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THE FLUTES OF PLAGUEMINE.

I look through the mists of memory
To a land of rose of Sharon,
Where lived the maiden that once to me
From Heaven's orchard wing;
For bright as dark the cheek hair gold,
Whatever hues may
When I can hear across the wood
The flutes of Plaguemine.

The rustle of the fields of cane,
Inspire the calm heaven,
The lime trees by the winding lane,
The dreamy heaven of lovers
Are begun away and cover fast,
Filled in a dreamy shower
But oh, how clear each note evening note
From flutes of Plaguemine!

The fingers lift their white and bear
Their loads of golden frog,
And brown grains and the things have
And cones of fruit and rose,
The gardens rimmed with rose are,
And canted with cedar green,
Bathe thee and for while pleasures play
The flutes of Plaguemine.

So, tapped by memory, let me dream
My heart's May time over
Fair be the wide earthen plain,
Soft be the south wind your
Through mantling wood, over march and
fen
And orange orchards green,
While more than like a flower, and then
The flutes of Plaguemine.

Oh, yellow globes of orange-wing
That bear the air with wine!
Oh, red the melon heaped along
In shadows of the vine!
Yes hence me with a subtle lure
Of juice and perfume sure:
But more than all, blown soft and pure,
The flutes of Plaguemine!

The great wide world I've wandered over,
On foot of change and chance,
Have sailed all seas and found each shore
Of beauty and romance;
But give me now the calm bayou,
Between the cane fields green,
Where lips of love are murmuring low
The Flutes of Plaguemine!

(Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.)

Soldiers Had to Eat Sheep.

The great Roman General Corbulo, we are informed by Tacitus, was in his Armenian campaign reduced to extremities, his army having suffered, not indeed from hoarse in battle, but from being driven to satisfy its hunger from the flesh of sheep. To the average Briton, into whose dietetic cult the mutton chop enters so largely, this announcement must seem inexplicable; so much so that he might be excused for thinking lightly of the stamina or pluck of the forefathers, who allowed themselves to be conquered by soldiery for whose stomachs the flesh of sheep was too strong.

The fact is, however, as Tacitus has stated it, and we know from other authorities that animal food, as a constant element in the Roman soldier's fare, was found hurtful to his health and efficiency. Cæsar, in his "Gallic War," tells the same story.—London Lancet.

He Was Fighting.

"Squire Dick" Reese, just after the war, a red headed lawyer of Leavenworth, Kan., was almost a pygmy in stature, but as plucky as any other bantam. One day his dignity took affront at some speech of a Missouri legal light, a thousand fullness, and springing upon the big fellow like a cat Dick began to claw, kick and belabor him. The giant looked down at the assailant clinging to his arm and said, with good humored affectation: "Why, Dick! What are you doing there?" "Doing?" cried Dick wrathfully, "Doing! Why, I'm fighting you, sir."—Saint Paul Pioneer Argonaut.

Papa's Sore Leg.

I had my leg severely hurt by a log rolling on it, and when it was getting better so that I could walk with a crutch I found that the muscles of my calf cramped so badly that it was extremely painful and I complained of it several times. Our little girl, Esther, 3½ years old, seemed to be pondering on the matter, for one day, after having kept still for as much as half an hour, she suddenly said, "Mamma, what is the matter with papa's little bassie?"—Cor. Babyhood.

Two Effects.

"I never send out a story for publication," said Dullpath, the realist, "without first having slept over it."

"I don't believe I've ever read one of them either without doing the same thing," returned Hackley.—Exchange.

Gruesome Charms.

People's fingers, cut from the hands of the dead, are sometimes carried as amulets by the ignorant and superstitious. Dried lizards sewed up in leather serve the same purpose.—Washington Star.

The covered bridge at Pavia, over the Ticino, was built as early as the Fourteenth century. Although 500 years old it is in a perfect state of preservation. The roof is held in place by 100 gigantic granite columns.

One of the most careless and dangerous habits in which Americans indulge to a great extent is that of tucking their umbrellas or walking sticks under their arms, letting them stick out almost if not quite horizontally.

Even if your French is not up to the Parisian standpoint they don't laugh at you in Paris. All hands seem to understand that accuracy knows no law of syntax.

Whenever a Russian peasant enters or leaves his cottage he always bows humbly before the image of a saint which has always a place in his house.

GOOD INTEREST ON A DOLLAR.

Senator Sawyer's Benefit to a Brother Who Did Him a Good Turn.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, accumulated an immense fortune in the lumber regions of the northwest. He left New York state comparatively a poor boy, with $200 in his pocket, which he earned by working on a farm. His brother was then a well to do farmer in his native state. At young Sawyer was holding farewell his brother asked him how much money he had to begin life with in the west.

"I've got $200 in my pocket," said the senator of the future. His brother gave him a dollar to make it an even $200.

A few years ago Senator Sawyer, returning from a visit to Europe, stopped at his brother's house in New York state to spend a week amid the scenes of his youth. He noticed a cloud on his brother's face. One evening, at supper the senator casually inquired into his fortunes, and before the conversation closed developed the fact that he was troubled over some outstanding notes. They were not exactly pressing, but as a thrifty farmer and a conservative man generally they troubled him. By adroit questioning the senator ascertained the amount of each note and the name of the holder. The next morning at breakfast he said to his brother:

"I want to use your horse and buggy today to take a drive over the country and call on some of my friends. But I go alone."

The horse and buggy were got ready, and away went the eccentric old senator.

They were sitting together that evening after supper, when out of his inside coat pocket the senator drew a small package of papers and handed them to his brother.

They were the notes representing an aggregate of $1,200. He had paid and taken them up.

His brother was at first dumfounded. Still he was not averse to the senator's course. The notes had been scattered among three or four men. In the senator's hands they were all together, and then, the senator was his brother, and it was only natural that he should prefer him as his creditor.

"Now, you make out a note for the whole amount, and I will secure it," he said.

"When I went west," said the senator, looking up at the border of the wall paper, "you gave me a dollar to make up the $200 with which I began life for myself. Probably you have forgotten it, but I never forget a financial transaction. Every dollar I took west earned $1,000. The notes I took up today were for only $1,200, and so, instead of being in my debt, I still owe you $800. Here it is," and he handed him the amount in crisp bank notes already counted.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bragging Match.

A Parisian paper relates the following story of a contest in boasting which, it says, took place between three artists.

"My dear," said one of the artists, "yesterday I painted a pine board in imitation of marble, and did it with such fidelity that when the board was put into a pond of water it sank like a stone."

"Pooh!" said the second, "that is nothing. Yesterday I happened to hang up my thermometer on the back of the frame of my 'View in the Artic Regions,' and the mercury instantly went down to 20 degs. below zero."

"All that is nothing at all," said the third artist. "You know my portrait of the old Marquis of Carabrigny. Well, it is so life-like that it has to be shaved three times a week."

Phosphates in Food.

A deal of rubbish has been written about phosphates in food. What is certain is this, however, that in the finest qualities of flour, from which the best bread is made, there is a slight deficiency in phosphate of calcium. The outer portion of the wheat contains more phosphate than the inner part. Somebody has pointed that "the quantity of phosphate of calcium contained in living beings is proportioned to their activity," but whether this activity is a physical or mental one is not mentioned. It does seem that the phosphates in food do not go to make bone entirely, but are used in other parts of the human economy.—New York Times.

Care of Books.

A lover of books will always take good care of them. He never holds the book by the corner of the cover, never turns down leaves, never lays the book down open, either with the face downward or on its back, and never breaks the binding by opening the book too forcibly. He turns the leaves one by one, taking great care not to soil or tear them, and on the volume put down. It makes no difference if the book be cheap or worn, he always handles it gently.—Jewish Messenger.

The Horse Edged Would.

Stranger (anxiously)—I left my horse tied here to your post, and now he's gone. What became of him?

Mr. Wayback (reflectively)—I dunno for sure, but from the way that horse of yours was chawin at my post I shouldn't wonder if he'd eaten it up on account of his heart another.

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