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Our Daily Reckoning.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But, if through all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

"The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet."

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern:
But overhead the planets burn,

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

WITHOUT A PIGTAIL.

The Story of a Pleasant Love.

CHAPTER I.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Porlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as at intervals they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, or ever since Maggie could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress."

There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person with green eyes, a turn-up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year, has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China!"

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting perhaps that it was nicer—twice as nice, it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pigtail and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and"—

"Yes?" she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor lieutenant; you will have all the squires and foxhunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no, indeed I shan't, Alic," she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find you"—

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we have got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alic, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back when your cross crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know."

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the Celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill—wounded—or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. Two years passed, and never a word. "It's bad, bad," she said bitterly, and wondered painfully if he really had married a wife with a pigtail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed on into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at last she gave him up altogether.

CHAPTER II.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and had tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which being precisely Maggie's ough ption as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. Now, Maggie had a very modest idea of her own merits, and therefore only asked for twenty-five pounds a year and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement, that she could teach English, French, music and the rudiments of drawing.

One of these answers came from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Mrs. Marshall was a stiffnecked sort of woman, and stared at poor little Maggie (who looked almost as childlike and twice as pretty as ever) through double gold glasses. Colonel Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man, with a bald head and an iron gray mustache, and there was a grown up daughter, a Miss Patterson. Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school-room as usual, for her pupils had just said good-night and been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play, if we should want you?"

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time," said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and thought I would come and tell you, so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner," and she sailed out of the room, evidently considering the matter settled; and Maggie meekly proceeded to practice the Mabel Waltz and the Flick and Flock Galop. Then she put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted, expression in her eyes, she descended, and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and there stood still for a moment staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly looking, was Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-love, and then left it altogether. She recovered her self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity toward the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"— And then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost piteously: "I am the governess here."

"Are you? Oh, I see, then, that is the reason I've not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up, and speaking in her coldest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was being backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed! how interesting!" Then, turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be our dance, I think," to Alic, and she sailed off with him triumphantly.

He came up to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Porlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha, and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him. Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and, saying she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without her being able to get even another look at Alic.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Porlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend indeed."—

"Thank you. I merely wished to inquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidential talks with any gentlemen who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson?" Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had in the world entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of explaining as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school-room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Tim, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! what will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie, in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm sure you'll allow to be right if your governess asks leave to go out for an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking her. "What did you mean by going away from Porlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered, helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alic, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least, so he says. There, now, what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you," and he held up a pair of heathenish looking clubs and brandished them over her head, and then proceeded to pull out the rest of the contents of the box and to decorate the school-room with them. "There's Mr. Buddha, and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing; only you will get me into dreadful trouble—you will, indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" and he put his arm round her waist just as of old, and she did not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but, Alic"—

"Oh! but, Maggie"— And then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the colonel, and there stood Mrs. Marshall, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror-struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall in astonishment.

"Holty-tolty!" exclaimed the colonel. "What does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life—"

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alic, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the colonel, to consider your house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop there was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there were a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old colonel, heartily, "you shall be married from here"—

"Oh! please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress, sourly.

So they all finally agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities, and went to the well-off and bad-tempered aunt.

The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alic the evening before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away, I used to think sometimes that perhaps you'd marry a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said, grandly: "as it is, yo see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail; and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said; and she was.

Coldness and Cordiality.

There is no other way by which friendship may be so completely crushed out of existence, as by coldness of manner; hard words are no competitors at all, for they are so often satisfactorily explained. It is frequently said that "like begets like," and we believe that is often so. If we meet with an acquaintance who grasps our hand cordially, and gives it a generous and hearty shake, and their countenance lights up with a cheerful smile as they utter a pleasant and welcome salutation, if we are feeling dull and moody, we are, or at least should at once be, ashamed of that feeling, and instantly put forth our energies to disguise and banish it. If, on the contrary, we meet with one who repels our very attempt to be cordial by a studied coolness of manner, we very soon become impervious to any genial feeling for him, and a larger stock of pride springs to our aid than we ever dreamed our heart possessed, and a gulf is then and there formed over which a passable bridge can never be erected.

A Marshal's Encounter with a Gambler.

Erichson is a city marshal and Woodlief a gambler in Houston, and their relations, one being an enforcer of the law and the other a breaker of it, have not been pleasant. The following description is given of one of their recent street encounters: Woodlief was angry at the marshal for causing his arrest the day before, and was just out on bail, when, meeting the object of his ire on Main street coming toward him, the gambler drew his five shooter and fired, but missed. Erichson, perceiving his danger, drew a pistol, but the weapon caught in his clothing. In the meantime Woodlief obtained his second shot, the ball striking Erichson in the thigh. He fell, but succeeded in drawing his pistol. The first time the weapon snapped. For the next few seconds one shot followed another. Erichson, although prostrate, fired four shots, three of which took effect in the person of his assailant.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

LOBSTER BAKED.—Choose a small but heavy lobster, and after boiling it, take the meat out of the shells, leaving the large body shell whole, which wash nicely; cut the meat in small dice, with a little parsley and shallot, a few drops of the essence of anchovies, a spoonful of vinegar, a little cayenne pepper and salt, some melted butter, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, rubbed with the butter; put a little melted butter in the shell, sprinkle some bread crumbs over it; fill with the prepared lobster, and cover with bread crumbs and small lumps of butter; brown in the oven, and send to table hot.

CALF'S TRIPE.—Procure very nice white tripe; cut in small pieces; season with salt and pepper; stew slowly until very tender; it will take quite a long time. At the same time have in a separate saucepan eight white onions boiled soft and mashed; the water in which they were boiled pour off and flour, milk and butter added; let all stew together; when the tripe is tender dish on buttered toast with a squeezed lemon over it; the onion sauce served in a gravy boat.

WATER-MELON CAKE.—White part—two cupfuls white sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar, the whites of eight eggs and three cupfuls of flour. Red part—half a pound of red sugar, half a cupful butter, half a cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, the whites of six eggs and two cupfuls flour. Put half the white part in the pan, then the red, with a few currants sprinkled in to have the appearance of seeds, then place the remaining white part on top.

SAUSAGES.—Grind your meat in a sausage-mill, and take ground black pepper, pulverized sage-leaves, and red pepper well powdered; mix a small quantity and cook to dry it, and then mix in the pepper and sage to suit your taste.

CHOCOLATE SQUARES.—One cupful butter, two of sugar, one of milk, two and a half of flour, one and one half teaspoonful of baking powder; bake in layers in a biscuit-pan; place between them the following mixture, cut in squares: Icing—Dissolve one sheet of isinglass in one cupful boiling water; mix with it one cake of grated chocolate and one cupful powdered sugar, to the consistency of cream; for the top, mix the remainder of the icing with a cupful sugar, flavored with lemon; spread thin.

BREAD.—Dissolve one cake of compressed yeast in one-half cupful tepid water; take three quarts of flour, one tablespoonful salt, and warm sufficient to make a stiff batter, add ng the yeast last; beat all well together; cover tightly. Early in the morning add a small lump of butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, and mold in flour sufficient to form a soft dough; must be well kneaded, but not too stiff and hard. Cover and set in a warm place where it will rise quickly. The quicker it rises the whiter it will be; should be perfectly light in, at most, two hours. Mold on a floured cloth, or folded table cloth, with a little flour dredged on it. I like narrow, long tins, with perpend cular sides, for baking in. After putting in pan, let rise about fifteen minutes. Just before placing in the oven, wash the top of the loaves over with a little melted butter or milk with a paste brush or feather. Immediately on taking from the oven, roll each loaf separately in a bread towel.

Free Prescriptions.

The following paragraphs from the *American Cultivator* are worthy of attention:

THE FEET.—Were people to bathe their feet and legs in lukewarm water at night after being exposed to cold or wet through the day they would seldom experience the ill effects which often proceed from these causes.

INTEMPERANCE.—Every act of intoxication puts nature to the expense of a fever in order to discharge the poisonous draught. When this is frequently repeated it is very easy to foresee the consequences to the victim of the debauch.

HEADACHE.—To cure a simple headache, put the feet in a large basin of very warm water and keep them there for fifteen minutes. This will often afford immediate relief. If the pain is severe add a tablespoonful of dry mustard to the water.

EARLY RISING.—Let any one who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning rise by six, spend a couple of hours walking or riding out of doors, and he will find his spirits cheerful and serene through the day, his appetite keen and his body braced throughout.

PERSPIRATION.—It is absolutely impossible to enjoy health when perspiration is not duly carried on, but this can never be the case when proper and regular exercise is neglected. When the matter which should be thrown off by perspiration remains in the body it vitiates the humors and occasions gout, fevers, etc. Exercise is far more efficacious and pleasant than medicine.

AIR OUR HOUSES.—The various methods which luxury has invented to make houses close and warm contribute not a little to render them unwholesome, unless the air has a free passage through it. Beds, instead of being made up as soon as people rise from them, ought to be turned down and exposed to the fresh air. This will expel noxious vapors and promote health.

Experiment with Seeds.

There are many questions constantly presenting themselves for solution to every thoughtful person engaged in the propagation or cultivation of plants. These questions relate to all the infinitely varied conditions and influences under which plant growth can take place. Every farmer and gardener has many opportunities to throw light on these subjects by a little effort in the way of experimenting. The whole future life of the plant is often greatly influenced by the conditions under which germination takes place. The condition and quality of the soil, the nature, condition and amount of the manure or fertilizer used, and the conditions of light, heat and moisture during the germination and early stages of the plant, have a decided and in most cases a controlling influence on the future growth and vigor of the plant. These things are all governed by established laws. The reason that success is not more general and uniform is that our knowledge of the laws of germination and growth is too limited, and even what is known is not as generally and intelligently applied as it might and should be. A simple, carefully conducted experiment, in which all the elements are taken into account, may be the means of throwing light on some important point that will result in great practical good. Soaking seed in various mineral or chemical solutions before planting, often has a very important effect on the health and vigor of plants.

A series of trials that would determine what these effects are, would be of great practical utility to farmers. Would it not be a good subject for the consideration of granges and farmers' clubs? Suppose the different members of a grange should arrange for a series of experiments to be made during the present season, so arranging it that each one shall have a definite and specific duty to perform; every step in the process with the results to be reported to the grange at the proper time. These reports might be placed on the records of the grange for future reference, and thus serve as a guide to future operations.—*Practical Farmer.*

Notes for Farmers.

Arrowroot culture, which formerly was carried on quite extensively in Florida, is about to be revived by the new settlers in the land of flowers.

The washing and shearing of sheep should be deferred until the weather is warm enough to insure them against taking cold after the fleece is removed.

Filthy and wet poultry yards are likely to produce a disease known as scurfy leg, just as low, wet lands for pasture bring on foot rot in sheep and cattle. It is much easier to prevent such diseases than to cure them.

The grasshopper commission, consisting of Profs. Riley, Thomas and Packard, are soon to leave for the Rocky mountains, for the purpose of investigating the life history of this great pest of the Western States and Territories.

The breeders of Angora goats must begin to get discouraged, inasmuch as the price of the animals has dropped to almost nothing, and the fleece, which we were assured would sell readily at $5 or $6 a pound, finds a slow market at thirty-five to fifty cents.

Those who may desire to raise American elm, scarlet and silver maple trees, should not forget that the seed ripens in the spring, and should be sown as soon as gathered from the trees. The seeds of all our other species of maples ripen in the fall, and may be kept over winter.

For bee pasturage there are few plants that excel mignonette, as it grows readily on light soils and blooms throughout the hottest and dryest weather, when many of the more hardy perennials fail. If you keep bees, sow a bed of mignonette for bee pasturage in times of droughts.

Insect Pests.

Allow me to give to the suffering public a more effectual remedy than any I have seen recommended for the destruction of all those pests that feed upon the foliage of our crops. Dissolve a dram of corrosive sublimate in a pail of water, sprinkle it upon the foliage with a fine sprinkler. It is not necessary that every leaf should be wet with it, as it is the eating of the leaf that destroys the worm or bug, and not by its application to their bodies. I destroyed the whole crop of currant worms last year upon my bushes by one application. There being entire absence of taste to the article, it is eaten readily. The rain washes it off, but it would not be safe to put it upon fruit nearly ripe. It is a most violent poison, to man or beast; therefore the utmost care should be exercised in cleansing all vessels in which it has been placed; the water even in which they are washed should not be poured upon the ground where fowls might pick up food. In the potato field there would be no danger in its use unless fowls were allowed to run in the field and should eat the worms. A farmer can afford to use great caution in its use if he can successfully destroy the worm of the Colorado beetle.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Needed Information.

At ten o'clock the other forenoon a man wearing a doubtful look appeared at the stamp clerk's window in the post-office and asked for a postal card and facilities for writing. He was a long time getting ready to put his pen to the card, and he had only made a stroke or two when he called out:

"How do you spell 'Jim?'"

"Why, J-i-m, of course," answered the clerk.

"Don't look as if it was right," said the man, he held up the card and scrutinized the word. "Sure you haven't made any mistake?"

"That's the way, of course," growled a by-stander. "How else can you spell the name?"

"That's so—how could I?" smiled the man, as he looked again. "I'll put J-i-m against any other style of spelling every time. Now, his other name is—is—well, knock me down if I haven't forgotten! Why, hang it, I have known him for ten years, and now I can't think of his name! Jim—Jim—Jim—J-i-m—yum!"

He looked around in a helpless way, and one of the small crowd finally said:

"You can write the message, and think of the name afterward."

"So I can. I want to say to him that his wife is sick abed, his landlord is howling around for rent, and that he'd better come home. How do you spell it?"

"I'll write it," answered the clerk.

"He couldn't read your shearograpy," said the stranger. "Jim isn't much on education, and I have to write just as poorly as I can or he couldn't make out a word. Less see! Do I want to start off with P. S, or what?"

"I should say: 'You are wanted to home to once,' if it was me," suggested a car driver, who was after a stamp.

"Twouldn't do," sighed the man, shaking his head, "I wouldn't dare spring the thing on him suddenly, or he'd make for Canada. The place to tell him to come home is down here at the bottom."

"Where is he?" some one asked.

"Why, in—in—in—why, blister my ears—why!"

"I'll bet you've forgotten the place!" shouted the car driver.

"J-i-m, Jim—J-i-m, Jim, and he's in—in—J-i-m, Jim!" gasped the man, as he looked around with an appeal in his eyes.

The crowd mentioned twenty different places, but he shook his head at each one.

"If you can't think of his name, and can't remember his address, how are you going to send the card?" asked the clerk.

"That's so—how am I?" sighed the man. "If you was me you wouldn't send t would you?"

"I don't think I would."

"Then I won't. If his wife can think of his name and the place where he is she'd better write it."

When he walked away he carried his hat in one hand and scratched his head with the other, and muttered:

"J-i-m with a great big 'J,' and blister my ears with a great big 'B,' and I ought to have written his name down on the door or somewhere. Less see! J-i-m, and he's i-n in—in"—and he disappeared up Congress street.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pleasant Custom.

Cameron's "Across Africa" says that on the death of a Urua chief, it is the custom to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and treasure, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in on them, and all the women are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife. To her custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the river is allowed to resume its course.

AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

What Befel a Delaware Man by Land and Sea—Perils in Various Shapes.

There was lately lost at sea off Hatteras, a coasting vessel bound from New York to a port off Texas, the captain of which, John Williams by name, had a somewhat remarkable career. He was a native of Sussex county, Del., and first saw light about sixty years ago, near the banks of Indian river. Following the example of the male population of that region from time immemorial, he early in life became a fisherman and spent the greater portion of his working hours in his boat dredging for oysters or hauling the seine for fish. Of Williams' haps and mishaps at this period of his career we have no record, but if they were at all in proportion to what befel him in subsequent years they were very many.

When he was about twenty years old he had grown tired of his quiet fishing life and hired as a hand on a schooner trading with New York. He made several trips, and his first glimpse of the outside world was obtained as the vessel sailed up the East river among the forest of masts. The only accident that happened him while in the service of the Indian river skipper was his being knocked over one day in New York harbor, but a rope being thrown him he was speedily on deck again. His first extended voyage was to the West Indies, and one day while in the tropics he, with two companions, went in to bathe. A school of sharks happened in the neighborhood, and one of Williams' companions was eaten, while our hero himself lost a part of his foot. His escape from the jaws of the fish was so narrow that he never ventured to bathe in that latitude again. His next adventure was in South America. While the vessel on which he sailed was in port undergoing repairs Williams, with two other companions, got leave to make an excursion inland. As the three men were winding their way slowly down a mountain slope, bestriding the mules used in such countries, Williams, being some distance in advance, was startled by the sudden shying of his mule. At the same instant he heard a horrible hissing sound, and on looking in the direction whence the noise proceeded was terror-stricken to behold a huge serpent in the act of pouncing upon him. He instantly sprang from the saddle and bounded up the path. A moment later the poor mule uttered an almost human cry of fright as the serpent sprang upon it and bore it to the earth. When Williams came in sight of his companions they asked for an explanation of his strange conduct, declaring that he looked as though he had seen a ghost. He could only point down the mountain where the serpent and the mule, coiled together, were rolling in the thicket below. The sailors lost no time in departing from the dangerous neighborhood, and made no more excursions into the country.

On the home voyage the vessel encountered a terrible storm and went to pieces. Williams and a colored man found themselves clinging to a spar, half dead. They both managed to bestride it, and by constant watchfulness managed to avoid being rolled under the waves by their unsteady raft. After they had been floating for twenty hours the colored man complained that his strength was fast leaving him, and feared that he could not hold out much longer. Williams endeavored to cheer him by saying that as they were in the track of southern bound vessels they must surely soon be seen and picked up. But exhaustion, thirst and hunger proved too much for the man's endurance, and on the second day after the shipwreck he suddenly fell backward with a sharp cry of despair and disappeared under the sea. Williams continued to float for another half day, when he was seen by a passing ship and rescued, more dead than alive. The vessel proved to be an American bark for the West Indies, thence to Spain, and on reaching the former islands, Williams, finding no vessel ready to sail for New York, and being offered a berth by the captain who rescued him, accepted. As the vessel lay in a Spanish port a party of the sailors went ashore on mischief bent. While strolling aloofg the streets they heard strains of music, and, entering a house, found a dance in progress. "Half-seas over," and consequently reckless, they entered into the fandango with great zest. All went well for a time, and the inmates seemingly enjoyed the vivacity of the intruders. Presently Williams began paying very marked attention to a fair senorita, who in turn seemed charmed with the American—too much so, indeed, for the peace of mind of her jealous cavalier, who in a rage drew an ugly looking knife from its sheath, and, making a lunge at Williams, stabbed him in the side. He staggered, and would have fallen, had he not been caught by his comrades, who, after demolishing the furniture of the place and wounding several of the inmates, removed their injured companion on board ship. Williams' wound was found to be a dangerous one, and it was deemed advisable to sail without him. He was accordingly placed in a hospital ashore, and the captain sailed home without him. In a few months, however, he recovered and shipped for New York, at which port he arrived without accident, after an absence of several years. Finding a vessel from Indian river about to return, he embraced the opportunity of visiting his early home. While there he was offered the position of first mate on a ship engaged in the Southern trade, and accepted the place. On the second trip from New York, when off the capes, the schooner was wrecked in a terrible gale, and Williams, the only survivor of the ship's crew, was found lashed to the mainmast and taken off by a passing vessel after the storm had in a measure abated. It would naturally be supposed that this narrow escape would deter the mariner from further risk by sea, but not so; there was a fascination in the tempestuous life which he could not resist, and accordingly we find him sailing again as soon as he could find a berth. He continued a seafaring man for a number of years, and finally obtained command of a schooner trading between New York and Galveston, Texas. It was while sailing from the former to the latter port that his vessel went down during one of the terrible gales of the early spring, and all on board are supposed to have perished. Thus ended the life of this intrepid mariner, who for forty years followed the sea, in that time visiting almost every part of the civilized globe, and braving dangers both on sea and on land to find at last a watery grave.—*Philadelphia Press.*

ENERGY AND HUMANITY.—A widow about forty years of age, living on High street, and having the reputation of being one of the meekest and humblest ladies in Detroit, pulled hair with the servant girl before breakfast the other morning, clubbed two boys from the gate before eight o'clock, and had a fuss with a neighbor about a parrot ere the clock struck nine, run a peddler out of the yard at ten, "sassed" two of the sanitary police at eleven, and at high noon she threw ashes over the valley fence on a man who was swearing at a balky horse. During the afternoon she was engaged in working the motto: "Let thy light shine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A lady in Covington, Ky., held a rabid black and tan dog down by the throat for more than two hours, until her husband came home and dispatched him.

A Young Lawyer's Downfall.

The New York *Express* has an account of the downward career of a young lawyer of New York, who created a sensation recently by sending a challenge to fight a duel to Mr. Anthony Comstock, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice. The young lawyer was making a disturbance in Mr. Comstock's office, and was ejected by that gentleman; hence the challenge. The story of his early life is as follows:

About twelve years ago the New York bar was greatly surprised at the wit, brilliancy and learning of a young barrister who had just been admitted to the legal profession, having taken the highest honors in college. A bright future was expected by every one for the man, whose jovial habits and high standing and social attainments warranted his friends in calling him "Henry." But as time passed, it could easily be observed that Henry was not the same as before. At times his wit was dull, his voice husky, and his eye lacking in the quickness that had formerly sparkled there, and it began to be said that he was too fond of the cup; and that his nights were often spent in dissipation and debauch. He was seen hanging around Delmonico's, waiting for his friends to come and ask him to drink, and people made up their minds that he was fast drifting away to utter ruin. But the gossips seemed to be mistaken, all at once Henry seemed to gain new vitality and a newer and better life began to open before him, his glad laugh and hearty voice were heard again in the court rooms, his clients multiplied, and men of double his years preferred to be associated with him than to be opposed to his dashing eloquence and brilliant satire.

Rumor of course was not long in finding out the cause, and it was said that his affections had been placed upon a young and charming lady, and that for her sake he was endeavoring to become worthy of her love. His family were delighted, and his friends gathered around him cheering him back into the paths of virtue with words of encouragement and hope. The reformation seemed complete, the engagement was made and the wedding day was fixed. It is said, however, that on the morning when the nuptials were to take place Henry met several of his friends and, elated by the occasion, adjourned with them to a neighboring bar-room, and his fall was complete.

The beautiful bride, dressed in her wedding attire, waited long and patiently, but the groom did not come. He was, it is said, in the room of a hotel hopelessly intoxicated and cared for by the gentlemen whom he had asked to act as his friends upon his wedding day. The next morning, sober and repentant, he sought his bride that was to be, implored her forgiveness and one more trial. The latter was given, but a long probation was imposed.

He sold the house and furniture which he had bought, and voluntarily retired to a private inebriate asylum, hoping thereby to eradicate the fatal tendencies which he believed to be a curable disease. It is alleged that he remained there for two years. For a year or so he was sober, but at last, either from a natural weakness or from a feeling of despair at having heard that the woman of his choice was to be married to another, he resumed his old habits, and with a few occasional periods of sobriety became a hopeless drunkard.

Turkish Titles.

Sultan—The sovereign of the Turkish empire—the recognized organ of all executive power in the State. His headquarters are at Constantinople.

Porte—The government of the Turkish empire.

Sublime Porte—The official name of the government, so-called from the gate of the sultan's palace.

Grand Vizier—The chief minister of the Turkish empire.

Divan—The Turkish council of State—the "cabinet."

Grand Mufti—Chief interpreter of the Mohammedan law and head of the "wise men"—jurists, theologians and *literati*—who assemble for consultation on his order. He is mostly styled the chief of the faithful. A writer says a *fetwa* or decree from him would summon around the standard of the prophet all the fanatical hordes of Islam to fight to the death against the "infidels, in the firm belief that death on the battlefield is a sure passport to paradise."

Pasha—Governors, viceroys, commanders, civil and military rulers of provinces.

Beys—About the same as pasha.

Sheik—The name given the heads of Arabian tribes or clans. It means elder, or eldest in dignity and authority.

Osmandi—Turkish official.

Islam—The religion of Mohammed.

Islams—Mohammedans themselves.

Mussulman—A follower of Mohammed.

Ottoman Empire—Another name for the Turkish empire, and derives its name from Osman, its founder.

Osmanlis—The Turks proper.

A Brooklyn Man's Mineral Spring.

A Brooklyn paper reports that one Mr. R——, while excavating on the shore of Newtown creek, struck a spring of mineral water. He took a bottleful of it to a German chemist for analysis, telling him he should advertise the result, and convert the place into a regular Baden-Baden. The chemist, having been favored with a sight of the location of the spring, remarked, dryly, that he would send his analysis written out in common language, which people would understand better than such scientific terms as chloride of sodium, oxide of iron, etc. Mr. R—— soon received the following:

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED NEWTOWN CREEK MINERAL SPRING WATER.

Salt water	750
Coal oil	34
Extract of dead dog	13
Precipitate of cat	24
Oxide of hoopskirt	17
Sesquioxide of barrel hoops	10
Quintessence of glue	14
Decomposed bone	56
Infusion of soot	18
Triturated paint screenings	11
Boardinghouse butter	9
Fish residuum	19
Conglomerated sediments	23
Other nasty things	12
	1,000

H. K——, analytical chemist.

Mr. R—— has concluded to postpone advertising the spring.

The Family.

The family is the educator of the race. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where first the lessons of law are received, and where the whole character, in view of law has a direction given it. The citizen is made in the family long before the time for voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madam de Stael's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true life. The family is the greatest means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in! Where in all the earth beside are sympathies so warm, love so pure and fervent as here? All that gives value or beauty to human character finds in the family at once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection.

THE MURDER OF MISS HANSON.

A New Hampshire Tragedy—A Farmer Employs His Hired Man to Murder a Young Lady.

New England of recent years has been fruitful in terrible crimes, but no tragedy has equaled in deliberate savagery the killing of Miss Susan J. Hanson, of Brookfield, N. H., in November, 1874, as its revolting details are now developed by the confession of Charles W. Cook, of Farmington. He did the killing on the promise of $500 reward from Joseph B. Buzzell, a farmer of means and reputed respectability, a former suitor of Miss Hanson's, and defendant at the time in a breach of promise suit brought by her.

Susan J. Hanson was a native and lifelong resident of Brookfield, thirty-four years old, attractive, amiable and cultured above most country girls. She had known Farmer Buzzell intimately always; they had grown up near neighbors, were engaged before the girl had reached her twentieth year, and several times he had appointed and postponed the wedding day. A few months before the tragedy the lover, to everybody's surprise, married another woman. The friends of Miss Hanson were naturally indignant and outraged, and at their earnest solicitations the deserted girl consented to bring a breach of promise suit against Buzzell.

The leg