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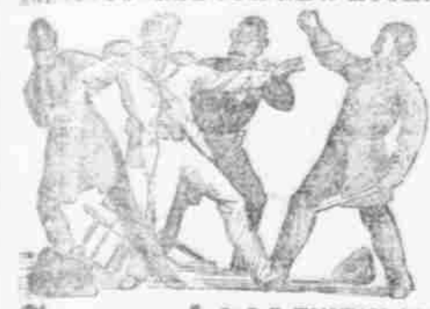

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MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET.

Over and under, and in and out,
The swift little needle flies;
For always between her and idleness
The mending basket lies;
And the patient hands, though weary,
Work lovingly on and on
At tasks that never are finished;
For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stocking,
And skillfully knits in the heel,
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,
That he may no roughness feel;
And her thoughts to her merry girlhood
And her early wedlock go,
And she smiles at her first pair of stockings
She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden
Learning to knit at her side,
And tells her about those stockings
Uneven and smaller and wide—
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;
Don't be [illegible]
And after [illegible] learned to knit
As swift [illegible]."

She takes up a little white apron,
And thinks of the sweet face
Of her darling when [illegible] crying:
"Oh, mamma, I've torn my lace."
So she mends the child's pet apron;
Then looks up a tiny shoe,
And fastens a stitch that was broken,
And ties the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working
And gone away to her play;
The sun in the west is sinking
At the close of the quiet day.
Now the mother's hands are resting
Still holding a stocking of red,
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow
To the far off future have fled.

"O! where will the little feet wander
Before they have time to rest?
Where will the bright heads be pillowed
When the mother's loving breast
Is under the spring's blue violets,
And under the summer grass,
When over her fall the autumn leaves,
And the storms of winter pass?"

And a prayer from her heart she utters:
"God bless them, my dear ones all!
O! may it be many, many years
Ere sorrow to them befall!"
To her work from the mending basket
She turns with a heart at rest;
For she knows that to husband and children
She is always the first and best.
—[Ledger.

HAIR AND CHARACTER.

The Observations of a Reflective Barber.

"It is a fact," said the barber, "that a [illegible] of character is [illegible] by the beard than by the countenance. The art of reading character by the beard is taught as a science in Paris under the name of 'pogonology,' and I [illegible] a book is shortly to be published in which the principles of this science will be given in detail.

"Did you ever notice that people of very violent temper have always close growing hair? It's a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy enough for me to note at a single glance how a man's hair grows. Then I know how to handle him.

"The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies who at the same time had a sound mind that was not refined in his tastes.

"Fine hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual or especially in æsthetic pursuits, where delicacy is required, have invariably fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities.

"The brilliant, sprightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It's easy to bring a smile to the face of a man whose hair is curly. He laughs where colder natures see nothing to laugh at. But that's because his mind is buoyant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things.

"There is a good deal of difference between coarse hair and hair that is harsh, though it requires an expert to distinguish it. For example, a man's mustache may be as fine as silk and yet cannot be trained to grow into a graceful curve. That's because the hair is harsh.

"Now people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures. They are always ready to listen, but it is difficult to arouse their feelings. In men of this disposition the hair on their heads is generally, in fact almost always, of a shade darker than their beards.

"When the beard is full, covering the entire face, the color varies from a dark shade near the roots to red which colors the ends of the hair. These men have very rarely a good memory. They forget easily, and often leave a cane or an overcoat behind them in a barber's shop. They are great procrastinators and are bad at keeping appointments.

"Think over your acquaintances and see if the man who is habitually slow has not a mustache or beard of a lighter shade than his hair. It's always the case. These are the men who come in late at the theatre and get to the station just in time to miss the train.

"But philography is a science. It takes years of study and observation to acquire it. From long practice and a natural liking for the art I have attained considerable skill in discerning character."—[Household Words.

Young Ladies in France.

A lady writes to the New York Herald in reference to French customs with regard to young unmarried women. She says:

"One day I called on a friend, Mlle. Emelie, daughter of the Baroness of M——, one of the most respected families of the Faubourg St. Germain. Emelie was shocked at my boldness, and assured me that she never was out alone but once in her life.

"Not long after I went with a friend to call on a young French girl who was about to be married. We found the fiancee in anything but an amiable frame of mind, owing, she explained, to her inability to receive her future husband, who had called three times. Her mother was suffering from rheumatism and could not accompany her to the drawing room, so he was compelled to go away without seeing her.

"Another incident occurred while I was at school in Paris. The girls returned from the New Year vacations and imparted the news that Marie R. would not come back, as she was going to be married. She was barely seventeen and had a small fortune of 50,000f. The gentleman in question had proposed to her grandmother for her hand and been accepted. On the day of the wedding we all went to the church and waved Marie 'Good-by' on her way to Italy.

"Three months after she returned alone, deceived, ill-treated, penniless and deserted.

"Such a thing is never known in France as a young lady being wooed before marriage, but once the ceremony accomplished everything is open to her."

Cook Books and Matrimony.

The young man of slender income who hesitates to marry because his sweetheart doesn't know how to cook should not wait. There is high authority for the affirmation that any bride who loves her husband can, by the aid of modern invention and a good practical cook book, learn in three months all the art and mystery of preparing the daily dishes that are eaten by ninety-nine hundredths of our people.—[Philadelphia Record.

SQUALOR IN THE METROPOLIS.

Pictures of Life in Shanty Town, New York.—A Big-Headed Prodigy.

It is one of the odd features of New York that among imposing apartment houses and rows of brownstone fronts there should exist such a squalid settlement of bushwhackers as certainly is Shanty Town.

The inhabitants of that unattractive village are by no means poverty-stricken, however. They all have ready money and many of them more than a sufficiency of it, though their dwellings and the furnishings thereof are primitive in the extreme. Family pride is as rampant there as in the houses that line the broader and straighter avenues of the city.

In one of the huts, in the lower part of Shanty Town, there is a physical monstrosity that would make the heart of a dime museum man leap with joy and excite the liveliest interest of the scientist. Playing with the children and dogs of that delectable locality is a child six years of age, whose head when he was ten months old measured twenty-two and half inches in circumference.

In company with a physician, whose past services had placed him on a familiar footing with the family, a Tribune reporter went the other day to view the young man thus afflicted with the big head.

"Sure, Doctor, an' I'm very bad," responded the mistress of the shanty in reply to the usual inquiries. "I have the misery awful and my nerves are all unstrung."

Mrs. Murphy had large, clear blue eyes, and her face showed the relics of youthful beauty, but a heavy diagonal scar across her upper lip had drawn it partly out of shape.

"How is Willie?" asked the doctor. "I want to measure his head again."

Willie toddled up the walk at this point to answer for himself.

He was certainly a most remarkable specimen of humanity. His slender limbs shook under the weight of his enormous head. The neck and lower part of the head were unusually small, but above a plane passing through the eyes and upper part of the ears the skull flared out like the sides of a well-filled balloon, running out to a circumference of twenty-six and one-half inches, and up to a height of five or six inches. The eyebrows were drawn up an inch and the deserted eyes were weak and expressionless.

The child staggered a little and wobbled along like an emigrant woman with an overload of household goods on her head. A thin, narrow chest and pipestem arms seemed to hunger for the vitality that the overgrown head had absorbed, while the stomach alone showed aldermanic tendencies. There was intelligence in the child and the ability to talk, but no promise of a second Daniel Webster.

A big bruise on the forehead showed where the attraction of gravitation had gotten the better of Willie's understanding so that "the globe which we inhabit" and the lesser globe that served him for an upper story had come together.

"Sure, and he's aither bumpin' his head all the while," said Mrs. Murphy in explanation. "The b'ys run away from him, an' he tries ter foller. I'll have ter get him a goat ter play wid. Wasn't that a nice one we caught up at High Bridge last Sunday, Willie? But ter brute of a gateman wouldn't let us bring it down on the elevated. Let ter doctor measure your head, Willie," and Willie submitted with evident appreciation of the honor.

"This is what we call a hydrocephalic head," said the doctor, as he produced a tape-measure and notebook. "The brain is of ordinary size and the rest of the skull is filled with water. Such a child generally dies in infancy and this is perhaps the only case that ever occurred that was not fatal."

Along the middle of the skull there was a ridge about four inches in width. It gave forth a hollow sound as the doctor rapped it with his knuckles.

"[illegible] before the sutures joined," he continued in explanation. "In the new born babe the skull is not solid but is in several parts joined by membranes. When the head began to swell under the pressure of the water on the brain it split and there were three or four inches bare where there was no skull at all, only membrane. Now the bones have grown out and joined so that it is all hard as you can see. There is no reason why the child shouldn't live now until he dies from other causes."

When released, Willie toddled off to play with the "b'ys" who were either two [illegible] stout-hearted to run away [illegible] the [illegible] and the visitors [illegible] of Mrs. Murphy with the kind [illegible] and the twisted smile.

The doctor called at another palace of old boards trimmed with [illegible] and the [illegible] of the house [illegible] in a [illegible] prospects for the [illegible] only stopping for frequent applications [illegible] to her eyes.

The [illegible] extended from her father, who was a [illegible] in Ireland, and was "over a thousand men," down to the latest developments in the little affair between her daughter in Yonkers and "ther young feller that was a makin' up to her. An' sure he was a nice, likely young chap, but not a Cath'lic, and she didn't know whether they wouldn't fight over religion if they were married."

She wouldn't hear of the visitors going away without a glass of wine or something. After a lively discussion as to whether the molasses jug or the tumbler should be used, the latter carried the day, and Nora, the youngest girl, was sent around to the nearest groggery to have the tumbler filled with port wine.

Half the contents of "the growler" were poured out into a cup and the callers drank to the health of the daughter in Yonkers and the future conversion of her young man who "wasn't a Cath'lic."

"That woman is as honest as the day is long," said the doctor, as the two scrambled down to civilization again. "She pays cash always and in advance. Many is the time I've been rung up and found her at the door waving three dollars at me when she knows that my charge is only two dollars a visit. She paid her lawyer $60 in less than a week once. The ground rent for that shanty is $150 a year but she hasn't $5 worth of furniture in it, as you see."

New Portrait of Queen Victoria.

Prof. Angeli, the Queen's favorite portrait-painter, is expected shortly at Windsor Castle from Vienna. He was over here in the spring, when he commenced a "state" portrait of Her Majesty, which is now nearly finished. It is a life-size picture, and the Queen is represented in her royal robes and wearing the crown. She stands on a throne, and the rich folds of the purple train fall gracefully down the steps, so that the effect is altogether most imposing. The Queen wears the Garter. This picture is to be placed in Buckingham Palace with the State portraits of Her Majesty's predecessors, and as it becomes Crown property, it will be paid for out of the Civil List and not out of the Privy Purse.—[London World.

Warning to Courting Couples.

A young man in Bath, Me., recently called on a young lady and stayed so late that the indignant mother called a policeman and had the visitor sent to the lockup.

He was released the next day on agreeing to leave town, and the people of Bath justify the punishment on the ground that an "example" is needed.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HILDA.

A Sweet and Pathetic Narrative Told by the German Policeman.

An admirer of the German policeman took a singular liberty with him the other day. Knowing that the light-hearted philosopher in dislocated Dutch was to attend a certain social gathering, this friend made a wager that the policeman would make the ladies both laugh and cry inside of two minutes. The wager was accepted, though, of course, the policeman knew nothing of it, and at the party the young man won the money by getting the officer to tell a story which that worthy usually reserves for his friends.

"Vot," said the policeman; "you vont to know aboud vot habbened to my daughter Hilda? Oh, dot's a sad story—ey should ve gry vhen ve can choost as vell laugh?

"Oh, vhat heaps of fun I got mit Hilda. Ve vere like a gubble of playmates together. I remember von dime I vos in der shtreet, und she vos riting bic-a-back on my shoulders. Some beoples shtared at me as much to say, 'Dot's a pretty state of dings.' I only laughed. 'You poor lucky fellers,' I sayt, 'to get a beep at my Hilda—dot's bedder as a gromo.'

"I used to dake dot leetle gal my knees between, und try to sheare her py delling her uf some young man vich surely vould carry her off und marry her—maype a plumsy Dutchman or a shpeard Yankee feller. 'Ain't you 'shamed,' I used to say to her, 'to pe going to shake your boor olt farder choost for some young chackanapes vich shall your ear tuit [illegible] taffy unt your mouth mit chewing candy till you dink yourselluf so shveet all you got to done is choost to meld in dot feller's arms.'

"'Papa,' Hilda used to say, 'if dot feller comes I vill pounce him, sure.'

"'Oh, no!' I say; 'it's der olt farder vot vill get der pounce—und dot's all righd. Dot's der same vot your mutter done py her olt farder, und I did not vos mat at her.'

"Vell, von day I am in der house und I hear her sgream, und dere comes rushing in a neighper man und says: 'A minute ago, Hilda vos blaying der top uf a heap of lumber, und now der pile of lumber is on dop of her.' Crate Moses! I chumped der shdairs down, und vos choost in dime to see two men carrying dot shild—limp und lifeless—into a toy shtore. Dem lait her on der counder, her head py a pox uf dolls vich she vos choost saving her bennies to puy von uf, her feet on a crate pig chumping clack vich she hat bromised me I should for her cousin's Christmas buy.

"In schreamed der beoples—vorkingmen, loafers, ladies, und shildren—bressing nearer shtill und nearer.

"'Hilda! Hilda!' I sgreamed, 'vhy ton'd you look? Vhy ton'd you shpeak to me? Aind you 'shamed, shearing your boor olt farder?' But she never shtirred. She vos vhite und shtill. Choost apowd dot dime comes bressing in a fat vooman mit a red 'bandana' her hat arount—von uf dem Salvation Army vimmen.

"I nefer did haf some uses for dot Salvation Army.

"'Ish dot yours?' she squeaked, pointing to Hilda, vich efferypoddy dought vos dead, alretty.

"'She used to peen,' I sayt; 'but she ton'd seem to pelong to anypoddy in barticular choost now.'

"'I guess she vos dead,' dot vooman squeaked, gwite contented; 'vell, dot's pedder so—pedder so.'

"Den vos I madder as a house afire. 'Pedder so!' I sgreamed. 'Pedder so you got some decency from dot Piple deachings vich you disgrace mit your nicker minsdrel religion. Pedder so you got righd avay owd pefore I drow you der vinder owd—but no; you are dressed in imidation uf a vooman, und I cannot sdrike you.'

"'I dell you vot,' I sayt, 'blease send arount der Cheneral uf dot army und half a dozen Colonels und Captains till I knock into dem choost a leetle uf dot deceney und Ghristianity vhich der Salvation Army shtands so much in need uf.'

"Vell, Hilda didn't die—she's gwite a pig gal now. Und as she goes to school, swinging her leedle skirts, I see her keeping der sites uf her eyes out to get der first glimpse uf dot young feller vich is to run mit her avay."—[Julian Ralph in the Judge.

Sicilian Superstitions.

The Sicilians are charmingly superstitious. They still believe that the government has the power to give and cure cholera at its pleasure—that it has at its disposition a contre, as they say in their dialect, a specific against the disease.

In the worst time of the plague, the Sicilians have been heard to cry out:

"Come, come, it's not so bad; we'll soon be rid of the cholera. The government will put a stop to it when there are 5,000 dead."

An anecdote of equal savor is told of a young Sicilian who, afflicted with homesickness in Italy, longed to return to his "blessed" Sicily. Moving restlessly about the docks for sometime, he happens to meet a sea captain of his own race. Delighted with the chance, he implores him to take him on board his vessel and land him anywhere on the island.

"Willingly," said the captain, "on one condition."

"Name it; I subscribe to it in advance."

"That you will give us the antidote for cholera."

"I haven't any antidote for cholera, my man!"

"What nonsense! Don't you belong to the government? Are you not the son of our Mayor?"—[Ingleside.

Making A Whistle out of a Pig's Tail.

It has commonly been supposed that the wit of man was not equal to the task of transforming a pig's tail into a whistle. Hence the familiar expression to indicate the impossible runs, "You might as well try to make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

But the world was long ago taught that some things can be done as well as others—that an egg, for instance, although in theory as averse to standing on end as a pig's tail is to becoming a whistle, will readily assume that position just as soon as a masterful genius like Columbus comes along. A few weeks ago The Rochester Democrat, having occasion to refer to pigs tails and whistles, took occasion to assert that the latter could not be fashioned from the former, whereupon a reader of that paper proceeded to convict it of error by forwarding to the Democrat's sanctum an undeniable whistle fashioned from an obvious pig's tail, "carefully packed in a neat box."

Some of the visitors to the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 doubtless remember seeing among the attractions of one of the departments another of these tradition-defying instruments. As has been before remarked, we are living in a great age.—[New York Tribune.

A Spectacled Donkey.

A ragpicker in Hagen, Rhine Prussia, owns a donkey, which, it is safe to say, has not its equal in the world. The animal, after many years' service, has grown shortsighted, and in consequence rather unfit for work. The poor man, being unable to buy a substitute, had a pair of spectacles made for "long ears," which, to the great amusement of the inhabitants, has resumed its wonted rounds proudly wearing its "specs."—[Paris American Register.

Worth Thinking About.

Profitable employments would be no less a diversion than any of the idle sports in fashion, if men but be brought to delight in them.—[Locke.

THE SYMPATHETIC SNAIL TRICK.

A Chapter of Amusement for Lovers, Relatives and Friends.

To give a person a lock of your hair, or, as in China, a paring of your finger nail, is to show your perfect trust and confidence in him (or her) by putting yourself implicitly and entirely in his (or her) power and safe keeping.

Whatever has once belonged to anybody, and far more therefore whatever has once formed an actual physical part of his person, puts its present possessor so fully en rapport with the original owner that he can to a great extent control that owner's destinies.

In all magical ceremonies, whatever their purport—whether to avenge one's self upon one's enemy, or to gain the favor of the unkind and irresponsive object of one's affections, or to bring back the heart of one's now faithless lover—it is almost necessary to throw into the mystic caldron, or to burn with the fated image, a lock of the person's hair, or a rag of his clothing, or at the very least something or other that has once belonged to him.

Here is a little illustrative modern superstition which may help to make clearer the frame of mind that renders such strange forms of belief even now possible.

It is known as the sympathetic snail trick. To communicate with your lover at a distance, take two snails, and feed them on lettuce in a box together for a week or ten days before his departure for parts unknown. Then let your lover take one of the snails with him, while you keep the other in a box at home.

Arrange beforehand a fixed day and hour for communicating with one another, and at that hour take your own snail out of its box and lay it on a slip of paper on which you have written out a copy of the alphabet. (It shows the antiquity of the superstition that the letters must be capitals, in Roman form, not in script hand.)

Induce the snail to travel along the line up to the letter you wish to halt at (the inducement usually assuming practical shape in the point of a pin), and then stop him.

If the experiment has been properly performed, your lover's snail (put out similarly at the same moment, like a molluscan travesty of the Corsican Brothers) will travel along the corresponding slip and stop accurately at the same letter.

You can thus spell out as many words as you choose in the exact, easy and convenient fashion which the departed human spirit has independently invented for corresponding through the medium of a 5 o'clock tea table with its surviving relatives.

If the communication doesn't come off, that is because your absent lover, faithless man, has forgotten or neglected the appointed hour, or has ceased to love you, or has otherwise in some way or manner misconducted himself.

Perhaps, also, in the case of places far distant from one another, such as England and Australia, sufficient care may not always be taken by the unscientific swain to insure the correction of the local hour to Greenwich mean time; and the sympathetic snail may thus be made to walk about needlessly in his box at dead of night while his companion at the other side of the world is rejoicing in the full enjoyment of the antipodal noontide.—[Longman's Magazine.

Cartter's Cattle.

There are few men in Washington better known or better liked than David K. Cartter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District. His ability as a lawyer, his rectitude as a judge, his genial qualities as a man, all combine to make him a favorite.

Among his earthly possessions he owns a fine ranche at Great Bend, Kansas. This place is in charge of his son.

Young Cartter loves the good things of life. The good things of life cost money, and sometimes the young man has felt it necessary to make a draft on his fond father.

Last spring Judge Cartter informed his son that he would pay him a visit during the summer vacation of court. The young man saw his opportunity and improved it. Going to a friendly ranchero, he borrowed a "bunch" of cattle; i. e., about a hundred head. These he drove over to his own ranche.

When the senior Cartter arrived, the son took him out and showed him the fine "bunch" of cattle he had bought at a bargain. The older Cartter was delighted, and when the youngster explained that he needed a couple of thousands of dollars to finish paying for the cattle, he at once gave his check for the amount.

After the Judge had completed his visit, the son cashed the check, returned the "bunch" of cattle to his friend, and the time he and his fellow-ranchero had is still spoken of approvingly by the Great Benders.—[The Hatchet.

It Rained Crackers.

The fireman of the New York and Washington limited express seized a broom and sent a shower of Albert biscuits raining off the floor of the engine cab as the train came to a temporary rest in Broad street station on Saturday. "See here, boy," called a drawing-room car conductor, who was lounging on the platform, "you're getting high-toned sweeping away a Senator's lunch, eh?"

"Blame the things, I'm sick of 'em," answered the fireman. "I've been stuffin' em in ever since we left Elizabeth.

"Say, cull, you'd a died. We was just gettin' out of the limits, and Bob was whooping her. Well, sir, we struck the tail end of a baker's wagon on a crossin' a half mile out of town. S' help me, it rained crackers. The cab was so full of crackers that Bob an' me could hardly get around for that an' laughin', and the smokestack—great Cæsar!—we was afraid the crackers in it 'ud put out the fire. There's crackers all over New Jersey."

"Baker hurt?"

"Naw. Fell on his head on a soft spot in the next field. Say, Bob, shall I let her go?"—[Philadelphia Press.

Ericsson, the Inventor.

Captain Ericsson invented the first steam fire engine somewhere about 1840.

He lives on St. John's Park in New York, in a small brick house facing the southwestern end of the square.

A visitor there at 10 o'clock at night would see the door of this little house open suddenly, and a man, apparently of 50, with a stout figure and a ruddy face, trip lightly down the steps, and, reaching Hudson street, walk rapidly northward. It is Captain Ericsson, who is close upon 80 years of age.

He works twelve hours every day, eats lightly, bathing daily in the coldest of water, and using sharp gymnastic exercises.

Keep Near to Your Children.

Keep near to your children. Do not let them grow away from you. Keep them close in your confidence and affection so they will confide in and not be afraid of you.

I know a lad who takes pleasure in giving his mother an account of his doings during the day, whether they are pleasant or otherwise. She laughs with him if they are funny, and gently chides where he is wrong, but in a way that does not make him afraid of her.

He will not relate a single instance to his father, because before the story is half through he will begin to scold him for doing so and so. It is plainly seen which can have the most influence with him.—[Helena [illegible]

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for the moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "Oh, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Colonel Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about one o'clock. General Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Major Hawks——" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward, and raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or pain his spirit passed away.—[Detroit Free Press.

Ben Franklin's Watch.

Levi W. Groff, a typical old farmer of Lancaster, Pa., shows with pride a relic of over a century ago, in the shape of a heavy silver watch once worn by Benjamin Franklin. The watch has an open face, while on the back is engraved the words:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
1776,
Philadelphia.

Inside the cover at the back is an old-fashioned jeweler's card showing that the watch was repaired Jan. 24, 1817, by Thomas Parker, of Philadelphia. On the heavy gold face the words, "W. Tomlinson, London, 511," show where the timepiece was made. Little of the history of the watch is known, except that after Franklin's death it was worn by his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who lost it in a Philadelphia hotel, while on a visit from his homestead in Bensalem, Bucks County, Pa.

Mr. Groff purchased the watch many years ago from an aged friend, long since dead, who had owned it so long that he had forgotten how it came into his possession. It is thought that the watch was presented to Franklin when he represented the Independent Colonies in the British court in London. The watch has been in Mr. Groff's possession nearly thirty years, during which time it has never been repaired, and still keeps accurate time.

Scientific Traveling.

A novel enterprise is to be set afoot in England, whereby an opportunity will be afforded to those who have money and leisure to enjoy traveling in a peculiar way.

A vessel has been chartered which will carry some fifty first-class passengers, accompanied by an artist, a photographer, a geologist, a mineralogist, a botanist, a zoologist, and others, who will explore and collect wherever opportunity offers, but more especially in districts practically unvisited hitherto.

The first voyage will last twelve months. There will be no hurrying over ground where anything valuable to science and art can be obtained, and at intervals the voyagers will have the opportunity of breaking up into sections and landing when either the beauties of rivers or the life and scenery of coasts can be studied and enjoyed.

The collections made on the voyage will be carefully preserved for subsequent exhibition or for presentation to museums.

Where She Was Deficient.

"John, dear, our Susie is fairly sick over her algebra. But she is getting along so nicely, and has 90 in her report this week, and 95 in Latin and 100 in philosophy, the dear girl."

"Good enough, wife. But what is the matter with the breakfast to-day? Worst meal we have had in a month."

"Well, John, I felt out of sorts this morning, and the cook is away, and I let Susie attend to the things. The poor girl really knows so little about housework, you know."—[East End Bulletin.

Uncle Sam's Publishing Business.

The United States Government is the greatest publishing house in the world. By the side of its resources such an establishment as the Harpers' becomes quite small.

In the book of estimates for the next fiscal year recently sent to Congress, $1,380,231.68 is asked for for wages alone.

There are on the pay roll 400 compositors, besides a large force of superintendents, foremen, etc.

Fifty proof readers are steadily employed, and 45 pressmen, 115 press feeders, and 34 ruling machine feeders.

The estimates call for 100,000 reams of printing paper, or 48,000,000 sheets, each sheet making eight or sixteen pages.

A GIGANTIC IMPROVEMENT.

First American Train Run by Telegraph.

In 1850 the Erie road was in operation between Piermont and Elmira. The track was a single one; such a thing as a double track was then unknown in the country.

Two years before, after much discussion and opposition, a telegraph wire had been put up along the line. Superintendent Minot, who was a man a long way in advance of the times, was a strong believer in the practicability of the telegraph as a facilitator of transportation on railroads.

In the summer of 1850 he was a passenger one day on a westbound train over his road. The train he was on, according to the printed time-table, was to meet a through train from the West at Turner's Station, forty-seven miles from New York.

When Mr. Minot's train reached Turner's, he learned that the eastbound train was six hours late, owing to some mishap. Under the system of railroading then governing employes the westbound train had to remain at Turner's until the delayed train had passed the station. In fact, the whole business of the road from there west was at a standstill owing to the non-arrival of the train at the different stations where other trains were awaiting it.

Superintendent Minot saw at once how ridiculous such a system was. There was a telegraph office at Turner's and it was then the only one between that station and Jersey City. The Superintendent went to the office and made the operator's hair stand by sending a message to the station agent at Port Jervis that he intended to run the train he was on from Turner's to Port Jervis on the time of the belated eastbound train. He ordered the agent not to let any train leave that station going East until the train he was on arrived there. He also ordered the agent to telegraph to him how he understood the message.

The answer was satisfactory, and the Superintendent went to the conductor of the train and told him to start on with his train. The conductor refused to do so, and the Superintendent discharged him on the spot.

Minot then ordered the engineer to pull out. The engineer said that he would not take the risk, and in the argument that followed the Superintendent dragged the engineer from the cab, gave him an elegant dressing out, and mounted the footboard himself.

He ran the train to Port Jervis and sent it on West as far as Narrowsburg before it met the late train, thus saving the passengers five hours, and settling forever the question of the accuracy of the telegraph in running railroad trains.—[Utica Observer.

Her Laugh Wounds His Conscience.

A Lewiston business man's wife has been away on a visit to the old home in another city. He has lived, during her absence, ostensibly at home, but really has been living on porterhouse steaks at the hotel, and has just been elected president of a new whist club in which he had a young red-cheeked girl for a partner, and while of course he deeply regretted the enforced absence of his own dear wife, he was managing to get along without pining away very rapidly.

The other night he and his roseate partner had just swept the board. They had had a thirteen-trick hand and the rest of the table was nowhere.

The Lewiston man went home at 10:30. Things looked just the same. He compared [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Jupiter wid me.

"It was weeks an' weeks afo' we got yere. We went hungry an' thirsty. We lay down at night all tired out, an' we got up in de mawnin' wid all our bones achin'. Some helped us an' some cursed us, an' we got yere at last an' found my Sue. Sich rejoicin' an' cryin' an' prayin'! An' Jupiter seemed to understan' all about it, kase I'd told him the hull story ober an' ober a'gin as we tramped 'long de highways."

"He is dead!" whispered the man.

"Am he dead? Fo' de Lawd! he am! Jupiter! Jupiter!"

"I will help you bury him if you will get a spade."

"Thanks," answered the old man when he could choke down his feeling. "No hand but mine must bury dat ole dog. He's got ter be laid in tenderly. Ize got ter lay him in de grave an' mourn ober him by myself. Ize obleeged to you—you may go."

And as the man passed out of the gate "Ole Marse" knelt beside the body again and sobbed out:

"Dun gone away from me, an' de ole man am left to watch in de darkness alone!"—[Detroit Free Press.

A Scotchwoman's Age.

Patrolman Hummel brought in a "lady," and as she stood up to the window to be registered for intoxication, Lieutenant Schriber said:

"How old are you, madam?"

"Oh, sergeant, please your honor, I don't have to tell my age, do I?" asked the woman in pleading tones.

"Yes, madam," said the lieutenant, "we take the ages of all prisoners."

A suppressed moan escaped from the woman's lips, and she looked appealingly around and said:

"Well, if I must, I must. I was born in Scotland, and my age multiplied by twice its length, divided by its least common multiple, subtracted from its algebraic denominator and added to three-tenths of its annual income will give you my correct and truthful period of actual existence." Then she fainted.

Three arithmeticians around the central worked three hours on the problem; Colonel Lipps brought out some old school books, Sergeant Dunn brought a slate and pencil, and a scene of brain work and mental gymnastics followed.

All gave up trying to solve how old the lady was except the lieutenant. He shut his eyes and went it blind and put down "sweet sixteen."—[Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Tattooed Belle.

The daughter of a distinguished naval officer is one of the leaders of the healthy craze. Her plump, well-rounded figure and swinging gait can be seen on Pennsylvania avenue nearly every afternoon, rain or shine, and she has the ruddiest cheeks in Washington.

She looks the perfect picture of health, but some of her sharp sisters have been tracking up the secret of how her pale complexion disappeared so suddenly.

It appears, so they say, that the young lady called in the services of an old sailor who had known her ever since she was a "wee bit of a thing," and told him that she was miserable because she never could have any color in her face. She asked him to tattoo her cheeks a delicate shade of red, and although the operation was quite painful, she stood it bravely, and the consequence is that she will have a red face even after death.

It is said that several society belles contemplate undergoing the same course of treatment.—[Boston Traveler.

Cruel Slaughter for Fashion.

A society has been formed in England to protect birds and wild flowers from wanton destruction.

The society finds that it can only protect the birds, not used in food, by wholesale and constant attacks on milliners and on the fashion of wearing feathers to adorn the person.