

HOUSEHOLD

Importance of Sympathetic Relations with our Children.

It was the seer Golegidge who wrote, with his usual keen perception of truth...

Even the most abject mother must, he would say, ever be to her child the woman of women...

How, then, shall we prepare ourselves to occupy a position so exalted? To some of us, perhaps this question is not yet a serious and important one...

We feel our helplessness, at least, and the thought thrills itself upon us that, while we have been caring for their bodies...

Is this our whole duty? Have we not overlooked the very important needs of their souls, the higher being?

Children have many questions to ask about this world into which they have been brought, and about their own being...

Let us now consider what are the best methods of securing this confidence and establishing this sympathy.

I think that if we feel the importance of a sympathetic relation with our children, of having good understanding with them...

When the night is by being to lower. Come a pace in the day's occupation. That is known as the Children's Hour.

Children are always ready to give their hearts to their mothers; and though this heart is the one when we are the most weary, and impatient for the quiet that will be ours when they are all in the arms of Morpheus...

For the Table.

GRAHAM GRAVY TOAST.—Moisten slices of well-prepared zwieback slightly with salted boiling water, and serve with dressing made by thickening one pint of milk with one and one-half tablespoonsful of Graham flour.

VEGETABLE PEASOUP.—Cook a pint of split peas slowly until thoroughly disintegrated. When the peas are nearly done, put to cooking one and one-half pints of sliced potato and one medium-sized onion sliced thin.

GRIPS MUSH BREAD.—Prepare a mush by cooking one third of a cup of Graham grits in two cups of boiling water for three hours.

LEATH HASH.—Take equal quantities of mashed brown lentils and cold Graham green crumbs, mix well together, salt to taste, and heat in a steamer the bottom of which is covered with boiling water.

Soiled Summer Dresses.

The best and wisest thing to do with the delicate silk and wool summer gowns that have been soiled by afternoon and evening wear is to rip them carefully, send the lace to the cleaner, the goods as well

if they are soiled, and then by combining the best of two or more of them in the same garment, wear them out in the pretty tea gowns they are sure to make, says the Sun.

One of the prettiest of these luxuriant little gowns was made of the remnants of an old China silk, with pale green ground sprayed with pink blossoms.

Very elegant and by no means costly tea gowns can be made of the light summer materials and silks purchased at the sales, for fabric too bright and too much out of date for general wear make up effectively in these accommodating little dresses in which the union of three or more fabrics lends charm to their never failing attractiveness, and even the brocades and textiles designed for household decoration may be employed with perfect confidence in a pleasing result to wearer and observer alike.

Useful Hints.

Table oilcloth, tacked back of the stove, if pans or cooking utensils are hung up, and of tables where mixing or dishwashing is done, saves the wall and may be cleaned easily, and lasts a long time.

An English exchange says: "Grass stains upon children's clothing may be removed by the application of molasses, as though it were soap, and presently washing as usual; the fabric will suffer no injury."

An excellent use for oyster shells is to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down, it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

To polish tortoise-shell ornaments, rub with pulverized charcoal and water, using a clean flannel cloth; next moisten with vinegar and rub with whitening wet with water, or powdered rotten stone may be substituted for the whitening.

To remove the shiny look from black coat collars, elbows, seams, etc., where the nap of the cloth is not worn off entirely, ammonia water is excellent; but if the whole coat needs thorough good cleaning, use strong black coffee, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia and sponge with a piece of black woolen cloth.

An exchange says that chloroform will take out grease spots; so will salt dissolved in alcohol. Or you can wet the place with ammonia water; then lay white, soft paper over it and iron with a hot iron. Or rub French chalk on the wrong side, let it remain a day, split a visiting card, lay the rough side on the spot, and pass a warm iron lightly over it.

A correspondent gives the following interesting and most important bit of information concerning the care of a sewing machine:—"Take out the screw that holds the foot-plate, remove it, and you will be surprised at the amount of lint accumulated there. Clean the lint grooves with a pen-knife, and under the whole of the plate. (The needle must be taken out before the work is begun.) You will often find this is the only cause for the machine running hard or not carrying the work, and it is a little secret that the agents will not tell you. I have just cleaned mine in this way, and it runs like a new machine."

The following is a good mixture to have in the house: "Aqua ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpeter, one tea-spoonful; shaving soap, one ounce. Scrub the soap line before mixing the other ingredients, and allow it to stand a few hours before using. It is sure death to bedbugs if applied to the crevices which they inhabit; it will remove paint that is mixed with oil without injuring the finest fabrics, and will remove grease from carpets by covering the spots with the mixture, and then sponging and washing it thoroughly, washing it off with clear cold water."

A CARIBBEAN CYCLONE.

Thousands of Coconut Trees Torn from the Ground and Buildings Wrecked.

Following are some particulars of the damage done by the cyclone which passed over Old Providence and San Andreas in the Caribbean sea. The cyclone began at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 8 at San Andreas. The wind began first with a strong gale from the north-east. The velocity of the wind increased rapidly until every thing about the island began to shake from the force. In about two hours after the beginning of the gale the wind suddenly shifted to the westward and the cyclone was in earnest. The islands are mostly devoted to the cultivation of coconuts, and acre after acre of these trees were twisted from the ground and carried off. Many of the little frame houses characteristic of that part of the world were lifted from their foundations and carried a hundred feet by the wind.

At San Andreas the coconut crops of about 50 plantations were almost entirely ruined, while others were badly damaged. At Old Providence the cyclone worked with even more destructiveness than at San Andreas. The island has a population of about 1,500 persons. The planters' houses are elevated from the ground on piles, leaving a space of about three feet. The wind played havoc with these little buildings, and nearly every house on the island was either completely wrecked or badly damaged.

On the east side of the island a frame church, owned by the Baptists, and another on the north, owned by the same denomination, disappeared. The roofs of these were lifted off like so much paper and the rest of the buildings collapsed. A 60-ton schooner named the Amer, owned by Frederick Robinson, of Old Providence, was lying at anchor off Old Providence, when the cyclone began. It was blown across the roofs leading from the Island and fled out to sea and has never been heard from. There was no one aboard at the time.

Although the cyclone lasted for over 14 hours, no one so far as known was killed. It will take a long time to rebuild the wrecked houses on the island. The damage to the coconut trees will shorten the crop.

Pat—"Faix, I'd die first before I had such a monument as that over me." Mike—"Och, Pat, the other man had the same idea as yoursill."

SAVED BY AN ANGEL.

A Story of Sea and Desert.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's SS. "Simla," which has arrived in Bombay from the Persian Gulf, brought two men, named Desfally Lavy and Theleocouri Lavy, whose adventures and misfortunes during the months of June and July last it would be difficult to find beaten in fiction.

The two men, who are brothers, belong to Port Victoria, the capital of the island of Mahé, one of the group known as the Seychelles Islands. They had been engaged in carrying produce from one island to another in the "Yenus," a small sailing craft, of about twenty-five tons burthen. This vessel, which was possessed of but one sail, was worked by a crew of six, and in addition to the two men whose names are given above, they had on board, on the 23d June, St. Amour Lavy, their uncle; Rosier Lespor and Julius Lespor, father and son; and another man named Adolphe. These six persons set sail from Port Victoria in the "Yenus," on a short voyage round the island, having on board a cargo of eggs, and provisions for a four days' trip. However, shortly after leaving, they encountered a bad weather, which prevented them again making port for land, and four days after leaving port the sail was carried away by the

FORCE OF THE STORM. By this time the little craft had been blown well out into the open sea, and those on board were soon aroused to the perils of position by the fact that they were drifting out of the track of vessels, and by the knowledge that their provisions only consisted of the 18 pounds of rice and about 20 gallons of water, the latter contained in a cask.

With the hope of being picked up by a passing vessel growing more and more faint every moment, and with the knowledge that no rescue party from shore could then reach them, the men divided the rice into small allowances, and decided that each man's share of the fresh water should be about equal to that of the rice. However, the wind made this disposition of their small stock of eatables and drinkables, the six men taking it in turns to keep a look-out and to endeavor to keep the craft's head to the sea, settled themselves down to the inevitable, as it seemed as if their being rescued would be little short of a miracle.

With the Indian Ocean spread before their eyes and not a sight of land in any direction the crew spent several days in the open boat, but on the 19th day after starting on their voyage, their provisions, both of rice and fresh water, became exhausted. For a time the men had been partly appeasing their hunger by eating the eggs which formed their cargo, but the latter soon began to rot, and in a few days were uneatable. With these few things left on board it is almost impossible to imagine the agonies the men were subjected to, and some of them found the temptation to quench their thirst beyond control. The result was that more than one of the castaways drank the sea water, while seven days after the provisions had given out, St. Amour Lavy, one of the men, died from the effects of hunger and exposure, and was afterwards found on the beach. Two days afterwards the man Rosier died. This second death cast a gloom over the now despairing quartette left on board the vessel, all of whom were by this time in a very low state indeed, but on the third day subsequent to

THIS SAD EVENT hope was kindled in the hearts of the survivors by land being sighted in the distance. Later in the day the boat drifted on the shore, where it afterwards sank. Shortly after the shipwrecked men had managed to crawl on land another of their number succumbed to the effects of the protracted privations which he had undergone on the voyage. It is worthy of mention that during the thirty days the men were at sea they must have drifted at least 1,300 miles in their open boat, as the place where they landed was subsequently found to be Rasboor or Ras Madruka, a deserted point on the Arabian coast. While the three survivors were staggering about in search of food and water, they were so near to a settlement towards them a solitary Bedouin. This was of the desert was at the time regarded as an unwelcome visitor, as the brothers Lavy, knowing that they must have been thrown on the coast of Africa, or Arabia, and knowing also that in such districts the natives of the country were at variance with the civilized world, were under the impression that they would be either killed or sold into slavery. Their surprise can more easily be imagined than described, when the Bedouin, instead of subjecting them to ill-treatment, acted the part of the good Samaritan by offering them food in the shape of dates and water. The three men eagerly drank of the water, and the two Lavy brothers

DEVOURED THE DATES, their first meal for eleven days, but the exertion was too much for their companion, who shortly afterwards succumbed to exhaustion, making the fourth death since the voyage was commenced. The Bedouin having done all he could to aid to the wants of the shipwrecked survivors, and finding they were incapable of walking any distance, placed them on the backs of two camels which he had with him, and travelled a short distance to a place in the desert, where he found a tree, under the shade of which he made them lie down. Here he remained with his charges for some three or four days, teaching them to walk, and trying to find out where they had come from. Conversation, however, was not possible, as the language of both rescuer and rescued was different, but after a time the Bedouin mentioned the word Muscat, and the elder Lavy, knowing there was such a place on the Persian Gulf, signified that they would like to be conducted there. The Arab at first tried to convey to them that the distance across the Oman desert was a long one, being some 400 miles as the crow flies, and also asked for money, but finding that his charges were penniless, he, on the fourth day of the sojourn in the desert, finding they had regained a portion of their strength, placed them again on the camels, set off, himself walking and leading the "slips of the desert" towards civilization, until after a journey of 22 days he had them before the British consul, Dr. Jayakar, at Muscat.

THE RESCUED MEN stated that though on many occasions they had to take a circuitous route in order to avoid villages containing hostile Arabs, and at times had to march on incessantly both by day and night, he cared for them in such a way as they little expected, it being generally the rule, when an Arab captures a Christian to convey him into the interior of the country and sell him into captivity. Instead of doing this, however, the rescuer, on the 22nd day after the start on the journey across the desert, conducted his charges into the presence of Her Majesty's Consul and the Sultan of Muscat, to whom they gave an account of their adventures. The Sultan at once gave clothes to the Frenchmen, and the English Consul handed over to the friendly Bedouin a sum of money that should make him well contented for life, while the officers and crew of H. M. S.

"Sphinx," which was at Muscat at the time also gave the Lavy clothes and a sum of money. After remaining at the port three days the SS. "Simla" called there, and they were placed on board and given a second-class passage to Bombay. The men will be sent back to the "Seychelles" at the Government's expense.—[Times of India.

Quits at Home.

Mr. Price, in the course of his journey "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," went ashore at the little settlement of Kasanok, on the Yenisei River, in northern Siberia. As he approached the largest of the four or five log houses, the proprietor came out and politely invited him to enter. Inside, the first thing to excite attention was the exceeding neatness of the place. The men wore quaint costumes, and the women were smoking cigarettes. The occupants, though living in this out-of-the-way corner, showed almost no curiosity about the advent of a stranger; they glanced up a him, and at once went on again with their work. It will be seen from his own account that Mr. Price—a special artist of the Illustrated London News—was equal to the occasion. One cannot help thinking that the manners of these rustics were far better than those of the artist, who makes their want of curiosity an excuse for his own grossly impertinent conduct.

Since they paid so little attention, I was equally cool, and walked about the room, looking at everything as if I had been in a museum. Then I got out my sketch-book, and sitting down, started a portrait of my host. He seemed to understand what I wanted of him, and kept as rigid as a statue.

Even when the portrait was finished, no one evinced the slightest curiosity to see it. In any other part of the world one would have been pestered by people crowding round, all wanting to finger one's sketch-book; but here, in this far-away Siberian home, where, to say the least of it, sketching was not an every-day thing, stolid indifference was stronger than idle curiosity.

I determined to take advantage of it, and since my being there did not seem to disturb them in the least, I returned the next day with my paint-box and largest sketching-book.

All the people I had seen on the previous afternoon were in the house, having what I will call their morning meal. It was so simple and homely a sight that I got two chairs, one to sit on and the other as an easel, and began sketching in the group as rapidly as possible.

Fancy what would have happened if such an event had occurred in an English household! Imagine, for instance, a bearded Russian walking coolly in while breakfast was going on, and the whole family present, and without saying a word, taking possession of part of the room and beginning to paint the occupants without even asking permission!

In my case, however, all went as merrily as a wedding-bell; no one interfered with me, and with the exception of an hour, when I went down and had my luncheon in the launch, I worked there the whole day as comfortably as if I had been in my own studio.

In spite of their natural indifference, the people, in their quiet way, evi only wished to help me, and show me some little politeness. I noticed that the children were forbidden to talk loud or even to come near me—a great boon; while to cap my adventure with this unique family, my host came up to me during the afternoon, hat in hand, and bowing very low, pointed to an adjoining room. Out of curiosity, I got up to see what was there, when to my astonishment, I saw the samovar hissing, and tea and cakes waiting for me.

This was hospitality indeed, and my only regret was at not being able to express my thanks in Russian; but I fancy they must have guessed the meaning of the few bluff words in English with which I drank to the health of my host's wife in tea so hot that I nearly scalded myself. The ice was broken, and they all laughed a great deal, for fun is probably very much the same all over the world.

We now became quite friendly, considering that I did not understand a word they said, and before leaving I presented my host with a pencil sketch of his wife as a souvenir of my visit. He evidently prized it very much.

VERY INTERESTING.

About two thirds of the men in this country use tobacco. An electrical machine in the London Mint counts the coins. There are 35,000 commercial travelers in the United States. A revolver has been invented that shoots seven times in a second.

New Mexico is enjoying the first rainy season it has had in four years. Chinese control almost the entire shoe-making business in California. In India there is a species of crow that laughs just like a human being.

George Eiffel is said to have made £2,000,000 as his share in the Eiffel tower. There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men. When a wife hears a dull thud on the door-step she knows that the lodge has adjourned.

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come. A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is twenty-six years old. The Amazon Indians use a blowpipe with which they throw an arrow 200 yards with wonderful precision.

In a year the food eaten by a horse is nine times his weight; that of a cow, nine times; that of an ox, six times. The Roumanian crown is made of metal from the cannon captured from the Turks at Plezia in 1877. It is stated that there are 50,000,000 volumes in the public libraries of America, while there are but 21,000,000 in Europe.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance than a white light, but on a dark night the reverse is the case. The Indian exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair will include representatives of every tribe from the extreme north of Terra del Fuego.

There is a tooth of Buddha, preserved and worshipped in an Indian temple, which probably all the gold in the world could not buy. The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It measures in all 4,472 miles. Hercules the new French explosive, is so powerful that half a pound of it, in a test, displaced a stone weighing thirty tons.

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is far greater than that of the entire Republic of France.

POINTS REGARDING WHEAT.

The last report of the United States department of agriculture estimates the wheat crop of the entire country for 1892 at 515,915,000 bushels. This is some millions of bushels larger than was indicated by the previous monthly report, but it is still 92,867,000 bushels smaller than the wheat crop of last year. The general belief is that the official estimate of the United States crop for this year is too high.

At any rate, it is claimed that the average weight per measured bushel of the crop is light, so that the crop will pan out considerably less in weighed bushels. The wheat crop of Canada is placed at 55,000,000 bushels, as compared with 62,000,000 bushels last year. The estimate for Canada, we believe, is also too high, as it allows for a crop of 22,000,000 bushels for Manitoba and the territories. But taking the official figures of each country, there is a shortage in the wheat crop of the United States and Canada, as compared with last year, of 100,000,000 bushels at least.

In a number of other countries there are deficiencies in the wheat crop of this year, as compared with last. India is expected to be short about 60,000,000 bushels; Italy is reckoned to be short 27,000,000 bushels, and Great Britain, according to latest returns, will be short about 19,000,000 bushels, besides which the British wheat crop is very poor quality, and will not go nearly as far as a like number of bushels of choice wheat.

Thus we have in these five countries a total shortage of about 206,000,000 bushels, according to official reports. This is one side of the picture. Some countries are giving a larger crop than last year, notably France and Russia, in which countries crops were very poor last season. France is expected to have about 80,000,000 or more bushels more than last year, while Russia has been credited with 35,000,000 bushels more. Other countries do not change the situation materially so far as can be ascertained. On account of Russia being so bare of reserve stocks, the surplus there cannot count for much.

Berbohm, the best authority of London, England, sums up the situation as follows: "The plain fact indicated by returns to hand is that the world's production of wheat is about 6,000,000 quarters (48,000,000 bushels) less than last year. Indeed it will be seen that this year's crop barely reaches the average of the preceding five years' crop, which was 289,000,000 quarters. It is doubtful, too, whether the production of wheat in the past season has reached what may be called the normal requirements of the world, although these latter are of a somewhat elastic nature—depending on surrounding circumstances. Were it not for the fact that the high prices of last autumn had the effect of shifting much of the surplus wheat from the exporting to the importing countries, it may safely be assumed that prices might, on the legitimate basis of supply and demand, be materially higher than they now are. It will take some time to restore this equilibrium, but meanwhile the most conservative of States will be hardy fail to arrive at the conclusion that, starting from the present basis of values, there should be no need for disbursements."

The Liverpool Corn Trade News, in its annual review, sums up the total wheat crop of the world at 2,115,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,160,000,000 bushels last year, making an estimated shortage of 45,000,000 bushels. The same authority declares that though reserves of old wheat carried over were larger in Britain, France, Germany and the United States, than a year ago, taking all countries, reserves of old wheat were light. The Liverpool journal adds:

By itself the wheat question is inexplicable. It is not asserted for a moment that the high prices of last November were justified by the situation, but neither is the present depression reasonable from a statistical point of view alone. In the latter report Berbohm states that in any other year conditions similar to present would advance the price of wheat in England. One great feature of weakness in the British markets is the slaughter of American flour there. It is said that Canadian and United States flour is being sold on the other side at a loss. That depresses the price of wheat in England, and reacts to the price of flour in America. Millers, however, cannot long continue to sell flour in that way. Importing countries, however, particularly Great Britain, will soon have to come into the market to buy wheat more actively than they have been doing. The large stockings of wheat in America cannot long keep up as they have been doing, and with the shrinkage of stocks in importing countries, and decline in marketings in America, there should be some improvement in prices. During the month of September, stocks of breadstuffs in Europe, including quantities afloat, were just about stationary, and were about 20,000,000 bushels smaller on the first of October than a year ago. In the United States and Canada, however, they were about 30,000,000 larger.

The most remarkable feature of the situation is the large marketings by farmers in the United States. Deliveries by farmers in that country have been unprecedented, and in view of the low prices ruling for wheat, altogether inexplicable. Though the outlook statistically would indicate higher prices, the large stream of wheat pouring in from producers is a source of temporary weakness. If farmers have resolved to market their entire surplus at the beginning of the crop year, they will succeed in keeping prices down until the grain has passed into second hands, and then will gain all the advantage of probably higher prices later on.

Good Soil to Cultivate.

R. S. Kingman, speaking of the better education of agriculturists, well says: "Fertilize the brains of the farmers with good practical knowledge, then they would be better prepared to fertilize their farms intelligently." Every lawyer in the land must fertilize his brains or he will fail. Every doctor, every banker, every merchant every editor, must do the same or they will fail. And yet in face of all this, and in face of the fact apparent on every hand that it is the brainiest farmers who succeed best, there can be found farmers in every neighborhood who really think that it does not pay to cultivate brains in farming. They think it is money thrown away to buy books papers or attend conventions of farm institutes. If they thought these things paid, they would see them here at all, for the most money had enough. Good thinking lies under the success of every man in all kinds of business. A man cannot do good thinking unless he feeds his mind with good thoughts.

"Why do you call him a public-spirited man?" "Why? Great Caesar, man, he's all the time giving away drinks." "I don't believe the love-making on his part is real." "He—'I shouldn't wonder.' I hear that her diamonds are genuine."

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Remarkable Explanation of a supposed Murder Mystery.

A recent issue of the Key West (Fla.) Equator tells of an odd dueler near that place between a young hunter and a large buck which he had shot. Thinking the animal dead, the young man went up and stooped down to cut his throat, when, with an expiring effort, the victim rose and, with one mad rush, killed his victor. Similar incidents are not so rare, perhaps, as is generally supposed, but the one referred to calls up a tragedy which occurred in the Indian Territory near here twenty-five or thirty years ago, the explanation of which was never discovered until a few months ago, and has not yet been made public.

Toward the close of the war a young Confederate officer from the southern part of Alabama, who was known as Devaux or Devoze, went West and stopped in Fort Smith, Ark., for a few weeks. While there he formed quite a friendship for a kind-hearted old backwoodsman, who on account of his girth and appearance was known as "Skinny" Jones. Devaux had lost most of his friends and relatives during the war, he said, and had sold everything he had left in order to get away from a locality that had so many sad memories connected with it.

He was educated, and a polished man of the world, and the friendship between him and "Skinny" Jones was regarded as odd, but as they remained in Fort Smith but a few weeks, they soon passed out of people's minds. They left together, and some months afterward it was learned from a Seminole Indian that they had constructed a house in a little cave at the foot of the Shawnee Hills on the south bank of the Canadian River, about 200 miles from Fort Smith.

During the succeeding year they went to town twice together, but on the third trip "Skinny" was alone, and it was noticed that he wore Devaux's handsome moccasins and carried Devaux's costly rifle. When asked about his companion, he first gave evasive answers, and finally said he had mysteriously disappeared, having gone hunting one day and never returned. A Deputy United States Marshal, learning of the circumstances, made preparations to arrest "Skinny" but before he could put his plan into execution the old fellow had left town, and so the matter was dropped.

The whole affair gradually dropped out of the minds of those acquainted with the circumstances, and was revived for the first time a few months ago in a quarter of a century ago, and determined to follow "Skinny" if possible, and unravel the mystery.

By the exercise of the greatest skill he succeeded in tracking the old man to his cave, but in following him up, he came to the mouth of the cave before he knew it, and was looking into the barrel of a gun with a very angry backwoodsman at the other end of it. He did not need two invitations to throw up his hands and explain his presence. He told the whole truth, explained who he was, and what suspicious people had had for years, and why he had followed him. His evident truthfulness appeased the old man's wrath, and the latter, both placing food and water—of which they both partook heartily—before them, beckoned to the young man and started up the mountain.

After scrambling for an hour they reached the summit of the hills, as they were called, and "Skinny" walked to a large rock in which there was a crack or rift extending back 10 or 15 feet. The Sun was shining directly into the opening, and "Skinny" simply stepped in front of it and pointed with his long, bony finger. A glance showed two skeletons standing there as if mounted—one of a large deer, and one of a man. A closer inspection showed that the angry buck had, possibly in his death agony, rushed upon his enemy, crowding through the narrow space in order to reach him, and having impaled him on his horn, they had died together. The horn had entered the man's left side, had taken an upward turn, and was now of his ribs and still held him impaled as it had at first 25 years before.

The two men turned and walked down to the cave and the old man said slowly, "I have shown you this because I don't want your father's family to believe me a murderer. It was ten years after his death before I found him and then was by accident. My rifle, which he had borrowed from me, he left, and his knife with his name on it were at his feet. I promised him when he left that day that no matter how long he might be gone I would wait till he came back and I will. I am a friend to you and yours but I must never be disturbed here again. Come my best and go down the river till you come to the railroad bridge and tie it up and leave it there for me. You can find your way from there."

And putting young Wilkinson into the boat he watched him till he disappeared down the river. The young man made a trip to his old home soon afterward and told the story as given. Parts of it are not to be true but as to whether the rest is or not opinions differ.

She—"An I indeed your Queen?" He—"You are only—" She—"Only what?" He—"I wish I had held you last night."

"A sneeze ain't got much business enterprise," said Tommy; "every one's got to stutter in the nose 'fore it goes off."

"Johnny, why doesn't your mother put a patch over that hole in your trousers?" "Cause a patch 'ud wear out an' this hole won't."

Tom—"What nationality do you take Miss Snuggle to be?" Jack—"The first time I called I thought she was French, but lately I've been convinced that she is a Laplander."

She Deering—"I'm afraid yaws was angry when you asked him for me, wasn't it, Jack love?" Jack Killow—"Not at all. He asked if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your five sisters if properly coaxed."

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanley's came for his advice under the following circumstances: "Mr. M—threatens to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," replied Lord Alvanley.

The coffee-keeper said to waiting gues: "Who of a waiter had good words expressed?" "He has one fault that all his worth equals. He oft gets tipsy on the tips he gets."