, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce

On a small white marble shaft in the same cemetery was read the following wender.ul inscription: JOHN G. EVANS. Our father lies beneath the sod,

His spirit's gone up to his God; We never more shall hear his tread, Nor see the wen upon his head. The only distinguishing trait of this old man was that while living his head was adorned with a large and beautiful wen, an I his children, wishing to record and perpetuate his virtue, had the above touching and appropriate lines engraved

upon his tombstone. Cn a plain white marble slab was read the following:

RUTH, DAUGHTER OF L AND M. SIRRINE. * * Strange as it is, but it is so, Here are three sisters in a row We were cut down in all our prime, The daughters of I. and M. Sirrine. We have I aid the debt you plainly see, Yet to be paid, my friend, by thee.

The above was written and caused to be recorded upon the stone by the father of the three sisters.

The above-named Isaac Stirrine was a man of very eccentric character in his day in Northeastern Oh'o. Before his death he wrote the first four lines of the following epitaph, which can be seen upon his tombstone in a graveyard in Cherry Valley, Ashtabula county, O. The last two lines were added by his brother after his death:

Here the old man lies; Noboly laughs and nobody cries. Where he's gone, how he fares, Nobody knows, nobody cares. But his brother James and his wife Emeline,

Were his good friends all the time.

Realth Hints for Cold Weather. Keep your temper. If you would do

this always, don't step on a piece of oilcloth till you have your shoes on. Avoid domestic coolness. If your wife

alked away.

But Hoge was smart, and by the way coat and take a brisk walk.

Do not go to sleep with your feet in the oven of the kitchen range, lest you suffer from excitement and dream un-

Beware of hot dr.nks. I have known two or three hot drinks to cause an illwho used to be the Lord Steward to the ness that laste I through the station-Queen. He quit Lord Stewarding some house, the police court, and a domestic

Do not sit on an icy pavement. It is safer, however, to sit on an icy pave-ment than to stand on your head on it. If you must do one or the other, choose the former course.

The cold morning plunge bath is a good thing in winter. That is, it is a good thing to recommend to the man is just the thing he needs.

Sleighing is the most dangerous to health of all our winter recruitions. Thousands of our bright and promising young men and lovely young women fall victims to it every year. (This is all bosh; but young men who are receiving only ten dollars a week may find it use ful to read aloud at times, when a sleigh-ride is mentioned and liverymen are asking two dollars an hour for a points about honey I intended to give horse and cutter.)—Kott Way, in Tid-ron will have to wait. Good-bye!" Bits.