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Compensation.

Oh, birds, that flit by ocean's rim,
And make your plaint to silent sky;
Oh, waves, that lap horizons dim,
Ye shall be tranquil by-and-bye!

Oh, rose-tree, giving petals fair
In some lost garden lone to lie,
Weep not because your stems are bare;
They shall reblossom by-and-bye!

Oh, singer, singing in the night;
Turn not and curse the heavens and die
Your heritage is peace and light—
You shall be richer by-and-bye!
—*Edward King.*

Loss and Gain.

An Indian sage has called the mind a sea,
Mysterious, unfathomable and vast,
But from the coasts of sense, he has not passed,
To tempt the gates that guard its mystery
The summer isles that near the
With light sail he has visited, and cast
Anchor in sheltered coves, and found at last
Rest in re-imaged heavens. Oh, might we,
Whom a more anxious thought has driven forth,
Where winds and lifted waters clash and roar,
In search of rest, and some port, still, like his.
Toil is the price of rest, and it is worth
Tempest and shipwreck, to be cast on shore;
To gain new life's well worth the loss of this.

The Broken Bars.

The broken bars upon the foot-path lie
That leads across the up'and, o'er whose brows
At evening the home-returning cows
In long procession used to wander by.
A little maiden, with a awn-like eye,
And quick light feet, toward the old farm-house
Drove the slow herd, that still would pause to browse.
Upon the sweet grass standing ankle-high.
Now all is changed; the bars are always down;
No tinkling bells come sounding o'er the hill;
Upon the lonely place the sun and stars
See nothing but the tall grass thin and brown;
And naught is heard save that the whip poor-will
Flutes his sad notes above the broken bars.
—*A. K. Haven, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Molly, put the kettle on,
Molly, put the kettle on;
Molly, put the kettle on—
We'll all take tea."

Thus sang the cheerful mother of the Donald family, as she sat the kettle of potatoes over the fire to boil for breakfast. The kettle was a tight fit for so many potatoes, and Bonny, looking on with interest from his chair by the fire, remarked:

"Full, mamma, ain't it?"

"Yes, laddie, full as it can hold—just like our house"

"How it scatters and boils over, mamma!"

"And our house spatters and boils over with us, too, wee one."

Sure enough the Donald dozen did live in such a small tenement that it was a puzzle how they ever could all get packed into it at once.

But then early in the morning the father went out to his work; Alec followed to the shop, Jennie to the store, Nickie to sell morning papers, some to school and some to do errands, till Bonny and the baby would be left alone with the mother. Then shutting the door after the last, she would say:

"Do you see how they all boil away, Bonny?" and she would sing merrily as she scrubbed, swept and cooked.

She did not sing so often after father Donald fell one day and broke a leg. Nor did she fill the kettle of potatoes as full either after that. Mr. Donald lay helpless, and worried about the place he feared he should lose.

"But I've worked for the house till it seems I could not work anywhere else. If they'd only promise to let me back again when I'm ble, I'd bear the rest with an easy min ," said the sick man, getting fevered an flushed.

"Lad, I can't ha e you fret so," spoke his wife, at last. She took down her bonnet and shawl. "I'll go and ask the master myself. I d n't believe he'll refuse a woman, and you such a faithful hand. Bonny is so good he won't be any trouble to you, and I'll take the baby along."

So Bonny climbed up by the window, and watched his mother and the baby "boil away" like the rest.

Then Bonny played by himself a long while, it seemed to him. He built a church tower with his blocks, like the tower he could see shooting up above the low roofs. He changed the blocks into street cars, and dragged them up and down the window-sill. He thumbed his torn picture book; he thumped his rag doll. Getting tired of all, he flattened his dear little soft nose against the pane, watching the people tramp, tramping one by one the brick sidewalks, and the carts, drays, carriages, that clamp, clamped over the stony street. He liked this, and crooned over to himself contentedly tunes that were no tunes, and words that he made up as he went along.

But time went on, and still his mother did not come. Bonny grew hungry, and crept down to ask papa about it. Papa was lying quiet and breathing heavily. Bonny had fairly sung his father to sleep.

It occurred to Bonny, as he tiptoed back, that there could be no good reason why he should not go and find his mother, or else Jennie, or Nickie, or Ted. Jennie's old red cape hung in the corner; quickly he threw it over his yellow head, and holding it fast under his chin with one hand, he lifted the latch and stepped forth.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully off in the direction he had seen his mother take, with short, nipping steps, like a meditative chickabiddy's. He had not a doubt that he should come to some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking less of that than of the sights by the way. Two boys were racing velocipedes. To Bonny that was a splendid sight.

"I wist I had a velehorsipede," he whispered, with a pensive sir.

On and on he plodded blissfully bewildered, absorbed in these enchanting visions, until he found himself before a caterer's show window, tempting with crisp loaves of bread, daintly frosted cakes, and unspeakable cookies, tarts, jellies.

"Oh my! oh my!" cried Bonny, beginning at last to remember that he was nobody but a little hungry boy, "I'm hungry—I'm so hungry!"

While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken loudly right by his side, "Come on, then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

Bonny turned around. Two men in tall black hats were striding by, and one, as he spoke, clapped the other on the shoulder. The invitation was not meant for Bonny at all. But that did not make any difference to him. He simply received the idea that if he followed these two men he should get to a dinner. So he pressed sturdily after them. He had to walk fast, and sometimes he almost lost sight of them in the throng. But Bonny was so hungry by this time that he was very much in earnest. He did not stop to watch the people, nor to look into any more shop windows.

It was really not long before the tall hats were seen turning up some low, broad steps. The panting Bonny, tugging after, followed unnoticed through a wide door into a vast hall, all paved with marble. Quite confused and out of breath, Bonny suddenly stood still. Where he had lost sight of the two tall hats and the wearers of them he did not know.

"Seems like another out-door," the child thought, looking up at the high ceiling; "but where's the dinner? There is a dinner; I smell it; it smells good. Seems to me I never did smell so much dinner in all my life."

By this time he also became aware of a cheerful clatter of dishes and voices; and following the sound across the wide hall, he pushed open a great door that stood half ajar.

Sure enough, there before him lay table after table, adorned with spotless linen, and spread temptingly not only with flowers and fruit but with plenty to eat.

How should little Bonny know that this was the day when the grand new Metropolis hotel first opened to the public? How should he know that there were all the mighty men of the city—merchants, editors, ministers even—with their wives, met together by invitation to celebrate the dedication dinner? You see they had not invited Bonny; nobody expected him; so at first nobody noticed him as he slipped noiselessly in.

The tables seemed so full of people that Bonny had to walk up the room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the clatter and the people dropped their forks. They watched this little figure with the sunny hair, the happy face, the shabby shoes, the tumbled check apron, that dragged after it the well-nigh forgotten red cape, and at last mounting into an empty chair said, with a sigh of satisfaction and in a very clear voice:

"I want dinner, please."

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who bent toward him he smiled back a shy, friendly smile.

This lady was the first to speak to him. She crossed eagerly over and said:

"May I sit beside you, dear? I know a little boy once with yellow hair like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had tears in her soft eyes now.

"I like your hair best," he answered, half timidly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore in it a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he began in a rollicking tone. "Shake hands, little stranger. So you came to my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was rather afraid of the loud-voiced man, but the lady, whom he was not afraid of, said, reassuringly: "This is the man who gives the dinner, little one; this is his house; he'll be very good to you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then and replied, simply: "I came; I was hungry and I came."

The host cleared his throat and said heartily, while he patted Bonny's curls: "Well, I didn't expect you, that's a fact, but we'll give you just as good a dinner, for all that. A dinner?—I'll warrant you we will; and upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather think the Metropolis hotel is honored to have the chance."

Never, never had Bonny imagined such a dinner as he ate that day. The lady who sat by his side cut up the chicken, and helped him choose among the lavish dainties that the host kept insisting on having brought for him to taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he never in this world could be hungry again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he told his new friend, the lady, all she asked him about his sick father, his tired mother, the little tenement that was like the kettle that had all boiled away, and the big family that crammed it so full when gathered together. But one thing neither the lady, nor her husband who filled Bonny's pocket with pennies, nor the host, could succeed in finding out from him.

This was where the little fellow belonged, and how to return him to his home.

Street and number he knew naught about. What was his name? "Bonny Laddie." His father's name? "Oh, John." What kind of work did his father do? "Oh, nothing; father is sick!" He had no clear ideas associated with any calling except with Nickie's, as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddled papers, and that Bonny would when he was bigger, he was very positive about.

"Well, then," suggested the host, "we'll try the newsboys. We'll just have Laddie standing by the door when they go past, and maybe he can pick out this brother or his from the lot."

The company sat for a long time round the tables. Bonny kept still, listening and wondering, though he understood little of the speeches and toasts. Once all eyes were turned toward Bonny.

A gentleman rose and said: "Ladies and gentleman, I beg to propose the health of the first guest of the Metropolis hotel, who, though uninvited, has given the patriarch of this place the privilege of entertaining an angel unawares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the looks bent upon him. With one hand full of nuts and bonbons, the other in his heavy pocket, and a face of perfect peace, the little guest of the Metropolis hotel lay fast asleep in his chair.

He was rosily awake again by the time the newsboys were crying their evening papers.

"Come and watch for Nickie," coaxed the host; and with Bonny's small, warm hand in his own he stepped out on the broad granite slab in front of the hotel.

"That isn't Nickie—nor that—nor that," Bonny kept saying at first. "Oh, Nickie!" he shouted, suddenly, and plunging forth into the street, tumbled against a small boy in big trousers and an overgrown cap, whose bundle of papers looked much fatter than he did.

Astonished Nickie, who had not been home since morning, could scarcely believe his senses at first, as he stared at his little brother through the dusk, the fog, and the rain-drops that now began to fall. However, he could answer all the questions that Laddie had been unable to satisfy, and in a very short interval a carriage had been summoned, the host had stowed away in it a capacious basket hastily filled with choice remnants from the feast, and Bonny Laddie was rolling toward his home in charge of the gentle stranger lady and her husband.

Was there ever in the most agitated of kettles such bubbling and boiling over as took place inside the crowded Donald tenement that night? Had not they all been breaking their loving, anxious hearts about Bonny Laddie, and lo! here he was, safe in the old red cape, smiling and shining as usual, and rather mystified at having such a fuss made over him.

The stranger lady, promising Bonny to come again, made haste to go away, but before going she had time to wonder at something she saw. Why did Bonny's tired but blithe-looking mother give the lady's husband such a sad, almost tearful look? Why did he seem confused, and going over to the sick man say: "I will consider that matter, John. You may rest easy."

Afterward she understood. When John's master had that afternoon curtly refused Mrs. Donald's petition, and let her go away disappointed and distressed, her patient waiting and her earnest pleading having been in vain, he had considered himself right, from the standpoint of his own interest. But then he had known nothing of the clean, crowded household, and nothing of this yellow-haired Laddie who reminded him of another little yellow-haired laddie who had been taken from him.—*Ella M. Baker.*

Attempts on Queen Victoria's Life.

In 1840, on the tenth of June, a half-witted lad named Oxford fired twice at the queen as she was driving with Prince Albert in Hyde park. The boy was tried at the Old Bailey, and was detained for some time as a lunatic. In 1845 John Francis fired at her majesty, and some five weeks afterward a man named Bean presented a pistol at her. Ten years later, in 1852, a fellow named Pate, formerly a lieutenant in the hussars, lay in wait for the queen as she was driving out of the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, and aimed a violent blow at her with his walking-stick crushing her bonnet over her forehead. He was transported. In February, 1872, occurred the fifth attempt to frighten her. A lad named Connor, a silly shop-boy whose head had been turned with reading sensational romances, drew a pistol on her majesty as she was about to alight from her carriage at Buckingham palace. He was sentenced to a year's hard labor and a good flogging.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

When you "whale" a boy he blubbers.

MUSCULAR MEN.

Some Famous Feats of Strength.

Among the Greeks the successful athlete was crowned with laurels and loaded down with wealth and honors. When Egenetus, in the ninety-second Olympiad, triumphant in games, entered Agrigentum, his native home, he was attended by an escort of three hundred chariots, each drawn by two white horses, and followed by the populace, cheering and waving banners. Milo six times won the palm at both the Olympic and Pythian games. He is said to have run a mile with a four-year-old ox upon his shoulders, and afterward killed the animal with one blow of his fist, and ate the entire carcass in one day! So great was his muscular power that he would bind a cord round his head and, break it by the swelling and pressure of the veins. An ordinary meal for Milo was twenty pounds of meat, as much bread, and fifteen pints of wine.

Polydamus, of Thessalia, was of colossal height and prodigious strength, and, it is said, alone and without weapons, killed an enormous and enraged lion. One day, it is reported, he seized a bull by its hind feet, and the animal escaped only by leaving the hoof in the grasp of the athlete.

The Roman Emperor Maximinus was upward of eight feet in height, and, like Milo, of Crotona, could squeeze to powder the hardest stone with his fingers and break the leg of a horse by a kick. His wife's bracelet served him as a ring, and his every day repast was sixty pounds of meat and an amphora of wine.

While a prisoner in Germany, Richard I. accepted an invitation to a boxing match with the son of his jailor. He received the first blow, which made him stagger, but, recovering, with a blow of his fist he killed his antagonist on the spot. Topham, also an Englishman, born in 1710, was possessed of astonishing strength. His armpits, hollow in the case of ordinary men, were with him full of muscles and tendons. He would take a bar of iron, with its two ends held in his hands, place the middle of the bar behind his neck, and then bend the extremities by main force until they meet together, and bend back the iron straight again. One night, seeing a watchman asleep in his box, he carried both the man and his sentry to a great distance, and put them on the wall of a churchyard. Owing to domestic troubles, he committed suicide in the prime of life.

The famous Scanderberg, King of Albania, who was born in 1414, was a man of great stature, and his feats of sword exercise have never been equaled. On one occasion, with a scimitar, he struck his antagonist such a blow that its force cleaved him to the waist. He is said to have cloven in two men who were clad in armor from head to foot. On one occasion the brother and nephew of a certain Ballaban, who had been convicted of cruelties toward the Albanians, were brought to him bound together. Transported with rage, he cut them in two with one stroke of his weapon.

Maurice, Count of Saxony, the hero of Fontenoy, inherited the physical vigor of his father, and was especially noted for the surprising muscular power, or "grip," of his hands. On one occasion, needing a corkscrew, he twisted a long iron nail round into the required shape with his fingers and opened half a dozen bottles of wine with it. Another time, when stopping at a blacksmith shop to have his horse shod, he picked up a number of new horseshoes, and with his hands snapped them in two as readily as if made of glass, much to the disgust of the smith.

If history is to be believed, Pha yllus of Crotona could jump a distance of fifty-six feet. The exercise was practiced at the Olympic games and formed part of the course of the Pentathlon. Strutt, an English authority on games and amusements, speaks of a Yorkish jumper named Ireland, whose feats were marvelous. He was six feet high, and at the age of eighteen leaped, without the aid of a spring-board, over nine horses ranged side by side. He cleared a cord extended fourteen feet from the ground with one bound, crushed with his foot a ladder suspended at a height of sixteen feet; and on another occasion he lightly cleared a large wagon, covered with an awning. [How is that for high?]

Colonel Ironside, who lived in India early in this century, relates that he met in his travels an old white-haired man who with one leap sprang over the back of an enormous elephant flanked by six camels of the largest breed. A curious French work, published in Paris in 1745, entitled "The Tracts Towards the History of Wonders Performed at Fairs," mentioned an Englishman, who at the fair of St. Germain in 1724, leaped over forty people without touching one of them. In our own day we are familiar with many remarkable expositions of strength and endurance. Dr. Winship, with the aid of straps, lifted a weight of 3,500 pounds, and with the little finger of his right hand could raise his body a considerable distance from the ground.

A Living Paper-Cutter.

An Indian rajah who was pleasantly disposed toward the English and had learned their language after a fashion, frequently visited some years ago, as the story runs, the viceroy of Calcutta, and on one occasion borrowed of the latter a copy of the Edinburg *Review*, which he happened to see lying on the table. When he returned the magazine the viceroy asked him if he had found anything interesting in it. "Oh! yes," he replied, "many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles." "How so?" asked the viceroy. "See here," answered the rajah, "this begins with 'Hunting the Orang-outang,' does it not? And now turn over the page, and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.'" The viceroy laughed. He perceived that the rajah had attempted to read the book through without cutting the leaves. He accordingly took from his table a beautiful ivory paper-cutter, explained its use to his visitor, and made him a present of it. The rajah was puzzled as to how the leaves of books could be printed before they were cut open, but this also was explained to him. About a year after this occurrence the viceroy saw a gay company entering the court, and in the center of it the rajah seated on a young elephant. No sooner did the rajah see the viceroy than he cried: "Do you happen to have an uncut copy of the Edinburg *Review*? If so, please toss it to me." The viceroy threw out the magazine. It was caught by the elephant, who placed it between his tusks, which had been wrought into elegant paper-cutters, even including carved handles, and quickly cut open the leaves, after which the knowing animal passed the *Review* back to the surprised viceroy. The rajah then dismounted, and said to the viceroy, as he pointed to the elephant: "He is yours, I return you your paper-cutter alive."—*Paver World.*

Clever Shepherd Dogs.

The great sagacity and intelligence of the sheep-dogs must have been noticed by many. I have seen one of them run over the backs of the sheep in a crowded street to get at the further end of them, in order to turn them, and this on the slightest signal from his master.

The instinct of a well-trained sheep-dog is marvelous. In the time of sheep-shearing the dog will fetch any sheep that is needed from the flock, and bring it to the feet of the shepherds. It will do more—it will skillfully throw the sheep on its back without injuring it, and then look up at the shearer as much as to say: "Ready for the shears, sir." On the shearer taking hold of the sheep, the dog scampers up the mountain-side and brings down another.

A WOMAN'S STRANGE CAREER.

Living in the Woods as a Hunter and Claiming to Have a Wife—The Varied Attainments of Lucy Ann Lobdell.

A recent letter to the New York *Sun* from Narrowsburg, N. Y., tells this strange story: In 1855 Lucy Ann Lobdell, a daughter of a lumberman living at Long Eddy, Delaware county, N. Y., married a raftman by the name of George Slater. She was about twenty years old. Her husband deserted her a year after marriage, leaving her in destitute circumstances with a babe a few weeks old. She had grown up among the hunters and lumbermen of the upper Delaware, then but little better than a wilderness, and could shoot, fish and raft as well as any of them. She understood music, and was a fair violinist. There were few better rifle shots in the valley than she was. After her husband deserted her, her people being too poor to support her, she placed her baby in their care, put on male attire and adopted the life of a hunter. For eight years she lived in the forests of Delaware and Sullivan counties, N. Y., and those of Pike and Wayne in Pennsylvania. Occasionally she came into the settlements to sell game and skins and buy ammunition and supplies. At such times she would send a portion of the proceeds of her gun and traps to her parents. She lived in cabins she erected in the woods. In 1864 she returned home. Her life of exposure and privation had made her a physical wreck. She found that her child had been placed in the Delaware county poorhouse at Delhi during her absence. This embittered her against her parents. She resumed women's clothing, and for months she roamed about the valley, living on charity, her mind continually dwelling on her wrongs. Then she disappeared again. About that time a man, giving the name of Joseph Lobdell, appeared in a village in the central part of Wayne county. He opened a singing school, and played the violin for dances. Some of the young lady pupils fell in love with him, and they were engaged to be married. The night before the wedding day the discovery was made that Joseph Lobdell was a woman—none other than Lucy Ann Slater, "the Female Hunter of Long Eddy." A party of young men determined to tar and feather her and ride her on a rail. She was warned of their design, and she fled from the village, making her way to Delaware county, N. Y. As it was plain that she was gradually becoming insane, she was finally taken in charge by the poor authorities, and placed in the almshouse near Delhi.

In the spring of 1868 a prepossessing woman about twenty-five years of age alighted from an Erie train at Lordville station. She was without money, and too ill to travel further. She said that she was the daughter of parents who lived in a place near Boston. Their name was Perry. She had married against their wishes and gone to Jersey City to live with her husband, who was a railroad employee. Her husband had run away and left her among strangers. She had started in pursuit of him, but, having insufficient means, and falling ill, had been forced to stop at Lordville. She refused to be sent to her home in Massachusetts, or to have her parents notified of her situation, and was taken to the almshouse at Delhi. She was evidently a woman of good breeding and education. At the poorhouse she was attended during her illness by Lucy Ann Slater. A strange affection grew between them. A short time after the new-comer, who went by her maiden name of Marie Louise Perry, had recovered her health, she and Lucy Ann left the almshouse together. They were gone over two years, and nothing was heard of them during that time. Through a singular occurrence they were discovered in the summer of 1871, living under most peculiar circumstances.

Lucy Ann Slater's daughter Mary, who had been taken from the almshouse and adopted by a farmer, had been the victim of a terrible outrage, accounts of which, published in the local papers, were accompanied with references to the strange habits of her mother. These accounts were seen by certain residents of Monroe county, Pennsylvania. A few weeks afterward Poormaster Heller, of Coolbaugh township, that county, appeared in Delaware county with a man and woman in charge. He said that they had appeared in the northern part of Monroe county in 1869. The man gave his name as the Rev. Joseph Israel Lobdell. The woman claimed to be his wife. The man carried a rifle, and the couple lived in caves in the woods. When Lobdell's rifle failed to procure them subsistence, they lived on berries and nuts and the charity of people in the lumber settlements. They were arrested as vagrants in 1871, and lodged in jail at Stroudsburg. While they were in jail the discovery was made that the Rev. Joseph I. Lobdell was a woman. About that time the account of the outrage at Cochecton appeared. The Monroe county authorities were thus placed on the track of the singular couple, who were the two women who had left the Delhi almshouse together.

They were returned to Delaware county and placed in the Delhi almshouse, but left it in a few months. Then until 1876 they roamed around the country, living in cabins and caves in the woods, and insisting that they were man and wife. They went by the name of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lobdell. In 1876 Joe was placed in jail at Honesdale as a vagrant. His wife, writing with a split stick, and using pokeberry juice for ink, drew up a petition to the court of Wayne county asking for the release of "her husband, Joseph Lobdell, in consequence of his ill health, which compelled her constant care." The document was a marvel of neat penmanship and correct composition. Joe was released and the petition placed among the court files. Soon after Joe was free the pair went to Damascus, Wayne county, opposite Narrowsburg, and bought a farm of a few acres. They lived there together until a year and a half ago, when Joe disappeared. The remains of an unknown person were found in the woods of Sullivan county, not far from the farm, some months afterward. They were believed to be those of the missing "female hunter," and were buried as such. The wife remained on the farm. A few weeks ago acquaintances of Lucy Ann Slater's were astonished to see her put in an appearance in Long Eddy. She was dressed in a tattered suit of men's clothes, and was hopelessly insane. She became a charge on the town. It was finally decided to send her to an asylum. She was taken to the State asylum at Ovid.

A Change.

"Adolphus, my dear," said she, "it's nearly a year since you first began to call."

"Yes, I believe so," nervously.

"And we've talked about books and music every night."

"Y-y-e-s, I think so," more nervous than before.

"Well, I—I— Don't you think a hange would be agreeable?"

There was "a change" in a few weeks time. The pastor made it.—*New Haven Register.*

A Frog in a Cow's Throat,

The *Scientific American* has the following cow story all the way from Wisconsin: A cow died not long ago, after a lingering illness, attended by a persistent cough. After her death a veterinary surgeon opened the windpipe to discover the cause of the irritation, and found in the upper part of the lung a live striped frog of ordinary size. The surrounding portion of the lung was much discolored.

New York acknowledges 9,000 rum-shops.

He Obtained a Situation.

An amusing experience was told me by one of the most prominent railroad managers of the Western States, which, on my promise not to divulge the names of the parties, I am permitted to publish. Said the manager:

A few years ago I took charge of the —— railroad in Texas, which at that time was in a bad condition. For several months I was kept very busy in trying to bring order out of chaos, and all my time had to be devoted to the affairs of the road. During certain hours I had given orders that I was to be disturbed under no circumstances, and my clerk had instructions to admit no one. One day during these hours the following incident occurred: I was busy at my desk when the door burst open, and a long, lank, uncouth, cadaverous-looking Texan stood before me. His homespun pants were tucked inside his dusty cowhide boots, his rough face looked as though it had never seen a razor, and his long, uncouth hair streamed out from under a large sombrero down on his broad wiry shoulders. He marched straight up to my desk, and without taking off his hat, said in a gruff, quick tone:

"Is Smith in?"

I looked up in amazement and replied: "Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Well, then, cast your eye on that," said he, slapping a letter down before me.

I picked it up and read it, and found it to be a letter of introduction, saying the bearer was a trustworthy man who wanted work and asking that it be given him.

As I finished the letter, he again broke out. "Well, Smith, what d'ye say? Can you give me a posish?"

I waited a moment and then said: "You appear to be quite a forward young man, and you want a position. Now, sir, don't you think you would have stood a better chance of getting a position if you were more polite in your manner? If you had knocked at the door, and on being invited to enter, had come in quietly, taken off your hat and asked if Mr. Smith was in, and had offered this letter, asking with a polite bow, 'Will you have the kindness to look over this letter?' If you had done so, young man, don't you think your proposition would have been more favorably received than your present one?"

The young man looked at me a second, and then turned and left. A moment after I heard a knock at the door. I said: "Come in." Again the same young man entered. Stepping softly he came to the desk, made a most elaborate bow, and said: "I have the honor of addressing Mr. Smith, the manager of the —— and —— railroad?" I bowed and said, "Yes, sir."

He again bowed and handed me the letter, asking me if I had leisure to look over it.

I took it, and again read it, and then looked up, saying: "This is a very complimentary letter, Mr. ——. What can I do for you?"

Quick as a flash came the response "You may go to ——!"

He then turned and left with a laugh.

I saw there was something in the man. I followed him, called him back, and gave him a position. He did his work well, and has since been promoted, until he now occupies one of the most responsible and best-paying positions in my employ.—*Cleveland Leader*

At the Table.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon the household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person who went in, the mind even after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments habitually expressed there. A neat, well-ordered table, is in itself a lesson to the children. I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in their best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely-dressed ladies who are polite to him. To the inviting table, where there should be always something attractive, however simple the menu may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. At this table the mother will not take her seat with disordered hair and soiled collar, remarking, with the air of a martyr, that it is the first time she has sat down to-day. The head of the house, if the girl be worth anything, will not resent it as a personal affront. It really is worth while, and when philosophically considered is a matter of great importance, to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of the hard work done before and to be done after a meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at this time. The habit of brooding over our work and exhausting ourselves by going it all over in our minds is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing which takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity. Everybody knows that food digests better when eaten in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark, that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer vacation away from him, as it gave him dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table, and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to children, that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table. It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste too much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room, rise above a mere ministering to the animal existence, and affect the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unvaryingly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word which is not at least kind and thoughtful, any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more careful consideration than they have usually received.—*New York Evening Post.*

Words of Wisdom.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

A man's character is like a fence—it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

A noble part of every true life is to learn how to undo what has been wrongfully done.

Preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state and heart from relatives and all the world.

The noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman, for the good of the world, is maternal love.

The heart is a loom and it may weave whatever it pleases. It may make life a continual progress toward triumph.

The man who goes to church of a Sunday is supposed to be a good man, but a gambler is a better.—*Marathon Independent.*

Seeing the Passion Play.

William H. Seaver, better known as the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*, was at Oberammergau last summer and saw the passion play there. Being a meek and bashful man he was forced to procure a seat at the play in the following manner: Some managed to get to the Oberammergau passion play. Some did not. The Drawer did. Taking a fearfully and wonderfully made trap at Murnau, the railway terminus, we were rolled over a well-made road some fourteen miles, until we reached Underammergau, a small village three miles this side of Oberammergau. While stopping to water the horses a portly person emerged from a little wayside inn and asked if we were going to Gaze's hotel, and had rooms engaged. If these had not been previously secured it was useless to go on, as not a room or cot was to be had for any outlay of affection or ready cash. The portly person added that there was eight beds disengaged in his house, which was a branch of Gaze's. The drawer took one, but determined to go on to Oberammergau and obtain, if possible, a reserved seat for the play. "No use," said the portly person; "all taken two weeks ago."

"I'll try," meekly responded the Drawer.

"Well, wait a moment," said he in very imperfect English, "and you can ride with me, as I have got to go up to get two places that have been reserved for Prince W——, who is in the house."

We were soon on the way. The seat question was now the problem, its solution important. The Drawer was slightly perplexed, but soon soared to the occasion. Taking from his pocket a certain formidable official letter of introduction, he showed it to the portly aforesaid and explained to him that it was a document of very many horse-power. The Drawer supplemented this brief oration with the frank and truly American proposition, "If you get a good seat for me I'll give you half a sovereign." This was an unusual incentive. We reached Oberammergau and drove to the residence of the burgomaster. While waiting to be ushered into his office the Drawer asked his guide, philosopher and friend, in a casual, indifferent tone, "By the way, you know I suppose, to know if the elector of Hesse-Cassel has been here, or the elector of Brandenburg?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! I'm very sorry; should so like to have met them!"

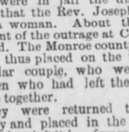
"I'll ask," said he.

"Oh, no matter; don't trouble yourself," replied the Drawer, and added, solto voce: "By the way, when we go into the burgomaster's you may say to him that I am one of the electors of New York, traveling privately, and that I would feel greatly obliged if he could give me a good seat."

It took. The Drawer was formally and gravely introduced as one of the electors of New York. The good burgomaster had but eight seats left, which he had reserved for persons of distinction. One was handed politely to the Drawer. The Drawer paid the usual price for the same, executed a graceful obeisance, and emanated from the presence. Next morning at eight o'clock, when the booming of a cannon announced the commencement of the performance, the Drawer found himself in one of the very best places in the auditorium, and seated next the prince. Its something to be an elector of New York.

A Tale of a Syringe.

A Rockland young man until quite recently was courting a fat girl at the North End and had progressed very favorably with his suit. One evening last week he dressed up in his best clothes, carefully combed his hair, and started out to make his tri-weekly visit to his fair one, who was waiting in the parlor with fond expectation in her heart and a cold in her head, superinduced by the fluctuating weather. This was as you might say, the pleasantest of the tragedy. It appears, moreover, that the fat girl's father—who is worth many thousand dollars in good, sensible bonds, and as a consequence is an object of the young man's tender regard—had for several nights previous been the victim of some unknown miscreant who had raided on his hen pen with disastrous effect. Sick of such foolishness, he had prepared a ghastly retribution for the fowl villains, and to this end had filled a big garden syringe with about a gallon of ancient beef brine, seasoned with garlic and flavored with assafœtida, and was lying in ambush behind a box, where he could sweep every approach to the hennery. The young man, who is pretty well acquainted with the whole family, thought he would surprise his girl by entering the house unexpectedly by the back way. This is the situation:



a is the hennery; b is the old man, and c the syringe; d is the young man lightly turning to thoughts of love as well as the corner of the fence; e is the house itself, painted brown; and f is the fat girl sitting by the piano and singing, "Father, dear father, come home;" gggg is the gathering darkness.

Gayly up the back yard the young man comes. Silently in ambush the old man lies. Cheerily the fat girl warbles. Quiet but awful is the syringe. In the uncertain light of early evening the old man sees a figure stealthily drawing near his guarded pen. With bated breath he waits the onslaught. The syringe sounds its dreadful "wh-s-s-h-p," and its deadly contents fly through the air like a wild and mad avenger. A yell that tore the azure robe of night fairly knocked the fat girl off the piano stool and curdled the old man's blood, followed the discharge, and when the neighbors rushed in they found the unfortunate young man pawing madly around on the ground, and screaming out awful Mexican words terrible to hear, while the old man hovered over the scene with the syringe in his hands, looking like an animated figure escaped from an allegory. Sympathizing arms bore the young man into the house, after their owners had stopped their nostrils with cotton, and it required the combined efforts of the fat girl and eight friends to bring him to, and it was some hours before he was able to fairly inquire if the meteor hit anybody else when it struck. That night, beneath the darksome shade of a cypress tree, whose thick branches the struggling moonbeams vainly strove to pierce, an old man's tottering form rested upon a spade, and silently viewed a new made grave. He had just buried the syringe.—*Rockland Courier.*

Old People

In Stockholm, N. Y., three persons died within thirty-six hours whose ages amounted to 244 years: Mrs. Maria Barsee, aged ninety-three; William Colton, aged seventy-four; Abner C. Ainger, aged seventy-seven.

Mrs. Peter Skye, widow of Peter Skye, the Tuscarora Indian who carried General Porter off the battlefield at Fort Erie in 1812, died on the reservation in Genesee county a few days ago, aged ninety-eight.

Mrs. Catherine Tilton, widow of Humphrey, lives near Harmony, N. J., and is in her ninety-fourth year. She walks to and from the old church at Middletown a mile and a half distant from her house.

Mrs. Patience Hopping, aged ninety-eight, lives at Leonardville, N. J. Her general health is good and she knits and sews with precision. She converses fluently, has a good memory and unimpaired mind.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Miss Emma Colter made a balloon ascension from Rowan county, Ky., and was about two miles from the earth when the balloon caught fire. Fortunately the fire burned slowly, and enough of the heated air was retained in the balloon to give it some buoyancy, until it had settled to within about 100 feet of the earth, when it descended with great rapidity. Miss Colter was dragged some distance and badly bruised, but no bones were broken.

In 1870 a cable was laid from the coast of Portugal, and recently persevering efforts have been made to grapple and raise the old cable at a point where it lay in 2,000 fathoms of water. The general idea is that a cable must be rotten after so long an immersion, and cannot be raised, but this cable has been successfully brought to the surface, and was found to be as good as when laid ten years ago. To grapple a mere thread in 12,000 feet of water is a triumph even in this age.

Some of the cigarettes which are smoked to so large an extent are said to be dangerous articles. A physician had one of them analyzed, and the tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proved to be the most ordinary quality of white paper, whitened with arsenic, the two poisons combined being present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium without being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes.

Very few churches of America have a seating capacity of over 1,500. The following shows the size of some of the largest churches in Europe: St. Peter's church at Rome will hold 54,000 persons; Milan cathedral, 7,000; St. Paul's at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's at London, 35,600; St. Petronio at Bologna, 24,000; Florence cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame at Paris, 20,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's at Vienna, 12,500; St. Dominic's at Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's at Bologna, 11,500; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's tabernacle, 7,000.

The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* says that but few people comparatively have any idea of the amount of timber used in the construction of a single railroad. It yearly takes 200,000 acres of forests to supply cross-ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand on our railroads, for which on an average the contractor gets thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000. In building a new road the contractors figure on 2,700 to the mile, while it takes 300 ties to the mile to keep a constructed road in repair. Contractors, of course, buy pieces of timber land as near to the proposed line of road as possible, paying for the timber on an average about $30 per acre