WILLOW GLEN.

BY W. FRANKLIN WATSON.

Oh! where the little girl I knew,
With laughing eyes and sunny hair,
That played where pretty flowerets grew,
And breathed their perfume in the air;
When we were young and happy too,
And Willow Glen was bright and fair.

Yes, we were happy children when
I took her tiny hand in mine,
And led her down a leafy glen,
Where grew the trailing ivy vine;
Each beauty wore a luster then,
And mellow did the sunlight shine.

And when we gained the little brook
Where purling, sparkling waters flow,
A seat upon the bank I took,
She tossed the pebbles to and fro,
And laughing, cried for me to look,
"See, Charlie; see the fishes go!"

I met her in the grove one day,
Her blue eyes flowed with sorrow then;
"Charlie, we part," I heard her say;
"For I must go from Willow Glen,
So many, many miles away,
I fear I'll never come again.

"They say I'll see a Southern land
Where father is so good and kind;
But what care I for scenes so grand
When I leave all I love behind?
The living on that distant strand
Seems lonely to my fearful mind."

We parted in the willow shade
While day was bleeding into night,
From that loved spot where we had played
We watched the fading, lingering light,
The sun that set upon the glade
Seemed set in one eternal night.

We parted ne'er again to meet;
Long years have wheeled their cycles round,
Yet oft I turn my weary feet,
To that forsaken playing ground,
In fancy's trancient dreams to greet
The smiling face and merry bound.

* * * * * * *

There came to Willow Glen one day
The daughter of a man of wealth,
From Southern climes, the people say;
I fain would see the face by stealth.
'Twere vain—she knew, as well she may,
But only murmured, "Now, your health."

The jeweled hand in mine was cold
As glacier of the frozen North;
And when my hand released its hold
I wandered hopeless, aimless forth,
And breathed a curse on Southern gold
That blighted what I cherished worth.

Can this resplendent, princely form,
With sweeping, proud, defiant ways,
With sparkling robes and ivory arm
Be her I knew in other days?
That sought my side in shine and storm,
And only knew my humble praise.

My hopes were vain; my head is bent,
I walk the solitary dell;
With bitter pangs my heart is rent;
My thoughts—but O! 'tis vain to tell,
She's but a gilded monument
Of the girl I loved so well.

CARLETON CO., N. B.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Political Campaigning in Tennessee—Stump-speaking and Kindred Accomplishments.

BY W. W.

One of the potent institutions or influences in the South, which wrought marvels in welding communities together, as it were, by throwing the particles, the individuals constituting them, into close contact, although in a sparsely-settled country, comparatively, was that agency called stump-speaking—a peculiar creation of early times—and so designated, of course, because originally it may very well be presumed to have arisen from political discourses pronounced from the top of a real stump in some clearing, for want of a better rostrum. And, in connection with this agency or institution, think of "stumping" the length and breadth of a State like Tennessee, some 600 miles long and 200 miles wide, and filling appointments in a Gubernatorial canvass occupying two or three summer months in that latitude, by constant and fatiguing travel in a buggy or on horseback, and this, too, while the speaker was fought at every public gathering for two or three hours daily by a political antagonist as determined and ambitious, if not as able as himself.

The result of it was, however, that the people of the various counties made it a point to turn out and receive in a kind of grand procession or as an escort their favorite champion, some of them traveling oftentimes twenty or thirty miles to meet him; and they not only "stood up to him" in their own county when there, but, if possible—and it almost always was possible, because of the great amount of leisure enjoyed—many going to appointments in the neighboring counties, in this way getting acquainted personally with every one worth knowing for thirty or forty miles round about.

With their sympathies and prejudices thus stimulated, and their political education made the most of, no matter what other department of needed elementary instruction suffered, it was but natural when great issues were made up for them by designing politicians, that they should respond with all the warmth and energy of their nature; and, if unfortunately directed wrong, it was only all the more deplorable, because—as already intimated—taking no half-way ground, their fierce partizanship, their heat and impetuosity must needs carry them all the further astray.

The result of all this was, that it made of the people of the South almost a mere community of politicians; made politics a dominant matter to the neglect of a vast deal besides more essential to their real advancement. And the consequences were really disastrous at times to the most promising intellects there. Science, literature, art, the trades and professions; indeed, business interests of every kind were neglected, to pay tribute to this—in thousands of cases—mushroom distinction, which drew to it and monopolized the ablest men of the South. In this connection I shall never forget an evening spent in company with one such, especially a man of national reputation, and the possessor of one of those splendid intellects seldom vouchsafed to any, but which had yet been a complete sacrifice to this Moloch. The strong and bitter regrets expressed by himself at the meteor-like but barren career that was then rapidly drawing to a close—for he died in the very prime of early manhood hardly two years afterwards—were enough to make any young aspirants for political honors shudder, could they have been heard as I heard them; enough to frighten back from such a course even the most sanguine and hopeful devotee of ambition that ever essayed public distinction on that basis. Referring to his own sad experience, he asked:

How was it possible for him who had had applauding thousands hanging upon almost his every word and gesture for years—how was it possible, when the excitement lapsed, to afterwards go down and talk to twelve men in the corner of a country court house? Why had he been cursed with a gift so fatal as oratory, when it in the end brought him so much loss and suffering and disappointment, for he was broken in fortune and health, and even hope itself, as the result?

And when, on the same evening, he made his appearance for a few moments at the outskirts of a political gathering in the public square, and was shouted for by the concourse of people until they were hoarse, hoping they might have a chance to listen once more to one of his eloquent and masterly efforts, can I ever forget his gloomy looks and his savage exclamations as he came back with angry strides and as if pursued into my room at the hotel close by?

"Let them yell—curse them! It is such as that that has ruined me; and, instead of making them a speech, I should like a good deal better to huddle them like sheep and drive them to h—ll."

And when a young man, on the same occasion and evening, retired from the orator's stand with exultant step and sparkling eyes, because he had been cheered to the very echo, it was something never to be forgotten to witness the very different greeting he received from the man I have been delineating.

"Do you know," said he scornfully, laying his hand on the young orator's arm, "why they laughed and yelled so at your speech to-night? It's because they've no circus here now—no monkey—no Dandy Jack and pony in town. My young friend," continued he, bitterly, "take my advice. If you've got anything to do at home, go home and do it. If you haven't, get a basket on your arm and peddle oranges or eggs, or chop wood. But don't let the accursed mob wile you to destruction as they have me."

Speaking further of "stumping" and of its trials, I shall never forget one of them at which incidentally I was victimized. It happened to be my fortune on one occasion to attend upon a notable gathering of the kind in a country town, the speaker being one of the really-distinguished statesmen of the South, a United States Senator whom I shall designate for the occasion as Mr. Brown. The visit to the place was made exceptionally pleasant by a really splendid dinner given by a wealthy friend and resident of the town, to the statesman and his family, who were traveling in their own carriages, and happening also to be a guest, I concluded to ride to the next appointment, being on horseback, the speaking to take place the next day.

The speech was concluded at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and mounting our horses we—the orator and myself—started for a stopping place for the night some ten miles off. Commended to a certain country tavern at that point, the Senator being assured that the landlord was a staunch political adherent of his, we were assured further that we would be made comfortable; so we two rode on with pleasant-enough anticipations, getting to the place just before dark. The family had gone on in advance, getting there a little before sunset.

We found a queer condition of things indeed. The tavern was simply a great log cabin, the huge fat landlady being the most remarkable feature about the place. Meagerly furnished as was the establishment in all respects, the supper was still worse; the chief articles on the table being some thick slices of bacon, some badly-made corn-bread, and some stewed pumpkin; or rather some slices of this vegetable simply boiled and placed upon the table in dishes. This, with a sort of creosote coffee, constituted about the whole of the repast.

But all that was nothing to what was in store for us. The old landlady, who, by the way, threw her poor hen-pecked husband into the shade, literally and metaphorically, was dreadfully classic; so she began—two cubs about 10 and 12 years old, with unwashed faces and all else to correspond, having put in an appearance, and being thus formally introduced—

"This is Cicero Augustus Pugston, Mr. Brown; he has read your speeches, Mr. Brown; and this is Marcus Tullius Pugston, Mr. Brown; he, too, has read your speeches, Mr. Brown."

"Diana"—to a fat negro woman—"bring in that stewed punkin—we call that a Tennessee luxury, Mr. Brown."

"Vulcan"—to a lame old negro who poked his head into the doorway to take a look at the fireplace—"put some more wood on."

"Venus, girl, fly about; that table ain't set square; and you, Hebe"—to another darkey damsel—"set up the chairs."

And so she went on with as many of the heathen mythology as she could find pegs in her household on which to hang their names.

The evening limped away, under a horrible infliction of Plutarch, in addition to what I have already indicated; and, to crown our misfortune, we found the lodging—the night being cool—worse than the supper and the classics. And, to aggravate the case more yet, of going to bed hungry, the statesman being a politician as well, and, therefore, politic, dared not complain or resort to a great hamper in which all this time was resting a mammoth cold roast turkey, flanked with a couple of chickens, supplied by our thoughtful and kind hostess of the same day, in possible anticipation of our falling in with hard times. Not until the next day, and when we had fairly escaped from that horrible trap—for we didn't stop for breakfast—did we dare, at a pleasant place on the roadside near a spring in the woods, make amends for our semi-starvation in the house of that political adherent, but dreadfully victimized landlord; and that terribly "strong-minded" and sentimental old woman.

Whilst on the subject of political influences, such as were in some sort time-honored institutions in swaying popular sentiment and winning votes, I must not overlook that prime instrumentality—the "barbecue."

When all other attractions might come short of drawing a crowd upon an occasion of public speaking, that agency brought into full play, never to my knowledge failed to call the people of any section and of all parties to the point fixed upon. The method adopted was this:

The partizans of any political candidate having previously agreed to contribute so many "shoats"—half or two-thirds grown porkers—for the occasion, perhaps, along with these a fat beef, and the ladies, in like manner, having promised bread, pies, cakes, and pickles; the day before the grand occasion, a number of practical contrabands under the general direction and command of some veteran woodsman and camper-out, and, therefore, eminently competent for the task, would proceed to slaughter the animals, and next, preparing narrow pits perhaps a foot in depth. In these they would kindle hot fires, keeping up the fierce blaze for hours until the pits were thoroughly heated and the wood burned to a bed of hot coals, they would then take the meat, in halves or quarters, and making gridirons of green oak sticks (rather an Irishism) roast and baste the meat, until it was finally done to a luscious brown. Dinner then called, and a grand rush for some roughly constructed tables being made, the vast crowd would be there supplied with the choice morsels described and their accompaniments, to their heart's content; and, then full to the very chin, and spread around under the shade of the trees, the oldsters well supplied with cob-pipes, they would be perfectly ready to listen to any proposition or argument their candidate might advance; the only difficulty being that some would be stuffed so full, that they couldn't do much cheering on the occasion. I am glad to say that "liquors" of any kind—not even "old peach"—ever figured in the refreshments furnished on these particular occasions—or if they did at all, it would be to the smallest conceivable extent, and then surreptitiously obtained.

I have spoken elsewhere of the exactions of the sovereigns—the care taken to make the politicians feel their dependence; and in some cases the extent to which this was carried, and the concessions made by some of the great men who felt that they must "stoop to conquer," reminds one of the humiliating necessities imposed upon candidates for the Roman Consulships when they were constrained to stand in the forum and crave the "sweet voices" of the mob. How often have I seen the broadcloth sleeve lovingly placed over the shoulders covered by the linsey hunting-shirt, as the canvasser for votes would gracefully hook on to the intended capture, and lead him out on one side, as if complimenting him with State secrets; and how often, too, have I smiled at and even admired it as something like a "fine art." Many a cushioned chair in the capitol at Washington has been reached—aye, and held on to for years—by such devices and through such devious paths as these, until, indeed, demagogism would come to be thought a valuable accomplishment—more valuable not unfrequently than high talent without the tact to render it available.

Nor was this all. Constrained to thoroughly "prospect" the wildest nooks and corners of those remote districts for votes, and consequently to face every sort of lodging and hard fare with an equanimity that dared not be ruffled, could anything be more comical than to see the political explorer, on reaching a rude cabin at evening, taking up one child after another on his knee, and expressing to the proud father and pleased matron his conviction that children as fine and promising were not to be found in the whole district! that there was material there, possibly, for even a President of the United States!

But here I must relate a rather curious incident and mishap which occurred to one of this class on one occasion among the East Tennessee hills. Overtaking one of these arch tacticians one rainy afternoon, and quite uncertain myself where I was to fetch up for the night, I very readily put myself under his offered pilotage for the house of a leading partisan of his and local notability, some twelve miles off. The road, I may say, was simply abominable; in fact, it was only the customary "bridle-path" of the district, muddy and rocky by turns, and aggravated by the swelling and foaming rivulets at times crossing it, which here and there threatened to sweep us and our horses away.

With dripping ponchos and tired steeds, we made out at last to reach the place just as darkness was shutting down upon us, and I must acknowledge the heartiness of a welcome which once seated by a great log fire and denuded of our soaked outer habiliments made the roar of the rain on the roof and the noise of a rushing water course close by only something to enhance the consciousness of having made a fortunate and timely escape.

The evening passed pleasantly away, I felicitating myself on my luck in having a guide out of a "bad drive," and my friend, the candidate for the Legislature, not less well-occupied in discussing with our host probable acquisitions of votes to his support, when the inevitable hour for bed-time arrived, and the just as inevitable feeling of curiosity under such circumstances, as to where we were to be stowed in a cabin seemingly already well occupied by a couple and their six children. It was decided that we two would have to take a bed in the "loft," all but one or two of the younger children being somehow to be disposed of in a truckle bed and a "shake-down" below. But this time a catastrophe occurred, certainly rather uncommon in its character, considering how ample in strength, if not in elegance, are the materials which enter into the construction of most log cabins.

While the floor below was what is called a "puncheon floor," that is, one made of thick plank split out of logs and afterward made as smooth with an axe as skill in the use of that instrument will allow, the floor above was made of frailer materials—of large split roofing boards, a sort of shingles, which, however well they might answer to hold up the weight of the children accustomed to walk on them, were not well calculated for my friend, a "heavy weight" of some 190 pounds avordupois.

He had gotten to the side of the bed we were to occupy, under the low roof, and had his coat half-way off, when crash went the support under his feet, and he dropped through the floor like a shot, to my utter amazement, and without the power to help himself at all by catching at anything, his arms being half way in and out of his coat-sleeves. But that was not all: a supplementary crash followed, and when, as quickly as I could, I succeeded in getting down the ladder to survey the scene, amidst the screams of the children, my stout friend, I found, had by his fall broken down mine host's bed, directly under the chasm, and was trying to extricate himself from the ruins.

The exhibit was funny enough, certainly. The unfortunate politician, his coat still half-way on, was lying on his back, trying to get out from a mixture of quilts, broken boards, and one or two cross-poles; for the bedstead was not of rosewood or mahogany, but of poplar poles, laid at right angles on forked sticks, these latter driven into the ground, the former inserted into augerholes in the logs forming the walls of the cabin; and mine host and his wife, who had commenced their toilets for the night, were standing by, looking scared and astounded; the woman having caught up her baby out of a sort of sap-trough cradle; doubtless thinking that an earthquake had occurred, and that the cabin was coming down. Of course I could not help giving way to a roar of laughter as I took the whole thing in at a glance, despite a half-way attempt as well as I could, to sympathize with and comfort the victim of so queer a catastrophe; and my laughing seemed to be the signal for all hands to join in—all, I may say, except my friend—who, very red in the face, could finally only give way to a sort of concession of a laugh as he at last got on his legs.

Fortunately, the descent was only some seven or eight feet, for log cabins are not favored with lofty ceilings, and no bones were broken; and our host, despite the wrecking of his bedstead, went to blaming himself and laughing alternately at the mishap; and, better than all, promised "not to tell" on the unfortunate subject of it, good as the incident would have been considered by the opposition, had it gotten out. So, after a brief time spent in repairing damages, all hands got settled at last; and, lulled by the rain as it still pattered and dashed by turns on the roof close over our heads, it was not long until we were soundly asleep, nothing further occurring to disturb us until the sunlight of a clear September morning began to throw slanting beams in upon us through the crevices of the rough gable.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Got Into the Wrong Buggy.

Gen. Daniel Macauley drove up in front of the postoffice the other day, and, hurriedly jumping to the pavement, ran up the steps and disappeared in the building. Mrs. Macauley, who had been left in charge of the carriage, drove the horse around to the drinking fountain on Market street, and another lady piloted her equipage to the spot just vacated. A moment later the General emerged from one of the doors facing Pennsylvania street, with a frown on his face and his mail in both hands. Without stopping to look, he sprung into what he supposed to be his carriage, and, throwing a letter down into the lap of the lady at his side, exclaimed, as he fumbled about for the lines: "Here, wife, is another of those blankety-blanked lottery circulars." A faint scream in his ear and a cry from the fountain of "Oh, Dan!" aroused him to an understanding of the case, and as our informant moved on the General was extricating himself from the embarrassing situation with extraordinary grace and not a little precipitation.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FARM NOTES.

DURING the heat of summer commence work early and continue it late—but take a good, wholesome rest in the middle of the day.

"AND so," says the *New England Farmer*, "the 'farmers' fairs' have, in too many instances, been given over into the hands of those who have very little interest in the welfare of the farming community."

IN plowing it is never a good plan to turn up a mass of crude earth of several inches in depth, never before exposed to the sunlight and air. It will, unless heavy manuring is given as a top dressing, result in loss. In deepening a soil it is better to plow up an additional inch each year.

IT is reported that boulders may be broken up by drilling a deep hole in the rock at the proper point, and then fit into the lower portion of the hole a cylindrical ingot of lead of corresponding diameter. Then drive a mandrel, or rod, down upon the lead. By repeated blows of a hammer, the lead will be expanded laterally, and, being inelastic, the pressure will accumulate, and at length rupture the rock.

FRESH manure produces but little effect when applied to crops, but when it is well rotted it then contains much valuable soluble matter, absorbable by plants. In fresh manure the most important constituent of its soluble portion is potash, and it contains but small proportions of ammonia and phosphoric acid. Rotten manure, on the contrary, yields to the solvent action of water large amounts of nitrogen and phosphoric acid.

THE health and comfort of horses have of late years been greatly improved by the better construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty, and provided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the loft is kept well above horses' heads, and ample shafts are introduced to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers, and elsewhere around the walls, and only by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while being introduced in moderate amount, and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much draught is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air, horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minmum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England the newer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,500 cubic feet, with a ground area of fully ninety square feet per horse; and the best hunting and carriage horse-stables have more room.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

SMALL groups of trees and shrubs may be rendered very effective if due care is taken in planting them. Have a care that the general effect will be a good one, and to this end let the trees forming a group be of one general character. Thus, if conical trees be distributed equally or injudiciously over the grounds along with round-headed trees they will produce great sameness; but if conical trees prevail in one place, drooping or weeping trees in another, round-headed trees in a third, and low-spreading varieties occupy another side, many distinct characters will be produced, and this will be much more interesting to the beholder than one continuous group of mixed trees of various habits. The same general rules apply with equal force to ornamental shrubs. In planting single trees care should be had to proper soil; they should always be planted in prepared soil raised in heaps a foot or more above the general surface, so that after a year or two, when the earth settles, as it will to a certain degree, the tree may stand on a little hillock. The trees, before planting, should be ten or twelve feet in height, with trunks three or four inches in diameter at the surface of the ground.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

POTATO SALAD.

Chop cold boiled potatoes very fine; add enough minced raw onion to season, and pour over a good salad dressing.

CATCHING MOSQUITOES.

Nail a small cup, like the cover of a blacking-box, on the end of a broomstick and fill it with a small quantity of kerosene; then hold it under the mosquito on the ceiling, or press it up quickly so as to cover him, and the fumes of the kerosene will cause him almost at once to drop into the oil dead. This plan will save the disfigurement caused by killing the insects on the ceiling, as it is generally done.

TO DESTROY LICE ON FOWLS.

Grease the top of the head and under each wing with an ointment of mercurial ointment, two parts; lard three parts; crude petroleum, one part. Apply in half-melted state.

BEAN SALAD.

String young beans, cut into small pieces, wash and cook tender in salted water, drain well and add so much finely chopped onion as liked, with pepper, salt and vinegar. Serve when cold, and add a little olive oil or melted butter.

ESSENCE BOUQUET TOILET WATER.

Attar of roses, 3 drams; attar of bergamot (fresh), 8 drams; attar of lemon (fresh), 2 drams; extract of musk (simple), 2 ounces; extract of orris root, 8 ounces; cologne spirits, 8 pints; rose-water, 1 pint. Mix the oils and extracts with the spirits; then add the rose-water; shake well, and, after standing a few days, filter through paper. This is a very fine toilet water, but it is rather expensive. It can be diluted with a mixture of three parts cologne spirits to one of water, and still have the true odor.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

Put two quarts of fresh red raspberries into a jar and pour over them a quart of good vinegar; let them stand twenty-four hours; strain through a flannel bag; pour this liquid over two quarts of fresh berries and again let it stand twenty-four hours, and strain again; allow a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; put into a stone jar and cover closely, and set it to stand in a kettle of boiling water, to be kept boiling for an hour; strain and bottle ready for use; a teaspoonful to a tumbler of ice-water is the manner of using.

SMILAX.

With very little care, smilax can be grown successfully as a house plant. The seed should be sown in a box, or in pots in the house; should be kept moist till the young plant appears. The seed being rather slow to germinate, you must not think it bad if it does not make appearance in two weeks. The young plants should be potted off into three-inch pots as soon as they are three or four inches high. Once a year the bulbs should be allowed to dry off and rest; they will start into growth again in about six weeks.

ROSE LEAF PILLOW.

For the few who have the opportunity and desire to possess the latter, the following directions are given: Gather the leaves when they are about to fall, and save those from faded bouquets. Spread them on a frame covered with mosquito netting and lay another piece over the top, or, place them on paper in an occupied room where there is no dampness. Stir frequently and be sure they are thoroughly dry before putting them away, as any damp ones would cause the whole to mold. When sufficient are gathered—it will require a great many—put them into a thin muslin case, five-eighths of a yard square; over this put an ornamental cover, the same as any sofa pillow; place it on your lounge, and when mid-day finds you tired and worn out, and nervous, rest your head on it, if for no longer than fifteen minutes, and dream of the perfumes of Araby and rise refreshed and strengthened, if not by virtue of the rose leaves, at least by that of the "forty winks." The neighbors may criticise as sharply as though you had taken forty drinks, but that is no matter, so long as conscience bears no reproach for neglected duty and squandered time.

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

INTERLINEATION OF DOCUMENT.—The interlineation of a lease, to make it uniform to what was the understanding and agreement of the parties at the time it was executed, is not such a fraudulent alteration as to make it a forgery.—*Pauli vs. The Commonwealth, Sup. Ct., Pa.*

CORRECTION OF CONTRACT.—When an oral contract is afterward reduced to writing and the instrument fails to express in apt and proper terms the real intention of the parties through a mistake of the writer, equity will permit the mistake to be corrected.—*Nowlin vs. Payne, Ct., Iowa.*

INDORSER'S LIABILITY.—Evidence will not be received for the purpose of showing that a payee of a promissory note, who has transferred it by an indorsement in blank, verbally agreed, at the time of making the indorsement, to assume an absolute and unconditional liability, and not the liability simply of an indorser.—*Rodney vs. Wilson, Sup. Ct., Mo.*

USURY.—When an agent procuring a loan of money for a party charged and received from the borrower 5 per cent. of the amount, and $100 for going to Chicago and procuring a release of an incumbrance, the party making the loan having no knowledge of this arrangement and deriving no benefit from it, it was held that usury could not be predicated of the transaction.—*Ballinger vs. Bowland, Sup. Ct., Ill.*

GUARANTY.—Action was brought on a guaranty of the assignment of a mortgage. The guaranty was that the mortgaged premises were sufficient to pay the debt and also for the collection of the mortgage. Held that there must have been a diligent foreclosure as a condition precedent to recovery. The first payment was due and unpaid nearly four years prior to the foreclosure. This delay was such negligence as discharged the guarantor.—*Northern Insurance Company of New York vs. N. Y. Ct. of Appeals.*

RIGHTS OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.—The purchase of a ticket constitutes a contract between the company and passenger, in accordance with which the former undertakes to carry the latter to his destination on the particular train he takes and no other, unless he is permitted by some regulation of the company, upon compliance with some condition, to stop over at an intervening station and resume his journey by another train.—*Stone vs. C. & N. W. R. R. Co., Sup. Ct., Iowa.*

POSSESSION AND OWNERSHIP.—A person in actual possession of real estate under an unrecorded deed is, as against all persons who have actual notice of such deed, the legal and absolute owner of such real estate. As against all other persons, he is the equitable owner, and all persons are bound to take notice of all equitable interests which any person may have in real estate of which he is in actual possession.—*Tucker vs. Vandermark & Kirtland, Sup. Ct., Kan.*

MUNICIPAL BONDS.—Every purchaser of a municipal bond is chargeable with notice of the statute under which the bond was issued. If the statute gives no power to make the bond, the municipality is not bound. If it gives no power to raise money by taxation to pay the bond, the holder cannot require the municipal authorities to levy a tax for that purpose. A court has no power to compel the levy of a tax which the law does not authorize, and if the statute provides that the tax shall not exceed a certain sum annually, there is no power to compel the levy of a larger sum.—*United States ex re vs. Macon County (Missouri), Sup. Ct. U. S.*

INJURIES FROM ANIMALS.—A decision by Judge Clifford, of the Supreme Court, sustaining a verdict against the owners of a pet deer which injured a lady, gives an exposition of the law which is of general interest. The rule of law, as stated, is "that people may keep animals, but if the animal is of a wild and savage species, the owner is, as a general rule, liable for any mischief which it may do others. If the creature is of a tame kind, such as a horse or dog, its owner may let it run at large, and is not liable to a single hurtful act, unless he had knowledge that such mischief might be expected from it. But, in respect to wild animals, though they may be lawfully kept, as curiosities, for instance, the proprietor is bound to know their savage character, and must keep them caged or chained. If he allows them to run loose where the public have a right to go, and they do injury to persons who are without fault themselves, who have not given them any provocation, he must pay damages."

Philosophers at a Picnic.

"Xenophon," said his master one day when he had dismissed the academy and taken the students out to a picnic—"Xenophon, I do not like to see the young men of Athens so much given to hugging the maidens of Greece on these occasions. Their actions are dangerous to public liberty and free institutions, and they are a check upon the free expression of popular sentiment."

"And whyfore is it?" asked the future man of the "Anabasis."

"Because," replied Socrates, "it's muslin they press."

"True," said the astonished Xenophon, "but then it is done in the interest of lawn order."

Socrates wanted awfully to say, "of corset it," but he happened to think that same remark was made six or seven times a year by every paragrapher who could strike a lead to it, so he simply said:

"But it's unrepublican, it isn't democratic; it makes our young men run after the prints."

"True," said Alcibiades, who had just joined the group, "but you know, 'None but the barege deserve the fair.'"

"Yes," replied Xenophon, "and they are unflagging in their devotions to the bunting."

"Pekaye," cynically remarked his teacher, "it's the most expensive."

"Ye-es," said the pupil, "and then it requires protection."

"It is, then," Alcibiades said with an inquiring accent, "a monopoly?"

"Womantic idear," said Apollodorus, who had just come up, but nobody let on they heard him; and when he feebly added that "anyhow the custom was a waste of muscle and time," he was ordered off the track.—*Burdette.*

MR. HUGH MONRO, in walking around Lake Jackson, some four or five miles from Tampa, Fla., found an aligator's nest with eighty odd eggs. He bagged the whole lot, and is contemplating whether to go into the propagating business.

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LARD	6	@6¼
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BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 75	@5 25
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Medium to Fair	4 10	@4 40
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FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 00	@6 15
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 00	@5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	93	@94
No. 3 Spring	87	@88
CORN—No. 2	35	@36
OATS—No. 2	27	@28
RYE—No. 2	51	@52
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LARD	5¾	@6
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OATS—No. 2	29	@30
RYE—No. 1	52	@53
BARLEY—No. 2	60	@62
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OATS	31	@35
RYE	55	@56
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WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 04	@1 05
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OATS—No. 2	28	@30
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FLOUR—Choice	5 25	@6 50
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