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"Then you really own a farm?"

"It is not a valuable possession, as you will see when I tell you about it. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors advised my father to send me to the country for change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had married a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm. Such a farm, Wharton! The house has only three rooms, and looks as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it is slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to receive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care. Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old, and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having no one in the world who claimed kindred with her—no one else but me to love, Margaret loved me with her whole heart. Six years ago, after father died and I came here to live with with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It has been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursling."

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"It is in Pennsylvania, nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles off the railroad. But you can always hire a wagon or carriage at G—— to go over to Corn's Mill, and my farm is very near Corn's Mill."

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And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained the various points at issue to Tom Trueman, and, accompanied by wife, child and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickety old wagon containing the party and baggage entered an enclosure that had once been a fence and the family took possession of Daisy's farm.

The prospect was not encouraging. The house had not improved in years of emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's heart sank at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, the shaky windows. But, she said, covering her dismay with a brave smile, "there they were, and they must make the best of it!"

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some defect[illegible]. In this way none but sound and instinct-colored horses are to be met with in this peculiar brand. In Hanover, however, all the horses are not first class; about fifty per cent. of the horses you see in the streets are slight and ill-shaped and bony creatures.

The Dutch horses seem to average better than those of any other nation; they are of noble size, of distinct color, and are strong, hardy and intelligent. Nearly all the horses you see in Holland are sleek, glossy and handsome. The Dutchman takes the best care of his horse. If the weather be inclement he leaves the horse at home in the warm stable and hitches up his wife and the family dog to the plough or to the farm wagon. In Germany the larger dogs are made to do service as drawers of small carts; a stout dog, properly broken, will outwork the average pony. Then, too, while the master is away the dog guards the property to which he is attached.—*New York World.*

How the London Thieves Steal.

It is hard upon people who are on a genuine search for lodgings that they should be subjected to suspicion in the houses they visit, but the thief or thieves whose happy hunting-ground is any place where he sees "apartments to let" is again so active that the police are obliged to warn landlords and landladies to receive all visitors with caution. The lodging-house thief has one peculiarity. He devises pretexts for being left alone in a room and then secures his pocketable booty. We hear that the police are also deeply interested in another class of thief who hovers about the doors of banks. If an innocent looking messenger of tender years comes out with money the thief bears down upon the unsuspecting child and surprises him or her into a surrender of the cash by a bold statement that a mistake has been made, that the check has to be indorsed, or something of that sort. We should have thought this a particularly hazardous enterprise for the thief in these days of sharp children, and it ought not to be long before the police make a capture.—*London News.*

Birth of a Cyclone.

The inhabitants of Connelly Springs, a small hamlet near Nevada, Mo., were thrown into a terrible fright by the formation of a cyclone directly over their town, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

The section was devastated by a cyclone about two years ago, and the people knew by experience what to expect.

As described by an eye-witness, it resembled the lower half of a big balloon. From the sack-like lower end a white ribbon-like streamer had a serpentine motion and seemed in great commotion.

It swung off nearly horizontally to the south for some distance from the main cloud, when it curved and took a perpendicular course. About three miles east of Connelly Springs a long piece of this whirling ribbon seemed to break loose and dart to the earth, from which soon appeared a great cloud of dust and debris.

The cloud, with its trailing streamer, [illegible] off in an easterly and northerly [illegible] over St. Clair County, appear[illegible] nearer the earth. So far as [illegible] no particular damage was [illegible]

HARD ON THE JURY.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers."

The prisoner was acquitted.—*Epoch.*

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"Do you like babies, Mr White?" asked the young mother, tenderly, of the grim old bachelor who sat at the foot of the table.

"Don't know, marm," replied the bachelor promptly, between two mouthfuls of potato. "Never tasted any."—*Somerville Journal.*

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Jinks—"Of all mean, grasping men, I think Minks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars and cents."

Blinks—"What has he been doing?"

Jinks—"He's been asking me for a paltry ten dollars I borrowed of him some years ago."—*New York Weekly.*

NOT TRUE THAT HE NEVER WORKED.

Lady (giving tramp a luncheon)—"I ought not to give you this. I suppose you never work."

Tramp—"You are mistaken, madam. I work hard every day."

Lady—"What do you do?"

Tramp—"It's hard work getting meals for nothing, I tell you."—*Lippincott.*

IT DIDN'T WORK.

"We try to give our convicts work similar to that in which they have been brought up," said the warden.

"Thanks, pard. That suits me to a T," returned the vagrant. "I been brought up walkin' through the country askin' for meals and 'gettin' away from dogs. I'll begin right off."—*New York Sun.*

SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES.

A couple of men were quarreling in the streets, howling, gnashing their teeth with eyes starting from their sockets. They were just about to fix at each other's throats, when a passer-by exclaimed:

"Hold on, I say, one of you has dropped his purse!"

There was an immediate suspension of hostilities.

FAITHFULLY [illegible]

Above.—Bridget—"[illegible] below there."

Mrs. Folliful—"[illegible] posed, Bridget."

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Mrs. Brownson—"I am [illegible] she [illegible]"

Bridget—"Not at all, [illegible] she's not disposed to see yez."—*Sun.*

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were produced by [illegible] them in his hand in such a manner that only an end of each straw could be seen. Then each boy drew a straw.

"Ha, ha!" said the merry parent jovially. "Bill, you an' Buck an' Lige git the short ones."

"What does that mean?" asked the amused guest, whose look of amusement faded away when the host said:

"Mean? Why, that's a little [illegible] have o' settlin' which three of [illegible] sleep with any gent that happens over night with us. I sp[illegible] Buck and Bill and Lige [illegible] bed-fellows, but don't y[illegible] give 'em a warmin' up with [illegible] a bed slat if they git to tra[illegible] Go 'long, boys, an' pile in [illegible] and mind that you behave y[illegible]"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Monkeys Hold a Wake.

In 1879, says Tom Donohue, [illegible] watchman of the Central Park m[illegible] in New York, to a *Herald* repo[illegible] had a very nice collection of m[illegible] among them were four very [illegible] meals, white faced and clean [illegible] their names were Zip, Jack, Pete and Pomp. They were caged together and seemed to be of one family. Zip, however, caught a bad cold [illegible] and finally developed a severe [illegible] by day his condition grew wo[illegible] "wake pronounced by Dr. [illegible] incurable. The monkey family is [illegible] to the same complaints as human beings, such as consumption, coughs, sore throats, [illegible] Everything was done for Zip that could be done by human hands, but he gradually wasted a[illegible] and looked piteously at every one who approached him with his [illegible] watchful eyes following my nightly inspection [illegible] evening I saw his three mates holding a consultation over him. [illegible] it his pulse as carefully as a doctor would have done, another sounded him around the chest, while Pomp felt his temples and sounded all around his head. After this was carefully done they all came in [illegible] and chattered to each other in a manner in[illegible] [illegible] army, mainly because of [illegible] many foreigners on [illegible] the strict [illegible] formerly Cap[illegible] with Tidg[illegible] all math[illegible]

[illegible] back [illegible] shoved [illegible] soled bo[illegible] wear a be[illegible] stuff, sever[illegible] ied [illegible] the side by [illegible] der the fold. The color [illegible] is invariably a dark blue, the [illegible] thin cotton in the summer and heavier stuff in the winter, when they put themselves out with all sorts of cotton wool lined garments underneath, which give them a wonderfully rotund and overfed appearance. The latter is certainly a misrepresentation of their general condition, for they are not troubled with provender, although they certainly get enough to keep themselves well. But it is out of the "chow chow" of the men that the officers get their biggest "squeeze." On the whole, however, the administration of the navy is infinitely superior to that [illegible]