Owed to Halifax.

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,
Canada, my Canada;
The halibut is at my door,
Canada, my Canada.
For smelt and redpoll, chub and eel,
For codfish, bake and mackerel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steal,
Canada, my Canada.

Then will not cover in the brine,
Canada, my Canada;
Thou will not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada;
Defend thy scalps, save thy skate,
Strike for thy shad with might and state,
Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait,
Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,
Canada, my Canada;
Put up your swordfish in the place,
Canada, my Canada;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other cheek—please do,
And skin a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada.

—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a rainy day in September.

On a narrow road, flanked by tall pine-trees, in a remote part of New England, four horses dragged a lumbering stage-coach up a steep hill. On the seat beside the driver sat an old man, dressed in a baggy overcoat and a battered felt hat. He had no umbrella, and his indifference to the weather was to be inferred from the fact that he chose an outside seat in preference to the many empty ones inside the stage. He was talking to the driver with the sustained monotony of one who is secure from interruption.

"Well, as I was sayin," he said, "Deacon Bliss, he says to me, you got to cut *Memento mori* on them gate-posts, and that's all there is about it. You can cut your own name somewhere, with *Builder* under it, too, if you want to; but it stands to reason that *Memento mori* oughter go on the gate of a bury-in'-ground." He paused a moment, and then continued, with a latent twinkle in his faded, kindly eyes: "I *did* cut *Memento mori* on one of them gate-posts, and I cut Hezekiah Sanford in letters the same size on the other, so there's my monument fur all time, fur that wall ain't ever comin' down, and Deacon Bliss couldn't say a word. The next day as I was goin' down—"

At this juncture the driver's lips parted and emitted a short, sharp laugh. This tribute to his shrewdness was so unexpected that the old man paused and turned to him with a furtive look of questioning.

"You've got to the stone wall to soon, Squire Sanford; we ain't past Three-mile Corner, and you won't have enough to last till you get home," said the driver. The old man relapsed into an offended silence. After a moment's pause the driver said, with a jerk of his thumb towards the inside of the stage:

"Who are the folks yer goin' ter have to yer house, Squire?"

The old man turned over in his mind the feasibility of showing the annoyance that he felt at the interruption of his story; but on the consideration that Sam Hunter was too good a listener to be lost, he answered:—

"One of 'em's Colonel Brennan, and the other's his brother. The young one's pretty *sick*—consumption, or somethin' like it, I reckon, and the colonel's brignin' him here fur a change of air. As I says to the colonel, this air will cure him if anythin' will. Why, my brother James's wife—I'll tell you about her, Sam?"

Hunter smiled grimly. "That story'll last till you get home," he declared.

The two inside passengers were not even occupying themselves by talking to each other, but were equally silent.

One was a man about 40 years old, tall, and strongly built. He sat somewhat stiffly forward on the edge of the seat, his attitude and expression statuesquely quiet. There was much that inspired confidence in the direct simplicity of his glance, shaded by a slouched felt hat, and something martial in the unconscious erectness of his bearing.

Beside him sat, or half-lay, a young man, enveloped to the throat in a heavy, loose ulster of yellowish cloth. The blonde effect of his fair hair and slight mustache was heightened by his excessive palor. His eyes were closed, and his dark lashes alone saved his face from being absolutely colorless. The clearly cut features were handsome, and the whole face was characterized by extreme sensitiveness. His long, white hands—the hands of an invalid—rested listlessly on the leaves of a sketch-book that lay on his knees. Over the shoulder nearest the open window was thrown a heavy travelling-rug, which, constantly displaced by the jolting of the stage, slipped to the floor. Each time that it did so the older man leaned across, and lifting the rug, rearranged it with awkward tenderness. A muttered "Thank you!" was the only audible notice that his action received, but the youth's level brows met each time in a quick frown of irritation. At length when this had occurred several times he opened his eyes.

"That will do, Dick. I'm very much obliged, but I'm quite warm enough without it. How much longer are we to be in this hideous machine?"

"Just beyond the top of the hill, I think," was the answer, spoken in a strong, unmodulated voice. Then, as if glad to avail himself of the opportunity to speak, he asked, anxiously: "How do you feel now, Julian? Any better than when we started? It's a poor day, but the air's far more bracing than that close city." He inhaled a long breath of the fragrant piney air. "I couldn't have breathed in that place another day. No wonder you're sick. I tell you, Julian, a week on the plains would make a different fellow of you! Even this place we're going to will do you good."

"I suppose so."

"I'm sure of it, my boy. You've spent too much time in that studio; you haven't lived an active life. A few weeks here will set you up, and then we'll try camping out. It'll be just the thing for that cough of yours. Nothing like sleeping in the open air for curing a cold."

The young man shivered uneasily.

"Can's I do anything to make you more comfortable?" continued the older man. There was only a shake of the head in reply. "Then I think I'll go on top for awhile, and perhaps you'll get some sleep."

He leaned out of the window; the summit of the hill had been reached and the thinning of the pine-trees showed the rolling country, with wooded hills, glorious with autumn tints of gold and dun and flaming crimson. The rain had stopped falling, and the dull gray of the sky was broken by patches of deep blue. Before there was time to hail the driver the stage stopped at the gate of a farm-house which stood some ten yards back from the road. It was one of those long, low houses which do not seem to be built on the ground, but to grow out of it, clinging lovingly as close as possible to the earth. Two large elms overshadowed it, and to the right there was an apple-orchard, with a distant view beyond of meadow and woodland, and silver gleam of a large sheet of water. Close to the house, on the other side, were straggling barns and outhouses.

The two men clambered down from their high seats. Hunter went to the back of the stage and began silently lifting down the luggage; Sanford walked up the irregular flag-stones, which lay on the grass in front of the house, forming a path to the door, while Colonel Brennan opened the door of the stage.

"Julian," he said, "here we are, my boy!" The young man lay with his eyes closed, but when his brother spoke he opened them with a dazed expression. He got out, but staggered slightly as he tried to walk up the path. His brother supported him, and as they reached the door Sanford came out, followed by an old woman, dressed in a dark calico gown and short white jacket. She led the way to a room on the right of a little hall, talking rapidly all the time.

"Oh—now—jest to think of my not bein ready for you! Why, I didn't s'pose the stage 'ud be along for a half-hour yet! But I know you'll excuse my jacket. Now the young man *does* look sick, don't he? But you see if this ain't the best place—"

Her flow of words was interrupted by an exclamation from Colonel Brennan.

"Julian! What's the matter?"

The dazed look in the youth's eyes deepened, his pallor became deathly, and swaying slightly for an instant he toppled over on the floor in a dead faint.

Mrs. Sanford contemplated him for a moment, in silent amazement.

"Oh, the awful! the dreadful! what under the canopy!" she gasped; then throwing her apron over her face she rushed from the room, calling:

"Winifred Amanda Sanford—do you come down-stairs this minute! There's a young gentleman's layin' dead on the floor, and I'm sure I dunno what to do!"

Colonel Brennan knelt down by Julian and supporting his head, his eyes fixed on the white face in an agony of apprehension.

"Go and get some water," he said to Sanford; "be quick about it!"

There was a sound of hasty footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a dress, and a tall young woman entered the door. She carried a glass of water in her hand, and crossing the room knelt down by the young man and began to bathe his forehead with a handkerchief which she dipped into the water.

"Fan him, please!" she said to Colonel Brennan; "there's fan on the mantle-shelf."

During fifteen years of a rough Western life Colonel Brennan had been almost unconscious of the personality of the few women he had come in contact with; yet at this moment there pierced through his anxiety a sense of the extreme composure of her manner. He obeyed blindly.

It seemed a long time before Julian's eyes opened. When they did, he scarcely knew where he was. Bending over him he saw a beautiful face—calm—serene—pitying. No; "goddesses do not pity," he vaguely thought. "Where am I?" The face hovered a moment before his wavering eyes, and then melted away.

"Julian!" said his brother's voice, pleadingly. "Look here, my dear fellow, how do you feel? Are you better?"

The familiar tone broke through the net-work of dreams in which he seemed to float. With the full tide of returning consciousness came a feeling of impatience at his weakness; he raised himself to a sitting position.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm all right. That's very odd, that sensation. I never had it before."

He attempted to rise, and with Colonel Brennan's assistance he stood on his feet.

"I think I'll sit down," he said; "I'm rather dizzy yet." He dropped into a chair that stood near him, and looked around, as if more fully to take in his surroundings.

It was a small room with a low ceiling; two sides were of wood painted dark red, as was the high mantle and open fireplace. Above the mantle were little cupboards with brass knobs on the doors, that reminded one curiously of the lockers in the cabin of a ship. A brilliantly flowered paper covered the two remaining sides of the room. The furniture was of the most antique pattern, and extremely shabby. Fiddle-backed chairs, and long, uncomfortable wooden settes were arranged against the walls. The only modern things in the room were a new, shinning melodeon and a large rocking-chair, covered with black haircloth. Near the door stood Sanford and his wife. The old woman came forward with an air of mingled fright and importance.

"Well," she said, "that's too bad. For the land's sake! I was real scared when you went off like that. Don't you think he'd best go to his room and rest a bit, and I'll send his supper up to him? There, now, if I didn't forget about them cakes!" she exclaimed. "Where's Winifred, Mr. Sanford? She'll take you up to your rooms, and I know you'll jest excuse me!" She left the room hurriedly, as she spoke, followed by her husband.

Julian turned to Colonel Brennan with a slightly puzzled air.

"Wasn't there—*was* there someone else here a minute ago?" he asked.

Before his brother could reply Sanford returned with his daughter. She stood in the doorway speaking to her father a moment, apparently unconscious of the intent scrutiny that Julian was giving her. She was unusually tall, and her was a generous sweep in the lines of her figure. The setting of her head and throat on her shoulders was fairly majestic, and her soft dark hair wound around the arched head, and growing low on her forehead, contrasted with her gray eyes and the fair bloom of her skin. She might have been, in spite of the flower-like freshness of her beauty, twenty-eight or thirty; there was nothing of the young girl about her.

"I guess you'd better go up and rest," said Sanford, kindly. "I'm glad you're all square again. Winifred—this is my daughter Winifred—she'll show ye upstairs."

Winifred led the way, and Colonel Brennan followed, supporting Julian. The stairs were not wide enough for two people abreast, and the colonel fell behind. At the top of the stairs Julian wavered, and would have fallen again had it not been for the young woman, who turned quickly and threw her strong arm around him. His brother was at his other side in an instant, and together they helped him to his room, and settled him in a large arm-chair.

"Thank you!" he said warmly, to Winifred. "I should have fallen if it had not been for you."

She did not notice his speech. "I'm going down to get something for you to eat," she said, calmly. Her voice was clear and low. "Mother'll bring it up in a minute. Tea s ready, if Colonel Brennan will come down."

She drew down the blind of a window where the sun shone in on Julian's face, and then turned to go, but at the door she stopped, and with her head raised with stag-like erectness, swept a barely imperceptible courtesy and left the room.

Julian's eyes flashed as he looked after her. "Go down, Dick," he said; "I'll do very well here. It may be imagination, but I seem to feel better already!" There was a spark of animation in his manner a he said the words.

He took his pencil and sketch-book from his pocket, and began to draw rapidly.

From the stairs came the sound of stamping and gasping, and the old farmer made his appearance in the doorway, staggering under the weight of a heavy gun-case.

"Where's this to go, Colonel? In your room on t'other side of the passage? What have you got in here anyhow, that's so mighty hefty?"

"Hold on!" called the colonel, "I'll help you with those things, Sanford. Julian, I'll be back after awhile." He followed Sanford, and Julian still bent over his sketch in entire absorption, when he was roused by a voice at his elbow.

"Now, sir jest take a bite and see how much better you'll feel."

Mrs. Sanford stood before him, with a large tray, on which was a medley of eatables—coffee and boiled fish, a pumpkin-pie and a dish of green pickles. There was something in the scent of the coffee and the home-like aspect of the blue-and-white cracked china that pleased and tempted Julian. "Why, Mrs. Sanford," he said, "that looks uncommonly good."

"Now you begin and eat that. You better try them pickles. Winifred made 'em, and she's a powerful hand at pickles. I do hope you'll like everything; it's the first time we ever took boarders, but we tried to fix things nice." She set the tray table, and in doing so her eyes fell on the sketch. She snatched it from Julian with the same abruptness that characterized all her actions. "Child of grace! if that ain't Winifred!" Something in the idea seemed to touch her sense of humor. She laughed immoderately, holding it at arm's length at first, and then putting on her spectacles to examine it more closely. "Now, ain't it nice to draw like that; she is pretty as a picter, if I *do* say it." She spoke in a tone of rambling meditativeness. "Folks say it's strange she ain't married; but, lor', she won't look at the young men 'round here. I dunno why, but it's funny when there ain't one of them but has asked her—and she so pretty!"

Julian held out his hand for the sketch, coloring slightly as he did so. "You don't know what her beauty is," he murmured under his breath.

The old woman did not catch the words, but the tone reached her ear. The foolish vacancy of her expression changed to a keen look of curiosity for the space of a second.

"Well, I know folks do take on about her, and her pa sets an awful store by her."

"Mrs. Sanford," said Sanford, from the door, depositing Julian's trunk in the room, "supper's ready, and s'pose you come down." He was in his shirt-sleeves, and spoke with some irritation of manner. "Where did you put my duster?" he continued, with a warning look.

His wife looked deprecatingly at him. "Oh, Mr. Sanford, I jest hung it up in the store-closet. I thought, perhaps, you'd be agreeable to tryin' your black coat for a spell in the house, now we got company."

"No, I won't Mrs. Sanford; what would I have to wear to funerals, I'd like to know? No; you get my duster—lively now! and don't you go fur to hang it up in that store-closet of your's again."

They went down the hall, Sanford expostulating and his wife apologizing, until their voices died away in the distance.

The sunlight faded in the room where Julian sat. He had finished his supper, and as the twilight grew he continued to touch up the little sketch of the haunting face he had just seen, adding lines and shadows until the likeness, which had been striking at first, was entirely destroyed. He tore the leaf out of the book, and crushed it impatiently in his hand. "There's no use trying to draw such a face," he thought, "when one has only seen it once. What lines in her head and brow? How do such people happen to have a daughter looking like a goddess? How quiet and calm she was! It's scarcely human. I couldn't tell whether she was sorry for me, or only quietly contemptuous at my weakness." The evening wind blew in at the window chillingly, with the sun's departure all warmth had gone from the air. Julian went to the window and drew it down. The room wore an air of dreary melancholy. The old four-post bed, with its white curtains, loomed strangely in the dim, gray light. At the side of the room the opening of the black-painted fire-place yawned like a cavern. Some dead leaves on the hearth executed a fantastic dance as the wind swept up and down the chimney. Before the window the branches of the trees waved incessantly. The damp air seemed to strike into the young man's breast, and his cough echoed with a hollow sound. "Why did I come here?" he thought, half-hopelessly.

On the threshold of this chill and gloom there appeared a sudden vision. In the doorway stood Winifred Sanford, holding above her head a lighted candle; the downward light illuminated her face and figure, deepening and shadowing her eyes, tinging the bloom of her cheeks, outlining the calm curve of her lips. In her other hand she carried a basket of kindling-wood.

"May I come in?" she asked, with a slight smile. "Mother thought it was getting colder out of doors, and you might like a fire."

Brennan started to his feet.

"Oh! thank you, you're very good," he stammered, confusedly; "I won't trouble you; let me do it?"

She only looked at him in surprise.

"I always make the fires," she answered quietly, "and as you're sick you'd better keep quiet and rest."

Something in her manner silenced Brennan. Half-unconsciously, partly from exhaustion, he sank back in his chair and watched her as she knelt on the hearth, and setting the basket beside her, rapidly laid the kindling under the logs that rested on the and-irons. She touched the shavings with the candle and the flames leaped up the chimney, flashing into the darkest corners of the room. The warm glow seemed to draw out the rich womanliness of the kneeling figure, and to humanize Brennan's dreary thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly, "but will you let me paint your portrait some day?"

For the first time her composure varied. A deeper color came into her face, and she turned her head slowly toward him with an upward glance, in which there was the faintest semblance of coquetry.

"Yes, if you want."

"Has anyone ever painted you?" he asked eagerly.

"There never has been anyone to do it," she answered.

"Then I shall be the first." The thought seemed to give the young fellow deep pleasure. "Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, always, except when I ran away to the convent."

"Ran away," he repeated, "why did you do it?"

"I couldn't stay here always, and I never see anything."

"But what did you go for—not to be a nun?" he hazarded.

"No," she said, smiling a little. "To study; to get away from here. I was tired of it. I had a friend there, and she got me in; but father came and took me away when I'd been there three months. It was a good while ago, and I haven't been away since;" she paused a minute, "we're poor," she added, simply.

She stood up and leaned against the mantle, looking down at the young man. The fire-light flickered on her face and on her violet print dress, tinging it with pink reflections. The folds of the soft material fell with the simplicity of sculpture. As if pleased with the rapt observation of the young man she stood motionless for a few minutes, and then walked toward the door, saying:

"I think I'll go now. You'd better go to bed, Mr. Brennen. It's easy to see that you're tired out." There was a note of protecting kindness in the sweet voice.

Again the little courtesy, and the vision had disappeared.

Brennan was alone once more, but the room was changed. There was the ruddy fire-light, the snapping, crackling pine logs, the warm, scented air, and whether his eyes were opened or closed the mysterious beauty they had first beheld floated before them. When his brother looked in on him, an hour later, he found him already in bed and asleep, and although he coughed at frequent intervals, he still slept, with a boyish smile on his face.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks later, on an afternoon when there was a midsummer softness in the atmosphere, old Sanford sat an the bench on one side of the wide porch at the farm-house. He was busily engaged in whittling a piece of wood with a large jack-knife, talking steadily as he whistled. Colonel Brennan sat opposite to him, listening with grave attention. His heated face and muddy clothes, as well as the gun that leaned against the seat beside him, showed that he had just come in from a shooting-expedition.

"Yes," said Sanford, "I've wrote some sharp political satires in my day, and them also in poetry. That's something that comes by natur' and birth, and can' be trained into a man. I'll lend 'em to yer some day, colonel, or—" here his face became more animated, "I'll recite 'em to yer if you like. There's the battle of Bunker Hill, one of my historical poems. It was read at the town-hall, at Greenfield, last Independence Day, I do solemnly assure you, colonel. It begins—

"'A tear stood on the mother's brow,
As from the wall young Henry Dow
The war-tuba lifted down.'

I could say it all, but p'raps you'd as liet read it. You kin judge of it better that way."

"Perhaps I can," the colonel answered, courteously.

"Then I've wrote also poems of natur'. Natur's an inspirin' subject. Jest take a day like this—" He took off his hat and let the air blow his gray locks off his withered forehead. "There's something so pure and holy in the hull look of everythin' to-day that it's like goin' into a church jest to go out into the fields. Mrs. Sanford now," here his eyes twinkled humorously, "ain't much on natur'. She looked out this mornin', and says she, 'It's a fine mornin' for bakin',' and then she went in-doors and she's b'en bakin' all day!"

The colonel's attention seemed to be wandering. His eyes were fixed on the orchard, where, through the green branches, in the distance, could be seen the gleam of a woman's dress and the outline of a man's figure. The occasional sound of voices was borne toward them by the breeze.

Sanford noticed the look.

"You needn't fret about that brother f your's, Colonel," he said; "he's all right. Winifred's out there, and he's painin' her. That's the idea he took into his head. She's a sensible girl, a mighty sensible girl, and she'll take as good care of him as if he was her brother. How old is the boy?"

Colonel Brennen made a calculation.

"Twenty-two," he said. "I didn't think he was as old," he added, half to himself.

(To be continued.)

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Nuns' veilings have a wide selvage and border and are made up very simply for afternoon costumes.

The novelty in silken fabrics is the bordered *armure*. There were bordered woollens for spring wear and bordered cottons for summer.

Paisley borders are found on cashmeres for house dresses, and very pretty effects are produced with a sash carrying out the idea of color in the costume.

Tinsel strips are seen on some soft woollens for street costumes. In dark shades of India twill and in light shades for house wear these costumes are egually stylish.

Another novelty in bordered fabrics is the hair stripe with a wide border of plain material. This makes up very charmingly for an autumn walking costume, and needs no trimmings whatsoever.

The selvage in some beautiful new woollen has its width extended to 1½ to 2 inches by a silk woven stripe about it. This is the sole trimming on these simple costumes, which have a pretty effect notwithstanding their simplicity.

Rare and beautiful Eastern stuffs have a background of cloth or gold. This at $15 or $20 per yard forms the petticoat in rich costumes. The Eastern gauzes are nearly as expensive and equally fashionable. It takes but little to embellish a dress and make it quite gorgeous.

A porter in a Cincinnati whiskey house went into a room where some empty casks were stored, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. Knocking the bung out of one of the barrels he stooped over to examine it, when a terrific report was heard, and he was hurled across the room. He was badly injured and the building was set on fire.

AROUND AGAIN.

The Poetic Young Woman Revisits the Practical but Sympathetic Editor.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes your paper regularly."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the hollest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush that pure heart, if he never struck a lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I could not get the last line of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me—"

Help her? Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood in his soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

How softly sweet the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—

"To anti-bilious pills!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody, now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse reads like this—

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—

"Of matchless liver pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. This finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashion with poetry, and carries the right idea home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes; where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now, I'll read the third verse:

How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And meaning twilight seems to say—

"'There goes a man's drunk again', wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired she sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New! Dead it's new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, spout means hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper. That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. O! don't be afraid, that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

The merry milkmaid's sombre song
Echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove!" cried the delighted editor. "You see——"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden, "not that!"

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notion and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do; but, of course, you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

As silently she treads along
In autumn's mellow tracks.

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in our paper it doesn't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hands, rhymes with 'rocks,' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very picture you are showing up.

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he is wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips behind the maiden coy—

"And splits his pantaloons; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and went out from him forever.—*Somerville Journal.*

Fishing for Fun.

Concluding his article entitled "Handcrafts" in the *National Review*, Sir James Crichton-Browne tells the following amusing story, which is probably new to many of our readers, and it is so good that those to whom it is familiar must pardon us for repeating it. An amateur angler went to fish in a Scotch stream, provided with the finest rod and reel that money could buy, the most invisible tackle, and the most improved fly-hooks, and who, having flogged the water for hours without getting a nibble, had the mortification of seeing an old fisherman near him pull out the trout by dozens, with nothing but a bit of stick and a string. Puzzled and disappointed, he at last went up to the old man and asked him, "What is the meaning of this? How comes it that I, with the most perfect appliances, catch nothing, while you, with only the clumsiest tools, are so successful?" To which the old man answered, "The meaning o's, sir, I take to be this, that I'm fishin' for fish, and ye're fishin' for fun."

A Disgusted Humorist.

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, in relating his recent experiences in London, said:—"Sometimes it was dreary work trying to be funny. Once I went to a reception, or assembly, at which none but Greeks were present. I have never seen so many magnificent dresses at one time. The women were exceedingly beautiful and richly attired, and all the men were handsome. Well, I went through my programme and tried my best to raise a laugh, but the audience sat and listened without moving a muscle. Just as I was ending the hostess came to me and said sweetly:—'Now, Mr. Wilder, please do something funny!' They carried me out in a hand basket and I reached my rooms in a collapsed condition. It was simply crushing."—*Rochester Democrat.*

Bagging at the Knees.

Barclay Warburton, a Philadelphia dude, being asked how he kept his trousers from bagging at the knees, replied: "I only wear a pair of trousers one day and I don't know what my man does with them after that. To prevent their bagging for the twelve hours in which I wear them I have them lined around the knees with cardboard and I never sit down." Being asked what a man is to do who cannot afford 365 pairs of trousers a year Mr. Warburton replied: "Wear kilts as the Highlanders do."

Tender Solicitude.

Ethel's 4-year-old brother frequently amused himself by thumping Ethel's steady caller over the head with his tiny fists. He was thus employed one evening when he suddenly stopped, exclaiming: "Sister said me mustn't hit oo on the head."

"Did she? Why?" asked Cholly, evidently pleased with the young lady's solicitude.

"Tause," prattled the artless one, "she said it might dent it."

Some small Boston boys were giving a Buffalo Bill entertainment the other afternoon, and young Joe Gammon was an Indian whose business it was to be stabbed by the scout. To prepare for the act he had stuffed the breast of his jacket with newspapers, but the knife of Buffalo Bill found a joint in the armor of the redskin, and with a shriek of "Ow" the child of the forest dropped to the ground. The wound was severe enough to warrant hospital treatment.—*New York Sun.*

BILL NYE ACCEPTS,

And Proposes a Letter Which May be Used With Profit by Any Candidate.

New York World.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: I have just learned by the merest accident that I was nominated some ten weeks ago as a candidate for the Presidency, at the regular National Convention. Being out of town at the time, and our local postmaster refusing to forward newspapers without the payment of additional postage, I did not know about it, though I remember of telling a man last spring that if no other man in the party seemed really fitted to be its standard-bearer I would run. That was the end of it, so far as I was concerned.

When I made the promise I had an idea that possibly a better man would be found somewhere, and in that way I would be enabled to get out of it. Acting upon that supposition, I have made other arrangements, which, of course, I will now have to cancel. We had purchased and put in our coals for the winter, and also agreed to board the teacher at our house. I might name other plans we had made for the future which will now have to be entirely changed, but the above will show you that in going into this thing I am making sacrifices which are not generally taken into consideration during the heat and asperity of a political campaign.

If elected I will favor a higher price for the manufacturer and lower prices for the consumer.

I believe in submitting the tariff question to a popular vote of this country and Europe, after which I would reserve the right to do what I thought best about it.

I have not yet decided whether I would favor putting the best men into office, or whether I would let them remain where they are, in the newspaper business.

I favor some more things, but out of respect for the convention which nominated me I shall not embody them in this letter, but wait till I am elected and then jar the back teeth of those whose votes I now desire but whose opinions I despise.

My latch-string will be out during the day, and I shall aim to keep open all night. On Sundays visiting statesmen will please enter at the side door, as mine is sprained, and I shall ask one and all to please refrain from loud and boisterous language in the hall as they go away, even though there should be annoying complications in identifying umberellas left in the hall-rack and quids of tobacco left on the stair rail. Let each take such umbrella and tobacco as shall be allotted to him without repining, and thus elevate and ennoble the *etiquette* and *tout ensemble* of our national political system—a system of which we are all so justly proud.

I trust that one and all will feel free to come and bring their dinners until November, for after that I shall, if elected, admit only respectable people, and very few of those. Prior to that time I shall maintain a general social sink of iniquity, and I hope and trust that the various moral festers who claim that they knew me when I was poor and when my wife did her own work, and who now claim that they made me what I am, will call early, refrain from tying their team to the oleander and turn off their breaths on retiring instead of trying to blow it out.

The house will be open for visitors immediately after prayers and continue so until breakfast time on the following day. Guests and friends are requested to pass in through the folding doors leading out of the front parlor, view the remains and then continue out through the dining-room, kitchen and barn.

Memento pickets for making canes may be found in the hay-mow marked as follows:

TAKE ONE.

The apples on the large tree near the well are cooking apples and not good yet, any way.

If elected, I shall favor intemperance only in the case of sickness.

My wife joins me in the kindest regards to your committee and hopes you will always come to see us when you are in town. We are only a few miles from the station and you can easily find our house if you will follow the crowd. We think some of having a pink tea at our house on Thursday, and we would both be glad to see the National Convention and friends here before we take up the carpets. Yours truly,

Sign here

P. S. I accept the nomination with pleasure.

Odd Items.

A Jeffersonville (N.Y.) bootblack has a card on his back stating that he will not black a drunken man's shoes.

Wonders never cease. A peach tree near Smyrna, Del., for three years past has seemed as dead as Hector, but this year it is loaded with fine fruit.

A colored woman in Atlanta, Ga., is the youngest of thirty-seven children, and, although not yet 36 years old, is herself the mother of twenty-seven children.

It is stated upon medical authority that readers should refrain from damping their fingers in turning over the leaves of library books, as this is a sure way to attract any stray bacilli that may be lurking around.

Pennsylvania has some girls worth having. In the haying season, a gentleman during a short drive counted nine young women driving two-horse mowers and seventeen managing horse rakes.

Mr. Stinyes, of Augusta, Ga., got married one day and eloped the next with an old sweetheart, whom only he swore he could love, and now there is a large and angry mother-in-law and law suit hovering in the horizon.

In digging a well near Goldsboro', N. C., the diggers came upon traces of an extinct volcano, and at once reported it to the state geologist, who will pronounce upon the discovery authoritatively in a few days.

A Georgia man is ready to swear that common soda is the most sovereign thing on earth for the bite of either mad dog or snake—notwithstanding that there is not the remotest possibility that fishing parties and so on will substitute it for the usual antidote.

Two farmers near Bowling Green, Ky., came upon a drove or flock or herd of weasels in the woods the other day. There were thirty or forty of the little fellows and they seemed to know that there is strength in numbers, for they evinced no fear at the approach of the men, but drew up in a solid mass and showed fight so determinedly that the farmers didn't molest them.

Presidential Candidates.

The following is a complete list of the Presidential candidates of the two great parties in the States:

1789...George Washington	No opposition
1793...George Washington	No opposition
1796...John Adams	Thomas Jefferson
1800...Thomas Jefferson	John Adams
1804...Thomas Jefferson	C. C. Pinckney
1808...James Madison	C. C. Pinckney
1812...James Madison	De Witt Clinton
1816...James Munroe	Rufus King
1820...James Munroe	No opposition
1824...John Q. Adams	Andrew Jackson
1828...Andrew Jackson	John Q. Adams
1832...Andrew Jackson	Henry Clay
1836...Martin Van Buren	William H. Harrison
1840...William H. Harrison	Martin Van Buren
1844...James K. Polk	Henry Clay
1848...Zachary Taylor	Lewis Cass
1852...Franklin Pierce	Winfield Scott
1856...James Buchanan	John C. Fremont
1860...Abraham Lincoln	S. A. Douglas
1864...Abraham Lincoln	G. B. McClellan
1868...U. S. Grant	Horatio Seymour
1872...U. S. Grant	Horace Greeley
1876...R. B. Hayes	S. J. Tilden
1880...James A. Garfield	W. S. Hancock
1884...Grover Cleveland	James G. Blaine
1888...Grover Cleveland	Benj. H. Harrison

"No Hope of Everlasting Life."

A scandalous incident occurred yesterday at the grave of the man Thomas Jones, who murdered his wife and afterwards committed suicide at Portsmouth. Considerable sympathy was felt for the murderer, who had been pronounced by a coroner's jury as of unsound mind. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. G. Edwards, declined to allow the body to be taken into the mortuary chapel, and, on the ground that the crime of murder had put the man outside the pale of the Church, omitted certain portions of the burial service, explaining, in response to the protests of the undertaker, that he could not read the prayer holding out hope of everlasting life.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

When the Circus Began.

"What time did young Sampson leave last night Clara?" asked her papa. "It was after midnight," replied the girl, with a haughty sneer; "we had a quarrel, and I bade him good-by forever." "If you quarreled, I wonder he didn't leave earlier." "We didn't begin quarreling until nearly 10 o'clock."

M. Zola's new novel, "Le Reve," is to be published in October, and it is announced as a work so unexceptionable in its moral tone that it can safely be placed in the hands "of the most modest young girls and the most pure-minded women."

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Shot Up in an English Railroad Car with a Madman.

On my way from Wales to London I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed. One they call the Flying Dutchman. Another they name the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying behind one of these locomotives sixty miles an hour. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in an English car, which a different thing, as most people know from the American car—the English car holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them occupying one seat facing four on the other. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood for a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelled him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow-passengers and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door I made that death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, "What will the madman do next?" A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such an one he might make and havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Also it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go." Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death," and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in English railway trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kitestring. When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope on the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times anyone is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which would have supremcy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it bounged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when he thought the horror had climcterated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage, eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May this occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or what way. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helplessly across one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the po