

# STORMS AND FLOODS.

## BALD EAGLE VALLEY FLOODED FROM MOUNTAIN TO MOUNTAIN.

RAILROAD BRIDGES CARRIED AWAY AND TRAFFIC SUSPENDED.

BELLEVILLE, Pa., Nov. 19.—Over two and one-half inches of rain have fallen here since Saturday evening, which is within one inch of the record of last June. Bald Eagle Valley is flooded completely from mountain to mountain especially in the upper half.

Penn'a Valley is also under water in some places. Several bridges on the line of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad between Coburn and Laurelton have been washed away. The water is still rising rapidly and all streams and creeks are raging torrents.

BELLEVILLE, Pa., Nov. 19.—For the past forty-eight hours rain has fallen here almost incessantly, and the waters are very high. Reports from the surrounding country give the flood almost as great as last June. At Willham the water is as high as it has ever been at that time.

There is no railroad communication over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, all bridges being washed away. No train has arrived in Belleville over the Lewisburg road since 9 o'clock this morning, and reports state that the road is being badly used up.

Lock Haven and Clearfield are reported to be badly flooded.

At this writing the rain has ceased, but the clouds are yet very threatening.

READING, Pa., Nov. 19.—The heavy rain which has been falling for the past two days has caused a big rise in all the small streams flowing into the Schuylkill, and to-night is nearly seven feet above low water mark—so high as it has been at any time this year at this point. The river and canal are all one, and north of Reading whole fields are inundated for long distances. In this city the Oley street sewer, which was only built a year ago, caved in.

A portion of the force of the Reading Iron Company was flooded, and the employees were obliged to quit work. The Swatara, Tulpehocken, Maiden creek and all other small streams tributary to the Schuylkill burst their banks and are carrying off the fence posts, rails, etc. In Schuylkill county a number of collieries were flooded, and obliged to stop work.

A despatch from Sunbury says: "There is a seven-foot flood in the Susquehanna here, and the river is rising rapidly. The Philadelphia & Reading Company is making preparations to weight the trackage with loaded cars. Several industrial establishments were obliged to close down because they were flooded."

In Lebanon Isaiah Aniba, a one-armed man, is missing, and it is believed he fell into the Quittapahilla creek, which has overflowed its banks and was drowned. His hat and overcoat were fished out of the water this afternoon.

WEST CHESTER, Nov. 19.—The rainfall here this morning was a terrific one, and the Brandywine jumped its banks in a few minutes, and in several places the approaches to bridges were so flooded as to interfere with travel, and communications between this borough and the Wilmington and North River Railroad were entirely cut off. Several venturesome farmers, in making an effort to cross in wagons the Brandywine and Chester Valley creeks, narrowly escaped with their lives.

In Birmingham township, at the residence of Mrs. Biddle, a 50 feet high serpentine stone tower, 12 by 14 feet at the base, was undermined at its foundations by the water and nearly one-half of it toppled over, the stone striking the roof of the mansion and doing much damage to the structure.

NEWPORT, Perry County, Pa., Nov. 19.—The Juniata river has been rising since Saturday morning at an hourly rate of nine, six and three inches successively. Its tributaries, two creeks, have overflowed, doing some damage to property.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 19.—At 10 o'clock to-night the river had reached over 15 feet. At Clearfield it was four and a half feet, and was at a standstill at last accounts. Lyncoming creek was, this evening, within two feet of the June mark at Cogan Station. Bridges, 1, 2, 8, 18 and 19 on the Northern Central Railway, have been carried away, and all trains have been abandoned.

The Philadelphia and Reading are running trains to Montgomery, using the track of the Philadelphia and Erie. The bridges at West Milton and Muncy, on the Reading Road, have broken, as well as the bridge at Montgomery, on the Philadelphia and Erie road. It is feared that the Market street toll bridge here will go before morning. The water is still rising, and will probably reach 18 feet by tomorrow morning. The logs in the boom have been made secure.

BRADFORD, Pa., Nov. 19.—An Era special from Sunbury says that the Susquehanna river has been swollen to enormous proportions by the recent rain, and great damage is reported from the flood. At Milton the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge was in danger, and it was ordered to hold it in place with a heavy coal train. The train had been standing on the bridge a short time, when the structure gave way and the bridge and train fell with a crash into the river. Great losses to lumbermen are reported.

READING, Nov. 20.—The flood caused by the rains is subsiding in this section. The Schuylkill fell from seven and one-half feet above low water mark at midnight to five above this afternoon. Twenty-five loaded canal boats are lying in the Schuylkill canal, between Port Clinton and this city, unable to get through. A number of light boats are tied up below Reading unable to proceed up.

As far as known there were three fatalities in this section during the flood. Wm. Hill, of Marietta, was drowned in the Susquehanna, while catching driftwood, by the upsetting of his boat. The body has not yet been recovered. It has also been definitely

settled that Isaiah Aniba, of Lebanon, who disappeared on Monday night, fell into the swollen Quittapahilla creek and was drowned. John W. Detwiler, aged 18, of this city, has disappeared. He lived near the Oley street sewer, which caved in, and it is believed he was passing at the time and was engulfed and his body carried into the Schuylkill.

The Reading Railroad Company today fitted up a number of freight cars with bunks, and will send them to Milton to be occupied by the carpenters who will prepare the timbers for the new temporary bridges on the Susquehanna, in place of the three structures washed away. As soon as the water subsides, a large force of carpenters will also be put to work in rebuilding the bridges on the Catawissa branch, Philadelphia and Reading Engine 529, one of the large freight locomotives, which struck a rock near Windfield, is buried out of sight in the Susquehanna. The freight cars which followed the locomotive were swept down the stream. The crew had a narrow escape. It is said that ten seconds after the engine struck the obstruction it disappeared, together with the derailed cars. William Buckalew was the engineer.

"When my engine struck the rock," he says, "she reeled over and made a bee line for the river. I went down with her, and crawled out of the cab window as she slid into the water. I managed to crawl up the embankment, although one of my legs was pretty badly bruised."

WILKESBARRE, Pa., 20.—The floods are putting the inhabitants of the Wyoming Valley to great inconvenience. The Susquehanna river this evening covers the flats between here and Kingston, cutting off communication with the west side and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The great quantity of floating drift coming down indicates that the flood must be doing considerable damage in the country above. The water here is at the 16-foot mark and still rising.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 20.—The river here is a little over eighteen feet and about at a stand-still. Travel on the Philadelphia and Erie and the Reading railroads has been resumed. The trains run on the Linden line, on the south side of the river and passengers are transferred by an engine and car over the railroad bridge at the lower end of the city, the Linden bridge not being safe for trains. The trains are getting through, but are more less delayed. The Philadelphia and Erie and the Reading trains use the road of the former as far as Montgomery and the latter to Sunbury, where they cross the river, each taking its own line there. Three spans of the Market street bridge here went out during the night. One of the bridge crew went down with the first span, but was rescued. The small stream, which has fallen and all danger is believed to be over. A large number of county bridges have been swept away.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—This evening at 6 o'clock the Susquehanna river was nearly 13 feet above the low water mark and slowly rising. It is believed, however, that the flood will subside without further damage. Two spans of the false work of the new bridge being built across the river here were swept away with a heavy body of iron. Cellars in the southern part of the city were inundated.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 20.—The Susquehanna river at Columbia is rising rapidly, and very high water is anticipated to-night. The lumber men are apprehensive of great damage. William Dill was drowned at Marietta while catching driftwood this morning. His boat capsized.

## THE NEWS CONFIRMED.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

A REVOLUTION ACCOMPLISHED WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 19.—The city awoke on Friday to hear the Republic proclaimed. General Da Fonseca, senator Constant and others proceeded to Petropolis in the morning and informed the Emperor that he had been dethroned.

Dom Pedro, supported by his family, received the deputation with absolute composure. General Da Fonseca was the spokesman. He said that Brazil had advanced far enough in the path of civilization to dispense with the monarchy.

The country, while grateful to the Emperor for his patriotic services, was firmly resolved to recognize only the republic.

Dom Pedro made a dignified reply. He declined to abdicate, but said he would yield to force.

The Imperial family were allowed one hour to prepare for their departure. Carriages, escorted by soldiers, were waiting to take them to the outer harbor, where a man-of-war was lying under steam.

The captain had been instructed to sail as soon as the Imperial family had embarked. He had received sealed orders instructing him what route to take. It is supposed that Lisbon is the destination of the vessel.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 19.—The Republic has been proclaimed in all the provinces.

The manifesto of the Republican Government is as follows: "Fellow Citizens: The people, the army and navy and the provinces have now decreed the fall of the Imperial Dynasty and the suppression of the monarchial system. This patriotic revolution has been followed by the formation of a provisional government, whose first mission is to guarantee order and the rights of the citizen. The formation of this government, until a definite government has been named, has been made with full regard to the most competent material. The Government is simply composed of temporary agents, who will govern and maintain peace, liberty, fraternity and order. The attributes and extraordinary faculties invested are for the defence and integrity of the country and

the preservation of public order. The Provisional Government promises to use all means in its power to guarantee security of life and property to all the inhabitants of Brazil, native and foreign, and respect for individual political opinions, excepting the exigent modifications necessary for the good of country. The army and navy, the ordinary functions of the Department of Justice, the Civil and military administrations, will continue under their existing organizations, and respect for those holding position will be maintained. The Senate and State Council are abolished and the Chamber of Deputies are dissolved. The Provisional Government recognizes and assumes the late Government, and all agreements with foreign powers. The public debt, internal and external, will be respected; also all existing contracts and obligations legally made.

DEODORO FONSECA, "Chief of the Provisional Government."

Empero Dom Pedro made the following reply to the communication of the new Government, informing him of his deposition:

"In view of the address handed me on the 17th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., I resolve to submit to the command of circumstances, to leave, with all my family, for Europe to-morrow, leaving this beloved country which I have tried to give firm testimony of my affectionate love and my dedication during nearly half a century as Chief of the State. I will always have kindly remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperity.

D. PEDRO DE ALCANTARA."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A freight train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad ran into a landslide at Windfield, near Shamokin, Pa., on the morning of the 19th. The engine and twenty cars were thrown from the track into the Susquehanna river. Several of the train men are injured. The engine and cars are buried in the river. The heavy rains of the past several days caused the accident.

Robert Crockett has been arrested in St. Joseph, Missouri, on the charge of passing five dollar bills "so like the genuine as to deceive even the experts." He is one of the most noted counterfeiters in the West.

William E. Shannon has been convicted in Baltimore of manslaughter for killing Annie R. Poe, a woman of bad repute. Frederick Brunning and wife were found dead in bed in their house at Prescott, Ontario, on the morning of the 20th. There were marks of violence on the woman's head, but none upon the man. It is supposed Highland was mistaken for committed suicide. The couple was about 40 years of age, and were of dissipated habits. John Highland, a packing house employe in Kansas City, Missouri, was shot and mortally wounded by some unknown person, on the evening of the 19th as he was locking the door of the house where he boarded, before going to bed. One of two men on the opposite side of the street was heard to say: "There he is; let him have it, and the shot followed. It is supposed Highland was mistaken for the boarding house proprietor by men who had a grudge against the latter."

The engine and one car of a Perth Amboy train, on the Long Branch Railroad, were over turned at Elizabethport station on the 20th, by spreading rails. The engineer, Isaac Stoddard, was badly injured.

Six men were injured in Williamsport, Pa., on the afternoon of the 20th, while working on the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, at the eastern end of the city, by a heavy timber falling on them. Anthony Catrap was so badly injured that he died in a short time.

Eugene Stroy has been arrested and placed in jail in Lexington, Missouri, for the murder of P. B. Kleinfelder. Kleinfelder was traveling alone and unarmed through a plantation when shot.

A terrific wind storm from the Southwest struck Newbern North Carolina, at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, leveling the plate and pulp factory of S. H. Gray. There were sixty persons in the building. One of them was killed and nine injured, one mortally. Houses were unroofed, and trees, fences and chimneys blown down.

Henry Perkins, wife and children were found in their beds in Frederick, Maryland, on the morning of the 21st in an unconscious condition from inhaling coal gas. At last accounts they had not recovered. Frank Foster attempted to shut off an electric light in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with an iron gaff, on the evening of the 20th, and was instantly killed.

Mrs. Nathan Strang filled two tumblers with a solution of Paris green at her home in Moserville, Michigan, on the evening of the 20th, during the absence of her husband, and, handing one to her daughter, a handsome girl of 18, and taking the other herself, she drank her own dose and forced the girl at the muzzle of a revolver to swallow the fatal draught. On her husband's return she told him what she had done. A doctor was summoned, but his efforts were of no avail. Mrs. Strang died at midnight in horrible agony, and Maud an hour later. The insanity which led to the act has been clearly marked for about two weeks.

William Bugh and Frank Burger were killed near Catawissa, Pa., on the morning of the 21st by the premature explosion of a blast in a quarry. An explosion of mine gas occurred on the 21st at Beechwood Colliery, near Pottsville, fatally injuring James Kelly and Patrick Haughey, and severely burning five or six others. James Brennan and three others were burned, Brennan perhaps fatally, by an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery at Edwardsville, near Wilkesbarre, on the evening of the 21st.

Among the latest novelties in silver match cases is one in imitation of a chimney. The worn bricks are represented by oxidizing.

## The Great Procession.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark lights up the lamp outside the pane, and you look through the glass on that wonder-land? When the wifethes are making their te. in the rain. Of the great procession that says its prayer All the world over and on the stairs, And goes to a wonderland of dreams. Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over at eight o'clock, Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay, These with their eyes as bright as dawn, Those almost asleep on the way, This one capering, that one cross, Flashed tresses, or curling flows, Slowly the long procession streams Up to the wonderland in dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea, The great procession takes up its way, Where, throwing their faded flower-wreaths down, Little savages tire of play; Though they have no stairs to climb at all, And go to sleep wherever they fall, By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams They are off to the wonderland of dreams, They are off to the wonderland of dreams,

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy Droop like a leaf at the close of day; And the music is played as clouds of down To the lonesome child of the Himalay; All the world on the household at Japan! Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him fan, Lead up from the desert his starry teams, And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals, And touches the head of the Russian maid, And the Vikings' sons leave wrestle and leap, And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid, And Bess and Arthur follow along, And sweet Mayouvenet at even-song, All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew, See how the great procession swells; Hear the music to which it moves, The children's prayers and the evening bells, It climbs the slopes of the far Azores, And our western shores and the eastern bays, And where can it go at these extremes But into the wonderland of dreams.

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow, Ah, what a patter of little feet! See heavy as down upon the bees, Was ever anything half so sweet? Out of the tender evening blue— It has come for you To be off to the wonderland of dreams. Where nothing at all is just what it seems. —Harriet Prescott Spoford, in St. Nicholas.

## SIMON DARSE' CRUTCH.

"To my beloved niece, Irene Darse Benson, for her long faithful nursing during my illness, I leave every article of furniture, jewelry, ornament or clothing, in my bedroom at the time of my death, including the crutch I have so often thrown at her head when she was inclined to be lazy. And this last piece of property I solemnly charge her to keep till death, never allowing it to go out of her possession, for my sake."

It was not a very magnificent legacy, but Irene Benson accepted it gratefully, having received a liberal and punctual salary for the services mentioned in her uncle's will. The room, familiar to her as her own, after six months of duty there, as her uncle's nurse, was handsomely furnished, and having been sitting-room as well as bedroom for the invalid for many years, contained books, paintings, ornaments and articles of value, such as a man of wealth collects around him.

All these made Irene's cottage home very bright when they were distributed over many small rooms, instead of crowding one large one. And the Wilton carpet was, Irene declared, furniture enough in itself for her parlor and sitting-room.

"After all," Harry Benson said, contentedly, when Irene sat beside him on the first evening of her return, and they contemplated the improvements around them, "I only wanted you at home again. It has been desolate here since you left, and if your uncle had not been so very old and helpless, I should never have let you go to him."

"He had such a nervous horror of a merely hired nurse," said Irene, "that I believe it would have shortened his life to have one."

"And he gave you a good salary?" "Yes," Irene said, slowly, "but—"

"Well?" Harry said, after a long pause.

"I can tell you dear, what I would not mention to any one else living. Uncle Simon told me two weeks ago, when he was so very low, that I would know soon that I was his favorite of all the nieces and nephews. And yet Jerome will have the house, and each of the others ten thousand dollars. I do not think my share is worth so much as that."

"I think not," was the reply. "But perhaps he thought the articles left to you would be precious to you on account of association, and the fact he so constantly used them."

"Especially the crutch," said Irene, with a rippling little laugh. "He did throw it at my head lots of times."

"The old heathen!" "Hush, dear! he is dead! And he was very kind and considerate when he was not half insane with agony. The books and paintings are valuable, and the parlor is magnificent, with the lounge and table, the book case and pictures, not to mention all the ornaments on the mantelpiece and etagere."

"Very magnificent; and no one can deny the improvement in the other rooms. And, after all, Irene, we never measured our feet for 'dead men's shoes.'"

They were a chery young couple, not very long married, when Simon Darse called for his favorite niece's services to nurse him in his last illness, and they were heartily glad to be together again in their own cozy home. It was a "second honeymoon," Harry declared, as they chatted together like lovers all the evening; and if at first, he was a little disappointed in his wife's legs, he was soon well content.

Books were expensive, and difficult to procure in the small town where the Bensons had their home, and there was a mine of pleasure found upon the well-filled shelves of Uncle Simon's book

case; and if the taste of the young couple had not been cultivated by travel or study, they could appreciate the beauty of the exquisite paintings and ornaments around them.

But trouble comes into lovely homes and stately ones; into happy hearts and sad ones; and when Simon Darse had been three years dead, deep sorrow had fallen upon Harry Benson and his wife. Two children, one a toddling boy, and one an infant were Irene's joy and care, and only happiness had come into her home, when her husband was brought home severely injured, crushed under a heavily laden dray.

He had slipped upon the ice, striking his head, and his right leg had gone directly under the wheels. The driver was nearly frantic.

"Indade, ma'am," he said to the white, trembling wife, "he slid right under the wheels, like lightning. If it had been me own mother, I couldn't a' stopped the horses!"

His heartfelt regret, however, prompted him to great usefulness. He went for the physician, and it was his rough but kindly hand that undressed the wounded man—tenderly as a woman—and aided the doctor in the operation of amputating the crushed leg.

The blow upon the head proved a still more serious injury than the other, and Irene had to abandon all other duty and devote herself entirely to the care of her husband. A nurse had to be engaged for the care of the children, and all household matters left to the servant before employed in the kitchen. Weary weeks passed, during which Harry passed from the violent delirium of brain fever to utter prostration and stupor appallingly like death.

Little by little the nest egg at the bank melted away, and there was no weekly salary coming in to replace it, while the breadwinner lay helpless and unconscious. But Irene had no thought but one of deep gratitude when at last her husband looked into her face with reason-lighted eyes, and smiled when he pressed his lips to hers.

"Out of danger," the doctor said, and had no wonder in his face, when Irene broke down in hysterical, thankful weeping.

Jerome Darse, who had inherited his uncle's house, was an artist, had long coveted a "Reynolds" in his cousin Irene's share of the property, and she gladly parted with it for about a quarter of its value, to keep the wolf still from her cottage door until Harry could sit up and they could make plans for the future.

Ah, that future! All Irene's bravery and christian faith could not thought across its darkness. The house was Harry's, so they were sure of a home.

"Ah, I'll soon learn some trade for my hands alone," the crippled man said, cheerfully, as he caressed the little hand nestling in his. "We won't starve, dear love."

"I do not fear that," was the quick reply.

"If only I had a crutch," Harry said, "I would try how nearly it would take the place of the poor leg I lost."

"You forget that I have one," said Irene, opening a closet and rummaging till she found her long hidden legacy. "Here it is. Only—and she held it out of the reach of Harry's outstretched hand—"You must promise not to throw it at my head."

"I promise. I never thought we should want that portion of your uncle's legacy."

It was not easy for Harry, weakened by his long illness, to use the crutch, but by practicing a little every day, he gradually became more accustomed to the novel style of locomotion. From bedroom to sitting-room, parlor, dining room and kitchen, his travels extended, until by the time warm weather came, he could hobble out to the porch and sit in the great easy chair rolled out for him, to receive the congratulations of friends upon his appearance in the outer world.

But after Harry could so far help himself, Irene dismissed her extra servant, and resumed her long neglected nursery and household duties. Her husband, still feeble, often suffering, missed her constant presence in the room, finding even his favorite volumes wearisome when there was no one to listen to the passages, or read aloud when his eyes ached.

Alone, the courageous spirit which prompted bright words of hope for his dearly loved wife, often dropped and died, as he brooded despondently over his crippled condition, and the long interval of time that must elapse before he could train his fingers in any useful employment.

The good salary he had commanded as a popular salesman in a wholesale house must be exchanged for meager earnings in unaccustomed handicraft, to which his inexperienced fingers must serve a long apprenticeship.

He was sitting upon the porch in one of Simon Darse's softest cushioned chairs one lovely spring morning, watching his son Eddie tumbling about on the grass, while the baby, strapped in her carriage, crowded at his antics. Even the sunshine and the gleeful laugh of the babies could not dispel the heavy cloud over Harry Benson's heart, as he murmured:

"How soon shall we all go to the almshouse? I wonder if I could walk to the gate. I shall go mad if I sit here brooding much longer."

He reached out his hand for the

crutch, and drew it back hastily as something in the kid handle pricked him.

"Eddie has put a pin there," he thought, looking at the kid.

But there was no pin. Instead he saw a sharp corner of a stiff folded paper sticking through a break in the cover of the crutch handle.

His hand trembled violently as a wild hope sprang into his heart. Simon Darse's promise to Irene, the solemn charge in the will never to let the crutch pass from her keeping, both rushed to his mind with significance.

"Eddie! Eddie!" he called, "run round to the kitchen door and tell mamma I want her."

"She comin' errectly," was the answer, "soon's ever sho puts a puddin' in e fire."

"Irene, my penknife!" was the order, as a hasty step was followed by Mrs. Benson's appearance.

The penknife was quickly found, the slit in the kid carefully enlarged till the whole top of the handle was uncovered, and the paper carefully folded to fit there, disclosed.

It was still a moment or two before four trembling hands could unfold the treasure; but when at last it lay open before their eyes, it proved to be a United States bond, for twenty thousand dollars, made out to "Irene Darse Benson," with the coupons for four years attached.

A slip of paper folded inside the bond contained these words:

"You do not need this now. As I write, you are prosperous and happy, but in ten years, if you have not leaned upon my crutch, my lawyer will give you a letter bidding you seek in it for my legacy. If you have needed the support of the lame, you may also need the money it hides. Remember, too, that, although I often threw my crutch at your head, I was very careful never to hit you."

"He never did hit me," Irene said, lifting her moist eyes from the note "and though he was often gruff and cross, he was very kind to me. Now, darling, you will soon be quite well. We can afford a carriage for daily driving, and you need no longer suffer from the mental anxiety the doctor told me was keeping you ill. You need worry no longer, dear."

"Not one bit, my sunbeam; but a great what still presents itself to me."

"What is that?"

"A piece of new kid, tacks, and a hammer to repair the damage to Uncle Simon's crutch."

## Heathen Gods in Her Ears.

A physician of my acquaintance was called in recently to see an old lady who resides in her own house in the Third ward. It was his first call, and he had never seen the lady before. She lay on a couch, neatly attired, with her gray hair in a cluster of small curls at each side of her head.

"Doctor," she said, "I have sent to consult you on a very serious matter. I have for a long time suffered from pains in the head, and have consulted many physicians without receiving any benefit. Yesterday I accidentally swallowed a fish-bone and while coughing it up felt a singular sensation in my left ear. I put up my hand and drew this from my ear."

She extended towards the doctor a small leaden statue of Napoleon, such as used to be sold on the streets years ago in a little glass bottle.

"You drew this from your ear?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, doctor, I did," was the reply, "and I have been much easier ever since."

The doctor examined her ear and found it perfectly natural. He didn't know what to say, but he thought a good deal.

"I want you to do something for me," she continued, "for I am satisfied there is another heathen god like this in the other ear; for it is a heathen god, I have no doubt."

"How do you suppose it got there?" the doctor asked.

"I think Ezekiel or one of the minor prophets must have put two of these heathen gods in my ears when I was a child. Now, doctor, I want you to prescribe something to bring out the heathen god from the right ear."

"Swallow another fishbone," said the doctor, as he left the room in high dudgeon.

## Japanese Politeness.

It is reported from Japan that it is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue on an open space immediately outside the imperial palace in Tokio, and artists were invited to send in designs. One of the latter represented the emperor seated on his favorite charge, the horse being so placed that its feet should rest on either side of the entrance bridge. This is said to have been much admired by the officials of the imperial household; but when it was submitted to the emperor it was immediately vetoed, on the ground that it was not in accordance with the principles of hospitality and politeness that foreign princes and personages of distinction who came to visit him should have to pass under the feet of a horse bestridden by him.

All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our troubles.