THE LONDONDERRY SIFTER.

"When yellow sands are sifted from below, the glittering billows give a golden show."

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The Mirage.

They tell us that when weary travelers deem
They view through quivering heat across the sand
Great rocks for shadow in a weary land,
And clustering palms, and fairer yet, the gleam
Where smiles in light to laugh in sound the stream.
This is a work of tame enchanter's wand,
But that reflected here true visions stand
Of far-off things that close beside them seem.

So, worn with life's hot march, when near at hand
A happier world we see upon us beem,
Where death and parting need not be our theme,
None there by toil forefought, by grief unmanned,
Prophets of Science, hush your stern command.
Oh! bid us not to hold it all a dream.
—[The Spectator.

RED AND WHITE.

BY E. A. CUSTER.

"How's Northwestern this morning, Uncle Zeke?" asked Dick Spriggs across the restaurant table.

"Slumped off six points, blame it!" scowling viciously over his paper at the steak brought by the waiter.

Ezekiel Spriggs laid down his paper, and picking up his fork, stuck it into the meat. As he withdrew it and saw the rich, red juice ooze out, his face brightened. Spriggs was somewhat of an epicure.

"Six point's a pretty big drop," said Dick, possessing himself of the paper and alternating between it and his breakfast; "how d'ye come out?"

But Spriggs was busily engaged in tearing off huge pieces of steak and chewing them with much the same expression that a chicken exhibits when taking a drink of water. Business was business, but breakfast was breakfast just then, and while Dick chattered and read extracts, Spriggs turned his eyes to the ceiling at every bite and gave himself up to soulful enjoyment of what was before him. Dick skimmed lightly over the news, took a cursory glance at the editorials and paused at the lower corner of the page, then he read aloud:

"Possibly the reason why, when a red-headed girl appears on the street, a white horse soon makes its appearance, will have to be sought for in history. Away back in the early Greek and Egyptian days, red-haired girls were justly prized above all—"

"Whadz that?" interrupted Spriggs. Spriggs was a bachelor and though rich was not especially addicted to the fair sex.

Dick leaned thoughtfully back in his chair. "It's a dodgasted funny thing, Uncle Zeke, but it's a fact, never knew it to fail; straight as a string, too."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, don't you see, the saying is that where ever you see a red-headed girl there is always a white horse in sight. I believe it now—didn't at first. Why only last Sunday night I went to church with Miss Austin—you ought to see her, Uncle Zeke——" Dick paused with a piece of steak half-way to his mouth and gazed yearningly at the blank wall. "Well, as I was saying, I went to church; coming out I saw directly in front of us a girl with hair just about as red as you find it. One of the rules of the game is that you must always go somewhere that is accessible to the horse after seeing the red hair, so I made an excuse about a short cut and dragged Mabel out the side door. I thought I had the white horse sequence dead this time, but just as we came out the door, sure enough the inevitable white horse came trotting round the corner. There wasn't another four-legged animal in sight and I didn't see any the whole way home. I've tried it every chance and never knew it to fail."

Spriggs grunted an inaudible response and rose from the table. By noon he had forgotten all about it but the sight of a red-haired girl brought the subject to his mind. In spite of its evident absurdity there was something odd and uncanny about the notion and Spriggs almost unconsciously began to scan the passers-by. Turning the corner he came plump against another maid with fiery hair and sure enough there, hitched to a post, was a rather scrawny but an unmistakable white horse. This was the beginning of his downfall for there and then he determined to see exactly what was in the saying. Now Spriggs was nothing if not methodical. A long life of single blessedness and business training had made him so, and he entered into the investigation in somewhat the same manner as he would some great business question.

The major part of the next day was spent in keeping tally of the horses that passed his office window; and the following day in an extended hunt of red-headed girls without regard to their so-called accompaniments. The result was that while one horse in every fifteen was white, only one female in thirty-one had red hair. A series of afternoon sittings at his club window brought out the remarkable fact that for every seven women that passed, two horses were in sight. This was to be the basis of the test. Spriggs reasoned that the chance against the sequence were about two to one, for according to his observations, in the ordinary day's run, there were twice as many red-haired girls as white horses. This of course did not allow for unusual occurrences or for night travel, when there were fewer horses on the street. At the end of the first week the result was: failures, one; verifications, forty-eight. Spriggs did not quite believe in the thing yet, but the next week was even more convincing. The record stood: failures, none; success, seventy-four times. By this time it had become not a definite test to prove the truth of the saying, but a wild hunt after an instance where a failure could be recorded. Night after night Spriggs prowled around the streets peering into the faces of the pedestrians and frequenting localities where there would be little likelihood of finding quadrupeds. The fever had grown to such an extent that he was forced to admit to himself that there must be something in it while he professed to believe that the truth needed further investigation.

One day Dick dropped in and taking Spriggs aside, with much hesitation and stammering, confided the fact that he was engaged to be married. "It's Mabel Austin, Uncle Zeke, a beautiful girl——"

"Light or dark?" asked Spriggs with a quick look of interest.

"Well, I guess you'll call her a brunette, for she has the loveliest black hair in the world; but I have promised to bring you to see her tonight. Say you'll go, Uncle Zeke—I'll call for you at 8, shall I?"

It had been many years since Spriggs had gone out calling and he was loth to begin now, when he needed all his time for his investigations; however, he promised and sent his nephew away rejoicing.

Spriggs found Mabel all that Dick had claimed for her, and was well pleased with his boy's choice; yet the evening dragged somewhat, and his dress suit made Uncle Zeke overly conscious of his society shortcomings.

He was standing near the window for a moment alone, when he heard his name called. Turning quickly, he saw Dick approaching with a vision of loveliness on his arm.

One look was enough, and the next instant Spriggs had wheeled about and jerked aside the hangings. Trotting slowly past, and directly under the street lamp, was the inevitable white horse.

Then he remembered that Dick possibly wanted to present him, and, dropping the curtain in great haste, he confronted the pair. The vision had a cold and haughty look, and Dick was clearly embarrassed. Spriggs appreciated his awkward position fully, and with a great effort made himself exceedingly agreeable. Indeed, in his abject humiliation he was so devoted that Dick was led to whisper to his fiancee: "Your sunny-headed friend seems to have caught Uncle Zeke hard."

When Spriggs went home he sat down and went over the events of the evening. The vision was certainly handsome and could talk as few women were able, but he shuddered at the thought of her hair. It was an unmistakable red. Nevertheless, he had asked permission to call and it had been graciously granted. Spriggs called and then called again. In a short time his leisure hours were about evenly divided between his investigations and the vision. Spriggs was struck hard, so hard, indeed, that when in her delightful presence he almost forgot his hobby. He invariably hired a white horse, however, when he took her out driving. Once he had the temerity to try a bay horse, but he never repeated the experiment. He was uneasy the whole time, for while his heart and soul were with his companion his mind and eyes sadly missed the familiar sequence.

One evening as matters were approaching a crisis, Spriggs found himself seated in close proximity to his inamorata. He had fully made up his mind to settle the matter at once and have done with it. There was just enough of manly conceit about him to make him feel assured that his suit would not be unsuccessful, but it was with considerable trepidation that he approached the subject. The conversation had drifted, as lover's talk invariably will, to the personal, and Spriggs was expatiating on early struggles and ambitions.

"I had a hard time when I was young," he was saying. "My nature was not one to make friends readily, and female friends were exceedingly rare. Indeed, my mother was the only woman with whom I felt really at ease. Then, as my business grew, I had so much to attend to that social pleasures were almost unknown."

There was silence for a moment; both intuitively felt that the time was almost at hand. The vision was seated facing the deep bay window with her head just touching the curtains, while Spriggs sat so that his back was towards the street. He generally sat that way when in her company, to avoid the temptation of looking out when he heard a horse passing.

Then Spriggs meditatively resumed: "Until lately I thought that I should always move along in the rut I had fallen into, but now I am bold enough to hope for something infinitely better."

As Spriggs in his earnestness leaned forward his quick ear heard the distant pit-a-pat of a trotting horse. His first impulse was to turn and look out, but with a mighty effort he restrained himself, and, leaning still further, he groped blindly, excitedly for her hand. Nearer and nearer came the horse, but Spriggs now had a firm grasp on her hand.

"I do hope for something infinitely better, and—and—"

"Well," softly breathed the vision, while her glorious eyes gazed dreamily past him into the deepening night.

"And—and now it all rests on a single word. Can you—will you—dear Miss Lucy—is that a white horse?"

Dick Spriggs said the other day that if he did not read the papers for himself every morning he would imagine from Uncle Zeke's appearance that Northwestern had slumped off about 600 points.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Man Attacked by Squirrels.

Col. J. L. Culbertson of Edwardsport, Ind., tells this story of his experience in 1854 or thereabouts, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the east to the west. The Evansville Courier, which publishes the story, says that the colonel is a gentleman of "unquestioned truth and honesty." He was a young man then, and one day took his rifle and went about a mile from town to hunt. He was going through the woods when he met the army of squirrels. They became so thick around him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement. Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeak and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defence of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed at them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back, and on top of his head. He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms and gashed his face and neck and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their fierce assault. He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting desperately as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose. He got out of the woods, and still scores followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by the clerk and others in a store into which young Culbertson rushed for assistance. Some of the friends who helped to pull off the squirrels, and who saw him come into town literally beset with them, still reside at Edwardsport. His friends washed his wounds and stayed the flow of blood which trickled down his legs and back and gushed from his face and neck, and, with good care and attention, he slowly recovered.

The American Mule.

No monument has yet been erected to honor the memory of the American mule. He is not a bad subject for treatment in bronze. His colossal ears, huge frame and expressive countenance would make up extremely well for—let us say—a pedestal in front of the War Dept.; nay, why should not at least one coin of the Republic bear his image and superscription, as was suggested in the following eloquent passage from the Fourth of July oration of Mr. George W. Peck, delivered at La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1878:

"The bird that should have been selected as the emblem of our country: the bird of patience, forbearance, and perseverance, and the bird of terror when aroused, is the mule. There is no bird that combines more virtues to the square foot than the mule. With the mule emblazoned on our banners, we should be a terror to the foe. We are a nation of uncomplaining hard workers. We mean to do the fair thing by everybody. We plod along, doing as we would be done by. So does the mule. We, as a nation, are slow to anger. So is the mule. As a nation, we can occasionally stick our ears forward and fan flies off our forhead. So does the mule. We allow parties to get on and ride as long as they behave themselves. So does the mule. But when any nation sticks spurs into our flanks and tickles our heels with a straw, we come down stiff-legged in front, our ears look to the beautiful beyond, our voice is cut loose and is still for war, our subsequent heels play the snare drum on anything within reach and strike teror to the hearts of all tyrants. So does the mule!"

A Fine Dinner.

The New York Graphic tells about a fine dinner for eighteen persons, at which "the center of the table was filled by a large, low glass receptacle some eight feet long, which was imbedded in moss and ferns, and in which swam gold fish and terrapin. In the middle rose a fountain whose spray reached almost to the chandelier. At each lady's plate was a uniquely beautiful bouquet—a palm fern forming the background for a splendid bunch of La France roses. Each place was designated as belonging to a guest by an ivory tablet, on which the name was embossed in silver. The table was ornamented with many rare treasures of silver and china. Each salt-cellar was a silver swan, and in each was an 'apostle spoon,' Mrs. ——— being the fortunate possessor of a set of those beautiful examples of the skill of silversmiths of the middle ages. Tankards three or four hundred years old ornamented the occasion, and a Nuremburg drinking-horn of a very curious workmanship appealed to a more hardy thirst than gentlemen at New York dinner parties are in the habit of exhibiting."

A Curious Fact About San Francisco.

A curious fact about San Francisco is that it is about half way along a line running from the easternmost point of land to the westernmost owned by the United States. By drawing a line from the western end of the Aleutian Islands to the eastern end of Maine, it will be found that the Golden Gate on the Pacific is in about the middle of it.

The New York Firemen.

A fireman is on duty every hour of the 24, except an hour each for three meals a day. This is theoretical, of course, and practically no one supposes that this limit is anywhere near reached. But since the first of January last the actual working time of the department has been extended by numerous fires away beyond the average, and, further, beyond the time usually employed by men in other vocations. The year 1887 was a period of average activity in the matter of fires. In that year there were 2929 fires, extra and needless alarms not counted. This is an average of a trifle more than eight a day. These were distributed from the Yonkers line southward, but by far the greater proportion were south of Fifty-ninth street.

Every company in the city is aroused by every alarm. A loud bell sounds in every station for every alarm rung in any quarter of the town, and it is a rule of the department that at the first stroke of the bell every engine shall be made ready, the horses hitched in, and the men dressed and in place for action. This means that even as far away as in Riverdale, where engine 52 is located, a fire near the Battery at any hour of day or night will call the men to readiness for duty. Eight times a day of this sudden preparation is no child's play, and it is made all the more troublesome by the fact that most fires occur at night. In 1887 there were 1583 fires between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M., against 1346 fires between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. The quarter of the day most subject to fires is between 6 P. M. and midnight. In 1887 at these hours there were 1171.

Even firemen who are stationed in the busiest districts, therefore, share in the general work of protecting the city to the extent of having their rest broken and being kept incessantly upon the alert. At every alarm every man turns out from his bunk and hastily dons his clothes, the horses rush from their stalls and the drivers clap down the suspended harnesses. If the figure tolled off on the gong proves to represent a district to which the firemen of that station are not bound to respond, the harnesses are raised, the horses are led back to the stalls, and the men return to their bunks. Before the men have more than dropped into a doze after this the gong clangs once more; and this keeps up through every night and day.—[New York Sun.

The Story of a Rare Plant.

Years ago Dr. Asa Gray was studying in Paris, and in a herbarium there came across a small, broken and imperfect specimen marked simply "From America," which interested him much. From the fragments before him he reconstructed the whole plant. His work was approved by the botanists about him, and he named the little plant "Shortia Galacifolia" in honor of Dr. Charles W. Short, the distinguished botanist. But no live specimens of the plant could be found. Years passed on and it had never been seen. At last a botanist at work in Japan found and named a plant which seemed to be of a genus closely allied to the Shortia. Dr. Gray corresponded with the botanist, and it was concluded that the doctor had been in error and had mistaken a specimen of the Japanese genus. So the Shortia was generally left out of the list of plants by systematic botanists. But twenty years after this, as Dr. Goodale and Professor Watson were one day in the library of the University, they heard a shout of triumph from the herbarium and rushed in to find Dr. Gray waving a small plant about in the wildest enthusiasm. "Look at it! What is it?" he cried. The two botanists examined it as directed and recognized the characteristics of the much-discussed plant. "It is the Shortia," they exclaimed. The specimen had been sent by a house in the South which made a business of putting up medicinal herbs. It had been brought in from some hitherto unexplored nook in the mountains by one of their collectors, and sent to the professor for identification. It proved indeed to be the Shortia, which was therefore once more reinstated in the floral family, greatly to Dr. Gray's delight. Dr. Gray afterward visited the locality in which the plant was found, and procured a living specimen for the botanical garden.—[New York Tribune.

Ready Wit.

W. S. Gilbert the dramatist, coming down from a great reception, in London, stood in a hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took Gilbert for a servant in waiting, and called out to him:

"Call me a four-wheeler!"

Gilbert placed one glass in his contemplative right eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said:

"You are a four-wheeler!"

"What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you hansom, you know."—[Argonaut.

An Alabama Negro in Saxony.

Among the curiosities of the population statistics of the Kingdom of Saxony is the application for naturalization of a negro boy, a native of Alabama, who arrived in Hamburg as a cabin boy at the age of 13 years, has since remained in Germany, and, after having been baptized into the Lutherian church at Breslau three years ago, has now concluded to settle in Chemnitz.—[Paris American Register.

OCEAN OIL WELLS.

Where Oil Abounds Under the Waters of the Pacific.

Some Submarine Springs That Have Been Encountered.

With the pilot chart for November last there was issued a statement relative to the possible existence of submarine oil springs—as indicated by various reports received from shipmasters on the Atlantic and in the Gulf of Mexico—which, in view of the possibility of their commercial value, made the matter of general interest. Mention was made in this connection also of a well known spot near Sabine pass, on the gulf coast, called the "oil pond," where small vessels run in and anchor during heavy weather, the water there being comparatively smooth owing to a quantity of oil or oily mud, which rises to the surface. It was also said that no such reports had been received from the Pacific coast. Since then, however, as a result of the interest elicited by the announcement, several reports have been received which are incorporated in the monthly report of the hydrographic office for February, briefly as follows:

The attention of the hydrographers was first called to a letter from Thomas K. Griffin, of San Francisco, published in the New York Maritime Register, in which he states that submarine oil springs exist on the Pacific coast. The most pronounced is off what is known as "Coal Oil Point," about one and a quarter miles west of Goleta and ten miles west of Santa Barbara. Mr. Griffin supplied information from several masters of vessels who have cruised in those waters, and their reports are so clear and consistent as to leave little room for doubt of the existence of such submarine oil springs off that coast.

Captain Van Helmes, of the American steamship Los Angeles, says that when a vessel passes through the region of this spring the smell of oil is so strong as frequently to cause nausea among the passengers and crew, and in certain spots the oil can be distinctly seen bubbling up on the surface.

Captain Wallace, of the American steamship City of Chester, Captain Ingalls, of the American steamship Santa Rosa, and Captain Alexander, of the American steamship Queen of the Pacific, testify that there are other similar springs on the Pacific coast, though not so pronounced as the former. Captain Wallace locates the large spring about eighteen miles west of Santa Barbara, Cal., and states that the surface of the ocean is frequently covered for miles with the oil. He has also seen oil floating on the water to the north of Cape Mendocino, from three to five miles off shore, and thinks there is another spring there. Captain Plumber, of the American steamship Gypsy, who has sailed seventeen years in these waters, confirms the above statements, and says the belt of oil above Santa Barbara can be seen the darkest night when sailing through it.

A very full and interesting statement has also been received from Captain Goodall of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, who refers to the fact that Goleta Point is known to masters of steamships as "Coal Oil Point" on account of the oil breast of it rising from the bottom of the sea. On a calm day the water is covered for miles with oil, bubbles of which can be seen rising to the surface and spreading over it. Although it does not seem to smooth the water like animal oil, yet, on a windy day, you can see a slick of oil on the surface. This spot is so well known by shipmasters that the smell of the oil is used as a guide in foggy weather, the petroleum smell being so strong that a captain can never mistake his position when off that point. Captain Goodall says also that he has noticed a small flow of oil from the bottom of the sea off Cojo Point near Point Conception, but there the amount of oil is very small. It cannot be seen bubbling up from the bottom, but is often visible on the surface, the odor being very perceptible.

Bitumen is known to be generally distributed through the coast ranges to the southward of San Francisco, and petroleum wells and tar springs have been found at places. It seems probable, therefore, that the oil-bearing strata crops out here and there at the bottom of the sea off the coast, or else that the oil escapes through the crevices in the overlying strata and rises to the surface. Such submarine oil springs are known to exist at certain other places, the bay of Cumana, Venezuela, for example, where petroleum rises and spreads upon the surface; and it is said that, off the island of Trinidad, West Indies, there are submarine volcanoes, which occasionally boil up and discharge a quantity of petroleum.—[Commercial Advertiser.

A New International Language.

A common language for the whole civilized world has been for several centuries one of the dreams of poets, philosophers and religionists. It has been one of those ideas that would not down, but which in spite of failure after failure has continued to recur at intervals with new claims for interest as nations of the world have been knit closer and closer together. Leibnitz tried the task of formulating such a language in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but gave it up in despair. Bishop Wilkins, Abbe Sicard, Bachmeier and Mezzofanti have at intervals continued to rekindle the world's interest in the scheme. Leibnitz, Bachmeier, and Mezzofanti all hailed from Germany, and from the same philological nation comes the latest apostle, the inventor of Volapuk.

Volapuk (pronounced folapick) is an attempt to invent an international language drawn in part from all civilized tongues. Its grammar is almost nothing, consisting in a few simple rules which have no exceptions or irregularities and which, when printed, makes a small four-page leaflet. The vocabulary embraces now only a few thousand words, those of most common use, but is steadily growing. Interest in this country has hardly been awakened as yet, but in Italy, there are already seven Volapuk societies and others in Spain, France, Germany, Austria and lower Russia, numbering 120 in all. Pamphlet has followed pamphlet, lecture has succeeded lecture, and nine periodicals are published in Volapuk exclusively. The inventor is a humble Catholic priest, Johann M. Schleyer, living at Constance, Germany, on a pension of $250 a year, who has taken advantage of his retirement to study more or less thoroughly sixty languages and dialects.—[Voice.

An Old Weather Record.

Mr. J. D. Whitson gives the Chicago Journal these memoranda:

1853, dry summer; following winter very cold; ice 24 inches.

1854, very hot summer; winter coldest ever known.

1855, average summer; winter intensely cold.

1856, average summer; winter very cold.

1859, dry summer; winter intensely cold.

1860, average summer; mild fall; winter cold; six weeks' sleighing to March 1.

1861, hot summer; winter cold; sleighing from December 15 to April 1.

1863, mild and dry summer; winter cold; thermometer 34° below zero, and cold to February 15.

1866, hot and dry summer; very cold January and February.

1867, dry summer and mild fall; winter set in December 36, and cold till March 1.

1868, summer hot; severe winter from November 20 to January 10.

1869, summer very dry; winter from December 1, steady and cold.

1871, very dry fall; winter set in December 8, cold to spring.

1874, dry and mild fall and pleasant; winter set in November 20, and cold to April 20.

1876, summer hot and dry; winter very cold, ice 28 inches.

1880, dry summer; severe winter, December 29 extreme cold, and 5° below zero in Texas.

1881, average summer; winter very cold, November 29, ice ten inches, and snow from Maine to Virginia.

1882, dry summer; winter cold, December 8, 18° below, severe winter.

1883, dry and hot summer; severe winter, February 1, 14° below.

1884, average summer; cold winter, December 17, 2° below; January 19, 25 to 30° below.

1885, average summer; severe winter, December 20° below.

1886, dry summer; cold winter, December, ice 10 inches, January 20° below.

1887, dry summer; winter cold from December 20, ice 23 inches and colder weather predicted.

The Brewer Boiled a Boy.

At the brewery of a small place in Saxony an apprentice boy had the other day fallen into a caldron of boiling fluid and was scalded to death. The news spread that the fluid had not been thrown away, but was finished in the usual way and regularly drawn off in barrels and bottles. Thereupon the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, and a boycott was laid upon the brewery's drink. The brewer then published a declaration that not a drop of the fluid in which the boy had been boiled was sold to the public, but that in consideration of the superior virtues of such a beverage it had all been reserved for use in the brewer's family.—[Chicago Herald.

Emperor Dom Pedro's Generosity.

The following story is told of the emperor of Brazil: The other day at Cannes the editor of a scientific French journal waited upon his majesty, with the request that he would contribute some articles on matters of scientific interest connected with his dominion. "Certainly," replied the emperor, "but what rate of pay do you give?" The man of letters though a little surprised, having named what he was in the habit of giving, Dom Pedro added, smiling: "Yes, that will do very well. You see I would gladly write for nothing, but I am not at liberty to do so, as ever since I began writing I have given every penny I have earned by my brains to an orphan asylum in my capital.—[Home Journal.

Making Butter in Uruguay.

One of the curious customs of Uruguay is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk warm from the cow into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town. When he reaches the city the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon.

The Little Grave on the Hill.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rushing elm tree's shade,
A moss covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm trees' branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps—who knows! 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain.
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and undefiled;
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

HUMOROUS.

The public will surely sour on the vinegar trust.

Old flames frequently get together and make a parlor match.

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

Don't judge by appearances. A brand new coat may cover a wire dummy.

If you just itch for anything, you may be able to get it by scratching around lively.

It reads a trifle paradoxical to see a cargo of salt cod noticed under the head of fresh arrivals.

Two heads are better than one, especially for a man who wants to go round the country with a circus.

The sign "Beware of the Dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

Perhaps some of the people who are looking for nice, fat jobs could be accommodated if they would apply at a lard rendering establishment.

"Papa, where's Atoms?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably." "No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

A London druggist has hit the popular taste for good bargains. In his windows he displays a card that reads, "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

A school teacher recently asked her class the question: "What is a pilot?" The smart boy answered: "It is a lot where they grow pie-plant," and was sent to the foot of the class.

Grandma (coming in unexpectedly)—Why, Tommy, what have you been doing to Poll? She looks as if she'd had a conniption fit! Tommy—Polly said something about wanting me to crack her, and I did.

"There is something about you, Mr. Secondshelf, which tells me that you must have had a heart-history!" and she gazed upon him with intense, soulful eyes. "No, m'm," he said: "I ain't just right there, but it's only cigarettes."

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the ancient soubrette. "How old?" came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped, showing a century plant in full bloom.

Merchant (buying a bill of goods of a Chicago drummer)—What is your usual time, thirty days? Chicago drummer (absent mindedly)—Yes; or $10. I always pay the fine—oh—er—I beg pardon; yes, thirty days, or 2 per cent. off for cash.

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us;
So please say yes-terday.

What Waterspouts at Sea Indicate.

The Hydrographic Office has just published an account of several remarkable waterspouts recently observed by masters of vessels on the Atlantic. The phenomenon is important, not only because the waterspout sometimes causes disaster at sea, but also because it is an indication to the mariner of the existence and bearings of a dangerous hurricane vortex. As a rule the position of the centre of a hurricane relative to a waterspout formed within its storm circle is northwesterly—the whirling water pillar usually occurring in the southeast quadrant of the cyclone. It is desirable that all shipmasters should carefully note and report any large waterspout seen at sea, as it is generally an index of an extensive cyclonic movement.—[New York Herald.

A Unkind Cut.

"I hear that you are engaged, Mamie?"

"It is true."

"Then mother was right."

"What about?"

"She said you would be engaged before leap year was over."—[Boston Courier.