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Little Rag-Tag.

A curly, bright head, and perched upon it
Little Rag-tag of a brown sun-bonnet;
A pair of old shoes, forever untied,
Whose soles have holes, whose toes grin wide.
Come sun or come shade, come shine or come rain.
To little Rag-tag it's ever the same;
With an air of the most supreme content,
She paddles and plays till the day is spent.

Why people complain she never can see,
When God is as good as ever can be;
She talks to herself, and laughs, and sings
About the world and its beautiful things;
But, though He is good to all of the rest,
She is very sure that He loves her the best!
Oh, how much better this world would wag
If we all had hearts like little Rag-tag!

A Discontented Poet.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cold he wants it hot—
Ne er contented with his lot.

When it's dry
He for showers is heard to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet the fool complains.

Hot or cold, dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get;
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

So deep was the water that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me.

"Oh," I replied, gayly, "it's only a little mist—all right!"

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward, toward the south, and rising slightly toward the north. Looking forward then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

As yet, we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed ascent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed; we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous situation. A storm was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signalized to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and some places were covered by marine plants and name'ess ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position, among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her sides. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swift-approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when encumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upward; I sprang out upon the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heaven! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin and entered.

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the door. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good heaven! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning; for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others, for his long black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and mustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong unless it should increase with ten-fold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in the abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and recked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly toward me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage-way through the machine rooms. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs, into the lower-hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. The aperture was closed!

Heaven! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprung toward me?—

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from the den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in, to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had it raised four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time: for a moment after, the mass went over back again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption consitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me raising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

A NEW "JERUSALEM."—This is the way one choir sings the first verse of "Jerusalem, my happy home":

Yiz-lu-sah-leng, Yiz-lu-sah-leng,
Di-ming jih ezz pao-pe;
Ling-cong z'eo kyi-z we tao,
Peh ngo zin gyi en we?

The choir to which we now refer is composed of Chinamen; but there are plenty of American choirs that sing just as badly or worse.

Editorial Responsibility.

In the Brooklyn trial his honor Judge Neilson, rendered, incidentally, what seems to us an eminently wise decision, the New York *Herald* says, and we are happy to note that good law and strict justice seem for once to coincide. His judgment was that however the editor or proprietor of a newspaper may be responsible in damages for injuries done to others by publications made in his journal, yet he cannot be accounted morally responsible for the effect of any articles that appear in his paper unless it be shown that they were either written by himself or distinctly published with knowledge and consent. Discussion of the point arose upon the preffer by Mr. Evarts of certain articles printed in the *Golden Age* while Mr. Tilton was editor. One of these articles was an extract from the Troy *Times*, given as news, and of course it was not pretended that Mr. Tilton wrote it; and it was not proposed even to show that he wrote the others. It was argued that as these pieces contemplated marriage from a very loose standpoint it would be sufficient to show that they were published in a paper controlled by Mr. Tilton in order to show that he held the same views, and the learned counsel proposed to make a precedent in this case "to hold an editor responsible in the sphere of public opinion and morality for articles that are published in his newspaper, whether he is personally the writer of them or not, if they appear as the issue of his paper, and not credited to any other source"—that is, as was further explained, if the articles were "original matter."

Now the theory of editorial responsibility thus imagined by Mr. Evarts would place editors in a difficult dilemma between their obligations to public morality and their obligations to give the news. For the "original matter" contemplated by the lawyers covers all that is given in a newspaper that has not been previously printed. It does not merely mean the editorial articles; those presumed expressions of the editor's opinions on the topics of the day, for which his responsibility is never denied and for which alone of all that appears in the paper he can be rationally deemed responsible; but it covers all that he prints without copying it from some other journal or printed source—all that does not go within turned commas. Our first obligation is to give the news. Are we responsible, morally, for what the news may be?

Experiments on Intoxication.

The *Journal des Connaissances Medicales* publishes an article, by Dr. Cornil, on certain experiments made by Dr. Magnan to investigate the effects of alcoholism on the animal economy. The first series comprises the administration of brandy to dogs. The animal at first evinces some excitement, which gradually increases, and ends in stupefaction and a comatose sleep, accompanied by a fall in the temperature of the body, insensibility, and paralysis of the hind legs. This state is transitory; but if the experiment be indifinitely repeated, a peculiar nervous sensitiveness may be remarked at the end of a fortnight. The subject pricks up its ears, watches, then starts at the slightest noise, shows fear, and experiences illusions and hallucinations which assume the form of a regular delirium within the space of a month, with fits of trembling. If the brandy be suppressed death ensues, accompanied by indifference and stupefaction. There is a great difference between the action of mere brandy and the liquor known as absinthe, which is an alcoholic tincture of wormwood; and Dr. Magman's experiments go far to refute the opinion of those who consider this favorite beverage to be inert except in so far as it is alcoholic. Given in a weak dose to a dog, a shivering is observed to take place, with muscular twitches and jerks in the neck, and rapid but uplifted motions of the head, shoulders, and back. Administered in heavy doses, convulsive fits are the consequence, but differing materially from paraplegia, or delirium tremens. Hallucinations, moreover, appear at the very first experiments, instead of being nearly the last stage, as in the case of mere brandy. In man Dr. Magnan divides intoxication by alcohol into three stages—mania, delirium tremens, and stupor. We need not here describe these different states, which are pretty generally known, but cannot omit the fact that convulsive fits almost exclusively occur in that kind of alcoholism that is produced by absinthe. Passing by the subject of chronic intoxication, it either ends in madness or general paralysis. The former is preceded or accompanied by unnatural obesity, the latter by sclerosis of the nervous centers. These different states are effects of "intoxication" in its real sense of "poisoning," and should not be confounded with mere dipsomania, or hard drinking at irregular intervals, or by fits and starts.

Chinese Politeness.

Rules of politeness are all regulated at Pekin by a Tribunal of Rites. In case you wish to pay a visit to a mandarin, the proper thing to do is to send in your card, on a small piece of red paper, on which is your name, followed by a polite sentence, as this: "The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, thus presents himself to pay his respects and to bow before you to the earth." If the mandarin is willing to receive you, he asks you to pass before him. You are expected to make the humble reply, "I dare not;" and, after an infinity of gestures, which are all arranged, and obligatory phrases, the master of the house bows to a chair, and slightly dusts it with the corner of his robe, upon which you are at length seated. The difficulties are much increased when ten or a dozen mandarins call upon an Englishman at once, and, according to the custom, tea is offered, beginning at one of the highest rank. He pretends to offer to the next, then to the third, and so on to the last. All having politely refused, he permits himself to drink it. The second, in turn, has to offer the cup to the others, and thus the farce proceeds until all have gone through the wearisome task.

Of Manslaughter.

At Coventry, in England, after a long coroner's inquiry, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against a midwife named Elizabeth Ingram. The evidence showed that she had attended a large number of confinements, and had conveyed puerperal fever to the patients. She was cautioned by the coroner to cease from practice, but did not do so. Since then two inquests have been held on fatal cases she had attended. At the first inquiry Ingram was censured, and finally she was committed to take her trial on a charge of manslaughter. Four other cases of puerperal fever attended by her have proved fatal.

Talking of the Cold.

The cold wave that visited the country made a special visit to the West. A Montana paper gives a record of the thermometer during a portion of the month. The register for one week showed all the way from thirty to fifty-six degrees below zero, going far below the bottom figures of thermometers generally, and making it necessary to have special ones arranged for the purpose. Ordinary thermometers were frozen up. Numbers of people were frozen to death.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Interesting Letters from Colonel Long to the American Geographical Society—Another Watershed of the Upper Nile Discovered—Sanguinary Hospitality.

An important letter has been received by Chief Justice Daily, president of the American Geographical Society, from Col. Charles C. Long, the African explorer, who accomplished the undertaking of navigating the water of the Victoria Nyanza, and who is a claimant to the discovery of one of the sources of the Nile.

The letter bears date Gonda Kora, Central Africa, 1874, and begins by stating that the writer was commissioned by Colonel C. G. Gordon, C. B., Governor General of the Provinces of the Equator, to visit M'Tse, King of Ugundo, and for which object he left Gonda Kora on the 24th of April last, accompanied by two soldiers and two servants, and reached Victoria Nyanza, after fifty-eight days of painful marching, and all suffering from the jungle fever. King M'Tse received Mr. Long (the White Prince) with courtly honors, and on the following day, to complete the honors, decapitated thirty of his subjects, the King during these bloody executions displaying great feeling. He (Mr. Long), after a few days' sojourn, obtained the king's permission to visit the lake and to return thence by Ripon Falls and by the river to Urondogain. On his return the king again decapitated seven of his subjects, saying in broken Arabic: "It is necessary to do so, because you wish to go by the river Nile; but it pains my heart to kill them." M'Tse is thirty-five years of age, tall, has a good figure and possesses a higher intelligence than his subjects. Mr. Long remained twenty-nine days as the guest of the king, and frequent visits to him were honored by the killing of eight or ten of his subjects. His horse, the only one in Uganda, was an object of the greatest wonder to M'Tse, and of wonder and fear to the whole country. The king's manner toward Mr. Long was one of marked consideration. In his presence he (Long) sat in a chair, while the king's courtiers prostrated themselves at his feet. M'Tse seemed carried away by Mr. Long's description of the various civilized countries, and frequently exclaimed, "All that I have is yours, if you make me a great king. I want a carriage and a horse." After much trouble the king consented to allow him to return by the Victoria Nile, which he described as full of rocks, no water, and savage tribes, and on the 14th of July, although suffering from dysentery, he visited the Victoria Nyanza. He was escorted by a thousand of M'Tse's warriors to the lake, which he found twenty-five to eighty feet in depth, and a cloudless sky. The water was sweet and light, and although the light shone, no trace of shells or tide marks were found to disturb this one source of the Nile. He returned to M'Tse's, having been compelled to abandon the project, when he bade him adieu and left for Urondogain on the 19th of July, where the expedition arrived after a march of twenty days. Here great opposition was manifested by the native chiefs against him because he had closed the way to Zanzibar and had received the assurance of M'Tse that all ivory should in future pass by Koro and down the Nile.

African diplomacy did its utmost to deter Long from his purpose to navigate the unknown Nile, who, however, seized two bark canoes, and at daylight on the 9th of August stole silently away. On the 11th, in north latitude 1.30, the expedition entered a large basin or lake, where the bed of the river loses itself. The expedition was beset by storms, without compass, and was forty-eight hours struggling to find its way in the lake, which is at least twenty to twenty-five miles wide. This lake seems not alone the reservoir of the waters of the Plateau, the great water sheet extending southward, the real source of the Nile. Perpetual rains, except in July or August, fall and fill this basin almost to an immeasurable depth, and when the waters get too high they break through the channel, and perhaps this accounts for the periodical inundation of the Nile. On August 17th the little band arrived near M'Rooli, when it was attacked by four hundred men of Kiba Rajas in canoes, and after a severe fight, in which the natives lost thirty-two killed, they were defeated. On the 20th he arrived near Karuma Falls, where they were received by the adjutant of the garrison and by Rioriga, who showed great delight at the defeat of Kiba Riga. The river there, from Karuma to Forressato Ormdogani, is navigable for ships like the Great Eastern. Running its march northward on the 15th of September, the expedition arrived at Gonda Kora on the 18th of October.

The letter then goes on to describe the Uganda country, which is mountainous and picturesque, soil fertile and impregnated with iron. The climate is salubrious, but debilitating for Europeans, and is a land of morass and marsh in some quarters. It abounds with buffalo and elephants. Jungle fever is prevalent, and even the natives are subject to it. Spring may be said to exist there at all seasons of the year. At nine A. M. there is excessive heat from the sun's rays, while from four to five P. M. rain commences, and the nights are damp and chilly, and woolen clothes a necessity for Europeans.

Housetop Gardens.

Housetop gardens, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, have not attained to the importance predicted of them in the days when the lowering of the price of glass brought that useful article into demand for a thousand uses unthought of previously. But a sufficient number of examples are to be found, in London for example, to suggest that the covering of roofs with glass will in a few years become common. The photographers have given an impetus to the enterprise by showing how sunlight, previously wasted on unsympathetic tiles, could be utilized for the advantage of mankind. A housetop garden not only provides a source of pleasure, and it may be even of profit, in itself, but it adds materially to the comfort of a dwelling by equalizing the temperature of the upper rooms. By screening the sunshine from the roof, the suffocating heat that often prevails in houses in the height of summer is abolished, and in the depth of winter the chambers nearest the roof are some degrees warmer than they would be were the roof exposed to the chilling influence of wind and frost and snow.

In a Western Court.

"I couldn't get nothing to do," said a prisoner in a Detroit court.

"I hear you couldn't," replied the judge, "but if I were a young man eighteen years old, in sound health, and th fat on my ribs was an inch and a half thick, I'd find work enough to pay for my board or I'd slide off the wharf and make business for a coroner.'

"I've looked all round," said the prisoner.

"Well, we won't argue the case. I know that work is scarce, but I also know that there are dozens of fat loafers around this town who wouldn't turn a grindstone two hours for a week's board. You are charged with vagrancy, are guilty, and I'll give you sixty days. That will let you out about the time the pansies bloom, and if you can't find work then I'll send you back for six months."

BABIES, DOGS, AND POULTRY.

A Look at the Exhibitions as they are now given to us.

We live in an age of exhibition and of ceaseless competition which hardly seems to have had any precedent in the past. The Greeks raced in chariots or wrestled in the arena, or contended in melodious iambics; the Romans gloated over the death struggles of gladiators; the chivalrous times had their tourneys of shivered lances; Spain had bull fights, England her horse races and fisticuff rencounters; but, in our day, we have betaken ourselves to the practical and the useful, and become virtuosi of breeds and manufactures. Our medals are for the fattest oxen, the fastest horses, and the fleeciest sheep; for machines which will do the day's work of fifty pairs of hands in an hour; for the plumpest babies, for fowls of the greatest ovarian fecundity, for rare dogs and the most charming of singing birds, for the choicest of fruits and the most brilliant of flowers, or, finally, for the best specimens of college rhetoric. At Detroit the show was a triple miscellany of babies, dogs, and poultry.

For our own part, says the New York *Tribune*, we must admit, though we hardly know why, that there is something unpleasant about the idea of a prize baby carrying off the laurels by virtue of avoirdupois. Do not the mothers love the lean ones quite as well, and even a little better? A poor, wee thing, mostly bones, and small bones at the best, wailing through the torments of dentition, so helpless that even nature seems to have forgotten it, though it would not have the least chance of a premium, may have a plenty of compensating affection in the home to which God sent it to teach lessons of tender pity and glad self-sacrifice. Always it is upon exhibition there, and every day it takes premiums of rattles and rings. The next biggest child is its beast of burden; and all household cares are deferred to its own—the cooking, the sweeping, and the washing. The weary father, swearing in a suppressed and quiet way, will carry it about all night in his arms. Day by day it grows leaner and leaner; and should fate take it after all, it is ever spoken of as a cherub, has a pretty little headstone, flowers in a broken pitcher on its short grave, and four lines in the local newspaper. Poor mite! it would have had no chance with the big babies of the show, but it was nicer every way than the little bursting lumps of adipose with faces made meaningless by their abnormal plumpness, and with legs like the least appetizing of German sausages. Yet we are willing to admit that a row of prize babies is not without its charms. The parental pride which brought these specimens to the fair is an earnest of care and good treatment. No animal of any value is so much at the mercy in its infancy of caprice and convenience as man. We train horses, hogs, sheep, and cattle, putting on flesh here and taking it off there, and talking endlessly about this strain, and all that; it is only our own frames of which we are neglectful, so that a man or woman of perfect physical development is an exception. It is well to be a deal more careful in such matters, and to begin with the new-born.

Considering in whose image we are all made, it is a little unpleasant to find the babies exhibited with the dogs and hens—the spaniels and stag-hounds, the Dorkings and the Bantams. One child is of more value than a thousand black-and-tans, though every one of them weighed less than ten pounds. Yet, in spite of hydrophobia, the dog is an interesting animal, and by his fidelity, intelligence and fondness he makes up for his fleas and his nocturnal howls, and leads us to forgive his passionate appetite for mutton. He divides our affection with the cat or the canary bird, and is often invested by our fond fancy with instinctive intelligence which would hardly stand the test of scientific scrutiny. No domestic animal, however, degenerates so rapidly through neglect, and no vagabond is more of a nuisance than a homeless dog. It is right, therefore, that he should be an object of interest and a candidate for premiums.

Of poultry, we do not find that we have much to say. These feathered frequenters of the barnyard are most inspiring