

A QUESTION.

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the spring return
To scatter flowers beneath our feet,
And the wastes of winter spurn?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the buried grain
Send forth new harvests for men to reap,
And when the spreading plains?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why the ocean's ceaseless flow,
When the planets all their journeys keep
And never weary grow?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why do we hope for heaven,
When we approach the mercy seat
And ask to be forgiven?

If death be an eternal sleep,
When will justice come,
To those who toil for other's meat,
And receive but scanty crumbs?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why did the angels go
The poor man to bear to Abraham's seat,
While the rich man was in woe?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why was man ever born,
And why should he his vigils keep,
If there is no coming morn?

LADY BEST'S MISTAKE.

They lived in a creeper-covered cottage, nestling among verdure in the highly cultivated valley of one of the Home counties. There was a small dairy farm attached to it, upon which Lady Best bestowed all her leisure hours, and thereby managed to add no inconsiderable sum to her income, which since her husband's death had been rather limited.

With the money derived from this source she had been able to send her only son, Arthur, to Oxford—Arthur, who was the apple of her eye, the one only being for whom she really cared. She had given him a first-class education, and it had not been received on stony ground, for Arthur was clever, and a book-worm, too much so for worldly purposes, since he had indulged in study and contemplation till he had become a dreamer. By the time he reached the age of 25 it had been declared by all the neighbors, and Lady Best's circle generally, that Arthur would never do any good for himself in life—a hard verdict, considering that he had not a single vice, and was handsome and manly looking. Not that his habits and pursuits were exactly manly; fishing was the only sport in which he had ever been known to indulge, and he spent his time for the most part in wandering listlessly about the valley, wearing clothes of a somewhat aesthetic cut, which was particularly distasteful to his rural neighbors, a slouching felt hat on his head, and a book—generally poetry—in his hand.

Idolizing Arthur though she did, it depressed Lady Best not a little to see him take to an effeminate, do-nothing style of life; and since he had now wasted more than a year in this sort of dream, she began to despair of seeing him embark in any of the professions for which she had hoped his education would have fitted him. What she was to do—how she was to change the current of events—she did not know.

"Was he in love? Had he a disappointed?" her acquaintances asked her till she was tired of answering. The question, however, at last suggested a remedy. Why should not a touch of the very disease from which people thought he was suffering, bring about his cure?

Girls! she would surround him with girls; of course, while she had a due regard for good looks, never forgetting that, in her estimation, nothing made the eyes glisten with so much pleasure as the sight of gold.

So Lady Best gave a tennis party, and invited all the beauty of the county, including two or three heiresses; but before the afternoon was half over, Arthur had disappeared. He had wandered down the valley, away from "the noise," as he called the musical laughter of these maidens, promising himself to return as soon as they should all be gone.

Lady Best was disappointed, but not crushed; she would try again, this time in a quieter, but she hoped, more effective way.

"Arthur was out so much, she was at times very dull," she told him; "moreover she wanted some assistance in effecting one or two dairy reforms. Her eldest brother's daughter—Hannah Milton—aged 19, was, she understood, a decidedly practical, energetic girl. She had not seen her since she was a baby, but she should like to invite her on a long visit, and make her acquaintance. Had Arthur any objection?"

"No; none whatever." "Of course, his mother was perfectly free to do as she liked."

But would he be civil and kind to this unknown cousin when she came? "If she pleased him, certainly; but doubtless, she would in no way interfere with his pursuits."

Not very encouraging if Lady Best had any serious intentions in reference to Miss Hannah Milton, who—she will observe in parenthesis—she believed would sooner or later come into the possession of at least a hundred thousand pounds.

Not a word of this did she, however, utter to Arthur; but, without further discussion, wrote an affectionate letter to her niece, asking her to come and stay at the cottage as long as she could endure the frugality and smallness of their impecunious life.

Miss Hannah Milton answered by return of post that she would be delighted to avail herself of her aunt's invitation, more especially as her father was going abroad on business, and she should be her own mistress for the next two months. She might be expected to arrive, bag and baggage, at the cottage on the 5th of July. It was then the end of June.

To this announcement followed a postscript that she hoped her dear aunt did not object to living animals, as of course she could not leave hers all alone at Milton Hall during her own and her father's absence.

Lady Best was delighted at the success of her letter, and wrote again to say that both she and Arthur were particularly fond of pets.

Arthur had read Miss Milton's letter, and merely said that he hoped the dogs, if they were dogs, were thoroughbreds; he hated everything that was not perfect.

So, till the 5th of July, the Cottage, whenever Arthur went out—for it could

not be expected that he should endure fuss and clatter—was convulsed with preparations for the arrival of the heiress-niece and her retinue. A bedroom was turned into a boudoir for her private use, and two bedrooms adjoining were set aside for herself and her maid. The Cottage was one of those elastic establishments, with countless small rooms, capable of taking in a far larger number of people than its exterior would lead you to imagine.

Hannah Milton's home was in the north; it would be quite evening before she would arrive, and Lady Best passed all the day in a state of feverish excitement, wandering from room to room. She seemed to feel that there was a destiny at stake; while Arthur—the individual who was in all probability the most concerned—was perfectly cool and collected, and passed the hours in his habitual placid enjoyment of a book.

The mystic shade of twilight was already creeping up the valley when wheels were heard approaching the cottage, and Lady Best went out into the porch to receive her guest. Fain would she have persuaded Arthur to accompany her, but he preferred an arm-chair by the window.

At last the carriage is at the door, and Hannah Milton, having sprung out, is clamorously kissing her aunt.

There is nothing aesthetic or dreamy about her. She has a broad, plain, honest, open face, with fine eyes, and a large mouth full of strong-looking white teeth—not the slightest pretension to beauty, but you can see at a glance that Hannah Milton is a thoroughly good, kind, sincere woman. Her voice is very loud, but it has the ring of a true heart. It frightens Lady Best, however, as she thinks, "What will Arthur say? Will he run away from Hannah, or allow himself to be subdued by her?"

In the carriage besides Hannah—half concealed by bird-cages, a Persian cat, and three small dogs of different breeds—there is a girl; the maid, of course. The dogs and the cat spring out after Hannah, and the footman takes the bird-cages. Just as the unnoticed occupant of the carriage is stepping out, Hannah turns round.

"Oh, I forgot; let me introduce my dearest friend, Agatha Burghley. Of course you expected her; she never leaves me, you know."

Lady Best held out her hand in a welcome to which her heart did not respond; nor did she speak, except to say:

"And your maid, Hannah?"

Miss Milton burst out laughing. "That is a luxury in which we don't indulge—do we, Aggy? We arrange our toilets ourselves, and very effective they are sometimes—eh?"

Lady Best looked again at this companion of whom she had never heard before. No, decidedly not; if she had known of her existence she would never have asked Hannah to the cottage. For Agatha was beautiful, of that refined, spiritualized beauty about which poets rave.

For an indefinite period she had invited Hannah, and this companion, this Agatha, was she also to be their daily associate for weeks?

The meeting with Arthur, however, could not be deferred, and Lady Best led the way into the drawing-room.

He was as cordial as it was in his nature to be in his reception of his cousin, but when the same formula of introduction with which Lady Best had been greeted was gone through, and Agatha, dragged forward by her energetic friend, stood before him, with the pale gleam of the rising moonlight on her face, he started back as though he had seen a specter, more in fear than in admiration, as it seemed to his anxious watching mother.

There was no time, however, for speculation as to what feelings Agatha had awakened in Arthur's breast, the necessities were asserting themselves, and Hannah, in her blunt way, declared her love to be famishing.

"A rapid toilet and dinner. Come on, Agatha, we shall not keep Lady Best waiting long," and the two girls went quickly up into the rooms that had been prepared for them.

In less than a quarter of an hour they came back, looking as spry and span as if they had had no long journey. It was very obvious that the services of a maid were unnecessary.

The evening, however, was scarcely a merry one. Arthur was more than usually silent and meditative; Agatha very tired; she was not so robust as Hannah, who was the only lively one of the party, and chattered ceaselessly to Lady Best, who, for once in her life, was not a good listener. All her attention was riveted on "that young person," as she, already, in her mind, designated the somewhat lackadaisical Agatha.

Hannah was very full of the projected dairy reforms. She loved everything that gave her practical tendencies full vent; but Lady Best was by no means as keen as she was.

"While they were reforming, what would Arthur and his beautiful Agatha be doing?" she asked herself. "Oh, if Hannah would only turn her full attention on the far more important work of reforming Arthur!"

Lady Best was, however, too much of a diplomatist to let her thoughts appear in words; no, she must act, maneuver, watch.

Of course the first thing next morning Hannah expressed a wish to go over the farm, and, accompanied by Agatha, she and Lady Best started on a tour of inspection. Arthur had seen the farm ad nauseam, he said, and it did not amuse him; he preferred remaining in the house till luncheon-time.

With the explanations and discussions which this farming pilgrimage entailed, Lady Best's spirits rose, and she became thoroughly absorbed in her subject, rejoicing that she had found so congenial a companion and able co-worker as Hannah. On a sudden, however, her spirits fell to zero—Agatha had disappeared. "Of course, she had gone to join Arthur; it was a preconcerted plan between them," and the mother as she thought of it became perfectly miserable.

No more talk about gallons of milk, London market, home consumption, etc. She was tired, she said, and if Hannah did not mind, they would return to the house. They reached the bottom of

the garden, which lay in front of the drawing-room windows, just as Agatha, accompanied by Arthur, strolled up the terrace toward the wood.

The sight was past bearing; this then was to be the end of her loving care for Arthur; he was to marry Hannah's penniless companion. Nor did Hannah's remark, as she, too, perceived them, tend to calm the excited mother's fears.

"Oh! they are going to have a little chat. I told Aggy the sooner it was over the better."

"A chat with my son? Has this—this Miss Burghley met Arthur before?"

Hannah laughed. "Did you not know? Oh, then I must not tell the secrets of the prison-house. But pray don't look so rueful, aunty mine. The secret is not of a very dreadful nature."

Lady Best was, however, by no means comforted by this intelligence. "Arthur had been carrying on with this girl unknown to her, and hence the reason of his dejection and listlessness; of course the neighbors were right, love was the root of all evil. And to think of the little minx forcing herself in here under Hannah's auspices! Oh! it was too bad—very much too bad; she had been treated shamefully!"

And, her heart too full to speak without committing herself, which pride prevented when she remembered that this niece had been conniving to deceive her, she went indoors, up into her own room, of which she locked the door, and then indulged in the luxury of a tempestuous burst of tears.

For more than an hour she remained there, sobbing and composing herself by turns, till at last she heard voices under the window. Carefully concealing herself, she peeped from behind the curtain.

There they were, all three talking and laughing, a "wake-up" look on Arthur's face which she had not seen there for months.

It was strange, very strange; and, as she stood and watched them, she could not make up her mind whether she had not made a mistake in asking these people to come. After all, if his love for Agatha saved Arthur from despondency and made a man of him, she ought to consider her object gained.

Any way, she made up her mind to be silent for the present and take notes; and, so deciding, she washed her face, smoothed her silvering hair, set her cap daintily on her head, and went down stairs, where the luncheon was decidedly far more cheery than the dinner had been on the previous evening.

And the days passed on—life at the Cottage seemed very bright to all but its mistress, who could not reconcile herself to the fact that she had been deceived—not even though it gladdened her heart to hear Arthur laughing merrily, as he sometimes did at his cousin's sallies, or to see him take an interest he never took before in the farm and its workings.

Agatha's pale, beautiful face would come between the mother and the change her presence seemed to have effected, and Lady Best felt that she could never love Agatha, even though Arthur's whole happiness was centered in her.

But if she had lost a son she had gained a daughter; for, appreciating Hannah's merits as she did to the fullest, she felt that she was each day learning to love her more and more. Many times was it on her lips to tell her how grieved she was at the direction Arthur's fancy seemed to have taken, but pride held her back.

At last, almost before they could believe in its approach, St. Partridge arrived, and with it a letter from Mr. Milton, saying he should be back in less than a week, that he would take the Cottage on his way, see his sister, and escort his daughter home.

What tears and heart-burnings did this letter produce! Hannah was evidently in despair at leaving the Cottage. Arthur became as despondent as he was two months ago; only Agatha seemed to have no regret.

"Of course not, since she expects to stay here always; not with me, though. She will not live here with me," raged Lady Best to herself.

And in this mood Arthur found her one morning when he sought her in the little morning-room she called her den. He broke the ice without any preliminary skating over it.

"Mother, will it not be a pleasure to you if I bring you a daughter to welcome?"

"Oh, Arthur, if you only knew how I have dreaded this question!"

"Dreaded it, mother? I thought you would be delighted."

"How could you? A penniless, lackadaisical, intriguing—the rest of her sentence was a sob, interrupted, however, by an exclamation from Arthur.

"Penniless—Hannah? Why, her only fault in my eyes is that she has money, and my uncle may think—"

"Hannah? You don't mean to say it is Hannah you love? Oh, you dear Arthur—my own boy!"

"You did not think it was Agatha? Why, she has been engaged to my old college chum, Laurence Wilmot, for the last year. They had a little breeze just before she came here, which I had the pleasure of making up. I could not tell you because the whole thing was a secret on account of his uncle. The old gentleman, however, has given in, and they are to be married very soon."

Lady Best soon forgot all her anxiety and the unhappiness of the past few weeks in her present joy; and of course she promised to negotiate matters with Mr. Milton when he should arrive, and she did so most effectually, for he seemed as pleased as she was; and from the day that the marriage was finally settled she began to unbend and find a place for Agatha in her capacious heart, showering upon the girl—in very gratitude for finding that her love for Arthur was all a mistake—as many kindnesses and presents as she bestowed on her well-beloved Hannah.

And when, at last, the two marriages took place at Milton Hall on the same day, the uninitiated would almost have thought that Lady Best was the mother of both the brides.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

REPENTANCE without amendment is like continually pumping without mending a leak.—*Pliny.*

EXECUTIONS AT CANTON.

Criminals Beheaded or Dying Upon the Cross at the Rate of One a Day.

Crime does not go unpunished in one part of China. The professional guide of the city, indeed, shows the execution ground of Canton with an honest pride. It is not a pleasant place to look at on a wet morning, and to a criminal must have a very depressing appearance. Yet, with the exception of three or four wooden crosses leaning up against the wall, there was nothing to indicate that the scene had ever been one of wholesale butchery. Still here it was that, in 1855, nearly 50,000 so-called rebels were beheaded. A short lane, seventy-five feet long by about twenty-five feet wide, narrower at one end than at the other, was nearly filled with earthenware pots put out to dry. Very muddy and sloppy, there was no place marked off for executions, and I stepped down to a little hut at the end of a lane to make the acquaintance of the executioner, who, I learned, lived there, before I found out that the beheading was performed wherever there was a vacant space.

The functionary was not at home, and his wife was showing me the heavy two-handled, broad-bladed knife with which he operated, offering, in fact, to sell it for \$2, when a little crowd appeared in the lane, and a mad bound at the arms was led to an open space among the pots. My idea that an execution was about to take place was now confirmed by the owner of the hut coming for his knife. The culprit was evidently also informed of the nature of the ceremony about to take place, for he looked very melancholy, though I afterward learned that some opium had been given him. As the executioner came up a couple of policemen pushed the victim down upon his knees in the mud, and bound his legs to his arms as he knelt, then pulling back the collar of his shirt forced his head forward, while the executioner, with much care, selected an earthen pot in which to catch the prisoner's skull.

These preliminaries having been settled, the headsman stood over the prisoner and with two cuts completely severed the neck—one, indeed, had put the criminal beyond all pain. The head, which had fallen into the pot, was covered up, the bleeding trunk was picked up by the relatives of the convict, the crowd separated, and after some financial transactions between the officer who superintended the execution and the executioner, the latter walked off to the hut, for all was over, the whole affair not having occupied ten minutes. I was told that just then executions took place at about the rate of one a day. Generally they took the form of beheadings, but occasionally people were submitted to the slow death upon the crosses against the wall, when, of course, the spectacle was more barbarous. A woman was executed the next day for killing her husband, and received eight wounds from the knife of the executioner before she was finally put out of her agony; but I could not find that hers was a frequent case, nor did I meet any one in China who had seen more cruelty practiced than that. "The cutting into a thousand pieces" now generally resolves itself into some such mode of dispatch.

The Author of "Mr. Isaacs."

F. Marion Crawford, the celebrated author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," "To Leeward," etc., lives in a twenty-four-foot room in Rome. It is furnished almost to meanness, and contains, besides the ordinary furniture, only a few books and two or three busts. He is a tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed young man, with a hearty English voice, powerful shoulders, and muscular limbs. He is only 26 years old, and was born at the Baths of Lucca. He received a cosmopolitan education, studying in turns at Cambridge, Karlsruhe, Bombay, and Rome. He, however, remained a true American, loving Newport and believing with unflinching faith in Boston. He has none of the affectations so common to writers, and, beyond his few books and the writing-pad and inkstand, his room shows little to indicate the literary character of its occupant. He is an excellent scholar in philosophy and the languages, especially Sanskrit and the other tongues of the East. Indeed, this is his chief delight and aspiration, and the intrusion of fiction into his work is a dull one. He is remarkably well informed upon almost all subjects, and is a musician of no small talent. He is the son of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor of the Washington monument, who lived in Rome, and died young, after having married Miss Louisa Cutler Ward, the sister of Sam Ward. He learned English at Dr. Coit's famous New Hampshire school. After studying at the places named above, he went to Bombay with his Roman teacher of Sanskrit. There he began to write for the press, and became editor of the *India Herald*. Here he learned to speak Hindustani and write Urdu. He then returned to Rome, and afterward to America, visiting Julia Ward Howe. He went to Harvard and took a Sanskrit diploma. He wrote a paper on the silver question, which was read at the Bankers' Convention at Niagara, and also wrote a long list of reviews on social, political, or philosophical subjects. While dipping with his uncle Sam in New York he told him the true story of Mr. Jacobs, a diamond merchant of India, and it so interested the bon vivant that he insisted that his nephew should write it. The young man locked himself in a room and wrote "Mr. Isaacs" in thirty-five days. His other novels have been completed in almost the same length of time. He lives in Rome in Indian fashion. He swims before luncheon, rows when through with his day's work, and goes abroad at night. His best work, "To Leeward," was written in the caves of Sorrento.

Lamp Chimneys.

The most noted oculists recommend blue, bluish-gray, or smoke-colored glasses as a protection for weak eyes against the unpleasant effects of red, orange, and yellow light. On the same principle, remarks a scientific contemporary, the trying, reddish-yellow light of candles, lamps, and gas may be pleasantly modified by the use of chimneys or globes. Shades colored in

light marine blue may also be used for the same purpose. A remarkably near approach to a light as agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp, with round wick and a light-blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a draught that the petroleum burns with a nearly pure white flame.

Australia's Scarcity of Water.

The greatest difficulty of all this country is this one of water. There are no great rivers such as we have in America, and such as there are either appear in raging torrents or a succession of water-holes. Many of the larger streams have no outlet, but end in lagoons or disappear by evaporation. Experiments show that there is quite sufficient rainfall to supply the wants of the country, but it is so irregular that to depend upon it would be precarious in the extreme. Artesian wells have been discovered in certain localities, but they are not numerous enough to test their practicability. The only remedy that at present appears feasible is that of making reservoirs for the storage of water during the rainy season for supply during the long droughts. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and I have no doubt that this or some other plan will be adopted for irrigating the land, thus making it capable of supporting millions of people. During the dry season it is extremely hot in the interior, the thermometer often rising to 120 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The ground becomes baked and cracked and so hot as to burn the feet into blisters if not well protected. The atmosphere is extremely dry, otherwise it would be impossible for human beings to endure it. Thousands of cattle and sheep perish during the dry seasons. The only way of keeping them alive is in driving them to some water-hole where they may drink, while for food they may subsist on the dry and parched grasses of the plain, which, strange to say, have retained all their nutritive qualities, though withered by the sun. Shepherds say that sheep, as well as cattle and horses, will fatten on this grass, and that they will choose it in preference to the green grass of the rainy season. Large droves of horses and cattle, sleek and fat, may be seen running wild over these plains in the driest seasons, especially in districts where a plentiful supply of water may be found in water-holes, as above mentioned. These horses are often so numerous as to become a pest, and as they are of no use on account of their intractability, they are often driven into corrals and killed by thousands. The timber on these plains is of one genus, namely, the eucalyptus. There are many species, but all have the same general appearance. Generally speaking the trees are sparsely scattered over the ground, and but very seldom do we find these thick-set forests as in America. The eucalyptus does not look unlike our sycamore. It does not shed its leaves, which are of a somber green color and very crisp, but annually the bark dries up into thin shreds and falls off. So light and dry is it that the east wind will carry it away as our leaves are driven by the autumn wind. New bark is formed before the old falls off, and the tree is left quite white and new looking at the beginning of each year of its life. Some of the trees grow to enormous height. Indeed, the brightest trees in the world are of this genus, and are to be found in Gippsland, in the eastern portion of Australia. Some of the tallest are over 500 feet in height. They grow very straight, and as much as 100 feet from the ground there is neither limb nor perceptible diminution of diameter. The lumber from this tree is an important article of commerce and very durable.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Cold Snaps.

In October, 763, and February, 764, the denizens of the cities of mosques and minarets were astonished by a cold spell of weather, and the two seas of Constantinople were frozen over for twenty days. In 1063 the Thames was frozen over for fourteen weeks. In 1407 the cold was so intense in England that all the small birds perished, and in 1433 the large fowls of the air were driven by the terrible cold into the towns and cities of Germany. In 1468 the winter was so severe in Flanders that the wine distributed was out with hatchets. The year 1658 was noted for cold weather in England. Thousands of forests and shade trees were split by frost, birds and stock perished, a line of stages ran on the Thames for several weeks, and shops were built on the ice in the middle of the Thames. In 1691 the wolves were driven by the cold into Vienna, where they attacked men and cattle on the streets. In 1810 quicksilver froze in the thermometer-bulbs at Moscow. One of the most remarkable changes of temperature was witnessed at Hornsey and Hammersmith, near London, in 1867. The thermometer was 3 degrees below zero on the 4th of January and seventy-two hours later it had leaped to 55 degrees above zero. With respect to America some of the remarkable cold spells were as follows: In 1790, and again in 1821, New York harbor was frozen over so that teams were driven across the ice to Staten Island. The Western State of Indiana saw weather cold enough to congeal the mercury in 1855. The winter of 1881 was made memorable by cold weather. On the 13th and 26th days of January many deaths occurred from the intense cold, and the residents of Mobile saw the thermometer sink to zero. A record of cold sieges would be imperfect without a mention of the terrible sudden storm that swept over the country in 1863, which has gone into history as the cold New Year's. A drayman was frozen to death in Cincinnati while driving along the street; a man climbing a fence in Minnesota froze to death and toppled over into the snow, while the loss of human and animal lives in all parts of the country was immense.

The reverie of a woman's eyes is always mistaken for thoughtfulness. TALMAGE'S congregation has 414 more members than Beecher's.

SONGS OF THE HUMORISTS.

A DILEMMA.
To write, or not to write, is the question:
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The reputation of being asked by
A young lady to write in her autograph album,
And having kept the book two years, more or less,
And then not written in it—
Or to take the pen against a host of doubts and fears
And, by once writing, end them? To start—to write—
To write—perchance to make a blot—say, there's the rub!
For in that darksome blot what feelings are
Shown forth—nervousness, distrust of self,
And many other—not a trace!
When one is writing to his girl, for then
If he should make a blot, he draws a line
Round it and says
It was intentional, and meant to mark
A place where he did kiss. And she
Believes the yarn, and kisses it, and thinks
That she is happy.
—Boston Globe.

DROPPED ON HIS GAME.
Mamma gave our Nelly an apple,
So round, and big, and red;
It seemed, beside the red one Nelly,
To aim a blow at her head.
Beside her young Neddie was standing—
And Neddie loves apples, too;
"Ah, Nelly," said Neddie, "Give Brother
A bite of your apple—ah, do!"
Dear Nelly held out the big apple;
Ned opened his mouth very wide—
So wide that the startled red apple
Could almost have gone inside!
And, oh! what a bite he gave it!
The apple looked small, I declare,
When Ned gave it back to his sister,
Leaving that big bite there.
Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,
Then a thud made her face grow bright;
"Here, Ned, you can take the apple,
I'd rather have the bite!"
—Texas Siftings.

EXHORTING HYMN.
Change yer heart, ole Uncle Moses,
Change yer habits, too;
For de crack skin on yer nose
Can't get red er blue.
An' de debil's comin' close,
Lookin' hard at you.
Chorus—Yes, de debil's comin' close,
Burnin' hot at yer shins now;
Lookin' at yer shiny nose;
That's a way o' his'n.
At his place, as well yer knows,
Is none hotter 'n de sun.
Uncle Moses, jes change yer ways—
Jine de holy land,
An' while Parson Baxter prays,
Hide yer thievin' hand;
Hope for better, better days
In dat promised land.
Chorus—Glory! hear dat lion roar!
Cause um lose a sinner;
Ole Moses entered at de door;
Now de Lion 'arnt no winner,
An' will shed dat lion's gore—
Eat um up for dinner.
—Texas Siftings.

BABY LOUISE.
I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and your sparkling blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise!
When you fold your hands, Baby Louise!
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer?
You loved above, Baby Louise!
You love with you, Baby Louise!
Why, you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight to the words said,
"I love you," Baby Louise!

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!
HOW IT WAS INVENTED.
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She was in a great stew
To know what to do,
For of money she had not a cent;
So she sold her last suit
To buy meat for the brute,
And up-town in her nightgown she went.
The ladies who saw it
And the string to draw it
Declared it the nicest thing out;
So now on the street,
Looking ever so neat,
In their gowns they are rushing about.
—Washington Republican.

A Y'S FARMER.
The Whitehall Times gives a somewhat circumstantial account of an enterprising agriculturist, with some economy of type:
There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his Y's
And study nature with his Y's
And think of what he Y's.
He hears the chatter of the Y's
As they each other Y's.
And Y's that when a Y's D's
It makes a home for Y's.
A pair of oxen he will Y's
With many haws and Y's,
And their mistakes he will Y's Q's,
While plowing for his Y's.
In raising crops he has Y's L's,
And therefore little Y's D's,
And when he hoos his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

A Bubber Story.
There was a Granger convention somewhere near the line between Indiana and Ohio, and, as a matter of course, a little bragging was done by various farmers as to what each State produced. Among those who bragged was Farmer Johnson, from Miami Reserve, in Ohio, and who, by the way, is somewhat notorious for telling large and wonderful stories. During the course of his remarks, he said:
"There is a farmer living on the Miami Reserve who annually manufactures one million pounds of butter, and over two million pounds of cheese."
This caused great sensation and some laughter by way of derision, as much as to say the crowd did not swallow all of Farmer Johnson's story. He took fire at once, and appealed to Farmer Jones, of Ohio, to verify his assertion by giving the name of that great butter and cheese maker as Deacon Brown.
Farmer Jones slowly arose, and, in a drawing, farmer-like twang, said:
"I know Deacon Brown makes a good deal of butter and cheese—I do not know the exact number of pounds—but this I do know—he runs seventeen saw-mills with the butter-milk."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Very Fastidious.
A couple of gentlemen were dining, or preparing to dine, at a certain restaurant. When the eloquent waiter had said: "Roastbeefmuttonchopporterloinmandrilledriver?" one of the gentlemen shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed:
"Don't bring me any liver."
"Ah!" exclaimed the other gentleman, "then I take it you are not particularly fond of liver."
"No, not in the least. I don't yearn for liver."
"Any particular reason?"
"Why, yes. You see I can hardly take up a copy of a daily paper, nowadays, but I see the advertisement: 'Lost—A liver-colored pointer dog.' So you see the association is not pleasant. So far as I am concerned, it doesn't make a whit's difference whether it is a liver-colored dog or a dog-colored liver with which they tempt my appetite."—*Texas Siftings.*