He said at first he thought the aspect pre-sented by an American engaged in the ceremony of raising a monument to the king seemed out of place, but the harm done was not so serious, considering that

Sing the song and o'er and o'er.
Though I know that nevermore.
Will it seem the song you ang.
When we were togother young.
— Groker William Curris

MISSLILY WHITE'S PARTY.

"May I go to Miss Lily White's party?
But grandmamma shook her head;
"When the birds go to rest,
I think it is best
For mine to go, too, "she said

"Can't I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?"
Still grandmamms shook her head:
"Dear child, tell me how,
"You're half asleep now;
Don't ask such a thing" she said.

Then that little one's laughter grew hearty; "Why, granny," she said, "Going to Miss Lilywhite's party Means going to bed!" -|Grones Coopen in St. Nicholas for July.

QUATRAINS.

THE OFFICES OF LOVE.

Age rocks the cradle till the balm of sleep '
w Upon the lily lids of Childhood lies,
Touth guides the tott-ring step adown the steep
Of life ane gently close's Ages eyes.

Some lives are like a day with rose-hues morn Bright noon, and eve of amber-tinted skies, And some like to a day midst tempest born, And gloom enshrouded till ha storm it dies.

A woman's heart with kindly pity glows, And quickly shows the sympathy it feels, She drops the tear of grief for other's woes And with a smile her own heartache conceal

TRIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE.

He who would grind his fellows 'neath his feet, Would buily, tyrannize, and overberr, Some day will with a stronger tyrant meet And be compelled his galling yoke to wear, -Boston Cenrier

PARSONAGE FARMS.

Country clergymen are generally so poorly paid that they would be justified in organizing a strike and to refuse to preach, to perform the marriage ceremony or to christen children until their salaries were increased and more promptly paid. In colonial times, wrote Ben: Perley Poore shortly before his death, and far into the present cen-drury, every country parish had its parsonage farm and its parsonage house, where the officiating clergyman found a healthful home for his family and himself. The farm was the model farm of the neighborhood, and agricultural of the neighborhood, and agricultural perate and independent, and you will experiments were tried there, while the live long and die happy." male population turned out for half a day at planting time, hoeing, haying and harvesting to help the minister.

The laborer was worthy of his hire—a free will offering.

E.

Then there were the annual donation parties. Bags of flour and of meal, hams, salt meat, winter butter, and other household supplies from the excess of the farmer's abundance were poured nto the parsonage with free and liberal hand, filling pantry and cellar and making the good clergyman's heart sing for joy. But alas! the increased cash value of produce has dried up this source of supply, and country people now generally imagine that if they comply with the terms of their money contract they have done their duty to their spiritual overseer, so that where the custom of paying "donation visits" still continues, it is usually but a hollow mockery of past abundance-a thin device to entrap an entertainment out of a confiding clergyman.

I am glad to learn that in quite a by a little more effort. number of ural towns religious societies are purchasing parsonage farms, and indentifying themselves with their clergymen, who will, it is to be hoped, be so well pleased with them that they will not be looking after greener pas-

FEEDING WHEAT.

The following is English and Scotch experience in feeding: Mr. Babcock, of Stogumber, says: I grind the wheat to fine meal. At present I am feeding 10 beasts on grass, with a half a peck a day, mixed with straw chaff, and cart horses receive one-third peck each per day, and chaff with grass. When I take my horses in the house I shall give one peck of meal and two pecks of oats mixed with chaff, and a few cut mangolds to every three horses per day. I do not give it to hack horses. Fatting beasts in house receive it, with roots and a plentiful supply of water, and if I feed them very high I mix linseedcake. I think there is nothing better for pigs. For sheep I have not used it except with cut roots, then I shaked it over the roots in the troughs." Mr. Wilcox, of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, says: "I have been in the habit of feeding stock with wheat for some years past. I consider it to be more nutritious than any other food I have ever used. My plans are as follows: Cut straw and hay to fine chaff—the the greater proportion being strawthrown over a given quantity (four or five pounds) of meal, with as much pulped root as you feel disposed to put, mixing it together. Give twice a day. To sheep I always give it crushed—say a pint or a pint and a half each per day; it is the finest food for sheep I have ever

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

Almost the only recognition of children's right to read in the day of our the Church paper, where might gener- process.

night or two since the residence of Mayor Calhoun was entered by tramps and robbed of all estables in reach. The number of pane and plates found in the yard the next morning indicates that five or six dined at

A noble woman says that when die was a girl she invariably received for her Christmas present a fried ple, a pap er of pins, and a bit of ribbon. Now we give the dear ones at Christma books and toys, on that one day when love should seek every avenue of expres-sion. In juvenile literature the fried pic and the paper of pins have vanished To-day we have a host of writers who know how to get hold of a child's heart The best and purest and truest-to-life stories that have ever been written an tastefully served up, in these years o grace. Some of us, who scarcely knew of any books for us but "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," thank God and renew our youth.

—Rev. C. E. Manchester, in The American Magazine.

THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.

For a good, every day household angel give us the woman who laughs Her biscuits may not always be just right and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor the one unbending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side or, if the matter has no bright side of shining up the bright side is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try

SOUND ADVICE.

The New England Farmer gives the following sound advice: "If you are a young farmer and a young wife, just starting in the world together, and only your hands and brains to solve the problem of life with. then pull, sing, play and economize together, that you may 'get out of the ruts' and be able in mid-dle and declining life to extract a little honey from the passing hours. Try to make home cheerful and happy. Give some time to reading and intellectual pursuits, for they will be to you and your children a richer and more enduring heritage than fine orchards and vineyards. Keep your home out of the mortgagor's clutches; be honest, tem-

SHEEP PROFITABLE.

There is no sort of live stock growing in value, now faster than good sheep. Are you going to try a few to make some mutton and give the family a rest from the regulation salt pork they have about 365 days in the year; to eat down the briars and fence corner weeds; to leave a little of the best fertilizer here and there where it will do the most good, and to raise some staple wool that is ripe for the market and will spot cash into the family exchecquer at a time of year when scarcely anything else does.

—Live Stock Indicator.

HOUSEKEEPER'S SCRAP BOOK.

To remove Ink Stains.-Ink stains are very easily removed if put immediately in milk and slightly rubbed for a few minutes. If allowed to dry they are not so easily removed, but can be,

To Remove Blood Stains.—Blood stains can be removed from an article that you do not care to wash by applying a thick paste, made of starch and cold water. Place in the sun, and rub off in a couple of hours, repeat the process and soon it disappears.

To Remove Fruit Stains.—Hold the

goods stained over a vessel in such a way that pouring water on the opposite side of the stain it will run through the goods, and in a short time the stain will be seen to disappear.

To Remove Mildew .- Soak and wash the spots in sour milk and you will have

no trouble in removing the same.

To Remove Iron Rust.—Place bright tin, pour over a kettle steaming with boiling water. Moisten the goods with water and hold the iron rust spots closely to the tin and rub them with oxalic acid. As soon as you see the rust disappear, rinse in cold water to remove the acid, as it tends to rot the goods, but if the process is performed

quickly there is no danger of this. To Wash Cotton Goods.—To wash cotton goods containing a black figure, pour boiling suds on the goods and let it stand for a few minutes. This sets the color, and when neatly washed and ironed, instead of a faded garment, you have one as bright and fresh as when first made. Ginghams and prints of various colors will hold their color better if washed in water thickened with flour starch. Flour is very cleansing and will do the work of soap, without injury to bright colors, in one or two

washings: To Clean Lace .- Fill a bottle with cold water; draw a stocking tightly over it. securing both ends firmly. Lace the lace smoothly over the stocking and tack closely. Put the bottle in a kettle of cold water containing a few shavings of soap, and place over the fire to boil. Rinse in several waters and then drain and dry. When dry remove and place smoothly in a large book and press with weights. Very nice lace fathers, was in some obscure corner of can be made to look like new by this

DAKOTA DOINGS.

News Gathered From The Most

They tell me it's a-going round. "I think I know what's wrong manning.
The child with rare demureness said;
"The chicken-pox is what I's got—
I found a fedder in my bed."

STRAIN ON THE JUG.

A north Baptist deacon sent a 10gallon jug down to a liquor man to be filled. The deacon slipped around next day and asked for his bill "Thirty dollars," said the liquor man.

"What! \$3 a gallon?" gasped the "No, only \$2. I filled the jug-15

gallons, "But, my dear sir, you know that was no 15 gallons," said the deacon.
"Now, I—" "Oh very well, I'll put it in the hands of a lawyer to collect." "N-no, don't do that. It would be all over town. It was not the \$30 I kicked on; I was only thinking what a terrible strain it was on my 10-gallon demijohn," said the deacon, as he paid the bill.—[The Colonel.

KNEW ALL ABOUT PETER.

It was at a Sunday-school exhibition, and the Superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand.

"Well, my dear," said the Superintendent, "that's right. I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put

these larger boys and girls to shame."

The little girl came forward to the platform and was told to tell the audience what she knew of Peter.

She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

"Pet r, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well." Amid the roar that followed she hurried gayly to her seat.—Our Dumb Animals

A CUE FULL OF WORLDLY WISDOM. Chinese Sunday school—Teacher

(reading.)
" 'And Elijah the prophet—' ou know what prophet means?" Scholar. "Yes, we know velly well." Teacher (surprised), "Do you? Well,

what is it? Scholar. "Me buy sing fi' cent, sel fifteen cent, plofit ten cent."

PUNCTILIOUS BUSINESS METHO DS.

They are very business like in Euope, and vey exact in their methods. My friend was in Vienna. He had taken from here a letter of credit on one of the best known banks, and he wanted to draw on it. So he sought the agency of the bank in Vienna. He walked into an office which had a big barricade in front of a long desk and two small holes cut for the convenience of customers. He walked up to the first of them. A man came up. He handed the letter of credit to him. The man looked at it and sald, very

"Next window." My friend went to the next window, man came up, took his letter of credit, looked at it, smiled pleasantly, and

"That's all right. How much do you wish to draw, sir?" It was the same man .- San Francisto Chronicle.

SOCIETY ETHICS IN GEORGIA.

"Is it right," ask a contemporary, for a member of the General Assembly to go without his coat?" It depends apon where he is going. If he is going to bed it is all right.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, sadly to the traveling man who sat next to nim in the car. "It's a hard thing to have outlived your usefulness; I feel it

very much." "Suppose you were engaged in a pleasant and congenial occupation,"

rentured the traveling man. "I was in the show business," was the reply. "O," how I long to hear the applause of the multitude and sniff

the sawdust once more. "O," said his companion, "from that ast remark I should judge that you were connected with a circus.'

"You are mistaken, sir," was the somewhat stiff rejoinder, "I was a bal-et master."—Merchant Traveler.

TEXAS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Mother Hubbard dresses, large bustles, and toe slippers are greatly worn n Lone Oak.—Lone Oak Call.

"Nary" watermelon for the editor vet. Guess there was none of that kind planted this year, or it has been too dry for them to grow .- Gatesville Post.

Ye watermelon cultivator: This editor s in the habit of eating watermelons about this time of day. This paper will be given for a year for a watermelon weighing twenty pounds .- Athens Re-

Mr. Will Turner is suffering with a bone felon on the middle finger of his right hand. He has the sympathies of his friends, particularly these who have experienced the pain of one of those pets .- Ennis Review.

MONEY THROWN AWAY.

these women are about business. I gave coin be really unique.

intoxicants. If it become apparent that argument is to be answered by a continued defiance of law there will soon be an end put to the traffic which so

mighty good digars, Minks.
"They ought to be; cost me \$12 a hundred."—

THE MOST HE COULD PROMISE. * "Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a Cincinnati drug store.

"Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive." replied the urbane clerk.

ANIMAL FOOD. Old man Jupe is a noted character in our village (writes a correspondent). He was taken ill at one time and the services of a physician were called for. He was prescribed for, and the doctor told the old man he 1 ... st take no food

but gruel for a few days.
"Gruel! gruel! what's that?" asked the patient. The constitution of that article was explained by the doctor.

"Slops!" growled the old man. On a second visit a slightly altered diet was proposed, and the details giv-

"Mush!" was the summary of the pa-

tient. In due course old Jupe's health improved, and the physician announced to him that he might eat a little animal food. This was to much for the patient, now nearly a well man; he flatly

refused, as follows:
"Look here, doctor, I've eaten your oats, and I've eaten your corn but I'll be durned if I eat hay!"

DECLINED THE OFFER.

"Yes." "Well, I'm building them, and "Well, I'm building them, and I got a paper hanger to paper the entire block and take in consideration therefor one of the houses in lieu of cash. I endeavored to make the same bargain with a plumber, and, would you think it, he declined. He wanted the remainder of the row."—Philadelphia Call.

WHY HE FAILED.

Robinson-Well, Jones, how did you come out in your civil service examination for the position of microscopist in the agricultural bureau?

Jones-Poorly, Robinson, poorly. Robinson—Why, that's singular. I thought you had studied up on Micro-

Jones-So I had; but they didn't exmine me on that. Robinson-What did they examine

you on? Jones-They asked me who the au-

thor of the "Bread Winners" was. WOULD LIKE TO GOBBLE THEM.

It was a church picnic and the conversation turned upon foreign missions and the lamentable lack of Buffalogirls on the banks of the Zambesi. "Ah said the pastor to a group of fair girls. "you are needed sadly, and I would be very strongly tempted to become a heathen myself, if you were the missionaries," and he beamed on them with fatherly tenderness.

SOME GYPSY PROVERBS. ' After misfortune comes fortune. Better a donkey that lets you ride than a fine horse which throws you off.

A Queer Amusement at Newport. A new and very original device com

bining amusement with instruction, has recently been introduced at Newport among the early arrivals at the cottages. A certain number of young ladies, mostly debutantes, meet at the house of one of their number once a week. The hostess produces a story or sketch of some kind especially prepared by her for the occasion. The girls seat themselves around a table whereon are pens, paper, ink, and several French dictionaries. A gentleman with a bald head and a waxed mustache is generally announced at the beginning of the seance. This is Prof. de M., the fashionable French teacher. He bows to each of the ladies in turn, and then sits quietly down in a corner to read his Figaro. Meanwhile the hostess begins to read her manuscript aloud very slowly, and pausing for a second or two at the end of each sentence. The others seize the pens and paper and write down a French translation of the article. If any girl is obliged to pause, stop, and reflect, or, worse still, if she be forced to hunt up a word in the dictionary, she, of course, loses time and her translation suffers accordingly. When they have all finished the papers are submitted to the professor, who proceeds to pronounce judgment upon their merits and demerits. A luncheon is afterward served, and the young lady at whose residence the class meets provides the prizes, one for the best and one for the worst translation, the latter reward being known as "the imbecile," and consisting usually in some ridicu-lous object. The person most to be congratulated in the course of this unique entertainment is certainly the professor, who receives \$10 for each seance, derives from it some amusement if he happens to have a sense of humor, and has little or no work to perform .- New York Mail.

At Paris, the other day, a gold coin of the reign of the Emperor Constantine was bought by the national library Minks—Beats all what infernal fools for £432, an enormous sum, even if the restless Indians within the reservation limits. The band of four or five that got into trouble at Joe Bischoff's slaughter house a few weeks since are

also deserters whom the police are now region, at the upper and of the state island, by Geff. Washington, to capture a small detachment of British soldiers stationed on the high ground at Morningside park. The enemy discovered the attempt, however, and escaped down the hill. Being reinforced by the 42d Hig. ders, under Gen Leslie. they attacked the Anericans at about One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, but were driven back to a fence two hundred yards to the south and east of the point of attack. The Americans being reinforced by Cols. Richardson and Griffiths, the enemy were dislodged from the fence, leaving five dead on the field, and retreated back to the high grounds at One Hundred and Twentieth street, where they were further reinforced by a batallion of Hessians, a company of chasseurs, and two field pieces. The fight lasted two hours longer, when the British again retreaed, leaving the field to the Americans, and the battle of Harlem plains was fought and won. Col. Knowlton and sixteen privates were killed, and Maj. Leitch and forty others were wounded on the American side. The British loss was fourteen killed and seventy wound-

Maj. Leitch died, and together with Col. Knowlton was buried in the trenches at Fort Washington. It is supposed by many that their graves are within the present limits of Trinity church cemetery. But a few weeks since, workmen who were engaged in cutting a new street through in that vicinity came upon several graves in what was supposed to have been part of the old trenches: One grave contained a coffin, and the remains evident ly of an officer of rank. A bullet-hole pierced the fleshless skull, and the bullet lay within the hollow chamber of the brain. As Knowlton was shot in the head, the description and circumstances tally so closely, it is believed by some authorities that the remains were those of the dead officer who fell at Harlem more than one hundred years ago:-New York Commercial Advertis-

The Artful Pond Lilly Man.

He appeared suddenly at the door of a fashionable boarding house the other day, wearing a bland smile and a seersucker suit.

The ladies were all grouped on the veranda in breakfast costumes.

"Ladies," he said, doffing his hat, "s gentleman who boards here asked me to bring this basket and present it with his compliments to the prettiest lady

There was a moment's pause, and then a maiden who had seen many summers asked sharply:

"Well, why don't you present it?"

The man made a deprecatory bow. "How can I, miss? he forgot to give me any address, and I couldn't pick out one from so many."
"What did he look like?" asked all

the ladies at once.

"Very distwangey, with a light mustache; or lenme see, was it dark? I kind of disremember the color. But that's what he said—the prettiest lady."

"Could it have been Mr. — —. Do ou suppose he ordered them for that horrid Miss - -?" "More likely for the Widow -

"It must have been Captain-"I hate to take them back," said the man reflectively. "If the lady he meant will pick herself out, I'll give her the lillies," and he twirled one fragment bud in his hand.

"I suppose you couldn't sell us any of them," murmured a sweet old thing who knew she was the "one" meant. "I could sell to you altogether, but not to one; that wouldn't be fair. You see the gentleman will know I couldn't afford to lose the sale of 'em. Six for five cents, ladies. If I can't find the

right one 'taint my fault, an'I never see " many pretty ladies afore in my life." "I'll take a bunch!"

"And I." The basket was soon emptied. At dinner every lady wore a lily in her hand, or at her belt, and Mr.—and Captain—were smiled upon by the whole posse of female boarders to their

"Good heavens! what have we done to deserve it?" asked the gentlemen of each other, as they were thanked for their good intentions.

The ladies do not know yet that they were the victims of a commercial ruse on the part of the lily vender.

Ben Wade.

When Senator Ben Wade was a Circuit Judge in Ohio one his decisions. was reversed by the Supreme Court of that State, and the case came back to him on mandate. He disregarded the mandate and followed the first decision. "But, your Honor," exclaimed the beaten counsel, "the Supreme Court, reversed your former judgment!" "Yes, so I have heard." was the reply. "I will give them a chance to get right."
The decision was again reviewed, this time with Judge Wade's written opinion, and the court decided that he was