

## HUNTING OWLS IN MISSOURI

BY J. G. SCHENCK

You, who are skilled in hunting owls, know how they capture their prey. No? They wait a bit and see how it is done in Missouri.

Well, they start out for the woods, having no expensive goods. Nothing of the kind, you know, nothing but the plain below.

Now they spy one on a tree. Very wise owl looks to be. When they see he starts with fear 'Round his tree their course they steer.

And the owl looks, as is right, To keep the hunter in his sight; Onward still the hunter's bound— The owl his head twists round and round!

Well, the consequence one knows— So, at least, the owl does— Keeping the owl upon the wing Till his head quite off they wring!

## IN SPITE OF HERSELF.

BY HILDA.

"Uncle Morton, I do wish you would drop the subject of Randall Whitney, now and forever. If you are tired of me, just say so, and I will pack my trunk yet to-night, and go to Aunt Barbara's." And the glow deepened on Ethel Dean's face; her brown eyes grew almost black, with little smoldering gleams of fire shining in their depths. She had been given into Uncle Morton's care at the early age of 3 years, and, in all the eighteen years that she had lived with him, he had never befriended her in such a passion. The good, old man was frightened, both at the girl's anger and at her threat of leaving the old homestead.

"Well! well! Ethel, child, don't get so angry. Of course, you needn't marry Randall Whitney, unless you choose, for there is no compulsion about the matter, at all. I only mentioned that he expected to pay a visit this summer, and that I should like to have you treat him civilly, and am sorry if I said anything to hurt your feelings, Ethel," said Mr. Morton, walking nervously up and down the broad piazza of the Morton farm-house.

"I am not angry with you, uncle, but I have grown tired of hearing Randall Whitney's name, and he is coming here this summer, you can hire Dorothy Mason, and will go to Aunt Barbara's while he is here. I have been wanting to visit her for some time, and this will be a good chance."

Uncle Morton passed in and out, and looked down at the young girl as she sat on the steps, pulling a rose to pieces, leaf by leaf, and a very pretty picture she made. The clambering rose-bush, with its wealth of foliage and its buds just bursting into bloom, formed a pleasing background for the fresh, sweet face of the young girl, with her brown eyes and her brown hair.

"Why, Ethel, how can I spare you just now? I am sure you are in real distress, with the harvest just coming on, the summer's fruit to look after, and the dairy to be taken care of! Not now, Ethel, not now. I will write to him not to come until fall; will that do?"

Ethel laughed outright. "You dear, old uncle! It is a shame that you cannot invite you please to your own house; but I do so much want to have the house without visitors this summer."

"Well, girlie, have it as you please. I will write to Randall this very evening not to come until fall. Bless me! we can't have you going off to Aunt Barbara's now. No, indeed!" And bustling into the house, Uncle Morton called for a lamp, and immediately set about writing a letter to Randall Whitney. A glimpse of the old gentleman's letter to the son of his old college friend will explain the situation of affairs as well, or perhaps better than anything we could say.

My dear Randall, I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure from the visit you promised to make this summer. Though your father and I were such warm friends, I have not seen you since you were quite a small boy, and I am very sorry, but I shall have to ask you to defer your visit until fall. My niece, Ethel Dean, who has also been my housekeeper since the death of my wife, refuses to have any visitors at the farm-house this summer. You see, my dear boy, I do not want to leave the house, but tell you the plain truth of the matter. This fall she is going away on a visit, then I shall certainly look for you. By the way, do you know of any likely young fellow who would come out here to work? I keep about twenty cows, and sell the milk at a cheese factory, some three miles distant, and I need some one to drive back and forth twice each day. If you know of a steady, trusty young man who would like such a place, send him out, and be sure to come yourself about the 1st of September.

Hoping you may not feel offended, I remain your friend, John Morton.

"There, Ethel, do you think that is plain enough?" and he tossed the letter to Ethel, who came in from the moonlight, her dark hair damp with dew, and curling about her forehead in tiny rings.

"Oh, uncle! he will think I am a cross-grained old maid, and that I rule you and your house with a rod of iron," cried the girl, "but what need I care; anything so he don't come here, with his proud city ways, yes, that is all right, uncle. He will not be apt to bother us soon, especially while I am here," and with a merry laugh she gave her uncle a "good-night" kiss, and went up to her own room.

John Morton and Randall Whitney had been schoolmates and chums in their early years, and warm friends during the dawn of dignity of manhood. In time, they were both married, and while "Dick," as he was familiarly called, went to a distant city, and engaged in the mercantile business, Jack took up the occupation of a farmer. The young men were often spoken of as twins, though there was no tie of blood between them.

"But if we are ever blessed with children," they said "we will have the families united by marriage." No children ever came to John Morton's home, except Ethel, the daughter of his only sister, who, in dying, left her orphan child to his care. When Ethel was 12 years old, Mrs. Morton died, and on the shoulders of the young girl fell the care of her uncle's home.

Servants were employed as in her Aunt's time to do the heavy work, but Ethel, despite her tender years, had personal supervision of the household department, and soon proved herself to be a capital manager of affairs be-

longing to that domain. Ten years previous to the opening of our story Randall Whitney died, leaving an only son, Randall. The young man was not aware of the existence of Ethel Dean, much less of the plan talked over by his father and John Morton, to have him marry the young lady some time in the future. Randall had succeeded his father in business, and one summer, weary of the ceaseless round of care, tired of the heat and confusion of the city, he remembered the promise he had made to visit Uncle Morton, and he determined to spend a few weeks at the farm-house. All needful preparations were completed, and he was on the eve of starting, when Mr. Morton's letter was received.

"Heigh-ho!" said he, when he read the characteristic epistle through twice. "The poor old man does not have a very pleasant home, I'll wager. From the size of his letter, I imagine Miss Ethel Dean to be a crabbed old maid, who, to use a slang phrase, 'runs the ranch.'"

So he sent an immediate reply to Mr. Morton's letter, stating that it would suit him just as well to make the promised visit later in the season, and he had found a young man that he hoped would suit Mr. Morton. He could recommend the young fellow as being trustworthy and of respectable family, and he would be on hand some time during the next week.

Randall Whitney's letter was received at the Morton farm-house on Tuesday, and on Thursday of the next week, as Ethel was busy in the front-yard tying up a refractory rose-bush, the click of the gate warned her of the approach of some one.

"Well, I wonder what he has got to sell for of course he is agent for something or another," was the girl's thought as a young man dressed in a serviceable suit of dark-gray and carrying a valise came to the flower-bordered walk.

"Is this where Mr. Morton lives?" asked the stranger, lifting his broad-brimmed straw hat, and bowing with the graceful ease that comes only with true politeness.

"Yes, sir," answered Ethel, stepping down from the elevated position on the three-legged stool, "you will find Mr. Morton sitting on the piazza."

"Thanks," said the young man, with a look of evident admiration of the sweet face that had hidden in the depths of a capacious sun-bonnet, took his way in the direction of Uncle Morton.

Busy with her work Ethel had almost forgotten the presence of a stranger at the house, when she heard her uncle calling to her. "Now, what's waiting," said she to herself, as half-petulant she dropped her pruning shears and ball of twine. "My opinion on some wonderful labor-saving invention, I expect. But no sample in miniature of a washing-machine, or automatic barrel churn, or self-operating wringer, or double-reversible back-action folding-iron-board met her gaze. Only the gentlemanly-looking young man, quietly talking to her Uncle Morton."

"Ethel, this is the young man Mr. Whitney spoke of in his letter, my niece, Ethel Dean, Mr. Fields," a surprised, incredulous look flashed, for a moment, across the stranger's handsome face, then his polite, deferential bow was returned by one equally polite from Ethel. "Now, girlie," this was Uncle Morton's pet name for Ethel, "have Katy show Mr. Fields to his room, as I know he must be tired with two days of steady travel on the cars. After supper Ned will drive over to the station, and fetch your trunk." When the young man had gone to his room Ethel joined her uncle on the piazza.

"Why, uncle, Mr. Fields is a gentleman; what possesses him to hire out as a common farm hand?"

"Well, his health is not very good, and he was advised to spend the summer in the country, taking plenty of exercise. When Whitney told him that I was in need of a man to drive to and from the cheese-factory, the thought struck him that here he could enjoy country air, have an abundance of healthy exercise, and turn an honest penny in the bargain."

"But what can he do, uncle, if he is in such poor health?"

"That remains to be seen, for now that he is here I am under obligations to give him a fair trial. I like his appearance very well; he seems so thoroughly frank and outspoken."

And so thought Ethel when the young man came down to supper. Sidney Fields was not what one would call a really handsome man, yet there was something that suggested mental culture and wide and varied knowledge of life. His was a frank open face, though with proud, firm lines; a face that once seen was not easily forgotten. A look of pleased surprise, flitted across his expressive countenance when he entered the cool, wide kitchen, where the evening meal was served. The table was spread with a snowy cloth, on which was placed a most inviting repast. Sweet yellow butter, and fresh rolls, strawberries, and a pitcher of richest cream, a crystal dish of amber-colored jelly, potatoes, eggs, doughnuts, fragrant tea, and a large pitcher of milk for any who wish it. A pretty set of plain white china, silver knives and forks, and the whitest of white napkins.

When about 10 o'clock had elapsed an excellent boarding-school for two years, and the duty of cleanly and beautiful living had been strongly impressed on her mind. She herself was pleasant to look at as she sat at the head of the table, and dispensed the honors with gentle grace and dignity. Uncle Morton, Mr. Fields, Ethel, Susan and Katy, two rosy-cheeked damsels, shy, but not awkward, and Ned Brown, the hired man, formed a very pleasant group about the farmer's table. "Surely," thought Sidney Fields, as he went to his large, airy chamber that night, "my lines have fallen in pleasant places."

Next morning the young man entered upon the duties assigned to him; and as Uncle Morton expressed it, "he proved to be the right man in the right place." Every morning he was up with the sun, and down to the milking-lot where Ned and Susan, and Katy were filling the pails with rich milk, then back to the cool stone milk-house, with a brimming bucket in either hand, where Ethel, her round arms bared to the elbow, her lovely face flushed with the early exercise, was straining the

lacteal fluid into the bright tin-cans, around which the clear, cold water rippled with a soft, murmuring sound. There had been a wonderful change in the "new hand" since his arrival at the farm. His face was bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, and glowed with the rich color of health and strength. The tired, jaded look in his brown eyes had given place to the brightness and buoyancy of renewed life. His musical voice, or clear, ringing whistle, as he went about his work, awoke the echoes through the meadow and woodland.

"Miss Ethel" said he, coming into the milk-room one morning, "do you know this summer's work will make me almost hate the city? I do not know how I can ever endure its noise and confusion again," and leaning against the open door he watched her deft hands flying swiftly about their work. "I have been here nearly three months, and my vacation is almost over," said he, musingly.

Ethel glanced up quickly. "I think the summer has been a great benefit to you. You have gained almost perfect health, and a good brown color," she added, laughingly.

"Yes, all thanks to the health-giving food and air of Morton farm, but Ethel, if I may call you so, there is something else I should like to have the assurance of having gained." Something in his voice brought a shade more of color to her smooth cheek, but she gave no further sign of having heard.

"There," she said, carelessly, "the milk is ready and here comes Ned with the wagon."

"Ethel did you hear me?" and behind the friendly screen of the iron-wood tree's thick foliage her hand was clasped in a firm, but gentle grasp.

"Yes," she answered, with downcast eyes and glowing face. "I want you, Ethel, to go with me to my home in the city, as my wife. Will you? For I love you girlie."

"But Uncle Morton has other plans for my future," said Ethel, archly. He expects me to marry Randall Whitney."

"Ha! ha!" what a merry laugh broke the morning stillness. "Ha! ha! marry Randall Whitney, well! that is news indeed. Have you ever met him, Ethel?"

"No," and uncle has not seen him since he was a little boy; but it was planned between his father and Uncle Morton that the two families should be united by our marriage."

"And you are willing the plan should be carried into effect?" said Ethel, her eyes twinkling merrily.

"No! I hate my name, and the girl, stamping her foot impatiently, and I have a fancy for a name, never mind, Ethel, I will have a talk with your uncle this morning, and I think Mr. Whitney will change his harp on the willow."

"But I have not given you permission to speak to uncle yet; you are too quick in taking things for granted," said Ethel, saucily, as Ned drove up, the rattle of the wheels drowning the sound of her voice.

"But it is 'yes,' is it not, Ethel?" and she could not say to him "nay," neither did she wish to.

"Yes," was the answer, as she danced merrily away toward the house, while Sidney Fields drove away through the dawning sunlight, his heart bounding lightly, and a knowing smile lurking on the proudly-curved lips.

"Ethel," said her uncle that evening after the duties of the farm and household were completed, "When do you want to go on your visit to Aunt Barbara's?"

The two were in the sitting-room where Ethel was just lighting the evening lamps.

"I don't see how I can go this fall, uncle. The grapes will soon be ripe and the peaches will have to be attended to. It seems too bad to think of visiting now."

"I know there is work to be done that the girls cannot do," said Uncle Morton, "but you know next month Randall Whitney will be here on his long-promised visit, and I thought maybe you would want to go away. You remember what you said last spring, and the old man rocked softly back and forth in the big arm-chair."

"Let him come, uncle. I cannot afford to let all the fruit go to waste on his account."

"Better say, Miss Ethel, you cannot afford to leave the new happiness that has come into your young life. Well, girlie, I am glad you are not going. I would hardly know how to entertain him alone."

Just then Sidney Fields sauntered in from the piazza, where he had been sitting, hidden by the vines and the early twilight.

"Mr. Morton" said he, as he drew a chair close to the old gentleman, "I have a confession to make. I have been living in your house almost three months under an assumed name, and as an imposter."

"What?" cried Mr. Morton, as he sprang to his feet, "you're a rascal; a scoundrel!"

"No, Mr. Morton, not quite a rascal, only Randall Whitney, the son of your old friend, Richard."

"Uncle Morton stood spell-bound. Ethel leaned against the mantle, her face flushing and paling by turns.

"Randall Whitney!" ejaculated the old man; "and you have been my hired man for three months!"

"Yes; Miss Ethel here would not receive me as a visitor, and as I was determined to spend my vacation here, I borrowed another name and came as a hired hand." Crossing over to where Ethel stood, white and still, he led her to Uncle Morton. "Uncle Morton, Ethel has vowed she will never marry Randall Whitney, but I love her so sincerely that I am willing to take the name of Sidney Fields henceforth, if with your consent, she will be my wife."

Ethel stood blushing, but no word left her red lips.

"Forgive me, Ethel, for my deception," and Randall Whitney drew her out into the silver moonlight. "You must say 'yes,' for I am a visitor now, and it will never do to be rude to company."

Now her laugh rang out merrily. "And I dreaded your coming so much. I thought you proud and overbearing, and would be ready to make sport of our plain, country ways."

"And I," said her companion, "dread to meet Mr. Morton's old-maid house-keeper, who would not have any visitors at Morton farm."

When the Christmas bells rang out their glad chimes, Ethel left the old home as the wife of Randall Whitney, and Uncle Morton went with them. Ned Brown and cherry-cheeked Susan were married and took charge of the farm, where every summer the "folks from the city are greeted as welcome visitors, and from where, Ethel declares, she was won in spite of herself."—Chicago Ledger.

The Servant Girl Question. One of the great difficulties in the way of getting on comfortably with hired help is, I believe, the proneness on the part of the mistress to forget that Bridget is flesh and blood the same as herself, and not a machine warranted to keep in good order and never wear out, and this without the lubricating oil of consideration or kind words. Particularly is this the case with those who are never without help in their kitchens. They forget, if they have ever known, how wearing are the long days of excessive toil; how wearisome are the big washings, the tedious ironing, the hard scrubbing, the hot baking, or, if the matter is thought upon at all, it is too often only to chafe that the work does not progress more swiftly, or to chide at little short-comings and defects.

While it is generally expected of Gretchen that she possess great physical endurance, it is quite as frequent demand that her sensibilities be of minimum quantity. She is never to show temper, to flare up or grow touchy at commands or reprimands, is never to "answer back" under any extremity, but is to "know her place" and keep it. The mistress forgets that the average girl, while she has quite as much sensitiveness (a morbid sensitiveness if you will) as herself, has, ordinarily, far less discipline and self-control.

Often the authority of the mistress, the temper of the maid and the comfort of the whole household are wrecked on the rock of trivialities. The wife and mother forgets or ignores the fact of how much more important to herself and family are her life and health, her vital powers of body and mind, than whether the skillet is hung upon the wall, or the dishes washed after a dinner party.

Again, where the mistress is not over severe with a girl so far as hard work is concerned, she sometimes—priding herself upon her skill in managing—so arranges it that the girl never has an hour that she may rightfully call her own. Sewing, knitting, patching, piecing, baby-tending, take up all the leisure time, and the girl, if she goes over so briskly about her morning tasks, has nothing to look forward to but an afternoon filled to its utmost capacity with other kind of work. This is discouraging to even the most active and best-tempered (for we cannot expect others to take interest in our work quite as we do ourselves), and Bridget is likely to become a drone, dragging out her work indefinitely and with very little regard to the time in which it should be done.—The Country Gentleman.

The Parsees. The Parsees of India are the descendants of the ancient Persian "fire-worshippers." They claim a history back to Abraham. The Zendavesta is their holy book, and the venerated Zoroaster, who flourished B. C. 550, is their great prophet. Driven from Persia a thousand years ago, they found a refuge in India. Now there are but 8,000 left in their ancient home. Of this strange people there are about 200,000 in all the world. Of this number 150,000 are in India. Bombay, "the city of the Parsees," has 75,000, making one-tenth of the entire population. As you walk the streets of Bombay you cannot help noticing these disciples of Zoroaster, differing as they do from both Mohammedans and Hindoos. The Parsee gentleman is tall and erect, with fair complexion and dignified air. His long white coat of silk or fine muslin is buttoned closely from chin to waist, and hangs in a fall flowing skirt to the knees. He wears a tall, tapering, queer-looking, indestructible hat, without a brim, inclining backward from the forehead, and looking very much like a section of a stovepipe. It is apparently of paste-board covered with brown silk or muslin. In the top is a hole in which he puts his handkerchief. This hat is one of the badges of his religion, and he must never change it for any other style. The Parsee always keeps his head covered, indoors or out, day or night, asleep or awake. Around his waist he wears a silken cord, which he is to untie at prayer. No bargain is binding if this cord is left off when the contract is made. These people are among the most intelligent, influential, and patriotic in the community. Most of them are merchants and bankers, and as such are honest, industrious, and polite, taking the lead in all commercial enterprises. One-half of the wealth and three-fourth of the business of Bombay is in their hands. They are often called the Jews of the East.

He Did Not Hear It. Johnny Fizzletop had been over to the house of a neighbor, Col. Percy Yergler.

"Well, Johnny," asked Maj. Fizzletop, "did you have a nice time over at Col. Yergler's?"

"Oh, yes, I had a nice time, and, pa, they are going to have cabbage for dinner."

"Haven't I told you forty times that you must never repeat what you have heard at people's houses?"

"But, pa, I didn't hear anything about the cabbage, I smelled it with my nose."—Texas Siftings.

A trunk from Philadelphia to New Orleans changes ten times.

## The Worm Turns.

From the sterner sex, and from the sterner members of her own sex, poor defenseless woman has received an enormous amount of reviling for her corsets, her high heels, her bustles, her tight shoes, and the thousand and one other things which she imagines make her more charming. All this she has endured up to the present, and with saintly patience, but at last even the worm brought to bay will turn and rend his accusers. And the peculiar thing about this is that she seems to have some reason on her side. She tells her critics to remove first the beam from their own eyes, then they will be better qualified to judge of the size of the mote which is obscuring their sisters' vision. Her first point of attack is the starched shirt-front. This we surrender at once. And so on until we are reduced almost to the condition which Eve succeeded in making improper for Adam to appear in on the day when that wretched couple indulged too unrestrainedly in a vegetarian diet. Then it was that woman first provoked the dress discussion, and it has remained with her a fruitful topic ever since. Up to that time there was no question as to what was and what was not "rational" dress. But Eve listened to the Worth of her day, and here we are, after centuries of evolution, each sex wearing a fashion of fig-leaves which the other knows to be ridiculous, and yet are no nearer a solution of the vexed problem than were our unworthy progenitors that November afternoon when they were evicted from the Garden of Eden. Is their no compromise possible? If we yield points on our side, will our daughters, wives and sisters meet us half way? Will the abandonment of the high hat purchase abstinence from the flower and feather-trimmed monstrosities that furnish the milliners a luxurious existence? Will the giving up of starched collars, cuffs and shirt-fronts gain the abolition of an equal number of starched skirts and lace-trimmed petticoats? Will our return to sandals mean death to French heels? Will our absolute desertion of barbers secure temperance in the use of rice-powder and arsenical solutions? When these questions are answered in the affirmative we will give in our allegiance to the new order of things, but until they are, we shall cling manfully to the right to encase our bodies in stiffened linen and torture ourselves in any other way we may see fit.—The Modern Age.

Where Sheep Are Kept. According to the last census the number of sheep in the United States in 1880 was 49,192,092, including the number estimated in on the great Western ranches. Ohio reports the largest number of any State, having nearly 5,000,000 sheep, shearing over 25,000,000 pounds of wool. California comes next, with over 4,000,000 sheep, shearing nearly 17,000,000 pounds of wool, beside half as much more at the fall clip that was not accounted for in the June enumeration. Michigan stands third, with 2,189,389 sheep, producing nearly 12,000,000 pounds of wool. New York and Pennsylvania each produce over 8,000,000 pounds of wool; Missouri and Wisconsin 7,000,000 pounds each, and Texas nearly as many, beside the fall clip, which would make her product nearly equal to that of Michigan; Illinois, Indiana and Oregon shear about 6,000,000 pounds each. Vermont, with 439,870 sheep, had 2,561,113 pounds of wool, but was exceeded by Maine, whose clip was 2,776,407 pounds from 565,918 sheep. Of the other New England States, New Hampshire, with 211,825 sheep, produced 1,060,589 pounds of wool; Connecticut had 59,431 sheep, clipping 230,133 pounds of wool, and Massachusetts had 67,979 sheep, shearing 299,089 pounds of wool. Comparing the number of sheep in the New England States with the number of inhabitants, we find that Rhode Island has one sheep to every seventeen inhabitants; Connecticut one to ten, and Massachusetts one to twenty-six, while Maine has six sheep to seven inhabitants, and Vermont three sheep to every two of her population. Forty-five years ago Massachusetts had one sheep to about two of her inhabitants, or 325,841 sheep to 737,700 people.

Great Self-Denial. "Where can I buy a pair of cuffs?" inquired a late riser of an Austin hotel proprietor one Sunday morning.

"Don't believe you can anywhere," replied the hotel man, "clothing stores are all closed up until 4 o'clock in the evening."

"Well, where can I get a cocktail? I am as dry as a puff ball."

"Can't. Saloons are closed up until after 4 o'clock."

"I suppose I can get a glass of sweet cider at some corner grocery, can't I?"

"Not much; groceries are all closed up until after 4 o'clock."

"Are, eh? Then I guess I'll have to go down to some drug store and get a glass of plain soda."

"Can't do that, either. Drug stores are not allowed to sell soda until after 4 o'clock."

The man moved mournfully over to the water cooler and had about half filled a tumbler, when a policeman in front of the hotel commenced shooting at a suspicious-looking dog. The hotel guest dropped the glass, jumped about fourteen feet, and, running behind the office desk, shouted:

"Don't shoot again, cap! I won't touch a drop of your blamed old ice water until after 4 o'clock! If you think it's too rich for my blood, I'll practice self-denial and spit cotton till sundown."—Texas Siftings.

Two Kinds of Worms. "Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and to study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present.

"Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings! I guess she is a ring-worm, ain't she?"—Springfield (Ohio) News.

The high attitude of the lakes in Wyoming Territory reduces the buoyancy of the water, and makes swimming much more difficult than in lower localities.

## HUMOR.

(From Carl Preter's Weekly.) WHAT has Ransom done, that so many people shoot at him.

WHEN a man is sentenced for twenty days in jail his days are numbered.

ANY tramp who attempts to steal the close of the day, ought to be shot on the spot.

DISSOLVING views—Looking through the bottom of a glass containing gin and sugar.

SOME men return home from "The Lodge" as a hunted criminal does when passing a jail.

THEY say that bald heads and gray hairs are defects in nature's works. "The defects are more noticeable when a ballet troupe is in town."

"I SAY Pat how do you like America?" "Purty well, but I am thinking about going back to Ireland." "What's the matter with this country?" asked his friend. "Faith and there's nothing, but I am going back to be ex-patriated."

A WOMAN applied for a divorce, and in giving her evidence in the case averred that she had passed "many sleepless nights in tears." The Judge granted a decree, at the same time expressed his sympathy for the man who had a wife that would tear around so much.

(From Texas Siftings.) In a library: "I say, who took the 'Life of Washington'?" "I'll swear I didn't know he was murdered."

It is common enough for love to laugh at locksmiths, but it is a much more serious matter for marriage to laugh at the plumber.

The temperance societies in considering how to treat drunkards seem to lose sight of the fact that the more they are treated the worse they are.

"Are trade dollars taken at par," inquired little Rufus Bofis of his mother. "No, but they are taken from pa, when he goes to bed with his boots on."

One of the Tennessee press excursionists, who visited Austin not long since, is the author of the following lines, penciled on the back of his card:

O, were you never an editor, And did you never edit, And feel that business of the press As you don't your hat clean shirt?

FARMERS' clubs are suggested as very good things for protection against patent-gate and lightning-rod syndicates. They should be about five feet long and made of stout hickory.

(From Chicago Cheek.) It has just been ascertained why the Arab folded his tent at night, and silently stole away. He was afraid the Sheriff might want him "if he lingered any longer."

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., so the story goes, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for going to a ball."

At a town in Illinois, the seats of the church had been freshly painted, and on Sabbath the paint was as green as a country pedagogue. There was a large congregation. Before opening services the minister requested Bro. Jones to "lead in prayer." Bro. Jones colored like an Oriental sunset, but did not respond. Bros. Smith, Brown and Simpkins were in turn invited to "address the Throne of Grace," but what was the surprise of the good man when all remained seated like graven images. To cover his embarrassment the preacher called upon the congregation to "rise and sing." Not one moved! He then stepped down and asked the janitor what it all meant. The janitor explained that the fresh paint held every worshipper fast to their seats. Such was the fact and services were closed amidst much merriment, and after no little trouble and some damage to wearing apparel the congregation dispersed.

The Owl and the Farmer. An owl who was reconnoitering a Farmer's hen-coop, was caught by the leg in a steel trap, and held fast until the toil-hardened agriculturist came out in the morning to finish him.

"Sir! What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the Owl.

"You were after my Poultry," was the reply.

"We will let the law settle that point. I will see if a free-born American Owl is to be treated in this lawless manner!"

Being taken into Court, the Owl put in the defense that no farmer had any legal right to keep Hens, and the Judge closed the case by saying:

"While the presence of the Owl in the vicinity of the henery goes to show that he would prefer Fowl to Hens, the Farmer has failed to prove whether the trap was bought of a man with a squint in his left eye or a wart on his nose. The Owl is entitled to \$100 damages for his injuries, and the Farmer is judged for thirty days for unlawfully obstructing the United States Mail."

Moral: Keep Owls instead of Hens.

Hurrah Grass. Several years ago, before the war, an Arkansas Congressman introduced to his agricultural constituents a new kind of grass, which he declared would form sod enough to kill all the weeds and