

Southern Pacific. The different sections have been planted, respectively, two, four, and six years. One-fourth is planted with the allanthurus, the rest with the catalpa, and a few of white ash. Those first planted are now about 25 feet in height, the last about 12. Some of the taller are 7 inches through the stem. There are in all about 3,000,000 of trees in full vigor on those plantations. Out of these trees will come the railway ties of the future.—*New-Orleans Times-Democrat*.

SHARP AND POINTED.

It's no longer "shoot the hat," but "shoot the rapids."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Maurice B. Flynn is a handsome fellow. So was Ralph Rackstraw, and yet tradition says he went to a dungeon cell.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

The brave deserve the fair. They are something alike. One faces powder in war, the other powders her face in peace.—*Macon Telegraph*.

"How do you wish I should cut your hair?" asked a talkative barber of a customer. "Without talking politics" was the brief reply.—*Boston Journal*.

A Nationalist was arrested at the Duggannon riots yesterday with a knife in his hands. He wanted to sever the ties between England and Ireland.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Rollin M. Squire is just now a man of letters, and it is probable that he will be a man of numbers soon, but just what his number will be is not certain.—*New-Haven News*.

Lord Randolph Churchill struggling with the Irish question after Gladstone has failed with it is one of the most grotesque spectacles politics has ever presented.—*Albany Argus*.

The President is among the big hills of New-York. There is one big Hill of that State, however, that he keeps considerably away from. His first name is David.—*Baltimore American*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes from Europe that he has been sitting at tables with Kings and Queens. More than likely Col. Holmes with his customary impulsiveness did his level best to get a king full.—*Philadelphia Press*.

There is nothing peculiar in the fact that so many Dakota Postmasters have recently resigned when it is remembered that expert harvest hands are now worth \$2 a day, while the average Dakota Post Office hardly pays that much in a week.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Mr. Cleveland wants to know why he can't take a vacation trip without publicity or newspaper fuss just like any other citizen. Because he's the President; that's why. We have only one President at a time, and it won't do to lose him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Poor old Gen. Denver! In the very evening of his life he becomes an office seeker. But there are not enough Democrats in his Ohio district to elect him. We think it very likely that he will continue to be known to the world merely as the lucky man who had a Colorado city named after him.—*Chicago News*.

The misuse of the word "lady" reaches its climax in an anatomical article printed by the *Inter Ocean*, which speaks of "a lady's skeleton." This is a shade worse than the misuse of language upon the photographs which fill a Main-street window, every one labeled "Mrs. President Cleveland."—*Buffalo Courier*.

It is a satisfaction to note that another effort is being made to preserve the old Cradock House, at Medford, conserving whose dilapidation the *Post* recently spoke. Probably \$1,000 would more than serve to put the old house in a condition to stand for another 248 years, if the title could be secured. Certainly it does not seem to be worth much to its present owner.—*Boston Post*.

It pains us to observe that the Hon. Church Howe is threatening to break out again in Nebraska politics. An all-wise Providence designed Mr. Howe as an antidote; it is noted that there has been no yellow fever in the South since he went to Alabama, and Mississippi in 1884 to fix things for Blaine. Mr. Howe should be content to rest on his reputation as an antidote.—*Chicago News*.

Every now and then of late we have an account from the South of some clergyman taking a hand in a fight with a knife, revolver, or shotgun, and, as usually happens, comes out ahead, too. Thus are we reminded that the race of fighting parsons is not yet extinct, and that they are capable of taking care of themselves as well in a free fight as at a prayer meeting or feast of yellow-leg chicken.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Merrick Ford, of Americus, Ga., has a pair of white rats that he carries in his pockets or lets run around his store at will. They are his pets, and he plays with them when he is not better occupied. Wednesday one of them attacked a big old black rat and killed it in a short while. They hunt up their colored brethren and attack them whenever they are found, and generally kill them before giving up the fight.—*Kansas City Times*.

Now the judicious remark goes the rounds of the press that the President's party should really, "really, you know," be allowed the same privacy in the North Woods that other people may have, and then the news column will offset the remark by going into details respecting every black fly, every tin can, old boot, or new hat that can be caught or surmised about the camp or hiding place. Let Grover Cleveland have peace.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Rollin M. Squire's poetical fancy once caused him to "recall the happy days of innocence and truth" which existed prior to the moment when "manhood's iron crown was pressed upon the brow of youth." He may now add a stanza feelingly descriptive of the unhappy days when the Sheriff's iron handcuffs are pressed on the hands of men who are more poetical than honest. The public demands a touch of realism in its literature nowadays.—*Chicago News*.

One of the best directions to avoid drowning is: "Lock the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs, and close the mouth." A Chicago gentleman once gave these directions to his daughter, and two or three weeks ago, while she was rowing on Lake Michigan, her boat capsized, and she was only saved from drowning by following this rule. As she observed its directions she went under but a short distance, and upon reaching the surface she floated until a boat put out from shore and rescued her.—*Boston Journal*.

Much ill feeling is being manifested in San Francisco at the order of the Treasury Department to stamp the word "light" on every gold coin presented at the Sub-Treasury and found to be one-half of 1 per cent. below the standard weight. Coins so stamped will have to be sold as bullion, thus entailing serious loss on the holder. Coins even slightly worn will no longer pass current. The measure is viewed as particularly vexatious to the people of the Pacific coast, gold being their chief circulating medium.—*New-Orleans Times-Democrat*.

A mild-mannered young lady moved gently up to the counter in a Scranton drug store yesterday, and in a musical voice asked the medicine man: "Please let me have some insect powder." An unobserved urchin who had been standing close by managed to hear the order, and astonished the fair customer by asking aloud: "Are you troubled much with bedbugs, mum, in this hot weather?" The lady gently screened her embarrassment with a blush, and remarked to the grinning druggist that "childhood was sometimes very original."—*Scranton Truth*.

The Rev. P. P. Dennis, President of St. Charles College, adjoining Carroll's Manor, in Howard County, Md., has resigned his position on account of ill health and advancing years. He is now 69 years of age, and his health is so poor that he feels himself unable to attend to the duties of his position. Should his resignation be accepted it is thought that the Rev. A. J. Vuibert, now Vice-President of the college, or the Rev. F. M. L. Dumont, who occupies the chair of philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, will be appointed to the place. The Rev. James A. McCallen, of St. Mary's Seminary, is also mentioned as a suitable candidate.—*Washington National Republican*.

A queer phase of railway industry is a railway tie nursery near the little town of Farlington, Kan., in the southern part of the State. It is the largest artificial plantation of forest trees in North America, and is owned by the