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Happiness.

Do you ask me, love, with fond caress,
What seems to me perfect happiness?
A golden day, and a sapphire sky,
And emerald earth, and you and I
Roaming through woodlands green together,
That's happiness in summer weather.

And say 'tis winter; outside the snow,
And inside the fire's warm, cheerful glow;
And we sit by it, cheek touching cheek,
Silent sometimes, and sometimes we speak;
So I find, in summer or winter weather,
Happiness means—to be together.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Country Children.

I can see the happy children
As they wander through the grasses
Of the fresh and dewy pastures,
Of the tangled forest-passes;
I can track them as they wander
By the trail of morning-glories;
I can read their happy footsteps—
I can tell their pleasant stories.

Oh, I know the paths of children
Up the hills and down the valleys;
Buttercups and faded daisies
Mark their sorties and their sallies;
By the buttercups and beeches
I can mark their resting places;
And I know the mossy brooksides,
And the wide, green, open spaces.

Where the wild white plum tree blossoms;
Where the grapevine swings and tosses;
Where the plumes of scarlet sumach
Toss among the wayside mosses;
Where the golden-rod in autumn
Flames among the hazel-bushes—
There the trooping army wanders—
There the scouting party pushes.

Oh, but they are kings and nobles
As they wander there together;
Cloth-of-gold is all the common
To their feet in summer weather.
Up and down, in field and woodland,
I can see their glowing faces;
And by scarlet leaves and berries
I can mark their resting-places.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

ETHEL'S CHOICE.

Ethelyn Abbott has been spending the long summer afternoon in a pleasant desultory fashion, half the time reading the tastefully bound little volume which is now slipping from her delicate hand, have the time dreaming of—well, she could not tell exactly what she has been dreaming of. Perhaps she has been dreaming over her delightful three weeks at Newport; perhaps last night's party has engrossed her thoughts. At all events thinking has been pleasant occupation, for her face is very bright and unclouded.

What a charming picture of "delce far niente" she makes, lying back luxuriantly in a hammock, her beautiful head pillowed on soft, white arms, and her hair, of that rich shade of chestnut-brown, shining in the sunlight which slips in through the thick foliage of the arbor. Very charming, indeed, is she to a pair of dark eyes, which, like sunbeams, are peeping at her through the same medium.

"Ethel!"

Miss Abbott gives a little startled cry as the owner of the eyes—a tall, well-built fellow of twenty-four or five—comes quickly into the arbor.

"Jack! how you frightened me!"

"Did I?" says the intruder, penitently; "I am so sorry. The fact is, Miss Abbott told me you were here, and I really was so anxious to see you—"

"Very kind of you," murmurs Miss Abbott, politely. But something in her tone seems to have a chilling effect; for Jack reddens slightly, and there is a little pause.

"You wished to see me?" says the young lady at length, turning with polite interrogation to the other.

"You might naturally suppose so, as I came here to find you," is the answer, delivered with a repressed energy which commands attention. Then, with an abrupt change of manner: "Ethel, what is the matter? Why are you so cold?"

"I am very warm," sighs Miss Abbott, trying to be funny, by way of evading the question. Her effort is rendered a lamentable failure, however, by an emphatic "Pshaw!" which escapes with more vigor than courtesy.

The young man rises and comes to the side of the hammock, looking down upon its burden with eyes which are very expressive.

"Don't trifle with me, Ethel," he says in a low voice, which is just the least unsteady, as if the speaker were suppressing a good deal of emotion. "You know perfectly well why I came here to-day."

Miss Abbott looks up with an air of great surprise—only for a moment, however, for with all her faults she is not one whit untruthful. Then her eyes drop hastily.

"Well," she says, with a quick catching of her breath, "what if I do?"

There is another pause, while the dark eyes grow darker with mingled sadness and, it must be confessed, indignation, while the tremor of voice is more marked, as Jack speaks:

"What of it? Only this: The Arctic expedition expects to leave port to-morrow, and I go with it or not, as you bid me. You know well enough that I love you, Ethel—surely I need not tell you that again."

"It is of no use," says Miss Ethel, after a moment's silence, with a little plaintive laugh. "No, Jack, we are both too poor; and, though I don't like to confess it, I am too mercenary."

There is no reply, though Miss Abbott pauses for one; the dark eyes rest upon her with an intensity which is not pleasant, and the young man's grasp on the hammock tightens involuntarily. She goes on hastily:

"I know it does not sound well, but it is true. I want so many things—diamonds and horses and Worth costumes—in short, everything money can buy."

Certainly, Miss Abbott's confession is not very pretty, though the flush which follows it is.

"So you prefer marrying an income to marrying a man," is the only comment vouchsafed by her auditor. "Heaven forgive you, Ethel, if you mean what you say!" The hand on the hammock is removed with a suddenness which causes the latter to sway violently, and Miss Abbott unreasonably loses her temper.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Lindsay," she says, haughtily. "Pray, be more careful."

"I beg your pardon," is the stiffly polite rejoinder; and the offender extends his hand to assist the young lady to descend. She takes it with averted eyes, and steps to the ground, drawing it quickly away a moment after.

"Good-bye."

She has turned to leave the arbor when the words are spoken.

"Good-bye," she says coldly. Strangely enough she cannot muster courage to raise her eyes to his. The hand she gives is imprisoned tightly.

"Won't you wish me bon voyage," says the young man, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"We never know what a day may bring forth," she says, uttering a very solemn truth with a very common lightness. "Still, if you desire it—bon voyage."

An uncomfortable silence—then, "Good-bye," and Ethel is free to resume her reading, while the sound of rapid footsteps dies away in the distance.

She does not avail herself of the opportunity, however, but sits motionless on the little rustic bench, a rather inexplicable expression in her deep blue eyes. Suddenly she rises with a gesture of impatience.

"Absurd!"

This little outburst of vehemence seems to relieve her, and she proceeds to gather her parasol and the neglected novel, turns from the arbor and walks rapidly toward the house. It is a pretty little villa, rather addicted to vines and climbing roses, with a broad, inviting veranda—the very place for a comfortable performance of that charming drama, "Love in a Cottage." And this drama is now in progress, the dramatis personæ being Martin Abbott, the good-natured older brother of pretty Miss Ethelyn, and his sweet little wife, who, having married for love, is delighted with the experiment.

She it is who, at the sight of her sister-in-law, comes quickly forward to meet her.

"Ethel," she says, as she reaches her side, "Jack has just left." Then noticing a little frown gathering on the brow of her hearer, she adds, timidly: "Did you see him, dear?"

"Yes, I did," is the short, unsatisfactory reply. And with a brightened manner Miss Abbott steps forward to greet the tall, distinguished individual who has followed her sister at a more leisurely pace.

"Colonel Arnhold, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you," says the gentleman thus addressed, bending low over the small hand which is so readily extended. "I have been waiting some little time for you. Mrs. Abbott said you were somewhere on the place, and she has been kindly entertaining me."

Ethel glances furtively at her sister, who stands in the full light of the setting sun. The little woman responds by a decided blush, and Miss Abbott is annoyed.

"So you were not gallant enough to come and find me!" she says, with an arch smile, intended quite as much for her sister's discomfiture as for Colonel Arnhold's inthrallment; and she succeeds in both endeavors.

The trio stroll toward the house. Ethel is in one of her brightest moods, and makes herself very entertaining. Certainly she has a golden opportunity for so doing. Colonel Arnhold's admiration is an emphatic compliment. Besides being very rich and very aristocratic, he is a connoisseur—his artistic criticisms are very valuable; his horses are marvels of beauty and swiftness; the Arnhold diamonds are superb; and fourthly, the woman he deigns to admire has her position firmly established as a belle. No wonder Ethelyn Abbott is pleased with the marked attention which this aristocrat has shown her since her arrival at her brother's home.

And is not she pleased? Watch her as now that dinner is over the little group of people is assembled in the drawing-room. She has been singing at Colonel Arnhold's request, and is turning from the piano, while he is begging for "one more song."

"Sing 'Twickenham Ferry,'" suggests Mrs. Abbott, boldly. "That is Mr. Lindsay's favorite," she adds, turning in explanation to the colonel.

"Mr. Lindsay—ah, yes. By-the-by, he is a very venturesome rider. I saw him dash down your avenue at quite a breakneck pace this evening," says Colonel Arnhold, politely replying; and then he turns to the fair songstress. "Pray let us have Mr. Lindsay's favorite, Miss Ethel."

To her sister's secret astonishment Ethel complies, singing the charming little ballad in a manner which throws the colonel into raptures—and even Mrs. Abbott must perforce acknowledge the superiority of his delicately turned compliments over Jack's hearty but inelegant comment—"Very jolly song, that." She listens with eagerness to the ensuing remark which Colonel Arnhold makes.

"Does not this same Mr. Lindsay expect to sail with the Arctic expedition?"

Poor little woman! her heart sinks, as, with an indifferent "I believe so," Miss Abbott leaves the piano, and passes out into the veranda.

She looks radiantly lovely, as she pauses for one moment in the frame by the open window. The gallant colonel hastens to her side, and Mrs. Abbott hears his low request and her bright reply:

"A walk? with pleasure. It is a glorious night." And a faint ripple of laughter is borne back on the breeze, as the two cross the veranda and descend to the lawn.

The mellow light of a summer moon is slanting through the foliage of the trees which border the avenue. Ethel is walking very slowly, and the conversation is desultory and not very interesting to a third party.

"I want to go to Italy this winter," the colonel is saying. "Ah, Miss Ethelyn, what a delight it would be to take you through those wonderful galleries of art—you who are such an admirer of its beauties." And Ethel gives little assenting murmurs, while the colonel continues in this strain and expatiates on the various attractions of Italy, which he does at great length—in fact, just a little longer than his listener can stand, for her patience is not her greatest virtue.

"You are an animated guide-book, Colonel Arnhold."

The colonel pauses aghast—only for one moment, however; for of course her speech was intended as a compliment, though rather brusquely delivered.

"My dear young lady, you are most kind," he says, with a bland smile; and then the conversation becomes extremely personal, they walk if possible more slowly than ever, and the colonel is speaking very earnestly.

At length they pause under the shade of a wide-spreading elm, just where the avenue comes to an abrupt turn. The colonel is holding an unresisting hand.

"I will do all in my power to make your life a happy one," he says, and then silently awaits his answer.

Ethelyn's head is bowed. Where is the "yes" which she fancied she was so ready to give? Once she looks up as if to speak, but the words fail her. As a second time she raises her head there is a sudden interruption.

Around the bend of the avenue come two men, slowly and silently.

"Only laborers," says the colonel, reassuringly, as Ethel starts violently; but in another moment he leaves her side and goes rapidly toward the intruders, while she watches him in a half-dazed manner.

There are four men now on the broad path—walking with steady, slow footsteps—carrying something between them. She presses forward with a strange, inexplicable curiosity; but Colonel Arnhold is instantly at her side.

"Go back, my dear young lady," he says, imperatively, though his voice is agitated and trembling. "This is not a sight for your eyes—poor fellow—thrown from his horse, they tell me—quite dead, I fear."

The men are standing still for a moment, they have come out of the shadow, and the moonlight is streaming down upon them in its full radiance.

Ethel leans forward, she only sees a white, white face, terribly still and quiet in the clear light—then a cry rings from her, a cry full of pain and bitterness, full of remorse which she feels is too late; and she is on her knees by the motionless figure, holding the cold lifeless hands, while the intense nervous strain grows harder and harder to bear. She feels a firm touch laid on her shoulder, Colonel Arnhold's voice is in her ears—and then she knows nothing more.

* * * * * *

Summer is over. October winds play wildly with the brightly tinted leaves which are falling rapidly. It is a typical autumn afternoon, the air fresh and cold, but quite clear and dry, and the sun shining brilliantly in the deep-blue heavens. The arbor, though not nearly as inviting as it has been, is occupied by two enterprising pedestrians, who are on their way home from a brisk walk.

One is a young gentleman who carries his left arm in a sling, though with this exception he seems in very good health and spirits. The second is a blooming damsel, who has seated herself in the long-used hammock, and is busying herself with the rearrangement of the sling afore-mentioned.

"Ethel."

Miss Ethel looks up to find a pair of dark eyes watching her quizzically.

"Ethel, dear, do you realize what a very triumphant income I represent?"

"Nonsense," is the only answer vouchsafed, though it is accompanied by a brilliant blush.

"No diamonds, no Worth costumes to speak of—it is positively heartrending to see a young woman sacrifice herself in this manner."

"Jack, do you wish to make me seriously angry."

"By no means, my dearest; but Ethel, I thought that they were such insuperable objections to marrying a poor man?"

Miss Ethel bends lower over her work.

"I changed my mind," she says, softly.

Mr. Lyndsay laughs heartily; then he stoops and kisses the little hand which lies on his arm—

"In-consistency, thou art a jewel!"

How They Spend Their Money.

Joe Howard writes from New York to the Philadelphia *Times:* In a conspicuous window on Broadway stands a table covered with blue satin. In its drawers are candies. Price, $250. The wood cost perhaps $1, the satin $5, the work in time and skill $10; total, $16. Profit, $234—when sold. I don't believe any idiot in the world can equal a New York idiot. Once started he beats the deck. For the fun of the thing I watched the shoppers in a great jewelry store one evening. I was amazed. Clocks, with side vases, ranging in price from $500 to $5,000, were easily sold. Pins for scarf or shirt, costing from $10 to $150, were in great demand. But gold watches carried off the honors, and the demand for American makes was noticeable. The larger establishments have tumbled to the fashionable craze for American watches. They import Swiss works, put them in American cases, stamp their own name on them and sell them at fabulous rates. I wish you could see the fobs and fob-chains of the landy daws. The entire cigarette size of boys now display the old-fashioned watered ribbon with seals, fancy or plain. Nothing is prettier, nothing more useful. I wear one myself. An old pawnbroker told me to-day that at a recent sale he disposed of over twenty old-time seals with crests, initials and coats-of-arms at prices that astonished him. Everything in that line is eagerly caught up, put in shape and quickly sold.

What next?

Well, what next? If the men keep pace with the women it can't be very long before knee breeches, silver buckles and bag wigs are in fashion. The quaintest kind of ornament is now the style. Everybody has to have an old-fashioned clock, you know, and there is already a factory in Connecticut where they are turned out by the hundreds, with rusted chains and five-pound weights, and cases cracked as if with age. In all the great depots of treasure these clocks abound. Generally they have high mahogany cases, some with ornamental figurings, others perfectly plain. Some give the day of the month and the week, signs of the moon and evening star, and mythological data as well. The works are as simple as A B C, the regular old style, wound up by pulling an endless chain and hoisting the heavy iron weight, while the long pendulum slowly ticks and the ferocious bell literally clangs out the hour. I told you I had a fob chain, and I've one of these clocks, too. Some of these days I'll wear knee breeches. That will be funny.

A Desperate Fight With Convicts.

At Graham, Texas, the three McDonald boys, the murderers of a man named Martin, made a desperate effort to escape from jail, which resulted in their death and the death of a deputy sheriff, besides the serious wounding of several other people. About 10 o'clock in the morning the McDonald boys were led from the steel cage to the calaboose, and with Jim Boone and Jack Baldwin, the two other prisoners, were given their breakfast by two deputies. One deputy was testing the cage while it was empty, and the other deputy, Davis Melton, stood in the doorway of a wooden cell opening from the calaboose to the steel cage. He had a pistol in each hand, keeping watch, and presently put both revolvers in one hand to get a match from his pocket, when the McDonalds sprang upon him suddenly and disarmed him. In the struggle Melton was shot in the right hand. His cries brought Murfee, the other deputy, from the cage, but on entering the calaboose he was shot and instantly killed by the prisoners. The prisoners then made a hole through the floor to the room below and, taking Melton with them, began their escape. A bloodhound watches the jail, but by a detour they avoided him and took their flight in a southerly direction. By this time the whole city was excited, and the citizens had gathered all together and followed the fleeing prisoners. The latter placed their hostage, Melton, behind them, and threatened to shoot him dead if they were fired on. Thus the murderers proceeded some 300 yards, when one citizen deliberately took aim and firing mortally wounded one of the fugitives, who fell. Deputy Melton seized the opportunity, broke loose, and ran. A general fusilade was now exchanged between the citizens and the escaping prisoners. The latter entrenched themselves in the weeds and stumps, and the battle raged for some time. When the shooting ceased the three McDonalds were dead, Melton was shot three times, an old man named Wood wounded in the thigh, and a waiter named Joy had a bone of his leg shattered. Baldwin and Boone took no part in the shooting and were recaptured. Graham was a scene of terrible excitement during the bloody affray.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The number of metals now known is seventy-seven.

Iodine has been successfully used in the treatment of diphtheria.

Sulphurous acid acts, in certain cases, as a powerful oxidizing agent.

An electric light is indefinitely divisable without sacrifice of economy.

The form of a hailstone is that of an inverted umbrella, being cone shaped and having ribbed sides and rounded base.

Cotton fiber, when quite ripe, consists of almost pure cellulore, a compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen.

Professor Forbes and Dr. Young have determined by a number of experiments that the speed of a blue ray of light exceeds that of the red by about one per cent.

The telephone has been introduced on board the screw steamer Gloucester City, a vessel of 2,150 tons gross register, which was launched a few weeks ago at Stockton-on-Tees, England.

MM. Deherain and Maquenne, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, show that certain electrical discharges without sparks and of comparatively weak tension will decompose water.

Late measurements of the carbonic acid existing at considerable heights above the earth's surface, appear to show that the gas is pretty evenly distributed throughout our atmosphere.

Violent atmospheric disturbances are always attended with electrical manifestations; and, in a certain paper, Dr. Rogers is disposed to consider the prevalent theory of wind as erroneous, and believes the real causes of air currents to be electricity.

In 1885 a prize of 25,000 francs, offered by the king of the Belgians, is to be awarded for the best work of means and measures for making the study of geography general and furthering instruction in that science in educational institutions.

Dr. Born, of Breslau, has found that when young tadpoles are fed exclusively upon certain articles of diet an astonishing preponderance of females is developed. The proportion in the case of 1,440 tadpoles thus reared reached ninety-five per cent. The experiments of M. Yung also show that special food has a remarkable effect upon the development of sex in tadpoles.

Chloroforming During Sleep.

The possibility of chloroforming a person in sleep, without waking him, having been disputed in a recent murder trial, Dr. J. V. Quimby, of Jersey City, was led to test the question experimentally. The results were presented in a paper before the section of Medical Jurisprudence at the meeting of the Medical American association, a few days ago. Dr. Quimby made arrangements with a gentleman to enter his room when he was asleep and apply chloroform to him. This he did with entire success, transferring the person from natural to artificial sleep without arousing him. He used about three drachms of Squibb's chloroform, and occupied about seven minutes in the operation.

The second case was a boy of thirteen, who had refused to take ether for a minor operation. Dr. Quimby advised the mother to give the boy a light supper and put him to bed. She did so, and Dr. Quimby calling when the boy was asleep administered the chloroform and performed the operation without awakening the boy. The third case was a boy of ten years suffering from an abscess and the same course was pursued with equal success.

Two important inferences may be drawn from these cases, Dr. Quimby said. Minor surgical operations may be done with perfect safety and much more pleasantly than in the ordinary way; and, secondly, a person somewhat skilled in the use of chloroform may enter a sleeping apartment and administer chloroform with evil intentions while a person is asleep. Hence the use of this drug in the hands of a criminal may become an effective instrument in the accomplishment of his nefarious designs.—*Medical Advance.*

Dangerous Encounter With a Whale.

Mr. Joseph W. Mead, of Poughkeepsie, is now on board the bark Hercules on a whaling voyage. His ship was off St. Helena on the 28th of October, 1881, from which place he writes: On the 6th of June last we raised whales and got them all in favorable positions, when we lowered our boats and in a short time our second mate struck one. In a few minutes after the whale caught the boat in the quarter and completely chewed it up. Mr. Luce, the chief mate, when he saw our signal from the ship, sent a boat and had the crew picked up, took the line and still had the whale fast. The third mate also came up and went on the whale three times. The fourth time the whale caught and mashed his boat into firewood. The steerer was killed, but the rest of the crew were saved. In the meantime the boats did not dare to go near the wounded whale, but fired at it from a distance with guns. About this time we received help from a ship called the Milton, which sent two boats to the rescue, for we were in a very weak condition. Before you could hardly think it possible, however, the Milton's boats were both mashed and their crews swimming in the water. They were soon rescued by our boats. The boats hung about the whale until dark, when we cut the line and let the huge monster go. The next morning, however, we saw him again and took another hold of him, and about 5 o'clock in the afternoon we succeeded in dispatching him. It was the largest whale taken in this section for many years, and made us 150 barrels of oil. Its length was sixty feet and jaws nineteen feet.

An Elephant's Ingenuity.

The new elephant at the fair grounds is causing Secretary Kalb more trouble and anxiety than a new baby. A nice, stout bracelet of the chain pattern was circled around the elephant's fore leg and clasped together with a thumbscrew, with a head an inch and a half in diameter. The chain was fastened to the center post and the thumbscrew carefully locked. After a few nights the elephant worked out the problem of that thumbscrew, and regularly every day when the keeper appeared in the morning the elephant was free from shackles. The keeper could not understand it, and called for Mr. Kalb to explain the mystery. The two consulted, examined and watched. It was ascertained that as soon as the chain was put around the animal's leg and locked, he deliberately put his other foot on the end of the chain near the post. That loosened it on the shackled foot. Then with his trunk he commenced to unscrew the thumscrew or nut, and in a very few minutes he would be free and walking around his cell.—*St. Louis Republican.*

CRANKS AMONG ANIMALS.

Instances of Great Excitement Causing Strange Behavior.

"Insane animals? Why, certainly,' the possessor of a fine collection of birds in New York said to a reporter, "I have three or four birds that are cranks, and one that is as mad as a March hare."

"Is that one?" the reporter asked, as a hen ran by with her tongue hanging out.

"No," the owner replied. "All signs fail in dry weather. Her tongue certainly has a 'slew' to the left, but there's no congenital malformation of the brain, and," confidentially, "she's got the pip. But if you want to see a bird that is a moral monstrosity, and always has a morbid project on hand, just walk through this coop," indicating one that contained a number of fine game bantams.

The reporter opened the gate and stepped in, the chickens retreating, with one exception, to the inner house. This exception was a rooster hardly as large as a good-sized pigeon, with high colors, a very red, old-fashioned face, and most formidable spurs.

"Look out for him," the owner said, as the diminutive crower came near in a most friendly manner. The warning was not too soon, as when within a foot of the reporter the bird made a rush, caught the leg of his trousers in its mouth, and hammered away with its spurs so that blood came before it could be pulled off. Its little red eyes blazed with fire, and as the reporter pulled it off by main force and tossed it away it rushed again to the attack, until a retreat to the outer yard was ordered.

"There's moral obliquity for you," the owner said, laughing.

The reporter suggested that it might come under the head of "pure cussedness."

"No," he said, "the bird's not responsible. One would think that the bird was a good fighter, but he won't stand up before a bird of his own size. He turns tail and runs. I bought him from a man downtown who raises game birds. He wanted to get rid of this one, as he wouldn't fight, but sometimes he'd get cranky and chase him all round the room, so that he'd have to take a broom and beat him off. Sometimes the little crank would get on the boxes, and the first thing he knew the bird would be on his head picking and hammering like a madman. Therefore, I had no trouble in getting it. He seems to be down on all mankind, and will attack you in the meanest and most underhanded way. In fact, the bird's a 'good deal off' on one subject.

"Now, here's a hen," he continued, pointing to a fine speckled Polish. "For the last two weeks she has been trying to crow, and has succeeded quite well, and I have no doubt labors under the delusion that she is a rooster. In fact, among chickens you can find all grades of mental trouble. My brown Polish birds are the most nervous, and very peculiar in their habits. They always run alone, and when caught seem perfectly crazed with fear. Leghorns are nervous, while these Plymouth Rocks are phlegmatic, never disturbed by anything, and are very cheerful, singing all day long in the summer. But here's a bird," moving toward a glass-faced cage, "that is hopelessly insane. It was a beautiful creature of a gorgeous blue and red color, with long yellow legs and a beautiful mild, brown eye, the Purple Gallinule. I caught it in Florida, and it actually went insane from fear. It had been blowing a heavy norther for several days, and many birds were blown ashore. They took refuge in a moat that surrounds the fort on Garden Key. I got out my boat and caught several, the wind blowing too hard for them to rise; but this one gave me a long chase, diving, trying to climb up the high wall, and turning its head and body into every possible position as if demented, and finally it rushed at a tin drain pipe and got into it, and there I caught it. But when I hauled it out, it acted as if it was half dead, curious spasms passing over its body, but it came to after I put it in a box. For a long time it seemed to go crazy when alarmed, and, in fact, has never gotten over it. Just watch it now."

Taking a small paper bag, he blew it up and exploded it in front of the bird. It dropped as if dead, but soon came to, and ran round in a most aimless way, twisting its neck and jumping into the air. That this was not done from fright altogether was evident from the fact that it was taken with the same fits at any and all times without the least provocation. Mr. George Ord, of Philadelphia, tells of a similar case in a common rail. The bird had concealed itself in a drain near his house during a heavy rain storm, and was discovered by him the next morning. The bird was placed in a small room on a case, and he was amusing himself with it when, in the act of pointing his finger at it, it suddenly sprang forward, apparently much irritated, fell to the door, and, stretching out its feet and bending its neck until the head nearly touched its back, became to all appearances lifeless. Thinking that the fall had killed the bird, he took it up, but in a few minutes it began to breathe, but it was some time before it had perfectly recovered. He placed the bird in a room where there were canaries, resolving to find out if it was not a passion of anger that had produced the fit. On entering again the bird retired to the corner in sullen humor, and as soon as he pointed his finger at it its feathers became immediately ruffled, and it sprang forward as before, having a fit as in the first instance. Mr. Ord adds: "Sometime after, as I was shooting among the reeds, I saw a rail rise a few feet from the batteau. The bird had risen about a yard when it became entangled in the tops of a small bunch of weeds and immediately fell. Its feet and neck were extended, and before it had time to recover I killed it." A few days afterward a friend and himself were shooting in the same place, and a rail was killed, and near it was seen another in a fit. He took it up and placed it in his hat, where it soon came to, and he adds: "These facts go to prove that the rail is subject to gusts of passion, which operate to so violent a degree as to produce a disease similar to epilepsy in its effects."

Aged 123 Years.

Tamah Brooks is possibly the oldest colored woman, if not the oldest person, in America, having reached the remarkable age of 123 years. She was born in Roanoke county, Virginia, in 1758, as is shown in the Bible record of the family of Thomas Yancey. She was the property of William Yancey, and at his death was given to his son, Thomas Yancey, for a house servant. At the death of Thomas Yancey she was transferred to one of the legatees of the estate. Aunt Tamah is the mother of seventeen children, all of whom reached maturity. Her baby son, who attends her, is an old white-headed man, sixty-nine years old.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Skirts Growing Shorter.

Skirts are growing shorter, and it would seem as if they had now reached the extreme limit of moderation. It is certainly very convenient to have a skirt of medium length for dancing or walking, but it need not be shorn of all its grace for either of these beautiful exercises. Some innovator, presumably a Frenchman, has just introduced an odd arrangement of the short skirts, by making it the veriest trifle shorter in the middle of the back breadth than at the sides; this is done by the smallest extra forming of a little hollow in the center of the plaits attaching to the band. The difference, it is said, must be so slight as not to make the dress appear a bit shorter, but the effect to be produced is to keep it free from the boot-heels behind, and give a little cachet to the skirt, not otherwise produced in an ordinary short, round skirt. —*New York Post.*

Balls in Washington.

So many of our lady readers expect their husbands will become members of Congress, senators or cabinet ministers that they will thank us for printing the formula prescribed in the etiquette of Washington for first calls. The junior member's wife must first call on the senior member's wife and present her credentials, as it were, and the junior Mrs. Senator on the senior Mrs. Senator. The members' wives all pay their duties first to the senators' wives. The senators' wives, as well as the members' wives, must first call on the cabinet ladies. The respective rank of the cabinet ladies and senators's wives has long been a matter of serious discussion. Practically it appears to be settled by precedence being given to the cabinet, and this is probably due to the importance now given to cabinet positions, which in the earlier days of the government they did not possess. The wives of the justices of the supreme court hold their positions without dispute, and first calls are due them from everybody but the wives of the President and Vice-President.—*Troy Times.*

Fashion Notes.

The latest form of train is oval and detachable.

Velveteen dresses are beginning to come in fashion.

Brown is preferred to gray for brides' traveling dresses.

Many gathers and plaits take the place of the corset.

Trains are again in favor for house and evening dresses.

Indian shawls are prettily employed in the drapery of dresses.

The small bonnets of last winter are the favorites of this year.

Moire stripes alternating with plush stripes are seen in rich goods.

Plain sleeves are preferred to puffs by fashionable young women.

One wide border of fur is more stylish than two or three narrow ones.

Lace is the most fashionable of all trimmings for evening dresses.

Jet embroidered Jerseys now form the armor basques of black suits.

Handsome chenille fringes curled, and very full, are used with great effect upon mantles of vigogne, Sicilienne or satin.

Toques made of smooth satin-like feathers of pure white are exhibited for young girls' wear. They are extremely pretty and becoming.

New Castilian breakfast caps of gold lace and Manila grass nettings are fastened to the head by long gold-headed pins set with onyx stones.

Shoulder-knots of white satin or watered silk ribbon, fastened by a rose or delicate spray of flowers, take the place of the floral epaulets worn last winter.

For full evening dress, slippers match the darkest color in the train or skirt of the robe, while the stockings match the lightest shade in the tablier or front breadth.

Silk handkerchiefs, in every combination of color and shade, are used in various ways as jabots, sailor collars, breakfast caps, and gypsy and creole kerchiefs.

All trains, no matter how rich and heavy, are lined with white crinoline muslin, and protected and adorned with a balayeuse of lace or muslin and lace alone.

General Garfield Left Handed.

In 1879, after the Ohio Republican State convention met in Cincinnati, we wrote to General Garfield, telling him that his style of speaking, particularly the using of his left hand, reminded us so forcibly of our editorial predecessor, Selucius Garfielde, that we were curious to know their relationship, if any. He replied as follows, from Washington City:

J. G. CRADDOCK, PARIS, KY.—Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 30th of May, I have to answer that Selucius Garfielde and I are descended from the same stock, though I have been unable to trace our exact relationship, which is distant. I did not know that he was left handed, but I am the left-handedest man you ever saw. Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Selucius Garfielde (his name closed with an e) emigrated from New England to Kentucky, and became noted here as a lawyer or constitution maker, occasional preacher of the same church as James A., editor, and Democratic State electoral debator. In 1857 he went as register of lands to Washington Territory, but since the war has twice served as Republican delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, he now being, we believe, located in Washington City.—*Kentuckian.*

Forbearance.

The young are seldom forbearing, because they so little understand the frailties of poor human nature. Oh, if you could only witness the terrible struggles passing in the heart of that friend whose vivacity annoys you, whose fickleness provokes you, whose faults sometimes even make you blush. Oh, if you saw the tears that are shed in secret; the vexation felt against self (perhaps on your account) you would indeed pity them. Love them! Make allowances for them! Never let them feel that you know their failings. To make any one believe himself to be morally good is to help him, almost in spite of himself to become so.—*Gold Dust.*

A maiden of advanced years and very plain appearance having been told by a gentleman that she reminded him of a lady once famed as a belle and who at sixty still retained many traces of her former beauty, was so elated by the compliment that she communicated it to all her friends. One of them happening to meet the gentleman a few days later inquired with some surprise: "Is it true that you told Miss C— that she reminded you of Mrs. R—?" "Quite true," he answered, "they've both got crow-feet in the corner of their eyes."

SUNDAY READING.

Roll the Pumpkin.

The good story is told of an excellent American minister that, happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled, he thought, from what he overheard, that they were making too free with the characters of their neighbors; and after their visitors had departed he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered: "But, father, what shall we talk about? We must talk of something!" "If you can do nothing else," replied he, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time afterward an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening some discussions on points of doctrine were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing their Christian temper, when his eldest daughter, overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, and entering the room, gave it to her father, and said: "There, father, roll it about, roll it about." The minister was obliged to explain to his brethren, and good humor was instantly restored.

Religious News and Notes.

The Unitarians lost eight of their ministers during last year, and some of them were men of mark and influence.

A communion service, costing $3,000, and manufactured in England, has been received by St. Stephen's church at Lynn, Mass.

Vanderbilt university, in Tennessee, has nearly 650 students in attendance. Probably no other university in the South approximates this number.

There are now in the island of Madagascar 882 schools with 48,000 pupils; 1,142 churches, with 70,000 members, and 253,000 adherents of the Christian faith.

The number of Jews in Jerusalem has lately increased greatly. Twenty years ago there were comparatively few. Now out of 44,000 people about 20,000 are Jews.

As the result of his last five years' work in China, Dr. Nevins counts 100 villages which have become centers of Christian work, and in these are thirty churches.

The Gospel of St. Luke has been translated into Patagonian by the Rev. Theodore Bridges, who labored among the natives of that country for twenty-five years.

At the recent rite of canonization in Rome the silver trumpets which used to sound from the dome of St. Peter's as the pope elevated the host, were used for the first time since 1870.

The Church of the First Identity, in Brooklyn, is Congregational in order and doctrine, and differs only from other churches in that denomination in identifying the Anglo-Saxon race with the house of Israel. The purpose of the identifiers is to discover the lost tribes. Dr. Wild seems to be the founder of the movement.

The Sea Gull.

Birds of the gull family frequent the shores of the ocean, but often wander to great distances from the land; in fact, a traveler making his first voyage across the ocean is astonished to find members of the gull species following in the ship's wake a thousand or more miles from land. Gulls are incapable of diving, but swim buoyantly but slowly. Their food consists principally of fish and crustacea. They also prey on young birds and carrion; indeed, on almost any kind of food except that of a vegetable nature.

The gull family has several general characteristics, among which may be mentioned the curvature at the end of the bill, the length and pointed form of the wings, the web between the toes and the hind toe small and elevated. The black-backed gull may be distinguished by the dark slate color of its back and wings, its deep black primary feathers tipped with white and its pale yellow legs and feet. The average length of body is about thirty inches; wing twenty inches, with a breadth of five feet; tail nine inches in length, with bill nearly three inches.

The black-backed gull is of frequent occurrence on our New England coast in the autumn and winter months, and in winter travels as far South as Florida. Its favorite breeding places are on the coast of Labrador, though a few breed as far south as the islands in the Bay of Fundy. Audubon describes its breeding habits as follows: The nest is usually placed on the bare rock of some low island, sometimes beneath a projecting shelf, sometimes in a wide fissure. In Labrador it is formed of moss and seaweeds, carefully arranged, and has a diameter of about two feet, being raised on the edges to the height of five or six inches, but seldom more than two inches thick in the center, where feathers, dry grass and other materials are added. The eggs are three, and in no instance have I found more. They are two and seven-eighths inches in length by two and one-eighth inches in breadth, broadly ovate, rough but not granulated, of a pale, earthy, greenish-gray color, irregularly blotched and spotted with brownish-black, dark umber and dull purple.

The sea gull flies high and has a majestic carriage in the air, encountering the fiercest gales with impunity; it is tyrannical toward weaker birds, but it is naturally very cowardly. Its eggs are considered good eating and the young gulls are killed and salted by the fishermen of Labrador and Newfoundland; but the old ones are very tough and too fishy in taste for food.—*American Cultivator.*

Bound to Have Her.

About a year ago L. W. Morley, the owner of a large ranch in California, saw in the album of a friend a picture that made his heart beat "Hail Columbia" and several other tunes. He was told that the young woman, of whom the photograph was an unjust counterfeit, lived in South Dorchester, Canada, that her name was Miss Maggie Rolph, and that she was in poor circumstances. Mr. Morley wrote to Miss Rolph explaining how he had been smitten by her charms from afar and asking her hand in marriage. Miss Rolph replied that she did not know her correspondent well enough to give him an affirmative answer, that he did not know her well enough to take her for a wife, that such romantic beginnings generally had bad endings, and that his proposition carried with it *prima facie* evidence of lack of balance on his part. If Morley had been charmed by the photograph he was delighted with Miss Rolph's sense. Such logic and Latin in a love affair he had never so much as read about. He brought to his aid several Canadian friends, accounted to Miss Rolph for his past life, visited her at South Dorchester, and a week ago took her to the Golden Gate as Mrs. Morley and the mistress of the Morley ranch.

Ambitious Youth: What is a good preparation for becoming a poet? Crawling through a threshing machine. We may get this young man into trouble by this advice, but we give it as a sacred duty to humanity.—*Boston Post.*

WISE WORDS.

Men should be tried before they are trusted.

The society of women is the element of good manners.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

Affection tides three times as many virtues as charity does sins.

No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.

The man who is not living aright is sour within; and the sour works out. He who lives aright is your sympathetic and generous man.

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world; he would seem to belong to a different species.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

In those countries where the morals are the most dissolute, the language is the most severe; as if they would replace on the lips what has deserted the heart.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

He who lives happily through the short rosedays of his youth, and, far away from envy and complaining, strives to be good, still enjoys the days of his youth when the winter of life