A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled? Frozen and dead. Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore. O doubting heart ! Far over purple seas,

They wait in sunny ease, The balmy southern breeze, To bring them to their northern homes once

Why must the flowers die? Prison'd they lie In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart ! They only sleep below The soft white ermine snow, While winter winds shall blow, To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays These many days Will dreary hours never leave the earth ? O doubting heart? The stormy clouds on high Veil the same sunny sky, That soon (for spring is nigh)

Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is 'eal, and light Is quench'd in night.

What sound can break the silence of despair? O doubting heart ! The sky is overcast. Yet stars shall rise at last, Brighter for darkness past And angels' silver voices stir the air.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man-not more than five and twenty-and he was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-face, keeneved man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face. "My dear boy, the burden is not only

heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it." "Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah. Clarence!"

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not pear to be on the point of crying?" boy, that I am older than you are, and that a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence I have been through the mill. You find that followed he reflected upon the past, your burden heavy; and I've no doubt that and he called to his mind scenes just as Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then love and blessing that might be; with this got some childer?" "Yah," "Und you another look; the voice grew higher; the reason was unhinged; passion gained sway a smile upon your face; and you should put "Nein." "Vell, Schmidt you go right and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the I have come home to throw down the bur- said the magistrate in good humor. "I time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sight of the were to do this, would your wife repulse

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he an amazement which shows that you unknew not how long his burden of unhap-

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-heart- and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me ed Christian man; and, after pause, he an-

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend "

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you

love your wife?" "Love her? Yes, passionately." "And do you think she loves you in re

THE PT "I don't think anything about it-I

"You know she loves you?" "Yes."

Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at

"Of course not." "It was but a surface-squall, which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then-"Yes yes; I am heartily sorry.'

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly: - Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are ?" "I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden ?" "Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is

Charence looked upon his interlocutor

"If the storm had all blown over, and to the events of that gloomy morning. you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented. "But," continued Mr. Wardle, "your fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative

"Because," the merchant added, with a "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I-I carry it?"

"Aye; you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been selfimposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long

as she can!" Am I not right?" Clarence did not answer in words. "I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So you hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as is keenest and most sensitive. The hus- others stood and looked. and, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow

through her breaking heart." Clarence listened, and was troubled. He Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the

the cloud away, the cringes and cowers un-

thoughts, and after a time he rose and "Schmidt, vat vas dose trubbles?" und touched him upon the arm.

should think, on your way, only of the married?" You say, "Yah," "Und thought, you should enter your abode with | don't vas so trunk as you can't valk?" your arms around your wife's neck, and avay home." Und dot vas my dinkin. kiss her, and softly say to her, "My darling, den I took away with me this morning. It think we'll make the fine \$3, but is greater than I can bear." Suppose you can't let you off altogether."

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with derstand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment?" Dare you to be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you went alone into the Jefferson Market Polove her? Do you fear she would respect -do you think the cloud of unhappiness self up. "Yes. Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy | might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and and become a bad boy." sat down with her work in her lap. But the Justice. she could not ply her needle. Her heart 'I ain't got no home. Father has been

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she since?" knew that step! Yes-her husband enter- first street. But she gets drunk, and won't ed and a smile upon his face. She saw it let me stay in doors. To-day she chased through her gathering tears, and her heavy me, and said if I ever came back she would heart leaped up. He came and put his arms | do something awful with me. I'm afraid around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, clothes and don't look nice. I can't get I have come home to throw down the bur- anything to eat unless I beg or steal it. den I took away with me this morning. It

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could be forgive her? fellow under his protection, promised to His coming with the blessed offering had find him a home in some good institution. thrown the burden of reproach back upon himself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshiped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take

all the blame. He must share that. "We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now my darling we will be happy!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's from me without paying for that dinner. brimming eyes, and in the joy-inspired

It was a year after this-and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house a fig for a pistol; I thought it was a stomthat Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred ach-pump.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me.'

"And it serves you yet, my boy?" "Aye, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come as in the other days-for we are human. touch of parental sternness in his tone, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish: but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off; we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden.

First Look in a Mirror. The effect which the sudden seeing of themselves as others see them had upon several Siamese women is narrated by a lady: A few weeks ago, a couple of Siamese women came to see and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat to look at my house. They consider it a greater treat you will go home to dinner with a heavy if I invite them them through my heart and a dark face. You have no hope rooms, and let them look at my bed, that your wife will meet you with a smile. | my table, my chairs, my pictures and And why? Because you know that she my nick-nacks, and especially if they has no particular cause for smiling. You can get a look at themselves in the know that her heart is burdened with the mirror on my bureau. One or two of affliction which gives you so much unrest. those who came had been there before, miah And you are fully assured that you are to and they were telling of how they find your home shrouded in gloom. And, looked in the glass till the others were furthermore, you don't know when that all anxious to see too, so they gathered gloom will depart and when the blessed in a crowd and stood before the mirror. sun-shine of love will burst in again. And One quick look, and then a surprised, why don't you know? Because it is not startled cry, and some of them hid now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. their faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there. They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserably they looked with their black teeth and naked bodies. They drew their scarfs over their breasts and tried to hide from the sight of themselves. One turned and said to me: to forgive, but upon the inability to bear "We are very hateful looking, don't you think so?" I did not tell them I it has happened before, that one of the had always thought so, but I said: twain will surrender from exhaustion; and "Now, since you know how you look, it will be likely to be the weaker party. is it any wonder that we tell you to Then there will be a collapse, and a recon- wear more clothes and to quit chewing ciliation. Generally the wife fails first be- betel?" Some of them would not be neath the galling burden, because her love induced to look the second time, while James, also called Lebbeus, whose

Schmidt's Musings.

"Frederick Schmidt," said the Justice to a sleepy looking fellow, "you til his wife is sorced to let the sun-light in are fined \$10 for intoxication. But what's the matter my friend, you ap-"Nodings, Shudge, I was only dink-

"Thinking? of what?" "Vell, I'll spoke of it, if you told me

"Then I do tell you." "I vas dinking, Shudge, dot you vas me und I vas you. Dot ish you know, mitout no change. You vas der poor Dutchman. I saw you come in mitout The merchant read the young man's friends und sorrowful, und I say, "Clarence, suppose you were to put on some leetle peer." Und I say mit a your hat and go home now. Suppose you look on your face, "Schmidt, you vas

"Those are very pleasant thoughts,"

"Dree dollar! Vell I paid it und vas dankful; but you vas not so good a Shudge mit me as I vas mit you." And rousing himself he waddled out of court.

Not a Bad Boy.

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, lice Court, New York, recently, and said to Justice Morgan: "Judge, your Honor, I want to give my-

"Why, my boy?" asked the Court. "Because," said the lad, I hain't got no

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in home and don't want to live in the street "Why don't you stay at home?" asked

"But where have you been living

"With my aunt. She lives on Fortyof her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I hain't got good don't want to steal or be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where can learn something and get to be a man?' places for good boys, and taking the little

A Slight Mistake.

A man ordered a most elaborate dinner at a restaurant which he enjoyed and praised much-after which he lighted a cigar, and sauntering up to the landlord, declared his

inability to pay for it. "But I don't know you," said Boniface. "Of course, or you would not have given me a dinner.

The enraged man seized the pistol, collared the offender, and taking aim at his heart, said: "Now, see if you get away the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a pistol." "Oh! that's a pistol, is it? I don't care The Writers of the Ruble.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Levit icus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. Joshua, Phineahas or Eleazer wrote he book of Joshua.

Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David and probably, Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts; and the whole was formed into two first and second books of Samuel. Jeremiah probably compiled the two

books of the Kings. Chronicles. He is also author of the lacy.

book bearing his name. Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah. The author of the book of Esther is

unknown.

es, and the Songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his

Ezeki l, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah, wrote the books of the have now-a-days. prophesies, bearing their respective

names. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels named after them. Luke wrete the Acts of the Apostles. the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Phile-

mon and Hebrews. James the son of Alpheus, who was cousin-German to Christ, and one of the apostles, wrote the Epistle of James. Peter wrote the Epistle bearing his

The apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.

Jude, the Apostle, the brother of surname was Thaddeus, near relative of our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude St. John, the Divine wrote Revela-

The Late Queen of Rolland,

of Holland. Upon our first formal she met. hung with rose-colored satin and gay the arts of cooking and housekeeping. the depot, a lady ran out in the crowd but when we were asked "to tea," it to cook him a dinner. was in her own private parlor that the | She was not learned in French verbs you spoke out, "Shudge I took me ties stood against the wall; easy-chairs piano, but we have no doubt she made and little tables went wandering com- her company quite as comfortable as fortably about the floor; and a general the modern young lady does hers.

as the writer observes, tried hard to be such a woman has control blessed. a gentleman; but underneath all his Imperial when he was about six years from those older than herself. old. It seems that the Emperor had a troop of boys of the Prince's age under as mother, and that her judgement was drill, and the Prince himself was one as good as grandmother's. of the regiment; and one day, when She did not go to parties by the time the Queen was quesioning him lightly she was ten, and stay till after mid. as to what he meant to do it. the world, night playing eucher and dancing with was heavy and sad, and tears were in her dead nine years, and mother died before he replied bravely, in true Napoleonic any chance young man who happened fashion, "Madame, I shall be a sol- to be present. dier." "But you are so little," said her little fellow, making a military salute, capable of giving happiness. "je suis deja caporal." The Empress of the French Her Majesty thought girl in the world to-day, may heaven a woman of excellent parts, but over- bless her and keep her, and raise up whelmed with all sorts of frivolties others like her. outside of herself. "There is so much to do," said the Queen naively, "I wonder how she ever gets through it

The Justice told the boy there were such all. It was one tumult from morning named Jordar, who married a Russian till night. I could not have endured woman. After she had lived some it." At Osborne, where she visited time with her husband, she one day gender. Then there appeared to view Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by thus loyingly addressed him: "Why is the dullness and formality. She it my dearest husband, that you do not clay pipe and a pair of bifurcated garthought the Queen of England a per- love me?" The husband replied: "I ments wrapped around a paper box. son of extraordinary information, but do love you passionately." "I have as No further investigation was necessary the slavery of etiquette which sur- vet." said she, "received no proof of rounded her was unendurable. From your love." The husband inquired this very slavery it was the desire of what proofs she desired. Her reply her." No wonder she sought the prothe Queen of Courcanale to deliver her- was, "You have never beaten me!" tection of the police, No wonder Kayself, and her own life was one of vig- "Really," said the husband, "I did not anagh blushed for the first time in his orous action and intelligent effort. She know that blows were proofs of love; rose daily at seven; walked, wrote, and however, I will not even fail in this read at fixed hours, corresponding with respect." And so not long after he half the sayants of Europe on matters beat her most cruelly, and confessed "What is that in your hand?" gasped of literary and scientific interest. She to me that after that process his wife drew around her all the intellectual showed him much greater affection. people of her court, accosting them So he repeated the exercise frequently; ture is found to retain for a very long | Can the fellow who tenders a lady a without formality or pretension, inter- and finally, while I was still at Mos- period its original strength. Heat, biscuit be said to offer her a doughna-

oplnions, which she encouraged them frankly to express. She was a warm friend of the English; her best friends were Englishwomen. She spoke the language with absolute perfection and without accent, and was the mistress of six other tongues. Our American war was a serious puzzle to her. She was as kind as possible in her sympathy. but still admitted openly that the books, which were named after Samuel breaking up of our Republic would be as the most enginent person, called the no cause of grief to the royal families in Europe. "You are so strong," she said ruefully, and she shared the com mon European delusion that the cause Ezra compiled the two books of the of the South was the cause of aristoc-

The Old Fashioned Girl,

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she Elihu was most probably the penman was fifteen. She used to help her of the book of Job. Moses may have mother wash the dishes and keep the written the first two chapters and the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition last. Some think Job wrote them him- to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between David wrote most of the book of the them and mamma's, and yet she could Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them. try grindle cakes at ten years of age, Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiast- and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting him. them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She name, and the Lamentations of Jere- had no very costly toys to be sure, but chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children

She never said "1 can't," and "1 don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down or on an errand, because she had not been brought up in Paul is the author of the Epistles to that way. Obedience was a cardinal to bed in a deep study. virtue in the old fashioned little girl. She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs

for breakfast. We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nine- made the thought secure. tenths of the grown-up women now-a

count of his first visit to the late Queen not fancying a hero in every plow-boy believe it?" audience we were received in one of She learned the solid accomplish-

the State Departments, a fine salon, ments as she grew up. She was taught with gilded furniture and wax candles; When she got a husband she knew how

Queen entertained us, a charming or Latin declensions, and her near great room, with tropical plants grow- neighbors were spared the agony of ing in the windows, and a grand piano hearing her pound out "The Mailen's at one end. Books and ornaments were Prayer" and "Silver Threads among in a moment, but it was a long time bescattered about, and cabinets of curiosi- the Gold" twenty times a day on the

air of home-likeness pervaded the spa- It may be a vulger assertion, and we cious apartment, whose walls were suppose that we are not exactly up hung with interesting pictures, filled with the times, but we honestly bewith associations to the student of his- lieve and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small One evening, when we arrived, we opportunity for observation, and when found the Queen reading Kinglake's it comes to keeping a family happy, a 'Invasion of the Crimea," in which good cook and housekeeper is to be she was greatly interested. His dra- greatly preferred above an accomplishmatic characterizations pleased her ed scholar. When both sets of qualities particularly, and above all the hits at are found together, as they sometimes her late uncle, Nicholas of Russia, who are, then is the household over which

The old-fashioned little girl was superficial polish still lay the "gypsy modest in her demeanor, and she never instinct," which prompted him on talked slang or used by-words. She occasion to do some mean act.— did not laugh at old people or make Inspired by our interest, the Queen drift fun of cripples, as we saw some ed into various personal recollections modern little girls doing the other day. of her visit to Napoleon III., and re- She had respect for elders and was not lated a little anecdote of the Prince above listening to words of counsel

She went to bed in season and doubt-Majesty, "they cannot make you an of- less said her prayers before she went, ficer; you will have to be a private al- and slept the sleep of innocence, and ways." "Pardon, madame," said the rose up in the morning happy and

And if there be an old fashioned little

A Dutiful Husband. There is at Moscow, a blacksmith rogating them, enjoying their different cow, cut off her head and her legs.

Hunting for a Word.

An anecdote of Moore, the Irish ed farmers in England. Some men poet, shows how much pains a writer make a regular business going round who does good work will take to put with them and giving rat infested the right word in the right place. houses a "run" in consideration of the Moore was on a visit to a literary payment of a ten dollar bill. The ferfriend in France, and while there wrote rets are rather expensive creatures,

a short poem. One day while the guest was engaged

which is a word I do not like. The still a minute, except, perhaps, when line is perfect save that one word, and they sleep, and then, like their nearest that word is perfect save its inflection. cousin the weasel, they are apt to sleep Thus it is," and he repeated the line with their eyes open. Their life is one and asked his friend if he could help of continuous and constant activity.

It was a delicate point. The friend saw the need, saw where and how the master, they are at home in cages, present word jarred just the slighesi where they run to and fro like penned possible bit upon the exquisite harmony up lions. Often the terret is seen with her rag doll and little bureau and of the cadence; but he could not supply the want ..

The twain cudgeled their brains until they reached the house on their return without avail.

The rest of the day was spent as usua as was the evening, save that ever anon Moore would sink into silent fits in pursuit of the absent word. And so came on the night, and the poet went die a subterranean and ignoble death.

The following morning was bright and beautiful, and Moore came down show them such mercy as their craving from his chamber with a bounding step stomachs afford. They do not eat the with a scrap of paper in his hand, and flesh. They insert their teeth and, a glorious light in his genial counte- weazle-likes suck all the blood out of

kind genius of inspiration had visited by poison. They cry down the poison a scrap from his note-book, and at the window, by the light of the moon, had which the rats perish is rendered al-

"There," he said, when he had porated it into the text; "there it is-The old-fashioned litle girl did not only a simple, single word, a word as claim, for the latter take all the blood grow into a young lady and talk about common as a. b. c., and yet it cost me from them and the carcasses, instead of beaux before she was in her teens, and twelve hours of unflagging labor to find decaying, dry up. After all, the ferrets Sidney Hyde gives the following ac- she did not read dime novels, and was it and put it where it is. Who could are doing more than is generally

That Awful Satchell.

As the Charlotte train steamed into in an excited manner inquiring for an officer. From her anxiety it would seem as if the whole police force was indispensable just at that time and at that precise part of the world. Detective Kavanagh was by the lady's side fore he could glean from her wild expressions just what was the matter At last he learned that she had come up on the Charlotte train, and had taken her satchel and gone into the Falls train. She left it on the seat and stepped from the cars to get some lunch. When she returned to the cars her own satchel was missing and an "old nausty" valise left instead. Kavanagh immediately went to work to set store. The trap door leading to the matters aright, and entering the car the lady pointed out to him the place where she had left her satchel and the one that had been substituted for it.

seat and there saw another satchel. "Madam," said he to the lady, "perhaps this is the ark that contains the the strange man appeared on the stairs worldly necessities of your railroad journey through life," and he held it covered with dust from head to foot up between the thumb and forefinger and his coat split up the back, and the of his tiny right hand. (Kavanagh can wear Perinot's number 3.)

Then the lady's face became a perfect rainbow of colors; she blushed like a She did not think she knew as much summer rose, and immediately grew he turned around and extended his white as snow; her eyes opened hand, "you have been the means of wide in astonishment; she tried to speak but couldn't; at last she said: "I-I-I-be-be-lieve, I do de-de

> -claw th-at weally is mine." Then Kavanagh politely took off his centennial straw hat and bowed him-

The truth was as obtained by one of

our reporters in a subsequent interview that the lady went to the wrong seat on re-entering the car, and wishing to procure a handkerchief from the satchel-she thought was hers-opened it and there a sight met her bewildered gaze that would scare a phalanx of the weaker sex. The first thing that met her eye was the general confusion of the contents, which was proof positive that the owner was not of the feminine a shaving cup, a piece of soap, an old to convince the feminine mind that the "hawred contents did not belong to life, and would have been run over by the second Atlantic express if the Vesuvious had not lifted him ten feet in the air with an octagonal basso profundo of "L-o-o-k-e-e- out thar!"

Timber continually exposed to mois- of the metallic oxides with moisure is extremely injurious.

Ferrets are the great resort of afflict-

costing about thirty dollars a pair. They are so long and slim and supple n his literary labor, the two took a that they can almost tie their own bodstroll in the adjacent wood, and the ies in a knot and be crawling out of it host soon perceived that his companion again at one end before the knot at the was given up to his own thoughts; he other end is completed. A mediumwas silent and abstracted, noticing sized auger hole can be utilized by neither his friend and entertainer nor them with ease, the only trouble being the surrounding beauties of the land- that the auger hole is apt to be straigt and the ferrets used to doubling up and By-and-by he began to gnaw the fin- arching their backs and going through ger-tips of his glove, pulling and twitch- all sorts of strange convulsions with ing spasmodically, and when this had their bodies-as though to show off gone on for a long time, his friend ven- their graceful curves-would feel quite tured to ask him what was the trouble. lost in having to keep their straight "1'll tell you," said Moore. "I have natural position, even though for the eft at home upon my table a poem in space of one second. They are never When they are not crawling into rat holes at the bidding of an inexorable scratches on his nose or lacerations on the neck. These are the little remembrances of his encounters with his natural enemy, the rat. The rat will not fight a ferret when he can get away. The largest rat will run from them. They can smell them long before they can see them, and that is the Young rats in nests are at the ferrets" mercy, and the ferrets are not slow to their bodies, then leave them. This is The word had come to him! He was the great point ferret men make over awakened during the night, and the the modern style of getting rid of rats his pillow, and he had got up and torn system and declare that by killing rats in that manner, life in a house about most intolerable by the stench their decaying carcasses create. By killing them with ferrets this is avoided, they expected of them when they kill grown rats. Their principal use is to drive the vermin from their holes up to the light of day, where Scotch terriers and nets and clubs in the hands of the ferrets' masters do the rest.

Through a Trap Door.

The proprietor of a store on W-street was looking out upon the rainbe-drizzled streets and figuring that he wouldn't make a cent during the whole afternoon, when a hard-up looking stranger wet to the hide, walked softly in and took a seat in a chair.

"Anything to day?" asked the mer-The answer was a lonesome shake of

the head. "Bad weather to day."

Another weary shake replied. After five minutes of silence, the basement was up, and in one of his turns he went down out of sight like a bag of shot. The merchant called out when it was too late and he ran to the Then Kavanagh looked in the next trap and peered down the dark stairs with the expection of seeing a corpse on the cellar bottom. Instead of that and ascended without help. He was

merchant hastened to say: "I am very sorry, indeed. I forgot the trap-are you much hurt?" "My friend," replied the stranger as

saving me! Shake hands with me!" The merchant thought the tall had made a lunatic, but he shook and the man went on: "Five minutes ago I was half drunk and desperate. I had about made up my mind to murder some one and then jump into the river. That fall has given me new and better ideas. From this hour I am a new man, with a better life before me! Shake

again!" "Ah-yes-very strange," stammered the merchant as he shook, and the stranger said as he stood in the door:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for leaving that trap open! Wife and children shall bless your name and I can never forget you! Good-bye, sir -ten thousand blessings-Heaven keep

you in its care!" The merchant puzzled over the case for a long time and then went down the cellar and found evidences that the stranger had coolly jumped down there rolled in the dust, and during the brief moment secured about his person four dozen pocket knives and a package of of gloves. Then there was another

Leather is rendered waterproof by rubbing or brushing into it a mixture of drying oils and any of the oxides of lead, copper or iron, or by substituting

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