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Nothing Like Trying.

Life after all is a kindly affair;
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care—
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you will find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

The Unseen Friend.

Lil is too long for me. I cannot bear
The weary days and hours.
But if I share
Thy weary vigil, wilt thou still despair?

My burden weighs me down. I am not free
To haste with eager steps.
Yet I will be
Thy help and strength. Divide thy load with me.

The path is strange and rugged, and the night
Falls black along the sky.
I will be sight
For thee, faint soul, and guide thy feet aright.

Nay, but fair homelights on the valley gleam,
And voices call.
What doth earth's splendor seem—
Better, more lasting than the glow-worm's beam?

And is there, then, for me, no home nor love—
Naught but those barren wastes?
So thou shalt prove
The bliss God giveth to his own above.
Thou, who art thou, that by me toilest on,

Unthanked, unasked?
Friend, when thou lookest upon
My face, thy place in heaven will be won!

—*Mary Ainge De Vere*

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.

A vigorous pull at the front door-bell started Mr. Wells as, with his feet comfortabl poised on his desk, chair tipped back, and the fumes of an odorous Havana pervading the apartment, he indulged in his usual after dinner smoke. Mr. Frederick Wells was a confirmed bachelor, and notwithstanding the many solicitations of his fair friends, whose charms had failed to melt his obdurate heart, still persisted in eschewing society, and living with his sister almo t the life of a recluse. But Mr. Wells had not always been so exclusive; only a few years before he had met and loved Lucy Shelton, the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthy citizens. This young lady, though refusing to be his wife acknowledged her heart to be his, but she had promised her father to marry his partner, Joseph Parker, and circumstances over which she had no control compelled her to keep her word and marry his rival—her father's choice. In vain he pictured to her the wrong she would do him, herself, and her husband; nothing could turn her from her course. Not wishing to witness Parker's triumph, Mr. Wells resolved to leave Chicago. Accordingly he, with his only sister, removed to the East, where they occupied an elegant house in one of New England's flourishing cities. In their peaceful Eastern home rumors had reached them of the failure of the house of Shelton & Parker. Later the sad story of young Parker's downfall reached their sympathetic ears—how, by becoming a victim of the demon, intemperance, he had reduced his fair young wife to the necessity of giving music lessons in order to keep starvation from her door. Mr. Wells, by thinking of Lucy as the wife of another and a woman false to her heart's best impulses, sought to banish her forever from his mind, and while he pitied the unfortunate Lucy, he still thought that she, in a measure, deserved her sad fate. With these bitter feelings would come a wish to stretch out a helping hand to this woman, who, by scorning his love, had consigned him to a hopeless, hapless existence.

On the afternoon our story opens he was musing upon a means of aiding Mrs. Parker—for he knew her proud spirit would refuse any pecuniary assistance from him—when the sound of an unusually loud ring of the door-bell aroused him from his reverie, and instantaneously brought his feet and chair to their proper position. "Whew!" he exclaimed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, "something unusual is wanted to warrant such impatience." Just then the door of his study opened, and his sister called him to come and see what had been left at their door. Hastily following her into the hall, he beheld, to his surprise, in the arms of a servant—who explained that she had found "the little thing" lying on the door step when she opened the door—an infant some seven or eight months old, wrapped in a huge shawl, and calmly gazing with bright blue eyes at the astonished group. Taking the child in his arms, Mr. Wells proceeded to remove the shawl and found pinned to the dress a card bearing the name Lucy, and gathering the little form to his breast, great tears welled up into his eyes as he bent his head over the tiny baby face and murmured: "Those eyes! that name! Surely, this is Lucy's child." Then, as if ashamed of his emotion, he handed the child to his sister, telling her in a gruff voice to see to its wants, vanished into his sanctum, slamming the door with a bang that plainly told her he did not wish to be interrupted; and here, free from mortal gaze, gave vent to his pent-up feelings; and while sobs shook his manly frame, the question, can this be Lucy's child? constantly recurred to him. He had not even heard that she had a child; besides, he knew she was in Chicago very recently, in a state of abject poverty. But, notwithstanding these contrarieties, the resemblance he fancied existed between this little waif and Mrs. Parker, only served to confirm him in the idea that this was indeed her child; then again he would ask himself—How came it to that city? to his door? None of his friends in Chicago knew of his whereabouts, and how was it possible for Mrs. Parker thus to leave her child to the mercy of a man she had so cruelly wronged? At length, not finding a satisfactory answer to his queries, he resolved to keep this little foundling, to bring it up as his own, cherish it as a boon from heaven sent to cheer his lonely life and bring sunshine in to his heart and home.

"Well! Ellen, how do you and the little stranger agree?" playfully inquired Mr. Wells, as he met his sister at the tea-table that evening.

"Her ladyship and myself are on wonderfully good terms, considering our limited acquaintance," laughingly rejoined his sister. "Come and see her new quarters, but, as she is asleep, you must make as little noise as possible!"

"Oh! ho! the little tyrant has issued her decrees thus early in her reign," gayly retorted Mr. Wells; "but she'll not find an obedient subject in me;" and with stealthy steps he followed Ellen into the next room, where, lying upon an impromptu couch, improvised with an arm-chair and pillows, was the form of the sleeping child. As Mr. Wells stood gazing at the infantile face, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, while a bright smile lit up the baby features and rendered more striking the memory of another pair of eyes that had looked into his, another smile that had once shed its rays over his pathway.

Ellen was delighted at the prospect of caring for this little one, whose coming she felt would dispell her brother's gloom and bring joy to them both.

That evening, on returning home at a late hour, Mr. Wells perceived a prostrate figure lying directly in front of his door.

"Hello! Who is this? You will freeze to death in this blinding storm," he exclaimed. But the figure remained motionless, and, approaching, Mr. Wells proceeded to uncover the face. As the gleam of the street-lamp fell upon the upturned countenance of a young, and once beautiful, woman he staggered back, muttering: "Oh, my God! Has it indeed come to this? My poor, poor, Lucy!" and raising the frail form in his strong arms he carried her into the house, calling to his sister, who was sitting up waiting his return, to send for a physician and bring restoratives, as he had just found Lucy Shelton, dead, or nearly so, at their door.

Ellen, who had known and loved Lucy during her happier days in Chicago, assuring herself that she had only fainted, immediately set about bringing back to life the inanimate form. At length her efforts were rewarded; the color came slowly back to the pallid cheek, the beautiful eyelids quivered and revealed a pair of blue eyes that wandered in a restless, searching glance, from face to face, as if looking for some beloved object. In tones of piteous agony she wailed: "Oh! my baby! my lost darling!" Then, as if speaking to some unknown person, she would clasp her poor little hands and implore the restoration of her child.

The doctor declared hers to be a most precarious case of brain fever, and that her recovery would be almost a miracle, as some great mental sorrow was aiding the ravages of this terrible disease.

For many weeks Lucy's life tottered on the verge of eternity. Mr. Wells and his sister were untiring in their care and watchfulness, making every effort in their power to save the life of the hapless mother of their little foundling, for as such both had grown to consider her.

During her ravings she reproached her faithless husband with having robbed her of her only source of happiness—her child, and besought him, in plaintive tones, to bring back her baby, to tell her where he had hidden their child. On one occasion she pleaded so piteously that she be restored to her arms, that Ellen, moved by her entreaties, brought the child and laid it at her side; but instead of assuaging the mother's sorrow, this only increased her agony, as, turning away from her little one, she accused them of trying to deceive her. "My husband has stolen my child," she cried. "Oh! what shall I do without my darling?"

One day, after Mrs. Parker had been ill for about six weeks, Ellen entered her room to see after her patient's wants. On approaching the bedside a thin, little hand clasped hers, and a trembling voice inquired:

"Have I been ill long? Oh, Ellen! why did you call me back to a life of misery and sorrow?"

"Hush; you must not talk now. When you are stronger all will be explained," answered the delighted Ellen, and kissing her pallid cheek, and recommending her to rest, she fled to her brother with the welcome tidings of Mrs. Parker's recovery.

On reaching Mr. Wells' study, she found him in a state of intense excitement, caused by something he had read in the newspaper which he convulsively clutched with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a paragraph that read:

"Last night during a quarrel in one of the drinking dens in this city, a young man named Joseph Parker was shot through the heart by an unknown assassin. As Parker is a stranger in the city, his body will be in the morgue until to-morrow, in case some of his friends might wish to claim it."

"A terrible end to an ill-spent life," was Ellen's verdict, as, glancing over the article, she realized how just are the punishments of an all-wise God. "Lucy has regained her reason," she told her brother, "and is sensible of her child's loss. We must conceal it safely and the death of her husband from her until she is sufficiently strong to bear this double shock."

"You are right, my dear sister," rejoined Mr. Wells: "but in the meantime I will have the unfortunate Parker decently interred."

Accordingly he proceeded to the morgue, and there recognized in the bloated, scarred face the features of a once brilliant man and the husband of the unhappy Lucy. By Mr. Wells' orders the remains were conveyed to the nearest churchyard, and a plain marble slab erected, to mark the resting-place of him who had been the cause of his unhappiness and of Lucy's misery.

Under Ellen Wells' skillful nursing, Mrs. Parker's return to health was rapid. Day by day she gained new strength, till at length the doctor pronounced her strong enough to hear the tidings of her child's safety. As yet Mr. Wells had not seen her, and only on one occasion had she mentioned her preserver's name. This was, when speaking of her past wretched existence, she blamed herself for having not only blighted her own life, but for being the cause of his misery. She told Ellen that her father had extorted a promise from her to marry Parker by avowing himself on the verge of bankruptcy, from which this marriage alone would save him. Accordingly she sacrificed her heart's dearest love in order to save her father's honor. Matters got worse, instead of better, after this ill-fated marriage. Parker spent his time and money at the gaming table, and, finally, not content with squandering his own money, spent that of the firm also. A crisis was inevitable, and when at last the house was declared bankrupt everything was sacrificed to satisfy the creditors. Even her father was not spared her; for, when he realized the extent of misery in store for himself and his cherished child, he took his own life. But her trials did not end here. Her husband fell from one degradation to another, till at last, from neglecting his young wife, he grew to abuse her. With the aid of a few friends she obtained several music scholars, and with the money thus earned kept starvation from her door. When at length her patrons refused to aid one whose drunken husband was ever in attendance, she resolved to fly with her child, an infant of seven months, from the scene of her many sorrows, to the East, where she hoped to get employment—but here she was followed and tortured by her tyrant husband's presence. Life became almost unbearable, and but for her child, whom she devotedly loved, she would have ended her own existence. Jealous of the attention she lavished upon her babe, the inhuman father threatened to take it from her. Not dreaming him capable of so diabolical an act, she did not fear the fulfillment of this threat, and on the afternoon of the day they found her at their door, she left her darling under his care, while she went forth in search of employment. On her return after a fruitless afternoon's labor, she found their lodgings deserted, and not a trace of the whereabouts of her child to be seen. Realizing that her husband had kept his threat, she rushed, frantic with grief, about the streets in hopes of finding some clew to the little one's retreat. At length, tired of wandering about, she sat down upon a door-step to rest. Here she remembered nothing further; and "Oh! Ellen," the invalid continued, "to think that I should have come to you, to be nursed by you back to life—you who would be justified in turning me from your door, because of the blight I have cast upon your noble brother's life. But God knows how bitterly I have been punished for my folly."

Tears filled Mrs. Parker's eyes, as she concluded her sorrowful story, and trinkled down her pale cheeks. Ellen, kissing the tears away, vainly tried to cheer her by picturing a brighter future, the possibility of again finding her missing child. She declared she would never be happy while her tyrant husband lived.

Ellen, embracing this opportunity, disclosed the details of Parker's death and burial to his heart-broken wife, who listened with bated breath and long-drawn sighs till she had finished the sad recital; then throwing her arms about Ellen's neck she sobbed out her grief on her shoulder.

The latter endeavored to soothe her sorrows, but Lucy was inconsolable, not so much at the loss of her miserable husband as at the realization of her own destitute condition—deprived of father, husband and child. "My poor baby," she wailed, "if I only had you I could bear all else."

"Then bear with your trials, dear Lucy; your child is safe and well," Ellen said, and proceeded to tell the weeping mother how her child had been found at a gentleman's door; how it had been taken in and tenderly cared for until she should be sufficiently recovered to receive it back; that this same gentleman was at that moment waiting to restore it to her arms, and, recommending her to quiet and rest, Ellen left the room to prepare her brother for the meeting.

Lucy had covered her face with her hands and promised to comply; but finding herself alone she threw herself on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes to heaven, in fervent tones she thanked the Father of the widow and the orphan for having spared her to her fatherless little one. "Oh, God!" she concluded, "bless and prosper him who, in his charity, has succored my lost lamb in its hour of direst need." Rising, she stood face to face with Frederick Wells.

For an instant her tongue refused to articulate a word, but as her eyes fell upon her lost darling, whom he carried in his arms, she utterd a glad cry, and snatching the child to her bosom, the fond mother almost smothered the frightened little one with caresses.

Mr. Wells, standing a silent witness of this reunion, felt amply repaid for his long years of pain, and he thought how much more blessed it is to give joy than sorrow.

When Mrs. Parker raised her eyes, streaming with tears of joy, to his face, and said: "Mr. Wells, how shall I ever pay this great debt of gratitude, for not only do I owe my own life to your kindness, but also that of this child, infinitely more precious to me?" he answered: "By giving me the right to watch over and protect you both, I will be made immeasurably happy;" and drawing mother and child to his breast he kissed Lucy's tear-stained face.

Of course she consented, for a few months later a quiet wedding took place from the Wells' residence, when, after all her sorrows, Lucy Parker became the wife of her heart's first love.

Something About Barbers.

A barber of a literary turn of mind writes to the New York *Sun*: In the seventeenth century before Christ, Sesostris, one of the most ancient and the greatest kings of Egypt, shaved himself. He did it to please his wife; and he was the first man, so far as is known, who ever handled a razor. It is to Sesostris, then, that I and my fellow artists owe the art from which we gain our bread. What a queer reflection it is that the razor-makers of Sheffield owe their prosperity to a caprice of Madam Sesostris! Little causes, great events!

I do not undertake to explain how this ancient Egyptain learned to shave. Bus I know this, that in France, as recently as fifty years ago, people shaved themselves in a very primitive fashion. In those days, when you went into a barber's shop, the first question was, "Do you want to be shaved au pouce or a la cuiller?" (with the thumb or the spoon.) Very few of my readers, I dare say, have ever heard of this method of shaving, which, droll as it seems, had nevertheless its practical side. The barber used his thumb only in the case of customers who had lost their teeth. He introduced the thumb of the left hand into the mouth, and moved it up and down in order to soften the skin and facilitate the operation of shaving. All barbers know, as I do, that it is not an easy matter to shave the upper lip of a man who has lost his teeth. The spoon was used only in the case of wrinkled old men and thin men. Not being able to reach the hollow of the cheek with the thumb, the barber substituted a soup spoon. These methods are no longer in vogue, the barbers of the present day having improved upon them.

Some days after the revolution of February 24, 1848, a number of journeymen barbers out of work were assembled in their intelligence office, which at that time was situated on the Quai des Orfevres. Business being very dull on account of the political hurly-burly, they were endeavoring to hit upon some means of employing their leisure and at the same time earning their bread. "Happy thought!" cried one of them of a sudden. "Let us open a hairdressing shop in the Quartier des Chiffoniers (ragpickers' quarter); rents are cheap over there, and, as the ragpickers are not addicted to luxury, we won't need to spend much in fitting up the place." "A capital notion," said the others; "but, since there are barbers already there, we shall have to hit upon some new style of shaving in order to get their customers away from them."

Thereupon a cudgeling of brains. All at once the most intelligent of the party shouted, "Eureka!"—the cry uttered by Archimedes in the streets of Syracuse when he made his famous discovery. "We will announce on our sign that we will shave with our thumbs, but that before introducing them into the mouths of our customers we soak them in a glass of brandy. Our success is certain; the ragpickers dote on what they call in their picturesque language the tord boyau." Thanks to this spirituous method of doing things, the new barbers' shop was quickly thronged, for the news spread abroad, and all the ragpickers of Paris patronized it. Even the ladies of these knights of the hook occasionally presented themselves for a shave; they, too, had heard of the pouce a l'eau-de vie.

Care of Nails.

Some persons insist that the finger-nails are signs of character. The slender tapering nail, they say, indicates a refined nature which is sometimes accompanied by a shrewish temper. The broad, stubby nail suggests natural coarseness which may be allied to good nature. Whether these are signs or not, it is true that the care of the nails reveals personal habits as to cleanliness.

Nails may be greatly improved, both in shape and color, by proper attention. The best appliance is a nail brush used in water softened by the addition of a little borax and really fine toilet soap.

In well-brushed and well-cared for nails the little curtain-like rim which surrounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the root. The skin of the finger should never be allowed to grow up on the nail.

In paring and trimming the shape given should always be as long an oval as possible. To cut a nail squarely off gives the finger-end a stubby look. The corners should be carefully and closely cut, and the center left rather long, so as to give the long oval shape.

In cleaning the nails the knife should never scrape off the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge opaque and muddy in appearance, whereas it should be transparent.

The nail is susceptible of a high degree of polish by rubbing with the towel when drying the hands.

The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully guarded. It is ruinous to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired, is one of the most difficult habits to break. This is evidenced by the fact that some men and women, but more especially men, have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, of which they are perfectly unconscious.

Nearly a year has elapsed since the last wealthy young lady eloped with her father's coachman, and the many respectable young men who hopefully sought employment in the stables of the rich during the epidemic are disconsolately drifting back to their former pursuits.—*Modern Argo.*

VALUABLE OLD COINS.

High Prices for Rare Coins and Medals—A Silver Dollar Valued at $1,000.

Looking over a large collection of old coins and medals, a New York reporter asked the dealer: "What is the oldest coin you have?"

"Here is an Ægina coin dating 700 years before Christ. It is a didrachma, and was a very common Greek coin. It is worth about $6."

"Only $6 for so much antiquity? How is that? Does not a coin become more valuable according to its age?"

"By no means, unless it is rare and in demand as well as old. Many old coins are comparatively plentiful. Here are coins at least 2,000 years old that can be bought for seventy-five cents, $1 or $2."

"How do you know they are genuine?"

"By the same tests that manuscripts and traditions and historical facts of all kinds are authenticated. There are societies not only in New York, but in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg and other places, where they make a study of these things. There is no more trouble in authenticating an ancient coin than any other object of antiquity."

"Have you any specimens of the 'widow's mite' spoken of in Scripture?"

"Yes; they are not very scarce. Here is a coin issued by Pontius Pilate."

"You have never found any of the silver pieces for which Joseph was sold?"

"No, there would be no means of identifying them, because they were not coined or stamped. The silver for which Judas betrayed his master was coined money. The progress of the art of coining is a fair index of the progress of the ages. First there were only rude stamps on chunks of silver or other metal. Then the stamps were made larger, but no attempt was made to fill out the mold. The more modern coins are perfect all over, the ornamental part covering the rim as well as the faces. Some of the medals that have been coined to commemorate various events are the most beautiful specimens of die cutting. There is naturally more scope for the artist to produce a design on a medal. Here is a beautiful medal struck in 1830 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium. There is one of 1637. The subject is the siege of Breda, in the Netherlands. Here is a double crown with the portrait of Ferdinand III. and his wife. The original value was two dollars; it is now worth $15."

"What are the chief coins of the United States that are worth more than their face value?"

"The silver dollar of 1794, with flowing hair, is worth $15. The silver dollar of 1804 is worth $200 to $700. The silver dollar of 1838 is worth $15. The half dollars of 1794 are worth $25; of 1796, $50; and 1797, $10; of 1836, with milled edge, $2. An original half dollar struck by the Confederate States in 1861 is worth $200. The quarter dollar of 1796 is worth $1; of 1823 and 1827, $15; of 1853, 50 cents. The twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are worth $1 50 each. The dimes of 1796 are worth 50 cents; of 1797, 1798, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, and 1804, are worth $1 each. In some cases there have been different issues of the same coin in the same year. One issue may be a rarity, and the other issue may be plentiful. The only way to determine the value is to see what a piece will sell for. Of half dimes, an issue of 1794 is worth $1; of 1796, 1797, 1801, 1803, and 1805, $1 each. The most valuable half dime is of the issue of 1802, which is worth $12.75. Three cent silver pieces from 1863 to 1868 are worth twenty-five cents each. Those of 1873 are worth sixty cents each."

"How about the famous liberty pennies?"

"There are many varieties, and their value varies from ten cents to $10 according to the perfectness of the stamp. There are several kinds of the issue of 1793. One has long flowing hair, and the reverse has a chain with thirteen links. Another kind has a liberty cap and wreath of a different device. The rarest nickel penny is the eagle of 1856, which is worth fifty cents. The newspapers made so much fun of the device that it was withdrawn from circulation very soon, and is now scarce. The most valuable half-cent is the issue of 1796, which is worth $5. The half-cent issues of 1836, 1843, 1847, and 1852 are worth $2 each. The half-cent issues of 1831, 1841, 1844, and 1846 are worth $1 each. The half-cents of 1840, 1842, 1845, and 1848 are worth $1.50 each."

"How about American gold pieces?"

"Many are worth more than their face. The $20 of 1849 is worth $50. All the $10 gold issues from 1795 to 1801 are at a premium of from fifty cents to $2. Most of the $5 gold pieces from 1795 to 1807 are at a premium of twenty-five cents to $1. The price varies according to the coinage, with the large or small eagle used in the mint in those years. One stamp of $5 gold coin of 1815 is worth $25. A $3 gold piece of 1875 is worth $4. Many of the quarter eagles are at a premium of fifty cents to $1. A $1 gold piece of 1875 sells for $2."

"What is the most valuable modern coin?"

"It is a Confederate States silver dollar, which is valued at $1,000. There were only a few of these coins struck. The Confederate government had the dies made, and a few coins were struck at the New Orleans mint for the inspection of the Confederate officials. They found, however, that they had no silver and no more were coined. Jefferson Davis says that he had one of these coins on his person when he was captured, but some one took possession of it—he does not know who. Possibly it may be in circulation yet as a genuine coin of the United States. One side of the coin was in fact made with a regular die used in the New Orleans mint to strike off United States silver dollars. The other side was specially devised for the purpose. The legend reads: 'Confederate States of America.' There is a shield, with bars and seven stars, surmounted by a liberty cap. The shield is inclosed by a wreath composed of cotton and sugar stalks."

"If this is worth $1,000, it would pay better to counterfeit it than a genuine coin?"

"No; a counterfeit would be easily detected."

"Then as a matter of fact one of the most recent coins is worth very much more than the oldest coins you have?"

"Yes; here is a Cromwell shilling that is only worth $10. Here is an Athens tetradrachm which is worth only $10, though it is 3,000 years old. Here is one about 500 years older, worth $15."

"How about political coins?"

"There are some very curious ones that are celebrated, like the English coin that gave rise to the couplet: 'Cooing and billing like William and Mary on a shilling.' The most celebrated in the history of American coin is the series that was issued to signalize the opposition to and support of the United States bank in Jackson's time. Both the friends and opponents of Andrew Jackson issued coins, and some of the devices and inscriptions were very funny. Similar coins were issued in Van Buren's time. All these things are valuable in forming an estimate of the height of political feeling at that time."

The first American money was the pine tree shilling, coined in 1652. For fifteen years they were all coined under the same date, so if a man has a pine tree shilling he don't know when it was made. They are worth but about four or five dollars.

In the year 1815 there were no cents manufactured. It being just after the war of 1812, the government had not settled down to business, and the mint made but very little money. Some persons ignorant of this, and anxious to make a collection, offer large sums for a coin of this date. This makes a demand and the demand calls for a supply, so there have been cases where the cent of 1813 has been altered so as to almost defy detection. Again, the silver dollar of 1804 is sought after, and counterfeiters have succeeded in making a coin very similar to the original.

Injecting Morphine.

A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city, says a New York paper, within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheumatism, or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant, so delicious, indeed, that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among women, who, after having tried it a while, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful. But there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the skin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped as in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, have not been able to surrender its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the finer type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.

A Romance of Real Life.

Grandma Hamilton has lived for five years in the Home for the Friendless in Chicago. A short time ago a lady in sealskins and jewels rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Hamilton.

"You don't mean Grandma Hamilton, do you?" asked the matron.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the lady. "I would like to see her."

When grandma and the rich lady met in the parlor the visitor sobbed out: "Mother, mother! don't you know Louisa?"

"Oh, no," said grandma, peering with her blind eyes and shaking her head. "My daughters, Louisa and Lizzie, are both dead, and you cannot be Louisa."

"But indeed I am; and Lizzie is living, too; and for a year I have been looking for you everywhere, and now I have found you," and while they wept on each other's necks, Mrs. Grant, the superintendent, and Miss Bowman, the matron, withdrew and left them to talk it over. Next day Louisa came again, and grandma, all wrapped in fur-lined robes, went away with her, leaving the little room where she had so long sat rocking and knitting, expecting only to leave it at the summons of death. The explanation is that fifteen years ago Louisa married and went to California, Lizzie remained in Ohio, while their mother, with a snug little competence, came to Chicago. Finally they lost trace of each other. Mrs. Hamilton lost her money and was obliged to take up an abode in the Home of the Friendless. Louisa's husband became rich in California, and when she came back found Lizzie in Ohio or Michigan, and after a long search found her mother in that city.

At the Theater in Japan.

The theaters here are probably the most interesting sight to travelers; everything is so different from that to which they have been accustomed. Of course, there are no seats; all squat on mats. Running down the center of the theater is an elevated platform upon which the actors always enter upon the stage; the exits are all from the rear, and instead of shifting the scenes, the whole stage is revolved on wheels (same as we turn a horse car). When an actor is killed during the play, a man dressed in black, with his face covered (you are not supposed to see him), rushes out, and holds a large cloak in front of the dead man. The latter rises and runs off the stage, though just beheaded and his head lying on the stage, looking as natural and the execution so well done that until you actually see the dead walk you think he surely was beheaded. After the curtain falls for another act, all the children in the audience rush on the stage behind the curtain and play around behind the scenes until the drum beats for another act. The music they have is a drum, fife and a small string instrument, though the players are generally singing in very high and unmusical notes. The play generally begins at ten o'clock in the morning and lasts until one or two o'clock at night, and the audience always take food enough to last twenty-four hours, besides which men with rice, tea, peanuts and oranges are always passing through the audience, very much like our circuses at home. The theater is lighted by gas, very dimly, however, and as the audience—men, women and children—are smoking pipes all the time, the atmosphere is not very pleasant.—*Yeddo Letter.*

Anecdotes of the Stage.

John McCullough, the tragedian, has been talking with a Cleveland *Herald* reporter about the stage and plays in general. He thinks "Virginius" a great play, ennobling and elevating in its influence, but "Othello" and "King Lear" are the grandest plays on the stage. "I don't believe that in any language in any country any author has ever written such plays as those. Mind you, they are a great deal harder to play than those of any other class. As they are godlike in their conceptions, the actor must be godlike to play them, and feel them and make them move—to feel and talk and act them as Shakespeare has given him an opportunity to do. Mr. McCullough told a pleasant story of Forrest, which was as follows: Forrest was playing Richard, when Catesby came in to summon him. The actor was so struck with Forrest's manner, look and tone, demanding, "Who goes there?" that he could only stammer out, "'Tis I, my lord, the early village cock," while the other words, "has thrice done salutation to the morn," stuck in his throat. Forrest got the laugh of the audience on his side by responding: "Then why the deuce don't you crow?"

The last New Jersey cranberry crop of 492,630 bushels was the largest ever known.

A GOOD YEAR FOR LOCUSTS.

Professor Riley Predicts that the Locusts will Swoop Down Upon the Country Next Summer—Interesting Facts About These Insects.

This is to be a good year for the locusts. In the Southern States they will be particularly abundant, and it is more than probable that the woods in Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia will resound with their rattling song. This will be unwelcome news to the farmers and florists, who know, from sad experience, the destructive character of these insects. It will be remembered that in the summer of 1868 the locusts were particularly abundant in this locality. There was hardly a foot of ground in the woods and fields which was not completely perforated with the holes out of which the insects had come. They were everywhere and ate up everything, causing an amount of damage which is still fresh in the minds of agriculturists. They will not appear this season in such great quantities, but in the year 1885 this vicinity will be again afflicted by an abundant visitation.

"There are two broods of the locust," said Professor Riley, of the agricultural department, to the *Post* reporter, who called upon him for information; "one appears every thirteen years, and the other every seventeen years. By a coincidence both broods are to appear together this year, but not in the same places."

"In what localities?"

"The seventeen-year locusts will be particularly plentiful in Marquette and Green Lake counties in Wisconsin, and may also appear in the western part of North Carolina, in Northeast Ohio, and a few in Lancaster county, Pa., and Westchester county, New York. They will also be abundant in the neighborhood of Wheeling, and will probably extend down into Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia. Of this, however, I am not quite sure. The thirteen-year brood will, in all probability, appear in Southern Illinois, throughout Missouri, with the exception of Arkansas. Indian Territory, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and North and South Carolina."

"What is the difference between the two broods?"

"Do you mean in appearance? Very little, and one is very apt to confound them."

"Are the locusts to be depended upon as recurring in regular periods?"

"Yes, sir. Observations extending for more than 200 years prove that they never fail. The earliest appearance of the periodical cicada, or locust, so far as we have any record, occurred at Plymouth, Mass., in the year 1634. Each seventeen years they have appeared again without fail. The naturalist calculates as confidently on the future appearance of the locust in a given month in a given year, for all time to come, as the astronomer does an eclipse or a transit on some particular day; and he may go back in time when none but savage men dwelt on this continent, and feel confident that the woods of New Jersey rattled with the hoarse cry of this insect in the month of June, seven years after the birth of Christ, just as they did in June 1877."

"Where does the locust reside, so to speak, during his absence from the face of the earth?"

"He is then under the earth, in the shape of a worm, living on the sap of young rootlets. In following these they penetrate very deep into the ground, sometimes going as far down as ten or twelve feet. The season for their appearance and disappearance differs somewhat with the latitude, though not so materially as one might suppose. They appear a little earlier in the South than in the North, but the last half of May can be set down as the period during which they emerge from the ground, in many parts of the country, which they generally leave by the fourth of July. As is the case with a great many other insects, the males make their appearance several days before the female, and also disappear sooner. Hence, in the latter part of the cicada season, though the woods are still full of females, the song of but very few males will be heard."

"Do not the females sing?"

"No, the musical organs are possessed only by the males. This fact was embodied in an ancient rhyme,

'Happy the cicada's lives,
For they all have voiceless wives.'"

"How is the music produced?"

"The rattling noise is produced by a system of muscles in the lower part of the body, which work on the drums under the wings by alternately tightening and loosening them. The general noise on approaching infested woods is a compromise between that of a distant threshing machine and a distant frog pond. That which they make when disturbed mimics a nest of young snakes or young birds under similiar circumstances—a sort of scream. They can also produce a chirp somewhat like that of a cricket, and a very loud shrill screech, prolonged for fifteen or twenty seconds and gradually increasing in force and then decreasing."

"Is it true that the locust stings?"

"There is a widespread fear of the locust sting," answered the professor; "every time there is an abundance of locusts you hear of people being stung, and newspaper accounts of such accidents are by no means infrequent. I have known people who denied themselves the pleasure of eating blackberries and other fruits, because they feared these fruits had been poisoned by the eggs of cicadas; while others believe that they poison water. So far as I can find, all these reports are false or greatly exaggerated, and the great majority of them are pure imagination."

"Are they not capable of doing an immense amount of damage?"

"Yes, sir. They have destroyed whole apple orchards and vineyards. The worst of it is that there is no way to get rid of them when they make their appearance in large numbers and have attained full size and powers of flight. The only possible method is to allow poultry and hogs to devour them just after they come up out of the ground and are in a helpless condition."

"There is a good deal of superstition," remarked the reporter, "about the W on their wings."

"I have noticed that," Professor Riley answered, "some ignorant persons are silly enough to believe that it portends war. It occurs alike, though not to such a marked degree, on all other cicadas, and if people must have an omen let them take the two W's for warm weather, and it will not be likely to disappoint them."—*Washington Post.*

A Tough Toad Story.

"Yes," spoke up a soldier, who had been listening with approving silence to his comrade's recital of the habits of snakes; "but even the toad knows how to defend itself against the voracity of a rattlesnake. A rattlesnake never bites anything it swallows, and so it will cram a toad down its throat whole. I once saw a rattlesnake about six feet long, trying to capture a large toad. The toad adopted a novel method to thwart the reptile's intentions. The snake had come upon the toad unawares, and it could not turn tail and jump, else the snake would spring and catch it in his jaws. So the toad took up a small stick, about six inches long, holding it at the center in its mouth. The snake's mouth could not be distended to a width of six inches, and so facing the snake with the stick in its mouth, the toad wearied its would-be destroyer out of all patience, and finally he gave up his efforts and crawled away. The toad dropped the stick and hopped to a safer retreat."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Of the 600,000 male adults in Illinois, 400,000 drink beer, wine and whisky, and of these 40,000 drink to excess.

Russian Exiles.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is told he is free, but at the same time he is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the ispravnik's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings and feverishly demand news from home. The new-comer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the public ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and, as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in those dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the third section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering, and administered evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European state.—*London Standard.*

Words of Wisdom.

None but a fool is always right.

He that sips many arts drinks none.

To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo.

Some persons mistake noise for argument.

They that govern most make least noise.

He that too much fears hatred is unfit to rule.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill-nature.

We are never as happy nor as unhappy as we fancy.

No one wishes to be pitied on account of his errors.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Men speak of what they know; women of what pleases them.

He who is never guilty of folly is not so wise as he imagines.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter—every one can read it.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies prolong it.

We must laugh before we are happy, lest we should die without having laughed.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman.

No man ever obtained eminence without owing it to the influence of some good woman.

The expression "they say" has blackened enough characters to make an army of saints.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.

Adversity does not take from us true friends; it only dispels those who pretend to be such.

Tenderness and its outcome, pity, are as inseparable from true manliness as true womanliness.

As long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, you will find love.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth wit.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at and admire.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effects when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

A Pin in a Child's Tongue for Eleven Years.

Miss Harvey, of Candor, when eleven or twelve years of age, was one evening making hurrried preparations to attend a party. She had a pin between her lips, which passed into her mouth, and was supposed to be swallowed. Dr. Miller assumed such to be the fact, but the girl insisted that it was under her tongue. The physician made search for it there, but failed to discover it, and treated her protestations as the work of imagination. Recently Miss Harvey had a large lump come upon one side of her tongue, increasing in painfulness. Dr. L. D. Farnham opened the swelling. The next day, after eleven years of hiding, the pin came out of the opening. It was two-thirds covered with a lime formation and was much corroded.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

A firm in Boston is making a double belt 200 feet long, thirty inches wide. It will weigh 1,100 pounds and will require the hides of 100 head of cattle in its construction.

Wanted Him to Resign.

A capital story is told of one of our public men—a man who had for many years held a lucrative office, which many other zealous workers in the political field greatly desired to fill. The office—of judicial character, and requiring considerable capacity in its incumbent—was not only an excellent paying berth, but it was honorable, and had considerable patronage connected with it.

Once upon a time, when the anxious waiters had fully made up their minds that old Hartwell had held the office long enough, one of their number was deputed to wait upon him, and request him to resign. The man found the old judge in his office, with his coat off, and surrounded by papers of all sorts and descriptions. The usual greetings were exchanged, and the visitor opened his business.

Out in the open court an organ-grinder was discoursing a very excellent selection of Strauss' waltzes.

"Want me to resign, do they?" said Hartwell, throwing back his head, and passing his fingers through his plenteous silver locks. "And for what reason, pray?"

"I'll tell you, judge; we think you have been here long enough. You are growing old—altogether too old for the manifold duties and responsibilities of the place."

"Oho! Too old, am I? Now look you: Just you get up here, and spin a waltz with me! Hi! There goes the Blue Danube! Just the thing; come!"

And he seized his visitor by the two arms, lifted him to his feet, and began to whirl him about the room, keeping step himself to the notes of the distant organ.

But the man, breathless and dizzy, broke away and begged off. He didn't know how to dance.

"No? Not dance? Then try the gloves. We must have exercise in some fashion."

And old Hartwell went to a small locker, and brought forth two pairs of boxing gloves, one of which he put on, and offered the other to his visitor. But the man would not take them. He declared he had never boxed in his life.

"Never boxed? Then it is time you had a lesson. And i' faith, I'll give you one. Now! Stand by. Here is the position. One, two, three!"

And he tapped the messenger, first on the forehead; then on the chin; then on the breast; and then, with a blow straight from the shoulder, he knocked him clean across the room, and against the wall.

"Ho! I'll soon teach you the rudiments. Let me now show you the true knock-down blow. It is given in this manner."

But the breathless, bewildered and utterly demoralized visitor did not wait for the finish. He caught his hat and made his escape, and later reported to his associates that Judge Hartwell was not disposed to relinquish his office at present.

A Terrapin Farm.

The Mobile (Ala.) *Register* has the following account of a terrapin farm owned by Mulford Dorlon at Cedar Point: This projection of land is on the western shore of Mobile bay, about thirty miles below this city, and is inhabited principally by oystermen, who reap golden harvests from the many beds which furnish nearly every oyster brought to the port of Mobile. Mr. Dorlon, who keeps a store at this point, has about three acres fenced in with strong pilings. Leading to this inclosure are two canals, one on the bay side and the other on the gulf side, which supply with salt water a number of ditches ten feet wide and 100 feet long. The sand accumulating from the excavation of these ditches is thrown on each side, and used by the terrapins to sun themselves and lay their eggs in, which, if counted, would go up in the millions, and can be raked up by the bushel. In the winter season the terrapins remain imbedded in the mud of the ditches, where they stay until spring time, never touching a morsel of food. A system of sluices enables Mr Dorlon to keep the ditches full of salt water, or drain them at pleasure, and he is not at all dependent on the tide for that purpose.

The number of terrapins on the farm, as far as can be ascertained and by the closest calculation, is between 20,000 and 25,000, and in the course of the next three or four years will be something hard to calculate. About May 1, Mr. Dorlon makes his purchase of terrapins from the country people on the Mississippi sound, and takes all he can secure at $3 a dozen, and that generally averages about 8,000 a year added to his farm, outside of those bred therein. The inhabitants of Mississippi and Alabama hunt the terrapins with dogs trained for that purpose. The dog barks when he finds one, and the hunter immediately secures it by going to the spot where the dog points.

The cost of feeding the terrapins, which, as we have said, is only done in the summer, is about one dollar per dozen for the season, and the price per dozen in New York has varied from $18 to $8. The food, which consists of crabs and fish, is caught with a seine, in front of the farm, and really very little expense is attached to the raising of these valuable land tortoises. Mr. Dorlon begins to ship about October 1, and then on to May 10. He generally sends his to Savannah by rail, and thence to New York by steamer, averaging about 12,000 a season, and had it not been for a disastrous hurricane, which some time ago washed out Mr. Dorlon's farm, it would be to-day the greatest terrapin farm in the world. He can always ship all he can get, for there is a ready market for these delicacies.

The Embarrassed Passengers.

You may have been a passenger on a street-car at a time when some one picked a half-dollar off the cushions or a dollar-bill from the straw and anxiously inquired for an owner. At such a time every man instinctively feels in his pockets. Every man feels like saying that he is the lucky party, but an inward voice somehow restrains him, and he remembers that George Washington could not tell a lie. The money is invariably pocketed by the finder, and he is set down in the opinions of his fellow-passengers as contemptible and mean.

On a Woodward avenue car yesterday a young man purposely dropped a greenback on the floor, and at a proper moment he picked it up and observed: "Who lost this dollar?"

Every one looked at him, and every mouth watered.

"Did any one drop this bill?" continued the young man, as he held up a corner.

There was another embarrassing pause. Then a man reached out for it with the remark:

"I dropped it, sir. You are an honest man to return it."

"Are you sure you dropped it?"

"I am. I am not a liar."

"But—you see—you—" stammered the young man.

"You give me my money or I'll wring your neck!" interrupted the other, as he reached out for his victim.

The young man gave it up. He looked white and red and green, and he felt so bad over it that he soon dropped off the car and took to the icy walk.—*Free Press.*

If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn" even in midwinter.

The *Scientific American* estimates that more than $35,000,000 was brought into the United States last year by foreign immigrants.

My Valentine.

My valentine lives in her deeds,
Nor praises unmerited seeks;
Her poor little mother she heeds,
And kindly her brother bespeaks.

My valentine no cruel thing
Will chatter of other girls' ways,
Or make a new gaiter or ring
Her measure of censure or praise.

My valentine mixes the pies,
And rolls out the crust for her ma;
And such a girl, earth or the skies
Might claim for a flow'r or a star.

HUMOROUS.

A good trade mark—A big advertisement.

"I should blush to simper" is the latest slang.

Rubbers do not necessarily give a man an elastic gait.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A New York man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her back up so often.

The counterfeiters making ten-cent pieces cannot expect to have very good dimes.

A hypocrite is a man who tries to be pious, but can't—with preponderance of cant.

Circumstances make men, yet one man isn't a circumstance to another, frequently.

Burglars are of great assistance to merchants, manufacturers and clerks in taking stock.

Thermometers reform late in life; they never become temperate until nearly sixty.

Why is a police officer like a confidence man? Because he takes people in.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

One of the best things Artemus Ward ever got off was a new sixty-dollar overcoat.—*New York News.*

The "envelope" muff is much worn, It stamps its wearer as ready for the next male.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Out in Montana, when they start a man down hill in a barrel, they speak of his "appearance in a new role."

They tell us matches are made in heaven, but somehow they never smell that way when you strike 'em.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Smithkins, who is a tailor by trade, got married lately. He says now that, before he was married he had only one "goose," but now he has two.—*Toronto Grip.*

"I presume you understand my business," said the census-taker to the acrobat. "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes! I tumble," replied the acrobat.

A country doctor on being asked what was the best way to cure a ham, remarked that before answering that question he should like to know what ailed the ham.

They had women doctors in Egypt over 3,000 years ago. They used to bend over their patients, crooning: "Let me kiss him for his mummy."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

When the telegraph companies are compelled to run their wires under ground, the worms will learn to read by sound so as to know when the fishing is good.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon time to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, Brother A.? Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

Harvard student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence, to professor)—"Thou tea-chest—" Professor (furiously)—"What! you dare to—" Student (calmly proceeds)—"Thou teachest a most difficult language."

A Hartford cat has been emulating the example of Tanner by fasting for fifteen days. She will not follow the example of her prototype by going into the lecture field. She prefers the concert stage.—*Boston Transcript.*

A singular fact—A Galveston gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street-car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street-car driver twice.—*Galveston News.*

A meditative man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the skeleton of a donkey. "Ah!" he said in reverential awe, as he adjusted his green spectacles, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made."

A youngster, while warming his hands at the fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go away from the fire—the weather is not cold." "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands," the little fellow demurely replied.

A South End maiden asks: "When a young man comes twice a week with a carriage and takes a young lady to the theater and a supper afterward, and makes her magnificent presents, what does it indicate?" It indicates, ma'am, that he has got more money to fool away than we have.—*Boston Post.*

An exchange combines a great deal of sound sense as well as sarcasm in the following ironical answer it gives one of its subscribers: "We are sorry you don't like this paper. We publish it simply to please you. We should ask you to come to the office and edit it, only that if you did some iniquitous idiot might write to tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

Young Mr. Stayer was a frequent caller downtown, and always sat up very late with the girls. The other night the old gentleman was heard calling to some one in the hall. "Ah," said Mr. Stayer, "what was that?" "Nothing," said Miss Angelica, "only papa calling the hired girl to get up and go about breakfast." It was then half-past ten o'clock and Stayer knew better, but somehow he couldn't remain and be happy, and he went away long before the clock struck eleven. Some young men are so sensitive, you know.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It was a bitter cold day when the traveling combination which I have the honor to feed gathered its solitary valise and stepped ashore at Hartford, Conn. The Dutch found this beautiful city here nearly 250 years ago, and the first thing they did was to establish Colt's armory and go into the insurance business. You can get insured here in any way for any thing you wish—mutual, endowment, tontine, accident, intentional, nomadic, differential, protoplasmic, renaissance, gothic, byzantine, greenback, composite, corinthian, Scotch, cheviot, gossamer, seamless, barbed wire, liver pad and hard finish. It is the central and distributing point for the entire insurance business of America. No insurance company is genuine unless "Hartford" is blown upon the bottle.—*Burdette.*

A Wonderful Wood.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise* says: We have in this State a wonderful wood known as "mountain mahogany." The trees do not grow large. A tree with a trunk a foot in diameter is much above the average. When dry the wood is about as hard as box wood, and being of a very fine grain might, no doubt, be used for the same purposes. It is of a red rich color and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be a fine material for the wood carver. In the early days it was used in making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances for shoes and dies in a quartz battery. Used as fuel it creates intense heat. It burns with a blaze as long as ordinary wood would last, and is then found (almost unchanged in form) converted to a charcoal that lasts about twice as long as ordinary wood. For fuel it sells much higher than any kind of wood; indeed, a cord of it always brings the same price as a ton of coal. The only objection to it as a fuel is that it creates such an intense heat as to burn out stoves more rapidly than any kind of coal, however bad.

Terrors of the Snow-Slide.

To those who have never witnessed a snow-slide, says the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the term has no terror, while those who have seen an avalanche in the Wasatch shudder at the very thought of it. The mountains in the vicinity of the Cottonwoods are steep and bare. It is said an Indian will not venture up Little Cottonwood canon. When questioned as to the cause of this strange fear of that particular canon, they shake their heads and say: "No good." Perhaps in former years, while hunting in the mountains, a slide sent a number of them to the happy hunting grounds.

There are 13,000 miles of water pipe in the United States.