

## SEVEN TIMES ONE.

BY JEAN INGELW.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven,  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The larks play always, they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I've seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is  
fading—  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon; have you done something wrong in  
heaven?  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have you'll soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O brave march many-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtles dwell!  
O cuckoo! tell me the purple clapper  
That hangs on your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones  
in it;  
I will not steal them away;  
I am old; you may trust me, I'm not, I'm not—  
I am seven times one to-day.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY MAY FOREST.

Oh, visions that haunt me, waking,  
How swiftly do ye speed!  
Like a ripple over a lakelet  
Or a shadow across a mead.  
Ye dance, and gleam, and glitter—  
Through fleeting, wondrous fair—  
I would dwell in your cloud-belt palaces,  
My castles in the air.

I would stand on your golden towers  
And gaze at the gleaming west,  
Or lay my head, at evening,  
On a pillow of cloud to rest;  
And through the purple shadows  
Should float a seraph hand,  
And my soul should drink the music  
Of the far-off sunset-land.

## RUNNING THE FORTS.

Alex W. Pearson, of Vineland, N. J., writes a story of how Porter ran by Vicksburg. Mr. Pearson was paymaster on the steamer Red Rover, attached to the Mississippi squadron. He tells how the gunnery was run in this manner:

The ironclads were anchored in the Mississippi, just below the mouth of the Yazoo, in the order of procession they were to take in passing the blockade. All seemed ready, and everybody was on the qui vive for the start. Past 10 o'clock that night we heard the deep tone of the boatswain's mate, of the Louisville (he had a voice like a lion) calling: "All hands! Up anchor!" "There! They are off!" was the word, and we hurried on deck to get a parting glimpse of our "forlorn hope." We breathlessly listened to the rattle of the chain cables as they came in, and could distinguish the dark outlines of the iron-clads as they swung in the stream. Then there was a signal from the boatswain: "Let go anchor!" The cables rattled out again, and all was still. We drew a long breath. "They're not going to-night!" "Something has happened!" So all hands turned in.

Thus, upon successive nights, was the fleet practiced in the preliminaries of departure, until all became so used to the performance that the movement was as mechanical as any other drill, and spectators ceased to regard it with special interest.

Meanwhile the three transports which were to go below were getting ready. It was decided to economize life by removing the crews from these steamers, leaving only two pilots at the wheel and two engineers to handle the engines. The duty of guiding these large and defenseless steamers through the tempest of fire they were destined to traverse seemed extra hazardous. The post of the pilot particularly, perched up in the sky-parlor, was uncomfortably isolated and distinguished when 100-pounder shot and shell were flying about regardless of consequences. The loneliness in itself was kind of "pokerish." Danger, like misery, loves company.

To avoid the disagreeable responsibility of ordering chosen individuals to occupy these perilous positions, Admiral Porter called for volunteer pilots. Every pilot in the squadron volunteered! Even the two old Nestors who presided at the wheel of the Red Rover got me to write an application requesting that they might be "permitted to have the pleasure" of taking one of the steam transports past Vicksburg.

THE PILOTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. Here was another difficulty. All were so eager for the post of honor that it was a delicate matter to make selection. I cannot forbear digressing here to place on record my humble tribute of respect and admiration for the pilots of the Mississippi river. Taken as a class, their gallantry outvies comparison. Accustomed to grave responsibility in sudden emergencies, bred to decide and act instantly, when upon such action may depend the safety of hundreds confiding in their care, in the face of imminent peril deliberate yet prompt, with a courage which has stood all tests, their seeming recklessness springs not from carelessness, but from a heroic contempt of danger and in the performance of what they understood to be legitimate duty. I verily believe that the pilot of the Mississippi squadron would have volunteered to take the fleet of steamers over Niagara falls.

Those who were so fortunate as to be "permitted the pleasure" requested to arrange their surroundings according to their judgment; that is, they didn't want any surroundings. Reasoning philosophically, that a cannon shot off on does more harm by the splinters it scatters than by itself, they had the pilot house, which shelters the wheel on the lofty decks of these Western steamers, removed, leaving the wheel and themselves exposed. This settled the splinter business, except such as might come from a shot striking the spokes of the wheel. One of the pilots remarked to me when inspecting his post of duty and honor, "They'll have to take center shots to 'raise' the hair on us now!" Still, there was an unusual nakedness about the elevation calculated to make one feel as if once felt when popping out a tall hay-bale in the midst of a vindictive thunder-storm. I was "head center" just then, and felt so.

## A CONSIDERATE ADMIRAL.

When Admiral Porter was ready to start on his excursion past Vicksburg we learned it on the hospital ship. Porter always had a fatherly care for and interest in the comfort and satisfaction of those of his comrades who had suffered by the fortune of war. He knew that the poor wounded and helpless heroes languishing in the wards of the Red Rover felt a keen sympathy with him and with those he would like with him in this desperate undertaking, and he knew that all eagerly wished to see what might be seen of a spectacle which promised to be one of tremendous import and excitement. One day he intimated to Dr. Pickney that he might take the Rover down to the bend above Vicksburg toward evening (just for an airing) and anchor there for the night. We knew what that meant. And all the weary sufferers on board soon knew it, too. It was better than a dose of quinine. There is no tonic like going into action, or seeing your friend go in.

At sunset we weighed anchor and stood down the river and took "orchestra seats" as spectators and auditors of a drama which would be lit by the lurid blaze of artillery and accompanied by the music of its thunder. It was a clear and splendid evening, but as the shades of night closed in the sky, though starlit, became hazy, and a gloom settled over the river, which rendered almost undistinguishable the outlines of its shores. As the darkness thickened I heard the remark often repeated among our invalid boarders: "It is just the night for it."

It was touching to see wounded veterans who that morning would have thought it impossible to leave their cots, straining their crippled sinews to clamber up to the hurricane deck, where they might have the best view of the scene to be enacted. There was little conversation on board that evening. Anticipation was too busy for words. We were oppressed with that sense of expectancy of something undefined and fearful which engrosses the attention and renders language mute. The time seemed interminable. We thought the devoted squadron would never appear. We strained our sight to pierce the thickening shadows, and held our breath to listen for the panting of the steam. At last we tired of watching and waiting. Midnight was at hand and we began to fancy that something had caused a postponement of the movement.

## A SPECTACULAR PROCESSION.

Just then some one in the pilot house exclaimed, in a stage whisper, but which was heard by all, so intently silent were we:

"There they come!" We gazed up the channel and saw the dark form of the Benton evolve itself out of the invisible. Like Banquo's line of specters the others followed. There was no gleam of light, no wreath of vapor, no pulse of the paddle wheels, and no respiration of the steam. The long column swept by us in majestic but horrible silence. There was a weird ghostliness about this death-like apparition more impressive and appalling than if it had shone with the flashes and shivered with the roar of the grim monsters we knew were frowning from those dusky portholes. I have witnessed wild and thrilling scenes, but all fade beside the memory of the awe-inspiring passage of that spectral procession.

The transports came last, and defined against the glimmer of the sky we could distinguish the outlines of our friends the pilots, stately-like, at either side of the naked wheels. Not a man aboard ship but envied them the rapture of the fierce experience before them. As the shadowy squadron appeared so it vanished. It glided out of the night and departed into it again. It left us breathless, awe-struck. We rubbed our eyes and wondered if the vision had been real. Then there was another interval of excruciating suspense. We waited anxiously. The last scene was about to open.

## THE THUNDEROUS ERUPTION.

At length we saw a single flash. Then another and another and another, then a whole sheet of flame, followed by the deep crashing thunder of the "dread artillery." The sky lit with the light of a conflagration. The enemy, provident for this event, had filled vacant buildings with combustibles, and now fired them to illuminate the river and give their cannoners a better chance for aim. But the night was still, and the dense smoke of the burning structures and of the busy batteries hung like a lurid sheet over the surface of the stream. Everything was enveloped in a vapory veil, through which could only be discerned the quick eruptions of the volcano of guns as they hurled their iron tempest at the passing squadron.

So bewildering was the storm that the pilot of the Tusculum lo to his bearings, and finally turned his ship completely around, heading up the stream! While in this position, but without yet suspecting it, her commander, who was on deck, told me that he looked up and saw close above him the upper works of one of the steam transports as she swept by. The pilots, standing at the naked wheel, loomed out like gigantic specters! He hailed them to know how they were getting on. "All right, by G—d!" they shouted back, and on they went.

The passing of Vicksburg took not many minutes, but they were capacious, and had a good deal crowded into them. We lost one of the transports (the Henry Clay) and had another so disabled that she had to be towed out of range. Otherwise the damage was less serious than had been expected. Most of the enemy's shot were thrown away. Accuracy in shooting on the wing with 100-pounders when all hands are in a hurry is not easy. Soon the glare of the conflagrations faded again into darkness; the last echoes of artillery thunders rolled away over the Warrenton hills; the quiet of a summer midnight descended; once more upon the troubled bosom of the river, and we knew that the gauntlet of Vicksburg defenses had been run.—Philadelphia Times.

Old putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

## SOME LAW DECISIONS.

DEBT IN MORTGAGE.—If a mortgage is given to secure an ascertained debt, the amount of that debt should be stated, and if it is intended to secure a debt not ascertained, such data should be given respecting it as will put any one interested in the inquiry upon the track leading to its discovery. If it is given to secure an existing or a future liability, the foundation of such liability should be set out.—Bullock vs. Battenhansen, Supreme court of Illinois.

HOME YEAD.—A husband and wife conveyed an undivided one-half of the homestead premises to a third person, who, at the same time and as a part of the same transaction, conveyed the interest to the husband. Held that there was a period of time, however short, during which the title to the undivided one-half was vested in the third party, and the homestead right was destroyed.—Carroll vs. Ellis, Supreme court of California.

MECHANIC'S LIEN.—When the owner of a building has paid a sub-contractor, giving a mechanic's lien, a sum of money in account of his work without directing its application, the sum will be applied to those items for which the property of the owner might have been rendered liable by a lien.—Nelson vs. Partridge's administrator, St. Louis Court of Appeals.

MORTGAGE OF STOCK.—A mortgage upon shares of stock in a corporation is not within a statute authorizing mortgages upon real and personal property to be recorded, and the recording of such an instrument is not constructive notice to a subsequent purchaser.—Spalding vs. Paine's administrator, Kentucky Court of Appeals.

INSURANCE.—A policy provided that it should become void in case of failure to make prompt payment of premium, but upon a surrender within thirty days thereafter a proportional paid-up policy would be issued. The agent at the time of issuing the policy represented that it was non-forfeitable, and the insured, in reliance on his representations, failed to apply for a paid-up policy within the specified time. Held, that the insured had no legal right to rely on what was said by the agent at the time he took the policy. If the loose expressions used by the agent at the time imported more than was contained in the policy, all negotiations between the parties, and all that was said at the time, are conclusively deemed by the law to have been merged in the written contract. That expresses the exact contract made between the parties at the time and the whole of it.—The Attorney General vs. Continental Life Insurance Company, New York Court of Appeals.

## Photographing Dogs and Babies.

The artist was a heavy-eyed man; his hair was unkempt, his scarf was disarranged, and his coat-sleeves were turned up. He looked weary.

"I have just been attempting to fix a baby's attention," he said, in an explanatory tone, "by throwing handkerchiefs behind the camera. When I showed the negative to the mother she made the inevitable observation that the face lacked expression. Can you put expression on the surface of a lump of damp putty?"

"Is it easier to photograph dogs than babies?"

"Oh, a thousand times. You can fix a dog's attention and hold it for a time without difficulty. Then, dogs' faces are more or less expressive. None of them has the look of stupidity that the average baby wears except the pug. Pugs dogs, by the way, are the easiest to take. All you have to do is to put them in front of the camera and they go to sleep at once. The most difficult dog I ever struggled with was an Italian greyhound. It was a delicate and extremely sensitive little creature, and endowed with almost human intelligence. It couldn't keep its shadowy legs still half a second to save its life. We worked half a day, and succeeded at length in making a picture that was half satisfactory."

"Do you photograph many dogs?"

"About 200 a year. The work is done by a few specialists. The big photographers won't bother with dogs.—New York Sun.

## A Good Word for the "Bullhead."

The United States Fish Commissioners, while doing all that they can to distribute German carp among farmers, recommend, at the same time, the stocking of ponds, natural or artificial, with native fish. Among others, they speak very favorably of the "bullhead"—horned pout or small cat-fish. It is well adapted to shallow and somewhat warm water, is perfectly hardy, not liable to disease, and propagates very rapidly. Its food consists chiefly of aquatic plants that grow without cultivation on the borders of streams and ponds. It also devours many insects that are liable to be a source of annoyance. It costs very little to prepare a pond for raising these fish, or for stocking it. The flesh of the cat-fish is regarded as a great delicacy in places where it is difficult to obtain it, and is now becoming popular in several Eastern cities. It resembles the flesh of eels, which is far more nutritious than the flesh of most kinds of fish. It requires to be cooked for some time in an abundance of hot fat. Many condemn this fish who have never eaten it or, held it in very low esteem, because it is common.—Chicago Times.

## A Lawyer's Removal.

"Say, you all—come here, quick!" "What's up?"

"Fun! Here's a lawyer going to move!"

The boy was correct. A lawyer was changing his office. Some men who had never seen a lawyer remove gathered around with the boys to watch proceedings.

An old man with a lame back and a woman blind in one eye constituted the force. They first brought down a table, inkstained, scratched, cut and one leg broken. A second-hand man remarked that it might be worth 30 cents.

Next came a book case, one drawer gone, all the glass broken, and one door hanging by a single hinge. The value of this was set down at \$3.25.

Then came articles described and valued as follows:

Carpet	\$1.25
A lounge	.75
A stove	1.75
Pictures	.25
Tea set	.25
Legal cap	.10
Alpena coat	.15
Ten straw hats	.60
Spitons	.25
Chairs	.75
State laws	6.00
State maps	.50

Total \$11.50

After the second-hand man had sharpened a pencil and made some figures on a piece of brown paper a boot-black inquired the sum total.

"I make the whole thing \$15.45," he answered.

"Is that all? And is he a first-class lawyer?"

"I believe he is."

"Woof! that settles me! I've got \$20 in the bank, and to-morrow I'll shake this kit and set up a law shop!"—Detroit Free Press.

## The Unfinished Manuscript.

Literary men have, somehow, received a kind of social black eye; that is, no one believes that they are quite as good husbands or as good fathers as they should be; and, from the observatory of a casual view, this is correct. Few people know to what extremities literary men are reduced. Few, very few indeed, know how they court the so-called muse of inclination. The man who handles the drawing-knife or plane can, if he be in good physical condition, do his work creditably; but the literary man, though he be in robust health, and though he may not have an ache or a pain, is frequently unable to do acceptable work. This is a curious freak which no student of metaphysics can explain, for the mind of man, although it is constantly becoming clearer and more capable of comprehension, is still something which a Newton cannot define, nor a Bacon perfectly explore. A man's mind seems to have but little to do with his affections, for, although his heart may be warm, his words are sometimes cold.

"I want you to go to bed," said Mr. Mecklamore, the well-known novelist, to his little girl. "Every night when I sit down to work you persist in snoring around. Go to bed; I've got work to do."

"She can't understand you," said Mrs. Mecklamore; "I don't think that she is well."

"She's always ill when I want to work. She seems to study the time. What do you want to snort that way for? You are enough to drive a man crazy!"

"Robert, I don't think the little girl can help it," the wife replied. "She is too young to know anything about the importance of your work."

"Well it's time she was learning," the author exclaimed, turning, with an angry air. "Other people can work without interruption. I don't see why I should be imposed on. I'll go down town, I can write there without interruption," and he gathered up his papers and left the house.

Quietly, and without interruption, he worked for several hours. Occasionally, when his mind was deep in the molding of a character, he would see a little anxious face, and hear an exclamation of gladness; but he waved aside the vision and worked on. Late at night a boy came with a note. The message ran:

"I am very uneasy about Dora; I think she has the diphtheria."

"My work is done for to-night," he mused; and, arranging his papers with a discontented air, he went home. He found the doctor there. The little sufferer smiled at him when he entered. She tried to say something, but "papa's come," was all he could understand. An unfinished manuscript stared at him.

"Is it a very violent attack?" he asked of the physician.

"Yes, very."

The mother sat on the edge of the bed. The father approached. He could not see the lines of the manuscript now. The little girl choked, and they lifted her up. The father put his arm under her head. The unfinished manuscript was dim.

"She has been ailing for several days," said the mother, "but we did not think there was anything serious the matter with her. She has been so gay and so full of frolic that we didn't think anything could ail her."

The sufferer looked at her father and tried to speak, but failing, she put her hand into his and smiled. The unfinished manuscript was dim. With a struggle she said:

"Am I bad?"

"No, angel," whispered the father.

"Do you want me to go to bed?"

"No darling." The unfinished manuscript was fading more and more.

"She is past all help," the doctor said.

The mother hid her face in the window curtain. The father took her in his arms. She looked at him and was dead. The unfinished manuscript had faded.—Texas Siftings.

## Marlowe.

Do we not too much neglect Marlowe in our reading, of late years? going to Lamb's selections rather than to the original works of the free-souled Christopher? Marlowe was the one poet of Shakespeare's time worthy to be named with him; and the greatest loss English literature has had in so young a poet until Keats and Shelley died in our own country. Like them he was under 30, having been born two months before Shakespeare (February, 1564), graduated at Cambridge in 1583, and began to write plays so in after he left the university. He was killed in a tavern brawl by Francis Archer in June, 1593, when in his 30th year, and before Shakespeare had written many of his plays. They were not schoolmates, for Marlowe was born and educated at Canterbury before he went to college, while Shakespeare, who never went to college at all, picked up what Latin he had in a little school at Stratford, which he may have attended, though we do not know that he did. But they met in London theaters, no doubt, in their hot youth.—Boston Letter in Springfield Republican.

LIGHT-HOUSES, from a theatrical point of view, always indicate breakers ahead.

## The Wrong Man Baptized.

Stammering or stuttering is one of the most unpleasant things at times that a man can be afflicted with. A man may be troubled with almost any other malady and be cured or helped, but a man who stutters, though he may at times be free from the habit, never has confidence in his talking utensils. They may run all right for a time, but just as he expects the most from his vocal organs, and wants to do his best, they go back on him, and he flounders around, and can't express his thoughts to save himself. A stammerer is usually the best-natured man in the world. It seems as though nature picked out the jolliest fellow as a watch case to put poor vocal works into, so there won't be any kicking. There is a gentleman living in this State who stutters just when he don't want to, but who can talk right along all right when there is nothing particular to be said. If he gets excited or interested and wants to orate, he gets stuck and has time to walk around the block before he can get things to working again. He was out in Iowa recently, and at a hotel where he was stopping, the traveling men were getting up a party one Sunday to go to a town a few miles distant, where a camp-meeting was in progress, and where there were to be a number of converts baptized, and they invited our friend, the stammerer, to go along.

"Not m-m-much," said he, as he worked at untangling a fish line, while a boy brought in a tomato can full of angle-worms. "If I know m-m-m-my own heart, I don't go to no k-k-k-camp-meeting where they b-b-baptize. I at-t-tended a baptizing scrape once, and my k-k-k-clothes have not got d-d-d-dry yet."

"What was the matter?" said a drummer for a Chicago grocery-house. "Didn't fall in the water did you?"

"N-n-n-o," said the stammerer, as he stuffed a wad of paper down on top of the angle-worms to keep them from crawling out. "I didn't f-f-fall in, but I got in all the s-s-s-s-same. I was s-s-s-s-s-natched in. If you won't tell any one, I will t-t-tell you about it."

"The boys swore they would never give it away; and the stammerer went on."

"Well, about twenty years ago I was editing a p-p-p-paper in Wis-k-k-consin, and there was a revival at the town all winter, and in the spring they advertised to b-b-baptize all of the k-k-k-converts. Everybody went, and I w-w-went down to the k-k-k-creek to see them s-s-s-soak. He had a presiding elder, a stranger to me, to d-d-d-do the baptizing, and when they had dipped a f-f-f-few, I noticed the elder looked s-s-s-sort of tired when he pushed the last woman ashore, and I t-t-thought he wanted to come out of the w-w-w-water, so I reached out my h-h-hand to help him up the b-b-bank. Do you know, he thought I was a k-k-k-candidate for baptism, and he took hold of my hand and was p-p-pulling me in, when I said, 'elder, don't p-p-p' and before I could say any m-m-more he said, 'Have no f-f-fear, my young k-k-k-christian friend, and he put his arm around me and was pulling me right in. I wasn't as s-s-s-strong as I am now, and he had a g-g-grip like a prize fighter, and before I knew what he was about he was saying, 'I b-b-baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy G-g-ghost,' and I was as weak as a k-k-k-cat. I tried to get away from him, and tried to explain that I w-w-wasn't the feller, and that I had n-n-never been converted, but the naturally pious look on my face betrayed me, and I stuttered so I couldn't get in a word in time, and he put me under. As I went down I could see the crowd on the b-b-bank laughing, because they all knew I was b-b-bad, and that it was a mistake of the strange preacher. I came up strangely, and the first thing I said was, 'Elder, you have made the d-d-darndest mistake of your life,' and went out on the bank and shook myself. You may talk about m-m-ministers not joking, but by gracious, I shall a-a-always think that Presiding Elder knew I was no k-k-k-christian. It was a picnic for the crowd, and they laugh at me to this day. No, gentlemen, I k-k-k-can't go to the camp-meeting, for I shouldn't feel s-s-safe there," and the stammerer man took his fish-pole and angle-worms and went down toward the pond, while the traveling men went to the camp-meeting.—Peck's Sun.

## Poultry Notes.

Cuckoo clocks are striking machines. "Poe's Raven" must have been a ravenous creature.

Prairie chickens are easily raised—with a bird dog.

The wild goose does some turning while flying, but it is not a crank.

Chicken-hearted people are numerous; but then some of them are tough chicken hearted.

It is unnecessary to mention that the entire race of poultry stands as a unit against decapitation; therefore we will not mention it.

Even chickens believe in advertising, for they cackle long and loudly over each eggstra affair happening in their business circles.

"This is the way I long have sought," sang the poultry-thief, as he clambered hurriedly over the fence, and just in time to save his trousers from being ventilated by a wild-eyed bull-dog.

Crows and parrots can be educated to talk, but what's the use? Isn't there about 13,000 times as much talking done in the world now as is really necessary, without educating the birds to jabber, also?

If a rooster crowed every time some man told a lie—as one did for the Apostle Peter—there would be such a constant din in the land that folks would have to plug their ears up with putty in order to think in a sane, sensible way.

The Canary islands are so named because that's where canary birds grow thickest on the trees. The cages, however, grow in America. If canary birds were invented to be caged up, it seems to us the cages ought to grow on trees, too.

"Birds that always fly in flocks never fly singly." This wise observation was made by a great-grand uncle of Herodotus in years long since gone, and has been treasured up, even unto this day. Great, yes, very great, philosophers used to inhabit this old mufi bullet.—The Toothpick.

## HUMOR.

A TAILOR'S goose.—The dude.

A FRAME OF mind.—The skull.

"What does 'lux' mean?" asked Brown. "Lux means light," replied Smith. "That's what I thought, said Brown. 'But I wasn't certain. I know my luck's light, however.'"

A DIFFERENCE: A friend of mine, when told of the death of a well-known stock dealer, replied: "Why, he's worse off than I am. I'm dead broke; but he's a dead broker."

"What are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

ONE of the greatest unexplained physiological mysteries is why a plow handle blisters a boy's hand in such a short time, while a base-ball club never does. Another is why a boy will walk seventeen miles in the hot sun hunting a few doves, without becoming exhausted in the least, and yet that same boy will groan like a horse with the colic if he is asked to fetch a glass of water from an adjoining room.—Texas Siftings.

A BEAUFORT bachelor so greatly admired the way in which his housekeeper prepared coffee that he proposed and was accepted, only to find that the coffee was made by the hired girl.—Texas Siftings.

THERE is very little difference between an inmate of a penitentiary and the average husband. The latter is always found out, and the former would like to be.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

DID you ever see a woman throw a brick at a chicken? It is just lots of fun—for the chicken. The woman usually hits herself on the foot, and gets so mad she can hardly talk straight, while the chicken holds its head to one side, clucks softly, and looks as though it wondered what under the sun the fuss all meant any how.—Toothpick.

WIFE—"What are you doing, dear?" Husband, in a reflective attitude—"Thinking." Wife—"Are you thinking of your little wife, love?" Husband—"No, I was thinking of something."—Merchant Traveler.

LITTLE AGGIE's sister had invited her best young man to tea. There was a lull in the conversation, which was broken by the inquisitive Aggie: "Papa, is dose feeders ober Mr. Wobinson's mouf?"

"Have you made your peace with the world?" asked a minister of a dying man. "There's only one thing, sir, I'd like to do and I could die happy," was the faint reply. "What is it, my friend? Speak quick, for you have but a few moments left on earth." "Well, I'd like to kick the stuffin' out of Zeke Brown for beatin' me in the last horse trade. I—I—" But the spirit went out into the blank unknown, leaving the work of the flesh undone.—Merchant Traveler.

"Why don't you feed that dog?" was asked of an old negro. "Wuy doan' I feed him?" "Yes, why don't you feed him?" "Wuy doan' I feed mysef?" I see as hungry as de dog is, an', 'sides dat, he's got de 'vantage ob me. He ken go 'bout his business, an' de white folks doan' say nuthin', but ef I picks up suthin' ter eat da wants ter slap me in jail, sah. A nigger ain't got de chance ob a dog, nohow.—Arkansaw Traveler.

JONES' wife was not a very bright woman, but she sometimes said things which were worthy of a wit. One day, after doing or saying something silly, her husband snapped out: "Well, you are a little the worst I ever saw." "Why, what's the matter now? Have I done anything wrong?" "I should say so. You don't know the difference between a horse and a donkey, I don't believe." "I didn't say you were a horse, did I?" she replied, meekly, and Jones said no more.—Merchant Traveler.

## Evolution in Buckwheat Cakes.

"Buckwheat cakes!" said a man in a down-town restaurant. "Wheat cakes!" said another man by his side. In a short time the waiter brought three broad, thin disks, that were white within and crisp and brown without, to each man. In looks the cakes were exactly alike. A man with a sensitive taste could have determined after one or two trials that they did not taste alike.

"I ordered buckwheat just because the name brings up pleasant memories," said one. "Here is a case in which evolution has ruined the thing evolved. When I was a boy my father used to carry buckwheat to mill and bring back a grayish flour. My mother mixed it up at night, and the next morning I sat down to breakfast before a heap—but no matter. We won't talk about it."

"Yes, but you said something about the evolution spoiling the thing evolved?"

"The buckwheat flour! The buckwheat of my youth was cleaned and then ground between the stones like any other grain. Not long ago a man who wanted to make a beautiful flour to look at, concluded that he could do so if he could entirely remove the shuck from the kernel of buckwheat. To do this he made a machine that consists of four serrated or corrugated rollers. Two are placed at the end of a screen over which the grain passes, and as the grain passes between them it gets a nip that breaks it up and separates about all the meat from the husks. Then the meats drop through a short screen, and the husks pass on through the second set of rollers. They are further broken up and the remaining meats are separated. The meats are ground and this white, tasteless stuff is the result."

"That was only the complaint of a man who thinks there are no times like the old times," said a flour-dealer to whom the above was related. "If he wants ground husks instead of clean flour he can get it, and for less money. Few mills now grind the shucks and all together, but the flour is to be had. If the new-process flour were not better than the old, it would not now be taking the lead."—New York Sun.

THERE is less and less epicurian enthusiasm over venison every year.