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Her King.

She has not found her king as yet,
The golden days glide by.
They bring no sorrows to forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made
The passionate summers bright;
Unharmed she walks, and unaffrayed
She has not found her king.

Men bring their titles, and their gold;
She turns in scorn away.
The man must be of different mould
She swears she will obey.
Though poor in honors and in lands,
Rich in a rarer thing,
Titled by God alone, he stands,
Whom she will own her king!

But when he comes, as come he will,
Strong to support and grand,
With application that shall fill
Her soul, like a command;
She'll place her hand in his, and take
Whate'er this world may bring,
Proud and contented for his sake,
Whom she hath crowned her king!

Hamilton Aide, in Temple Bar.

The Dignity of Labor.

Those who toil to earn their bread
Need not blush to own their lot;
They in noble footsteps tread,
And a claim to live have got.
Toil is not the wage of sin,
For in Eden work was given,
Man was made to work and win
Spoil of earth and bliss of heaven.

He who at the anvil stands,
Striking while the iron glows,
Though he works with horny hands,
Nobly strikes the ringing blows.
At the loom, and in the field,
In the shop, and on the soil,
Where men wisely power wield,
There is dignity in toil.

He who works with throbbing brain
Thinks to teach men how to live,
Writes, that others good may gain,
Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give.
He can claim the manly right
With the sons of toil to stand,
He asserts his mental might,
Helps to bless his native land.

He who lives a life of ease,
Idly wasting all his days—
Aiming only self to please,
Filled with pride and courting praise,
Call him not a noble man,
Such existence is a shame;
And when ends life's blank span,
Soon will die his empty name.

Labor brings reward and rest,
Educates the latent powers;
And he serves his age the best
Who employs his golden hours;
Working not beyond his might,
Toiling not against his will,
And beneath his master's sight
Glad his mission to fulfil.

All things labor for our good,
He who made us never sleeps;
He who tills the ground for food,
For his pains a harvest reaps.
None who work need feel ashamed,
As they do what good they can;
It's an honor to be named,
As we toil, "A workingman."

EUSTACE CARROLL'S SKETCH.

PRACTICAL ADMONITION TO TEMPERANCE.

"Shant go a step further?"

"Only just a little way—we shall soon home now, and mother's waiting."

"I don't care. I've made up my mind that I've walked too far already, and I'm just going to sit down and rest; they must wait, and I shall do as I choose."

"But father—"

"Now don't you talk to me about 'buts,' Charlie, because I won't have it. I shall sit down here, and you can go and tell your mother not to wait—not to wait," the man repeated, raising his voice with the stupid anger of intoxication.

Still in spite of threat and refusal, the child persisted in pleading that his father should go home; but his words only seemed to strengthen the man's obstinacy, and all the boy could do was to get his father to turn aside from the high road into a field close by, where the man threw himself full length on the grass, somewhat under the shade of the hedge, and in a few minutes he was sleeping heavily, whilst the child sat down at a little distance, with a strange kind of unchildish patience on his features, to wait until his father should wake. Poor little Charlie! he knew too well how useless any attempt on his part would be to rouse his father from that sort of sleep.

Rather more than half an hour had passed in this dreary waiting, and Charlie was beginning to find all his small sources of amusement fail him. He had watched a large bee that kept hovering over the convolvulus blossoms in the hedge, and, wondered if he had not nearly finished his day's work, had placed a snail out of harm's way, and had been tempted to chase a beautiful painted butterfly that flitted past him; but he began at last to lose his interest in bees and butterflies, for it was now tea time, and Charlie was growing terribly hungry. Still he did not think of deserting his post, for no one but the child himself knew how often he had kept his tipsy father off the country road when carts or carriages were coming along, nor how he had managed to guide him in safety over the narrow bridge that led across the river to their cottage. So Charley sat there quietly, though he was growing more tired and hungry every moment, until the sound of a whistle at a little distance attracted his attention, the sound gradually coming nearer and sounding more distinct, until a young man jumped over the stile at the end of the field and approached the child, who then knew him to be a gentleman he had often met during the last few weeks, sometimes sketching, sometimes wandering about with his knapsack on his back and his portfolio under his arm. Indeed a kind of half acquaintance had sprung up between the young artist and Charlie—one attracted by the glimpses he had caught of the pictures contained in the wonderful portfolio, the other by the child's wistful glances and his rustic beauty. Busy with his own thoughts, and judging from his happy face they were very pleasant ones—perhaps dreams of the time when some wonderful picture of his should hang on the walls of the academy, and by so doing help him on the road to fame and fortune—Eustace Carroll had half crossed the field before he noticed Charlie and his father. Then his quick eyes told him the meaning of the little scene; the quiet, weary-looking child and the sleeping father, with his untidy clothes and collar and necktie unfastened, and his face turned up to the blue sky that looked down upon nothing so debased as this man, whom God had made a little lower than the angels, and who, by his own vice, had thus degraded himself.

With the quick instinct of childhood, Charlie understood the look of disgust with which the young artist turned to him, saying kindly as he did so:

"You are waiting to take your father home, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child, while a flush of shame spread over his face.

"Well, I think he is likely to lie there for hours yet. Can't you leave him?"

"No, sir; he might be run over or fall into the river if I left him to come come by himself."

"Oh!" said Eustace, as he glanced toward the sleeping man and wondered if it would be much loss to any one if he did fall into the river; but he checked the thought, remembering that he, with his refined tastes and many kinds of amusement, could form no idea of the temptation which drink might have for this man, with his smaller advantages of fortune and education; and then an idea flashing across his mind, he determined to act upon it.

"Have you had your tea, boy?" he asked, as he unstrapped his knapsack, and took out a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"Mother will be sure to keep it for me until I get home, sir," replied Charlie, too brave to complain to a stranger.

"That's all right," said Eustace, understanding and respecting the feeling that dictated the answer; "meanwhile, I shall give you this piece of cake, just to pass the time away. When I was a small boy, stray pieces of cake never prevented me eating my meals when they came, so your mother's tea will not be wasted. Now you sit still, for I am going to paint a picture, and when it is finished I will show it to you."

Very few dainties fell to Charlie's share in those days, and Eustace was highly amused at the manner in which he ate his cake, nibbling it off around the edge so as to make it last as long as possible; and he succeeded so well that the picture was finished almost at the same time as the last currant disappeared.

"Well, was it good?" asked Eustace, "as he tied his portfolio."

"Yes, mother does not put currants in her cakes. Sometimes on our birthdays, when father has not been out, we have a cake, but then we have no seeds in it."

"And those are not so nice?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not!" answered Charlie, surprised that any one should ask such a question.

"Well, I am glad you like it. I am going back to London in a day or two, but I shall put another piece of cake in my knapsack in case I meet you again before I go. Look here, do you know what this is?"

Charlie glanced at the little picture Eustace held out to him, and then he gave a scream of surprise.

"Why, it's me and father!"

And so it was, and even though Eustace should live to be an old man, he will never succeed in making anything more true to nature than that hurried sketch. He had just caught the tired, wistful look on the child's face, and it was all the more striking as it was brought into such contrast with the vacant countenance of the tipsy sleeper, who looked so thoroughly out of place beside the child and the pleasant green background of the hedge, where the convolvulus blossoms mingled with the wild roses and blackberry flowers.

"Wait a moment," said Eustace, and then he wrote at the bottom of the sketch three lines from a poem of Burns:

"Oh wad some power the gittie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a trouble free us."

"There," he continued, putting the picture in the child's hands. "You shall have that, and if you like to show it to your father one of these days, do so; it may teach him a lesson." And before the child could make any reply, Eustace was off and away, tramping along the high road.

Five years had passed before the young artist had the time and chance to visit the quiet village again. In those five years he had done good work—had thought, and worked, and painted, until people begun to believe in him and talked of him as one of the most promising painters of the day.

Still, in the midst of it all, he often remembered his little sketch and wondered—without much hope in the wonder, though—whether his idea that it might do good had come to pass; and on the day he traveled down to Merston the memory of the scene came clearly before him with the thought of the grand old words: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Such a poor little crumb of good, though it was," said Eustace to himself, "still I wonder—I wonder—and I'll try to find it out, too."

And so it happened, Eustace did find it out more quickly than he expected, for that very evening as he was returning from his walk, in the course of which he had visited some of his old haunts, there passed him on the road a man and a handsome boy of thirteen.

"My little friend and his father," suddenly thought Eustace, whose quick artist eye seldom forgot a face or figure, and he quickened his pace in order to keep within a short distance of the boy. So the three went on, past the corner of the field where the sketch had been taken, down the road and across the narrow bridge, till the man and boy reached a little cottage, the small front garden of which was gay with bright-colored, old-fashioned flowers.

"That looks promising," thought Eustace; "no drunkard ever had a garden like that;" and determined to ascertain the facts of the case, he went up to the door with the intention of asking the nearest way to the next village.

Though the open door he caught a glimpse of the neatly-kept cottage-kitchen, as Charlie came forward to answer the stranger's question; but before half the right turns had been described, a bright smile broke over the boy's face and, half turning around, he exclaimed:

"Father, it is my painter!" and to his surprise, Eustace found that in that household, at least, he was a hero, and the young artist never felt more reverence for his art than he did as he listened to the account of the good his picture had done.

For some time Charlie had kept the sketch and had been afraid to show it to his father, but the man found it by chance one day, and—

"It was more than I could stand, sir," he said, addressing Eustace. "I did not need any one to tell me what it meant, but although I wondered where it came from I was ashamed to ask. Somehow I could not get the picture out of my head. I even used to dream of it at night until it fairly worried me, so that I gave up the drink; and I had the picture hung up there, that I might not have a chance of forgetting what I dragged myself down to once."

So the story ended, and in his heart Eustace Carroll is prouder of that little sketch, hanging in a common black frame over the mantelpiece of the country cottage, than he would be if he should paint a picture that would make his name famous throughout his life.—*Chatterbox.*

The Population of New York City

An erroneous impression seems to prevail in regard to the foreign population of New York City. It is commonly spoken of as a city substantially foreign, and many well-informed persons think the foreign population exceeds the native, but this, it seems, is not true. The native population exceeds the foreign by fully 125,000 The common belief is that in New York city there are 400,000 Irish, 200,000 Germans, 25,000 French, and 15,000 Italians, Spaniards, and Cubans; but this is an exaggeration. The census of 1870 put the foreign population of the city as follows: Irish, 201,999; English, 24,442; Scotch, 7,562; Germans, 151,216; French, 8,265; Italians, 2,795; Austrians, 2,737; Poles, 2,393; Swiss, 2,178; Hollanders, 1,237; Russians, 1,151. This makes a total of 405,974, a large number of foreigners, but not so large by 20,000 as is generally supposed. In 1870 there were 13,702 colored persons in New York city, and there is no doubt but that this number has largely increased since that time. The Chinese, too, have added to their number very largely. In 1870 there were only twelve in the city, and now the number is estimated at 1,000. The excess of women over men at the last census was 28,000, and it is believed the disproportion will still be greater at the next census. The census next year will show a large increase of population, as several suburban towns have been taken within the corporate limits since 1870, besides the natural increase that has taken place.

Sea-Water Gargle in Chronic Catarrh,

Professor Mosier, of Greifswald, says, in the Berlin *Klinische Wockenschrift*, that he has for some years most successfully treated patients with chronic catarrh of the throat by gargling with sea-water. Special rooms for gargling have been erected on the seashore in some of the watering-places, according to his directions. It is, however, essential that the patients should be given special directions how to gargle. As the affection is generally located in the nasopharyngeal space, it is necessary that the part of the water should come in contact with the nasal cavity. In order to attain this, the gargling movement must be combined with movements of deglutition. A marked improvement in the state of the patient follows as soon as the latter has acquired this particular art of gargling.

Thanksgiving Day.

We have few holidays here in America. People take more or less pride in the idea that "we are too busy for pleasure." It smacks of business and thrift and enterprise and American "push." And we as a people are a busy people—some of us too busy to play and too busy to pray; our working hours are spent in the restless rush for the golden goal, our sleep is disturbed by dreams of money-making; we have one grand motive in remaining here on earth and to that one idea we devote all our strength of body and mind, all our energies and too much of our affections. Would it not be better for us to halt by the wayside oftener, and by the light of the past map out a better and wider course for the future? A path that would more frequently turn into the pleasanter fields of charity, good-will and love for our fellow men? Thanksgiving has long been the one great holiday of the year in New England, although Christmas now disputes its claim to pre-eminence. The day dates back to the time of the Puritans, and in the soil where they first planted the tree its roots have taken a firmer root than in any of the sections to which it has been transplanted.

The first Thanksgiving in this country of which we have a record bears date 1621, the year after the landing of the Mayflower colony, when Governor Bradford "sent four men out fowling that they might after a more special manner rejoice together" for the first harvest in the new world. Some writers trace the origin of the day back to the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles, but it is scarcely necessary to go further back than our own colonial days. Two years later, in July, 1623, a day of fasting and prayer was appointed to pray for rain. The drought had been a protracted one, but while the people were praying rain began to fall abundantly. This special answer to prayer has not, we believe, been referred to by those to whom Tyndall recommended his prayer guage, but so rejoiced were the colonists that a day of thanksgiving was immediately appointed by the governor, which was signalized by religious services. The next Thanksgiving day of which we have record was in 1631. In June of the following year, Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, invited the Plymouth colony to join in giving thanks for specially favorable action of the British government. Again, in 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639 we are told Thanksgiving services were held in Massachusetts, and in Plymouth in 1689 and 1690. In the latter period it would seem the custom had been an annual one. At this time thanks were invoked for some special favor, but gradually the day became an annual time for prayerful recognition of Divine care evidenced in the bountiful harvests and general blessings.

In the New Netherlands the Dutch governors appointed Thanksgiving days in 1644, 1645, 1655 and 1664, and the English governors of New York in 1755 and 1760. Annual Thanksgiving days were held during the Revolutionary war, and in 1784 there was a Thanksgiving for peace. Not until five years later was there another, and this was ordered by President Washington upon special recommendation of Congress for the adoption of the Constitution. Washington issued a second proclamation in 1795, after the suppression of the whiskey insurrection (Shay's rebellion) in Pennsylvania. Thus was celebrated the breaking up of the first whiskey ring of which we have record. A Thanksgiving was ordered by President Madison in 1815. During this time the day was annually observed in New England, a day being set apart by the civil authorities. The religious bodies gradually grew to recommend the day in various parts of the country, and since 1817, the governor of New York has regularly ordered its observance. The custom spread slowly in the Southern States. In 1855 it was observed in Virginia, and in 1858 in eight of the Southern States. Special thanksgivings were held in 1862 and 1863 by proclamation of President Lincoln, for victories by the Union armies, and since that time the Presidents have issued annual proclamations, and custom has fixed the day for the last Thursday in November.—*New York Graphic.*

Cremation in Alaska.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Denver, Col., synodical missionary of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Montana, recently made a visit to Alaska, and while there saw many interesting things. He gives an account of a visit made to a garden owned by a Mr. Davidson, of Fort Wrangle.

At the upper end of Mr. Davidson's garden he saw a white sheet stretched between two poles, and looking as if it might be intended for a scare-crow. Upon inquiry he found that it contained the ashes of a boy that was drowned the week before. His friends had promised Rev. Mr. Young that it should have a Christian burial; but during Saturday night they took the body up the beach, and early Sabbath morning burned it, the charred wood still remaining.

Several large dry sticks were laid side by side upon the beach. Upon these were placed the body of the boy. Other sticks were piled over the body, and the whole set on fire amid the wails and superstitious incantations of hired mourners.

In about an hour the body was consumed. After the fire had cooled down, the ashes were carefully gathered up, and placed in a basket until a suitable box could be carved for their permanent preservation. When all was ready, an old Indian woman, bowed down with age and infirmities, took up the basket and started for a place which had previously been selected for the purpose. She was followed by the mourners and friends with bowed heads and loud wails of sorrow. At the base of the tree two poles, about eight feet high, were driven into the ground two feet apart. The basket containing the ashes was tied between poles, and a muslin bag, like a large pillow-slip, pulled down over the poles and basket and closed at the bottom. On the outside of the sheet is sometimes rudely painted a face, through which the spirit of the departed is supposed to look out upon the bay.

Morning and evening the parents of the boy come out from their hut, and turning their faces to the north utter loud cries of distress. And this will be kept up for months, for they have never heard of the great Comforter, who alone can comfort sorrowing hearts. Those whose bodies are burned are supposed to be warm in the next world, and the others cold. They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, but not to animals. And the wish is often expressed that in the next change they may be born into this or that powerful family. The funeral ceremonies of chiefs often last four days. If slaves are then sacrificed it relieves their owners from work in the next world. Dead slaves are often cast into the sea. At the funeral of chiefs, the traditions and history of the tribe are rehearsed. If these ceremonies are not conducted properly the water of death swallows up the departed soul, or it is lost in the forests. But, if conducted properly, the chief of the gods speaks the word, and the water of death is small, and the soul is carried to a place of rest, or forgetfulness. Then after a long time it comes back to some descendant on its sister's side and lives another life. To such superstitions these people are bound, body and soul, and to rescue them from this, ameliorating and elevating their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious immortality through the crucified and risen Savior, is the work of the board of home missions.

Chinese maxim: Man cannot become perfect in a hundred years; he can become corrupt in less than a day.

Looking for a Job.

Brother Poggles is a philantropist, but is also a practical man. He is always ready to assist the deserving, but detests tramps. Consequently he was not favorably impressed by the appearance of a seedy-looking man who called upon him the other day, whose hands had evidently not been soiled by labor, but who earnestly protested that he wanted to find work by which he might support himself and his interesting family of two wives and several children.

"Are you sure," asked Brother Poggles, as he looked suspiciously at the applicant, "that if you should find the work you are looking for, you would neither run away from it nor go to sleep by the side of it?"

"I tell you, sir, that am a worker; and I never neglect my business when I can find anything to do. The last job I had I worked at so hard, sir, that I was actually taken down, r, and had to be confined, sir,—"

"To your bed—hey? Poor fellow!" ejaculated Poggles.

"Confined, sir, as I said, for a long time; and it is only two weeks since I got out. During that time I have constantly sought employment; but every avenue seems to be closed against me. I have tramped the streets of this city day and night looking a ob, but have found nothing that I could turn my hand to, while my wives and children are hungry for scalskin sacques and velocipedes; but I can do do nothing for them, because I have not even enough to drink!"

The poor fellow bowed his intellectual head upon his delicate hands and sobbed:

"This is a sad case," mused Brother Poggles." They tell me that prosperity has returned; but this don't look like it. Here is a highly- eresting individual, doubtless capable of contributing largely, by his industry and skill, to the world's wealth, but who has not even a two-spot dealt to him in the great game of human progress. In all this large city he can find no employment suited to his capacity. Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps I can recommend you to somebody, my good man, who will give you employment."

"I am afraid you can't," replied the applicant. "People don't seem to want to have anything to do with a man in my line of business."

"What is your line—profession or trade?"

"Partly a profession and partly a trade. I am a burglar, sir; and if you can put me in the way of a good crib to crack I will be everlastingly grateful, and you shall have a share of the swag."

Alaska Ice Beauties.

A writer in the San Francisco *Bulletin* is enthusiastic over the great glaciers near Fort Wrangel, Alaska. Standing at the mouth of the fiord, he says, the water foreground is of a pale, milky-blue color, from the suspended rock-mud issuing from beneath the grinding glacier—one smooth sheet sweeping back five or six miles, like one of the lower reaches of a great river. At the head the water is bounded by a barrier wall of bluish-white ice, from five to six hundred feet high, a few mountain tops crowned with snow appearing beyond it. On either hand stretched a series of majestic granite rocks from three to four thousand feet high, in some places bare, in others forested, and all well patched with yellow-green chaparrel and flowery gardens, especially about half way up from top to bottom, and the whole built together in a general, varied way into walls, like those of Yosemite valley, extending beyond the other, while their bases are buried in the glacier. This is in fact a Yosemite valley in process of formation, the modeling and sculpture of the walls nearly completed and well planted, and no graves as yet, or gardens, or meadows on the raw and unfinished bottom. The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier are gashed and sculptured into a maze of yawning chasms and crevasses, and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms, appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond measure—clusters of glittering lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold outstanding bastions and plain mural cliffs, adorned long fluted, with fretted cornice and battlements, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow was filled with light. Along the sides we could see the mighty flood grinding against the granite with tremendous pressure, rounding the outswelling bosses, deepening and smoothing the retreating hollows, and shaping every portion of the mountain walls into the forms they were meant to have, when in the fullness of appointed time the ice-tool should be lifted and set aside by the sun. Back two or three miles from the front the current is now probably about 1,200 feet deep; but when we examine the walls, the grooved and rounded features, so surely glacial, show that in the earlier days of the ice age they were all overswept, this glacier having flowed at a height of from three to four thousand feet above its present level.

The Wonderful Farmer Ant.

Roll up your sleeves now, boys, take a very long breath, and then see if you can jump over these two words—"Po-go-no-myr-mex Bar-ba-tus"—for this item is going to tell about the Po-go-no-myr-mex Bar-ba-tus. Indeed, the P. B. is no more nor less than the farmer ant of Texas, or an ant that is about as big as your father's thumb nail. The Rev. Dr. H. C. McCook, of this city, has written a book about this ant, but what follows is taken from an account printed by Dr. Hale, of Chicago, who went to Texas just to see the ants, some weeks ago. The farmer ants have a million cities in Texas. They build a city under ground with streets, houses and public halls. The city is entered by two gates on the surface of the ground. Around these gates lie their farms or plantations. They cut down all the grass except certain kinds—which bear the seed they live on—and so make a "clearing," just as a farmer does when he cuts down trees. The jaw of the mayor ant, or best worker, is as sharp as a knife, and with the help of minor ant, or boy worker, a farm eight feet square is cut. The queen ant does nothing but attend to the children. The male ant, or drone, is the lazybones, and struts around the street corners. Thus there are four kinds of ants in every family. They have regular roads through the farms. The roads are two inches wide. They have granaries, and when the seeds are ripe fill the granaries with seed for use in cold weather. They are great fighters, and a dozen can soon kill a wasp. They clean themselves after eating, taking good care of the sick, and carefully bury their dead. It is not certain whether they have schools or not, but it is likely that they do.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Chips.

There has been menny a hero born lived, and died unknown, just for the want ov an opportunity.

There ain't nothing that will sho the virtews and vices ov a man, in so vivid a light, as profuse prosperity.

Mi dear boy, allwuss keep sumthing in reserve. The man who kan jump six inches further than he ever haz jumpt, iz a hard customer to beat.

Most wimmin would like to have their husbands lions—but well broke to their halter.

Thare ain't nothing on arth that will take the starch so klean out ov us, az to git kaught bi the phellow we are trieing to ketch.

It is a good deal ov a bore to have others luv us more than we luv them.—*Josh Billings.*

"Shooting the moon" is a phrase applied in England to the act of skipping a boarding-house without paying the landlady.

A Mad Wolf's Ravages.

About 7 A. M., the peasants from the adjoining villages had collected at a fair which was held at the settlement of Barvenkoff, district of Izume, and the male portion of the assembly had dispersed to the drinking shops to make bargains and drink each other's healths, leaving the women and children in charge of the carts. Suddenly there resounded through the square a heart-rending shriek for assistance, and then all was quiet. The peasants rushed out of the drinking booths into the street, and before they had time to collect their thoughts there appeared from behind a building situated on the edge of the square an enormous wolf. Everybody rushed in great confusion to their carts, shouting, "Mad wolf!" Meantime the gigantic wolf frothing at the mouth and with his tongue hanging out, made for the carts. A dreadful tumuit occurred. The horses and oxen dashed in all directions, but the majority, getting entangled, fell, overturning the carts, while the noise made by the pigs, sheep, geese, fowls, etc., added to the uproar and confusion. The wolf when within a short distance of the first group of carts turned round, sprang on to a woman who was running past, and in a moment she was prostrate on the ground, having lost her nose, scalp and lower part of her face. The wolf than ran further and attacked a small lad of about seven years of age, but just at that time a pig rushed at the wolf and bit its tail. The wolf turned on his assailant, but not before it had bitten the boy's face and hand. Leaving the pig, the wolf ran down the main street, and attacked a woman with a baby, then two boys about four years of age, and having bitten their heads through to the brain, rushed up the street, and after biting several other persons, turned off on to the railroad. By this time a large crowd, headed by the village elder, and armed with whips, scythes, etc., gave chase to the terrible animal. They came up with the wolf about one mile from the village, and a peasant, allowing it to approach him within about fifteen paces, shot the animal straight in its open maw. Nothwithstanding the wound he had received, the wolf sprang up and attacked the peasant. The latter did not lose his presence of mind, and struck the animal with the butt-end of his gun, which shattered at the blow, and the wolf seized the peasant by the side, but owing to the man wearing three coats his skin was only scratched. The courageous man then firmly gripped the animal with both hands. During this struggle between a man and a mad wolf the crowd which had come up hesitated through fear to attempt the rescue of their comrade. Fortunately a local policeman galloped up at this juncture, and drawing his revolver shot the wolf through the head. The wolf had bitten no less than twenty-two persons, ten of whom are in a dangerous state. The sufferers were isolated from the rest of the inhabitants and medical aid was at once administered to them. It is reported that the wolf came from the settlement of Dovgenikoff (situate about eighteen miles from Barvenkoff), where a mad ox had died and had been buried, but so carelessly that on the following morning his bodi was found scattered about.—*St. Petersburg Golos.*

Taking the Children Home.

At the Union depot yesterday forenoon was an old, gray-headed man in charge of three children—two boys and a girl. The oldest was about ten and the little girl about five. The whole party were dressed very plainly, and as to who they were the old man explained to the people around him:

"Waal, you see, I live down nigh Norwalk, in Ohio. About a dozen years ago my darter married a poor, worthless coot of a feller up here and they never got along worth shucks. A few days ago he threw her down stairs and pounded her black and blue, and she come down thar to me for a refuge. These are the young 'uns. She left 'em behind when she flew, and I come on after 'em. Purty likely set o' children, ain't they?"

"Yes, real smart lot. Have any trouble getting them?"

"Waal, not much. When I got into the house and told John what I'd come for he kinder balked a little, but I took him right by the windpipe and told him what was what. Tell you, I don't a-low any of the boys to climb me, if I be upward of sixty. I'm going to take 'em down home and bring 'em up, and if their father ever comes within a mile of us I'm going to pick him right up and break his back across a stone wall!"

About ten minutes before the train left the old man called the eldest boy to his knee and said:

"Now, young man, see here! I'm your grandfather and I'm taking you young 'uns home to Norwalk. We'll get there with about seven cents to spare, if no accident happens. Now, then, when the brakeman on the train comes around with chestnuts or apples or candy, I want you to look straight out of the window!"

"Why can't you buy some for me?" asked the boy.

"Come over my knee!" exclaimed the grandfather, as he hauled the boy across. "Now, sir, do you want chestnuts?"

"I—I—I want some, but I'll wait till next year!" gasped the boy, as he felt the spanking-machine making ready for business.

"Very well. You look straight out of the window at corn and pumpkins every time you hear the train-boy yell 'chestnuts!' Here, Alonzo—you come up here."

Alonzo was the second boy. When he was within reaching distance the grandfather grabbed him and said:

"When the train-boy comes along with apples and candy and hickory-nut meats, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to ask you to buy me a whole lot!"

"You are, eh? Come over my knee, sir!"

"Oh! no I won't—I won't—I won't!" shouted the boy as he danced up and down and hung back.

"Very well—you see that you don't! Now, my little girl, I want to say—"

"Oh! grandpa, you needn't say a single word to me!" she interrupted. "I just hate the sight of chestnuts and candy, and just as soon as we get on the cars I'm going right to sleep, and never wake up once!"

If the train-boy tackled that family he didn't make a cent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Remaining Public Lands.

The land area of the United States is 3,580,238 square miles, or 2,291,352,230 acres. If you add the water surface of the great lakes and rivers the total area of the United States is over 4,000,000 square miles. The public lands in the different States and Territories, leaving out—because they never had any—the thirteen original States and the admitted States of Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maine, Texas and West Virginia and the District of Columbia, amounted originally to 1,814,769,910 acres, or considerably more than two-thirds of the entire landed territory of the United States. Of this there had been, up to 1878, surveyed 714,572,737 acres, leaving unsurveyed 1,101,197,183 acres. None of the unsurveyed land had been sold, and a great deal of the surveyed had not been. It is estimated that the unsold public lands of the United States amount to about 1,300,000,000 acres. Less than half of the lands disposed of were sold for cash or donated in small lots to actual settlers under the homestead or pre-emption acts. The remainder, aggregating upward of 250,000,000 acres, were donated to railroads, other improvements, to States for agricultural colleges, etc. The surface of unsold public lands exceed in area by over 1,100,000 miles all Europe outside of Russia.

THE CASE OF MISS JUDD.

Her Recovery Firmly Believed to be Due to Prayer. The Full Story of the Supposed Miracle that has Created such a Stir in Western New York.

A letter from Buffalo, N. Y., to the New York *Sun*, gives the following particulars of a strange case: One of the most marvellous cases of restoration to health has been made public in this city. Miss Carrie F. Judd, eldest daughter of Mr. O. K. Judd, of 260 Connecticut street, this city, is the person who has been cured. Mr. Judd has been connected with the cashier's department of the American Express Company here for nearly twenty-nine years, and is well and favorably known. The story as told by Miss Judd, who is an intelligent young lady of nearly twenty-one years of age, and substantiated by her father and Mrs. Hambleton, her nurse, is as follows:

For some time prior to January, 1877, Miss Judd fell into a decline. On the sixth of January, 1877, she was prostrated by a violent attack of nervous fever, having its origin, it was conjectured, in the spine, which had been injured by a fall on a stone sidewalk. She grew worse, the disease taking on a settled spinal difficulty which was accompanied by hyperæsthesia of the spine, hips, knees and ankles. In a short time those parts of her body became so sensitive that she could not even bear her own hand upon them and means had to be devised to lift the weight of even the bed-clothes upon her. The spinal nerves and those of the large joints were so unnaturally alive that they seemed to be bare, and the slightest noise or jar in the room made them vibrate. The pain in her limbs was acute and the aching of the eyelids was so intense that for hours she could not open them. She had to be kept in a darkened room, for a ray of light could not be withstood, so sensitive had her eyes become. Her hearing was unnaturally acute, and great care had to be taken to prevent rude sounds from falling upon her sensitive nerves. No person was permitted to be in the room except the nurse and other members of the family whose attentions were absolutely necessary.

This state of things continued until Miss Judd became so weak that she could not even turn in bed or move herself in any way. For over eleven months she was unable to sit up a single moment. During all that time she was under the care of Dr. Hoxsie, one of the most popular homeopathic practitioners in the city. After the eleven months of struggling almost between life and death she began to improve, and in the following summer was able to sit up for a short time every day. She was yet unable to help herself, and in being taken from her bed the attendants had to place their hands under her arms, for she could not bear any pressure whatever upon her body. At the time when she was gaining very slowly the weather was very hot, which, in addition to the great effort she made to help herself, threw her into a relapse, and she again grew worse. This violent renewal of the old trouble continued all that fall and winter until last spring, when she was so far reduced that she could hardly whisper.

During all these weary months all that the ingenuity of the best physicians could devise was done for the patient little sufferer, but all to no avail. Dr. Davis, a well-known physician of Attica, tried his skill, but failed. Dr. Baethig, of this city, also treated the case with a like result. Then Dr. Lon See On, a Chinese physician, educated in his own country, was called. He is a gifted fellow, and treated the case, but was unable to do any good. About $2,000 had been paid out by Mr. Judd; the daughter was slowly failing, and they were almost discouraged. She got so weak that she could only move her lips.

About this time Mr. Judd read a paragraph in the Buffalo *Courier*, copied from the Springfield *Republican*, in which a colored woman, Mrs. Edward Mix, of Wolcottville, Conn., was credited with having effected some wonderful cures by power of faith and prayer alone.

Mr. Judd managed to make the patient understand, and by her request her sister Eva, twelve years of age, wrote to Mrs. Mix that the sick girl believed that Mrs. Mix's great faith might avail for her if she would only pray for her recovery. On the twenty-fifth of February the family received the following:

WOLCOTVILLE, Conn., Feb. 24, 1879.

MISS CARRIE F. JUDD. I received a line from your sister Eva stating your case, your disease and your faith. I can encourage you by the word of God, that according to your faith so be it unto you, and besides you have this promise: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Whether the person is present or absent, if it is a prayer of faith it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins, to forgive them. Now, this promise is to you as if you were the only person living. Now, if you can claim that promise, I have not the least doubt but what you will be healed. You will first have to lay aside all the medicine of every description. Use no remedies of any kind for anything; lay aside trusting in the arm of flesh, and lean wholly upon God and His promises. When you receive this letter, I want you to begin to pray for faith; and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer meeting is at our house. We will make you a subject of prayer between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then act faith. It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, "Thy faith hath made the whole." Write soon.

Yours in faith,
MRS. EDWARD MIX.

Miss Judd obeyed the instruction to the letter. She dropped her medicines and gave herself wholly into the care of the Almighty. She prayed as well as she could in her weak and emaciated condition and was filled with faith. At the time when the women's prayer meeting in Wolcottville, Conn., was to make Miss Judd a special object of prayer, all the members of the Judd family lifted up their prayers, though not in the sick girl's room. Miss Judd says that about half-past three o'clock she felt a sudden and remarkable change, and, without the least fear or hesitation or doubt, she turned over and raised up alone in bed for the first time in over two years. When Mrs. Hambleton, the nurse who had cared for Miss Judd for over a year, saw this she sank upon her knees and began a prayer. Then the nurse burst forth in songs and praises, and while doing so gave Miss Judd a little assistance and she walked about nine feet to a chair.

Up to this time the girl had not borne any weight on her feet for two years and two months. During the hour that prayer was being offered in her behalf, the nurse says, a great change was perceptible in her color, circulation and pulse. Miss Judd then referred to her diary, which was kept by Mrs. Hambleton, and read the following entries:

Feb. 27: "This afternoon after sitting up she walked from her chair to the bed, a distance of eight feet, by taking hold of my arms." Feb. 28: "I gave her a sponge bath, and could not help but notice the change in the color of her flesh; instead of the yellow, dead look, it is pink and full of fe." March 1: "This morning she drew on her stockings." March 2: "Her chest and lungs have been strong. She has talked aloud a good deal, appetite good, color fresh and clear."

In three weeks from the day the girl began to improve she was able to walk all over the room without any one near her, and in four weeks she was able to go down stairs with a little assistance. She could walk steadily from the first. She improved so rapidly that the swelling of the muscles were almost perceptible. On the first pleasant day in April, Miss Judd called at a neighbor's, and everybody rejoiced.

The strange fact of the walking is made appreciable when it is known that the spine and large joints had become so weakened by the hyperæsthesia that they were like cartilages, and if she had been placed on her feet when in that state, she would have settled all out of shape. They, however, became strong and firm at once, and have continued to strengthen every day. Now Miss Judd can walk long distances without fatigue. She teaches her class in Sunday-school every Sunday, and her friends say she looks better than ever before in her life.

Horses with the Toothache.

Horses, like human beings, are subjected to the most excruciating toothaches, and it is only within the past few years that any attempt has been made by veterinary surgeons to allay the pain and extract or fill their teeth. It is only after patient study, too, that one is able to discover when a horse is suffering, and upon what tooth to fight would puzzle, indeed, the phenomenal Philadelphia lawyer. When suffering from toothache, horses manifest the greatest impatience, and are vicious and unmanageable, and bite and kick continually. Stablemen and managers at different times have been badly bitten or kicked by horses suffering from toothache, who at other times are the most docile creatures. The experiments made by veterinary surgeons have been of great practical advantage, and they are gradually getting the matter down to a perfect science.

"What is the mode of treating toothache in a horse?" was asked of a veterinary surgeon the other day.

"Well, they differ, according to circumstances. Sometimes a horse is in the stable and sometimes in the field when attacked, and the operator must use his judgment. Generally, however, a man puts his arm around the horse's head, and with his disengaged hand presses hard on the nose of the animal. Then, without more ado, the hand is thrust into the mouth and the jaws felt slowly and gently, then each tooth is felt, and when the right one is touched there is no mistaking it, as the horse elevates his feet in a manner something after the style of the boss dansense. In most cases the defective tooth is found at the sides of the jaw, where the sharp points have lacerated the flesh. A file must then be inserted and the points filed down, and in a short time the animal feels relieved. But this is not actual toothache. The gradual growing of the molars and the sharpening of the edges, however, leads to it. How can I tell when the horse has toothache? Why, it's easy enough; you can tell in the manner in which he holds his head. When a horse is affected it goes about with the head down and the lower lip drooping, and if the rein is pulled sharply the creature is ready to jump and prance. Then again the eyes are fired, and if the horse is compelled to back by the pressure of the rein on his teeth the agony is terrible, and the attention of the driver is thus attracted.

"When the teeth are badly decayed, are they drawn?"

"Sometimes, but as a rule they are cauterized."

"Is filling much in use?"

"No; it is impossible, almost, to do the job successfully.