Improvisation.

Through the lonely halls of the night
My fancies fly to thee :
Through the lonely halls of the night,
Alone, I cry to thee.
For the stars bring presages
Of love, and of love's delight :
Let them bear my messages
Through the lonely halls of the night !

In the golden porch of the morn
Thou com'st anew to me :
In the golden porch of the morn,
Say, art thou true to me?
If dreams have shaken thee
With the call thou canst not scorn,
Let Love awaken thee
In the golden porch of the morn !

Bayard Taylor.

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Facts and Fancies.

The less power a man has, the more he likes to use it.

Goldsmith maid trotted a mile at Saratoga in 2,18.

A child's hand was found in a sausag at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

If speech is silver and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth ?

There is promise of the largest yield of corn in Illinois ever known in that State.

It cost the workingmen of Berlin last year, $1 750,000 for the fun of their little strike.

A Tennessee horse thief, between 70 and 80 years of age, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for 21 years.

To a Lady.

I think of thee when morning springs
 From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee when soft and wide
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth, like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee;—that eye of flame,
 Those tresses falling bright and free,
That brow where "Beauty writes her name,"
 On fancy rush;—I think of thee,

Drifting Away.

Drifting away—drifting away!
Baby is leaving me every day,
Sailing far out on the treacherous sea
Where the bright glories of woman-life be.
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Every morn loses a golden ray,
Every night twineth a shade, less fair,
Over the tangles of clustering hair.
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Sailing and singing! O, bright little fay!
All the true strokes of thy silver-tipped oar
Float back to echo on memory's shore.
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Wonderful words can the dainty lips say,
Wonderful tasks can the busy hands do,
Wonderful journeys go tiny feet true;
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

Drifting away—drifting away!
Baby is leaving me every day;
Steering far out on the treacherous sea
Where the bright glories of woman-life be—
Yes, on the hour-ripples, day after day,
Baby, my darling, is drifting away!

LAUGHING IN MEETIN'.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this:—We had laughed out in meeting time! To be sure the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. Parson Lothrop had exchanged pulpits with Parson Summeral, of North Wearem. Now, Parson Summeral was a man in the very outset likely to provoke the risibles of unspiritualized juveniles. He was a thin, wiry, frisky little man, in a powdered white wig, black tights and silk stockings, with bright knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, with round, dark, snapping eyes, and a curious, high, cracked, squeaking voice, the very first tones of which made all the children stare and giggle. The news that Parson Summeral was going to preach in our village, spread abroad among us as a prelude to something funny. It had a flavor like the charm of circus acting; and on the Sunday morning of our story we went to the house of God in a very hilarious state, all ready to set off in a laugh on the slightest provocation.

The occasion was not long wanting. Parson Lothrop had a favorite dog yclept Trip, whose behavior in meeting was notoriously far from that edifying pattern which befits a minister's dog on Sundays. Trip was a nervous dog and a dog that never could be taught to conceal his emotions or to respect conventionalities. If anything about the performance in the singers' seat did not please him he was apt to express himself in a lugubrious howl. If the sermon was longer than suited him he would gape with such a loud creak of his jaws as would arouse everybody's attention. If the flies disturbed his afternoon's nap he would give sudden snarls or snaps, or if anything troubled his dreams he would bark out in his sleep in a manner not only to dispel his own slumbers, but those of certain worthy deacons and old ladies, whose sanctuary repose was thereby sorely broken and troubled. For all these reasons Madam Lothrop had been forced as a general thing to deny Trip the usual sanctuary privileges of good family dogs in that age, and shut him up on Sundays to private meditation. Trip, of course, was only the more set on attendance, and would hide behind doors, jump out of windows, sneak through byways and alleys, and lie hid till the second bell had done tolling, when suddenly he would appear in the broad aisle, innocent and happy, and take his seat as composedly as any member of the congregation.

Imagine us youngsters on the *qui vive* with excitement at seeing Parson Summeral frisk up into the pulpit with all the vivacity of black grasshopper. We looked at each other and giggled very cautiously, with due respect to Aunt Lois' sharp observation.

At first there was only a mild, quiet simmering of a giggle, compressed decorously within the bounds of propriety, and we pursed our muscles up with stringent resolution whenever we caught the apprehensive eye of our elders.

But when, directly after the closing notes of the tolling front bell, Master Tripp walked gravely up the centre aisle, and seating himself squarely in front of the pulpit, raised his nose with a critical air towards the scene of the forthcoming performance, it was too much for us—the repression was almost convulsive Trip wore an alert, attentive ear, befitting a sound, orthodox dog, who smells a possibility of heresy and deems it his duty to watch the performances narrowly.

Evidently he felt called upon to see who and what were to occupy the pulpit in his master's absence.

Up rose Parson Summeral, and up went Trip's nose, vibrating with intense attention.

The parson began in his high cracked voice, to intone the hymn:—

"Sing to the Lord aloud,"

when Trip broke into a dismal howl.

The parson went on to give directions to the deacon, in the same voice in which he had been reading, so that the whole effect of the performance was as follows:—

"'Sing to the Lord aloud,'"

"Please to turn out that dog)—

"'And make a joyful noise.'"

The dog was turned out, and the choir did their best to make a joyful noise, but we boys were upset for the day, delivered over to the temptations of Satan, and plunged in waves and billows of hysterical giggle, from which neither winks nor frowns from Aunt Lois, nor the awful fear of the tithing man, nor the comforting bits of fennel and orange peel passed us by grandmother, could recover us.

Everybody felt, to be sure, that here was a trial that called for some indulgence. Hard faces, even among the stoniest saints, betrayed a transient quiver of the risible muscles, old ladies put up their fans, youths and maidens in the singers' seat laughed outright, and for the moment a general snicker among the children was pardoned. But I was one of that luckless kind whose nerves, once set in vibration, could not be composed. When the reign of gravity and decorum had returned, Harry and I sat by each other, shaking with suppressed laughter. Everything in the subsequent exercises took a funny turn, and in the long prayer, when everybody else was still and decorous, the whole scene came over me with such overpowering force that I exploded with laughter and had to be taken out of meeting and marched home by Aunt Lois, as a convicted criminal. What especially moved her indignation was the more she rebuked and upbraided the more I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks. Which Aunt Lois construed into willful disrespect to her authority, and resented accordingly.

By Sunday evening, as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our friend Sam come in and sit himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose jointed, easy going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boys—yis," said Sam, virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts, "ye ought never to laugh nor cut up in meetin', that are's so, but then there is times when the best on us gets took down. We gets took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur' will git the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why, Sam, ministers don't ever laugh in meetin', do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws, yes. Why, haven't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrel for laughing out in prayer time?"

"Laughing in prayer time!" we both repeated with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother, "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on't. But Parson Morrel was a good man, and I'm glad the council wasn't hard on him."

"Wall" said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more like Babbit's fault than 'twas anybody's. Ye see, Ike he was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin' house green. Somehow how or other, Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back on Sunday, and so there they was He was talked to enough about it, 'cause, ye see, to have sheep and lambs a ba-a-in' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'n't the thing. 'Member that are old meetin' house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill, the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body hed to come into the meetin' house steppin' down instead o' up.

"Fact was, they said 'twas put there 'cause the land wa'n't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin' house on't would be a clear savin'—but Parson Morrel he didn't like it, and was free to tell e'm his mind on't that 'twas like bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's sarvice—but there 'twas.

"There warn't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrel. His doctrines was right up and down good and sharp, and he gave saints and sinners their meat in due season, and for consolin' and comfortin' widders and orphans he hadn't his match. The women sot lots by him and he was allus' ready to take tea round and make things pleasant and comfortable, and he had a good story for every one and a word for the children, and maybe an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wall, you know there an't no pleasin' everybody, and ef Gabriel himself, right down out o' Heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect there'd be a pickin' at his wings, and sort o' fault finding. Now Aunt Jerushy Scran and Aunt Polly Hokum they said Parson Morrel wa'n't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks a minister ought to be jest like the town hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment and eternity, and nothin' else, when ye see him round; and ef they see a man rosy and chipper, and havin' a pretty nice sociable sort of a time, why they say he an't spiritooal minded. But in my times I've seen ministers that the most awakenin' kind in the pulpit was the liveliest when they was out on't. There is a time tu laugh, Scriptur' says, tho' some folks never seem to remember that are."

"But Sam, how came you to say that it was Ike Babbit's fault? What was it about the sheep?"

"Oh, wall, yis—I'm a comin' to that are. It was all about them sheep—I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrel to laugh in prayer time.

"Ye see there was Old Dick, Ike's bell wether, was the fighten'est old crittur that ever yer see. Why Dick would but at his own shadder and everybody said it was a shame the old crittur should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wall, I used to live out in that parish in them days and Lem Sudoc and I used to go out sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right 'cross the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand by the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt agin the fence, and then I ketch him by the horns and hold him while Lem run and got over the fence t'other side the lot, and then I'd let go and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him and away he'd go full but at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick—but ef he come sudden up behind a fellow, he'd give nim a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wall, that summer I remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing man, and I tell you he give it to the boys lively. Thar warn't no sleepin' nor no playin', for the deacon had eyes like a gimlet, and he was quick as a cat, and the youngsters had to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the deacon was like them four beasts in the Revelations, that was full of eyes behind and before, for whichever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know once Lem Sudoc jist wrote two words in the psalm book and passed to Kesiah Larkin, and the deacon gave him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet and vowed he'd be up with him for that.

"Well, Lord Massy, folks that is so chipper and high steppin' has to have their come downs, and the deacon he had to hev his.

"That are Sunday I remember it now jest as well as if 'twas yesterday. The parson he give us his gret sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free agency—everybody said that are sermon was a masterpiece. He preached it up to Cambridge at commencement, but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzling and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin like a red hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decres, the best of us will get sleepy. The old meetin' house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kep off all the wind, and the sun blazed away at them gret west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Well, the deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children, and tapped the boys on the head, and kept everything straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he railly got most tuckered out, and he took a chair and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister and fairly got asleep himself jest as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

"Wal, Parson Morrel had a way o' prayin' with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrel's way anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out toward the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meeting house door.

"Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out and we just sees old Dick stop feedin' and look at the deacon. The deacon had a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bobs and Dick begun to think it was suthin sort o' personal. Lem and me was sittin' jest where we could look out and see the hull picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that critter'll pay the deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o' threatnin'. Finally the deacon he gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he set out full tilt and come down on him kerchunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aile, and his wig flew one way and he t'other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrel laughed out, and the gals and boys they stomped and roared, and the old deacon he got up and began rubbing his shins—'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh,' says he, 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he. 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that darned critur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw-hawed the more to see the deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he.

"Wal, the truth on't was, 'twas jist one of them bustin' up times that nature has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 'twas jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles river—it all comes at once and no whoa to't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'm laughed till they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Sudoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playin' tithing-man, wan't he, deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot o' tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrel to set sich an example, and suthin' had to be got done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrel hadn't no spiritooality, and now it had broken out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it, and Mrs. Titkins she said sich a man wan't fit to preach, and Miss Hokum said she couldn't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lathrop's and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wall, the thing growed and growed, till it seemed as if there warn't nothin' else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Miss Titkins and Jerushy Scran, they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot everybody else a talkin'.

"Finally, it was 'greed they must hev' a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmin they went to a chopping mince, and makin' up punkin pies and cranberry tarts, and b'ilin' doughnuts, gettin' ready for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails, and all the wimmin was a-talkin', and they hed up everybody round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrel, he says:—'Brethren,' says he, 'jes let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then, I'll give up.

"The parson he was a master hand at settin' off a story, and afore he'd done, he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterwards allers to pray with his eyes shet, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what ye look at, if you want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

A Wicked Tyrant.—Neda Karu, the King of Corea, was, by nature and training, bigoted, cruel and fickle. At one moment he would raise an humble serf to the highest office; in a day or two thereafter this same whilom favorite would be seen standing upon the executioner's block for some real or fancied offense. The king's spasms of generosity toward his own subjects were invariably followed by acts of oppression toward those unfortunate Christians who were endeavoring to find means of subsistence within the realms of his kingdom. As a solitary instance, I will state the fact that as Neda Karu was one day walking along past the public baths of his capital, he suddenly professed to be annoyed by the confusion within, and upon being informed it came from the female bathers there, he immediately ordered every means of exit to be walled up, and thus miserably perished all the unfortunate inmates to the number of about three score! During his bloody reign of something like thirty years, no less than thirty thousand people were put to death, while nearly one hundred and fifty places of worship were destroyed by his orders. The most fiendish outrages were daily practiced upon all foreigners. They were denied the privilege of purchasing even the common necessaries of life. Corean merchants were forbidden to extend to them the smallest favors. Neither gold nor affection could purchase immunity from the tyrant's cruel mandate, and when some hundreds of them were forced by the king's persecutions to leave his domains, they were forbidden the use of animals or boats, and were thus compelled to travel out of the country on foot or perish in the attempt Death, even, was sweeter to them than life, endured under such manifold horrors. And yet the name of this wholesale butcher, this relentless prosecutor, this fiend in human shape, is to-day looked up to by all native Coreans with all reverence and love.

Painted Dogs.—A recent traveller in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumnas on a tapir hunt, says that, besides the hunters, their party was composed mainly of women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. Of the latter, he adds: "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were of yellow, others blue, others mottled with a variety of tints. What could it mean? But I knew well enough. The dogs had been dyed. Yes, it is a custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coats of their dogs with brilliant colors, obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huitic, the yellow roca and the blue of the white indigo. The light gray, often white hair of these animals favors the staining process, and the effect produced pleases the eye of their savage masters; on my eyes the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned the curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, orange and purple dogs."

A Singular Meeting.—A somewhat singular episode of real life occurred on the piazza of the Union Hotel Saratoga the afternoon of the great race. A somewhat noted woman, formerly a singer of some prominence, while walking with her present husband, chanced to pass, in her promenade, directly between two of her former husbands. The three men each of whom had loved the same woman and who hated each other mortally, glanced at each other for a moment. The woman, in her beauty, her diamonds, and her airy summer dress, eyed all three curiously. There was a momentary pause, then the lady and her escort resumed their walk, the other men stepped forth in diverging directions, and the episode was over. There are ever and anon strange meetings at Saratoga.

God.—It is singular that the name of God should be spelled in four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; in Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syrs; Tartarian, Igad; Egyptian, Aumn; or Zent; East India, Esgi or Zeul; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Sene; Margian, Eese; Swedish, Oodd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; and Peruvian, Llan. The name of God is the Anglo-Saxon conception of the Divine Being. He is goodness itself, and the author of all goodness. Yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute perfection, striking as it may appear, is, perhaps, less remarkable than the fact that the word man, used to designate a human being, formerly signified wickedness.

The German Parliament has 380 members, of whom 113 are National Liberals, 62 Clericals, 52 Conservatives, 45 Progressists, 36 Moderate Imperialists, 13 Poles, and two Socialists.

A Picture of Poland.

"Come here, boys," said one of a party of travelers in Poland, "here is a piece of furniture for you." We gathered around the little door, which opened into a room not more than seven feet square, and, sure enough, saw a piece of furniture which astonished us as much by its modern make as by its pretentions to luxury and refinement. It was a cradle, and it contained a sick baby. The poor baby was very sick indeed, and a girl, apparently about twelve years old, very pretty, but clad in rags, was sitting beside it, watching it in a despairing, helpless kind of way, that was pitiful to see. We at first supposed the pretty child was the baby's sister, and that the mother was absent. But what was our astonishment when, at some movement of the little one, she leant over the cradle and commenced feeding it from nature's own fount, giving unmistakable evidence of being the mother. We might have known this at the first glance at that despairing face, had it not been so young. How she, evidently so poor, could be the possessor of such a piece of furniture we, of course, could not tell; but it was almost the only article, except a few cooking utensils, in the poor abode; but the young mother had found it somehow, and there it was. This child, scarcely twelve years old, poor as poverty, with a baby—a sick baby at that—watching with a dumb kind of despair the little life that was fast passing away. The poor, ignorant little mother did not know anything else to do, and was, I think the saddest sight I ever saw.

She looked at us, too, with mute brooding eyes, she was but a moment in learning we could understand nothing she said, begging us as hard as eyes could beg to do something for her babe. As there was not a doctor among us we could do nothing, and I never regretted so much in my life knowing nothing of the healing art as I did with those sweet, pleading, sorrowful eyes bent upon me. The General silently drew a five ruble note from his pocket and put it in her hand, probably thinking it was the next best thing to a doctor.

The rest of us did the same, so that the poor child to her astonishment suddenly found herself the possessor of more wealth than she had probably ever dreamed of before. She thanked us with her very expressive eyes, and, looking cautiously around her to see that nobody was watching her, hid the money in her bosom.

Elections.

The elections during the present year will be held at follows:

New Mexico Territory, September 1.
California, September 2.
Vermont, September 3.
Maine, September 9.
Colorado Territory, September 10.
Dakota Territory. October 8.
Indiana, October 8.
Iowa, October 8.
Nebraska, October 8.
Ohio, October 8.
Pennsylvania, October 8.
South Carolina, October 16.
West Virginia, October 24.
Alabama, November 5.
Arkansas, November 5.
Delaware, November 5.
Florida, November 5.
Georgia, November 5.
Illinois, November 5.
Kansas, November 5.
Louisiana, November 5.
Maryland, November 5.
Massachusetts, November 5.
Michigan, November 5.
Minnesota, November 5.
Mississippi, November 5.
Missouri. November 5.
Nevada, November 5.
New Jersey, November 5.
New York, November 5.
Tennessee, November 5.
Virginia, November 5.
Wisconsin, November 5.
Arizona Territory, November 8.
District of Columbia, November 27.

The Presidential election will occur in all the States on the 5th day of November.

PERSONAL SYMPATHY.—In an admirable address on Sunday-school teaching, at Indianapolis, Dr. Eggleston gave this forcible illustration of the value of personal sympaty with children in every effort to gain a hold on and lead them: A half-witted fellow or a "natural," as the Scotch would call him—found a missing horse, when all other search for him had failed and a liberal reward had been offered for his recovery. On his bringing back the horse to his owner, the question was asked of the simple minded fellow, "Why, Sam, how came you to find the horse, when no one else could?" "Wal, I just 'quired where the horse was seen last, and then I went thar, and sat on a rock; and I just axed mysel' if I was a horse, whar would I go and what would I do? And then I went and found him." Sam's putting himself in the horse's place, in the simplicity of his feeble mind, enabled him to go to the horse and lead him back to the right place again. It would be well if every Sundy school teacher, before sitting down to a class of children, would ask himself after Sam's sort, "If I was a boy, how would I feel, and what would I want?" He would thus be far more likely to get a hold on those boys, and bring them along with him wherever he pleased to go.

MENTAL POWER IN MEN AND WOMEN.—Regarding this oft-discussed subject, Professor Maudsley says: "It has been affirmed by some philosophers that there is no essential difference between the mind of a woman and that of a man; and that if a girl were subjected to the same education as a boy, she would resemble him in tastes, feelings, pursuits, and powers. To my mind it would not be one whit more absurd to affirm that the antlers of the stag, the human beard, and the cockscomb, are the effects of education; or that by putting a girl to the same education as a boy she could be sexually transformed into one. The physical and mental differences between the sexes intimate themselves very early in life, and declare themselves most distinctly at puberty. If either sex is mutilated, it approaches in character the opposite sex. While women preserves her sex, she will necessarily be feebler than man, and having special bodily and mental characters, will have, to a certain extent, her own spheres of activity. When she has pretty well divested herself of her sex, she may then take his ground and do his work; but she will have lost all her feminine attractions, and probably also her chief feminine functions.

A HEROINE.—Charles Reade, in his new novel, "A Simpleton," describes the heroine thus: "Person—straight, elastic, and rather tall, mind—nineteen; accomplishments—numerous; a poor French scholar, a worse German, a worst English, an admirable dancer, an inaccurate musician, a good rider, a bad draughtswoman, a baid hairdresser, at the mercy of her maids; a hot theologian, knowing nothing; a sorry accountant, no house keeper, no seamstress, a fair embroideress, a capital geographer, and no cook. Collectively, viz., mind and body, the girl we kneel to."

Placard for a smoking car: "If passengers expect to rate as gentlemen, they must not expectorate upon the floor."

A New York Theft.

A New York paper tells how a theft in that city was inaugurated and carried out successfully:

It appears that as the agent of a ferry company with a bag containing $95 walked aboard the ferryboat he observed a man, dressed in the garb of a boatman, close behind him. His suspicions were not aroused, however, until he observed the supposed boatman pull out a handkerchief and, swinging it, strike the bridgeman across the eyes as he passed on to the boat from the bridge. He, however, dismissed him from his thoughts for the nonce, and walking forward deposited his bag of money in the room of Engineer Rasche, who was standing by his engine. As the vessel moved out from the dock the occupants of a small boat that was under the stern of the Barney threw a line to another man, dressed as a boatman, and asked him to fasten it in the ring hook. The obliging boatman complied, and as it is a common practice for boatmen, when the current is rapid, to hitch on to the ferryboats, this manœuvre did not excite the suspicion of the ferry-master in the least. A moment latter the three occupants of the boat again called to the boatman and requested him to pass the end of the rope under and over the center of the guard chain to them, that they could drop away when they desired. Again the obliging passenger complied. About this time the other confederate moved forward to the engine room, near the outside of which Coffie was standing, little suspecting any foul play. Stepping up to the door, the fellow reached into the engine room, and, while lighting his cigar, took in with a glance the location of the bag, which lay on the seat in rear of the engineer. Retiring he walked up and down the deck smoking until the boat was within a hundred yards of the Williamsburg shore. Calling again to the door of the engine room, and standing three feet in the rear of Coffie, he intently bent his view upon the machinery until the signal was given to slow down. The moment Rasche's hands and eyes were employed directing his engine the daring pirate snatched the bag, and rapidly running to the rear of the ferryboat, threw it into the small boat. Coffie and Rasche quickly detected the movement, and ran to the rear of the boat in pursuit, but as they neared the thief he leaped into the water from the deck, and just as Coffie jumped to catch the line of the small boat it slipped over the chain and the boat dropped astern. One of the occupants of it cried out, "Take him up quick," and within a minute the boatman had been rescued from the water, and before the ferryboat could be put about the thieves and their booty disappeared out of sight under some of the piers. Subsequently the fellow who had struck the bridgeman with his handkerchief, but who had taken no part in the robbery beyond securing the boat's hawser and handing the end of it back to its occupants, was arrested by an officer of the Brooklyn force as he left the ferryboat, as an accomplice. He mos positively denied the charge. He gave his name as Willian Tracy and was held for further examination.

The Wrong Hotel.

The Brussels *Echo de Parliment* tells a pleasant story of an Englishman and his wife, who not knowing a word of German, but being able to express themselves well in French, resolved to visit Berlin and Dresden. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, whither they were riding in a hack, when all at once the lady espied an imposing edifice upon which were inscribed in large letters the words "Hotel Radzievill." She cried out, "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid." "Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband. "All right." It was done as soon as said. The driver was stopped. There were several ladies about the hotel, but none of them spoke either English or French. However the servants were made to understand by guestures that they were to take in the luggage, and the travellers were ceremoniously conducted into an apartment. The lady asked by signs for a sleeping room, to which she was led, and on her return said to her husband: "I never saw in all my life a hotel so admirably furnished. Come and see the chamber and sleeping room!" Having dressed, our English folks lunched and announced to the servent that they would dine at five. They went to walk. On their return a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered their room, saluted them and said something in German which they did not understand. The Englishman thinking him a little familiar, replied carelessly in English, "Good morning. How do you do?" And the stranger withdrew. A delicious dinner was served. When the servant had gone, "My dear," said the gentleman to his wife, "all this is excellent. This is evidently first-class. But it must be very dear, and as a matter of prudence it will be well to ask for the bill to-morrow morning." But he neglected to do so, and two days more passed like the first. At last the bill was asked for, but it was not brought. "I am beginning to be a little uneasy, my dear," said the husband. "Surely no one could be better cared for than we are here, but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful." At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and the following dialogue took place:

The Stranger—"I am Prince Radzievill."

The Englishman (rising and bringing a chair)—"To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

The Prince—"You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel."

The Englishman—"Certainly."

The Prince—"Well, this is my private house, my hotel."

The Englishman was so astonished that he could make no reply and could not explain the mistake of his wife, who, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the prince in English that the word "hotel" over the door had caused her error. The prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer that he might enjoy their society. Of course the invitation was politely declined. The Englishman succeeded in making the servants accept a few presents, and the prince insisted upon accompanying them to a real "hotel" in his own carriage. Prince Radzievill is the Russian Ambassador at Berlin.

HOW VALUABLE IS THE RESULT OF LABOR.—A mass of iron ore, worthless at the mine, may be worth a few cents after taking it out, a few dimes after carrying it to the furnace, a dollar after being made into pig-iron, and five dollars after being puddled into wrought-iron; when worked into horse-shoes, it is worth ten dollars; made into penknife blades, it is worth three hundred dollars; made into needles, it is worth three thousand dollars; and made into balance springs for watches, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And so it is with everything; all values are the result of labor. Even when a town or city lot raises in value, it is the result of the labor of those who improve the neighboring land by which the owner of the lot is a gainer.

A gentleman in Syracuse took a nap upon his parlor sofa. A little daughter, who was eating cherries, playfully snapped a cherry-pit at him, and it lodged in his ear, The only way to get it out was to bore a hole in the centre of it, and pick it out with a fine wire.

An Indian Massacre.

In describing the memorable massacre of Lieut. Kidder and his party on the plains, Gen. Custer writes as follows:

As it impelled by one thought, Comstock our guide, the Delawares, and half-a-dozen officers, detached themselves from the column and, separating into squads of one or two, instituted a search for the cause of our horrible suspicions. After riding in all directions through the rushes and willows, and when about to relinquish the search as fruitless, one of the Delawares uttered a shout which attracted the attention of the entire command; at the same time he was seen to leap from his horse and assume a stooping posture, as if critically examining some object of interest. Hastening, in common with many others of the party, to his side, a sight met our gaze which even at this remote day makes my very blood curdle. Lying in irregular order, and within a very limited circle, were the mangled bodies of poor Kidder and his party, yet so brutally hacked and disfigured as to be beyond recognition save as human beings.

Every individual of the party had been scalped and his skull broken—the latter done, by some weapon, probably a tomahawk—except the Sioux chief Red Bead, whose scalp had simply been removed from his head and then thrown down by his side. This, Comstock informed us, was in accordance with a custom which prohibits an Indian from bearing off the scalp of one of his own tribe. This circumstance, then, told us who the perpetrators of this deed were. They could be none other than the Sioux, led in all probability by Pawnee Killer.

Red Bead, being less disfigured and mutilated than the others, was the only individual capable of being recognized. Even the clothes of all the party had been carried away; some of the bodies were lying in beds of ashes, with partly burned fragments of wood near them, showing that the savages had put some of them to death by the terrible tortures of fire. The sinews of the arms and legs had been cut away, the nose of every man hacked off. and the features otherwise defaced so that it would have been scarcely possible for a relative to recognize one of the unfortunate victims. We could not even distinguish the officer from his men. Each body was pierced by from twenty to fifty arrows, and the arrows were found as the savage demons had left them, bristling in the bodies. While the details of that fearful struggle will probably never be known, telling how long and gallantly this ill-fated little band contended for their lives. yet the surrounding circumstances of ground, empty cartridge shells and distance from where the attack began, satisfied us that Kidder and his men fought as only brave men fight when the watchword is victory or death.

As the officer, his men, and his no less faithful Indian guide, had shared their final dangers together and had met the same dreadful fate at the hands of the same merciless foe, it was but fitting that their remains should be consigned to one common grave. This was accordingly done. A single trench was dug near the spot where they had rendered up their lives upon the altar of duty. Silently, mournfully, their comrades of a brother regiment consigned their mangled remains to mother earth, there to rest undisturbed, as we supposed, until the great day of final review. But this was not to be so; while the closest scrutiny on our part had been insufficient to enable us to detect the slightest evidence which would aid us or others in identifying Lieut. Kidder or any of his men, the marks of a mother's affection were the means of identifying the remains of her murdered son, even though months had elapsed after his untimely death.

Pleasant Journalism.—A Missouri paper says it has, beyond all question, one of the most delightfully situated printing establishments in the world. It is literally in the woods, being four miles northest of Steelville, eight miles southwest of the great Scotia Iron Works, eight miles south of Leasburg, and ten miles south of Cuba. The paper is printed in the woods, but published in Steelville, the county seat. A story and a half frame building has been fitted up, twenty by twenty-two feet aside, with eight windows and two doors. The situation is a most beautiful one, surrounded as it is by nature in all her pristine loveliness—woods, wild flowers, myriads of birds singing around all day, and at night the call of the whippowil, the hoot of the owl, and the howl of the wolf. The working house is located out here not because there was no town of note in the county, but for several private reasons, among which are comfort, pleasure and economy. The publisher owns the office, and means to do what he pleases with it; he owns the house, which he has fitted up to suit himself, and the farm (of 230 acres) on which the printing house stands. He has six children (the youngest ten years old), all of whom can set type. The oldest daughters, Nellie and Dellie, can set 1,000 ems of type per hour all day; they also write stories for the paper, editorials, locals, etc., and can use the scissors judiciously; while the eyes of the youngest daughter begin to exhibit a poetical frenzied appearance. He intends to increase his paper to sixteen pages within a few weeks. Can any other county paper show as bright prospects for a successful "county" paper, or so happy a combination of business and pleasure? We pause for a reply.

What to do.—Dr. Dio Lewis gives the following advice to a dyspeptic, with the promise of a cure if it is faithfully followed for three months: 1. Rise early, dress warm, and go out. If strong, walk; if weak, saunter. Drink cold water three times. After half an hour come in for breakfast. 2. For breakfast eat a piece of good steak half as large as your hand, a slice of coarse bread, and a baked apple. Eat slowly. Talk pleasantly with your neighbors. Read the cheerful comments of the journals. Avoid hot biscuits and strong coffee Drink nothing. 3. Digest for an hour, and then to your work. I trust it is in the open air. Work hard till noon, and then rest body and mind till dinner. Sleep a little. Drink water. 4. For dinner (two or three o'clock) eat a slice of beef, mutton, or fish as large as your hand, a potato, two or three spoonfuls of other vegetables, and a slice of coarse bread. Give more than half an hour to this meal. Use no drink. 5. After dinner play anaconda for an hour. Now for social, for pleasant games. Have a good time. 6. No supper. A little toast and tea even, for supper, will make your recovery very slow. 7. In a warm room, bathe your skin with cold water, hastily, and go to bed in a well-ventilated room before nine o'clock.

Killed in a Well.—Near Laydville, Belmont county, Ohio, Thos. Guynn and his son lost their lives. They were sinking a well. After blasting, the father descended to examine the bottom, he instantly felt the effect of poisonous gas, and called for help; his son descended, tied a rope around him, while those above pulled him out, but too late, as life was extinct. When he reached the surface the rope was instantly lowered for the son, who made it fast around his body and was drawn out also dead.

The Hot Season.

Dr. Holmes's verses were never less an exaggeration:

At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball.

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like July's best champagne.

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power;
Roll brimstone soon became a drug
And loco-focus fell,
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But ere the scorching noons,
Their candle moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only left
Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

* * * * * *

And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves.

A Naval Fight.

A naval engagement has taken place between two of the noted English iron-clads, for the purpose of testing the ability of iron to withstand shot. The first shot at the Glatton was fired from the 600-pounder of the Hotspur at a distance of 200 yards. It struck the roof of the turret and a streak of flame attested the severity of the blow. The second shot was fired, and it told. An account says: The Palisser projectile had struck on the horizontal joint of the 14-inch plates, and had forced them slightly apart, as was clearly marked by the dark line on either side of the perfectly round shot-hole. It was indeed a terrible shot for the turret; it had hit under the fifth rib as it were, but its mechanism was not hurt; its gearing was all sound. The turret had held its own. The hitting force of that huge shot was over 6,000 foot-tons; the 85 pounds of pebble powder had hurled it with a speed of more than 1,300 feet per second. The first shot had cut away two of the stanchions on the top of the turret—this explained the thin flash—and had twisted some of the railing bars. The second shot had struck full on the middle of the turret between the joints, the shot-head remaining in the hole, the depth to the end of its core being 14 inches, and the gape of the plates 3 inches, diminishing to zero at about 4 or 5 feet on each side. Inside the turret the 1½-inch iron lining was stripped from behind three of the vertical ribs half-way down on one side, and from top to within 46 inches of bottom on the other, and turned back; between two of these ribs the shot had driven the double skin out into the hammock, splitting the inner skin at the horizontal joint of the outer skin. The middle rib of the three was broken through midway of its height the gape being two inches. All three ribs were contorted, and long slivers of the wood backing protruded through the crack in the skin-plates. Three of the rear ends of the large through bolts were exposed in vertical line, the nut of the middle one being broken off at the commencement of the Minus screw-thread, and the rubber of the lower Bascombe washer being pressed out at its edges. The damage was by no means severe, and was such as Shoeburyness experiments would have led one to expect.

A third shot was fired, and it was now clearly seen that the turret had been struck low, close upon the junction line of the glacis-plate—a perfectly round and dangerous wound. All anxiety was soon relieved, however, by the sight of the turret slowly revolving first one way and then the other. Again away in the tender to inspect results. The shot had struck on the leather fringe just where it covered the extreme edge of the glacis-plating; thence it had curved slightly upwards, driving into the lower fourteen inch plate midway between the ports. The shot-head remained in the hole—which was perfectly round—but was easily got out, when the penetration was found to be 13½ inches. Inside the turret the only damage done was the knocking off the inward ends of the two wood-buffers against which the gun-carriage would abut when the gun was run out of the port for action. The result was perfectly satisfactory, for nothing could demonstrate the excellent qualities of the turret more completely. During the practice a goat, a fowl, and a rabbit, with several buckets of water, were kept inside it, the living creatures coming out unscratched from their ordeal. Both these rounds were most fortunate, and as the latter solved the problem of the free working of the turret without heeling the ship—which was only intended to bring the junction of turret and glacis in position to meet the direct fire of the Hotspur's gun—further practice was abandoned, except that the port stoppers of the Glatton's turret were taken out, and her two guns run in and out with perfect ease, her turret turned by hand and by steam, and a 600-pounder shot fired from each of her two guns.

A Dainty Dish.—The most extraordinary of all culinary recipes is the following diabolical one given by Mizald, in his "How to roast and eat a goose alive:" Take a goose or a duck, or some such live creature; pull off all her feathers—only the head and neck must be spared; then make a fire round about her—not too close to her—that the fire do not touch her; within the circle of the fire let there be set pots of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled, and let there be also chargers full of sodden apples cut into small pieces. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter; to make her the more fit to be eaten, and roast the better, put the fire about her, but do not make too much haste when you see her begin to roast, for by walking about and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, she will drink the water to quench her thirst and cool her heart and all her body. The apple sauce will purge and empty her, and when she roasteth and consumeth inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running and begin to tumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up and set her before your guests, and she will cry out as you cut off any part of her, and will be almost eaten before she is dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold. Mr. Mizald probably stole this recipe from the kitchen of his Infernal Majesty. Perhaps it was one of the dishes the devil ordered on the advent of Nero and Caligula.

The latest sensation in Iowa City is the suicide of a cow. The cause of the deed was the killing of her calf. The Iowa City *Press* describes her actions: "The cow was frantic at this slaughter of her innocent, and after chasing the butcher's wagon to the slaughter-house door, and bellowing a good-bye to her infant, she repaired to the river near Dillion's Island, and wading in beyond her depth, committed suicide by drowning."

Killed by a Water-Spout.

Those who have ever witnessed a water-spout will bear testimony to its appalling nature. By some it is supposed to be formed by a whirlwind of extreme intensity, while others ascribe it to an electric origin. It occurs for the most part at sea, but sometimes also on shore, and particularly in rocky fastnesses, though generally in the neighborhood of water. One of these curious phenomena occurred on the Central stage-road, in Golden-Gate Gulch, Colorado. People residing in that vicinity report having seen, just above the higher mountains, numerous dense clouds, from which a conical pillar, resembling condensed vapor, was seen to descend, and almost similtaneously a deafening peal of thunder was heard. Mr. Jack Virden, wife, and his sister, and Miss Blood, daughter of Lyman C. Blood, all of whom reside some five or six miles up the canon, had been to Goldon, and were returning home in a double carriage, and had reached the point indicated above, when the peal of thunder came, and the water-spout dispersed. A moment before they had passed Fred. Buckman, who had pulled his team on to an elevated spot of ground, and was sheltering himself, under a ledge of rocks, from the approaching storm. Presently a violent commotion, with confusion of sounds, like the tumult of the elements was heard high up in the mountains. Then came a tremendous torrent of water, bearing trees and bowlders, and calculated to astonish and terrify by its magnitude, force and violence. The horses took fright, and, shying to one side, upset the carriage, and all occupants were pitched into the bottom of the gulch. In an instant, as it were, and before they could recover their feet, the wave, with a perpendicular breast of ten or twelve feet, was upon them, and licked them up like the sands of the gulch. Mrs. Virden clung to her husband, and he, by a miraculous chance got hold of a limb, and held fast until the flood subsided. The poor girls—Misses Blood and Virden, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years—were less fortunate. They were carried down by the mighty current, to an appalling death. After the turrent had exhausted its fury, and a search for the bodies had been instituted, that of Miss Blood, mutilated beyond recognition, was found buried in the sand, all but one foot, about a half mile below where the accident occurred. Her skull was completely denuded in places, and her body was frightfully gashed. It is a singular fact, that Lyman C. Blood, her father, who had been down the valley, and was returning on horseback, when the accident took place, and had joined Buckman in the search for the bodies, was the first to discover the corpse of the girl, though it is still more singular that he did not recognize her, for he supposed her to be at home. The body of Miss Virden was recovered some three miles below the disaster, where it had lodged against a tree, and was stripped of its clothing.

A Remarkable Presentiment of Death.—The following extraordinary circumstance occurred on board the British sloop Zebra, commanded by Captain Robert Faulknor, at the capture of Fort Royal, Martinique, in March, 1794. Captain Faulknor's collected mind, observing a visible confusion in the countenance of the pilot of the Zebra, when he received Capt. Faulknor's orders to place the sloop close under the walls of Fort Royal, said to one of the officers, "I think Mr.—— seems confused, as if he did not know what he was about. Was he ever in action before?" "Many times sir, he has been twenty-four years in the service." Captain Faulknor, however, being more convinced that his suspicion was well founded, went up to the pilot and asked him some trifling question to ascertain the real state of the case, when his agitation was such as entirely to render him incapable of giving an answer. But he added in a low voice, and without raising his eyes to his noble commander's face; "I see your honor knows me. I am unfit to guide her. I do not know what is come over me. I dreamt last night I should be killed, and am so afraid I don't know what I am about. I never, in all my life, felt afraid before. Captain Faulknor, with that presence of mind which marked his character, and when all around was confusion and death, replied in a still lower tone: "The fate of this expedition depends on the helm in your hands—give it me! and go and hide your head in whatever you fancy the safest part of the ship. But fears are catching; and if I hear you tell yours to one of your messmates your life shall answer for it to-morrow." The poor fellow, panic struck, went away; and overcome with shame, sat down upon the arm chest, while Captain Faulknor seized the helm, and with his own hand laid the Zebra close to the walls of the fort; but before he had got upon them, at the head of his gallant followers, a cannon ball struck the arm chest, and blew the pilot to atoms.

That's a Man.—A farmer in Illinois had a neighbor across the Wabash in Indiana who was keeping a pauper on contract at his house. In the corn-hoeing season the Illinois man sometimes borrowed his neighbor's pauper to help in the corn field. Bill Turner had a pauper working for him, and as no one in the neighborhood had ever seen a pauper, they were very anxious to get a peep at him. Consequently some twenty of them joined together one day, armed with their shot-guns and rifles, and went over to Turner's to see the strange creature. They got cautiously over the fence, and came up to where the men were working. "Bill," said Silas Brown, their spokesman, "we've heard that you've got a pauper working for you, and we'd like to see it." Bill thereupon pointed out the object of their curiosity. The visitors walked around the astonished pauper and silently surveyed him from every point of view. At last Silas spoke. "Look here, Bill Turner," said he, "you can't fool us; that's a man!" We wish all those in charge of charitable institutions had the same idea about paupers as Silas had.

Like Dumas.—A good anecdote of Alexander Dumas. There are thousands of good ones, but this is particularly characteristic of the great writer. One day his son, whose pocketbook was very light at that time, was strolling along the boulevard, when he met a literary chum, and after a few minutes' conversation it was proposed that they should go to the Maison d'Or and enjoy a first-class breakfast. "Well and good," said Dumas *fils*, "but I have only five francs; how much have you?" "Three." "Eight francs will never do for the royal meal we desire, so we had better abandon the idea." "Where is your father?" asked the friend. "*Tiens!* I forgot; he will lend me twenty francs." And off rushed Dumas *fils* to the author of the "Three Musketeers." Ten minutes after he returned laughing heartily. "Well," said the chum, "did he give it to you?" "No," answered Dumas *fils*; "on the contrary he borrowed my five francs."

The mill-workmen in Williamsport, Pa., visited a mill where operatives were at work, showered stones, sticks, clubs, and brickbats at the police who were drawn up to resent their violence, burst into the building, attacked the men, who fled for their lives, and many severe, not to say serious and dangerous, injuries are the result.

The Railroad Conductors' Life Ins. Co. lost $19,200 the first week in May by the death of six of its members.

Emma G. Hayes has been voted a pair of gold bracelets as the most popular young woman of Salmon Falls, N. H.

The practice of paying the minister's salary in advance in monthly instalments is gaining favor among the Presbyterians.

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a looking glass.

The City Council of Rome, Ga., has passed an ordinance exempting from city taxation, for ten years, all machinery propelled by steam or water power.

New Hampshire was first called "Laconia." An attempt was once made to change the name of Massachusetts to "Oceana."

John Malott, a farmer, was shot dead near Tehanna, Cal., by a sheep rancher named Lee, whose sheep Mallot was driving out of his grain.

The wife of Henry Hyman died in Albany from the effects, it is supposed, of a beating received at the hands of her husband. She was sixty years of age.

It is stated that forty-five per cent., of the gross products of California is from agricultural sources, while but sixteen per cent. is from gold and other metals.

The cherry crop is uncommonly large throughout the country, and, notwithstanding the prediction of the croakers to the contrary, there will be plenty of peaches.

Reports from some sections of Illinois state that the heavy rains of the past few days have somewhat injured the wheat crop, but the damage is thought to be trifling in the aggregate.

A Chicago court has decided that it is imperative upon an insurance company to give notice when a policy expires. A lawyer has just recovered the loss of his library under this decision.

The official price of the French loan which has just been issued to meet the demands of the new treaty with reference to the evacuation of France by German troops, is 84 francs 50 centimes.

A woman kicked to death, a boy fatally stabbed, two policemen assaulted, four people feloniously attacked, and one man robbed on the public highway, is a New York city record for one day.

The progress of an operator in the recent wheat corner in Chicago is summed up thus: "First stage, plenty money, no wheat. Second stage, plenty wheat, no money. Third stage, no wheat, no money."

A highly sensitive soul in Wheeling, W. Va., hung himself the other day because dinner was not ready when he came home. He was a drayman by occupation, and left a family to take care of themselves.

The official trial of a road steamer on the Erie Canal was made in presence of the Canal Commissioners, and proved a complete success. The engine drew three loaded boats at double the speed of boats drawn by horses.

At a certain church fair, a set of Cooper's Works was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden pails.

Hair, or even straw mattresses, are more healthy to sleep on than feather beds. Never put children on these heating beds. Keep their sleeping rooms very clean and well aired, and do not cumber them with unnecessary furniture.

The Massachusetts *Press* excursion party had a pleasant time, during their trip a committee was appointed to confer with the New Hampshire Association in reference to a joint excursion next year. The old board of managers were re-elected.

The meanest man yet discovered has turned up, of all places in the world, in Germantown, Philadelphia. The particular manifestation of total depravity in his case is a propensity for cutting off the tails of cows whose owners have in any way offended him.

The London correspondence gives a hint on the argument prepared by the British agent and submitted to the Tribunal on the Alabama claims. The direct claims of the United States are cut down to about $8,000,000, and even the justice of them denied in toto.

Two men named Seymour were shot on Chateaugay Lake, while lying asleep in their boat, by one Schultz who says he mistook them for a deer which he was still-hunting. One was grazed in the arm by the ball which entered the back of the other's head, inflicting a dangerous wound.

Two young ladies at Salem, Oregon, the other night were crossing a mill race when they discovered a white object a short distance below in the water which they supposed was a goose, but as they commenced pelting the object with stones, they found out it was a man taking a bath. The young ladies left.

When a Hindoo wants to get up an elaborate course of false swearing, he always takes care to have a rehearsal with his associates of all the circumstances which are to be alleged to have occurred. In this way an air of exactness and reality is given to the narrative which could not otherwise have occurred.

The escape of King Amadeus was a narrow one. One of the horses attached to his carriage received no less than seven bullets. Three of the would be assassins and twenty-seven others who are accused of being their accomplices have been arrested. The failure of the attempt created great joy in Rome and all the Italian cities.

There is a hotel in California composed of ten hollow trees, standing a few feet apart. The largest of these is sixty-five feet around, and is used as a bar and kitchen. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, whitewashed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leading stump dubbed "the library."

According to reliable statistics recently published, it appears that the average life of certain animals and birds is the following: The hare lives 10 years; the cat, 10; the goat, 8; the donkey, 30; the sheep, 10; the dog, 14 to 20; the ox, 20; the sow, 25; the pigeon, 8; the turtle dove, 25; the partridge, 25; the raven, 100; the eagle, 100; the goose, 150 years.

In opening the trial at Dublin of prisoners charged with burning Mr. Justice Keogh in effigy, Baron Deasy remarked that such insolence would not be tolerated in the great republic even during a Presidential campaign stating also, what must have been an agreeable circumstance for the learned Justice to contemplate, that the outrage was witnessed by thousands of people with a savage satisfaction.

The whipping affair at Reugochille, has proved much more horrible than was at first supposed. One man, it was reported, had received one thousand five hundred lashes to induce him to make a confession of robbery, and had died before the chastisement was finished. It now turns out that seven men were thus brutally whipped; that one died, and another is dying, while the remainder are fearfully mangled.