VOL. VI.

The Old Sweet Song. I remember a song whose numbers throng As sweetly in memory's twinght hour As the voice of the blessed to the realm of

wanted him to.

nerves and muscles find it out, and ge

I'd seen all I wanted to see of him.

fully. Well, to make a long story short,

they never found him, and they never

I kept on going to the ship just as be-

But one thing made me uneasy, and

away. Well, I wasn't much afraid,

since nobody could find the body, and

nobody had seen the deed done, and I

didn't believe that Jackson had any

after a day or two, to want to tell some-

passed near him he wouldn't raise his

head; but I could see him rolling his

watch me out of the corners. I couldn't

nuisance. I couldn't help looking in

I saw and looked into it in my dreams,

One afternoon, late, just before the

workmen left off, I went and lay down

out of sight near that awful hole. I

meant to wait until it was duskish, and

then throw down some shavings and

chloride of lime. The smell made me

many. I lay still about an hour, and

heard them go. They thought I was gone, and pretty soon all was still. I was waiting till I thought no one would

see me, and just going to start, when I

heard a soft step coming along, and presently there was Jackson. He did

not see me, and I bid again quickly.

First he bent over the hole, then drew

paper in his hand, lighted it, tied a

string to the handle, tied a handkerchief

over his nose and mouth, and kneeling

beside the hole, bent over it, and slowly

lowered his light. He thought he had

Why didn't he mind his own business.

back to my place and lay there all night, and I kept hidden till late in the morn-ing after the workmen had come. All I

waited for then was to bear the master

tell them to plank up the hole. Then I

went ashore. And then I took a vessel

But I couldn't talk to the people there; and all the time I have been looking for

somebody to tell my story to. I haven't done any harm. They might have mind-

ed their own business, and I wouldn't

have touched them. But for all that it

I see that ship everywhere.

torments me.

and look out for his own life?

wasn't hard like wood.

body.

Or the sparkle of daw on a dreaming flower 'Tis a simple air, but when others depart, Like an angel whisper, it clings to my heart,

I have wat deced far under sun and star, Heard the rippling music in every clime, From the carol clear of the gondoller To the wondrous peal of a sacred chime; I have drank in the tones which bright lips

let fall To thirsting spirits in bower and hall;

The anthems bland of the masters grand Have borno me aloft on their sweeping

And the thunder-roll of the organ's soul Drowns not the murmur of fairy strings, Or the shepherd's pipe, whose music thrills With the breath of morn o'er the sleeping

But none remnia like the simple strain Which my mother sang to my childish cars. As nightly and oft o'er my pillow soft She gently hovered to soothe my fears. I can see her now with her bright head bent In the light which the taper so feebly lent. I can see her now, with her fair, pure brow, And the dark locks pushed from her temples

And the liquid rays of her tender gaze Made elequent by a trembling tear, As she watched the sleep that is sweet for all Like rose leaves over my spirit fall.

And the notes still throng of that old sweet Though ellent the lips that breathed them to

Like the chimes so clear which mariners hear From the sunkon cities beneath the sea; And never, ah! never can they depart While shines my being and beats my heart.

That song, that song, that old sweet song! I gather it up like a golden chain, Link by link, when to slumber I sink And link by link when I wake again; I shall hear it, I know, when the last deep rest Shall fold me close to the earth's dark breast.

CAN IT BE TRUE ?

Did you ever hear that there were two men lost between the walls of the Great Eastern when she was building? It is true, and I want to tell you about

My brother John was a head work-have spoken of—for there were others— My brother John was a head workman on the ship, and he got me a chance to go about on her just as if I for me. I kept near it constantly, and custom house for the exposition is a case of stuffed goats.—Philadelphia Times. belonged there. I was sickly, and they when I could get a chance I looked always let me have my way at home. down. Sometimes I would throw a We weren't at home then, nor had been little block, or perhaps a shaving down, for years; but we kept up the old ways. and listen to the sound. The blocks So, as I said, I came and went on the ship when other outsiders couldn't. Sometimes I made believe do some brought up against something that thing, if I thought anybody was going to find fault. John would always give

me something to do. From the first there were two men He grew sober and quiet, and kept out there whom I didn't like, because they didn't me. They used to ask what I was there for, and wink at each other he suspected me of doing something to when I came, and touch their fore-

I always like to be let alone, and I will be. And if folks begin on me, they deserve what they get. Thomsonthat's one of the men-was for beating me right out, but he was afraid of my brother John; but Jackson-the other man-was slyer, and I knew by his actions that he was planning to do me an

So things went on for months, and the ship grew every day. When I first went there, it was only a skeleton, like, and, by-and-bye, the shape began to he watched me was awful.

I wish I could make out how aggra vating those fellows were. They did all eyes round to keep me in sight, and they could to bring it on themselves. I don't think I'm to blame; but I want stand it. Besides, that black hole was a you to see how it was. Don't you know that some folks can do little things that are not much to tell, but when they are and in my sleeping and waking fencied I saw awful sights there. done, make every drop of bleed in your body boil, and every nerve quiver? They can give a look, a wink, a laugh, that will be rank poison to you, and set you all of a writhe. That's the way those fellows did, and I never said a word for weeks, and pretended I didn't see nor hear. But they knew I did, and they took delight in it.

One day I was feeling pretty bad-1 used to have bad days—and I thought I would stay at home. I got a pack of cards, locked my chamber door, and played solitiare till late in the afternoon. was the only way I could keep myself from thinking. But by and bye I got tired of it, and started out for the ship. "They'll be gone by this time," I said to myself; "bat if they get in my

way I won't stand anything. When I reached the ship I thought they had gone. Work hours were over for them, and all was quiet. There were no visitors about, and when I went on

board, the ship looked deserted. "I'll have a walk about," I thought.

"It will do me good." So I walked around awhile, keeping to myself, and by and bye I took a sheltered seat beside a pile of boards, where no one could see me, and fell a thinking. I was thinking that my life was lone some like, that no bright places had ever come into it, that I never felt inclined to laugh or to sing, and that, if I should drop overboard and go quietly to the bottom, it wouldn't be much matter. Well, I thought over that a long time, and wondered what would be said when they fished me up. I'd seen a man fished up and carried home, and his wife and children cried as if they'd die.

There wasn't anybody to cry for me. John was good, but he wasn't of the crying kind, and perkaps he would think that he had got rid of a care. I ain't hard hearted, but when I thought how my death wouldn't hurt anybody, someway it made me feel so miserable that I cried. And when once I had begun to cry, I couldn't stop, but went on harder and harder. It was a good while since I'd cried, and I made up for lost time, and cried for all the sorrows I'd had since I was a little boy, and for some

that I had when I was a child. I don't know how long I'd been crying, when a light sound brought me to myself. I'd forgotten where I was, and RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

that somebody might come along and wherever I see it, the insides are transcatch me. I looked up with tears all parent, and I see what's inside of 'em. over my face, and my eyes full of 'em, I've read in the papers that two men were and there was Thomson standing within lost in the walls of the Great Eastern; ten feet of me, looking at me with a grin and it must be a spirit that told, for noon his face, and a fist in his eye, making believe to cry and wipe his tears like a shall be published. bawling young one.

I waited just long enough to let my

On the Centennial Grounds,

A gang of Spanish carpenters are ready; then I pounced on him so quickly, that I had my hand on his throat before he could utter a sound. He erecting a frame structure to inclose the space allotted to Spain for exhibition, kicked, though, as he got purple in the face, and as I held him down. I let him kick, for he was going just where I which is on the central avenue in the western wing of the main building. Its dimensions are two hundred and seventy feet by sixty-two feet. Fronting on the There was a place, near by, still in the shelter of the boards, where, for some reason, two or three planks had been taken up of the deck, and it left a hole printed and decorated according to the central avenue is the grand entrance, the framework of which is nearly comthat led down to the very keel between the outer walls of the ship. In an idle way I had often dropped little blocks down there, and heard them bump, spaces between them elaborately orna-mented with the coat-of-arms of the bump, like stones in a well, as they went dewn. Thomson kicked himself Spanish provinces and medalions of Columbus, Queen Isabella, "the Cathoin this very direction, and just as my hands were getting tired, and as he had lic," Cortes and Pizarro; the whole begot his foot up between us, close to my ing surmounted by a large female figure chest, to give me a kick away from him representing Spain drawing aside a curwith his last strength, I humored him, and down he went, headforemost. I heard two or three bumps, and I heard no more. I stared down into the darkness, and fancied that I saw two cases, fifteen feet in height, each ness, and fancied that I saw two cases, fifteen feet in height, each ness, and fancied that I saw two eyes side having an entrance of less size than ness, and fancied that I saw two eyes staring back at me—but I heard no sound.

By-and-bye I heard steps approaching. I started away, and laid down by the board pile again. My brother John came along and shook me, thinking I was asleep, and I went home with him.

The next morning I went on board again, but saw no Thomson. Men were asking for him, but nobody knew ernor Hartranft and Mayor Stokley Spanish minister has inquired of Gov-ernor Hartranft and Mayor Stokley were asking for him, but nobody knew where he was. His friend Jackson came and asked me if I had seen him, looking whether there is any law prohibiting this detachment while on duty here from wearing the uniform and carrying at me in a very curious way. I told him the arms that they do when at home. Mayor Sto ley has replied that he sees no objection to the Spanish government About noon they sent off to Thom-son's house to inquire for him, and doing as indicated, and that he knows found out that he hadn't been reen there since the morning before. But they hadn't wondered at it, for he al-ways had neglected his family shameof no law preventing them.

Plans have been received from France for five buildings, which the French commissioners desire to have erected on 'he Centennial grounds for a special illustration of the trades, art manufacsuspected the truth. It was believed illustration of the trades, art manufactuat he had run away, for he owed tures, government bureaus, etc., of that more than he owned, and had writs out

British mechanics and artisans are forming themselves into organizations with the object of visiting the exposifore. I suppose you think that there was one spot that I avoided, but you mistake. The same place where the ti n in a body, and making a thorough and systematic study of what they shall

Among the articles sent over here by

How Lands are Irrigated.

A Colorado letter to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: Irrigating canals are almost always owned by panies, and they sell the water to the farmers at about \$1.50 an inch, which is This inch runs sufficient for an acre. that was Jackson was entirely changed. night and day through the whole sea-Thus the water for 160 acres of of my way, though he watched me constantly. I knew from the very first that land costs for one year \$240, and it is paid without grumbling. We have established an entirely different system. At the opening of the season the numhis chum. He never said a word when they talked about the others running ber intending to use water is ascertained, and the amount constituting the total supply being known, a certain number inches is given to eighty acres, which is a unit for computation, and the charge for the same is the cost of superintendidea of the place; but it fretted me to be watched. Besides, I had begun, ence and probable repairs. affixed hitherto has been about twentyfive cents an acre. If the total supply Sometimes I had a great min to tell John, but I didn't. By the end of a

should run short, or if a farmer should want more than his share, it is customary to borrow water for a day or so from his neighbor, or from several neighbors, putting the whole together, the and, work of irrigation is done with great expedition. So other neighbors take their Wheat requires to be irrigated two or three times, corn perhaps four times. The amount of water needed is far more than one would suppose. To grow an acre of wheat the ground must, sitogether, receive water enough to cover every part twelve inches deep. Water is most abundant when it is most needed, for then the snows in the high mountains are rapidly melting. Much fertility is brought down from the crumbling rocks, from the dense forests and from the dark glens. When one visits Snowy range during a hot summer day he sees water trickle from all the snowbanks and glaciers and glide through the morasses, and he hears it tumble in cascades and thunder far down the canyons. A farmer soon forgets that irrigation is a bother-rither he comes to like it-for he is his own weather prophet; one that never fails.

quickly back, holding his nose.

"He is in there," he said to himself.

He took a tiny little lantern out of a In his treatise on "Physiology," Mr. Hinton is quite emphatic in his effort to make us understand that the passage of the ear does not require clearing by Nature undertakes the task, and in a healthy ear does it perfectly. me, you see, and that the body had struck somewhere, not so far down but means for clearing the ear is the wax, which dries up into thin scales, and peels off and falls away imperceptibly. he could get a glimpse of it with his light. He was too much interested to hear a step behind him, though it would In health the passage of the ear is never dirty, but an attempt to clean it will inhave taken sharp ears to hear it any wax moist, when it ought to become dry and scaly, and makes it absorb dust. But the most hurtful thing is the introdid he want to meddle with me for, and go spying round? Why didn't he let me duction of the corner of a towel, screwed up and twisted around. This proceedalone? If he had, I wouldn't have touched him. He knew that Thomson ing irritates the passage, and presses down the wax and flakes of skin upon deserved what he had got for his med dling. I gave him a sharp, quick tip, and down he went, lantern and all. It the membrane of the tympanum, producing pain, inflammation and deafness. The washing should only extend to the outer surface, as far as the fingers can must have been a pretty safe lantern, to go out without setting anything afire. Someway I felt sick, though I'd given him only what he deserved, and I went

A Busy Life. General Harrison Morgan, of Sandis field, was fined at the superior court in Pittsfield, Mass., January 19, and sentwo years for adultery. He was proved to have three wives living, to have

The Candidate for Office.

When I walked down the street next day the perception of my new relations with the public surprised me like the shock of a gelid bath. Instead of the cold and somewhat shy deference habitually accorded to independent position and reserved manners, I was everywhere accosted with an easy and aggressive

familiarity.

My right hand was crushed with the cordiality of fellows whose names were unknown to me, and my ribs ached with unknown to me, and my ribs ached with the friendly pokes of people whose former acquaintance had never trans-cended a distant nod. Tom introduced me to his neighbor Dick, and Dick pre-sented his friend Harry, and Harry call-ed up his fellow citizens Ragtag and Bobtail, and everybody wanted to know my opinions on all imaginable subjects —grangers, railroads, local option, free schools, Cuba, the next Presidency and what not. what not. I was seriously embarrassed at finding

myself for the first time face to face with a constituency, but was humanely re-tieved by Bully M'Cne, who stepped up and whispered in my ear, confidentially:
"You can answer all them questions
most satisfactory in one word—treat!"
"A friend in need is a friend indeed," and by authority my committee man led the constituency into the next grocery. Then I was followed by a bevy of little

girls collecting for the mite society, who pertly demanded a dollar from the candi-Reflecting that little girls have fathers who have votes, I called a sweet, blush-

ing maiden who was modestly hanging back, and gave her the dollar, with a pat on the head and a compliment added. This was observed, and at the next corner I was boned by a maiden aunt of one of the little girls for a contribution to the heathen, especially those whose lot is cast in our borders. I escaped into a friendly store, but there the proprietor spread his stock of silks on the counter, insisting I should select a dress for madam to wear at the

capital next winter. Only sixty-five dol-lars the pattern. "Very proud to have your name on our books," said he, bundling up the dress and sending it off by a boy without my daring to object. I was next obliged to buy a raw-boned, spavined, wind-broken horse to electioneer on, because a warm friend and voter insisted on it. A burly fellow claimed two dollars of me for a load of worm-caten pine wood he had thrown off at my door without saying "By your leave," and although he knew I peculiar-

spised that kind of fuel. Hastening homeward, I was waylaid by a disagreeable, peak-nosed elder who had secoded and was trying to get up an opposition meeting house to divide our condemn him and his enterprise he now asserts his advantage and thrusts his greasy subscription paper, under my rose with the siture "that condidates for public favors is expected to be liberal."

I fork over twenty dollars with groan. Yesterday I was impressed with the belief that the public, "through its committee," was soliciting a favor from me; to-day the boot seems to be on the other leg .-- " Porte Crayon."

The Queen of England.

Queen Victoria, in her address to the English Parliament, speaks as follows: My relations with all foreign powers continue of a cordial character. The in-surrectionary movement which during he last six months has been maintained in the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and which the troops of the sultan have up to the present time been unable to repress, has excited the attention and interest of the great Eumy duty not to stand aloof from the efforts now being made by the allied and friendly governments to bring about the pacification of the disturbed districts; and I have, accordingly, while respecting the independence of the Porte, oined in urging on the sultan the expediency of adopting such measures of administrative reform as may remove all reasonable cause of discontent on the part of his Christian subjects.

The humane and enlightened policy constantly pursued by this country in putting an end to slavery within her own dependencies and in suppressing the slave trade throughout the world makes it important that the action of British national ships in the territorial waters of foreign States should be in harmony the great principles. I have, therefore, given directions for the issue of a royal commission to inquire into all treaty engagements and other international obligations bearing upon this subect, and all instructions from time to time issued to my naval officers, with a view of ascertaining whether any steps ought to be taken to secure for my ships and their commanders abroad greater power for the maintenance of the right of personal liberty.

He Missed Them.

As a reporter passed a North Hill schoolhouse, says the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye, a studious-looking lad came out from one of the doors with a worried expression of countenance and ambled around to the rear of the building, fallibly make it so. Washing the ear closely followed by a companion, who with soap and water is bad; it keeps the popped from behind a fence. The two sought a retired nook, where the studious lad backed up against the wall, and, reaching his hand behind him into that department of a boy's clothing that is patched next after his knees, he drew forth a heavy buckskin mit, and again another. As he readjusted his deranged garments he winced a trifle, and rubbing a little lower down on his anatomy, gave vent to the remark: "They're pretty good, Jemmy, but he missed 'em

Unusual Excitement.

The London Spectator says that the recent terrible railway accident in England has caused "unusual excitement. tenced to seven years imprisonment at Certainly no one can be surprised to Charleston—five years for forgery, and hear that. A more horrible instance of slaughter has seldom been heard of. have A passenger train ran into a coal train, eloped with a fourth woman, the wife and injured several persons. Then an of another man, and to have forged the express train crashed into the wreck, name of this woman's husband upon a bank check, with which the fugitive gers, among them the eldest son of Mr. couple abstracted \$175 from his bank Boucicault, the well-known author and

Cambrie Dresses for Spring.

The furnishing houses, says Harper's Basar, are busily manufacturing cam-bric and gingham suits for spring. These are made of checked, striped, and plaid Scotch ginghams, or else of percales or cambrics in gingham plaids, of old-time pink and white, or blue with gray, or perhaps shaded brown. There is very little of novelty in the manner of making. The lower skirts are arranged so that they train slightly in the house, or may be shortened in the street. One or two bias gathered scanty flounces is the trimming. The overskirt is a long apron sloped to the figure, with full back breadths that are caught up in a puff behind by means of a sash of the dress material. An end of this sash is sewed into the side seams, and then a large long-looped bow is tied in the middle. This draws the front smoothly over the figure, and the back breadths are pulled over the sash in a puff. This skirt has the advantage of being easily ironed, as the sash and back breadths are readily straightened out. A single dcep, full pocket is on the front. A hem, facing, or other plain edge, such as a striped border, is more in keeping with these skirts than a ruffle or plaiting. body may be a belted basque or a side-plaited waist, or else the baby waists or blouses once so popularly worn. New belted basques have the side forms of he back beginning on the shoulders instead of in the armholes, thus making the long seams now used in all corsages. The neck is finished with an English collar that is very high behind, and is turned over in wide points in front. The sleeves are ordinary coat shape, with very simple cuff, or else with a plaiting that falls over the wrist.

The bordered lawns and organdies called centennial lawns are being made up with square kerchiefs or fichus somewhat in centennial fashion. The flounces, overskirts, collar, cuffs, belt, and pocket are all trimmed with the border that comes near the selvedge of the lawn, or else in separate horizontal Gayly colored ribbons, made into rosettes, are also used on these pretty and simple dresses. Some of the organdies are made of high colored patterns that will wash, and these are trimmed with rows of box-plaited flounces. Dresses that are meant to wash have side-plaited or gathered flounces that are easily laundried. For trim-ming suits of solid colored lawns in the pretty rose, cream, pale, or dark blue shades, white machine embroidered muslin is used in scant flounces or ruffles. This comes in sheer lawn merely scalloped in deep scalloped points, or else dotted with close work, or perhaps in the open compass designs of English embroidery. Bands wrought on both edges, with sufficient plain space bet tween for ruffles, are sold by the dozen or half dozen for a small sum. The newest feature in such bands is to have them in ecru muslin instead of in the

blue white It is predicted that these colored wash dresses will take the place of the white muslin suits that have been so long the standard dress for summer in the coun try. It should be remembered that colored hosiery to correspond with the dress, and square toed slippers trimmed with a rosette or a buckle, are part of the gay and pretty centennial dress.

Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar.

Journal, is still found among the Egyp tians of to-day, but in a somewhat dif ferent form from that of the Biblical narrative. M. De Lesseps, the distinguished engineer and savant, who has attention and interest of the great European powers. I have considered it the Egyptian tradition: Potiphar was not a tender-hearted man. He imprisoned his wife, as also Joseph, although the lady and Joseph asserted their inno cence. The judge ordered an inquiry, and the wife of Potiphar, in her defense, urged that her passion for Joseph had been awakened by his personal beauty, which she declared no woman possibly could resist. Others, she said would have done as she had, an assertion she was invited to prove. On being set at liberty she invited a number of her female friends to meet her at her house, without informing them of the purpose for which they were assembled. To each guest an orange and a golden knife were given, and they were requested not to cut the oranges until the lady of the house had given them the signal to do so, by pronouncing the word "Now." The ladies, with their orange in one hand and their knife in the other, were gazing with surprise at their hosters, when suddenly the door opened and Joseph made his appearance standing on the threshold. "Now," cried the wife of Potiphar, but her guests, captivated by the beauty of the Hebrew, paid no attention to what they were doing, and, consequently, cuttheir fingers. The party was called before the judge on the following morning; every one of the ladies, save one, hid her wounded hand in the folds of her garment, while the one whose hand was unburt declared that she had escaped the common fate by throwing her knife away the moment she saw Joseph; and, on being further pressed with questions, declared that had she not thrown her knife away she should have stabbed herself to the heart, because she could never bear to look upon the Hebrew and know that she could never possess him as a husband.

- Frightened him Off. He was on his knees to her. His face was flushed, his eyes gleamed passion-ately into hers, he talked rapidly: "Nothing shall separate us ever more, my darling. For your sake I will beard the lion in his den! I will face covered the state he was in they ran death on the battlefield! I will skim away. Fortunately their proceedings the seas! I will endure all hardship, all suffering, all misery!" He paused and looked eagerly to her, with his whole soul quivering in his

Will you do all this for the sake of my love?" said she, gazing earnestly into the burning eyes.

"Yes, yes; a thousand times yes!"
"And if we wed," continued she,
will you get up first and build the

With a shrick of despair he fled.

Teaching Little Children. The following extract from one of the sermons of Mr. Moody shows the ap-peals he makes to his thousands of listeners: A young lady came home from boarding school, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in the fashionable society. No, she said she had something better than that. She went to the Sabbath-school superintendent, and said to him: "Can you give me a class in the Sunday-school?" suprised that this young lady should want that. He told that he had no class that he could give her then. She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school. One day, as she was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind was the old shoemaker chasing him with a wooden last in his hand. He lad not run far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's she went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said: "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday-school. "If you will come," she said, "I will teach you beautiful stories and read nice backs." She general and pleaded with books." She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon soul for Christ. Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. "Been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Sabbath school, but his father and mother told him he must not go any more, or he would get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flog-ging. He went the second time and got flogging, and also a third time with the same result. At last he said to his father: "I wish you would flog me be-fore I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said: "If you go the Sabbath-school again I will kill you." It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passersby, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on The little fellow hastened to Saturday. he young lady's house and said to her : 'Father said that he would give me very Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me then I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." wonder how many young ladies there are who would give up their Saturday afternoons just to teach one boy the way into the kingdom of God? Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's spirit broke upon his heart. One day

This famous legend, says the Home while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed and passed over both his for votes. legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face and said: "Doctor, will I live to get home?"
"No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian ?" They bore home the boy's corpse and with it the last message that he died a Christian. Oh, what a noble work was that young ady's in saving that little wanderer How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is that we may do it for His glory! Another Joan.

A telegram from a newspaper corres pondent in Herzegovina states that a Dutch lady, rich, but very eccentric, has made her appearance in the insurgent ranks, mounted on a magnificent mule. She was received with military honors, the troops being drawn up in battle array and presenting arms to their mistress, who had brought with her an ample supply of banknotes, which she handed over to the chiefs of the movement, promising further pecuniary as-sistance, by means of which she hopes to secure the defeat of the Turks in than three months. She is described as a sort of modern Joan of Arc. armed at all points, wearing male attire and carrying with her a Dutch flag, which floats proudly on the breeze.

Playing at Hanging.

While some boys were playing at Dykehead, England, the other day, one of them proposed that they "have a game at Wainwright." mld This was agreed to; and the boys having erected a scaffold, which was done by piling some stones or bricks against a pole, a rope was attached to the top of the pole and fixed around a boy's neck. The stones were then knocked from under his feet, and he was left struggling. As soon as his companions discovered the state he was in they ran were observed from some neighboring houses, whence timely aid was rendered the boy, who when taken down was in an exhausted condition.

Poor Krr.-Kit Carson's remains have lain since 1868 in a coyote patch, under the shade of a couple of cotton woods by the roadside on the Arkansas (southern Colorado), without even a piece of picket railing to protect the grave from the wolves, or a pencil mark on a shingle for a headstane, to tell the traveler that Kit Carson sleeps beneath it.

NO. 1.

The Soul's Hope. Behold! we know not anything : I can but trust that good faith shall fall At last-far off-at last, to all-And every winter change to spring. So runs my dream : but what am I? An infant crying in the night-

An infant crying for the light-

And with no language but a cry.

Facts and Fancies. There are 33,616 seamen in the British

pavy, and 19,283 marines. The revenues of the Church of Enggland amount to \$25,000,000 annually. Chilian women have received the right to vote, the only qualification being they must be of age and able to read and write.

During the past twelve years Dart-mouth College has received about \$600,-000 in gifts, and about \$700,000 more will become available in a few years.

The Pennsylvania Legislature bave under consideration a bill making it a penal offense to point agun or a pistol at

a person, whether in jest or earnest. A girl inquired of the mayor of Meri-den, Conn., if he could not forbid her widowed mother to marry again. She thought the police ought to be made to

Mrs. Kirby, a widow residing in Caldwell county, N. C., lost eight children in January by diphtheria; four of them

n such quick succession that they were buried together. Silas Horton Stringham, rear-admiral of the United States navy, died at his residence in Brooklyn, recently. For several years past he has been a great sufferer from disease.

At a marriage in Boston, a few days since, the daughters of the bridegroom, who had no great partiality for the bride, stripped the shawl from her shoulders. A police officer restored order.

Forest planting is thriving in Minne-sota. The St. Paul and Pacific railroad has set out over 4,000,000 young trees, and altogether it is estimated that 20, 000,000 have been planted on the prairie

A Chicago millionaire, M. O. Walker, died a few years ago, leaving a will that pleased nobody; and there has been re-alized thus far from the estate \$35,770, of which \$26,100 have gone to the lawyers and administrators.

A man named Gill sued the Grand Junction canal company, England, to recover compensation for the lunacy of his wife, which he swore resulted from fright caused by a boiler explosion on the canal in 1874. The jury awarded him £100.

In those parts of Louisiana where the rice was cut early the long continued rains which followed kept the fields soaked and flooded, and now from the old stubble a second rice crop up and is ready to be cut. add largely to the rice estimate.

The Piute Indians, of Nevada, do not gain by contact with civilization. They beg in the daytime, and at night return to their wickiups, which are huts made of brush and old gunnysacks, warmed only by sagebrush fires. They do not seem to think of bettering their condition.

They call Dr. Peters, of Decatur, Ind. the meanest man in that State, because he spent a good deal of money at a church fair in buying votes for a cane to be given to the most popular doctor in town, and, failing to get the prize, sued the church for the money he had spent

A ball was recently given by the vol-unteer fire brigade of Coventry, and at three in the morning, while the dancing was in full progress, the gas was turned off, and the entreaties of the firemen could not persuade the authorities to turn it on. The result is that to-day Coventry is without any fire depart-

One cause of the great increase of the number of rabbits in Nevada is found to be the operation of the law giving a bounty for all coyotes killed, the latter being the natural enemies of the rab-The Indians scarcely ever kill a coyote, notwithstanding the bounty. They have a superstitious regard for the animals, and before the whites came among them never killed any.

How he was Outwitted.

The story is told of an old Quaker who ived with a woman as his wife, but reused to be bound by any form of marriage. Their relationship was known to be a perfect marriage in all but the form, and his friends, while acknowledging the purity of the man's ideas, were grieved at the scandal created by his action, as he was known to be a good man. He was, however, deaf to all remonstrances, although his friends presented the matter in every possible light. At length some of the oldest and gravest among his friends determined that the matter ought to be settled, with or with out his sanction. They therefore called on him, and, in the presence of his wife in all but the name, they renewed their arguments. In the course of the conversation they artfully managed to draw from her the remark that she considered him as her husband. Immediately afterward they spoke to him in such a way that he, not suspecting their inten-tion, replied: "Why, I consider her as my wife." "Then I pronounce you man and wife. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put assunder," said the oldest man in the party. The outwitted Quaker was furiously angry, but he had been caught beyond

Worthy Emulation.

The editor of the Lewistown (Pa.) Sentinel has lately received a legacy of \$20,000 from an old citizen of Mifflin county, as some acknowledgment of the benefit derived from the reading of that newspaper. An act worthy of emula-tion. How different the feelings of that "dear departed" in his new home from those of the poor fellows who were taken out in debt to the printer. Reader, you may not be able to leave a \$20,000 legacy to your editor, but do, do try to get square with him.—Exchange.